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JANUARY, 1879.

REGINALD ROSS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

I.

WHEN Miss Beatrice Sedgwick came to live with her relative, Mrs. Ross, she made a fourth in the household circle, which already consisted of Reginald, his mother, and a Miss Eloise Forbes, a ward of the late Mr. Ross and an heiress of no inconsiderable wealth. Eloise, like Reginald, was at present absent from the Ross country-mansion, having left on a visit to some Newport friends soon after the general arrival, in June, from New York.

Reginald Ross was now in his twenty-ninth year. He was what we call fine-looking; his limbs were large and heavy-wrought, though neither unshapely nor ungraceful; his breast was the breast of an athlete, and his head, small, with matted-looking waves of hair worn just long enough not to hide its dark gloss and its classic crispness, crowned a throat that rose from massive shoulders with solid majesty of moulding. His eyes were of a soft humid hazel, but noticeably restless. He wore a brown curly beard and

moustache, neither of them abundant, and he dressed with a kind of subdued dandyism that was by no means averse to one or two accentuated touches of colour.

Since her son was never much to be depended upon as regarded his movements, Mrs. Ross was not greatly surprised, one morning, to have him suddenly return from a fishing tour along the Massachusetts coast, and to hear him announce his intention of remaining at home for an indefinite period.

On this lady's face, delicate as a half-faded wild rose, and in her dark eyes, that had doubtless wrought sorry havoc of old, there now appeared much quiet satisfaction at the intelligence given by her son. She adored Reginald, but it was not purely for such reason that she now desired him at home; for, tenderly loving Beatrice Sedgwick and wishing with fervour to see her Reginald's wife, Mrs. Ross perceived in the absence of Eloise Forbes a future reason why these two young people should enjoy much of each other's unshared society.

However easily intimate might have

been the terms, heretofore, on which Reginald and Beatrice had stood, they could find nothing in past experience at all like their present intimacy. They took frequent walks and horseback rides together; sometimes he would spend a whole morning in reading aloud to her. Mrs. Ross had noticed, too, certain unmistakable symptoms of contentment in Reginald's bearing while he was with Beatrice (if no more emphatic term should be applied), which seemed like the happiest sort of augury.

But in Beatrice's manner, as days lapsed along, she could read nothing. Nothing, too, in the girl's composed and power-suggesting face, over whose broad-moulded forehead the low-growing hair, somewhat coarse of texture, made full black ripples. It was a face whose every feature she had learned dearly to love, but most of all its limpid gray eyes, energetic, sympathetic, intellectual. More than once had a steadfast gaze into those eyes made Mrs. Ross tell herself that here was the woman of women whom it would delight her to have her son Reginald marry.

'Reginald is not a weak man,' she had once told Beatrice. 'Instead of this he is a sort of maimed, half-incapable giant. In numberless ways he baffles analysis, because every trait, with him, takes its force from a fragmentary spring of action—what his mental life needs is its missing half—he is like a tall, perfect tree snapped in the middle. Does this seem wild fancy?'

Naturally Beatrice had been mystified at the time these strange words were uttered; but an explanation had followed them which astonished her deeply. She learned from Mrs. Ross that Reginald had been the eldest of twin brothers. The two boys were five years old when the younger brother, Julian, was seized with scarlet fever in its most malignant form, and died after an illness of a few hours, having been till now in a condition of

perfect health. The disease was developed in Reginald almost simultaneously, but by what seemed a miracle he was saved.

During those five years before Julian's death, Mrs. Ross had often watched with singular interest what close bonds of mutual similarity, both in nature and in temperament, bound the two little brothers together. The way in which outward objects or new ideas impressed them; their respective tendencies of affection or prejudice toward certain people; their trivial likes and dislikes in matters of amusement, food, and the commoner impulses of sense; their susceptibility to the forces of humour, compassion, anger, disgust; all these, and many more embryo or full-developed characteristics bore, each with each, an element of resemblance startlingly salient. Persons before whom she mentioned, however, what seemed to her questions of such curious import, laughed at her wonder and assured her that every pair of twins was thus reciprocally constituted. But as time passed she became fonder of her illusion, and used to tell herself that in some strange way one soul had become divided between two bodies.

Nor did this illusion, with Mrs. Ross, possess a single morbid touch, a single shadow of discomfort. She never watched the children when they played together without a secret gladness at their charming interchangeable traits. She sometimes used to wonder whether between their very physical motions there was not a subtle concordance, and repeatedly she had assured herself that many thoughts occurred to both of them at one and the same moment. In appearance they were so alike that she, their own mother, even up to the time of Julian's death, would often omit to make use of the few slight signs by which she told them apart. And, as previously has been said, her strange idea regarding them dealt her no pain. Even if for a moment she calmly ad-

mitted its grotesque, fantastic truth, the thought of two lives thus indissolubly twined, brought with it not a pang of anxiety or dread. Indeed, whenever it took the serious colours of an actual thought and ceased to float like a bodiless influence through the atmosphere of feeling only, she would ask herself whether the future of these two boys, if thus peculiarly viewed, did not teem with beautiful suggestion, did not differ from ordinary living with a rich positiveness of variation; and whether, at the same time, their case might not as definitely place itself outside the uncanny limits of nature's caprices, as the lower-graded example of two fruits mellowing to maturity on the same twig.

But when Julian's death occurred, and the terrible threat failed to fulfil itself under which Reginald's life seemed for days to quiver, then this poor lady found that her grief-stricken soul and her shattered nerves were eager to turn what had once been a pleasant, poetic vagary into a distressingly doleful fear. Since she had lost Julian, must not Reginald soon follow him? Would their living apart be a possibility? Ought she not to expect with certainty the crushing stroke of a second blow, now that the first had fallen. But as months passed, making themselves into a year, the sword over Reginald's head seemed to gain much stouter means of suspension. By degrees Mrs. Ross's wretched disquietude died a natural death; the boy continued healthful and vigorous. If the old fancy visited her now and then, it was summoned by something in Reginald's conduct, for whose singularity this visionary explanation sometimes offered its imaginative aid. Later on in her son's life she had incessantly caught herself clinging to that old dogma of mysticism, and interpreting his oddest actions by its convenient, insubstantial kind of glossary.

'I think that you and Beatrice have never been better friends than

just now,' Mrs. Ross made bold enough to say, on a special afternoon when Reginald, having learned that he must take a solitary horseback ride because his usual companion had a prostrating headache, manifested some wholly unconcealed disappointment.

'I don't know of any particular reason for such change,' he rather lightly answered, 'provided it really has taken place. Unless it is because we are thrown more than usual upon each other's mutual resources of entertainment,' he added, in a less careless tone, and after a slightly reflective look.

This reply disappointed his mother, but the remark which had called it forth dwelt with Reginald some time after he had begun his solitary ride. It seemed to the man as if every fibre of his spiritual being tingled with pleasant self-gratification while he told himself that he was indeed better friends with Beatrice Sedgwick now than ever before. She had always seemed to him, in comparison with the other women whom he had met and known, intellectually to overtop them all; but he silently admitted this afternoon (while riding his free-gaited five-year-old along country whose rich greeneries of meadow and foliage had been brightly freshened by recent rains), that Beatrice blended in a marvellous degree logic and intuition, sympathy and pure reason, poetry and sober sense. It is doubtful, indeed, whether plain admiration of man toward woman ever goes noticeably beyond the limits of Reginald's present feeling; the sort of admiration, let it be added, whose least and greatest thrill emanates from no such emotional vagueness that we cannot satisfactorily name for ourselves its exact source. He could look back over the past fortnight through the most accurate and unblurred glasses of retrospect. He could account to himself, with a kind of arithmetical tenderness, for each separate occasion when he had felt what a potent attraction

her presence exerted. He even assured his own thought, with something like creditable success, that a regard which thus yielded to the analytic attempts of him who entertained it, must be a regard based upon the most lasting, safe and efficient foundations.

There was something, too, in the wholesome breeziness of the afternoon that presented to him, through the medium of sense, a clearly-realized analogy between its own bracing force or cheering radiance, and the atmosphere of vigorous mental hardihood, healthful womanly judgment, and fresh, large-souled charity surrounding his present estimate of Beatrice's character. Not unnaturally at such a moment, moreover, he recalled his mother's evident and often-hinted longing. Reginald was by instinct what his biographer owes him the justice of naming—a dutiful son, and to reflect upon the almost sacred importance of so marked a maternal wish, was an act that now linked itself in admirably proper sequence to the convictions which had just preceded it.

The most radiant mood has its solar spots of gloom; but if Reginald was so troubled this afternoon, while he spurred his good-blooded animal briskly down more than one agreeable slope of road, the gloom took its darkness from reminiscence rather than actuality. He had been, during his eight-and-twenty years of lifetime, the occasional prey to a certain sinister spasm of feeling which far rather merited the name of a nervous sensation than even to be placed on the list of half-reasonable impressions. It was a monster, *informe, ingens*, to which his imagination occasionally opened a door of sardonic mental hospitality; and the guest would now and then resist every method of ejection except, perhaps, that of the stoutest exorcising cudgel which common sense possesses within her armory. If he remembered, just now, the uncomfortable hours passed in this aggravating sort

of hostship, it was only to smile at the recollection of a nightmare which, at the present hour, seemed as incapable of molesting him by any grim assault as the very landscape through which he journeyed, green in its soft, leafy splendour, seemed inviolate against winter's disfeaturing rigours.

Beatrice, on this same afternoon, had complained of a sad headache. Mrs. Ross had mildly insisted upon perfect retirement, and at least an attempt to secure slumber. No slumber came for a long time, but the headache began to beat surely yet sure retreat before the powers of silence and repose. It was about six o'clock when Mrs. Ross softly stole into the chamber for a fourth time, and seated herself at the bedside with a book. Beatrice at last had fallen into a peaceful and even-breathed sleep, and Mrs. Ross watched her clear, strong profile against the whiter background of the pillow, with that radical satisfaction felt when those whom we love are at length delivered from physical pain. If any deity of sleep had occupied a place in Mrs. Ross's theology, there is no doubt that more than one domestic tripod would now have been gratefully set smoking. These being the lady's feelings, it is not strange that an expression, almost like one of anger should have filled her face, when her maid suddenly burst into the room with the loud voiced and seemingly pointless observation:

'Oh, Mrs. Ross, are you here, ma'am?'

Stern thoughts of giving her maid summary discharge held brief sway in even this gentle mistress's bosom. The rare sparkle of indignation was in the mild darkness of her eyes, as Beatrice, roused by the rude tones, lifted her head with a great nervous start from the pillow.

'Oh, ma'am, Mr. Reginald,' the maid now said, in whimpering tones. . . 'I'm afraid he's hurt very bad. . . they're bringing him into the house now. . .'

The maid went on with her distress-

ing intelligence, and of the two ladies who heard it, Mrs. Ross, doubtless, only took into consciousness, after this, a stray word here and there, such as 'horse,' or 'fainted away;' while Beatrice, on the other hand, clearly comprehending the full sense of the intelligence, very soon had fast hold of both her friend's hands and was saying rapidly, yet with excellent composure:

'Don't be so alarmed until you know just what it is. Perhaps, after all, the accident may not prove a serious one.'

Nearly fainting with fright, Mrs. Ross presently stood at her son's side, where they had laid him on a lounge, in one of the lower rooms. Reginald's eyes were closed and he was extremely pale; but he soon gave signs of not having swooned, opening his eyes for a moment and pointing with a suppressed groan toward his right leg. The real truth was that excessive pain in the ankle of this limb had temporarily nullified all the man's nervous energy. As soon as the locality of his injury had been discovered, the ankle was bared, and already its bluish swollen look gave serious import of future trouble. Meanwhile Beatrice had despatched one servant for a doctor, and learned from the head-gardener, Haslitt, who was an eye-witness of the accident, just how appallingly narrow an escape Reginald had sustained. Haslitt was himself near one of the main lawn-gates at the moment that a bulky-looking peddler's waggon was about to enter it. At the same moment his master appeared near the gate, riding briskly. Reginald's horse, terrified by the uncouth vehicle, reared unmanageably once, and his rider, as though irritated by such an unforeseen procedure, then promptly spurred him forward. But rearing a second time, the horse lost his balance and fell backward. 'I don't know what ever saved Mr. Reginald from being crushed,' Haslitt proceeded, 'when that thing happened. The fence hid him, Miss, an' I says to myself, "he's killed," says I, "sure." But when I got through the gate, there was the horse,

scamperin' like mad down the road, and Mr. Reginald lyin' white as a sheet, with his right leg a-doubled up straight under him. I knew quick enough, Miss, he'd somehow got clear o' the horse, but I'm afraid o' my life his ankle's broke, and very bad broke, too.'

Medical authority, however, when it arrived soon afterward, gave scientific disproof of Haslitt's theory. Reginald was suffering from a violent and rather complicated sprain of the right ankle, but beyond the unavoidable discomforts of tedious recovery he had no reason for future anxiety. During all the period between her first appearance at the sufferer's side and the subsequent arrival of the doctor, an interval, which intensified sensation on at least her own and Mrs. Ross's part, must have made twice its actual length. Beatrice's self-possession, tranquillity, and knowledge of soothing if not curative applications, brought to bear upon the whole group surrounding poor agonized Reginald something like the commandant, distributive capability which is to be found in judicious generalship. Once or twice, even amid the excitement preceding the doctor's appearance, Mrs. Ross felt a dreary pang of realization break through her anxiety, as she observed Beatrice's unruffled presence of mind. Admirable though it might be under the given circumstances, a demeanour so collected spoke ill for her own newly-roused hopes. For where, in this courageous benignity, was there one gleam of anything like actual passion.

Those same hopes, however, were fed with a fresh force during the after days of Reginald's illness. Never was a tenderer, more considerate or more accomplished nurse than Beatrice now proved herself. A vigorous young fellow of active temperament is not always dowered with the sort of endurance which makes him murmurless under a martyrdom like this of Reginald's; but it is certain that the effect of Beatrice's continual attend-

ance, her unfailing interest, and her softly genial manner presented powerful inducements toward resignation.

A fortnight of absolute inability to walk left Reginald, at its end, equal to occasional hobbling peregrinations about the house, with the aid of a stout cane. And what, now, were his feelings toward the woman whose many kind offices had so lessened the acuteness of past pain and the tedium of enforced inaction? It would have been, scarcely possible for his esteem of her character by any noteworthy degree to deepen; but in so far as concerned his less rational and reflective valuation of her excellences, he was very willing to assure himself that a marked change had taken place. Nothing is more difficult to trace with accurate precision than are the shadowy boundaries between an excess of devout spiritual respect, as in a case like Reginald's, and that warmer unreasonable state of sexual attraction which dispenses with self-inquiry and lapses away into the bland heedlessness of rosy sentiment. Reginald felt sure that he had passed these boundaries, and was repeatedly on the verge of telling Beatrice so, in appropriately ardent words. Indeed, it happened, on a certain morning, that, after Beatrice had read aloud for more than an hour from Browning's 'Men and Women,' and then left him upon the lounge in the sitting-room, the man took himself severely to task for useless procrastination.

It was about mid-day, and the windows were shaded coolly from the somewhat fierce July sunshine outside; a dreamy veil of dusk covered the lightly elegant appointments of the room—its pale matting; its soft-blue rugs, scattered over the floor; its slender bamboo furniture, and its many tasteful ornaments of statuette or book-rack or flower-filled vase. Reginald's self-reproaches, vehement for a slight while, soon took the form of a gently comfortable resolution, much

in accordance with the tranquil ease of his surroundings. Yes, at the next opportunity—which would doubtless occur that same afternoon, when Beatrice had promised to renew her reading—he would end all further needless delay. It even occurred to him that a certain graceful relativity and sequence might be made to surround the words which he contemplated speaking, if he should suggest that she read from the latter passages of the 'Princess,' where, though small resemblance exists between the position of Ida toward her wounded lover and that of Beatrice toward himself, there would still be an almost exquisite fund of suggestiveness in those lovely lines which describe how two wedded souls, each with its separate yet similar lofty aim, each with its reciprocal tribute of respect, affection and trust, may in the end reach that sweet triumph of

'The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full stroke,
Life.'

Shortly after this dilettante piece of meditation, Reginald fell into a pleasant doze. His ankle had rather murdered sleep on the previous evening, and doubtless for this reason his nap was a somewhat sound one. Awaking about a half-hour later, he was straightway conscious of having been roused from sleep by some sharply disturbing agency. His lounge was close against one of the side windows of the room. Loud cries, as though from a terrified child, were sounding somewhere near, and he soon discovered that they seemed to emanate from a portion of the lawn just beyond this window. With but slight effort he was able to throw back the blinds. There was no piazza against this portion of the house, and a green sweep of sunlit lawn was immediately brought to view. At a distance of perhaps fifty yards away, he perceived two figures, one that of a little girl, the daughter of the head gardener, Haslitt, while the other figure was plainly that of Bea-

trice Sedgwick. The child was in a perfect spasm of shrill-toned crying. Beatrice bent over her, holding in one hand a handkerchief, with which she seemed endeavouring to staunch a wound on the girl's arm. Still further on, Reginald now discovered that a certain large Newfoundland dog, for several years a pet of his own, lay crouching in a sort of sick attitude, with protruded tongue. He was on the point of calling out to Beatrice, inquiring the cause of the trouble, when a new-comer appeared on the scene. This was none other than Haslitt himself, wearing a very excited demeanour, and carrying a gun. Advancing toward the dog with a great deal of caution, Haslitt suddenly levelled upon him the muzzle of the weapon; one moment later a clear discharge was heard, and the dog, shot through the head, lay in his death agony.

Beatrice now left the screaming child and hurried toward Haslitt. The two held a brief conversation together, purposely low-voiced. Reginald guessed what was being said while he noticed the anxious look on Beatrice's face and the gardener's serious shake of the head as he turned and pointed to the now motionless animal. Hastening back to the child, Beatrice knelt at her side. A thrill almost of horror passed through Reginald as he saw the lips of her whom he had resolved to make his future wife press themselves against the wounded arm. But from whatever cause the thrill began, it ended in an enthusiasm of admiration. He had needed no further evidence of this creature's nobly charitable nature, yet here was thrust upon him the final convincing proof of it!

What other woman would have acted with this fearless, unselfish benignity? If she consented to marry him, should he not have won a treasure of surpassing worth?

A little later he made known to the group on the lawn that he had observed them. Beatrice passed indoors,

after having tightly bandaged the child's arm with her handkerchief, and given Haslitt instructions at once to go for a doctor. When she entered the room whence Reginald had watched her, it is hardly hyperbole to say that his maimed state alone prevented him from throwing himself at her feet after the old-time romantic fashion, and covering her hands with many kisses of fealty, of honour, and of pride. Beatrice walked up to where he lay in a half-reclined attitude, and with a slight smile on her tranquil face, said:—

'So you have been watching that pleasant little affair? I hope I haven't shocked you?'

'Yes,' he answered, 'you have shocked me—and very much. But I suppose I had no right to be shocked. It was no more than just what one should have expected from you.'

His tones so palpably bespoke his real meaning that they seemed to embarrass her. 'The dog was probably not mad,' she began, with a touch of confusion about her rapid sentences; 'but there is no doubt that he has been sick for a day or two and that when little Jane attempted to make him play with her he bit the child quite cruelly. Haslitt was for shooting him on the spot. You know the old superstition. I don't believe I could have stopped the shooting if I had commanded him ever so harshly. Of course the best plan was to have waited and discovered just what the dog's malady really proved to be. But my common-sense suggestions were worthless sound in the ears of the poor ignorant fellow. I was a tyrant to be put down at the muzzle of the gun. So he put me down—and shot your Lion. I hope you are not inconsolable.'

Reginald's face was bright with a smile as he held out toward her a hand which she could not choose but see and take. Her own hand was very cool and firm, but his had both an unwonted warmth and tremor.

'I believe,' he softly replied, 'that it must rest with you whether I am to be inconsolable or not——'

And then he came to an abrupt pause, for a high girlish voice was heard outside, and the next moment a slim young figure burst into the room.

'Why, Eloise,' exclaimed Beatrice, promptly moving towards the intruder. 'You have arrived a day earlier than we expected.'

Eloise laughed a shrill silvery laugh as she kissed Beatrice impulsively on either cheek. 'Yes, the Marksleys were coming straight from Newport to our own hotel, so I couldn't miss the opportunity of having them take care of me instead of that stupid old Mrs. Osgood——Oh, there you are, you poor Reginald' (running up to the invalid and seizing his hand in her own gloved clasp). 'I've felt so dreadfully for you ever since I heard of it. But you're ever so much better, aren't you? And you haven't lost flesh a bit; *has* he, Beatrice? You're just the same great big creature you used to be. A little bit paler, though, now I look well at you.'

Considerably paler, Miss Eloise might have thought, could she have compared Reginald's present appearance with what it had been just before her entrance. The bright blue eyes and the plump little face, rimmed with waves of yellowish hair, expressed a sort of funny superficial sympathy, as Miss Forbes seated herself on a section of the unoccupied lounge, still retaining the invalid's hand. And very probably she did not feel, through her intervening glove, how almost clammy cold that hand of Reginald's had now become.

Another week accomplished wonders for Reginald's sprained ankle. He was able, at its end, to dispense with the cane, and though still an imperfect walker, the evidence of his injury now decreased with daily rapidity. During this same week two letters had been exchanged between himself and his friend Wallace Wil-

lard, recently returned from a considerable stay in Europe. The result of this correspondence was Mr. Willard's appearance at the house of his old friend.

Quick of manner, slim and rather unnoticeable in figure, possessing a face that suggested almost a decade more than his real age of thirty-two, Wallace Willard rarely impressed at first sight. His features were of good regularity, but his somewhat lean visage nullified their effect, being of a slightly yellowish colouring. He had inherited at an early age a sufficient competence to permit the indulgence of that extraordinary American eccentricity usually defined as being 'without a business.' Many years of his life had been spent in travel, and these same years had proved productive of much valuable social experience. He was a man with no special predominating tendency, but with a liberal appreciative inclination toward all that was worthy of a cultured taste, and of an educated intellect originally well above the common. He recognized the shortcomings of humanity, as the unprejudiced observer and the thinker, wholly freed from inherited bigotries, wholly exempt from all distorting touches of dogma, may alone recognize them. Coated, to those who first met him, with a light film of what might almost resemble cynicism, he was promptly found, by all whom this deceptive over-dress did not repel, to wear beneath it a serious mailwork of reflective soundness and moral solidity. He had looked deeply enough into life to have discovered that what seem its baffling mysteries and entanglements are themselves a silent scorn of anything like sceptical approach; and while he was far from preserving any faith which might be called definite or positive, his respect for the very majesty of those insoluble problems constituting human existence, informed him with a calm and patient philosophic trust, full of lofty liberality and wise meditation.

Conversationally he knew how to make himself charming, and with a fresh rarity of charm, that the whole Ross household were not slow to discover and appreciate. Eloise should perhaps be excepted from the list of his more earnest admirers; for where it was a question of pleasing young bachelors she belonged to that class of feminine entertainers who would have no hesitation in scorning even the holy laws of hospitality themselves, provided she were not at all times rewarded with a good lion's share of notice.

'I don't dislike him—oh, not a bit!' she told Reginald, one evening, while he and she were standing together on the starlit piazza, having left a family-group within-doors. 'But I feel (don't you know?) as if I were the merest cypher when he is present, and of course that bothers my vanity, or something of the sort, can't you understand!'

'I think I can understand,' Reginald said, with a smile that the young lady did not see.

But she detected a satiric ring in his tones and fired up quite vigorously. 'Oh, you *can*, can you? Well, no doubt I'm not fit to breathe in the same room with that prodigious wisecre. He exhausts all the air. What made you follow me out?' (with a sudden lowering of the voice and a quick lifting of the eyes to his face, succeeded as rapidly by a downward look.) 'I wish you hadn't.'

It is possible that Reginald already wished very much the same thing. Since the first coming of Eloise Forbes into his mother's household, there had been a new incident force directed upon his life, whose effects he had himself been watching with a sort of disappointed wonder, at certain separate intervals during the past five years. The man somehow revolted from what his temperament seemed imperatively to ordain. While he was in Eloise's company his mind seemed to close every door of intellec-

tual congeniality except that of a little antechamber, as it might be said, where trifling fancy and light pleasantries, and often random nonsense, gained free admission. That his feeling for Eloise should be dignified with the name of a passion, he sometimes made haughtiest mental denial; that it *was* a passion, dominating him with a tyranny as irresistible as distasteful, he now and then dejectedly confessed.

He had never come nearer to a complete victory over these self-despised impulses than just before Eloise's return. Had she remained away a few days longer, and had Beatrice given favourable answer to his suit, the change, he could not help believing, might have assumed a most permanent and resistant stability. Closer personal nearness to Constance, and those respectful caresses and pure fondlings that their engagement must sweetly have sanctioned, might have lighted with the real sacred flame an altar whose sculptured beauty alone needed this one illuminative grace. But now the altar seemed not only hopeless of the kindling touch; it had been overthrown as well. And who had been the iconoclast? A flippant-minded girl, a piece of pink-and-white wilfulness, too well-dowered with mischief to be called innocent, and too shallow to make the charge of wickedness ever a just one! In proportion to the strength of Reginald's late resolution, now followed the strength of its reaction. 'I can do nothing,' he told himself, as these new days lapsed along. 'If I were a lesser man or a greater man, it might be well with me. As I now exist, there is but one course left: To go away. I have gone many times before. A year ago it was Europe; it shall be Europe again, and this time for an indefinite space.'

But he did not go away. Willard's visit as yet showed no signs of termination, and he indeed seemed holding Reginald at his host's word as regarded making a most extended stay. Meanwhile each new day only aug-

mented the unhappy spell. More than once a certain bitterly despondent mood laid its black hand upon Reginald's soul. His self-mortification now appeared to take secret pleasure in assigning one grotesque and strangely imaginative cause to what, during all rational moments, he condemned as unpardonable weakness.

No wholesome effects had sprung from a confidence once made by Mrs. Ross to her son regarding the singular fancy with which she herself had been haunted. It is sure that the strong impression which that odd story relative to his brother Julian from the first made upon Reginald, had never been revived into more positive memorial colours than just at present.

Again and again he was on the point of confiding all his misery to Wallace Willard, and humbly asking advice from a judgment, an intelligence and a psychical keen-sightedness which he granted were superior to his own. But Reginald's courage, in this matter, was wholly disproportionate to his yearning. Always sensitive to ridicule, he dreaded the latent amusement, if nothing more serious, which so quaint a confession might provoke; and just now his position became secretly aggravated from an unexpected source.

The large neighbouring hotel numbered among its present guests a Mr. Alfred Austin, who very often strolled over, both mornings and evenings, for the apparent purpose of being pointed civil to Eloise. He was a gentleman whom she had known for several years, meeting him rather frequently in town during the winter. He was tall, straight-limbed, with an oval face, pleasant grayish eyes and a scant blonde moustache. Escaping the charge of foppery, he nevertheless exhibited a daintiness of costume, a perceptible affectation of manner and a pronounced tendency to imitate prevailing fashions. Jealousy was beyond doubt wholly exempt from the unwilling toleration with which Regi-

nald regarded him, after a few meetings. He deserved the name of well-informed, in its most absolute sense. On many subjects he was positively redundant with facts; fluency seldom failed him; he sparkled at times with something that it would be hypercritical not to allow as wit; his stock of happy phrases perpetually showed itself: he was adroit at veiling his ignorance, very often under graceful epigram; he was a man who might shine for an hour or so where his intellectual betters would seem justly enough to merit the charge of dullness. But his measure was limited, and Reginald was not wrong, perhaps, in his rapid taking of it. 'I suppose the man is what ought to be called clever,' he told Willard one evening, while smoking a late cigar with his friend, after the ladies had disappeared; 'but for myself he compares with men of really interesting parts about the same as the dictionary would compare with any enjoyable piece of reading. By-the-by, Eloise asked him to make one of our little pic-nic to-morrow.'

Reginald was not wholly ill-pleased, however, that the little pic-nic in question had been made to include Mr. Austin's company. He had a dreary certainty that most of his own time would be given to Eloise, provided a party of four allowed him opportunities of unlimited *tête-à-tête*. And, to put the matter in its harshest terms, he was ashamed that Wallace Willard should have any such striking proof as might then be afforded, of how Eloise's society could attract him with so engrossing an efficiency. Hitherto he had managed to shroud from Willard, under a half-abstracted sort of carelessness, the spiritual servitude which bound him. And so, on the following morning, when Austin, with fresh-looking, blond demeanour, really appeared, Reginald's welcome wore a touch of cordiality no less insincere than explainable.

The party of five started on foot for

a certain charming spot called Green Hollow, which they reached after perhaps an hour of leisurely walking. On either side of the hollow, rose thick-wooded hills, one of which broke most beautifully at its base into rocky cavellike irregularities, of lichen-grown and fern-plumed picturesqueness. A boulder-broken stream foamed through the delightful vale, on its way toward lower lands.

The morning, though somewhat oppressively warm during their walk, left this cool monastic retreat almost untouched by its ardours. Everybody was sun-wearied on reaching the end of the walk, and everybody soon recovered under the sweet touch of a new refreshing atmosphere.

Two servants had accompanied the party, bearing liberally-filled hampers, and after nearly an hour of what perhaps struck more than one person as general conversation of a rather aimless order, the edibles being spread upon a tract of meadowy sward, cold chicken vied in its allurements with a savoury store of other dainties.

Austin was what his admirers (and such men always have devoted admirers) would have called in his best vein this morning. He told several sprightly stories, nearly all of which sparkled with some foreign reminiscence; he seemed bent upon infusing a gentle spirit of mirth into the party, notwithstanding the marked resistance that somehow met this noble attempt; and far from anything like monopoly of Eloise's society, he appeared even to avoid securing one. Finally, while the eating was in progress, he waxed despondent, declared himself unable to make anybody 'jolly,' and in one of his characteristic word-torrents, where all the brief sentences trod hot on each other's verbal heels, he poured forth anusing reproaches. Reginald and his friend Willard now and then exchanged looks, as two calm-eyed sensible horses might do on witnessing the wild gambols of a colt.

'With what object do five people meet together as we are met now?' said Austin, brandishing a chicken-leg loftily in one of his white womanish hands. 'Is it to look pensive over a waterfall, Miss Beatrice? Is it to smell our vinaigrette and wish we had not walked here, Miss Eloise? Is it to appear wisely absent-minded, Ross? And Willard, is it to show even less appetite than conversation? Why let to-day's pic-nic get itself registered in our memories as a failure? If so, we shall shrink from all future pic-nics, and scent *ennui* in the very name of one. For myself I have done my best, but I have been grossly rebuffed. Yet never mind that; all social reformers have to run the gauntlet of contempt. Already having taken one glass of claret, I now proceed to accompany with more claret this yet-undevoured chicken-leg. After that, I shall probably have gained courage enough for the dreadful act of boldness which I meditate. What is this act of boldness? It is to storm your outworks of unsocial melancholy. It is to sing a comic song.—By Jove! how dark things are getting!'

'I should say, Mr. Austin,' now laughed Beatrice, 'that your comic song will have to be sung in the midst of a thunder-storm, unless you rather expedite it.'

The clear, blue sky above them had indeed darkened during the past few minutes into thick-folded masses of purple cloud. One of those sudden storms to which our American summer is so often subject, had hurried up with startling velocity from the South-west. Low grumbles of thunder already sound in surly distinctness, and the gloom deepened with every new moment.

'We shall catch it in about ten minutes,' exclaimed Reginald, springing from the ground; but his prophecy was an incorrect one; for in half that space the rain began to fall, and the two servants, abruptly deluged while endeavouring to replace the edibles.

within the hampers, were forced to quit their task and join the other portion of the party, dryly ensconced beneath those rocky coverts whose over-jutting ridges afforded ample shelter. Eloise, nervous from the first approach of the storm, uttered more than one terrified cry as vivid lightning-flashes illumined the almost solid sheets of down-rushing rain, and were promptly followed by furious roars of thunder. Reginald and Beatrice were on either side of the frightened girl, and to Reginald there was something like a direct mockery of his own position in the intensity of contrast between the separate demeanours of Eloise and her companion. One face wore a childish terror that well suited the occasional plaintive cries issuing from its lips; the other face was a trifle paler than usual, perhaps, but full of sweet, serious composure, suggesting a natural awe restrained by a gentle though firm sufficiency of self-possession.

The lightning at length abated, and both rain and wind palpably lessened. There was even manifest a certain brightening of the sky, too, when suddenly a fresh mass of yet blacker cloud brought a deeper dimness, and new peals of thunder alternated with fresh and intensely brilliant flashes. Eloise's fears, diminished by what she believed to be the end of the storm, were now re-awakened with more than their first force. She threw her arms about Beatrice, uttering wretched little cries, and buried her face impetuously against the other's bosom. Many soft words of comforting assurance were spoken by Beatrice, in tones so full of womanly strength, of unconscious placid superiority, that once more the same mockery of contrast struck with telling effect upon Reginald.

And now there occurred, after a momentary lull in the tempest, one flash of such livid luridness that every eye which met it involuntarily closed, while with simultaneous rapidity there pealed forth a great crashing outburst to which the other

thunder-claps had almost been of slight volume.

'That struck somewhere near!' exclaimed Willard, as the hollow reverberations were yet rolling boomingly away. And indeed, not many yards distant, a large hickory, standing somewhat alone and far overtopping all adjacent foliage, showed to every eye a great splintered gash through its midst and an utter ruin of several stalwart branches. Eloise, however, should be excepted from those who really witnessed the effect of this terrible bolt; for her condition had at once become wildly hysterical, and her moaning screams resounded with shrill sharpness, while she clutched Beatrice in an actual agony of tearful alarm. The storm at once permanently decreased, and both peals and flashes showed signs of its pacified condition; but Eloise, her noisy spasms having ceased, now seemed overcome by a complete prostration, like a vaguely-conscious swoon. Beatrice not only bathed her temples with a rain-drenched handkerchief and performed every attentive office which the occasion would allow, but repeatedly assured Alfred Austin, in low placid words, that she felt convinced the attack would soon pass over, that Eloise had before suffered in much the same way, and that there was no occasion for the least anxiety. Austin was the only one of the party who exhibited any marked worriment at the sufferer's condition, and his nervousness and pallor were both plainly evident. Reginald remained watchful, making no comment. Wallace Willard, ready in whatever suggestions of relief occurred to him, seemed to partake of the same tranquil coolness that marked Beatrice.

In a quarter of an hour the storm had wholly departed, and the sun was once more shining upon drenched foliage and sodden country. All were so confident that Mrs. Ross would have caused a vehicle to be sent after the party as soon as the weather per-

mitted, that the idea of despatching one of the servants to the house was only momentarily entertained. And, true enough, the vehicle at length appeared. By this time Eloise had grown much stronger, and was even able to profess herself 'dreadfully ashamed,' which she did with so much pretty humility that the most unsympathetic observer would have had little heart to feel toward her anything except indulgent pity.

II.

Six months had passed, and the same party, after a continued period of separation, were again to be found in Mrs. Ross's country-house. They had assembled there to spend Christmas. The spaciouly comfortable mansion had been decorated with a charming collection of greens throughout nearly all of its attractive chambers. Good cheer reigned everywhere, with a sweet sovereignty. It was Christmas day, briskly cold out of doors, but free from the snowy accompaniments common to this period. The household had met at a sumptuous-looking six o'clock dinner, which was still in progress. Reginald had scarcely spent six weeks at home during the months since we last saw him. It was somehow understood that he had been passing most of his time in New York, though he had been oddly reticent regarding his frequent and prolonged departures. For three days past, since the two guests, Austin and Willard had arrived, his manner had seemed to everyone unusually taciturn and preoccupied. To-day, during dinner, he scarcely spoke ten sentences. The occupants of the dining-room were all rising from dessert, when he whispered in Willard's ear :

'I want to have a short talk with you, Wallace.'

A few moments afterwards he and Wallace had quitted the house by a rear door and were strolling side-and-side along one of the more retired

paths of the lawn in the early winter starlight. It was not till now that Reginald gave his companion the least clue regarding what was to be the subject of their conversation.

'Wallace,' he rather measuredly began, looking straight before him, 'I hope you won't attempt to contradict me when I tell you that I am the weakest man of your acquaintance.'

'I shall require proof, however,' was the slow and rather dry answer.

'Proof!' exclaimed Reginald, looking all about him for a second as though to make sure of there being no unseen listener. 'Good heavens, my condition fairly teems with proof! You know I had been away for a little time before the accident from which you found me recovering last summer.'

'You had been fishing, I think you said—yes.'

'I had been falling in love.'

'Ah.'

'I had been falling in love—well, let me say it all—with two women.'

'That is serious. Was one a fisherman's wife and the other his ——?'

'Don't jest, please. I was never more serious than now. Can't you see it?'

If Willard had not seen it before, the look that Reginald here turned upon him was, indeed, well calculated to settle all doubt. 'No matter how long I was away, Wallace,' he went on, 'and no matter what opportunities I have had of fully observing these two women. Some of the facts are these: I have seen enough of both to understand their natures pretty thoroughly. Both are my social equals; both are unmarried. I love one'—he paused now, and laid his hand heavily on Willard's shoulder, while his restless eyes dwelt for a moment on the other's face in solemn and appealing fixity—'I love one, Wallace, with my heart, and one with my soul. This has a very high flown sound to you, no doubt, but it is the only lucid way to put the matter, after all.'

A silence, during which the two friends walked slowly along, in the crisp, keen air. Willard suddenly slipped his arm into that of Reginald. 'Describe to me,' he said, 'your feelings towards her whom you say that you love with the heart.'

'They are not complicated,' was the deliberative answer, touched with a sort of dignified melancholy. 'When we are together I am simply very much pleased. A strong attractive force has me in its grasp. If I attempt to find a reason for this charm I usually finish by profound and regretful self-contempt. There is between us no congeniality of intellect. I will even admit to you that the woman is common-place, whimsical, of a small nature. I am like one bewitched, yet fully cognizant of the spell-power binding him. If I marry this woman my happiness must last, only so long as that spell-power continues unchanged. Should it cease, there will be no barrier against myself—contempt assuming wider than personal limits. Only, I believe that it *will* last. I believe that the influence of this woman over me is an indestructible fact, and founded upon no fleeting impression of the senses. I can safely tell you that satiety will never make headway against it, though on this point you will probably feel like presenting objections.'

Willard offered no reply for some little space, as the two men still walked onward. His head remained meditatively drooped, while Reginald turned more than one swift inquiring glance at his half-hidden face.

'And the other?' he at length questioned.

Reginald's voice had loudened when his prompt answer now found utterance, and its melancholy of tone had deepened likewise. Through all that he said there seemed to surge a steady undercurrent of self-reproach, even of confessional self-abasement.

'She is a woman in ten thousand—clever, capable, courageous, brimming

with the sweetest charities, looking at life with the broad-sightedness of some deeply thoughtful man, yet mingling with her view a sympathetic intuition exquisitely feminine. I feel that if I married her I should be a wretch not to become the happiest of men! And yet —'

'And yet you would probably be the most miserable.'

'No, no! I did not say that. I do not think it.'

Before answering, Willard brought his friend to a dead stand still. There was a half-smile on his lean, worldly-wise sort of face, and a few tiny wrinkles seemed, in the bluish dimness where he stood, to have come into sudden view beneath either eye. He drew his arm from Reginald's and began to speak, with placid distinctness.

'It is fair to suppose, my dear fellow, that you have not put this confidence in me without a certain feeling that my advice may be of some value. But if I am wrong, here, at least this advice can do no harm, and I am going to give it. The woman of these two whom you love is evidently she whom you mentioned first. What you described to me regarding your sentiments toward her was undoubtedly the description of a passion. To gratify this passion may be an imprudence which your after-life will heartily repent; I don't pretend, on such a point, to prophesy affirmatively or negatively. I have seen too many marriages of this sort turn out well, and too many turn out ill, not to confess that the dissimilarity of both temperament and intellect between a wedded pair is one of those questions as yet quite defiant of inductive reasoning. The accumulation of instances does not seem to give much help of an *a posteriori* kind to the social observer. Perhaps when pure science has made more psychological headway we shall be able to match men and women one with another as accurately as we now match certain meats and certain sauces.

But I don't want to seem flippant, as your look informs me that you think me. All that I would suggest is this: either marry or do not marry the woman whom you have told me that you love. But by no means dream of marrying the beautiful-souled creature whom you respect so emphatically and esteem with such a chivalrous warmth of admiration. No man ever falls in love through his conscience, or from a sense of advisability. And least of all, my dear Reginald, a man of your somewhat peculiar nature.'

'Nature!' exclaimed Reginald, with a touch of such absolute despair in face and voice that a pang of involuntary pity shot through Willard's heart. 'What is my nature, for Heaven's sake? I sometimes think I am a man born without any!'

* * * * *

The twilight had become darkness when Wallace Willard rejoined the little group within doors. Reginald did not accompany him. He was yet walking about the lawns, having been left alone at his own suggestion.

Reliance upon the soundness of Willard's views and belief in the excellence of his friend's rarely-proffered advice had grown almost a second nature with him during the years of their long acquaintance; but he could not now bring himself to place trust in either. That the declaration of his love to Eloise should have come so near being sanctioned by a man of Willard's keenly perceptive judgment, roused in him a passionate yearning to make the words he had just heard an excuse for giving sentiment fresh liberty and revelling in its unrestrained gratification. But co-existent with this yearning arose an indignant unwillingness, which seemed to cry out at the commission of a sacrilege. His memory perpetually reverted to past events, and that satire of contrast so plainly observable between these two women was like a reproachful index-finger, pointing, across months of fool-

ish hesitation, at other equally fair experiences in the sweet grandeur of Beatrice Sedgwick's character. Willard had been confident enough in his prophecy of future unhappiness resulting from any such union, yet Willard was after all but a fallible seer. And as regarded this abnormal fascination exerted by Eloise, how did he know but that rigid spiritual disdain of it might accomplish wonders hereafter? His reflections, indeed, ran on into angry syllogism, and he declared that all men could crush out a passion unworthy of their moral natures, that he was a man, and that therefore the hope of ultimate victory must not be thought delusive; though whether any marked flaw existed or no in the poor fellow's major premise may be a matter of doubt to some who read these chronicled meditations. Granted, he went on, that his love for Eloise was a weakness ludicrously disproportionate to much else within him that was sound and healthful. There he would be the hospital for his own disease, and perhaps with an ultimately curative effect—or the private asylum, to put it a little more strongly, for his own distressing insanity!

Having reached this stoic stage in his musings, Reginald passed into the house. The idea now occurred to him of entering the library, a certain room on the ground floor, richly stored with bookshelves of his literary preferences and antipathies, and of taking down some favourite author with whom to spend, as a sort of desperate, though unsocial makeshift, an hour or two of the evening. He had nearly reached the doorway of this room, when the sound of a voice—a woman's voice, speaking with much vibrant clearness—told him, to his sharp surprise, that the library had other occupants. A second later he was aware that the voice belonged to Beatrice; and while in doubt whether to turn away or to make his presence known, he had become a listener to the following words:

'I can say, without any conscience-qualms, that until I met you I had no experience of what it is to love as doubtless every woman has loved once in her lifetime. And yet, since you have made perfect candour between us the order of the evening, I . . . I think I had best repose in you a confession.'

▲ 'By all means do so.'

Wallace Willard's voice! Is it possible that no thought of his objectionable situation occurred to Reginald at this moment. Astonishment was alone uppermost within him, as Beatrice now proceeded, rather hesitatingly :

'During several weeks before you came here, Reginald, as you have heard, was suffering from the effects of an accident. We were constantly thrown in each other's society. . . Often I would spend hours at his side, talking with him, or reading aloud. His mother had often hinted to me, in a hundred ways more or less pointed, that if we two should ever care for each other, such an occurrence would prove the gratification of a very dear wish. Until then I had never believed that Reginald felt for me other than a most ordinary regard; but repeatedly, during those days of his convalescence, I fancied that I discovered in him signs of an actual passion. And it was great pain for me to believe that I had inspired any such intenser feeling; for . . . let me say it most solemnly. . . I had none to bestow in return. But my love for Mrs. Ross, my deep respect for her wishes . . . my strong sense of duty toward a friend who.'

'I know,' the other voice broke in, with soft and sympathizing tones; 'I understand perfectly. You would have accepted Reginald at that time-if he had asked you to marry him? Or did he ask, and did you refuse?'

Those were the last words of this conversation to which Reginald listened. Gliding away, he paced up and down the hall for a long time. There was no suspicion in his soul that Wallace Willard, by his recent advice,

had played false, having guessed the concealed truth. Unjust as such a suspicion would have been, many a man, under circumstances like the present, would have been prone to foster it. But no thought of the kind troubled Reginald. He simply felt an excited over-glowing sense of liberty. The inexorable finger of duty no longer pointed toward a certain path. If his mind reverted at all toward Willard it was only that he felt for his friend a genial instinctive gratitude. Willard had forever settled the tormenting problem. By falling in love with Beatrice and winning her love in return, this man had freed himself, Reginald, from all future excuses for doing otherwise than his emotional part had long so powerfully prompted. His course was clear now, and it seemed literally paved with self-justification. Toward Beatrice fate had lastingly sealed his lips; and not the most rigid casuist, knowing every struggle through which he had fought his way, could have blamed him now for letting this residual need profit by which his spiritual demand had irrevocably lost. Perhaps ten minutes later Reginald heard the door of the sitting-room, which was situated considerably further toward the outer entrance of the hall, slowly unclose. He chanced, at this time, to be considerably distant from the opening door, having sunk into an easy chair midway between library and sitting-room. But now he saw Eloise come forth, and a single glance at her face showed him its unwontedly flushed condition.

Reginald's heart gave a quick bound. A sudden colour showed itself on his face, and his eyes took a rich, softening light. It occurred to him that Eloise had never looked prettier than now, as she came and stood before him, with her blonde hair waved in crisp disorder about her fresh young face, and wearing a great pink rose in the bosom of her white-muslin dress.

'Are you alone?' he asked. 'I mean, has Austin left you?'

'I have just left him,' she said. Her colour deepened a little as she spoke. Something in her tones caused him slightly to cloud his brows, as though from a vague perplexity. His face grew somewhat paler, and he took one or two steps nearer to where she stood.

'Ah!' suddenly exclaimed Eloise, while turning an abrupt rosy-red. 'I believe you have begun to guess my secret before I've told you a word of it. Here, give me both of your hands.' So speaking she glided up to him, and seized both of his passive hands in both of her own. 'It was all settled to-night. We are engaged to be married, Alfred and I. It seems so funny to call him "Alfred." You like him, do you not? I know you do, by the polite way in which you treat him. But then, everybody *must* like him—I think he has no such incommodity as an enemy. And you're pleased, are you not? Well, if you are, tell me so.' She was shaking each of his hands in an impulsive, intimate manner, while a very full and pretty smile bloomed on her blushing face.

Reginald never remembered afterward how he behaved at this crisis. He believes it most probable that he acquitted himself with decent self-possession. But the ordeal did not last long, for a little while later Mrs. Ross appeared in the hall, and Eloise, deserting him, ran coyly toward her guardian with the important intelligence.

Reginald slipped away after this. He went upstairs into his own room, and, locking the door, threw himself within a chair. An hour passed while he sat thus in the almost utter darkness of his chamber, but it did not seem to him longer than five minutes before he at length rose and struck a light. Looking at his watch, he promptly left the room and went downstairs through the silent house. All the family, including Wallace Willard, had evidently retired for the night; but on reaching the servants'

quarters he found them still occupied, and was enabled to give some low orders to the head groom, with whom he held converse in a certain gloomy passage-way. Then he passed upstairs again to his own room.

He now packed a portmanteau with a few needful articles. An hour or so later he threw himself on the bed, having left his light still burning. He remembered that he ought to leave a few lines to his mother, in some way accounting for his intended departure the next morning. But he was incapable of making the effort that such an act would have required. Besides, he could write on reaching New York. His lamp burned on, and the night grew. But though his eyes often closed, he did not sleep. Sometimes a faint sigh escaped him; sometimes he stared fixedly at the opposite wall for many moments; sometimes he lay with lowered eyelids; sometimes he moved his head in painful restlessness from side to side.

But finally, at a very late, or rather a very early, hour, sleep overmastered him. And during this sleep he was visited by a strange dream—by what many people would, perhaps unhesitatingly, call a vision, holding the old marvel-suggesting word as more pertinent to the present circumstances than any natural physical explanations. He was lying on the lounge in the sitting-room downstairs. The windows were shaded from the outer sunshine; the pale matting, the rugs, the bamboo furniture, the graceful surrounding ornaments, were all dimly evident to him. Presently his mother appeared at his side. 'Does your ankle pain you much now, Reginald?' she tenderly asked, and her hand began to smooth his hair while she spoke. 'No,' he answered; 'not at all.' And then his mother murmured, in the most natural of voices, while he seemed to feel only a vague half-surprise at her words: 'Eloise is coming home this morning, you know, with your brother Julian——' Almost imme-

diately after this, his mother vanished, and a loud wailing as of a terrified child struck upon his ear. While he was trying to discover whence the noise proceeded, Beatrice appeared beside him, holding in her hand a handkerchief, deeply stained with blood-marks. 'Haslitt has shot your dog, Lion, Reginald,' she told him, in very composed tones. 'I hope you are not angry.' And then he put forward a hand and seized that of Beatrice, and, in his dream, kissed it many times. 'You noble girl!' he cried. 'You good, wise, generous, charitable girl!' But as his words ended, a clear-pealing laugh sounded from the further part of the room, and Eloise, dressed in a white muslin dress, with a great pink rose on her bosom, hurried up to him, exclaiming: 'I'm home earlier than I expected, though I've been nearly frightened to death by that awful thunder-storm. It struck a tree all into splinters only a few yards away from me. Oh! it was horrible!' And now Eloise lowered her voice to the faintest of whispers, and scanned his face with her bright blue eyes, that had somehow turned very gravely serious. 'But Julian came with me,' she said. 'He is waiting outside. Shall he come in?'

'Yes,' Reginald answered. 'Mother told me that he had accompanied you. I want to see him. I have not seen him, you know, since we were both five years old.'

And now the room seemed to darken, and neither Beatrice nor Eloise were any longer present. But a voice was speaking somewhere amid the dimness, a clear, resonant, manly voice, and yet like none other that Reginald had ever heard.

'I am here,' the voice said, 'but you cannot see me, for matter may not look on spirit. There are some things hard to explain, Reginald . . . In truth, what is there which a poor mortal like you may really say that he knows? I cannot tell you why we were parted from each other . . . it was for a reason,

a certain reason . . . but I am not permitted to tell. Yet be sure of one thing: if you are incomplete in your life without me, so am I incomplete in my life without you. All your past perplexity, all your weak indecisions, all your abrupt outbursts of fine strength, all, all, are attributable to this. We should have been one; we are two. That tree, which you saw the lightning split in two portions last summer, will, doubtless, put forth leaves and branches from either portion in years to come. But the blessed unity will be wanting to each, which once gave the perfect tree its beautiful equipoise. Had we both lived, we would have been as one man, full of mutual love, help, sympathy. But even then, there would have been many assailing doubts for each of us, as to the special incompleteness and insufficiency of either; and when death, at unequal periods, finally divided us, the anguish, the great sense of loss would have surpassed, for him left, any suffering you have ever yet known.'

For a moment the voice paused, and it now seemed to Reginald, as if the most pitchy darkness surrounded him.

'I must leave you,' the voice recommenced; 'I have already remained too long . . . For a spirit like myself to speak of form, is to deal in what means very differently to you and to me. But you will understand me better if I say it thus: Hereafter, when you leave this earth, one form shall cover us, and we shall be one entity. . . Our severed halves shall reunite, our separate fragments shall make one strong, noble and divine union . . . Be patient till then. Be patient and wait. . .'

* * * *

With a start, Reginald awoke. The early summer sunshine flooded the room. The lamp burned smokingly on a near table. His packed portmanteau lay close beside the bed. The hard realism of these mute facts brought

with it nothing inharmonious. For all through the latter portion of his strange dream there had somehow seemed to be within his mind a latent recollection that it was the day after

Christmas, that he was to start for New York at a very early hour in the morning, and for Europe on the following day.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

BY MARY B. SANFORD.

O H, softly down with the mighty stream
 Of Time, as it onward glides,
 Is borne the strain of a wondrous song,
 And yet sweet are its notes, though drear and long,—
 Is that river with sweeping tides.

Oh, list ! for it breathes of rest and peace
 Through tempests of doubt and strife,
 Where oft the turbulent waters roll
 O'er the sinking faith of some weary soul
 'Mid the darkness struggling for life.

And looking back up the long, dark stream
 We see, through sadness and fears,
 A sun-bright sheen on its crests afar,—
 'Tis the mem'ry of joys that vanished are
 With the ebbing tide of years.

And brightest shine out our Christmas-tides,—
 They gleam from our childhood's days,
 And voices sweet sing the glorious strain
 'The Saviour is born, and His peace shall reign.
 'Tis the Angels' anthem of praise.

Oh Father, though oft the song seems faint
 When the sounds of strife increase ;
 Though often the mists obscure our sight,
 And the tide rolls dark ; oh, send us Thy light,
 And grant us Thy rest, and Thy peace.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S OLD CHRISTMAS

BY WALTER TOWNSEND.

IT is indeed the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart. The scene of early love again rises green to memory beyond the sterile waste of years; and the idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, reanimates the drooping spirit—as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert. Stranger and sojourner as I am in the land—though for me no social hearth may blaze, no hospitable roof throw open its doors, nor the warm grasp of friendship welcome me at the threshold—yet I feel the influence of the season beaming into my soul from the happy looks of those around me. Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance, bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence. He who can turn churlishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow-beings, and sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a Merry Christmas.

It is thus that dear, delightful Washington Irving writes of the feelings engendered by Christmas, and as in our lives each succeeding Christmas comes and goes, we realize more and more fully that the chief delight

of the season is derived from the sight and sense of the happiness of others. To the child, who tries in vain to keep awake to see Santa Claus make his appearance down the chimney; to the boy with longing visions of bats and balls, books, skates, and boxes of tools; to the youth with fresh and glowing aspirations after pleasure, Christmas is a season of innocent selfishness. But to the man, who has done with toys, and who has found that even pleasure will pall, the feeling that every one is doing his best to be happy, or at the very least, to appear happy, constitutes, as Irving says, the charm of a merry Christmas. Of course there is, as cynics take care to remind us, a certain amount of humbug about Christmas, but I am not so sure that humbug, if it be of the right sort, and not too rampant, is at all times a misfortune. It does no one any harm to be forced to shake an indifferent, or maybe, an uncongenial, acquaintance warmly by the hand, and wish him, with effusive enthusiasm, 'a Merry Christmas and many of them.' If he should respond with extra warmth, and if by chance a merry twinkle steal into his eye, it is just possible that we would say as we parted, 'Really, Jones is not such a bad fellow after all, although he did try to pass off on me that spavined old mare of his.' And Jones, on the other hand, might depart murmuring, 'Well, Robinson is not quite so detestable a curmudgeon as I thought, and it is not his fault if he doesn't know a good horse when he sees one.' And then, as we grow older, the accumulated treasures of memory in-

crease, and so sacred are the associations of Christmas, that long years, stirring events and change of clime are powerless even to cast a haze over the brightness of our earliest recollections. We still see the tender, much-loved mother, at whose knee we first learned the sweet story of Christmas, bending over the little cot at the foot of which hangs the tiny stocking ready for Santa Claus—we still remember that, ever kind, ever thoughtful as she was, at Christmas time her care seemed warmer and her love more sacred; we see her once again as she appeared to our childish eyes, a glorified and perfect being, and alas, for some of us, the vision is blotted out by a blinding rush of tears. But why recapitulate those sweet and bitter memories which are so familiar to us all? To him who is separated from the home of his youth by a thousand leagues of sea, Christmas is especially dear by reason of these mingled recollections; he can be sure that then at least, he is fondly remembered, and that, amidst all their rejoicings, those he has left behind will feel a pang of tender regret when they think of the absent one. And just in the same way as every individual Englishman feels his heart stirred at Christmas time by yearning thoughts of his childhood's home, so the vast family of Englishmen, whether born in Canada, Australia, or Old England itself, turn at this season instinctively towards the land that they are all proud to call home—the land where Old Christmas finds his warmest welcome, and is most gaily decked out in holly and mistletoe. We none of us need to be prompted either by literature or art in our remembrance of friends, or in our love for Christmas, but it is very pleasant to open one of some few books, which are themselves old friends, and to be gently reminded of the old familiar faces and the old familiar scenes—and among such rare books Washington Irving's 'Sketch Book' deserves a prominent place.

Much as we love every article and story in the Sketch Book, we recur at this time of the year with the greatest affection, to the series of papers on Old Christmas. It appears singular that an American should have written the most delightful account of Christmas that our literature possesses. Irving was, however, imbued with such warm love for his parent country, and for all her old institutions and customs, that he wrote concerning them with equal warmth, and with more truth, than would be possible to a native-born Englishman. Not only in his account of Christmas, but in his papers on 'The Boar's Head Tavern,' on 'London Antiques,' on 'Little Britain,' and in many other instances, he evinces an affection for old customs, which, from his greater familiarity with them, would not be likely to impress an Englishman so deeply. 'Nothing in England'—he says—'exercises a more delightful spell over my imagination, than the lingerings of the holiday customs and rural games of former times.' In discoursing of these old customs and games, Irving throws a halo of sentiment around them, which renders his account charming, without in the least depriving it of the accuracy gained by study and observation. The story of his Christmas passed in the country opens with a delightful description of a day's journey by stage-coach. The revolution in our manner of travelling has been so complete, that, although stage-coaches have not been defunct half a century, we accord them all the reverence due to antiquity, and invest their memory with a tinge of sentimental regret. We know that, as a matter of fact, they were often dirty, ill-horsed, and unsafe; that a traveller was compelled either to freeze with cold outside, or to be stifled with bad air inside—and this, in a journey of any length, for four or five days at a stretch;—and yet, although these and other cruel facts are patent, we obstinately shut our eyes to them and

turn with delight to Dickens' picture of Tom Pinch's ride to London, or Irving's description of his journey on Christmas Eve. And then what grotesque romance surrounds the idea of the Coachman! Our experience of human nature tells us, that in too many cases he must have been a drunken and insolent vagabond, but we never allow our ideal to be desecrated by the intrusion of any such gross considerations. We prefer the broadly truthful delineation of this extinct race given us by Irving. 'He has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. . . . He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. . . . When off the box his hands are thrust in the pockets of his greatcoat, and he rolls about the inn-yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness.' As we read this, a vision of the immortal Weller Senior rises before our eyes, and we recognise how admirably Irving has hit off the broad characteristics of that class of which Dickens' creation, in spite of its caricature, must for ever remain the most finished type. The humour with which the sayings and doings of the three youngsters, whom the coach is taking home for the Christmas holidays, are recorded, is of that tender sort which provokes tears as readily as laughter. The little rascals, with their unbounded delight at the prospect of the unlimited joys of a six weeks' holiday, with their eagerness to greet their old pony Bantam, who was 'according to their talk pos-

essed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus,' appeal irresistibly to our feelings, reminding us of the time when we 'had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity.' The charming picture of the meeting of the youngsters with the old family servants, accompanied by Carlo the pointer and the redoubtable Bantam, is inimitable. 'Off they set at last; one on the pony with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him by questions about home and with school anecdotes.' The country inn, where the traveller meets with Frank Bracebridge, is admirably sketched. The obliteration of these old coaching houses has been a necessary, but somewhat melancholy, accompaniment of modern progress. No one who has travelled much in England can fail to have come across numerous examples of these old inns, 'whose glory has departed, and whose place knows them no more.' I remember a striking instance in the Feathers' Inn on the Cambridge road, a few miles out of Ware in Hertfordshire, which possessed, — and indeed still possesses although mouldering into decay, — stabling for fifty horses, but which, instead of resounding with the bustle of travel, is now deserted, save by the casual ploughman calling in for a pint of beer. It is well for these old houses that they live in the pages of more than one great writer, so that, although deserted and abandoned to decay, they will for long retain their glory as the most perfect embodiments of comfort and cheery hospitality.

The thoroughness with which Irving enters into the spirit of an English Christmas is exemplified by the manner in which he brings his traveller to Bracebridge Hall. When we first meet him in the stage-coach he has no fixed destination, but he comes across an old travelling acquaintance, who, with impulsive good-fellowship,

invites him to accompany him to his home, and spend Christmas there. This at once symbolizes the hospitality peculiar to the season. An Englishman would not wish his worst enemy to dine alone on this all-important feast-day, and would rather risk the company of the most uncongenial guest than endure the thought of another spending in loneliness the day set apart for mutual good-will. Such is the natural introduction of a Christmas guest to the table presided over by the Squire of Bracebridge Hall. He is the central character of Irving's charming sketch, and it would be impossible to imagine a more poetical, and at the same time more truthful portrait of a 'good old English gentleman, one of the olden time.' I have always thought that in delineating this delightful personage Irving had before him, perhaps unconsciously to himself, that *preux chevalier* Sir Roger de Coverley. Not only in general characteristics are the two identical, but in many minor points. They both were firmly convinced that there is 'no condition more truly honourable and enviable than that of a country gentleman on his paternal lands,' and in spite of the worthy Knight's occasional visits to London, they both thoroughly lived up to this belief. They were both beloved by, and sole arbiters in all the concerns of, their tenants and dependants, and each esteemed every man as a friend, no matter what his station, who showed himself worthy of friendship. We are told by Mr. Spectator that, as Sir Roger was beloved by all about him, 'his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is grey-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor.' The composition of the Bracebridge household was exactly similar; we are told that the servants

'had an old-fashioned look, having for the most part been brought up in the household, and grown into keeping with the antiquated mansion, and the humours of its lord.*'

Indeed, we are continually reminded, in reading Irving's Old Christmas, of the visit of Mr. Spectator to Sir Roger's country-house, and more particularly of those portions of it which are described in papers contributed by Steele, whose essays have a striking affinity, both in style and matter, with the writings of Washington Irving. It would be too much to say that if there had been no Sir Roger de Coverley, there would have been no Squire Bracebridge, but it is hardly too much to say that if 'The Spectator' had not existed, Squire Bracebridge would have been a somewhat different, and perhaps a somewhat less endearing creation. It would be almost impossible, however, to present a perfect type of the old English gentleman without investing him with some of the characteristics of the famous Knight, and perhaps a more remarkable coincidence is the resemblance between Irving's description of Master Simon and Addison's sketch of Mr. Will Wimble. In each of these cases an eccentric personage is portrayed, with curious habits formed by the force of circumstances, and in each case the habits are at least similar, and the circumstances absolutely identical. Irving, it is true, elaborates the picture in his most charming manner, so that the execution is entirely his own, but for the conception it almost seems as if he were indebted to Addison. Old bachelors and poor relations are themes upon which Irving loved to dilate with kindly good nature, and certainly if all old bachelors were like Master Simon marriage would not so generally be deemed the more honourable state. 'He had a chirping buoyant disposition, always enjoying the present moment; and

* This idea is still further worked out in 'Bracebridge Hall' in the paper on Family Servants.

his frequent change of scene and company prevented his acquiring those rusty, unaccommodating habits with which old bachelors are so uncharitably charged.' He made love to all the old spinsters, in whose eyes he was still a gay young dog, and he was adored by all the youngsters, 'for he must have been a miracle of accomplishments in their eyes. He could imitate Punch and Judy; make an old woman of his hand, with the assistance of a burnt cork and pocket handkerchief, and cut an orange into such a ludicrous caricature that the young folks were ready to die with laughing.' The failure of the village choir in the anthem which Master Simon had so industriously endeavoured to drum into their heads, is conceived in the true spirit of comedy, and the old gentleman's joviality after dinner, when he chirped 'like a grasshopper filled with dew,' and finally grew maudlin about the widow, is excellently humorous. In his choice of a parson the Squire of Bracebridge Hall differed from Sir Roger de Coverley. The little, dried-up black-letter hunter, who even on Christmas Day preached a long erudite sermon on the rites and ceremonies proper to the season, citing as his authorities half a score of the ancient fathers, is in marked contrast with the worthy gentleman to whom Sir Roger presented all the good sermons printed in the English language, making it a condition that he should read one of them in the pulpit every Sunday, and leave to others all attempts at originality. The remaining characters are, in this series of papers, but slightly sketched in, but how charming and how comprehensive Irving makes even his slightest sketches! The young officer who had been wounded at Waterloo, with his dash of natural coxcombery; the blushing beauty of seventeen, the coy victim of his love-making; the Oxonian, who delighted in quizzing his maiden aunts and cousins with exaggerated airs of gallantry; the captivating little hoy-

dens still in the school-room, who taxed Master Simon's powers of dancing so sorely; the fat-headed old gentleman, who stuck in the middle of a story, and was the only person in the room who could not remember the end of it; to each of these a vivid personality is given, which could scarcely be increased by any additional elaboration.

With regard to the antiquated manner in which he describes Christmas as having been spent at Bracebridge Hall, Irving was freely criticised on the first appearance of the 'Sketch Book.' If such a criticism were true in 1820, it would be doubly true in 1878, but I venture to think that its truth cannot be sustained. In remarking upon these strictures at a later period, Irving said, that since writing the Old Christmas papers he had had opportunities of seeing almost all the rural customs which he describes, in full force in many districts in England. With the exception of the dance, accompanied by cudgel play, which so delighted Squire Bracebridge as being the lineal descendant of the sword dance of the ancients, there is nothing described, the counterpart of which could not be found to-day in some parts of England. Surely no one will allege that blindman's buff, hot cockles, bob-apple, or snap-dragon, are obsolete games; or that the Yule Log, the Wassail Bowl, and the time honoured mistletoe are things of the past? With regard to the Antique Masque which concluded the merry Christmas evening, this only purported to be a 'burlesque imitation,' and Irving half confesses that he borrowed the idea from Ben Johnson's Masque of Christmas. But to refute seriously an allegation against Irving's Old Christmas of want of accuracy, is to fight with shadows. Probably no such exquisite combination of all the sports and merriment belonging to the season, was ever found in any one village of England; but how many villages of England have lived under the jovial

sway of a Squire Bracebridge? A writer attempting to give a general idea of the pastimes peculiar to Christmas, is not compelled to locate his village, and confine himself to the customs of that particular district; had Irving at any time attempted such pedantry, we should not only have lost his Christmas at Bracebridge Hall, but many more of his most delightful essays. It is more profitable, however, to abandon all ideas of probability or improbability, and yield ourselves up to the charm of Irving's writing, and he would be but a churlish reader who could resist this, and who could deny that he would give a year or so of his life, to pass one such Christmas at Bracebridge Hall. Who would not, even on a frosty night, be kept waiting at the door, as were our travellers, if the reason were that the merriment in the servants' hall was too uproarious to allow them to hear the ringing of the bell? To be ushered into such a hall, and to greet such a company, we ourselves would willingly ring from one Christmas Eve to another. To see the old Squire, seated in his ancestral chair beaming 'like the sun of a system' gladness to every heart; to see the old hall, with the famous portrait of the Crusader; to shake hands with the parson, and to joke with Master Simon; all and any of these would certainly be worth some waiting for. And, after the supper and merry dance of Christmas Eve, how delightful to fall asleep as the music of the waits died away in the distance, and how doubly delightful to wake, to hear the pattering of little feet outside the door, and after a whispered consultation, a choir of small voices chanting a carol! And then the family prayers, and the dear old Squire in his Christmas joy and exaltation, allowing his voice to ramble out of all the bounds of time and tune; and the walk to church through the clear and frosty air, and Master Simon's anthem and the Parson's sermon; and the loving greetings of the peasantry to the Squire—all these are sym-

bols of things which never fade into antiquity, but which bloom fresh and green with each recurring Christmas. And the crowning ceremony of all, the Christmas dinner, the feast which Englishmen unanimously exalt to the first place among all feasts, with what a humorous gusto is it described! Irving could praise good cheer enthusiastically, without incurring the slightest suspicion of being himself either a *gourmet* or a *gourmand*, and from his description the Squire's must certainly have been a model Christmas dinner. The talk over the wine, which the Squire, 'whose joviality seemed always tempered with a proper love of decorum,' interrupted exactly at the right moment, is full of pleasant humour. The evening games, although themselves no longer necessary accompaniments to Christmas, constitute an admirable example of the uproarious merriment which most households still indulge in on Christmas night.

I have, I hope, said enough to show how thoroughly ideal is the picture Irving draws of Old Christmas, but it may, in addition, be pointed out that all his figures and scenes are, so to speak, types. He makes no attempt at character-painting, except so far as is necessary to present each of his *dramatis personæ*, as an example of a class. The stage-coachman is a type, the country inn is a type, Bracebridge Hall is a type, its inmates and surroundings, the Squire, the Parson, Master Simon, the village Church, the traveller himself, are all typical; and finally, the series of papers as a whole, form a wonderful and unique type of what Christmas, in its most Christian spirit, sometimes is, and always ought to be.

It is impossible to dismiss Washington Irving with a reference merely to his Old Christmas, charming as that is, and peculiarly appropriate at this time of the year; and, therefore, it will hardly be considered out of place to make a few general remarks upon the position he occupies among

English Essayists. Those writers who have achieved the very first excellence in the familiar style of writing, are few in number. Steele, Goldsmith, Washington Irving and Charles Lamb, are the four greatest, and if of these, judged simply as familiar essayists, Charles Lamb must be deemed *facilis princeps*, it is not so easy to discriminate between the claims of the remaining three for second place. In style, as well as in choice of subject, and natural bent of mind, Washington Irving bears a strong resemblance to Steele. They both possessed the same simplicity of mind, combined with kindness and comprehensive charity: the same deeply reverential spirit characterized them both, and if Washington Irving was not so prone as Steele, to turn his essays into short sermons, it is in a great measure because the accidents of his life, and the tone and temper of the age in which he lived, forbade it. Essayists in the familiar style appeal directly to their readers as friend to friend; they attempt to engage the heart rather than attract the intellect, and the measure of their success can therefore be gauged better by our affection for them as men, than by our admiration for them as authors. The strong personal feeling which we have for such writers as Lamb, Goldsmith, and Irving, is in some respects a curious phenomenon. It is altogether independent of, and uninfluenced by, their character or the events of their lives, but arises entirely from the effect of their writings upon our emotions and susceptibilities. The reason for this would appear to be that perfection in such writing cannot be approached by any man unless his nature fit him pre-eminently for it, so that the writing is in the truest sense the man. The knowledge of this is unconsciously present to every reader; we know that we are being admitted behind the veil, and that the author's nature, his likes, his dislikes, sometimes his very soul, are laid bare before us, and naturally we love him as we do a

friend who entrusts us with his every secret. Mere frankness of confession, however, such as Rousseau's or De Quincey's does not necessarily produce such a result; there must not be the slightest intrusion of the tragic,—even our interest must not be too deeply aroused; we must be thoroughly satisfied with our author's nature, and through him with our own, it being delicately insinuated that, as he is, so are all men. Washington Irving rarely does more than confide to us his tastes and sentiments; he does not, like Charles Lamb, entrust us with his most sacred feelings, and his most human weaknesses; but although for this reason he does not lie so near our hearts as the gentle Elia, his graceful *bonhomie* and genial warmth render him peculiarly endearing. There is one faculty which essayists of Irving's type must possess in an abnormal degree, and that is taste, or tact, call it which you will. The slightest jar upon the feelings of a reader would neutralize their efforts, and it is only by the possession of this faculty, that men of crotchets, as to certain extent all such writers are, manage to write so as to please all readers. I think too, that another reason why we love these authors is, that as boys we revelled in their works. How well I remember the appearance, the very binding of the well-thumbed Washington Irving in the old school library! When I open the Sketch Book, or Bracebridge Hall, visions of hours of keen delight rise up before me, and I recognise anew the fact, that at no period of life is more enjoyment derived from books, than at that delightful age, which accepts all it reads unhesitatingly, and thinks a hint against its favourite authors treason. There are few authors who can claim equal sway over the boy's imagination and the man's intellect, but of these few Washington Irving is one, and his kindly unostentatious nature would have regarded a boy's delight as a more grateful offering than even the praise of critics.

In 'Bracebridge Hall' Irving again introduces us to the scenes and characters already made familiar in the Christmas papers, and in addition he brings before us some new character-sketches. The most important of these are Lady Lillycraft and General Harbottle, but although described with many touches of native humour, they are far inferior creations to the Squire or Master Simon. Much more original is Ready-Money Jack Tibbets, who plays a prominent part throughout the Bracebridge Hall papers, and who may be set down as a fairly representative specimen of the English yeoman. The sketches of the village worthies are admirable; the apothecary who was the village wise man full of sententious remarks, who "observed, with great solemnity and emphasis that 'man is a compound of wisdom and folly;' upon which Master Simon, who had hold of my arm, pressed very hard upon it and whispered in my ear, 'That's a devilish shrewd remark!' The village politician, who 'had a confounded trick of talking, and was apt to bother one about the national debt, and such nonsense,' the tailor and the worthies who kept the village inn, all these and many more testify to that extraordinary perception, amounting almost to intuition which Irving possessed of the oddities and excellencies of English character. Not only in his essays and sketches, but also in the tales with which they are so plentifully interspersed, Irving's English characters are in inception, conventional, but he presents them with a naturalness, and invests them with a freshness, that make them actual living creatures, and not mere puppets. In this respect he reminds us of a worker in a different field of art, David Wilkie,* whose subjects are conventional, but in treatment exquisitely natural. Such pictures as 'The Rent Day,' or 'The Blind Fiddler,' are conceived

and worked out in exactly the same spirit, as that which inspires Washington Irving's charming delineations of rustic life. That the painter and the writer should both have treated Spanish subjects, as well as English, may be looked upon as a mere coincidence, but as here too they display the same delicate fancy combined with truth and accuracy, the very coincidence serves to draw the parallel between them closer. The style of writing which Lamb and Washington Irving adopted has found few disciples in our day. We have a number of brilliant essayists, whose achievements have made the nineteenth century perhaps the greatest prose era in our literature;—but they are philosophical, critical and didactic; their self-imposed mission is to teach, not to amuse, whereas the primary object of Lamb and Irving was to afford their readers matter for innocent enjoyment. There is, however, one writer, himself a countryman of Irving, upon whom the mantle of Charles Lamb seems to have fallen. Oliver Wendell Holmes, without in any instance sacrificing his originality, follows closely the method of the elder essayists, and although he is the most remarkable, he is by no means the only proof we possess, that it is among American writers we now chiefly find that quaint and delicate humour, which the discussion of the sterner realities and larger issues of life seems for the time to have banished from England.

Irving's fame does not, however, rest solely on his charms as an essayist; as a story-teller he is unrivalled. The practice of telling a story simply for the sake of the story, and not as a vehicle for the discussion of human character, has of late been well nigh abandoned. The rôle of *raconteur* seems for the present to be played out, in spite of the vehement assertions of a living novelist that it has been the one aim of his life to assume it. The truth is, that the novel can never be used simply to tell a story; the essence

* It may be interesting to note that Wilkie and Irving were intimate personal friends.

of such stories as Irving's lies in their brevity, and the slightness of the material composing them. The plot is rarely if ever absorbing in interest; the characters are, as I have said before, types of classes rather than strongly-marked individuals, and the fascination the tales possess is derived from exquisite charm of manner, and direct simplicity of narration. That which, if otherwise told, would be melodramatic, becomes natural; that which, if otherwise told, would be commonplace, becomes poetical; and characters, in themselves conventional, and drawn sometimes merely in outline, become instinct with life and motion. 'Men are but children of a larger growth,' and Irving's tales are simply the highest expression of the kind of story-telling with which we amuse children. It may be conceded that the novel, in the hands of genius, is a much higher form of art than mere story-telling; but it may still be matter for regret that the latter should become in any sense obsolete. Irving's stories are of two distinct kinds, the humorous and the romantic: of the first, 'Rip van Winkle,' and the 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' are the best examples; of the second, 'The Student of Salamanca,' and 'The Story of the Young Italian,' in 'Tales of a Traveller,' are favourite illustrations. His Spanish tales have never been so popular or so widely read as 'The Sketch Book' or 'Bracebridge Hall,' although they are exceedingly graceful and attractive. The 'Tales of a Traveller' alternate the humorous with the romantic, but although many of them display Irving's peculiar qualities, by no means at their worst, they are not, as a whole, nearly up to the level of his two best known works. Of Irving's efforts in the more ambitious field of history, in which, indeed, he has been eclipsed by his countryman Prescott, I do not intend to speak, but there is a somewhat similar class of literature in which he stands without a rival, and which should be noticed even in this brief paper. His

'Life of Goldsmith' is the best biography of its kind in the English language. Biographies may be roughly said to be of two kinds: one which, by faithful and minute records of actions, allows the life to tell its own story and unfold the character of its subject; and the other which presents the life in the form of a story, from the point of view of the narrator. It is obvious that the latter form of biography must largely assume the character of a criticism, and must depend for its success greatly upon the degree of sympathy between the biographer and the man whose life he sets before us. The complete sympathy between Irving and Goldsmith, the similarity of their natures, are in themselves reasons for the supreme excellence of this work. It has all the charm of fiction, combined with absolute truth and fidelity to fact, and at the same time presents us with an accurate portrait of the man, and a generous and faithful criticism of the author. There is no other man whose life Irving could have written so well, and it is no less true that no one could have written Goldsmith's life in such a manner. This work will, I am convinced, form one of the least perishable monuments of his fame.

I have made a wide digression from the Old Christmas papers, but one may be excused for growing a little garrulous over Washington Irving. There is no author who is dearer to us, and whose character is more clearly and indelibly imprinted in every line of his works. We can apply to him, without the excision of a single word, his own language concerning Goldsmith: 'The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works, the whimsical yet amiable views of human life and human nature, the unforced humour, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed, at times, with a pleasing melancholy; even the very nature of his mellow, and flowing, and softly-tinted style, all seem to bespeak his

moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man, at the same time that we admire the author. At this season of the year, when all men are, for one brief day, in harmony, we can sympathize most truly with an author whose writings spring

from a fount of benevolence and kindly charity. Not only his 'Old Christmas,' but all Washington Irving's writings, breathe the spirit of Christian love, with which all hearts should be filled at Christmas.

KASPAR.

BY R. RUTLAND MANNERS.

THIS Christmas Eve, and a cold clear night,
 And the earth is filled with the white moonlight,
 Which falls through the frosty air from on high,
 From the crystal blue of a winter sky,
 And glittering rests on the drifted snow,
 And gleams on the half-iced stream below ;
 And the forest's naked limbs arrays
 With numberless trembling diamond sprays,
 By the Frost-king there un radiant strewn,
 Now illumed by the white-fire touch of the moon.

Round the mountain's base the river glides,
 From the gloom of the pine on its rugged sides,
 And creeps through the vale by the evergreen shade ;
 By the fringing elders, all leafless made ;
 By the hazel-copse ; by the ice-bound wheel
 Of the moated, long unbusy mill,
 And into the quiet burg hard by
 Whose quaint tile roofs sharply rise on high,
 Till beyond 'tis lost in a distant wood,
 Where its voice alone stirs the solitude.

The village church caps a neighbouring hill,
 O'ergrown with ivy and tufted moss,
 Neath giant willows weirdly still,
 Which a shadowy net-work weave across
 The snow's white folds on roof and tower,—
 There deftly spread as by magic power,—
 O'er which points the spire with its cross on high,
 Seeming set 'mid the brilliants that fill the sky.

From the gothic windows a dim light creeps
 Through the coloured panes, and softly glows

On the whitened sills where it restless sleeps
 Or steals o'er the clustering moss that grows
 On mullion and transom and eaves above,
 With lacing ivy there interwove,
 Then fades within—to appear again
 Softly tinting the many-coloured pane.

Old Kaspar, the sexton, had wrought within
 Till the midnight hour crept on a-pace,
 With clusters of fragrant evergreen
 Adorning the walls of the holy place.
 But the Elfin band who all silently
 Weave the web of sleep, have him captive ta'en
 And laid 'neath the spell of their sorcery
 They bind him tight with their silken chain,
 And in pall-like folds, which they weave from night,
 They muffle him close for their mystic flight.

'Tis the potent watch of the Elfin reign,
 And they gather fast on every hand,
 And now at their sceptred chief's command
 Is their captive borne to their bright domain,
 To the golden scenes of the vision-land.
 Swift as thought its enchanted bounds they pass
 And its sunlight breaks 'neath the vaulted height
 Of the Elfin court, alabaster white,
 Filled with throngs of the airy populace.
 And they move through grottos with jewels bright,
 Glittering many-hued in the soft rose light,
 That steals within, with the perfumed air,
 From the flower-filled dells of the mystic sphere
 Half-seen beyond 'twixt the arches high,
 Whence comes the glad sound of festivity.

* * * * *

And now to the Royal Court they come,
 Reared on tinted marbles its crystal dome,
 Which range away in bright colonnades,
 With fountains between and enchanted glades,
 And in the midst on an ivory throne,
 Its seat iridescent opal stone,
 Sits the Fairy-Queen robed in lily white,
 And crowned with a circlet of diamond light.

On every side 'neath her gracious smile
 Her people the festive hours beguile
 In merry round, while on busy wing
 Some richest fruits to the banquet bring.
 For in fairy realm—as proclaims the scene
 With its joy, good cheer and emblems green
 Speaking grateful praise,—'tis a time of feast
 And thanksgiving for a danger past,

To a noble King who freed their land
 From a Giant grim, and on every hand
 Rarest fruits are spread, and glad heralds call
 Fairy Land to the royal festival.

They gather fast from glade and grot,
 Elves and sylvan sprites and butterfly fays,
 Their little forms decked in textures wrought
 From flowers and brodered with gossamer rays,
 And they join in the bright festivities,
 Till the scene with their buoyant gladness rings,
 While the air is filled with sweet harmonies
 From their tinkling spangles and tuneful wings.

Now all is hushed; for the Fairy Queen
 Stands forth, and surveying with gracious mien
 The throngs which gallery and court-ways fill,
 Thus in accents clear speaks the sovereign will :—
 ‘Our much-loved people, most glad are we
 To welcome you all to our Royal fête,
 On this festal day when the memory
 Of our Champion-King we celebrate.
 Throughout the bounds of our goodly State
 To share our joy we have called you here,
 And your presence with loving heart we greet,
 The humblest alike with our highest peer.
 So all strangers sojourning in our domain,
 Have we bidden come—alike welcome all,
 For all hearts should meet on Love’s equal plane
 This day of Love’s grateful festival.
 To-day, as he whom we honour came
 Of his own free-will and kingly grace
 To save our realm, love alone should claim
 Our hearts and therein all else displace,
 While each for the other’s happiness
 Gives foremost thought, as true love e’er will,
 And so shall the hours most joyous pass
 And goodness her highest charge fulfil.’

‘For the choice first-fruits which our people bring,
 As their custom ’tis from year to year,
 An oblation to our most honoured king,
 We yield due thanks. We ourselves shall bear
 Your offerings to him whom we all revere,
 For in honouring him most honour we
 Ourselves and the State we hold most dear,
 Which to him proudly yields its fealty.
 And now let the Feast proceed. Let all
 In our joy and good cheer participate,
 While the Dance and Song in glad carnival
 Rule the hour. Let each present emulate
 The next in mirth and our banquet hall
 With rejoicings loud reverberate ;

While all hearts are linked in a chain of love,
That not fate nor the tides of years can move.'

The Sovereign ceased. A scene of wild delight
Applause-full followed till the crystal height
Rang back the sound, while fays on shining wing
Above the throne moved gaily, scattering
About their queen rare floral sweets whose blooms
Imbued the air with delicate perfumes.

As yet the dwellers in this mystic sphere
Had heeded not their stranger visitor,
Save to make way where'er he chanced to pass,
Courtesying aside with smiles and airy grace.
But now beneath the vaulted height appeared,
Where the great dome its crystal beauty reared,
A form majestic, o'er whose brow serene
A halo shone, crowned with a star between,
And robed in light which brighter as it came
Soon dazzling beamed, like to a golden flame.
Its gaze was fixed upon the stranger guest,
Wherein alone high love was manifest,
Yet did it seem as its full glory filled
The scene—quick at its radiant advent stilled
To breathless calm—all in its glance to hold
And to transfigure into shimmering gold.
Then 'neath its power, soon all potential grown,
The fairy court, its populace, the throne
To formless light seemed fused—

And Kaspar woke

As on his face, through the church windows, broke
The rising sun; the sun of Christmas Day,
Flooding all Earth with its resplendent ray!

SOMETHING ABOUT PERU.

BY S. R. SMITH.



ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY OF TAMBO.

THE coast of the department of Arequipa in Lower Peru, between the sixteenth and eighteenth degrees of latitude, would present a most desolate uniformity of aridity but for certain fertile valleys which break the dreary monotony of the *lomas*, or barren ridges, that line the shore of the Pacific for three hundred and twenty miles. The fairest and most tropical of these valleys is that of Tambo, which begins at Mollendo beach and extends for fifteen leagues up to the heights of Puquina on the slope of the Western Andes. It is enclosed narrowly between a double chain of rocky hills, and rises gradually from the ocean-level to an eleva-

tion of six thousand seven hundred and fifty feet. The Tambo River flows through it and empties into the Pacific.

It was from this lovely valley of Tambo that, toward the end of a certain October, Paul Marcoy, the French traveller in Peru, to whom the world owes much of its later knowledge of that country, started on a long journey across the sierra region to explore the Rio Apurimac from its source, in Lake Vilafró, at the base of the eastern slope of the Andes, to its junction with the Rio Aquillabamba or Urubamba—a journey which led him across the sierra and up the valley of Huarancalqui to Cerro Melchior, in the Great Pajonal.

At the period when Marcoy, with gun on shoulder and sketch-book under arm, is discovered, as the stage-directions have it, in the valley of Tambo, it contained three large haciendas (estates). The hacienda Arenal, nearest to the sea, belonging to General Cerdena, a Spaniard and ex-officer of the royal army that was defeated

in the northern part of the province. This person, Pierre Leroux by name, needs an introduction to the reader, for he was destined to become Marcoy's travelling companion in his excursion, and to share with him in his experiences, pleasant and otherwise, up to the summit of Cerro Melchior. He was a native of Besançon, and had

been living in Peru for fifteen years, during which time he had acquired and lost two fortunes in mining operations. As Marcoy has sketched him, with pen and pencil, we are shown a man of forty-five years of age, tall, with a countenance at once frank and intelligent, robust in health, sinewy of limb, and with the iron will of one who, having marked out a goal, seeks it unmindful of obstacles. He had given to his plantation the name of *Tambochico*, or 'Little Tambo.'

Leroux's mind at the moment of Marcoy's appearance in the valley was absorbed in a project of introducing on his hacienda the use of certain machinery for cleaning his rice and cotton. He had ordered it a year before, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, from New York, through the British



PIERRE LEROUX.

at Ayacucho in the Peruvian war of independence. The next was owned by an Englishman; and the third, a rice, cotton and sugar plantation, was the property of a friend of Marcoy, whose acquaintance he had made five years before, at a place called Caraveli,

consulat Islay, a port about fifteen miles higher up the coast, and was now impatiently expecting its arrival, together with that of the ready-made pine-wood sheds intended to house the machines. Once a week he went to Islay to make inquiries, leaving Tam-



AMONG THE OLIVE TREES.

bochico in the morning and returning by nightfall. During these absences of his host, Marcoy devoted a part of the day to peregrinations among the *olivares* and *higuerales*—as the small

olive and fig plantations are called—which fringe the valley, and in conversing with their Indian proprietors. Among the five or six native families established in the *olivares*, one in

particular aroused his interest, and he often stopped in his walk to converse with these people on the subject of the life they led there, and of their olive-culture and its revenues. The family had erected its dwelling among the olive trees, and although its members had all the outward appearance of ill-health and poverty, they seemed to be happy and contented, seated under their simple roof of mats, upheld by four posts, and with their household utensils scattered about them. They told Marcoy that their home was in the upper part of the valley, and that the simple shelter under which they received him was merely their temporary camping-out residence. Like all the other proprietors of the olive and fig plantations, they remained away from their plantation for eleven months of the year, leaving the trees to the care of Providence: the twelfth month, when the time to collect the crop had come, they passed where Marcoy found them.

From his friends of the olivares, our traveller would stroll a few hundred yards higher up the valley to chat with his acquaintances of the *highuerales*. The male adult owners of the fig plantations were generally absent, as they preferred to abandon the conjugal roof and hire themselves out as labourers to the large planters of the valley, some of them returning each night and others only at the end of the week. The women of the family meanwhile attended to the gathering of the figs and their preparation, in a dried state, for the markets of the sierra towns, or engaged in the manufacture of a sort of violet-coloured wine, made from the figs, which the people call *chimbango*. This fig wine is sweet and agreeable to the taste, and of moderately intoxicating powers, and is sold at a *cuartillo* (about three cents) a quart.

Still higher up the valley, this cultivated zone was succeeded by a sandy tract, irregularly interspersed with

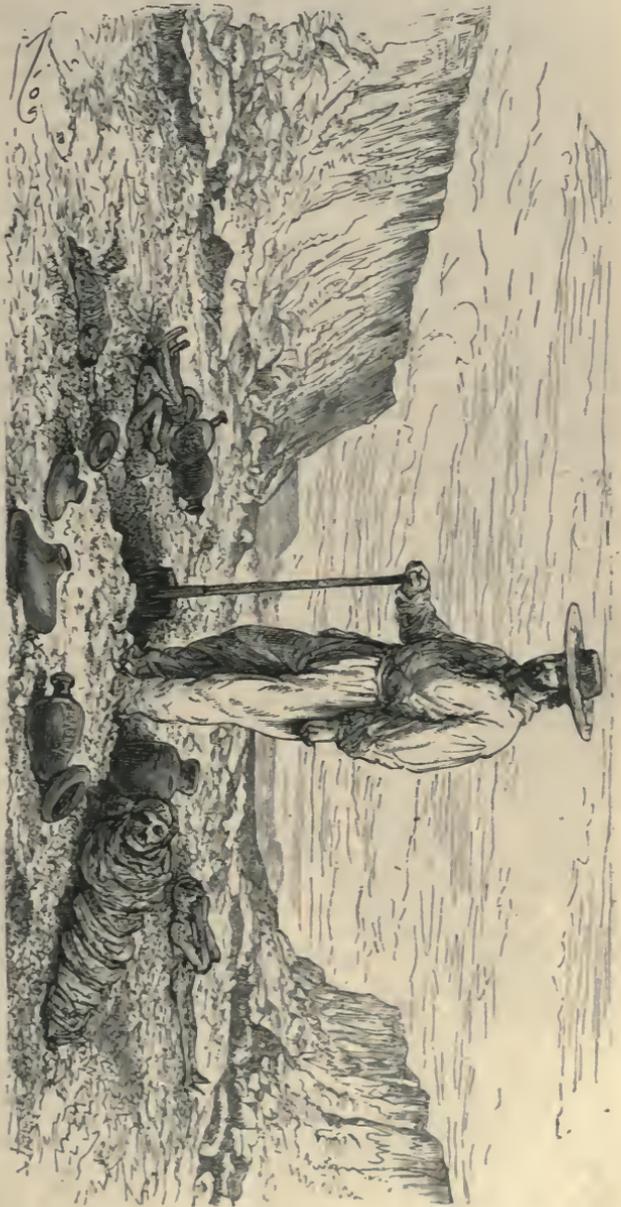
low ridges of the kind which, under the name of *lomas*, characterizes the physical features of the coast. The normal barrenness of these hills is changed from May to October, during the season of fogs, into fertility, for the humidity causes a green sward to appear, and a multitude of charming flowers spring up and cover their surface. In the old days, the gay classes of the population of the sierras were wont to resort, during the period from May to October, to this spot, ostensibly to indulge in sea bathing, but really to enjoy a merry-making season as frantic and fantastic as any Venetian carnival of the past. Tents were pitched among the hills, and the festival lasted for a month or two, during which time the *lomas*, accustomed only to the melancholy sound of the surf beating against the shore, and the murmur of the passing wind, echoed the notes of the guitar, the shouts of the revellers, and their joyous songs. Strange to say, however—a circumstance probably unknown to those thoughtless pleasure-seekers of the sierra—this part of the valley is the burial-place of thousands of Indians of both sexes and of all ages, whose bodies were deposited there before the Spanish conquest, and, as is supposed, during the reigns of the last incas. The bodies lie in trenches barely three feet from the surface. In the majority of cases they are extended on their backs, with their heads toward the rising sun, the object of their reverence in life. Others are found in various constrained attitudes—some as if sitting with their elbows resting on their knees; and the closed hands set in the eyeless sockets. Some of the bodies are nude, others are swathed in woollen rags, or in a coarse kind of drawers, woven from the *sipa*, a grass that grows on the mountains. In the trenches, laid beside them the implements, weapons and adornments which belonged to them in life, and which, in the belief of the survivors, would be needed by them after death.

One afternoon, when Marcoy returned to the hacienda from this old cemetery, bringing with him the mummies of a little child and of a small llama — doubtless the child's playfellow — which he had found lying together in the same trench, he was greeted joyfully by Pierre Leroux, who had come back from a visit to Islay at an earlier hour than usual. Leroux brought important news. The ship with the machinery, the consul had told him, might be expected at any time within three or four days. In his impatience the master of Tambochico resolved to start for the coast with as little delay as possible, and take up his quarters at Mollendo, where the vessel was to land her cargo.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, host and guest, accompanied by servants, mounted their mules and set out for Mollendo with provisions and baggage, the latter consisting simply of an iron saucepan, a few rush mats and stakes intended for the construction of shelter-huts, and some bed-coverings.

The news of Pierre Leroux's visit to the beach, and a knowledge of its purpose, having spread abroad through

AMONG THE MUMMIES.



the valley, scores of his neighbours, people whom he scarcely knew or had never seen before, came to make in

quiries regarding the wonderful machines. So great were the numbers attracted to the 'festival,' as they called it, that an honest fellow of the vicinity deemed the occasion a propitious one for driving a lively trade in figs, pomegranates and watermelons, which he brought to the spot on an ass's back and sold rapidly to the assemblage, drinking-water being scarce and the fruit serving elegantly to quench the thirst of the curious company.

On the fourth day, in the afternoon, the sails of the expected vessel appeared above the tops of the group of rocks that form Cape Islay, and about the same time an Indian arrived with a letter to Leroux from the British consul informing him that, as it would be dangerous for the ship to approach too near the beach, owing to the heavy surf, her captain had resolved to land the machines on a raft to be composed of the material for the sheds. While Leroux was reading this letter the ship came up and dropped anchor at about two-thirds of a mile from shore.

Although the labour of building the raft was begun at once, two days elapsed before the hoisting of the Peruvian colours aboard the vessel announced that all was ready for the landing. The process of transferring the machinery to the shore was simple enough, for while the ship's crew would 'pay out' a line attached to their side of the raft, the people on shore were to pull the latter toward them by means of another. A fisherman went out to the ship on his *balsa*, or inflated sealskin raft, procured the end of the shore-line and brought it safely to the beach. As soon as he landed the hawser was seized by a hundred officious individuals, who hauled away vigorously at the raft, which by this time had been released from the vessel's side. Leroux, Marcoy, and the spectators watched the progress of the frail tossing platform with varying emotions. Suddenly a great shout arose from the volunteers

who were pulling the rope. The hawser had parted! For an instant the raft swayed about helplessly in the great waves. Then a wave bore down on it, and in a few minutes all that remained was a mass of planks and beams tossing wildly against the beach. Leroux looked on at this ruin of his hopes like one thunder-struck, and for a little while Marcoy feared that his reason was about to leave him; but he recovered himself slowly, and, gazing with a despairing glance at the timber lying on the beach, he turned to Marcoy and said with a sigh, 'Well, here is another fortune to make.'

At some distance from them stood groups of the spectators discussing the event. Although they appeared to belong to the well-to-do class, and their faces bore a commiserative expression suitable to the occasion, still it could be seen, when they turned their glances on Pierre Leroux with a half smile, that the catastrophe had not caused them much regret. Along the shore were ranged the *cholos* (natives of mixed Spanish and Indian extraction) and Indians who had assisted in dragging the raft, and who now seemed to be amusing themselves with the erratic movements of the beams and planks as the waves threw them on the beach and then floated them back into the sea. Presently, having come to the conclusion that the flotsam belonged to the first claimant, they began to load their shoulders with the wood. Some of them were already trudging off with their burdens along the road to Tambo, when suddenly an individual, whom nobody had hitherto noticed, emerged from the crowd and in an uncouth sort of Spanish ordered the pillagers to throw down their spoils. As the rogues seemed to take no notice of this admonition, the newcomer administered a few kicks and cuffs to them, which soon caused them to drop their prizes and fall back in disorder.

The stranger who thus championed so zealously Pierre Leroux's interests



MAKING FIG WINE.

was a Frenchman, who, having deserted from his ship, a three-masted vessel from Marseilles, at the port of Arica in Bolivia, about three months before, had been wandering since that time from village to village near the coast, earning a precarious livelihood while awaiting an opportunity to ship on some other vessel. His name was Moïse, and he was a native of Provence. He was a carpenter by trade, and having heard while at Islay of the intended landing of the machinery, he had come to Mollendo with the hope of obtaining work in the erection of the sheds. This information he imparted to Marcoy, who stepped forward to question him, and who recognized in him, when the man's story was told, a member of the restless maritime fraternity known in that region as 'Brethren of the Coast'—in other words deserters from ships who lead vagrant lives until they can once more find employment before the mast.

Moïse was a vigorous specimen of the brotherhood. He was about forty years old, with regular features, a complexion bronzed like that of an Indian, and a waving mass of tawny hair and beard that imparted to him a leonine look. His costume consisted of a ragged straw hat that might have done duty as a scarecrow, a tattered red woollen shirt and a pair of sailcloth trousers patched in a dozen places and upheld by a leathern belt. He carried a long staff, and the rest of his wardrobe was tied up in a handkerchief.

The idea occurred to Marcoy to make this adventurer the guardian of the wood—which represented a certain value in money to Pierre Leroux—until the latter could have it transported to the hacienda. He therefore proposed to him to remain on the beach and preserve the property from pillage, with the understanding that his services were to be paid for at the rate of four reals (fifty cents) a day, and that provisions should be sent to him from Tambochico. Moïse ac-

cepted the offer, which Pierre Leroux authorized with a motion of his head when Marcoy broached the matter to him. Thus constituted supervisor of the wreck, Moïse seated himself in the sand, and, twirling his staff, fixed his eyes on the crowd, and observed in broken Spanish, 'I'll smash the head of the first fellow that touches this wood. You hear me?'

His words—and his manner, perhaps, more than his words—had the effect of causing the would-be pillagers to draw off, and the servants having collected in one spot all the wood that had floated ashore, Moïse constructed a rude sort of shed with the remains of the raft, in which he could lodge comfortably with the three peons who were to remain with him until further orders. When this work was completed, and nothing remained for the curious to discuss and ponder, the spectators departed like a congregation retiring from church, leaving only Marcoy, Pierre Leroux, General Cerdeña (who had been among the interested lookers-on from the beginning), Moïse, the servants and the ship as witnesses of the day's failures and disappointments. After dark the vessel weighed anchor and sailed away.

The period fixed by Marcoy as the limit of his stay in the valley was now approaching. A few days more would see him on his way from the coast and across the mountains, travelling through the sierra in a climate and amid a vegetation—or a lack of vegetation, as the case might be—altogether different from the climate and vegetation of the tropical estate of Tambochico. As the hour of departure drew near an idea that in the beginning had been only a fugitive thought took firm hold on his mind. This idea was to withdraw his friend and host from the contemplation of his loss by associating him with the journey he was about to undertake. Leroux at first positively refused to listen to the suggestion. Nothing

daunted, however, Marcoy persisted in his pleadings, until finally he gained his host's reluctant assent. It was arranged that during Leroux's absence the *majordomo* should take charge of the plantation, and that Moise, who was then engaged in building a new sugar-house, should await at Tambochico the planter's return.

One morning, at the hour of four, accompanied by a *mozo serviente*, or 'body-servant,' and under the guidance of a muleteer who was returning from the valley to the sierra region with a load of sugar, they left Tambochico, riding in the direction of the mountains. As they reached the top of the first line of hills, a thick fog, descending into the valley, met them and enveloped them so completely that not only were they unable to see two yards in advance, but their garments were penetrated by the moisture. While making their way through the mist the sound of horses' feet and the tinkling of bells in their front warned them of the approach of a caravan. So close was it on them, in fact, that they had barely time to turn their mules to one side when the other party, men and animals, passed swiftly along the road like phantoms. Only their silhouettes were visible for a few seconds, and then they vanished in the fog. Soon, however, the rising sun tinted the icy vapours with an

opaline hue, and the wind, striking the mist, blew it back rolling on itself in the shape of ocean billows. The struggle between the fog on one side and the sun and wind on the other was not of long duration, for, rent asunder by the wind, the curtain of vapour was hurried in broken fragments



MOISE.

toward the north, and the atmosphere was left clear. The plateau on which the party found themselves overlooked the valley of Tambo from a height of twenty-four hundred feet. Beyond it lay the wide-spreading ocean, its azure waters confused at the horizon with the blue of the sky. Before, in

the east, were the heights across which their route was to lead them, and still farther away, behind these, the snow-covered peaks of the Andes towered in the air. The day's journey ended at the hamlet of Omate, a mass of thatched-roof huts which seemed at a distance nothing more than a disagreeable natural feature of the scenery. Two leagues to the northward rose the once formidable volcano of Omate, with its yawning crater, half in darkness and half illumined by the setting sun, sharply inclining to the south-east.

For two days after leaving Omate the travellers journeyed along the western slope of the Andes through a dreary and almost solitary region. When night came they took shelter in a cave-like abode among the rocks in company with the shepherd who inhabited it and his flock. Toward the close of the next day they drew near to Pati, their halting-place for the night. This was a mere group of huts in the heart of the Cordilleras. Here and there along the approaches to it were llama-folds, and on the right of the road, elevated above the plain, was a wooden cross. They found a post-office—or rather post-hut—occupied by a troop of muleteers, who were about sitting down to their supper, and who at first received our travellers ungraciously, but after their first surprise and embarrassment had passed away they made the best of the interruption, and were soon on excellent terms with the newcomers, who slept side by side with them before the rousing fire which was kept burning through the night.

Having made an arrangement the next morning with these muleteers to guide them as far as Caylloma, a village which lay in Marcoy's itinerary, and by which the muleteers were to pass on their way to San Tomas, their destination, the travellers bade farewell to their late guide, who was compelled to leave them at Pati to pursue his homeward journey in another

direction, and set out with their new friends toward the north-west and the region of snow.

A few hours of descending march brought them to the Punas or Andean plateaus, a barren and rugged stretch of country furrowed by ridges of minor hills unconnected with any of the greater surrounding chains. The northern boundary of these Punas is the snowy range of mountains known as the Sierra de Huilcanota; and as they approached this chain on the second day of their journey from Pati the road became more precipitous and the arid surface presented the aspect of steep hills and deep gorges, forming a succession of heights and ravines which severely taxed the strength of their mules and horses. These difficulties might have been avoided had the old Carrera Real, or post-road, been followed to Caylloma; but the guides had preferred to pursue a course of their own choosing across the Punas, in order to spare their animals the ill effects arising from the rarefied air at an elevation of seventeen thousand feet, which would have been attained had they gone by the highway.

During the afternoon of this day they skirted the side of a hill at the base of which were three large square openings, evidently the work of man. As Marcoy and Leroux peered into these gloomy artificial caverns, the chief of the muleteers informed them that they were the entrances to the mine of San Lorenzo, formerly renowned for its yield of silver, but which at present is unworked. One league distant is the mine of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, equally celebrated during the period of the Spanish occupation, but now also abandoned. As they progressed, they caught occasional glimpses through breaks in the mountains, of the snowy summits of the Andes; then, farther on, the white tops were lost to view and the stony heights presented themselves in all their bald nakedness. This appearance in turn of

snow-capped peaks and stony ridges, continued until they reached the point at which the Sierra de Huilcanota joins—or rather is confounded with—the great chain of the Cordillera or Western Andes. At this stage of the day's journey the scenery on all sides became arctic in its character. The mountains were clothed in a white mantle in every direction, but as the sun was hidden by the clouds, the observer could enjoy the splendours of the view without having recourse to the pasteboard tubes furnished with blue glasses, a sort of spectacles used by travellers in these snowy regions to preserve their eyes from attacks of the *surumpe*, an ophthalmia occasioned by the reflection of the sun on the snow.

The travellers hoped to reach before night a postal station called Machu Condoroma, situated on the western slope of the Huilcanota chain. But as the afternoon lengthened, the sky became overcast with still darker clouds, and suddenly snow fell so thickly as to shut out from their sight objects four paces distant, while the wind, thunder and lightning added to their perplexity. Not a rancho or shepherd's hut was visible as they went on with heads bowed to the blinding storm and trusting to the sagacity of their mules for the selection of the right path. The close of the day found them too far from Machu Condoroma to hope to reach it before darkness should shut out the path, and they therefore prepared for their bivouac for the night by arranging their couches and cooking their supper under the ledge of a projecting rock, whose position had kept the space beneath it free from the drifting snow. After supper, Marcoy and Pierre Leroux lay back to back in a

bed which the muleteers had constructed with the bundles and pack-saddles, while the guides slept in a



MIRROR OF THE RAFT.

democratic fashion piled on top of each other.

During the night the storm passed

off, and the morning broke clear and cold—so cold, indeed, as to redden the travellers' ears and noses. The journey was resumed while it was yet dark, and after a two hours' march over horrible roads, they passed Machu Condoroma, a wild lonely spot lying in the shadow of beetling ridges. The post-house, built of blocks of stone cemented with clay, stood in relief against the white back-ground of the snow-clad sides of the mountain beyond. At a day's ride from the station lay Caylloma, and they resolved to push forward so as to reach it before night. As they went on they found the roads in a dreadfully slippery condition from the mingling of the melted snow and the clay and ferruginous earth that composed the soil. Occasionally unhorsed by reason of the inability of their animals to keep their feet, the party finally reached the Rio Condoroma, at that moment a roaring, tumbling, torrent. Crossing this stream, by ascending to a ford three miles higher up than the point at which they had struck it, they stumbled on the village of Condoroma, a humble hamlet that dates from the time of the Spanish domination, during which period its silver-mines were among the most celebrated of Peru.

At the hour of their entrance into Condoroma all the villagers seemed to be absent, for the doors of the houses were closed, and neither man nor beast was visible. A brief halt was made here for breakfast, and while they were engaged at the meal the horses and mules roamed among the houses, and satisfied their appetite by eating the freshly-laid thatched roof that covered one of them.

Four leagues distant from Condoroma is the hamlet of Chita, consisting of twenty houses and situated in a plain with a picturesquely-profiled range of mountains at its back. A mountain-torrent nearby leaped noisily over its rocky bed in its descent from the heights. The travellers saw Chita from a distance, and rode by without

halting. They feared to lose by delay the advantages offered by the fine weather that prevailed. Their hopes of continued favourable weather up to Caylloma were, however, doomed to disappointment, for about four o'clock clouds gathered in the blue sky and obscured the sun. At sunset the heavens were overcast with a reddish-gray, against which the surrounding summits were outlined with distinctness, and the cold became intense. At a turn in the road they rode into a plain, and at its farther extremity they saw the houses of a large village. This village, rising mistily before them, was Caylloma, which, on account of the valuable product of its silver-mines in the past, was called for a long time by the people of the country and the Spanish chroniclers *Caylloma la Rica*, or 'Caylloma the Rich.'

Candles were lighted in the houses of the village when they entered its precincts. As Marcoy and Leroux were without acquaintances in the place, they were obliged to follow the muleteers to the *tampu* or caravansary at which the latter were accustomed to lodge with their animals on the occasions of their visits to Caylloma. This *tampu* was a large yard with the sky for a roof. The appearance of the ground, covered as it was with broken straw and other refuse matter, indicated that the place was used as a stable or as quarters for horses and mules. Three sides of the yard were built up with small cells of masonry, to each of which a single door admitted light and air. These diminutive apartments were the lodgings assigned to travellers.

The arrival of strangers in this remote village was an event of so rare an occurrence that as the cavalcade filed into the *tampu* a dozen or more of the villagers surrounded the muleteers, plying them with innumerable questions begotten of purposeless curiosity or due to a natural desire to be informed of the events of the outer world. Some of the questioners—the

shopkeepers—wanted to know what merchandise the bundles contained; others—the politicians and intelligent class generally—inquired concerning the latest revolutionary movements in Peru, and were solicitous to learn whether the legal president of the republic had been assassinated or whether he was still in peaceable occupancy of his office. Another element of the crowd—mere idlers—looked on and said nothing, filling the rôle of listeners. Among the last-mentioned class was an individual wrapped in a cloak and with his face shaded by a slouch hat of the kind called in the country *pansa de burro*. This person gazed with a sort of sympathetic interest at Marcoy and Leroux, as was evinced by the friendly smile that illumined his face when their looks were turned in his direction. Marcoy observed this, and surmising that the unknown desired to make his and Leroux's acquaintance, but was deterred from addressing them by native modesty, he approached him and greeted him with the air of an old acquaintance. 'Good-evening, friend,' he said. 'You are in good health, I hope?'

'Thank you, senor,' modestly replied the stranger. 'You are very kind to inquire concerning my welfare. My name is Mariano Telar, and I enjoy very good health, Heaven be praised! I live here in Caylloma, where I have many friends among the best people. Just now I overheard you conversing in French with your companion, and my attention was attracted to you because the language in which you spoke reminded me of the *Adventures of Telemachus*, which I once endeavoured, in a small way, to put into Spanish. My house, senor, is at the service of yourself and friend during your stay at Caylloma if you will honour it with your presence.'

Glad to be spared the horrors of a night passed in the *tampu*, the travellers promptly accepted the hospitable Cayllomero's invitation.

With a request to them to follow him, Don Mariano set off through the dark and muddy streets in the direction of his house, which fronted on the small square of the village, one side of which was occupied by the church. At the house the guests were presented to their host's wife, a grave, middle-aged matron, who welcomed them with a dignified courtesy. The good dame, after a few remarks had been exchanged, disappeared, and half an hour later a servant announced that supper awaited the guests in the *comedor*, or dining-room. Under the influence of the local wine of Locumba, two kinds of which, the sour and the *dulce* (the latter being prepared by mixing the sour wine with sugar), were on the table, Don Mariano developed a gay and talkative mood, and the good lady having retired, as is the fashion in England, after the meal, he opened his heart to his guests, and for three consecutive hours, like the genuine Peruvian that he was, discoursed on the subject of how he had made his fortune and had become acquainted with his wife. Noticing, finally, that his guests were about to drop from their chairs with drowsiness, he considerably closed his remarks, and conducted them to the chamber which they were to occupy for the night.

Early the next morning, Marcoy, leaving his companion in bed, rose and went to stroll about the village, which he found to consist of five streets and sixty-three houses, exclusive of a number of thatched-roof huts attached to cattle-yards scattered about the outskirts. The church was a rectangular structure surmounted by two square belfries, each covered with a sort of cap having the appearance of an incomplete cupola. On either side of the altar was a shrine—one dedicated to Our Lady of Carmel, the other to Saint Joseph, the patron saint of the republic. These shrines were adorned with a profusion of votive offerings which had been placed on them by the faithful—reliquaries and lamps of solid silver, the

latter made from metal taken from the neighbouring mines.

When he returned to the house he found his host and Pierre Leroux conversing, over a glass of rum, on a subject that seemed to possess a special interest for the former. A messenger, it appeared, had just come into Caylloma with the information that a colonel of the national engineer corps had set up his standard metaphorically speaking, in the vicinity of the village,



MINE OF SAN LORENZO.

having just arrived from Cuzo with orders from the Government to survey the boundaries of the province and to obtain its area in square miles. The messenger was this officer's secretary, who furthermore was empowered to notify the inhabitants of the place that they would be expected to furnish the colonel with all supplies he might need while thus engaged in a work which was destined to redound to their glory and to the advantage of the republic. There was great excitement in Caylloma la Rica, for no sooner had the tidings been disseminated in the village than the little community became divided into two parties on the subject of the true purpose of the intruder into their mountain seclusion.

One party loudly proclaimed the colonel a government spy, declaring that

his surveying mission was a sham, and that his real instructions were to impose an extraordinary tax on the people of Caylloma. The other side held, on the contrary, that this official visit was an evidence of the interest felt by the president of the republic in their distant and hitherto neglected province, which he desired to see take rank with its neighbours. Don Mariano joined hands with this wing of the population, and vigorously cham-

pioned the cause of the maligned colonel. As the dispute was one in which Marcoy and his friend had no excuse to interfere, they decided to resume their journey at once, or as soon as possible after the breakfast which their host, who heard of their intention with profound regret, insisted on their sharing with him.

After hastily-uttered farewells they left Don Mariano and his neighbours

wrangling and gesticulating over the important political event—for so was it regarded—of the morning, and started due west on their way to Chalqui, the next village in their route. The ride for some distance was a fatiguing one, as the road was filled with declivities, pitfalls and quagmires. The snow of the previous day had melted, however, and the mules were enabled to make better progress. An hour after their departure from Caylloma their eyes caught sight of Lake Vilafro—called by the natives Lake Huanaana—and their attention was attracted to the spectacle of a number of men standing on the shore. These, as they soon learned, were the colonel of engineers and his followers. The colonel was a short, paunchy, bow-legged person, arrayed in a gorgeous uniform,

consisting of a blue coat set off with a profusion of gold braid and a pair of shining, brand-new epaulets, tight breeches and riding-boots, and a red silk scarf with flowing ends wrapped around his rotund waist. On his head was a cloth cap of the same colour as the coat, with a leather visor and trimmed with gold lace.

As this magnificent personage approached the travellers, Marcoy was struck, in the first place, with his extraordinary ugliness, and, secondly,

with his resemblance to some one whom he had seen before. His doubts on the latter head were soon solved; for as the brilliantly-dressed colonel came up with eyes and mouth opening gradually, as if in a sort of stupid surprise, he recognized in him a man whose acquaintance he had made in Cuzco two or three years previously.

‘Amigo Don Pablo!’ exclaimed the newcomer, extending wide his arms to clasp Marcoy in his friendly embrace.

‘Senor Don Julian Delgado y Palo-



CHITA.

mino!’ cried Marcoy, in a similar burst of recognition.

‘I have been made a colonel of the engineer corps since I last saw you,’ whispered Don Julian rapidly. ‘At some other time I’ll tell you all about it. But not a word at present before all these people.’

After an introduction to Pierre Leroux, Don Julian invited the two to accept the hospitality of his cave, in which, in default of a more commodious dwelling, he had temporarily established his head-quarters. It

proved to be a spacious subterranean chamber about twenty-five feet high, forty wide and eighty deep. A rudely-constructed wall between five and six feet in height divided it into two sections, in one of which the traces of fire and the presence of straw showed that the place had served at one time both as the abode of man and as a stable for animals.

At their host’s request the travellers seated themselves on a couple of leather trunks which did service for chairs.

'This place seems to have had a tenant already,' observed Marcoy, glancing around him.

'The fact is,' replied the colonel, 'this cave has been inhabited, and if you would like to know something about the former occupant, the guide whom I engaged at Mamanihuayta may be able to inform you.—Hallo there, somebody!' As he spoke he looked toward the entrance of the cave, and three or four of the attendants appeared at the same moment in answer to the summons. 'Call Quispè,' he added, shortly.

Quispè, the Indian guide, came forward promptly, and stood at the entrance twirling his hat in his hand in a way that savoured of embarrassment.

'Advance and narrate to this gentleman the absurd story concerning Vilafro that you told me yesterday,' said the colonel of engineers, loftily, while Quispè gazed with a timid and astonished look at Marcoy.

'Come,' remarked the latter, pleasantly, 'tell me what you know about this Lake Vilafro.'

'The lake is called Huanana, and not Vilafro,' returned the Indian. 'Vilafro is the name of a man who belonged to your people.'

'Then the lake was Vilafro's property, since he gave it his name?'

'The lake never belonged to man,' replied Quispè. 'The hills, the lakes and the snows have no master but God. The man of whom you speak was a Spaniard, to whom a poor driver of llamas revealed the existence of the silver-mines of Quimsachata, which you can see from this cave. Vilafro after five years' labour amassed so much silver that he shod his horses and mules with that metal. Although he gave up one-fifth of his treasure to the Viceroy as tribute, and was a devotee of the most holy Virgin—as is proved by his gift to the church of Sicuani of a silver lamp weighing three hundred marks—he was accused of impiety, fraud and rebellion. His fortune brought him

more enemies than friends. He was ordered by the Inquisition and the Viceroy to appear before them at Lima, was cast into prison and was afterward hanged, while his riches were confiscated to the profit of the king of Spain. Since that day the mine of Quimsachata has been abandoned, for the ghost of the hanged man every night revisits its old domain.'

During the recital of this gloomy legend Don Julian busied himself with preparing a collation in the shape of a few dry biscuits and a bottle of sherry, which he took from one of the trunks, and while full justice was being done to the repast by the hungry travellers he entered into some particulars regarding his mission. 'You must know,' he began, with a slight frown of importance, 'that of all the provinces of lower Peru, Caylloma is the only one in regard to which the government is not fully informed. Not only is it ignorant of the statistics of the province, but the boundaries of its territory are so vaguely marked that the people living on the other side of its borders have frequent disturbances with its inhabitants in regard to the mines and pasture-grounds, which each side claims as its own. Such a condition of things could no longer be tolerated, and His Excellency General Hermenegildo, our illustrious President and my well-beloved cousin through my wife, has decided—'

At this moment the sound of a rapidly-galloping horse interrupted the colonel's account of himself. Then joyous cries echoed on the air from the outside, and the party, with Don Julian at their head, rushed out to learn the cause of the uproar. In the advance of a confused crowd of people mounted on mules and horses Marcoy beheld a youth who was riding furiously and shouting wildly.

'My aide-de-camp, Saturnino, on his return from Caylloma,' explained Don Julian with a wave of his hand.

Saturnino was a young *cholo*, a half-caste of mixed Spanish and Indian ex-

CAYLLOMA LA RICA.



traction, of brown complexion, with beardless chin and long, straight blue-black hair falling on his turned-down collar. A travelling cloak thrown back over his shoulder revealed a blue uni-

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form without trimmings. A leather-visored cap, similar to that worn by Don Julian, completed his half-military, half-civilian costume. Behind this apparition crowded a cavalcade

composed of the notables of Caylloma, who had sought the fat colonel in his isolated cave to extend their congratulations to him and to place themselves and all they possessed at his service. Marcoy looked in vain for their late host, Don Mariano, among this goodly company, which included a number of ladies, who, encouraged by the presence of the wives of the *governador* of the district and the *alcalde* of the village, had accompanied the deputation, riding with Arcadian simplicity astride their horses. The party was headed by the *governador* himself, and by his side rode the *gobérnodora*, a portly lady seated on a jenny whose bridle the *governador* held in his hand.

The women remained in the background, smoothing down their ruffled garments, while the men advanced to greet the great man. Each notable in turn expressed his pleasure at seeing the colonel among them, and at the close of their harangues Don Julian began an address in a loud key, which was more applauded in the exordium than in the peroration. After declaring his own personal satisfaction at having been selected by the chief of the state to visit the inhabitants of Caylloma (so worthy in all respects of the solicitude and high appreciation of His Excellency) on a mission which was destined, he trusted, when its territory should be surveyed by him, to call the province to a new and glorious future which would place it on a level with the most renowned provinces of the commonwealth, he promised that thenceforth the name of Caylloma should shine beside the names of its sister-provinces in the solemn celebrations of the republic and in the almanacs published at Lima. 'And now, seniors,' he concluded, 'I have to request that before sunset the citizens of Caylloma will send to me two fat sheep, some smoked beef, a bag of potatoes, a leather bottle or two of brandy—brandy, remember: don't forget the brandy—and a sufficiency of fuel and bed-clothing to protect myself and my

men from the cold while I am engaged in this task which is to redound so greatly to your prosperity.'

At the utterance of these last words the countenances of the notables lost that expression of patriotic enthusiasm which had marked them before, and the worthy fellows looked at each other askance, as if doubtful of the reception that should be given to the proposition. Don Julian, however, making a pretence of not observing their hesitation, bowed and left them to their deliberations, turning aside to converse with their wives, and throwing as much gallantry as possible into the expression of his ugly countenance and the movements of his ungainly figure. At his invitation the ladies entered the cave, and graciously accepted his hospitality in the shape of biscuits and wine. His polite attentions soon won them over to his cause and by the time the biscuits and the sherry had gone the rounds for the third time the wife of the governor, a lady of mature age, addressed him familiarly as "My dear," while the wife of the *alcalde*, younger, and therefore less bold than her companion, had gained her own consent to style him "Gossip."

The levee was at its height, and the ladies were all laughing together in the most delightful confusion at the colonel's heavy sallies of wit, when the husbands, who had received no invitation to enter the grotto, becoming weary with the delay, or jealous, it may be, of Don Julian's monopoly of their spouses, joined the revellers in the cave, and conveniently pleading as excuse the distance between Lake Vilafro and Caylloma, and their disinclination to intrude further on the kindness of his lordship, finally succeeded in inducing their better halves to resume their seats in the saddles. The expressive looks of the latter on taking leave of Don Julian and his guests satisfied the colonel that his request for provisions would be granted. In fact, about sunset, an Indian was

seen approaching, driving before him two donkeys and four llamas loaded with supplies of all kinds, not a single article called for by the colonel having been omitted. A good part of the evening was spent in arranging the provisions in the cave, and Marcoy

and Leroux, having yielded to Don Julian's entreaties to remain with him a day or two longer, retired to sleep without being disturbed by the uneasy spirit of the executed Joaquin Vilafro.

A REVERIE.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

THE coals grow brighter in the grate
 As evening's dreamy mantle falls,
 And dimmer grow the eyes that look
 Upon me from the pictured walls.

Oh, tender eyes, that into mine
 From these gray walls have looked for years.
 I wonder if unto the past
 You turn, as mine turn, blind with tears

Blind! blind with grief and vain regrets,
 I press my head within my hands,
 And dream, sweet Enie, that we walk,
 Again upon the white sea sands:

By willowy brook and ferny hill,
 By liliated lake and mountain hoar,
 Through groves of cedar odorous vales,
 Where we shall walk no more, no more:

Well, you have grown a woman now,
 And I have wrinkled grown, and gray;—
 December! ah, I feel its blasts,
 While round you breathe the airs of May!

Heaven grant a better, happier life
 Than mine has been, your life may be,
 The bells ring out, and how they dance
 Below, around the Christmas Tree

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

Authors of 'Ready Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc

CHAPTER XXXII.

'Think women love to match with men,
And not to live so like a saint.'

IT was a fact, this engagement, because the banns were put up in church, argued the people. Banns cannot lie. Bostock might very well lie; Alma herself might lie; but banns are not to be disputed. Therefore the country-side became convinced that the Squire of Welland was really going to marry the Bailiff's daughter, an event as wonderful as that historic parallel of Islington, and the thing could be discussed as if it had already taken place. They knew not, they could not understand, these simple rustics, that the marriage was but a trap set by their Seigneur to catch the sunbeam of their hearts. Had they known that fact they would have regarded the proceeding with the contempt which characterized the prevalent attitude of mind towards the Squire.

'He's not been that good to the village,' said the young man they called William, to the cobbler of advanced thought, 'as the village had a right to expect from the way he began. They suppers, now, they was good while they lasted—as much beer as you liked, and all—why was they left off? And the Parliament, where we was to meet and talk, why wast hat left off?'

'Meanness,' said the cobbler. 'Because we wanted to defend our liberties; ah! because we wouldn't be put upon with lies no longer; because

some among us wanted to ask questions.'

'And the Bar—what call had he to set up a tap?' asked William. 'Who wanted his tap when we'd got our own? And then made us buy it.'

'Gave away the beer, too, at first,' growled the cobbler. 'They'd make slaves and chains of us all again, they would—him and his lot.'

'Pr'aps he'll go back to the Court, now's he married, and let us abide by ourselves,' said William. 'We don't want no Bailiff's daughters along of us; nor no Squires neither.'

'Pr'aps he'll go on as he has been a-going on, corrupting the minds of them as has otherwise the will to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,"' said the cobbler, thinking of the Atheistic publications which he had been unable to procure in the library.

The Bailiff occupied a position so much higher than their own that the engagement was not considered in the same light as by those who stood at Alan's end of the social ladder. Anything which was likely to remove this uncomfortable Squire from their midst was felt to be a relief. Is not that day the happiest in life when the school-boy steps forth from the tutelage of masters? Would any one like to be always at work under surveillance? Why, then, expect it of the British peasant?

There was one face, however, which grew sadder daily, in thinking of the future—the face of Prudence Driver, the librarian. Alan's schemes might

have failed, but he remained to her the best and noblest of men, while Alma Bostock continued to be the shallowest and vainest of women. This pale-faced little reader of books knew how to read the natures of men and women. Not wholly out of her books, but by mother wit, had she acquired this power. A man may read and read and read, and yet remain a fool. Many do. Prudence knew Alma, and loved her not; she knew her antecedents; and she was certain that the girl would bring her prophet neither help nor sympathy nor encouragement. And, of course, she had long known that Alma disliked her, and would perhaps prejudice Mr. Dunlop against her. Alma might even, Prudence shuddered to think, cause her to lose her pleasant place and its sixty pounds a year. In any case, no more evenings spent all alone with *him*, while he unfolded his plans and revealed the manner of life which he would fain see in his village. No more would the poor girl's heart glow and her pulse quicken while he spoke of culture and sweetness spreading through the labourers' cottages. All that beautiful dream should henceforth be an impossibility, because Alma would throw the cold water of indifference on the project.

'I would have,' Alan said one night—it was the peroration of a long discourse which he delivered walking about the library, for the instruction of Prudence alone—'I would have the whole day of labour converted into one long poem—a procession of things and thoughts precious and beautiful. The labourer should be reminded at daybreak, as he went forth and watched the mists creep up the hillside, and the trees thereon bathed in mysterious cloud and sunlight, of Turner's landscapes—copies of which he would have studied in our picture gallery; as he stepped along the way, the awaking of life, the twittering of the birds, the crowing of the cocks, should put into his head verses which had been taught

him, sung to him, or recited to him at our public evenings. He would shout then, in his joy. And he would watch the flowers by the wayside with a new and affectionate interest; he would beguile the way with examining the mosses, grasses, and wild vegetation of the hedge; his eyes would be trained for all kinds of observation; he would have a mind awakened to a sense of progress in everything, so that the old conservatism of the peasantry, with habit, the rooted enemy of progress, should be destroyed in him. He would no longer do the day's work as a machine but as an intelligent artist, trying how it should be done most efficiently. And on his return he would find a clean and bright cottage, a wife who would talk to him and for him, a meal cooked at our public kitchen, clean clothes washed at our public laundry, children taught at our public school, and nearly every evening something to do, to hear, to enjoy, which should break the monotony of the week. Music in every house; books, joy, and education, where there is now nothing but squalor, dirt, and beer. All these things I see before us, Prudence.'

Prudence remembered every word. What part of it would be achieved now, when he was about to clog his feet with an unsympathetic and indifferent wife? If things were hard to accomplish before, they would be tenfold as hard to accomplish in the future.

'Things hard to accomplish?' Prudence reflected, with dismay, that as yet nothing had been accomplished at all, except the general feeling of discontent. The people did not want to be meddled with, and Mr. Dunlop appeared to them in the light of a mere meddler and a muddler.

Worse than all this, she saw, she and Miranda alone, that Alan was not happy.

In fact, during the three weeks of publishing the banns, Alan's face grew more sombre every day.

For he felt, though this was a thing he would not acknowledge even to

himself, that his marriage would probably be a great mistake.

To feel in this way, even about an ordinary marriage, such a marriage as any couple might contract for their own solace, is indeed a melancholy way of entering upon the holy bond of matrimony; to feel in this way when, as in Alan's case, marriage is intended to advance some great end, is more than melancholy, it is almost desperate. His word was pledged; he was, therefore, bound to fulfil his part of the contract. And yet . . . and yet . . . it was the wrong woman; he knew it now, it was the wrong woman. Nor was there any other woman in the world with whom he could mate happily, save only Miranda.

When he found Alma alone in the pretty garden, among the rugged old apple-trees, it seemed to him, a dreamer as well as an enthusiast—to be sure, it is impossible to be the one without the other—that the future of things looked rosy and sunshiny. She smiled and nodded, if she did not answer, when he asked her questions; if she did not interrupt him by any questions of her own; if she never showed any impatience to begin her ministrations among the poor, but rather put off his own suggestion that her work in the village homes might be usefully set in hand at once; if she gave him no further insight, as yet, into the minds of the people, than he already had—it was, he said to himself, because she was new and strange to the position, that she was as yet only a learner; that she was shy and nervous. He was ready to make all excuses for her—so long as she was at home in her own garden, pretty of her kind, a flower among the common flowers.

At Dalmeny Hall it was different. She sat beside Miranda, and it was like a wild rose beside a camellia, or a daisy beside a tulip, or a russet apple beside a peach. The face was common compared with Miranda's; her voice was strident compared with Miranda's, which was gentle without being

too low; her eyes, bright and animated as they seemed at her own home, where there were no others to compare them with, looked shallow compared with those deep orbs of Miranda's, the windows of a brain full of knowledge and noble thought; her expression, in which could be read clearly, even by Alan, successive moods of shyness, boredom, and sullenness, pained and alarmed him. For what would the future be like, if these things were obvious in the present? and what should be done in the dry, if these things were done in the green?

Miranda did all she could to make the girl at home and at ease; yet every day saw Alma more sullen, more silent, more reserved with her. Perhaps Miranda would have succeeded better had not the custom grown up during this fortnight of *Desdémona* seeking Alma every day, and encouraging her to confide in her motherly bosom. This Alma did; she could not help herself; such sympathy was too attractive. At first she trembled, thinking that her confidences would be carried to Miss Dalmeny. But as nothing was carried, she grew more and more unreserved, and finally bared nearly the whole truth. Every day, she confessed, was more irksome to her up in this grand house. She grew tired of wandering about the garden; she was tired of walking about the rooms; she could not do work such as ladies do; she could not play; she took no interest in books or reading; she had nothing to talk about with Miss Dalmeny; she did not care one bit about the things Miss Dalmeny tried to interest her in—cottagers and their ways. And oh! the dreary evenings when Mr. Dunlop came, looking as if he was going to a funeral; and when he sat with her, or walked with her, talking, talking for ever, as if the more he talked the more likely she would be to understand what had gone before.

But not a word, as yet, to *Desdémona* of what she had promised Harry.

Then Desdemona, in her warm and sympathetic way, would croon over her, and pat her cheek, telling her how pretty she was, wondering why Alan was so blind to beauty, commiserating her afresh for the sorrows of her lot, and holding forth on the obstinacy of Mr. Dunlop, who, she said, had never been known to abandon a scheme or confess himself beaten, so that, even when he found that Alma was not fitted to be the cottagers' friend, guide, example, and model, as well as his own servant-of-all-work, he would go on to the end of his life, or of hers, which would probably not be a long life, with unrelenting tenacity of purpose.

Alma shuddered and trembled at the prospect; and then she thought of Harry and his promise.

'I'm not married yet,' she said, after Desdemona had exhausted herself in drawing the gloomy terrors of her future.

'No, my dear,' said Desdemona, 'no; that is very true, and yet,' she added, sorrowfully, 'the banns have been put up twice, and there seems no escape for you. What a pity! what a pity! And you so pretty; and Harry Cardew such a handsome young fellow. You'd have made the handsomest couple ever seen. And Miss Dalmeny would have taken such a fancy to you, under any other circumstances. Of course you can't expect her to like you very much now, considering all things.'

'No,' said Alma, 'of course I can't. No girls, not even ladies, like another girl for taking away their sweethearts, I suppose. But I wish mother would let me go home and stay there.' She sighed drearily. Even the society of her father seemed more congenial than the frigid atmosphere of Dalmeny Hall.

'Better stay here, my dear,' said Desdemona. 'Do you know I keep thinking of that line in your hand—the interrupted marriage line; the long and happy wedded life; how can

that be? And yet the hand never lies.'

With such artful talk did this crafty lady corrupt Alma's simple mind. The girl fell into the trap like a silly, wild bird. Fate, she said to herself, ordered her to follow Harry, when he should give the word.

For a fortnight no word came. Then on the Sunday of the third and last publication of the banns, Mr. Caledon met her in the gardens of the hall. It was in the evening, and Mr. Dunlop was gone. She was thinking how much she should like to go to the garden gate and find Harry waiting for her, when she heard a manly heel upon the gravel, and looked up, and in the twilight, saw and knew Tom Caledon.

'I've got a message for you, Alma,' he said. 'I had to give it to you all alone with no one in hearing.'

'Is it—is it—from Harry?' she asked.

'Yes; it is from Harry. It is a very simple message; I met him to-day, and he asked me to tell you to keep up your heart. That is all.'

'Thank you, Mr. Tom.' The girl looked humbled. She had lost her old pride of carriage, being every moment made keenly conscious of her inferiority to Miss Dalmeny; and the intrigue in which she was engaged made her guilty and uneasy. Suppose, after all, that Harry should fail. And what did he mean to do?

Alan, for his part, was not without warnings of the future in store for him—warnings, that is, other than his secret misgivings and the pricks of conscience.

He had an anonymous correspondent: a person apparently of the opposite sex, though the writing was epice in character, and might have belonged to a member of either sex.

Alan read these letters, which began to come to him, like many blessings, too late. Had he acted upon them, indeed, he would have had to stay the banns after the first putting

up. He felt himself—it was not a feeling of undisguised pleasure—already married. The burden of his wife was upon him. He seemed to have found out, though as yet he did not put his discovery into words, that so far from being a helpmeet, she would become a hindrance; and that entrance into the minds of the people appeared to be as far off as the entrance into Hamath continued to be to the children of Israel.

And so the anonymous letters, some coming by post, and others pushed under the door by night, came upon him like a new scourge. Was it necessary, he thought, that he should know all the previous life of Alma—how she had flirted with this man, been kissed by that, been engaged to a game-keeper of his own, and had walked through the woods at eve with a Brother of the Abbey? To be sure, none of the allegations amounted to very much; but when the mind is occupied and agitated these things sting. Again, he might have been foolish in entrusting too much power to a man of whom he only knew that he had been on the point of becoming bankrupt. But what good did it do him to be told that his bailiff was a common cheat and a rogue; that he was going to marry the daughter of a man who rendered false accounts, bought cheap and sold dear, and entered the converse in his books; who was notoriously making a long purse out of his transactions for the farm; who was a byword and a proverb for dishonesty and cunning.

These things did no good, but quite the contrary. Alan read them all, cursed the writer, put the letters into the fire, and then brooded over the contents. He would not say anything about them, even to Miranda; an anonymous slanderer is always pretty safe from any kind of punishment; and yet it must be owned that anonymous slanders are grievous things to receive. Alan read them and remembered them.

And then little things recurred to him which he had heard before and forgotten, or taken no heed of. He remembered meeting Alma one day, when he hardly knew who she was, walking in a coppice with Harry Cardew, his old friend and young game-keeper. Alma blushed, and Alan, who was thinking about the grand march of the Higher Culture, just rashly concluded that here was another case of rushing into premature wedlock, and went on his way. Also he had heard Tom Caledon talking lightly of Alma's beauty, and thought nothing of it. And now those anonymous letters accused her of flirting with half-a-dozen men at once; he would marry a girl who had been kissed—the writer declared he had seen the deed perpetrated—by Tom Caledon, and presumably by his gamekeeper and a dozen other young fellows. That was not a pleasant thing to read.

As for the letters, they were written by one person; he—or she—spelled imperfectly, and wrote a large and massive hand, covering a good deal of paper. The letters, like those of Junius, greatest and most detestable of slanderers, waxed in intensity as they proceeded, until the latest were models of invective and innuendo. The last which came to his hands was dated on the Sunday when the banns had been put up for the third time. It began with the following delicious *morceau*:

'Oh! you pore fool. To think that it's cum to this. You and Alma Bostock called at Church for the third and last time, and after all I've told you. Can't you believe? Then send for Harry, send for Mr. Caledon, if he'll tell the trewth, which isn't likely, being a gentleman? send for Alma's mother, and ast them all, and see what they say. Is it for her looks? Why, she isn't a patch upon the blacksmith's daughter?'—could the letter have been written by that young lady?—not a patch upon her for good looks, and yet you never turned

so much as a eye upon her. But you are that blind.'

And then the letter proceeded in the usual strain of accusation and libel. Of course Alan was ashamed of reading these things; and still more ashamed of being annoyed by them. The philosopher, we know, would never be annoyed even by anonymous post-cards, which reflected upon the morals of his female relations and were read by the delighted inhabitants of his kitchen before he received them. The philosopher would rejoice, perhaps, at the thought that cook, housemaid, parlour-maid, and nursery-maid have read these libels, believe in them, will repeat them joyfully, and will exaggerate them.

Alan was probably not a philosopher, because the constant arrival of these letters did not make his countenance more cheerful when he went up to see Alma in the evening.

His gloom communicated itself to Miranda. She found it hard any longer to believe in a girl who could not cultivate enthusiasm for Alan. She was dejected and unhappy. She went little to the Abbey during these weeks; she lost interest in the place wherein she was wont to delight. Her cheek grew pale and her eyes heavy. She was kind to Alma, but she ceased her endeavours to interest her in the things which her husband would look for. Alma, for her part, became sullen and silent, restless in the house, and restless in the garden, where she walked for hours. She did not go again to the farm, and when her mother came, received her with a coldness which was worse than any of her ancient insubordination. Desdemona alone preserved a demeanour of cheerfulness, even beyond that to which her friends were accustomed to see in her.

Therefore, during these three weeks when the bans were being published, and while the man and the woman about to take upon themselves indissoluble and lifelong vows should have

been growing to know each other more and more, they were drifting apart. Alan was every day more sombre, colder, more of a schoolmaster, and less of a lover. Alma every day more silent, less prodigal of her smiles, more reserved, and—a thing patent to her *fiancé* and of very unpleasing omen—more sullen.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

'There's nought in this bad world like sympathy;
'Tis so becoming to the soul and face;
Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.'

MEANTIME, there seemed, to Desdemona's observant eyes, to be growing up in the Abbey a kind of restlessness. Unquiet betokens change. Was it, she asked, that the Monks and Sisters were tired of the Abbey or of each other? No; she made inquiries, and found that the general feeling was quite in the contrary direction. The place appeared to them still a most delightful haven. Yet there was a certain sadness prevalent. Could this melancholy be a contagious disorder taken from one or two afflicted members? Nelly, for instance, had obviously been pale of face and sad of aspect for some time past. She seemed to take a comparatively feeble interest in the matter of dress; she was known on more than one occasion to shut herself up alone in her own cell for hours; her delight in riding, dancing, talking, acting, singing, lawn-tennis, and all the pleasures in which she was once foremost, was no longer what it had been. Doubtless, in her case, the cause was in some way to be attributed to Tom Caledon. They must have quarrelled; otherwise, why did they avoid each other? Why did they look at each other guiltily, as people do who have a secret between them? To be sure, Desdemona could not know the nature of the admonition which Tom pro-

nounced after the Court of Love. And that was all their secret.

As for Tom Caledon himself, he too was grown melancholy. In these bad days he mooned—he who had been the most companionable of men, who had ever fled from the solitude of self as eagerly as any murderer of ancient story—he who was formerly never out of spirits, never tired of laughing with those who laughed, and singing, metaphorically, with those who sang, was grown as melancholy as Jacques in the Forest of Arden.

‘Perhaps,’ said Desdemona—she was sitting in her own capacious cell, and Miranda was with her; Mr. Paul Rondelet was also with them—he was seen a good deal with Miranda during these days—‘Perhaps, Miranda, the presence of two perpetually wet blankets, such as Tom and Nelly, has imperceptibly saddened our refectory and drawing-room. Blankets which *will* not dry, however long you hang them out, would sadden even the Laundry of Momus.’

Paul Rondelet was leaning against the mantelshelf, a position which he affected because—he was no more free from personal vanity than yourself, my readers, although so advanced in thought—it showed to advantage his slender figure, and allowed the folds of the tightly-buttoned frock which he always wore to fall gracefully. He looked up languidly, and began to stroke his smooth cheek with great sadness, while he let fall from an over-charged soul the following utterance:

‘Momus is the only one of the gods who is distinctly vulgar. How depressing is mirth! How degrading it is to watch a laughing audience—a mere mob with uncontrolled facial muscles! Momus is the god of music-halls.’

‘Cheerfulness is not mirth,’ said Miranda quietly; ‘but you are sad yourself, Desdemona.’

‘I am,’ she replied, clasping her hands, ‘I am. It is quite true; I am encumbered with my Third Act.’

‘And I,’ said Miranda the straightforward, ‘am sad for Alan’s sake.’

‘But you, Mr. Rondelet’—Desdemona turned to the Thinker, whom she loved at all times to bring out—‘you, too, are melancholy. You neglect your monastic vows; you seldom appear at the refectory; you contribute nothing to the general happiness; you are visible at times, walking by yourself, with knitted brows. Is this to be explained?’

Paul Rondelet lifted his white brow and played with his eye-glass, and sighed. Then he gazed for a moment at Miranda.

Had he told the exact truth, he would have confessed that his debts worried him, that his anxiety about the future was very great. In fact, that he was entirely absorbed in the worry of his duns and the trouble of having no income at all in the immediate future. But he did not tell the truth. When facts are vulgar, truth-seekers like Paul Rondelet avoid them.

‘The conduct of life,’ he said grandly, ‘is a problem so vast, so momentous, that there is not always room for pleasant frivolities, even for those of this little society. These are the trifles of a vacation. When serious thoughts obtrude themselves—’

‘I see,’ said Desdemona, interrupting ruthlessly. ‘Why not write them down, and have done with them?’

Paul Rondelet shook his head.

‘You are accustomed to interpret men’s thoughts,’ he said, ‘you can give life and action to words; but you do not know by what mental efforts—what agonies of travail—those words were produced.’

‘Perhaps not,’ said Desdemona most unfeelingly. ‘I suppose small men suffer in their attempt to say things well. Shakespeare, Shelley and Byron, do not seem to have endured these throes.’

Small men! Oh, this fatal lack of appreciation.

There was a cloud upon the whole Abbey. The sadness was not con-

fined to the three or four named above; it was, with one exception, general. While Nelly lingered alone in her cell, while Tom Caledon rode or walked moodily in the lanes, while Mr. Paul Rondelet was seen to go alone with agitated steps, so that those who beheld thought that he was grappling with some new and brilliant thing in verse, the whole fraternity seemed drifting into a constrained self-consciousness most foreign to the character of the Order. Nobody now went off in happy solitude to lecture an empty hall; the three journals of the Abbey appeared at more irregular intervals; Cecilia gave no concerts; nobody translated a new play; nobody invented a new amusement. Instead of general conversation, there was a marked tendency to go about in pairs. And when there was any singing at all, which was not every evening, as of old, it generally took the form of a duet.

What had befallen the Abbey?

There was, as I have said, one exception: Brother Peregrine alone was cheerful. Nothing ever interfered with a cheerfulness which, at this juncture, was unsympathetic; neither rainy weather, nor the general depression of the Brethren, nor even the sadness of Nelly, whom he continued to follow like a shadow. And yet, though he was always with her, though the Sisters wondered whether Nelly had accepted him, and while she wondered why he was silent, Brother Peregrine had not spoken the expected words.

To the rest it seemed as if the Court of Love, the judgment of Paris, and all their masques, sports, dances, and entertainments, were become part and parcel of a happy past which would never return again. Brother Peregrine alone was the same as he had always been. He alone was unconscious of the general discontent. This was due to his eminently unsympathetic character. He came to the Abbey with the purely selfish de-

sign of getting as much pleasure out of so novel a society as possible. He got a great deal. When he told stories, or did Indian tricks, or performed feats on horseback, which he had learned in India, the Sisters of the Order laughed and applauded; it was he who devised pageants, suggested things to Desdemona, and improved on her ideas. Thus the Judgment of Paris was his doing, and he acted, as we know, as Sister Rosalind's counsel in the Court of Love. While he could bask in the sunlight of fair eyes, delight in the music of girls' laughter, drink good wine, sit at feasts, listen to music, and be himself an active part in the promotion of all modern forms of conviviality, he was happy. He was exactly like the illustrious Panurge, in one respect, in being entirely without sympathy. You knew him, therefore, as well the first day as the fiftieth; there was nothing to be got out of him except what he offered at first. Had he put his creed into words, it would have been something like this: 'Everybody wants to enjoy life. I mean to, whether other people do or not; I take whatever good the gods send, and mean to use it for myself; if people wrong me, or annoy me by suffering, pain, or complaint, I go away, or else I take no notice of them.'

The Abbey was an excellent place for such a man, because in no other place were the ways of life so smooth. And a man of such a temperament would be very long in discovering what Desdemona, with her quick sympathies, felt as soon as it began—the growing constraint.

For, of course, the Brethren and the Sisters were not going to sit down and cry or sulk, as is the wont of the outer world. There was neither growling nor grumbling in the Abbey, unless it were in each member's cell. Brother Peregrine noted nothing, because there was no outward change. If Nelly's cheek was pale, she listened to him still, and he followed her as

before. If the Order, generally, was depressed, there was still the functions—guest night, choral night, theatre, concert, dancing, all were duly celebrated. The Lady Abbess presided at the refectory, Desdemona performed her duties as directress of ceremonies, and the only difference was that the sparkle had gone out of the wine—it was gone flat. This they all perceived, except Brother Peregrine, who still thought the goblet as *mousseux* and as brilliant as before. The climax was reached when they attempted one of their old costume balls, which had been a sort of *spécialité* of the Abbey. They got as many guests to fill the rooms as they could bring together; but—it was not possible to disguise the truth—it fell flat. The guests went away early; there was little spirit in the dancing; and the chief actors, who ought to have thrown life into it—the Monks and Sisters—were languid.

Next evening, after dinner, when they were all collected in the drawing-room, Desdemona lifted up her voice, and asked, tearfully:

‘What is it, children? Is the wine of life already run down to the lees!’

No one answered, but the Sisters gathered round her as if they looked to her for help.

‘Are there no more cakes and ale?’ she went on. ‘Everything fails. Can the Abbey—our Abbey of Thelema—be a failure?’

‘No—no,’ they declared unanimously.

‘Are you happy here, my dears?’ she asked the Sisters.

They looked at one another, blushed with one consent for some reason of their own unexplained, and then murmured that they had never been so happy before, and never could be happier in the future.

Brother Peregrine remarked that he himself felt perfectly, monastically happy. Indeed, he looked it, standing before them all, with his thin figure, his complacent smile, and his

wonderful absence of any appreciation of the situation. Under any circumstances, if Brother Peregrine himself had no personal care he would have looked equally happy.

Desdemona contemplated him with a little wonder. Was the man perfectly self-contained? Even Paul Rondelet’s philosophy of separation did not rise to these heights of blindness.

‘If you are perfectly happy,’ said Desdemona, sharply, ‘you are not monastically happy. Perhaps, on the other hand, you deserve to be pitied.’

‘Let us invent something,’ said Peregrine cheerfully, as if a fillip of that kind would restore happiness, just as certain ladies fly to little suppers with something hot in order to soothe the wounded spirit. ‘Has everybody lectured?’ He looked round radiantly, conveying his belief that a lecture was the one thing wanting.

No one would hear of lectures.

‘I have learned a new conjuring trick,’ he went on. ‘Would you like to see that?’

‘I think,’ said Desdemona, ‘that the present situation will not be improved by tricks.’

‘When the knights and ladies of the middle ages,’ Brother Peregrine went on, nothing daunted, ‘were shut up in their castles for the winter, they used to amuse themselves——’

‘*Moult tristement*,’ said Desdemona.

‘With games. Sometimes they played hot cockles, the laws of which I dare say we could recover if we tried; or blind man’s buff, which you would perhaps rather not play; or touch me last, which I can fancy might be made as graceful a pastime as lawn-tennis. Then there was the game of *gabe*, at which everybody tried to out-brag everybody else; and the favourite game of *le roy ne ment pas*, at which everybody had to answer truthfully whatever questions were asked. There were to be no reservations; the answers were to be absolutely truthful.’

'I should think,' said Desdemona, 'that your games must have been almost maddening in their stupidity. I would as soon suggest to the Abbey that we should amuse ourselves at *bouts rimés*. Will you play something, Cecilia?'

She went to the piano and began to play some melancholy yearning music, such as might fall upon sad souls with a sympathetic strair. Desdemona listened and reflected. All this dejection and constraint could not arise from disgust at Brother Hamlet's madness, or from sympathy with Tom Caledon. Sympathy there was, no doubt. Everybody liked Tom. Disgust, there was, no doubt. Everybody was indignant with Alan. But that all the springs of joy should be devoured by the disappointment of one Brother, and the crochets of another, seemed absurd.

And suddenly a thought came into her mind. Desdemona caught it and smiled. Then she looked round the room and smiled again. Cecilia was playing her melancholy music: the Sisters were listening, pensive; the Brothers stood or sat about among them in silence. Tom Caledon was in one window, looking gloomily upon the twilight garden; Nelly was in another, pulling a rose to pieces. On the faces of all, except of two, there was in different degrees a similar expression, one of constraint, perhaps of impatience, and perhaps of hope.

Of course the two exceptions were Brother Peregrine and Paul Rondelet. When the former, who had no taste for music, was cut short by Desdemona, he retreated to a table at the other end of the long room, where, with a perfectly happy face, he found a book of burlesques, and read it with appreciation. Paul Rondelet entered the drawing room just as Cecilia began to play. He, too, having no real ear for music, though he talked much of the Higher Music, and held Wagner among his gods, retired to the same part of the room as the Brother whom

most he disliked. Here he found Mr. Pater's volume on the Renaissance, with which, while the following scene was enacted, he refreshed his soul.

'As for Peregrine,' said Desdemona to herself, looking at his perfectly happy and perfectly unsympathetic face, 'that man may have escaped from some great unhappiness, such as a convict's prison, or something as bad, so that everything else seems joy; or he may be a perfectly selfish person, incapable of seeing beyond the outward forms, or—which I hope is not the case—he may have secured Nelly, and so chuckles easily over his own future.'

Then she looked at the other man. Either Mr. Pater had made some remark, which displeased Paul Rondelet, or he was thinking of something unpleasant, unconnected with that author. 'As for that man,' thought Desdemona, 'there is something wrong with him. To be sure, he never ought to have been a Monk at all. He has an anxious look. Perhaps he is in debt. It requires a man of a much higher stamp than that poor fellow to bear up against debt. Or some one may have derided his poetry.'

It will be seen that Desdemona was not very far wrong in any of her conjectures. But then she was a witch, a sorceress.

'As for the rest,' she continued to herself, 'they are all afflicted with the same malady. It is not *ennui*, it is not boredom, it is not anxiety. What can it be but one thing?'

And, as before, the sweetest and most gratified of smiles played about her comely face.

'Of course, she said aloud, so that all started, 'I knew it would come, sooner or later. At least, I ought to have known, but did not think, being quite a stupid old woman. And now it has come.'

'What do you mean, dear Desdemona?' asked Cecilia, stopping her music.

'My dear,' said Desdemona, 'be good enough to stop that melancholy

strain, which only expresses your own mood, and perhaps that of a few others, but not mine at all. I am an outsider, by reason of age and experience. Will you play for me only, and for nobody else, a grand triumphal march ?

Cecilia obeyed, and straightway the air was filled with the trumpet-notes of triumph, the rejoicings of a multitude, the hymns of those who praise, and the shouts of those who offer thanks. Presently the hearts of the pensive Sisterhood rose with the music ; soft eyes brightened ; closed lips parted ; drooping heads were uplifted. When Desdemona presently looked round, Tom Caledon had joined Nelly in her window, and both looked happy. The Brothers and the Sisters were in groups and pairs. Only there was a change, she thought, because there was a touch of solemnity in all the masculine eyes, and of a certain veiled and happy triumph under the drooping feminine lids, as if this was no ordinary evening. Brother Peregrine, unmoved by the exultation, as he had been by the melancholy of the music, sat cheerfully smiling over his odd volume of burlesques. So, too, unmoved by music of despondency or triumph, sat the disciple of Wagner and the Higher Music, Mr. Paul Rondelet, brooding over his cares. Music had no charms to make him forget his duns.

The music stopped with a final rapture, as if human joy could no further find expression.

Desdemona began, then, the speech, which more than anything else has endeared her to the hearts of those who listened. She had ever been the guiding spirit of the Abbey. It was she, we know, who invented their pageants and varied their entertainments. It was she who delighted the girls with her wisdom, her experience, and her sympathy. It was she who took care that the right Brother was told off for the right Sister ; it was she who on occasion knew, better

than any one, even better than Miranda, how to throw such a spirit into the Abbey as prevented it from becoming a mere place of idle amusement. To her they owed everything. But after this evening they agreed that their previous debt of gratitude was multiplied tenfold, and that they were bankrupt, one and all, in thanks. At least everybody said so, except Paul Rondelet and Brother Peregrine.

‘The Abbey of Thelema, my dear Sisters,’ this benevolent person began, comfortably leaning back in the softest of arm-chairs, her feet upon a footstool, her hands clasped comfortably in her lap, her face just within the light of a shaded lamp, while two or three of the Sisters were lying at her feet, and the rest were grouped round her, and while the Brothers inclined a respectful ear—‘The Abbey of Thelema was constituted to contain no Sisters but such as were young, comely, of good birth, and gracious manners. So far, with the exception of one, who is but a servant of the rest and an elderly woman—myself, my dears—the intentions of the Founder have been strictly carried out. I would he were here to-day in person to see how fair to look upon, and how gracious of demeanour, are the present Sisters of Thelema. And it was to contain no Monks but such as were also young, well bred, and of good repute. The Brothers are older at admission than they were at the first foundation, just as the undergraduates of the Universities are older at admission than they were five hundred years ago. Also the first Abbey was designed as the school of gentleness ; ours is an Abbey in which, like that of Fontévrault, the Monks and Sisters are already trained in the ways of gentle life. But I wish that the Founder were here to-day to see what a goodly assemblage of Brothers we have to carry out his intentions. The Monks and Nuns of the old Thelema, as of ours, were to be bound by no conventual fetters ; so far from that,

as you know, they were bound to respect the vows which other Monks and Nuns officially deride. It was even contemplated by the Founder that the unrestrained society of knightly youth and gentle demoiselle would inevitably result—in honourable love, and he showed in his dream how they would go forth as from a sacred Ark, in pairs, to spread throughout the world the blessings of gentleness and good-breeding.

Here Desdemona stopped, conscious of a 'sensation' among her audience. She lowered the light at her elbow, and the discreet Tom Caledon, who, with Nelly, had joined the group and was now listening thoughtfully, lowered another lamp, which stood on a table at hand. Then there was a soft religious light, except at the other end of the long drawing-room, where Brother Peregrine was still chuckling over his burlesque, and Mr. Paul Rondelet was still grinding his teeth over his private troubles, or else over Mr. Pater's sweet and intelligible English.

'My children,' Desdemona went on, in a lowered voice, 'I have seen what has fallen upon this Abbey. Why should we hope to escape what, in his great wisdom, our Founder foresaw would happen? What have we done that we should go on prolonging indefinitely the simple joys which belong to the play-time of life? In all our pageants and in all our pleasures we have but been playing at happiness; preparing for the future as a schoolboy prepares himself in the playing-field for the battle-field. I think that this your play-time, and my great joy as one of the audience, is nearly over: I think that it is time to bring it to a close. Not altogether: other Abbeys of Thelema will be raised for other Monks and Sisters; we shall remain friends, and meet and greet each other; but ours, in its old form, will soon be as a memory.'

No one spoke in reply.

'Tell me, dear Sisters—nay, dear

children—that all is as it should be. There are no jealousies in the Abbey?'

'None,' they murmured.

'Then the will of the Founder has been fairly carried out, and we may prophesy the closing of our Abbey with joy and congratulation. Tell me when you like, and as much as you like, to-morrow, my children. To-night we will have cheerful looks and happy hearts again, though the play is well-nigh finished.'

She raised the light again. Tom disengaged his hands—what was it held them?—and turned up his lamp.

'To-day is Tuesday,' said Desdemona, rising. 'I announce a solemn banquet, a guest night, a choral night, a full-dress monastic night, for Saturday. I believe there will be no dancing, or singing, or any other amusement at all that day. Let us have as many guests as we can muster.'

'But it is the day of Alan's wedding,' said Miranda.

'My dear Miranda,' Desdemona replied, with the slightest touch of asperity, 'I have several times observed that Alan is not married yet.'

'It is the day,' said Nelly, when mamma wishes me to return to Chester Square.'

'My dear Nelly,' said Desdemona, still with asperity, 'do not make difficulties. You have not gone to Chester Square yet. Perhaps you will not go on that day at all. There was an inharmonious chuckle from the other end of the room. Brother Peregrine had come to a very funny part. It seemed as if he was chuckling in reply to Desdemona.

Nelly looked at him and shuddered; but no one spoke.

'On Saturday,' Desdemona went on, 'we will have a full meeting, even if it be our last. Till then, my children, be happy with each other.'

Cecilia took her zither and touched the chords.

'May I sing,' she asked, "the 'Rondeau of the Land of Cogaing?'" It

was prophetic of the Abbey of Theléma.

'In the land of Coçaigne where travellers tell,
All delights and merriments dwell,
Love, and joy, and music, and mirth,
Loss of trouble, and lack of death—
There I found me a magic well
Deep in the greenest depths of a dell,
Lined with moss, and edged with shell,
Precious above all springs of the earth,
In the land of Coçaigne.

I drank of the waters; straight there fell
Behind me, each with the clang of a knell,
The days of grief: Love sprang to birth,
Laden with gifts of gladness and worth,
And singing a song of a wedding-bell
In the land of Coçaigne.'

CHAPTER XXXIV.

'She is a woman, therefore may be wooed.'

IF the other Brothers of the Order were contemplating marriage with the ardour of lovers, Mr. Paul Rondelet was considering that condition of life, as calmly as his creditors would allow him, as a haven of refuge. His position was really unequalled in history. Addison, to be sure, endured a temporary period of poverty; but Paul Rondelet was about to face destitution. In another short half year he would be without an income—absolutely without any money at all; already every other post brought letters from once trustful tradesmen, some openly threatening, some darkly hinting at legal proceedings. Think of the absurdity of the thing. A man actually in the very van and forefront of modern culture: a man with a following of his own: a leading member of the Advanced School: a man so exalted above his fellows that he could afford to feel pity, a gentle pity—not contempt or exasperation at all—with those who still believed in Christianity, patriotism, the old ideas about poetry or art: a man so skilled in the jargon of Art criticism, that people forgot to ask whether he knew a good picture when he saw one, and accepted on his dictum lean and skinny women, with red hair and sad faces, as the highest

flights of modern art; so apt with the jargon of modern poetic criticism, that people only gasped and supposed that, after all, knock-kneed spasms of unreal rapture or crack-jaw dithyrambs, were nonsense pretended to be profundity incapable of articulate speech—was the real, and hitherto undiscovered—poetry—so apt, also, with the latest book jargon, that it required a cool head to discover that he seldom read a new book at all. Such a man was positively going out into the cold and unsympathetic world without an income.

England is not like the East: you cannot wander from village to village, another Mohammed, with your following of listeners, living on the dates, rice, pillau, olives, figs, and bread, offered freely to all travellers; nor is it like that France of six hundred years ago, when an Abelard could retire into the country and pitch a philosophic tent, surrounded by thirty thousand disciples.

Faint thoughts did cross the mind of Paul Rondelet that he, too, might set up his own lecture tent, say on Salisbury Plain, whither the undergraduates might flock, for the sake of the Higher Culture. But no: it was a dream—a dream.

It was already three weeks since he first made up his mind that Miranda should be his wife; since, in fact, he heard that Alan was resolved upon his matrimonial suicide. There were, most certainly, other Sisters in the Abbey desirable for beauty, and not wholly destitute of culture or of money. But Miranda alone seemed to this leader of modern thought wholly worthy to wear his name. She appeared to appreciate him, which he felt could not be said of all the other ladies; she was undeniably beautiful; she was possessed of many broad acres. Her beauty was of a kind which Paul Rondelet felt he would admire more in his own wife than in other people's. For it was not the beauty lauded by his own school. She was not lithe,

lissom, and serpentine : she had none of the grace of the leopardess about her : her eye was lit by no baleful fires of passion : she was not skinny or bony : she did not writhe as she walked : she was not sad-avised : nor was her hair like unto that of the painted dames in the Grosvenor Gallery, or of the yellow-haired Somanli, who greets the traveller at Aden ; it was not yellow tow at all. And in dress she made fashion her slave instead of her mistress. She was not, in short, either in appearance, in dress, or in manner at all like unto the self-conscious young woman who follows the newest fashions of self-conscious and priggish modern art. Paul Rondelet felt that he should be proud of her. It must be said of him, the Master, the Poet, the man of taste, the Prophet of High Culture, the fastidious Paul Rondelet, before whose decisions, as his school considered, artists trembled, that he had chosen a companion worthy of himself.

Above all things, the man of Higher Culture is a critic. As his wines, his engravings, his chairs, his bookbinding, his water-colours, his dinners, his little Sunday morning breakfasts, must all be perfect, so must his wife be perfect. Now, Paul Rondelet felt that he could visit Oxford proudly with Miranda, or, better still, make of Dalmeny Hall a perfect home, an improved Oxford, a college without the ungenial element.

He went over to the house in order to examine for himself its capabilities. True, it was not like Weyland Court—very few houses are—but still there were great things to be done with Dalmeny Hall, by one who knew how to work. Two or three rooms, he thought, would lend themselves with peculiar readiness to the modern Noble Treatment. One might even be converted into a peacock-room. All of them, with right paper, right fire-places, right cabinets, right china, right Harmonies in Blue or Brown, right chairs, and right tables, might be con-

verted into apartments, in which even the most advanced would find pleasure. Life, he thought, might be made philosophically perfect at Dalmeny Hall. Certain modifications would be made : he could not allow Desdemona, a person who pretended to no sympathy with him or his school, to consider, as she did at present, the house her own. Miranda herself would require in some respects a certain amount of moulding before she became perfectly imbued with the newest ideas. It was unfortunate for her, he considered, that Alan Dunlop, who had exercised so great an influence over her, left Oxford before the opinions of the school arrived at their full development ; that is to say, before they quite grasped the doctrines that patriotism is a mark of Philistinism—the true country of every philosopher being the world—religion a pitiable survival of the dark ages : all the art, architecture, music, and poetry of the last three hundred years—except, perhaps, the architecture of Queen Anne—a wretched exhibition of ignorance, bad taste, and vulgarity. When Alan went away they had only arrived at the stage of looking on whatever pleases the majority of mankind with contempt, pity, and suspicion.

But he should mould her : he should be able, through her very admiration of himself, to inspire a desire for higher levels of thought. Together, while poor Alan, mated to his rustic beauty, worked his heart out in a hopeless endeavour, they too, he thought, should present to high and low, the admirable spectacle of the perfect Olympian life.

It was difficult to get an opportunity of finding Miranda alone. Paul Rondelet—I think I have remarked that all the members of his school spoke of him as Paul Rondelet, not as Rondelet, or Mr. Rondelet, but plain Paul, as one speaks of Burne Jones, Julius Cæsar, and other illustrious men—sought in vain for many following days. It was partly that quest of an

opportunity which drove him to wander ceaselessly in the gardens, in the courts of the Abbey, and in the park between Weyland Court and Dalmeny Hall. Desdemona, who watched everything, marked his uncertain steps and wondered.

‘Another trouble,’ said Miranda to Desdemona, but she did not look troubled.

‘What is it, dear?’

‘It is Mr. Rondelet,’ she replied calmly. ‘He is going to offer me his hand.’

‘My dear Miranda!’ Desdemona cried, in some alarm. ‘Pray, be careful. He is a young man to whom it will be necessary to speak very plainly. But you may be mistaken.’

‘Not at all, I am quite sure. Remember that I have had experience. It interests me now a good deal to watch the beginnings of these things.’

Miranda sat down, and went on with her experience.

‘I grew to discern their intentions almost as soon as they formed the idea in their own minds. Then I used to study the development, and when the time came, I was perfectly prepared with my answer. And I cannot be mistaken in Mr. Rondelet. All he wants is an opportunity.’

‘And will you give him one?’

‘I think I must. It is always better to get these things over. Poor Mr. Rondelet! I dare say he spared me out of consideration to Alan, until that—that engagement. It was good of him.’

‘It would have been better to have spared you altogether.’

‘My dear, Mr. Rondelet is poor, and I am rich,’ said Miranda. ‘He shall have his opportunity.’

In fact, she gave him an opportunity the very next day.

He found her in her own garden alone. Alma had been with her, unwilling, and had just escaped, leaving Miranda saddened at the hopelessness of getting at the better side of the girl, who continued to remain dull, apathe-

tic, and reserved. In fact, she was thinking, day and night, of nothing but the splendid *tour de force* which Harry was about to perform for her deliverance. The knowledge of this coming event enabled her to be less careful about hiding her discontent and sulkiness, so that she was by no means an agreeable companion.

When Paul Rondelet came upon Miranda, there was a look of languor and fatigue in her face, but her cheek brightened with a quick flush when she saw him walking delicately across the grass, putting up and dropping his eye-glass. Her eyes lit up, but her lips set themselves firm—she was going to hear and to reply to a proposal, unless, as had happened in other cases, he would, at the last moment, become nervous.

Such was not Paul Rondelet’s intention. He had been looking at the case to himself, for some days past, from as many points of view as Mr. Browning loves to contemplate a murder. It would be said that he married for money. To be sure, had Dalmeny Hall belonged to himself, he would not have fettered himself with a wife. His school do not greatly love matrimony; on the other hand, he might fairly urge that he brought his wife a fair equivalent for her fortune; and though he was not her equal either in birth—his grandfather belonged to the prehistoric period, and was only conjectural—or in wealth, he was a leader in the most advanced school of Oxford. If Oxford, as all true Oxonians believe, and would suffer lingering tortures rather than give up, leads the thought of the world, then, confessedly Lothian leads Oxford, and Paul Rondelet led, or thought he led, Lothian. Therefore, Paul Rondelet led the world.

‘You may have observed, Miss Dalmeny’—Miranda noticed that there was not a bit of love in his face—‘You may have observed’—here he let fall his eye-glass, and put it up twice—‘that I have of late endeav-

oured to convey to you an idea of the feelings which . . . which . . .'

'Not at all,' said Miranda, untruthfully. 'Pray sit down, Mr. Rondelet, and tell me what you mean.'

'Let me,' he said, sitting down at one end of the garden-seat, Miranda occupying the other; 'let me put the case from our own—I mean, the Higher Modern—point of view. Our school have arrived at this theory, that it is useless and even mischievous to attempt to promote culture. Especially is it mischievous when such efforts lead to personally interesting oneself with the lower classes. They are led, among other things, to believe that they are not entirely deserving of scorn. Therefore, we have decided on a return to the principles of the Renaissance.'

'Really,' said Miranda, looking at him with a little amusement in her eyes. This infinite condescension at the same time irritated her.

'Our plan of life is—separation. We leave the vulgar herd entirely to themselves; and we live alone, among our own set, on our own level.'

'Will not that be very dull? Should you admit the Monks and Sisters of Thelema?'

Paul Rondelet hesitated, and dropped his glass; then he replaced it with a sigh. 'I fear not. Perhaps one or two. But, Miss Dalmeny, the higher life cannot be dull. It has too many resources. It is great, though perhaps the vulgar cannot know its greatness; it is memorable and precious, though it is spent apart from mankind. We care nothing about our reputation among men. We belong to the lower levels in no way—the poor may help the poor, we shall not help them at all, or vex our souls about them. We are no longer English, or French, or Russian, or German; we are no longer Catholics or Anglicans, or anything; we propose to divest ourselves of any, even the slightest, interest in their religions, their politics, or their aims; we are alone among ourselves, the Higher Humanity.'

'Oh!' said Miranda again. 'And what are we, then? I always thought, in my conceit, that I belonged by birth and education to the Higher Humanity.'

Paul Rondelet shook his head sadly.

'Alas! no,' he said; 'I would that we could acknowledge your right to rank with Us. It is not a matter of birth, but one of culture. The Higher Humanity consists entirely of the best intellects trained in the best school. The men can only, therefore, be Oxford men, and presumably of Lothian.'

'And the women—oh! Mr. Rondelet—I should so much like to see the women of the Higher Humanity.'

Was she laughing at him, or was this genuine enthusiasm?

'The women,' he said, 'either the wives of the men, or their disciples, must be trained by the men.'

'And must they, too, be great scholars?'

'Nay,' he replied kindly. 'What we look for in women is the Higher Receptivity'—it really was exasperating that Paul Rondelet wanted everything of the Higher order—'The Higher Receptivity, coupled with real and natural taste, hatred for debasement, especially in Art, a love for Form, an eye for the Beautiful, and a positive ardour to rise above prejudice. One of us was recently engaged, for instance, to a lady who seemed in every way adapted for his wife . . .'

'Was he a leader in the Advanced School?'

'He was a— a—, in fact, one of the leaders.' Paul Rondelet spoke as if there was in reality one leader only—himself. 'After training her carefully in the Separation Doctrine, my friend had the unhappiness of actually seeing her come out of a cottage where she had been personally mixing with women of the lowest grade, and giving them things to eat.'

'How very dreadful!'

'Yes. He confided the case to me. He said that he had passed over in silence her practice of going to church,

because old habits linger. But this was too much for his patience. She had to be told in delicate but firm language that the engagement was broken off. The sequel showed that we were right.'

'What was that?'

'Instead of sorrowing over her failure to reach the Higher Level, this unhappy girl said that she was already tired of it, and shortly afterwards actually married a Clerical Fellow!'

'What a shocking thing!' said Miranda, deeply interested in this anecdote.

Paul Rondelet had been speaking with great solemnity, because all this was part of the Higher Level, and meant to prepare Miranda.

Now he began to speak more solemnly still.

'You have seen us, Miss Dalmeny,' he went on. 'At least you have seen me—one of our School. It has been my privilege to make your acquaintance in the Abbey of Thelema—a place, so to speak, of half culture. There are, that is, the elements of the Higher Culture, prevented from full development by such members as Caledon and others—'

'My very dear friends,' said Miranda.

'Pardon me. I am speaking only from the—from my own point of view. No doubt, most worthy people. However, I have fancied, Miss Dalmeny, that in you I have seen the possibility of arriving at the Higher Level'—Miranda thought that this man was really the greatest of all Prigs she had ever seen. 'In fact,' he added, with a quiet smile, 'one is never mistaken in these matters, and I am *sure* you are worthy of such elevation.'

'Really, Mr. Rondelet, I ought to be very much gratified.'

'Not at all; we learn discernment in the Higher Criticism. I saw those

qualities in you from the beginning. But I have reflected, and, Miss Dalmeny, if you will accept me as your guide to the regions of the Higher Thought, we will together tread those levels, and make of life a grand, harmonious poem, of which not one word shall be intelligible to the Common Herd. Its very metre, its very rhythm, shall be unintelligible to them.'

'If you please, Mr. Rondelet, leave the language of allegory, and tell me, in that of the Common Herd, what it is you ask me to do.'

He turned red. After this magnificent overture, leading to a short *aria* of extraordinary novelty, to be asked to clothe his meaning in plain English—it was humiliating.

'I mean,' he explained, after a gulp of dissatisfaction, and dropping his eye-glass once—'I mean, Miss Dalmeny, will you marry me?'

'Oh——h!' Miranda did not blush, or tremble, or gasp, or faint, or manifest any single sign of surprise or confusion. It was as if she had been asked to go for a drive. 'You ask me if I will marry you. That is a very important question to put, and I must have a little time to answer it. No—do not say any more at present. We shall meet in the evening as if this talk had not been held. Good-morning, Mr. Rondelet.'

She rose in her queenly fashion, and walked across the lawn to the house, leaving him confused and uncertain.

Had she appreciated him? Did she realise what he brought to her? He reflected with satisfaction that his method of approaching the subject had at least the merit of novelty. Certainly, very few women had ever been invited to contemplate matrimony in such a manner.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS.

BY JOHN READE.

I.

O blessed day that hallowest
 The old year, ere it dies,
 And in Time's weather-beaten breast
 Stillest the weary sighs,
 We greet thee now with praise and mirth,
 In memory of our Saviour's birth.

II.

We hail thee, as the shepherd throng,
 On that Judæan field,
 And the same heavenly burst of song
 By which their hearts were thrilled—
 "Peace be on earth, good-will to men—"
 From heaven to earth descends again.

III.

The race of man had wandered, sore
 Beneath its weight of sin,
 For many a weary age before
 The day was ushered in
 On which the benison of God,
 On all his children was bestowed.

IV.

To Israel the word had come,
 That in its royal line
 Should rise at last a Prince, of whom
 The race should be divine.
 And so arose o'er all the earth
 A longing for some wondrous birth.

V.

Prophet to prophet handed down
 The promise, still more clear,
 While Jewish mothers pondered on
 The Child that should appear.
 And bards inspired of Greece and Rome
 Foretold the Monarch that should come.

VI.

And farther east and farther west
 The scattered nations felt,
 By some strange yearning, half-confessed,
 As to their gods they knelt,
 That One, far greater than they knew,
 God's needed work on earth must do.

VII.

Many had come to teach mankind,
 And precepts were not few ;
 But vain, alas ! to try to find,
 'Mid so much false, the true,
 Or satisfy the questions keen
 About the world that is unseen.

VIII.

No teacher yet had come with power
 To solve each doubt that springs,
 Or give, in that most solemn hour
 When death his summons brings,
 The calm, clear faith that knows no fear,
 Hearing the whisper, 'I am here.'

IX.

So now, in spite of priest and sage,
 The world in darkness errs,
 Rome reads with doubting smile the page
 Of Greek philosophers ;
 And cynic age to seeking youth
 With scorn repeats, 'Pray, what is truth ?'

X.

And Israel, rent by factions wild,
 And prey to alien foes,
 Still guards the promise of the Child
 Whose birth shall end its woes ;
 But never dreams to look for Him
 In that meek group at Bethlehem.

XI.

Yet there, as on this very day,
 In that Judæan town,
 Obscure He in a manger lay,
 Without or robe or crown.
 Thither in spirit draw we nigh
 And worship in humility.

XII.

O scene so dear to Christian art
 By inspiration graced !
 O scene that on the human heart
 By love divine is traced !
 The Holy Mother and the Child !
 The God-man and the Virgin mild !

XIII.

The heedless world is unaware
 Of thee, O Bethlehem,
 And of the King reposing there
 Without a diadem.
 But Rome's old gods may feel the power
 That dooms them at this awful hour.

* * * *

XIV.

Before the Babe of Bethlehem
 What millions bow to-day !
 O God ! in mercy look on them
 And teach them how to pray—
 To pray for peace and work for peace
 Till war and all its horrors cease.

XV.

For oh ! 'tis very sad to know
 That, after all these years,
 Men thus should cause each other woe
 And drench the earth with tears.
 They are unworthy of Thy name,
 O Christ, who put Thee thus to shame !

XVI.

So many centuries, alas !
 Since Thou wast born, yet seems
 The world so nearly what it was
 When only fitful gleams
 Of Thy reflected radiance glowed
 Upon the earth which Thou hast trod.

XVII.

So many centuries ! But Thou
 Hast no regard of time ;
 To Thee all ages are as *now*,
 And, while we slowly climb
 To cause from consequence with pain,
 All things to Thee are ever plain.

XVIII.

At last we know all will be well—
 Enough for us to know—
 Enough all tempting doubts to quell,
 However it be so.
 Let us but strive that every day,
 May find us further on our way.

* * * *

XIX.

O blessed day, traditions dear
 Have gathered round thy name ;
 Of modest mirth, of kindly cheer,
 Of charity's bright flame.
 Unto the least of these, said He,
 Whate'er you do, you do to Me.

XX.

Peace and good-will—O blessed words,
 To be our guide through life—
 Oh ! may the nations sheathe their swords,
 And cease from cruel strife.
 The widow's wail, the orphan's tear,
 Sad, sad are these for Christmas cheer.

XXI.

Peace and good-will—O warring sects,
 That bear the Christian name,
 What is the faith that He expects,
 On whom you found your claim ?
 By love He conquered all mankind—
 Let there be in you the same mind.

XXII.

O Christmas-tide ! O merry time !
 When all the world seems young ;
 When every heart is set a-chime,
 And loosened every tongue !
 Thank God for what He gives away !
 Thank God for merry Christmas-day !

XXIII.

O Christmas-tide ! We would not throw
 A shadow on thy name,
 Or cause a needless sigh ; but oh !
 One privilege we claim—
 We think of Christmas-days of yore,
 And those whose smiles we greet no more.

XXIV.

O, dear, dead friends of other years,
 Who shared our joy and pain,
 We have not power, with all our tears,
 To bring you back again.
 But, as we think of you to-day,
 We cannot deem you far away.

XXV.

And we shall meet, we hope, at last,
 When, rent the parting veil,
 Death's tyranny is overpast,
 And the glad earth shall hail
 A glorious, endless Christmas morn,
 When man in Christ awakes new-born.

CHRISTMAS LITERATURE.

BY J. L. STEWART.

A DISTINCTIVE literature gathers around all our anniversaries and gala days, growing richer and more characteristic with age, as moss covers an aged tree trunk, and ivy flourishes on a ruin. The periodical celebration of a day creates a demand for a special literature, and the supply is forthcoming as a matter of course. Halloween has given birth to poetical accounts of apparitions indicative of future husbands and wives,—

'The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam up the house staukin—
 And the very grey brecks o' Tam Glen,'—

and St. Agnes' Eve has been rendered immortal by Keats' mellifluous account of its celebration by the fair Madelaine —

'Th told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,

Young virgins might have visions of delight,
 And soft adorings from their loves receive
 Upon th' honeyed middle of the night
 If ceremonies due they did aright:
 As, supperless to bed they must retire,
 And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
 Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they
 desire.'

The Fourth of July celebrations in the United States have evoked, from the depths of the national verbosity, a species of oratory all its own, widely-known as the spread-eagle variety; and the annual decoration of the graves of the soldiers who fell in the War of the Rebellion, is developing another order of platform rhetoric, one in which the national rejoicing is subdued by the presence of personal woe.

But there is no anniversary with a more distinctive and world-wide literature than Christmas. On the day that Christ was born, St. Luke tells

us, the angel of the Lord appeared to the shepherds abiding in the field with their flocks, 'and suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men ;' and this is the keynote of most of the literature that belongs to the anniversary of the day.

The advent and incarnation of Christ became, very early in the history of the Church, themes for the sacred bard. St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan in the fourth century, the 'father of Latin church poetry,' introduced hymns and music into the services, and St. Augustine testifies to their effect:—'How did I weep, O Lord! through thy hymns and canticles, touched to the quick by the voices of thy sweet-attuned Church! The voices sank into mine ears, and the truths distilled into my heart, whence the affections of my devotions overflowed; tears ran down, and I rejoiced in them.' The Ambrosian hymns, in the current translations, have all the characteristics of the best of those written in recent times. The advent is the theme of one of the best. Dr. Ray Palmer's translation is as follows:

'O thou Redeemer of our race!
Come, show the Virgin's Son to earth;
Let every age admire the grace;
Worthy a God Thy human birth!

'Twas by no mortal will or aid,
But by the Holy Spirit's might,
That flesh the Word of God was made,
A babe yet waiting for the light.

'Spotless remains the Virgin's name,
Although the Holy Child she bears;
And virtue's banners round her flame,
While God a temple so prepares.

'With light divine Thy manger streams,
That kindles darkness into day:
Dimmed by no night henceforth, its beams
Shine through all time with changeless ray.'

The following, from the Greek of Anatolius, Patriarch of Constantinople in the fifth century, sounds as modern as the last composition on the same theme:

'A great and mighty wonder,
The festal makes secure;
The Virgin bears the Infant
With virgin-honour pure.

'The Word is made incarnate,
And yet remains on high;
And cherubim sing anthems
To shepherds from the sky.'

This version of the great event comes from the Danish:

'The happy Christmas comes once more,
The heavenly Guest is at the door:
The blessed words the shepherds thrill,
The joyous tidings: Peace, good-will!

'No human glory, might, and gold,
The lovely Infant's form enfold;
The manger and the swaddlings poor
Are His whom angels' songs adore.

'O wake our hearts, in gladness sing!
And keep our Christmas with our King,
Till living song, from loving souls,
Like sound of mighty waters rolls.

'Come, Jesus, glorious, heavenly Guest,
Keep thine own Christmas in our breast!
Then David's harp-strings, hushed so long,
Shall swell our Jubilee of song.'

An examination of Schaff's 'Christmas Song,' Neale's 'Hymns of the Eastern Church,' Daniel's 'Thesaurus,' and other hymnals, shows how Christ's coming has inspired the poets of the Church from the days of St. Ambrose to the present. The Christmas carol written by Luther for his children—'Von Himmel hoch da komm ich her'—which has enjoyed an uninterrupted popularity from that time to the present, is a good specimen of the Christmas literature of the Reformation. One of the numerous translations is as follows:

'Good news from heaven the angels bring,
Glad tidings to the earth they sing:
To us this day a child is given,
To crown us with the joy of heaven.

'This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need shall aid afford:
He will Himself our Saviour be,
From sin and sorrow set us free.

'To us that blessedness He brings,
Which from the Father's bounty springs:
That in the heavenly realm we may
With Him enjoy eternal day.

'All hail, thou noble Guest, this morn,
Whose love did not the sinner scorn!

In my distress thou cam'st to me :
What thanks shall I return to Thee ?

' Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

' Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child !
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

' Praise God upon His heavenly throne,
Who gave to us His only Son :
For this His hosts, on joyful wing,
A blest New Year of mercy sing.

Some are, perhaps, not familiar with Milton's ode, 'On the morning of Christ's Nativity' :

' This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Sou of heaven's eternal king,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring ;
For so the holy Sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

' That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he went at heaven's high council-
table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside ; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

' Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant-God ?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven by the sun's team untrod,
' Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright ?

' See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet :
O ! run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel choir,
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed
fire.'

The hymn which the heavenly Muse composes in response to this invocation is too long for religious services :

' It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature in awe to him,
Had doft her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.'

In this stanza Milton accommodates the facts to English notions of Christmas. When shepherds were

' abiding in the field, watching their flocks by night,' the weather was hardly of the character that would be faithfully described as 'the winter wild.'

' Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.'

The 'saintly veil of maiden white' would have made the grazing rather unsatisfactory in England or Palestine.

' The stars, with deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that warned them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

Milton rather enlarges on the gospel narrative in this stanza, and shows a more intimate knowledge of the doings of the Prince of Pandemonium than the apostles possessed.

Natural objects are personified throughout the poem, and made to manifest a consciousness of the Lord's presence.

' The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
wave.

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should
need.'

The shepherds are greeted with heavenly music, and

' At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night ar-
rayed ;
The helméd Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born
Heir.

' Such music as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the so:is of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel
keep.'

The invocation to the 'crystal spheres' to unite with 'the bass of heaven's deep organ,' make 'full concert to the angelic symphony,' and thus banish 'speckled vanity,' 'leprous sin,' 'hell itself,' and bring back truth, justice and mercy, while

'Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall,'

is hardly less sublime than the stanzas which describe the glorious scene which the shepherds beheld.

'But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so;
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both Himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
the deep,

'With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinal rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds out-
brake:
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When, at 'the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his
throne.

'And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
The old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurp'd sway;
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.'

After this exposition of his theology, Milton sings a pæan to the new dispensation.

'The oracles are dumb.

Apollo from his-shrine
Can no more divine.

No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic
cell.

With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
mourn.'

Lars, Lemures, Flamens, Peor,
Baälim, Ashtaroth, Moloch, Isis, Orus,
Anubis and Osiris are overthrown;

'Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted Fayes
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-
loved maze.

'But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest;

And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

This magnificent poem is the noblest fruit of Christmas inspiration. Its bold yet reverent grasp of heavenly things is equalled only by 'Paradise Lost' and some portions of the Bible. If Milton had lived and written in the days of David or Solomon, his poetical exposition of God's dealing with mankind would, in all likelihood, have gained a place among the sacred books which prophets, poets, priests and kings have left as a priceless legacy to the world. When read with a reverent spirit, and with faith that the author's soul was in unison with the great soul of the universe when he wrote, the ode 'On the Nativity' affects one as much as the heaven-grasping psalms of the kingly singer of Israel. All that is sacred in Christian literature is but an echo of this ode. Other poets have diluted the gospel narrative, and given versified accounts of the divine episode; but Milton alone has gone beyond the text and made the event still more impressive: he has made us acquainted with earthly and heavenly wonders which the New Testament writers either failed to notice or neglected to record. There is a wearying sameness about the great mass of hymns which have been written on this subject: they are all cast in the same mould, all subject to the same limitations. There is not one of the ten thousand that might not be paraphrased by a patchwork of extracts from others. Milton's stands in solitary grandeur, unapproached and unapproachable.

The custom of singing Christmas carols is supposed to be coeval with the observance of the day. A sculpture on a sarcophagus of the second century is supposed to represent a group singing in celebration of Christ's birth. Manger songs gave place to sacred dramas, and these degenerated into farces, or Fools' Feasts, which grew so profane and indecent that they were forbidden by the English

clergy in the thirteenth century. Most of the carols are of simple construction. They were written by peasant poets for singers of their own station in life, and have no literary merit. Many of them are preserved as curiosities, and may be found embalmed in various compilations. The following is one of the most famous of those sung in England by youthful seekers after Christmas charity :

- 'God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save poor souls from Satan's power,
Long time who've gone astray,
Which brings tidings of comfort and joy,
So God send us all a happy new year.
- 'From God that is our Father,
The blessed angel came
Unto some certain shepherds
With tidings of the same;
That the Babe was born in Bethlehem,
The Son of God by name,
And that's tidings of comfort and joy.
- "Go, fear not," said God's angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
For Christ is born in Bethlehem,
Of a pure Virgin bright,
And He shall vanquish finally
The devil's fraud and spite."
And that's tidings of comfort and joy.
- 'The shepherds at these tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind;
And straight they came to Bethlehem,
The Son of God to find;
And that's tidings of comfort and joy.
- 'And when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our sweet Saviour lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
And the blessed Virgin kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray;
And that's tidings of comfort and joy.
- 'Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
That we true loving brethren,
Each other may embrace;
For the happy time of Christmas
Is drawing on apace;
Which brings tidings of comfort and joy.
- 'God bless the ruler of this house,
And send him long to reign,
And many a happy Christmas
May he live to see again
Among his friends and kindred,
That live both far and near;
So God send us all a happy new year.'

The English poets have not devoted much attention to the great anniversary of the Church. Some of them have no mention of it at all, others only allude to it in passing. Many,

however, have chosen it, or rather the method of its observance, as a theme; but the number is smaller than one who had not studied the subject would imagine. It is worthy of notice, also, that comparatively few of these poems have had sufficient vitality to keep them from oblivion. The great collections of poems, which profess to give all the classic verse in the language, have but two or three poems on the subject among them, and some of them none at all. Dana's rescues this of Wither's from the obscurity of the author's works :

- 'So now is come our joyful'st feast;
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.
- 'Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.
- 'Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.
- 'Ned Squash has fetched his hands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn,
With dropping of the barrel.
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.
- 'Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their errands;
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants:
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want they take in beer,
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.
- 'The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased,
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat—
And therefore let's be merry.
- 'Hark! now the wags abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling,
Anon you'll see them in the hall,
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound!

Anon they'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depth have found,
And then they will be merry.

'The wenches, with their wassail bowls,
About the streets are singing,
The boys are come to match the owls
The wild mare is in bringing.
Our kitchen boy hath broke his box :
And to the dealing of the ox
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.'

A good many more might be quoted of the same tenor, but without the quaintness of this. Poems of this class, like the Christmas hymns, have a tendency to run in the old grooves, and much reading of them profiteth little. As a specimen of the poetry descriptive of the celebration of the day in the olden time, the following extract from 'Marmion' is without a rival in graphic sprightliness :

'Heap on more wood !—the wind is chill ;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer :
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the meed did drain :
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew :
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer :
Caroused in seas of sable beer :
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnawed rib and marrow-bone :
Or listened all, in grim delight,
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
Then forth in frenzy would they hie,
While wildly loose their red locks fly :
And, dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The hoisterous joys of Odin's hall.

'And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train,
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;
The hall was dressed with holly green ;
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed her pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose ;
The lord, underogating, share
The village game of "post and pair."
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again,
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.'

The more modern Christmas poetry and prose are chiefly devoted to the glorification of Santa Claus, as a gift-distributor to children, and the promotion of alms-giving. The surprise and delight of the little ones at the mysterious appearance of presents have been described in numberless stories, and Santa Claus is the hero of much humorous verse. The happiest description of him informs us that

'He has a broad face, and a little round belly
That shakes when he laughs like a bowlful of jelly ;'

and they all agree as to his great carrying capacity, and his power of getting down chimneys. Poetry and stove pipes hardly harmonize, and there is considerable embarrassment in houses without register grates, but the ingenuity of the elder members of the family is generally great enough to account to the younger ones for the entrance of St. Nicholas with his toys and sweetmeats.

Among the numerous writers of Christmas stories Dickens stands pre-eminent for the power of touching the heart and opening the pockets of the readers. The miseries of the poor, the sovereign power of money to make their hearts dance with delight, and the pleasure of the giver at sight of the joy his shillings have created, are the materials with which he worked. His 'Christmas Carol' is the simplest and best of this class of fiction. Scrooge is introduced in the beginning—'a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheeks, stiffened his gait, made his eyes red, his thin lips blue, and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A

frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his low temperature always about with him; he iced his office even in the dog-days, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.' On Christmas Eve this man, after repelling the only man who dared say 'Merry Christmas' to him, 'took his melancholy dinner in his melancholy tavern,' examined the papers and his bank-book, and went to bed in the dreary chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. Marley's ghost appears to him, and then the most subtly humorous interview took place that ever man and ghost indulged in. There is enough under-current of burlesque for those who care nothing for ghosts, but not enough to offend those who, like Wilkie Collins, can talk ghost seriously.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!" Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I was."

"Who were you, then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice. "You're particular, for a shade." He was going to say "to a shade," but substituted this as more appropriate.

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him.

"I can."

"Do it, then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation.

Even the grim defiance of the old miser yields to the dread influence of the spiritual visitant, and he becomes thoroughly frightened. The ghost's

explanation of its presence on earth develops the philosophy of life which Dickens, in this and many other works, taught so forcibly:—

"It is required of every man," the Ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness."

'Again the spectre raised a cry, and shook its chain and wrung its shadowy hands.

"You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why?"

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the Ghost. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to you?"

'Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Or would you know," pursued the Ghost, "the weight and length of the strong coil you wear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have laboured on it since. It is a ponderous chain!"

After some more conversation the Ghost further develops the philosophy of life.

"O! captive, bound, and double-ironed," cried the phantom, "not to know that ages of incessant labour, by immortal creatures, for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is well developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused! Yet such was I! Oh! such was I!"

"But you were always a good man

of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, benevolence, were, all, my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

Scrooge is told that the Ghost has procured a chance of his escaping Marley's fate.

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee!"

"You will be haunted," resumed the Ghost, "by three Spirits."

Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the Ghost's had done.

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?" he demanded, in a faltering voice.

"It is."

"I—I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge.

"Without the visits," said the ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls One."

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

The Ghost of Christmas Past comes to him, at the appointed time, and takes him to visit the forgotten scenes of his former life, from boyhood to the present time. He sees himself solitary at school, neglected by his friends, and is moved by the thoughts that moved him then. He witnesses the caresses of his dead sister, loves her again, and thinks of her only child. He is again in the house where he served his apprenticeship, and witnesses the Christmas joviality of the Fezziwigs and their clerks and apprentices. And he sees himself at various stages of the congealing process which he had undergone.

The Ghost of Christmas Present came to him next.

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Never," Scrooge made answer to it.

"Have you never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?" pursued the Phantom.

"I don't think I have," said Scrooge. "I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred," said the Ghost.

"A tremendous family to provide for," muttered Scrooge.

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

Scrooge is made to see and feel the universal merry-making in the streets, in the squalid home of his poor old clerk, at his neglected nephew's, everywhere. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail; in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his brief authority has not made fast the door and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.

And then the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come appeared, and showed him in his shroud, his rooms robbed and deserted, his acquaintances speaking of his death with the utmost indifference, and no human being mourning his loss.

"Spirit," he cried, tight clutching at its robe, "hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this if I am past all hope?"

'For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it, "your nature intercedes for me and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life."

'The kind hand trembled.

"I will honour christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year round. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me, I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

'In his agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

'Holding up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.'

And then Scrooge rose that Christmas morning and renewed the vow he had made the Ghost. How he bought the biggest turkey at the poulterer's, and sent it to Bob Cratchit's, went to dine with his nephew, raised Bob's salary, and lived a new life ever after, are within the memory of all readers of Dickens.

In 'The Chimes' Dickens deals with the same fundamental principles, but broadens their application. The poor old ticket porter, Trotty Veck, who earns a semi-sustenance by running errands, is the only really good and happy man in the story. Alderman Cute is the worthy representative of the petty criminal law; Mr. Filer, of the heartless political economy which takes no notice of man as a rational being; and Sir Joseph Bowley, of ostentatious and soulless philanthropy. Trotty Veck shows how much more real good a poor devil can do with his great heart than the others with their long purses and studied

systems. Not the duty of alms-giving alone is taught, but of contentment with life, and of charity for sin.

"Who puts into the mouth of Time, or of its servant," said the Goblin of the Bell, "a cry of lamentation for days which have had their trial and their failure and have left deep traces of it which the blind may see—a cry that only serves the present time, by showing men how much it needs their help when any ears can listen to regret for such a past—who does this, does a wrong.

"Who hears in us, the Chimes, one note bespeaking disregard, or slow regard, of any hope, or joy, or pain, or sorrow, of the many-sorrowed throng; who hears us make reference to any creed that gauges human passions and affections, as it gauges the amount of miserable food on which humanity may pine and wither, does us wrong.

"Who hears us echo the dull vermin of the earth: the Pullers Down of crushed and broken natures, formed to be raised up higher than such maggots of the time can crawl or can conceive, does us wrong.

"Lastly and most of all, who turns his back upon the fallen and disfigured of his kind; abandons them as vile; and does not trace and track with pitying eyes the unfenced precipice by which they fell from good—grasping in the fall some tufts and shreds of that lost soil, and clinging to them still when bruised and dying in the gulf below; does wrong to Heaven and man, to time and to eternity."

Trowbridge, in 'The Wolves,' makes a pathetic appeal on behalf of the poor, and his graphic and thrilling lines are less known than they will be when they are old enough to be revived and added to the common stock of classic poetry.

'Ye who listen to stories told,
When hearths are cheery and nights are cold,

'Of the lone wood-side, and the hungry pack
That howls on the fainting traveller's track,—

'Flame-red eyeballs that waylay,
By the wintry moon, the belated sleigh,—

'The lost child sought in the dismal wood,
The little shoes and the stains of blood

'On the trampled snow,— O ye that hear,
With thrills of pity or chills of fear,

'Wishing some angel had been sent
To shield the hapless and innocent,—

'Know ye the fiend that is crueller far
Than the gaunt gray herds of the forest are?

'Swiftly vanish the wild fleet tracks
Before the rifle and woodman's axe :

'But hark to the coming of unseen feet,
Pattering by night through the city street !

'Each wolf that dies in the woodland brown
Lives a spectre and haunts the town.

'By square and market they slink and prowl,
In lane and alley they leap and howl

'All night they snuff and snarl before
The poor patched window and broken door.

'They paw the clapboards and claw the latch,
At every crevice they whine and scratch.

'Their tongues are subtle and long and thin,
And they lap the living blood within.

'Tey keen are the teeth that tear,
Red as ruin the eyes that glare.

'Children crouched in corners cold
Shiver in tattered garments old,

'And start from sleep with bitter pangs
At the touch of the phantoms' viewless fangs

'Weary the mother and worn with strife,
Still she watches and fights for life.

But her hand is feeble, and weapon small ;
One little needle against them all !

'In evil hour the daughter fled
From her poor shelter and wretched bed.

'Through the city's pitiless solitude
To the door of sin the wolves pursued.

'Fierce the father and grim with want,
His heart is gnawed by the spectres gaunt.

'Frenzied stealing forth by night,
With whetted knife to the desperate fight,

'He thought to strike the spectres dead,
But he smites his brother man instead.

'O ye that listen to stories told,
When hearths are cheery and nights are cold,

'Weep no more at the tales ye hear,
The danger is close and the wolves are near.

'Shudder not at the murderer's name,
Marvel not at the maiden's shame.

'Pass not by with averted eye
The door where the stricken children cry.

'But when the beat of the unseen feet
Sounds by night through the stormy street,

'Follow thou when the spectres glide ;
Stands like Hope by the mother's side ;

'And be thyself the angels sent
To shield the hapless and innocent.

'He gives but little who gives his tears,
He gives his best who aids and cheers.

'He does well in the forest wild
Who slays the monster and saves the child :

'But he does better, and merits more,
Who drives the wolf from the poor man's door.'

The themes of the true Christmas story are domestic bliss, reconciliation of parted friends, doing good deeds anonymously, the return of repentant prodigals, and the restoration of peace to disturbed communities. We see shivering pauperism taken in from the street, warmed at the bright fire, feasted, loaded with gifts, perhaps recognized as a long-lost child with a strawberry mark on his arm ; the wretched husband and father, no longer able to endure the sight of his wife and children's sufferings, snatched from the brink of suicide by unexpectedly securing a good situation, being recalled to the offended father who had banished him, or falling heir to a fortune ; the poor sewing girl welcoming the rich lover who had parted from her when she was better off in the world, and had been mourned as dead ; and the beginning of the reign of peace, love, plenty and happiness where hatred, want, strife and misery had ruled. They have a great deal of influence in loosening the pursestrings, in softening the hardness which gathers around the heart with the increase of years, in making men have charity for the fallen without looking with indifference on their misdeeds. Alms giving may be proved by political economy to be a curse instead of a blessing, but political economy can afford to stand aside once in the year. If the world were fashioned after the ideal of the philosophers, charity would not be necessary ; but it is not. Hunger stands without and gazes greedily through the windows of plenty ; cold shivers on the sidewalk where comfort walks in furs and flannels ; misery crouches over feeble fires in hovels at the very gates of the mansions of the rich. Leave it to the political economists, if

you will, to decide what effect food and clothes and fuel will have on those who need them, but you can not but feel that it will do you good to distribute them with a generous hand. Read or re-read the Christmas litera-

ture to which I have called your attention; let your soul be saturated with the sentiment that pervades it, and act, for the time at least, on the philosophy it teaches.

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER V.

A TIFF.

HOW few even of so-called educated persons, who trust themselves every day to the risks of a railway journey, have any intelligent reason for the faith that is in them. What the ordinary traveller knows of steam-power, or the method by which it acts, is next to nothing; and it is doubtful whether he is even acquainted with the means by which his carriage is kept (when it is kept) from going off the line. It is quite as well, perhaps, that this blissful ignorance exists, if the opinion once expressed to me by one of the most eminent of our railway engineers is a correct one. 'If the public only knew,' said he, 'the risks they run, especially the "shaves" which take place in every railway journey of any length that they undertake, they would stay at home, or set up the coaches again.' And if such is the ignorance of our land travellers, how much greater is that of our voyagers by sea, the whole confiding class that is included in the head 'Passenger.'

It was a type of this class, rather than an exception to it, that Thomas Hood alluded to, in the lady who, being in a vessel which the winds and waves were hurrying to its doom, exhibited such courage and high spirits because she had the Captain's own assurance that 'they were going on shore.'

When the good ship *Rhineland* started from Rotterdam for Bristol on what turned out to be her last voyage, the weather was what seamen term 'dirty;' but it was not for those who had paid the very moderate passage money demanded of them to inquire whether that phrase did not, in this particular case at least, mean 'dangerous.' They could not be expected to understand that when a large consignment of cattle are eating their heads off at a shipowner's expense, a vessel puts to sea in weather that, under other circumstances, would keep her in port, or even that the presence of cattle on the deck of a steamer does not tend to increase its seaworthiness. Except those unhappy persons who never go to sea at all without a presentiment that they shall be drowned, and behold in every wave

the instrument of their destruction, the passengers by the *Rhineland* were without misgivings. Those subject to sea-sickness at once fled to their berths to hide their agonies from the public gaze, and the others repaired to the saloon—the sofas of which rocked like cradles—or secured themselves in such shelter as they could find upon the deck, to snatch a fearful joy from the contemplation of the work of a south-easter.

Among these latter were two persons, with one of whom, Elise Hurt, we are acquainted by name. She is a girl of eighteen years of age or so, of graceful figure, and a face, which, if not beautiful, according to our English notions, is, at least, eminently pleasing. She is tall and fair, and, well, yes, plump. No other word exactly expresses that particular contour, which, however, it may err in years to come on the side of stoutness, is for the present all that can be desired in the way of shapeliness, and no more. Her hair is of a light auburn, and very plentiful; her eyes, of tender blue, are large and thoughtful, and their long lashes droop over them in a manner which Solomon (who was a good judge of such matters) evidently appreciated; he talks of a lady 'taking' one with her eyelids; and this is what Elise Hurt's eyelids did. They took you, or 'fetched' you, as we moderns express it, in spite of all resistance.

The young Englishman by her side upon the deck has, however, made no resistance at all, and to judge by the expression of his bronzed and handsome face, as he arranges his railway rug about her shoulders, he hugs the chain that has enslaved him. His arrangements for her comfort are complete enough, yet he always seems to imagine that something is wanting; and his solicitude appears to somewhat embarrass her. She explains to him in the German tongue, which he perfectly understands, that she is quite comfortable; and also informs

him in a natural and simple way that she is unaccustomed to such kind attentions.

'You will quite spoil me, sir,' she says, 'if you take so much trouble about me, who am not only used to look after myself, but must always do so.'

'You don't know how to take care of your own money,' says he with a good-natured smile, that becomes his olive face exceedingly.

'That is true—or at least it was so on one occasion. If you had not picked up my little purse in the church yesterday, or if it had fallen into bad hands, it would have been a great misfortune to me—nay, a catastrophe.'

'I did not know I had averted a catastrophe,' replied the young man. 'But it was surely imprudent of you to carry so much money about in your pocket.'

"So much money" was only a few pounds, sir; but then you see it was all I had.'

The young gentleman's eyes grew very pitiful. He had a kind heart, which was always sorry for poor people; but it was especially sorry for this particular victim of poverty. It seemed so hard that one so young and so beautiful should be so poor.

'But had you no friend in Rotterdam?'

'No; my aunt—who is my only friend to call such—lives at Heidelberg. My money must last me for many months, though, indeed,' she added, with a smile, 'if all goes well, I expect to make more in England, and to return home quite rich.'

'And how is it, if I may make so bold, that you propose to acquire this fortune?'

'I am engaged as a governess in the house of a rich English family. A friend of my aunt's was so good as to recommend me, though I have never been out before.'

'Poor thing,' ejaculated the young man in English. She laughed aloud.

'Take care what you say,' said she;

‘I have been learning your language—though it is expressly enjoined on me that I am not to speak it—to some purpose. I do not consider myself a “poor thing” at all, I do assure you, but a very lucky girl.’

‘Lucky! What, to be leaving your only friend, and your native land, for a strange country, and a stranger’s roof. It seems to me you are thankful for small mercies. If your case were mine I know I should think it a very hard one.’

‘I hope not; for in the first place, you see, I am no longer an encumbrance to my aunt, who has pinched herself for my sake. Then the lady I am going to, I am assured, is kind, as indeed I gather from her letters. My salary is a better one than I could expect. I like teaching young people, too; and it is a great thing when duty and inclination go together.’

‘Is it?—No doubt it is—of course,’ added the young man, hastily; for he saw that his *niive* rejoinder had somewhat shocked his companion. ‘You see, unfortunately, I have no duties. Life has been made very easy for me.’

‘Still, I should think you would be happier if you made some object for yourself in life.’

‘I am not sure; I am happy enough—or at least I used to be so. I used to feel that I had all that I wanted. And then I am so incurably indolent.’

‘To know one’s faults is half-way, they say, towards remedying them,’ observed the girl, in cheerful tones!

‘Not in my case. For example, I was as nearly as possible late for the packet this morning, notwithstanding that I had a very particular reason for coming by it.’

‘Ah, then, you have more important matters on hand after all, it seems, than you would wish me to believe.’

‘I have no objection your knowing about this particular one—the reason why I wanted to come by the *Rhine-land*. It was because I heard you say that you were going by it.’

‘Sir, I do not think it is right,’ said

the girl, with quiet dignity, ‘that you should say such things to me. Such idle compliments may please young ladies in your own rank of life. To one in mine they are quite inappropriate, and, I must add, in my own particular case, distasteful.’

‘Good Heavens!’ ejaculated the object of this censure. ‘It was unnecessary for you to say that. I could see that I had made a fool of myself before you opened your mouth. I am constantly doing that, however—’

‘With young ladies whom you meet accidentally in foreign churches?’ put in the other, gravely.

‘No; there, upon my honour, you wrong me. I speak thoughtlessly, I know, out of the fulness of my heart; but I am no philanderer—what do you call it in German—a male flirt. I despise such a character; and I should still more despise the man who, taking advantage of having performed a trifling service to an unprotected young lady to win her confidence, should venture to breathe a syllable to her that should be “distasteful.”’

‘The young fellow spoke with fluency enough, but with earnestness also; there was no glibness about his tone; it was plain to see that he had been very much moved and hurt by the suggestion that he had behaved improperly.’

‘I am quite sure that you did not intend any rudeness,’ said the young lady, gently.

‘I hope not, Miss Hurt. I trust that I am at least a gentleman. What annoys me, however, is that you, of all people, should have supposed me capable of such misconduct. I trust I am saying nothing “distasteful” in avowing that your good opinion is of great consequence to me.’

‘I can hardly understand how that can be,’ was the quiet reply, ‘since you never saw me before yesterday, and we are only acquainted with each other’s names, Mr. Gresham.’

‘I cannot understand it either,’ replied he, quickly; ‘I only know it is

so. Before I saw you, heard you speak, or took your hand—for these three events that to you, it seems, look so trivial, are now epochs in my existence—I was a waif and stray in the world. It mattered not to me where I dwelt or whither I went. As it happened, I was going to Paris and thence to England, where I have that home and friends which you tell me I do not sufficiently appreciate. You are a little hard upon me there, for I like my home and love my friends dearly; yet, I will confess, that until yesterday I felt like a ship without sails or anchor, drifting here and there, as the wind might blow. Now all that is changed; I do not venture to hope that you will believe it; but I cannot think I have done wrong in telling you the simple truth.'

I am sure you are speaking what you believe to be the truth, Mr. Gresham,' answered the young girl, gravely; 'but I am not sure that you have not done wrong in telling it me. On the other hand, I am quite certain that I should do wrong to listen to you any further. I thank you heartily for all your kindness to me; but your words have put an end to our acquaintance. I am going below, and shall remain there till we reach land. Good day, sir.'

And she rose from her seat, and held on to the nearest rope, which had long become a necessary precaution to all on deck who would keep their footing.

'Miss Hurt, you are surely not in earnest!' exclaimed the young man. 'The punishment you would thus inflict upon me for a venial fault is—oh! you cannot guess what it is: you are taking away my life blood.'

'If it really seems so, Mr. Gresham,' answered the girl, firmly, 'the discipline, harsh as it may appear, is only the more necessary to you. I am a friendless girl, and you are a gentleman of fortune. The gulf between us—since you compel me to speak of such a matter—is deeper than any

between yonder crested waves. I depend upon your honour, and because I am sure you would not do a cowardly action, not to follow me.'

With steps so hasty, that they did not permit of his offering her any aid, and catching here and there for support, at ropes and blocks, she reached the cabin stairs in a few seconds, and disappeared.

To say truth, this proceeding had required of Elise Hurt not only courage but self-denial. In her own heart she did not think that there was either wrong or danger in what Mr. Gresham had said to her. She only felt that she ought to think so.

Her bringing-up had been of a prudent and somewhat narrow kind—yet not on that account less adapted to her circumstances, which were narrow also. Her aunt, to whose sole care she had been left from an early age, was a solid, sensible woman—of which Germany has, perhaps, a larger share than most nations—and she well understood that her niece could not afford, as girls more blessed with this world's goods might do, to receive any kindness from strange gentlemen that exceeded the limits of mere civil attention; and, in particular, she had warned her against listening to the first words of flattery, or compliment, unless they were so light as to be dispersed by a wholesome laugh. She had taken care also to instil in Elise's mind a proper understanding of her own position, out of which it was very unlikely that she should be raised by marriage, especially in England, where social distinctions were so strongly marked. This advice, winnowed by the machinery of her delicate nature from its more coarse and calculating fibres, Elise had laid to heart, and was now profiting by. But, at the same time, it cost her not a little to exchange the breezy deck with the comforts that Gresham's hand had provided for her there, for the stifling saloon, where no such pleasant companionship awaited her. And his society had been very pleasant. Most

young ladies appreciate the attentions of a well-bred, handsome young fellow, who, naturally indolent, evidently puts himself out of the way to give them pleasure; his youth and respectful ways are agreeable to them; his honied talk, if it is not insipid, is music to them. And if this is so in the general case, how much more grateful was such an acquaintance to a friendless, almost penniless girl, quite unaccustomed to be made much of, and who had never listened to a compliment, neatly turned, from the lips of any man. She blamed Mr. Gresham's folly for having put it out of her power to enjoy his society any longer; but she forgave him. It was very foolish of him to entertain such feelings as he had expressed to her, of course, but if he really did entertain them; if, as he said, he had merely spoken the simple truth to her out of the fulness of his heart, she must needs pity him. But she pitied herself also.

As for Mr. Gresham, left alone on the slanting deck in undisputed possession of his railway rug, he was furious with himself for having kept no better guard upon his tongue. Any one but himself, he argued, would have had more sense than to insinuate, far less declare, his passion for this simple, innocent girl, on so short an acquaintance. He might well congratulate himself that she had not taken his words as a positive insult; that she had set him down for the fool he was, instead of a scoundrel. It had been the height of self-conceit in him to take it for granted that the grateful acquiescence with which this poor, friendless girl had received his attentions, was a reciprocation of his own ardent feelings. What was there in a great hulking fellow like him, that almost at first sight a modest young woman should have been ready to listen to his protestations of love—for what he had said to her, he admitted, was nothing less. He had picked up her purse for her, it is true; but in returning it to her he had only shown

that he was not a thief—certainly not acquired the right to talk to her as a lover. It was a sign he felt his mistake very seriously, that he did not grumble to himself because he had foregone the delights of Paris and the pleasure of meeting Fred Mayne, his old college friend, there, as had been agreed upon, all for nothing—or for worse than nothing—as the being snubbed by this young woman might well be termed. Miss Elise Hurt was the exclusive object of his reflections and regret. He reproached himself for having gone so far as he had done with her, upon another account, also, which for the present need not be mentioned, especially as if he had succeeded in getting her to listen to him, he would not have experienced much remorse. Moreover, though that was a small thing, in comparison with the main distress and disappointment, he had deprived himself, by his own folly, of a charming companion on the voyage. And such a voyage as it was like to be! The packet, half laden with cattle, was by no means the sort of craft which Mr. Gresham was wont to patronize. He always went by the best steamer and by the shortest route. He was never sea sick; but he did not like to be inconvenienced. And now what had he let himself in for? A voyage at the best, of uncertain duration, in a clumsy vessel, labouring in a raging sea against a gale from the south-west; while at the worst—though to do him justice, he was not one to look on the black side of things—he might find himself united with the object of his affections—at the bottom of the Channel.

CHAPTER VI.

DRIVING SHOREWARD.

GRESHAM was no sailor, and he was by no means easily impressed with the sense of personal dan-

ger; but, as the gale increased, he could not avoid the suspicion that the *Rhineland* was incompetent to fight against it, though whether this arose from her build, or the weakness of her engines, or the incompetence of her crew, he was no judge. He only knew for certain that she sank lower in the trough of the sea, remained longer than she had at first in those briny depths of the colour and opaqueness of bottle glass, and rose to the surface no longer buoyantly, but, as it were, with a dead lift. His view of matters was essentially that of a landsman, of course, yet it was clear that things were not as they should be. For example, notwithstanding his thick Ulster and the railway rug, he had now scarcely a dry thread on his body, for wave after wave washed the deck, so that it seemed at times to be under water. Seated at the foot of a mast in almost the centre of the vessel, he was in as level a spot as could be attained, yet his feet were as often as not higher than his head, and only by gripping a tautrope could he save himself at every lurch from being swept with the outgoing waters against the bulwarks.

There had been one or two male passengers who, like himself, had preferred the rough usage of the storm to the sights and sounds, and smells that were only too certain to be met with below stairs; but even these had, sooner or later, sought the shelter of the cabin, save one individual, with bright grey eyes and keen, weather-beaten face, who now ensconced himself close to Gresham. 'When there is war among the elements,' he observed, with a strong American accent, 'man and beast, fore-cabin and saloon passenger, all herd together in presence of the common danger.'

The idea of this individual from the second cabin thinking it necessary to apologise for his intrusion on a privileged locality during what, not only to Mr. Gresham's eyes, but in actual fact, had become little less than a hur-

ricane, tickled that gentleman's sense of humour.

'You have been in a good many gales like this, no doubt?' said he, good naturedly, and also, perhaps, with a secret hope that his companion might reply in the affirmative.

'I have been in a good many gales, yes, *sir*, but not in one like this,' answered the other, slowly. 'This is a most all-fired and catawampious tornado.'

'Do you think the ship will live through it?' inquired Gresham, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume.

'I have not given my consideration, *sir*, to that contingency,' was the reply, delivered with a most philosophic air; 'I don't care two cents about the ship, which, moreover, is doubtless insured beyond her value; but if you ask my opinion as to whether you and I will live through this tornado—well, I give it you plump, I don't think we shall. If I was on dry land, and yet in possession of the facts concerning our position, I would lay ten dollars to one against any person on board this ship getting to land alive.'

'God bless my soul!' ejaculated Gresham, half mechanically, half from the serious shock of this communication.

'Yes, that's just what it's come to,' answered the other; the coolness, not to say the cynicism of whose tone was greatly intensified by a certain prominence in his left cheek which looked as though he were putting his tongue in it, but was really attributable to a plug of tobacco. 'A man—if he's to be called a man—knows how to take the last hard slap of Fate; the one with which she knocks you down for good and all. But the women, they mostly take to hysterics. There will be sad scenes down there, I reckon,' and he pointed to the cabin. 'It's time for them as has Prayer-books to sport 'em.'

'You are a seafaring man, of course, and I am a landsman,' answered Gresham, gravely; else I had hoped that

my ignorance of the extent of our danger had magnified it. Why is it you take such a gloomy view of our position?’

‘Well, the *Rhineland* is not *Al*, and few vessels even that are such could bear such a buffeting as this for many hours; the *engines* don’t work, in my opinion, as they should do; we’re lower in the water than we should be, and I guess there’s water on board below stairs. Moreover—but look yonder and judge for yourself. Our captain would not heave that ballast overboard unless he were in great straits.’

Gresham’s eye followed the direction of his companion’s finger and perceived that one side of the cattle pen had been removed, and a corresponding portion of the ship’s bulwarks swung back upon its hinge, so that with every roll of the ship to leeward many sheep and oxen fell into the sea. It was a simple way of unloading, which the position of the ship, now on one side, now on the other, alone could have rendered possible.

‘There will be less meat for the English markets,’ observed Gresham, resolved not to be outdone in coolness by the representative of Cousin Jonathan.

‘There will be also less mouths to eat it,’ was the quiet rejoinder.

‘Is it not possible to put back?’ inquired Gresham.

‘No. To steer one point out of the wind’s eye would be to write *Finis*.’

‘If the gale doesn’t abate, in short, we are dead men.’

‘Nay, things are not quite so bad; if we can presently hold our course to westward, we shall have the wind behind us. Then we shall run as if the devil were kicking us; and if we are not pooped may find ourselves in Bristol instead of Heaven.’

Though the stranger spoke as if quite indifferent to the alternative, Gresham noticed that his eye watched narrowly every event—or mischance, for the words were now identical—

that took place on board: the breaking loose of various articles that had been hitherto secured to the deck; the occasional crashing of the bulwarks; the lessening load of live stock; the behaviour of the two men at the wheel, and the gestures of the captain, who, despite wind and wave, stuck like a limpet to his post upon the bridge between the paddle-boxes. He understood from what his companion said that if the ship were once in the Bristol Channel there would be a better chance for her, notwithstanding that she would be exposed to dangers of another nature.

Matters had thus endured for many hours, when the calls of hunger necessitated Gresham’s descent into the saloon.

‘If you are going to the larder,’ said his Transatlantic friend, ‘put both meat and drink in your pocket as I do’—and he produced a flask and a loaf—‘for you may need it.’

‘You mean if we have to take to the boats? But one of the sailors told me that nothing but a lifeboat could float in such a sea as this.’

‘Never mind what the sailor told you. Do what *I* tell you. Depend upon it Providence always takes the most care of those who never throw away a chance.’

There seemed good sense, if not much faith, in this advice; and Gresham procured certain supplies from the ship’s steward accordingly. That functionary was very pale and silent, and took the money without a trace of his usual promptness on such occasions. Although no sailor, he had been too many voyages in the *Rhineland* not to know that there was something greatly amiss with this one.

The passengers in the saloon, too, were silent; uttering only a moan or a groan as the shock of a wave threw them from their moorings on the sofas. Some of them had a frightened look in their eyes, like that of a hunted creature who knows not whither to fly; but most had a stern,

grave air. One or two sat hand in hand with their wives, who were weeping silently, but there were very few women present. Gresham glanced into the ladies' cabin as he passed by its open door, and saw Elise Hurt sitting at the corner of the sofa that ran round the room. Her calm, quiet face presented a strange contrast to the sorrowful and despairing looks of her companions.

She rose, and, holding by the little pillars of the cabin, made her way towards him. 'Are matters really so bad, Mr. Gresham,' inquired she, quietly, 'as they are thought to be down here?'

'They are very bad,' he said. 'Would you prefer to come on deck?'

'If I shall not be in the way, I should,' answered she, simply.

The relations between them, it was understood by both, had altered with external circumstances, in the presence of such sudden destruction as threatened them, all prudery disappeared; face to face with death it was moreover impossible that love should again become the topic of conversation.

'Put on every shawl and wrap that you possess,' he gravely said; and she obeyed him.

At the foot of the cabin stairs a lurch more violent than usual shook the vessel, and Elise would have fallen had not the young man clasped her in his arms.

As the vessel lurched a murmur of apprehension arose from the inmates of the saloon. 'What has happened, Mr. Gresham?' she exclaimed.

'I think the ship has changed her course: we are running before the wind.'

They got on deck, and reached their old place of shelter with less of difficulty than Gresham had met with in leaving it; for what he suspected had, in fact, happened. The vessel was now steaming—or rather scudding, for the paddles were of little use—with the gale behind her. The

pitching and the rolling of the ship had somewhat mitigated, and her stern was now receiving the giant blows that had heretofore fallen on her bows. Neither cattle nor sheep now remained on board, and all things that had not been secured to the deck, or formed part of it, had been swept away. The Yankee had gone below, and besides the two men lashed to the wheel, the captain on the bridge, and the sailors at the pumps—which were kept constantly going—the two young people were the only persons who now braved the storm.

Not, however, that the condition of those in the saloon or cabin was much better; for every seam, through the straining of the ship, had begun to leak, and the berths were half full of water.

'Sit here, Elise,' said Gresham, without the least consciousness of having addressed her by her Christian name; 'and do not turn your head or look behind you.'

Being a woman—or perhaps it would be fairer to say, being human—Miss Hurt immediately looked behind her—to behold a sublime spectacle? The sea seemed to be pursuing the ship with open mouth, with the literal intention of swallowing her! Huge mountains of dark green water, fringed with flying foam, were rushing at headlong speed after their trembling prey. It was a chase wherein the odds against the hunted thing were as a thousand to one; for strength and life were failing it. The *Rhineland* flew with amazing speed, but no longer of her own volition.

There was a certain light to starboard, by which it was attempted to steer obliquely, but the ship scarcely answered her helm at all; though this, as it happened was of small importance, for the light was a floating one—the *Hope* lightship, which the gale had driven from her moorings two miles nearer shore. A little canvas, with extreme peril, had been spread in

the forepart of the ship, when she changed her course, to keep her head straight, but this had instantly been split to ribbons. It was plain to the most inexperienced eye that the labouring and groaning vessel was almost *in extremis*.

Suddenly a tremendous sea broke over the bow, sweeping everything, including even the boats, to the afterpart of the deck, lifting the very starboard anchor on to the forecastle, and washing one of the steersmen from the wheel.

That Elise Hurt and Gresham did not share his fate was solely owing to the protection of the mast behind which they were screened. For the moment it seemed that all was over. The steamer, indeed, could no longer be so entitled, for its engines had stopped, the inundation having put the fires out; nor henceforth could the *Rhineland* be termed a vessel—it was a mere log, at the mercy of the winds and waves. Still it floated. Gresham's arm encircled Elise, and drew her closer to him; 'Be of good courage,' he said, 'I see the land.'

For the first time, indeed, the land had become dimly visible by the occasional light afforded by the moon when uneclipsed by the clouds that raced across her. A long black line of coast—high and rocky—showed it-

self on the northern horizon. There were more people now on deck—the watch below among them—who had been driven from their quarters by the inroad of the waves. Despair and irresolution reigned among them, but not in every case.

'Load the gun,' roared the captain.

All the boats were badly damaged, some having been broken to pieces, and in any case no boat could have been lowered in such a sea. The only chance of rescue was from the land; and it was high time to tell, if haply there should be ears to listen to them, in what miserable straits they stood. The powder, in such confusion, was not easily procured, and the operation of loading was still more difficult. But, somehow or other, it was effected. Then the roar of minute gun after minute gun mixed with the artillery of the gale. Every thud of the cannon sounded like a knell to these poor wretches; till suddenly the hearts of all were lighted up by the sight of a thin light to southward. The consciousness of their peril had been at last conveyed to their fellow creatures on shore, and had been thus acknowledged! The light was that of the beacon that the men of the coastguard had lit upon the quay at Halcombe Point.

(To be continued.)

L'HOMME QUI CRIE.

BY FRED. A. DIXON.

CHAPTER I.

SOME three miles across the graceful sweep of the Bay of Tadousac, where the mighty rush of the cold deep waters of the Saguenay into the St. Lawrence is as one of the world's arteries, countless ebbs and flows of tide, ages of ice rift and land slip, of rain wear and storm tear have worn down the ranges of the grey Laurentian mountains into sand and boulder, and thrown up a reef whose treacherous ridge breaks for miles into the great river of the north here as the crow flies, some 15 miles broad, and Lark Reef is but one of the many deadly traps which the mighty, cruel river sets on all hands to catch the daring invaders of its regal privacy. Rocky peaks suddenly upbreking from waters of tremendous depth, crafty shoals, whirling eddies and headstrong currents, with resistless tides which sweep up for three hundred miles and bear on their broad backs the storms and winds of the ocean, would tell fine tales of many a bark caught and battered to its death. Last but by no means least of its terrors are the dense fogs which for hours and even days form an impenetrable veil beyond which may be safety or destruction, but within whose shrouding there is nothing but doubt and danger. Light cannot pierce them, science cannot dispel them. The sense of sight being useless, the sense of hearing comes to the rescue, and science has summoned the genius of noise in aid of imperilled humanity. Through the thick mist one hears the frequent bomb of a can-

non, warning with giant but kindly voice of the razor-like reef of slate to the south, while the harsh discord of a mighty steam whistle shrieks out 'danger ahead!' from the north; and to supplement these great voices of the children of the mist comes ever and again a moan which though feebler is so mournfully suggestive of mishap that vessels might instinctively bear away from its neighbourhood without touch of helm—this last is the voice of 'l'homme qui crie.'

On the portico of the Tadousac hotel, fronting with its white pleasant face curving bay and jutting rock and wide-stretch of water which lies between it and the glint of Cacouna's house-roofs, stood a man of middle height and more than middle age, with a smooth bald head, reddish whiskers and close shaven chin, grey shooting suit and general air of self-reliance—in the aggregate, evidences of British origin and business respectability, engaged in carefully examining the distant water through the big glass of the hotel. His name, as it appeared on the hotel register, was John Seabold, and nationality being self-established there was nothing left for consideration amongst the good gossips whom the summer sun and their husbands' and fathers' partiality for fishing had brought to that trout and salmon haunted neighbourhood, but the abstruse and unfathomable mystery of his business. He was not a grocer, wholesale or retail; he had been sounded on the subject of sugars and had given forth so uncertain a sound that his ignorance of that business

was placed beyond doubt. Similarly he had been weighed in the balance of the stock exchange, and found wanting in even the rudiments of that mysterious jargon. He was not a geologist prospecting for precious metals or prediluvian remains. Being tested for the presence of the necessary knowledge he had confessed to utter confusion respecting Eocene, Miocene, and Pleistocene periods, and was in the dark as to whether a trilobite was a crustacean or a mammal. Upon the seductive charms of the 'real frize brown hackle,' as opposed to those of the common red fly, he was conclusively silent. He was no fisherman. What was he?

'Do you make her out yet, sir?' said one of a group of young men, lazily lounging, cigar in mouth, in their easy chairs behind him. Mr. Seabold stopped a moment to cover his bald head with a silk pocket handkerchief before replying.

'D—— these mosquitoes!' he said. 'Excuse me, but I can't help swearing. If Job had been plagued with these fellows he'd have sworn too. Yes, I see her smoke. She's a good two hours off yet.'

'You don't get mosquitoes in England, then?' queried one of the party.

'Not by the cubic inch as you do here.'

'Oh! you'll get used to that in time.'

'Never. My head is too bald. If my n'ne months here had been nine years it would be all the same. I wasn't born with my skin tanned to leather.'

'Nine months! Why, how you must long to get back.'

'Well, yes; I do. There are one or two things I miss.'

'Yes? and they are?'

'Well, I should like to see once more a piece of yellow broom. A hedge, a chalk cliff, and a fried sole.'

'All matters of taste. I prefer our granite and limestone to chalk, and broiled salmon is as good as fried sole any day.'

All laughed at the retort, and the one who had taken the lead in the conversation whispered to his friends:

'He's a Ramsgate fishmonger.'

A fisher Mr. Seabold certainly was, but not of fish; a seller of fish he was too—queer were some of the fish he sold, and queer were some of his sells. He was a private detective from London, keen on private business.

As he stood presently on the wharf, so jealously guarded by the swift waters of the Saguenay that the steamer, with her freight of tourists 'doing the Saguenay,' had some difficulty in making her way to its side, an observant onlooker would have said that the keen clear eyes which so closely scanned the crowd of passengers had more of business in them than such a pleasure haunt required, while the flash of recognition which lit them up for a moment as they fell on one member of the party who was then coming down the gangway would have told a tale, which it was clear, by the indifference assumed directly after, their owner did not consider it desirable then to make public. The unconscious subject of Mr. John Seabold's interest was a young man of about eight-and-twenty, tall and handsome, with a light, graceful moustache and the dress and bearing of a gentleman. He was followed by a mulatto servant, carrying a despatch box and a bundle of wraps, while a quantity of luggage, gun-cases and fishing-rod's showed his intention of making a protracted visit. Any one in Mr. Seabold's vicinity would have said that that gentleman, as he stood with his back to the vessel, apparently studying intently the whirls and twists of the water round the pier, had positively chuckled. They would not have been mistaken.

Early the next morning society at the hotel would have been full of surmises and genteel excitement at the disappearance of its one mystery, Mr. Seabold, but for the fact that society was charmed with the discovery

that a merciful Providence had cast like some rich pearl, upon their sands a gentleman whose manners showed breeding and refinement, and whose surroundings were rich in suggestions of wealth and good taste. A judicious pumping of his servant, and occasional remarks dropped by himself, brought the information that the new comer was a gentleman of fortune and property in South Carolina; and, further, that the slender fingers, one of which carried an opal of great fire and beauty, had seen service in the rough days when, with the clash of steel and rattle of rifles, the blood of the south had mingled with the blood of the north in deadly quarrel, and the passion which burnt up the hearts of brothers in tongue and land was cooled only with the cooling of the hacked and bullet-riddled bodies of its wretched victims. Mr. Francis Devor, from being an object of interest, became an object of adoration, and when it was known that his plans for the season comprised an extended stay in the little place to which he had been directed in search of health and good fishing, the young lady visitors were in a flutter of excitement, and the dainty morning costumes which their trunks forthwith disgorged would have made an impression on an Icelander. Frankness itself in other respects, Mr. Devor was remarkably reticent upon the all-important subject of his domestic relationships. To the remarkably insinuating, but withal delicate and tactical, suggestions of enterprising mammas he answered with playful evasion. No corkscrew could have been more gently persistent than they; no cork could have held its secrets, closer than he. Life, therefore, still offered its riddle, with the possibility of a prize for the solver—was Mr. Devor married?

Meanwhile, the morning boat, coming down on swift tide from distant Chicoutimi, had carried off on its smoky wings the now jubilant, because successful, Mr. Seabold, from

whom, in the course of a few hours, the telegraph flashed the following pithy message:—

‘From Seabold to Menteith,

‘Brevoort House, New York.

‘Bird arrived. Tadousac. Stays one month. I await orders. Quebec.’

In response to which came back a still more curt reply, which ran:—

‘Menteith to Seabold, Quebec.

‘Wait.’

At the same time a letter was sent by the same person, the nature of which is sufficiently explained by the following response:—

‘Philadelphia.

‘DEAR OLD MAN.—Of course you may count on me—on every bone of my body, or particle of skin upon them, if necessary. Since you will play Don Quixote, I presume that, for old friendship’s sake, I must be content to figure as Sancho Panza; but get the confounded business over as soon as possible.

‘Your’s ever,

‘DONALD CRANSTOUN.’

In accordance with instructions received, Mr. John Seabold amused himself as well as he could beneath the shadow of the massive walls of quaint and glorious old Quebec, a matter not without some difficulty for a man constituted as himself, with no archæological tastes, but little eye for the beautiful in nature, and no acquaintances to aid him in passing away the idle moments. An occasional descent into the haunts of the river police, and a critical examination into the details of the system by which the manners, if not morals, of an immense population of migratory Jack tars of all nationalities were kept in wholesome restraint, tended to the gratification of his professional instincts; and he was occasionally sadly tempted to exercise a little professional dexterity in the loosening of the gorlian knots, which now and then came under his notice. Mr. Frank Devor, on the other hand, found life

at the pretty seaside haunt his physician had selected for him far from monotonous. It is true that, as the season went on, he developed certain characteristics, which coming under the notice of the staid matrons at the hotel, somewhat reduced their anxiety to mate their fair doves to what might not impossibly turn out to be a bird of the hawk species; while as for the men, honest good fellows at heart, who had simply come to try their pet flies upon the speckled beauties of the wild waters before them, entertaining no very great anxiety as to the life of boredom they inflicted upon their wives and daughters, shut up in the dulness of an isolated hotel, they voted him no true fisherman; and when, with a gleam of his white teeth, he day after day pleaded excuse upon excuse for not sharing the, to them, pleasurable hardships of toilsome hours spent in pursuit of their favourite pastime, they did not hesitate to express their opinion freely as to his womanish tastes and ways.

No doubt his ways were womanish, and that a lounge on the gaunt crags of the "Red Rocks," the great porphyritic spar which forms the far end of the pretty harbour, sketch book in hand—there for excuse not use—with a cigarette eternally between his handsome lips, gave him more satisfaction than even the tug of the rushing salmon upon his line could have afforded. Need it be added, seeing that he was what he was, that the younger ladies becoming impressed with the charms of nature, resolved themselves into a company of strolling artists, and his studies of the sublime were seldom unaccompanied by an element often ridiculous—ridiculous, that is, to the cynical on-looker.

But it was in the delicious cool of the summer evening, when the awful chasm of the mighty Saguenay had swallowed up the last sun, and the ripple of the incoming tide was the only sound which broke the stillness of the moon and star-lighted scene,

except when the clumsy roll of a school of porpoises, or the flutter of a party of playful seals dashed the waters of the bay into sound, that the hero of maidenly romance, matronly doubt, and paternal contempt, rose to the zenith of his attractiveness. Then, kneeling in Indian fashion in the stern of his birch-bark canoe, with the moon shining full upon his well-cut features, he would pause in the regular lift and fall of his paddle to murmur words that tickle, and words that soothe, to drive back with his dreamy and handsome eyes, half shut, eyes which nevertheless seemed to fascinate the very soul of the listeners lying enchanted at his feet, into that romantic world of pain and glory, torture, despair, and mad excitement, the days of his soldier life. Often, as his soft musical voice would tell in clear incisive accents of some deed of deadly daring witnessed, or of some bold exploit shared in, or hardship endured, the girl he addressed would feel herself irresistibly drawn forward with a strange unnatural feeling which she could not stop to analyse, and would not if she could, to meet the burning masterful orbs, which like the glittering death in the head of the serpent seemed to compel her near approach; then he, with a smile of a beautiful Satan would say:

'Take care! Take care! You will upset the canoe if you move, and then where should we be?'

And she, falling back again with a little sigh of relief would echo dreamily—'Where indeed.'

It has been experimentally and decisively proved by the close investigation of able scientists and philosophers, that there is more mischief in one meek and modest moonbeam than in ten gallons of your imprudent sunshine, imperial measure.

Occasionally there would sweep down upon river and bay, village and hill-side, a misty veil of fog, so thick that a few steps from door or friend would place the stepper in the land of nowhere, with himself as sole denizen.

Then, from over the water, subdued but not suppressed by the mist, would come the harsh, deep howl from the steam whistle on Red Island light-ship, nine miles away, and the heavy boom of the cannon from Green Island, off the opposite shore, while across the bay came the sound of the fog horn from the new lighthouse on the end of Lark Reef.

Mr. Devor, 'La Diva,' as some wag in the hotel christened him, once, after one of these spells of fog, when the curiosity of the visitors had been excited by the weird uncanny nature of the warning voice from the reef, proposed and organized a picnic to the mysterious spot, and a bright, sunny day saw the party in one of the pleasure boats kept by the fishermen of the place, skimming the waters in the direction of the lighthouse.

Jean Baptiste Raoul, lighthouse keeper, and his pleasant, kindly little wife greeted their visitors in the queer patois of the district—French, with a dash of distorted English—but with a welcome such as Robinson Crusoe might have given, visitors being but rarely seen on the reef. The high, white square tower was duly admired, and the snug little building close by, where the keeper lived. Presently, with an air of no small pride in the instrument, Jean took down from the wall of the cottage a long tin tube, looking extremely like an overgrown squirt with the nozzle off, bearing the government mark, and, drawing out the piston, produced that prolonged, melancholy note which had so often excited their wonderment. 'Ah!' said Mr. Devor, 'you, then, are the man who cries.'

Jean laughed. 'Yes,' he said, 'this is my voice. It isn't very sweet, but it's very useful.'

Looking out upon the long stretch of boulder-strewn sand to the east of the point where they stood, now, at low water, exposed, and at their feet to the huge worn and rounded masses of rock which composed the islet it-

self, and which could be seen stretching under the water like the vertebrae of some huge snake for three miles beyond, it was easy enough to believe in the use of such a voice. One of the party said so.

'Look here,' said Jean, stepping forward and pointing successively to all points of the compass, 'rocks everywhere, danger everywhere; miss the foot of this reef and Vaches patch catches you, unless you are careful; get into this current with the ebb and you will be lucky if you don't go down a hundred fathoms below the bed of the St. Lawrence before you find the bed of the Saguenay. A western breeze with the tide running out over yonder will drive you down upon Red Island, though perhaps you might get ground to pieces on the slate of Green Island instead. Out there to the west, those three humps of rock they call the Brandy Pots are not pleasant neighbours in an easterly gale, and the Pilgrims would send you on a pretty pilgrimage you may be sure. Oh! it is a wild bit of navigation, this.'

'How terrible,' said one of the ladies.

'Yes; but it's as safe as the inside of a church, after all, if a man knows his way about. He can bring his ship in from the sea on the darkest night; it's as easy as walking down a street in Quebec.'

'As long as the wind is all right.'

'Yes; the winds and currents knock a man's calculations into nonsense.'

'You know this coast well, then?' said Mr. Devor.

'Pretty well,' said Jean, with a touch of pride in his voice. 'I've been on it, man and boy, for fifty years.'

'Then you could take any one across if they wanted to go, I suppose?'

'Easily enough—day or night, for that matter—down to the gulf if he wanted to go. But I could not leave this,' and he pointed to the lighthouse.

The suggestion was now made that

the lighthouse itself should be explored, and its lighting apparatus examined. Madame, however, came forward, with many apologies, to say that the basement was fitted up as a sleeping-room and was at that moment in the occupation of a strange gentleman, who had come over for the sake of the fishing off the reef. Madame was grieved at the disappointment, but the party would forgive. The party did forgive, and soon separated, some to spread luncheon on a big boulder, others to stroll on the rocks.

A few minutes after, as Frank Devor was standing on a large boulder near the end of the point, looking abstractedly into the eddies, one of the young ladies of the party, a pretty, graceful Canadian girl, upon whom he had conferred more of attention, burning glances and whispered confidences than mere friendship required, and who, poor girl, had not proved as leathern-hearted as she should have been for her own ease of mind, approached him and in an undertone said :

'What has come over you? You have quite lost your spirits. I suppose it is the melancholy noise of that horrid instrument.'

'Perhaps it is,' he said. 'The fact is I have a strange feeling of trouble impending. The moment I set foot on this place I seemed to feel a repugnance to it. These rocks here,' he continued, looking down at the great boulder on which he stood, 'seem to have a strange fascination for me. I didn't wish to come down to them at first, but I couldn't resist.'

'Oh! you are superstitious, after all, I see,' she said, with a bright laugh, trying, as a kindly woman would do, to coax him into a pleasanter frame of mind. 'The fact is, your artist eye was allured by the beautiful tints of red and brown and green on these boulders, and the white wooden lighthouse yonder, and your feet objected to the wet rocks.'

'Perhaps,' he said.

'What,' she said, as they turned to go back to the rest of the party, 'what did you mean by asking so particularly about crossing the river. You are not thinking of leaving us, are you?' She looked up shyly into his face as she spoke.

His cheek slightly flushed as he replied, pressing the hand he was holding to help its owner over the stones.

'Leave you? no, but I may try to shake off this fancy of mine by a few days' trip to the other side.' He emphasized the 'you' somewhat, and the pressure of the hand savoured of a very warm species of Platonism. She was satisfied—more than satisfied.

'Yes,' he went on as they passed the lighthouse, 'I must get away from here. I am growing nervous again.' He did not explain his observation, and at the moment the door of the lighthouse opened, and out stepped, mopping his bald head with a silk pocket-handkerchief, Mr. John Seabold.

CHAPTER II.

DAYBREAK on the reef. Not like other daybreaks this. The place and its surroundings insisted on a dramatic dawn. The curtain, a heavy veil of mist which hung over lighthouse and river, shut out the glories of the grand spectacle 'The Birth of the Sun God,' which the enterprising manager, Nature, was preparing to exhibit in the east. The sullen, stealthy lap of the tide, now beginning to return, and the twitter of hundreds of the small birds which gave its name to the reef, were the only sounds heard. On the side of the point furthest from the Saguenay, a fisherman's boat, with sails hanging idly against the mast, rose and fell gently, anchored to the rocks, while its owner, stretched at as full length as the tiny cabin allowed, made up arrears of sleep as only a dog or a fisherman can.

A quarter of a mile down the reef, two men, one dressed in a rough pilot coat, and the other with a light Scotch plaid over his shoulders, were pacing the wet and boulder-strewn ground. The former spoke—

'Daybreak he said in his telegram. Daybreak on the tenth. A quarter of a mile from Lark reef lighthouse. It is time they were here, Cran.'

'I wish they would come. Ugh! how cold and raw it is,' and the speaker drew his plaid more closely about his ears, and thrust his hands into his pockets.

'I say,' he went on. 'Suppose your wonderful Seabold has failed for once, Colin.'

'I don't suppose anything of the kind. Seabold is a man who succeeds.' The speaker, Colin Menteith, notwithstanding his tone of assurance, peered anxiously in the direction of the Tadousac Bay.

'Well, all I can say is, that if he does succeed in bringing his man out of a warm bed on a morning like this he is no ordinary fellow.'

'Listen!' said his friend; and through the mist came the sound of paddles, though no canoes could yet be seen, and a voice was heard calling to know whether that was the place where they got their larks.

'Not quite. A little further on yet,' replied another voice.

The two men on the reef listened.

'That's Seabold. It's all right,' said the one called Colin, and his face flushed, and a queer tigerish look came into his grey eyes which boded trouble for somebody.

'Get back to the boat,' he said, speaking hurriedly and in a whisper which sounded like the suppressed roar of a wild beast. 'Get back to the boat. I'll join you presently,' and he waved him off with his hand.

His friend looked at him.

'For God's sake, Colin, don't forget your promise. Only hands remember. Don't murder him.'

'Hands are all I want,' was the

reply, and a grim smile came over the face of the speaker.

Cranstoun, for he it was, stepped rapidly and silently away into the mist.

It was clear that Nature's spectacle was to be but the back ground for humanity's drama.

'Hillo!' came from the water, as a flock of small dun-coloured birds rose from the rocks about a hundred yards off. 'There they are.' It was the voice of Frank Devor, and a moment after the silent listener on the reef heard the canoe touch the rocks.

'I shall get out here,' the voice said.

'Well, I shall go on a little higher up.' And the speaker directly afterwards passed in his canoe, faintly seen through the mist which was now gradually lifting. Mr. Devor, having hauled his canoe up on the rocks, was engaged in fastening his belt of cartridges round his waist; his gun already taken from its case and loaded, leaning against the side of the canoe.

He was whistling cheerfully, and did not observe the approach of any one till, looking round, he saw, standing on a boulder near him, a tall, muscular figure in a pilot coat and Scotch cap. 'Well, my man,' he said, glancing round, 'what do you want?'

The figure made no reply.

'Oh, you're the man who cries up, eh? Well, Mr. L'Homme Qui Crie,' he went on, gayly, 'if you can't cry without your voice, you'd better go and fetch it.' The tall figure still continued intent. Mr. Devor was attracted by the silence as if it had been speech—which indeed it was. He turned round and read that in the steady stern eyes meeting his own which made him put his hand upon his gun. There was a suggestion of madness about this man's conduct. The statue opened its lips and spoke, pointing to the gun.

'Keep that for by-and-by,' it said. 'I have something to settle first.' The voice was cold and hard; a slight

curve of the lip accompanied it; it was not reassuring. Was it the recollection of a something meriting settlement which the words he heard had called from some inner cell of his brain, some microscopic picture of face or deed which, at the summons, had forced its way through the load of other pictures of other faces and other deeds awaiting their turn to be called from the microsmic to the gigantic, from the hidden to the known, from servitude to mastership, which made him put his gun down and answer, with a nervous laugh? He did both.

'You're a strange fellow,' he said. 'What can you want with me? I don't owe you anything.'

'You lie! You do!' came back the reply, still coldly and quietly.

This was no ordinary man—his grievance of no ordinary kind. Devor's mind ran with the swiftness of lightning over his wild *roulé* past without connecting any incident with the face before him. Men, and women too, he had wronged, but on this man surely he had never set eyes before. He was right. He felt the friendly form of his revolver lying ready in his breast pocket before answering—the action not being unobserved by the eagle eyes resting on him. His tone was bolder now, as he said with raised voice, 'Come, come, sir, you mustn't try to play the bully with me. If I am your debtor, as you say, and it is a just claim, why I'll pay it.'

'It is a just claim, God knows, and you will pay it.'

'What is it for?'

'A life.'

Devor smiled contemptuously.

'Sir,' he said, 'You must be mad or dreaming. I have never taken lives or purses. If that is all you want you had better apply to the nearest lunatic asylum. I can do nothing for you. If you don't go, I shall call for assistance.'

'You may call, but no one will hear you; no one can see you in this mist, thank God.'

Devor drew back, with his hand in his breast pocket.

'Who, in the D——'s name, are you, sir?' he said.

His visitor put his hand to his breast and drew out a small gold locket. He opened it, and held it out to the other. It contained on one side the portrait, painted in water-colours, of a young girl with sunny brown hair, and the fresh bloom of sweet maidenhood merging into sweeter womanhood on her cheeks; the other side contained a lock of soft brown hair. Devor held out his hand to take it for closer examination—it was instantly withdrawn.

'Touch that with the tip of your fingers and I'll kill you, you scoundrel. By heaven I will!' roared out its possessor.

'Ah! I see,' said Devor, coolly. 'Only some woman's face.'

Menteith eyed him with a look of disgust.

'Do you know whose?' he said.

'Can't say that I do. I've seen so many in my time.'

'This is the face of Alice Merinden—of Alice Merinden when she was eighteen, and before she knew you. Now do you know?' He spoke very slowly, controlling, evidently with difficulty, the passion which possessed him. Devor's cheek, naturally sallow, slightly flushed, and his eyes, which till then had boldly challenged the searching gaze of the other, now drooped. He turned his head away with a slight shrug of the shoulder.

'Really, sir,' he said, 'you have the advantage of me. I may, of course, have met this lady you speak of, but what of that—how can our chance acquaintance affect you?'

'Chance acquaintance! Look here! I have not had your movements watched and your dishonourable past unearthed for nothing. I know all.'

'Dear me,' said Devor, 'so you have had me watched, have you. What delicate attention! And what did

your resurrectionist discover, may I ask? This is like a scene in a play; stage directions—lights low, enter ghost!

The speaker was more nearly fitting himself to play the part of a ghost than he seemed to think. With a violent effort of self-control, the other replied:

'Four years ago you were on a visit to a family named Derocher, on the banks of the Hudson?'

'You may be right—but since I am to be catechised by you, you will oblige me with your name.'

'You shall learn it in time.'

'As you please,' said Devor, coolly taking a seat on the edge of the canoe, and, placing his gun across his knees, he began to play with the trigger in an abstracted manner, which was not without meaning. Menteith went on, regardless of the action.

'In this house there was a young lady of great beauty and brilliant attainments, whom family troubles, caused by the war, had compelled to earn her bread as companion and governess. Colonel Derocher had been an intimate friend of her father's, and when she was left without home or male protector of her own family she found with him a kindly and loving shelter. This was Alice Merinden.'

'A very interesting story, this of yours, upon my word.'

'It is,' said the other, gravely.

'She was a girl of proud and independent spirit, and would not accept aid from any one, and the only person who had the right to offer her a home was away at the antipodes, seeking in the sheep farms of Australia the means of making one for her.'

'Oh! so you were in Australia sheep farming, eh,' said Devor. With the consciousness of firearms so ready to hand, his spirits rose to the point of chaffing his tormentor. Menteith, in the sadness of his recollections, seemed to forget his presence.

'Then you came,' he went on, and

his voice deepened and trembled slightly, 'devil that you were, with your handsome face, and clever tongue, and all your knowledge of the world, and you set yourself to win this poor girl; to draw her heart out to you, that you might use her store of love for your own ends and not for her happiness. Was it likely that a simple, innocent child like that could help trusting so honest-seeming and passionate a love as you offered her?'

'Oh!' said Devor, 'women always mistake passion for love. They can't help it.'

'Then when her love was all your own, you traded upon it, like the fiend you are, and she consented to run away with you to Chicago, where the marriage might be solemnised. How it was performed you know well.' There was such deadly intent in his voice that Devor was silent. Menteith went on.

'How would you know what became of her? Brutal and vicious as you were, the poor child's love, under your blows and cruelty, soon turned to utter loathing, and from the day when in your drunken spite you told her the story of her marriage ceremony and the clever fraud your villainy had played on her, you have never seen her or her baby. I have.'

'Indeed,' said Devor, with a poor semblance of indifference.

'Yes, she wrote me, God bless her for it, to come to her, she was ill, dying, she said. She had something of interest to tell me. Fortunately, the letter reached me in time, and, as God made her and you marred her, she died in my arms.' The poor fellow's voice seemed to choke for an instant, but only for an instant. His next words were uttered with the firmness of an avenging angel.

'That night I swore that my life and wealth should be devoted to finding you, and punishing you, and at last the time has come. You deserve to die the death of a dog, but you shall have the same chance for your

life that I give myself for my own. I have pistols ready yonder, and you and I will stand at ten paces' distance, please God, in as many minutes.'

With the prospect of immediate action he had grown grimly calm. Devor had long weighed the strength of the man before him, measured his brawny shoulders, and calculated his own chances. Seemingly quiescent and careless, he was ready at an instant's warning to swing the muzzles of his breech-loader round and to pull the triggers. His chances were decidedly the best—so, with a supercilious sneer, he said :

'Thank you, my man, but I don't go out with people I don't know. Besides, what is it all about. Only a governess or a nursemaid, or something of that sort.'

Before the words were out of his mouth, with one bound Menteith had him by the throat. He had, indeed, time to pull the trigger, but the spring made was too sudden to allow of shifting the mouth of the gun, the shot only grazed Menteith's side, and the gun dropped on the rocks at their feet. Strong and wiry as Devor was, he was a mere baby in the hands of the muscular Highlander, to whom passion had added double strength, and in whom the instinct of destruction was now the sole sentiment for the time he was mad ; with his eyes and tongue obtruding, the wretched man under his clutch tried repeatedly to stab his opponent with a hunting knife he had managed to draw from his belt, once indeed he succeeded, but only once. As the two men swayed from side to side on the uncertain foothold the ground afforded in perfect silence, no one at a little distance, had the mist allowed them to be seen, would have imagined what a deadly struggle was going on. At last, by a gigantic effort, the Highlander heaved his foe high over his head, one loud cry of agony was heard, and the next moment a bleeding, crushed and senseless form, a mere shapeless heap, lay on

the wet rocks over which the tide was rapidly rising ; its face half stuck between two big boulders and the neck horribly distorted : it was broken. Vengeance had indeed fallen upon the selfish, handsome roué. He was dead, killed by the messenger of the gods. Menteith, unconscious of everything around him sank, his open mouth gasping for air, upon a big stone, with eyeballs glaring in a fixed glassy stare upon the dreadful object below him. He sat for a long time with his face resting on his hands, stupidly indifferent to the consequences of his act, thinking of nothing, scarcely conscious of life. Meanwhile, the tide rose higher and higher. Whirls and eddies sprang up and played with bits of drift wood and fragments of birch bark borne down by the broad streams of the Saguenay. The incoming tide had a hard fight for the mastery every time it came up, and the force of the current, ever driven back and ever returning to the charge, made great waves along the rocky fringe of the reef, which swept into the greedy waters all that is found there. As Menteith watched, he saw first the hair of his victim lapped and waved to and fro by the water, then the head itself began to nod slowly backward and forward, as though a new and perhaps purer soul had sprung with the touch of the waves, into the home abandoned by its stained and abashed sister. Soon, as the waves gathered strength, it seemed, as though boldness came to them, to sport with the dreadful thing which lay there, with such pretence of human majesty and so little of its energy. They leaped upon it, ran under it, lifted it up and dropped it down, played with its fingers and arms till they looked like the snake limbs of an octopus, and at last, with a triumphant effort, slid their new found treasure from the smooth slippery rock on which it lay, and bore it off with many a queer quaint twist, and turn to join in a giddy waltz where its partners the drift wood and the bits of

grass and weed saw it slowly sucked down by the weight of the heavy belt of cartridges round its waist, till it vanished into the awful unfathomed depths below, where no human eye could see it, no human power reach it. Then the canoe lying higher up was seized, soon shaken from its resting place and floated merrily down the current, out into the rush where the fight between the tide and river waged fiercest. And then the waves turned with the bravery born of success upon a new object. Menteith, the fascination of the dreadful spot being gone, rose with a sigh and turned his steps towards his own boat. As if Heaven had sent its own veil, solely for the purpose of shrouding the deed of its own executioner, the mist slowly rose, and the morning sun shone as brightly on rock, and lighthouse, and river, with the fair bay of Tadousac glinting and sparkling in the distance, with its white hotel not yet awake, and its quaint and ancient little church standing out boldly against a background of grey mountain and yellow sand ridge, just as though no minister of God's justice had visited the spot in the early dawn of day.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS Eve in Quebec; quaint, dear, old, historic Quebec. The city is looking at its very best as the representative city of a land where snow reigns for a third of the year. Other cities may boast of summer charms, but Quebec, glorious under its summer sun, is enchanting under its winter snows. All is life and fun and bustle-to-night, and the streets, where the snow is so dry with frost that it is kicked before the foot of the passer-by like sand, are filled with crowds of people making preparation for the genial morrow. Fabrique Street and St. Johns are alive with sleighs dashing along the narrow road-

way or cleverly creeping up the icy slope past the Esplanade. From farms and villages, dotted all about the white landscape and snugly perched on the sides of the mountain ranges which guard the city; from straggling Beaufort, from St. Foye and the two Lorettes, come sleighs of all kinds and fashions, from the queer little red cariole of the small farmer, with its coarse buffalo robes, to the well-appointed graceful vehicle whose glossy black bear-skin sweeps the snow behind it. The air is melodious with the sound of sleigh bells. Here, tuned to a sweet harmonious jangle, a group, silver-gilt, red-tasselled, adorns the proud backs of the splendid greys which are whirling wealth home from its Christmas-tree shopping, while close by there comes a single, feeble tinkle from the neck of a plucky little beast which is drawing a load of wood for Christmas fires on a home-made *traineau*, and whose owner, red-capped and blanket-coated, trudges patiently by its side with many a cheering 'va donc!' meditating hopefully on the prospects of a sale.

Looking down from Durham Terrace, the warm lights peeping from under the steep tin-covered roofs of the houses far below, upon which the snow cannot rest, the wide stretch of the river, now bearing not a ship on her dark cold bosom, but not yet frozen over, though soon to be so if the Fates are kind; the high banks and houses of Levis, snow-covered but dotted with fire-light and lamp-light across the water, with all their suggestions of life and cheerfulness, cold and misery, of man defying nature, and nature, still and deadly, biding her time to catch him unawares. All these things make up a picture upon which a man may look long and think long. From one of the windows of a house close by a man was looking and thinking; for the better part of four months he had had but little chance of doing either.

When Colin Menteith, guided by

instinct, stumbled in a foolish drunken fashion into the stern of the fisherman's boat, where his friends were awaiting him, he fell into a sleep which lasted till, one day his natural self awoke once more, to find a body so weakened that not a muscle could be found with strength to lift a finger from the bed on which he was lying; with all his brown curly hair clipped and shaved off, and with cheeks so sunken and eyes so hollow that it was only a matter of wonder that the soul ever found again a body so much changed for the worse. He had had an attack of brain fever. Fortunately, Cranstoun was in the boat when he had reached it, and, comprehending more than he saw, he had conveyed his poor friend up to Quebec, though with infinite difficulty, till he was able to place him in comfortable quarters, and under medical care. How terrible had been the struggle for life, when, the brain on fire with excitement, allowed no moment of rest to the poor worn-out body. Seeing, with the vividness of its original horrible reality, a struggle with a foe who did not exist, feeling the stabs of a knife which was not even a shadow, heaving up on high, in arms which soon ceased to possess the power of raising even themselves, the sinewy athletic frame of his phantom opponent—hearing that horrible scream of agony, the voice of the real 'homme qui crie,' ringing through ears which in truth heard nothing; and then, with one superhuman effort, dashing the hateful form on to the cold wet rocks, when his own bed was the hardest spot present to receive the creature of his fancy—what wonder that, strong man as he was, mind destroyed matter and life hung by a thread. Then, for hours, he would sit up in his bed perfectly still, watching with glaring eyes the twirling of eddies and currents as they rushed with resistless force around and around—poor soul!—his bedroom. He would look on, panting, while the dreadful head,

with its load of brown hair nodded backwards and forwards in the playful clutch of the waves, and as it slid away to join the merry dance of driftwood he would shriek at it till it vanished from a gaze which had known nothing of its presence into a whirl of water which existed only in imagination. Then—he would begin the whole scene over again! Fortunately no particular excitement had been caused by the disappearance of Frank Devor. He had gone out in a birch bark canoe, to shoot on the reef, before daybreak, a rash thing for a novice to do at any time, and a particularly rash act in a heavy mist. His canoe had been found, half filled with water, far down the river, it was empty. A 'sad accident' had occurred, and Mr. Devor was 'drowned.' So the newspapers said, and they ought to know. The Saguenay River contradicted the story. The doctors at Quebec, of whom Cranstoun anxiously enquired respecting the origin of these strange hallucinations of his friend's brain, were quite authoritative upon the subject; and their lucid explanations of how, in inflammatory disease of the brain, the ganglia connecting the sensory nerves from the eye with the cerebral centres of vision and the gray matter of the frontal convolutions, were capable of producing most realistic impressions upon the brain, which had no element of reality in fact, were most edifying and satisfactory to the listener. Mr. Cranstoun's friend had probably, they conjectured, been a great reader of novels. Mr. Cranstoun admitted that he was.

As Menteith, sitting, weakly enough, but still sanely, in his invalid's chair, looks dreamily out in the depressing dusk of evening into the cold world beyond his window, the warm fire-light and lighted lamps within trying in vain to coax him into kindlier thoughts, a tiny tap comes to his door, and, after a severe struggle with the

handle, a little three-year-old girl puts her golden head into the room, and having entered, and, with a backward push of her whole small body's weight, shut the door with a loud slam, a delicate notification to the invalid's ears of her presence there, and one duly appreciated, says, by way probably of a concession to the politenesses of society, 'May I tum in?'

'Tum in, indeed!' he says. 'Well, I should say you are in already. What do you think?'

They both laugh over this big joke, and the mite, who carries a doll with the pinkest of cheeks, tawniest of hair and bluest of eyes, cuddled up to her own wee breast like the miniature woman she is, to say nothing of a big picture book of nursery tales under the other arm, runs across the room to his chair, and, first depositing her load upon his knees, noisily drags another chair to his side as a means of mounting to the same blissful eminence.

'Well, little witch,' he says, stroking the golden head fondly, 'and what have you got to say to me?'

'Oh, I've dot sumpsin to say to zoo pesently.'

'Oh, now! let it be now,' he answers. 'I implore you, fair maid, not "pesently." I hate pesently.'

Then, after a pretty affectation of finding the place for him in her book by the letterpress rather than by the pictures, she descended from her perch and, with hands folded decorously behind her little back, enchants the ears of her audience by reciting, in a manner print can but faintly express, the well-beloved of children ditty:

'Sin' a song o' sispence,
Pot it till o' hie,
Sor an' tenty bat birds
Bate in a ple.
When the pie was opened
The birds be dan to sin',
Wasn't that a dainty dis',
To set before the tlu'.'

'If you don't come and kiss me at once,' he says, 'I shall go mad.'

She is quite accustomed to his chaff. 'Be twiet, there's some more,' is

all the response she makes to his appeal.

'Some more is there? On with the steam then.'

His hand involuntarily plays about his watch-chain, and the locket his fingers open shows a fair young girl face opposite to a lock of soft, brown hair, wonderfully like to the face of the little maiden in her white frock, with its blue sash around her tiny waist, standing opposite to him.

With a gulp for a fresh stock of breath she goes on—

'The tin' was in his tountin' house
Tountin' out his money,
The tween was in the parlour
Eatin' bed an honey,
The maid was in the darden
Hanin' out the toes,
Tame a 'ittle bat-bird
And nipped off her nose.'

'There! now you tan tiss me if you like—it's finiscd.' she added, graciously.

His hand was over his face, and, as the child looked, two big drops came trickling down upon the book.

'Why, you're tyin',' she said, don't ty.' And she nestled her face in his breast by way of conferring her small utmost of consolation. He drew her to him and kissed her.

'Let me tum up and see the lotit,' said the fairy; and, without waiting for permission, she proceeded to mount upon his knee.

'Who is this, Alie?' he said, holding up the locket before her.

'Poor mamma,' she said, kissing the locket.

'And who am I!'

This was evidently a regular business—this game of question and answer.

'You? You're poor mamma's old lover,' she replied.

'And what are you?' he went on.

'I'm poor mamma's darling.'

'Anything else?'

She burst into a perfect ripple of laughter, and, throwing her pretty arms about his neck, she screamed out:—

'Yes! I'm your little sweetheart, for ever and ever.'

CHRISTMAS.

1878.

BY WATTEN SMALL.

THRO' fretted roof, and dim cathedral aisle,
 With heart and voice, prolong the glad refrain
 Of Angel's song, first heard o'er Bethlehem's plain,
 Thro' centuries of war, of strife, and guile ;
 And shall we not cry peace ! aye, peace to all,
 And joy as well, in Christmas homes to-day ;
 May speech and song and ancient roundelay
 Old bygone memories and joys recall ;
 For we are one by human sighs and tears,
 And link'd by bonds, both sacred and divine ;
 While race to race, in all the future years
 Rich in all knowledge of the passing time,
 Shall wider grow, and science, art proclaim
 Good will to all of every clime and name.

ROUND THE TABLE.

DO any of the guests ever make scrap-books, I wonder? Scrap-books are so nice, I really love to look at them. To me no book is half so interesting as a pretty scrap-book, with the scraps neatly pasted in,—of course,—and a few pictures to relieve the monotony. I am a regular old scrap-book maker, and I think I have reduced the art to a real science. One might just as well make a handsome scrap-book as an ugly one. It may require more pains and a little exercise of the quality called patience, perhaps, but look at the result! I have no less than four scrap-books, and when my friends drop in on me of a rainy or stormy day, they tell me it is a real pleasure to sit by the fire with one of my scrap-books before

them. I prefer to have all my books of the same size and style, and in pasting my scraps I always use a napkin or a linen rag, and rub my scraps down hard on the page, until there is not a wrinkle or a crease to be seen. When it dries it looks as hard and brittle as a printed page in any book. I never use flour paste, nor gum arabic, nor mucilage, which is nearly the same thing, because the former gets sour, and, by-and-bye, the scraps begin to peel off; and the gum runs through to the ink, and the clipping soon commences to look soiled and black. My brother is a clerk in a drug store, and he has enlightened me as to the best article for scrap-book purposes. Ask in any chemist's shop for a little druggist's paste, and you can get

enough for a few cents to make a book of forty or fifty pages. You can see the stuff I mean in small jars on the apothecary's counter. It is used for sticking on labels, and it is a clean and almost transparent substance. You never have any trouble with it. It is always available, and if, from long standing, it should become dry, a tablespoonful of hot or cold water will soon make it all right again, and reduce it to the proper consistence for immediate use. If you want to make the paste yourself, all you have to do is to ask at your druggist's for half an ounce of pure gum tragacanth and a quarter of an ounce of gum acacia. Mix these together in a cup, and pour water over them. In an hour or two the paste will be ready, and I have never known it to prove unsatisfactory.

In making your scrap-book you should aim at variety, and as there are plenty of coloured pictures to be had at small prices, there can be no difficulty in securing that end. Do not fill your book with pictures either, but pay particular attention to your reading matter. There are hundreds of pretty poems going about in the newspapers, numberless anecdotes of famous personages, cute little stories, funny paragraphs, sketches of people and clever newspaper criticisms of men, women and books, and from these materials it is a very easy thing, for any one of taste, to make quite an acceptable volume of the brightest things to be had. I know a young friend of mine who has been making scrap-books for five years, and she has no less than ten complete volumes, and a new one partly under way now. I never tire of looking at them. I think one can hardly do better during the coming winter evenings than spend an odd hour, now and then, in the very enjoyable occupation of making a scrap-book. The pleasure afterwards will amply repay all the trouble you may go to.

SOPHIE.

—Just about this time everybody has been wishing everybody else, a 'Merry Christmas,' and family parties have met to discuss the regulation turkey and plum pudding, and surprises, more or less successful, have been contrived, and all well-conditioned persons have been doing their best in looks, and speech, and behaviour, to do honour to the great *fête day* of the year. And, no doubt, some of those more philosophical and 'advanced' individuals, whose mission it seems to be to make simple folk uncomfortable, have been moralising, inwardly, if not outwardly, on the hollowness and conventionality of the whole thing, and wondering how long this highly developed age, with its 'culture' and common sense, is going to keep up so childish an observance. Well, we may at once admit that the 'merry Christmas' is often a mere formality, that the average Christmas party is often a very common-place affair, that Christmas gifts are not *always* the spontaneous tokens of affection, but are often rather a heavy tax on the slender resources of ill-furnished purses, and that it is by no means common for long absent and long estranged prodigal sons, or husbands, or brothers, to return appropriately, on the eve of Christmas day, as they invariably do in the blessed realm of story-land. What then! We don't have ideal Christmases any more than we have ideal lives. We have them to match these very commonplace and imperfect lives and characters of ours; but though they partake, as they needs must, of human imperfection, it does not at all follow that we should be better without them. No! let us be thankful for our Christmas day, even apart from the great event which it more specially commemorates, and in honour of which we chant our Christmas song. Let us be thankful that, even in the scientific reign of Professor Huxley and his disciples, this great Christian observance keeps its place, a witness to the power of mind over matter, and to the deathless

element in man; a witness to the power of a principle other than that of the 'survival of the fittest,' and a 'law' which is not that of blind relentless 'force!' Let us be thankful that Christmas day testifies to the rest of the year, of what the rest of the year should be, in its brotherly kindness, its charity, its closer drawing of the bonds of family union and family love. Let us be thankful for its tenderness to the little children, in the spirit of Him whose birth the day commemorates, so that in their innocent glee we may still catch some of the truest echoes of the first 'Christmas Carol,' which floated above the silent Syrian plains. Let us be thankful for each one of its humanising influences, which draw us out of the oyster-shell of *self*, so that even they may rejoice in the Christmas joy of others, to whom no 'Merry Christmas,' no blessed Christmas reunion is any longer personally possible. Let us be thankful for the spirit of human brotherhood which it strengthens and intensifies, so that the happiest may feel, amid their abundant blessings, for such heavy hearted sufferers as the victims of the Glasgow Bank Directors, or those still more pitiable sufferers among far away valleys, devastated by battle, or massacre, or famine. Let us be thankful that the spirit of Christmas gathers into its ample embrace, even the waifs and strays of humanity, that some rays of its light penetrate to the poorest homes, steal even into poor-houses and prisons, and that its generous warmth convinces even a Scrooge that the Tiny Tims have their blessed mission, and do not belong to the 'surplus population' after all! Let us think what our year would be without its Christmas Day, what our lives would be without their

Christmas memories, their softening influences of Christmas past and present; and then we shall be more ready to appreciate the benefits which its observance has brought to the world, and to estimate it as not the least of the many blessings which have followed in the train of the 'divine event' which the Christian world commemorates on Christmas Day.

F.

—On the Christmas Eve of 1873, it was my privilege to witness a singular and beautiful phenomenon. The night was calm, but not very cold; the sky was clear, with the exception of small fleecy clouds, which now and then flitted before and obscured the moon, which was about three-quarters full. Near midnight, the moon having almost reached the zenith, these soft fleeces seemed to have concentrated themselves into one cloud directly across her disc; and this had assumed the shape of an immense and luminous cross. Perfect in form, sharp and clear in outline, it looked as if cut in purest alabaster, whilst the moon was set like a softly glowing jewel in the centre of the cross. The spectacle was sublime, and, appearing just when it did, seemed like a beautiful miracle of the holy season at hand. It was a Divine poem written upon the face of nature. It was as if the Star in the East of eighteen centuries ago were shown us now a cross—emblem of all that Divine love had done for us, even as the Star had been a promise of what would be done. And in this sign of fulfilment, as in the olden one of prophecy, was to be read alike the glad tidings; the assurance of 'Peace on Earth and Good Will Towards Men!'

* *

PAPERS BY A BYSTANDER.

NO. 1.

IN the Old World, the Eastern Question and its ramifications still fill the scene. England declares her determination to enforce, Russia professes her willingness to execute, the Treaty of Berlin. To enforce or execute the Treaty of Berlin is possible to no mortal power. The supposed settlement embodied in that treaty was a diplomatic structure built in defiance of the decrees of nature. It assumed the finality of a mere stage in the descent of the avalanche. The Ottoman Empire cannot be preserved. It is one of those military empires of the East which have never become industrial or civilized, and which when, the era of conquest being over, their military force has declined, have in them no antidote to dissolution, no source of renewed life. Vain have been all attempts to prop it permanently with arms; still more vain all attempts to regenerate it by loans. Each successive loan has aggravated the malady of corruption, and hastened the steps of death.

There are two strong currents of opinion on this subject, running opposite ways. Recognizing the importance of both, we must, of course, present the view which commends itself to us. In the struggle between England and Russia, the Muscovite, whatever his motives may be (and they are probably as mixed as those of men and nations in general), has the advantage of fighting on the side of nature, which ordains that the dead Turkish Empire shall be buried, and that the young nationalities, which Ottoman rule has repressed, shall have freedom to rise, and to restore to civilization and fruitfulness the barbarized and desolated coasts of the Eastern Mediterranean.

England, in maintaining the integrity and independence of Turkey, is fighting against nature; in struggling to prevent the resurrection of nationalities, she is struggling both against nature and her nobler self. By her seizure of Cyprus she has disqualified herself, in the eyes of all the world, for the part of a disinterested defender of civilization against the Cossack. But a policy of selfish, and ultimately hopeless, repression in the Eastern Mediterranean is entailed upon her by the possession of India, now that the route is by the Suez Canal. If the route were still by the Cape, England would be generously promoting the emancipation of Bulgaria and the extension of Greece.

In the case of Bulgaria the weakness of the policy to which England is reduced by her interest, real or supposed, has become very apparent. A single Bulgaria, being strong, might have been independent, and its possession of a post on the Ægean would hardly have been a serious menace to the greatest naval power in the world. Two weak Bulgarias, which England is struggling to call into existence, will almost inevitably fall under the influence of Russia, who will be able to present herself both as a protectress and as a patroness of union. It might almost be supposed that Russia, by a stroke of Machiavellian policy, had entrapped England into taking the odious part of insisting on an impracticable division, and thereby making a deadly enemy of a young nation.

In spite of all efforts to confine it within the limits of the Turkish Empire, the imbroglio seems likely to spread. Austria trembles, and not without reason. She has totally failed

in the attempt to fuse into one nation, under a common Parliamentary Government, the various members of her heterogeneous Empire, while the bond of fear which, in former days, held them together has been removed by the decline of the Turkish power. The German, Magyar and Slavonic elements start asunder at the touch of any question which concerns the interest or the sentiment of race. An irresistible attraction draws the German element towards the Fatherland, and Bismarck may well abstain from snatching by force that which, in the course of nature, time will bring. But the immediate cause of alarm to Austria is the growth in her neighbourhood of Slavonic communities, which will agitate and attract her own Slavs. The dread of this draws her to the side of England, to whom she brings an alliance which is, unfortunately, at once that of an incurable invalid and that of a bad cause.

The cautious policy which avoided pushing the British Empire aggressively up to the Russian, in the belief that the two Empires might co-exist in peace, has been reversed in Asia Minor by the defensive alliance with Turkey, and is being, at the same time, reversed by the same party on the North-Western frontier of India. It is idle to investigate the merits of the quarrel with the Ameer. The Prime Minister of England has avowed that the real object of the war is the rectification of the British frontier, which, he says, is at present haphazard, but by taking from the Ameer a part of his territory is to be made scientific. To pick a convenient quarrel with a half-civilized potentate is not difficult, particularly when he knows that he is threatened with curtailment of his territory, if not with annexation. The Ameer will, of course, succumb to the British power; Afghanistan will be conquered, a portion of it annexed outright, and the rest turned into a vassal kingdom, regulated, like the Indian principalities,

by an Englishenvoy. Thenceforth the Afghan tribes will probably be unanimous in their hatred of the English, and though we need not expect a repetition of the former disaster, the country is not likely to be held without much trouble and great expense. There is, so far, nothing whatever to prove that Russia is behind the Ameer. It seems certain that he has not been supplied by her with arms, much less with troops. The chances, therefore, are against immediate war between England and Russia, and in favour of some temporary arrangement of their rival pretensions at the expense of the unfortunate Ameer. It has been abundantly demonstrated that the personal leanings of the present Czar are thoroughly pacific, and that had he been trusted in the first instance, instead of being repelled and insulted, the Turkish question might have been settled, for a time at least, without a war. But the thread of his life is worn and frail, and his son's character is cast in a different mould.

Two paths now lie before the English people—the old one of industry and moderation, the new one of military aggrandizement—and the question which of these paths they shall take is to them the all absorbing question of the hour. It is not surprising to hear that there are schemes on foot for the formation of a third party representing the opinions of such men as Lord Derby and Lord Grey, who are Conservative with regard to home affairs, but believe that the foreign policy of the present Conservative Government is leading the country to ruin. An intense struggle of opinion is going on, and the opposite theories of national morality are being presented in the sharpest forms. Sir James Stephen, as the philosopher and friend of Aggrandizement, boldly repudiates those restraints of international law the imposition of which upon lawless force was supposed to be the great achievement of modern civilization,

and maintains that the dealings of England with weaker nations are to be determined by her 'policy,' not by the rules of right. Mr. James Ram, in his 'Philosophy of War,' if we may judge by a review of the work, goes even further than Sir James Stephen, and wishes to restore, for the benefit of the strong, that primeval state of things in which the human herds lived like other wild animals, in a normal state of mutual hostility, and the most vigorous brute survived. On the other hand, the cause of civilized morality is supported in the *Fortnightly Review* by Mr. Lowe, who, we may safely say, is as free from weak sentimentality, or weakness of any kind, as Sir James Stephen or Mr. Ram.

The existence of dissension in the Government itself is denied; but it was denied just as roundly at a time when, as subsequently appeared, two members of the Cabinet were on the brink of resignation. There can be little doubt that the summoning of Parliament represents a partial victory of the more moderate section of the Cabinet over their extreme colleagues. The Prime Minister has never concealed his dislike of Parliamentary government or his preference for government by prerogative, and throughout these transactions he has been evidently striving to exercise the power of the Crown without the control of Parliament. But his colleagues are younger men; they have a future before them, and they are probably unwilling to let their chief commit them to desperate courses. A serious reverse in a war commenced without the sanction of Parliament would, they know, be their political ruin. While Lord Derby remained in the Cabinet Lord Salisbury had a rival for the succession, and he was afraid to oppose the Prime Minister, in whose power the decision lay; now he is rid of his rival, and can afford to take his own line, for his resignation would unquestionably be fatal to the Government.

In the country the tide seems of late to have been turning against Ministers. In Parliament the Government is still sure of its majority. Perhaps some of the city members may share the fears excited by the present policy among the commercial classes, and it may possibly be to such waverers that the threat of a dissolution is addressed. Two or three times before, warnings of a dissolution have been given, but each time the Government has recoiled from the step, warned probably by the electioneering agents, whom it constantly consults, that there was danger of a loss of seats, which would look like a condemnation of its policy. If a general election now takes place there can be but little doubt that the Opposition will gain, though it is not at all likely that the Government majority will be wiped out. The Tories have the great advantage of possessing in the landowners, with their vassal train of tenant farmers, in the clergy, the licensed victuallers, and the populace of the cities organized into Conservative Working Men's Clubs, a mass of supporters which is absolutely obedient to the command of the party, and which no adverse argument can move. In the regular course of things, the end of the present Parliament is not very distant, and the Tories may deem it their best policy to get a fresh seven years' lease of power, even at some sacrifice of numerical strength, before the progress of the reaction has completely turned the scale.

The ardour of Jingoism* could hardly fail to be chilled by commercial distress. There is in England an enormous amount of inherited or accumulated wealth, which has scarcely yet been touched by the depression; but among the commercial and industrial classes the suffering is severe, and the outlook gloomy in the extreme. In his

* No apology is needed for the use of this word, which, though a new comer, is as completely naturalized as its French counterpart, *Chauvinism*, or as the English *Whig* and *Tory*.

Guildhall speech the Prime Minister bade his hearers look for a return of prosperity on the ground of the improvement which had commenced in the trade of the United States; but it is not easy to see how English industry is to be relieved by the revived activity of its most dangerous rival. Unless things take a favourable turn we must be prepared for a spectacle of industrial distress such as has hardly ever been seen. Within the last century, and especially since the repeal of the Corn Laws, England has given birth to an immense population wholly dependent on manufactures for their bread, besides the multitudes employed in the carrying trade and in the general business of distribution. The effect of a permanent loss of work among these masses would be second in its hideousness only to that of an Indian famine. History, speaking from the grass-grown streets of many a once thronged and busy city, tells us that commerce, though bountiful, has wings; and one element of the miraculous prosperity of England, the monopoly of manufactures which fell to her through the devastation of Europe by the great continental wars, has departed to return no more. Wages have been falling with terrible rapidity, notwithstanding the desperate efforts of the workingmen to maintain them at their former level by strikes. The result must be a great cheapening of English labour and its products, which will expose the manufacturers of other countries, including Canada, to severer competition.

If an ardent Imperialist wants to understand how a patriotic Englishman can be opposed to a policy of aggrandizement, let him take a walk through one of the low quarters of London, or of any one of the great English cities, and afterwards visit the cottages of the labourers in one of the poorer agricultural counties. He will then be able, perhaps, to sympathize with those who think that government and the community have

some objects of pressing concern nearer at hand than Cabul or Batoum. But the rulers whose thoughts are engrossed by the game which they are playing at Cabul and Batoum, are members of an aristocratic class which hardly ever comes into contact with the masses of want, ignorance and misery lying close to their own doors. The corrupt demagogism of the United States is expensive as well as demoralizing; but it is not so expensive as the total misdirection of the policy and energies of an industrial nation by a ruling class unconnected with industry and living apart from the people.

The Message with which the President of the United States has opened the Session at Washington, is flouted by some American journals as "mild optimism." Friendly onlookers will perhaps be more tolerant of mildness than partisans, and as the President's optimism is not indiscriminate or unqualified, it can hardly be said to be unwarranted. The financial burden which the war left upon the country, continues to be lightened by the reduction both of the principal debt and of the rate of interest, to the credit of the American financiers as well as to the relief of the people; and if commercial prosperity cannot be said to have returned, symptoms of its return appear. Furnaces which have been idle for ten years, are now in blast again. But there is a still better cause both for rejoicing and for hope in the recent victory of hard money, and the assurance thereby afforded of a sound currency, the life of trade. It is true that the Greenback vote in the late election was large, though by no means so large as everybody expected it to be, and in case of a square fight between the Republican and Democratic parties, the Greenbackers might be strong enough to turn the scale. But a great many Democrats, especially in the commercial and banking centres, are hard money men, and it is scarcely conceivable, that if they are not office seekers.

or wirepullers, they will allow their allegiance to a faction to carry them the length of voting for national ruin. Once more the Republic has been saved from a great peril, by the sure, though slow, awakening of the good sense of its people. The victory itself was not more valuable than the way in which it was won. A question so intricate, so dry, and so unavailable for clap-trap rhetoric as the currency, puts the popular intelligence and the principle of self-government to the severest possible test; and in this case the test was well borne. The people when fairly aroused to the necessity of attention, gave their minds to the subject, listened to the arguments, mastered the essential points and voted right. It was noticed that the vote on the right side was largest where the politicians, who generally give the people credit for less wisdom and morality than they possess, had the courage of their opinions, and put the issue boldly. There has seldom been a better national debate, or one which more clearly proved how great an advantage it is to political economists and teachers of political science generally, to be forced to put their theories in a practical form and bring them to a level with the intelligence of ordinary men. The smartest thing said in the discussion was, 'If the State can make money, why does it come to me for taxes?' We did not happen to see the Greenback answer.

It is only to be regretted that the same good sense which yesterday rejected Greenbackism did not fifteen years ago put its veto on inconvertible paper. By doing so, it would have averted fearful derangement of commerce and also the industrial disputes arising from fluctuations in the value of wages, as well as an enormous addition to the burden of national debt. In justice to the Greenbackers it must be remembered that many of them are being absolutely crushed, as mortgagors or debtors in other ways, by the pressure of liabilities contracted ori-

ginally in depreciated paper which now, the paper having risen to par, are devouring the whole of their substance. This it is, not the mere spirit of fraudulent repudiation, that has been the mainspring of the greenback agitation. Despair is a violent counsellor. Distress far short of despair led the English landlords, when the price of their corn fell after the close of the French war to use their control over Parliament for the purpose of passing the Corn Law to keep up prices and rents while the people were deprived of bread.

One effect of the alarm caused by the Greenback agitation has been the reconsolidation of the Republican party which had split on the question of administrative reform. It is to be hoped that the question of administrative reform, which is as vital as that of the currency though less urgent, will not be allowed to suffer by the postponement. A permanent reconstruction of the "machine" as it was in the time of Grant, with the men who then worked it, and all its jobbery and corruption, would be a miserable result of a great national effort. More than this it would be pregnant with the most serious danger, if anything like the domination of the carpet-baggers were to be revived at the South.

Southern troubles are not at an end. The evil memory of slavery was revived the other day by the burning of a negro alive, a hideous act of barbarism more than once committed, we believe, under the old regime. It is difficult to imagine any complete solution of this problem. When two races cannot intermarry, their social fusion is impossible; and without social fusion, political unity and equality are hopeless. It is evident that though the nation has conferred upon the negro an equality of civil rights, his exercise of the suffrage is forcibly prevented in South Carolina and some other Southern States. Not only the negro but the white who belongs to the national

party, seems to be virtually deprived of his franchise. Rebellion, worsted in the field, renews the struggle in a milder form at the polls, and at the polls, as in the field, it will have to be put down. The issue of the Civil war decided that the American Republic was to be not a congress of sovereign States, but a nation. It will have to assert its nationality in the highest and most important of all questions by enforcing the electoral law. Self-government to any extent is compatible with national unity, and the more of it there is, the higher politically the community will be; but national unity ceases to exist if the decrees of the supreme legislature can be defied. It is probable that the Democrats, as the party of resistance to national sovereignty, first in the interest of revolutionary liberty, and afterwards of slavery, will league themselves with resistance to the electoral law of the nation at the South as they do with Greenbackism and social agitation at the North; and it is possible that these combined forces may prevail. But it is also possible that the national spirit being evoked, the Republic may be victorious once more.

From Europe and the United States we come back to Canada. Since the last article on current politics appeared in this magazine a great revolution has taken place in Canadian politics. Whoever may be prophetic after the event, the event itself took both parties by surprise, and in this consists the real significance of the revolution. The wirepullers, however busy, had little to do with the result, and their calculations, on both sides, were ludicrously falsified. The political principles, or what are styled the political principles, of the two parties went for nothing; their conventional professions of loyalty and their mutual charges of disloyalty fell dead upon the public ear. The country was swept by the National Policy. It was swept, that is, by the determination

of the people to give a trial to a fiscal policy which they thought might possibly do something for their material interests, and afford them some relief from commercial depression. Under the influence of this motive, not from change of political opinion, they trampled down party barriers, broke party allegiance under the friendly cover of the ballot, and put the Government into the hands of those who had declared themselves willing to make the desired experiment. The result indicates that the people, as they grow in intelligence, will prefer their substantial interests to the figments of party politics, and it is full both of instruction and of happy augury for the future.

In assigning the desire to give the National Policy a trial as the main cause of the changes, we do not leave out of sight the great personal popularity of Sir John Macdonald, and the general conviction that he is the ablest of Canadian statesmen. The Pacific Scandal having been properly condemned, and visited with temporary exclusion from power, the people were willing that the king should have his own again. That the national verdict on the Pacific Railway transaction has been reversed, or that public feeling has undergone any alteration on that subject, there is not the slightest reason for believing. The people have simply refused, in choosing their government, at a practical crisis of the most serious kind, to allow all other considerations, including the repeated violations of reform and purity pledges by those in power, to be swallowed up in the memory of a single offence. The writers of the *Globe*, indeed, preached in tones of passionate earnestness the duty of inflexible society towards so great a criminal; but these high teachings were deprived of some of their force by the notoriety of the fact that the teachers were in the pay of Sir John Macdonald's political rival. We are often called upon to remark how credulous are

gentlemen of this class in their estimate of the credulity of other men.

A third factor in the revolution was, no doubt, the determination of genuine Liberals to deliver themselves and their cause, if possible, from the strangling grasp of Gritism, which had been fatally tightened since the departure of Mr. Dorion from the Government and the resignation of Mr. Blake. It is certain that, in the cities especially, a large Liberal vote—a vote large enough, as has been computed, to turn several elections—was cast against the reactionary despotism of the *Globe*. It is equally certain that, from their own point of view, and with reference to the interest of their own cause, these seceders acted wisely. To all charges of apostasy they may conclusively reply that the domination of the *Globe* is not the ascendancy of Liberal principles, but as much the reverse as possible, and that to secure the ascendancy of Liberal principles was the sole object with which they entered the party. If they have deserted, it is from the camp of deserters. The Government of Sir John Macdonald cannot possibly be more reactionary than was that of Mr. Brown; it will probably, in some important respects be more progressive; it will certainly be far abler; and it will be a Parliamentary Government, not a Government of outside influence. Mr. Mackenzie's friends boast of his personal purity, and not without justice; but they forget that if he was innocent of the corruption with which they charge his rivals, his connection with the proprietors of the *Globe* was equivocal, humiliating to the national Government, and, at the same time, injurious to the character of the press. So people would say in England if a similar connection existed there between the Prime Minister and the *Times*.

On the success of the genuine Liberals in shaking off the yoke of Gritism depends the future of their party. If they fail, every Liberal tendency

will be discouraged, every Liberal movement vetoed, like the movement for the reform of the Senate, every man of truly Liberal tendencies treated with suspicion as before. Nothing will be left but the old professions of reform and purity which, unless there is some object to inspire disinterested efforts, are sure to be again belied. The circulation of the *Globe* since its defeat has been declining, and its desperate efforts to destroy the independent Liberal press in the West have failed. Even in Toronto it has been thrust out of a large part of its former domination. It is reduced to vending a weak and suspicious brand of the Conservatism which is found undoubtedly genuine in the *Mail*. To take care that it shall not recover its monopoly of opinion will be the obvious policy of those who have raised the standard of revolt against it. There appears also to be an inclination to transfer the leadership, if possible, from Mr. Mackenzie, as the special nominee of the *Globe*, to Mr. Blake. It cannot be said that Mr. Blake's former experiment in independent action was successful or of happy augury; but his courage may have been strengthened since the hollowness of the bug-bear has been revealed. The world does not go backward, nor does it very long stand still. If Liberals will have patience, and allow discussion to proceed and opinion to ripen, keeping up their general co-operation with each other, and at the same time resolutely refusing to help the mere office-seekers of the connection in setting up again the fallen tyranny or in doing anything to prevent its complete and final demolition, their day will assuredly come. The adverse influences which at present prevail are evidently limited in their range and in their probable duration. The new government cannot remain stationary, and it can hardly move in any direction without breaking ground to the ultimate advantage of the Liberal cause, supposing Liberal prin-

ciples to be sound. The future can be marred only by hastily reconstructing the party upon a narrow and inadequate basis, or, as might truly be said in reference to its recent condition, without any basis of principle at all. Boasts of purity, intolerance and clannishness are not a sufficient platform. Gritism has been nothing but Scotch Calvinism, with the doctrines of election and predestination, applied to politics; it has had no affinity to Liberalism whatever.

Sir John Macdonald's government passed safely through the ordeal of re-election, which in this country has double perils. Sectionalism unsubdued, we fear almost unabated, by Confederation, demands not only a representation of provinces in the ministry, but a representation of races and creeds. Of all the nationalities, the only one which may be safely neglected is the Canadian, ever meek and self-despising. Irish discontent, after the division of the spoils, is supposed to have had something to do with the election of the deposed Minister of Finance in Huron. But that event might be plausibly ascribed to the insidious policy of Sir John Macdonald. The danger of the Conservatives is a split between the thoroughgoing Protestants and those who are less thoroughgoing, or who are really not Protestants at all, but simply in favour of a readjustment of the tariff; and there can be no stronger safeguard against such a split, than the unloved presence of the late Finance Minister. Mr. Cartwright was conscientious, but he was needlessly Rhadamanthine. Supposing him to be inflexibly wedded, not only to the strict Free Trade formula, but to the belief that a system which excluded our manufacturers from the American markets while it admitted the Americans to ours, was a free trade system, it was not necessary to slam the door in the face of a suffering interest. He might have acknowledged the hardship of the situation, expressed his sympathy, avoided too trenchant

confutations and promised to do his best. By his austerity he flung into the ranks of his enemy a body of auxiliaries powerful, though not numerous and animated with the energy of despair.

Those who desire Sir John Macdonald's failure naturally demand that he shall call Parliament and bring out his new fiscal policy without reflection. Those who desire his success, in the interest of national commerce, will counsel him to take abundant time for the consideration of a very intricate question and for consultation with the new Minister of Finance. He is pledged by his campaign speeches to nothing but an attempt to afford to the Canadian manufacturer and producer, by a revision of the tariff, that relief from unjust disadvantages which his predecessors had avowed themselves wholly unable to afford. His utterances have been extremely guarded, yet we can hardly be mistaken as to the line on which he intends to move. Those who have looked into the tariff question know that without ostensibly discriminating against the Americans, it is possible practically to discriminate against them, to a great extent, by a selection of articles. A policy of incidental retaliation is in fact that which Sir John Macdonald seems disposed to adopt. Whether he will be doing anything more than running a pin into an elephant and getting a stroke of its trunk in return is a question which we will not attempt to answer till his plan is actually before us. That, setting aside political questions, Canada would economically be a gainer, to an immense extent, by the free admission of her lumber, coal, manufactures and farm produce to the markets of the Continent, as well as by full participation in Continental capital and by being relieved from the expense and trouble of maintaining a customs line, can be doubted by no reasonable being, least of all by the projectors of Reciprocity Treaties. Whether she can gain much, or obtain serious relief

from the disadvantages under which she now labours, by fiscal legislation of any other kind, is the problem which we are now going to see solved.

The debate which has been raging in the papers as to the propriety or impropriety of cutting of Lieutenant-Governor Letellier's head must have been pleasant reading for Lieutenant-Governor Letellier. Sir Francis Hincks has demonstrated with great erudition, as well as with great weight of authority, that the Lieutenant-Governor had power to dismiss his Ministry. It is unquestionable that he had that power; and it is equally unquestionable that he had power to commission his footman to form a new Administration. The Sovereign whom he represents has unquestionable power of her own personal fancy to declare war against half the nations of Europe, to veto the Mutiny Bill, to confer a Dukedom on her scullion, or to make her First Lord in Waiting Admiral of the Channel Fleet. Under an unwritten constitution, if the Crown and every other functionary did what they have power to do, there would soon be an administrative chaos. But Sir Francis Hincks will admit that in the absence of written laws the exercise of power under the British constitution is regulated by unwritten usage equal in force to law. He will admit also that British Constitutional usage extends to Canada under the Instrument of Confederation, which provides that 'Executive authority or government shall be vested in the Sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and be administered according to the well-understood principles of the British Constitution, by the Sovereign personally, or by the representative of the Sovereign duly authorized.' Among the principles thus embodied by reference, there is not one better settled than that which restrains a constitutional king from dismissing his Ministry, except upon an adverse vote of Parliament. All that

he can do is to require that the Ministers shall submit themselves to the judgment of Parliament without unnecessary delay. Of course, if they propose by any means to evade or stave off the judgment of Parliament, he is authorized and bound to withhold his assent. The dismissal of the Whig Ministers by William IV., in 1833, was the last departure from the principle, and it would now be universally condemned as an intrigue. For a personal breach of duty an individual Minister may be dismissed. Lord Palmerston was dismissed for a personal breach of duty in recognizing the usurping Government of France after the *coup d'état*, in contravention of the instructions given him by the Crown on the advice of the Cabinet. Personal corruption or treachery would be a still stronger case. But if the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec meant to exercise this power, he should have dismissed his advisers, not collectively, but individually, stating the specific offence which was the ground of dismissal in each case. In Lord Palmerston's case, the Prime Minister and the rest of the Cabinet concurred in the removal of their offending colleague.

Every government, however sound may be its title to power has its moments of unpopularity, brought on possibly by the performance of some inevitable public duty. At such moments a constitutional sovereign owes his advisers his special support; if he were to be allowed to seize the opportunity of tripping them up, for the gratification of his political antipathy, it is evident what the consequences would be to the constitution. Our Lieut.-Governors unfortunately are partisans, and if they are not held to the strict observance of constitutional rules, these offices will become the instruments of conspiracy in the interest of party. In this case there was clearly a strong party inducement to get hold of the Quebec Government with its influence and patronage on the

eve of an election, and the new Premier unfortunately gave colour to the natural suspicion by throwing himself unreservedly into the struggle. If the dismissal of the De Boucherville Government was immediately preceded as was asserted at the time, by a conference between the Lieut.-Governor and the leader of his party, it must be said to wear the aspect of an intrigue at least as objectionable and as dangerous to the commonwealth as the Pacific Scandal. Lieut.-Governor Letellier's head, however, had better not be cut off.

The new Governor General and his Royal consort have been welcomed with a hospitable warmth which, we may safely say, so far as the masses of the people are concerned, has no reference to any special policy connected with the appointment. The Marquis of Lorne is a man of the highest character and of the most cultivated mind. The Princess is liked by all who know her, and visitors at Inverary never fail to speak with pleasure of the unaffected grace of her manner. She is also an accomplished artist, and in conjunction with the Marquis she may lend a useful stimulus to the literary and artistic element of Canadian civilization. If this eulogy falls far short of the emulous sensationalism of the reporters, it is at all events the simple truth.

Only polite fiction can represent the political events which take place during a Governor-General's tenure of office as his acts, or their history as the history of his administration. Not a single administrative act of the slightest importance was performed by the late Governor General, who, in the crucial case of the Pacific Railway Scandal, laid down the principle that he had nothing to do but follow implicitly the advice of his ministers. The Marquis of Lorne will, no doubt, pursue the same constitutional course, and furnish as little matter for real history by any political measures, as

his predecessors. In other respects his reign is not likely to be sensational. Both as the heir of Argyle, and as a member by marriage of the Royal family, he must feel that his position is assured, and that he need make no spasmodic efforts to improve it. He will not be tempted, for the purpose of getting up a great head of personal popularity, to impair our self-knowledge and breed illusions by the prodigal bestowal of indiscriminate flattery; or by lavish entertainments to stimulate expenditure around him, overtax slender purses, and set to a society which needs training in cheap and unpretending sociability, the noxious example of extravagance and ostentation. He is at liberty to perform the regular duties of his office, including the duty of a suitable and natural hospitality, like the majority of his predecessors, with fidelity, with simplicity, and without popularity-hunting or self-display of any kind. If he abstains from attempting to form our sentiments and ideas like a tutor forming those of his pupils, we shall take it as a compliment, supposing that he does us the justice to believe that we are not a set of children, but capable of forming our sentiments and ideas for ourselves.

Ships have come at different ages laden with special freights of good or evil from the Old World to the New. The barque of Columbus brought European Civilization and Christianity; the May Flower brought the Religious Republic; the barque of John Wesley brought Methodism; that of Hawkins brought Negro Slavery; the Sarmatian has brought Etiquette. This new addition to our civilization has at once announced itself by a proclamation which, though it relates only to the female toilette, is more important and instructive than many of the documents which are solemnly consigned to archives and which it is deemed the duty of history to reproduce.

THE VICE-REGAL DRAWING-ROOM.

His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise will hold a Drawing Room at 9.30 p.m. to-day in the Windsor Hotel.

Ladies are to wear low-necked dresses, without Court trains, and gentlemen are to be in full dress. Ladies, whose health will not admit of their wearing low necked dresses may, on forwarding to the A. D. C. in waiting, a medical certificate to that effect, wear square cut dresses. Dresses fastening up the throat are not to be worn.

Ladies and gentlemen are to bring with them two cards each, with names legibly written thereon; one to be left at the door, the other to be given to the A. D. C. in waiting.

E. G. P. LITTLETON,
Genl's Military Secretary.

Among other things, the proclamation marks in the most decisive way the difference between etiquette and those rules of good manners which are spontaneously observed by all cultivated society and, in their spirit at least, by society which is not cultivated, provided that the root of all true politeness, kindness of heart, be there. Good manners would never command a lady to present to an officer a medical certificate of her inability, on the ground of her health, to wear a low-necked dress.

Etiquette is well known to the student of history as a fungous growth of monarchy in decay. In the ages when monarchy was necessary to civilization, and when the monarch was a real ruler, etiquette did not exist. There was reverence no doubt for the person of the chief to whom primitive society was indebted for the maintenance of order, who was the captain of his people in war as well as their ruler and judge in peace; but so far as we can see there was no etiquette. Hedged by the divinity of usefulness, monarchy needed not yet to be hedged by the divinity of buckram. Such glimpses as the imperfect chronicles afford us of the life of the great Edward I seem to reveal a man of free and noble nature doing that to which by nature he was inclined, in war throwing himself into the battle among the foremost, and when his harness was off enjoying himself without restraint or formality among his forces. In simplicity of habits he seems to have been the

counterpart of his illustrious contemporary Saint Louis. With the vicious decline of the dynasty, in the evil reign of Edward IV., Court etiquette comes distinctly in the scene. Round the person and in the Court of Henry VIII. everything mean and servile of course gathered. As with periods so with individual rulers. Hatred of paltry forms and simplicity of life are associated in our minds with the memory of those kings in whose hands nature placed the rod of empire, and whom death has not discrowned. It is impossible to imagine the presence of etiquette in the tent of Alexander or in the home of Marcus Aurelius. Even Charles V. appears to have been simple in his habits, though under his degenerate descendants etiquette attained so glorious a development that the story of a Spanish king being roasted to death because the right lord in waiting was not at hand to move him away from the fire, is scarcely a travestie of the ridiculous reality. It is well known to all readers of French memoirs what a luxuriance of senseless and ridiculous ceremonial grew round the throne of Louis XIV., and at the same time, how unspeakably gross were the breaches of good manners committed on essential points by some of the most perfect courtiers of that day. But the greatness of the Grand Monarque was pinchbeck; the robes were gorgeous, the wig superb, the shoe heels high as stilts; but half and more than half of the little soul was clay.

To prepare us, or at least the "Upper Ten" of us, for the proper performance of our parts under the new dispensation a little treatise on Court Etiquette has been opportunely put forth by Professor Fanning, who describes himself on his title page as a Teacher of Fashionable Dancing, under the immediate patronage of Their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Dufferin, &c. No hierophant of the august mystery could be more appropriate and to those who presume—as it

appears some do—to tell Professor Fanning that Canadians are not in need of his instructions, he may reply that they are confusing good manners, of which we may hope our people are not ignorant, with etiquette, which they have certainly yet to learn. The Professor has not only treated his special theme with the enthusiasm which always charms, but he has given expression with instructive frankness to the secret propensities of many hearts. ‘What on this earthly sphere,’ he exclaims ‘*is more enchantingly exclusive than Her Majesty’s Court?*’ In these words is contained the whole philosophy of snobbery and of modern aristocracy which is nearly the same thing. Snobbery, in its essence, is the desire to separate yourself from your fellows, to whom you are really in no way superior, by some artificial line of distinction. Its passion is exclusiveness, the exclusiveness of the upper servants’ table as well as that of Her Majesty’s Court. It is simply the lowest, and the most vulgar form of vanity. Of course it is connected with servility, because the object of your heart’s desire must be the object of your worship; besides which, insolence has always in it something of the lacquey, while the true lacquey is almost always insolent.

The experiment of inoculating a community of the New World with Old World formality and servility is not only curious in itself, but important as the probable precursor, should it succeed, of a more serious attack on democracy, both social and political. New hopes have, no doubt, kindled in the breasts of English Tories by the recent political events in the Mother

Country, by the professions and the genuflections of a certain portion of Canadian Society, and by the attitude of not a few American travellers when they find themselves in the presence of European rank. But the result, so far, has not been propitious. The Montreal proclamation was ill received. A good deal of snobbery has manifested itself, but a considerable antipathy to snobbery has manifested itself at the same time. We have those among us who are disaffected to social equality and would like to introduce some sort of mock aristocracy if they could; but the roots of social equality are strong. There are in Canada few ‘landaus, broughams and barouches,’ few coachmen and footmen ‘properly attired’ with liveries, artificial calves and powdered heads; there are many buggies without hammercloths. Court costume is here not easily provided, especially after the heavy draughts already made on the slender incomes of government clerks. Above all, there is not in Canada, as in England, a great class of wealthy idlers to make a religion of frivolities, with a master of fashionable dancing for its high priest, and an exclusive circle for its heaven.

A BYSTANDER.

P. S.—The above paper was in type when the news arrived of the death of the Princess Alice. The event has called forth universal sympathy, the manifestations of which her Royal sister will find as strong and sincere in the land to which she has come as they could be in that which she has left.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE display made this Christmas season by the publishers is exceedingly rich, and on a scale of great magnificence. Many new books have been added to the lists, and a remarkably large number of editions *de luxe* of the older classics have been prepared. Almost every publisher of note this year has entered the field with really sumptuous looking volumes, handsomely illuminated by the pencils of leading artists, and bound in a singularly superb style. In former seasons it has been the custom for the principal houses to send out a few fine volumes for Christmas, but this year the list of publishers who have made specialties of beautiful books is quite large, while the number of their works is unprecedentedly full. The tastes of the people are growing more and more æsthetic, and book-buyers are becoming more particular about paper and type and binding. The book-makers are always keenly alive to their own interests. They perceive the change in the trade, and gratify the predilections of their customers accordingly. Books are now published at rates commensurate with the means of even the poorest, and the student or lover of books has now no longer to face the bugbear of monopoly in the prosecution of his tastes and requirements.

Among the works likely to enjoy an extensive sale this holiday season is Mrs. Annie Brassey's really delightful *Voyage in the Sunbeam*,* which stands alone this year as the representative book of travel and adventure. It is not a mere collection of uninteresting entries in a diary of

an unprofitable and tedious voyage around the world; it is a bright, cheerful, sketchy, and, in some places, brilliant account of a journey to remarkable places, which was made under auspices of a most favourable character. In England the book carried everything by storm, notwithstanding its high price, while in France the whole of the first edition was sold in a few hours after publication. The Canadian edition promises to be equally successful. Though issued at nearly one-half the price of the European edition, it falls short of the original copy in no single particular. The quality of the paper is the same. The number of illustrations and maps, and the legibility of the type, are features which differ in no way from the parent book. It is published here by special arrangement with Mrs. Brassey, as the Canadian reader will be glad to know.

The tour, we have said, was made under charming auspices. The little *Sunbeam* may be described as a composite three-masted top-sail-yard screw schooner. She was built by Mr. St. Clare Byrne, of Liverpool, and fitted up with engines indicating 350 horsepower and capable of a speed of 10-13 knots on the measured mile. She carried 80 tons of coal, and her daily consumption of fuel averaged about four tons. In fine weather she ran eight knots an hour. The dimensions of the hull footed up to tonnage 157ft. beam, extreme, 27ft. 7in.; displacement tonnage 531 tons; area of midships section 202 square feet. The trim little craft was commanded by the owner in person, Thomas Brassey, Esq., M. P., husband of the authoress who, with his family, accompanied him on the voyage. The Hon. A. Y. Bingham

* *A Voyage in the Sunbeam, our Home on the Ocean for eleven months.* By MRS. BRASSEY. Sixth edition. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

acted as the artist to the expedition, and other friends F. Hubert Freer, Esq., Commander, James Brown, R.N., Captain Squire T. S. Lecky, R. N. R., and Henry Percy Potter, Esq., (Surgeon), made up the full company of invited guests. Isaiah Powell was the sailing master, and his subordinates who worked the ship, were nearly all blood or marriage relations of the master, and formerly hardy fishermen from the Coast of Essex, who, in their early days, had learned the ways of the deep among the banks and shoals at the mouth of the River Thames. The discipline all through the voyage was perfect, and in times of storm and danger, the men behaved loyally and well.

The *Sunbeam* was particularly well equipped with everything likely to add to the comfort of the *voyageurs*. Like the expedition of Sir Wyville Thomson in 'The Atlantic,' the arrangements and fittings for the journey were conducted on a most luxuriant scale. The cabin was elegantly arranged and furnished. Pictures hung on the walls, bits of bric-a-brac rested prettily in brackets, bronzes, statuettes, handsome lamps, books and engravings, reminded the travellers every moment of their lives of their own beautiful home in England, of which this was but a miniature view. In this pleasant place, so full of charming surroundings, Mrs. Brassey kept her journal, and wrote down her impressions of the places she saw and the things she witnessed.

The *Sunbeam* left Cowes on the 6th of July, 1876, called at Torbay, Madeira, Tenneriffe, and Cape Verde, crossed the line on the 8th of August and reached Rio Janeiro nine days later, accomplishing upwards of 2,500 miles. The coasts of South America were then followed, and the party visited in turn Montevideo, Buenos Ayres and Ensenada, running through the Straits of Magellan and Smyth's Channel. Valparaiso was gained on the 28th of October. An incident of great interest occurred during the yacht's

stay near the Coast of Patagonia. The barque 'Monkshaven,' of Whitby, bound for Valparaiso with a cargo of smelting coal, and sixty-eight days out from Swansea, was discovered to be on fire. A boat was sent from the *Sunbeam*. The mate—a Norwegian—came on board, and told the story in excellent English of terrible days of agony and anxiety spent on board the burning ship, for the fire had broken out the previous Sunday and this was Thursday. Everything of a combustible nature had been thrown overboard, and the hatches were battened down. Ever since then the crew lived on deck with no covering from the elements save a canvas screen. Mr. Brassey and Capt. Brown at once went on board the barque and found the deck more than a foot deep in water, and 'all a-wash.' The hatches were opened and a dense smoke issued out. A moment more and the fire burst forth driving back all who stood near. A man tried to enter the Captain's cabin, but the dense volume of poisoned gas which swept through his lungs felled him insensible to the deck. A consultation immediately followed. It was clear the ship could not be saved, and it was decided to rescue the crew and abandon the vessel to her fate. The men, to the number of fifteen, were safely brought on board the *Sunbeam*, and all their effects, and the chronometer, charts and papers were saved. Mrs. Brassey relates this adventure with telling interest, the very simplicity of the narrative adding much to its dramatic power. Indeed, Mrs. Brassey excels in descriptive and personal narrative, and much of the writing in the book is invested with colour and romance.

The voyage across the giant Pacific, some 12,330 miles, was begun on the 30th of October. A brief stay was made at Bow Island in the Low Archipelago, Maitea and Tahiti in the Society Islands, and Hawaii and Oahu in the Sandwich Group. Assumption, in the Ladrões, was sight-

ed on the 21st of January, and on the 29th the journey to Yokohama was made. Life in Japan is sketched with a glowing brush, and the author does herself excellent credit in the lively description which she gives of the habits and customs of the people. The passages referring to the Japanese temples and their priesthood may be regarded as a faithful addenda to Mr. Simpson's admirable and interesting 'Meeting of the Sun,' from which volume Mrs. Brassey gives several quotations. A trip on the railway, which runs from Osaka to Kioto, a cruise in the Inland Sea, a pause at Simonoseki, brought the stay at Japan to a close, and on the 19th of February the most direct route to England was taken. Hong Kong, Canton, Macao, Singapore, Johore, Malacca, Penang, Galle, Colombo, Aden, Alexandria, Malta, Gibraltar and Lisbon were in turn visited, and we are treated to delightful bits of description along the way, to sketches of various incidents on ship-board, and accounts of sports and pastimes on land and sea. The glimpses of Chinese life which Mrs. Brassey gives us is exceedingly fresh and interesting, and the bill of fare which may be read on page 394 will interest the *gourmand* and *bon vivant* always on the search for something new to tickle the palate. How eloquent Mr. Justice Greedy would grow over a large basin of black cat's flesh, or a pair of black cat's eyes, which he could get for three kandarems of silver. The voyage home is written in the same splendid spirit, and the reader reaches the last chapter all too soon.

The book is most sumptuously illustrated, and contains no fewer than 118 illustrations cleverly engraved on wood by G. Pearson after drawings by the Hon. A. Y. Bingham, and nine beautiful maps and plans, showing the general chart of *The Sunbeam's* track, the Straits of Magellan, the Sandwich Islands, Paumotu, Japan, the Linschoten and Lu Chu, Strait of Singapore,

Ceylon, and a chart, exhibiting monthly average temperatures of water and air during the voyage.

A book which will delight every variety of reader, both on account of its splendid illustrations and its happy letterpress, is Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' beautiful poem 'The School Boy'*—a poem which our readers will remember was read at the Centennial celebration of Phillip's Academy, Andover, Mass., last June, and which exhibits the charming spirit and humour and grace of the delightful author's genius. One cannot thank the publishers too much for such a book. The poem is well known. It is considered one of the finest things Dr. Holmes has written. We have had nothing to equal it for playfulness of diction and elegance of description since Goldsmith, whom Dr. Holmes resembles sometimes. The by-play is effective and the manner of the poem is striking while its humour is gentle and delicate. In the beautiful form in which it is presented to the public, it will be sure to have very many readers who will like to possess a superbly illustrated edition of a favourite poem. There are some twenty-eight engravings, all of them finished in the highest style of art and made from designs furnished by Appleton Brown, F. T. Merrill, D. C. Hitchcock, W. L. Sheppard and A. R. Waud—names well and favourably known to book-buyers. The poet has been handsomely treated by the illustrators of his work. They have seized on the salient features of his poem—a poem which all will admit is full of interest to the artist inasmuch as it is a complete storehouse of beautiful and graceful pictures. The great Elm at North Andover is finely drawn and is quite a good bit of sketching. The Shy Maiden is equally clever, and both suggestive and happy. The School Room is also bright and The

* *The School Boy*. Illustrated. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

Dark Shawshine will bear critical examination. 'Tented Pines' is not so well done as the others. Of the paper, type and binding one cannot speak in terms too high. The book is a positive luxury.

A very handsome and suitable Christmas present for lovers of Ceramics, is Miss Jennie Young's charming volume 'The Ceramic Art,'* which comes to us in a tasteful dress. It is abundantly and luxuriantly illustrated—containing upwards of four hundred and sixty-four highly finished engravings. Miss Young is an enthusiast in her devotion to this now fashionable art. She is skilled in the manufacture of pottery and porcelain, and the reader feels at once that he is in the hands of a safe and trustworthy guide. The book is far more than its entertaining author claims for it. It is a complete history of the various forms of pottery and porcelain, together with a succinct and useful account of their manufacture, from the earliest times down to our own day, when the 'science' has really become an important adjunct in our civilization and education. Miss Young has drawn liberally from the best sources extant for material for her work, and has made no little personal research herself. Especially is this noticeable in the valuable account of American Ceramics, which is quite full, and certainly surprising in the scope and character of its information. The study seems to be a most delightful one in itself. It has a history all its own, and the legends which are available to students and collectors are very charming indeed, and apparently quite inexhaustible. In the volume before us, the reader will be struck at the variety of its information, the enormous mass of material which the author has contrived to group together in a singularly happy and contained manner, the sim-

licity and beauty of the whole narrative, and the almost fairy-like spirit which pervades the paper from cover to cover.

Miss Young has delved very deeply, and she tells many curious and noteworthy things which are exceedingly useful to know, and quite as valuable to general readers as to those for whom the book is especially intended. A good idea of the progress which has been made in the study is given, and much that is worth recording is told about Chinese, Japanese, Persian, Saracenic, Greek, Italian, and the more recent specimens of modern ware. The author happily blends strong industrial habits and the true artistic sense, and her book is a happy reflex of the combined characteristics.

Miss Young having taken pains to present only the useful, her book is quite free from wearying details, or that unnecessary verbiage which only distracts and tires the reader, instead of furnishing the amusement and instruction he requires. Matters which belong properly to the manuals, Miss Young leaves to the manuals without a sigh of regret or a pang of sorrow. There is enough in her subject of a broad and liberal character, and from such premises the author argues, and always with great nicety and discrimination. Her literary style might with advantage be improved a little, but on the whole the book is a very charming compendium of a most interesting art, and the author may be congratulated on her part of the performance, while for the artists and publishers we have nothing but words of praise.

A literary experiment has just been tried, and it will be curious to know just how successful it may turn out. Over twenty-six years ago the world was startled—we use the word in its literal and absolute sense—by the appearance of a novel which made a great noise and created tremendous excitement in America and in Great Britain. It was written by a lady

* *The Ceramic Art.* 464 Illustrations. By JENNIE J. YOUNG. New York, Harper & Bros. Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

who threw her whole soul into her work, and though there were many artistic and literary blemishes in the composition, people read the story for its extraordinary and bold attack on American slavery, its truthful pictures of life among the lowly, and its freshness and power as a work of fiction. *Uncle Tom's Cabin** in its day was a most successful book, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, at one bound, reached a leading place in authorship. The story enjoyed a great run. It passed through many editions and it was read by people of every class and creed. Doubtless it did much good. Doubtless it helped the cause of the blackman, for it presented his sufferings and trials in a strong and most unmistakable light. The book became very popular in most of the Northern States, while in Canada—always the refuge of the slave—and in England, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was looked upon as a revelation and the best selling book since *Don Quixote* or *Robinson Crusoe*—two widely different works the reader will admit. Mrs. Stowe was hailed as a noble woman and she was forthwith looked upon as the most famous lady then living. People in their enthusiasm forgot the general shortcomings of the book as a performance in letters. It was written in a homely style and its verisimilitude commended it to all classes. In the South of course it was bitterly denounced, but the condemnation of the slaveholder and men of the *Legree* type was really the best advertisement the volume could get. Their abuse upheld the tenets which it taught. Their condemnation proclaimed the truths of the narrative.

The story, as we have said, created great excitement everywhere. It was dramatized, and panoramas and dissolving views conveyed about the country the salient points of Mrs. Stowe's characterization. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*

was followed by *Dred*—a tale of the Dismal Swamp, but this last effort was an unsuccessful venture. It did not die quite still-born, but its popularity and influence never amounted to much. It was too palpable a prolongation of the strain which was started by the greater work. It was really a continuation of that narrative. New characters were introduced but the incidents were the same, and those who had read *Uncle Tom* had enough of the subject, and new readers preferred the original source of supply. *Dred* was a failure, but *Uncle Tom* kept its place and made for its author a name in the world and earned for her the reputation of having produced the most popular as well as the most remarkable novel ever written or published in America.

Now that slavery is a thing of the past, it will be curious, as we remarked at the head of these observations, to know what impression the most beautiful edition of this exposition of its horrors will make on the reader of the present day. Stories which have for their single and primary object the redressing of a wrong or the repression of a vice, are apt to be short lived. People are beginning to inquire whether ten years hence '*Nicholas Nickleby*' and '*Oliver Twist*,' or '*Bleak House*,' will be read, or whether '*Hard Cash*' or '*Never too Late to Mend*' will live beyond the next decade. Will '*Uncle Tom's Cabin*' be read by the new generation of readers, or will it only be purchased by old admirers of the tale and friends of the author, whose recent pictures of life in New England, such as '*Pogonuc People*' and '*Old Town Folks*,' are in such demand, and who may wish to possess themselves of a really beautiful edition of the book? The copy before us is sumptuous. It is printed in the fashionable red line style, so prized by lovers of pretty books, and the illustrations are numerous and clever. There is even more to commend its favourable

* *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Illustrated. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston; Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto; Hart & Rawlinson.

reception by bookbuyers and bibliophiles. Mr. George Bullen, of the British Museum, furnishes a positive enrichment to the volume in the shape of a complete list of the various editions which have been published in America, in England, and in very many foreign countries. In the British Museum there are thirty-five editions of the original English, and eight of abridgments or adaptations, as well as nineteen translations, three editions in English of *The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, four in Continental languages, nine separate works on the subject, and forty-nine reviews in serials, besides a list of a number of translations not at present forming a part of the collection. This information, which tells so eloquently of the amazing success and popularity of this novel, is well worth preservation, and many who already own other editions will likely be glad to get this copy for this matter alone.

Among the copious collection of books for the young which the publishers have sent out this holiday season, none will appeal to a wider interest or touch the hearts of the olive branches with more effect than the gorgeous edition of 'Mother Goose's Melodies,* which comes opportunely on the stage in a grotesque cover and with illuminated pages. That Mother Goose once lived and sang her melodies, and told her rhymes to many little folks, is settled beyond all cavil, and we are treated to a few pages of well-written biography of the good dame in the beginning of the book, which sets at complete defiance the old lady's revilers and the misbelievers of her identity. Mother Goose has always, through fate or otherwise, led an apocryphal existence. At first, it is a difficult thing to convince the inhabitants of the nursery that she is not

a great and good and living personage. Afterwards, as the midgets grow older, though not always wiser, it is an equally herculean task to impress on their minds that she *did* live at one time, and that her real name was Goose—Elizabeth Goose. The present handsome edition, which in this instance is dedicated appropriately to John Fleet Eliot—a direct descendant, no less than great-great grandson of the venerable spinner of venerated rhymes—sets aright the various conflicting statements which have troubled and vexed the youthful mind for quite too many years. The letter-press needs no commendation from us. It is exquisitely printed on a rich toned paper. The illustrations, which are conceived in excellent taste, and are from Mr. Alfred Kappes' pencil, are printed in colour, and form a useful and desirable assistance in elucidating the text, the spirit of which they seem to follow closely. The notes at the end of the volume are quaint and interesting.

Next to having an original book by Mr. Aldrich, the sum of the happiness of the young folks is reached by a translation from his pen. The same delicate fancy which surrounds everything this popular author touches is nowhere seen to greater advantage than it is in the pretty rendering he has made of *Mère Michel*, M. Bédollierre's famous *Story of a Cat*.* The tale is familiar to us in the French, though we do not remember reading it in translation before. None of its exquisite spirit is lost in the version furnished by Mr. Aldrich. Indeed the manner and full essence of the original are faithfully preserved throughout, and the book will have a long lease of popularity among children, for whose enjoyment it is mainly designed, as well as among grown persons who will follow the adventures

* *Mother Goose's Melodies; or, Songs for the Nursery*. With illustrations in Colour, by ALFRED KAPPEs. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *The Story of a Cat*. Translated from the French of Emile De La Bédollierre. By T. B. ALDRICH. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

of the mysterious cat with keen interest. The silhouette designs by Mr. Hopkins are quite ingenious, and elucidate the text very happily.

The Appletons have published in good library form M. Henri Van Laun's new work on the French Revolutionary Epoch,* in two volumes. Mr. Van Laun is a story-teller rather than a historian. He is intelligent and industrious, and generally accurate in his statements and information. His book presents a very agreeable, though one-sided picture of French affairs generally from the early times of the first Revolution down to the episode at Sedan and the downfall of the Second Empire. In his treatment of subjects which come properly before his notice, and which are necessary to the continuity of his narrative, M. Van Laun exhibits the utmost desire to be impartial and fair. In most cases he is successful, though in some notable instances he has allowed his feelings to outweigh his better judgment and some of the facts of history are strangely perverted to suit the harmony of the author's views. French politics, however, have many sides, and as party feeling always runs high in France, and extreme men are the rule rather than the exception, M. Van Laun may justify his position—on the score—perhaps, of convenience, or the exigency of the party to which he owes allegiance. M. Van Laun has not gone very fully into details. He has rather aimed at giving a somewhat rapid glance at the social character of the French people, their moral and religious life, the general aspects of the country, its political, military, and scientific career, and the mass of material which makes up the history of France during the past hundred years. In his estimates of men and in his study

of the revolutionary epoch, the author presents a picture of unequal merit. He is happy in the concentration of his material, but he appears to fail altogether in the formation of those brilliant and picturesque bits of colouring which so delight the admirers of Macaulay and Froude and the historian of the Crimea. His work is extremely useful, however, and many will like to read the latest utterances of a skilful writer on a subject which is always interesting. M. Van Laun acknowledges his indebtedness to Carlyle and M. Taine, and Lavallée, and Lock, and de Goncourt, and Michelet, and Quinet, and some other authors of reputation for assistance in his summaries of the events he describes. M. Taine's fine and spirited *Ancien Régime* has been of much value to M. Van Laun, his introduction and a portion of the first chapter being mainly a summary from that able work. Other quotations, almost equal in length, are made from the same author, all of which are gracefully accredited to the proper source. The chapters which treat of comparatively recent events, for the work is carried forward to the year 1870, give to the book its chief interest and value, and it will be much prized on that account. The author deals rather spiritedly with living issues, and the story of the Franco-Prussian War is very ably told. As a specimen of the historian's style, which is simple and devoid of all rhetorical flourish, we give here his account of the events in Paris which followed the reception of the news announcing Napoleon the Third's defeat at Sedan :—

'In the evening the news of the disaster of Sedan arrived in Paris; large crowds went to the Louvre, the residence of General Trochu, and to the Legislature, and loudly demanded the deposition of the Emperor. Towards midnight an official proclamation was published, announcing the capitulation of Sedan, and the captivity of Napoleon III., whilst stating at

* *The French Revolutionary Epoch*. Being a History of France from the Beginning of the First French Revolution to the end of the Second Empire, in two volumes. By HENRI VAN LAUN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

the same time that the Government was taking the measures demanded by the critical aspect of affairs. At one o'clock at night a sitting was held by the Chamber, in which were proposed the deposition of the Emperor and his dynasty, the appointment of an Executive Committee to resist, by all possible means, the invasion, and to drive the enemy from French territory, and the maintenance of General Trochu as Governor of Paris. The discussion was adjourned till the next day (September 4th), when another proposal was submitted to the Assembly, conferring on the Count de Palikao the title of Lieutenant-General, and appointing an Executive Council, selected by the Legislature. A third proposal, signed by M. Thiers and forty-seven deputies, to appoint an Executive Committee of National Defence, and to convoke a Constituent Assembly as soon as possible, was also laid before the Chamber. It was decided to refer these three proposals to a Committee, which should discuss them without delay, and the sitting was suspended until the report should be ready.

'In the meanwhile several thousands of the National Guard had gone unarmed to the building where the Assembly held its sittings, and which was surrounded by an enormous crowd of people, nearly all clamouring for the abdication of the Emperor. Troops and policemen were stationed everywhere, who only allowed the deputies to pass, as well as those persons who had tickets of admission; but they could not prevent many people from entering also. Whilst the Committee was deliberating, a large number of people had collected outside on the steps and in the colonnade of the Hall of the Assembly, and they all loudly demanded the deposition of Napoleon III., a demand which was re-echoed by the great mass of individuals who filled the Place de la Concorde, the quays, and the Champs Elysées. The agitation of the assembled multitude

increased, and finally they broke through the ranks of the soldiers and the police, and arrived before the building of the Legislative. The National Guards who were on duty fraternised with the people and assisted them in climbing over the wall, whilst the regular troops looked on without interfering.

'The crowd, which had invaded the Legislative, rushed through every passage, and penetrated into all the rooms, even into those in which the Deputies were assembled in committee. The public tribunes became soon filled to suffocation, whilst M. Schneider, the President of the Assembly did all that lay in his power to calm the excited multitude. The sitting was declared opened, and several leading members of the Opposition united their efforts to those of the President, and demanded in vain to allow the Assembly to deliberate. Many of those who had filled the tribunes descended to the seats of the Deputies in the Hall, the doors were burst open, and fresh crowds arrived, who increased the tumult, and loudly demanded a change of Government, as well as the proclamation of the Republic. At last M. Gambetta pronounced the deposition of the Imperial dynasty, amidst the vehement applause of the assembled multitude, who still insisted, however, upon the proclamation of the Republic. It was thereupon resolved to proclaim this new form of Government at the Hôtel de Ville, and the leading members of the Liberal party went thither, followed by enormous masses of the people. They were soon joined by many other deputies, and the French Republic was then publicly declared. Acting upon the advice of some of her advisers, the Empress had already left for England.

'The troops which were stationed in Paris offered no resistance to the people, and only a few National Guards kept sentry before the public buildings, which henceforth were considered

as national property. A Government of National Defence was provisionally appointed, composed of the nine Deputies of the Department of the Seine, with General Trochu as its president.

The book concludes with this melodramatic outburst from Lock's *Histoire des Français*, which M. Van Laun tacitly endorses :

'1848 had been a revolution caused by contempt; 1870 was a revolution caused by disgust. The Empire lasted twenty years . . . a long period in the life of a human being, but a small one in the life of a nation. It had its foundation in the infatuation which rendered possible the crime whence it sprung; it owed its duration to the terror which its initiative crime inspired. In order to deter minds from thinking of liberty, it gave full scope to sensual appetites, for such is the policy of all despotisms. But in the very day when material pleasures no longer sufficed, and when it was compelled to utter the word "Liberty," it was lost. The ebb which was perceived from afar sapped the ground under its feet; it felt that the quicksand would do its work, and in order to save the dynasty, and without caring whether it was not going to ruin France, it had the folly to provoke the catastrophe by which, fortunately, it was not overwhelmed alone.'

*The Tariff Hand-Book** is a trustworthy brochure which is particularly useful to all who take an interest in the discussion of Free Trade *vs.* Protection. Its compiler, Mr. John Maclean, has made the Tariff a life-study; and as he only presents facts and does not venture on the expression of an opinion of his own either way, his book is likely to meet with a good reception by both the political parties, for whose benefit the work is pertinently and mainly designed. Mr. Mac-

lean exhibits the Canadian Customs Tariff and its various changes for the last thirty years, and presents the British and American Tariffs in full, as well as the more important portions of the tariffs of France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland. A new edition will, doubtless, be called for after the House opens.

Quite an attractive and convenient edition of Jean Ingelow's Poems.* has just been issued from the press of Messrs. Roberts Brothers. It contains the latest work of this charming English singer, and is further enhanced by a handsome steel portrait of the poet. Miss Ingelow's writings are universally admired for their delicacy and sweetness of rhythm, and nobility of purpose. All of her favourite poems may be found in this new and compact edition.

From the somewhat cursory glance which we have been able to take of Mr. Jones' new Law book,† and from the high legal attainments of the author, we should judge that the Practical treatise on the Real Property Limitation Act of Revised Statutes of Ontario, is a work which no member of the honourable profession could very well do without. It contains the latest decisions both in England and Canada, as well as a complete compendium of the Law on Easements. Mr. Jones is well qualified for the task, and his work exhibits a most extraordinary degree of research and verification. The book should prove of almost as much value to Conveyancers and Real Estate agents as to Attorneys and Barristers, for whom, however, it is especially designed. It is dedicated to the Hon. Stephen Richards.

**The Poetical Works of Jean Ingelow*, 1873.—Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

†*Jones on Prescription*.—A Practical Treatise on the Real Property Limitation Act of Revised Statutes of Ontario. By HERBERT C. JONES. Toronto: Carswell & Co.

‡ **The Tariff Hand-Book*, compiled by JOHN MACLEAN. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

The Prologue.

I.

THE resistless influences which are one day to reign supreme over our poor hearts, and to shape the sad short course of our lives, are sometimes of mysteriously remote origin, and find their devious ways to us through the hearts and the lives of strangers.

While the young man whose troubled career it is here proposed to follow was wearing his first jacket, and bowling his first hoop, a domestic misfortune, falling on a household of strangers, was destined nevertheless to have its ultimate influence over his happiness, and to shape the whole aftercourse of his life.

For this reason, some First Words must precede the Story, and must present the brief narrative of what happened in the household of strangers. By what devious ways the event here related affected the chief personage of these pages, as he grew to manhood, it will be the business of the story to

trace, over land and sea, among men and women, in bright days and dull days alike, until the end is reached and the pen (God willing) is put back in the desk.

II.

Old Benjamin Ronald (of the Stationer's Company) took a young wife at the ripe age of fifty, and carried with him into the holy state of matrimony some of the habits of his bachelor life.

As a bachelor, he had never willingly left his shop (situated in that exclusively commercial region of London which is called 'the City') from one year's end to another. As a married man, he persisted in following the same monotonous course; with this one difference, that he now had a woman to follow it with him. 'Travelling by railway,' he explained to his wife, 'will make your head ache—it makes *my* head ache. Travelling by sea will make you sick—it makes *me* sick. If you want change of air, every sort of air is to be found in the

City. If you admire the beauties of Nature, there is Finsbury-square with the beauties of Nature carefully selected and arranged. When we are in London, you (and I) are all right : and when we are out of London, you (and I) are all wrong.' As surely as the autumn holiday season set in, so surely Old Ronald resisted his wife's petition for a change of scene in that form of words. A man habitually fortified behind his own inbred obstinacy and selfishness is for the most part an irresistible power within the limits of his domestic circle. As a rule, patient Mrs. Ronald yielded ; and her husband stood revealed to his neighbours in the glorious character of a married man who had his own way.

But in the autumn of 1856, the retribution which sooner or later descends on all despotisms, great and small, overtook the iron rule of Old Ronald, and defeated the domestic tyrant on the battlefield of his own fireside.

The children born of the marriage, two in number, were both daughters. The elder had mortally offended her father by marrying imprudently—in a pecuniary sense. He had declared that she should never enter his house again ; and he had mercilessly kept his word. The younger daughter (now eighteen years of age) proved to be also a source of parental inquietude, in another way. She was the passive cause of the revolt which set her father's authority at defiance. For some little time past she had been out of health. After many ineffectual trials of the mild influence of persuasion, her mother's patience at last gave way. Mrs. Ronald insisted—yes, actually insisted—on taking Miss Emma to the seaside.

'What's the matter with you ?' Old Ronald asked ; detecting something that perplexed him in his wife's look and manner, on the memorable occasion when she asserted a will of her own for the first time in her life.

A man of finer observation would have discovered the signs of no ordinary anxiety and alarm, struggling to show themselves openly in the poor woman's face. Her husband only saw a change that puzzled him. 'Send for Emma,' he said, his natural cunning inspiring him with the idea of confronting the mother and daughter, and of seeing what came of *that*. Emma appeared, plump and short, with large blue eyes, and full pouting lips, and splendid yellow hair : otherwise, miserably pale, languid in her movements, careless in her dress, sullen in her manner. Out of health as her mother said, and as her father saw.

'You can see for yourself,' said Mrs. Ronald, 'that the girl is pining for fresh air. I have heard Ramsgate recommended.'

Old Ronald looked at his daughter. She represented the one tender place in his nature. It was not a large place ; but it did exist. And the proof of it is, that he began to yield—with the worst possible grace.

'Well, we will see about it,' he said.

'There is no time to be lost,' Mrs. Ronald persisted. 'I mean to take her to Ramsgate to-morrow.'

Mr. Ronald looked at his wife as a dog looks at the maddened sheep that turns on him. 'You mean ?' repeated the stationer. 'Upon my soul—what next ! You mean ? Where is the money to come from ? Answer me that.'

Mrs. Ronald declined to be drawn into a conjugal dispute, in the presence of her daughter. She took Emma's arm, and led her to the door. There she stopped, and spoke. 'I have already told you that the girl is ill,' she said to her husband. 'And I now tell you again that she must have the sea air. For God's sake, don't let us quarrel ! I have enough to try me without that.' She closed the door on herself and her daughter, and left her lord and master standing

face to face with the wreck of his own outraged authority.

What further progress was made by the domestic revolt, when the bedroom candles were lit, and the hour of retirement had arrived with the night, is naturally involved in mystery. This alone is certain: On the next morning, the luggage was packed, and the cab was called to the door. Mrs. Ronald spoke her parting words to her husband in private.

'I hope I have not expressed myself too strongly about taking Emma to the seaside,' she said in gentle pleading tones. 'I am anxious about our girl's health. If I have offended you—without meaning it, God knows!—say you forgive me before I go. I have tried honestly, dear, to be a good wife to you. And you have always trusted me, haven't you? And you trust me still—I am sure you trust me still.'

She took his lean, cold hand, and pressed it fervently: her eyes rested on him with a strange mixture of timidity and anxiety. Still in the prime of her life, she preserved the personal attractions—the fair, calm, refined face, the natural grace of look and movement—which had made her marriage to a man old enough to be her father a cause of angry astonishment among all her friends. In the agitation that now possessed her, her colour rose, her eyes brightened; she looked for the moment almost young enough to be Emma's sister. Her husband opened his hard old eyes in surly bewilderment. 'Why need you make this fuss?' he asked. 'I don't understand you.' Mrs. Ronald shrank at those words as if he had struck her. She kissed him in silence, and joined her daughter in the cab.

For the rest of that day, the persons in the stationer's employment had a hard time of it with their master in the shop. Something had upset Old Ronald. He ordered the shutters to be put up earlier that evening than usual. Instead of going to his club

(at the tavern round the corner), he took a long walk in the lonely and lifeless streets of the city by night. There was no disguising it from himself; his wife's behaviour at parting had made him uneasy. He naturally swore at her for taking that liberty, while he lay awake alone in his bed. 'Damn the woman! What does she mean?' The cry of the soul utters itself in various forms of expression. That was the cry of Old Ronald's soul, literally translated.

III

The next morning brought him a letter from Ramsgate.

'I write immediately to tell you of our safe arrival. We have found comfortable lodgings (as the address at the head of this letter will inform you) in Albion place. I thank you, and Emma desires to thank you also, for your kindness in providing us with ample means for taking our little trip. It is beautiful weather to-day; the sea is calm, and the pleasure boats are out. We do not, of course, expect to see you here. But if you do, by any chance, overcome your objection to moving out of London, I have a little request to make. Please let me hear of your visit beforehand—so that I may not omit all needful preparations. I know you dislike being troubled with letters (except on business), so I will not write too frequently. Be so good as to take no news for good news, in the intervals. When you have a few minutes to spare, you will write, I hope, and tell me how you and the shop are going on. Emma sends you her love, in which I beg to join.' So the letter was expressed, and so it ended.

'They needn't be afraid of my troubling them. Calm seas and pleasure-boats! Stuff and nonsense! Such was the first impression which his wife's report of herself produced on Old Ronald's mind. After awhile, he looked at the letter again—and

frowned, and reflected. 'Please let me hear of your visit beforehand,' he repeated to himself, as if the request had been, in some incomprehensible way, offensive to him. He opened the drawer of his desk, and threw the letter into it. When business was over for the day, he went to his club at the tavern, and made himself unusually disagreeable to everybody.

A week passed. In the interval, he wrote briefly to his wife. 'I'm all right, and the shop goes on as usual.' He also forwarded one or two letters which came for Mrs. Ronald. No more news reached him from Ramsgate. 'I suppose they're enjoying themselves,' he reflected. The house looks queer without them; I'll go to the club.'

He stayed later than usual, and drank more than usual, that night. It was nearly one in the morning, when he let himself in with his latch-key, and went up-stairs to bed.

Approaching the toilette-table, he found a letter lying on it, addressed to 'Mr. Ronald—private.' It was not in his wife's handwriting; not in any handwriting known to him. The characters sloped the wrong way, and the envelope bore no postmark. He eyed it over and over suspiciously. At last he opened it, and read these lines:

'You are advised by a true friend to lose no time in looking after your wife. There are strange doings at the seaside. If you don't believe me, ask Mrs. Turner, Number 1, Slain's-row, Ramsgate.'

No address, no date, no signature—an anonymous letter, the first he had ever received in the long course of his life.

His hard brain was in no way affected by the liquor that he had drunk. He sat down on his bed, mechanically folding and refolding the letter. The reference to 'Mrs. Turner' produced no impression on him of any sort: no person of that name, common as it was, happened to be numbered on the list of his friends or his customers. But

for one circumstance, he would have thrown the letter aside, in contempt. His memory reverted to his wife's incomprehensible behaviour at parting. Addressing him through that remembrance, the anonymous warning assumed a certain importance to his mind. He went down to his desk, in the back office, and took his wife's letter out of the drawer, and read it through slowly. 'Ha!' he said, pausing as he came across the sentence which requested him to write beforehand, in the unlikely event of his deciding to go to Ramsgate. He thought again of the strangely persistent way in which his wife had dwelt on his trusting her; he recalled her nervous anxious looks, her deepening colour, her agitation at one moment, and then her sudden silence and sudden retreat to the cab. Fed by these irritating influences, the inbred suspicion in his nature began to take fire slowly. She might be innocent enough in asking him to give her notice before he joined her at the seaside—she might naturally be anxious to omit no needful preparation for his comfort. Still, he didn't like it; no, he didn't like it. An appearance as of a slow collapse passed little by little over his rugged wrinkled face. He looked many years older than his age, as he sat at the desk, with the flaring candlelight close in front of him, thinking. The anonymous letter lay before him, side by side with his wife's letter. On a sudden, he lifted his grey head, and clenched his fist, and struck the venomous written warning as if it had been a living thing that could feel. 'Whoever you are,' he said, 'I'll take your advice.'

He never even made the attempt to go to bed that night. His pipe helped him through the comfortless and dreary hours. Once or twice he thought of his daughter. Why had her mother been so anxious about her? Why had her mother taken her to Ramsgate? Perhaps, as a blind—ah, yes, perhaps as a blind! More for the sake of

something to do than for any other reason, he packed a handbag with a few necessaries. As soon as the servant was stirring, he ordered her to make him a cup of strong coffee. After that, it was time to show himself as usual, on the opening of the shop. To his astonishment, he found his clerk taking down the shutters, in place of the porter.

'What does this mean?' he asked, 'Where is Farnaby?'

The clerk looked at his master, and paused aghast, with a shutter in his hands. 'Good Lord! what has come to you,' he cried. 'Are you ill?'

Old Ronald angrily repeated his question: 'Where is Farnaby?'

'I don't know,' was the answer.

'You don't know? Have you been up to his bedroom?'

'Yes.'

'Well?'

'Well, he isn't in his bedroom. And, what's more, his bed hasn't been slept in last night. Farnaby's off, sir—nobody knows where.'

Old Ronald dropped heavily into the nearest chair. This second mystery, following on the mystery of the anonymous letter, staggered him. But his business instincts were still in good working order. He held out his keys to the clerk. 'Get the petty cash-book,' he said, 'and see if the money is all right.'

The clerk received the keys under protest. *That's* not the right reading of the riddle,' he remarked.

'Do as I tell you!'

The clerk opened the money-drawer under the counter; counted the pounds, shillings and pence paid by chance customers up to the closing of the shop on the previous evening; compared the result with the petty cash-book, and answered, 'Right to a halfpenny.'

Satisfied so far, Old Ronald condescended to approach the speculative side of the subject, with the assistance of his subordinate. 'If what you said just now means anything,' he resumed,

'it means that you suspect the reason why Farnaby has left my service. Let's hear it.'

'You know that I never liked John Farnaby,' the clerk began. 'An active young fellow and a clever young fellow, I grant you. But a bad servant for all that. False, Mr. Ronald—false to the marrow of his bones.'

Mr. Ronald's patience began to give way. 'Come to the facts,' he growled. 'Why has Farnaby gone off without a word to anybody? Do you know that?'

'I know no more than you do,' the clerk answered coolly. 'Don't fly into a passion. I have got some facts for you, if you will only give me time. Turn them over in your own mind, and see what they come to. Three days ago I was short of postage-stamps, and I went to the office. Farnaby was there, waiting at the desk where they pay the post-office orders. There must have been ten or a dozen people with letters, orders, and what not between him and me. I got behind him quietly, and looked over his shoulder. I saw the clerk give him the money for his post-office order. Five pounds in gold, which I reckoned as they lay on the counter, and a bank-note besides, which he crumpled up in his hand. I can't tell you how much it was for; I only know it *was* a bank-note. Just ask yourself how a porter on twenty shillings a week (with a mother who takes in washing, and a father who takes in drink) comes to have a correspondent who sends him an order for five sovereigns—and a bank-note, value unknown. Say he's turned betting-man in secret. Very good. There's the post-office order, in that case, to show that he's got a run of luck. If he has got a run of luck, tell me this—why does he leave his place like a thief in the night? He's not a slave; he's not even an apprentice. When he thinks he can better himself, he has no earthly need to keep it a secret that he means to leave your service. He may have met with

an accident, to be sure. But that's not *my* belief. I say he's up to some mischief. And now comes the question: What are we to do?'

Mr. Ronald, listening with his head down, and without interposing a word on his own part, made an extraordinary answer. 'Leave it,' he said. 'Leave it till to-morrow.'

'Why?' the clerk asked, without ceremony.

Mr. Ronald made another extraordinary answer. 'Because I am obliged to go out of town for the day. Look after the business. The ironmonger's man over the way will help you to put up the shutters at night. If anybody inquires for me, say I shall be back to-morrow.' With those parting directions, heedless of the effect that he had produced on the clerk, he looked at his watch and left the shop.

IV.

The bell which gave five minutes' notice of the starting of the Ramsgate train had just rung.

While the other travellers were hastening to the platform, two persons stood passively apart as if they had not even yet decided on taking their places in the train. One of the two was a smart young man in a cheap travelling suit; mainly noticeable by his florid complexion, his restless dark eyes, and his profusely curling black hair. The other was a middle-aged woman in frowsy garments; tall and stout, sly and sullen. The smart young man stood behind the uncongenial-looking person with whom he had associated himself, using her as a screen to hide him while he watched the travellers on their way to the train. As the bell rang, the woman suddenly faced her companion, and pointed to the railway clock.

'Are you waiting to make up your mind till the train has gone?' she asked.

The young man frowned impa-

tiently. 'I am waiting for a person whom I expect to see,' he answered. 'If the person travels by this train, we shall travel by it. If not, we shall come back here, and look out for the next train, and so on till night-time comes, if it's necessary.'

The woman fixed her small scowling grey eyes on the man as he replied in those terms. 'Look here,' she broke out. 'I like to see my way before me. You're a stranger, young Mister; and it's as likely as not you've given me a false name and address. That don't matter. False names are commoner than true ones, in my line of life. But mind this! I don't stir a step farther till I've got half the money in my hand, and my return-ticket there and back.'

'Hold your tongue!' the man suddenly interposed in a whisper. 'It's all right. I'll get the tickets.'

He looked while he spoke at an elderly traveller, hastening by with his head down, deep in thought, noticing nobody. The traveller was Mr. Ronald. The young man, who had that moment recognised him, was his runaway porter, John Farnaby.

Returning with the tickets, the porter took his repellent travelling companion by the arm, and hurried her along the platform to the train. 'The money!' she whispered, as they took their places. Farnaby handed it to her, ready wrapped up in a morsel of paper. She opened the paper, satisfied herself that no trick had been played her, and leaned back in her corner to go to sleep. The train started. Old Ronald travelled by the second class; his porter and his porter's companion accompanied him secretly by the third.

V.

It was still early in the afternoon when Mr. Ronald descended the narrow street which leads from the high land of the South-Eastern Railway-station to the port of Ramsgate. Ask-

ing his way of the first policeman whom he met, he turned to the left, and reached the cliff on which the houses in Albion-place are situated. Farnaby followed him at a discreet distance; and the woman followed Farnaby.

Arrived in sight of the lodging-house, Mr. Ronald paused—partly to recover his breath, partly to compose himself. He was conscious of a change of feeling as he looked up at the windows; his errand suddenly assumed a contemptible aspect in his own eyes. He almost felt ashamed of himself. After nineteen years of undisturbed married life, was it possible that he had doubted his wife—and that at the instigation of a stranger whose name even was unknown to him? 'If she was to step out in the balcony, and see me down here,' he thought, 'what a fool I should look!' He felt half-inclined, at the moment when he lifted the knocker of the door, to put it back again quietly, and return to London. No! it was too late. The maid-servant was hanging up her bird cage in the area of the house; the maid-servant had seen him.

'Does Mrs. Ronald lodge here?' he asked.

The girl lifted her eyebrows and opened her mouth—stared at him in speechless confusion—and disappeared in the kitchen regions. This strange reception of his inquiry irritated him unreasonably. He knocked with the absurd violence of a man who vents his anger on the first convenient thing that he can find. The landlady opened the door, and looked at him in stern and silent surprise.

'Does Mrs. Ronald lodge here?' he repeated.

The landlady answered with some appearance of effort—the effort of a person who was carefully considering her words before she permitted them to pass her lips.

'Mrs. Ronald has taken rooms here. But she has not occupied them yet.'

'Not occupied them yet?' The words bewildered him as if they had been spoken in an unknown tongue. He stood stupidly silent on the doorstep. His anger was gone; an all-mastering fear throbbed heavily at his heart. The landlady looked at him, and said to her secret self: 'Just what I suspected; there *is* something wrong!'

'Perhaps I have not sufficiently explained myself, sir,' she resumed with grave politeness. 'Mrs. Ronald told me that she was staying at Ramsgate with friends. She would move into my house, she said, when her friends left—but they had not quite settled the day yet. She calls here for letters. Indeed, she was here early this morning, to pay the second week's rent. I asked when she thought of moving in. She didn't seem to know; her friends (as I understood) had not made up their minds. I must say I thought it a little odd. Would you like to leave any message?'

He recovered himself sufficiently to speak. 'Can you tell me where her friends live?' he said.

The landlady shook her head. 'No, indeed. I offered to save Mrs. Ronald the trouble of calling here, by sending letters or cards to her present residence. She declined the offer—and she has never mentioned the address. Would you like to come in and rest, sir! I will see that your card is taken care of, if you wish to leave it.'

'Thank you, ma'am—it doesn't matter—good morning.'

The landlady looked after him as he descended the house-steps. 'It's the husband, Peggy,' she said to the servant, waiting inquisitively behind her. 'Poor old gentleman! And such a respectable-looking woman, too!'

Mr. Ronald walked mechanically to the end of the row of houses, and met the wide grand view of sea and sky. There were some seats behind the railing which fenced the edge of

the cliff. He sat down, perfectly stupefied and helpless, on the nearest bench.

At the close of life, the loss of a man's customary nourishment extends its debilitating influence rapidly from his body to his mind. Mr. Ronald had tasted nothing but his cup of coffee since the previous night. His mind began to wander strangely; he was not angry or frightened or distressed. Instead of thinking of what had just happened, he was thinking of his young days when he had been a cricket player. One special game, revived in his memory, at which he had been struck on the head by the ball. 'Just the same feeling,' he reflected vacantly, with his hat off, and his hand on his forehead. 'Dazed and giddy—just the same feeling!'

He leaned back on the bench, and fixed his eyes on the sea, and wondered languidly what had come to him. Far-naby and the woman, still following, waited round the corner where they could just keep him in view.

The blue lustre of the sky was without a cloud; the sunny sea leapt under the fresh westerly breeze. From the beach, the cries of children at play, the shouts of donkey-boys driving their poor beasts, the distant notes of brass instruments playing a waltz, and the mellow music of the small waves breaking on the sand, rose joyously together on the fragrant air. On the next bench, a dirty old boatman was prosing to a stupid old visitor. Mr. Ronald listened, with a sense of vacant content in the mere act of listening. The boatman's words found their way to his ears like the other sounds that were abroad in the air. 'Yes; them's the Goodwin Sands, where you see the light-ship. And that steamer there, towing a vessel into the harbour, that's the Rams-gate Tug. Do you know what I should like to see? I should like to see the Rams-gate Tug blow up. Why? I'll tell you why. I belong to Broadstairs; I don't belong to Rams-gate.

Very well. I'm idling here, as you may see, without one copper piece in my pocket to rub against another. What trade do I belong to? I don't belong to no trade; I belong to a boat. The boat's rotting at Broadstairs, for want of work. And all along of what? All along of the Tug. The Tug has took the bread out of our mouths; me and my mates. Wait a bit; I'll show you how. What did a ship do, in the good old times, when she got on them sands: Goodwin Sands. Went to pieces, if it come on to blow; or got sucked down little by little when it was fair weather. Now I'm coming to it. What did We do (in the good old times, mind you) when we happened to see that ship in distress? Out with our boat, blow high or blow low, out with our boat. And saved the lives of the crew, did you say? Well, yes; saving the crew was part of the day's work, to be sure; the part we didn't get paid for. We saved *the cargo*, master! and got salvage!! Hundreds of pounds, I tell you, divided amongst us by law!!! Ah, those times are gone! A parcel of sneaks get together, and subscribe to build a Steam-Tug. When a ship gets on the sands now, out goes the Tug, night and day alike, and brings her safe into harbour, and takes the bread out of our mouths. Shameful—that's what I call it—shameful.'

The last words of the boatman's lament fell lower, lower, lower on Mr. Ronald's ears—he lost them altogether—he lost the view of the sea—he lost the sense of the wind blowing over him. Suddenly, he was roused as if from a deep sleep. On one side, the man from Broadstairs was shaking him by the collar. 'I say, Master, cheer up; what's come to you?' On the other side, a compassionate lady was offering her smelling-bottle. 'I am afraid, sir, you have fainted.' He struggled to his feet, and vacantly thanked the lady. The man from Broadstairs—with an eye to salvage—took charge of the human wreck,

and towed him to the nearest public-house. 'A chop and a glass of brandy-and-water,' said this good Samaritan of the nineteenth century. 'That's what you want. I'm peckish myself, and I'll keep you company.'

He was perfectly passive in the hands of any one who would take charge of him; he submitted as if he had been the boatman's dog, and had heard the whistle.

It could only be truly said that he had come to himself, when there had been time enough for him to feel the reanimating influence of the food and drink. Then, he got on his feet, and looked with incredulous wonder at the companion of his meal. The man from Broadstairs opened his greasy lips, and was silenced by the sudden appearance of a gold coin between Mr. Ronald's finger and thumb. 'Don't speak to me; pay the bill, and bring me the change outside.' When the boatman joined him, he was reading a letter; walking to and fro, and speaking at intervals to himself. 'God help me, have I lost my senses? I don't know what to do next.' He referred to the letter again: 'If you don't believe me, ask Mrs. Turner, Number 1, Slains-rov, Ramsgate.' He put the letter back in his pocket, and rallied suddenly. 'Slains-rov,' he said, turning to the boatman. 'Take me there directly, and keep the change for yourself.'

'The boatman's gratitude was (apparently) beyond expression in words. He slapped his pocket cheerfully, and that was all. Leading the way inland, he went downhill, and uphill again—then turned aside towards the eastern extremity of the town.

Farnaby, still following, with the woman behind him, stopped when the boatman diverged towards the east, and looked up at the name of the street. 'I've got my instructions,' he said; 'I know where he's going. Step out! We'll get there before him, by another way.'

Mr. Ronald and his guide reached

a row of poor little houses, with poor little gardens in front of them and behind them. The back windows looked out on downs and fields lying on either side of the road to Broadstairs. It was a lost and lonely spot. The guide stopped, and put a question with inquisitive respect. 'What number, sir?' Mr. Ronald had sufficiently recovered himself to keep his own counsel. 'That will do,' he said. 'You can leave me.' The boatman waited a moment. Mr. Ronald looked at him. The boatman was slow to understand that his leadership had gone from him. 'You're sure you don't want me any more?' he said. 'Quite sure,' Mr. Ronald answered. The man from Broadstairs retired—with his salvage to comfort him.

Number 1 was at the farther extremity of the row of houses. When Mr. Ronald rang the bell, the spies were already posted. The woman loitered on the road, within view of the door. Farnaby was out of sight, round the corner, watching the house over the low wooden palings of the back garden.

A lazy-looking man in his shirt sleeves, opened the door. 'Mrs. Turner at home?' he repeated. 'Well, she's at home; but she's too busy to see anybody. What's your pleasure?' Mr. Ronald declined to accept excuses or to answer questions. 'I must see Mrs. Turner directly,' he said, 'on important business.' His tone and manner had their effect on the lazy man. 'What name?' he asked. Mr. Ronald declined to mention his name. 'Give my message,' he said. 'I won't detain Mrs. Turner more than a minute.' The man hesitated—and opened the door of the front parlour. An old woman was fast asleep on a ragged little sofa. The man gave up the front parlour, and tried the back parlour next. It was empty. 'Please to wait here,' he said—and went away to deliver his message.

The parlour was a miserably-furnished room. Through the open win-

dow, the patch of back garden was barely visible under fluttering rows of linen hanging out on lines to dry. A pack of dirty cards and some plain needlework, littered the bare little table. A cheap American clock ticked with stern and steady activity on the mantel-piece. The smell of onions was in the air. A torn newspaper, with stains of beer on it, lay on the floor. There was some sinister influence in the place which affected Mr. Ronald painfully. He felt himself trembling, and sat down on one of the rickety chairs. The minutes followed one another wearily. He heard a trampling of feet in the room above—then a door opened and closed—then the rustle of a woman's dress on the stairs. In a moment more, the handle of the parlour door was turned. He rose, in anticipation of Mrs. Turner's appearance. The door opened. He found himself face to face with his wife.

VI.

John Farnaby, posted at the garden paling, suddenly lifted his head and looked towards the open window of the back parlour. He reflected for a moment—and then joined his female companion on the road in front of the house.

'I want you at the back garden,' he said. 'Come along!'

'How much longer am I to be kept kicking my heels in this wretched hole?' the woman asked sulkily.

'As much longer as I please—if you want to go back to London with the other half of the money.' He showed it to her as he spoke. She followed him without another word.

Arrived at the paling, Farnaby pointed to the window, and to the back garden door, which was left ajar. 'Speak softly,' he whispered. 'Do you hear voices in the house?'

'I don't hear what they're talking about, if that's what you mean?'

'I don't hear either. Now mind

what I tell you—I have reasons of my own for getting a little nearer to that window. Sit down under the paling, so that you can't be seen from the house. If you hear a row, you may take it for granted that I am found out. In that case go back to London by the next train, and meet me at the terminus at two o'clock to-morrow afternoon. If nothing happens, wait where you are till you hear from me or see me again.'

He laid his hand on the low paling, and vaulted over it. The linen hanging up in the garden to dry offered him a means of concealment (if any one happened to look out of the window) of which he skilfully availed himself. The dust-bin was at the side of the house, situated at a right angle to the parlour window. He was safe behind the bin, provided no one appeared on the path which connected the patch of garden at the back with the patch in front. Here, running the risk, he waited and listened.

The first voice that reached his ears was the voice of Mrs. Ronald. She was speaking with a firmness of tone that astonished him.

'Hear me to the end, Benjamin,' she said. 'I have a right to ask as much as that of my husband, and I do ask it. If I had been bent on nothing but saving the reputation of our miserable girl, you would have a right to blame me for keeping you ignorant of the calamity that has fallen on us—'

There the voice of her husband interposed sternly. 'Calamity? Say disgrace, everlasting disgrace.'

Mrs. Ronald did not notice the interruption. Sadly and patiently she went on.

'But I had a harder trial still to face,' she said. 'I had to save her, in spite of herself, from the wretch who has brought this infamy on us. He has acted throughout in cold blood; it is his interest to marry her, and from first to last he has plotted to force the marriage on us. For God's sake don't

speak loud! She is in the room above us; if she hears you it will be the death of her. Don't suppose I am talking at random; I have looked at his letters to her; I have got the confession of the servant girl. Such a confession! Emma is his victim, body and soul. I know it! I know that she sent him money (*my* money) from this place. I know that the servant (at *her* instigation) informed him by telegraph of the birth of the child. Oh, Benjamin, don't curse the poor helpless infant—such a sweet little girl! Don't think of it! don't think of it! Show me the letter that brought you here; I want to see the letter. Ah, I can tell you who wrote it! *He* wrote it. In his own interests; always with his own interests in view. Don't you see it for yourself? If I succeed in keeping this shame and misery a secret from everybody—if I take Emma away, to some place abroad on pretence of her health—there is an end of his hope of becoming your son-in-law; there is an end of his being taken into the business. Yes, he, the low-lived vagabond who puts up the shop-shutters, *he* looks forward to being taken into partnership, and succeeding you when you die! Isn't his object in writing that letter as plain to you now as the heaven above us? His one chance is to set your temper in a flame, to provoke the scandal of a discovery—and to force the marriage on us as the only remedy left. Am I wrong in making any sacrifice, rather than bind our girl for life, our own flesh and blood, to such a man as that? Surely you can feel for me, and forgive me, now. How could I own the truth to you, before I left London, knowing you as I do? How could I expect *you* to be patient, to go into hiding, to pass under a false name—to do all the degrading things that must be done, if we are to keep Emma out of this man's way? No! I know no more than you do where Farnaby is to be found. Hush! there is the door-bell. It's the doctor's time for his visit. I tell

you again I don't know—on my sacred word of honour, I don't know where Farnaby is. Oh, be quiet! be quiet! there's the doctor going upstairs! don't let the doctor hear you!

So far, she had succeeded in composing her husband. But the fury which she had innocently roused in him, in her eagerness to justify herself, now broke beyond all control. 'You lie!' he cried furiously. 'If you know everything else about it, you know where Farnaby is. I'll be the death of him, if I swing for it on the gallows! Where is he! where is he?'

A shriek from the upper room silenced him before Mrs. Ronald could speak again. His daughter had heard him; his daughter had recognised his voice.

A cry of terror from her mother echoed the cry from above; the sound of the opening and closing door followed instantly. Then there was a momentary silence. Then Mrs. Ronald's voice was heard from the upper room calling to the nurse, asleep in the front parlour. The nurse's gruff tones were just audible, answering from the parlour door. There was another interval of silence; broken by another voice—a stranger's voice—speaking at the window, close by.

'Follow me up-stairs, sir, directly,' the voice said in peremptory tones. 'As your daughter's medical attendant, I tell you in the plainest terms that you have seriously frightened her. In her critical condition I decline to answer for her life, unless you make the attempt at least to undo the mischief you have done. Whether you mean it or not, soothe her with kind words; say you have forgiven her. No! I have nothing to do with your domestic troubles; I have only my patient to think of. I don't care what she asks of you, you must give way to her now. If she falls into convulsions, she will die—and her death will be at your door.'

So, with feebler and feebler inter-

ruptions from Mr. Ronald, the doctor spoke. It ended plainly in his being obeyed. The departing footsteps of the men were the next sounds to be heard. After that, there was a pause of silence—a long pause, broken by Mrs. Ronald, calling again from the upper regions. 'Take the child into the back parlour, nurse, and wait till I come to you. It's cooler there, at this time of day.'

The wailing of an infant, and the gruff complaining of the nurse, were the next sounds that reached Farnaby in his hiding-place. The nurse was grumbling to herself over the grievance of having been awakened from her sleep. 'After being up all night, a person wants rest. There's no rest for anybody in this house. My head's as heavy as lead, and every bone in me has got an ache in it.'

Before long, the renewed silence indicated that she had succeeded in hushing the child to sleep. Farnaby forgot the restraints of caution for the first time. His face flushed with excitement; he ventured nearer to the window, in his eagerness to find out what might happen next. After no long interval, the next sound came—a sound of heavy breathing, which told him that the drowsy nurse was falling asleep again. The window-sill was within reach of his hands. He waited until the heavy breathing deepened to snoring. Then he drew himself up by the window-sill, and looked into the room.

The nurse was fast asleep in an arm-chair; and the child was fast asleep on her lap.

He dropped softly to the ground again. Taking off his shoes, and putting them in his pockets, he ascended the two or three steps which led to the half-open back garden door. Arrived in the passage, he could just hear them talking up-stairs. They were no doubt still absorbed in their troubles; he had only the servant to dread. The splashing of water in the kitchen informed him that she was safely occupied in

washing. Slowly and softly, he opened the back parlour door, and stole across the room to the nurse's chair.

One of her hands still rested on the child. The serious risk was the risk of waking her, if he lost his presence of mind and hurried it!

He glanced at the American clock on the mantel-piece. The result relieved him; it was not so late as he had feared. He knelt down to steady himself, as nearly as possible on a level with the nurse's knees. By a hairsbreadth at a time, he got both hands under the child. By a hairsbreadth at a time, he drew the child away from her; leaving her hand resting on her lap by degrees so gradual that the lightest sleeper could not have felt the change. That done (barring accidents), all was done. Keeping the child resting easily on his left arm, he had his right hand free to shut the door again. Arrived at the garden steps a slight change passed over the sleeping infant's face—the delicate little creature shivered as it felt the full flow of the open air. He softly laid over its face a corner of the woollen shawl in which it was wrapped. The child reposed as quietly on his arm as if it had still been on the nurse's lap.

In a minute more he was at the paling. The woman rose to receive him, with the first smile that had crossed her face since they had left London.

'So you've got the baby?' she said.

'Well, you *are* a deep one!'

'Take it,' he answered irritably.

'We haven't a moment to lose.'

Only stopping to put on his shoes, he led the way towards the more central part of the town. The first person he met directed him to the railway station. It was close by. In five minutes more, the woman and the baby were safe in the train to London.

'There's the other half of the money,' he said, handing it to her through the carriage window.

The woman eyed the child in her arms with a frowning expression of doubt. 'All very well as long as it lasts,' she said. 'And what after that?'

'Of course, I shall call and see you,' he answered.

She looked hard at him, and expressed the whole value she set on that assurance in four words. 'Of course you will!'

The train started for London. Farnaby watched it, as it left the platform, with a look of unfeigned relief. 'There!' he thought to himself, 'Emma's reputation is safe enough now! When we are married, we mustn't have a love-child in the way of our prospects in life.'

Leaving the station, he stopped at the refreshment room, and drank a glass of brandy-and-water. 'Something to screw me up,' he thought, 'for what is to come.' What was to come (after he had got rid of the child) had been carefully considered by him, on the journey to Ramsgate. 'Emma's husband-that-is-to-be'—he had reasoned it out—'will naturally be the first person Emma wants to see, when the loss of the baby has upset the house. If Old Ronald has a grain of affection left in him, he must let her marry me after that!'

Acting on this view of his position, he took the way that led back to Slains-row, and rang the door-bell as became a visitor who had no reasons for concealment now.

The household was doubtless already disorganised by the discovery of the child's disappearance. Neither servant nor landlord was active in answering the bell. Farnaby submitted to be kept waiting with perfect composure. There are occasions on which a handsome man is bound to put his personal advantages to their best use. He took out his pocket-comb, and touched up the arrangement of his whiskers with a skilled and gentle hand. Approaching footsteps made themselves heard along the passage at

last. Farnaby put back his comb, and buttoned his coat briskly. 'Now for it!' he said, as the door was opened at last.

THE END OF THE PROLOGUE.

The Story.

CHAPTER I.

SIXTEEN years after the date of Mr. Ronald's disastrous discovery at Ramsgate—that is to say, in the year 1872—the steamship *Aquila* left the port of New York, bound for Liverpool.

It was the month of September. The passenger-list of the *Aquila* had comparatively few names inscribed on it. In the autumn season, the voyage from America to England, but for the remunerative value of the cargo, would prove to be for the most part a profitless voyage to shipowners. The flow of passengers, at that time of year, sets steadily the other way. Americans are returning from Europe to their own country. Tourists have delayed the voyage until the fierce August heat of the United States has subsided, and the delicious Indian Summer is ready to welcome them. At bed and board the passengers by the *Aquila* on her homeward voyage had plenty of room, and the choicest morsels for everybody alike on the well-spread dinner-table.

The wind was favourable, the weather was lovely. Cheerfulness and good-humour pervaded the ship from stem to stern. The courteous captain did the honours of the cabin-table with the air of a gentleman who was receiving friends in his own house. The handsome doctor promenaded the deck arm-in-arm with ladies in course of rapid recovery from the first gastric consequences of travelling by sea. The excellent chief-engineer, musical

in his leisure moments to his fingers' ends, played the fiddle in his cabin, accompanied on the flute by that young Apollo of the Atlantic trade, the steward's mate. Only on the third morning of the voyage was the harmony on board the *Aquila* disturbed by a passing moment of discord—due to an unexpected addition to the ranks of the passengers, in the shape of a lost bird!

It was merely a weary little land-bird (blown out of its course, as the learned in such matters supposed); and it perched on one of the yards to rest and recover itself after its long flight.

The instant the creature was discovered, the insatiate Anglo-Saxon delight in killing birds, from the majestic eagle to the contemptible sparrow, displayed itself in its full frenzy. The crew ran about the decks, the passengers rushed into their cabins, eager to seize the first gun and to have the first shot. An old quarter-master of the *Aquila* was the enviable man, who first found the means of destruction ready to his hand. He lifted the gun to his shoulder, he had his finger on the trigger, when he was suddenly pounced upon by one of the passengers—a young, slim, sunburnt, active man—who snatched away the gun, discharged it over the side of the vessel, and turned furiously on the quarter-master. 'You wretch! would you kill the poor weary bird that trusts our hospitality, and only asks us to give it a rest? That little harmless thing is as much one of God's creatures as you are. I'm ashamed of you—I'm horrified at you—you've got bird-murder in your face; I hate the sight of you!'

The quarter-master—a large, grave, fat man, slow alike in his bodily and his mental movements—listened to this extraordinary remonstrance with a fixed stare of amazement, and an open mouth, from which the unspat tobacco juice trickled in little brown streams. When the impetuous young

gentleman paused (not for want of words, merely for want of breath), the quarter-master turned about, and addressed himself to the audience gathered round. 'Gentlemen,' he said, with a Roman brevity, 'this young fellow is mad.'

The captain's voice checked the general outbreak of laughter. 'That will do, quarter-master. Let it be understood that nobody is to shoot the bird—and let me suggest to you, sir, that you might have expressed your humane sentiments quite as effectually in less violent language.'

Addressed in those terms, the impetuous young man burst into another fit of excitement. 'You're quite right, sir! I deserve every word you have said to me; I feel I have disgraced myself.' He ran after the quarter-master, and seized him by both hands. 'I beg your pardon; I beg your pardon with all my heart. You would have served me right if you had thrown me overboard after the language I used to you. Pray excuse my quick temper; pray forgive me. What do you say? "Let bygones be bygones?" That's a capital way of putting it. You're a thorough good fellow. If I can ever be of the smallest use to you (there's my card and address in London) let me know it; I entreat you let me know it.' He returned in a violent hurry to the captain. 'I've made it up with the quarter-master, sir. He forgives me; he bears no malice. Allow me to congratulate you on having such a good Christian in your ship. I wish I was like him! Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, for the disturbance I have made. It shan't happen again—I promise you that.'

The male travellers in general looked at each other, and seemed to agree with the quarter-master's opinion of their fellow-passenger. The women, touched by his evident sincerity, and charmed with his handsome, blushing, eager face, agreed that he was quite right to save the poor bird, and that it

would be all the better for the weaker part of creation generally if other men were more like him. While the various opinions were still in course of expression, the sound of the luncheon bell cleared the deck of the passengers, with two exceptions. One was the impetuous young man. The other was a middle-aged traveller, with a grizzled beard and a penetrating eye, who had silently observed the proceedings, and who now took the opportunity of introducing himself to the hero of the moment.

'Are you not going to take any luncheon?' he asked.

'No, sir. Among the people I have lived with we don't eat at intervals of three or four hours, all day long.'

'Will you excuse me,' pursued the other, 'if I own I should like to know *what* people you have been living with? My name is Hethcote; I was associated, at one time of my life, with a college devoted to the training of young men. From what I have seen and heard this morning, I fancy you have not been educated on any of the recognised systems that are popular at the present day. Am I right?'

The excitable young man suddenly became the picture of resignation, and answered in a formula of words as if he was repeating a lesson.

'I am Claude-Amelius-Goldenheart. Aged twenty-one. Son, and only child, of the late Claude Goldenheart, of Shedfield Heath, Buckinghamshire, England. I have been brought up by the Primitive Christian Socialists, at Tadmor Community, State of Illinois. I have inherited an income of five hundred a year. And I am now, with the approval of the Community, going to London to see life.'

Mr. Hethcote received this copious flow of information, in some doubt whether he had been made the victim of coarse raillery, or whether he had merely heard a quaint statement of facts. Claude-Amelius-Goldenheart saw that he had produced an unfa-

vourable impression, and hastened to set himself right.

'Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'I am not making game of you, as you seem to suppose. We are taught to be courteous to everybody, in our Community. The truth is, there seems to be something odd about me (I'm sure I don't know what), which makes people whom I meet on my travels curious to know who I am. If you'll please to remember, it's a long way from Illinois to New York, and curious strangers are not scarce on the journey. When one is obliged to keep on saying the same thing over and over again, a form saves a deal of trouble. I have made a form for myself—which is respectfully at the disposal of any person who does me the honour to wish for my acquaintance. Will that do, sir? Very well, then, shake hands, to show you're satisfied.'

Mr. Hethcote shook hands, more than satisfied. He found it impossible to resist the bright honest brown eyes, the simple winning cordial manner of the young fellow with the quaint formula and the strange name. 'Come, Mr. Goldenheart,' he said, leading the way to a seat on deck, 'let us sit down comfortably, and have a talk.'

'Anything you like, sir—but don't call me Mr. Goldenheart.'

'Why not?'

'Well, it sounds formal. And, besides, you're old enough to be my father; it's *my* duty to call *you* Mister—or Sir, as we say to our elders at Tadmor. I have left all my friends behind me at the Community—and I feel lonely out here on this big ocean, among strangers. Do me a kindness, sir. Call me by my Christian name; and give me a friendly slap on the back if you find we get along smoothly in the course of the day.'

'Which of your names shall it be?' Mr. Hethcote asked, humouring this odd lad. 'Claude?'

'No. Not Claude. The Primitive

Christians said Claude was a finicking French name. Call me Amelius, and I shall begin to feel at home again. If you're in a hurry, cut it down to three letters (as they did at Tadmor), and call me Mel.'

'Very good,' said Mr. Hethcote. 'Now, my friend Amelius (or Mel), I am going to speak out plainly, as you do. The Primitive Christian Socialists must have great confidence in their system of education, to turn you adrift in the world without a companion to look after you.'

'You've hit it, sir,' Amelius answered coolly. 'They have unlimited confidence in their system of education. And I'm a proof of it.'

'You have relations in London, I suppose?' Mr. Hethcote proceeded.

For the first time the face of Amelius showed a shadow of sadness on it.

'I have relations,' he said. 'But I have promised never to claim kindred with them. "They are hard and worldly; and they will make you hard and worldly, too." That's what my father said to me on his death-bed.' He took off his hat when he mentioned his father's death, and came to a sudden pause—with his head bent down, like a man absorbed in thought. In less than a minute he put on his hat again, and looked up with his bright winning smile. 'We say a little prayer for the loved ones who are gone, when we speak of them,' he explained. 'But we don't say it out

loud, for fear of seeming to parade our religious convictions. We hate cant in our Community.'

'I cordially agree with the Community, Amelius. But, my good fellow, have you really no friend to welcome you, when you get to London?'

Amelius lifted his hand mysteriously. 'Wait a little!' he said—and took a letter from the breast-pocket of his coat. Mr. Hethcote, watching him, observed that he looked at the address with an expression of unfeigned pride and pleasure.

'One of our brethren at the Community has given me this,' he announced. 'It's a letter of introduction, sir, to a remarkable man—a man who is an example to all the rest of us. He has risen, by dint of integrity and perseverance, from the position of a poor porter in a shop to be one of the most respected mercantile characters in the City of London.'

With this exordium, Amelius handed his letter to Mr. Hethcote. It was addressed as follows:—

To John Farnaby, Esquire,

Messrs. Ronald and Farnaby,

Stationers,

Allergate Street, London.

(To be continued.)

THE REALITY AND MISSION OF IDEAL CHARACTERS.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

IN face of all the religious and moral arguments and opposition arrayed against it for many generations, not only the secular but the religious literature of the present day proves incontestably that the imagination was never before stimulated to such exuberant production. The very religious press, that twenty-five years ago denounced 'works of fiction' as demoralising and dangerous to the moral health of the community, now not only countenance but publish such works as a special attraction to win new subscribers, and to gratify the old with additional entertainment. Nor are these romances or fictitious tales copied second-handed from novels or popular magazines, but are secured original from the authors at the regular price per line or page such writers receive for their productions. Indeed, 'the original story' or romance has become as common to many of our religious newspapers as the regular *feuilleton* to Paris journals. Perhaps it would not exaggerate the fact to say, that four-fifths of the Sunday School books published in America are pure fictions, and many of them of an order of imagination which would not 'pass muster' in professedly secular literature.

Still there would seem to be as many honest and intelligent minds as ever that deprecate and denounce these works of fiction, irrespective of their teaching. They belittle that faculty of the mind that produces these works by calling it fancy, and its exercise as a trivial and deteriorating employment of the intellect. They complain

that these productions of the fancy create an imaginary world, and fill it with unreal beings and experiences, and thus unfit the readers of them for the serious and inevitable realities of life which they must encounter. The only alternative to be deduced from their arguments is this, that we must satisfy the need and pursuit of the mind for high ideals of human character without travelling outside the record of verified history or rigid fact. This bold alternative would, to a certain degree, destroy the best half of the world, past, present and to come. It would fetter to the earth the noblest, the most creative faculty of the human mind. It would paralyse the wings of faith, so that it could not lift the soul an inch above the low level of human life. It would paralyse the fingers of faith, so that it could not feel the pulse of the great realities of the invisible world. It would blind the vision of faith, so that it could not discern between the glorious gates of the New Jerusalem and the black portals of everlasting night and annihilation. It would send the soul through its pilgrimage on earth with its eyes and ears so full of the dust and dirt of these battles in flesh and blood, that it could see none of the thrilling beatitudes that John saw, nor hear any of the songs he heard in his apocalypse.

Let us go to a higher authority and example than the unconsidered impression of these unthoughtful minds for a truer conception of what this creative faculty of the human mind was to do and be for the material well-being and spiritual life and destiny of

mankind. See how God, who gave it, educated, fostered and strengthened it for four thousand years before even his favoured and peculiar people could grasp the great fact of the immortality of the soul. Not until this creative faculty of the mind had been trained to the power of erecting vivid images in the invisible world, did the Saviour of mankind come in due time to bring life and immortality to light beyond the grave. That due time was the space of four thousand years; and if he had come one year sooner he would have been one year too early for the capacity of the human mind to comprehend and realise his great revelation.

What was Christ's view and example in regard to this great faculty of idealism? Why, he created a hundred-fold more fictitious personages and events than Dickens, or Thackeray, or any other novelist ever did. We read that he seldom spoke to the people except in parables. And what were his parables? They were *ideals*, that were more vivid than the abstract *reals* of actual, human life. They were fictions that were more truthful than facts and more instructive. They were fictitious transactions, experiences, and actors; but every one of them had a true human basis, or possibility of fact which carried its instruction to the listener's mind with the double force of truth. Take, for example, the Prodigal Son. Historically he was a fiction. But to the universal and everlasting conscience and experience of mankind, there has not been a human son born into this world for two thousand years endowed with such immortal life and power as that young man. He will live forever. He will give power,

'As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes.'

He will travel down all the ages, and, in loving sympathy and companionship with the saddest experiences of human nature, he will stand at every door and lair of sin and misery

and shame; he will stand there as he stood in his rags, hunger and contrition among the swine, and say to the fallen, with his broken voice and falling tears: 'I will arise and go unto my father and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.'

The good Samaritan historically was as fictitious a being as the Prodigal Son. But what one man has lived on the earth since he was introduced to the world who has been worth to it the value of that ideal character? What one mere human being has worn actual flesh and blood for the last two thousand years, who lives with such intense vitality in the best memories, life, impulse and action of this living generation as that ideal of a good neighbour? What brightest star in our heavens above would we hold at higher worth than the light of his example? Forever and forever, as long as men shall fall among the thieves that beset the narrow turnings of life, or into the more perilous ambush of their own appetites and passions, so long the good Samaritan will seek for them with his lantern in one hand, and his cruet of oil in the other, and pour the healing sympathy of his loving heart into their wounded spirits; so long will he walk the thorny and stony paths of poverty, sin and guilt; and, with a hand and voice soft and tender with God's love, raise the fallen, bind up their wounds, and bring them back to the bosom of the great salvation.

Take away these ideals from the world and what should we have left? How could humanity have ever been lifted above any level on which it groped unless it could have taken hold of something let down to it from above? And what was that something? It was the divine gift of this very creative faculty of the mind, which people nick-name imagination. Where would civilization have been

to-day had it not been for these ideals which imagination, if you please, has embodied in sculpture, painting, architecture, and even in the commonest of industrial arts? There was a time in the history of Greece when its early settlers almost worshipped a benefactor who first taught them to build huts and wear clothes, instead of living in caves and eating acorns like wild beasts. What force, then, was it that gave the steady continuity of progress from that first hut of wattles on Grecian soil to the magnificent Pantheon of Athens? It was this very God-given faculty of the mind to build ideals on the low and narrow basis of actual fact. For every ideal must have at least a feeble real for its point of departure, otherwise it loses the vitality of truth, it makes a clean severance from human experience, and conveys no available instruction to the mind.

What this idealism has done in sculpture, painting and architecture for human forms and habitations, it has done a hundred times more decisively in the construction of human characters. Every mountain we see at twenty miles distance wears the face our idealism has given to it. All its bald and ragged rocks, its rough ravines, and river sides, are smoothed over with the blue of the intervening distance, until it looks like a great pillow of velvet, so soft that the cheek of the sky seems to indent it. Just so with the structures of human life. There is not a historical character one hundred years old that has not been smoothed over, softened, refined and purified by our idealism. Take, for instance, the most impressive and valuable character to mankind that the Old Testament has handed down to us, the King and poet David. How the blue of twenty-five centuries has smoothed the rough crevices and wide discrepancies of his actual human life! He never stands before us in his bald, historic reality. We have created him a new and immortal being,

as a companion and counsellor in all our experiences of trial, temptation, sin, joy and sorrow. We have taken the living breath of his beautiful and tender psalms of life, and breathed it back into a human ideal, which we call David. This ideal is not an image of wood or stone. It is not the being which the painter, the sculptor or the poet creates. It is a being warm with all the pulses of human life and sympathy, whose eyes beam upon our tired souls with sweetness and light; who prays for us and with us, in temptation and affliction; who sings for us and with us, our songs of joy and thanksgiving; whose tears mingle with ours, and are as wet as ours, when we weep, with a face as low as his, for one as dear to us as his Absalom or the little infant of his affection, was to him. Suppose, now, some malignant power *could* and *should* demolish this ideal David, and put the real, historical David, in all the baldness of his actual life, before us. Suppose this living personation of his psalms should vanish from our sight; that the being we had created out of his own thoughts should disappear like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving behind only the bare fact on which it was built. Why, the loss to the Christian world would be greater than the loss of a dozen of the brightest stars that shine in the heavens above.

What our idealism has done to David, it has done to all the historical beings who have ever lived and left their impress on the world. This creative faculty peoples both earth and heaven with ideals. There is no height in the universe which it does not reach and crown with its impersonated conceptions. It mounts on the ladder of St. John's vision to its uppermost round. It sees all we saw; it hears all we heard. It fills heaven with its living, vivid ideals. What are the productions of all the fiction writers of the world compared with the ideals which any dozen children of ten years

among us have created? Why the boldest of us all would hardly dare to mount the heights of their young and honest conceptions. Suppose, for instance, we could see with their eyes the ideals of the historical God of the Universe, as He sees them; that we could, as it were, photograph their impersonations of His being; the humanity they make Him wear; the throne they seat Him upon; the crown they place on His head; the robes they clothe Him with; His heaven, His angels, the Saviour at His side, and the Spirits of the just made perfect in the forms they give them. If we could see all these embodiments of their conceptions we should get a clearer view of the faculty and mission of idealism in the highest realm of spiritual life, as well as in that general progress and well-being of mankind, which we call civilization.

But this creative faculty of the mind does something more than people the past and the future with its impersonations. It fills this living present with its human ideals, which are as dear to us as 'the immediate jewels' of our souls; dearer far than the bare human realities that belong to our actual companionship. How cold and cruel would fall the hand upon our hearts and homes that should drive out of our Eden the beloved ideals that walk with us among its flowers, and even taste with us the forbidden fruit of its tree of knowledge of good and evil! Why, everyday ideals marry and are given in marriage to each other in our midst. The happiest homes on earth are the homes of living ideals; the homes of husbands and wives, parents and children, radiant with the idealism which one gives to the other. There is many a poor woman, pinched and pale with poverty, who can say, and does say, to her half-crippled, homely and fretful husband:

'Although you are nothing to the world,
You are all the world to me.'

The very term we use to designate

the qualities of the highest beings of our faith and worship illustrates this idealism. We speak of the *attributes* of such a being. These are the dispositions, the faculties, the heart and mind which we attribute to one; the qualities *we* believe him to possess, and which make up his character to our honest apprehension. It is one of the happiest faculties of the human mind that we can attribute these qualities, even to those nearest and dearest to us; that, while they walk by our side through life, we can robe their real beings with the soft velvet of our idealism, hiding all the unwelcome discrepancies and unpleasant features of bare fact which we do not *wish* to see. Not one of the Christian graces acts without some faculty of the mind put in exercise. And charity, that crowning virtue of them all—'charity that beareth all things, *believeth* all things, *hopeth* all things, *endureth* all things; charity that suffereth long and is kind, and envieth not, and *thinketh* no evil'—this, the greatest of all the graces that brighten and sweeten the life of human society, acts more through this faculty of idealism than through any other power of the mind. What a wretched aggravation of human beings society would be if they lived and moved together in the bare bones of actual fact, unclothed upon by that soft mantle of our idealism, which is woven in the same loom as Charity's best robe, wherewith she covers such a multitude of sins, blots and specks which would otherwise be seen to the hurt of our social happiness!

We have, then, the clearest testimony that God could give in nature, in revelation, and in the history of mankind, that there is no power of the human mind through which He works so manifestly, so irresistibly for the uplifting and salvation of our race as this very faculty of idealism. Not a family or tribe of mankind has ever made one step of progress in civilization except through the exercise of this faculty. Not an individual soul has

made its pilgrimage on earth and reached the opened gate of the heavenly city without the constant help of this faculty. It is the faculty that creates for the heart, and eye, and ear, and hand of faith, a new heaven and a new earth, and peoples both with ideals which are a hundred times more vivid, tangible, companionable and helpful to it than the best realities that are found in flesh and blood. It would require volumes to record the history of this great faculty; of its training and progress through the ages; of the successive stages by which it has carried mankind forward on the high road of civilization; of the industrial and fine arts it has produced, and of the thousand ways in which it has worked for the glory of God and the good of man. All the mechanical, chemical and electrical forces now in operation for mankind have been developed through this reserved force of the intellect. Their history is the history of idealism brought to bear upon the pure and simple facts of nature.

In all the mythologies and poetical conceptions of Greece, Rome, and other countries in the pagan ages, we see what characters and what characteristics made up the beau-ideals of their conception. They represented and deified the brute forces of humanity, the strength, courage and feats of the warrior. Their highest qualities were the brute-force virtues, which then inspired and filled all that the imagination of society could grasp of good and glory. As these qualities were to that imagination the divinest that man could attain and illustrate, so they supplemented their actual, historical heroes with ideal beings who had exhibited these qualities to a superhuman degree of power and courage. Thus we can trace the progress of the human mind in its conception and estimation of the moral virtues by the character of the ideals it has created. In what are called the classic or heroic ages, these ideals were all of the same cast; they all represented the same

qualities. They were all martial heroes, who fought *with* the gods or *against* them, or were held as divine in their origin and end.

It is a peculiar feature of inspired idealism, or of the fictitious characters wrought under the influence of divine revelation, that they illustrate what we may call the reactive virtues. They exhibit the culture of the human soul; the training and development of its faculties of thought and feeling and moral action to the highest perfection that a poetical imagination can conceive. They erect before us the structure of a human character all glorious with truth and beauty in the highest conceivable perfection, and say to us, 'Behold the man!' Behold the model for your own life and thoughts.

The character of Job will serve us as the highest ideal which the Old Testament History gives us of that great virtue which the soul most needs as the anchor of its immortal hopes. It matters not when or where Job lived, or whether he ever lived at all, as a historical personage. He lives and will live forever, as the good Samaritan or the Prodigal Son lives, with a vitality that broadens and strengthens with the ages. When that grandest and sublimest of human biographies was written, the great virtue his character impersonated was of the most vital value to the human soul. Patience even now, under the unsettling sunlight of a revealed immortality, is one of the greatest virtues a Christian can exercise. Even on the surest anchorage of his hopes, and in the brightest visions of his faith, there is a mystery in some of the sad experiences he is called to endure, which almost drifts him into the gurgling eddies of despair. But in Job we have a human soul tried by every conceivable vicissitude of affliction, with no anchorage within the veil to hold him steady in the flood of his woes; with no ray of revealed immortality to light his faith to a happy world of existence beyond the grave. We see

the quick succession of disasters that fall upon his life; the sweeping visitation of God that crushes all his children to death in a moment; the destruction of all his property; the consuming and loathsome disease that lays him in the dust; and, hardest of all to bear, his fall from the respect of princes to the contempt of beggars. We see how his faith in God is strained to the most desperate treason as the tempest of his afflictions blackens and beats upon him. We wonder if the next surge will part his anchor, and utterly drown him in despair. While mistaken friends reproach him with a concealed hypocrisy that has brought down these judgments upon him; while his broken-spirited wife urges him to merit the afflictions he suffers, 'to curse God and die,' and at the moment when we fear he will do it, we see him lift to heaven those plaintive eyes, half closed with the salt clay his tears have made in the dust; we see him clasp those flayed and swollen hands; we hear that choked and broken voice saying, in the accents of a sick child, *'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'*

Here, then, we have in Job one of the great ideals that God Himself has given to us, in the sublimest language ever written on earth since He wrote with his own fingers on Sinai the first penned syllables of any human tongue. Here we have a human impersonation of Patience, who will live to the last day of our race, and write his name on the last blank leaf of the long history of human affliction.

The psalms and songs of David, and the inspired poetry of the Hebrew prophets, peopled the glorious future they predicted with splendid ideals, and anointed them with holy oil for their missions on the earth. What a halo of glory and heavenly grace David puts around the brow and the kingdom of Solomon, his son and successor! What an ideal of human power and splendour, of kingly might and Hebrew dominion, the prophets

presented to the Jewish mind in their Messiah! And how their whole race to this day cling to that ideal as the unrealised fruition of their great hope of reconstruction and glory as a nation!

Next to the Bible in the production of sublime ideals, I think we must rank the creations of Shakespeare. His idealistic power swept over the whole life and record of nations, clean back to the dawn of Grecian history. His creative genius was not afraid to walk in its might and courage where Horace and Virgil bashful trod. He came; he saw the sublimest ideals they had erected before an admiring world, and he was not afraid to take the originals of their heroes and heroines and impersonate them in loftier conceptions of moral grandeur and beauty. He taught his genius to inhale the true spirit of past ages and nations, and to breathe the breath of each into the great characters he constructed out of its history. He made the heroes of the siege of Troy more Greek in mien, mind, form and stature, than Homer could paint them. He made the grandest of all the Romans walk, speak, feel and act more Roman in spirit and carriage than any historical characters that Roman poets or historians ever described. Like the sun that reveals what lies hidden under the starlight, his genius passed over the great historical characters of twenty centuries, and showed them to the world radiant with qualities that never shone in them before. Half 'the divinity that doth hedge about a king,' kings to-day owe to Shakespeare. He did for them what no other writer who ever lived, did or could do. He idealised them in personations of dignity which they never realised in actual life. Never kings walked and talked on earth with such majesty of deportment and utterance and sentiment as his sovereigns. The crowns he set upon their brows to this very day are brilliant with a lustre that even republics admire.

I think it is safe to say, that no other writer, before or since his day, ever produced so many illustrations and distinctive characters as Shakespeare. Whatever historical basis he had to build upon, every character he constructed was a completely distinct creation. He never reproduced it in another. Then there is hardly a human condition, passion or virtue which he did not embody in some vivid impersonation. Any thoughtful man, walking up and down the gallery of his embodiments, may write the name of its living spirit under every one of them. Who could doubt what to write under his Macbeth, Hamlet, Richard, Lear, Falstaff, Brutus, Shylock, Portia, Jessica, or Juliet? But there is one characteristic common to all his creations. Although he himself belonged to the middle class of English society, he took from it none of his heroes or heroines. These he found alone in royal courts and in noble and gentle blood. But doubtless he had a reason for this predilection which the writers of the present day cannot plead. The England of which he wrote was the England of Norman pride and domination. The half-despised and depressed Saxon masses had not yet developed a middle class of any intellectual or social stature. They only furnished the clowns, cowherds and swineherds and supernumeraries of the drama for Shakespeare and other writers, not only of his age but of later times. He wrote only for the aristocracy—for that was the only class that produced all his great characters, and could appreciate them and reward his genius. But the reading masses of the English-speaking race all round the globe have arisen to the level of his grandest conceptions, to perceive and enjoy their power, truth and beauty. The sun of his genius has been two hundred years in coming to its meridian; and for the first time in all this period, it is now beginning to be seen in all its lustre, even by the working-classes of Christendom. He put

such epigrammatic force into the noblest truths and sentiments of purity and beauty, that we often see them quoted as axioms of Holy Writ; and sometimes persons have ascribed to Shakespeare some apothegm of Job, David, or Isaiah.

Coming down over a space of two hundred years to Sir Walter Scott, we have another circle of brilliant creations, produced by that great novelist. He wrote on the same level as Shakespeare. He wrote of the aristocracy and for the aristocracy, and for that very reason he was all the more popular with classes who love to look to a rank above their own for their ideals of heroic deeds and chivalric virtues. All his life long he fascinated the reading ranks of society with such ideals, whether they were based on historical facts, or were the pure fictions of his genius. In both he favoured the genteel discrepancies of aristocratic life, and softened the aspect of its easy moralities. Making the best of its moral and social habits, he brings out his leading figures with the glamour of a few brilliant vices, as if it would brighten the sheen of their virtues in the eyes of the world. And doubtless he was correct in his appreciation of the tastes of his age and generation. He knew that Leicester and Marmion would be insipid characters without the wine and relish of criminal passion, or moral obliquity. It would be a nice and difficult question to settle, whether vice or virtue supplied the most attractive characteristic of his creations. They presented both in a popular and brilliant aspect, and made both equally genteel and admirable. They entertained the fashionable public of the age with delicious pictures of high life and society. They were a luxury to the parlour and boudoir; but it is very doubtful if they ever stirred a human sympathy to action to soften the rough pathways of poverty and suffering, or moved one to any heroic deeds of charity and benevolence to the

friendless and fallen. We have no reason to believe they ever ameliorated the discipline of a prison or poor-house, or humanised a Draconic law, or generated a helpful influence in behalf of the industrial masses of the people. His characters and their life belonged to another world, to be regarded by the common people as distant and inaccessible objects of admiration, leaving no footprints for their humble feet to follow; no deeds which they could imitate.

A host of other brilliant writers have followed Scott in these upper walks of social life, and hundreds probably will imitate his example for a generation to come. They love to air their genius and build their castles on these serene heights of aristocratic society, and to show the lower world what ideals of romantic chivalry, of love, purity and patriotism royal and noble and gentle blood can only produce. And the fact is worthy of notice, that every one of these writers belongs to the middle class of society, which, they seem to imply, is too poor in manly and womanly virtues to produce even the small and feeble basis of fact for ideals which their genius could make attractive to the reading world. And I think we almost owe it as an act of justice to the titled and hereditary nobility and gentry thus idealised, to remember that they themselves never belauded their own class by claiming the monopoly of such heroes and heroines, or by describing such characters as belonging to their own class alone. Even Disraeli, the author of *Lothair*, was born in the very middle of the middle class, and other writers who preceded him or imitate him in their aristocratic characters, began their literary life on the same level.

We now come to a writer who was to an unexplored world of human life what Columbus was to a new hemisphere of the earth. I say, unexplored, in any honest sense of appreciation. It had been superficially glanced over

to furnish low or comic actors on the stage of exalted characters, as fails to bring out their noble qualities in fuller relief. But Dickens, without previous chart or example to guide him, landed on this half-forgotten shore of human life, and, lighted by his own experience in its hardest and commonest walks, he presented to the world a set of characters out of common men, women and children, which have doubtless made a deeper, a more lasting and healthful impression on the present age than all the ideals taken from the ranks of aristocratic and titled fashion for the last hundred years. There is no miry or thorny by-path of poverty, there is no lane nor alley of hard and suffering life, in which he has not found the material and suggestion for some hero or heroine of minor virtue; some living impersonation of moral courage, faith, patience, gentleness, tenderness, love, or purity. There is no brilliant nor fashionable vice, no form of hypocrisy, or untruthful pretension; there is no iniquity established by a lord; no stingy habit, nor hard-hearted institution; no sham nor shameful inhumanity in private or public life, in school-house, poor-house, or prison-house, which he has not impersonated in his creations and shown to the world in its most repulsive aspects. I think it is not too much to say, that no writer of fiction ever made the public laugh with more healthy laughter, or weep with more healthy tears, than Charles Dickens. For he makes no one laugh at crime, or weep for experiences that are not true and frequent in common life. Thus he has set more of the practical sympathies of benevolence at work than any other novelist, living or dead. It is just as impossible to measure the ameliorating influence he brought to bear upon the spirit and discipline of prisons, poor-houses, schools, law courts, and other institutions in Great Britain, as it is to measure the value of a day's rain in summer on a dusty continent. His ideals met the urgent necessities

of his age and country. He produced them in the right order of succession, and the public recognized in them impersonations of qualities and characters that were true to nature and common to society. His 'Old Curiosity Shop' was full of vivid ideals that seemed strange; but they were actual, living facts merely put under the microscopic power of his genius, which magnified but did not distort them. Hundreds of mothers, on both sides of the Atlantic, recognized the sweet, meek face of his little Nell in the little daughter they had loved and lost. His Quilp was detested, hated, and avoided in every society. Who can tell the worth of his Pecksniff to an age much given to shams and pretentious seeming? Then, what novelist ever lighted the lower walks of common life with such helpful and attainable ideals as his Tom Pinch, Mark Tapley, Daniel Peggotty, his Cheap Jack, Little Dorrit, Barnaby Rudge, and other humble but brave heroes who battled with the hard lots of common men?

Turning to American writers, I think we must admit that no human ideal was ever created on this continent that so impressed the world, and, 'like a blind Samson,' so shook the pillars of our nation as Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom. Millions on both sides of the Atlantic saw him dying under the lash, the lacerated impersonation of the cruelties and degradation which slavery would and did inflict on human beings. For a whole year long, Uncle Tom stood up before every Court in Europe, lifting his black and furrowed visage above all the admired ideals that the novelists of a hundred years had created. There was scarce a reading cottage family in England that did not give him the first place in its tearful sympathy with human suffering. Thus for weeks and months a representative of four millions of African slaves was raised from his low level and placed before half of Christendom in the very front rank of

those ideal beings which the world's best genius has created out of the actual histories of human experience.

It may be said, to the credit of most American writers, that, if they have not followed Dickens on the same plan of human experience, they have not gone abroad to glean for ideals in the glorified preserves of royal or noble blood. They have taken their characters generally from the highest walks of American life, though such walks are frequently so far removed from the observation and experience of common men and women that one may well wonder in what sections of American society they are to be found.

But if *Old England* has given a Shakespeare to the world, to dramatise its grandest histories, and to enrich its foremost nations with the sublime statuary of his great ideals, *New England* has given to a world as wide a Longfellow, as the poet of the human heart and its unwritten and unspoken emotions and experiences. No two poets were ever sundered by such spaces of dissimilarity. No other two ever dropped into the world's mind thoughts so immortal, yet so different in their breathing force and generating life. Dryden supplies the best comparison between the great poet of human history and the world-beloved poet of the human heart:

'Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.'

Certainly no poet ever drew more angels down to the companionship, to the aid and comfort of common men and women, than Longfellow. No one ever idealised the experiences of their hearts and lives so truthfully, tenderly and vividly. There is not a hope or faith that has stayed them in the beating flood of affliction which he has not impersonated in some character, whose face is like the face of a son or daughter at their own fire-side. No other poet, living or dead, has shown us so many angel-beaten paths between the

Here and the Hereafter, and lighted them with so many lamps all the way to the Celestial City. The critics and connoisseurs of scientific poetry tell us he cannot be ranked with the masters of the art, that he lacks nerve and force; that he does not thunder and lighten with mighty thoughts and grand conceptions, half hidden and half revealed. This may be true. There is none of the majestic roll and flow of Tennyson's genius, nor the mystic and misty touch of Browning, nor the wild, weird strength of fancy-mad Swinburne. It is one of his simplest poems, in title, diction, figure and flow. But no other poem ever written has so entered into the very blood and bone of the common reading world as those few words: 'The young man said to the Psalmist.' It is safe to say that no other poem has been committed to memory by so many thousands on both sides of the Atlantic; no other so often quoted or referred to, or made the text or inspiration of so many parallel thoughts; none that is making its way into so many languages. As an illustration of its power to touch the universal heart of mankind with its truth and beauty, a single incident may suffice. A few years ago, it is said, the Secretary of the British Embassy at Peking, translated 'The Psalm of Life' into the common vernacular Chinese, and wrote it on the door-posts of the building. A mandarin of high rank, passing by, stopped to read it. He was struck with its sweetness and beauty even in such a translation, and he put it in the classic language of the country and sent it to Longfellow, written on a splendid Chinese fan.

If this were the only production of the poet, it would enshrine him forever in its own beautiful immortality. It can never die. Its spirit and utterance must run parallel with the attributes of human nature in all the ages to come. It matters not on what level of life, or in what direction a man may shape his pilgrimage on earth, 'The

Psalm of Life' will tune his hopes to all the steps of the journey from childhood to old age. Never were simple words voiced with such instrumental music of every cadence and mode of expression. We hear the bugle of faith sound the reveille over a sleeping camp. We feel our own feet beat time to the tread of the march, when the clarion of honest ambition sounds loud and clear over the bright morning of radiant hope. As the day deepens with human experience, we begin to hear the muffled drum 'beating funeral marches to the grave.' We see the obstinate Past and the living Present close in 'the battle of life.' We hear its trumpets and the shout of its heroes. Vivid images and brave voices of cheer thicken as we listen. Every line of the poem impersonates a glorious truth. They are all alive with human blood and breath. First, we have the Psalmist himself, who has drawn out the young man's remonstrance. We know what manner of moralist he is, and what he has been saying to the young man. He is one of the old constitutional croakers, who has made 'Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs' the daily food of his thoughts. His lips are weary with doleful Jeremiahs over the shortness and vanity of life; just as if the Now were the Forever, it would be the best Heaven that God could create for the human soul. With his long, fallow face and warning voice, he has been pouring one of these old ditties of grief into the young man's ears. The young man has heard it before, as he hears it now. The better intuitions of his own heart dictate the reply. See how he turns the old man's mortality argument into stimulus to brave hope, duty and action. See how he makes an honest human life stir the very earth with the footsteps of its heroic endeavour, singing its songs by night, and beating its foes by day. See how he calls to young and old to fill the heart with a great purpose, and bear it into the

strife with a faith and courage that shall never wane nor waver. Mark how every succeeding verse of the poem echoes with the voices of cheer and hope and victory that come up to us out of the conflict.

Some clever critics have almost reproached Longfellow, for singing so much in the minor mode of pathos; as if he would dim the eyes of the reader to his lack of power by filling them with the dew of sympathy with some sad experience or emotion. They have even had the heart to insinuate that there was a method in assuming this pathetic mood. But all his poems prove that this tender sentiment of sympathy is the spontaneous and vital breath of his intense humanity. It pervades all his works like a living spirit. You may feel its pulse in every line. How tenderly it breathes in *Evangeline*, in *Hiawatha*, in his poems on Slavery, 'The Footsteps of Angels,' 'The Bridge,' 'The Goblet of Life,' 'The Reaper and the Flowers.' Take his 'Resignation,' for example, and ask the thousands of bereaved parents on both sides of the Atlantic, who have dried their eyes over that poem while sitting silent under the shadow of the great affliction, whether they can believe that the spirit it breathes was a mere simulated sentiment of a poet, whose heart had never been touched with the sorrow he describes. It is the poet himself who stands in the doorway of his own darkened home, and, with his back to the outside world, folds the hand of his weeping wife in his own, and speaks to her of the dear one gone to a brighter life, leaving fresh footprints all the way to the heavenly city. How beautifully and tenderly he unfolds the unbroken continuity of existence and growth, transforming death and all the accessories of the tomb into the dawning light and welcome home of the life immortal! What poem in the English language of the same length is so full of varied and vivid idealism? Mark the succession of images that

runs through every verse; all combining their significance in the concluding sentiment.

What his glorious apostrophe to 'The Ship of State' is to American patriots, 'The Village Blacksmith' is to the great masses of the boundless commonwealth of labour, who read or hear its brave words of hope and cheer. I have heard it sung to thousands of them in England, and they would burst out in an expression of enthusiasm that shook the building before the line was finished. They were sweat-faced men 'with large and sinewy hands,' who had but dim perception of artistic music, but the words of the poet were more than music to their souls; and when he drew the picture of the patient, brave, hopeful, self-reliant, and self-standing Blacksmith, they hailed him as their highest beautiful of manly dignity and heroism. Notice how the whole description of this valiant artisan shapes itself into the great moral contained in the last verse.

No other living or modern poet has written on so many different subjects as Longfellow. What 'distinct voices seemed to say' to him in his woodland dreams, he has obeyed from his first to his last song. 'All forms of sorrow and delight' he has sung as no other poet ever sang them. He could find in the humble life of French peasantry in Nova Scotia a heroine in Kirtle, whose beautiful graces will give her name a place in the heart of the world which Homer's Helen, Dante's Beatrice, or Tennyson's Guinevere will never hold nor attain. He did not need to set heaven ablaze with war and make its golden streets resound with the tread of mailed seraphs. He did not need to imitate the profane audacity of Milton, and put the unsanctified speech of human thoughts into the holy lips of God. He did not need to dramatise heaven and hell, to interchange their history, and alternate their *dramatis personæ* on the same theatrical stage. No, he found

in the battle of common life heroes and heroines more indigenuous to humanity, whose faith, purity, truth, courage and victories will ever be dearer and nearer and more helpful to

the great, every-day world of living men and women than all the artistic characters in the *Paradise Lost*, or *Mort d'Arthur*.

WILD ROSES.

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

O'ER the wild rose-bush
 Humming-birds hover,
 Butterflies poise on the trembling leaves ;
 Delicate petals,
 Parting, discover
 Yellow-thighed honey bees,—dainty thieves.

By the wild rose-bush
 Stands a fair maiden,
 Loving the flowers with rapturous eyes ;
 Humming-birds vanish,
 Bees, honey-laden,
 Dart away swiftly, forsaking their prize.

Down the lone wood-path,
 Where the lane closes,
 Arched o'er by maples, joyous with song,
 Comes the fair maiden
 Blooming with roses :
 Bright blooming roses to maidens belong.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT VOLCANOES.

BY E. C. BRUCE.

IN the blazing chimneys of a blast-furnace at night we have a very striking spectacle, familiar as it is. By day, the incandescent gases that form the waving red flag of the iron-master are less visible, but great volumes of smoke float abroad over a blackened country, where many forms of vegetation are blighted, grass is smothered and the trunks of trees don a dingy cloak. It is an artificial volcano on a small scale, with several craters, an attendant desert corresponding to that which surrounds Hecla, and a steady accumulation on the soil of the products of combustion. We approach the cupola amid the deafening clank of trip-hammers and whirl of fly-wheels in no feeble mimicry of the groans of the Titans under Ossa or Enceladus under Etna. The heat grows more and more oppressive as we draw toward the centre of activity. Presently, an opening is formed, and a white-hot torrent of slag, or lava, pours slowly forth. This cools so rapidly that the gases imprisoned within its substance have not time to escape. They thus give the hardened mass, generally, a cellular or porous structure and a comparatively low specific gravity. On the surface a crust forms immediately, and you may soon walk upon it without prejudice to your shoes, as the Vesuvian tourists traverse the still-moving lava and light their way with torches improvised by thrusting their walking-sticks into the crevices. Altogether, the rehearsal of the phenomena of an eruption is, as far as it goes, exact. It would be more so were a mound of earth and rock heaped up around the furnace

and its vent, while unlimited fuel continued to be supplied at the buried base. Dump into the chimney a quantity of material like that which surrounds it, add some barrels of water, and hurry out of the way. A violent ejection of lava in a vertical direction will take the place of the sluggish lateral flow we have witnessed. Cooled still more quickly by its more rapid passage through the atmosphere, it becomes more porous and lighter. It may resemble pumice. But there can be no such variety of mineral forms as that yielded by volcanoes. Lime, iron and clay, as a rule, comprise the contents of the furnace, with but a trifle of the characteristic element of sulphur, with which smelters of iron have as little to do as possible. The subterranean laboratory is infinite in its resources, and they appear in all the combinations heat can produce. The crystalline marble of the statuary, the granite of the builder, the gold-bearing quartz that enriches states, and the gem that glitters on the brow of beauty are but a few of the fruits of the same alembic. The lava itself varies greatly in the density of its structure, as, to a less extent, does its relative of the iron-furnace. Its gradations in this respect lie between basalt, or the almost equally hard paving-stones of Pompeii, and the delicate floating fibres scattered by Mauna Loa over the island at its base, and termed by the natives the hair of their ancient goddess Pelé. The latter substance is the result of a current of cold air passing sharply across the surface of an outpour of lava, and has been recently reproduced artificially



CRATER OF VESUVIUS IN 1845.

at the great iron-works of Essen. It resembles spun glass, and may, like it, be used as a textile. Pumice, which is lighter than water, and in great eruptions has been known to cover square miles of sea, is a more familiar form.

Man has naturally been always curious about the chimneys of his spherical dwelling-place. He is fond of observing them from below, and, when he can, from above. Vesuvius is one of the stock shows of Italy, like the Apollo and the Coliseum. Two generations ago 'its blaze' was 'a usual sight to gaping tourists from its hackneyed height.' It is still more so now, the telegraph enabling lovers of the marvellous to stay at home till the last moment, and traverse Europe between the last preliminary throes and the actual outbreak. After the construction of a few more railways on the west coast of South America we shall, on our side of the Atlantic, be able to make pleasure excursions at short notice to Sangay, Sorata and Antuco, each of which in round numbers exceed in altitude by fifty per cent, Vesuvius piled on Etna.

Free from danger, seated in a region where the fire-mountain and the mastodon seem equally extinct, let us take a peep into these fiery secrets of the under-world. We have the advantage over the jackdaw studying the hole in the millstone, in that our view is not met by utter darkness. We climb, for example, with Spallanzani and his successors to the top of Stromboli. A third of the way down the mountain-side, opposite to that by which we ascended, we see the bowl of white-hot broth that has been full and bubbling without the slightest intermission for at least twenty-three centuries. At intervals more or less regular it boils over with a splutter that shakes the earth and sends a spray of incandescent rocks into the sea, which grumbles the while like a blacksmith's water-barrel when he cools a bar of iron from the anvil. Or, turning our backs on this very moderate specimen of a volcanic vent, we step to the Sandwich Islands and skirt the six square miles of molten lava at Kilauea, the lower and secondary crater of Mauna Loa. It would melt down two Strombolis, and the five hundred feet through

which it rises and falls would scarce be so increased, by the throwing of them into the basin, as to cause the overflow which has long been looked for in vain. Vaster still, though not at present occupied by lava, is the cavity of Dasar in Java. Standing on its brim, three hundred feet high, one can scarcely perceive a horseman in the middle, and to traverse its utterly barren expanse, deep with cinders, is a fatiguing march. There are, moreover, craters within craters, like a cup and saucer, the cup reversed and a hole in its bottom. This is a common form, the interior cone being composed of the later ejections, and changing shape and dimensions with

the fluctuations in the activity of the volcano. Etna and Vesuvius vary their profile in a course of years by the growth and decrease of this mound. It sometimes rises several hundred feet above the level of the wall of the main crater, and its disappearance correspondingly reduces the apparent height of the mountain.

The size of the crater does not bear any fixed relation to that of the volcano to which it belongs. The diameter of the summit-basin of Volcano, one of the Lipari Islands, which has the honour of having contributed the generic name, is, for instance, three thousand feet, the mountain rising but twelve hundred feet above the sea; while



STROMBOLI.

Etna, with an elevation of nearly eleven thousand feet, has a crater but half as large. Etna, in turn, excels in this feature the Peak of Teneriffe, which is fourteen hundred feet higher, and has emitted from its narrow mouth the substance of the whole island upon which in one sense it stands and which in another it composes.

Some mountains have a plurality of

craters. Colima, in Mexico, projects smoke and lava simultaneously from two; the volcano of the Isle de Bourbon has three, erected upon cones of considerable magnitude; and the Gunung Salam of Java is provided with six.

Again, not only do mountains which possess craters, or even a relay of them, frequently neglect to use them in their



WALLS OF THE CRATER OF KILAUEA.

moments of frenzy, and branch off, like some human spouters, into side-issues, but there are volcanoes devoid of terminal craters altogether. Among those is Antisana, nineteen thousand feet high. Nor can Ararat be said to possess one. This famous hill, 17,210 feet above the sea and 14,000 above the surrounding plain, only took its place in the ranks of active volcanoes in 1840, after a silence running back beyond the event which gives it celebrity. The eruption of that year is unfortunately less minutely chronicled than the voyage of the ark, but it ap-

pears to have proceeded from an opening in the flank of the mountain.

As water is so important an agent in the production of volcanic throes, it is looked to by those who have an immediate and fearful interest in the matter to give warning of an approaching convulsion. The wells, they say, sink and the springs disappear, as the departure of the savages from the vicinity of the settlements used to be token to our frontiers-men an Indian war. The element, so powerful as a friend and an enemy, begins its attack by drawing in its pickets. The time



MOUNT BOURBON.

for preparation may be a few hours or it may be some days, but when the wells change level it has come. So it was at Naples in 1779, 1806 and 1822. At the same time, the sign is not infallible, nor does it always manifest itself when an eruption is at hand. A cause for the frequent occurrence of the phenomenon is easy to suggest. The expulsion of an enormous volume of matter, solid or gaseous, must pro-

duce a vacuum, and any surface fluid within reach will be absorbed to fill it. An infusion of the water with clay, scoriæ or other matter by the direct action of the expulsive force, changing its colour to white, red or black, admits of as ready an explanation. When such portents are followed closely by a preliminary growl from the awakening monster, the crisis cannot be far off. The move-

ments of the imprisoned gases which thus make themselves felt may or may not be attended by marked tremors of the surface. Generally, they are comparatively slight, and are confined to the immediate neighbourhood.

The sympathy of ocean is sometimes as early in showing itself. Earthquakes are commonly accompanied by an agitation of the sea, but it sometimes occurs at the moment of an eruption. This happened at the destruction of Herculaneum, and at the outbreak of the mountain in 1775. A few hours before the latter eruption, with no perceptible movement of the land the waves fled from the Neapolitan coast so suddenly and so far that the inhabitants thought the bottom of the sea had fallen through at some remote point.

The dwellers in volcanic lands do not always wait for any of these warnings. Observation and experience seem to have provided them with a special sense they cannot define, and not possessed by strangers. In 1835, for example, Vesuvius gave forth none of the recognized notes of danger, yet those who had spent their lives at its base were conscious of an approaching crisis. The air, they said, was heavy and oppressive—very calm, though not warmer than usual. May this sensation, frequently noted, on like occasions elsewhere be due to a discharge of carbonic acid gas, rolling down the sides of the mountain, and mingling with the atmosphere before it separates and sinks?

This gas, combined with sulphurous and hydrochloric gas, and with steam, exists abundantly in the vertical jet of smoke and cinders thrown out at the moment of eruption—Pliny's 'pine tree.' This column, the vanguard of the Plutonic invasion, is driven through the before unbroken crust of the crater with immense force. Comparatively light as it is, it rises to a height of hundreds, and even thousands, of yards before dispersing horizontally. Far above it rise the more solid matters of ejection, especially the hollow globes of incandescent and viscous lava, which, as they cool, derive a spherical form from rotation. A sheaf of these balls of fire was seen one hundred and eighty miles at sea when the eruption of Kotlugaia occurred in 1860—an angle implying an elevation of twenty-four thousand feet, or near-



SMOKE COLUMN.

ly five miles. They were heard to burst at a distance of a hundred miles.

The column of smoke by day becomes one of fire by night. This is due to the reflection from the molten lava which boils beneath and is hurled aloft in fragments. Lightning is also produced, visible by day, when a high electrical tension is reached; and thunder from above mingles with that below. The emission of actual flame from the crater has been a disputed



LAVA-JET, MAUNA LOA.

point. Spallanzani, Gay-Lussac, Poulett-Scrope, Brongniart and Waltershausen, after observation during long periods of volcanoes in every part of the world, united in declaring that they never detected it. They denied the presence of hydrogen or other inflammable gas. Bunzen and Fouque, however, detected hydrogen in eruptions on the islands of Iceland, Santorin and Lanzerote. Sir H. Davy, Elie de Beaumont and Pilla avow that

they distinctly saw flames issue from Vesuvius and Etna; and the later observations of Abich seem to establish the existence of flame. It is, however, not conspicuous enough to be notable among the luminous effects of eruptions. Practically, as applied to volcanoes, the word remains a *façon de parler*.

The eight yards of ashes and rapilli enveloping Pompeii cease to surprise in face of more modern illustrations of the mass of these substances sometimes ejected. That thrown out by Hecla in 1766 covered a breadth of a hundred and fifty miles. The cinders from Timboro, half a century later, were carried nearly nine hundred miles.

The cinders, when they fall, are rarely dry, although incandescent at the time of discharge. They absorb water from the volumes of steam which pass out simultaneously. We have here an explanation of the casts of the human form found at Pompeii and perpetuated by means of plaster. The victims were enveloped in a paste which hardened ere decomposition set in, and attained, under pressure, a consistency capable of resisting the force of the gases resulting from that process.

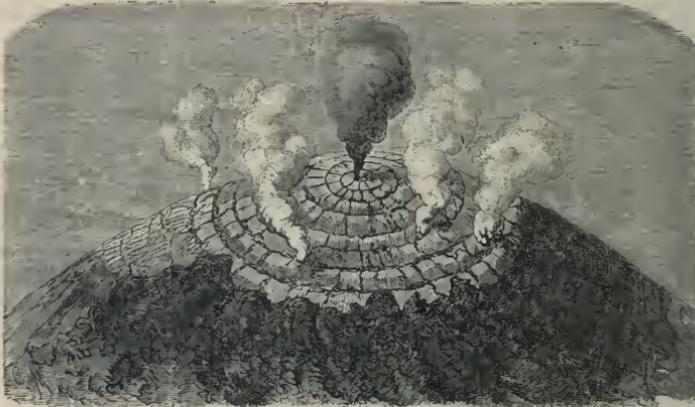
In chemical composition volcanic ashes vary. Vauquelin's analysis of some from Etna shows, in large proportion, silica, sulphate of lime, sulphuret of iron and alumina; and, in smaller, magnesia, carbon, copper and sulphur. Volcanic soils are, as a rule, noted for their fertility. Gypsum and potash abound in them. The latter is a chief ingredient in granite, which is lava cooled under pressure.

All grades of projectiles are used by the subterranean artillery. The sand and rapilli discharged with the ashes correspond to drop-shot. The bombs, already mentioned, are of dimensions as various as those employed by military engineers. They are alleged to differ in size according to the elevation of the mountains from which they are

fired. A howitzer like Stromboli carries shells of a few inches in diameter, while such Rodman monsters as Cotopaxi bombard heaven and earth with hollow shot of two or three yards calibre. They leave the crater with about the same velocity imparted by gunpowder—from twelve to fifteen hundred feet per second.

A curious fact has been noted in connection with the formation of lava. Many of the minerals composing it give no evidence of having undergone complete fusion. Crystals of augite are expelled by Stromboli; and in the lavas of other volcanoes occur other

crystalline substances easily fusible, and yet unchanged by their incandescent matrix. The large crystals of feldspar found in porphyritic granite, with the sharp mechanical separation of the other constituents of that rock, are additional illustrations. Dolomieu undertakes to explain this by supposing that the volcanic heat insinuates itself between the molecules of crystals like water among the particles of the salts which it dissolves, the one like the other leaving the original forms intact when it disappears. The same philosopher takes sulphur to be the flux that imparts fluidity to granite.

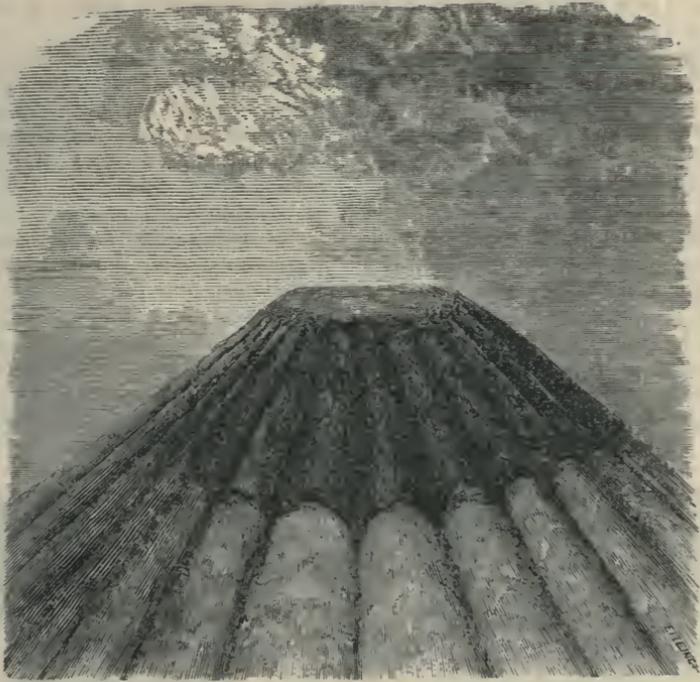


LAVA-BED, MOUNT BOURBON.

Others maintain that sulphur is by no means an invariable component, and that another flux must be sought. This they conceive to be found in water, abundant in all lava when erupted, escaping in the shape of steam when it cools freely in the open air, and absorbed by crystallization when the cooling occurs quickly or under pressure. The most remarkable and conspicuous effect in the latter case is the formation of basalt. Of this rock we shall have more to say in noticing pre-historic volcanoes, for it is so rarely associated with recent eruptions that its igneous origin was, down to the present century, warmly disputed. It exists, however, at the base of Etna,

and in excavations made through the lavas upon its side. A prismatic formation of the same character is found in the crater of Vulcano. The prisms, usually hexagonal, but exhibiting many other polygons, are erected perpendicularly to the plane of refrigeration. They are therefore inclined at every angle. They are, according to the thickness of the bed, of all lengths, from an inch to nearly four hundred feet. One island of the Cyclops, and the Basaltic island, Trezza, display the columns in every position.

Chili is exceptionally rich—if such a term can be applied to so unpleasant a kind of wealth—in volcanoes. Her limits include the loftiest in the world.



THE GUNUNG SUMBING.

Aconcagua and Tupungato rise to the heights respectively of 23,100 and 22,000 feet. The former rears its central cone in the midst of twelve others, the baker's dozen playing together with perfect unanimity, and not by turns, as usually happens with neighbouring vents. Antuco, of nearly the same height, has been more thoroughly explored, owing to its greater accessibility. Far exceeding Cotopaxi, and still more Teneriffe, in elevation, it joins them in the exceptional sharpness of its apex among the volcanoes of the globe. It rises by three stages or stories. The lowest is composed of the prevailing rocks of the Andes, and swells from the foot-hills of the coast with a comparatively moderate slope, which increases to a grade of fifteen or twenty degrees on the main cone. The upper portion of this, for twelve hundred feet, is white with perpetual snow, and is terminated by a circular

platform or ledge around the base of the smaller cone, which ascends with the still sharper inclination of thirty to thirty-five degrees, thus giving a beautifully-curved profile to the whole mountain. The crater is elliptical in form, not more than two hundred yards in its longest dimension. It never sends out lava, that substance finding egress from crevices a long way below, but is in the habit of projecting heavy stones to a height so great that they have been known to fall among passing caravans twelve leagues off. Such is the statement of M. Pöppig, based upon local accounts. A steady column of smoke rises from two thousand to three thousand feet above the summit. White steam blends sometimes with the smoke, and, rising to a vast height, separates itself and floats off in a broad cloud. Before this has been absorbed by the atmosphere or the distance, another and an-

other will take shape and follow in its wake, all visible at once. Slowly they drift together and coalesce, and a rain-cloud gladdens the green valleys far below.

A phenomenon wholly peculiar to the Chilian volcanoes has been noted by a number of scientific voyagers. This is a glow, like broad flashes of lightning, which in the nights of summer crowns the summits and brightens the whole sky. It is neither preceded nor followed by storms, and its electric nature is doubted. Perhaps the extreme rarefaction of the atmosphere at a height so far above the other volcanoes of the globe permits the inflamed gases to traverse a wider space

before extinction, and to be more distinctly visible.

The simile 'kindling fire through ice like Hecla's flame' loses its point when we recall the buried deposits of ice found on Etna and many other volcanoes. An overlay of loose and porous rocks—bad conductors of heat as volcanic rocks generally are—produces these natural, or unnatural, refrigerators. We have already had occasion to note the singular alternation of alliance and antagonism between fire and water, resulting in the most violent repulsion and the most intimate combination. Nowhere is the association more striking or multiform than in Iceland. There, the two ele-



THE FRIAR'S PEAK.

ments have separate sets of craters. The Geysers have ceased to be unique since the discovery of fountains resembling them in California, in New Zealand and on the head waters of the Missouri, but for magnitude and beauty they remain unrivalled. In their structure and methods of action we see something regular, finished and

artistic. They rank with the symmetrical crystal, the calyx of a flower and the perfect level of the sea among the workmanlike, as opposed to the accidental and amorphous shapes of creation. The funnel of a volcano, when inactive, cannot be probed by the eye. Heaps of scorïe or indurated lava conceal the opening, and we can



HECLA.

only speculate as to whether it is capped with a vaulted coverlid or corked with a long core that penetrates to the internal fires. At the Great Geyser, on the contrary, you stand upon a regularly-formed mound some eighty feet across and of slight elevation. At your feet opens a circular basin of half that diameter and eight or ten feet deep, coated with silicious concretions like moss encrusted with silver. In the centre of this cavity you see, when the perfectly-transparent water is at rest, a cylin-

drical canal, ten feet across at its mouth and gradually narrowing as its enameled tube sinks out of sight. The water, when in repose, fills the basin to the brim, and the fiercest and loftiest jets cause but little of it to flow down the sides of the mound. These explosions are preceded by sounds like distant cannon. Large bubbles rise to the surface, which grows convex, and the boiling column shoots to a height of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet.

The Štrocker (Churn) has formed no

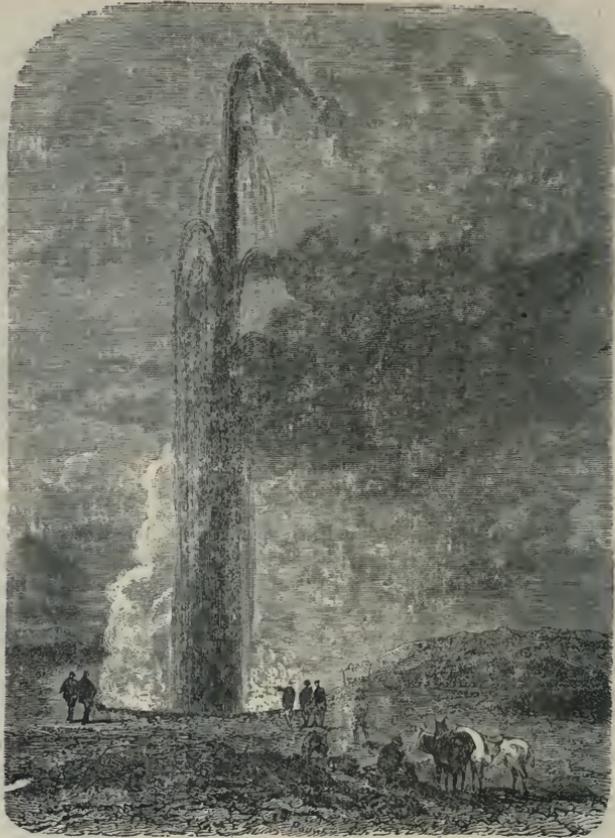


FORMATION OF A GEYSER.

mound, but rises from a slight depression in the plain. Its water, of a yellowish tint though perfectly clear, sometimes sinks twenty or thirty feet below the orifice. This is five feet in diameter. The tube, perfectly round, dwindles as it descends. Its jets attain even a greater height than those of its neighbour, and are longer sustained. Henderson reports having seen one rise for three-quarters of an hour continuously to an elevation at some moments of two hundred feet. Ohlsen saw the column maintained at a fourth less than that height for a period more than twice as long.

The Strocker is modern, having been an inconsiderable hot spring eighty years ago, when the third and oldest of the stormy trinity, the Old Geyser, was silenced. A convulsion of the soil swept off thirty or forty feet of the hill on which it rose. The canals which fed the fountain were thus brought to light. The Geyser of history dwindled to a couple of basins, the larger perhaps fifteen feet across. The water stands at the same level in both. At the bottom two channels are seen to pass into a sort of cave, clouds of steam from which reveal the boiler that fed the ancient fountain.

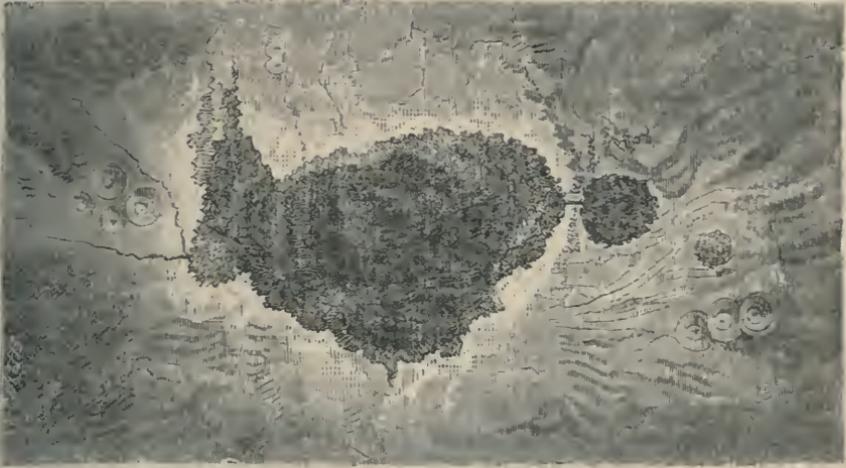
An idea of the Geyser apparatus may be gathered from the accompanying cut. The jets are due to a reciprocation of pressure between water



THE STROCKER.

and steam in an underground reservoir. Heat is supplied by volcanic fires far above the boiling point. When the steam reaches a sufficient pressure, its expansion drives out the water; the weight of which, in returning at a reduced temperature, combines with the lowered heat to compress the steam until it can muster strength for a new effort. Water in the liquid and water in the vaporized state have by turns the mastery. The vertical pipes are never empty, so that the pressure of the water is constant, and the steam can gain only temporary and partial relief.

The solfataras, illustrated by that of Pozzuoli near Naples, have a closer



TERMINAL CRATER OF MAUNA LOA.

connection with existing volcanoes. They represent an earlier stage on the road to extinction marked out by the other classes of foci we have just named. That of Pozzuoli, like everything else on the shores of the marvelous bay, has been exhaustively studied. Geologists are a unit in pronouncing it a half-dead volcano. The monster's rocky ribs have almost ceased to heave, his bronchial tubes are clogged, and his parting sighs are dense with sul-

phur. The sympathizing sages who watch his last moments detect from year to year his failing strength. But he is very likely to outlive them. The process of dissolution with so vast a body is slow. It may be preceded by intervals of coma covering four or five centuries, and the vital fires may then again flicker up into convulsions. The Titans measure their threescore and ten not by years, but by æons, and their dying hours by ages.

THE HADJI SAID.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

THE Hadji said, "If o'er my tomb
Should grasses wave and roses bloom,
And if with tears the spot should be
Sometimes bedewed for love of me,
My rest would be a blissful rest,
And I would count the Hadji blest."

No roses deck the Hadji's grave—
He sleeps beside a foreign wave—
And never woman's eye grows dim,
In that strange land at thought of him;
And yet, no doubt, the Hadji's rest
Is quite as sweet as if his breast
Were by a million roses prest,
And woman made his grave her quest.

THE POLITICAL DESTINY OF CANADA.

BY SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.

IT would be uncourteous in me, not to notice the 'Remarks' of Mr. Goldwin Smith on the criticisms which I ventured to submit in the columns of the 'CANADIAN MONTHLY,' on the article from his pen which appeared in the April number of the London *Fortnightly Review*, entitled 'The Political Destiny of Canada.' I regret very much that Mr. Goldwin Smith should be of opinion that in that, or in any other article that I have written, I have applauded abuse that 'a lover of honourable controversy would disdain,' or that I have appealed to prejudice, or made use of taunts. Though I cannot admit that I am liable to such imputations, I am quite ready to withdraw, and apologize for every expression that I have used, to which exception may be taken. I own that I hardly see how the charge of disloyalty, applied to those who advocate the disruption of the subsisting connection with the mother country, can be refuted. Mr. Goldwin Smith has explained his views on this subject with sufficient precision. He is of opinion that 'the only possible basis of government here is the national will; the only security for social order is the recognized justice and expediency of institutions.' . . . 'Here, apart from any republican cant, we must be loyal to the people to whom by right of labour this Continent belongs.' Might not the very same remarks be made with equal correctness regarding Her Majesty's subjects in the United Kingdom, and in other dependencies of the Empire? I believe that the national will is the basis of our monarchy, and that the British people de-

sire to preserve a Constitution, which secures all the liberty that a free people can desire, without impairing the stable authority of an hereditary monarchy. Mr. Goldwin Smith complains of the imputation of disloyalty, and declares that he is 'not so irrational as to be an enemy to monarchy in the abstract,' but 'that hereditary government belongs to the old world,' and that if we rely on the hereditary principle as our safeguard against the dangers of democracy here, 'we shall be leaning on a bruised reed, and building on a frail foundation.' The learned Essayist, who is fond of making 'forecasts,' informs us that 'even in the old world, at least in the more civilized part of it, the hereditary principle appears to have arrived at its last stage of existence,' and yet I am charged with 'invidious exaggeration,' because I have imputed to him that he 'incessantly sneered at monarchical institutions.' In deprecating such speculations as to the future, as those in which Mr. Goldwin Smith has indulged, I stated that I was not presumptuous enough to declare that the subsisting connection 'must be perpetual,' in noticing which statement Mr. Smith adds that I was not presumptuous enough to declare that I thought it 'likely to be perpetual,' or that 'it is not sure to come to an end.' I thought that I had sufficiently indicated my own conviction in the concluding sentence of my remarks: 'I do not believe in the probability of a complete change of allegiance being brought about in any other way than as the result of a civil war, a calamity so fearful that it will not be hazarded,

unless some serious misunderstanding should arise between the two Governments, and I cannot conceive that any such contingency is at all probable.' All that I meant to convey by the remark, which has been criticized, is that I am not so presumptuous as to make 'forecasts' regarding the permanency of the political institutions of any empire, monarchy, or republic, and I am the less inclined to do so, when I find it admitted that revolutions often come at last 'like a thief in the night.' If Mr. Goldwin Smith be convinced that 'the hereditary principle appears to have arrived at its last stage of existence in the old world,' and that 'the elective presidency of the United States is a questionable reproduction of the monarchy of the old world,' and that 'an Executive Council elected with a proper system of rotation by the legislature would probably be the better plan,' I confess that it strikes me that he can have very little confidence in the stability of political institutions of any description. I had been under the erroneous impression that Mr. Goldwin Smith was an admirer of the institutions of the Republic, in which, in his opinion, it is our manifest destiny to be absorbed. I find that I was altogether mistaken, and that he has actually devised an improved system of government for the United States as well as for Canada. The 'elective presidency' should be abolished, and an 'Executive Council elected with a proper system of rotation.' The idea of an Executive Council elected by rotation has, at least, the merit of novelty, but as I own that I fail to comprehend the precise meaning of the Essayist, I shall not venture to discuss the proposition, but shall confine myself to the remark that before making further efforts to persuade the Canadian people to exchange their institutions for those which are confessedly defective, it might be desirable that Mr. Goldwin Smith should devote his energies to procuring that reform in the Consti-

tution of the United States which he has recommended, but which I apprehend is not likely to be adopted.

After a careful perusal of Mr. Goldwin Smith's remarks on my former article, I find myself unable to withdraw, or even to modify my charge, that in his original essay in the *Fortnightly Review* there were 'grave errors of fact.' I can draw no other conclusion than what I have already stated, that the direct aim of the author was to create dissatisfaction in the minds of the Canadian people with the Imperial Government, and to convince them that the subsisting connection was prejudicial to Canada. The errors which I pointed out were grave errors, and cannot be treated as 'relating to secondary points, and to matters less of positive fact than of impression.' Mr. Goldwin Smith charges me with having misconstrued him, as he did not cite the Intercolonial and Pacific Railways as instances of the interference of the Colonial Office with our public works, but as 'instances of the influence of the Imperial connection in prompting us to undertakings from which, if we were guided only by our own interests and our own councils, wisdom might teach us to abstain.' The precise words in the original article on the subject of the Intercolonial Railway were 'into which Canada has been led by Imperial influence, and which, after costing more than four millions sterling, will, as some leading Canadian men of business think, hardly pay for the grease upon the wheels.' My reply to the allegation that Canada was induced to construct the Intercolonial Railway by Imperial influence shall be brief, but, I trust, conclusive. The following is the text of the preamble to the clause in the 'British North America Act' relating to that work:— 'Inasmuch as the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have joined in a declaration that the construction of the Intercolonial Railway is essential to the consolidation of

the Union of British North America, and to the assent thereto of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and have consequently agreed that provision should be made for its immediate construction by the Government of Canada, therefore, &c., &c.' What is said of the Pacific Railway, and of the indemnity for the non-performance of the treaty is, that they 'are too likely, in the opinion of many, to furnish another illustration of the expensiveness of the Imperial connection.' In reply to my distinct and positive assertion that the Imperial Government was in no sense whatever responsible for either of the public works in question, Mr. Goldwin Smith rejoins: 'The Imperial character of the two works will scarcely be disputed when each has received an Imperial guarantee,' and he adds that 'both of them are rather political and military than commercial.' So, in the opinion of Mr. Goldwin Smith, it is consistent with propriety and fairness to represent to the Canadian people that they have been 'led by Imperial influence' to undertake what he represents as unnecessary public works, because, at the urgent solicitation of the Canadian Government, the Imperial Government had the generosity to give it a guarantee, and thus to enable it to raise money on more advantageous terms than it could otherwise have done. I may observe, with regard to the Pacific Railway that it is not strictly correct to describe the Imperial guarantee as given to that work. There is no ground for supposing that an application for a guarantee for that work on its merits would have been granted. The guarantee was given expressly on two grounds, 1st, on the condition that Canada abandoned her claim to a guarantee promised some years previously for the erection of fortifications, and, 2nd, as a compensation for losses incurred by Canada in repelling the Fenian invasions. It was my duty to state the case, in 1872, in my budget speech. The Canadian

Government felt strongly that it was entitled to compensation for its losses owing to the Fenian raids, and the Imperial Government, there is reason to believe, shared that opinion. It was, however, found impossible to obtain redress from the United States, and even if England had admitted her own liability—a very improbable contingency—it would have been a matter of considerable difficulty, and would have involved a great deal of expense and irritation to have established a fixed amount of compensation in money. It happened that, at the very time, when the sanction of the Treaty of Washington was under consideration, Canada, without any consultation with the Imperial Government, agreed with British Columbia to construct the Pacific Railway, and as that work was likely to require a large expenditure it was suggested by the Canadian Government that an Imperial guarantee for part of it would be a satisfactory equivalent for the Fenian compensation claim and the fortification guarantee. I submit that the foregoing statement of facts is a complete refutation of Mr. Goldwin Smith's charge against the Imperial Government with reference to the Pacific Railway.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has referred in the following words to another instance of the disastrous results of British connection. 'The annexation of Manitoba and of British Columbia to Canada—with which the latter, at all events, has no geographical connection—is by some thought to have been a disastrous, by all allowed to have been a most critical, step. It was taken under the auspices of the late Lord Lytton, a brilliant and prolific novelist, brought into the Government to make set speeches.' I pointed out, in my former article, that Lord Lytton was in no sense responsible for either of the measures referred to, and Mr. Goldwin Smith admits in his rejoinder that his expression 'was perhaps not so precise

as it ought to have been, but I meant to refer to the origin, not to the legislative consummation, of the scheme.' What Mr. Goldwin Smith clearly meant, both first and last, was to fasten upon the Imperial Government the responsibility for two measures, which 'some,' including, it is to be inferred, himself, are of opinion were 'disastrous' to Canada, while all admit them to have been 'critical.' I affirm that in both cases the charge is without even the shadow of foundation. Lord Lytton is no more responsible for either of those measures than Mr. Goldwin Smith himself. The Imperial Government, at the solicitation of Canada, lent its valuable assistance in obtaining the surrender of its territorial rights in the North-West from the Hudson's Bay Co. Lord Lytton was Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1858-9, eight years before the enactment of the British North America Act, which contained a provision for the admission of the Colony of British Columbia into the Confederation on such terms and conditions as might be agreed to by the respective Legislatures. After Confederation some three years elapsed before the commencement of negotiations, and it was actually eleven years after Lord Lytton had ceased to be Secretary of State, before those negotiations took place, which resulted in an agreement, which, having been approved of by the respective parties, was, in accordance with addresses from the Senate and House of Commons of Canada and the Legislative Council of British Columbia, confirmed by an order of the Queen in Council. My chief object being to establish the unfairness of Mr. Goldwin Smith's charges against the Imperial Government, I am not called on to defend the policy of the Canadian Government and Parliament. It is sufficient that they alone are responsible to the Canadian people, and that if their policy has been a disastrous one, the *onus* does not lie on British Connection. I

may, however, remark that if I entertained Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion that the manifest destiny of Canada is absorption in the United States, I might possibly concur in his opinion that British Columbia had been acquired at too great a cost to the older Provinces. Holding a different opinion, I maintain that it was sound policy to consolidate the British possessions in North America under one Government. I shall content myself with simply expressing my dissent from Mr. Goldwin Smith's allegation that Colonial Secretaries are 'called upon without knowledge or with only the knowledge picked up from Under Secretaries or Colonial frequenters of the office, to decide upon measures vital to the welfare of young nations. I assume, of course, that Canada is one of the 'young nations,' otherwise the remark would have no bearing on the subject, and Canada has had nothing to complain of for many years in the conduct of Imperial Secretaries of State. I had specified in my former article three inconsistencies which I thought might fairly be imputed to Mr. Goldwin Smith. The first had reference to his statement regarding the government of dependencies. In dealing with these statements which, in his rejoinder, he designates as 'three distinct statements,' I must observe that they were all made in support of the proposition that the subsisting connection between Great Britain and Canada is disadvantageous to the latter. It is for Mr. Goldwin Smith to explain his object in dwelling at some length in his original article on the 'tutelage of the Mother Country.' I have carefully read his original remarks, and I can draw no other inference from them than that they were intended to support his charge against the Imperial Government of 'blundering, jobbery and mischief of all kinds.' I thought and continue to think that there is a manifest inconsistency between that portion of his article, and another part,

in which, in a wholly different connection but still with the same object in view, he accounts for Canada not having yet thrown off her allegiance like the American dependencies of Spain, Portugal, France and Holland on the ground 'of the reduction of Imperial Supremacy to a form'—Mr. Goldwin Smith's articles are an impeachment of the Imperial Government and yet he admits that 'self-government is independence; perfect self-government is perfect independence, and all the questions that arise between Ottawa and Downing St., including the recent question about appeals are successively settled in favour of self-government.' I do not imagine that there would be any difference of opinion among Canadians as to the correctness of the 'three distinct statements,' 1st, that 'political tutelage, while it was really exercised, was an evil.' 2nd, that 'to exercise it now would be absurd,' and 3rd, that 'through successive concessions to the principle of self-government political tutelage has been tending to extinction.' I would myself go further, and in accordance with Mr. Goldwin Smith's own language, would maintain that it is extinct. I must add that I have a right to complain of the allegation that 'each of these statements is unpalatable to Sir Francis Hincks.' It happens, owing to my having survived nearly all of my contemporaries, who were engaged with me in the old conflicts of the past, that there is no man now living, who took as prominent a part, as I did, in putting an end to that political tutelage, which I am charged with favouring, and yet elsewhere Mr. Goldwin Smith remarks that 'it is trying to patience to see men who have spent half their public lives in reducing the power of the Crown to a shadow turn round and denounce us as traitors, because we cannot take the shadow for a substance.' If I am one of those pointed at, as I can scarcely doubt, I deny that I have desired to reduce the power of the Crown or of its repre-

sentative, to a shadow. I believe it to be most desirable in the interest of the Canadian people that the Governor-General should exercise precisely the same constitutional prerogatives as the Sovereign. The second inconsistency that I charged against Mr. Goldwin Smith was that he maintained that there were 'no questions great enough to divide parties in Canada, while he mentioned in his article questions quite important enough 'to form dividing lines.' His rejoinder is that 'Protection can hardly be called a political question at all,' because in Canada as in the United States 'the line of division between Protectionists and Free Traders crosses the line of division between political parties,' the meaning of which must be that there are some stronger lines of division between parties than Free Trade and Protection. This, if true, certainly does not strengthen Mr. Goldwin Smith's position that there are no questions on which parties can be formed. I know no difference between parliamentary and party government, and, therefore, I cannot admit that it is unfair to substitute one term for the other. If there were no political question of sufficient importance to divide parties there would be a difference of opinion in the House of Commons as to the best men to be charged with the administration of the government. Mr. Goldwin Smith is of opinion that the English system can have no place in Canada because 'a balance of power between estates is impossible where there is no estate but the Commons,' and again 'reason enough for the existence of party is supplied by the conflict still undecided between aristocracy and democracy.' I consider such views quite incorrect. The English system is not a balance of power between estates, but just what our own is, an administration enjoying the confidence of the representative branch of the legislature. Again, the contest in England is not, as more than once alleged by Mr. Goldwin Smith, a conflict between ar-

istocracy and democracy. Even before the passage of the first reform bill such a representation would not have been correct, but in the present state of the parliamentary representation it conveys an utterly false impression. Parties in England are not divided into aristocrats and democrats, but each of the great parties embraces aristocrats and members of the middle and industrial classes. Several leaders of what is termed the aristocratic class, notably the Premier and the Lord Chancellor, are men who have sprung from the people, and who owe their peerages to their own abilities, while the leader of the opposition is a member of the aristocratic family of Cavendish and heir apparent to the Duke of Devonshire.

But Mr. Goldwin Smith has himself declared in his original article that 'England is the vast and motley mass of voters including, since the Conservative Reform bill, the most uneducated populace of the towns, people who in politics do not know their right hand from their left; who cannot tell the name of the leader of their own party; who vote for blue or yellow, and are led by senseless local cries, by bribery or by beer.' The object of this not very flattering description of the English electors was to convince the people of Canada that the representatives of such people, as those described, were not well fitted to govern them, but in his later essay he maintains that the English system is a balance of power between estates, and that party is a conflict between aristocracy and democracy. Because I have admitted the absolute necessity of party under a system of parliamentary government, Mr. Goldwin Smith asks me 'why I pride myself upon being unconnected with either party, after having tried both, if party in this country is a good thing.' In another page he describes me as "a Conservative and a Free Trader." I can reply without any difficulty. I presume that there is some period of life and some length of ser-

vice which entitle a man to claim exemption from further duty. After a public service of nearly forty years I ventured to think that I might claim such exemption; but I do not feel it incumbent on me to bind myself to a party, whose policy I have no means of influencing. Mr. Goldwin Smith and I are at direct issue on the subject of parties, or, as he chooses to style them, adopting the more offensive designation, 'factions.' I believe that both parties are desirous of promoting the best interests of Canada, not less certainly than the Nationalists or Canada First party, if that party be still in existence. I never could discover the *raison d'être* of that party because I have never had reason to doubt that the interest of Canada was the paramount object of all those who have taken part in our public affairs. I believe in the applicability of Lord John Russell's defence of party which Mr. Goldwin Smith considers to be wholly inapplicable to Canada, though not to a country in which parties have a meaning. 'Political divisions and contested elections are the workshop of national liberty and national prosperity.' My third charge of inconsistency had reference to the account given by Mr. Goldwin Smith of the different sentiments of different sections of the population, national and religious. In considering this subject, the object of the author must be kept steadily in view. He declared that 'in attempting to cast the political horoscope of Canada,' in other words to establish his position that annexation to the United States was her manifest destiny, 'the first thing to be remembered is that Canada was a colony, not of England, but France.' 'The people (or rather the French Canadians) are governed by the priest with the occasional assistance of the notary.' There is 'unabated antagonism between the two races and the two religions.' The Jesuits are in the ascendancy, and it is by no means certain that they will not prefer a junction with their main army

in the United States. After thus disposing of the estimated million of French Canadians, 400,000 Irish Catholics are thrown into the scale and 1,400,000 deducted from the total population of four millions 'to reduce to reality the pictures of universal devotion to England and English interests which are presented by the speeches of official persons.' I ventured to point out what seemed an inconsistency between these statements and a subsequent one, when in enumerating the secondary forces which make in favour of the present connection, Mr. Goldwin Smith led off with 'the reactionary tendencies of the priesthood which rules French Canada.' I am now told that there is no inconsistency in saying that 'the priesthood of Quebec is opposed to union with the States from motives of sacerdotal Conservatism, and, at the same time, that the French population of the Province is not devoted to England and English interests.' I am not anxious to press the charge of inconsistency but I would be glad to learn, what I have failed to gather from the rejoinder, whether the French Canadian and the Irish population of Quebec is or is not, in Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion, favourable to union with the United States. That is the practical question, and I have myself no hesitation in affirming that there is no class of our mixed population more averse to the absorption of Canada in the United States than the French Canadians.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has evidently misunderstood my remarks on the subject of 'erroneous reasoning.' This may be my own fault, but if so, further explanation is the more necessary. I disclaim applying the term 'erroneous reasoning' to the expression of opinions in which I do not concur. I had special reference to the conclusions drawn from the alleged operations of the great and secondary forces. The first of the great forces is 'distance'; and it is argued that 'political insti-

tutions must after all bear some relation to nature and to practical convenience. Few have fought against geography and prevailed.' In further illustration it is said that distance 'can hardly be much shortened for the purposes of representative government.' I stated that I failed to comprehend this objection and that no inconvenience had yet been felt owing to our distance from England. I find nothing in the rejoinder to explain what is meant by 'purposes of representative government.' The second of the great forces is 'divergence of interest,' and was mainly supported by allegations that Great Britain had neglected the interests of Canada and yielded to the demands of the United States, when treaties were negotiated. I pointed out, in my former article, that as a rule all treaties are attacked by the Opposition of the day; and I am informed in the rejoinder, that in the case of the Oregon Treaty, it was not from the opposition in England but from the Canadians that the complaints came. The Canadians, I admit, would have preferred getting more territory, but there is no reason to doubt that the British diplomatists did all in their power to protect the national interests. It would most assuredly have been against the interests of Canada for Great Britain to have gone to war with the United States, as it is implied she would have done, had her own interests been at stake, on any of the questions which were solved by the treaties complained of. Mr. Goldwin Smith appears to me to be inconsistent on the subject of war. He complains of treaties, by which there have been surrenders of territory, for the sake of peace, and yet he expresses great apprehension as to Canada being involved in war owing to the influence of the aristocracy, which has 'twice within two years brought Canada to the verge of war.' War, he says, is not only 'the game of aristocracies' but 'their natural policy,' while 'the England of the people will never

get us into any war at all.' Reference is made elsewhere to the war against the French Republic, the war of 1812 with the United States, and the Lorcha war with China, which 'was voted unjust by the House of Commons.' I admit that the wars referred to 'are not regarded by all Englishmen as just,' but I believe that the wars with France towards the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century were deemed by the great majority of the nation necessary for its self-preservation. The war of 1812 was declared, not by England, but by the United States, and was strongly opposed by the most enlightened portion of the population of that country, notably by that of New England. The war with China, though 'voted unjust by the House of Commons,' was approved of by the nation on a dissolution, on which occasion Mr. Bright was rejected by Manchester. What strikes me as extraordinary is, that while throughout the article Mr. Goldwin Smith exhibits a decided leaning in favour of the peace-at-any-price party, he should, nevertheless, endeavour to make Canadians dissatisfied with treaties, by which, in order to preserve peace, territory was surrendered, to which Great Britain and Canada believed they had a good title. I may remark that these treaties were based upon mutual concessions of claims, and that the United States, it may fairly be supposed, believed their case to be as good as Great Britain and Canada believed theirs to be. Under this head of 'divergence of interest,' reference is made to the 'economic interests' of Canada, a subject which I shall notice elsewhere.

The third great force, 'more momentous than even the divergence of interest, is the divergence of political character.' It is alleged that there is an antagonism between the aristocracy, hierarchy, and militarism of old-world England and democratic Canada. We are reminded that, nearly a century ago, Mr. Pitt contemplated establishing a Canadian peerage, and that he did lay

the foundation of an endowed Church; but 'no peerage ever saw the light in Canada;' 'the Church lands have been secularized, the University once confined to Anglicanism has been thrown open.' Unfortunately for the argument, the chief difficulty in the way of carrying into effect the wishes of the people, both in regard to the Clergy Reserves and the University endowment, arose, not in aristocratic England, but in democratic Canada. In a pamphlet which I published some years ago, I stated that from the year 1828 'the responsible advisers of the Crown in England seem to have been desirous of complying with the clearly expressed wishes of the Canadian people.' . . . 'In 1831, Secretary Lord Goderich not only declared the entire concurrence of His Majesty's Government in the views of the Assembly, but sent to the Lieutenant-Governor a draft message and draft bill, which latter he suggested should be introduced by the Attorney-General.' The object of that bill was to reinvest the Reserves in the Crown, discharged of all trusts, a simple but effectual measure of secularization. The opposition of powerful parties in Canada was too great for the Secretary of State. Mr. Goldwin Smith is of opinion that 'to keep the same political roof over the heads of British aristocracy and Canadian democracy would be an undertaking only one degree less hopeless than to keep the same political roof over the heads of slavery and aristocracy.' If this is sound reasoning, I fail to comprehend the meaning of the term. What analogy, I would ask, is there between a State with a large slave population, governed by the owners of those slaves, and Canada, enjoying, to use Mr. Goldwin Smith's own words, 'perfect self-government,' the people exercising all the rights of freemen, with a liberal elective franchise and vote by ballot?

The fourth great force, 'sure in the end to be attractive and not repulsive,' is the identity of race, language,

and general institutions in the United States for the British population, and for the French portion its connection with the Catholic Church of the States. The same reference is made under this head to 'Economic influences,' as under the second head. I had admitted that 'if it were practicable the abolition of the frontier custom-houses would be beneficial to both countries,' as would be acknowledged by any one who has travelled on the European continent and experienced the much greater inconvenience to which people are subjected at the custom-houses there. I did not feel it necessary to discuss the subject in connection with Mr. Goldwin Smith's article, although I might have pointed out the unfairness of the statement that Canada is excluded from the United States market 'as a dependency of England.' She is excluded simply because she is not an integral part of the United States. If Canada were united to the Republic, she would doubtless have certain commercial advantages, which would be more than counterbalanced by her having to submit to the tariff of the United States, the most oppressive in the civilized world. I am told that I have covered my retreat by 'an irrelevant appeal to the prejudice against American character and institutions.' I did not say a word against American character, nor did I make any appeal to prejudice, but I stated that 'hitherto the effect of discussing measures of commercial policy with the United States has not been either to induce Canadians to admire the institutions of their neighbours or to be attracted towards them in any way.' I confess to having a decided preference for the British system of government, which Canada enjoys, over that of the United States; but I think that the weakness of the latter is particularly felt in negotiations with Foreign Powers. My remark was, in my judgment, perfectly relevant to the subject under discussion.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is unable to dis-

cover any force whatever in what I termed 'the greatest force of all,' viz.: 'the reluctance of the people of any country to engage in revolutionary proceedings;' and in answer to my statement, that I was unaware of any political revolution involving a change of allegiance having taken place without a civil war, he rejoins that 'the history of Europe is full of changes of allegiance without civil war by cession, exchange, purchase, marriage of heiresses, division of inheritance. In our own time Neufchatel, the Ionian Islands, Savoy, Nice, Alaska, the Transvaal and Cyprus have changed their allegiance without civil war.' Mr. Goldwin Smith has convinced me that he is unable to refute my assertion. Not a single case that he has mentioned bears the slightest analogy to that of Canada, nor is there any reason among those that he has assigned that is possible in our case, unless, in making his forecast of the future, he should predict that Great Britain is likely to cede Canada to the United States for a money or other consideration. In such a contingency, I might concede that resistance on the part of Canada would be vain, but I do not believe that even Mr. Goldwin Smith imagines such a mode of annexation probable. I willingly concede, likewise, what Mr. Goldwin Smith seems to think a strong point in favour of his position, viz., that England, in case of a quarrel with Canada, would not resort to coercive measures, such as she did adopt in the case of the United States. I had no reference whatever to English coercion, and I do not think I could better illustrate my argument than by citing the case of the revolution of the United States, which Mr. Goldwin Smith says I had in my mind, though he evidently thought it right to warn me not 'to overlook the teachings of experience.' Unfortunately I am at issue with Mr. Goldwin Smith as to facts. He alleges that his great forces, viz., 'distance, divergence of political character, and

divergence of interest, operating in the past, have led, in the case of the United States, to a complete political separation from the mother country.' Elsewhere he alleges that 'the American colonies were ripe for independence,' and that 'to keep a full-grown community in the leading strings of dependence was a struggle against nature.' I deny the correctness of these statements. The American colonies preserved their loyalty unimpaired until, owing to what is now universally admitted to have been a gross blunder, they were taxed by a Parliament in which they were unrepresented. The cry was raised 'taxation without representation is tyranny,' and resistance to taxation was met by the cry of rebellion, and, although with great reluctance on the part of the Colonists, hostilities were commenced. Admitting, as I do, that all speculations on the subject are unprofitable, I have no doubt in my own mind that, if the mother country had acted towards the old colonies as she has been acting towards her dependencies in modern times, there would have been no separation without civil war. No one can judge by the feelings of American citizens in our time of what they would have been, if no cause of complaint had been given. The revolutionary war of course caused intense bitterness of feeling, and before that had time to subside the war of 1812 renewed it; and in later times the irritation has been intensified by the events consequent on the civil war. It is impossible to form an idea of what the feeling would have been under wholly different circumstances. Mr. Goldwin Smith imputes to me an opinion that it is 'contrary to principle to allow a British colony to take out its freedom as a nation, without bloodshed.' This is not a fair way of putting the case. My contention is, first, that we have our freedom, 'perfect independence,' in Mr. Goldwin Smith's own words, and, secondly, that the Canadian people do not de-

sire change, and that those who prefer republican institutions will find it more profitable to emigrate to the other side of the lines, than to resort to force to compel their neighbours to adopt their principles. Mr. Goldwin Smith is candid enough to declare that 'there is not a man in the Dominion to whom, individually, it matters less what course political events may take than it does to me.' This reminds me of the old fable of the fox that, having lost his tail, wished to persuade other foxes to part with that appendage. Those who feel no interest whatever in the country are scarcely likely to be the best advisers of others. I reiterate my assertion that I am unaware of any case in which a political revolution has taken place without civil war, and I regard the reference to such cases as the Ionian Islands, Alaska and Cyprus as trifling with the subject. With regard to the 'secondary forces,' to his enumeration of which Mr. Goldwin Smith says that I take no serious exception, I may remark that I could take no exception to an admission that nearly all the elements of our population were Conservative as to the connection. Finding that the French Canadians, United Empire Loyalists, English immigrants, Anglican Church, Orangemen, those hostile to the Americans, and the politicians were all specified, I saw no reason why the Scotch should not be added to the list, being of opinion that they are just as loyal as the English; but I did not mean to imply that they desired to act separately. I have a few remarks to offer in reply to the rejoinder to the introductory remarks in my former article with reference to a sermon preached in Montreal on St. George's Day, by a much respected clergyman of the Church of England. Admitting, as he could not fail to do, that the preacher is personally entitled to the highest respect, Mr. Goldwin Smith takes exception to my statement that he is fairly entitled to be considered

impartial, and he makes a general charge against the clergy of the Church of England, of having taken an active part in all 'the great attempts to overthrow English liberty.' In Canada 'it longs to bring back the new world under salutary bondage to the old world.' This is not the only place in which the Essayist has imputed a political bias to the clergy of the Church of England. Admitting, as I do, that in the earlier part of the present century, the clergy of the Church of England took a considerable interest in party politics owing to the questions of the Clergy Reserves, Rectories, and University endowment, having been those on which political parties were divided, I am bound to state that in the present day, as far as my observation extends, there is no body of clergy in the Dominion that abstains more scrupulously from taking part in political controversies than the Anglican.

It is hardly necessary for me to say much regarding Orangeism. Believing that that organization has no *raison d'être* in Canada, I lament its existence, but I cannot ignore the fact that it does exist; and although I am not so sanguine as Mr. Goldwin Smith that it is likely to become extinct either in Ireland or Canada, I feel assured that those who hold the sentiments of the members of the order, will be found ranged on the side of British Connection, should an emergency arise.

Mr. Goldwin Smith in his rejoinder to my criticism, on his remarks on the faineancy of the Earl of Dufferin, says that 'he did not arraign the decision of the Governor-General in the case of the Pacific Railway investigation,' and that therefore, I need not have introduced that topic. What Mr. Goldwin Smith alleged in his first paper, and repeats in his rejoinder was, that the Governor-General's decision 'amounted to a total abnegation of real power, in other words to a declaration of faineancy.' His object clearly was to establish the de-

fective character of our constitutional system. There were wide differences of opinion as to Lord Dufferin's conduct, during what may be termed the crisis of 1873. It would be most unprofitable to discuss the subject on its merits, and especially, as the point in controversy with Mr. Goldwin Smith, is not whether Lord Dufferin was right or wrong in his decision, but whether he had formed any opinion at all, or acted as a mere *faineant*. It is incomprehensible to me, how any one can read Lord Dufferin's despatches of 15th and 18th August, 1873, and arrive at any other conclusion than that he had given a careful consideration to the question before him for solution, and that he had acted in accordance with his deliberate judgment. That evidently was the opinion of Her Majesty's Government, which informed him in reply that 'they fully approve your having acted in these matters in accordance with Constitutional usage.'

I dissent altogether from Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion as to aristocratic influence, and especially as to any idea being entertained of fostering aristocratic sentiment, since the Conservative reaction in England. Mr. Goldwin Smith alleges that there has been 'a sudden lavishness' after a period of parsimony, in the distribution of titles. I fail to comprehend this assertion. It has been the practice of the Imperial Government to reward meritorious public services by titles of distinction. Such services as the promotion of Confederation, the settlement of the Fishery question, and the defence of the country in the case of the Fenian invasion, were deemed public services of a meritorious character, and have been rewarded from time to time during the last twelve years; but Mr. Goldwin Smith seems to think that they have been the result of some secret policy hostile to the Canadian democracy.

I am not aware that I have charged Mr. Goldwin Smith with having solicited the co-operation of members of

the House of Commons in support of his views, and I certainly did not mean to do so. My reference was to his writings, and I can hardly be mistaken as to his advocacy of nationalism, until he became convinced that it was 'a lost cause.' He has since arrived at the conclusion that union with the United States is 'morally certain;' but he does not intend to take any active part in promoting it; indeed he admits that when at one time inclined to enter public life, 'I found party politics in the way and at once gave up the idea.' Elsewhere he admits that the party leaders have such an influence over public opinion, that there would be no possibility of a 'self-nominated candidate,' being permitted to go before the people 'with an issue of his own.' The inference which will, I think, be generally drawn is, that public opinion is set very strongly against the issue, which Mr. Goldwin Smith has attempted to raise, and which he has endeavoured to persuade the people of Canada is 'morally certain of accomplishment.'

Mr. Goldwin Smith has not only done me the honour, which I highly appreciate, of publishing my article along with his own, but has likewise published articles written by the Right Hon. Robert Lowe and Lord Blachford. Mr. Lowe is of opinion that such colonies as Canada are a burthen to the Mother Country, and it may be inferred that he would not object to their separation and independence. I am by no means certain that those Englishmen who concur in Mr. Lowe's views, would be equally satisfied with the annexation of Canada to the United States. In an article to which Mr. Goldwin Smith has referred, which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, I expressed an opinion, which I hold very strongly, that the inevitable consequence of the disruption of the connection with Great Britain would be union, on some terms, with the United States. Those particular remarks

were copied, as I did not fail to notice, by some United States papers, unaccompanied by what I urged in support of the existing connection. I concur with Mr. Lowe in his opinion that the self-governing colonies have by far the best of the bargain, although I do not believe that Great Britain, while saving those colonies a vast deal of expense, is put to much, if any, on their account. If Great Britain, under the influence of opinions similar to those of Mr. Lowe, were voluntarily to dissolve the connection we should necessarily have to submit; but I cannot discover the least indication that such opinions are likely to prevail. As I have more than once pointed out with reference to Canadian nationalism and schemes of annexation, the true test of public opinion is the action of the representatives of the people in Parliament, and so long as the advocates of such measures confine themselves to essays in periodicals, I shall feel no uneasiness on the subject. Lord Blachford's article was written in condemnation of the Pan-Britannic system, regarding which Mr. Goldwin Smith's views are in unison with his Lordship's and my own. Lord Blachford, I am persuaded, is not in favour of any change in the subsisting relations, but having to deal with the argument that Imperial federation was the best remedy for an alleged unsatisfactory Colonial system, he accepted the alternative that the 'Colonies must become independent nations.' I have no idea that he would contemplate with satisfaction the annexation of Canada to the United States. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in reference to my former article observes, that his readers 'will see at the same time what points and arguments he has passed over in silence, and thus measure the strength of his resolution to deal fully and fairly with the whole question.' I venture to claim from the readers of these remarks, the credit of having tried at least to deal fully and fairly

with all the points and arguments in Mr. Goldwin Smith's papers, that I thought deserving of reply. If I have passed over any in silence, it has been from my inability to appreciate them, and I have not been informed what they are. I am, however, quite ready

to express my entire concurrence in all that Mr. Goldwin Smith has said regarding the value of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, which I have always regarded as a thoroughly independent and valuable organ of public opinion.

From the French of Boufflers.

L'AMOUR.

BY W. P. DOLE.

“**L**OVE'S an elf full of deceit,”
 My mother often says to me,
 “Although he looks so mild and sweet,
 Worse than a viper foul is he!”
 But for myself I fain would know
 Of what great ill a child can do,
 A shepherdess should fearful be.

I yesterday saw Colin go
 To Amoret, and in her ear,
 Speaking in tones all soft and low,
 And with a manner quite sincere,
 Praise of a charming god told he :—
 It was the very deity,
 Of whom my mother has such fear!

All my doubts, then, to remove,—
 This mystery that plagues me so,—
 I'll go with Luke in search of Love,
 And will not let my mother know :
 Even should he wicked wiles employ,
 We shall be two against one boy,
 What harm to us, pray, can he do?

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE REEF.

AS to the locality in which the *Rhineland* was now situated, the Captain himself had only an approximate idea of it, while the majority of the passengers only knew that they were in the Bristol Channel.

The American, whose name was Pearce, and who preferred, as it afterward appeared to be called 'Commodore,' being appealed to (by reason of his knowing looks) upon this subject, grimly replied that he did not know in what portion of the Channel they were, but that in his opinion the question would soon be solved; the expression he used was, 'I guess it won't be long before we're at the bottom of it.' To do him justice, he only gave this answer to the men; to the women he always expressed himself hopefully. He said that there was a mighty difference between being drowned and having the starch taken out of their collars—which had happened to the poor creatures already. It was known, of course, by this time to himself and every seaman on board, that the ship was driving on shore, and that the question of safety for every soul on board depended on what sort of shore it was.

While he was making this very observation in Gresham's ear the ship suddenly struck with tremendous violence, though against no visible object, and like a dreadful echo a shriek of horror burst from every part of the ship. Many of those still below were

killed at once by their heads being dashed against the sides, and even the roof of the cabin, many on deck were flung into the sea. It was the very crisis of horror and despair.

'To the fore-top for your lives,' exclaimed Pearce to the two young people.

'Go, Mr. Gresham, go,' cried Elise, 'you have already done your best for me. I cannot climb the shrouds.'

'It is probable you never tried,' observed the American, drily. Gresham's only reply was to lift her in his arms, and aided by Pearce and her own exertions, they managed to make their way through the terrified crowd to the fore-castle; the crew had already fled there, and were running up the rigging in swarms. The top was occupied at once by as many as it would hold. With the help of the two men, however, Elise climbed to the very foot of it, and out of the reach of the waves that now swept the ship from stem to stern.

'There is a woman here,' said Gresham to those above; 'is there not a man among you who will give up his place?'

There was no answer except from the American from below. 'No they won't, I bet. They will never oblige a lady even by so much as a seat in a car. You are better where you are, Miss,' he added, in a lower tone, 'if your young man will only lash you to the rigging.'

For this purpose Gresham had nothing but a handkerchief, supplemented by the strength of his own arms.

'I can hold you on till daylight,

Elise,' he whispered, 'and longer ; while I have life I will keep life in you.'

'Next to God, I trust in you,' answered she, simply. It was fortunate that she had more than one friend, for though every inch above them was occupied by clinging limbs, the wretched people below endeavoured to make their way up, and even to climb over their very bodies. The horrors of their situation, rocked by every blow of the sea, and drenched with its spray, was aggravated by the pitiful cries which burst from those around them. From the broken skylight above the cabin miserable groans still issued, and now and then a sharp shriek of agony : 'My child, my little one, is drowned !' was one of them, which went to Elise's heart. For the most part they were cries wrung by necessity from human throats, but now and then there was an ejaculation of frenzied terror. For instance, a young fellow immediately below the American suddenly exclaimed that the ship was breaking to pieces.

'Let it break,' answered the Yankee, contemptuously, '*you'll* keep whole enough, I'll warrant.'

It was curious to observe what an effect this one man's coolness and quaint good sense had upon those around him, notwithstanding the peril and misery of their position. That they were on a rock, and a hidden one, was all of which the best-informed were conscious. The force of the wave that had just thrown them upon it had been such as to carry the whole vessel on to the reef ; otherwise, had part only been driven on to it, and part left on a lower level exposed to the breach of the sea, the ship would have been torn asunder in a few minutes. Thanks to the lowness of the tide, the masts and rigging stood out of water, and were only washed to any height by some exceptionally huge wave, but in the mean time it was only too plain that the ship's timbers were giving way under the reiterated blows of the

sea. The wind was as keen as it was furious, and the cold soon began to tell upon these poor creatures, many of whom had rushed from below but scantily clad. Only a few women besides Elise Hurt had obtained a footing on the shrouds at all, and one by one, overcome by fatigue and fear, these relaxed their hold of the ropes, and were whirled away into the raging deep, as often as not in silence. The two men bade Elise shut her eyes, under pretence of her thus obtaining a little rest, but in reality to prevent her witnessing these distressing scenes. More than once, however, a man came tumbling down from the foretop or the shrouds more immediately above them, and that so close as to imperil her own safety in his descent into his watery tomb. The cold had benumbed the hands of these poor fellows, and they had become too weak from exhaustion and hunger to retain their position.

And here it was that the forethought of the American stood Gresham and his companion in good stead. Not only did the young fellow insist upon herpartaking of the viands with which he had filled his pockets, but also administered, under Mr. Pearce's directions, an amount of brandy which, in other circumstances, would have had a most unpleasent effect upon any young lady's organization.

"The blood is the life," says the Scripture,' were Mr. Pearce's words ; 'and the brandy is the blood upon this occasion—you needn't be afraid of taking too much, ma'am.'

Elise, though very unwillingly, being as temperate as all German maidens are, took what was given her : which, after all, was not so very much, for what with the swaying of the mast, and the numbness of Gresham's hands, much of the liquor missed the mouth it was aimed at. Nor was it only the young man's hands that were numb, for his feet had become like marble ; and, in compliance with his request, Elise, more than once, had to stamp upon them to restore their circulation. That

she herself was exempt from this inconvenience of course proved the care that the other took of her, in which it must be acknowledged that he was greatly assisted by Mr. Pearce.

It was strange to see how during those weary hours these three were drawn together—almost as much mentally as physically—by the circumstances of that supreme occasion. Each spoke to the other of himself and of his private affairs with a frankness and confidence that they could not have used after six weeks of ordinary intercourse.

‘If you get to land, Mr. Gresham,’ said Elise, ‘send a few words of tender farewell for me to my good aunt;’ and she gave him her address with methodical exactness.

‘If I live, Elise, *you* will live,’ returned the young fellow, simply. ‘It would be no self-sacrifice to perish in trying to save you, since life without you would not be worth having.’

He spoke with earnestness as well as fervour, and was quite unconscious of any extravagance of expression. In such sublime moments the emotions become, as it were, condensed: his whole previous existence appeared divided into two parts; during one part he had known Elise Hurt; during the other he had not known her. And the former part monopolized his thoughts.

‘Do not talk so,’ answered the girl, reprovingly; ‘for in my case there is but one person to mourn me; and my good aunt, I am thankful to think, has others to love her. But you—you yourself told me that you have dear friends and relatives —’

‘One relative—a very kind one,’ interrupted the young fellow; ‘and some dear friends certainly.’

He hesitated a moment; should he tell her something he had in his mind, or should he not? The waves were beating against the doomed vessel more frantically, it seemed, than ever. The tide was rising. No, it was not worth while. ‘You, Elise,

are more than all to me,’ he added, simply.

Presently Gresham, turning to the American, begged him to send the girl’s message to her aunt, in case he should be the sole survivor of the three.

‘Oh, yes,’ he answered; ‘and do you remember, for my sake, the address of Henry Pearce, at the “Figure Head” Hotel, Charing Cross.’

Gresham smiled sadly; for small as either of their chances of life were, *his* chance—bound up as it was with that of the girl—was surely the smaller.

‘That is your brother, I suppose?’ he answered.

‘No, *sir*; it is myself,’ replied the other, coolly. ‘The “Figure Head” is always my address in London town, in case you should want a skipper for a yacht. My friends call me Commodore. I’ve got my certificates —’

Here a great wave filled his mouth with salt water, and blinded all three of them with its spray. Two more wretched creatures were thrown from their hold by the shock of it, and were carried away in its whirl. These had occupied positions above ‘the tops,’ and were worn out with hunger as much as fatigue; those, on the other hand, in Gresham’s vicinity, had been supplied, at Elise’s entreaty, with the remainder of his provisions.

‘It is no use keeping them for me, love,’ she had whispered; ‘for death will come to me before hunger returns.’

Her logic was unanswerable; it was plain that the vessel could now only hold together for a very short time.

Presently ‘the dawn, the dawn!’ she moaned in German.

‘What is it?’ inquired the American, anxiously. ‘Her strength is failing. Give her more brandy.’

Before Gresham could explain, some one cried out, ‘The land, the land!’ And in a moment the coast line became distinct against the sky.

‘Great Heaven! it is Halcombe Point!’ exclaimed Gresham.

'It is something to know your bearings,' observed the American. 'What sort of landing do you give to strangers hereabouts?'

'It is a rock-bound shore,' answered Gresham, gravely. 'The ship must be on the Lancet Reef,' he murmured. 'There are people on the pier. Sir Robert —'

"Sir Robert," and "Halcombe," ejaculated Elise. 'Is it Sir Robert Arden of Halcombe Hall of whom you speak?'

'Yes, dearest; do you know anything of him?'

'It was to his house I was going as governess.'

'And I am his nephew,' said Gresham. The coincidence, strange as it was, did not strike him so forcibly as might be expected; those words of his companion, 'I was going,' speaking of herself in the past tense, had saddened him too much to admit of wonder.

'Hold on all,' cried the American, in a sharp, clear voice. 'I see a boat coming—a life-boat.'

It was well that he had given his warning before he gave his news; for the excitement which his good tidings communicated to the poor wretches about him passed the bounds of reason. Even as it was, it was with difficulty that some could be persuaded not to cast themselves into the sea to meet the coming succour.

What an apt term is that of Life-boat! How nobly does the god-child prove its right to the name that has been given to it! What an ark of safety does it appear to those for whom the depths of ocean rage and roar—thanks to it—in vain! In no other visible form do Human Endeavour and Divine Intention combine so sublimely. Consider, too, the comparative humility—nay, to all appearance, the inadequacy—of the means of salvation. The 'Commodore's' keen eyes and technical knowledge had at once caused him to recognize the nature of the help that was ap-

proaching them, but to the ordinary observer it looked scarcely help at all, but merely more of wreck and ruin. Was it possible that that frail undecked boat, now tossed on the foam of some mighty wave, now lost in the trough of the sea, not urged by its rowers at all, but flying before the fury of the gale, could be Rescue—Life? To those on shore it seemed so at all events; for though the sound of their cheering could not reach the ears for which they were intended, the poor shipwrecked creatures could see flags waving from the little pier and from the windows of the mill in token of joyful sympathy. Notwithstanding their evil plight, this moral support—the sympathy of their fellow creatures—had an inspiring effect; they felt, as it were, that the great heart of humanity was beating high for them. They were not cut off, these things seemed to assure them, from the sunshine, and yet.

CHAPTER VIII.

A RECOGNITION.

JOHN DYNELEY had not spared Sir Robert's bay mare upon his way to Archester; it was not his way to push a willing horse to the full extent of its powers, but human life was in the balance that night, and he had not spared the spur. He was a heavy man for so speedy a journey, but his weight had this advantage, that it steadied the gallant bay, against whom such a wind was blowing, broadside on, as had never swept Halcombe Moor within the memory of man. The curate, however, paid little heed to the gale; he was recalling to his inward gaze the bright look of approval that had lit up Evy Nicoll's face when he had asked her stepfather for the use of his mare; that would have been reward enough, if he had needed any, for the discomforts of his ride, of which in truth he recked but little. He was a man to whom wind and rain, and

heat and cold, were indifferent, a man of thews and sinews, as well as of girth and inches, and with a great heart in his great body. His intelligence was not remarkable, but he had plenty of common sense, which, however inconvenient to a theologian, is to a working clergyman the most valuable of all senses. And yet at this moment he was doing a very foolish thing, for what could be more contrary to common sense than to cherish so tenderly that last look of Evelyn Nicoll, whom he knew to be as good as engaged to another man?

Common report had given her to Sir Robert's nephew, George Gresham, and while she had taken no pains to contradict it, her mother had, by implication, corroborated it. Indeed, it was understood that George was shortly expected at the Hall, for the very purpose of making himself better known to his future bride before the knot should be tied between them.

Still, as Evelyn had never with her own lips confirmed the general opinion, the curate gave himself the benefit (as he fondly imagined it to be) of the doubt, and persuaded himself that he was doing no harm in thus secretly worshipping his idol.

He was far too modest a man to suppose that his passion was returned; he was not half rich enough for her, he knew, nor half good enough for her, he thought—though in that last idea in my judgment he was mistaken—and she was altogether, he confessed, out of his reach. If he did entertain a hope that he should ever win her, it was one of the very vaguest kind; but now and then he could not avoid giving himself up to it. In his saner moments he foresaw that he must be content with honouring and admiring her as the wife of another, and would think himself happy if, under such circumstances, the opportunity might be afforded him of doing her some self-sacrificing service.

Such men there are in this nine-

teenth century, by contrast with whose natures all that has been recorded of the so-called 'Ages of Chivalry' grows pale and dim. One other mistress he had who was not denied to him, Work, and his devotion to her was incessant. Some fools thought less of his labour in the Lord's Vineyard because he went about it as often as not with a short pipe in his mouth; he was labouring in it now (or words have lost their meaning), and though his pipe, by reason of the gale, was an impossibility, his attire was far from what is generally associated with the ecclesiastical calling. He wore a dark pea-jacket, with waistcoat and trousers of the same thick material; and his black cravat was knotted instead of being tied in the orthodox way.

Thus he rode at the bay's best speed along the sandy roads, making occasional short cuts (not free from rabbit holes) across the heathery moor, till the lights of Archester gleamed before him.

Without drawing rein for an instant he galloped down the stony street to the little pier, which he knew on such a night would have its complement of seafaring men, watching their old enemy the storm, and in a few words explained his errand.

'A ship on the Lancet, opposite Halcombe Point, and the lifeboat wanted; ten pounds a head from Sir Robert to each man that pulls an oar in her.'

It would doubtless have 'looked better in print' had he appealed only to these brave men's sense of duty, and it would have been sufficient, for the mariners of Archester were never backward in risking limb and life for their fellow-creatures; but, on the principle of 'surplusage being no error,' the curate addressed them as we have described. Moreover, it saved time, and time—a few minutes more or less—was of immense importance to all those upon that cruel reef (which, however, had thus far been the cause of their preservation). Time had be-

come, indeed, the alternative of Eternity with them.

A rush was at once made for the boat-shed where the cork-jackets and all other things were kept; and in an incredibly short space of time eight men were ready for this perilous enterprise. There are two things which expedite human action above all other motive powers; namely, the opposing elements of Fire and Water. The celerity with which a fire engine is got ready and started is the greatest triumph of human forethought and agility. Next to that is the quickness with which a lifeboat is got under weigh. From the shed at Archester were two 'slips,' one on either side, so that the boat could be launched to north or south, according to the quarter from which the wind was blowing; the men were in their places, and a score of eager pairs of hands were on her stern and sides ready to run the *Swiftsure* (contraction of Swift and Sure, I wonder?) off the track on which she stood, when the coxswain suddenly roared, 'Stop!'

There was a man missing; only seven being in the boat beside the coxswain. From the list of the crew hard by (for everything was at hand in that place) he began to read out the names of those absent; 'George Parfitt?' 'Here,' answered a ready voice. 'You are not George.'

'No; he is ill a-bed, but I am his brother.'

'A bold fellow, no doubt; but hardly strong enough for the tight job before us.' 'Henry Absolon.'

'Gone to Mirton,' was the reply.

'Hullo, sir, this is quite irregular.' This to Dyneley, who had slipped on a cork-jacket and sou'wester cap, and jumped into the boat.

'No matter, coxswain, I am as strong as any of you, and can pull as good an oar. There is not a moment to lose, I tell you—push off.'

There was a burst of cheering, which, however, in no way impeded the exertions of those who thus in-

dulged their feelings, for at the same moment the boat began rapidly to move down the slope.

'Steady, steady.' The moment she touched the sea it seemed to every man that he was under water. Never since the gallant *Swiftsure* had been built had she put out in the teeth of such a storm, the wind beat almost dead against the land, and strove with frantic screams and fiendish fury (the Prince of the Powers of the air being in command that night in person) to dash the boat back on the rocky shore. 'She never, never,' shrieked the frantic blast, 'shall ride the main this night to rob the hungry waves of their human prey.'

Thrice the *Swiftsure* was cast a score of yards up the strand, then withdrawn like a plaything which a child throws from it only to pursue and clutch again, but the fourth time the oar-blades and the strong arms that use them are plied to such good purpose that she is flung back no more.

'Steady, men, steady,' cries the coxswain, for rowing against a moving mountain range renders time more difficult to keep than between Barnes and Putney; 'once round the Point the wind will do our work for us.'

This was satisfactory so far as it went, but made it clear to every man (if he had not known it before) that the return to Archester *against* the wind would be a physical impossibility. After performing their perilous mission, should that be practicable, they would have to go on to Mirton Harbour (twenty miles away) if they should reach harbour at all, since to try Halcombe Point would be to go to pieces.

Such things are trifles to the heroes who man our lifeboats, and we ashore think still less of them, but supposing even the case of a country doctor robbed of his night's rest by a summons to a sick bed, and compelled to ride twenty miles in a storm which did not admit of his return, we should

call it a hard one; add to this utmost fatigue of body and extreme peril of life, and give the laurel where it is due.

Once round the Point the *Swiftsure* flew before the wind, as though, instead of being a bare boat, she were a racing cutter. She was following, in fact, the very route of the *Rhineland*, only the sea had a very different customer to deal with. The waves filled her again and again, but her escape pipes freed her from the deluge as quickly as it was poured in; they threw her on her side, but she made light of that, and even had they thrown her over she would have righted again in half a second—though, unhappily empty.

Thus hurried along at headlong speed it was no wonder that, in a shorter time than it had taken the mare and her rider to cross the Moor, the one man in the boat to whom the use of his eyes was not denied—for the eight rowers, we may be sure, cast no look behind them—exclaimed, ‘There she is, boys.’

And there she was; half of her—the stern part—now covered by the rising waves, and the other half, now hid, now seen, with a bare mast sticking out of it, covered with human beings, like bees in swarm. The sea was running like a mill race, and the sharp reef beneath it.

‘I doubt if we can get nigh her,’ ejaculated the coxswain.

‘There are women on board,’ observed Number Six, who was the curate.

‘Never fear, Master Dyneley, but we’ll do what man can do to save ’em,’ was the reply, not without a certain haughtiness in its tone. The waves and winds could be discounted, as it were, as a source of peril, but whether there was water enough above the rock to float the lifeboat to leeward of the wreck, was an experiment not to be reckoned upon, but only tried. If they shot by her, it was plain they could not put back again in the teeth

of such a gale, ere the flowing tide should engulf the last spar of the *Rhineland*.

‘Steady; be ready to ship oars and out with the grappling irons.’ The next minute they were under her quarter, and had made fast to it.

‘The women first,’ cried the coxswain, in a voice of thunder. There were but three women left, and none of these could move across the rocking deck without men to help them. The first two were carried, rather than led, and lifted into the *Swiftsure*; the third, Elise, used her own limbs, though stiff and cramped, upheld on either side by the American and Gresham.

All sat where they were placed, without a word, as though astounded (as they well might be) at their own deliverance. The wreck was clear of all save one man, who clung to the mast apparently stupefied.

‘Quick, quick,’ exclaimed half-a-dozen voices. He never moved.

‘Are we all to be drowned for one fool?’ ejaculated the coxswain, passionately. ‘Cast off, boys.’

‘One moment, sirree,’ cried the clear shrill voice of the American. He leapt back on the wreck, seized the still hesitating man round the waist, and fairly threw him among the rest.

‘It’s the poor Capen, Coxen; he don’t like to leave his ship,’ said he apologetically. ‘I’ve felt the same myself—especially when I’ve had a share in her.’

As the boat once more flew before the wind its occupants could see a little group upon the quay of Halcombe, whose joy appeared only second to their own. These persons, of course, knew not how many of the crew had succumbed to the waves, or to the fatigues and privations of the night; they only saw that every soul upon the wreck had been taken off; and were in comparative safety. They were well aware that on their cruel shore no boat could land in such a sea, but to many of the poor shivering crea-

tures on board the *Swiftsure* it seemed strange enough that they should be turning their backs on these hospitable and friendly people.

Gresham, of course, knew why they didn't land at 'The Point,' and secretly he was not displeased that the attempt could not be made. He recognized female forms upon the quay, and guessed, rightly enough, their identity; and he had good—or at least sufficient—reason to congratulate himself that the *Swiftsure* was making for Mirton. He was now turning over in his mind whether it would not be better to wait a day or two before presenting himself to his friends at home, and to let it be imagined that he had not taken passage in the ill-fated *Rhine-land* at all.

The accommodation on board life-boats is in extent considerable, but it is not of a select or private character. Rescued folks settle down where they can, and are seldom found to complain of their quarters. The craft is broad of beam, and there is room for passengers, even in the very centre of it, without interfering with the rowers. Here sat Elise Hurt, exhausted but grateful, with the same loving arms supporting her that had made her hold secure upon the shrouds.

'I owe my life to you,' were the first words she murmured in his ear.

'Nay, darling, the Commodore, as he calls himself' (he had once commanded, as it turned out, a certain flotilla of trading vessels to the West Indies) 'did his part; it was he, for example, who called my attention to the victualling department—I have still a little brandy left, by-the-bye.'

'Not for me,' she said, putting aside the flask; 'I feel I shall live now. Is it not strange, George, that wet and cold as I am, in this open boat, and with only a plank between us and death, I am happier than I have ever been?'

'It is not strange,' answered the young man tenderly. 'It is because you love.'

'Ah, yes,' she sighed.

'Why do you sigh, darling?'

'Because this may be the last hour in which I may say, "I love." Out yonder—with the waves yawning for us, I told you the secrets of my heart; there seemed no harm in it, and it was very sweet to tell them. But now we are no longer two fellow-creatures awaiting the same doom; I am again a penniless girl, and you—you are Sir Robert Arden's nephew.'

'Well, and what then,' said Gresham, lightly, but there was a look of trouble in his face that accorded ill with his jesting tone.

'I know not what then,' she answered. 'You know best how it will fare with us. But I have always heard that the rich English are very proud. There will be a great gulf fixed between you, Sir Robert's nephew, and me, the governess of his children.'

'They are not his children,' replied Gresham; 'they are the children of his wife by her first marriage.'

'Indeed? Then you are his own kith and kin, and they are not. His very heir, perhaps?'

'Perhaps; though I have never thought of that. When one has a benefactor so kind as he has been, one does not speculate upon his death.'

'I hope not, dear. Pray do not be annoyed with me——' for there had been a certain irritation in his tone; 'I only wish to look matters in the face. As it seems to me you are bound, above all things, to obey this good uncle's wishes; and especially never to act counter to them. Is it likely, think you, that he will wish you to marry me?'

'My dear Elise, I thought that those who love were given to building dream castles for love to live in; whereas you build only obstacles to love. It will be time enough to combat opposition when it has arisen. There will, of course, be objections to our union, some even that have not entered into your apprehensions; but we

must trust to time and happy chance. My uncle is very peculiar : a man of impulse and sentiment ; by no means the hard, conventional man of the world you have probably pictured to yourself. But, no doubt, we must be prudent. It will not be necessary to tell the good folks at Halcombe all that we have said to one another. Nor even need you repeat the conviction you expressed just now that I was the happy means of saving your life last night ; it is an exaggeration to start with, and to proclaim such a fact would be very injudicious. People would think that gratitude might cause you to overrate my deserts—do you understand, darling ?

‘I do not like concealments,’ answered Elise, gravely. ‘Besides, to dwell under the same roof with you, and never to be able to speak to you, nor look towards you, as I should wish to speak and look—No, Mr. Gresham, I could not do it.’

‘What? You call me Mr. Gresham because you have no longer need of my loving service? That is ungenerous, Elise.’

‘You do not think so—you *can-not* think so,’ answered the girl impetuously ; ‘it gives me ten times the pain to address a cold word to you than it gives you to hear it. But it is better to say “Farewell” now—cruel as it seems to part—than later on.’

‘We will never part, Elise ; I swear it.’

‘Hush, hush !’ for in his vehemence he had raised his voice, so that if those next to him had not been sunk in their own thoughts they might have heard him, despite the roar of the wind and the rush of the wave. ‘God has been very good to us ; do not call Him to witness to aught that does not lie in the path of duty. I fear—I fear that your love for me runs counter to it.’

‘Do not fear, Elise,’ he answered gravely ; ‘Love and Duty can never be in opposition to one another. Only, as I have said, we must expect obstacles. The course of *true* love never does run smooth, you know.’

Elise was silenced, if not convinced ; it was difficult, no doubt, to compel herself to picture mischances, not only to her own happiness, but to that of her preserver.

Presently they came in sight of Mirton, a picturesque village, built in zig-zag up steep cliffs ; but with a good harbour and breakwater. Once within shelter of the latter the mountain waves lost their crests, the gale thundered harmless above their heads. With a few more strokes of the oar they reached the side of the little jetty where a few men were gathered together in the grey dawn.

Gresham and the Commodore assisted Elise to land, and were escorting her up the winding street to the little inn, when they were overtaken by one of the crew, who seemed about to address them.

‘I will see you in five minutes, my good fellow,’ said Gresham. ‘For the brave work you and your mates have performed to night, no reward can be sufficient, but—— What? Dyneley?’

‘Yes, it is I,’ answered the curate, removing his sou’-wester. ‘I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw you step into the boat ; and when I felt sure of your identity I had no breath for even a word of recognition.’

Then Gresham remembered that the features of this man had seemed somewhat familiar to him ; he had had other things to think about, or else there had been plenty of opportunities of observing him, for he had sat cheek-by-jowl with ‘Number Six’ for the last two hours.

(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR THE MILITIA.

BY TWO MILITIAMEN.

AS Canadians, we are proud of our nationality. Our *amor patrie* is not on the surface, and possibly requires the positive stimulus of a 'Trent Difficulty,' or the negative influence of a *Times* article, before its latent depths are stirred. But the national feeling exists. We are justly proud of our position as the first colony of the Empire, and of our commercial rank among the nations of the world. It is our boast that we have a commercial marine only surpassed in numbers and tonnage by four of the leading nations of the earth. We have a territory richer in vegetable and mineral wealth, and larger in area, than any of the kingdoms of Europe. We have a hardy and intelligent population, and the freest institutions on the face of the globe. How should we maintain those rights, protect our liberties, and retain our possessions, were Great Britain's naval and military assistance withheld or withdrawn? We have no navy to protect our ships; we have developed no sufficient military organization to

stand the crucial test of war; we have no manufactories for warlike material, and no internal resources for their immediate creation. We have not even arms and ammunition enough to supply a single army corps in the field and to organize its reserve, should hostilities commence now. Nothing could be done, therefore, without Britain's aid, save to submit peacefully to the first power that attempted forcible annexation.

Now, is this a condition that should be acquiesced in by a free people, accustomed to the exercise of the fullest civil and religious liberty? The merchant who will not insure his life against accident, or his property against fire, is blameworthy, should he suffer loss by these means. The nation which declines or neglects to protect its liberties in not providing for their defence by all means within its power, is equally reprehensible.

Contrast our position with that of some of the smaller European Powers:—

	Dominion of Canada.	Nether- lands.	Switzerland.	Sweden.	Norway.	Denmark.	Greece.
Population	3,727,000	3,967,263	2,669,147	4,383,291	1,817,237	1,910,400	1,457,864
Area	3,580,310 sq. m.	13,680 sq. m.	15,991 sq. m.	171,750 sq. m.	122,280 sq. m.	15,504 sq. m.	19,941 sq. m.
Revenue	£4,500,000	£3,642,556	£1,580,640	£4,340,000	£2,177,200	£2,584,000	£1,336,971
Expenditure for military purposes	£290,000	£1,541,999	£586,237	£925,000		£1,114,000	£330,757
Army	none	61,947 men	84,369 } *50,069 }	7,885 131	12,750 peace 18,000 war	37,000	14,061
Navy { Ships		67			20	33	14
{ Guns	none	705	none	394	156	291	
{ Men		9,200 men		4,693	2,393	1,125	653
Militia	43,729	100,323 men	65,981	{ 29,940* 94,950 13,166	62,000*	32,393	24,000
			* Reserve.	* 3 classes.	* Reserve.		

From these figures it appears that, with a population almost equal, and a revenue half as large as the Netherlands, we spend less than one-seventh as much for military and naval purposes, and train for such services less than one-fourth the number of men. We have no ships of war; she has sixty-seven, some of first-class power; and yet her mercantile marine only numbers 1,835 vessels, of 526,527 tonnage, while we have 6,952 vessels, of 1,205,565 tons burden! Denmark, with about half our population and revenue, trains annually double the number of men that we do, and has a small and well appointed navy.

Another striking comparison may be made in the amount paid for military purpose per head of population annually in different countries. For example, in Great Britain the people are taxed \$6.86 per head per annum, in France \$4.50 per head, in Prussia \$2.20 per head, and in the United States (exclusive of the cost of the State Militia) \$1.39 per head, while in Canada we only burden ourselves with the trifling tax of 14 cents per head of our population for militia purposes. Certainly no Canadian would object to that tax being doubled or quadrupled.

It is not necessary to force these comparisons to an application. There are many circumstances which prevent a comparison with the states of Europe. It is merely to point the fact, that other nations having small populations and resources, do more to ensure their national rights and liberties than we do. And it is beyond the power of the most prophetic soul to say that our rights and liberties may not be invaded.

The question is, how are our means of defence to be developed at the least cost to a young and struggling people, both in the matter of money, and of time? There is only one way by which a defensive organization can be maintained, adequately and inexpensively, and that is by means of a militia. But many of our fellow-citizens are

accustomed to ask the question, 'Why expend money to support a militia that in peace is not required, and in war would be inadequate as a protection against invasion?' Let our history answer this question.

Barely twelve years after the struggle which terminated in the cession of Canada to the British, the arms of the rebellious American colonies were directed against Canada. At that time there were only about 500 British troops in the colony, but General Carleton embodied some 1,800 militia and garrisoned Quebec, defeating the attempt of the enemy to carry the fortress by storm on the 30th December, 1775, and holding it until the arrival of British reinforcements on the 6th May, 1776. All the country, west of Quebec, had been overrun by the Americans, and had not the militia proved loyal, in spite of the temptations offered them by the various proclamations of the American Generals, it is probable that, at the present time, Canada would have been one of the States of the Union. This time, therefore, the steady valour and loyalty of the Canadian militia, preserved Canada to the British Crown.

In 1812 the Americans attacked Canada with two corps, numbering 13,300 men. The British troops in the Province were but 4,500 strong, nearly 3,000 of whom were in garrison at Quebec and Montreal, only 1,500 being in Upper Canada. From the capture of Michilimacinae, the first blow of the campaign, down to its close, the militia took their share in every military operation. Of the force that captured Detroit with its garrison of 2,500 men, scarcely 300 were regular troops. Brock had but 1,200 men to oppose 6,300 Americans on the Niagara frontier, and more than half were militia; yet he confronted the enemy, and in the gallant action in which he lost his life, left an imperishable record of the steady valour with which Canadians can defend their country. At that time the population

of Upper Canada, capable of bearing arms, did not exceed 10,000 men, yet the Province supplied 5,455 officers and men as its contingent for service during the war.

In 1813, Canada was menaced by three separate armies, numbering over 30,000 men. The British force consisted of 13,000 regulars, and 15,000 militia, scattered over a frontier a thousand miles long. The Americans overran Upper Canada for a while, but by the end of the campaign had been driven across the border. At Chateauguay, Col. de Salaberry showed of what stuff our militia was made. The American force consisted of 7,000 infantry, 10 guns, and 250 cavalry. The Canadian force, under de Salaberry, was about 1,000 strong—nearly half of whom took no part in the battle—and yet he totally defeated and drove back a force eight times his strength. Of this action, General Sir James Carmichael Smyth says: 'The affair upon the Chateauguay River is remarkable as having been fought, on the British side, almost entirely by Canadians. The Republicans were repulsed by a very inferior number of Canadian militia, and of troops raised in Canada, thus affording a practical proof of the good disposition of the Canadians, and the possibility, to say nothing of the policy, of improving the Canadian militia, so as to be fully equal in discipline and instruction to any American troops that may be brought against them at any future opportunity.' He also says, 'Not a single Canadian militiaman was known to desert to the enemy, during the three years the war continued.' At the end of the war, the Americans had gained no foothold upon Canadian territory, and were forced to postpone that conquest of Canada, originally undertaken as 'a military promenade.' Yet at that time the entire population of Canada did not exceed 300,000, while that of the United States was over 8,000,000,—an odds of 27 to 1 against us. For the second time,

therefore, the efforts of the Canadian militia largely contributed to the preservation of Canada to the Crown.

During 1837, in Upper Canada alone, with a population of 450,000, there were 40,000 militia enrolled, in the expectation of a war being provoked by the action of the too active sympathisers with the Rebels. Of this number there were 16 battalions and 35 companies of cavalry, artillery, and riflemen, placed on active service, several of whom did military duty for some years afterward.

In 1862, when the 'Trent difficulty' rendered a war with the United States a matter of extreme probability, the alacrity with which the Canadian militia sprung to arms, resolving to abide by all consequences rather than that their dearly loved flag should be insulted with impunity, no doubt had its influence in securing the submission and apology that was made by the American Government.

In 1865, it became necessary, in order to restrain the Southerners resident in Canada from making our territory a basis for warlike operations, to place corps of observation at certain points on the frontier. These battalions were formed from the *elite* of our militia and they became, after a few months' duty, equal to any soldiery in the world. How could we at that time have sustained our International obligations, had we no militia?

From 1866 to 1870 came the Fenian raids. How serious would these small matters have become had we not had our militia ready to repel such attacks! Those who now cavil at the expense, and argue against the necessity of the Force, were in those days the first to recognize their usefulness, and to seek to place the militia between themselves and the enemy. In twenty-four hours from the call for active service, 33,754 militiamen had come forward, upwards of 8,000 in excess of the quota allowed by the Militia Act, and 13,000 more than had been on the

strength of companies in the preceding year.

In 1869, our militia took a part in the expedition to Red River, and, by their soldierlike qualities and cheerful endurance, won such high consideration from their gallant commander that in the wilds of Ashanti he wished for those two corps of Canadian militiamen, when the picked regiments of Imperial troops were at his disposal.

Since 1870, have not the Guibord riots and the 12th of July outrages in Montreal; the Grand Trunk riot at Belleville and elsewhere on the line; the pilgrimage riots in Toronto, and half a dozen other occasions in which military aid has been invoked to enforce the civil power, proved sufficiently the imperative necessity for the maintenance in our midst of a body of armed and disciplined militia, who regard their duty as soldiers first, and their prejudices and feelings last?

Suppose that we take it for granted that a militia is a necessary adjunct to Government, even in a country where the people have an hereditary respect for the majesty of the law. Upon what principle, and what detail, shall we render that constitutional force at once inexpensive and efficient? There are three ways afforded us by precedent. First, the old feudal system, making the land, through its owners, responsible for the forthcoming of a certain force. This was the system in Canada prior to the conquest, and which, singularly enough, was engrafted upon British law by the Quebec Act. Second—the *ballot*, which is the law of this country, though suspended in its operation by the present system of voluntary enlistment.

The nearest approach to our system as defined by law, is that in force in Denmark, which is based upon the liability of all able-bodied men to serve, but adopts the ballot as a practice. Let us glance at its working and results.

Every male subject, at the age of 22, has to assemble in his military district for the purpose of conscription. They are then sorted for the various arms—the smallest or weakest never being called upon for duty in time of peace, and the physically incapable being rejected altogether. About 40 per company are selected for active service, and are, to all intents and purposes, regular soldiers for sixteen months, and after that time are incorporated with those men of their year, not called upon for service, as a *reserve*, to be called upon in case of need. These reserves are formed into battalions, of which it will be seen forty per cent are drilled men. When a man has been in the reserve for ten years, he goes into the *second reserve*, and is not called upon for duty, unless the first reserve is drained by war. Officers obtain commissions only upon examination, and are promoted by seniority,—promotions in the Artillery and Engineers being based upon the number of marks gained by those who are entitled to compete, and appointments being made to the Staff from those who pass the best examinations. In some cases, however, these promotions are made by merit. Non-commissioned officers above the rank of corporals enlist for eight years, after which time they are entirely exempt from military service. Corporals are selected from among the recruits of the year, and are kept on duty for two years, by which time the new non-commissioned officers are fairly able for duty.

The Danish army is composed of:

Cavalry—1 Regiment Life Guards.

“ 1 “ Hussars.

“ 4 “ Dragoons.

Artillery—30 Batteries (8 guns each.)

Engineers—18 Companies.

Infantry—1 Battalion Life Guards.

“ 22 Battalions (4 Companies each.)

Or a total of 37,000 of all ranks.

The *third* system is that wherein the

entire male population takes it in turn to serve, as in Switzerland, a country which has for centuries presented the edifying spectacle of a nation determined to be independent, but never to interfere with its neighbours—an example it would be well for us to follow.

With exception of the clergy and certain civil functionaries, every Swiss is a soldier. From the age of 19 to that of 44 he may be at any time called upon for military service. But practically a man passes into the reserve or *Landwehr*, at about 28 to 30, serving his time in the *élite* or first line, before that age. As soon as a youth attains the age of 19 he is attached to a battalion in his canton and there undergoes 28 days' drill for the first year, and eight days' drill in the succeeding years. If he is suitable he is placed in the engineers or artillery, and then undergoes 42 days' training for the first and 14 days in the succeeding years. Riflemen are trained for 35 days the first, and 14 the following years.

Staff officers are obliged to pass through the military school at Thun, as are also the officers of engineers and artillery. Regimental staff officers also pass examinations on promotion. The military college at Thun is self-sustaining.

The *élite* or first line, numbers 84,369 of all ranks, the *reserve* or second line 50,069, of all ranks, and the *Landwehr* or third line, 65,981 of all ranks; the first two (in round numbers 140,000 men) being armed and equipped.

Thus we see what can be accomplished in the way of defensive organization, by smaller nations, with lesser revenues than our own. What are we to do towards the same end? No hurried extension of our present system is necessary or would be prudent. Armies are not made in a day, nor can a military system be perfected in a year. *But the framework must be built in time of peace, upon such solid foundations that*

it will neither shrink nor give way under the pressure of war. Therefore we appeal to our legislators, and to our countrymen at large, to give the matter serious and instant consideration. To have an efficient militia, sufficient funds must be provided to carry on the work regularly. It will not do to spend two millions in one year, and half a million in the next. The vote should be a standing sum, and not subject to legislative caprice, or cheese-paring administration. Let the country decide, once for all, what it can afford to spend annually for defensive purposes, and then hold those persons responsible for its proper expenditure, who are also responsible for the efficiency of the Force.

It is difficult to understand on what grounds the successive Governments have been so parsimonious in reference to militia expenditure. There is no item in the Public Accounts less grudged by the masses of the people than that devoted to the support of the militia; there is no outlay that is distributed so evenly over the country—and there is little doubt but that any Government would be liberally supported in a generous policy towards the force.

Members of Parliament have said that the country would not submit to an increased expenditure for militia purposes. This is either founded on ignorance of the real feelings of the Canadian people, or is but a shallow pretence. Have we not seen year after year Municipal Councils all over the country voting large sums to their local volunteer corps to supplement the Government Grants? Do not the Municipalities meet the Government half way and build handsome drill sheds, of which they pay a large portion of the cost? The municipal bodies are not bound to expend these sums, it is no part of their duty any more than that they should give grants to the customs and the post office, or for the erection of light-houses. This liberality is the most conclusive proof that

the people are even more advanced than their rulers, and that they feel that Parliament and Government do not do their full duty in reference to the defensive organization of the State. It is absurd for our legislators to excuse themselves from not voting sufficient sums to the militia on the ground that popular feeling is against it. There is no doubt that the people will stand by the Parliament in any steps taken in this direction.

The drill pay given to the militia finds its way into every nook of the Dominion—on almost every concession and side line can be found one or more members of the force—while every town and almost every village is the headquarters of a company, in which the inhabitants take a deep interest, of whose appearance they are proud, and in which their finest young men are enrolled. Our politicians have never yet fully appreciated how deep a hold the militia organization has taken upon the hearts of the people of this country. It is the most popular organization, and it has the advantage of being neither religious, sectarian or political, but purely national and patriotic. It is the only common ground upon which all can unite—where Catholic and Protestant, Conservative and Liberal, can vie with each other in giving our Dominion that military strength which is so important an element of national greatness.

For these reasons our statesmen should devote special pains to foster in every way an organization which tends to weld the nation together, to cultivate a national and patriotic spirit, and to make the whole nation defensively warlike, and confident in the future of the State.

Unfortunately our politicians look at questions solely from party stand-points, and are little influenced by national considerations; consequently when the expenditure is to be reduced the first thing to suffer is the militia. The reduction does not affect the staff

—which is maintained at the same strength, although the force is reduced by one-half—but the whole burden falls upon the men of the force, their numbers are cut down, their pay reduced, their camps dispensed with, and the *morale* of the force thereby greatly diminished, and the efficiency seriously impaired.

Is this reduction necessary? Is it advisable even upon purely financial grounds? It must not be overlooked that we are contending against the reduction of drill pay, etc., for the active force only, for there has been little or no reduction in the cost of the machinery by which the force is governed. Now, the drill pay of officers and men goes directly into the hands of the tax-payers themselves. There is scarcely a family in Canada that has not some relative in the force, and the trifling sums paid in this way go back into the country households, and in many and many a township is the only Government money ever seen, and is, in fact, the only return they ever seem to get for their taxes. There may be a fallacy in this, but they believe it, notwithstanding.

It is sometimes urged that the labour is lost to the country while the men are at drill. This may be right in theory, but it is a mistake in reality. The drills are performed at night, or in the month of June—between haying and harvest—and practically do not cause one grain of wheat less to be sown, or one bushel less to be reaped, while the country has the added strength of a trained and effective military organization.

Some argue that the militia force is not as efficient as a regular army would be, and that, therefore, the money spent upon the organization is wasted. Granted that a regular force would be more efficient, but a Canadian regular army would needs be very small and disproportionately costly. The Mounted Police, 300 in number, cost for last year \$305,749.05. The annual drill pay for the whole number of militia

trained last year was \$124,267.95, or little more than a third of the cost of the Mounted Police. Again A and B Batteries Dominion Artillery, about 250 men, cost \$109,691.35, or $\frac{1}{2}$ as much as the entire militia were paid for drill. Will any one in his senses claim that there would be as much military strength in a regular force of 250 or 300 men, as in a militia numbering 45,000?

It is also a mistake to consider that the whole value of the present force consists in the high state of drill in which it is, or should be kept. If we have not absolute efficiency, we have, as a starting point, the organization, the arms, and the equipment—the officers fairly efficient, and the rough edge taken off the men. War would not probably come at a day's notice, and every day after our men were mobilized, they would gain in steadiness. Had we not our present organization, or were it abolished for ten years, six months of the greatest efforts would not do as much to bring the force to an efficient state, as six weeks would do under the present circumstances.

A great advantage is also realized in the military spirit created in the country. At present almost every young man serves for a longer or shorter period in the ranks of the militia. Many people think that, because they leave the force before they are thoroughly efficient as soldiers, their service is wasted and their training useless. There can be no greater mistake. When a lad of 18 or 20 has donned the uniform and shouldered the rifle, and drilled even for one year, a great deal has been done. The idea that he is a Canadian—that he may some day be called upon to defend his country—has entered his mind, and as long as he lives thereafter he will be a better citizen. Twenty years after, if war should break out, his first thought would be 'My country is in danger, I must shoulder my rifle again and go to the front;' while, if he had never

been in the force, he would probably say, 'There will be war, and I am afraid our militia will have more than they can do to defend the country,' but he will not think of enlisting to help them. Perhaps, like a craven, he might say, 'The odds are too great, we should not provoke the enemy by resistance.' From this point of view alone, the militia organization is of immense service to the country.

Canadians have the historical reputation of being defensively the most warlike people in the world, and it should be the part of our legislators to cultivate and encourage that feeling. Like Switzerland, we will never be aggressive, but who shall say that we may not have to fight desperately for our separate existence as a nation in the future, as we have done in the past. Already the muttered thunder from the East has reached our ears—why may not the gathering storm reach and devastate our shores? Can we reconcile it with our duty as loyal subjects and good citizens, that we should neglect those measures which may be necessary in order to preserve our national existence; or are we to be 'like dumb driven cattle' instead of 'heroes in the strife?' When the exigency arises it will be too late for precautionary measures. It is necessary to prepare for war in time of peace.

But it is to be feared that persuasions and warnings alike fall upon heedless ears. Because the militia force is not a political organization; because they have wisely and rightly held aloof from politics, they are ignored by our politicians. But though abstaining from taking an active part in politics, the militia has, and can exercise, an important influence in elections. In 1872, Sir George Cartier, the then Minister of Militia, was defeated in Montreal, because the volunteers and their friends voted '*en masse*' against him. In this last election the general dissatisfaction of the Force was doubtless one of the causes of the striking defeat of the

Mackenzie Government. Let us then appeal, upon purely selfish grounds, for the influence and support of our members of Parliament, in order that the Government of the day may treat liberally the most popular and influential of our national organizations.

To the people we must also appeal, to conquer that apathy with which they have viewed our past struggles for existence. Do they realize that if the present Force is discouraged to death, the law provides for the establishment of the ballot, and that employers, instead of employés, may be forced into the ranks? Do they realize that each young man who goes out to drill, in every year, sacrifices from \$8 to \$10 for their direct benefit, and without reaping any specific advantage therefor? Do they realize the protection that the presence of the Force affords their property and their

lives? What would have stayed the pilgrimage riots in Toronto save the presence of an armed force? What would have stayed the sacking of Montreal, had no volunteers been at hand on the 12th July?

Our desires are most reasonable. We only ask that the provisions of the Militia Law should be slightly amended and rigidly enforced, and that a little more money should be spent in the annual training of the men. All that is wanted, in addition, is that the Canadian people should take a living interest and pride in their citizen soldiery; encourage them by precept and example, and stimulate, rather than retard, their efforts to fulfil their duty. Give the militiaman the *locus standi* that he deserves to have in the community, and the community will reap the reward in the hour of danger.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BY WALTER TOWNSENT.

THERE is an Eastern fable which tells how a Sage, being divinely allowed the choice between great fame during life and oblivion afterwards on the one hand, and on the other, neglect whilst living, but after death undying glory throughout all ages, chose the former. When asked why he should have chosen the least worthy reward, the Sage replied, that no considerations of vain-glory had influenced him; 'but,' said he, 'by choosing the first, I cannot help but gain the second also, at least so far as I can myself enjoy it; and for this reason, that, as I shall continually hear all men

praising me and declaring my precepts to be immortal, I shall end by believing them, although I have myself heard the voice of Heaven declare the contrary.' Robert Southey can lay claim to the same enjoyment of undying fame as that which the Eastern Sage promised himself. During his lifetime he was assured by the almost unanimous voice of intellectual contemporaries that his name would descend to future ages linked with those of Milton and Shakespeare, and not any one of those who told him so believed it half so thoroughly as did Robert Southey himself. There is indeed just this dif-

ference between Southey and the subject of the Eastern fable, viz., that Southey did not *end* by believing in his own immortality, but began life with so blind and unwavering a conviction that his name was destined to live for ever, that he himself persuaded more people of the certainty of it than ever attempted to do the like by him. He appealed with triumphant confidence to the verdict of posterity, on all and every occasion. If a critic humbly suggested the possibility of his verse containing defects, or his metre being ill-chosen, Southey informed him that he did not write for the ignorant living, but for a posterity which 'sooner or later pronounces unerringly upon the merits of the case.*' With a simplicity that, to us who know what the real result has been, is at times almost touching, Southey continually hints that great and deserved as was the applause he met with in life, he regarded it as but a drop in the ocean of a glory which was to last as long as the English language. Well is it for the worthy Doctor that he obtained so liberal a share of actual tangible praise whilst still alive to enjoy it, for we fear that his confident visions of immortality are already, less than forty years after his death, proven to be, in very truth,

'Such stuff as dreams are made of.'

His great poems, '*Madoc*,' '*Thalaba*,' '*The Curse of Kehama*,' and those others which he was pleased to dignify with the name of Epic, remain to testify by their portentous length to the magnitude of his failure. These are the works which Southey's contemporaries assured him would 'form an epoch in the literary history of his country, convey to himself 'a name perdurable on earth,' and to the age in which he lived a character that need not fear comparison with that of any by which it has been preceded.† How have these prophecies been ful-

filled? How many readers are there who would, in our day, think of looking for anything higher in these poems, than the interest which belongs to them by reason of their plots? And even in this last and lowest respect, if we must judge by the absolute neglect into which they have fallen, we fear that these—the most ambitious efforts of Southey, by which he felt assured he had gained a place amongst the immortals—are but of little use in keeping his name alive for even a generation after his death. Remembering that many powerful intellects set great store by these productions, when they first saw the light of day, critics have read and re-read them, thinking perhaps at times that the want of perception must lie in their own natures, but they have again and again returned baffled from the charge, and have at last owned themselves defeated by the invincibility of commonplace and dulness. There are few poets who have had the good fortune to enjoy during life such fame as fell to Southey's lot, and there are few whose works have so soon fallen into utter neglect. The reaction, after the manner of all reactions, has, perhaps, been too violent, and although the poems which were for long adjudged his greatest can never successfully lay claim to immortality, Southey has left behind him work which entitles him to a place among English poets, even if a lower one than he aspired to.

Robert Southey was born at Bristol in the year 1774, four years after Wordsworth, and in his fourteenth year he was sent to Westminster School, where he remained more than three years. He must, therefore, have very nearly reached the natural close of his school career, when he had the misfortune to be expelled for setting on foot a publication called *The Flagellant*, containing sarcastic allusions to the well-known power of the Head Master, Dr. Vincent, for wielding the birch. In the following year he proceeded to Oxford, and, as was natural

* Preface to '*Madoc*.' Vol. V., Author's Ed.

† Quarterly Review. Vol. XIII., 1815.

in those days to a youth with poetic fervour and generous aspirations, he allied himself with the little knot of extreme democrats, of whom Coleridge was one. This band of enthusiasts headed by Coleridge, Southey and Lovell, proposed to emigrate to the New World, and found what they called a Pantisocracy, an ideal state of society, in which every one was to be industrious, virtuous and happy; but, alas! a hard-hearted public obstinately refused to contribute its money, to regenerate society and the scheme was suffered to languish and die for want of funds. It was probably owing to the same cause that Southey's University career abruptly closed in the second year of his residence, and he began that uphill struggle with the world by which he finally gained honour and competence. It has only been necessary very briefly to trace the outline of Southey's life up to this point, in order to show clearly what were the beliefs and opinions which animated him in youth, and to contrast them with the widely different beliefs and opinions which regulated his conduct in after-life. The world has always been inclined to look uncharitably on one who changes his creed in politics or religion. Even those whose ranks he seeks to enter, while welcoming him outwardly with open arms, cannot resist an undefinable feeling that it would have been nobler and better for him to have remained true to his first principles. However far above suspicion may be the sincerity of his motives, the mere fact that he has abandoned his old beliefs, never ceases to be cast up as in some sort a reproach to him. But his honesty needs to be very clearly demonstrated before the world will believe in it; the impulse of the great majority of people is to impute unworthy and interested motives for any revolution in creed or politics. The want of charity, the rashness of accusation, the wicked slanders which beset one who has been courageous en-

ough openly to declare his change of front, are deplorable. The principle of holding a man innocent unless he be proved guilty is reversed, and the convert must unmistakably prove his innocence or suffer universal condemnation. The monstrous injustice of this needs no demonstration; indeed it refutes itself, because it is so certain that obloquy will follow conversion, that corrupt temptation can rarely succeed except where the reward is so large as to be easily apparent; so that if it be not apparent it is almost safe to conclude that it does not exist, and in such a case nothing but the highest honesty and fortitude can enable a man to face the inevitable storm of reproach, which is the lot of the deserter. That a man should hold the same set of opinions at forty years of age, as at twenty, is no cause for pride or boastfulness on his part; it shows that he was either preternaturally old in his youth, or that he has reached maturity without profiting by the lessons of experience. No one can justly blame Southey for his abandonment of the beliefs which inspired his youth. It is only just to assume that his convictions were sincere and his motives honest, and although he undoubtedly profited in a worldly sense by the changes it would be monstrous to allege that he was in the slightest degree actuated by any such expectation. Southey, however, unfortunately for his reputation, was not content with the simple adoption of a new set of opinions. He threw himself at the feet of those whom he had previously cursed as despots, and beslavered them with sickening adulation; where he might with propriety have become a follower, he deliberately chose to be a lackey. This violent abasement it was that drew upon him the indignation of those whose ranks he had left, and against whom he turned with virulent hatred; and this it was that barbed the arrows of Byron's scorn:

'He had written praises of a regicide :

He had written praises of all kings whatever ;

He had written for republics far and wide,

And then against them bitter than ever.

For pantisocracy he once had cried

Aloud—a scheme less moral than 'twas clever ;

Then grew a hearty anti-Jacobin

Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his skin.

Coleridge and Wordsworth underwent exactly the same political metamorphosis as Southey, but they never awakened, because they never deserved, one-tenth part of the animosity with which Southey was justly regarded. In 1794, when Southey quitted Oxford, he was filled with the enthusiasm for liberty which the events of the French Revolution had engendered in every noble and unprejudiced mind. With the exception of a volume of short verses, published in conjunction with his friend Lovell, his earliest work was a tragedy, entitled '*Wat Tyler*,' written for the express purpose of proving how desirable are liberty, communism and perfect equality, and how absolutely necessary it is to the happiness of mankind that domineering priests and despots should disappear from the earth. This production is chiefly characterized by baldness of diction and poverty of thought, but the nobility of its purpose gave it a temporary success. Southey, however, soon disowned all that it contained of good, and in republishing it at the close of his life did not attempt to correct, nor even to offer any apology for, its youthful crudeness ; he apparently thought the treatment perfect, but the conception odious, and the reason he gives for according it a place among his works is that 'it seemed proper that a production, which will be specially noticed whenever the author shall be delivered over to the biographers, should be included here.' In 1795, Southey's opinions remained unchanged, and in this year he published '*Joan of Arc*,' his first considerable poem, the subject of which had been suggested to him by Coleridge, and the poem written two years before its publication. Al-

though '*Joan of Arc*' was completed before Southey attained his twentieth year, it approaches as nearly to true epic poetry as any one of his more mature and more pretentious production. One reason for this is to be found in the fact that, unlike '*Thalaba*,' '*The Curse of Kehama*' et hoc genus omne, its subject is really susceptible of epic treatment, and in the hands of an ardent lover of patriotic liberty could not fail to be ennobling, at least in conception, however faulty might be the poetical execution. As a poem '*Joan of Arc*' contained a full share of those faults and excellencies natural to Southey, which will be spoken of later on ; at present we are only concerned with its political aspect. Writing in 1837, Southey himself says that 'the chief cause of its favourable reception was, that it was written in a republican spirit,' and there can be little doubt of the strict truth of this. In the first edition of the poem, the Maid of Orleans is conducted in a vision to the realms of eternal woe, and beholds there all the great conquerors of the earth who, during their lives, deluged the earth with blood, and as she gazed upon them :

'A deep and hollow voice from one went forth ;
Lo ! I am here,

The hero conqueror of Agincourt,
Henry of England ! . . . Wretched that I am !
I might have reign'd in happiness and peace,
My coffers full, my subjects undisturb'd,
And Plenty and Prosperity had loved
To dwell amongst them ; but in evil hour,
Seeing the realm of France, by faction torn,
I thought in pride of heart that it would fall
An easy prey. I persecuted those
Who taught new doctrines, though they taught the
truth ;
And when I heard of thousands by the sword
Cut off, or blasted by the pestilence,
I calmly counted up my proper gains,
And sent new herds to slaughter. Temperate
Myself, no blood that mutinied, no vice
Tainting my private life, I sent abroad
Murder and Rape.'

The picture thus given of George III. was sufficiently obvious, as it was substantially true, and in the next and all subsequent editions the whole of the vision of Joan was expunged, on the plea that supernatural machinery

was out of place in such a poem.* And now let us turn from this picture of George III. to the one presented to us by Southey in 'The Vision of Judgment,' and on comparing them the most ardent lover of royalty will own that if the first be harsh and unjust, the second is absolutely indefensible, either on the score of taste, or of truth. In the address dedicating 'The Vision of Judgment' to George IV., Southey calls it 'a tribute to the sacred memory of our late revered Sovereign,' and proceeds to eulogize the House of Brunswick in the most fulsome terms, concluding with the astounding remark that, 'The brightest portion of British history will be that which records the improvements, the works, and the achievements of the Georgian Age.' Such a preface fitly prepares us for the poem itself, which is a vision vouchsafed to the poet of the reception which George III's soul met with after death at the tribunal of Heaven, where his accusers are called forth to testify against him, only to be utterly and completely confounded. We will not touch upon the wretched taste which could justify, to a poet's mind, such a semi-blasphemous conception, but will merely set forth Southey's mode of dealing with his self-chosen subject. The powers of Hell are first called upon to bring forward any accusation they may have against the Monarch, and

* Forth from the lurid cloud a Demon came at the summons ;
It was the Spirit by which his righteous reign had been troubled.

This portentous demon is exceedingly

* Southey's pusillanimous withdrawal of these verses may have stimulated Landor to revive the description of the Monarch more pointedly, in the following lines, which occur in *Gebir*, published in 1802 :

" 'Iberia bore him but the breed accurst
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east."
" He was a warrior then, nor fear'd the gods ? "
" Gebir, he feared the demons, not the gods
Though then indeed his daily face adored :
And was no warrior, yet the thousand lives
Squandered, as stones to exercise a sling,
And the tame cruelty and cold caprice,
Oh madness of mankind ! address'd, adored ! "

shadowy in outline, and it is difficult at first to understand whom or what he represents, but the lines which inform us that he was graced with

'Numberless faces,
Numberless bestial ears erect to all rumours, and
restless,
And with numberless mouths which were fill'd with
lies as with arrows.'

give the first clue, and when he calls as witnesses Wilkes and Junius, we become quite certain that the terrible fiend is the personification of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition in the House of Commons. It is hardly necessary to say that Wilkes and Junius are represented as damned spirits who have been allowed a short respite from torment, in order to attend this trial ; but all the canons of decency, not to mention good taste, are so consistently violated in the poem, that we may pass over this breach of them as trifling. These diabolical witnesses having fled in silence and dismay (can it be that the good Southey dared not let them speak?), the spirit of George Washington, of all possible spirits in Heaven or Hell, appears to speak a good word for his ancient foe, and he does it by means of the following extraordinary utterance :

'Thou too didst act with upright heart, as befitted a
Sovereign
True to his sacred trust, to his crown, his kingdom
and people.
Heaven in these things fulfill'd its wise, though in-
scrutable purpose,
While we work'd its will, doing each in his place as
became him.'

This idea of a partnership between Washington and George III., in which both were working for a common end, would be intensely ludicrous, were it not that we lose sight of the comic side of the picture in sorrow that so good and true a man as Southey, should have forgotten his better nature and debased himself so utterly. It is impossible to continue further in the description of this poem, without incurring grave risk of reflecting some of the unctuous profanity into which Southey allowed his ultra-loyalty to betray him. Suffice it to say that

George III. is supposed to be received into the region of bliss, and that he meets there amongst others, Richard I., Charles I., and the Black Prince, the last named being rather a curious *protégé* for the author of '*Joan of Arc*.' It may be supposed, however, that Henry V. himself would also have been there, but that the author, some twenty years before, had disposed of him otherwise; we cannot imagine any more valid excuse for his exclusion from such a company. In the course of the poem George IV., that heartless, polished, padded ruffian, is thus alluded to :

' Right in his father's steps hath the Regent trod,
 was the answer :
 Firm hath he proved and wise, at a time when
 weakness or error
 Would have sunk us in shame, and to ruin have
 hurried us headlong,
 True to himself hath he been, and Heaven has re-
 warded his counsels.'

The two points on which Southey enraged his former party, and even disgusted the most sensible of his friends, were adulation of George IV., whose vices were notorious, and enthusiastic, loud-mouthed approbation of the wars with France, even to the extent of justifying them in their inception. The lapse of nearly two generations has enabled a calm verdict to be rendered on the conduct of England towards France at the close of the eighteenth century, and there are few men now living, no matter what their politics, who will deny that, by her action at that time, England, in common with the rest of Europe incurred a grave responsibility, and brought evil forces into play which are only now exhausting themselves. The first interference with the affairs of a friendly nation rendered possible the career of the first Buonaparte; this led to a second interference, which was absolutely necessary for the safety of Europe, and the settlement then arrived at rendered possible, nay, almost inevitable, the twenty years of Imperialism which emasculated France, and from which she is but now recovering. Southey, however, cannot be

blamed for not anticipating the events and the verdict of history : the spirits who were strong enough to foresee, and bold enough to denounce the consequences of England's conduct, were few indeed, and they met with but little honour during life. But Southey is to be blamed for flattering a vicious Prince : he himself, a man of purest morals and most exalted social virtue, must, in this instance at least, have consciously degraded what should have been to him a sacred art. It is not to be supposed, however, that the sins of '*The Vision of Judgment*' passed unpunished in Southey's lifetime. He was ill-advised enough to publish a Preface to the poem, in which he inveighed against what he called the 'Satanic' school of poetry, and actually had the hardihood to call upon the law to devise means of suppressing those 'men of diseased hearts and depraved imaginations.' It is not very clear that he wished to denounce any one outside of Lord Byron and the Edinburgh Reviewers, who had vexed his soul by their criticisms, but his reference to the first named was so evident that Byron took up the cudgels and administered such a castigation as poet never received before. There is no finer example of mocking, withering sarcasm in any language than Byron's *Vision of Judgment*; the contemptuous, biting preface, would alone annihilate most men, and the pungent wit and exquisite ridicule of the poem itself, must have made even Southey, the impervious egotist, wince and tremble. He felt himself unable to cope with such a giant as Byron, and took his well-merited punishment in silence.

Southey had accepted the office of Laureate in 1813, after it had been offered to, and declined by, Sir Walter Scott. It is stated in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, that Southey attached as a condition of his acceptance, that he should not be called upon for any of those formal odes on the occasions of Royal birthdays, &c., which had ren-

dered the name of his predecessor Pye so notorious and so ridiculous. Southey, however, expressly denies that he made any such stipulation, informing us on the contrary, that immediately after his appointment the New Year's Ode was called for and duly furnished, and that he continued to prepare odes for any occasion on which he thought they might be demanded. It is certain, therefore, that the disuse of the custom was the gradual work of time, and was not accelerated by any special action on Southey's part. It is hardly fair to criticise seriously performances written to order, such as the '*Carmen Triumphale*' or the '*Carmen Nuptiale*;' they drew down upon the poet great and deserved ridicule during his lifetime, and they are certainly not worth dilating upon after his death. It is only necessary to mention them in discussing Southey's political conduct, because of the proof they afford, that the violence of his recantation from his early opinions, prevented him from rescuing the office of Laureate from the degradation into which it had fallen under the wretched Pye. It has remained for Mr. Tennyson to demonstrate, that a great poet may hold the office without sacrifice of his dignity as a man, or risk of his reputation as a poet. We have said enough to show that although Southey's change of opinion was undoubtedly natural, thoroughly sincere, inspired by high motives and firm conviction, the actions which resulted from it were unworthy of so good a man, and laid him open, not only to the aspersions of his contemporaries, but to the just reproach of posterity. An ardent loyalist may become a sincere republican without of necessity being a regicide, but, reversing the cases, this latter was the part which Southey deliberately chose to play. It is not that he changed his opinions—had he been from his youth upwards an enthusiastic defender of Church and King his course would be no less blameworthy—nor is

it necessary to enquire whether his earlier or his later beliefs are the best for the general adoption of mankind; the fault with which he is charged lies altogether outside the discussion of such questions; it consists in the proven fact that he flattered and fawned upon his Royal friends, and vilified and traduced his own quondam allies; and this must for ever remain a dark spot on an otherwise bright escutcheon.

To turn from Southey's political career to his social life, is to emerge from a heated, unhealthy atmosphere into pure air, and bright, health-giving sunshine. In every relation of life, as husband, father, friend, he was alike admirable and above reproach. He was severely moral without being ascetic; nobly generous without being profuse; tender-hearted as a woman without a woman's weakness; ingenuous as a child without a child's ignorance; a charming companion, a faithful friend and a tender lover; he was incapable of envy, and wilful injustice was impossible to him. We have noticed the chief incidents of Southey's youth, as the best stand-point from which to point out his faults as a politician: but in order to illustrate fully his virtues as a private citizen, we should have to refer to nearly every action of a long and meritorious life. Fortunately such a task is not only impossible, but quite unnecessary to our present purpose; the main excellencies of Southey as a man are so patent, that a brief reference to the leading events of his career, will afford ample evidence of their existence. The year following his final leave-taking of the University, Southey accompanied his uncle Dr. Herbert to Lisbon. Before he left England he married Miss Edith Fricker, of Bristol, whose two sisters had previously been united, the one to Coleridge, and the other to Southey's friend, Lovell. His stay in Portugal was not a long one, but he wisely applied himself vigorously to the study of Spanish and Portuguese,

and to his knowledge of these languages we owe nearly all of the least unworthy part of his poetry. During his absence his brother-in-law Lovell died, and Southey's conduct to his widow is one of the noblest episodes of a noble life. Immediately upon his return to England, although he himself at the time was so poor that he could not claim the wife from whom he had parted at the church-door, Southey busied himself in the attempt to obtain a provision for Mrs. Lovell. As soon as he had a home of his own, he generously invited her to share it, and together with her son she became an honoured inmate of the celebrated Greta Hall. For some time Southey's ultimate career was uncertain; he tried the law, but threw it up in less than a year, and again visited Portugal; on his return he made a trial of official life, being appointed Private Secretary to Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, but his unbusinesslike habits rendered him totally unfit for the post, and he wisely anticipated dismissal by resignation. During the whole of this time, however, he had been most industrious as an author, and had met with more than average success, as far as reputation went, although the pecuniary results of his labours had not been very encouraging. However, he determined in spite of all discouragements, to devote himself wholly to the life of a student and a poet, and to win by industry, competence in the only career for which he was fitted. Before his short trial of official life, Southey had visited Coleridge at Greta Hall, and in 1803 he joined his brother-poet as a permanent occupant of the house, and thus had the good fortune to be classed among the Lake Poets. Here the two families, Mrs. Lovell and her son being regarded as part of Southey's, lived amicably together, and here it was that Southey formed his library, that noble collection of books which was his chief pride, and the supreme de-

light of his life. Southey loved books with that rare love, which distinguishes them as in some sort personal friends, not to be lightly thrown aside or disregarded, even when all possible good has been extracted from them. He agreed with Charles Lamb in thinking, that every book has an individuality of its own, and that its outward clothing should be, in some sort, appropriate; and that, where a book is at once both good and rare, 'no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable to honour and keep safe such a jewel.' His books were magnificently bound, and much as he loved, and deeply as he studied, the inside of them, he took a pride in their appearance which bespoke the true book-lover. In this respect he presented a curious contrast with Wordsworth; the books that Wordsworth loved were few in number; his little library was thumbed and tattered and dogs-eared, and he cared nothing for any book, merely as a book, irrespective of the information to be gained from it. In one sense this difference between the two poets was both natural and characteristic. No man owed less to books than Wordsworth; no poet is so entirely indebted to them for his name and fame as Southey. Southey's library has been well called 'his wife,' but it would, perhaps, be more fitting to say that he regarded each book in it with the affection of a father for a child. We can call to mind few more pathetic pictures than that of Southey, old and enfeebled in body, and still more enfeebled in mind, his overwrought intellect having at last fallen in ruins, sitting in his library and taking down one after another his dearly-loved books, gently stroking and patting them, and then hopelessly returning to the shelves the old friends whose voices had become dumb to him for ever. Southey's methodical and intensely industrious habits astonished all who knew him; he made it an absolute rule to get through a certain

amount of work every day, and the quantity he produced is something enormous. His poems alone fill ten large volumes, and in addition he wrote histories, biographies and articles without number for the Quarterly, and other reviews. His enemies accused him of being a mere machine, warranted, if properly wound up and set going, to produce a ready-made article after any pattern required; and the sneer certainly had a groundwork of truth. Southey himself asserted, that between the ages of twenty and twenty-five he burnt more poetry than he published during his whole life, a fact which, some people would say, should not be lost sight of in summing up his meritorious deeds. If he had burnt a little more it would, perhaps, have been better for his reputation, and more gratifying to his critics. Nevertheless, the untiring energy and unflagging industry with which Southey struggled for competence for his family, and glory for himself, compel our admiration. The writings by which he made money were his prose works. As an instance, we may mention, that for a review of Nelson in the Quarterly, subsequently expanded into the famous *Life*, he received £150. He regarded such work as mere drudgery, and never allowed it to interfere with his incessant toil in the nobler field of poetry. It may be his lot, however, to depend largely for fame upon the works that he despised, and if this be so, his industry and the integrity which inspired it will not have been without their reward.

For many years Southey lived a happy, and, except in a literary sense, uneventful life at Keswick. With Wordsworth he maintained a pleasant intercourse, although it was of the calm and equable sort which springs rather from close acquaintanceship than from any strong mutual attraction. Indeed their habits were so dissimilar, that it required many years to bring about anything like intimacy

between them. Wordsworth, the peripatetic philosopher, living so much in the open air, seeking no inspiration from books, and happily relieved from the necessity of any uncongenial literary toil, found it hard to sympathize fully with Southey, who rarely stirred outside his library, who was forced to write on any and every subject, if thereby he could earn money, and who had moreover little foibles and prejudices inconceivable to Wordsworth. A jesting remark of Southey's happily illustrates their dissimilarities in taste and character; he said that to allow Wordsworth access to his library was like 'letting a bear into a tulip garden.' But it is probable that the radical cause which prevented an immediate friendship between the two men, was their intense, overpowering egotism; Wordsworth could brook no one, who claimed equality, near his throne, and Southey had a full share of the same feeling.

The saddest event of Southey's life, and one which displays prominently the sweetness of his nature, and the depth of his affections, was the loss of his son Herbert. He said, in speaking of it, that for him earth had henceforth no joys to offer; and it is certain that a shadow was cast over his life which was not dispelled on this side of the grave. Among Southey's published works are some fragmentary thoughts occasioned by his son's death, of no great value in a literary sense, but touching from their simplicity, and from the depth of affliction which inspired them. He tells us how his

'Playful thoughts
Turn'd now to gall and esel.'

And with a mournful reference to the shrinking pain he never ceased to feel at any mention of his dead son, he declared

That name
In sacred silence buried, which was still
At morn and eve the never wearying theme
Of dear discourse.'

It is not necessary to dwell longer on

Southey's private life. He never sought what is conventionally known as 'society,' although he gained the reputation among such men as Wordsworth, Coleridge and De Quincey of a brilliant conversationalist, of the incisive, arbitrary kind; a style which must have been peculiarly telling when contrasted with Coleridge's eloquent and mystical verbosity. In 1837 his peaceful, studious life was rudely shaken by the death of his wife, the cherished and faithful companion of forty years, helper in all his struggles and proud sharer in all his prosperity. Her loss was somewhat compensated for, however, by his second marriage with Caroline Bowles, the poetess, who consented to comfort his declining years, and alleviate the distress of a solitary old age. Her affectionate ministrations were soon painfully needed; the inexpressibly sad end was approaching when that intellect, so long the pride of its possessor and the boast of his companions, lapsed into childishness and the oblivion of imbecility. Over such a scene it is better to draw the veil; when a life, upon the whole, noble in aspiration and successful in attainment, closes in a darkness worse than death, we can but bow our heads and, echoing Southey's own words, acknowledge that, in such a case,

'The Grave is the House of Hope.'

It remains now to discuss Southey's merits as a poet, and it is only fair at the outset to point out, that it is not altogether easy for this generation to mete out full justice to a poet who was so unduly eulogized during his lifetime. The revulsion from extreme laudation to utter neglect has been rapid, and perhaps not unnatural, but the very violence of the revulsion may well incline us to doubt whether, to its fullest extent, it has been deserved. The causes which combined to render possible the attainment by Southey of great reputation are not far to seek. We may each have our own opinion as to the intellectual superiority or in-

feriority of the last generation and this one, but we must all agree that Southey's age was far more indulgent than our own. It was an age of revival, and an age of intellectual giants; as was inevitable in such a case, in the wake of the giants followed innumerable pigmies, each with his or her circle of adorers sounding loud praises. The critical acumen of an age that could endure, much more idolize, Mrs. Hannah More, Miss Seward, Bloomfield, Montgomery, and many still more despicable versifiers, cannot have been very great, and it is not surprising to find that Southey, who was himself by no means one of the pigmies, compelled an adulation out of all proportion to his deserts. When dwarfs were mistaken for giants, it is not wonderful that an honest man of regulation height should have had several inches added to his stature. The association of Southey's name with those of Coleridge and Wordsworth, and the position he fortuitously gained among the Lake Poets, had also much to do with the recognition he received as being himself one of the truly great. But above any and all of these reasons must be reckoned the force of his own character, and his firm and invulnerable belief in himself. It is often said that the world appraises a man at the value he sets on himself, and Southey is a remarkable instance of this; he was so thoroughly sincere and single-minded, and possessed, moreover, of talents that so nearly approached genius, that those around him could not help thinking that he must know best, and that if he thought so himself he really must be the greatest poet of his age. It is difficult to read Southey without entering in our minds a silent, sometimes an indignant, protest against the judgment of his contemporaries, but although this of necessity renders us critical, it need not make us unjust, nor blind us to whatever of real merit is to be found in his poetry.

It was recognized by unprejudiced

critics* even in Southey's lifetime, that the fundamental fault of his poetry lies in what, for want of a better word, must be called its 'childishness.' His great epic attempts are based on fables, much more fitted for the nursery than for the delectation of thinking men and women. They are filled with 'bogies,' such as malicious nurses delight to terrify children with; they describe scenes in heaven, and earth, and hell with a gaudy brilliancy, or a murky darkness, which alternately recall to mind the transformation scene, and the demon's haunt in a Christmas pantomime. Such was the framework he chose for his most ambitious attempts; and he displays the same unfortunate predilection for the infantine in all his poetry, either in design or in manner of execution. His ballads are almost all intended to be horrible—and if they had a little more humour, would often attain to the grotesquely horrible, but—and herein lies the gist of the matter—Southey wrote them soberly and seriously, without a thought that they could possibly be viewed from a humorous side. Payne Collier once, in all honesty of mind, spoke of the 'Old Woman of Berkeley,' as a mock-ballad, and Southey, furiously indignant, replied, that 'certainly this was never suspected by the author or any of his friends. It obtained a very different character in Russia, where, having been translated and published it was prohibited for this singular reason, that children were said to be frightened by it.† The ballad in question may certainly be well adapted to terrify children, but its effect on any reader who has attained a less sensitive age, would, we think, approach more nearly to the ridiculous than to the horrible. It is a veritable nursery tale, fit to be classed with the black man who comes down the

chimney to carry off naughty children. Nor is it the sole example of Southey's power in this respect. Most of his ballads are of this description, and were it not for his scathing rebuke to Mr. Payne Collier, we should have unhesitatingly classed many of them as 'mock-ballads.' The childishness which Wordsworth assumed from affectation or from revolt against the worship of Dryden and Pope, was, we think, almost natural to Southey. He never touches in any serious way, upon the vast problem of life; he seems afraid to contaminate his pages with any story of moving passion, or of erring human nature; the affections he delineates are those of parent for child, or of sister for brother; beyond this his simplicity apparently dare not betray him. And if this be universally so in the structure of his poems, what wonder that in the execution he sometimes degenerates into a childishness which outdoes Wordsworth at his worst? The exquisite simplicity of perfect finish and harmony, is one of the rarest, as it is one of the highest attributes of a poet. In our own day Mr. Matthew Arnold has shown us how delightful is the simplicity of perfection, but to compare with such simplicity as his, the following lines taken at random from 'All for Love,' an important poem of Southey's, seems almost a mockery:

* And he had heard a waking voice,
Which said it so must be,
Pronouncing upon Cyra's name
A holiest eulogy.

† Her shall her husband praise, and her
Her children blest shall call:
Many daughters have done virtuously
But thine excelte them all!

When Southey, in what is meant to be the most impressive passage in a lengthy poem, puts such sad stuff as this into the mouth of an angel from heaven, we feel that the last depth of inanity has been reached, and we are not surprised that he should sometimes cause his merely mortal characters to utter still more pitiable com-

* This view is admirably sustained in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*. Vol. 17. 1810.

† Preface to Southey's works. Vol. VI., Author's Ed.

monplace. Southey's ballads and lyric poems are full of examples of the puerile affectation into which, in common with many greater poets of his age, he was led by the desire to be, above all things, natural. We can discover neither poetry, nature, nor art in such verses as the following, from the ballad of *St. Michael's Chair*:

'Up the tower Rebecca ran,
Round and round and round:
'Twas a giddy sight to stand a-top
And look upon the ground.

"A curse on the ringers for rocking
The tower!" Rebecca cried,
As over the church battlements
She strode with a long stride.'

Southey had, moreover, a childish love for the huge and portentous, to which he gave full scope in *The Curse of Kehama* and *Thalaba*. The extraordinary situations and the supernatural agencies of these poems cannot be said to spring from a poetical imagination; they only prove that Southey possessed in an abnormal degree the power of invention which is the essential requisite of a nursery story-teller. Baron Munchausen's veracious history is amusing, and we must confess that the excellent Baron was not deficient in imagination, but it is hardly the kind of imagination upon which a great poet would care to base his reputation.

Southey never allowed any of his ideas to suffer from want of elaboration. He is never content to hint anything; all must be explained in minute, laborious detail, so that a reader is impressed with the belief that the poet attached undue importance to every one of his ideas, and thought nothing which passed through his own mind too trivial to be conveyed to his readers. This of itself challenges criticism; passages whose weakness might, if less obtrusively forced upon us, pass comparatively unnoticed, compel our attention, and force us to take exception to them. Southey has given us a remarkable instance of his proneness to work an idea to death in the elaborate addi-

tions which he made to '*The Devil's Walk*.' This well-known satire was first published in the '*Morning Post*,' and was the joint production of Southey and Coleridge; it originally consisted of seventeen stanzas, and according to Coleridge the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 9th and 16th stanzas only were 'dictated by Mr. Southey.' Southey's account does not openly controvert this, but contradicts it by implication. In the '*Advertisement*' which precedes the poem in the author's edition, Southey presumes that its authorship has been sufficiently authenticated by Coleridge's statement; but in refutation of Porson's claim, he quotes the '*Morning Post*,' without correction, to the effect that the verses were written by Southey and 'subsequently shown to Mr. Coleridge, who, we believe, pointed some of the stanzas, and perhaps added one or two.' This account hardly tallies with that of Coleridge, but the authorship of the verses—they make no pretension to be dignified with the name of poem—is hardly worth disputing; the only line which possesses the merit of having enriched the English language with a proverb was undoubtedly Coleridge's:

'And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.'

We only allude to this satire as illustrating Southey's unfortunate habit of expanding to the fullest extent any idea which he conceived to be worth anything. In his published works, edited by himself, *The Devil's Walk* is lengthened to 308 lines, whereas in Coleridge's version (which we believe to be the original form of publication) it consists of only 69 lines. The value of Southey's additions may be guessed from the following stanza:

'Well pleased wilt thou be at no very far day,
When the chaldron of mischief boils
And I bring them forth in battle array

* This quotation is from Coleridge's version. Southey's reads:

'And he own'd with a grin
That his favourite sin
Is pride that apes humility.'

And bid them suspend their broils,
That they may unite and fall on the prey
For which we are spreading our toils.
How the nice boys all will give mouth at the call,
Hark away ! hark away to the spoils !
My Macs and my Quacks and my lawless Jacks,
My Shiels and O'Connells, my pious Mac-Donnells,
My joke-Smith Sydney, and all of his kidney,
My Humes and my Broughams,
My merry old Jerry,
My Lord Kings and my Doctor Doyles !

The idea of extending what was originally a short, racy, semi-political squib into a long poem would have occurred to few poets but Southey ; the original idea of *The Devil's Walk* was, however, undoubtedly a striking one ; it took the public by storm, and Southey could not resist the temptation of working it threadbare.

As Southey apparently never even attempted to impart a dramatic element to his poetry, it is perhaps hardly fair to say that he failed in this respect ; its utter absence shows that in one direction at least he correctly gauged his own powers. But a poet may be devoid of the dramatic faculty and yet invest with a vivid human interest the characters he portrays ; if he cannot do so, it is obviously rash for him to enter the field of Epic poetry, which should deal with great subjects, great emotions, and great deeds, and deal with them in such a manner that, without being divested of sublimity, they may appeal to the heart as well as to the intellect of mankind. Southey's characters are often so wildly supernatural as to be altogether outside the pale of humanity ; and when clothed in mortal flesh and blood they are tedious and dull, always either impossibly wicked or insipidly perfect. It is difficult to believe that Southey ever drew a tear from any human being. That he cannot stir our emotions is partly owing to the frequency and elaboration of the attempts he makes to do so ; he had not the *'ars celare artem,'* and many of his finest passages leave us perfectly unmoved, the very laboriousness of the effort defeating the end aimed at.

Southey was a great and admirable

master of the English language ; his diction is pure and scholarly, and his choice of words almost invariably felicitous. His powers of description were undoubtedly very great, and had he but kept a tight rein on his unfortunate verbosity, he might perhaps have stood comparison in this respect with most English poets. The following gorgeous passage is from *'Thalaba the Destroyer,'* and is a good example of Southey at his best :

'Here emerald columns o'er the marble courts
Shed their green rays, as when amid a shower
The sun shines loveliest on the vernal corn.
Here Shedad bade the sapphire floor be laid
As though with feet divine
To tread on azure light,
Like the blue pavement of the firmament.
Here self-suspended hangs in air,
As its pure substance loathed material touch,
The living carbuncle :
Sun of the lofty dome,
Darkness hath no dominion o'er its beams ;
Intense it glows, an even-flowing spring
Of radiance like the day-flood in its source.

* * * * *

'Therefore at Shedad's voice
Here tower'd the palm, a silver trunk,
The fine gold net-work growing out
Loose from its rugged boughs.
Tall as the cedar of the mountain, here
Rose the gold branches, hung with emerald leaves,
Blossomed with pearls, and rich with ruby fruit.'

In *The Curse of Kehama* the description of Padalon, the Oriental equivalent of Hell, is impressive, because it is not overburdened with images and epithets, as are so many of Southey's descriptive passages. The following lines approach nearly to absolute greatness :

'For other light than that of day there shone
Upon the travellers entering Padalon.
They too in darkness enter'd on their way,
But far before the Car,
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
Fill'd all before them. 'Twas a light which made
Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort, and the sight dismayed,
Shrunk inward from the molten atmosphere.
Their way was through the adamantine rock
Which girt the World of Woe ; on either side
Its massive walls arose, and overhead
Arch'd the long passage ; onward as they ride
With stronger glare the light around them spread ;
And lo ! the regions drear,
The World of Woe before them, opening wide.
There rolls the fiery flood,
Girding the realms of Padalon around.
A sea of flame it seem'd to be,
Sea without bound ;
For neither mortal nor immortal sight
Could pierce across through that intensest light.
A single rib of steel,
Keen as the edge of keenest scimitar,
Spann'd this wide gulph of fire.'

Southey's nobility of purpose, and delicacy and purity of execution, render his poems (with the exception of his political ones) faultless, as regards good taste and propriety. He may fail to attract, he can never disgust; and if his poetry falls short of the high standard he aimed at, it is more owing to the absence of great qualities, than to the presence of objectionable ones. He did not let his talents lie idle, nor can it be said that he misapplied them; his error was rather that he sought to make too wide a use of them, and that he attempted to climb by plodding industry to heights only accessible to the eagle pinion of genius. Southey's narrative power was also very considerable. Although, as we have said, he was unable to invest his personages with any strong human interest, he manages his narratives with a skill that prevents him, as a rule, from becoming tedious. A reader is never deeply moved or intensely interested, but on the other hand, he is not very often actually bored by even the longest of Southey's poems. If we forget that they are intended as examples of the highest forms of poetry; if we divest them of their pretensions, and take them as they are, then '*The Curse of Kehama*,' '*Thalaba The Destroyer*,' nay, even '*Madoc*,' will be found very tolerable reading for the sake of the stories they contain. As must be the case with the writings of every sincere and whole-hearted man, the character of the author shines through Southey's poems. His egotism, innocent from its very intensity and out-spokenness, his love of home and of his children, his energy, his industry, his ambition, and above all his noble desire to be always on the side of virtue, and in arms against vice, are all conspicuously displayed in his writings. Such poems, if they can never be a great power for good, can never be a power for evil, even in the most innocent or most ignorant hands; and this is praise which many poets far greater than Southey have yearned for in vain. Southey

at the close of his life, said that his chiefest pride and greatest glory was that he had never written a line which, on the score of its morality, he would desire to expunge or to correct. The nobility of this speech lies in its absolute truth.

It is hardly just to close a notice of a poet who is so little read now-a-days, without giving some account of at least one of his more important productions. We shall select one of Southey's epic attempts, which was not, by reason of its subject, and the form of verse employed, predestined from the outset to failure as a great poem. In '*Roderick the last of the Goths*,' Southey chose a theme admirably well suited, in the hands of a great poet, for epic treatment; and in place of the capricious metres, and jingling measures of '*Thalaba*,' or '*The Curse of Kehama*,' he clothed his thoughts in the only fitting garb—blank verse. The story of the king who, by his misdeeds brought the Moors into Spain, is, in every respect tragic. King Roderick by violence offered to the daughter of Count Julian, one of his most powerful nobles, so incensed the Count, that he sought the aid of the Moors to obtain revenge upon the dissolute king, and in a pitched battle, Roderick was defeated and the whole country subjugated by the Moors. It is at this point that Southey's poem begins: the King in the moment of defeat, after vainly seeking for death at the hands of the foe, is miraculously converted and changed from a sinner into a very pronounced saint. He escapes from the field of battle, and spends a year in seclusion with a pious hermit, but upon the death of his aged companion, in obedience to an inward voice which he feels to be divine, he returns once more to the world. He finds that his divinely appointed mission is to rid Spain of the Moors, but to humble himself, and remain obscure and unknown. The manner in which Roderick accomplished this end, and finally retired to die in a hermit's cell, forms

the plot of the poem. The great scope for the exercise of tragic power afforded by such a subject is easily apparent, but Southey wilfully throws away one half of his material, and hardly makes the best use of the remainder. He tells the story in the spirit which would have animated an old monkish chronicler: every man who fought on the Christian side is an angel; every Moor a demon; Roderick is so impossibly saintly, that we cannot feel either interest in, or sympathy with him; his mother Rusilla, Count Julian's daughter Florinda, Alphonso, Pelayo, Pedro, in fact all the characters on Roderick's side are endowed with the same perfection, and those on the other have no redeeming trait to enlist our pity or touch our feelings. The result is, that in spite of a great amount of skill in the presentation and working out of the story, the poem as a whole is tame and insipid. There is, besides, a great deal too much praying and 'goody-goody' talk to suit modern notions of what is becoming in a secular poem; the men are always either praying or cutting Moorish throats; the women have not even the latter alternative. Nevertheless there are many fine passages in the poem; the interest, although never absorbing, is kept up to the close, and if there is nothing to make our pulses beat quicker, or our eyes moisten, we can still derive a certain pleasure from the perusal of '*Roderick the last of the Goths.*' The following passage describes Roderick's return to the world after his first retirement:

'The face of human kind so long unseen,
Confused him now, and through the streets he went,
With hagg'd mien, and countenance like one
Crazed or bewildered, All who met him turn'd
And wonder'd as he pass'd. One stopt him short,
Put alms into his hand, and then desired
In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man
To bless him. With a look of vacancy
Roderick received the alms; his wandering eye
Fell on the money, and the fallen King,
Seeing his own royal impress on the piece,
Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,
That seem'd like laughter first, but ended soon
In hollow groans suppress; the Mussulman
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified
The name of Allah as he hasten'd on.
A Christian woman spinning at her door

Beheld him, and, with sudden pity touch'd,
She laid her spindle by, and running in,
Took bread, and following after call'd him back,
And placing in his passive hands the loaf,
She said, Christ Jesus for his mother's sake
Have mercy on thee! With a look that seem'd
Like idiocy he heard her and stood still
Staring awhile; then bursting into tears
Wept like a child, and thus relieved his heart
Full even to bursting else with swelling thoughts.'

This passage is, in its way, almost perfect, but the common-place of the last line, or rather the last line and a half, jars upon us, and robs the description as a whole of much of its force. It is the worst sort of pleonasm to conclude such a picture by informing us that the king's heart was full, and that his tears relieved it. The future conduct of the Spaniards to the Moors and the expulsion of this unhappy race from Spain is thus alluded to:

'What joy might these prophetic scenes have given?
What ample vengeance on the Mussulman,
Driven out with foul defeat, and made to feel
In Africa the wrongs he wrought to Spain;
And still pursued by that relentless sword,
Even to the farthest orient, where his power
Received its mortal wound.'

No poet, least of all an historian as Southey was, should, even in a poem directed against the Moors, have gloried in the foul and treacherously cruel conduct of the Spaniards towards a gallant and highly cultivated race. As a fair example of Southey's method of dealing with the sights and sounds of Nature, the following passage may be quoted:

'The silver cloud diffusing slowly past,
And now into its airy elements
Resolved is gone; while through the azure depth
Alone in heaven the glorious Moon pursues
Her course appointed, with indifferent beams
Shining upon the silent hills around.

* * * * *

They by the fountain hear the stream below,
Whose murmurs, as the wind arose or fell,
Fuller or fainter reach the ear attuned.
And now the nightingale, not distant far,
Began her solitary song; and pour'd
To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain
Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song
Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach
The soul, and in mysterious unison
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.'

There are numerous accounts of battles in this poem, whose vigour would be considerably enhanced were they

not quite so wordy; the best specimen is the last great combat in which Roderick finally breaks the power of the Moors.

‘ Thus he made his way,
Smiting and slaying through the astonish’d ranks,
Till he beheld where on a fiery barb,
Ebba performing well a soldier’s part,
Dealt to the right and left his deadly blows.
With mutual rage they met. The renegade
Displays a scimitar, the splendid gift
Of Walid from Damascus sent; its hilt
Emboss’d with gems, its blade of perfect steel,
Which, like a mirror sparkling to the sun,
With dazzling splendour, flashed. The Goth objects
His shield, and on its rim received the edge
Driven from its aim aside, and of its force
Diminish’d. Many a frustrate stroke was dealt
On either part, and many a foin and thrust
Aim’d and rebated; many a deadly blow
Straight or reverse, delivered and repelled.
Roderick at length with better speed hath reach’d
The apostate’s turban, and through all its folds
The true Cantabrian weapon making way
Attain’d his forehead. Wretch, the avenger cried,
It comes from Roderick’s hand!’

Elaborate as this is, it fails to stir the blood, for it wants the terse and graphic touches which give to words life and reality; it is, moreover, too evident an imitation of Milton to possess any potent vitality of its own. We have endeavoured in the above extracts, to show the poet at his best, but it is only just to say that the structure of Southey’s blank verse is not always so good as in the specimens we have cited. Even in important passages meant to impress or affect the reader, his verse is sometimes little else than prose cut into lengths. Take for instance the following speech of Alphonso, newly escaped from bondage, and about to revisit the home of his childhood, and write it without the adventitious aid derived from the division into lines, and see how it reads:

‘ How then,’ exclaimed the boy,
‘ shall I discharge the burthen of this
happiness? How ease my overflowing
soul? Oh! gracious God! shall I
behold my mother’s face again? my
father’s hall—my native hills and
vales, and hear the voices of their
streams again?’

Many worse examples might be given, but it would be ungenerous to criticize in a carping spirit, a poem which we have selected as being the

highest of Southey’s efforts in the field in which he fondly hoped to win eternal renown. Judged as a whole, ‘ *Roderick the last of the Goths*,’ is a more than respectable performance; great it is not, but it is very far removed from being contemptible.

We have left ourselves little space for any adequate consideration of Southey as a prose writer, but it would be eminently unfair to pass by altogether unnoticed the works upon which his really enduring reputation will probably depend. His historical works, ‘ *The History of Brazil*’ and ‘ *The History of the Peninsular War*,’ &c., we shall not speak of, as we have not a thorough personal knowledge of them. His biographies, ‘ *The Life of Wesley*’ and ‘ *The Life of Nelson*,’ are, however, widely read, and ‘ *The Doctor*’ should command a far wider circle of readers than it possesses in the present day. Southey’s prose is pure, lucid, and incisive; he is eloquent without effort, graphic without being theatrical, and tender without a suspicion of affectation. ‘ *The Life of Nelson*’ may justly be regarded as the most skilful of all biographies, and second in charm to one alone—Irving’s ‘ *Life of Goldsmith*.’ Southey’s task was, however, a more arduous one than Irving’s; to compress into a short compass all the salient acts in a life so active and so full of incident as Nelson’s, would seem, even if done in a perfunctory manner, sufficiently difficult; but so to compress them as to illustrate fully everything of importance either in the life or the character of the hero, thereby investing the work as a whole with a genuinely deserved air of completeness, would seem well-nigh impossible. But this is what Southey set himself to do, and he has succeeded so thoroughly, that his ‘ *Life of Nelson*’ will live as one of the most admirable works of its kind in the English language. Brief as is our remaining space, we cannot refrain from quoting an example of Southey’s nervous and beautiful prose: ‘ The people of England grieved

that funeral ceremonies and public monuments and posthumous rewards were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney corner," to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas: and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves secure as now, when they were no longer in existence. * * * * The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory: and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England; a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our

shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and act after them.'

In '*The Doctor*,' Southey made an ambitious attempt to produce, as he himself said, a compound of Tristram Shandy, Rabelais, Montaigne and Burton. There is little of the true Rabelaisian or Shandean humour in the book; in this respect it might be compared to Tristram Shandy on stilts with a gag in his mouth, but there is much of the spirit of Montaigne, and in wealth of quotation it resembles old Burton. We remember coming across '*The Doctor*,' for the first time, at that omnivorous age when we voraciously devour anything and everything in the form of a book, and on that occasion we religiously read through the seven volumes from beginning to end. We cannot say that it is a book which lends itself naturally to such a course, but it is admirably adapted to while away an hour pleasantly, and perhaps profitably. Open it at random, at any page, and we may be sure of some curious information quaintly and agreeably imparted.

We have considered Southey as a man, as a politician, and as a poet; and if we have not been able to afford him a large measure of praise, we have endeavoured at least to do him justice. The decisions of one generation with regard to a poet's merits, are often upset by a succeeding one, and it is within the range of possibilities that Southey may yet in some future age be regarded as a great poet. Meantime, we can only judge him as he appears to ourselves, and we trust we have done so without harshness or prejudice.

TRIAL BY JURY.

BY D. B. READ, Q.C.

THE trial by jury in criminal cases has, in the mother land, age, added to a long record of instances of defeat of tyranny and oppression, to recommend it. British liberty has always been dear to the British heart. The man or men, king or commoner, who would seek to deprive a British subject of that, his birth-right, would be looked upon as deserving of the severest reprobation. The principle that no man should be subjected to a trial for crime without a finding of twelve of his fellow-men, called a grand jury, that there was something he should be tried for, has always, from the days of 'Magna Charta' to the present time, been treated as one of the safe-guards of 'British liberty.' Not only was a party accused of crime not to be put *on trial* without the sanction of a grand jury, but he could not be convicted of the crime till twelve other of his fellow-subjects pronounced him guilty. The first innovation on the important principle that an accused party should have the benefit of trial by jury was an Act of the Parliament of Canada, passed in the 20th year of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's reign (Consolidated Statutes of Canada, cap. 105), by which jurisdiction was conferred on Recorders of cities, and, by 27 and 28 Vict., cap. 34, extended to police magistrates, to try and summarily convict for certain offences, as larcenies and certain assaults and other misdemeanors specified. If the accused were found guilty, the recorder or police magistrate could sentence him to be imprisoned in the *common jail* for a period not

exceeding *three months*. This Act was extended by the Act of 32 and 33 Victoria, cap. 32, by which, for similar offences as those specified in Consol. Stat. U. C., cap. 105, and in cases of larcenies where the goods stolen did *not exceed \$10* in value, the police magistrate was empowered to try the accused party with his own consent, and if found guilty convict, and a conviction under the Act was to have the same effect as a conviction upon indictment for the same offence would have had. By the 32nd and 33rd Vict., cap. 35 (Dominion), any person committed to jail for trial on a charge of being guilty of any offence for which he might be tried at the Court of General Sessions of the Peace, may, with his own consent, be tried out of Sessions, and convicted and sentenced by the judge. By the Ontario Act of 36 Vict., cap. 8, sec. 57, the Judge of any County Court or the Junior or Deputy Judge thereof authorized to act as Chairman of the General Sessions of the Peace, is constituted a Court of Record for the trial out of Sessions, and without a jury, of any person committed to jail on a charge of being guilty of any offence for which such person may be tried at a Court of General Sessions of the Peace, and for which the person so committed consents to be tried out of Sessions.

The next Act which requires especial notice is an Act of 38 Victoria, cap. 47, entitled 'An Act for the more speedy trial before *Police Magistrates* in the *Province of Ontario* of persons charged with felonies or misdemeanors.' By this Act police magistrates

are empowered, with the consent of the accused parties, accused of *any crime* for which he may be tried by the Court of General Sessions of the Peace, to try such accused parties, and if found guilty by the police magistrate they may be sentenced by him to the same punishment they would have been liable to if tried by the General Sessions. As the General Sessions of the Peace have jurisdiction to try most of the high crimes, except capital felonies, forgery, libel, perjury, it will be seen what immense power is here given to a sole occupant of a judicial bench, the police magistrate, he being entrusted with the same power as a whole Court of General Sessions of the Peace, composed of an experienced judge, county attorney, grand and petty jury. In effect, the police magistrate has jurisdiction to try offences, for which if the prisoner be found guilty, he has power to sentence him to be committed to the Provincial Penitentiary or to the common jail for two years, in the same manner as the General Sessions might do after a conviction obtained after full investigation of the facts by a grand jury and a petty jury and the judicial mind of an experienced judge brought to bear on the question at issue between the Crown and the subject. Every conviction under the Act, it is also declared, shall have the same effect as a conviction upon indictment for the same offence would have had. As if to add a refinement of cruelty, it is enacted that no conviction, sentence, or proceeding under the Act shall be quashed for want of form, and no warrant of commitment upon a conviction shall be held void by reason of any defect therein, if it be therein alleged that the offender has been convicted and there be a good and valid conviction to sustain the same. What a wide departure is this from old established law that any party accused should have the benefit of a trial by his peers! Here neither a grand or petty jury

investigate the charge, but a police magistrate, and he, not necessarily a lawyer or skilled in the law, is made judge of both *Law* and *Fact*. The anterior principle was that the judge should decide the law and the jury pronounce on the fact. By this statute a police magistrate is vested with despotic power without appeal to try both law and fact, and on conviction sentence the prisoner in some cases to imprisonment in the Penitentiary, in others to years' imprisonment in the common jail. Despotic power may well be wielded in uncivilized countries—at Ujiji, in dark Africa, at Unyanyembe, or on the banks of the Nile, but ought not to exist in a free country. The law is founded on the principle that accused parties may not wish to be under accusation for a period of time before they can be brought before the regular tribunal for jury trial, and therefore, may, with their own consent, be tried by this one-man-power, a police magistrate. But when the bailable nature of offences is considered, and when it is further considered that the parties accused of crime brought before a police magistrate are in many cases half idiots, mentally incapable, from drink or nervous incapacity, to determine whether they desire to be tried by a jury or not, with no counsel to advise them, suddenly thrown on their own resources, how idle is it to say that consent or non-consent should have weight in such cases! And what is the delay in such cases to be compared with the danger of absolute injustice being done when a prisoner is tried by a police magistrate who knows he is acting without appeal, and determining the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, when the evidence, if sifted by competent counsel or an intelligent jury, might be the means of shewing the party on trial an innocent man. Not long since a deaf and dumb mute was placed in a police court dock, charged with crime. He was asked

by his worship if he would be tried by him or a jury? Being deaf and dumb, he stood dumb. He had no counsel. A slate was produced and the question asked. A policeman and the magistrate thought the court had got his consent! The consent, such as it was, placed him on trial, and he was convicted by his worship and sent to prison. Of what value was this kind of consent?

This is only one of many instances which might be cited in illustration of this dangerous law. What are called Interim Sessions, trials by a Judge of Sessions without a jury, is something better than a trial by a police magistrate. The Judge of Sessions must be a lawyer at all events—with experience in legal matters. But even such trials are a wide departure from what whilome was considered some security for the subject, namely, that he should have a public trial in a public court, that the public might

see how justice was administered. But here the Interim Sessions is only a public court in name—more of a private court in fact. The court, all told, is generally composed of the Judge, the Crown Attorney, the Clerk, the Sheriff or his Deputy, the counsel for the prisoner (if he have one), and the prisoner in the dock; the audience, sometimes a couple or three small boys who drop in for curiosity. It may be that justice may be well administered in such a court and by such means, but most people consider that an open court is one of the safeguards for the protection of the liberty of the subject. It is to be hoped that our legislators will look to these matters, and that the whole law of consent trials by police magistrates, or at Interim Sessions, will be reviewed and amended—that this ‘Bridge of Sighs’ may be demolished, and more countenance given to the liberty of the subject, and trial by jury.

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

Authors of ‘Ready Money Mortiboy,’ ‘The Golden Butterfly,’ ‘By Celia’s Arbour,’ etc., etc

CHAPTER XXXV.

‘He’s armed without who’s innocent within.’

THREE days before the wedding, Harry made no sign and sent no message to Alma. But she had faith. It *could* not be that a man like her Harry, backed as he was by Mr. Caledon, would fail her. She was perfectly certain that all would be well, and she waited in impatience, no longer trying to please, and careless about pretending to be a lady.

In fact, the conspirators were not

idle. Tom went to town, in order to obtain what Desdemona called the most important of the properties—the special license. The clergyman was found in an old friend of Tom’s, who consented, on learning the whole circumstances, to perform the ceremony. The plot was, in fact, completely worked out, and, as Desdemona said, nothing remained but to hope that the situations would go off without any hitch.

On Wednesday, things being in this forward state, Desdemona and Tom walked across the park to the game-

keeper's cottage. It was empty, but the door stood open—a proof that the owner was not very far away—and the two entered the little room with its smoked and blackened rafters, which seemed dark after the blinding sunlight, and sat down to await Harry's return.

'This is like plunging into a cave to concert a robbery with a band of brigands,' said Desdemona, taking Harry's wooden arm-chair. 'In fact, I never felt so much like a conspirator before, not even on the stage. And as for the stage, the illusion is all in the front. . . . 'Tom,' she resumed, after a pause, 'I do not like it at all.'

'Nor do I,' Tom confessed.

'I can see you do not. "How in the looks doth conscious guilt appear." If it were only not for Lord Alwyne and Miranda—'

'It does seem hard,' said Tom, 'that a fellow can't be allowed to make himself a fool in his own way.'

'That is not the way to put it at all,' said Desdemona, rousing herself for an apology. 'Let me put it so that we shall be able to comfort ourselves with noble motives. All wicked people do that you know. Fancy the pious rapture of Guy Fawkes just before he was going to light the match; think of the approval which the conscience of Ravaillac must have bestowed upon him on the king's coach coming in sight. Let us apply the same balms to our own case. People may say—people who don't understand motives—that we two were Alan's most intimate and trusted friends, and that, notwithstanding, we deliberately conspired together to frustrate his most cherished project.'

'I think, Desdemona,' said Tom, 'that you must have learned the art of comforting a sinner from the Book of Job. To be sure, people may say that; but you forget that we haven't been found out yet. And Harry won't tell.'

'It will come out some day,' said

Desdemona, gloomily. 'Crimes like ours always do come out. I shall very likely reveal the secret on my death-bed. That will be a bad job for you. Or else you will go mad with the suspicion that I may some day tell, take me to a secret place in a forest, push me down a deep well, and drop big stones on my head. I shall creep out when you are gone, nothing the worse except for a bump as big as a cricket-ball on my skull, and a broken leg; and I shall creep after you, taking revenge in separate lumps as the opportunity offers. When I have got all the revenge that a Christian woman wants, I shall disclose myself, and you will die—under the lime-light, repentant, slowly, and to the music of the stringed instruments.'

'Thank you,' said Tom. 'Now, tell me, please, how we ought to put it to ourselves.'

'Thus,' said the actress. 'This extravagance of Alan affects others beside himself. The result of the step he proposes would be so disastrous that at any cost it must be prevented. He does not know the girl whom he is going to marry; he has conceived an entirely wrong impression of her character. His father, my old friend—'

'And mine,' said Tom, feeling comforted in that reflection.

'Will be deeply grateful to us. Miranda will be grateful. After a time, Alan will be grateful; and as for the rest of the world, why—*il y a des reproches qui louent.*'

'Yes—and Harry? Do you think he will be grateful after a time, too?' asked Tom. 'You see, Desdemona, your estimate of the young lady's character is not a high one.'

'Grateful? Well, in a way. The man's in love with her. He does not, in his heart, believe that she is a bit better than the majority of women in her class. But just now it is good for him to think so. Depend upon it, Tom, it is not a bad thing for a man to find out that his wife is no better

a human creature than himself, probably not so good.'

'Desdemona,' said Tom, 'don't be hard on your sex.'

'I am not,' she replied; 'I am only just. Do you think Nelly an angel?'

'Yes,' he said stoutly, 'I do, and I don't want any other kind of angel. People my paradise with one angel, and let her be Nelly, with all her moods and wilfulness, just as she is, I shall be satisfied.'

'You are a good fellow, Tom, and you deserve her. Pity that, while you were about it, you could not have made that little document in your pocket a transferable ticket. We might then, at the very last moment, change the names from Harry and Alma to Tom and Nell.'

He shook his head sadly.

'The good old days!' she lamented. 'Oh for a postchaise and four, and Gretna Green! or for a Fleet parson! What opportunities our ancestors had!'

'You can get a special license now,' said Tom, 'costs five guineas—that is what I've got for Harry.'

'It is the one thing they have left us. Then, Tom, if you do not immediately—but here comes the third conspirator.'

Tom explained to Harry that he had gone to London in order to obtain, through certain legal persons, a document which made it possible for him and Alma to get married to each other. And then he handed him the precious epistle.

'And with this bit o' paper,' said Harry, doubtfully, 'it is lawful for Alma and me to marry?'

He turned it all ways to catch the light, and blushed to think of the solicitude of the greatest persons in the realms after his welfare.

'And now,' said Desdemona, 'when shall we marry them?'

'The sooner the better,' said Harry. 'If there's going to be words, best have them over.'

He was thinking of Bostock, but it

seemed almost as if he was thinking of future matrimonial jars.

'We might manage on Friday,' said Tom. 'I am afraid it is too late to arrange for to-morrow. My friend the curate will do it on any day. After the marriage you can drive to Dalmeny Hall, and then send for Mr. Dunlop and have it out. You can tackle the Bailiff afterwards.'

'Ay,' said Harry; 'I'm not afeard of the Bailiff. There'll be a vast deal of swearing, and that's all. Bailiff Bostock knows me. It is the Squire I am afeard on. He'll take it hard: me an old servant, and—there—once almost a friend I was, when we were both boys.'

'You are a friend of his still, Harry,' said Tom. 'When he understands that it was your own bride he was going to take, it will all come right. But perhaps just at first there may be some sort of shindy.'

'It cannot be on Friday,' said Desdemona. 'I remember now that Alma's wedding-dress is not to be ready till Friday afternoon. The poor girl must wear her fine frock, if only for once. You must arrange, Tom, to get the ceremony over and to drive back to the Hall before they ought to be starting for church. That, I think, will be the most effective as well as the most considerate way of leading up to the situation. It is not bad, as dramas go.' She sprang from her chair, alert and active, and became again an actress. 'A rehearsal. Stand there, Harry, as far back as the footlights—I mean the fender—will allow. Miranda and I are grouped here in an attitude of sympathetic expectation.' (Here her face suddenly assumed a look of such deep sympathy that Tom burst out laughing, and Harry was confounded.) 'Alan is in the centre, up the stage; on your arm, Harry, is Alma.' (Harry involuntarily glanced at his manly arm, as if Alma might really, by some magic of this wonderful lady, be there, but she was not.) 'She is in her beau-

tiful wedding frock and bonnet; she is looking shy and a little frightened, but so pretty that she has engaged the sympathies of the whole house. Alan, taken by surprise, takes a half-step forward; Miranda and I, surprised and wondering, take a half-step nearer him; we murmur our astonishment; Miranda, who is statuesque, and therefore does not gesticulate, turns her eyes mutely upon Alma; I, who am, or was thirty years ago, *mignonne*, hold up my hands—it is a very effective gesture, if done naturally; and then, Tom (I am afraid I *must* put you in the last scene, and concealment will be impossible), you step forward—oh, Tom! (here she betrayed a little irritation because Tom, instead of throwing himself into the situation, was actually grinning), ‘why *can’t* you act a little? You step forward easily and quietly—you make a point, because your knowledge is the key of the whole situation—and you say, taking Alma by the hand, “Alan, let me present to you—Harry Cardew’s wife!” Now, that is really a very telling situation, if you could only think of it.’

‘I did not think of the situation,’ said Tom.

‘No, you silly boy, you did not.’ Desdemona sat down again, and put off the actress. ‘If people would only think of the situation, and how it would look on the stage, none of the silly things, and only the picturesquely wicked things, would be done. “All the world’s a stage.” Yes; and there is always an audience. And none of us ever play our little part without some to applaud or some to hiss. They are a sympathetic audience, and they express their feelings vigorously. Dear me! he does not think of the situation. Live, Harry Cardew, as if you were always on the boards—walk, talk, think, as if you were speaking before the theatre. Do you understand?’

The honest gamekeeper did not. He had never seen a theatre.

‘However,’ continued Desdemona,

‘we are preparing the last scene of a comedy which will be numerously attended, and keenly criticised, so to speak; we must not spoil it by carelessness in the final tableau. We must make all we can out of it. As for you, Harry, you will be a hero for a few days. And you, Tom, must make up your mind to criticism. Play your part boldly. Make your mark in the last act. In the evening there will be a grand Function in the Abbey, at which you, too, ought to be a hero.’

‘And the row with Bostock?’ asked Harry, who believed that this lady was able to control the future exactly; ‘has your ladyship fixed when and where that is to come off?’

‘No; in fact, I quite forgot that detail. But it does not matter so much, as it will not probably get into the papers. A mere piece of by-play, an episode. It ought, perhaps, to come before the last situation; but, after all, it does not greatly signify. I suppose the farmer is certain to use language of the strongest.’

‘After all—saving your ladyship’s presence—what,’ asked Harry, ‘what matters a few damns?’

‘Nothing,’ said Desdemona, quoting Bob Acres. ‘They have had their day. And now, Harry, take great care of the document. We shall tell Alma.—not to-morrow, but on Friday. Perhaps a hint to-morrow will keep up her spirits.’

‘He is much too good for her,’ said Desdemona; ‘but I am in hopes it will turn out well. There is one great point in favour of their happiness.’

‘What is that?’

‘She is afraid of him,’ said Desdemona, student of womankind. ‘A wholesome terror of her husband, with such a girl, goes a long way. She will feel that she has got a man to rule her.’

At the Abbey they found that Lord Alwyne had arrived. He was, in fact, sitting with a bevy of Sisters. Noth-

ing, he was wont to say, more effectually removes the cares of the world or makes a man forget his own age, sooner than the society of young and beautiful ladies. He ought to have been born in the seventeenth century, and basked in the gardens of Vaux, or beneath the smiles of the ladies who charmed away the declining years of La Fontaine. When Desdemona's tea was taken to her cell, Lord Alwyne came with it, and the fraternity, even including Miranda, abstained from entering that pleasant retreat, because they knew that the talk would be serious and would turn on Alan.

'I found myself growing anxious,' Lord Alwyne said. 'I hoped to learn that you had done something, that something had been done by somebody, somehow, to break it off. But the days passed by, and no letter came. And so—and so I have come down to learn the worst: of course, nothing can happen now to stop it.' He looked wistfully at Desdemona. 'It is too late now.'

'Why, there are three whole days before us. This is Wednesday. What may not happen in three days?'

'Desdemona, have you anything to tell me?'

'Nothing, Lord Alwyne.' She kept her eyes down, so that he should not read her secret there. 'Nothing,' she repeated.

'But there will be something?'

'Who knows? There are yet three days, and at all events we may repeat what I said a month ago—they are not married yet.'

'Then I may hope? Desdemona, have mercy.'

She looked up, and saw on the face of her old friend a pained and anxious expression which she had never before seen. No man had ever spent a more uniformly happy, cheerful, and yet unselfish life. It seemed as if this spoiled son of fortune naturally attracted the friendship of those only who were fortunate in their destinies as well as in their dispositions. Misfortune never

fell upon him or upon his friends. It gave Desdemona a shock to see that his face, as bright at fifty-five as at twenty-five, was capable of the unhappiness, which has generally quite distorted the features of men at that age.

'My dear old friend,' she cried, 'what am I to say? I cannot bear to see you suffer. Have more than hope. Have confidence.'

He took her hand and raised it to his lips with a courtesy more than Castilian.

'I ask no more, Desdemona. Tell me another time what you have done.'

'You will have to thank Tom Caledon,' she replied. 'It is he, and a third person who is indispensable, whom you will have to thank.'

'Tell me no more, Desdemona. What thanks of mine could equal this service? Tell me no more.'

He was more deeply moved than Desdemona had ever seen him.

'I have been making myself wretched about the boy,' he said, walking up and down the room. 'It was bad enough to read of his doings with a pitchfork and a cart: it would make the most good-tempered man angry to be asked in the clubs about the Shepherd Squire, his son; but that only hurt Alan himself. Far worse to think that he was going to commit the—the CRIME of marrying a dairymaid.'

'I suppose,' said Desdemona, 'that it is natural for you to think most of the *mésalliance*; I dare say I should myself, if I had any ancestors. What I have thought of most is the terrible mistake of linking himself for life with such a girl, when he might have had—even Miranda perhaps. You cannot expect me quite to enter into your own point of view.'

'I do not defend myself, Desdemona,' said the man of a long line, with humility, as if he felt the inferiority of his position. 'It is part of our nature, the pride of birth. Alan ought to have had it from both sides. I taught him, from the first, to be proud

of the race from which he sprung. I used to show him the family tree, and talk to him about his predecessors, till I feared I was making him as proud of his descent as a Montmorenci or a Courtenay. In my own case, the result of such teaching was a determination to keep the stream as pure as I found it, or not to marry at all. With him the result is, that it does not matter how much mud he pours in, provided he can carry out an experiment. He fools away his children's pride for a hobby. To do this wrong to his children seems to me, I own, even a worse crime than to forget his ancestors.'

'I see,' said Desdemona, 'what I call a misfortune you call a crime.'

'Every misfortune springs from a crime, my dear Desdemona,' said Lord Alwyne, sententiously. 'This anxiety has made me feel ten years older; and when I thought I had lost my son I rejoiced, for the first time, to feel older.'

'You will find him again, dear Lord Alwyne,' she said softly, 'in a few days. In fact, on Saturday. Remain with us till then. Perhaps it will be as well that you should not meet him, unless he hears that you have arrived. And reckon confidently on going home in ease of mind, and ready to commence again that pleasant life of yours which has no duties and no cares, but only friendships.'

He took her hand again, and pressed it almost like a lover.

'Always the same, kind Desdemona,' he said; 'Clairette Fanshawe was the best woman, as well as the best and prettiest actress, that ever trod the stage. Do you think, Clairette'—it was twenty years since he had called her Clairette—'do you think that we really made the most of our youth while it lasted? Did we, *d'une main ménagère*, as the French poet advises, get the sweetness out of every moment? To be sure the memory of mine is very pleasant. I cannot have wasted very much of it.'

'Perhaps,' said Desdemona, smiling—she had spent the greater part of her youth in hard study, and the rest in bitter matrimonial trouble with a drunkard—'perhaps one lost a day here and there, particularly when there was work to do. It is unpardonable in a woman to waste her youth, because there is such a very little of it. But as for men, their youth seems to last as long as they please. You are young still, as you always have been. To be sure, your position was a singularly happy one.'

'It was,' said Lord Alwyne; 'but you are wrong, Desdemona, in supposing that my life had no duties. My duty was to lead the idle life, so that it might seem desirable. Other people, hard-working people learned to look upon it as the one for which they ought to train their sons. But it wants money; therefore, these hard-working people worked harder. Thus I helped to develop the national industry, and, therefore, the national prosperity. That is a very noble thing to reflect upon. Desdemona, I have been an example and a stimulus. And yet you say that I have had no duties.'

CHAPTER XXXVI.

'Oh! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower.'

BROTHER PEREGRINE'S suit resembled, by reason of its length, a suit in Chancery. It never made any progress. He always carried the same cheerful smile in his crowsfooted eyes, always appeared in the same imperturbable good-humour. He never seemed to notice whether the girl to whom he attached himself was pleased to have him about her or not, being one of those happy persons who practised, though from a different motive, the same cult of selfishness preached by Paul Rondelet. He was a man who would play with a child till it cried, when he would put the

plaything down and go away to find another. His business was to amuse himself—'What is my land to one who is home from India, but a delightful garden full of pleasures?' The society of this beautiful and coquettish girl, full of odd moods and as changeable as a day in April, was pleasant to him—what did he care whether he was pleasant to her? He congratulated himself openly on his superiority to Tom, because he saw so much of her.

But no progress. Plenty of compliments, pretty speeches without end; little presents of things from India, such as tiger-claw brooches, fans of scented wood, glass bottles gilded outside and filled with a tiny thread of precious essence, filigree work in silver, tiny chains of gold, bangles rudely worked—all these things accepted as part of his wooing. But the fatal words, which she feared and yet wished to have done with, so that there should be a final end with poor Tom—these did not come.

There was plenty of opportunity. Never was a place so admirably adapted for the interchange of such confidences as the Abbey of Thelema, with its corridors, cells, gardens, and wooded park. And at this juncture everybody seemed busily occupied in whispering secrets. What did the man mean? The situation, too, was becoming ridiculous; all the world—that is, the monastic world—watched it with interest. Also Mrs. Despard seemed, by her letters, to have some uneasy suspicion that all was not right. She even threatened to visit the Abbey herself, if only to expostulate, while yet there was time, with Alan Dunlop on his infatuated and suicidal intention. Most of her letters, in whole or in part, found their way to Tom—either they were read to him, or the contents were imparted to him in conversation.

'If she does come here, Tom,' said Nelly, 'which Heaven forbid, two t'ings will happen immediately. You

will have to leave the Abbey the day before her arrival, and—and—that other event will be settled at once.'

'You mean ——,' said Tom.

'There is no occasion, Tom, to put everything into words.'

Tom became silent.

'I think I have put too much into words already. I wonder,' she went on, 'whether you like me the better or the worse for telling you truthfully.'

'Everything, Nelly,' said Tom, hoarsely, 'makes me like you better every day.'

'I *could* not, after your beautiful speech at the Court of Love, which went right to my heart, Tom—I *could* not bear you to think that I was only flirting with you all the time. I liked you too well. Poor Tom! Do many other girls like you, too?'

'They don't tell me so if they do. But of course they don't. How girls ever do like men, I do not know.'

'It is because they are not men,' said the damsel, wisely. 'People would call it unmaidenly, I suppose, to tell a man—what I have told you—particularly when the man wants to marry you, and you can't marry him. But you don't think it unmaidenly, do you?'

'As if you could do anything but what is sweet and good, Nell! But you cannot know how much ——'

'Hush, Tom; don't put that into words, don't; it only makes us both unhappy.'

'Of course, I know,' said Tom, ruefully. 'I am next door to a pauper, and so are you, poor girl; and we are both expensive people; and there would be debts and things.'

'Debts and borrowing, Tom, and not being able to pay back; and going on the Continent, and living in lodgings, and staying with people who would invite us, to save money. How should you like that?'

'You always think of the worst, Nelly. There's Sponger, formerly of Ours, does that. Got two hundred a

year; goes everywhere, and is seen everywhere; stays with people. They say he disappears for two months every year, when he is supposed to go to Whitechapel and sweep a crossing where sailors are free with their copers, I believe ——'

Nelly interrupted this amusing anecdote.

'That is like you, Tom. Just as I was getting into a comfortable crying mood, when nothing does me so much good as a little sympathy, you spoil it all by one of your stupid stories. What do I care about Sponger of Ours?'

'I thought you were talking about staying with people.'

'Is the story about Sponger one of the stories which the old novels used to tell us kept the mess-room in a roar? If so, a mess-room must be an extremely tiresome place.'

This conversation took place on Wednesday afternoon. In the evening, to please Lord Alwyne, Desdemona improvised a little costume party, in which everybody appeared in some Watteau-like dress, which was very charming to the Sisters, and mightily became such of the Monks as were well favoured. They danced minuets and such things as such shepherds and shepherdesses would have loved. Brother Peregrine led out Nelly for a performance of this stately old dance; they went through it with great solemnity.

'Are they engaged?' asked Cecilia, watching them.

'I cannot tell, my dear,' said Desdemona. 'The man is a riddle. Nelly does not look at him the least as a girl generally looks on an accepted lover. What does it mean?'

'I had a letter to-day,' Cecilia went on, 'from Mrs. Despard. She says that Alan's conduct has alarmed her so much that she thinks of coming to take her daughter home. I suppose she thinks that we are going to follow Alan's example, and marry the dairyman's son, as he is engaged to

the dairyman's daughter. It will be a great loss to us.'

'Greater changes are going to happen,' said Desdemona. 'Am I blind? When do you go, my child?'

Cecilia blushed prettily. She was a very charming girl, and her little idyl of love had gone on quite smoothly, else I would have told the story. The commonplace lot is the happiest; yet it does not read with much interest.

'John——' she began.

'Brother Bayard,' said Desdemona, 'I shall always know him by that name.'

'Wants to take me away at once; but I shall insist on waiting till the autumn.'

'May you be happy, my dear!

"You have consented to create again,
That Adam called the happiest of men."

Cecilia laughed.

'What you said the other night accelerated things. Desdemona, I should not be surprised if you were to receive a great many confidences before long.'

'And no jealousies among the Sisters?'

'Not one. We are all to be happy alike.'

'That is as it should be,' said Desdemona; 'and that is the true end of the Abbey of Thelema.'

'Only we are sorry for poor Tom, and for Miranda, and for Alan. We had hoped that Miranda——'

'Alan is not married yet,' said Desdemona.

Meantime, Nelly observed that her partner was feverishly excited and nervous. His performance in the dance was far below his usual form, and for the first time since she had made his acquaintance he was not smiling. That looked ominous.

'I have been,' he whispered, in agitated accents, when the dance was finished—'I have been in the Garden of Eden for three months, thanks to you. Let me have a quarter of an hour alone with you to-morrow. Can it be that I am to take a farewell at the gates of Paradise?'

'I will meet you in the breakfast-room at noon to-morrow,' said Nelly, quietly.

Farewell at the gates of Paradise? Was the man really beginning to affect that self-depreciation which to girls not in love seems so absurd, and to girls who are in love is so delightful? He could not be in love as Tom was—not in that fond, foolish way, at least; there would be no sentiment, she said to herself, on either side. Then why begin with nonsense about farewell? Certainly there would be no sentiment; she would accept him, of course, as she had told Tom all along. It would be a bargain between them: he would have a wife of whom Nelly was quite certain he would be proud; she would get as good a house as she wanted, a husband *comme il faut*, an establishment of the kind to which she aspired in her most sensible moments, and a husband who had his good points and was amusing. It would have been better, doubtless, to have a Tom Caledon, with whom one could quarrel and make it up again, whom one could trust altogether and tell everything to, who would look after one if there was any trouble. But, after all, a real society husband, a life of society with people of society, must be the best in the long-run. Nelly felt that she should look well at her own table and in her own drawing-room; her husband would talk cleverly; she would be tranquilly and completely happy. And as for Tom, why of course he would very soon forget her and find somebody else—she hoped with money to keep him going. Poor Tom!

A life in the world against a human life; a sequence of colourless years against the sweet alternations of cloud and sunshine, mist and clear sky, which go with a marriage for love; a following of seasons, in which, year after year, social success grows to seem a less desirable thing against the blessed recurrence of times sacred to all sorts of tender memories—was this

the thing which Nelly had desired, and was going to accept consciously?

I suppose it was her mother's teaching, whose book was

'The eleventh commandment,
Which says, "Thou shalt not marry unless well."'

That sweet womanly side of her character—the readiness to love and be loved—had been brought out by Tom, and yet it seemed, as an active force, powerless against the instructions of her childhood. It had been awakened by one brief erratic ramble into the realm of nature—that evening on Ryde pier—after which poor Nelly thought she had returned to the dominion of common sense. She hid nothing from Tom; she was as confiding as Virginia to Paul; but it did not occur to her that her decision, now that a decision was left to her, could possibly be other than that indicated by her mother.

She said that it was Fate. Just as the charity boy knows that it is perfectly useless, as well as unchristian, to envy the prince who rides past him on his own pony, so the girl, Nelly had learned, who has no *dot* may as well make up her mind at once that she cannot hope to follow the natural inclinations of her heart, and choose her own husband for herself. She must wait to be chosen, in this Babylonian marriage market, by the rich.

As for the other Sisters of the Abbey, they were all portioned, and could do as they pleased. Therefore Nelly looked with eyes of natural envy on this Sister, who could listen to the suit of a penniless officer; and on that, who, rich herself, was going to take for better or for worse, and oh! how very much for better, a love-sick youth richer than herself. For them, the life of pleasantness, the life of which we all dream, the life which is not rendered sordid by money cares, and mean by debts, and paltry in being bound and cabined by the iron walls of necessity, the life of ease had been attained. Men work for it;

giving it to wives and daughters by early risings, late lying down, burning the candle at both ends, and dying at fifty. Is their lot worse than that of women who, to obtain it, marry, and faithfully observe the covenant of marriage with men whom, under other circumstances, they would not have preferred?

Nelly would have preferred Tom. There was no doubt about that, none. But if she could not marry Tom, being so very much enamoured of the paths of pleasantness, why, then she must marry Mr. Exton; and he seemed a cheerful creature, full of admiration of her, and doubtless, in his way, which was very unlike the way of Tom, in love with her.

Perhaps as Nelly laid her fair head upon the pillow that night her thoughts took up some sad, defensive attitude. But her pulse beat no faster, and her sleep was not broken by the thought of the morrow.

The pleasant breakfast-room which looked upon the inner court of the Abbey, was quite deserted at noon, when Nelly arrived to keep her appointment. Mr. Exton did not keep her waiting.

She sat down before a window, and waited, with a little flush upon her cheek.

'How pretty you are!' sighed Brother Peregrine. His eyes were more curiously crowsfooted than ever, and they had the strangest look in them—a look the meaning of which was difficult to make out. Somehow, Nelly thought there was some sort of shame in them, only Brother Peregrine was surely the last person in the world to manifest that sort of emotion. Besides, what was there to be ashamed of? 'I think that you are growing prettier every day.' His face, covered with its multitudinous crowsfeet, seemed forced into a smile; but there was no mirth in his eyes. He had said much the same sort of thing a good many times before, but had never got beyond that kind of general statement.

'Do you think it altogether right,' asked Nelly, looking him straight in the face, 'to say that sort of thing?'

'But that wasn't what I wanted to say,' said the Brother, with considerable hesitation. 'I—I—I am going to leave the Abbey to-day. I have just written a letter of farewell to the Order, and sent it to Desdemona——'

'Going to leave the Abbey, and why?'

'Because I must,' he replied gloomily. 'Because, although these limbs seem free, I wear the chains of slavery. Because I am called away.'

This was a very mysterious beginning.

'You talk as if you were going to the end of the world.'

'I wish I were. But I am only going to London.'

'Is that such a very dreadful place? To be sure, at this time of year, there will be nobody to talk to.'

'I have had—the—the most DELIGHTFUL time,' Brother Peregrine went on nervously; 'and entirely through you. I shall never, certainly never, forget the walks and drives, and talks you have given me. They have left the most charming recollection in my mind. I do not believe there is a sweeter girl than yourself in all the world—alas!'

He heaved the most melancholy sigh.

What *could* he mean? Leave recollections in his mind? Then, after all, he was not, perhaps, going to— Nelly sat quite silent. Her cheeks had grown pale suddenly, and in her head were a dozen thoughts battling to take shape in her brain.

'Will you remember me, with a little regret?' he asked. 'To be sure I cannot ask for more—a man in my awful position ought not to ask for so much—'

'When you explain yourself,' said Nelly, 'when I understand what your awful position is, I shall be better able to talk to you.'

'I have told you I am sent for.'

'Who has sent for you?'

'My wife,' he replied simply.

His wife!

'She has just arrived from India, with all the children. She is at the Langham Hotel. She writes to me that unless I go to her at once she will come to me.'

Nelly gazed at him with eyes of wonder. The man was shaking and trembling.

'You don't quite understand what that means,' he went on. 'Perhaps when I tell you that my wife is a—a—Eurasian, in fact, with more of the tar than of the lily in her complexion, and that the children take after their mother in complexion and temper, you may begin to understand that I was not particularly anxious to talk about my marriage.'

'And so you pretended to be an unmarried man,' said Nelly, a little bitterly.

'No one ever asked me if I was married,' he said. 'If they had, I dare say I should have confessed. She is much older than myself, and she has a temper. She is also jealous. Very jealous she is. The children have tempers too, and have been spoiled by their mother. They are not pleasant children at all.'

'Was this all you had to say to me?'

Nelly rose and stood at the window.

'Yes, I think so. Just to thank you for your kindness, and to express a hope that you will not forget this summer.'

'No, I am not likely to forget this summer,' she replied, with a touch of bitterness in her tone; 'not at all likely. Nor shall I readily forget you, Mr. Exton.'

'Your advocate in the great case of Lancelot *versus* Rosalind,' he said. 'You will remember me by that, you know.'

'I shall remember you,' she said, 'without thinking of the *Cour d'Amour*. And now, good-bye.'

She held out her hand coldly. He

bent over it, and would have kissed it, but she drew it back.

'No, Mr. Exton. Think of your wife. By the way, you are going to London? Mamma is, I believe, in town for a few days. Will you call upon her? She would like to make Mrs. Exton's acquaintance, I am sure. She might tell Mrs. Exton, too, more than you would be likely to remember about the Abbey of Thelema. Mamma's address is Number 81, Chester Square. You will be sure to call, will you not? Good-bye. I am sorry to hear that you are——'

'Married?' he asked.

'No, not at all. . . . I am glad to hear that your wife has arrived. Husband and wife ought to be together. I am only sorry that we shall lose you. I can write to mamma, then, that you will call upon her to-morrow. It is No. 81 Chester Square. Do not forget. Good-bye, Mr. Exton.'

With these words, the sting of which he hardly comprehended, but which, as Nelly intended, he would discover when that call was actually made, she left him, and, without looking to right or left, mounted the stairs and sought the privacy of her own cell.

There she sat down, and, with pale cheek and hardened eyes, tried to understand the position of things. She was bitterly humiliated; she was ashamed; angry with her mother, angry with herself, fiercely angry with the man who had played with and deceived her. How could she face the Sisters, all of them happy in the possession of a suitor about whom there was no mystery and no deception? Should she tell the whole story to everybody? Would it not be better to go on and make no sign? But some one she must tell. Desdemona would hear her story with sympathy; so would Miranda; so would . . . and here there came a knock at her door. It was no other than Tom Caledon.

'Your reception-morning, Nell,' he said awkwardly. 'I come as a simple

caller. But what is it, Nelly? You look pale. Has that fellow Exton—has he—

‘He has said good-bye to me, Tom.’

‘What? You have refused him, then? Oh! Nell, tell me.’

‘No, Tom, it is worse than that. I went prepared to accept him . . . and he did not . . . make the offer I expected. He is gone, Tom.’

‘Has the fellow been playing all the time, then?’

‘Not quite. I think he has been enjoying himself in his own way, without thinking how he might compromise me. But he is a married man, Tom. That is all. A married man. And his wife has ordered him home.’

‘A married man?’

‘He says so. About such a trifle’—she laughed bitterly—‘men do not generally tell lies, I suppose. He spoke very prettily about my kindness; and so I asked him, out of pure gratitude, Tom, to go to Chester Square and call upon mamma.’

Tom stared blankly.

‘Then he has imposed upon all of us.’

‘That does not matter, Tom. I am the only person to be pitied—or blamed. I, who have been allowed to stay down here on the condition that I was to—throw myself in his way, to attract him, to please him, to court him, if necessary. I, who was to pose before him like a dancing girl, to listen to his idle talk, always to be pleasant to him. Oh! it is shameful—it is shameful!’

She stamped her little foot and wrung her hands, and the tears came into her eyes.

‘I never thought before what it was like—this angling for rich men. What must they think of us? What can you think of me, Tom?’

‘You know very well what I think of you, Nelly.’

‘Now I must go back to town, and it will all begin over again, as soon as mamma has found some one else. Go away, Tom; don’t think of me any

more. I am only an adventuress. I am unworthy that you should be kind to me. I shall leave this sweet place, with all the Brothers and Sisters, and dear Miranda and Desdemona—oh! the beautiful home of rest—and go back again to the world, and fight among other adventuresses.’

‘No, Nelly, no,’ cried Tom. And while she sank her head into her hands his arms were round her. ‘No, Nelly darling. I will not let you. Stay here; stay with me, and we will take our chance. Never mind the world, Nell; we will give up the things that only rich people can do. Stay with me, my darling.’

‘Oh! Tom—Tom—will you take me? And now?—you ought to have more self-respect, Tom: now—after all that is passed?’

‘This is real happiness, Tom,’ she said, looking up in his face, with her full, deep eyes. ‘There can be no happiness like this.’

And so passed half-an-hour.

Then Nelly said that they must come back to the world, and that meant punishing Mr. Exton, in the first place.

‘As I have sent him to call upon mamma,’ she said, ‘I must prepare mamma’s mind for his visit.’

She wrote the shortest of letters.

‘Dear Mamma,

‘Mr. Exton will call upon you to-morrow. I hope you will be at home.

‘Your affectionatedaughter,

‘ELEANOR.’

‘There, Tom!’ she said, with a mischievous light in her eye. ‘You see that commits me to nothing, and it will lead mamma to think a great deal. The explosion, when she finds out, will be like a torpedo. I really think that I have punished poor Brother Peregrine enough.’

This business despatched, Tom began upon another.

'Nelly,' he said, 'will you do exactly what I ask you?'

'Exactly, Tom,' she said.

'No one, not even Desdemona, is to know it.'

'No one, Tom.'

Then he whispered in her ear for a

few minutes. First she stared at him with all her eyes; then she blushed; then she laughed; and then she trembled.

'Oh! Tom, it is delightful. But what *will* mamma say?'

(*To be continued.*)

PAPERS BY A BYSTANDER.

NO. 2.

THE eyes of the world are still turned to the East. The Ottoman Empire continues to crumble. Austria continues to quake. All the powers continue to vow that they will execute the Treaty of Berlin. Execute it as a treaty perhaps they may; but they will not make it stand as a settlement, since as a settlement it assumes the stability of the Ottoman Empire. Life has been kept in the Porte for the last quarter of a century by successive drams in the form of loans, and the dram-bottle is now dry. The British Government would probably like to give a guarantee, but the nation would not let it, and the Jews will bestow their sympathies but not their shekels.

Russia seems preparing in earnest to withdraw her forces. For herself she has got all she wanted—Bessarabia, the extension in Armenia, a lien on Turkey for an indemnity, the exact amount of which matters nothing, since it cannot be paid, and the clientage of the two Bulgarias, which it is deemed a triumph of British diplomacy to have kept in a state of division and weakness that renders them dependent on a patron. All the great powers have got what they wanted, whether it was good for them or not. The sufferers, as usual, when the arbi-

ters of right are the strong, have been the weak—Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, Roumelia, Greece—communities of small account in the estimation of the masters of legions, but of some account in the estimation of humanity.

War, however, between England and Russia is, on all hands, regarded as merely adjourned now that the frontier of the British Empire has been pushed menacingly up to that of the Russian, both in Western and Central Asia. Let England quarrel with any other power, or let the pacific Alexander be succeeded by his bellicose son, and the gun which is ready charged will probably be touched off. An embroilment may, indeed, be brought on any day by the anarchy which appears to be breaking out in the quarter of Turkey conterminous with Russian Armenia. The barbarous and ungoverned tribes may attack the Russians; the Russians may follow up the enemy into the territory covered by the Anglo-Turkish alliance, and the two powers may find themselves at war. It is curious, under these circumstances, to remember that, only thirty years ago, the one fast ally of England in Europe was Russia.

Fresh fuel has been heaped on the

fire of hatred by the stories of cruel excesses committed by the Russian army in Rhodope. But these stories are not yet history. Mr. Rose, the Bulgarian correspondent of the *Scotchman*, a journal distinguished for the accuracy of its information, denounces the report as 'the most infamous document ever attempted to be palmed upon the British public as sober truth.' Massacres, he says, there were, and cruelties enough—infants nailed to walls, men roasted alive, women mutilated and outraged—but they were perpetrated not by Russian soldiers upon Turks, but by Turks upon Bulgarians. By a Russian soldier he never saw a shot fired except in fair battle. Some specific charges he contradicts as an eye-witness; among them that of the Turks at Tirnova, 'thrown from a precipice twice the height of a minaret,' of which he heard nothing, though he was on the spot immediately after the time of alleged perpetration. The Russian army does not now appear for the first time in European war. On a hundred fields of Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Germany, France, as well as on those of its own land, it fought, in alliance with England, for the independence of Europe against the ambition of the French Republic, and afterwards against Napoleon. It bore the brunt of the struggle on land as England did on the sea. In those days its indomitable devotion was the admiration of all English hearts, and its Cossacks were objects of the most romantic interest. Nor did it leave any record of savagery and outrage worse than those of its allies and antagonists in that deadly struggle. French writers speak of all the armies which invaded France in 1814 with abhorrence, but of the Russians hardly with so much abhorrence as of the Germans. The biographer of the Prince Consort has reproduced for his political purpose a passage from a letter written after Inkermann, the writer of which anticipates in his

language the present frantic hatred of the Russian soldiery. 'I can now describe a Russian soldier accurately; an individual with a long, discoloured great-coat and greasy forage-cap, with still more tallowy complexion, an impassive countenance, and an eye gleaming with the mixed expression of fox-like cunning and currish abjectness. When I have been giving water and biscuit to a wounded Russian I have seen that expression.' Would an Englishman have spoken in this tone of a wounded Russian if he had seen him lying on the field of Eylau, Leipsic, or Borodino?

The depositions, no doubt, are on oath, but it is the oath of Turks. The report is signed by a Consul-General, but consuls sometimes have their cue. Some time ago, the Foreign Office sent round a paper of questions on Turkish government and the state of the people under it to all the British consuls in the Ottoman Empire, with a covering letter, gently hinting that favourable answers would be convenient. One consul got the questions without the letter, and answered them most unfavourably. Afterwards the letter came into his hands. He then loyally hastened to substitute a more favourable set of answers. Unluckily both sets were printed, and made their appearance together before a censorious world.

Though the debates on the justice of the Afghan war in the British Parliament were long, history will probably cut the controversy short. The desire for 'a scientific frontier' will be set down as the real cause, and the rest will be swept aside as pretexts, especially as the present attempt is merely a repetition of the one made forty years ago, and there has notoriously been ever since a party in the Anglo-Indian councils bent on the extension of the Empire to the north-west, though, before the recent outbreak of Imperialism, the less ambitious party had managed to keep the

upper hand. Of the pretended Russian intervention in Afghanistan not a trace—not a soldier, not a cannon, not a rifle, not a [rifle]—has been found. If Russia had quarrelled with the Ameer on pretense of a diplomatic insult, and then, throwing off the mask, had avowed that her object was a scientific frontier, what language would have been strong enough to paint the infamy of her hypocritical ambition?

As in the former war, the Central Government of Cabul, which is little more than a phantom, vanishes at the approach of the invader; but with the independent tribes the task of the conqueror begins; and it may yet be a troublesome one in spite of their disunion and the apparent readiness of some of them to receive bribes. Already we have heard of fire and sword being carried into the villages of 'the insurgent highlanders.' Insurgents those Highlanders were, by his cruel treatment of whom the Duke of Cambridge earned the nickname of 'the butcher'; but these highlanders are no more insurgents than the English were when they were defending their country against the Armada. In such displays of a vigour that disregards morality, the Imperialist exults and revels. 'Imperialism,' says Mr. Lowe, 'is the apotheosis of violence.' From the point of view of Imperialism the less there is to say for it beyond brute force the better. Every scintilla of justice that there is in your case is just so much deducted from its imperial quality. If he is thrice armed that hath his quarrel just, he that has his quarrel unjust is thrice imperial. If Jingoism is stronger than the moral forces, a splendid career awaits it; if it is not, signal disaster. History has seen many trials of strength of the same kind, and hitherto the moral forces have always won. The Jingo, however, is consistent; and when Lord Carnarvon, amicably striving to reconcile contraries, with the annex-

ation of the Transvaal perhaps in his mind, bids Imperialism found itself on morality, Imperialism may ask him on what part of the moral law he would have it found the forcible seizure of your neighbour's land.

Between two moralities, or rather between morality and defiance of morality, and between two modes of employing the energies of the nation, peaceful enterprise and military aggrandizement, the English nation is now divided, and the political contest is raging. In the question of the national destiny ordinary party questions for the present are merged, though the composition of the parties remains much the same, democracy being always inclined to industry, and aristocracy to war. A few Tories of the old religious school, such as Mr. Newdegate and Sir Alexander Gordon, refuse to divorce their politics from morality and vote against an unjust war.

That a nation may be enterprising, and enterprising in the highest degree without being aggressive or unjust, is a fact which, though gloriously illustrated by the history of the English race, seems not present to the minds of Imperialists, who speak of lack of spirit and even of cowardice as the badge of every one who refuses to embrace their creed. 'All great and honourable actions are accompanied with great difficulties, and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages. The dangers are great but not desperate, and the difficulties are many, but not invincible. For though there are many of them likely, yet they are not certain. It may be sundry of the things feared may never befall; others, by provident care and the use of good means, may, in a great measure, be prevented; and all of them through the help of God, by fortitude and patience, may either be borne or overcome. True it is, that such attempts are not to be made and undertaken but upon good ground and reason, not rashly or lightly, as many

have done, for curiosity or hope of gain. But our condition is not ordinary. Our ends are good and honourable; our calling lawful and urgent. And, therefore, we may expect the blessing of God in our proceeding. Yea though we should lose our lives in this action, we may have comfort in the same, and our endeavours would be honourable'—These words in their way breathe enterprise; perhaps they are as full both of spirit and of dignity as the appeals of Lord Beaconsfield to his Jingoës, though the high-hearted peasants whose thoughts they embody, were setting forth, not to rob and oppress, but to found a nation worth a hundred-fold all the Indian Empires over whose expanses of cringing wretchedness conquest has ever stalked.

Six bishops voted for the Afghan War, and for the national policy of which it is a part. They have not made their case better in the eyes of the people by averring, that, in giving their voices for fire and sword, they had 'missionary' objects in view. Such a position is rendered rather more ridiculous by the religious cynicism of the authors of the war. The missionaries must take care, or an irreverent world will soon be asking them what they have to do with conquest. One bishop, a Ritualist, voted against the war. The Ritualists are not specially philanthropic; like the Roman Catholics, they rather affect the alliance of the military element; and one of their number, the late Canon Mozley, has gone further, perhaps, than any other preacher ever did, in recognizing war as a practice consistent with Christianity. But their connection with the State has been loosened, and they feel themselves more at liberty to denounce national crime. They are inclined to act boldly in the cause of morality against the Licensed Victuallers as well as against the Jingoës.

By the struggle of parties about the Afghan War, the question has been raised, what is the duty of a patriot

towards the Government when it makes a war which he deems unjust. He is bound, of course, to pay his taxes, and, if called upon, to take arms. But is he bound to suppress his opinion, or to abstain from opposing the Government in Parliament and at elections? In 1812, the slave-owners of Virginia and their adherents, the Jingoës of the United States, dragged the American Republic into what the best Americans deemed a foolish and wicked war with England. They then called upon everybody in the name of patriotism to support their policy. Daniel Webster replied: 'With respect to the war in which we are now involved, the course which our principles require us to pursue cannot be doubtful. It is now the law of the land, and as such we are bound to regard it. Resistance and insurrection form no part of our creed. The disciples of Washington are neither tyrants in power nor rebels out. If we are taxed to carry on this war, we shall disregard certain distinguished examples, and shall pay. If our personal services are required, we shall yield them to the precise extent of our constitutional liability. At the same time, the world may be assured that we know our rights and shall exercise them. We shall express our opinions on this as on every measure of Government, I trust, without passion, I am certain, without fear. We have yet to learn that the extravagant progress of pernicious measures abrogates the duty of opposition, or that the interest of our native land is to be abandoned by us in the hour of her thickest danger and sorest necessity. By the exercise of our constitutional right of suffrage, by the peaceable remedy of election, we shall seek to restore wisdom to our councils, and peace to our country.' Webster's language would have been still stronger, if it had appeared in that case that a foreign war and the spirit of violence evoked by it, were being used by the Government for the purpose of undermining constitutional

principle and encroaching on political liberty at home. To Indianize England is evidently a collateral object of the Afghan war.

In connection with the enterprise undertaken to give the Indian Empire a more scientific frontier, that Empire itself is the subject of a sharp discussion. The statistics of impoverishment are controverted by financiers and economists. One thing seems beyond controversy—the miserable condition of the great mass of the people. As a philanthropic enterprise, therefore, the Empire is a failure, though for that ambition cares little. A parallel is constantly drawn between the Empire of the English in India and that of the Romans. In many respects the analogy holds good; but in one most important respect it fails. *Ubi Romanus vicit, ibi habitavit.* The Proconsuls might return to Rome with fortunes accumulated in their governments, but the bulk of the ruling race seem to have settled in the provinces, at least in Imperial times, and to have become identified, as far as a ruling race can be, with the interests of the people. Even the legions were almost colonists. But the Englishman in India is now more than ever a bird of passage, while he is still, though in a strictly legal and regular way, a bird of prey. That about twenty millions sterling are annually drained away from a poor country, is a fact apparently admitted on all hands, and, if the same amount were drained from England, we know what her economists would say.

The phrase Jingoism has been several times used in this paper. It is now received into the English language; but some people seem still to be in the dark as to its origin and meaning.

Its origin is the Music Hall song:

'We don't want to fight, but, by *Jingo*, if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got
the money too.'

Which, when the Sepoys were brought upon the scene was parodied:

'We don't want to fight, but, by *Jingo*, if we do,
We'll stay at home at ease ourselves and send the
mild Hindoo.'

Jingoism is Imperialism in a state of violent and vulgar excitement. It is of recent growth in England, and its two chief sources have been the decline of religion, which for the time has loosened morality, and the intoxication of plethoric wealth.

Not for the first time in history, while the pride of Empire is riding high and the bounds of Empire are being triumphantly extended, the Imperial people are starving in their own streets. Famished and despairing multitudes, whose sufferings are increased by the bitter weather, emaciated forms crowding round relief-houses, which are barricaded to keep off the press, whole rows of cottages deserted by their inhabitants, are the features of 'Merry Christmas' in too many parts of the Mother Country. A correspondent of a Manchester paper writes, 'To-day, being in the neighbourhood of Red Bank, I have seen some awful specimens of starving humanity—women with babes at the breast, plodding through the melting snow barefooted, perhaps with apologies for stockings, and a thin dress to cover their nakedness.' This is a picture not only of Red Bank, but of a whole region, while the circle of misery, already wide, is evidently extending daily. And to those shoeless feet that tread the freezing slush, those forms shivering in their barely covered nakedness, those babes drawing a niggard life from the breasts of their famishing mothers, what relief or comfort does it bring that they are preventing the emancipation of Bulgaria and conquering a scientific frontier in Afghanistan?

Of course the Government cannot be held responsible for the commercial or industrial distress. But its policy is one which is sure to aggravate the

distress not only by increasing the military expenditure, but by keeping the future of trade unsettled, irritating other nations and closing foreign ports. It is the government of a class socially remote from industry, and though not cruel, more moved by Imperial ambition than by sympathy for factory hands. The people and those who care most for the people, feel this, and the bye elections show that, though Government still commands its great majority in Parliament, opinion out of doors has decidedly turned against it. The election of a Conservative, by a small majority, over a Home Ruler who voted with the Government on the Eastern Question, at Ross, a borough with only 210 voters, is a poor set-off against the Liberal majority of 1,500 at Bristol, and the Liberal victory at Maldon, a borough in Essex, hitherto the very closest Tory county in England. A dissolution of Parliament has been more than once announced by the organs of the Government, which would, of course, be very glad to take out a fresh seven years' lease of power; but evidently the reports of the political agents are unfavourable, and the dissolution is postponed.

Distress is creeping upwards. It begins among the workmen; from them it spreads to the small tradesmen who subsist upon the custom of the workmen, and who are now largely giving bills of sale. Some time will pass before the mass of hereditary and accumulated wealth is touched, or the income tax returns show a material falling off. By the last accounts it seemed that there had been no great falling off in the general revenue, including the excise; but this is a sign of doubtful import, inasmuch as it implies that the people have not yet brought their habits of expenditure, especially in drink, down to the level of their reduced wages. The same thing may be said with regard to the full theatres and excursion trains. Nor is it very wonderful or very scan-

dalous, whatever homilies political economy may read, that the men should not be ready, without a struggle, to give up luxuries to which they have become accustomed, or to allow twenty per cent. of their income to be cut off. What do we hear when people of the wealthier class are docked of part of their salaries and deprived of their wonted comforts? Sympathy is especially due to the unwillingness to relinquish the reductions which of late have been made in the hours of labour. In the case of the better workmen, such workmen, for instance, as the mass of the Associated Engineers, these added hours of leisure have been, to a large extent, an addition to civilization.

Still the British workman will have to come down, and the consequence will be cheaper labour, cheaper goods, and a more formidable competition to be encountered by other manufacturing countries. Sir John Macdonald will find the difficulties of a Protectionist policy increased.

Of course this state of things in its intensity will not last. In the prosperity of British industry there are certain enduring elements, such as the coal, and the qualities of the people, which, when the glut is over, will carry the country through. But the practical monopoly, which England has enjoyed from the Napoleonic wars down nearly to the present time, is lost and cannot be regained.

It has been alleged that, in consequence of the depression, Protectionism is gaining ground in England. This is hardly true. What is gaining ground, even in such sanctuaries of Free Trade doctrines as the Bradford Chamber of Commerce, is not Protection, but a desire to insist on Reciprocity. Protection, the object of which is to force new manufactories into existence, would be a bad remedy when the disease is not the dearth of manufactures but their superabundance. Reciprocity is more to the purpose, but before the foreigner yields to the

screw the British millions may be starved. Jingoism, at all events, the English people may renounce, and not, to the sound of Beaconsfieldian trumpets, pluck the bread out of their own mouths.

There is no use in talking about sending the sufferers here. Farm labourers we should welcome if they are hardy enough to bear the climate of the North-West. But the people from the factories would be perfectly useless and helpless; still more useless and helpless, if possible, would be the people from the poor quarters of London, who are absolutely fit for nothing but the petty trades and street callings by which they miserably subsist. Stone is being bought already to give employment to our own poor.

France appears first of the great European nations to have passed definitively from the state of a Monarchy into that of a Republic. Since the late election of Senators the Republican party has a large majority in the Upper Chamber as well as an overwhelming one in the Lower; and as the Legislature cannot be dissolved without the consent of the Senate, a repetition of the attempt of May has become impossible. Everything, unhappily, is still at the mercy of the army; but the army cannot act without somebody to give the word of command, and it is difficult to see how any one but a Republican can now find himself installed in the War Office. The Marshal, and, what is perhaps of more consequence, the Marechale, seem to be satisfied with the situation, the hateful Jules Simon and his wife being out of the way. The Marshal is simply an honest, stupid soldier, whose countenance has been compared to that of a cow staring at a railway train. He is probably as good an instrument as possible for keeping the army true to the Republic. Nothing is left for the Monarchists but the desperate course of conspiracy, in which it will be difficult for Legitimists, Orleanists and

Bonapartes to unite. On the Bonapartists the blow has fallen with special weight. Their party dwindles daily, as the old officials and soldiers of the Empire die; their pretender becomes more and more a stranger to France, and with every electoral defeat, the appeal to the authority of universal suffrage, on which they struggle to found a title which nothing else can give them and with which they clothe the nakedness of their usurpation, is made less tenable than ever. The appeal of Bonapartism to universal suffrage against the repeated verdicts of the people, is fast rivalling in absurdity the conventional appeal of theologians worsted in controversy, to a universal council of the Church. Frenchmen are not specially gifted with the power of swimming against the stream; they generally like to find themselves on the side of established authority, whether it be that of the Grand Monarque or the Mountain; and with regard to them, above the rest of mankind, it is true that nothing succeeds like success. We may expect to see this Republican victory followed by a general collapse of the opposition. In truth, not opposition, so much as universal conformity, is now the danger of the Republic; men who are not Republicans at heart may assume the name, glide into power, and, by mingling with the more genuine element, emasculate the party which has hitherto been rendered vigorous and enthusiastic by the desperate struggle for life. A sense of this danger among the Republicans of the Extreme Left seems already to have produced a Parliamentary spasm, which, however, is likely for the present to pass away.

Thus, apparently, after nearly a century of convulsive effort, sanguinary agony and tremendous vicissitude, closes in victory the French revolution, as the English revolution after a struggle of half the duration, closed in victory less decided, with the settlement of 1688. Politically, the battle

is won. In a social point of view the issue is more doubtful. A peasant proprietary, in place of the territorial nobility of the old regime, holds, it is true, the greater part of the land of France; democratic principles pervade the code, and the sentiment of equality has a strong hold on the people. It would probably be impossible, even for an Emperor, to restore primogeniture or to create an hereditary house of Peers. On the other hand, the representatives of the old aristocracy have been recruiting their wealth, drawing closer the bond of their union as a class, and regaining not a little of their social ascendancy. That the passion for rank and social grade is far from having been eradicated from French bosoms all the shrewdest observers declare. Dynastic claims and rivalries will probably now recede into the background, and whatever struggle remains, will be one between aristocracy and democracy waged beneath the forms of the Republic. Not a little influence will be exerted on the issue, by the course of religious opinion and the amount of force which the Church is able to bring to the aristocratic side. We have given up the idea that political progress can be carried on apart from the social, economical, and intellectual movements of our complex humanity.

In the social sphere, however, all over the world, though chiefly in monarchies under an oppressive military system, there are heavings and rumblings of a new revolution, which, if it ever comes to the birth, may make the French Revolution itself seem comparatively superficial. The Pope, that old custodian of the crumbling mansions of the past, is merely doting when he calls Communism the offspring of the Protestant Reformation, and when he denounces it as a violation of the social order typified by the hierarchy of heaven. But he does not dote when he describes it as a widespread, formidable and even portentous phenomenon of the

time. In Russia, under the name of Nihilism, it assails the whole existing order of things religious, political and social, not excepting the relations between the sexes. Its savage enthusiasm, and at the same time its lack of wisdom, are shown by attempts in several countries to assassinate the chiefs of the established system, and the dread of its advance is evidently impelling rival potentates to patch up their diplomatic quarrels and combine for mutual protection. A few years, by developing the strength of the movement, and disclosing its real dimensions, will enable us to say whether it is merely a speculative phase of the discontent arising from transient causes such as overtaxation, conscription and commercial depression, or whether it bodes radical and lasting change.

All doubt seems to be removed as to the prevalence, not only of fraud and intimidation, but of murderous outrage in Louisiana and some other Southern States during the late elections. The policy of conciliation honestly tried by President Hayes has failed, and the South remains solid in its political opposition to the Republican Government and unchanged in its determination to defy the law. The practical result will probably be the re-election of General Grant as the representative of the militant republic and of a sterner policy towards the malcontents of the South. It is a necessity to which good men will resign themselves with bitter reluctance; for Grant will bring back with him the 'machine' and the machinists; and when the hour strikes for his return to power and patronage the knell of administrative reform is tolled. It may be hoped, however, that experience has at least taught him that if government cannot be carried on by law it is better to employ directly and openly the requisite amount of force than to put political intrigue in the front with the military

force in reserve. The present condition of the South is, partly at least, the work of the carpet-bagging politicians, who were the agents of Grant's last government. If a State refuses to allow the laws of the Union respecting elections to go into effect, the best course surely is to disfranchise that State for a term of years.

The conflict between the North and the South was called a civil war; but the subjugation of the South by the North, in fact, resembled less the victory of one party over the other in a nation than the conquest of one nation by another. The relation of the South to the victor is rather that of Ireland to England or of Poland to Russia than that of the vanquished to the victorious party after the war between the Catholic League and the Huguenots in France, or after the English Revolution. The hostile elements are locally distinct; the defeated element forms a compact mass by itself, with its own monuments and its own memories; the grass may grow over the graves, but the dust of the conquered does not mingle with the dust of the conqueror. Military trophies preserved by the North attest the half-international character of the war. Then there is the negro difficulty, ever irrepressible. Still between the Northern and Southern States there flows no Irish Channel; the white race on both sides of the line is the same; the filaments of reviving union may spread through the middle ground of Virginia to the states which socially, as well as geographically, lie more remote; and trade and manufactures, raising their heads in New Orleans and other southern cities, may form an interest connected with the commercial North, devoid of unproductive sentiment and adverse to chivalrous disorder. The advantages of union, both political and economical, are so immense and so apparent that it will take a great deal of bad feeling, and even of social an-

tagonism, to countervail their attractive force.

If the political outlook of our neighbours is clouded, their financial and commercial outlook is much more sunny. The Republic has glided, without shock or friction, into sound currency. She might have done the same years ago if Repudiation would have held its tongue, and Party would have kept its reckless hands off the vital interests of the country. There is now no fear of a relapse; commerce, contracts and the ideas of the people will all adjust themselves to the sound basis, and form its effectual ramparts for the future. Well might the flags be hoisted in New York when the price of gold ceased to be quoted and that greatest and worst of gambling hells, the Gold Room, was for ever closed. American trade has gone through much tribulation, but a mass of commercial rottenness has been cleared away; hard pan as well as hard money has been reached; and unmistakable signs of reviving prosperity appear. Such is the opinion of most competent judges, free from any tendency to paint things too favourably for the Republic. No such tendency assuredly can be laid to the charge of the *London Times*, which winds up an account of the marvellous progress made in reducing the debt and interest by exclaiming, 'If the Americans can accomplish these things in hard times, we are almost afraid to ask ourselves what they will be able to do in the period of prosperity which, as Mr. Hayes and Mr. Sherman are agreed, is opening before them.'

General Grant, in the tour of glorification by which he is collecting the suffrages of the world in support of his candidature for the Presidency of the United States, has received by way of variety a slap in the face from the Cork City Council, who have not forgotten his attempt to make capital by an onslaught, in a Presidential message, on the Catholic Church. But in

Ireland, if one shillelagh is waved against you, another is sure to be waved in your defence. In answer to the 'insult' offered by the Cork Council rings forth a loud war whoop of sympathy with 'the great Orange Republican who had shot dead sixty craw-thumping Papists who, instigated by Italian priests, attempted to stop an Orange procession in Broadway.' Such are the fruits of the tree in its native soil; and they can hardly be said to have been improved by transplantation.

Poor Ireland will never find a leader! She had a leader in O'Connell; she has not had one since. Smith O'Brien had the enthusiasm but not the strategy. Isaac Butt has the strategy but not the enthusiasm. That Parnell and Biggar are sincere, nobody doubts, whatever may be thought of their obstructive policy, and naturally they do not want to be the chessmen of a mere tactician, whom they probably suspect of playing his own game. But who can tell at what end the sincere Home Rulers are driving? Some of them mean legislative independence, which would end in entire separation; what the rest mean they seem hardly to know themselves. Then their ecclesiastical and political tendencies pull hopelessly athwart each other. If they have a cause it must be that of oppressed nationality. Yet they league themselves, under ecclesiastical pressure, with the enemies of an oppressed nationality in Italy, with the enemies of an oppressed nationality in Bulgaria. They go in for Ottoman despotism, with the British Ascendancy men and the Jews. They support, as a body, in Parliament the Imperialist and military Tories, who, when they once fairly get the upper hand, will make short work of the Irish nation.

The results of the recent attempts to apply the Dunkin Act, seem to indicate that the Prohibitionists should pause and reflect before they continue

the agitation. This may be said without prejudice to a full recognition of the goodness of their aim, of the magnitude of the evil against which they contend, and of the value of the crusade as a proof of the existence of moral enthusiasm among the people. Unless the movement succeeds, it will do harm in more ways than one. It will deaden and suspend voluntary effort by the delusive hope of State interference. It will drive the publicans to league together in self-defence, and weld them into a compact political body, exerting an influence, which is sure to be noxious as well as powerful, over elections and general legislation. In England, the grasp of the Licensed Victuallers' Association is one of the most dangerous of those which are on the throat of British liberty.

Voluntary effort and voluntary associations—the old-fashioned Teetotalism, and the Bands of Hope—have done much good. The Bands of Hope especially are allowed in England to have been very effective, both in guarding the young and in training up missionaries for the cause. But it may be doubted whether any good has been done or is likely to be done by prohibitive legislation. In the United States prohibition is not the cause but the effect and the sign of temperance; the Anglo-Americans as a race are a very temperate people; opinion among them is strongly against drink; and it probably gains little or no additional force from the laws, which on the other hand somewhat loosen public morality by leading to evasion.

We come back always to the same thing. Sumptuary legislation cannot be enforced in a free community. The Czar Peter might have compelled his subjects to give up brandy as he compelled them to cut off their beards. He needed no aid from public sentiment to give effect to his ukase. But in a free community your law without public sentiment is a dead letter. Prohibitionists may be ready to call

upon the government for vigorous measures, but not one in ten of them would himself help the police in interfering with the private habits of his neighbours. Mere self-indulgence, however injurious to the man himself, is not an offence against the State, and people in general cannot be induced to treat it as if it were. Some persons hold tobacco to be 'slow poison;' others hold meat to be the same, as, if used in the excessive quantities in which many people use it, undoubtedly it is. Suppose the anti-tobacconists or the vegetarians to be anywhere in a majority, will it be their duty to close by law the shops of the tobacconists and butchers? If we want to change the diet or the habits of freemen, we must do it by argument and example. The end will not be so quickly attained as it would be by the ukase of the despot, but the work will be the more genuine, more lasting and more truly moral.

Of course anything may be done for the salvation of the State. If drink were proved to be a plague among us which only exceptional legislation could stay, everybody would consent to exceptional legislation. Perhaps strong measures may be necessary in England, where the licensed victuallers constitute a gigantic propaganda of evil, pushing its malignant influence, with the overwhelming force of vast capital, and widely ramifying connections, into every corner of the land, so that two or three cottages cannot be built near each other without at once bringing down the pest upon them. But in Canada all cool-headed observers say that the evil is declining, and that the habits of the present generation are better than those of the last. That there is an increase of moral sensibility on the subject, the existence of the Prohibitionist movement itself proves.

Punish drunkenness if it leads to indecency or outrage. Punish the drunken offender doubly, for the offence itself and for having voluntarily put himself in the way of committing

it by drowning his power of self-control. Apply to taverns, as they are notoriously apt to become scenes of excess, such exceptional regulations as public order may require. If a man is a confirmed drunkard, treat him as a lunatic, and take his wife and children out of his hands. In all this you will have the support of public sentiment, particularly as your law will be the same for rich and poor, whereas Prohibitionism, whatever its theory may be, practically draws a line between the rich man, who buys his liquor at the wine merchant's, and the poor man, who buys his liquor at the tavern. Much may be done also in the way of counter attractions; the coffee rooms, which Thomas Hughes, among others, has been active in establishing in England, have been very successful there, and seem likely to be equally so here. Even the substitution of wine or beer for whiskey would be an immense gain. Whiskey, such whiskey, at least, as our people get, is the real demon.

To the two evils, already mentioned as attending a futile agitation, may be added two more, the stimulus given to hypocritical intrigue among the politicians, who flirt with temperance for its votes, and the demoralization of the liquor trade itself, which must arise from branding it as the trade of poisoners and making it the object of a social persecution. At present many of our hotel and tavern keepers are very worthy men, who hate excess as much as any one and do their best to prevent it, from right feeling as well as because it drives decent customers from their doors.

A seizure of heterodox books at the Custom House, has caused reference to be made to the Act authorizing such detention. It is found that the grounds therein specified, and by which, of course, the action of the Custom House is limited, are immorality and indecency. The book, the seizure of which raised the question,

was a volume of lectures by Col. Ingersoll. It is an attack on all religions, notably on Christianity, the violence, petulance and occasional bad taste of which need all the excuse they derive from evident honesty of purpose and genuine desire to liberate the world from the bondage of what the writer takes to be dark and cruel superstition. But to say that the work is immoral or indecent in the obvious sense of those terms, would be absurd. The moral tone is decidedly high, and of indecency there is not a trace. It would seem, therefore, that the officers of the Customs, no doubt with the best intentions, exceeded in this case their duty as prescribed by the Act.

Nothing can be more natural than the desire of orthodox and devout persons to restrain the circulation of heterodox works, which must appear to them unspeakably worse than the most noxious miasma or the most deadly poison, inasmuch as they kill souls. But the caustic definition of orthodoxy and heterodoxy is well known; and it may be added, that the heterodoxy of one age is the orthodoxy of the next. Voltaire and Rousseau themselves, as decided theists, are orthodox compared with much of the philosophy, it might almost be said with the dominant philosophy of the present day. Col. Ingersoll's most rampant passages cannot be more shocking to Protestants than was Protestantism itself when first promulgated, to the liegemen of the ancient faith. Besides discrimination is impossible. The scepticism of the time is everywhere present: it pervades not only Renan, Strauss, and Comte, but Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot, and half the poetry or light literature that lies on our drawing-room tables. It pervades the writings not only of Radicals but of Conservatives, of the Conservative Taine, the Conservative Matthew Arnold, the highly Conservative Greg and Sir James Stephen. The popular periodicals are full of it. Is an

embargo to be laid on the *Contemporary*, the *Fortnightly*, the *Nineteenth Century*, and the *North American Review*? Or are the Customs to be entrusted with the duty of separating the tares from the wheat? Are they to cut out the articles of Mr. Harrison and Professor Clifford, and to leave those of Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning? Does not the fact that these four men use the same organs for the expression of their opinions, show most signally that perfect liberty of discussion is the law of our age?

Thoroughgoing repression, the repression by which Protestantism was stamped out in Spain, and entire freedom of thought—such are the alternatives to which the world, after many attempts to strike out a middle course, has found itself finally reduced. The rational part of the world has decisively chosen freedom of thought, and thinks itself justified by experience, which shows that gunpowder is less destructive when exploded in the open air. The other part of the world has its congregation of the Index, which, being a learned body and giving its whole attention to the work, is, at all events, a more trustworthy authority than the Customs. By half measures of exclusion you only betray your fear. At the same time you lead your clergy to repose their confidence in the protection of the State, instead of preparing themselves to do their duty by dealing with the difficulties of the day, and affording men new assurance of their faith. All sincere and thoughtful liegemen of Truth, in short, have made up their minds that perfect freedom of opinion best serves her cause.

A distinction may perhaps be drawn between heterodoxy and blasphemy, and it may be said that, though we cannot prevent heterodoxy, blasphemy, like obscenity, ought to be put down. That offensive attacks upon the cherished beliefs of others are culpable is certain, and every right minded man will discourage them, whatever his own opinions may

be. But blasphemy is not like obscenity, a thing easily identified, as to the characteristics of which all are agreed, and which all alike will in any given case pronounce wrong. To a Trinitarian a violent and contemptuous denial of the doctrine of the Trinity seems blasphemous; while to a Unitarian it seems nothing of the kind. To the mind of a Roman Catholic nothing can appear more blasphemous than the Protestant mockery of Transubstantiation and of the worship of the Virgin. When the law undertakes the protection of religious feeling it must protect the feelings of all alike, in which case the Customs, if they are to be invested with the inquisitorial authority, will be as much occupied with opinions as with goods. Moreover, all the world knows, or ought to know by this time, that the way to make a book sell is to prohibit its sale. The irregular speculations of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant on delicate topics were sinking quietly into the depths of Lethe, when some sensitive person took it into his head to indict them. Immediately the book sold by thousands, and during the days of the trial no one could walk through the streets of London without having it thrust by bawling peddlers into his face.

A movement, or something like one, has commenced in favour of a revision of the Canadian Constitution, with a view to simplification and reduction of expenditure. It was certain that as soon as Canada grew short of money she would ask herself whether eight constitutional monarchies, with their parliamentary paraphernalia, were indispensable in her case. The limited supply of statesmen and legislators, inevitable in a new country, points public thought in the same direction. The leading ministerial organ has supported the movement with demonstrations of the experiences of the present system. The Grit organ at once opens its batteries in reply, and enables Sir John

Macdonald, if he does not choose to move, to say that he would reform if it were not for the opposition of Reformers. It is a slight drawback to the plan of being led by a journal instead of a man that the leader has every morning to cry his counsels on the streets, while his method of reclaiming followers disposed to break the ranks is to assail them with public libels. The venerable ark of the Constitution on which the Grits would forbid us to lay sacrilegious hands is eleven years old; it was necessarily experimental; it was the creature, in some measure, of accidents connected with party conflict; and its framers were notoriously compelled, instead of freely carrying into effect their own designs, to compromise with the separatism of Quebec. No work of mortal hands can be a more legitimate subject of reconsideration and amendment.

On the face of it, the Constitution, as it exists, is an anomalous and imperfect structure. It is neither Federal nor National, but a nondescript cross between the two. A Federation is a group of states united for the purposes of mutual protection against enemies without, and of preserving peace and freedom of intercourse within. These objects supply the proper functions of the Federal government, while legislation, civil as well as criminal, and the police, are left to the States. But in our case protection is afforded and peace and freedom of intercourse between the Provinces are secured by the Government of the Imperial country, so that there are no distinctive duties for the Federal government to perform. On the other hand, the Federal government has transferred from the States to itself the criminal portion of legislation and the appointment of the entire judiciary, while the civil legislation, in deference to the Gallicism of Quebec, is irrationally left behind. To talk of finality in relation to such a system would be more than absurd.

The Grits themselves, have just practically changed the Constitution in a material point, by making the Provincial governments donkey engines to the Dominion government of the same party. The Prime Minister of Ontario pretends, that when he took the stump for the late Dominion Government, he was acting as a private citizen and not as Premier. Did he divest himself, during those months, of all his influence and patronage? What would he say if Mr. Justice Cameron, for instance, were to take the stump 'as a private citizen' in the approaching electoral campaign?

The Opposition, or rather the Liberal wing of it, seems inclined again to take up the reform of the Senate. Of course, the Ministerialists will meet the movement by showing that the Opposition while it had a majority, acquiesced in the abuse, though it espouses the cause of reform as soon as the power of carrying the measure has been lost. To this there can be but one satisfactory reply on the part of the Opposition—a frank avowal that when the reform of the Senate was abandoned, the party was under a leadership which it has now renounced and subject to influences from which it has now set itself free. In plain words, if the Liberals mean to do anything worth doing, they must make up their minds to bell the cat.

When the last number of the Magazine went to press, Mr. Tilley's loan was hanging fire. It went off at last, and it is reasonable to ascribe its success in some measure to the confidence felt in the new Government. The uncertainty was just sufficient to make us reflect and to warn us that we are weighed in the inexorable balance of the money market, not according to the magniloquence of Governors-General, but according to our real condition as seen by unsentimental eyes. The assertion of the Americans that the financial position of Canada is now not

much better than theirs, is one which, unfortunately, it is easier to resent than to confute. In proportion to the population, Canadian indebtedness is still much less; but, perhaps, it is almost as great in proportion to resources. What is worse, the United States are going rapidly the right way, while Canada is going the wrong way. Already they borrow on easier terms than she does.

Whether there was any official connection between the visit of the Finance Minister to England and that of Sir Alexander Galt, seems to be doubtful. The friends of a government with a broad basis, would willingly believe that there was, and that the old quarrel between Sir Alexander Galt and the present Premier was at an end.

Brown or Blake is still the question between the two wings of the Opposition. It is at bottom a question whether the Opposition shall be Tory or Liberal. The Brown wing eschew the name of Liberal and always call themselves Reformers. In England, the Liberals called themselves Reformers while they were engaged in clearing away the accumulated mass of actual abuses, such as rotten boroughs, close corporations, sinecure and religious disabilities, which remained after the long suspension of political life in the nation by the war with France. But they did not devote themselves for ever to the work of mere political scavengers. The Reform Club remains a monument of the great struggle by the actors in which it was founded; but the party now call themselves Liberals, as a token that they believe themselves to be the depositaries of principles good, not only for sweeping away an old abuse, but for the solution of all the great questions which society, in its progress, may present. What are the specific reforms that the 'Reformers' of Canada propose. They will not touch the Senate; if you moot the question, they tell you that you are a low

'School teacher,' and that you shall be made to repent of your temerity for the rest of your days. They will not touch the Provincial Governments. They will not touch the Customs Line. Reform evaporates into a general profession of superior purity, the concrete embodiments of which are Whitewashing Bills and Pay Grabs.

Brown or Blake? If it is to be Blake, Mr. Blake must exchange a little of his secluded dignity for a little of his rival's 'Push,' and above all things, let it be felt that he is a man who will stand by his friends. But to a bystander the question naturally occurs, why should the leader be an Ontario man at all? Before the last election, Ontario was the stronghold of the party, but it has now ceased to be so; nowhere was their defeat so signal. Liberalism in Quebec and the Eastern Provinces has always been bolder and more genuine than in Ontario, where it is narrowed and benumbed by oppressive influences, clan-nish and sectarian. Let the Eastern men at all events assert their due share of influence in the councils of the party, if they wish it ever again to take hold upon the attachment of the people.

All these questions will be considerably simplified if it should ever enter into the heads of the new stockholders in the Globe Printing Company, sales of whose stock we see reported in the Stock List, to move for the protection of their commercial interests against the political ambition of their Managing Director. They have the greater inducement to do so, because they must see that, if the *Globe* is allowed to remain a personal organ, there can hardly fail soon to be a fresh development of the independent Press.

Manœuvres for the weather gage at the approaching elections, are about all that the community is likely to get for the handsome sum, which, since the 'Pay Grab,' is paid for the services of members of the Parliament of Ontario. It seems, however, that

among these manœuvres, a reversal of the Pay Grab itself will find a place, for the constituencies have adhered with creditable tenacity to their condemnation of the affair, and it might go hard with the Government if they were not able to say that leaders of the Opposition had been among those who signed the round robbin. Whoever may have signed the round robbin, upon the Minister who commanded the majority, rests the chief responsibility for a measure, not less objectionable on account of the guilty manner in which it was huddled through the House without any time allowed to the public for comment and discussion, than on account of its intrinsic character. Stinginess is not good policy, and if legislators are to be paid at all, they ought to be paid enough; to pay them insufficiently is to leave them still open to the temptation to pay themselves by illicit means. But any increase of their salaries ought to be adjudged to them, not by their own authority, but by the direct vote of the people.

Toronto has been horror-stricken by the tidings that a clergyman had died of hunger. The case has turned out to be not so bad as it was represented; it was not a case of famine, though it was a case of privation, and it appears that Mr. Checkley was stinting himself to pay off debts of his own. Still the fact remains that his income was inadequate; and there was enough to furnish a text for the very striking and effective article of the *Mail* protesting against the multiplication, out of mere restlessness and caprice, or out of sectarian rivalry, of churches built on credit and unable to pay a proper stipend to the pastor. In the debate on the Irish Establishment some one likened the church to man who, though a spiritual being, still has his foundations in the dust. Ecclesiastical economy requires attention, even in a more comprehensive way than that indicated by the *Mail*. Why should every village, here and

in the States, have two or three Protestant churches, an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, and, perhaps, a Baptist church also, each with a pastor insufficiently paid? Why cannot they combine? Roman Catholics, of course, must have churches to themselves; a man who does not believe in Transubstantiation cannot attend mass, because he would be taking part in what to him is a false miracle. Perhaps the Ritualist, for similar reasons, requires a separate church also. But Protestants, who have renounced the sacerdotal and sacramental principles, are divided from each other only by differences which, though they seemed of vital importance centuries ago are now, if not merely nominal, wholly insufficient to preclude unity of worship or attendance at sermons embodying the practical doctrines of religion. Of course there are the organizations, the prejudices and the vested interests; and we have seen the difficulty of unification, even in the case of the several sections of the Church of Scotland, which, there being no question as to the relations between Church and State in this country, were separated absolutely by no difference of doctrine from each other. To make one door for the cat and another door for the kitten was hardly more ridiculous than was the complex provision for the bodies of Calvinists and Caledonians undistinguishable from each other except to the historic eye, but which, nevertheless, it cost prodigious effort to reduce to unity. Still, people of sense may keep the object in view, and work towards it as well as they can. They may refuse at all events to assist in building a second Protestant church where there is already one, no matter of what denomination, sufficient to accommodate the neighbourhood. The people in general care very little for theological fancies, and will use any church with a good pastor that is conveniently near them. The clergy themselves, who suffer most by the system, are the great

separatists, and if they choose to persist in dividing the salary among three or four, it cannot all go to one.

It is assumed, that in the late elections great things were done for the Conservatives by the United Empire Club. The fact may be doubted: the victory was mainly due, as has been said before, to three things, the National Policy, the personal ascendancy of Sir John Macdonald, and the revolt of genuine Liberals against the reactionary tyranny of the *Globe*, with none of which could the United Empire Club, however zealous and skilfully managed, have much to do. Still it was natural that the other party in its turn should wish to try the talisman. Canada is thus likely to be saddled with the system of party clubs; and a very objectionable system, under the political and social circumstances of the country, it will probably be. The precedent of the English Carlton and Reform, is not to the point. These clubs are social centres of the two parties, but they now do little or nothing in the way of wire-pulling or interference at elections. One of them, at all events, has no election committee or fund. The headquarters for everything of that kind are the offices of the party 'whips.' But besides this, the Carlton and Reform are in London, which is at once the political and social capital; and they are in the hands of the leaders and magnates of the two parties, men of the highest station and character, who are always present during the session, and who could never allow anything questionable to go on. But these Toronto Clubs are not even in the political capital; they will be very imperfectly under the control even of the political leaders and such social magnates as there are; almost inevitably they will become engines of low wirepulling, and in time breed political vermin. The representation will be more than ever filched away from the people, and made over to intriguers.

Whatever good influence ordinary clubs may have in the way of social control and training, party clubs will lack, inasmuch as they can hardly venture in enforcing rules to alienate a political supporter. Toronto society will be more than ever divided, and the spirit of sectionalism which is the pest of the country, will be increased. It will be lucky, if, in course of time, our places of legal and commercial business feel no inconvenience from the freemasonry generated by strict party affiliation.

The English Clubs again are not political decoys. Entrance to them is not easy, except in the cases of members of Parliament or politicians of mark, whose opinions must, of course, have been formed. In our country, as experience already shows, the tendency will be to draw in young men, who will thus consign themselves to political vassalage before they have had time to look about them, and renounce, probably for ever, the freedom of inquiry, which is the best part of their intellectual heritage, and to exercise which is their highest duty towards their country. The game of politics is as exciting as a game of cricket, and in plunging into it a young man may be pardoned for forgetting that to take a side at cricket for a day is one thing, and to take a side for life in politics is another. Independence of mind is the one thing which, as everybody allows, Canada wants, and any one who did not know the world, might grow impatient at the apparent futility of all attempts to foster that quality, and the seemingly invincible tenacity of the most senseless party bonds.

The workingmen, too, are evidently allowing themselves, in great numbers, to be robbed of their political independence, and pent up in party folds. If, at an election time, any one of them presumes to do what he thinks right for his order and for his country, out rushes some political sheep dog and, with loud and menacing bark, drives

him back into the flock. Do not the workingmen see that the politician uses them for his ends, not for their own? Do they not see that, by giving themselves up to this sort of bondage, they forfeit the just influence of their order as well as betray their duty to the community at large?

Ought a good citizen, seeing the system of sectionalism generally so rooted, to conform and go into some anti-national league, for the sake of sharing the influence which it yields? Certainly, he ought not. If we have a little patience we shall perhaps see the end. Perhaps we see the beginning of the end now. One of the great safeguards of Canada are a body of men, mostly commercial, who preserve their independence and support the great interests of the country against the wrong-doer, whoever he may be; who, on national grounds, went against Sir John Macdonald in 1874, and on the same grounds helped him back to power the other day. No inconsiderable portion of the Press too, is now independent, and the independent journals are decidedly making way. Two years ago the *Canadian Spectator* would have been an impossibility, but now it is a power.

Is it possible, without incurring the charge of sedition to say a word in favour of Canadian self-respect? Our journals have been quoting with gusto the following passage from the Canadian correspondence of an English paper:

‘I once asked a devoted mother what she thought of Lord Dufferin. She straightway told me she had only seen him twice. The first time she had with her one of her beloved children, the delights of whose society she shared with Lord Dufferin for a brief ten minutes. Two years later the Governor-General, passing through Quebec, met her again, and his greeting was, “Well Mrs. —, how’s Lilian?” Can anything be more eloquent than this little story? A man who could remember over two

years the weakness of a mother and the name of a child is just the man to succeed in the delicate task of governing for the Queen in Canada. Multiply the effect of this adroit graciousness by the tens of thousands of persons with whom Lord Dufferin has conversed, and it is not difficult to account for the unbounded and unprecedented popularity of the Governor-General whom it is the lot of Lord Lorne to succeed.'

Is it a cause for exceeding self-gratulation to know that we are supposed to be best managed by the arts which broad caricature represents as used to win an Eatanswill election? And why is the task of governing for the Queen in Canada so particularly delicate? Are Canadians so fractious, so turbulent or so foolish that to get along pretty well with them should be impossible for any one but a statesman endowed with the prodigious genius which is shewn by remembering a child's name for two years? Neither Lord Lisgar nor Lord Monck was deemed a miracle of administrative power, yet both, by doing their duty in an unostentatious way, managed to escape any great disaster. An American journal, the other day, had, evidently from an English source, an account of Lord Dufferin's administration, in which he was represented as having found Canada in a most dangerous condition, torn by political faction and religious strife, and as having, by his wonderful statesmanship, restored peace among us and averted some great calamity. When Lord Dufferin came to Canada party feeling ran high, and it ran just as high when he went away. When he came, Orangemen and Roman Catholics were fighting, and they were fighting worse than ever, as it happened, at the time of his departure. When he came British Columbia was malcontent, and malcontent, in spite of his soothing speeches, British Columbia remains. In general respects the late Governor-General

found the Dominion perfectly calm, and he left it no calmer than he found it. His display of statesmanlike skill in grappling with extraordinary difficulties is a myth which, to shew that a commercial age is not entirely devoid of imagination, has grown up under our very eyes. If the late Governor-General had been a Vice-Providence he would have been responsible for the commercial distress which about coincided with his tenure of office, but which, as a matter of fact, seems hardly to have fallen under his notice, even when he was speaking amidst the deserted wharves and desponding population of Quebec.

Lord Dufferin's successor will, therefore, not find that a very herculean task is imposed upon him, unless he deems it part of his duty to manipulate opinion, in which case he will certainly find it hard to rival his predecessor's eloquence, grace and address. But why should he deem it part of his duty to manipulate opinion? Why not be content with discharging the proper functions of a Governor-General and leave opinion to form itself as it may? An officer who is in a country only for five years, can hardly be charged with the mental development of the nation. To speak plain truth is for Royal or Viceregal personages almost as difficult as to get the plain truth spoken to them; and the propagation of flattering illusions with the authority of imposing rank, can do no real good to the people nor bring the flatterer any lasting gratitude.

P.S.—The American Republic glided smoothly and successfully into resumption; but malignant fortune seems to have a trick still in store. If Congress were only a fair representation of the sense and morality of the American people all would go pretty well. But, unfortunately, the Congressman, elected under the system of party and wire-pulling, is considerably below the level of the average citizen; hence the State is continually being brought to

the brink of ruin by Congress and saved by the people. The Press, also,

has, in this financial struggle, played on the whole an honourable part.

ROUND THE TABLE.

IN the January number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY reference was made in the 'Papers by a Bystander' to the opinions which I have from time to time expressed, on the dismissal by Lieut.-Governor Letellier, of the De Boucherville Cabinet. From the commencement of the controversy, in March last, up to the present time, the only point on which the assailants of Lieut.-Governor Letellier have been able to agree, is that he acted on that occasion in a manner highly censurable. By the violent partizans of the ex-Ministers, the Lieut.-Governor's dismissal from office has not only been demanded, but has been pressed on the responsible advisers of the Governor-General in a mode which I believe to be without precedent. It is satisfactory to find that 'A Bystander' recognizes British constitutional usage as applicable to the case of the Lieut.-Governor, for most assuredly those partizans of the De Boucherville Government, who have taken a prominent part in the discussion, have denied that the Lieut.-Governor possesses the same powers as to Provincial, as the Governor-General does as to Dominion, and the Queen as to Imperial affairs. They probably lost sight of the consequence of their theory of government which would necessarily be, that to whatever extent the powers of the Lieut. Governor were limited, the powers of the Provincial Cabinet would be increased. 'A Bystander' claims from me an admission that 'in the absence of writ-

ten laws the exercise of power under the British Constitution is regulated by unwritten usage equal in force to law.' I can make no such admission, but will endeavour to explain my views on the point raised. When legal questions are under the consideration of our tribunals, the decisions of courts, having the highest appellate jurisdiction, are held to have the force of law, and I should readily admit that, in a case of constitutional usage, a formal decision by Parliament or even by a majority of the House of Commons would be entitled to great weight. I cannot, however, accept the dictum of 'A Bystander' as being 'equal in force to law.' Reference is made to the dismissal of the Whig Ministers by William the IV., in 1833, which, it is alleged, 'was the last departure from the principle, and it would now be universally condemned as an intrigue.' The dismissal in question was not, according to the best authorities, unconstitutional, although held by many to have been unwise. It was not condemned by the House of Commons, no motion of censure having even been proposed. Sir R. Peel's resignation was caused by his defeat on a motion for the appropriation of the surplus property of the Irish Church. 'A Bystander' has in another part of his paper admitted that the Crown possesses ample power, and I contend that the exercise of such power is not unconstitutional, though it may be very unwise; and as it is hardly probable that any act which has been

condemned by Parliament will be repeated, 'the unwritten usage' will practically be found to have nearly if not quite 'the force of law.' What I contend for is this, that the test is not the dismissal of the Ministry, which is perfectly constitutional and in accordance with usage, but the ground on which the dismissal is based. I will put a case as nearly analogous as circumstances will admit. I will suppose that one of the subordinate members of the De Boucherville administration had died during the Session, and that the Premier, on submitting the name of his successor for the approval of the Lieut.-Governor, had been told by him that he could not take his advice, and that he had no further occasion for his services. Such an act would, in my opinion, have been very unwise, and the precedent of Lord Melbourne's dismissal by William the IV. might have been fairly cited as affording ground for its condemnation. I emphatically deny that there is any such settled principle as that cited by 'A Bystander,' that a constitutional king is restrained 'from dismissing his Ministry except upon an adverse vote of Parliament.' I must have much higher authority than the mere dictum of 'A Bystander' before I can recognize a principle which would confer a most dangerous power on an unscrupulous Minister. I cannot admit the correctness of 'A Bystander's' definition of the Queen's powers, notwithstanding that it has been pronounced by an eminent Conservative organ to be 'a simple wiping out' of the arguments of such writers as myself. The Queen cannot, if I correctly understand Her Majesty's Constitutional prerogatives, declare war 'of her personal fancy,' or 'confer a dukedom on her Scullion or make her First Lord in Waiting Admiral of the Channel Fleet.' For all such acts she must have the advice and the signature of a responsible Minister liable to impeachment for his miscarriages. 'A Bystander' has

adopted the views of the assailants of Lieut.-Governor Letellier as to his having been influenced by corrupt motives in the dismissal of his Ministers. After alleging that there was 'a strong party inducement to get hold of the Quebec Government,' he states that 'if the dismissal was immediately preceded as was asserted at the time, by a conference between the Lieut.-Governor and the leader of his party, it must be said to wear the aspect of an intrigue.' 'A Bystander' has been justly reproached for his illogical conclusion that 'Lieut.-Governor Letellier's head, however, had better not be cut off.' If 'A Bystander' could establish his premises that the Lieut.-Governor had acted from corrupt motives, that he had intrigued with the leader of his party, and had made his office an instrument of conspiracy in the interest of party, I should certainly not condemn those, who have demanded his removal from office, as strongly as I am at present inclined to do. Believing all those imputations to be wholly without foundation, and that on the real issue, on which Mr. De Boucherville was dismissed, the Lieut.-Governor was not only right, but that his views are in accordance with the public opinion of the Province of Quebec, I must enter my protest against the line of argument resorted to by 'A Bystander.' It was not without amazement that I read the remarks on Lord Palmerston's case which has not the slightest analogy to the one under discussion. In that case the Crown, on the advice of the Cabinet, dismissed a Minister just as Lieut.-Governor Letellier might have dismissed Mr. Angers on the advice of Mr. De Boucherville and his other colleagues. Had Lord John Russell, who was then Premier, signified his approval of the *coup d'état* and been dismissed, as he probably would have been, the Cabinet would have been broken up as Mr. De Boucherville's was. 'A Bystander' fails to draw the distinction between the

Prime Minister and the other members of the Cabinet, though I should have thought it sufficiently obvious. It has been alleged by one of the Conservative allies of 'A Bystander' that Lord Palmerston's case has been relied on by the defenders of the Lieut.-Governor, and that 'A Bystander' has destroyed all analogy between it, and the dismissal of the De Boucherville Government. Lord Palmerston's case was not relied on, as an authority for the dismissal of a Minister by the Sovereign, but was adduced in order to prove that the Queen would not permit a Minister to act without her express sanction, and was strictly in point as Mr. De Boucherville was dismissed on a similar ground. It seems most extraordinary that 'A Bystander' should have discussed the case at some length without ever adverting to the alleged cause of dismissal, viz., the introduction of a bill without the consent or even the knowledge of the Lieut.-Governor, containing a provision for conferring on the Governor-in-Council the power to decide as to the liability of certain Municipalities for large bonuses which they disputed, and after decision to enforce payment, thus superseding the legal tribunals of the Province. This was the real issue as 'A Bystander' must be aware, if he has studied the question, and yet it has been completely evaded, and corrupt motives attributed to an officer charged with duties of the highest importance, and who, it should be assumed, in the absence of proof to the contrary, has endeavoured to discharge them faithfully in the interest of the people. It is alleged by 'A Bystander' that our Lieut.-Governors 'unfortunately are partizans.' It might be affirmed with as much truth that our judges unfortunately are partizans because they have been members of political parties before their accession to the Bench. Why, I would ask, should not a Lieut.-Governor discharge his duties as conscientiously and as free from partizan

feeling as a Judge? I will observe, in conclusion, that the more thoroughly the Quebec Constitutional question is discussed, the more clearly will it appear that the dismissal of the De Boucherville Administration was in accordance with the highest constitutional authorities, and notably of Mr. Gladstone, in his recent article in the 'North American Review,' entitled 'Kin beyond the Seas.' I can scarcely doubt that Mr. Gladstone's authority will have weight with 'A Bystander.'

F. HINCKS.

—It has often been remarked that women have very seldom any sense of humour, and, as a rule, the remark generally holds good. But has it been the fate of any fellow-guest at this our Table Round, to meet some of those women in society, who, without one atom of appreciation of true wit—being often even physically and mentally incapable of seeing a joke, are yet wholly possessed with the idea and are extraordinarily fond of informing you, that they have a 'keen sense of the ridiculous?' These people, who are so over-burdened with their own belief in their far-sightedness are of two kinds, the exasperating kind—far-sighted folks who can see farther than any one else, farther indeed than the author of the joke or witticism—and the utterly self-deceived kind, who have not got so far as even to know what elements constitute wit.

The exasperating kind always believe that there is 'something under it.' They will not accept the cream as the real out-come of the jest; there *must* be to them, something underneath it.

They laugh a knowing laugh, they think they have found you out; or they pine to have it 'all explained.' (Oh ye gods! dissecting froth and articulating wind!) These people utterly fail to comprehend such books as 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.' They insist upon some deep under-

lying plot; the white rabbit is a symbol, the knave of hearts an artful emblem. *They* know all about it, and have found it out long ago. They are content to let nothing alone, they know so very, very much.

The utterly self-deceived kind are more harmless, though quite as annoying in their way. They confound wit with exaggeration.

This class is intensely realistic. They go to church, and on coming home they tell you laughingly, that they could not avoid being struck by the way Mr. J. walked up the aisle, didn't you see it? Or they describe Mrs. W's bonnet—all on one side; or the eccentric contortions of Mr. H's mouth, when singing that first hymn; or the manner of Miss P. when settling herself for the sermon. They know, they tell you, with charming frankness, that they ought not to have been distracted from their devotions by those things, but then—their sense of humour is so fine, their critical acumen so delicate, their perceptions so keen, that they cannot help it.

They often deplore that they are so constituted, and affect to envy the blunter senses of their neighbours.

These persons cannot enter a car, or take a walk, without coming across as many marvels as would satisfy a travelling showman. It all comes from their 'keen sense of the ridiculous,' in other words, in their power of unconscious exaggeration. These very people, so far from comprehending fun, are absolutely unable to get up the least shadow of interest in the 'Pickwick Papers,' or in any of Dickens' works, and are dead to the influence of 'Punch.'

I have warned you—fellow-guests—so if you meet a specimen of either class, get ready all your stock of patience and forbearance, for it will be sorely needed.

A. R.

—I wonder if anyone will believe that the renowned violinist, Camillo

Sivori, ever played upon a little red-painted fiddle, (I can hardly call it a *violin*) price one shilling! 'Nonsense!' you cry, 'unless his father bought him a toy fiddle when he was a very little boy.' Not so, my friends, Sivori was no little boy, but already a celebrated man, and the fiddle was—*mine!*

When I was quite a small child, about five I think, I lived several months in the same house in London, England, with Camillo Sivori.

I remember him well. I have a portrait of him, just as he was then—small and very dark—with curly black hair (which I often pulled), and brilliant eyes. He perfectly worshipped his violin, and used to say, 'Dis is my wife!' Indeed, I was once told, in joke, that my dear Sivori was *married*—but my grief was so intense—and my jealousy too—that they were glad to tell me that it was only to his *violin*—that Sivori had vowed himself! I was his little pet—and he always called me '*Le bijou de la maison*'—and such foreign sweetmeats as he regaled me with! When I heard him on the stairs, I used to rush out and call 'Sivori, Sivori!' 'What you want, my leetle dear?' 'Oh! Sivori, *do* play on my violin, please!' Then I used to carry my treasure down to his parlour, and, after a grand tuning up and resining of the bow, he would begin, bending low his head in pretence that he could not hear so small a sound, whilst I gazed upon him in speechless wonder and delight, for I adored him, and I adored music. He generally finished up the performance with imitations of various animals—the donkey, I think, predominating, for the bray of which noble quadruped my little instrument was peculiarly fitted.

Many a time since those early days have I listened to him in crowded halls, whilst thousands of people hung—in breathless silence—upon his exquisite tones. I have heard the spontaneous burst of deafening applause ring through the vast assemblage—

and witness his return to the platform either to repeat his delicious strains, or simply to bow his acknowledgments, but never have I heard and seen him on these occasions without my thoughts flying back, and this picture springing up before me—Sivori daintily holding my

precious red-painted shilling-fiddle, trying to draw some sort of tone from it with the scratching little bow, and with the fun beaming in his dark eyes, crying, 'Oh, scrape, scrape! What *stuff!* what *stuff!*'

F. J. M.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

TWENTY years ago the herculean labours and studies of Henry Thomas Buckle found vent in the publication of three introductory volumes, bearing the title of the *History of Civilization in England*.* The design of the author was stupendous, his conception was magnificent, and scholars everywhere stood amazed and bewildered at the tremendous mass of material the historian brought to bear on his subject. Had the author been spared to finish his work it would have been the completest and most brilliant thing of its kind ever written, but Buckle died early, leaving behind him this fragment of a work destined itself to be magnificent. Buckle was not a genius, nor a florid word-painter. He was a close student, a scholar who delved deep among the treasures of half-forgotten and almost extinct lore, and a brilliant essayist. He had some faults of style, however, and his reasoning was not always sound, and Macaulay once called him an anticipator whose book perpetually reminded him of the 'Divine Legation,' a work which a critic says 'dazzles while it is unable to convince.' Buckle instructs, but he sometimes

puzzles only; and many of his queries are merely clever paradoxes, couched in an elegant phraseology which deceives the reader at first into a mistaken notion as to the author's real meaning. This much criticism only may we offer about a work which has stood the test of years, and withstood many a vigorous assault on the secrets which it teaches. It continues to hold its own among the scholarly books of the world, and all students still point to it as a marvel of erudition and as a safe guide to historical study. The plan of the author was an exceedingly good one. It embraced a wide range of thought, great skill in the grouping of matter, and powerful analysis of human character and motive. He was not permitted to do more than write the mere introduction to his work, but what he has left us—though called a fragment—is sufficient to enable the reader to grasp the meaning of the author, and learn, to a large degree, the scope and manner of the work which grew in his mind. It does even more than this, for it is complete as far as it goes, and every page exhibits a wealth of learning, research, and examination which must commend it to all thoughtful and studious men. The copy before us is the first Canadian edition of *Buckle's Civilization*

* *History of Civilization in England*, by Henry Thomas Buckle, in three volumes, new edition. Toronto: Rose-Belford Pub. Co.

ever issued. It is in three handsome volumes, uniform with Greg's Creed of Christendom and a Modern Symposium. The publishers have placed the price at a low figure, in order that copies of this famous work may find a place in every well-selected library in Canada.

If Dr. Holmes were not a brilliant essayist and a most charming poet, he would still be a delightful biographer. His recent Memoir of John Lothrop Motley,* the eminent historian of the Netherlands, is a conscientious and generous study of that able man. In it Dr. Holmes has done for Motley what Mr. Pierce has, in a measure, done for Charles Sumner. He presents the subject of his biography in a most effective and true light, and the social, professional, and political part of his career is described with great warmth and power. Dr. Holmes knew Motley intimately for many years. He knew him at College when a boy, and during the last twenty or twenty-five years of their lives, the intimacy formed in youthhood ripened into friendship of the most marked and strongest kind. In common with other distinguished Americans, the author of this Memoir felt that the recall of Mr. Motley from England in November, 1870, was an indefensible outrage, a wholly unjustifiable proceeding and an action of the most contemptible character. And Dr. Holmes has found no reason to change his mind since then. In the volume before us this portion of the subject is treated in a masterly and scathing manner. The fickle Government then in power is denounced in terms of great bitterness, and its littleness and narrow-minded prejudices are displayed in a way which will send its memory down to well-deserved contempt. The biographer deals with his subject in an admirable spirit. He

has no revengeful feelings. He has no strong political predilections to advance. He does not strike with a bludgeon, but with the weapon which he knows how to use so well, he lays bare the hypocrisy of the Cabinet at Washington, and in a trenchant sentence or two he disposes of the miserable and petty jealousy which led to the recall of one of the ablest ministers who had ever represented his country at the English Court of St. James. It is now a well-known fact that Mr. Motley owed his removal from office to the childish jealousy which existed at the capital between President Grant's Cabinet and Senator Sumner—America's greatest statesman since Henry Clay. Achilles was invulnerable save in the heel. Charles Sumner was invulnerable save in the heart. The Government knew of the warm love which the two great men of the nation bore to each other, and when General Grant quarrelled with Sumner about the Treaty of San Domingo, he aimed a direct blow at the statesman's heart, and the biographer of John of Barneveld was dismissed in the thoroughly cold-blooded manner in which these things are oftentimes done. Of course, there was an excuse urged by the Government for its action, but the flimsy pretext had been disposed of long before the letter asking Mr. Motley to resign had been written and despatched, and was only revived again when the Treaty question came up and Sumner refused to yield his point. The coincidence was too great and the pretentious excuse availed little. The insult hastened Sumner's death, and preyed upon and rankled in the sensitive mind of the historian. In placing on record the truth of this disgraceful proceeding, Dr. Holmes has paid a generous tribute to the memory of his dead friend as well as presented to all peoples a splendid contribution to the political history of the United States. Many will thank him for this. His own great name will add tremendous

* *John Lothrop Motley*. A Memoir. By DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

weight to his clear and succinct narrative, and the future historian will find materials here in plenty for a brilliant chapter of stirring events.

Of the life and times of Motley, Dr. Holmes, of course, writes very fully and charmingly. He traces the career of the spirit-minded youth from his early boyhood to manhood, and lets in much light concerning his college days, his literary life and habits, his diplomatic trials and his domestic happiness. Motley's method of composition, his extraordinary industry and diligence, his wonderful command of language, his delicious epistolary correspondence, his habit of thought and his strong friendships and warm-heartedness, are all described with a loving and tender hand. Not the least interesting part of this pleasant volume are the kindly letters which the historian wrote at intervals to the author himself, to Prescott, to Amory, to Edward Quincy and other friends, which Dr. Holmes here inserts and edits with such gentle care.

It is almost too soon to write the biography of such an active man as John Lothrop Motley, but Dr. Holmes has managed to do it without causing offence to living persons. The utmost delicacy has been bestowed on the work where delicacy of touch was necessary and where sensitive minds might suffer. But with public events and political men, and the affairs belonging to politics, the biographer has pursued a widely different course.

The Memoir is based on the biographical sketch which the author prepared at the request of 'The Massachusetts Historical Society,' for its proceedings, and contains, besides a steel portrait of Motley, Mr. Bryant's beautiful sonnet, and the tender poem which Mr. W. W. Story wrote on the death of the historian.

Bankers and merchants, as well as all students of political economy, will find in Mr. Poor's 'Money and its

Laws'* a work of great value and importance. It is not too much to say that no completer treatise on the subject of the law and uses of money and monetary theories has, up to this date, been published. The author is a gentleman who has given the best years of his life to the study of what may not inaptly be termed one of the exact sciences. His name is familiar in every bank and monetary institution as an authority of high character, and his extensive researches and erudition have rendered his reputation unassailable. In the large work before us there is abundant evidence of the usefulness of Mr. Poor's labours. His book is a history of money and its theories from the days of Aristotle down to our own times. The ideas of Locke, of Macaulay, of Adam Smith, of John Law, of David Hume, of Dugald Stewart, of Thornton, of Huskisson, of David Ricardo, of Thomas Tooke, of James R. McCulloch, of John Stuart Mill, of H. D. Macleod, of James W. Gilbert, of Henry Fawcett, of W. Stanley Jevons, of Bonamy Price, various eminent continental writers, Francis Bowen, Wm. G. Sumner, A. R. Perry and David R. Wells are given both in the text and in notes. A very able chapter treating on currency and banking in the United States concludes the book. Mr. Poor is particularly severe on the late Chief-Justice Chase, whom he convicts of falsehood and political dishonesty. The volume is a perfect mine of wealth. It is apt in quotation, rich in illustration, and written in an attractive and readable manner. There is no index to the book, but the table of contents has been most carefully prepared, and that always useful appendage, the index, may in this instance be dispensed with. The hints and suggestions which crowd the pages will prove very valuable to all practi-

* *Money and its Laws.* By HENRY V. POOR. New York, H. V. & H. W. Poor. London; Eng., Henry S. King & Co. Toronto; Hart & Rawlinson.

cal dealers in funds, as well as to the speculative theorists who regard the money question as a vast problem merely.

Mr. Poor has just sent out a small companion volume to his greater work, entitled 'A Hand-book for the Times.*' It treats in a concise way of the irreconcilable distinction between currencies of banks and banks and other questions arising out of commercial affairs, and monetary transactions. It is really a short book about funds generally, a text-book which every counting room should have, and with which every bank should be supplied. The Silver Question, Legal Tender currencies, Specie Payments, the American Greenbacks, and the coinages of Europe and America are severally discussed in this little book. It may well be commended for its usefulness.

Mr. H. W. Richardson has also some thoughts on the money question, and in a *brochure*, entitled *Paper Money*,† he presents a number of interesting facts, bearing upon the current financial discussion. He takes up the Resumption Act, the Greenback theory, the Continental Question, the National credit, cheap money, Interconvertible Bonds, the American system of Finance—a most valuable and useful chapter—John Law's Legal-tender Notes, &c., &c. Though specially designed to meet the present needs of the United States capitalists and people, the little volume will be found quite beneficial to the Canadian reader. It is full of information of a very desirable character.

What shall we say of *A Masque of*

* *Resumption of the Silver Question*; embracing a sketch of the coinage, &c., of the legal tender currencies of the United States and other nations. *A Hand-book for the Times*, by HENRY V. POOR. New York: H. V. & H. W. Poor. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Paper Money*, by H. W. RICHARDSON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

*Poets?** In several respects it is a disappointing book. There are poems in it quite unworthy of type and the handsome setting which they receive. There are others again which are good in places—good enough to make us wish they had been better. And then there are some real gems—poems which will live and bear frequent quotation. With the wide field open to him, we must wonder how the editor failed at all to furnish a really splendid book in every way. There was surely no lack of material, and the freshness of the idea and general plan of the work as foreshadowed some months since, led every one to expect something very rare and unique in poetry. We must take what we can get, however, and may safely recommend the book as the first of its class, and as the repository of some really excellent bits of verse. The publishers invite us to guess the authorship of the poems furnished, and this would be a very difficult thing to do. When poets write anonymously, they generally take every means in their power to conceal their identity, to throw the reader off his guard and perpetrate other minor offences against the well-being of the society of letters at large. We have read the book and we are afraid to hazard a guess. We do not wish our readers to witness our humiliation, should we offer a wrong opinion. It would not require a very prophetic eye or mind, however, to discover the share Mr. Fawcett, and Mr. Aldrich, and Mr. Trowbridge, and Celia Thaxter and some others have had in this work of writing with a masque over their faces. 'Starlight,' and a 'Mood of Cleopatra,' are clearly by Edgar Fawcett, and our readers will recognize the manner of the poet at a glance, in this quotation from the latter piece :

'Then would she clap her small swart hands,
And soon the obeisant slaves would bring
Rare cups and goblets oddly wrought
With sculptured shapes in circling bands,
Or many a strange heratic thing
Whereof these latter times and lands

* *A Masque of Poets*, including Guy Vernon, a novelette in verse. 'No Name Series.' Boston, Roberts Bros.; Toronto, Hart and Rawlinson.

Know either vaguely or know naught,—
With Athor, Isis, one-armed Khem,
Snake, Scarab, ibis, wing'd ball,
Quaint Coptic anaglyph; and all
These vessels, to the brims of them,
With deadliest poisons had been fraught.'

Mr. Aldrich is not at all successful in hiding his personality. 'The Search' is too unmistakably his. It would be known among a thousand other poems. It has the true Aldrichesque *motif* and delicacy. He says:

'Give me the girl whose lips disclose,
Whene'er she speaks, rare pearls in rows,
And yet whose words more genuine are
Than pearls or any shining star.

'Give me those silvery tones that seem
An angel's singing in a dream,—
A presence beautiful to view,
A seraph's, yet a woman's too.

'Give me that one whose temperate mind
Is always toward the good inclined,
Whose deeds spring from her soul unsought—
Twin-born of grace and artless thought;

'Give me that spirit,—seek for her
To be my constant minister!'

'Dear friend,—I heed your earnest prayers,—
I'll call your lovely wife downstairs.'

We are not sure that Mr. Aldrich did not write *The Angler* too. It seems good enough to be his.

Lowell, if he contributed at all to this collection, must have written *Red Tape*. It is in his mood at all events. *Guy Vernon*—an exquisite thing by the way, and full of the rarest conceits and most delicious touches—is unquestionably the work of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge. H. H., and no other, could have written *A Woman's Death Wound*, and Nora Perry must have done *The Rebel Flower*. *Husband and Wife* cannot fail to remind the reader of Christina Rossetti, and there are some things in *A Fallen House*, such as

'Behold it lies there overthrown, that house—
In its fair halls no comer shall carouse—

Its broad rooms with strange silences are filled;
No fire upon its crumbling hearth shall glow,
Seeing its desolation men shall know
On ruin of what was they may not build;'

which point to Mr. Marston as the author. H. C. Bunner, who is pretty well known as the writer of some really excellent things of character and power, doubtless furnished the rondeau on the 154th page, entitled 'I Love to dine.' It is not as good as some of his other work, though striking and novel

in treatment. 'The Provençal Lovers' and the poem which follows it, 'My Lady's Voice,' seem cast in the Stedman mould, and are probably from his pen. Austin Dobson, who is beyond all doubt one of the most charming of the minor poets, we should judge, from the evidence before us, wrote 'The Wanderer' and a pretty thing called 'At Twilight.' 'The Wanderer' best illustrates the poet's style. It is quite short, and we quote it here:—

'Love comes back to his vacant dwelling,—
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!
We see him stand by the open door,
With his great eyes sad, and his bosom swelling.

He makes as though in our arms repelling,
He fain would lie as he lay before:—
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling,
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!

Ah! who shall help us from over spelling
That sweet forgotten, forbidden lore!
E'en as we doubt in our heart once more,
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling.'

We cannot venture any more speculation. We thought perhaps that Celia Thaxter might have written *Appledore*, and that Longfellow and Holmes had contributed something, but of these guesses we are not quite sure. The collection forms one of the *No Name* series, and rumour ascribes the editorship of the volume to Mr. George Parsons Lathrop.

The Appletons have just sent out a handy little book which treats of social etiquette.* It will doubtless meet with a flattering reception at the hands of society people everywhere. The name of the author is not given.

The Feast of St. Anne† is the title of a volume of verse which reaches us from the author, Mr. P. Stevens Hamilton, a resident of Halifax. It breathes a tender, patriotic spirit, and some of the legends which are told of the Indians are quite as pretty as legends of this kind generally are.

* Social Etiquette of New York. New York; D Appleton & Co., Toronto; Hart & Rawlinson.

† The Feast of St. Anne and other poems, by Pierce Stevens Hamilton, Halifax; John Burgoyne.

ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
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MARCH, 1879.

NELSON AT QUEBEC.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE GREAT BRITISH ADMIRAL.

BY DR. HENRY H. MILES.

IT is worthy of observation that the local history of the Capital of Canada furnishes not even an allusion to the visits of England's most renowned sea-captain, which occurred in the year 1782. Already noted for distinguished services, regarded, both by superiors and inferiors in rank, as the most promising young officer of the British Navy, and idolized by the lieutenants, middies and tars who served under him, it might have been expected that his advent to Quebec, and his stay there of several weeks' duration, would have attracted considerable notice in colonial society, and that the printed records of the time would have presented some interesting particulars of that period of the career of the illustrious Admiral.

But such was not the case. We search in vain the columns of the *Quebec Gazette*—then the only newspaper printed in Canada—for a mention of this wonderful man's visit. Not a line do we find announcing the arrival or the departure of 'H. M.

frigate *Albemarle*, 28, Captain *Horatio Nelson*;' nor, later, when the minds of men throughout the civilized world were stirred by the news of his glorious conquests at *Aboukir* and *Copenhagen*, and of his crowning victory of *Trafalgar*, where, by the sacrifice of his valuable life, he put an end, for ever, to the menace of an invasion of the British Isles by the disciplined hordes of Napoleon I., can we discover, in the numerous and voluminous accounts of his early career, which were then published, a single allusion to the fact of his having once, perhaps often, visited our Canadian old city.

The omission is all the more remarkable because the coming and going of many military and naval officers, who have long since been forgotten, were duly chronicled, during the interval between the breaking out of the American revolutionary war and the arrival of Prince William Henry, in 1787. We have all the particulars of that Prince's arrival and sojourn in the colony—himself a naval officer who served un-

der Nelson in the West Indies—but not a word about the coming, the stay, or the departure of the greatest British Naval hero.

It is well known that the news of Trafalgar was received in Canada with profound emotion, and that the victory was celebrated—even by the inhabitants descended from the people of old France—with rejoicings and boisterous manifestations of loyalty to the Crown of England. In gratitude for the eminent services rendered by Nelson to the commercial interests of Great Britain and her Colonies, the citizens of Montreal erected to his memory the fine monument which stands at the top of Jacques Cartier Square; but so far as we have observed, the then published accounts of his life, and the statements which were made prior to, and on the occasion of, the inauguration of the monument, contained no allusion whatever to the fact that the hero had ever navigated the St. Lawrence, or honoured by his presence the wharves and streets of the ancient capital of North America.

We leave it to the curious in such matters to find out the causes of the omission now adverted to, and to explain why Nelson's visit to and stay in Canada were suffered to pass by in silence and neglect.

To the industrious researches of a highly esteemed writer,* and to his fertile pen, employed by him with equal facility in both languages, we are indebted for the record of a great many historical incidents and local traditions, which are all of an extremely interesting nature, and which he has happily rescued from oblivion. This gentleman has, somewhere in his popular works, given us a list of British military and naval officers who, during their sojourn in Canada, succumbed to the attractions of Canadian belles whom they espoused and carried off to preside over and adorn distant

homes in Britain. He does not furnish, or even allude to, sundry particulars of which we should be delighted to be informed, but enough is intimated to satisfy us that the young matrons, thus transported from the Anglo-French colony, when brought face to face with their new mothers and sisters, were invariably received with open arms and the most cordial welcome, because the charming influence of personal beauty, graceful manners, and unrestrained warm-heartedness, was found to be irresistible. But we venture to express regret that Mr. Lemoine did not see fit to extend his list a good deal further, and so as to include the names of not a few *would-be* benedicts who are known to have fallen victims at the shrine of Canadian loveliness, but who were hindered by unpropitious circumstances from adding to the interesting record. Had he done so, we should have found *Horatio Nelson's* name there, probably with explanatory notes, and then the writer of the present article would have had no excuse for intruding upon the attention of the readers of this magazine. In fact some very romantic incidents are associated with the visit of the Captain of the *Albemarle* to Quebec, in 1782, which it is the object of this paper to elucidate. To these, it must be confessed, tradition has done justice, but in a manner too ample, since there is a lack of the essential element of truth in respect of some of the principal particulars.

Immediately after the conquest, while Murray was Governor, as well as during the time of his successors, Sir Guy Carleton and General Haldimand, there lived at Quebec a family named *Prentice*, consisting of *Miles Prentice*, formerly a sergeant of Wolfe's army, and his wife. They were childless, and by permission of the Commandant of the garrison, kept a small hostelry, or house of entertainment, on the premises known as 'The Chien d'Or,' situated opposite to the Government quarters on Mountain Hill,

*J. M. Lemoine, Esq., author of 'Maple Leaves.'

which were on the present site of the Local Parliamentary buildings, previously the residence of the Bishop of Quebec under the French regime. This Miles Prentice had been appointed to the office of Town Provost Marshal, in which capacity it was his duty to ascertain and to punish infractions of the somewhat strict regulations concerning the abuse of intoxicating liquors by the troops and citizens. Not only the soldiers who partook, but the parties who were proved to have supplied the material, were liable to severe penalties, which Prentice was reputed to be too officiously disposed to enforce. On one occasion, a woman, attached to a Highland regiment, then in garrison, had surreptitiously procured and conveyed drink to the thirsty soldiers, and being detected was subjected by him to a merciless flogging. The consequence was that this unfortunate person, who was a soldier's wife, and, at the time, in a condition of health which made it impossible for her to survive the cruelty and ignominy of her punishment, died within a few days. The Highlanders, who had instigated her offence were excited to madness by what had occurred, and rushed in a body to Prentice's abode to wreak vengeance upon him with their dirks and claymores. He, however, effected his escape from their clutches, and left the Province for New York, where he remained until the departure of that regiment allowed him to return in safety to Quebec.

In the meantime his better half, to mitigate the loneliness of her position, sent for two nieces from the old country, who, having joined her, became useful aids in the business of her well-frequented establishment, which she continued to carry on till her decease in the year 1792. These young ladies, although their names were different, were usually styled the '*Mesdemoiselles Prentice*.' They were noted for their personal attractions, and, at the same time, for intelligence and their correct

exemplary conduct. One of them, in the year 1780, was married to Mr. James Thompson, so well known at Quebec as a veteran of the army of General Wolfe, and its last survivor in Canada.* Madame Prentice's other niece became the wife of Mr. Lachlan Smith, the owner of a seigniory, situated below Quebec. Both lived to a good old age, and died in the Province without ever having revisited their native country.

We are thus particular in stating these facts for reasons which will appear presently.

It has been asserted that Captain Nelson, of the *Albemarle*, during his sojourn at Quebec, in 1782, was a frequenter of Madame Prentice's hostelry, and that he became so violently smitten with the charms of one of her nieces that he proposed for her hand in marriage, intending to abandon the nautical profession, along with all his prospects of future promotion in the service of his country. Some colour is given to the statement by what is known of Nelson's temperament and disposition, especially as exhibited in the course of his earlier career in life. That he *did* spend some weeks in Quebec, in 1782, that he *did* fall in love with some young lady there, for whose sake he desired to discontinue a seafaring life, and that he was with difficulty dissuaded from his purpose, are facts of which good evidence is extant. But, as we hope to show conclusively in this paper, it was another local beauty and not one of the two already mentioned, by whose charms the hero was led captive. We need scarcely remark that every incident in the life of a man gifted as Nelson was, whose services to his country and to mankind at large were so great and valuable, and who is so celebrated in the annals of history, cannot but be a matter of

* Mr. James Thompson was a volunteer, attached to the Highland corps employed at the siege of Quebec, in 1759. After the conquest he remained in the Province in the service of the Government, during the ensuing 70 years, when he died at the age of 98.

interest, even in cases when the facts are of a nature to merely illustrate his foibles. No apology, therefore, is required to excuse our discussing the particulars at present concerned with all the minuteness which may be necessary to cast a clear light upon the affair under consideration.

The chief authority for the assertion that the lady was Miss Prentice, was the Hon. Wm. Smith, Clerk of the Executive Council, a resident of Quebec at the time when the *Albemarle* lay at anchor in the harbour. He imparted the information to the late Colonel John Sewell, recently deceased at a good old age, with the additional statement that the intended singular marriage was prevented by Mr. Matthew Lymburner, the famous Quebec merchant, and brother of the delegate from Canada to the British House of Commons on the occasion when the Constitutional Act of 1774 was under discussion in the Imperial Legislature. Regarded as a matter of gossip and hearsay, it will not be pretended that Mr. Smith's authority is decisive of the question at issue; nor is it probable that his evidence, on such a topic, was more reliable than that of any other contemporary resident who chose to listen to rumours circulating in the city. If we recollect rightly, Mr. Smith presented, in his history of Canada, several statements unworthy of credit, based upon mere hearsay, which were disproved by their very nature and by subsequent evidence. There was, as will be seen, a Quebec merchant who was Nelson's familiar acquaintance, and enjoyed his friendship to the last day of his life, to whom, and not to Lymburner, on better testimony than Mr. Smith's, is to be ascribed the merit of having proved an efficient counsellor on the occasion referred to. Lamartine, in his *Life of Nelson*, gives an account of the circumstances, without mentioning the name of the heroine, and it was to supply this deficiency that Col. Sewell, citing the authority

of Smith, gave that of Miss Prentice. Lamartine's account, however, is full of mistakes. He does not give the year correctly, stating it to have been 1786, whereas Nelson, in that as well as the two preceding years, and in the year following, was serving in the West Indies. He also styles the *Albemarle* a brig, instead of a frigate, and erroneously says that Nelson passed several months at Quebec. In short, as to accuracy, no importance can be attached to this writer's statements concerning Nelson's visit.

Before proceeding further, we shall now cite from unquestionable authorities* a few particulars of Nelson's career prior to the time of his advent to Canada, and of his disposition, habits and character, as displayed when he was a very young man.

When Nelson came to Quebec he was just 24 years of age, having been born in September 1758. He had already been in the naval employment of his country 11 years, for he entered it at the early age of 13; but during that comparatively short time had seen more varied service, and afforded more proofs of courage, nautical skill, sagacity and fitness for command, than the great majority of his seniors in the profession. He had served in almost every part of the world frequented by British cruisers—the Arctic Ocean, the East and West Indies, the coasts of North and South America, the Baltic, North Atlantic and Mediterranean Seas. Although in those days promotion was very slow, except in rare cases, such were young Nelson's zeal, enthusiastic attention to all his professional duties, and extraordinary promise, that he attained the rank of

* The chief of these, here alluded to, is 'The Life and Services of Horatio Viscount Nelson,' (from his own manuscripts and very extensive collections of letters, official and other documents, and communications contributed by the Duke of Clarence, Admiral Earl St. Vincent, Lord and Lady Nelson, Lieut.-Governor Locker, Admiral Lord Hood, Lord Keith, Sir T. M. Hardy, Mrs. Alexander Davidson, and by many other officers and gentlemen)—edited by the Rev. I. S. Clarke, F.R.S., Librarian and Chaplain to George Prince of Wales, and John McArthur, Esq., LL.D., Secretary to Admiral Lord Hood.

Post Captain when only 21, and was soon afterwards employed on very arduous, important and responsible services. For example, when, on the arrival of Admiral Count d'Estaing in the West Indies with a large fleet and army, there was reason to apprehend the annihilation of British interests in that quarter, and especially the capture of Jamaica, the English Admiral and General, who were then in command on that station, selected Captain Nelson to conduct the defence of Port Royal—this post being justly considered the most important on the whole island, as being the key to the whole British naval force, the City of Kingston and Spanish Town. Soon after the successful termination of that service, another, of a much more difficult nature, and especially hazardous on account of the extreme insalubrity of the climate, was imposed on him by General Dalling, then Governor of the British West Indian Colonies, who acted with the approval of Lord George Germain, Secretary of State for the American Department. Its object was to acquire possession of Fort San Juan, on the Rio San Juan, which runs from Lake Nicaragua into the Atlantic, and thus after occupying the cities of Granada and Leon, to cut the communications of the Spaniards between their Northern and Southern transatlantic dominions. Nelson was charged with the command of the considerable naval force employed in this expedition; and, as but comparatively few troops were attached to it, the brunt of the danger and fatigue fell upon the British seamen and marines, whom their young leader conducted towards the intended points of attack with so much skill, and with such astonishing displays of personal courage and audacity, that thus encouraged, they easily stormed all the Spanish outposts, and soon forced the panic-struck defenders of the Castle and Town of San Juan to surrender. But, owing to defects in the original plans of the expedition, the arrival at

San Juan occurred several months later than it should have done, and at the most unhealthy season of the year, so that fever set in amongst the seamen and troops, by which, out of a total of 1,800 people, not more than 380 survived. The complement of Nelson's own ship—the *Hinchinbrook*—was 200 men, of whom 145 found graves there, and, in the end, not more than 10 survived to return home. Dr. Moseley, the chief medical officer at Jamaica, placed on record the following remarks: 'It was on our San Juan expedition that Nelson commenced his career of glory. He did more than his duty: where anything was to be done, he saw no difficulties; not contented with having carried the armament safe to the harbour of San Juan, he accompanied and assisted the troops in all their difficulties. He was first on shore at the attack of (the Spanish outpost) St. Bartholomew, followed by a few brave seamen and soldiers, in the face of a severe fire. The audacity of the act intimidated the Spaniards, who, from the nature of the ground, might have destroyed the assailants; but they abandoned the battery and ran away. By his example and perseverance, the Indians and seamen were animated through their toil in forcing the boats, against the current, up the river; otherwise not a man would have reached San Juan. When they arrived there, as prompt in thought as bold in action, Nelson advised the carrying it instantly by assault; for he knew that the bad season was at hand and that there was no time to be lost. . . . ' Like Hannibal, before he attained to supreme command in the palmy days of Carthaginian conquest—like Wolfe (whom Nelson resembled in respect of many traits of character), when a brigadier at the siege of Louisbourg, this extraordinary twenty-one-year-old British Captain endeared himself to every body about him that witnessed his courage, heroism and skill, as exhibited in the course of the San Juan ex-

pedition. The Indians who accompanied it regarded him with wonder, and as a superior being under especial protection, seeing that he survived all dangers unharmed—whether those arising from the fire of the enemy to which he so fearlessly exposed himself, from the poisoned water of springs occasionally met with and inadvertently imbibed by the thirsty traveller in those regions, or from the innumerable venomous reptiles with which they abound.

But it is more than probable that, but for an unforeseen event, Nelson's career would have ended at San Juan, soon after its capture, in consequence of the fever which set in and consigned to the grave so many of those who participated in that expedition. As it was, his health had experienced a severe and lasting injury, when most opportunely despatches arrived from Jamaica informing him that Admiral Sir Peter Parker had appointed him to the command of the *Janus* of 44 guns. This necessitated his immediate return to join the West Indian fleet; and thus was Nelson providentially withdrawn from a scene of death when his health was in a most precarious state.

We cannot leave this part of our reference to Nelson's antecedents without citing a passage from the official despatches of Major Polson to Governor Dalling, announcing the surrender of Fort San Juan:—'I want words to express the obligations I owe that gentleman (Captain Nelson, of the *Hinchinbrook*). He was the first on every service, whether by day or night. There was not a gun fired but was pointed by him. . . . ' On his return to Jamaica, Nelson sent his congratulations to Governor Dalling, who said, in reply, 'Thanks to you, my friend, for your kind congratulations: to you, without compliment, do I attribute in a great measure the cause.'

Dalling also adverted to Captain Nelson's services in a private letter

addressed to Lord George Germain, and dated at Jamaica, June 29th, 1780. In this letter occur the following words: 'Unfortunately for the service, he was obliged to return, being appointed to another ship at this island. I most humbly entreat that His Majesty will be graciously pleased, through your lordship, to manifest a satisfaction of Captain Nelson's conduct; and, in case that a squadron should have been determined on for the Southern ocean, that he may be employed on that service. Captain Nelson's constitution is rather too delicate for the service, under my direction, on this Northern one; as such minds, my lord, are most devoutly to be wished, for Government's sake, I once more venture to urge this suit.'

Eventually the condition of his health enforced his removal from the West India Station and his return to Europe.

In the month of August, 1781, he was appointed to commission the *Albemarle* frigate, 28 guns. His instructions were to proceed in this ship to the Baltic, taking under his command two other war-ships, the *Argo* and *Enterprise*, and such others as might be sent to reinforce him.

Of this service, Nelson, in his own memoirs, remarks:

'It would almost be supposed that it was on purpose to try my constitution that I was kept the whole winter in the North Sea.'

His biographers refer to the fact as a species of cruelty practised by the Lords of the Admiralty, and as an example of bad policy often pursued toward convalescent officers whose professional worth and merit have been publicly acknowledged. 'It would be difficult,' they observe, 'to fix on any station more fatally adapted to destroy the feeble constitution of an officer worn out by the sultry heats of San Juan, and the climate of the West Indies, than the cold and aguish atmosphere of the North Sea.'

This service terminated in February, 1782, Nelson's squadron having convoyed home a fleet of 260 sail of merchantmen, laden with cargoes 'of the utmost national importance' from the different ports of the Baltic Sea.

His next employment was that which brought him to the shores of our noble St. Lawrence, and which, in the course of his visit to the old capital of Canada, led to a repetition of the danger—though, it must be confessed, under quite a different aspect, and one more acceptable to himself—which had occurred in the San Juan expedition—the danger of the loss to his country of the services of the future most renowned British admiral. It must be borne in mind that, at this time, the American revolutionary war was in progress, and that, as the ally of the revolted British colonies, France was participating actively, with her fleets and troops, in the now gigantic contest. In consequence, the ships and property of British merchants were constantly liable to capture on the high seas by the French cruisers, so that, for the protection of trade between Great Britain and America, it was necessary for the merchantmen to be navigated across the Atlantic in fleets under the convoy of one or more men-of-war. Line-of-battle ships, frigates, and armed schooners were employed on both sides in chasing and capturing merchantmen, and the value of the vessels and cargoes taken was divided amongst the captors under the name of 'prize-money.' Thus the passion of avarice and the love of gain imparted to the contest between the hostile nations an inglorious feature, unworthy of the ambition and character of officers and men, who, to excel in their profession, must needs make it their chief aim to surpass their enemies in nautical skill, courage, fortitude, and inhumanity to the conquered. Nelson, from his earliest days, had shown himself singularly free from the influence of mercenary motives; nor can there

be any doubt but that, while he was always ready to devote his energies and professional abilities to the defence of his country's commercial interests, he had no taste for merely predatory warfare. Higher motives animated him, as was proved by his conduct on many occasions, and as he himself observes more than once in his own memoirs.

His employment to and from the Baltic in the *Albemarle* had been far from congenial. Soon after his return to Portsmouth harbour he learned that he was to be ordered to Cork, to join the *Dædalus*, Captain Pringle, and to go with a convoy to Newfoundland and the River St. Lawrence. He wrote a letter, dated April 2nd, 1782, to his friend Captain Locker, in which he said, 'I am now ordered to get the old *Albemarle* out of harbour and proceed to Cork, to go with the *Dædalus* and a convoy to *Quebec*, where, worse than all to tell, I understand I am to winter. I want much to get off from this confounded voyage, and believe that if I had time to look a little about me, I could get another ship. Mr. Adair, who attends on Mr. Keppel, might tell him, that in such a country I shall be laid up. He has informed me, that if I were sent to a cold, damp climate, it would make me worse than ever. Many of my naval friends have advised me to represent my situation to Admiral Keppel, and they have no doubt he would give me other orders, or remove me; but as I received my orders from Lord Sandwich, I cannot help thinking it wrong to ask Mr. Keppel to alter them.'

On April 6th, in another letter to the same, he says, 'I am very much obliged to you for the great trouble you have given yourself, in trying to alter my destination. . . . If I can get home in the autumn, I hope I shall get a better ship and a better station.'

When the gallant captain penned these comments, not very flattering to *Quebec* as a station during the winter,

or to the Canadian climate generally, he little thought what a change in his sentiments would be wrought by the subsequent experience of the social attractions of his dreaded place of exile.

Parting from Captain Pringle at Newfoundland, Nelson sailed on a short cruise along the American coast, in the course of which he took possession of an American fishing schooner, the *Harmony*, Nathaniel Carver, Master, whom he ordered to come on board the *Albemarle* and act as pilot. The American obeyed, believing that his little vessel, in which all he had in the world was invested, was irrecoverably lost. He discharged, without a murmur, all the duties exacted from him. Nelson, noticing the faithful manner in which he conducted himself, and having learned that Carver had a large family anxiously expecting his return home to New Plymouth, summoned him to his presence and thus addressed him: 'You have rendered us, sir, a very essential service (in piloting the *Albemarle* safely among the shoals and shallows of this coast), and it is not the custom of British seamen to be ungrateful. In the name, therefore, and with the approbation of the officers of this ship, I return your schooner, and give you, at the same time, a certificate (to serve as a pass and safeguard against subsequent capture), testifying to your faithful conduct. Farewell! and may God bless you!' The American, full of astonishment and gratitude, returned to his little vessel and proceeded on his way homeward.

After this incident, it happened that the *Albemarle* being near the harbour of New Plymouth, Carver recognized it, and forthwith came off, at the risk of his life in a boat, with a present of sheep, poultry, and vegetables, for Captain Nelson; and most opportune and valuable the present proved, for the scurvy was then raging among the ship's crew. Nelson compelled the donor, much against his will, to receive payment, and immediately caused the fresh meat and vegetables

to be equally shared among the sick on board.

In a letter from Bic, in the *St. Lawrence*, to Captain Locker, dated the 19th October, 1782, Nelson states that the *Albemarle* arrived 'here' on July 1st; that he sailed on a cruise, and returned to Quebec on the 17th of September, 'knocked up with the scurvy.' From these statements it would appear that Nelson paid at least two visits to Quebec between July and September of the year named. Again, his biographers Clarke and McArthur, in page 76, vol. i., of their '*Life of Nelson*,' make use of the expression, 'In the course of these repeated visits to Quebec,' which seems to corroborate the inference just drawn from Nelson's own language. However this may be, we have, on the same authority, a circumstantial account of his arrival in the harbour of Quebec on September 17th, 1782, when he landed the sick of his crew and sent them to hospital, and of his departure on October 14th of the same year. On this occasion, therefore, his visit was one of about a month's duration, long enough, we presume, to have furnished the opportunity of forming acquaintance with some of the then reigning *belles* of Quebec Society, and of losing a susceptible heart.

Having reviewed, as far as is requisite for our present purpose, the professional career of Horatio Nelson antecedent to his visiting Quebec in 1782, we must next briefly refer to his personal attributes at that period of his life, and to certain peculiarities of his character and disposition.

The portraits and statues of Nelson which were executed at later periods of his eventful life, or after his death, fail to convey correct ideas of the physical peculiarities which his personal appearance presented when he was quite a young man. The aspect of his countenance was even girlish, and singularly attractive, while, in respect of stature and bulk, like his subsequent great foe, Napoleon Bonaparte,

he was diminutive. In fact, his appearance was that of a mere boy, contrasting remarkably with the full-laced uniform of a British Naval Captain. 'He wore his hair unpowdered, and tied up behind in a stiff Hessian tail of extraordinary length,'* after the custom not unusual in those days; 'and the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure.' His gait, and manner of wearing his dress imparted to him somewhat of an air of negligence. Nevertheless, there rested on his countenance a grave and thoughtful expression, anything but youthful or girlish, and quite in character with the fact that he had already seen much active and even dangerous service at sea, and that he thoroughly understood every branch of his profession.

In his leisure moments he was always thinking of matters appertaining to his vocation, and was accustomed to remark that 'a captain of a man-of-war, if he does his duty, will always find sufficient to occupy his mind, and to render service to his country, on any station, either in peace or war.'

He was particularly attentive to the interests of young people with whom he came into contact, and although at first his personal peculiarities and the great professional reputation he had already acquired, inspired them with shyness, this soon melted away under the genial influence of his kindness of heart and his tact in dealing with them. Both in the *Albemarle* and his next vessel the *Boreas*, he had always under him from one to two score of middies and youngsters who positively adored him, amongst whom the more timid spirits were ever objects of special notice and attention, and whom he encouraged by example

to dare whatever was calculated to confirm courage, though apparently dangerous, and to feel that the attainment of nautical experience was a pleasure instead of a wearisome task. 'Well, sir,' he said to a youth who shewed signs of hesitation when ordered to climb the shrouds, 'I am going a race to the mast-head, and beg I may meet you there,'—a request to which no denial could be given—and when they met in the top, he spoke in the most cheerful terms to the midshipman, observing how much a young officer was to be pitied who could fancy there was any danger, or even anything disagreeable, in the attempt. As an excuse for his practice of always taking with him some of his young people when invited to dine on shore with high officials and persons of distinction, he was accustomed to say, 'I have taken the liberty of carrying with me some of my *aides-de-camp*. I will be excused, for I make it a rule to introduce them to all the good company I can, as they have few to look up to, besides myself, during the time they are at sea.' He knew and practised all that was due from himself towards his juniors, as well as his equals and superiors; and, during the whole course of his early career, before he attained the rank of captain, he never ceased to remember, or to follow, the precepts which had been drawn up for his guidance, relative to his conduct and naval duties by his uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, with whom he first went to sea, and which commenced with the instruction, 'My dear Horatio, pay every respect to your superior officers, as you shall wish to receive respect yourself.'

It is, therefore, easy to apprehend the grounds upon which were based the extraordinary esteem in which young Captain Nelson was held by all who had anything to do with him; and although it is true that, at that period of his life, he was frequently taciturn—seeming to retire within

* These words are cited from a description given by Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William IV., who first met Nelson in the year of the latter's visit to Quebec.

Nelson himself refers to that meeting, and to the Prince's sentiments, as expressed later on in this article, in the letter to Captain Locker, dated New York, November 17th, 1782.

himself when the energies of his mind were not called into exercise by some object of duty or professional interest—and that he often seemed to care but little for the refined courtesies of polished life, yet, ‘when he wished to please, his address and conversation possessed a charm that was irresistible.’ By his excellent father, the Rev. Edmund Nelson, a deep sense of an over-ruling Providence and of the sublime principles of Christianity, as well as the most strict practice of truth and honourable habits, had been carefully inculcated from his earliest youth. Hence, by the time that Nelson made his appearance at Quebec, the foundations of his character and fame had already been securely laid on a solid basis, notwithstanding that, as already remarked, the local records fail to notice his coming and going.

We shall add only a few more remarks illustrative of his disposition and peculiarities. The traditions which have been alluded to in the first part of this paper, and especially the article headed ‘*Mademoiselle Prentice et Lord Nelson*,’ suggests an entire misapprehension of the character and habits of this wonderful man. What is said there relative to the ‘Chien d’Or’ and its frequenters, including the Duke of Clarence a few years later, would lead one to infer that Nelson himself was not much superior to the common run of officers, sometimes when on shore forgetful of their rank in their sovereign’s service, and willing, occasionally, to play the part of mere pleasure-seekers, idlers and loafers. Such an inference, however, is irreconcilable with the information derived from various better and wholly reliable sources. His biographers, Clarke and McArthur, in reference to that epoch of Nelson’s life, state that, while his delicate health and diminutive figure were ‘far from giving expression to his intellectual powers, from his earliest years, like *Cleomenes*, the hero of Sparta, he had been enamoured of glory, and

had possessed a greatness of mind; he preserved, also, a similar temperance and simplicity of manners.’*

Prince William Henry, in his account of his first interview with Nelson, says, ‘I was then (1782) a midshipman on board the *Barfleur*, and had the watch on deck when Captain Nelson of the *Albemarle* came in his barge alongside. He had on a full-laced uniform, but was the merest boy of a captain I had ever beheld. . . . His lank, unpowdered hair, and the general quaintness of his figure, produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice, for I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he was or what he came about. My doubts were, however, removed when Lord Hood introduced me to him.

‘There was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation; and an enthusiasm, when speaking on professional subjects, that showed he was no common being. After this he went with us to the West Indies. . . . Throughout the whole of the American War the height of Nelson’s ambition was to command a line-of-battle ship; as for prize-money, it never entered his thoughts. . . .

* Some collateral testimony bearing on the question whether Nelson was or was not in the habit of frequenting the Chien d’Or while sojourning at Quebec, has been furnished by *Mr. Alex. Urquhart*, an aged citizen of Quebec (now about 80 years old), formerly a merchant. His mother was a contemporary of Mrs. Prentice and lived (to the age of about 90 years) until about the year 1340, retaining her faculties to the last. His mother frequently talked to him and her other children about the Prentices and the occurrences at Quebec during the last 30 years of the last century—mentioning the firm ‘Alex. Davison & Lees’ as being noted for the exercise of hospitality toward British naval officers whom the affairs of the period of the American revolutionary war, between 1775 and 1783, brought to Quebec Harbour as a place of rendezvous for ships of war and transports conveying troops and supplies. He states that, although the younger officers, both of the army and navy, were constant visitors at the Chien d’Or, those of the rank of post-captain, colonel, &c., were not among them, as this would have been *infra dig.* In those times of strict naval and military discipline. On being asked whether and why such officers of higher rank should pay visits to the Upper Town, he replied that their business at the Government Offices, at the top of Mountain Hill, was the occasion—not to frequent taverns; and that probably the Chien d’Or was never visited by Nelson in 1782, or by the Prince, in 1787, excepting perhaps once or more, in their official capacities, at some public entertainment.

I found him warmly attached to my father, and singularly humane; he had the honour of the king's service, and the independence of the British navy particularly at heart; and his mind glowed with this idea as much when he was simply captain of the *Albemarle*, as when he was afterwards decorated with so much well-earned distinction.*

A little later, a lady friend of Nelson's future wife, in writing to her, expressed herself in these terms: 'We have at last seen the little captain of whom so much has been said. He came up just before dinner, and was very silent, yet seemed to *think* the more. He declined drinking any wine, but after dinner, when, as usual, the toasts of the King, Queen, and Royal family, and of Lord Hood were given, this strange man regularly filled his glass, and observed that those were always bumper toasts with him, and then relapsed into his former taciturnity. During this visit it was impossible for any of us to make out his real character. There was such a sternness and reserve in his behaviour, with occasional sallies, though transient, of a superior mind. I endeavoured, being placed near him, to rouse his attention, showing him all the civilities in my power; but I drew out little more than yes and no. We think, Fanny, that if you had been there, some thing might have been made of him, since

* It is worthy of mention that the close friendship which began while serving together in the American waters continued to subsist between Nelson and the Duke of Clarence, ending only with the death of the former in the Battle of Trafalgar.

In Nelson's correspondence with his other personal friends, he often makes mention of the Prince, expressing himself very decidedly, and warmly, in his favour, as being an excellent naval officer, extremely attentive to all his professional duties, and, after he became captain of the *Pegasus*, as manifesting great abilities for command at sea. Nelson said of the future 'Sailor-King,' 'he is a *seaman*, which you could hardly suppose; every other qualification you may expect of him, he will be a judicious disciplinarian, and, I am certain, an ornament to our service.'

The Admiral, Lord Hood, had especially recommended the Prince to seek advice and information from Nelson if he desired to ask questions relative to naval tactics, adding that he (Nelson) 'could impart as much information as any officer in the fleet.'

When Nelson was subsequently married to a lady in the West Indies, the Prince, at his own special request, acted as father in giving away the bride.

you have been in the habit of attending these odd sort of people.'

At the risk of being somewhat tedious in our recapitulation of the personal attributes of Captain Nelson, as exhibited while he was serving on the American naval stations, our remarks on the subject must be a little further extended in order that the reader may be in a position to fully realize the nature of the facts which we are about to state. It is clear, from what has been advanced in this paper, that he was not one of the ordinary run of military and naval officers whom duty brought to Quebec, with their regiments and ships, in the course of the American revolutionary struggle, and of whom very considerable numbers were always present during and after the close of the ill-starred expedition of General Burgoyne from Canada into the revolted territories. If many of these gentlemen were regular visitors at the Chien d'Or, there is no evidence that the captain of the *Albemarle* was one—even an occasional visitor,—much less a frequenter of that hostelry. We say this without the least idea of insinuating that it was not a respectable house of entertainment, or that merely visiting it implied, on the part of officers any deficiency of self-respect or disregard of their own character. But the gossip traditions already mentioned, and which have been embodied in print connecting him, as well as the Duke of Clarence, with the Chien d'Or in the article entitled '*Mademoiselle Prentice et Lord Nelson*,' are manifestly unworthy of credit, more especially as respects the captain of the *Albemarle*.

The only circumstance calculated to give the least colour to the suggestions and inferences alluded to and which have culminated in the assertion that Nelson fell desperately in love with, and endeavoured to espouse, one of Mrs. Prentice's nieces, and of which we have been careful to take cognizance in our researches on this subject, is the fact that the young lady, of

whom Nelson became violently enamoured during his stay at Quebec, was a distant connection of Mrs. Miles Prentice—by the marriage of a relation,* a man of great worth and exemplary character, to one of the two nieces of the mistress of the Chien d'Or.

Nearly all Nelson's biographers notice a peculiarity of which we have not yet made mention. While the very soul of honour and integrity, he had a very susceptible heart. Quebec has always been noted for the brilliant personal attractions possessed by its daughters of both nationalities—for equally fair girls of British origin have divided with their French Canadian sisters, the attention of innumerable officers of the naval and military service, from the time of conquest down to the present day. Elsewhere, therefore, than at the Chien d'Or, Nelson, in availing himself of freely offered hospitality, had ample opportunity of manifesting his appreciation of female beauty.

But we must here again quote from the testimony of his most reliable biographers. In page 76 of his *Life and Services*, by Clarke and McArthur, there is this record: 'During these repeated visits to Quebec, Captain Nelson became acquainted with Mr. Alexander Davison, at whose house he experienced the utmost hospitality, and from whom, both at this time and long afterwards, he received innumerable acts of kindness. The

* James Thompson, Esq., who married the elder niece, a Miss Cooper, in 1780, as already alluded to. This gentleman, and the father of the young lady in question were first cousins. The date of this marriage preceded by nearly two years that of the advent of Nelson to Quebec. We give the following extracts from the diary kept by Mr. Thompson, senior:—

'Quebec, Dec. 6th, 1780.—At 6 in the afternoon went to Mrs. Prentice's, where I was met by my good friends, Capt. Twiss and Mr. John Collins, of whom I had begged their presence. Dr. Montmolin was just come, and that ceremony was soon over.

'Dec. 7th, 1780.—Brought home my wife at dusk, accompanied by Mr. Simpson and Mr. and Mrs. Prentice.'

At this time the younger niece of Mrs. Prentice was a little girl of 11 or 12 years of age—placed by her aunt for education at a convent in Pointe-aux-Trembles, a few miles above Quebec. This young lady afterwards became the wife of Mr. Lachlan Smith, already alluded to

sanguine mind of Nelson often required the cool and steady reason of a friend in the regulation of the common occurrences of private life; his extraordinary character sometimes displayed no inconsiderable portion of *Knight-errantry*, and, like the most celebrated warriors in the annals of chivalry (noticed in "l'histoire litteraire des troubadours") while devoting himself to the affairs of war, was by no means insensible to the influence of the passion of love. With this disposition, whilst remaining at Quebec, he became violently attached to an amiable *American lady, who was afterwards married, and resided in London.*'

That Nelson's attachment, conceived for this lady, was quite serious in its nature and that, in consequence of it, the services of the future hero of the Nile and Trafalgar, *might* have been withdrawn from the navy, and that other results, most important in respect of the future annals of the world, *might* have ensued, appear from the sequel of the narrative from which we quote.

'When the *Albemarle*, on the 14th of October, was ready for sea, Captain Nelson had taken his leave, and had gone down the river to the place where the men-of-war usually anchored; but the next morning, as Mr. Davison was walking on the beach, he saw Nelson coming back in his boat. On his reaching the landing-place, the former anxiously demanded the cause that occasioned his friend's return; "Walk up to your house," replied Nelson, "and you shall be made acquainted with the cause." He then said, "I find it utterly impossible to leave this place without again waiting on her whose society has so much added to its charms, and laying myself and my fortunes at her feet." Mr. Davison earnestly remonstrated with him on the consequences of so rash a step; "your utter ruin," said he, "situated as you are at present, must inevitably follow." "Then let it follow," ex-

claimed Nelson! "for I am resolved to do it." The account goes on to state that a severe altercation ensued, but that Mr. Davison's firmness at length prevailed with Nelson, who, though with no very good grace, relinquished his purpose and suffered himself to be led back to his boat.

From the Island of Bic, in the St. Lawrence, Nelson took charge of a large convoy for New York. During the rest of the American War the active operations of the fleet, under Admiral Lord Hood, in the West Indies, kept Nelson's mind constantly employed. New connections and new scenes of enterprise, if they did not efface those tender impressions, undoubtedly mitigated and weakened them. After the peace he was ordered home, but was again soon despatched on active service to the West Indies. On the occasion of this visit to Europe, he spent some time in London, and after having been presented at Court, where the King honoured him with particular notice, Nelson went to seek out his old friend Mr. Alex. Davison, of Quebec, who had now removed* from Canada and established himself in the metropolis as a Navy agent. Their former intercourse had initiated a warm friendship and intimate correspondence between the two, which endured throughout the remaining 23 years of Nelson's life. He found Davison resident at Lincoln's Inn, and went to dine with him. In page 84 of the Biography already cited, this visit is recorded in the following words: "On his arrival he immediately threw off what he called "his iron-bound coat," and, having procured a dressing-gown, spent the evening in talking over the various occurrences that had taken place since they last parted on the beach of the River St.

Lawrence.' Innumerable letters of Nelson to Mr. Davison are extant. Davison was his agent in charge of his official pay and prize money, his counsellor and the manager of his estate, and various private affairs, and finally one of the principal executors of his last will and testament. On whatever service employed, Nelson was in the habit of opening his heart to him in his letters. Down to nearly his last hours, when about to shed his blood for his king and country in the sanguinary battle of Trafalgar, Nelson found occasion to address a few affectionate lines, interspersed with references to business, to his life-long friend, Alexander Davison. Doubtless, not so much the remembrance of former hospitalities at Quebec as the prudent and determined stand whereby he successfully opposed Nelson's following a course of conduct which he considered ruinous at that time, had operated permanently on the gallant sailor's mind, affording what he could never cease to regard as a guarantee of sincere and unbounded personal friendship. This Mr. Alexander Davison, while resident at Quebec, had been the head of a mercantile firm, 'Messrs. Davison & Lees,' carrying on business in the Lower Town. Even before Nelson's visit to the old city these gentlemen had made arrangements for dissolving partnership, as Mr. Davison had decided on a removal to London; and in the *Quebec Gazette* of Aug. 25th, 1782, there was published an advertisement by one Wm. Lang, intimating that he had become purchaser of 'the lot and house wherein Messrs. Davison & Lees lately lived, situate in Notre Dame St., and bounded on one end by Thomas Aylwin, Esq., on the other by Mr. Lewis Lizot, and behind by Mr. Lewis Dusiens,' and giving notice 'to all persons having claims thereon to notify the same in writing before the 10th of October next, when he is to complete the payment of the purchase money.' Some of the names here

* In the *Quebec Gazette* of October 31st, 1782, mention is made of a ship named the *Trade*, as having fallen down the river to Bic, to join the convoy assembled there, and bound for London. The list of passengers given contains the name of Mr. Alex. Davison.

mentioned are still not unfamiliar at Quebec.

We have already stated in a footnote that Mr. Davison departed for England, with a convoy from Bic, prior to October 31st, 1782—about a fortnight after his memorable interview with Nelson on the beach at Quebec.

Reverting to Davison's own account of that interview, as recorded by Clarke and McArthur, it is noticeable that no mention is made of the name of the lady concerned. But it would have been in bad taste to have furnished it—unacceptable to herself and friends, and probably wounding to her feelings. The only good purpose which would have been served by so doing, that occurs to us, might have been to prevent the false suggestions and inferences already alluded to.

There is nothing in the account, which, fairly considered, would justify a belief that the object of Nelson's passionate admiration was not a person of the highest respectability in Quebec Society.

The expression used 'an amiable American lady,' signifies simply one belonging to this side of the Atlantic, although, if employed at present it would denote a citizen of the United States.

The more significant points in the narrative, in view of her identification, are those which refer to Mr. Davison's having bestowed on Nelson, at this time 'and long afterwards, innumerable acts of kindness;' also, the statement that the lady was '*afterwards married and resided in London.*' These, as we hope to make clear, furnish us with the clue.

That she was not one of Mrs. Prentice's nieces, celebrated for personal attractions at Quebec in those days, is apparent from what has been already given in this paper. These young ladies could not have been justly styled 'American,' since both had been imported not long before from Ireland by their aunt, who had no children of

her own. Moreover, they both married and settled down in this country previously to Nelson's visit—one the wife of Mr. Lachlan Smith, the other of Mr. James Thompson; nor did either of them, as is well known, ever cross the Atlantic again, as must have been the case to accord with the intimation '*who was afterwards married and resided in London.*'

We now proceed to the actual identification of the lady.

At the sieges of Louisbourg, in 1758 and Quebec in 1759, there were with Wolfe, two volunteers—*Mr. James Thompson* and *Mr. James Simpson*—attached to the celebrated corps of Fraser Highlanders. They had joined it for service in America with the hope, which they had been encouraged to entertain, of being advanced to a commission on the occurrence of vacancies. They were first cousins, and during the whole period of their subsequent lives maintained a close intimacy. Both remained at Quebec after the conquest, when the troops were disbanded, and both were married; but Mr. Thompson having become a widower, he selected as his second wife the elder of Mrs. Prentice's nieces. This marriage, which took place in the year 1780, was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Dumoulin, chaplain of the troops, in the presence of a small but select company, amongst whom were Thompson's particular friends, *Captain Twiss*, of the Royal Engineers, *Mr. John Collins*, Deputy Surveyor-General; his cousin, Mr. James Simpson, and the Prentices. It is recorded in Mr. Thompson's journal of that date that the wife of his cousin Simpson disapproved of the match. She was therefore not present on the occasion, the alleged reason being 'a coolness' which subsisted between her and Mrs. Prentice.

Previously to his marriage, Mr. Thompson, whose business quarters were in the Bishop's Palace, on the site where the Local Parliament Buildings now stand, had resided, or

boarded, at his cousin's house, and was intimately conversant with all the affairs of the Simpson family. His cousin and wife consulted him on all occasions, and their children looked up to him with entire confidence and filial affection. Later, when Mr. Thompson's numerous children began to grow up, the most affectionate intercourse subsisted between them and the young Simpsons. These facts are here stated because, though commonplace in themselves, they have an important bearing upon the question under consideration.

It should be observed, further, that Mr. Thompson's youngest son was born in 1788; he was named George, and, at about the age of sixteen, was sent to the Royal Academy at Woolwich as a cadet.

Mr. James Thompson was a man of great worth, and extremely respected on account of his sterling integrity of character and his sagacity. He lived to be 98 years old, and during his protracted life was the recipient of many favours and of much particular attention from every successive Governor that ruled in Canada, from the times of General Murray down to the days of Earls Dalhousie and Aylmer. One of his brothers was an officer (adjutant) in the 1st Regiment, or Royal Scots, and afterwards held a commission in the 41st Regiment. Of Mr. Thompson's sons, one was Judge of the District of Gaspé, and two others, Deputy Commissary-Generals.

His great age, and the fact that he lived to be (in Canada) the last surviving veteran of Wolfe's army, made him always a conspicuous object of attention at Quebec down to the last day of his life.

Reverting to his cousin, Mr. James Simpson, who did not attain to nearly the same great age as Mr. Thompson, it happened that one of his daughters—*Miss Mary Simpson*, born in 1766 or 1767—was a girl of marvellous beauty. She was scarcely sixteen years old at the date of Captain Nel-

son's visit to Quebec, in September, 1782. One of Mr. Thompson's daughters* was in the habit of remarking, in the hearing of her children, that, 'if Mary Simpson was not the most beautiful girl in Quebec, she was, at any rate, the most handsome she had ever beheld.' She looked older than she really was. Her parents had secured for her the best education that was obtainable at Quebec. Mr. James Thompson, Junr., who died in the year 1869, makes mention of her in his diary as 'Miss Mary Simpson, the highly accomplished daughter of my father's first cousin, Mr. James Simpson.'

This was the young lady with whose personal and mental charms Captain Nelson, of the *Albemarle*, became infatuated, in 1782. They met in Quebec society, more particularly under the hospitable roof of Nelson's mercantile friend, Mr. Alexander Davison, and probably, before his departure, at the house of her father. Whether or not Nelson's attentions were favoured by her parents nowhere appears on record; but it is certain that he made an impression on her heart and feelings, as will be shown presently. It is not likely, from all that is now known concerning this lady, that Davison had opposed Nelson's intentions, with respect to her, owing, as has been rashly suggested, to apprehensions on the part of Davison that the marriage with her would be a *mesalliance*—a derogatory connection of a superior with an inferior. It is far more probable that the motive was to hinder Nelson from assuming responsibilities which, at that time, he was wholly unprepared for—which would have entailed the abandonment of his professional pursuits and prospects, then so fair, and, in his own words, would have pro-

* *Mrs. Harrower*, mother of Mr. James T. Harrower, now employed in the Local Treasury Department, the owner of the celebrated Sword of Montgomery and custodian of the Thompson family records, diaries, and correspondence.

duced his 'utter ruin in his present situation.' Had Nelson, on landing from his boat, on that occasion, accomplished his ardent wishes, married the lady, and settled down in Quebec, his conduct would have amounted to desertion from the service, which, should his passion for nautical life have subsequently revived, would have placed an almost insurmountable obstacle between him and future employment in the British navy.

That Nelson had made a deep impression upon her heart may be inferred from several particulars. At that time Sir Frederick Haldimand was Governor at Quebec. His secretary and aid-de-camp, Major Matthews, was also a suitor for this lady's hand. After Nelson's departure, this officer renewed his attentions and pressed her to marry him. But she refused. Having been sought by a Post-Captain of the Royal Navy, she could not, she said, '*think of accepting any one belonging to the army whose rank was lower than that of Colonel.*'

Shortly afterwards Governor Haldimand went home, accompanied by Major Matthews. In process of time the latter became a colonel, and was appointed Governor of Chelsea Hospital. Some years had elapsed, and Miss Simpson had attained the age of 26 or 27 years, remaining still unmarried. This fact being ascertained by Colonel Matthews, he again renewed his suit, and was finally accepted; and they became engaged.

Mr. James Thompson, Jun., furnishes the following particulars:— 'Colonel Matthews' appointment in the Horse Guards not admitting of his return to Canada, to fulfil his engagements to Miss Simpson, she went to join him, and they were married in London, from whence she, as well as the colonel, maintained a close correspondence: the former, indeed, looked upon my father (Mr. James Thompson, Sen.) in the light of a parent.'

This then—Miss Mary Simpson—

so far as we have yet proceeded with our evidence—was the young lady whose description tallies with the words of Nelson's biographers in connection with the incident that occurred on the beach at Quebec, 'an amiable American lady, who was *afterwards married and resided in London.*'

We have before us a number of letters,* written by Col. and Mrs. Matthews. Her letters manifest the utmost kindness of heart, good sense, and mental cultivation. When Mr. Thompson's youngest son George was of age to profit by an admission into the Royal Academy of Woolwich, and knowing that it had always been the old man's earnest hope to procure it for one of his family, the Colonel made personal application to the great minister Pitt in his behalf. We have by us his original letter of application, in which he says under date Horse Guards, Nov. 26th, 1803, 'My Lord—Having no claim on your Lordship's attention, I feel much diffidence in taking this liberty, and have long hesitated to do it, yet my motives, I confidently hope, will excuse me. Consideration for and attachment to a very old and worthy servant of the Crown in your Lordship's department at Quebec, and who, at a very advanced period of life, is encumbered with a numerous family, one of whom, in his fifteenth year, has discovered a strong disposition for military science, in which he has received as much instruction as that country can afford, and his father's greatest ambition is that he should be admitted as a cadet at Woolwich. . . . I should not think myself at liberty to obtrude this solicitation, were I not to add that Mr. Thompson is a relation of my wife, and as a mark of attachment to her,

*We cite from the correspondence of the Thompson family, kindly placed in the writer's hands by Mr. Jas. T. Harrower, grandson of Mr. Thompson, sen. It affords information concerning the Colonel and his estimable lady and his family covering the period of from 1796 or 1797 to 1831, when Mrs. Matthews was still alive, although the Colonel had died some years before.

were I so fortunate as to obtain this favour, I would lose no time in getting his son over to this country and fitting him for the Academy . . .'

The application was transmitted to its destination through Mr. Thompson's old friend, Captain (now Colonel) Twiss, of the Quebec Royal Engineering department, and was successful, the willing compliance of the minister being couched '*in very handsome terms.*' In his letter enclosing copies of his application, and of the Earl of Chatham's reply, the Colonel writes :

. . . . All therefore that remains to be done, is to embrace the first favourable opportunity of sending your dear boy to the arms of your affectionately attached friend, Mrs. Matthews, who will open them wide to receive him, and be his adopted mother on this side of the Atlantic so long as he may have occasion for one ; and for her sake, my dear sir, you must not deprive me of the willing share I am anxious to take in this interesting charge. . . . I am desirous of leaving room for my dearest Mary to say something of herself, and I know that from your early and parental attachment to her, it will give you sincere pleasure to hear what she will *not* say. I have the happiness to tell you that she is as amiable as ever, and every day renders herself more dear to me. Much more I could say on this subject. . . .'

Accompanying the Colonel's letter, in fact, written on the same sheet, was one from Mrs. Matthews, which began:

'My dear friend, I would not deprive my Matthews of the pleasure of making the above communication to you himself, and as he has so fully expressed the sentiments of my heart towards our dear George, all I would repeat in this postscript is, that your dear boy shall be my adopted son on this side of the Atlantic, and that you and dear Mrs. Thompson may depend upon every affectionate attention paid him by my warm-hearted Matthews and myself, who are anxious to give

him an hearty welcome to Chelsea . . .

We cannot forbear from remarking here that the foregoing letters—in-
deed every one of the whole set of letters—present a picture of genuine domestic felicity, which could not have left in the mind of Mrs. Matthews any trace of regret that it had been her lot to wed Colonel Matthews instead of Captain Nelson, notwithstanding the vast renown acquired by the latter in after years. At the date when those two letters were penned, all London—we may say all England—was cognizant of the fact that Nelson's marriage with Mrs. Nesbit, of the West Indies, had proved an unhappy one, in spite of the favourable circumstances under which it had been contracted a few years after his meeting with Miss Simpson at Quebec. All the world knows of the chief causes of that unhappiness, and that Lady Nelson, who was also warmly attached to her renowned husband, was not the occasion of their domestic misery. In fact, Nelson's naval fame, and his having become the idol of his countrymen, afforded her but small compensation for the lack of what every true woman cherishes most in her heart—happiness in her home and family.

As before remarked, a most affectionate correspondence was maintained during many years between the Thompson family at Quebec and the Matthews at London, and the set includes not a few letters from young George Thompson while under the protection of the Colonel and his wife. In one, dated Nov. 5th, 1804, soon after his arrival in London, young Thompson, writing to his father, observes: 'Mrs. Matthews is truly a very amiable lady . . .'
'adding further on, '*I have not the least recollection of Mrs. Matthews.*' The apparent forgetfulness arose, no doubt, from the circumstance that nine or ten years had elapsed between the time of Miss Simpson's departure from Que-

bec, to join Colonel Matthews in England, and that of young George when he was about 15 years old.

The length to which this article has already extended precludes our adverting to many incidents noticed in the course of the correspondence, and tending to remove from the sphere of mere hypothesis the identification of Mrs. Matthews as being the very person who, in early life, had made so strong an impression on the heart of Nelson. We therefore pass on to what is, perhaps, the most important link in the chain of evidence—we ought, perhaps, rather to say the crowning testimony.

The decisive battle of Trafalgar, fought by the Spanish and French fleets on one side, and that commanded by Admiral Nelson on the other, occurred on the 20th of October, 1805. It was a bloody conflict, which cost England dear in the loss of thousands of brave officers and men, killed and wounded; and, above all, it gave occasion for all England to mourn the death, at the age of 47, of her greatest and most loved naval hero. To Nelson himself the time and manner of his end were just what he had frequently in his conversation and letters professed to court. He had often before expressed the desire to be in a position in which he could have full direction of the might and purse of England at sea, and to then show the world what he could do when not, as heretofore, acting under another admiral placed in supreme command over him. That the result justified his own anticipations and those of the friends who knew him best, is now matter of history. His body, carefully preserved, was brought home, and after the remains had received every honour and proof of affection and gratitude which it was possible for his countrymen to bestow, the funeral took place at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on January 9th, 1806. The City was crowded with people, occupying the streets, windows and housetops, anxious to

view the passing by of the funeral cortege.

But there was one in whom the solemn occasion revived tender recollections of early life concerning the departed; one whose mind, reverting to her early acquaintance with him at Quebec, in 1782, was unable to look forth upon the pageant. *This was Mrs. Matthews, formerly Miss Mary Simpson.*

Instead of narrating the particulars we must allow herself, as it were, to speak. Her letter on the subject is dated January 9th, 1806, and we give the following extract from it verbatim: . . . He (George Thompson) has gone to witness the mournful spectacle of our deeply lamented hero, Lord Nelson's funeral. My M. (Matthews) procured a place for him in the window of a house at Charing Cross. The press of danger will be great, and the crowd and bustle of to-day will exceed everything that has occurred in this Isle before. Such a scene would be *too much for my feelings, who mourns his immortal character not only as an irreparable national loss but as a friend of my early life*, which renders it the more affecting to Matthews (*who was also well acquainted with him*) and me, and neither of us had fortitude enough to witness the melancholy sight—the most awful and dismal that ever caused the British heart to ache or tears to flow, and torrents, I am sure, are shedding at this instant. Human invention has been on the rack ever since our country's pride and favourite fell to suggest suitable honours and homage for this solemn occasion. The pomp and magnificence of the preparations can hardly be described, and will be a grand sight *to those who can look at it* . . . though the price so sadly grieves our hearts and makes us reflect upon the state of apprehension this country would be in at this dreadful period had it not been for the wonderful and glorious naval action in which our ever-to-be-regretted hero

was slain! This interesting subject has led me on further than I thought.

On the evening of the same day—Jan. 9th, 1806, the day of Nelson's funeral—George Thompson, writing to his father, says: 'I have just returned from seeing the funeral of Lord Nelson, which was too magnificent to be described in this small space; but Mr. Matthews desired me to make a note of it in my journal, which I shall do to the best advantage. . . .

Col. and Mrs. Matthews are in very low spirits for Lord Nelson's death.'

We consider what is set forth in the foregoing extracts conclusive, and that, viewed in conjunction with the other facts, noticed in this letter, the question of identity is now fairly settled. We are conscious that a much more pretentious piece, replete with more extended particulars of information, might have been prepared on the interesting topic, of which we must now take our leave.

In conclusion, we shall only add a few words more relative to the amiable lady, the question of whose identity has afforded the pleasure of preparing the foregoing article. She survived the great man, who had been the passionate admirer of her beauty in early life, many years; for her correspondence with her connections in Canada was kept up till nearly the time of old Mr. Thompson's decease in 1831. She received frequent visits from Quebecers, sojourning a while in England, and it would appear that all who held intercourse with her entertained for her the greatest respect and esteem. On one or two occasions, between 1810 and 1819, the Duke of Kent called upon her—the first time, to condole with her on the occasion of Colonel Matthews' death. Officers of distinction, also, who had formerly served in Quebec, were in the habit of calling to pay their respects to her; and amongst

these, Sir A. Bryce, General Twiss and others, who had been attached to the Royal Engineer corps, with which her dear friend, James Thompson, had been so long connected. On all such occasions she was accustomed to make particular inquiries relating to old friends and old scenes in her native city. We regret that we have been unable to establish the date and place of her decease; but we have some reason for conjecturing that her death occurred in London not long after she had attained her seventieth year.

NOTE.—The subject of the great Admiral's love affair at Quebec, when he visited it in the capacity of Captain of a British frigate in 1782, naturally interests naval officers whom duty even in these days brings to the harbour, whenever it is broached as a topic of conversation. We have a notable illustration of this in what occurred the other day. Just before the departure of our late popular Governor-General, the British war vessels *Bellerophon* and *Sirius* being in port, the Captains and some other officers of these vessels were entertained at breakfast by His Excellency, at the Citadel. The conversation turned on former visits of commanders of ships of war, when, Nelson's name being brought up, the Earl remarked that Mr. LeMoine, author of the 'Maple Leaves,' *Album du Touriste*, &c., was able to afford them some information about him, as he had published something on the subject. Mr. LeMoine happened to be present, and, at His Excellency's request, rehearsed the whole of what he had related in the works cited above, much to the satisfaction of his hearers—Mr. LeMoine's account of the affair, however, as it is based on the now exploded doctrine that the heroine was one of the nieces of Mrs. Miles Prentice, not, as has been shown in the foregoing article, the correct one, however gratifying to the distinguished listeners to its recital on that occasion.

CONCLUDING NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—The foregoing article contains the substance of what was at first intended to be presented as a Paper for reading and discussion before the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, of which the author is an Associate Member. On reflection, however, he is of opinion that the narrative is, upon the whole, and especially with reference to the romantic complexion of some of the incidents adverted to, more suitable for publication in the columns of a magazine, which, besides being a national review in relation to Canadian history and literature, embraces the consideration of topics of general interest to classes of readers not wholly, or chiefly, concerned in the contemplation of grave historical subjects. The world-wide fame of the illustrious British naval hero, which will never die out so long as the profession of arms at sea continues to be required and practised, and the foundations of signal success in its exercise to be studied, will, it is believed, commend to the perusal of the general reader of *ROSE-BELPOUD'S MAGAZINE* the biographical sketch now presented of a certain period of Nelson's early career, and to Canadian readers in particular, who are apt to derive satisfaction from the recollection that the streets of their ancient capital have, in past times, been trodden by numerous visitors from Europe, of the highest eminence and reputation.—H. H. M.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER II.

MR. HETHCOTE looked at the address on the letter with an expression of surprise, which did not escape the notice of Amelius. 'Do you know Mr. Farnaby?' he asked.

'I have some acquaintance with him,' was the answer, given with a certain appearance of constraint.

Amelius went on eagerly with his questions. 'What sort of man is he? Do you think he will be prejudiced against me, because I have been brought up at Tadmor?'

'I must be a little better acquainted, Amelius, with you and Tadmor, before I can answer your question. Suppose you tell me how you became one of the Socialists, to begin with?'

'I was only a little boy, Mr. Hethcote, at that time.'

'Very good. Even little boys have memories. Is there any objection to your telling me what you can remember?'

Amelius answered rather sadly, with his eyes bent on the deck. 'I remember something happening which threw a gloom over us, at home in England. I heard that my mother was concerned in it. When I grew older, I never presumed to ask my father what it was; and he never offered to tell me. I only know this: that he forgave her some wrong she had done him, and let her go on living at home—and that relations and friends all blamed him, and fell away from him, from that time. Not long afterwards, while I was at school, my

mother died. I was sent for, to follow her funeral with my father. When we got back, and were alone together, he took me on his knee and kissed me. "Which will you do, Amelius," he said; "stay in England with your uncle and aunt, or come with me all the way to America, and never go back to England again? Take time to think of it." I wanted no time to think of it; I said "Go with you, papa." He frightened me by bursting out crying; it was the first time I had ever seen him in tears. I can understand it now. He had been cut to the heart, and had borne it like a martyr; and his boy was his one friend left. Well, by the end of the week we were on board the ship; and there we met a benevolent gentleman, with a long grey beard, who bade my father welcome, and presented me with a cake. In my ignorance, I thought he was the captain. Nothing of the sort. He was the first Socialist I had ever seen; and it was he who had persuaded my father to leave England.'

Mr. Hethcote's opinions of Socialists began to show themselves (a little sourly) in Mr. Hethcote's smile. 'And how did you get on with the benevolent gentleman?' he asked. 'After converting your father, did he convert you—with the cake?'

Amelius smiled. 'Do him justice, sir; he didn't trust to the cake. He waited till we were in sight of the American land—and then he preached me a little sermon, on our arrival, entirely for my own use.'

'A sermon?' Mr. Hethcote repeat-

ed. 'Very little religion in it, I suspect.'

'Very little indeed, sir,' Amelius answered. 'Only as much religion as there is in the New Testament. I was not quite old enough to understand him easily—so he wrote down his discourse on the fly-leaf of a story-book I had with me, and gave it to me to read when I was tired of the stories. Stories were scarce with me in those days; and, when I had exhausted my little stock, rather than read nothing, I read my sermon—read it so often that I think I can remember every word of it now. "My dear little boy, the Christian religion, as Christ taught it, has long ceased to be the religion of the Christian world. A selfish and cruel Pretence is set up in its place. Your own father is one example of the truth of this saying of mine. He has fulfilled the first and foremost duty of a true Christian—the duty of forgiving an injury. For this he stands disgraced in the estimation of all his friends: they have renounced and abandoned him. He forgives them, and seeks peace and good company in the New World, among Christians like himself. You will not repent leaving home with him; you will be one of a loving family, and, when you are old enough, you will be free to decide for yourself what your future life shall be." That was all I knew about the Socialists, when we reached Tadmor after our long journey.'

Mr. Hethcote's prejudices made their appearance again. 'A barren sort of place,' he said, 'judging by the name.'

'Barren? What can you be thinking of? A prettier place I never saw, and never expect to see again. A clear winding river, running into a little blue lake. A broad hill-side, all laid out in flower-gardens, and shaded by splendid trees. On the top of the hill, the buildings of the Community, some of brick and some of wood, so covered with creepers and

so encircled with verandahs that I can't tell you to this day what style of architecture they were built in. More trees behind the houses—and, on the other side of the hill, corn-fields, nothing but cornfields rolling away and away in great yellow plains, till they reached the golden sky and the setting sun, and were seen no more. That was our first view of Tadmor, when the stage-coach dropped us at the town.'

Mr. Hethcote still held out. 'And what about the people who live in this earthly paradise?' he asked. 'Male and female saints—eh?'

'O dear no, sir! The very opposite of saints. They eat and drink like their neighbours. They never think of wearing dirty horsehair when they can get clean linen. And when they are tempted to misconduct themselves, they find a better way out of it than knotting a cord and thrashing their own backs. Saints! They all ran out together to bid us welcome like a lot of school children; the first thing they did was to kiss us, and the next thing was to give us a mug of wine of their own making. Saints! O, Mr. Hethcote, what will you accuse us of being next? I declare your suspicions of the poor Socialists keep cropping up again as fast as I cut them down. May I make a guess, sir, without offending you? From one or two things I have noticed, I strongly suspect you're a British clergyman.'

Mr. Hethcote was conquered at last: he burst out laughing. 'You have discovered me,' he said, 'travelling in a coloured cravat and a shooting jacket! I confess I should like to know how.'

'It's easily explained, sir. Visitors of all sorts are welcome at Tadmor. We have a large experience of them in the travelling season. They all come with their own private suspicion of us lurking about the corners of their eyes. They see everything we have to show them, and eat

and drink at our table, and join in our amusements, and get as pleasant and friendly with us as can be. The time comes to say good-bye—and then we find them out. If a guest who has been laughing and enjoying himself all day, suddenly becomes serious when he takes his leave, and shows that little lurking devil of suspicion again about the corners of his eyes—it's ten chances to one that he's a clergyman. No offence, Mr. Hethcote! I acknowledge with pleasure that the corners of *your* eyes are clear again. You're not a very clerical clergyman, sir, after all—I don't despair of converting you, yet!

'Go on with your story, Amelius. You're the queerest fellow I have met with, for many a long day past.'

'I'm a little doubtful about going on with my story, sir. I have told you how I got to Tadmor, and what it looks like, and what sort of people live in the place. If I am to get on beyond that, I must jump to the time when I was old enough to learn the Rules of the Community.'

'Well—and what then?'

'Well, Mr. Hethcote, some of the Rules might offend you.'

'Try!'

'All right, sir! Don't blame me; *I'm* not ashamed of the Rules. And now, if I am to speak, I must speak seriously on a serious subject; I must begin with our religious principles. We find our Christianity in the spirit of the New Testament—not in the letter. We have three good reasons for objecting to pin our faith on the words alone, in that book. First, because we are not sure that the English translation is always to be depended on as accurate and honest. Secondly, because we know that (since the invention of printing) there is not a copy of the book in existence which is free from errors of the press, and that (before the invention of printing) those errors, in manuscript copies, must as a matter of course have been far more serious and far more numerous. Third-

ly, because there is plain internal evidence (to say nothing of discoveries actually made in the present day) of interpolations and corruptions, introduced into the manuscript copies as they succeeded each other in ancient times. These drawbacks are of no importance, however, in our estimation. We find, in the spirit of the book, the most simple and most perfect system of religion and morality that humanity has ever received—and with that we are content. To reverence God; and to love our neighbour as ourselves: if we had only those two commandments to guide us, we should have enough. The whole collection of Doctrines (as they are called) we reject at once without even stopping to discuss them. We apply to them the test suggested by Christ himself: "by their fruits ye shall know them." The fruits of Doctrines, in the past (to quote three instances only), have been the Spanish Inquisition, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the Thirty Years' War—and the fruits in the present, are dissension, bigotry, and opposition to useful reforms. Away with Doctrines! In the interests of Christianity, away with them! We are to love our enemies; we are to forgive injuries; we are to help the needy; we are to be pitiful and courteous, slow to judge others, ashamed to exalt ourselves. That teaching doesn't lead to tortures, massacres, and wars; to envy, hatred, and malice—and for that reason it stands revealed to us as the teaching that we can trust. There is our religion, sir, as we find it in the Rules of the Community.'

'Very well, Amelius. I notice, in passing, that the Community is in one respect like the Pope—the Community is infallible. We won't dwell on that. You have stated your principles. As to the application of them next? Nobody has a right to be rich among you, of course?'

'Put it the other way, Mr. Hethcote. All men have a right to be rich

—provided they don't make other people poor, as a part of the process. We don't trouble ourselves much about money; that's the truth. We are farmers, carpenters, weavers, and printers; and what we earn (ask our neighbours if we don't earn it honestly) goes into the common fund. A man who comes to us with money puts it into the fund, and so makes things easy for the next man who comes with empty pockets. While they are with us, they all live in the same comfort, and have their equal share in the same profits—deducting the sum in reserve for sudden calls and bad times. If they leave us, the man who has brought money with him has his undisputed right to take it away again; and the man who has brought none bids us good-bye, all the richer for his equal share in the profits which he has personally earned. The only fuss at our place about money that I can remember was the fuss about my five hundred a year. I wanted to hand it over to the fund. It was my own, mind—inherited from my mother's property, on my coming of age. The Elders wouldn't hear of it: the Council wouldn't hear of it: the general vote of the Community wouldn't hear of it. "We agreed with his father that he should decide for himself, when he grew to manhood"—that was how they put it. "Let him go back to the Old World; and let him be free to choose, by the test of his own experience, what his future life shall be." How do you think it will end, Mr. Hethcote? Shall I return to the Community? Or shall I stop in London?

Mr. Hethcote answered, without a moment's hesitation, 'You will stop in London.'

'I bet you two to one, sir, he goes back to the Community.'

In those words, a third voice (speaking in a strong New England accent) insinuated itself into the conversation from behind. Amelius and Mr. Hethcote, looking round, discovered a long, lean, grave stranger—with his

face overshadowed by a huge felt hat. 'Have you been listening to our conversation?' Mr. Hethcote asked haughtily.

'I have been listening,' answered the grave stranger, 'with considerable interest. This young man, I find, opens a new chapter to me in the book of humanity. Do you accept my bet, sir? My name is Rufus Dingwell; and my home is at Coolspring, Mass. You do *not* bet? I express my regret, and have the pleasure of taking a seat alongside of you. What is your name, sir? Hethcote? We have one of that name at Coolspring. He is much respected. Mr. Claude A. Goldenheart, you are no stranger to me—no, sir. I procured your name from the steward, when the little difficulty occurred just now about the bird. Your name considerably surprised me.'

'Why?' Amelius asked.

'Well, sir—not to say that your surname (being Goldenheart) reminds one unexpectedly of the Pilgrim's Progress—I happen to be already acquainted with you. By reputation.'

Amelius looked puzzled. 'By reputation?' he said. 'What does that mean?'

'It means, sir, that you occupy a prominent position in a recent number of our popular journal, entitled *The Coolspring Democrat*. The late romantic incident which caused the withdrawal of Miss Mellicent from your Community has produced a species of social commotion at Coolspring. Among our ladies, the tone of sentiment, sir, is universally favourable to you. When I left, I do assure you, you were a popular character among us. The name of Claude A. Goldenheart was, so to speak, in everybody's mouth.'

Amelius listened to this, with the colour suddenly deepening on his face, and with every appearance of heartfelt annoyance and regret. 'There is no such thing as keeping a secret in America,' he said, irritably

'Some spy must have got among us ; none of *our* people would have exposed the poor lady to public comment. How would you like it, Mr. Dingwell, if the newspapers published the private sorrows of your wife or your daughter ?'

Rufus Dingwell answered with the straightforward sincerity of feeling which is one of the indisputable virtues of his nation. 'I had not thought of it in that light, sir,' he said. 'You have been good enough to credit me with a wife or a daughter. I do not possess either of those ladies ; but your argument hits me, notwithstanding—hits me hard, I tell you.' He looked at Mr. Hethcote, who sat silently and stiffly disapproving of all this familiarity, and applied himself in perfect innocence and good faith to making things pleasant in that quarter. 'You are a stranger, sir,' said Rufus ; 'and you will doubtless wish to peruse the article which is the subject of conversation ?' He took a newspaper slip from his pocket-book, and offered it to the astonished Englishman. 'I shall be glad to hear your sentiments, sir, on the view propounded by our mutual friend, Claude A. Goldenheart.'

Before Mr. Hethcote could reply, Amelius interposed in his own headlong way. 'Give it me ! I want to read it first !'

He snatched at the newspaper slip. Rufus checked him with grave composure. 'I am of a cool temperament myself, sir, but that don't prevent me from admiring heat in others. Short of boiling point—mind that !' With this hint, the wise New-Englander permitted Amelius to take possession of the printed slip.

Mr. Hethcote, finding an opportunity of saying a word at last, asserted himself a little haughtily. 'I beg you will both of you understand that I decline to read anything which relates to another person's private affairs.'

Neither the one nor the other of his companions paid the slightest heed to

this announcement. Amelius was reading the newspaper extract, and placid Rufus was watching him. In another moment, he crumpled up the slip, and threw it indignantly on the deck. 'It's as full of lies as it can hold !' he burst out.

'It's all over the United States, by this time,' Rufus remarked. 'And I don't doubt we shall find the English papers have copied it, when we get to Liverpool. If you take my advice, sir, you will cultivate a sagacious insensibility to the comments of the press.'

'Do you think I care for myself ?' Amelius asked, indignantly. 'It's the poor woman I am thinking of. What can I do to clear her character ?'

'Well, sir,' suggested Rufus, 'in your place, I should have a notification circulated through the ship, announcing a lecture on the subject (weather permitting) in the course of the afternoon. That's the way we should do it at Coolspring.'

Amelius listened without conviction. 'It's certainly useless to make a secret of the matter now,' he said ; 'but I don't see my way to making it more public still.' He paused and looked at Mr. Hethcote. 'It so happens, sir,' he resumed, 'that this unfortunate affair is an example of some of the Rules of our Community, which I had not had time to speak of, when Mr. Dingwell here joined us. 'It will be a relief to me to contradict these abominable falsehoods to somebody ; and I should like (if you don't mind) to hear what you think of my conduct, from your own point of view. It might prepare me,' he added, smiling rather uneasily, 'for what I may find in the English newspapers.'

With these words of introduction he told his sad story—jocosely described in the newspaper heading as 'Miss Mellicent and Goldenheart among the Socialists at Tadmor.'

CHAPTER III.

'NEARLY six months since,' said Amelius, 'we had notice by letter of the arrival of an unmarried English lady, who wished to become a member of our Community. You will understand my motive in keeping her family name a secret: even the newspaper has grace enough only to mention her by her Christian name. I don't want to cheat you out of your interest; so I will own at once that Miss Mellicent was not beautiful, and not young. When she came to us, she was thirty-eight years old, and time and trial had set their marks on her face, plainly enough for anybody to see. Notwithstanding this we all thought her an interesting woman. It might have been the sweetness of her voice; or perhaps it was something in her expression—a sort of patience and kindness that seemed to blame nobody and to expect nothing—that took our fancy. There! I can't explain it; I can only say there were young women and pretty women at Tadmor who failed to win us as Miss Mellicent did. Contradictory enough, isn't it?'

Mr. Hethcote said he understood the contradiction. Rufus put an appropriate question: 'Do you possess a photograph of this lady, sir?'

'No,' said Amelius; 'I wish I did. Well, we received her, on her arrival, in the Common Room—called so because we all assemble there every evening when the work of the day is done. Sometimes we have the reading of a poem or a novel; sometimes music, or dancing, or cards, or billiards, to amuse us. When a new member arrives, we have the ceremonies of introduction. I was close by the Elder Brother (that's the name we give to the chief of the Community) when two of the women led Miss Mellicent in. He's a hearty old fellow, who lived the first part of his life on his own clearing in one of the

Western forests. To this day, he can't talk long without showing, in one way or another, that his old familiarity with the trees still keeps its place in his memory. He looked hard at Miss Mellicent, under his shaggy old white eyebrows; and I heard him whisper to himself, "Ah, dear me! Another of The Fallen Leaves!" I knew what he meant. The people who have drawn blanks in the lottery of life—the people who have toiled hard after happiness, and have gathered nothing but disappointment and sorrow; the friendless and the lonely, the wounded and the lost—these are the people whom our good Elder Brother calls The Fallen Leaves. I like the saying myself; it's a tender way of speaking of our poor fellow-creatures who are down in the world.'

He paused for a moment, looking out thoughtfully over the vast void of sea and sky. A passing shadow of sadness clouded his bright young face. The two elder men looked at him in silence; feeling (in widely different ways) the same compassionate interest. What was the life that lay before him? And—God help him!—what would he do with it?

'Where did I leave off?' he asked, rousing himself suddenly.

'You left Miss Mellicent, sir, in the Common Room—the venerable citizen with the white eyebrows being suitably engaged in moralising on her.' In those terms the ever-ready Rufus set the story going again.

'Quite right,' Amelius resumed. 'There she was, poor thing, a little, thin, timid creature, in a white dress, with a black scarf over her shoulders, trembling and wondering in a room full of strangers. The Elder Brother took her by the hand, and kissed her on the forehead, and bade her heartily welcome in the name of the Community. Then the women followed his example, and the men all shook hands with her. And then our chief put the three questions, which he is bound to address to all new arrivals

when they first join us. "Do you come here of your own free will? Do you bring with you a written recommendation from one of our brethren which satisfies us that we do no wrong to ourselves or others in receiving you? Do you understand that you are not bound to us by vows but are free to leave us again if the life here is not agreeable to you?" Matters being settled so far, the reading of the Rules, and the Penalties imposed for breaking them, came next. Some of the Rules you know already; others of smaller importance I needn't trouble you with. As for the Penalties, if you incur the lighter ones, you are subject to public rebuke or to isolation for a time from the social life of the Community. If you incur the heavier ones, you are either sent out into the world again for a given period, to return or not as you please; or you are struck off the list of members, and expelled for good and all. Suppose these preliminaries agreed to by Miss Mellicent with silent submission, and let us get on to the close of the ceremony—the reading of the Rules which settle the questions of love and marriage.'

'Aha!' said Mr. Hethcote, 'we are coming to the difficulties of the community at last?'

'Are we also coming to Miss Mellicent, sir?' Rufus inquired. 'As a citizen of a free country, in which I can love in one State, marry in another, and be divorced in a third, I am not interested in your Rules—I am interested in your lady.'

'The two are inseparable in this case,' Amelius answered gravely. 'If I am to speak of Miss Mellicent, I must speak of the Rules; you will soon see why. Our Community becomes a despotism, gentlemen, in dealing with love and marriage. For example, it positively prohibits any member afflicted with hereditary disease from marrying at all; and it reserves to itself, in the case of every proposed marriage among us, the right

of permitting or forbidding it, in council. We can't even fall in love with each other, without being bound, under penalties to report it to the Elder Brother; who, in his turn, communicates it to the weekly council; who, in their turn, decide whether the courtship may go on or not. That's not the worst of it, even yet! In some cases—where we haven't the slightest intention of falling in love with each other—the governing body takes the initiative. "You two will do well to marry; we see it if you don't. Just think of it, will you?" You may laugh; some of our happiest marriages have been made in that way. Our governors in council act on an established principle; here it is in a nutshell. The results of experience in the matter of marriage, all over the world, show that a really wise choice of a husband or a wife is an exception to the rule; and that husbands and wives in general would be happier together if their marriages were managed for them by competent advisers on either side. Laws laid down on such lines as these, and others equally strict, which I have not mentioned yet, were not put in force, Mr. Hethcote, as you suppose, without serious difficulties—difficulties which threatened the very existence of the community. But that was before my time. When I grew up, I found the husbands and wives about me content to acknowledge that the Rules fulfilled the purpose for which they had been made—the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It all looks very absurd, I dare say, from your point of view. But these queer regulations of ours answer the Christian test—by their fruits ye shall know them. Our married people don't live on separate sides of the house; our children are all healthy; wife-beating is unknown among us; and the practice in our divorce court wouldn't keep the most moderate lawyer on bread and cheese. Can you say as much for the success of the marriage laws in Europe? I

leave you, gentlemen, to form your own opinions.'

Mr. Hethcote declined to express an opinion. Rufus declined to resign his interest in the lady. 'And what did Miss Mellicent say to it?' he inquired.

'She said something that startled us all,' Amelius replied. 'When the Elder Brother began to read the first words relating to love and marriage in the Book of Rules, she turned deadly pale; and rose up in her place with a sudden burst of courage or desperation—I don't know which. "Must you read that to Me?" she asked. "I have nothing to do, sir, with love or marriage." The Elder Brother laid aside his Book of Rules. "If you are afflicted with an hereditary malady," he said, "the doctor from the town will examine you, and report to us." She answered, "I have no hereditary malady." The Elder Brother took up his book again. "In due course of time, my dear, the Council will decide for you, whether you are to love and marry or not." And he read the Rules. She sat down again, and hid her face in her hands, and never moved or spoke until he had done. The regular questions followed. Had she anything to say, in the way of objection? Nothing! In that case, would she sign the Rules? Yes! The time came for supper and music. She excused herself, like a child. "I feel very tired; may I go to bed?" The unmarried woman in the same dormitory with her anticipated some romantic confession when she grew used to her new friends. They proved to be wrong. "My life has been one long disappointment," was all she said. "You will do me a kindness if you will take me as I am, and not ask me to talk about myself." There was nothing sulky or ungracious in the expression of her wish to keep her own secret. A kinder and sweeter woman—never thinking of herself, always considerate of others—never lived. An accidental discovery made me her

chief friend, among the men: it turned out that her childhood had been passed where my childhood had been passed, at Shedfield Heath, in Buckinghamshire. She was never weary of consulting my boyish recollections, and comparing them with her own. "I love the place," she used to say; "the only happy time of my life was the time passed there." On my sacred word of honour, this was the sort of talk that passed between us, for week after week. What other talk *could* pass between a man whose one-and-twentieth birthday was then near at hand, and a woman who was close on forty? What could I do, when the poor broken disappointed creature met me on the hill or by the river, and said "You are going out for a walk; may I come with you?" I never attempted to intrude myself into her confidence; I never even asked her why she had joined the Community. You see what is coming, don't you? I never saw it. I didn't know what it meant, when some of the younger women, meeting us together, looked at me (not at her), and smiled maliciously. My stupid eyes were opened at last by the woman who slept in the next bed to her in the dormitory—a woman old enough to be my mother, who took care of me when I was a child at Tadmor. She stopped me one morning, on my way to fish in the river. "Amelius," she said, don't go to the fishing-house; Mellicent is waiting for you." I stared at her in astonishment. She held up her finger at me: "Take care, you foolish boy! You are drifting into a false position as fast as you can. Have you no suspicion of what is going on?" I looked all around me, in search of what was going on. Nothing out of the common was to be seen anywhere. "What can you possibly mean?" I asked "You will only laugh at me, if I tell you," she said. I promised not to laugh. She too looked all round her, as if she was afraid of somebody being near enough

to hear us ; and then she let out the secret. "Amelius, ask for a holiday—and leave us for a while. Mellicent is in love with you."

CHAPTER IV.

"MELLICENT is in love with you."

Amelius looked at his companions, in some doubt whether they would preserve their gravity at this critical point in his story. They both showed him that his apprehensions were well founded. He was a little hurt—and he instantly revealed it. 'I own to my shame that I burst out laughing myself,' he said. 'But you two gentlemen are older and wiser than I am. I didn't expect to find you just as ready to laugh at poor Miss Mellicent as I was.'

Mr. Hethcote declined to be reminded of his duties as a middle-aged gentleman in this back-handed manner. 'Gently, Amelius! You can't expect to persuade us that a laughable thing is not a thing to be laughed at. A woman close on forty who falls in love with a young fellow of twenty-one—'

'Is a laughable circumstance,' Rufus interposed. 'Whereas a man of forty who fancies a young woman of twenty-one is all in the order of Nature. The men have settled it so. But why the women are to give up so much sooner than the men, is a question, sir, on which I have long wished to hear the sentiments of the women themselves.'

Mr. Hethcote dismissed the sentiments of the women with a wave of his hand. 'Let us hear the rest of it, Amelius. Of course you went on to the fishing-house? And of course you found Miss Mellicent there?'

'She came to the door to meet me, much as usual,' Amelius resumed—'and suddenly checked herself in the act of shaking hands with me. I can

only suppose she saw something in my face that startled her. How it happened, I can't say ; but I felt my good spirits forsake me the moment I found myself in her presence. I doubt if she had ever seen me so serious before. "Have I offended you?" she asked. Of course I denied it ; but I failed to satisfy her. She began to tremble. "Has somebody said something against me? Are you weary of my company?" Those were the next questions. It was useless to say No. Some perverse distrust of me, or some despair of herself, overpowered her on a sudden. She sank down on the floor of the fishing-house, and began to cry—not a good hearty burst of tears ; a silent miserable resigned sort of crying, as if she had lost all claim to be pitied, and all right to feel wounded or hurt. I was so distressed that I thought of nothing but consoling her. I meant well—and I acted like a fool. A sensible man would have lifted her up, and left her to recover herself. I lifted her up and put my arm round her waist. She looked at me as I did it. For just a moment, I declare she became twenty years younger ! She blushed as I have never seen a woman blush before or since—the colour flowed all over her neck as well as her face. Before I could say a word, she caught hold of my hand, and (of all the confusing things in the world!) kissed it ! "No !" she cried, "don't despise me ! don't laugh at me ! Wait, and hear what my life has been—and then you will understand why a little kindness overpowers me." She looked round the corner of the fishing-house suspiciously. "I don't want anybody else to hear us," she said ; "all the pride isn't beaten out of me yet. Come to the lake, and row me about in the boat." I took her out in the boat. Nobody could hear us certainly ; but she forgot, and I forgot, that anybody might see us, and that appearances on the lake might lead to false conclusions on shore.'

Mr. Hethcote and Rufus exchanged significant looks. They had not forgotten the Rules of the Community, when two of its members showed a preference to each other's society.

Amelius proceeded. 'Well, there we were on the lake. I paddled with the oars—and she opened her whole heart to me. Her troubles had begun, in a very common way, with her mother's death and her father's second marriage. She had a brother and a sister—the sister married to a German merchant, settled in New York; the brother comfortably established as a sheep-farmer in Australia. So, you see, she was alone at home, at the mercy of the step-mother. I don't understand these cases myself; but people who do, tell me that there are generally faults on both sides. To make matters worse, they were a poor family; the one rich relative being a sister of the first wife, who disapproved of the widower marrying again, and never entered the house afterwards. Well, the step-mother had a sharp tongue—and Mellicent was the first person to feel the sting of it. She was reproached with being an encumbrance on her father, when she ought to be doing something for herself. There was no need to repeat those harsh words. The next day she answered an advertisement. Before the week was over, she was earning her bread as a daily governess.'

Here, Rufus stopped the narrative, having an interesting question to put. 'Might I inquire, sir, what her salary was?'

'Thirty pounds a year,' Amelius replied. 'She was out teaching from nine o'clock to two—and then went home again.'

'There seems to be nothing to complain of in that, as salaries go,' Mr. Hethcote remarked.

'She made no complaint,' Amelius rejoined. 'She was satisfied with her salary; but she wasn't satisfied with her life. The meek little woman grew downright angry when she spoke of

it. "I had no reason to complain of my employers," she said. "I was treated civilly and punctually paid; but I never made friends of them. I tried to make friends of the children; and sometimes I thought I had succeeded—but, O dear, when they were idle, and I was obliged to keep them to their lessons, I soon found how little hold I had on the love that I wanted them to give me. We see children in books who are perfect little angels; never envious or greedy or sulky or deceitful; always the same sweet, pious, tender, grateful, innocent creatures—and it has been my misfortune never to meet with them, go where I might! It is a hard world, Amelius, the world that I have lived in. I don't think there are such miserable lives anywhere as the lives led by the poor middle classes in England. From year's end to year's end, the one dreadful struggle to keep up appearances, and the heart-breaking monotony of an existence without change. We lived in the back street of a cheap suburb. I declare to you we had but one amusement in the whole long weary year—the annual concert the clergyman got up, in aid of his schools. The rest of the year it was all teaching for the first half of the day, and needlework for the young family for the other half. My father had religious scruples; he prohibited theatres, he prohibited dancing and light reading; he even prohibited looking in at the shop windows, because we had no money to spare and they tempted us to buy. He went to business in the morning, and came back at night, and fell asleep after dinner, and woke up and read prayers—and next day to business and back, and sleeping and waking and reading prayers—and no break in it, week after week, month after month, except on Sunday, which was always the same Sunday, the same church, the same service, the same dinner, the same book of sermons in the evening. Even when we had a fortnight once a year at the

seaside, we always went to the same place and lodged in the same cheap house. The few friends we had, led just the same lives, and were beaten down flat by just the same monotony. All the women seemed to submit to it contentedly except my miserable self. I wanted so little! Only a change now and then; only a little sympathy when I was weary and sick at heart; only somebody whom I could love and serve, and be rewarded with a smile and a kind word in return. Mothers shook their heads, and daughters laughed at me. Have *we* time to be sentimental? Haven't we enough to do, darning and mending, and turning our dresses, and making the joint last as long as possible, and keeping the children clean, and doing the washing at home—and tea and sugar rising, and my husband grumbling every week when I have to ask him for the house-money. O, no more of it! no more of it! People meant for better things all ground down to the same sordid and selfish level—is that a pleasant sight to contemplate? I shudder when I think of the last twenty years of my life!" That's what she complained of, Mr. Hethcote, in the solitary middle of the lake, with nobody but me to hear her.

'In my country, sir,' Rufus remarked, 'the Lecture Bureau would have provided for her amusement, on economical terms. And I reckon, if a married life would fix her, she might have tried it among Us by way of a change.'

'That's the saddest part of the story,' said Amelius. 'There came a time, only two years ago, when her prospects changed for the better. Her rich aunt (her mother's sister) died; and—what do you think?—left her a legacy of six thousand pounds. *There* was a gleam of sunshine in her life! The poor teacher was an heiress in a small way, with her fortune at her own disposal. They had something like a festival at home, for the first time; presents to everybody, and kiss-

ings and congratulations, and new dresses at last. And, more than that, another wonderful event happened before long. A gentleman made his appearance in the family circle, with an interesting object in view—a gentleman who had called at the house in which she happened to be employed as teacher at the time, and had seen her occupied with her pupils. He had kept it to himself to be sure, but he had secretly admired her from that moment—and now it had come out! She had never had a lover before; mind that. And he was a remarkably handsome man; dressed beautifully, and sang and played, and was so humble and devoted with it all. Do you think it wonderful that she said Yes, when he proposed to marry her? I don't think it wonderful at all. For the first few weeks of the courtship, the sunshine was brighter than ever. Then the clouds began to rise. Anonymous letters came, describing the handsome gentleman (seen under his fair surface) as nothing less than a scoundrel. She tore up the letters indignantly—she was too delicate even to show them to him. Signed letters came next, addressed to her father by an uncle and an aunt, both contained one and the same warning: 'If your daughter insists on having him, tell her to take care of her money.' A few days later, a visitor arrived—a brother, who spoke out more plainly still. As an honourable man, he could not hear of what was going on, without making the painful confession that his brother was forbidden to enter his house. That said, he washed his hands of all further responsibility. You too know the world, you will guess how it ended. Quarrels in the household; the poor middle-aged woman, living in her fool's Paradise, blindly true to her lover; convinced that he was foully wronged; frantic when he declared that he would not connect himself with a family which suspected him. Ah, I have no patience when I think of it—I almost wish I had never

begun to tell the story! Do you know what he did? She was free, of course, at her age, to decide for herself; there was no controlling her. The wedding-day was fixed. Her father had declared he would not sanction it; and her mother-in-law kept him to his word. She went alone to the church, to meet her promised husband. He never appeared; he deserted her, mercilessly deserted her—after she had sacrificed her own relations to him—on her wedding-day. She was taken home insensible, and had a brain fever. The doctors declined to answer for her life. Her father thought it time to look at her banker's pass-book. Out of her six thousand pounds she had privately given no less than four thousand to the scoundrel who had deceived and forsaken her! Not a month afterwards he married a young girl—with a fortune of course. We read of such things in newspapers and books. But to have them brought home to one, after living one's own life among honest people—I tell you it stupefied me!

He said no more. Below them in the cabin, voices were laughing and talking, to a cheerful accompaniment of clattering knives and forks. Around them spread the exultant glory of sea and sky. All that they heard, all that they saw, was cruelly out of harmony with the miserable story which had just reached its end. With one accord the three men rose and paced the deck, feeling physically the same need of some movement to lighten their spirits. With one accord they waited a little, before the narrative was resumed.

CHAPTER V.

MR. HETHCOTE was the first to speak again.

'I can understand the poor creature's motive in joining your community,' he said. 'To a person of any

sensibility her position, among such relatives as you describe, must have been simply unendurable after what had happened. How did she hear of Tadmor and the Socialists?'

'She had read one of our books,' Amelius answered; and she had her married sister at New York to go to. There were moments, after her recovery (she confessed it to me frankly), when the thought of suicide was in her mind. Her religious scruples saved her. She was kindly received by her sister and her sister's husband. They proposed to keep her with them to teach their children. No! the new life offered to her was too like the old life—she was broken in body and mind; she had no courage to face it. We have a resident agent in New York; and he arranged for her journey to Tadmor. There is a gleam of brightness, at any rate, in this part of her story. She blessed the day, poor soul, when she joined us. Never before had she found herself among such kind-hearted, unselfish, simple people. Never before—' he abruptly checked himself, and looked a little confused.

Obliging Rufus finished the sentence for him. 'Never before had she known a young man with such natural gifts of fascination as C. A. G. Don't you be too modest, sir; it doesn't pay, I do assure you, in the nineteenth century.'

Amelius was not as ready with his laugh as usual. 'I wish I could drop it at the point we have reached now,' he said. 'But she has left Tadmor; and, in justice to *her* (after the scandals in the newspaper), I must tell you how she left it, and why. The mischief began when I was helping her out of the boat. Two of our young women met us on the bank of the lake, and asked me how I got on with my fishing. They didn't mean any harm, they were only in their customary good spirits. Still, there was no mistaking their looks and tones when they put the question. Miss Mellicent, in her confusion, made matters worse. She

coloured up, and snatched her hand out of mine, and ran back to the house by herself. The girls, enjoying their own foolish joke, congratulated me on my prospects. I must have been out of sorts in some way—upset, perhaps, by what I had heard in the boat. Anyhow, I lost my temper, and I made matters worse, next. I said some angry words, and left them. The same evening I found a letter in my room. "For your sake, I must not be seen alone with you again. It is hard to lose the comfort of your sympathy, but I must submit. Think of me kindly as I think of you. It has done me good to open my heart to you." Only those lines, signed by Mellicent's initials. I was rash enough to keep the letter instead of destroying it. All might have ended well, nevertheless, if she had only held to her resolution. But, unluckily, my twenty-first birthday was close at hand; and there was talk of keeping it as a festival in the Community. I was up with the sunrise when the day came; having some farming-work to look after, and wanting to get it over in good time. My shortest way back to breakfast was through a wood. In the wood I met her.

'Alone?' Mr. Hethcote asked.

Rufus expressed his opinion of the wisdom of putting this question with his customary plainness of language. 'When there's a rash thing to be done by a man and a woman together, sir, philosophers have remarked that it's always the woman who leads the way. Of course she was alone.'

'She had a little present for me on my birthday,' Amelius explained—'a purse of her own making. And she was afraid of the ridicule of the young women, if she gave it to me openly. "You have my heart's dearest wishes for your happiness; think of me sometimes, Amelius, when you open your purse." If you had been in my place, could you have told her to go away, when she said that, and put her gift into your hand? Not if she had been

looking at you at the moment—I'll swear you couldn't have done it!'

The long, lean, yellow face of Rufus Dingwell relaxed for the first time into a broad grin. 'There are further particulars, sir, stated in the newspaper,' he said slyly.

'Damn the newspaper,' Amelius answered.

Rufus bowed, serenely courteous, with the air of a man who accepted a British oath as an unwilling compliment paid by the old country to the American press. 'The newspaper report states, sir, that she kissed you.'

'It's a lie!' Amelius shouted.

'Perhaps it's an error of the press,' Rufus persisted. 'Perhaps *you* kissed *her*?'

'Never mind what I did,' said Amelius savagely.

Mr. Hethcote felt it necessary to interfere. He addressed Rufus in his most magnificent manner. 'In England, Mr. Dingwell, a gentleman is not in the habit of disclosing these—er—these—er, er—'

'These kissings in a wood?' suggested Rufus. 'In my country, sir, we do not regard kissing, in or out of a wood, in the light of a shameful proceeding. Quite the contrary, I do assure you.'

Amelius recovered his temper. The discussion was becoming too ridiculous to be endured by the unfortunate person who was the object of it.

'Don't let us make mountains out of molehills,' he said. 'I did kiss her—there! A woman pressing the prettiest little purse you ever saw into your hand, and wishing you many happy returns of the day with the tears in her eyes; I should like to know what else was to be done but to kiss her. Ah, yes, smooth out your newspaper report, and have another look at it! She *did* rest her head on my shoulder, poor soul, and she *did* say, "O Amelius, I thought my heart was turned to stone; feel how you have made it beat!" When I remembered what she had told me in the boat, I

declare to God I almost burst out crying myself—it was so innocent and so pitiful.’

Rufus held out his hand with true American cordiality. ‘I do assure you, sir, I meant no harm,’ he said. ‘The right grit is in you, and no mistake—and there goes the newspaper!’ He rolled up the slip and flung it overboard.

Mr. Hethcote nodded his entire approval of this proceeding. Amelius went on with his story.

‘I’m near the end now,’ he said. ‘If I had known it would have taken so long to tell—never mind! We got out of the wood at last, Mr. Rufus; and we left it without a suspicion that we had been watched. I was prudent enough (when it was too late, you will say) to suggest to her that we had better be careful for the future. Instead of taking it seriously, she laughed. “Have you altered your mind, since you wrote to me!” I asked. “To be sure I have,” she said. “When I wrote to you I forgot the difference between your age and mine. Nothing that *we* do will be taken seriously. I am afraid of their laughing at me, Amelius; but I am afraid of nothing else.” I did my best to undeceive her. I told her plainly that people unequally matched in years—women older than men, as well as men older than women—were not uncommonly married among us. The council only looked to their being well suited in other ways, and declined to trouble itself about the question of age. I don’t think I produced much effect; she seemed, for once in her life, poor thing, to be too happy to look beyond the passing moment. Besides, there was the birthday festival to keep her mind from dwelling on doubts and fears that were not agreeable to her. And the next day there was another event to occupy our attention—the arrival of the lawyer’s letter from London, with the announcement of my inheritance on coming of age. It was settled, as you know, that I

was to go out into the world, and to judge for myself; but the date of my departure was not fixed. Two days later, the storm that had been gathering for weeks past burst on us—we were cited to appear before the council to answer for an infraction of the Rules. Everything that I have confessed to you, and some things besides that I have kept to myself, lay formally inscribed on a sheet of paper placed on the council table—and pinned to the sheet of paper was Mellicent’s letter to me, found in my room. I took the whole blame on myself, and insisted on being confronted with the unknown person who had informed against us. The council met this by a question:—“Is the information, in any particular, false?” Neither of us could deny that it was, in every particular, true. Hearing this, the council decided that there was no need, on our own showing, to confront us with the informer. From that day to this, I have never known who the spy was. Neither Mellicent nor I had an enemy in the Community. The girls who had seen us on the lake, and some other members who had met us together, only gave their evidence on compulsion—and even then they prevaricated, they were so fond of us and so sorry for us. After waiting a day, the governing body pronounced their judgment. Their duty was prescribed to them by the Rules. We were sentenced to six months’ absence from the Community; to return or not, as we pleased. A hard sentence, gentlemen—whatever *we* may think of it—to homeless and friendless people, to the Fallen Leaves that had drifted to Tadmor. In my case it had been already arranged that I was to leave. After what had happened, my departure was made compulsory in four-and-twenty hours; and I was forbidden to return, until the date of my sentence had expired. In Mellicent’s case they were still more strict. They would not trust her to travel by herself. A female member

of the Community was appointed to accompany her to the house of her married sister at New York : she was ordered to be ready for the journey by sunrise the next morning. We both understood, of course, that the object of this was to prevent our travelling together. They might have saved themselves the trouble of putting obstacles in the way.'

'So far as You were concerned, I suppose?' said Mr. Hethcote.

'So far as She was concerned also,' Amelius answered.

'How did she take it, sir?' Rufus inquired.

'With a composure that astonished us all,' said Amelius. 'We had anticipated tears and entreaties for mercy. She stood up perfectly calm, far calmer than I was, with her head turned towards me, and her eyes resting quietly on my face. If you can imagine a woman whose whole being was absorbed in looking into the future ; seeing what no mortal creature about her saw ; sustained by hopes that no mortal creature about her could share—you may see her as I did when she heard her sentence pronounced. The members of the Community, accustomed to take leave of an erring brother or sister with loving and merciful words, were all more or less distressed as they bade her farewell.

Most of the women were in tears as they kissed her. They said the same kind words to her over and over again. "We are heartily sorry for you, dear; we shall all be glad to welcome you back." They sang our customary hymn at parting—and broke down before they got to the end. It was *she* who consoled *them*! Not once through all that melancholy ceremony, did she lose her strange composure, her rapt, mysterious look. I was the last to say farewell ; and I own I couldn't trust myself to speak. She held my hand in hers. For a moment, her face lighted up softly with a radiant smile—then the strange preoccupied expression flowed over her again, like shadow over a light. Her eyes, still looking into mine, seemed to look beyond me. She spoke low, in sad, steady tones. "Be comforted, Amelius ; the end is not yet." She put her hands on my head, and drew it down to her. "You will come back to me," she whispered—and kissed me on the forehead, before them all. When I looked up again, she was gone. I have neither seen her nor heard from her since. It's all told, gentlemen—and some of it has distressed me in the telling. Let me go away for a minute by myself, and look at the sea.'

(To be continued.)

FORMS AND USAGES :

A PARLIAMENTARY STUDY.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

THE opening of Parliament in Canada has always been a State ceremony, invested with as much dignity as the circumstances of the country have permitted. Even in the earliest days of our parliamentary history, the effort was made to imitate, though necessarily on a very humble scale, the ancient forms and usages which attend the commencement of a session of that great Legislature which is the prototype of all the deliberative assemblies of the English-speaking communities of the world. If we go back to the latter part of the eighteenth century, when two Legislatures assembled for the first time in Upper and Lower Canada, under the Constitutional Act of 1791, we find an illustration of the conservative character of our parliamentary institutions. No more interesting or important episode has occurred in our history than the first meeting of a Canadian Legislature in which the people were at last represented in an Assembly. The circumstances under which the two Legislatures met were necessarily very different in the two provinces, into which Canada was now divided. Lower Canada had a population of some hundred and thirty thousand souls, for the greater part French, and comprising many men of ability and culture. Quebec and Montreal were then large towns, containing a little colonial aristocracy, led by the officials and military. Upper Canada was still a wilderness of forest, and the only villages of importance were Kingston

and Niagara. Small settlements of English and Scotch, chiefly Loyalists, who had found refuge in Canada during the War of Independence, were scattered in the most favoured localities on the shores of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario.

The older condition of the French Province consequently permitted the opening of Parliament, in 1792, to be surrounded with those circumstances of show and ceremony which seem necessarily connected with aristocratic and monarchical institutions. The city where the first Assembly of Lower Canada met was one of great historic interest. Only a few years had passed since the *fleur-de-lys* of France had waved over the Château St. Louis, where had assembled many noble and ambitious Frenchmen, who had their dreams of a French Empire on this continent. The massive fortifications, the heavy stone buildings, and the quaint gates, that crowded the rugged heights of the ancient capital, seemed more suited to some fastness of mediæval times than to a city amid the forests of a new country. The very buildings in which the Government transacted its business had echoed to the tread of statesmen, warriors, and priests of the old *régime*. The civil and military branches of the Government then occupied apartments in the old Château St. Louis, elevated on the brink of an inaccessible precipice, whence could be seen the giant river, bearing to the ocean the tribute of the great lakes of the West, and destined to be the artery of

a splendid commerce. On a rocky eminence, in the vicinity of a battery (and close to Prescott Gate, erected in 1797), was an old stone building, generally known as the Bishop's Palace. Like all the ancient structures of Québec, this building had no claims to elegance or symmetry of form, although much labour and expense had been bestowed on its construction. The architects appeared principally to have had in view strength and durability, and not to have paid much regard to those rules of their art which combine grace with utility. The chapel of this building, situated near the communication with the lower town, was converted into a chamber, in which were held the first meetings of the representatives of Lower Canada. On the 17th of December, the two Houses assembled in their respective chambers in the Old Palace, in obedience to the proclamation of Major-General Alured Clarke, who acted as Lieutenant-Governor in the absence of the Governor-General, Lord Dorchester. Those were not times of newspaper enterprise in Canada, and consequently we have no such full account of the proceedings on that memorable occasion as we would have in these days. But we find from the official records that the ceremony was in strict accordance with the constitutional usages of the British parliamentary system. We can easily imagine, too, that the pageant had all those attributes of noise and glitter that please the masses. The cannon thundered from the batteries that crowned the heights, as the representative of the King drove up in state and passed through the lines of the guard of honour into the Legislative Council chamber. Here was assembled that brilliant array of beauty and fashion, which has always attended such state ceremonies wherever an English or Colonial Parliament has met. Among the officers who surrounded the throne on that occasion, was probably His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent,

who was in command of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, then stationed in the old capital. On so momentous an occasion, no doubt the assemblage was large, and comprised all the notabilities of English and French society. Great as were the jealousies and rivalries that divided the two elements of the population—jealousies largely fostered by the domineering spirit of the officials—yet there is reason to believe that on this occasion a better feeling animated all classes. The French Canadians saw, in the concession of an Assembly, an acknowledgment of their just claims to a share in the government of the country, and felt more disposed to meet on friendly terms the English-speaking classes. The two Houses comprised not a few men, whose families had long been associated with the fortunes of the colony. Chaussegros de Léry, De Longueuil, De Boucherville, De Salaberry, La Valtrie and Rochelave, were among the names that told of the old *régime*, and gave a guarantee to the French Canadians that their race and religion were at last represented in the legislative halls of their country.

Now let us leave the Bishop's Palace, among the rocks of old Québec, and visit another scene, much humbler in its surroundings, but equally characteristic of the country as it was, and equally eloquent in the lesson that it teaches. In Québec, the descendants of the Normans and Bretons of old France, had opened the first act of a political drama which, in its later stages, would illustrate the struggles of an impulsive and generous people for free institutions as well as their ability to understand parliamentary government. Whilst the French Canadians were thus engaged in the initiatory stage of their political history, we pass on to the wilderness province of Upper Canada, where their fellow-colonists were also called to show their ability for managing their internal affairs in a legislature composed of two Houses. The theatre in which the

Upper Canadian had to act, had none of the attributes of historic interest which surrounded the first legislature of Lower Canada. The little village of Newark was but a humble settlement on the confines of civilization; and it was here that Governor Simcoe decided to open his first Legislature under the new constitution. Across the rapid river was the territory of the new Republic, which was entering on a grand experiment of government in contrast with that just set in operation in Canada. Newark was the most convenient place in which to assemble the small and scattered population of the western province. But if the village was unpretentious in its architectural appearance, its natural surroundings had much to attract the eye. The roar of the mighty cataract was heard in calm summer days. Below the village rushed the dark river, seeking rest in the bosom of the great lake, not far beyond. Within sight of this unrivalled river, the little Parliament of Upper Canada assembled for the first time, in a small frame building, a short distance from the village. It was but a mean Parliament House, compared with the massive pile which was chosen for a similar purpose in Quebec; and yet each was appropriate in its way. The Bishop's Palace illustrated an old community, which had aimed at the conquest of the larger part of America, and had actually laid the foundations of an Empire: the little legislative cabin of Newark was a fit type of the ruggedness and newness of Western colonial life. The axe was whirring amid the forests, and only here and there, through a vast wilderness, could be seen the humble clearings of the pioneer. But nevertheless—

'The rudiments of Empire here,
Were plastic, still and warm,
The chaos of a mighty world,
Was rounding into form.

'We hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.'

In this unpretentious building Gov-

ernor Simcoe met his Legislature on a day in the early autumn of 1792. We have no account of the ceremonies on this occasion; but we gather from the official records that the Session was opened with the usual speech, which was duly reported to the House of Assembly by the Speaker, Mr. McDonnell, of Glengarry, and immediately taken into consideration by the representatives of the yeomanry of the western province. It is said that on more than one occasion, the representatives were forced to leave their confined chamber and finish their work under the trees before the door. The only description we have of an opening in those early days, is from the pen of a French traveller. We learn from the Duke de Liancourt, who visited Canada in 1795, that the Governor sometimes found it very difficult to get his legislators together. 'The whole retinue of the Governor,' wrote the Duke, 'consisted in a guard of fifty men of the garrison of the fort. Draped in silk, he entered the hall with the hat on his head, attended by his adjutant and his two secretaries. The two members of the Legislative Council present gave, by their Speaker, notice of the coming of the Governor to the Assembly. Five members of the latter having appeared at the bar, the Governor delivered a speech, modelled after that of the King, in which he dwelt on the political affairs of Europe, on the treaty concluded with the United States (Jay's Treaty), which he mentioned in expressions very favourable to the Union; and on the peculiar affairs of Canada.' If the attendance was small on this occasion, it must be remembered that there were many difficulties to overcome before the two Houses could assemble in obedience to the Governor's proclamation. The seven Legislative councillors and sixteen members who represented a population of only 20,000 souls, were scattered at very remote points, and could only find their way at times in canoes and slow sailing craft. Nor must it

be forgotten that in those early days of colonization men had the stern necessities of existence to consider before all things else. However urgent the call to public duty, the harvest must be gathered in before laws could be made. In the latter part of the eighteenth century it was not considered below the dignity of a speech to refer to the great event of the Canadian year in these terms. 'I call you together at an early period, in the hope that you may be able to finish the business of the Session before the commencement of your approaching harvest.'

Such were the circumstances under which the Legislature was opened in the two provinces, representing the two distinct races of the population. Humble as were the beginnings in the little Parliament House of Newark, yet we can see from their proceedings that the men, then called to do the public business, were of practical habits, and fully alive to the value of time in a new country; for they only sat for five weeks and passed the same number of bills that it took seven months at Quebec to pass. As respects adherence to correct parliamentary forms, the larger legislature must take the precedence from the commencement to the close of its existence. According to the manuscript copy of the journals of the Upper Canada House, which is to be seen in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, the Assembly proceeded immediately to the election of Speaker without obtaining first permission from the representative of the Crown, as was done in Quebec in accordance with strict constitutional practice. The ceremony at the commencement of the Legislature of 1792 in Quebec is almost identical with that which we witness at the opening of every new Parliament in the Legislative Halls of Ottawa. But now the buildings are palatial compared with the Parliament Houses of old times, and nearly three hundred Senators and Representatives gather from a vast country only bound-

ed by two oceans, while a daughter of the Sovereign sits near the throne.

It is very noteworthy that the representatives of Lower Canada, who were mainly French, should, at the very outset, have adopted a code of procedure, based on that which the experience of the Imperial Parliament had proved, in the course of centuries, to be best adapted to the orderly conduct of debate and to the rapid despatch of public business. One of the first resolutions passed by the Legislative Assembly was the following:—'That as the Assembly of Lower Canada is constituted after the model and image of the Parliament of Great Britain, it is wise and decent and necessary to the rights of the people that this House observe and follow, as nearly as circumstances will permit, the rules, orders, and usages of the Commons House of Parliament of Great Britain.' From that day to this the same principle has guided the Legislative Assemblies of Canada to conform as nearly as practicable to the parliamentary regulations of the parent State. In 1841 and 1867, when a Canadian Parliament met for the first time under new constitutions, the resolution of 1792 was made one of the new standing orders, adopted for the guidance of the Houses. Very many differences have necessarily arisen in practice during the eighty-six years our Parliaments have been sitting; some of these differences are not in the direction of improvement—that, for instance, which does not require members to be sworn in at the table with the Speaker in the chair—while others, again, have tended to simplify forms and to forward public business.

When an Englishman, familiar with the Imperial House, looks down for the first time on the Canadian Chamber, he will at once recognize the fact that he is in the presence of an assemblage where the most essential British forms and usages are still observed. The Speaker and the three clerks in their

silk robes, the gilded mace on the table, the serjeant-at-arms in his official dress and sword, take him back to St. Stephen's, where for ages a similar scene has been presented. He will see messages from the Governor-General brought down with due solemnity, and the House obey the command and flock in tumultuously, just as they are wont in England, to the bar of the Upper Chamber, where His Excellency will inform them of the reasons for summoning them. As he follows the business and debates of the two Houses, he will recognize the existence of many well known Standing Orders which have been on the records of Parliament for centuries. He will observe the same respect for the authority of the Chair which is a distinguishing mark of the Commons of England, and will find that the rules of debate which are intended to preserve decorum, to prevent all personalities, and to confine members to the question, are identically the same as those of the older House.

But in the arrangements of the chambers the English visitor will find a very marked difference. Not only is the English House a confined, uncomfortable chamber, but it is not arranged for the convenience of members like the Canadian House. The Parliament building at Ottawa is indeed an admirable illustration of the progress of the country since the days its representatives sat in the humble frame cottage at Newark. In the English Chamber, members have no particular seats, excepting the members of the Ministry; but if a member is present at prayers, he may affix a card to the place he has occupied, and thereby obtain a right for that sitting. But from the earliest days of Canadian Parliamentary History, every attention has been paid to the comfort and convenience of the members of the two Houses, so that now the Parliament House at Ottawa is not only a great theatre of political action, but a splendid Club House, with its lib-

rary, post-office, restaurant, smoking and reading rooms, and with a crowd of pages and messengers ever ready to do a member's bidding. If a member of the English Commons wishes to write a letter he must go to the library or an adjoining room; but in Canada a comfortable cushioned chair and convenient desk are allotted to every representative. The Lower Canada Assembly was the first to make a move in this direction, by resolving in the Session of 1801, 'That for the ease and convenience of the members of this House it is expedient and necessary to cause desks to be made on each side of the House.' The arrangement was found so convenient in practice that it has been continued ever since, whatever may have been the vicissitudes or changes in our parliaments since the beginning of the century. In a letter to Lord John Russell during 1841, the year of the Union, Lord Sydenham thought it worth while to allude to this arrangement, though in a decidedly satirical vein: 'I have really a very fair house for the Assembly and Council to meet in; and the accommodation would be thought splendid by our members of the English House of Commons. *But the fellows in these Colonies have been spoilt by all sorts of luxuries—large arm chairs, desks with stationery before each member, and Heaven knows what! So I suppose they will complain.* The house I lodge in is really a very nice one—or rather will be when finished, which will just fit the arrival of my successor, and the public offices are far better than at Toronto or Montreal. But the confusion of the *move* is tremendous.'

In the closing sentence of what was evidently a confidential communication from a nobleman, not altogether pleased with the outspoken, independent spirit of Canadian Statesmen, he alludes to a state of things which old officials and parliamentarians will feelingly describe. The Parliaments of Canada have been exposed to as many

vicissitudes as a householder who has always lived in rented houses, and from fire or other causes been obliged to move time and again. The Lower Canada Legislature remained for some forty years in the same place, and in this respect was more fortunate than the Legislature of the western province, which had not only to move from Niagara to York, but had on more than one occasion to suffer from war and fire. The first legislative halls in Toronto—a commodious though unpretentious wooden building—were situate in the East, on the site of the old jail, and were burned down in 1813, by the American soldiery; and the Legislature found temporary accommodation in a building on Wellington street, which has since disappeared in the march of improvements. A brick building, plain in its appearance, was built in the same locality, but it also was burned, though accidentally, during 1824, and the Legislature was obliged to meet in the General Hospital, in King street, until the construction of the present houses on Simcoe Place, looking towards the Bay. In 1841, Lord Sydenham chose Kingston as the seat of Government, and the Parliament sat for several years in the General Hospital—a handsome structure, very convenient for the purpose, as the Governor has informed us in the letter we have just quoted—until the orders came for a removal to Montreal, where accommodation was found in a large building, known as the St. Anne's Market; but hardly had the offices been comfortably settled than the houses were destroyed during the memorable riots of 1849. The Council and Assembly met, on the morning after the fire, in the hall of the Bonsecours Market; and the former then flitted about from the vestry of Trinity Church to Freemason's Hall. Then some buildings were temporarily leased in Dalhousie Square; but the result of the troubles of 1849 was the removal of the seat of government to

Toronto, and the commencement of the expensive and inconvenient system of nomadic parliaments. The Legislature met in the very unpretentious buildings in Front street, where it remained until 1852, when it removed to the City of Quebec, where the old Bishop's Palace had received large additions and improvements—the most conspicuous ornament being a sort of Mambrino's helmet which formed a dome on the roof. But a sort of fatality seemed to hang over the Legislature. The building was destroyed by fire on the first of February, 1854, and strange to say, the same fate overtook the Grey Nunnery building which was being fitted up for legislative purposes; and the Houses were forced to meet in the Music Hall, until the old Parliament House was rebuilt. Then another removal in 1856 to Toronto, where it was finally decided to discontinue the perambulating system, and have a permanent seat of government. But in the meantime whilst the parliament buildings were in the course of construction at Ottawa, the Government had to move once more to Quebec, where it remained from 1860 to the end of 1866, when the Legislature assembled for the first time in the new Parliament Buildings, overlooking the grand river of the Ottawa. At last, Parliament and its officers, after nearly a century of flittings, found rest. Their experience since 1841 had not tended to make them advocates of so nomadic a life. A Government could not certainly—

'Fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.'

All this, however, by the way of parenthesis; we must return to this desultory review of legislative procedure. The Canadian Parliament has kept pace with the spirit of modern progress, conservative though it has always been in preserving old standing orders and usages. We hear little of the assertion of its rights and

privileges, as in the old times when journalists and others were summoned time and again, and frequently punished for alleged libels on the Parliament or its members. We cannot suppose it possible that the present House of Commons would resort to the extreme measures which the Legislative Assembly took in the case of Mr. Christie, member for Gaspe, in the stormy days of Lower Canada. He had not been guilty of any offence which could properly, under a correct interpretation of parliamentary law, be construed into a breach of privilege; and yet he was expelled several times, and declared ineligible to serve in Parliament. In this illegal exercise of authority, however, the Lower Canada Assembly only followed the very bad example set them in the famous case of Wilkes, who was also expelled and declared ineligible, though Parliament has no right to declare a disability unknown to the law. It is true references are still made in the House to articles in the newspapers, and members are very apt to take offence at such comments, and to seize an opportunity to answer them in an irregular way. But now-a-days publishers or editors are very rarely called to the bar. Only two cases have occurred since 1867, in which motions have been made in connection with newspaper criticisms. One case was that of a sessional translator who attacked some French members in an Ottawa journal; he was brought to the bar, and when he had acknowledged that he was the editor, the Speaker very properly suspended him. In the case of the *St. John Freeman*, in 1873, the article which had given such deep offence was read at the table, and a resolution in censure adopted by a party vote; but no motion for a reprimand was made as in the matter of Mr. O'Connell—the English precedent which was followed on this occasion. The sense of the Canadian and English House of Commons is now opposed to taking notice of newspaper

attacks in any way. If a member in England wishes to refer to a sharp criticism or libel, he must bring it up regularly, have it read at the table, and then make a motion in reference to it; but he will not be allowed to answer it under the guise of one of those personal explanations on which great latitude is always given to a member. A libel must be an attack on a member in his capacity as a member, and in connection with his duties as a member; otherwise the House will not consider it a matter within their jurisdiction. Mr. Gladstone has well stated in the following words the sentiment that now governs public men in such matters:—'If unjust charges of this kind are made—as from time to time they will be made, considering the haste and heat with which the articles in the journals are of necessity produced—they inflict no real injury upon those against whom they are directed. Now, I think it is far better for this House, and for its members, to take their stand upon the consciousness of their endeavours to do their duty, and of the knowledge that that endeavour is duly appreciated by the people of this country, who do not lose sight of this fact in reading the intemperate expressions which occasionally find their way into the newspapers.'

In old times, the presentation of an Address to the Governor-General was a much more formal ceremony than it is at present. As soon as an Address had been agreed to, it was ordered to be presented to the Governor by the whole House. In the *Journals of Lower Canada* for 1792, we find that the House came to this resolution on the first occasion of its presenting an Address in answer to a Speech from the Throne:—'The House is unanimous that the Speaker set out at noon, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms bearing the mace, that the members follow to the Château St. Louis, where Mr. Speaker will read the Address, after which a mem-

ber* will read the same in English—that the Clerk do follow the House at some distance in case of need, and that the House do return in the same order.’ At the hour appointed by the Governor-General the Houses would adjourn during pleasure, and attend His Excellency, generally in the Executive Council Chamber, but sometimes at Government House. The Assembly, with the Speaker, would set out in carriages to the place of meeting, and, on being admitted into the presence of His Excellency, the Speaker would read the Address in the two languages, and the Governor-General would give an appropriate reply; and the House would retire. In case of a joint Address from the Council and Assembly, the Speakers of the two Houses would proceed in state to the place of meeting, and would enter, side by side, into the presence of the Governor-General; and then the President or Speaker of the Legislative Council would read the Address. On returning to their respective Chambers, the Speakers would always communicate the reply of which they had received a copy on leaving the presence of the Governor-General. On such occasions the Legislative councillors would be in full dress, as is the case now with Senators when His Excellency opens or prorogues Parliament. The members of the Assembly could be present in ordinary attire—in accordance with an old parliamentary usage. This formal practice with respect to the Address continued up to 1867, when the more convenient course was adopted of presenting such Addresses by members of the Privy Council; and the answer of His Excellency is brought down in the shape of a Message, which, like all messages signed by his own hand, is read with the members standing and uncovered.

The mode of communication be-

tween the two Houses has also undergone considerable change with the view of assisting the progress of public business. Messages were formerly taken to the Upper Chamber by one or more members of the Assembly, but for some years past all bills, addresses and resolutions have been carried in a less formal way by the Clerks of the two Houses (or Masters in Chancery, as they are called in the Senate), so as not to disturb the business that may be under consideration. The only message which can interrupt a matter under debate is one from the Governor-General. For instance, it will be remembered that Mr. Mackenzie was speaking to a motion on the memorable 13th August, 1873, when the Usher of the Black Rod presented himself at the door, and was at once admitted; and the result was Mr. Speaker, not having formally proposed the motion from the chair, it could not appear in the journals; for all debate was terminated, and the House was bound to proceed at once to the Senate Chamber, in obedience to the commands of His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, then acting under the advice of his constitutional advisers. Nor have Conferences been held between the two Houses for many years. In case of a difference of opinion on a bill, it is usual to communicate the reasons for disagreeing or adhering to amendments. If neither House will yield in the matter, the bill will drop—the Pacific Railway Bill of last Session, for instance—and no conference could do more in the direction of bringing about an arrangement than the present simple system of making known the arguments which influence each House in the course it may take. The relations between the two Houses are now on so satisfactory a basis, compared with the old times of constant conflict, that the Senate will only reject a bill for what it believes to be sound reasons of public policy. There will always exist in a popular branch of the Legislature a certain

* Mr. Panet, the first Speaker, could not speak English.

amount of jealousy of a House which is nominated by the Crown, and a disposition to restrain its power and influence as far as practicable. It is not likely, however, that the Commons in these days will show the irritability—may we say, the bad manners—that the Canadian Assembly exhibited in 1841, when an Act providing for the payment of the salaries of the officers of the Legislature, and for the indemnification of members was amended in the Legislative Council, by striking out the clause paying the members out of the general revenues. When the bill was received back by the Assembly, the action of the Council in amending a money bill (an irregular proceeding on the part of the Council), was resented by the House, and the obnoxious document was seized by a member and literally kicked out of the chamber. Even in this matter the Assembly had English precedents before them; for not only have bills in old times been contemptuously torn and tossed over the table of the English Commons, but they have been actually kicked, as members passed out of the House.

In concluding this paper, let me illustrate the mode of conducting public business when the session is well advanced and the paper is crowded with bills and motions of a very miscellaneous character. When three o'clock in the afternoon has come the Speaker enters the House, preceded by the Sergeant-at-arms with the mace on his shoulders, and followed by the Clerk and two Clerks Assistant. The Speaker takes the chair under a green canopy, directly below the Reporters' Gallery, the Clerks seat themselves at the head of the table, the Sergeant places the mace at the foot, where it always remains whilst the House is in session. Then the Speaker soon calls "Order" and proceeds to read the prayer from a printed form, whilst the members stand up and remain uncovered. Prayers over, the Speaker orders, "Let the doors be opened," unless it is necessary to discuss some

matter of internal economy or privilege with closed galleries. Petitions are then presented by each member standing up and simply stating the prayer or substance; and now is the time to see what public question is attracting general attention out of doors. Next comes the reception of petitions presented two days previously. This is a purely formal matter, confined to reading the endorsement made on each petition of the subject matter. Perhaps a petition contains a direct application for money, or is otherwise irregular, and in that case it is not received, and the reason is duly entered on the journals. Reports from Committees are next brought up and read at the table in the two languages, unless the House dispenses with the reading which is usually done when the document is very lengthy. Motions are next called by the Speaker, and for a few minutes bills are introduced, and formal or unopposed motions made, with great rapidity. Perhaps a member tries to introduce a private bill, or forgets that he has not complied with the standing orders, or hopes to pass some little insidious motion, which has far more in it than appears on the surface; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he is stopped by the Speaker, whose attention will be called to the irregularity. Routine business over, if it is not a Government day, questions are probably next in order, and each member rises as the Speaker names him in his turn, and reads from the paper before him. The question cannot contain any opinion or argumentative matter, but must be terse and succinct. The answer is also short and emphatic, unless indeed the member of the Government, whose province it is to give the required information, finds it necessary to go into some details in order to explain the matter thoroughly; and under such circumstances the House will always permit considerable latitude; but in no case will any general discussion be permitted. Notices of motions will

probably come next, and members commence to ask the Government for papers and returns on every possible subject, which may interest Her Majesty's faithful lieges in Canada—motions relative to Mrs. Murphy's cow or pig, killed on the Government railways, will be found alongside of motions asking for changes in the Constitution. Each member must be ready with his motion, or else it will disappear from the list. The work that these motions entail on the Government Departments is something enormous, as it may be judged from the fact that no less than 300 Addresses and Orders are passed in some sessions; many of them requiring days and weeks of investigation, and thousands of pages to answer. If it is a Government day, the orders will be taken up as soon as routine business is over, but almost invariably, as soon as the Speaker directs the Clerk to read the orders, some member will rise and put a question to the Government in relation to the state of public business, or some matter of immediate interest; and when this is answered, always very briefly, for no discussion is permitted, as such questions or remarks are only made with the indulgence of the House, the Clerk proceeds to call out the item indicated by a Minister. If the order is for the second reading of a bill, the Minister in charge will proceed to move on the subject, and at the same time to explain its provisions; and a lengthy discussion will probably follow, as this is the stage for debating the principle. If the Government is anxious to go into Supply, the order is read by the Clerk, and the Speaker will propose the usual motion, 'Shall I now leave the chair that the House may resolve itself into Committee of Supply?' Then the Finance Minister looks up anxiously to see what is in store for him; whether he is to be allowed to go into Committee, or whether some member has a motion in amendment to propose; for this is one of those opportu-

nities which parliamentary usage has given to members to bring up some question of grievance. So frequent are the interruptions to moving into Committee in the English Commons, that session after session members of Government have considered whether some means cannot be devised of facilitating the proceeding of going into Supply. If any one takes the trouble of reading the report of the Committee on Public Business of 1878, he will see how difficult it is to restrain the constitutional right of discussing grievances in this way. In the Canadian House, it cannot be said, that the same difficulty exists; for the motions made at this stage are comparatively few in number and confined for the most part to questions of importance. If the Government succeed in avoiding this Scylla, and pass at once into Committee, they are likely, in nine cases out of ten, to find themselves almost submerged in a Charybdis of debate. Every item in the Estimates is carefully scanned, and then comes a trying time for a Minister, still new to the work of his department. Questions are put to him, which will try all his patience and good nature; and as it must inevitably happen at times, if he cannot give the necessary answer, his only recourse is to make a note of it for a future occasion, when he will surely be reminded of his promise. This is a trying ordeal; but woe betide a Minister, who shows by a look or word that he is fretting under the fire of interrogatory; for if he is curt or unsatisfactory, he will soon find a dozen Ruperts of debate upon him; and the better humoured and the more anxious he appears to tell all he knows, the greater are his chances of disarming his eager adversaries. Sometimes hours will be expended on a single resolution in the Estimates, and the hands will point to three or four o'clock in the morning, before the undaunted phalanx of questioners will give up the contest and allow a wearied Ministry to retire to rest. When one

o'clock is passed, the phalanx who make it a business to discuss the Estimates, seem generally to wake up thoroughly, and the old veterans in parliamentary warfare, whose services are not required, know that the House is good for some hours later, and either go home or take a nap on a couch in an adjoining Committee room. Some of the most exciting debates of the session have taken place at this late hour, when the galleries are nearly clear—for they are never entirely empty, however late the sitting—and the reporters are worn out. So the House fights its way through countless mo-

tions and impediments to the end of the session; and at last Supply is closed, and the Finance Minister breathes a sigh of intense relief; the benches now begin to look thin; and then once more the cannon thunders, while the gentleman Usher of the Black Rod again bows himself into the chamber, and the few members of the Commons that remain go up to the bar of the Upper House, where they hear the closing speech, and are informed by the Speaker of the Senate 'that it is His Excellency's will and pleasure that this Parliament be prorogued.'

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

BY JOHN READE.

A QUIET drama was thine outer life,
 Moving from primal scene to curtain-fall
 With modest grace, obedient to the call
 Of the clear prompter, Duty. Noisy strife
 For place or power had no part in thee. Self,
 Thrusting his mate aside for lust of pelf,
 Awoke thy scorn. No vulgar pettiness
 Of spirit made thy heaven-born genius less.
 But on what stage thine inner life was passed!
 O'er what a realm thy potent mind was King!
 All worlds that are were at thy marshalling,
 And a creator of new worlds thou wast.
 Now thou art one of that immortal throng
 In which thy chosen chief * is King of Song.

* Shakospeare.

AN ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA.

BY L. C. MARVEN.



RUFIN PIOTROWSKI.

ALL the languages of continental Europe have some phrase by which at parting people express the hope of meeting again. The French *au revoir*, the Italian *à rivederla*, the Spanish *hasta mañana*, the German *Auf Wiedersehen*—these and similar forms, varied with the occasion, have grown from the need of the heart to cheat separation of its pain. The

Poles have an expression of infinitely deeper meaning, which embodies all that human nature can utter of grief and despair—'To meet nevermore.' This is the heart-rending farewell with which the patriot exiled to Siberia takes leave of family and friends.

There is indeed little chance that he will ever again return to his country and his home. Since Beniowski the

Pole made his famous romantic flight from the coal-mines of Kamschatka, in the last century, there has been but a single instance of a Siberian exile making good his escape. In our day, M. Rufin Piotrowski, also a Polish patriot, has had the marvellous good-fortune to succeed in the all but impossible attempt; and he has given his story to his countrymen in a simple, unpretending narrative, which, even in an abridged form, will, we think, be found one of thrilling interest.

In January, 1843, we find Piotrowski in Paris, a refugee for already twelve years, and on the eve of a secret mission into Poland of which he gives no explanation. By means of an American acquaintance he procured a passport from the British embassy describing him as Joseph Catharo, of Malta; he spoke Italian perfectly, English indifferently, and was thus well suited to support the character of an Italian-born subject of Queen Victoria. Having crossed France, Germany, Austria and Hungary in safety, he reached his destination, the town of Kamenitz in Podolia, on the Turkish frontier. His ostensible object was to settle there as a teacher of languages, and on the strength of his British passport he obtained the necessary permission from the police before their suspicions had been roused. He also gained admission at once into the society of the place, where, notwithstanding his pretended origin, he was generally known as 'the Frenchman,' the common nickname for a foreigner in the Polish provinces. He had soon a number of pupils, some of them Poles—others members of the families of Russian resident officials. He frequented the houses of the latter most, in order not to attract attention to his intercourse with his compatriots. He spoke Russian fluently, but feigned total ignorance both of that and his own language, and even affected an incapacity for learning them when urged to do so by his scholars. Among

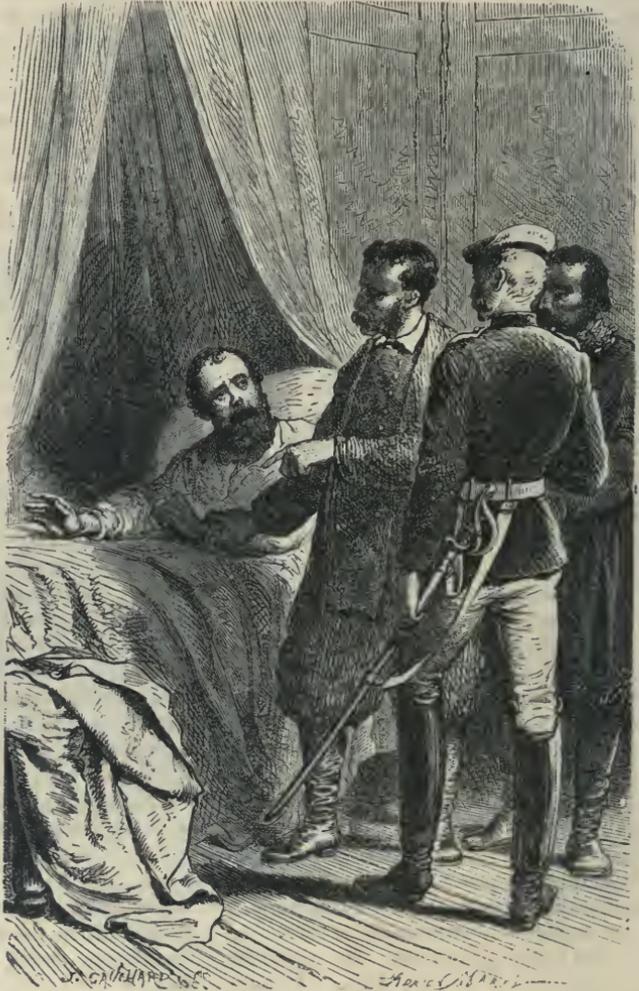
the risks to which this exposed him was the temptation of cutting short a difficult explanation in his lessons by a single word, which would have made the whole matter clear. But this, although the most frequent and vexatious, was not the severest trial of his *incognito*. One day, while giving a lesson to two beautiful Polish girls, daughters of a lady who had shown him great kindness, the conversation turned upon Poland: he spoke with an indifference which roused the younger to a vehement outburst on behalf of her country. The elder interrupted her sharply in their native language with 'How can you speak of holy things to a hair-brained Frenchman?' At another Polish house, a visitor, hearing that M. Catharo was from Paris, was eager to ask news of his brother, who was living there in exile; their host dissuaded him, saying, 'You know that inquiries about relations in exile are strictly forbidden. Take care! one is never safe with a stranger.' Their unfortunate fellow-countryman, who knew the visitor's brother very well, was forced to bend over a book to hide the blood which rushed to his face in the conflict of feeling. He kept so close a guard upon himself that he would never sleep in the room with another person—which it was sometimes difficult to avoid on visits to neighbouring country-seats—lest a word spoken in his troubled slumbers should betray him. He passed nine months in familiar relations with all the principal people of the place, his nationality and his designs being known to but very few of his countrymen, who kept the secret with rigid fidelity. At length, however, he became aware that he was watched; the manner of some of his Russian friends grew inquiring and constrained; he received private warnings, and perceived that he was dogged by the police. It was not too late for flight, but he knew that such a course would involve all who were in his secret, and perhaps thousands of others,

in tribulation, and that for their sakes it behoved him to await the terrible day of reckoning which was inevitably approaching. The only use to which he could turn this time of horrible suspense was in concerting a plan of action with his colleagues. His final interview with the chief of them took place in a church at the close of the short winter twilight on the last day of the year. After agreeing on all the points which they could foresee, they solemnly took leave of each other, and Piotrowski was left alone in the church, where he lingered to pray fervently for strength for the hour that was at hand.

The next morning at daybreak he was suddenly shaken by the arm: he composed himself for the part he was to play, and slowly opened his eyes. His room was filled with Russian officials: he was arrested. He protested against the outrage to a British subject, but his papers were seized, he was carried before the governor of the place, and after a brief examination given into the custody of the police.

He was examined on several successive days, but persisted in his first

story, although aware that his identity was known, and that the information had come from St. Petersburg. His



THE ARREST.

object was to force the authorities to confront him with those who had been accused on his account, that they might hear his confession and regulate their own accordingly. One day a number of them were brought together—some his real accomplices, others mere acquaintances. After the usual routine

of questions and denials, Piotrowski suddenly exclaimed in Polish, as one who can hold out no longer, 'Well, then, yes! I am no British subject, but a Pole of the Ukraine. I emigrated after the revolution of 1831; I came back because I could bear a life of exile no longer, and I only wished to breathe my native air. I came under a false name, for I could not have come in my own. I confided my secret to a few of my countrymen, and asked their aid and advice; I had nothing else to ask or tell them.'

The preliminary interrogatories concluded, he was sent for a more rigid examination to the fortress of Kiow. He left Kamenitz early in January at midnight, under an escort of soldiers and police. The town was dark and silent as they passed through the deserted streets, but he saw lights in the upper windows of several houses whose inmates had been implicated in his accusation. Was it a mute farewell or the sign of vigils of anguish? They travelled all night and part of the next day: their first halt was at a great state prison, where Piotrowski was for the first time shut up in a cell. He was suffering from the excitement through which he had been passing, from the furious speed of the journey, which had been also very rough, and from a slight concussion of the brain occasioned by one of the terrible jolts of the rude vehicle: a physician saw him and ordered repose. The long, dark, still hours of the night were gradually calming his nerves when he was disturbed by a distant sound, which he soon guessed to be the clanking of chains, followed by a chant in which many voices mingled. It was Christmas Eve, old style, as still observed in some of the provinces, and the midnight chorus was singing an ancient Christmas hymn which every Polish child knows from the cradle. For twelve years the dear familiar melody had not greeted his ears, and now he heard it sung by his captive fellow-countrymen in a Russian dungeon.

Two days later they set out again, and now he was chained hand and foot with heavy irons, rusty, and too small for his limbs. The sleigh hurried on day and night with headlong haste: it was upset, everybody was thrown out, the prisoner's chain caught and he was dragged until he lost consciousness. In this state he arrived at Kiow. Here he was thrown into a cell six feet by five, almost dark and disgustingly dirty. The wretched man was soon covered from head to foot with vermin, of which his handcuffs prevented his ridding himself. However, in a day or two, after a visit from the commandant, his cell was cleaned. His manacles prevented his walking, or even standing, and the moral effect of being unable to use his hands was a strange apathy such as might precede imbecility. He was interrogated several times, but always adhered to his confession at Kamenitz; menaces of harsher treatment, even of torture, were tried—means which he knew too well had been resorted to before; his guards were forbidden to exchange a word with him, so that his time was passed in solitude, silence and absolute inoccupation. Since Levitoux, another political prisoner, fearful that the tortures to which he was subjected might wring from him confessions which would criminate his friends, had set fire to his straw bed with his night-lamp and burned himself alive, no lights were allowed in the cells, so that a great portion of the twenty-four hours went by in darkness. After some time he was visited by Prince Bibikoff, the governor-general of that section of the country, one of the men whose names are most associated with the sufferings of Poland: he tried by intimidation and persuasion to induce the prisoner to reveal his projects and the names of his associates. Piotrowski held firm, but the prince, on withdrawing, ordered his chains to be struck off. The relief was ineffable: he could do nothing but stretch his arms to enjoy the sense of their free

possession, and he felt his natural energy and independence of thought return. He had not been able to take off his boots since leaving Kamenitz, and his legs were bruised and sore, but he walked to and fro in his cell all day, enjoying the very pain this gave him as a proof that they were unchained. Several weeks passed without any other incident, when late one night he was surprised by a light in his cell: an aide-de-camp and four soldiers entered and ordered him to rise and follow them. He thought that he was summoned to his execution. He crossed the great courtyard of the prison supported by the soldiers; the snow creaked under foot; the night was very dark, and the sharp fresh air almost took away his breath, yet it was infinitely welcome to him after the heavy atmosphere of his cell, and he inhaled it with keen pleasure, thinking that each whiff was almost the last. He was led into a large, faintly-lighted room, where officers of various grades were smoking around a large table. It was only the committee of investigation, for hitherto his examinations had not been strictly in order.

This was but the first of a series of sittings which were prolonged through nearly half a year. During this time his treatment improved; his cell was kept clean; he had no cause to complain of his food; he was allowed to walk for an hour daily in the corridor, which, though cold and damp, in some degree satisfied his need of exercise. He was always guarded by two sentinels, to whom he was forbidden to speak. He learned in some way, however, that several of his co-accused were his fellow-prisoners: they were confined in another part of the fortress, and he but once caught a glimpse of one of them—so changed that he hardly recognized him. His neighbours in the corridor were common criminals. The president of the committee offered him the use of a library, but he only asked for a Bible, 'with which,' he says, 'I was no longer

alone.' His greatest suffering arose from the nervous irritability caused by the unremitting watch of the sentinel at his door, which drove him almost frantic. The sensation of being spied at every instant, in every action, of meeting this relentless, irresponsive gaze on waking, of encountering it at each minute of the day was maddening. From daybreak he longed for the night, which should deliver him from the sight. Sometimes, beside himself, he would suddenly put his own face close to the grating and stare into the tormenting eyes to force them to divert their gaze for a moment, laughing like a savage when he succeeded. He was in this feverish condition when called to his last examination. He perceived at once, from the solemnity of all present, that the crisis had come. His sentence was pronounced: death, commuted by Prince Bibikoff's intercession to hard labour for life in Siberia. He was degraded from the nobility, to which order, like half the inhabitants of Poland, he belonged, and condemned to make the journey in chains. Without being taken back to his cell, he was at once put into irons, the same rusty, galling ones he had worn already, and placed in a *kibitka*, or travelling-carriage, between two armed guards. The gates of the fortress closed behind him, and before him opened the road to Siberia.

His destination was about two thousand miles distant. The incidents of the journey were few and much of the same character. Charity and sympathy were shown him by people of every class. Travellers of distinction, especially ladies, pursued him with offers of assistance and money, which he would not accept. The only gifts which he did not refuse were the food and drink brought him by the peasants where they stopped to change horses: wherever there was a halt the good people plied him with tea, brandy and simple dainties, which he gratefully accepted. At one station a man in the uniform of the Russian civil

service timidly offered him a parcel wrapped in a silk handkerchief, saying, 'Accept this from my saint.' Piotrowski, repelled by the sight of the uniform, shook his head. The

He could not resist so Christian an appeal. The parcel contained bread, salt and some money: the last he handed over to the guards, who in any case would not have let him keep it :

he broke the bread with its donor. His guards were almost the only persons with whom he had to do who showed themselves insensible to his pain and sorrow. They were divided between their fears of not arriving on the day fixed, in which case they would be flogged, and of his dying of fatigue on the route, when they would fare still worse. The apprehension of his suicide beset them : at the ferries or fords which they crossed each of them held him by an arm lest he should drown himself, and all his meat was given to him minced, to be eaten with a spoon, as he was not to be trusted for an instant with a knife. Thus they travelled night and day for three weeks, only stopping to change horses and take their meals ; yet he esteemed himself lucky not to have been sent with a



OUTSTARING THE GUARD.

other flushed : 'You are a Pole, and do not understand our customs. This is my birthday, and on this day, above all others, I should share what I have with the unfortunate. Pray accept it in the name of my patron saint.'

gang of convicts, chained to some atrocious malefactor, or to have been ordered to make the journey on foot, like his countryman, Prince Sanguzsko. At last they reached Omsk, the head-quarters of Prince Gort-

chakoff, then governor-general of Western Siberia. By some informality in the mode of his transportation, the interpretation of Piotrowski's sentence depended solely on this man: he might be sent to work in one of the govern-

of their conversation, which turned chiefly on Siberia, showed him a map of the country. The prisoner devoured it with his eyes, tried to engrave it on his memory, asked innumerable questions about roads and water-courses, and betrayed so much agitation that the young fellow noticed it, and exclaimed, 'Ah! don't think of escape. Too many of your countrymen have tried it, and those are fortunate who, tracked on every side, famished, desperate, have been able to put an end to themselves before being retaken, for if they are, then comes the knout and a life of misery beyond words. In Heaven's name, give up that thought!' The commandant of the fortress paid him a short official visit, and exclaimed repeatedly, 'How sad! how sad! to come back when you were free in a foreign country!' The chief of police, a hard, dry, vulture-like man, asked why he had dared to return without the Czar's permission. 'I could not bear my



CHARITY TO THE EXILE.

ment manufactories, or to the mines, the last, worst dread of a Siberian exile. While awaiting the decision he was in charge of a gay, handsome young officer, who treated him with great friendliness, and in the course

homesickness,' replied the prisoner. 'O native country!' said the Russian, in a softened voice, 'how dear thou art!' After various official interviews he was taken to the governor-general's ante-chamber, where

he found a number of clerks, most of whom were his exiled compatriots and received him warily. While he was talking with them a door opened, and Gortchakoff stood on the threshold: he fixed his eyes on the prisoner for some moments, and withdrew without a word. An hour of intense anxiety followed, and then an officer appeared, who announced that he was consigned to the distilleries of Ekaterininski-Zavod, some two hundred miles farther north.

Ekaterininski-Zavod is a miserable village of a couple of hundred small houses on the river Irtish, in the midst of a wide plain. Its inhabitants are all in some way connected with the government distillery; they are the descendants of criminals formerly transported. Piotrowski, after a short interview with the inspector of the works, was entered on the list of convicts and sent to the guard-house. 'He is to work with his feet in irons,' added the inspector. This unusual severity was in consequence of a memorandum in Prince Gortchakoff's own writing appended to the prisoner's papers: 'Piotrowski must be watched with especial care.' The injunction was unprecedented, and impressed the director with the prisoner's importance. Before being taken to his work he was surrounded by his fellow-countrymen, young men of talent and promise, who were there, like himself, for political reasons. Their emotion was extreme; they talked rapidly and eagerly, exhorting him to patience and silence, and to do nothing to incur corporal punishment, which was the mode of keeping the workmen in order, so that in time he might be promoted, like themselves, from hard labour to office-work. At the guard-house he found a crowd of soldiers, among whom were many Poles, incorporated into the standing army of Siberia for having taken up arms for their country. This is one of the mildest punishments for that offence. They seized every pretext for speak-

ing to him, to ask what was going on in Poland, and whether there were any hopes for her. Overcome by fatigue and misery, he sat down upon a bench, where he remained sunk in the gloomiest thoughts until accosted by a man of repulsive aspect, branded on the face—the Russian practice with criminals of the worst sort—who said abruptly, 'Get up and go to work.' It was the overseer, himself a former convict. 'O my God!' exclaims Piotrowski, 'Thou alone didst hear the bitter cry of my soul when this out-cast first spoke to me as my master.'

Before going to work his irons were struck off, thanks to the instant entreaties of his compatriots; he was then given a broom and shovel and set to clear rubbish and filth off the roof of a large unfinished building. On one side was a convict of the lowest order, with whom he worked—on the other, the soldier who mounted guard over them. To avoid the indignity of chastisement or reproof—indeed, to escape notice altogether—he bent his whole force to his task, without raising his head, or even his eyes, but the iron entered into his soul and he wept.

The order of his days knew no variation. Rising at sunrise, the convicts worked until eight o'clock, when they breakfasted, then until their dinner at noon, and again from one o'clock until dark. His tasks were fetching wood and water, splitting and piling logs, and scavenger-work of all sorts; it was all out of doors and in every extreme of the Siberian climate. His companions were all ruffians of a desperate caste; burglary, highway robbery, murder in every degree, were common cases. One instance will suffice, and it is not the worst: it was that of a young man, clerk of a wine-merchant in St. Petersburg. He had a mistress whom he loved, but suspected of infidelity; he took her and another girl into the country for a holiday, and as they walked together in the fields fired a pistol at his sweet-

heart's head ; it only wounded her ; the friend rushed away shrieking for help ; the victim fell on her knees and cried, ' Forgive me ! ' but he plunged a knife up to the hilt in her breast, and she fell dead at his feet. He gave

ence. He had determined never to submit to blows, should the forfeit be his own life or another's, and the incessant apprehension kept his mind in a state of frightful tension ; it also nerved him to physical exertions be-

yond his strength, and to a moral restraint of which he had not deemed himself capable in the way of endurance and self-command. But in the end he was the gainer. After the first year he was taken into the office of the establishment, and received a salary of ten francs a month. He was also allowed to leave the barracks where he had been herded with the convicts, and to lodge with two fellow-countrymen in a little house which they built for themselves, and which they shared with the soldiers who guarded them. It was a privilege granted to the most exemplary of the convicts to lodge with one or other of the private inhabitants of the village ; but besides their own expenses they had to pay those of the



A RUSSIAN OTHELLO.

himself up to justice, received the knout and was transported for life.

The daily contact with ignorant, brutish men, made worse than brutes by a life of hideous crime, was the worst feature in his wretched exist-

ence. In the course of the winter they were comforted by the visit of a Polish priest. A certain number were permitted to travel through Siberia yearly, stopping wherever there are Polish prisoners to

administer the sacraments and consolations of their Church to them; there is no hardship which these heroic men will not encounter in performing their thrice holy mission. Piotrowski, who, like all Poles, was an ingrained Roman Catholic, after passing through phases of doubt and disbelief, had returned to a fervent orthodoxy; this spiritual succour was most precious to himself and his brother exiles.

One idea, however, was never absent from his mind—that of escape. At the moment of receiving his sentence at Kiow he had resolved to be free, and his resolution had not faltered. He had neglected no means of acquiring information about Siberia and the adjacent countries. For this he had listened to the revolting confidences of the malefactors at the barracks—for this he heard with unflinching attention, yet with no sign of interest, the long stories of the traders who came to the distillery from all parts of the empire to sell grain or buy spirits. The office in which he passed his time from eight in the morning until ten or eleven at night was their *rendezvous*, and by a concentration of his mental powers he acquired a thorough and accurate knowledge of the country from the Frozen Ocean to the frontiers of Persia and China, and of all its manners and customs. The prisoner who meditates escape, he says, is absorbed in an infinitude of details and calculations, of which it is only possible to give the final result. Slowly and painfully, little by little, he accumulated the indispensable articles—disguise, money, food, a weapon, passports. The last were the most essential and the most difficult; two were required, both upon paper with the government stamp—one a simple pass for short distances and absences, unless beyond a certain limit and date; the other, the *plakatny*, or real passport, a document of vital importance. He was able to abstract the paper from the office, and a counterfeiter in the community forged the

formula and signatures. His appearance he had gradually changed by allowing his hair and beard to grow, and he had studied the tone of thought and peculiar phraseology of the born Siberian, that he might the better pass for a native. More than six months went by in preparations; then he made two false starts. He had placed much hope on a little boat, which was often forgotten at evening, moored in the Irtish. One dark night he quietly loosed it and began to row away; suddenly the moon broke through the clouds, and at the same instant the voices of the inspector and some of his subordinates were heard on the banks. Piotrowski was fortunate enough to get back unperceived. On the second attempt a dense fog rose and shut him in; he could not see a yard before him. All night long he pushed the boat hither and thither, trying at least to regain the shore; at daybreak the vapour began to disperse, but it was too late to go on; he again had the good luck to land undiscovered. Five routes were open to him—all long, and each beset with its own perils. He decided to go northward, recross the Uralian Mountains, and make his way to Archangel, nearly a thousand miles off, where, among the hundreds of foreign ships constantly in the docks, he trusted to find one which would bring him to America. Nobody knew his secret; he had vowed to perish rather than ever again involve others in his fate. He reckoned on getting over the first danger of pursuit by mingling with the crowds of people then travelling from every quarter to the annual fair at Irbite, at the foot of the Urals.

Finally, in February, 1846, he set out on foot. His costume consisted of three shirts—a coloured one uppermost, worn, Russian fashion, outside his trousers, which were of heavy cloth, like his waistcoat—and a small sheepskin burnous, heavy high boots, a bright woollen sash, a red cap with a fur border—the dress of a well-to-do

peasant or commercial traveller. In a small bag he carried a change of clothing and his provisions: his money and passports were hidden about his person; he was armed with a dagger and a bludgeon. He had scarcely crossed the frozen Irtish when the sound of a sleigh behind him brought his heart to his mouth: he held his ground and was hailed by a peasant, who wanted to drive a bargain with him for a lift. After a little politic chaffering he got in, and was carried to a village about eight miles off at a gallop. There the peasant set him down, and, knocking at the first house, he asked for horses to the fair at Irbite. More bargaining, but they were soon on the road. Ere long, however, it began to snow; the track disappeared, the driver lost his way; they wandered about for some time, and were forced to stop all night in a forest—a night of agony. They were not twelve miles from Ekaterininski-Zavod: every minute the fugitive fancied he heard the bells of the pursuing *kibitkas*; he had a horrible suspicion, too, that his driver was delaying purposely to betray him, as had befallen a fellow-countryman in similar circumstances. But at day-break they found the road, and by nightfall, having changed horses once or twice and travelled like the wind, he was well on his way. At a fresh relay he was forced to go into a tavern to make change to pay his driver: as he stood among the tipsy crowd he was hustled and his pocket-books snatched from his hand. He could not discover the thief nor recover the purse: he durst not appeal to the police, and had to let it go. In it, besides a quarter of his little hoard of money, there was a memorandum of every town and village on his way to Archangel, and his *plakatny*. In this desperate strait—for the last loss seemed to cut off hope—he had one paramount motive for going on: return was impossible. Once having left Ekaterininski-Zavod, his fate was sealed if retaken: he must go forward. Forward he went,

falling in with troops of travellers bound to the fair. On the third evening of his flight, notwithstanding the time lost, he was at the gates of Irbite, over six hundred miles from his prison. 'Halt and show your passport!' cried the sentinel. He was fumbling for the local pass with a sinking heart when the soldier whispered, 'Twenty kopecks and go ahead.' He passed in. The loss of his money and the unavoidable expenses had reduced his resources so much that he found it necessary to continue the journey on foot. He slept at Irbite, but was up early, and passed out of an opposite gate unchallenged.

Now began a long and weary tramp. The winter of 1846 was one of unparalleled rigour in Siberia. The snow fell in enormous masses, which buried the roads deep out of sight and crushed solidly-built houses under its weight. Every difficulty of an ordinary journey on foot was increased tenfold. Piotrowski's clothes encumbered him excessively, yet he dared not take any of them off. His habit was to avoid passing through villages as much as possible, but, if forced to do so to inquire his way, only to stop at the last house. When he was hungry he drew a bit of frozen bread from his wallet and ate it as he went along: to quench his thirst he often had no resource but melting the snow in his mouth, which rather tends to increase the desire for water. At night he went into the depths of the forest, dug a hole under the snow, and creeping in slept there as best he might. At the first experiment his feet were frozen: he succeeded in curing them, though not without great pain. Sometimes he plunged up to the waist or neck in drifts, and expected at the next step to be buried alive. One night, having tasted to the full those two tortures, cold and hunger—of which, as he says, we complain so frequently without knowledge what they mean—he ventured to ask for shelter at a little hut near a hamlet where there were only two women.

They gave him warm food: he dried his drenched clothes, and stretched himself out to sleep on the bench near the kitchen stove. He was roused by voices, then shaken roughly and asked for his passport: there were three men in the room. With amazing presence of mind he demanded by what right they asked for his passports: were any of them officials? No, but they insisted on knowing who he was and where he was going, and seeing his pass. He told them the same story that he had told the women, and finally exhibited the local pass, which was now quite worthless, and would not have deceived a government functionary for a moment: they were satisfied with the sight of the stamp. They excused themselves, saying that the women had taken fright and given the alarm; thinking that, as sometimes happened, they were housing an escaped convict. This adventure taught him a severe lesson of prudence. He often passed fifteen or twenty nights under the snow in the forest, without seeking food or shelter, hearing the wolves howl at a distance. In this savage mode of life he lost the count of time: he was already far in the Ural Mountains before he again ventured to sleep beneath a roof. As he was starting the next morning his hosts said, in answer to his inquiries as to the road, 'A little farther on you will find a guard-house, where they will look at your papers and give you precise directions.' Again how narrow an escape! He turned from the road and crossed hills and gorges, often up to the chin in snow, and made an immense curve before taking up his march again.

One moonlight night, in the dead silence of the ice-bound winter, he stood on the ridge of the mountain-chain, and began to descend its eastern slope. Still on and on, the way more dangerous than before, for now there were large towns upon his route, which he could only avoid by going greatly out of his way. One

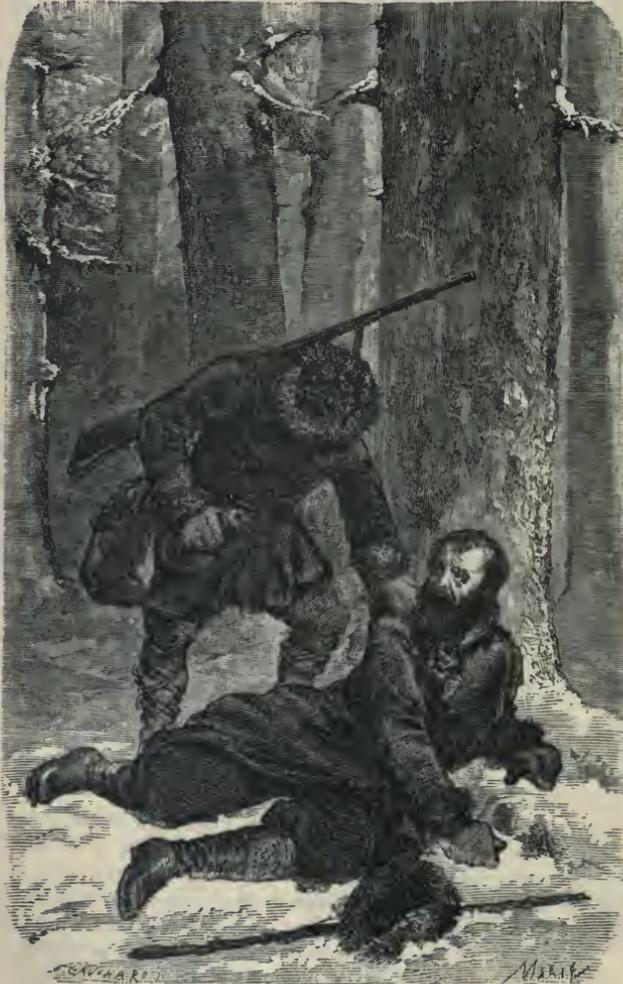
night in the woods he completely lost his bearings; a tempest of wind and snow literally whirled him around; his stock of bread was exhausted, and he fell upon the earth powerless; there was a buzzing in his ears, a confusion in his ideas; his senses forsook him, and but for spasms of cramp in his stomach he had no consciousness left. Torpor was settling upon him when a loud voice recalled him to himself; it was a trapper, who lived hard by, going home with his booty. He poured some brandy down the dying man's throat, and when this had somewhat revived him gave him food from his store. After some delay the stranger urged Piotrowski to get up and walk, which he did with the utmost difficulty; leaning upon this Samaritan of the steppes, he contrived to reach the highway, where a small roadside inn was in sight. There his companion left him, and he staggered forward with unspeakable joy toward the warmth and shelter. He would have gone in if he had known the guards were there on the lookout for him, for his case was now desperate. He only got as far as the threshold, and there fell forward and rolled under a bench. He asked for hot soup, but could not swallow, and after a few minutes fell into a swoon-like sleep which lasted twenty-four hours. Restored by nourishment, rest and dry clothes, he set forth again at once.

During the first part of his journey he had passed as a commercial traveller; after leaving Irbite he was a workman seeking employment in the government establishments: but now he assumed the character of a pilgrim to the convent of Solovetsk on a holy island in the White Sea, near Archangel. For each change of part he had to change his manners, mode of speech, his whole personality, and always be probable and consistent in his account of himself. It was mid-April; he had been journeying on foot for two months. Easter was approach-

ing, when these pious journeys were frequent, and not far from Veliki-Oustiog he fell in with several bands of men and women—*bohomolets*, as they are called—on their way to Solovetsk. There were more than

prayers, canticles, genuflexions, prostrations, crossings and bowings, as manifold as in his own, but different. His inner consciousness suffered, but it was necessary to his part. They were detained at Veliki-Oustiog a

mortal month, during which these acts of devotion went on with almost unabated zeal among *bohomolets*. At length the river was free, and they set out. Their vessel was a huge hulk which looked like a floating barn; it was manned by twenty or thirty rowers, and to replenish his purse a little the fugitive took an oar. The agent who had charge of the expedition required their passports: among the number the irregularity of Piotrowski's escaped notice. The prayers and prostrations went on during the voyage, which lasted a fortnight. One morning the early sunshine glittered on the gilded domes of Archangel: the vessel soon touched the shore, and his passport was returned to him un-



A SAMARITAN OF THE STEPPES.

two thousand in the town, waiting for the frozen Dwina to open that they might proceed by water to Archangel. It being Holy Week, Piotrowski was forced to conform to the innumerable observances of the Greek ritual—

inspected, with the small sum he had earned by rowing.

He had reached his goal: a thousand miles of deadly suffering and danger lay behind him; he was on the shores of the White Sea, with vessels

of every nation lying at anchor ready to bear him away to freedom. Yet he was careful not to commit himself by any imprudence or inconsistency. He went with the pilgrims to their vast crowded lodging-house, and for several days joined in their visits to the different churches of Archangel; but when they embarked again for the holy island he stayed behind, under the pretext of fatigue, but really to go unobserved to the harbour. There lay the ships from every part of the world, with their flags floating from the masts. Alas! alas! on every wharf a Russian sentinel mounted guard day and night, challenging every one who passed, and on the deck of each ship there was another. In vain he risked the consequences of dropping his character of an ignorant Siberian peasant so far as to speak to a group of sailors, first in French and then in German; they understood neither: the idlers on the quays began to gather round in idle curiosity, and he had to desist. In vain, despite the icy coldness of the water, he tried swimming in the bay to approach some vessel for the chance of getting speech of the captain or crew unseen by the sentinel. In vain he resorted to every device which desperation could suggest. After three days he was forced to look the terrible truth in the face: there was no escape possible from Archangel.

Baffled and hopeless, he turned his back on the town, not knowing where to go. To retrace his steps would be madness. He followed the shore of the White Sea to Onega, a natural direction for pilgrims returning from Solovetsk to take. His lonely way lay through a land of swamp and sand, with a sparse growth of stunted pines; the midnight sun streamed across the silent stretches; the huge waves of the White Sea, lashed by a long storm, plunged foaming upon the desolate beach. Days and nights of walking brought him to Onega: there was no way of getting to sea from

there, and, after a short halt, he resumed his journey southward along the banks of the River Onega, hardly knowing whither or wherefore he went. The hardships of his existence at midsummer were fewer than at midwinter, but the dangers were greater: the absence of a definite goal, of a distinct hope, which had supported him before, unnerved him physically. He had reached the point when he dreaded fatigue more than risk. In spite of his familiarity with the minutiae of Russian customs, he was nearly betrayed one day by his ignorance of *tolokno*, a national dish. On another occasion he stopped at the cabin of a poor old man to ask his way: the grey-beard made him come in, and, after some conversation, began to confide his religious grievances to him, which turned upon the persecutions to which a certain sect of religionists is exposed in Russia for adhering to certain peculiarities in the forms of worship. Happily, Piotrowski was well versed in these subjects. The poor old man, after dwelling long and tearfully on the woes of his fellow-believers, looked cautiously in every direction, locked the door, and, after exacting an oath of secrecy, drew from a hiding-place a little antique figure of Byzantine origin, representing our Saviour in the act of benediction with two fingers only raised, according to the form cherished by the dissenters.

Following his purposeless march for hundreds of miles, the fugitive reached Vytegra, where the river issues from the Lake of Onega. There, on the wharf, a peasant asked him whither he was bound: he replied that he was a pilgrim on his way from Solovetsk to the shrines of Novgorod and Kiow. The peasant said he was going to St. Petersburg, and would give him a passage for his service if he would take an oar. The bargain was struck, and that night they started on their voyage to the capital of Poland's arch-enemy, the headquarters of politics, the source

whence his own arrest had emanated. He had no design; he was going at hazard. The voyage was long: they followed the Lake of Onega, the Lake of Ladoga and the river Neva. Sometimes poor people got a lift in the boat:

was a washerwoman at St. Petersburg. Piotrowski showed her some small kindnesses, which won her fervent gratitude. As they landed in the great capital, which seemed the very focus of his dangers, and he stood on the

wharf wholly at a loss what should be his next step, the poor woman came up with her daughter and offered to show him cheap lodgings. He followed them, carrying his protectress's trunk. The lodgings were cheap and miserable, and the woman of the house demanded his passport. He handed it to her with a thrill of anxiety, and carelessly announced his intention of reporting himself at the police-office according to rule. She glanced at the paper, which she could not read, and saw the official stamp: she was satisfied, and began to dissuade him from going to the police. It then appeared that the law required her to accompany him as her lodger; that a great deal of her time would be lost in the delays and formalities of the office, which, being a working-woman,



CROSSING THE FRONTIER.

toward the end of the voyage they took aboard a number of women-servants returning to their situations in town from a visit to their country homes. Among them was an elderly woman going to see her daughter, who

she could ill afford; and as he was merely passing through the city and had his passport, there could be no harm in staying away. The next day, while wandering about the streets seeking a mode of escape,

the pilot of a steam packet to Rica asked him if he would like to sail with them the next day, and named a very moderate fare. His heart leapt up, but the next instant the man asked to see his passport: he took it out trembling, but the sailor, without scrutiny, cried, 'Good! Be off with you, and come back to-morrow morning at seven o'clock. The next morning at seven he was on board, and the boat was under way.

From Riga he had to make his way on foot across Courland and Lithuania to the Prussian frontier. He now made a change in his disguise, and gave himself out as a dealer in hogs' bristles. In Lithuania he found himself once more on his beloved native soil, and the longing to speak his own language, to make himself known to a fellow-countryman, was almost irresistible; but he sternly quelled such a yearning. As he neared the frontier he had the utmost difficulty in ascertaining where and how it was guarded, and what he should have to encounter in passing. At length he learned enough for his purpose; there were no guards on the Prussian side. Reaching a rampart of the fortifications, he waited until the moment when the two sentinels on duty were back to back on their beats, and jumped down into the first of the three ditches which protected the boundary. Clambering and jumping, he reached the edge of the third; shots were fired in several directions; he had been seen. He slid into the third ditch, scrambled up the opposite side, sprang down once more, rushed on until out of sight of the soldiers, and fell panting in a little wood. There he lay for hours without stirring, as he knew the Russian guards sometimes violated the boundary in pursuit of fugitives. But there was no pursuit, and he at last took heart. Then he began a final transformation. He had lately bought a razor, a pocket-mirror and some soap, and with these, by the aid of a slight rain which was falling, he succeeded with much diffi-

culty in shaving himself and changing his clothes to a costume he had provided expressly for Prussia. When night had closed he set forth once more, lighter of heart than for many long years, though well aware that by international agreement he was not yet out of danger. He pushed on toward the grand duchy of Posen, where he hoped to find assistance from his fellow-countrymen, who, being under Prussian rule, would not be compromised by aiding him. He passed through Memel and Tilsit, and reached Königsberg without let or hindrance—over two hundred miles on Prussian soil in addition to all the rest. There he found a steamboat to sail the next day in the direction which he wished to follow. He had slept only in the open fields, and meant to do so on this night and re-enter the town betimes in the morning. Meanwhile he sat down on a heap of stones in the street, and, overcome by fatigue, fell into a profound sleep. He was awakened by the patrol; his first confused words excited suspicion, and he was arrested and carried to the station-house. After all his perils, his escapes, his adventures, his disguises, to be taken by a Prussian watchman! The next morning he was examined by the police: he declared himself a French artisan on his way home from Russia, but as having lost his passport. The story imposed upon nobody, and he perceived that he was supposed to be a malefactor of some dangerous sort: his real case was not suspected. A month's incarceration followed, and then a new interrogation, in which he was informed that all his statements had been found to be false, and that he was an object of the gravest suspicion. He demanded a private interview with one of the higher functionaries, and a M. Fleury, a naturalized Frenchman in some way connected with the police-courts. To them he told his whole story. After the first moment's stupefaction the Prussian cried, 'But, unhappy man, we must

send you back: the treaty compels it. My God! my God! why did you come here?—‘There is no help for us,’ said M. Fleury, ‘but in Heaven’s name write to Count Eulenberg, on whom all depends; he is a man whom everybody loves. What a misfortune!’

He was taken back to prison. He wrote; he received a kind but vague reply; delays followed, and investigations into the truth of his story; his anguish of mind was reaching a climax in which he felt that his dagger would be his best friend after all. A citizen of the place, a M. Kamke, a total stranger, offered to go bail for him: his story had got abroad and excited the deepest sympathy. The bail was not effected without difficulty: ultimately, he was declared free, however, but the chief of police intimated that he had better remain in Konisberg for

the present. Anxious to show his gratitude to his benefactors, fearful, too, of being suspected, he tarried for a week, which he passed in the family of the generous M. Kamke. At the end of that time he was again summoned to the police-court, where two officials whom he already knew, told him sadly that the order to send him back to Russia had come from Berlin: they could but give him time to escape at his own risk, and pray God for his safety. He went back to his friend M. Kamke: a plan was organized at once, and by the morrow he was on the way to Dantzig. Well provided with money and letters by the good souls at Königsberg, he crossed Germany safely, and on the 22nd of September, 1846, found himself safe in Paris.

THREE SONNETS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY J. L. STEWART.

I.

‘THE glad New Year!’ Sweet friend, why call it so?
 Why are men glad to-day? Canst give the reason
 For merrymaking at this dreary season?
 Why do the faces of the people show
 No trace of recent tears, no touch of woe?
 Why do the wretches, thinly clad, who freeze on
 The doorsteps, seeking bread, esteem it treason
 To wear their misery in their faces? I know
 Not why,—unless the year was fraught with sorrow,
 And grieving hearts rejoice that it is dead,
 Hope whispering that a happier year is born;—
 Unless its fleeting days with bliss were wed,
 And radiant fancy, brighter than the morn,
 Sees naught but joy to come with the to-morrow.

II.

‘The glad New Year!’ The laughter of the bells,
 In every sacred spire, proclaims it glad;
 There is no sign that any heart is sad;
 After the silent prayer the preacher tells
 The heavenly hope that in his bosom wells,
 The hope of good without alloy of bad;
 The bright aurora dances, as with joy mad;
 The moon’s clear light the old year’s ghost dispels.—
 What shriek is that which agitates the air?
 Why do the mountains tremble as with fear?
 What mean these groans of deep and dark despair?
 What are these shadowy phantoms, hovering near?—
 ’Tis hunger shrieks and shivers; breaking hearts
 That groan; our wraiths that wait our spiritual parts!

III.

‘The glad New Year!’ Rejoice on bended knee!
 Cathedrals, lift your gilded crosses high—
 Salvation’s emblem gleaming in the sky!
 O’er blazoned saint, o’er symbolled mystery
 That crowns the altar, let all men see
 The angels’ song, proclaiming Christ is nigh!—
 Let “**Peace on Earth, Good will toward Men,**” the eye
 Enrapture! All hail the perfect world to be!
 And yet, with thousands starving at the gate
 Of groaning granaries,—with murderous men
 Killing each other in God’s name, and then
 According Him the victory,—with hate
 O’ermastering love,—with churches torn by pride,—
 Rejoicing seems but satire sanctified.

THE CONFEDERATION OF CANADA WITH BRITAIN IN
 RELATION TO THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.

BY JAMES WHITMAN, P. A.

IN whatever light the question of Imperial Confederation may be viewed, there is one thing certain and admitted both by the supporters and opponents of such a measure, viz, that no one ventures to say that the present relations of Canada to the mother country will be perpetual; ‘certainly,’ as Mr. Goldwin Smith says, ‘not the advocates of Imperial Confederation, who warn us that, unless England, by a total change of system, draws her

colonies nearer to her, they will soon drift further away.'

It is in view of this fact, and the fact, too, that the great preponderating opinion of both the mother country and the colonies is now so strongly in favour of a closer union, and consequently averse to separation, that it would be unstatesmanlike and unwise to defer any longer the settlement of this question.

England's Colonial Empire presents a combination of pressing questions as to the existence of present relations, or the change, if any, that necessity seems now to force upon them, which are as yet unsatisfactorily answered. With the exception of the Roman Empire, at the period of its greatest power, no kingdom of the world has ever been in a similar condition; and even that similarity is more apparent than real. The great consuls and pro-consuls of Rome are only reproduced to a certain extent in the British Imperial Government of India. About one hundred years ago Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General, established British supremacy in India with a mere handful of British troops and Sepoys. To-day over 200,000,000 of the native races acknowledge allegiance to British rule, which is maintained by an army of 66,000 British, and 120,000 native soldiers, charged, not only with the regulations of the internal relations of this vast Empire, but also with the guardianship of several thousand miles of frontier against warlike and aggressive hordes. And so successfully has the rule of this Anglo-Indian army been established that, in times of threatened danger, such as England has recently passed through, thousands of these Indian troops were moved, at their own ardent solicitation, to the scene of the threatened war, and hundreds of thousands more stood ready to volunteer in aid of England whenever their services were required. It is asserted by the very best authorities that, had England en-

tered upon a protracted war with Russia, she could have drawn a million of fighting volunteers from India, and possibly an additional million if required. No wonder then that all Europe was startled by this, to them, military apparition which the magic wand of Beaconsfield transferred so suddenly from every quarter and clime of India to the Mediterranean and Malta. The acquisition and retention of these possessions in India have been the cause of the most important wars in which England has been engaged for the century past, and the same cause has recently marshalled her hosts to confront the threatened aggressions of Russia, though ostensibly on Turkey, in reality on British Indian interests.

As the next important colony of the Empire, after India, Canada must naturally endeavour to forecast her relations in such an eventuality as a general European war in which the mother country should become one of the principals. That England would rely, to some extent, for aid upon Canada, as well as upon the other colonies, is as natural as evident. The navy of Great Britain—her principal offensive and defensive power—would be expected to protect Canadian and other Colonial, as well as Imperial commerce; and for such protection the Imperial Government would have a right to ask some recompense, and call upon the colonies to say how far they desire to bear a hand in their own defence, and will be ready to assist in maintaining Imperial posts of vantage in an adequate state of preparation for resistance. Thus will the question of the relations of Colonial and Imperial responsibilities in war, and indeed the whole future relations of the Empire to its component parts, be brought to an issue.

Within the past few years a great change has taken place in the relations of Great Britain to her colonies. 'It is not long since the period,' says Sir Julius Vogel, 'when the removal of Im-

perial troops from New Zealand at the most critical time of the struggle with the Maories—a struggle brought about by Downing street misrule—was followed by strong feelings in favour of the separation of that colony from England; while, in spite of the offer from at least one colony to pay the expense of their retention, the recall of the troops from Australia, and the forcing upon Victoria an irritating change in the flag, produced similar results, and for a time the exertions in favour of the disintegration of the Empire seemed about to be successful. A like feeling from the same causes existed at one time in Canada; but among the most galling of all influences has been that of the tone adopted by the Colonial Office, and that portion of the English press as represented by *The Times* towards Colonial Governments and Colonial Statesmen. In London, the Premier of a great colony like Canada, seemed personally and officially of less account than the diplomatic representative of the untutored savages of Hayti or San Domingo. This seems now to be all changed, and, as remarked, the crisis of a change in the entire colonial relations to the mother country seems to have arrived. It becomes us then as Canadians to meet the question and discuss it fully upon its merits.

It is argued that the enormous wealth of England would successfully carry her through any great European war however protracted. In the great struggle of England which commenced in 1792 and ended with Waterloo, some sixty years ago, the relative proportion of her national debt to that of her national wealth was something alarmingly close. Now, that debt has been reduced to about £640,000,000, while her national wealth has risen to £7,680,000,000, or in the proportion of 640 to 7,680; and, in the event of a life and death struggle, we see how much England could increase her present debt before it obtained the proportion in which it stood to her na-

tional wealth in 1815. But outside of patriotic sentiment, which, in this practical age, can never be altogether depended on, it may be asked why should Canada, who has no special cause or interest in a war between England and Russia or other European Powers, be called upon to bear her proportionate expenses either for aggression or defence? The satisfactory answer to this question must, in case of compliance, form the basis for the changed Imperial and colonial relations which will of necessity ensue. What those relations *may* be, I do not presume to foretell. It may be, in his article on the 'Political Destiny of Canada,' published in the *Fortnightly Review* last year, that Mr. Goldwin Smith is right, when alluding to the annexation of Canada to the United States, in concluding that:

'To Canada the economical advantages of continental union will be immense; to the United States its general advantages will be not less so. To England it will be no menace, but the reverse; it will be the introduction into the Councils of the United States—on all questions, commercial as well as diplomatic—of an element friendly to England, the influence of which will be worth far more to her than the faint and invidious chance of building up Canada as a rival to the United States. In case of war her greatest danger will be removed. She will lose neither wealth nor strength; probably she will gain a good deal of both.'

But we believe that the public sentiment in Canada is, as yet, largely unfavourable to Mr. Smith's conclusions, and that in the event of war, as in the crisis which has just passed over, Canada would respond, in so far as she was able, to England's request for aid in money or in men. Of the latter Canada would undoubtedly furnish her quota. I have it from the best authority that, during the recent apprehension of war between England and Russia, ten thousand of the Can-

adian militia volunteered their services. The resources of Canada in this particular are now looked upon in England with a most favourable eye. Report places our active militia at some 35,000 to 40,000 men, and our fighting reserves at some 400,000 to 500,000 more—a force by no means to be despised, more especially considering the material of which it is composed, even in Imperial considerations. But the expenses of placing any reasonable number of Canadian forces in the field—say of 10,000 men—this, and the manner of doing so, would bring the question of our relations to England into reconsideration, and necessitate their reconstruction upon some more defined and permanent basis.

In a war with Russia—which many persons, even since the recent treaty of Berlin, consider as merely postponed—England would be obliged to draw, to a far larger extent than she already does, upon Canada and the United States for her supply of food; but if she were unhappily engaged in war with the United States and Russia, her supply of food from Canada, under present circumstances, would be entirely inadequate. At the same time there is land enough in the Dominion to grow sufficient food for the supply of all England's wants—I refer to the vast regions of the great fertile north-west country. But while the subject of the Canada Pacific Railway has been before the Dominion and the world for the past seven or eight years, there is not yet a single mile of it available for traffic, although many millions of dollars have been spent upon it. Even in so far as affording a proper food supply for England, a railway to our boundless western grain fields is an *Imperial necessity*, and the immediate construction of this road should be made the basis of all negotiations with England for aid in war, or in any alteration of our present relations towards her. *But further, if England wishes permanently*

to secure her possessions in the Pacific, a railway through Canadian territory to Vancouver's Island is still more an Imperial necessity. Russia has already advanced and formed a large naval station on the Western Pacific coast at Vladivostock, which has been rendered nearly impregnable by fortification, where she has a sea-going squadron built expressly for speed, each vessel being armed with heavy Gatling guns and torpedoes. These ships would prove so many *Alabamas* to British commerce in the east and upon the shores of British Columbia, from which Vladivostock is but fifteen days' steaming distance. Besides the squadron at Vladivostock, the Russians have a fleet of nine ships of war and eighteen transports on the Amoor River, in addition to her Pacific squadron. Sir Garnet Wolseley, who is far from being an alarmist, states that nearly all the English coaling stations in that quarter are at the mercy of the first hostile ironclad which reaches them. Thus British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, which, with a railway to the Pacific, could be made the base of supplies for the whole of the British Pacific possessions, is now a source of anxiety and weakness to the squadron for the protection of British interests in that ocean. Mr. Jas. Anthony Froude, the historian, in a recent lecture on 'Colonies,' stated that 'he considered, of all the problems which English statesmen had before them, the one of real practical importance was the problem of how the colonies should be attached to England, which was no longer a European but an Asiatic and an ocean power; and to this development they should especially apply themselves.' In this view would not the present time be the most opportune for pressing the immediate construction of our railway to the Pacific upon the attention of the British Government as an Imperial necessity, at least equal in importance to her equivocal possession in the Suez Canal,

for which England paid some £4,000,000.

With the advent of the Conservatives to power in England, aided by the exertions of various eminent writers, and the practical efforts of numerous societies, among which the Royal Colonial Institute of London stands in the van, the policy of disintegration seems to have been changed for that of a consolidation of the Empire; as witness the confederation of the British American Provinces into the Dominion of Canada, the confederation of the colonies of South Africa, now being carried out, the proposed confederation of the Australian colonies, and the crowning point of all—the creation of India into an Empire.

This consolidation of the British Colonial Empire has long been one of Lord Beaconsfield's favourite projects. While as Mr. Disraeli, in an address delivered to the Conservative Association at the Crystal Palace, on the 24th of June, 1872, he stated that he considered self-government was granted to the colonies as a means to an end, adding—

‘I cannot conceive how our distant colonies can have their affairs administered except by self-government. But self-government, when it was conceded, ought, in my opinion, to have been conceded as a part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff, by securities to the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the Sovereign as their trustee, and by a military code, which should have precisely defined the means and responsibilities by which the colonies should have been defended and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the colonies themselves. It ought further to have been accompanied by the institution of some representative council in the metropolis, which would have brought the colonies into constant and contin-

uous relations with the home Government.’

Should the present warlike crisis be safely and peacefully surmounted by Lord Beaconsfield, it is generally thought that he will strive to crown his pre-eminently successful political career by turning his wonderful energies to the adoption and development of a scheme for the consolidation of the whole of Britain's colonial possessions into an united Empire. That it is a subject in which he feels the deepest interest, and to which he attaches the utmost importance, is evident through all the speeches in which he has had occasion to allude to colonial affairs, but in none more so than in the following quotation from his utterances at a banquet given to Her Majesty's Ministers, by the Lord Mayor of London. There he stated, ‘that we should develop and consolidate our colonial Empire; that we should assimilate not only their interests but their sympathies to the mother country, and that we believe they would prove ultimately not a source of weakness and embarrassment, but of strength and splendour to the Empire.’

The significance of the appointment of a son-in-law of the Queen as Governor-General of Canada, with all the attributes and insignia of royalty which accompany his advent, point to the Dominion as the colony on which this great experiment will first be tried, and which will prove a test question with the Canadians as to whether Monarchical or Republican principles are to prevail.

If in case of war with Russia, the United States should, unhappily, be also added to England's open enemies, the absolute necessity for the Canada Pacific Railway, not only for the preservation of Canada to the English crown, but also for the subsistence of the British nation itself in the way of a sufficient food supply, would become sadly apparent. And if, though, how-

ever, improbable it may seem at present, these two routes should come together before the construction of this great back-bone of the Dominion, then Britain will rue the policy which had prevented her from offering to Canada the aid she requires for constructing those links which would not only indissolubly connect Canada to the Empire, but also render that Empire able to defy the world.

The cause of the undisguised sympathy of the United States for Russia in all cases where war, and questions of war, have occurred between that power and Great Britain, has been a source of inexplicable mystery to intelligent Englishmen. It may be found, I think, in the commercial interests of the American Union acting on the principle that England's difficulty is their opportunity. For, if Russia and England could be kept at perpetual war, the United States can then supply England with bread, and Russia with arms and munitions of war.

The following statements from the *New York Tribune*, of November 12th (1878), may throw some little light upon this subject :

'England's dependence upon foreign fields for bread supplies is a source of increasing anxiety on that "tight little island." For several years the limit of 100,000,000 bushels has been passed, and last year the deficit was greater than ever before; but the present year (in the nine months already past) has seen an advance upon the record of 1877. Already thus early the equivalent of 86,000,000 bushels has been received. It is a matter of pride that this country is still able to retain the lead in furnishing the needed supply, and even attain unprecedented prominence, not only equalling the united contributions of all other countries, but sending 60½ per cent. of all the wheat imported, and about 58 per cent. of the wheat and flour together, for the first nine months of the present year. Leaving out the details of minor

contributions, the supplies to October 1st are as follows :

WHEAT.			
	1876.	1877.	1878.
Russia, cwts.	5,730,883	8,191,358	6,253,579
Germany, cwts.	1,913,741	3,655,535	3,728,408
United States, cwts.	16,083,142	13,329,683	22,562,818
Total importations.	34,925,064	36,687,573	37,284,121

FLOUR.			
United States, cwts.	1,821,933	1,118,380	2,656,290
Total importations, cwts.	4,314,424	5,094,011	5,760,102

'British India, which sent in nine months of last year, 4,226,527 cwts., has contributed only 1,497,410 this year; and Australia spares only half as much as in 1876, though four times as much as in 1877. Our neighbours of the Dominion are forwarding less than in 1876. The figures are :

	1876.	1877.	1878.
Wheat, cwts.	1,767,523	679,286	1,570,838
Flour, cwts.	163,711	32,675	149,359

'The receipts of maize in Great Britain for similar periods of the past three years are respectively 31,677,857 cwts., 23,676,794 cwts., and 34,603,433 cwts., showing great activity in the corn trade, which is mainly with this country.

'There has been a marked change in the American sources of wheat supply this year. So far, the receipts from the Pacific coast have been scarcely more than half as large as in 1877, while the Atlantic coast advanced its shipments from 4,773,593 to 18,437,966 cwts. The small figures of last year were due to the scarcity in the spring-wheat region—the section from which exports are mainly drawn—and not from a general failure of the Atlantic States' crop, which was in several districts unusually abundant.

'The average price of the wheat of the Pacific coast has been about 10 per cent. higher than that of the Atlantic coast, except for the poorer quality of last year, which averaged nearly 5 per cent. higher. The average for both sections was lowest in 1876, and for present year is midway between 1876

and 1877. The average price for the present season is \$2.88 per cwt. (112 pounds) for Atlantic, and \$3.18 for Pacific wheat. British wheat has declined from 52 shillings per quarter (8 bushels) in May to 40 in October (5 shillings since September 1st), the recent fall being due to the poor quality of the new crop, a deterioration caused by rain in August. American red Winter brings 42 to 43 shillings; Michigan, 43 to 44 shillings, and California, 44 to 45 shillings.

Though we may be all familiar with the vast and fertile extent of our north-western empire, yet in England it is but comparatively unknown, and the Government of the Dominion should lose no opportunity of bringing the greatness of our common heritage to the full knowledge of the British nation. Even Canadians have feeble perceptions of this late *terra incognita* which a few years ago was generally supposed to be a sterile and inhospitable region—the perpetual abode of ice and snow—but now known to be one of the most extensively fertile regions of the continent.

Beginning with the valley of the Red River, which takes its rise in the neighbouring State of Minnesota, there are three vast steppes or prairies, the one rising above the other until they reach their western limits at the base of the Rocky Mountains. There are, in what is called the Red River Valley, alone, about 12,000,000 acres of land, of which it is safe to say that more than nine-tenths are among the very best wheat lands in America—capable ordinarily of producing from 25 to 30 bushels per acre for many years in succession without materially subtracting from the exhaustless stores of fertility which have been treasured up for centuries in the soil. If all were put under plough and sown to wheat, the Red River Valley is capable of producing at 20 bushels per acre from 200,000,000 to 240,000,000 bushels of wheat—equal to more than

half of the entire wheat products of the United States for the last year. But crossing the boundary at the 49th parallel, and following the isothermal line up in a northwesterly direction through the valleys of the Assiniboine and Little and Big Saskatchewan Rivers, the more fertile the soil and milder the climate becomes. Here we have opened up a vast fertile region of over 300,000 square miles, capable of supporting a population of 50,000,000 or 60,000,000 of people, and of producing more than double the quantity of wheat now raised in the whole of the United States. In some parts of the soil the rich black loam extends to a depth of even twelve feet, and seventy bushels of wheat have been produced from one bushel sown.

The Province of Manitoba is but a small part of this immense region, but its rapid growth within the few years of its existence rivals anything hitherto known in the way of progress on the American continent. The city of Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, and situated at the confluence of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, contained but some 300 inhabitants in 1870, and those mostly half-breeds or employes of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Garry, now a portion of the city. At present Winnipeg has a population of some 12,000 people, and a trade out of all proportion to that number, since it is the headquarters for supplies not only for the Province of Manitoba but for the whole North-western territory stretching to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and far up north into the valleys of the great rivers with which that region abounds. From 5,000,000 pounds of goods transported, chiefly up the Red River by steamer, into the Province in 1870, the importations are now close on to 100,000,000 pounds, which with the railway facilities now about being completed between St. Paul and Winnipeg, must increase in still greater proportion.

Imagination would almost fail to conceive the great future of the North-west when the Canadian Pacific Railway will have opened up the whole of this immense region, and its future millions of hardy, industrious population will have added a new Anglo-Saxon nation to the world's defenders of liberty and right!

After the glowing accounts which have been spoken and written of this great region of the North-west by orators like Lord Dufferin,* and writers of world-wide fame, it would be impertinent in me to endeavour to add to what they have said of its tremendous resources; but perhaps after a three months' sojourn, during the past summer (1878), in Manitoba, I may be pardoned for giving my humble testimony to their fuller revelations of this wonderful world.

The question of Colonial Confederation, or even of Canadian Confederation with the Empire is one with which, in detail, I do not pretend to deal. That there are difficulties connected with such a consummation no one can deny; but that they are insuperable I do not believe. In the confederation of the *di-jecta membra* of the British North American Colonies, we have already accomplished a greater difficulty; and towards the larger confederation of Canada with Britain it is only now the first step that is wanting. That I believe to be the enunciation of a joint official declaration, by the Imperial and Canadian Governments, that Canada is an inseparable portion of the British Empire. Such a procedure would allay the nightmare which now broods over colonial existence, and at once attract British enterprise, population and capital in an unprecedented and unthought of extent to the Dominion. It is this dread of Canada's becoming some day an independent, if not a hostile nation, in

tariffs at least, which, at present, prevents English capital and Englishmen from flowing more freely into our country. Declare her an integral portion of Great Britain, that feeling ends, and the locked up capital of England, thus assured of being as secure in Canada as in London, would be absorbed to a large extent into our Pacific Railway, and the development of our vast North-western country. The great fact of Canada's being, with her pronounced approval and consent, declared an integral portion of the Empire to be maintained at all hazards, the British nation, which is now dependent for more than one-half of its food supply upon foreign countries, would then feel that it possessed its own feeding ground within itself, and the immediate means for its development and secure protection would be speedily forthcoming. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.* Rome was not built in a day, and in Lord Beaconsfield's sketch, referred to, we have a programme which would form the skeleton of a plan for the long-talked of confederation of the whole British colonies with the Empire.

After the annunciation of Canada as an integral portion of Britain would come, as surely as the dawn follows the darkness, the construction of our railway to the Pacific. Indeed the carrying into effect of this great work would necessarily be made the basis of the contract of confederation. It is urged that the Canada Pacific Railway will not pay. But for years though, it may never declare a dividend, and even cost something to keep up, that it will not pay two countries like Britain and Canada to be thus united, is an argument fitted only for the stock exchange or the usurer. For what has England spent her hundreds of millions during the past century in Europe? In wars to uphold her trade, her freedom, her existence. Has not this paid? But in the peaceful triumphs of this closer union of Canada to the realm, even at the cost of the

* See Lord Dufferin's great speech at Winnipeg, in Mr. Stewart's valuable and interesting volume, 'Canada under the Administration of the Earl of Dufferin,' pp. 540-58.

few millions necessary for the construction of a railway to the Pacific, the coming century would witness the profitable results of a disbursement, as represented in the general prosperity and secured stability of the Empire, such as have never before accrued from any previous outlay. And as the years pass over the existence of this completed enterprise, when the trade

of China and Japan, if not of Australia and the Orient, shall freight the labouring highway with its innumerable commodities, they will develop a tangible return in profit growing vastly commensurate with those incalculable profits which shall have already attended the political and moral results of the Canada Pacific Railway.

MY PRINCESS.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

I.

MY Princess walks in humble guise,
 While rides the Queen in queenly state;
 I catch a glance from her violet eyes
 And feel that I, though poor, am great;
 Am great, for my Princess loves me well!
 What, without love, were lands or gold?
 Quick are her rose-leaf lips to tell
 The story that is, as the world is, old;
 The story of love that lives forever!
 Ah, my Princess, the days go by
 And Death stalks in! but never, never
 Can Death part lovers like you and I!
 Never, my Princess, for where I sleep
 I know you will kiss the grass and weep.

II.

I know you will kiss the grass and weep,
 And say, as he died, for his sake I would die!—
 And when, at last, you fall asleep,
 No matter how far from me, you will be nigh!
 I shall feel that out of the dust I can reach
 My arms to my darling, however far
 She may be from me, and her tender speech,
 From my grave, its gates can never bar.
 Are the dead sightless and deaf? I wis
 That sightless and deaf I shall never be!
 Will the time come when your tender kiss
 And bird-like voice will be nought to me?
 I think not, my Princess, e'en when I grow,
 In the grave, like Adam of long ago.

UNDER ONE ROOF :

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. WALCOT VENTURES A SUGGESTION.

SO unexpected was the presence of the Rev. John Dyneley that for the moment Gresham forgot the strangeness of his guise, and even the obligation which he owed to him in common with the rest of the gallant crew of the *Swiftsure*; the thought that was monopolising his mind was, 'Does he guess the relation between Elise and myself?'

He had said he could scarce believe his eyes when he saw Gresham, and, knowing what he knew as respected Evelyn, it would have been even more difficult, if he had overheard his talk in the life-boat, to believe his ears.

There had been something in the curate's tone which had struck him he addressed as smacking of reproof as well as astonishment, but that might have been but the sting of conscience. Whether he knew all, or not, however, any lingering idea Gresham might have entertained of ignoring under his uncle's roof all previous acquaintance with Elise, even if he could have persuaded her to join in such deception, was now become out of the question. There was nothing left for him but to assume a bold front.

'This is Miss Elise Hurt, Dyneley; the young lady Lady Arden was expecting from Germany, and who, I am thankful to say, will reach her journey's end after all; thanks to you and the rest.—Miss Hurt, I demand an amount of confidence in me that almost reaches to credulity, when I

ask you to believe that this gentleman in a dustman's hat and a cork jacket is a British divine.'

Elise held out her little hand with a quick flush. 'How brave you are, sir! how good you have been to us,' said she simply. 'I shall think more highly than ever of God's ministers since you are one of them.'

'I am glad to have been of use,' said the Curate, blushing too; for he could not bear anybody's praise. 'But as for my own share in last night's work, I had no choice in the matter; for the crew could not be made up without me.'

'Ah,' exclaimed the Commodore; 'that's what looks well in a man. One always likes a fellow who sits down at euchre merely to oblige. I've noticed they're generally good players, those. And *you* pull a good oar, sir—there was no better in the boat, except the stroke's. Let me shake your hand, sir.'

The Curate, of course, shook hands; but it was evident the Yankee puzzled him.

'This is Commodore Pearce of the United States,' explained Gresham; 'without whose sagacity and assistance neither the young lady nor myself would, I honestly believe, be alive at this moment. I hope I shall persuade him to pass a few days at Halcombe, where I am sure that he will find a hearty welcome.'

'Thank you, Mr. Gresham, but my time is limited. So soon as I have got my clothes dry, and have had a snatch of sleep at this *hotel*, I'm off for London.'

This was a relief to Gresham, though he was ashamed of himself at finding it to be so. However successful he might be in imposing silence concerning recent events upon Elise, it would have been quite impossible, he felt, to keep Mr. Pearce's mouth shut, who, unaware of the shortness of the two young people's acquaintance with one another, had taken it for granted, from the first, that they were an engaged couple.

'You will allow me, at all events, Mr. Pearce, to be your banker,' said Gresham. 'I am well known here.'

'Thank you, sir,' interrupted the Commodore; 'but I have given nothing to the fishes, except my kit—and that won't clothe the Leviathan. My money is safe in my breast pocket; and I've got tobacco for a week's consumption, though it's a trifle damp.'

They had now reached the 'Golden Lion,' the hostess of which had been already informed of the arrival of her involuntary guests, and had partly attired herself to welcome them. It was arranged that Miss Hurt should be left in her charge till a carriage could be sent for her from the Hall; and after some refreshment for the inner man, and dry clothes for the outer, lent him by the landlord, Gresham took his leave of the Commodore with many expressions of goodwill on either side.

'If I'm in England, sree, mind I come down to your wedding,' were the Commodore's last words, which, delivered as they were in Dyneley's presence, turned Gresham scarlet. Then the two young men stepped into a dog-cart,—for the gale was still strong enough to have turned any closed vehicle that the 'Golden Lion' could offer them topsy-turvy,—and set out for Halcombe.

It was a satisfaction to Gresham that the presence of the hostler close behind them precluded any conversation of a private nature; but as a matter of fact the Curate was the last man to have asked his companion for any explanations. He had certainly ob-

served the familiarity that existed between Gresham and Elise; and had even caught some fragments of their conversation in the lifeboat. But his nature was too unsuspecting to jump to the right conclusion from such scanty premises. The Commodore's parting words had rather dissipated, than confirmed, any suspicions he might have entertained; for he took it for granted that they alluded to Gresham's marriage with Evelyn. Had he guessed the truth, it might be imagined that he would have gladly welcomed such evidence of his rival's lack of love for Evelyn; but so loyal was his nature, that he would on the contrary have found it a cause of quarrel with Gresham for his traitorous conduct. Even as it was, Gresham's behaviour had excited his displeasure, though his sense of justice compelled him to make allowances for his young friend, placed as he had been in such an exceptional position with respect to his fair companion. Perhaps there was nothing that made John Dyneley so ill-understood as this gift of charity, as rare with the common-place Pious, wrapped up in the salvation of their own souls, as with the children of this world. Moreover, John Dyneley was a gentleman, and he did not feel justified in hauling a fellow-creature over the coals without adequate warrant.

From all which it arose that there was little conversation between the two occupants of the front seat of the dog-cart; and what there was confined itself to details of the wreck and the rescue.

Unwilling to disturb the tenants of the Hall from their slumbers after their long night of watching, the Curate invited Gresham to breakfast with him at his lodgings at the Manor Farm. Here they aroused the young farmer, Gilbert Holm himself, from his first sleep, for he had remained with some of the men at the Point till they had not only seen the lifeboat carry off the tenants of the *Rhineland*, but beheld the remains of that unfor-

tunate vessel go to pieces, which happened in about an hour after the rescue. He described the distress and agitation of the young ladies as having been very great, but they had restrained their tears, he said, until the safety of all on board had been assured, and when, as it seemed to him 'there was no sort of occasion for 'em.'

'Ah, Gilbert, you don't know the nature of women,' said Gresham, jestingly.

'Perhaps not, sir,' answered the farmer drily; 'but I know the nature of one of them as I'm talking about enough to be sartin' sure that she would amost ha' cried her pretty eyes out, had she been aware as a certain person was on board that craft last night; and I dare say Mr. Dyneley here could give a name to her.'

'Well, of course, they would all have been greatly more distressed,' said the Curate, evasively, 'had they been aware that Mr. George was among the wrecked.'

It was only common civility in Dyneley to ask his nominal host (for Holm was only Sir Robert's tenant) to breakfast with them considering that he had been disturbed by his visitors at so untimely an hour, so the three men partook of their meal together.

There was little talk, however, among them, for the young farmer's allusion to the supposed engagement between Evelyn and Gresham had annoyed the latter. He thought it familiar and impertinent, though perhaps he would not have done so had he not been thrown, during the last three days, into the companionship of Miss Elise Hurt.

'There's to be a new arrival at the Hall to-day, sir, as I understand,' observed Holm, addressing the Curate. Gresham felt growing red and white by turns; he felt sure that this insolent clodhopper—with whom, however, he had heretofore been on the familiar terms that are usual between men in their relative positions in a place like

Halcombe—was about to speak to Elise herself.

'Indeed?' said the Curate. 'Who may that be?'

'Well, the young ladies are going to have a new maid. John is going to take the gig over to Archester this afternoon to meet her.'

Gresham uttered a little sigh of relief; it was plain that this man had not heard of the expected arrival of the governess.

'I hope John will have less wind against him than I had last night,' said the Curate, 'or he will need some ballast on his voyage out.'

'Ah, to be sure, you must ha' been much blowed about,' observed the farmer. 'Perhaps a little drop of the right stuff would do you no harm this morning.' And he produced from his cupboard—the fire had been lit for them in the kitchen, as being at that early hour most convenient—a bottle of brandy.

'No, thank you,' said Dyneley; 'I never touch such a thing in the morning.'

'Nor I,' said Gresham, curtly.

'Well then, gentlemen, I'll just drink to the health of both of you.' And he helped himself to a full glass.

Though still very early, it was agreed that Gresham should now go to the Hall to relieve the fears of its tenants as to Miss Hurt's safety, and the Curate accompanied him as far as the garden gate.

'There was one person, Dyneley, I did not ask you about when we were in the dog-cart together, because of the ears so close behind us. Ferdinand Walcot is here, of course, and as much master as ever?'

'Yes; even more so, I think, than when you left us.'

'I call it a downright infatuation in my uncle,' exclaimed the other, with irritation.

'Well, I confess I don't share Sir Robert's predilection for his brother-in-law,' answered the Curate, smiling; 'but I suppose we are what your

uncle calls antipathetic—in plain English, I don't like Mr. Walcot, and he don't like me.'

'Of course not. I had hoped that you might have opened my uncle's eyes; you are the only man who could do so without the suspicion of having any interest in the matter.'

'Nay, I have nothing to say against the man. It is only a question with me of "I do not like thee, Doctor Fell!" and I cannot suppose that Sir Robert would espouse my prejudices. When I did once venture to say that I thought Walcot took too much upon himself in the way of parish affairs, your uncle was obviously annoyed. He said that I little knew Ferdinand Walcot; everybody who did so must revere him. "As for myself," he added, "there is a sacred tie between us which nothing but death will sever"'

'A sacred fiddlestick,' observed Gresham, contemptuously. Then, after a pause, 'Who is that yonder, going over the hill?'

'It is Gilbert Holm. He is bound for the shore, I reckon, to see if there is any flotsam or jetsam from the wreck. He had much better trust to his farm for his profits, than to such waifs and strays.'

'Ay, he's another of Walcot's *protégés*, is he not?'

'I don't know about that,' said the Curate, 'but he has great influence over him, as he has over every one else, and I wish he would use it to persuade him to give up taking brandy of a morning. I shall see you again in an hour or two, no doubt, Gresham. Good morning.'

The tone of the Curate was cordial, much more so, had Gresham been aware of his feelings towards Evelyn than his companion had any right to expect; for what is more calculated to raise the spleen than to suspect the object of our affections to be held but lightly in those of our successful rival? Even as it was, Gresham acknowledged to himself what a worthy, modest, and high-souled fellow Dyneley was,

and how incapable of a baseness. This last reflection was, perhaps, suggested by a prick of conscience, for Gresham did not in his heart approve of that policy of silence—not to say deception—which he had chalked out for himself in the future as respected Elise. He was by nature, as his uncle had called him, frank. The story Mr. Walcot had narrated respecting his behaviour at the Homburg gaming-table had been, to say the least of it, distorted to his disadvantage; he was too impulsive for duplicity, though a certain weakness of character might, as in the present case, suggest concealment.

Nor must it be supposed that George Gresham had, in his advances to Elise, acted disloyally towards Evelyn. Not only had he not broken troth—for troth had never been plighted between them, but he had done her no tacit wrong; there was no mutual understanding between them whatever, such as lovers use, and though they had been drifting towards Matrimony, it was without aid of sail or oar, and merely from the wind and tide of circumstances. They were both aware that marriage was expected of them by others, and they had not actively opposed themselves to the pressure from without, but that was all. Gresham was not aware that Evelyn had ever stated 'I am not engaged,' but he knew that she did not acknowledge an engagement. Nor had she once given him, during all the years they had known one another, such looks or words as Elise had bestowed upon him within the last few hours. He felt less self-reproach, in fact, as respected her than as respected others—such as his uncle and her mother, but with these he was undoubtedly about to play, if not falsely, a false part.

The adults of the Hall party were already downstairs, despite the earliness of the hour, eager to hear the news from Mirton, and their astonishment was great indeed at finding it was Gresham who had brought it.

'What, you here?' 'George!'

'Good Heavens!' and 'This is unexpected, indeed'—the last and least enthusiastic greeting being Mr. Ferdinand Walcot's.

The ladies kissed him, of course. Lady Arden with a stately affection, befitting a mother-in-law *in posse*; as well as a step-nephew *in esse*; Milly with lively effusion; and Evelyn, not as some young ladies kiss 'tall Irish cousins whom they love in a sisterly way,' but with a certain gentle decorum for which he could have hugged her—it so convinced him that she didn't care twopence about him.

'And is the poor girl safe?' were her first words.

'Quite safe; I left her in Mrs. Marvell's hands at the Red Lion.'

'You left her? Why how did you know who she was?' inquired Lady Arden.

'I—oh—well,' stammered Gresham, 'we became acquainted on the voyage, you know; it was not like an ordinary passage, you must remember.'

'Indeed it was not,' sighed Evelyn. 'Shall I ever forget last night, and that wave-swept wreck with the poor creatures clinging to it!'

'Yes,' cried Milly, 'and yet we did not know that you were there, George. Fancy what our feelings would have been had we been aware of that!'

'You are very good,' said Gresham, with a bow.

'It is too horrible to jest about, George,' exclaimed Sir Robert, reprovingly. 'I saw two poor souls swept into the sea with my own eyes.'

'Yes, indeed, sir, there were more than that. There were many drowned, and but three women saved in all.' Then he proceeded to tell them certain details with which we are more or less acquainted, to which they listened with eager horror.

'But how came you to come by the *Rhineland* at all, George?' inquired Lady Arden; 'they tell me it was a cattle ship.'

'Yes, why on earth did you do that?' said Sir Robert.

'No doubt from motives of economy,' observed Mr. Walcot, with a dry smile.

'Well, no, it was not exactly that, I must confess,' said Gresham, conscious of a flaming cheek; 'but being in Rotterdam when the vessel was about to start, a sudden impulse took me. It was not right, because I had promised to meet Mayne in Paris, but no one can say that my perjury went unpunished. I nearly lost my life—I *did* lose every rag belonging to me. I am indebted to Mr. Marvell for the very things I stand up in. They are not fashionable, I know, nor a good fit, but it was something to get into dry clothes of any kind after such a soaking.'

'Then poor Miss Hurt must have lost everything too,' observed Evelyn.

'Very true, Evy,' exclaimed the Baronet. 'You ladies must make contributions from your wardrobes.'

'Is she my size, or Evelyn's, or mamma's?' inquired Milly roguishly.

'Well, really,' stammered Gresham

'He is blushing!' cried Milly, clapping her hands.

'I don't see that there could be any harm in your remarking whether she was short or tall,' observed Lady Arden stiffly.

'Certainly not,' continued Milly; 'and since she *was* so communicative, it seems, she may have told him what sized gloves she uses, and from that data we could judge everything.'

'Be quiet, Milly,' exclaimed her mother reprovingly. 'Let George speak for himself.'

'Well, I *think* this young lady is about Milly's size,' replied Gresham, with an air of reflection; 'rather shorter, if anything. I told her, by the bye, that you would send some conveyance for her.'

'Quite right,' said Lady Arden; 'the carriage shall go at once. And Jennings shall go in it with a change of clothes for her.'

'That is just like your thoughtful-

ness, Lady Arden,' observed Mr. Walcot; 'but if I might venture a suggestion, don't you think that, under the circumstances, if Miss Evelyn herself would not mind the trouble——'

'The very thing I was thinking myself,' interrupted Sir Robert. 'The poor girl would take it so kindly.'

'Oh, indeed!' exclaimed Gresham hastily; 'there is no occasion for that. I am sure she would be quite distressed at such a thing.'

'Still, if Miss Evelyn doesn't mind the trouble,' repeated Walcot.

'There is no trouble in the matter,' observed that young lady quietly; 'and indeed, without wishing to rob Mr. Walcot of the credit due to his forethought, I had made up my mind to go for Miss Hurt, before he spoke.'

If anything could have been a solace to Gresham under such circumstances—for the plan about to be carried into effect was, as may be well imagined, to the last degree distasteful to him—it was the curtness of tone in which Evelyn addressed those words to Mr. Ferdinand Walcot. She was the only inhabitant of the Hall who was able to 'snub' Sir Robert's brother-in-law, or who had the courage to attempt it. His being thus 'set down' was, however, but scanty satisfaction to Gresham as compared with his apprehensions of the dangerous results of Walcot's officiousness. If he had only had the courage to tell Elise of the *quasi*-engagement existing between himself and Evelyn, it would have put her on her guard; but—now—what damaging admissions might she not make during that *tête-à-tête*—what questions might not Evelyn put to her in all good faith, and without the least idea that they were 'leading' ones! Moreover, the suggestion of Evelyn's going to meet the girl was greatly more distasteful to him from its having proceeded from Walcot. Did the man already suspect something? It was more than possible, for his attitude towards him, in Gresham's view, was always one of suspicion; he was cer-

tain in his own mind that Ferdinand Walcot was a tale-bearer and an eaves-dropper; and that the knowledge thus basely acquired had been already used to his prejudice with his uncle. Suppose that this cur, who was also a sleuth-hound, had already smelt out that there was something—something wrong, as he would be sure to term it—between Elise and him?

CHAPTER X.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

WE have described the owner of Halcombe Hall, and also him who was practically the master of it; but we have given them precedence only on the time-hallowed principle of 'Seniores priores.' There was one other individual under that roof, quite as masterful by nature as Mr. Walcot himself, and who was looked up to by the whole family with a reverence accorded to neither of his two rivals. This personage was Babla Nicoll (aged 4), commonly called, half in irony, half in tribute to his social position, the Great Babla. The origin of this name, save that it was begotten of Love and Euphony, was lost, at the time we make acquaintance with him, in the mist of antiquity. It was certainly not given him by his godfather and godmother, who had in fact named him 'Gerald.' Perhaps he was termed Babla after the Great Mogul called Bablo; and the 'o' had become 'a' by one of those etymological processes so familiar to commentators; but if so he was a far greater potentate than his prototype. His dominions, indeed, were limited, being bounded on the north, on the south, on the east, and on the west, by the walls of his home, but within that region he was despotic. Nay, like the Czar of Russia, he might be said to be an object of worship. A prophet, we are told, is held in small account

in his own country, but the Great Babla, who was oracular upon matters present only (and even on those never distinct), was held at home in a reverence not paid to prophets anywhere, even after the fulfilment of their vaticinations. Even abroad he was thought highly of; ladies and even ancient gentlemen were wont to stop him in London streets, or at the seaside, when he went forth in his perambulator, to do him homage; they did not, as in the case of the Holy Pontiff, kiss his toe, for, indeed, that member was not easily approachable, being encased first in a shoe and stocking of extreme dimutiveness, and finally in a gaiter of Shetland wool, but they kissed what they could, and invoked the blessings of Providence upon his sacred person. He was wont neither to approve nor disapprove of these manifestations of public approval; but would 'stare right on with calm eternal eyes,' on some distant object of nature—especially if a dog or a donkey presented itself on the horizon. A philosophic calm was his usual characteristic; but there were chords in his nature, which being struck he was immediately roused to enthusiasm. The sight of Punch's show had quite a galvanic effect upon him; a soldier—such was his peculiarity, that although he had probably never so much as heard of the Amazons, he called him 'a soldier-man'—aroused in him an ardour which it is inadequate to describe as martial; while a monkey on an organ caused him such agitation of mind, as (although evidently pleasurable) gave nervous admirers some apprehension for his precious life.

That he considered himself by very far the most important personage on this terrestrial planet is certain (and no wonder), and we are also inclined to believe that (in spite of appearances) he also deemed himself the first even in chronological order. It was his imperial humour to conceive himself the sole repository of information, and he imparted it in infinitesimal

quantities, to the whole world at large, and with the air of a teacher. When a horse passed him, he would observe to his attendants, 'Gee-gee,' with a wave of his small hand, as though to impress it upon their attention. 'I have named that quadruped, you observe' (he seemed to say), 'and mind you don't forget it.' He was equally at home with Science as with Nature, and, on once meeting with a steam-roller in London, remarked, 'Puff, puff,' in a precisely similar manner. Although he did not speak, as other sovereigns do, in the first person plural, he was far from using the ordinary style. He would say, 'Babla will have this and that,' and if it was to be attained by any means within the reach of his loving subjects Babla got it. Like the Persian monarch who flogged the seas and razed the hills, Babla was indignant with Nature herself if his inclinations were thwarted. He was once found, to the great alarm of His Majesty's household, upon a chair, upon which, finding it near the window, he had climbed, unassisted, in order to reach what he called 'That wound yed ball,' which was the sun—it being an exceptionally foggy day for Halcombe. Upon being informed that this feat was impossible, on account of the height at which that luminary is placed above us, he expressed a passionate discontent with that arrangement, and, I am sorry to add, even with its Author, the Great Architect of the Universe. His views of the Creator, indeed, though tempered with a certain tender awe which was extremely touching, were what High Church divines would consider familiar. Having been told that God lives above us, he for some time regarded the attics with mystic reverence, and approached them when carried up thither with caution. He once remarked that the Supreme Being did not live alone 'up yonder,' but 'along with the joke.'

'Good gracious,' cried his mother, seriously shocked—though his innocent

tone and broken accents did in fact rob all remarks that dropped from his baby mouth of their irreverence, 'what can the child mean?'

Upon cross-examination of the nurse, it appeared that she had once observed in Babla's hearing that 'she could not see the joke,' and since he had been told that 'we cannot see God,' he had combined his information, and, quite unwittingly, thus associated the Sublime with the Ridiculous.

An infant of such simplicity, and with such original views, would have been popular even among philosophers; it may be imagined, therefore, with what reverence he was regarded by his mother and sisters. We have said, by the way, that Evelyn was the only person at Halcombe Hall who at times opposed herself to Mr. Ferdinand Walcot; let us hasten to repair that error; the Great Babla detested him, and was accustomed to tell him so in broken language, but still sufficiently distinct, 'Oo are a nasty, back ugly man, and I won't kiss you,' a veto that had almost the force of an Excommunication. Mr. Walcot would smile in the tenderest manner at him, and assure him that he could not mean what he said, but the other would answer, 'Babla means it very much,' and trench himself against his caresses behind the nearest chair.

Then poor Mr. Walcot, adopting the plan he had seen others use to mitigate his elfin wrath, would pretend to cry, and say, 'Oh, see how I am hurt by your unkindness,' to which his duodecimo enemy would reply, 'Babla sees, but doesn't care.' Then Mr. Walcot would try another tack, and, imitating the child's cross looks and pouting lips, would mimic contemptuously, 'What does Mr. Walcot look like now?'

'He ook like a fool,' would be the crushing rejoinder.

Upon the whole, however unwilling to impute duplicity to a man of such force of character, we doubt whether Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was quite so

fond of the Great Babla as he pretended to be.

But all the rest of the household loved him, and none better than his brother Frank. 'The boy that loves a baby' has always good in him, and generally some rare kind of good. Frank was ingenuous and affectionate, but very sensitive, and though 'sharp enough,' as every one allowed, his imaginative powers were greatly in excess of his intelligence; he was passionate and—though his passion lasted but for a minute, and his gentleness filled up the huge interval—this fact was dwelt upon by his detractors. Of these, however, he had not many; and, if it had not been for the greater claims on their devotion, advanced and somewhat insisted upon by the Great Babla, his family would have adored him. There had been as yet but one shadow upon his bright, young life. The incident which had produced it was curious, and even absurd, but the effect had been somewhat serious. Late in the preceding autumn Master Frank had ridden over on his pony to pay a visit to a young friend at his mother's house—a few miles from Archester. He had stopped later than was prudent, and Lady Arden had been greatly alarmed when darkness fell, and the child—for he was then but eight—did not present himself. His pony was a quiet one, and he had ridden it daily for some months; still there was, of course, the danger of his having been thrown. Moreover, though he knew his way over the moor quite well, he did not know it as the curate did, blindfold; and the night was dark. He did turn up about nine o'clock, but in a very strange condition; his mind seemed to have become unhinged, he talked so strangely at first they thought that his friend might have been so imprudent as to have given the lad a glass of cherry brandy before he set out. And yet his behaviour was not that of one intoxicated. The doctor, who was sent for, pronounced that he had received

some shock to his system. He might have been pitched off his pony, on his head, he thought, and then got on again unconsciously.

His story, told in a boyish disconnected way, but one which never wavered as to the facts, was this: He had started after dusk, but had no difficulty in keeping to the sand road, nor felt any apprehension in his own mind as to reaching home. He did not like the darkness that was falling about him—he never did like being in the dark—but on this occasion he protested that he had not felt afraid. Suddenly, as he reached the spot where the road branched to Mirton, he came upon this spectacle: a giant moving slowly through the mist, upon six legs. Of course the pony was frightened, and started off at such speed that he was wholly unable to restrain him, but he was not one half so frightened as his rider. At the mere narration of what he had seen, indeed, the blood fled from the boy's delicate cheek, and his voice shook with horror.

'I saw it,' he asserted solemnly, 'as plainly as I see you, mamma; the creature was as tall as one tall man pick-a-back on another, and had six legs; the two in the middle thinner than the two outside.'

To this legend he had clung with such tenacity that no argument could shake his conviction; and he had become in some sort a martyr to his faith. If there was one thing Sir Robert was slow to forgive, it was a falsehood; and there could, unhappily, be no doubt that the giant with six legs could not have truth for its foundation. There was, indeed, an apparent absence of motive for such a monstrous fiction, but this had been supplied by a mind fertile in imputing motives.

'I do not take the severe view of Frank's peccadilloes that you do, Arden,' Mr. Walcot had said, when privately consulted on the matter by his brother-in-law; 'but, on the other

hand, I see a quite sufficient reason for his having invented the story. The lad knew that he had transgressed his mother's commands by remaining with his young friend so late; and his object was to substitute sympathy for reproof. He felt, if he could persuade us he had been desperately frightened, that that would be considered punishment enough; and having a strong imagination, and a mind stored with histories of Jack the Giant Killer, and similar worthies, he evoked a giant out of his own consciousness. He has been too long in the nursery, and ought to be sent to school.'

'He is so delicate, and gets on so well with his lessons at home, I am told,' answered Sir Robert, dubiously.

'I know Lady Arden is opposed to his leaving home and "roughing it" in any way,' observed Mr. Walcot, quietly; 'but as you were saying, a habit of falsehood must be eradicated at any sacrifice.'

'Did I say that? I had no idea of having done so; but I was certainly thinking something of the kind. How unconsciously thought weds itself with speech! How strange is our mental mechanism!'

'I am afraid Frank's story was not put together in that unconscious manner,' said Walcot, smiling.

'No, indeed; I fear not. Yes, I will certainly speak to my wife about sending him to school. Your opinion, Ferdinand, will, I am sure, have its due weight with her.'

'Pardon me, Arden; but I had rather you left me and my opinion out of this question. It is a purely domestic one; you, of course, have every right to propose—nay, to dictate—the course I have ventured to suggest. But your wife would naturally resent any interference in such matters on my part.'

If it had not been for an opposition on Lady Arden's part much more strenuous than she was used to exhibit, Frank would have gone to school after

his meeting with that giant; but as it was, he still remained at home.

One of the future duties of Miss Elise Hurt would be to teach him German. In the meantime, he learnt readily enough whatever his sisters could impart to him; but the effect of such tender teaching and environments was somewhat to increase a certain constitutional effeminacy. When Sir Robert once spoke with admiration of Frank's devotion to his little brother, Mr. Ferdinand Walcot observed that it was, indeed, a pleasant spectacle to see them together; 'one would think,' he said, 'they were almost of the same age; but, for all that, it was doubtful whether it was advantageous for a lad of nine to be so very childish in his pursuits.'

These words of wisdom were a little hard on the elder lad; for the share he took in his brother's pleasures was solely in order to increase them. The Great Babla (like other princes of a larger growth) was never so happy as when marshalling his army of tin soldiers in the tented field, with Frank by his side, as *aide-de-camp*, to pick up the fallen, and set them on their pins again. After Frank had done his lessons, he always placed himself at his brother's service for an hour before he went out to take his own amusements. He had done so on the morning when Evelyn had gone to Mirton to fetch Miss Hurt, and had promised the Great Babla to come in betimes to help fire the battery (of peas) against the invading army (twenty-three top-heavy men in green), and finish the campaign with a pitiless slaughter. A plan which, unhappily for both parties, was not destined to be carried out.

Frank's first thought, on getting free from his military duties, was to go down to the Point to see whether any of the wreck had come ashore; and, in order to enhance this pleasure, he had called on his way at the gardener's cottage to pick up Jem Groad, the only playmate of his own age that

Halcombe could supply. Jem and he were singularly antipathetic; the former being a stout, unimaginative lad, of a sullen disposition, which he probably inherited from his father. Mr. John Groad was an excellent gardener, and he knew it. Upon the rare occasions when he was reproached by his mistress for not having fruit or flower in such perfection as they were produced elsewhere, he entrenched himself behind the lines of incredulity.

'But Mr. Merrick, as well as his gardener,' she would say, 'have both assured me, John, that such-and-such is the case; the flower *does* grow in that soil, or the fruit *has* attained to these dimensions.'

'I tell you what it is, my lady,' John Groad would reply, leaning on his spade; 'they lies.' The assertion was unanswerable; but it was not courteous. Nor was courtesy his *forte* at any time. He was one of those dogged, ungracious persons whom human nature (which has more charity for such characters than for more agreeable ones) concludes to be 'honest as the day' since, if not that, it is clear that they ought to be hung. And Jem Groad was John in miniature.

The cottage was scrupulously clean; but, though its inmate was understood by envious neighbours to have money laid up in the bank, it had no trace of ornament. It had not even a flower in it, a circumstance, however, which might have arisen from Mr. Groad's having too much to do with flowers professionally to care to look on them in his leisure hours. A large black parrot, however—the terror of the village children, and darkly whispered by their seniors to be the Fiend incarnate and in feathers—swung from the ceiling in a wicker cage. Mr. Groad had purchased it of a shipwrecked mariner at Archester for two-and-sixpence, and had taught it his own language.

'We are all for ourselves here,' was its hoarse welcome to Frank as he opened the cottage door. 'All for

ourselves; all for ourselves; yes, yes.'

It had made the same observation too many times before to attract that young gentleman's attention.

'Now, Jem,' cried he, gleefully, 'give up your tato'-paring and come down to the wreck.'

As a matter of fact, no proposition could have been more agreeable to the youth addressed, but, like some full-grown people of my acquaintance, it was his humour never to appear grateful for any suggestion.

'What's the good o' wrecking to me,' he said; 'if I was your uncle and lord o' the manor, then I should like 'em well enough; "all findings keeping" with him, for that's the law.'

'Well, whatever you find this morning you shall keep, Jem, that I promise you,' said Frank, assuringly.

'There'll be no corpses, that's for certain,' responded the other, doggedly. 'Father says as the lifeboat took away whatever was worth taking.'

'What on earth would you do with a corpse if you found it?' inquired Frank, with a look of disgust, not unaccompanied, however, by a certain morbid curiosity.

'Well, I'd empty his pockets, that is what I'd do with a corpse; but I tell 'ee there'll be no such luck.'

'Let's hope for the best,' said Frank, secretly much resigned to this stroke of misfortune, but eager to conciliate his morose companion, 'come along.'

Jem Groat came along accordingly, though still in an aggrieved and sulky mood. Stronger and more inured to toil than his aristocratic companion, he made much better running up the steep hill. 'You needn't cut away from a fellow,' gasped poor Frank.

'You got neither legs nor wind, you ain't,' replied the other, contemptuously.

'I can run as fast as you and faster,' answered Frank, with irritation, 'but I'm tired this morning with sitting up all night at the Mill.'

'Tired with sittin' up! Bah, if you

had stood on the quay for six hours and more, as I did, you might talk of tired.'

They had now reached the churchyard, close to which a stream, which fed the mill, ran rapidly down to the sea. About half-way down a dam had been formed, over which was a narrow foot-bridge, always an attraction to the boys from its obvious danger.

'Now I will race you to the mill-dam,' cried Frank, who was swift of foot.

'Bah, any fool can run,' rejoined Master Groat, whose *forte* was less speed than endurance.

Nevertheless, off they started like greyhounds from the leash. Frank first reached the goal, but in a very distressed condition; he held on to the rail of the foot-bridge and breathed in gasps. His rival arrived three seconds afterwards, but with quite a superfluity of breath in him, which he at once applied to purposes of disparagement.

'Yes, you can run; of course, you can run. It is well for you, since you can't fight.'

This was very hard, because the other could not answer him except by pants. He *looked*, however, pugnacious enough.

'Ah, you may grin' (he had not meant to grin at all), 'but you're a molly-coddle. I don't wonder that they call you Nell'—he would have said Nelly, but Frank's fingers throttled him at the first syllable. He had flown at him like a young cat-a-mountain. The next moment the two boys were sprawling on the slippery bridge, in a struggle in which the rules of battle, as laid down in 'Fistiana,' were grievously neglected. On one side there was no rail at all, but very deep water, which rushing under the bridge fell through a grating into the mill pool below. Thus whoever was once sucked in, no matter how great his swimming powers, must needs perish, since there was no egress. The combatants reeked nothing of this, till one of them—Jem Groat—slipped over; his legs went

instantly away from him, under the bridge which his hands still clutched in desperation.

Frank, on his part, frenzied with fear, seized him by the hair, and roused the echoes with screams for help. Had he loosed his hold for an instant, or if Jem's hair should show a sign of what the barbers call 'weakness at the roots,' the latter would have at once discovered whether the black parrot had been libelled or not by public report. He would have been bound for Tartarus to a certainty.

On the hill top, some quarter of a mile away, two men had been conversing for some time: one evidently a student, or man of thought, the other an agriculturist.

'The hay was bad,' the former had been saying; 'and that was not the worst of it. It was half a load short of the quantity.'

'There must have been some mistake, sir,' replied the other deferentially, and very pale.

'The law calls such mistakes by the name of fraud. You cheated Sir Robert about the cows you sold for him at Archester.'

'I charged him a few shillings for the commission, sir; that was all.'

'You lie, Gilbert Holm. You put ten pounds of his into your own pocket.'

'Oh, pray, Mr. Walcot, have mercy upon me for this once.'

'I have not made up my mind as to that,' was the cool rejoinder.

'I will be your slave for life if you will not expose me——'

At this moment a piercing cry for help came up to them from below.

'Good God! Mr. Walcot, there is some one drowning. It is little Frank.'

He would have rushed off in aid at once, impelled, it is just to say, by natural instinct, though upon its heels came the selfish reflection, 'Here is an opportunity for laying Sir Robert under a life-long obligation, and covering all my peccadilloes against him.'

Perhaps the same thought occurred

to his companion, for a hand was laid upon his wrist, and a voice more potent than the grasp restrained him.

'It is not Frank, you fool. It is the gardener's boy.'

'But, sir, he is drowning!' ejaculated the other with dismay that fell little short of horror.

'True; you had better save him. Go.' As the speaker's hand released him, Gilbert Holm bounded towards the bridge.

The ground was in his favour, and he ran like a deer, but he was only just in time. Two seconds more of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot's converse, always momentous as it was, would on this occasion have weighed down a human life.

Breathless and dripping Jem was hauled out of the hungry current, and deposited upon the grassy bank; his face was almost as cadaverous as one of those human flotsam and jetsam which he had lately evinced such a desire to come across.

'Oh, Jem, dear Jem,' cried Frank, kneeling by his side, and weeping bitterly, 'do tell me you are not dead.'

'If I'm not, it's no thanks to you;' growled the object thus addressed. 'He tried to drown me, Mr. Holm.'

'Oh what a wicked story,' exclaimed Frank.

'We'll see what the policeman says about that,' murmured Jem. His eyes were still closed, but he dimly saw his way to pecuniary compensation for having been worsted in his late encounter.

'Come, come, young Groad,' said Holm, 'it was a fair tussle between you, only you must needs take a slippery plank to try your strength upon.'

'You were not near enough, John, to be sure of that,' put in a grave voice. 'Let us be careful not to side unjustly with the rich against the poor.'

'That's just it, Mr. Walcot,' groaned the dripping one. 'It's because I'm only a gardener's son, that he thought nothing of drowning me; oh, please to fetch a policeman.'

'But I *didn't* try to drown him,' exclaimed Frank, appealingly; 'upon my word and honour I didn't. It was terrible to see him fall into the dam, and I held on to him all I could.'

'He cort hold of me by the hair,' muttered Jem, complainingly. 'He tried to pull it out by the roots. Oh, where is the policeman?'

'It is a sad case altogether,' observed Mr. Walcot. 'It is for your father, Groad, to take what steps he pleases; you may tell him that much from me.'

'Oh, Mr. Walcot,' cried Frank, despairingly, 'do you then believe it possible that I tried to drown him?'

'My dear Frank, I cannot look into your conscience. But I know you often give way to uncontrollable fits of passion, such as lead men and boys to manslaughter, if not to murder.'

'Yes, Mr. Walcot, it was murder,' exclaimed Jem, with eagerness. 'Let him give me a sufforin at once, or else I'll send him to the gallows.'

'It is much too serious a case for

compromise,' sighed Mr. Walcot. 'The law does not permit it. Go home, Groad, and send your father to me. As for you, Frank, you had better not return till your usual time, lest suspicion should be aroused at once against you. Go away into some solitary place and think over your hasty temper and the fearful consequence to which it has led.'

'Oh, Mr. Walcot, I am so sorry,' sobbed the terrified Frank, 'I will never be angry again, and I will do everything you bid me, always, if you will only protect me this time.'

'I will do what I can, Frank, if I see your promised amendment bearing fruit. In the meanwhile you had better say nothing of this to anybody, and I dare say Mr. Holm will be good enough to do the like.'

'I am in your hands entirely, Mr. Walcot,' answered Holm, humbly, as they walked away together, while a smothered sigh betrayed his sense of the literal truth of his reply.

(To be continued.)

A PEACOCK.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

BY what sweet craft, in subtly-altering way,
 Has your exuberant plumage caught from day,
 From night, from meadow verdure, from all flowers,
 That sumptuous iridescence whose rare spell
 Your shape with such warm sheeny luxury dowers,
 Where ever-mellowing colours meet and play?
 The magic of your beauty alone should dwell
 In lovely illusive realms of fairy-lore!
 At languorous leisure you should pace before
 Some huge-domed palace, whose long marble walls,
 Rich in pale sculpturings, hide from outward eyes
 A sorceress-queen, with ermined velvets clad;
 While up in one lone tower a princess calls,
 With silvery voice unutterably sad,
 Her twelve swan-brothers journeying through far skies!

WEALTH AND ITS USES.

BY REV. W. R. G. MELLEN.

WHAT is Wealth? Manifestly there is no absolute standard of it. What to one age and people is ample wealth, to another period and race is sheer poverty. A few flocks and herds, to primitive tribes—Tartar, Syrian, Gothic—roaming over vast oriental plains, seemed almost boundless riches; while to Roman capitalists of Cæsar's time, and still more to English and American ones of to-day, how contemptible! So what to one person of any age or nation is an almost exhaustless fortune is to another no more than a bare competence, and to a third but a wretched pittance. To the Indian, a rude wigwam, a few buffalo skins, a plenty of buffalo meat, with rifle, ammunition, and a few cheap trinkets, are wealth. To the Chinese coolie a shilling a day is opulence. Fifty years ago, an American or Canadian citizen in possession of an unencumbered estate of ten thousand dollars was thought quite well off; and one in possession of ten times that amount was deemed a rich man; while the here and there one who had accumulated a million was a financial prodigy. Now ten thousand dollars are deemed a mere bagatelle, hardly sufficient to justify the average young man in assuming the responsibilities of matrimony; and ten times that amount is only a moderate sum to put into business, justifying no profusion; while whose cannot count his millions, and possibly by the score, is hardly to be ranked as a rich man. Wealth, accordingly, is a thing of degrees, depending upon the state of society, the circle in which one moves, the style

one is required to maintain, and the tastes and habits one has formed. That our fathers and mothers, with an income of from three hundred to a thousand dollars *per annum* were not as rich, did not train up their children as well, achieve as noble characters, and get as worthy uses of life, as we who spend from five to fifty times as much, would require some boldness to affirm, and a great deal of astuteness to verify. Do we not know indeed, that there are those who are richer on a thousand dollars a year, who both get and do more substantial good, build up sweeter and stronger characters, extract richer and more rational enjoyment from existence than numerous others who, on dress, and equipage, plate and pictures, table, and opera and foreign tours, find it not a little difficult to spend their income? Not that all these are not exceedingly pleasant and desirable if one, after discharging more imperious claims, can command them. I am neither cynic sneering at what is beyond reach, nor ascetic believing in a self-denial that does nobody any good. What I affirm is that many persons of quite moderate means contrive to get more real benefit from their little than many others know how to elicit from their superabundance; and that if wealth be what puts us in command of the strong posts, and the most effective aids of life, the former are often far richer than the latter.

It appears then, that wealth depends quite as much on ability to *subordinate* desire as to gratify it. It is not, according to the oft-repeated defini-

tion, 'a little more than one has,' but a little more than one needs. As old Sir Thomas Browne hath it, 'He is rich who hath enough to be charitable; and it is hard to be so poor that a noble mind may not find a way to this piece of goodness.' Hence not he whose lands are broadest, or whose bank account is largest is necessarily wealthiest, but he who out of his lesser or greater abundance can set apart the most for beneficent uses. Often is the man of few thousands very rich; while many a millionaire is very poor. But when the latter, living not penuriously but economically, finds himself able to devote large, and, perhaps, increasing sums to noble charities, generous culture, and pure religion, of all men surely he may be most appropriately termed wealthy, as of all men certainly not many are more enviable.

Thus regarded wealth is seen to have a *legitimate basis in human nature*. For it is not only a primal instinct to provide for one's own and one's dependents' present and future, but the dictate of reason as well, which denounces whosoever fails to make all honest and practicable endeavour to acquire a competence, and thus exempt others from burdens which they ought not to bear. Where this command of both instinct and reason is not recognized and obeyed, and persons willingly consent to be mere drags upon either friends or the community, there can be neither self-respect, nor dignity, nor strength, nor anything else to be honoured. It is also the dictate of both reason and instinct that every one should seek and use all legitimate implements of personal and social power. For men are not here for naught—mere drones or dawdlers; barnacles on the great hulk of being as it sweeps through eternity; but to build up strong and harmonious characters, and help the civilization of the race. Everything that can be made available to this end—wealth, place, culture, moral power, spiritual life—is worthy to be coveted. No

such implement has any one a right to decline; for it every one is bound to strive. It is, therefore, no reproach; it is an honour, and should so be regarded, for any to seek and secure as many of these, and in as large a measure as he can. In so doing, he is in the line of his own nature; is filling reservoirs of power; is preparing to lay humanity under greater obligation, and to win from Heaven a richer benediction.

Possibly it may be thought that, here and now, all this goes without saying. It is often said that the American people, including those on both sides of the great lakes, are so greatly given to the worship of wealth—the sacred trinity of gold, silver and copper—that not only is no stimulus of their fervour required, but a serious moderation of it. I am not blind to the temper and tendencies of the Anglo-Saxons on this continent in this respect. I know well what efforts multitudes make for riches—exploring all realms, coaxing all soils, pursuing all traffics, disembowelling the earth, bringing the antipodes together, and extorting from nature her long-hoarded secrets. I know what sacrifices many make for the same end—ease, comfort, health, society, culture, and, alas! what is of infinitely more consequence than these, purity, integrity, self-respect, and whatever else is manly and noble. I know, too, what common-places the pulpit and the religious press are almost constantly uttering on the subject; how the poets denounce the *aurisacra fames*; how the critics sneer at the coarse and ignorant Cæsus looking haughtily out of carriage windows upon men whose shoe latches he is not worthy to loose, and at the equally ignorant Madam Plutus whose sole object in life seems to be the adornment of her mansion and person with more than barbaric splendour. But I know also that those who despise riches do generally belong to one of two classes; first, that which is wholly destitute

of them, but in its heart passionately craving them, and profoundly envious of those more fortunate ; or, secondly, that which has, and always has had, large wealth, and which from affectation of superiority to it professes to despise it—like the Roman Seneca writing fine essays in praise of poverty while in the receipt of a princely income ; or, as says Archbishop Whately, ‘like the Harpies of Virgil seeking to excite disgust at the banquet of which themselves are eager to partake.’ And I know, moreover, that should men generally heed these pulpiteers and penny-a liners, these sentimentalists and cynics, and cease all efforts for further accumulation, these very persons would quickly be ten times more earnest to revive the desire for wealth, lest civilization wane and humanity perish.

Not useless, therefore, is it to be said even here and now, that the passion for riches is just as legitimate, and just as much entitled to gratification as any other ; for men desire not only to feel, but to have others recognize, that the course they are pursuing, if rightly followed, is a normal and innocent one. Not useless is it to be said by the pulpit and the press, if they would keep themselves on the side of nature and fact, and thus retain and augment their influence. Desirous now to keep in line with the eternal law, and enforce the thing that is, I say to every one that may read these lines, get wealth if you can. You have no right to neglect it, or be indifferent to it ; certainly no right, unless absolutely compelled by physical or mental incapacity, to be a burden to others. By consenting to be, you wrong yourself quite as much as them. Willing pauperism, whether genteel and refined, or vulgar and squalid, is degradation. Neither have you a right to be poor, if you can help it. If you do not care for luxuries, or manifold personal comforts, you ought to care for the larger opportunities, and finer culture to which some de-

gree of wealth is indispensable. You ought to care for good books, the record of the world’s life, and the depository of the world’s thought ; for beautiful pictures, educating as they are pleasing, and inspiring as they are refining ; for rich music, stirring the soul’s deeps, and lifting its aspirations to the celestial gates ; for a pleasant and tasteful home, wherein may centre the sacreddest of earthly affections, and be found the fittest conceivable symbol of the eternal dwelling-place ; for seeing other lands and peoples, broadening your conceptions of the world you live in, and sweetening your charity for the race you belong to ; and finally for the leisure—not idleness, for that is not and rarely has any leisure, but exemption from engrossing toil for daily bread—to enjoy all these, and a thousand other things that give enrichment and zest to life. Besides, you ought to care—if you have a heart under your waistcoat you do care—to help others ; as the nobly ambitious boy or girl striving for a generous culture and a large usefulness ; as the worthy young man just starting in life, and needing only a helping hand at the crucial moment to make his success a certainty ; as the poor widow, struggling to rear decently her children, and to whom the least encouragement is grateful ; as the long-lingering invalid, whose chamber it is easy to cheer, and whose path to the grave it is easy to smooth ; as well as all the grand and ennobling causes of science, art, reform, philanthropy, religion, and whatever else adorns and dignifies human existence. You ought to care for the social influence which accompanies wealth. And with what power does it, both rightly and wrongly, invest its possessor ! By how countless persons is it looked up to and revered, whether for what it is, or for the benefits they selfishly hope to get from it, or the beneficent ends it can promote ! To it what hats go off, and heads go down, and doors go open, and precedence is accorded ! How poten-

tial its voice, be it to bind or loose ; and not merely in the financial realm, but in the fashionable, political, ecclesiastical as well. For, saying nothing of the crowds that throng Mr. Goldman's parlours, or of the official places that are simply bought, who has not noticed that the theological weight of a few millions of dollars is often very great. What imperfections—ignorance, coarseness, sensuality, vice—does it atone for, on the one hand ! What power to withstand wrong, promote right, alleviate wretchedness, and further the very kingdom of God is it invested with, on the other ! Thinking of these things, one cannot wonder that men so generally covet wealth, or that so large numbers constantly and earnestly seek it. One rather wonders that the passion for it is not more universal and ardent than it is. One sometimes half wonders that the most philanthropic and saintly souls that live, if not the inheritors of wealth, do not first of all things seek it as the shortest cut to the divine ends they contemplate. As an implement of power, every good man—nay, every white-robed angel of Heaven sent on errands of mercy to needy humanity—may lawfully long for it.

Qualifications, however, are to be made. While I say to all, 'Get wealth,' I do not, like the oft-quoted father to his son, say, 'get wealth, honestly if you can, but get it.' Instead, I say, 'get wealth, *if you can get it honestly and without paying too high a price for it.*' If one cannot get wealth honestly, to touch it is to enter into a league with Satan. There is no wealth, be it that of Rothschild or a Vanderbilt, that will compensate for any violation of conscience, or stain upon honour. If, judging by ordinary standards, it sometimes seem otherwise ; if a lax integrity, immoral business, fraudulent transactions on the exchange, peculations from the public purse, sale of professional, or legislative, or official influence to corrupt designs appear to be slightly regarded,

so that they are successful in the acquirement of riches ; let it be remembered that the men and women thus ready to condone meanness and trickery are those whose good opinion every self-respectful person can well afford to do without, and who, the moment misfortune overtakes the trickster or the knave, are the first to give him a thrust downward, if they do not join the hue and cry, and turn State's evidence against him. Let it be remembered also, that if all men always smile, and fortune never frown, there is written—written in the volume of nature, written on the red leaves of the human heart, as well as on the pages of a book which the world has consented to regard as no other—the momentous question, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ?' That is, what is all the wealth of the world compared with purity and nobility of soul ?

Moreover, though one be guilty of no open dishonesties or covert chicaneries ; though he keep his hands clean of unholy gains, and his conscience as free from the purpose of wrong as the driven snow of foulness, still he may easily, as, alas ! so many do, pay too high a price for wealth. For good as wealth is as an implement, it is not, in *this respect*, the greatest good. Ability is better, culture is better, character is vastly, and a loving heart is infinitely, better. For it is not the richest men—not even those who have made the wisest use of their money—that have most deeply moved, and largely helped humanity. It is the scientists and philosophers, the moralists and reformers, the heroes and saints, names belonging to each constellation of which instantly recur to us as stars of the first magnitude in the spiritual firmament. Nothing, in fact, that the noblest men of wealth can bequeath to us is half so good as *themselves*. All the homes built, institutions founded, educational funds created by George Peabody are of vastly less worth to

the race than the example and character of the man himself. Cooper Union in New York, every year qualifying hundreds of young men and women for larger responsibilities and nobler work, is a less mighty and beneficent influence than the venerable man who gave himself at once both poor and rich to rear and equip it. To forego rational enjoyment, to neglect generous culture, to sacrifice manly character for the accumulation of wealth, *even as a means of subsequent usefulness*, is not only to pay too high a price for it—giving a greater good for a lesser—but to disqualify one's self for rightly employing it after it is attained. It is as if the soldier, going into battle, should refuse a rifled, breech-loading, far-ranging musket, which could be discharged ten times a minute, for an old fashioned, smooth-bore, muzzle-loading gun, which could not be fired oftener than once in three minutes, would do comparatively little execution when discharged, and which he was unable adequately to handle at all.

If, however, wealth be regarded for what it is, instead of for its uses, as it seems substantially to be by very many, then how easy is it—how almost impossible not—to pay too high a price for it! For to be hoarded for the sake of gloating over it, or of being able to say one is worth so many thousands or millions, or of being able to have it said, when beyond all human praise or blame, one has left an immense estate, probably for heirs to make no better, perhaps to make a much worse, use of than himself, and possibly to quarrel over, making such an unseemly exhibition of the weaknesses and vices of both the dead and the living, as is now doing in the great commercial metropolis of the continent, how poor and paltry—nay, how inexpressibly pitiful to a noble and generous mind! How pitiable one that can harbour so wretched an ambition! Yet how many are the slaves of just such an ambition? To this end, what toils, self-denials, parsimonies, mean-

nesses! Men parting with their money as though each penny were a drop of heart's blood; and some, counting their millions by the score, like the acquaintance of my friend, feeling if not actually too poor to take a brief vacation in Europe, yet too much enslaved to their possessions to leave them for a few months. That such pay too high a price for their wealth, and would pay too high for it by accepting it as a gift, there is surely no occasion to point out. To extort by any fair means from such a portion of the wealth they hug so fondly, is as much an act of mercy in the humane, and entitled to as sincere gratitude, as the withdrawal by the surgeon of a little water from a dropsical patient, whose skin is full to bursting, is a deed of skilful kindness, and worthy the invalid's hearty thanks.

But to those who, whether by inheritance or their own energies, have acquired wealth honestly, as unquestionably many have, and have paid for it no more than it is worth, as is equally unquestionable many have not, there still remain the very searching and momentous questions emphasized alike by reason, conscience and religion. What, O rich men, are you *doing* with your wealth? In what light are you regarding it? In what relations do you stand to it? To what uses are you devoting it?

Are you its masters, or it yours? Feel you, as the years roll, that the discipline of fortune is telling favourably or unfavourably upon your character? That you love your wealth no more, are as generous in spirit, and as ready practically to aid all worthy causes *in full proportion to your means* as when, ingenuous youths, with high ideals, you started in your career? Or, like a most conscientious and generous man with whom I was lately conversing, have you an unpleasant suspicion, deepening sometimes into painful conviction that, somehow, you are slowly and insensibly succumbing to the dominance of your

possessions, consenting to allow them in the saddle and ride you, instead of asserting your just prerogative to ride and direct them? If not with you, yet with how many is this substantially the case; growing poorer as they grow richer; giving as little as they can, and nothing where they can help it; pinching a dime, ere they surrender it, hard enough to make the eagle or the royal lady stamped upon it writhe; holding on to their money-bags till the scythe of death cuts off their hands, and finally bequeathing little or naught for any worthy purpose, as though content, if only ranked amongst the richest men that have ever lived here, to be counted amongst the poorest souls that have ever gone elsewhere.

The next question pressing upon those who have, or who mean to have, wealth is, what are the limits of accumulation? For that there are such limits, established not by physical nature nor by statutory enactment, nor by public sentiment, but by the unwritten law of God as interpreted by the cultivated and healthy conscience, no one can deny. No man, very evidently, has the right, if he has the ability, to go on piling million upon million beyond all possible needs and all probably wise uses. He has no right to do so, because almost necessarily as the great fortunes augment, the mass of the people become servile in spirit and pauperised in condition; as is so largely the case in England, where there is a greater number of immense estates—there being only about 30,000 landholders—; and a greater per cent. of the population are paupers—every seventh person, a few years since being the subject of public or private charity—than in any other country, with a single exception. He has no right to do so, because the more one has beyond a sufficiency the more onerous the burden of caring for it, and the greater the interest and energy subtracted from noble endeavours. He has no

right to do so, because humanity, yet so ignorant, abject, suffering, is pleading in multitudinous, pathetic, and, to the generous heart, resistless voices for comfort, knowledge, and life, the means of which only wealth can supply. Not, of course, that any unvarying limit to the right of accumulation can be fixed. Like an isothermal line swaying back and forth between different parallels of latitude, it varies with different conditions and circumstances. What is ample for persons in some localities, of long-settled frugal habits and tastes and few dependents, would be wholly insufficient for others of more liberal habits, more expensive tastes and more numerous responsibilities. As to how much is enough for one's self, every one, guided by his own judgment and conscience, must decide, just as in regard to every other normal demand of his nature. But this fact no more invalidates the reality of such a limitation than the fact that men live to different ages invalidates the truth that there is a natural period to human life. Not only does all argument on this point cease, however, but the true dignity and manliness of practically heeding such limitation appears in the presence of such a man as Boston Amos Lawrence, who, finding himself in possession of what he deemed a sufficiency, resolved to accumulate no more, giving away every year the entire proceeds of his very lucrative business; or when hearing the story of my acquaintance in a small American city, who retired from active business some years since with a hundred thousand dollars, deeming it ample for his wants, and who, to keep his fortune within that limit, has given away nearly twice that amount, and whose ambition, he says, is to die no richer financially than when he first withdrew from traffic. How wise and noble for all rich men, or those in the way of becoming so, to set before themselves some such limit which no temptation is to persuade them to

pass! Of those who do not, but go on, year after year, toiling, scheming, pinching, hoarding, what shall be said if not that they are equally the dupes of their own passions and the spoilers of humanity; and that if, for the abuse of their opportunities and faculties, the race can take no other vengeance, it will, at least, make reprisals on their memory when they are gone.

The only other question I now mention as pressing upon the attention of the rich, relates to the *method* of expenditure. There are who seem utterly destitute of this. They are willing to spend their wealth freely; but they spend it very much at hap-hazard, seldom to any good purpose, and often to quite harmful ones. They are almost as likely to give to any preposterous charity, or feeble and unnecessary institution, or plausible and insinuating beggar, or to some one already burdened with a plethora of money, as to the most promising, deserving and needy; and are about as ready to buy whatsoever strikes their crude fancy, or uneducated taste, with scarcely a thought of its real value or utility, as what is most worthy, and would be most helpful. What all such persons—what *all* persons who have any money to spare—need to consider is: What is in the line of their own thought and taste; what they can best comprehend and get most from. For these things let them spend, recognizing that the same sums spent for things of which they have no appreciation, and which do not really minister to their true life, would be wretched extravagances. *One* gets life out of fine pictures and noble statues; but what folly for the blind man, or one who could not tell a Turner from a ten dollar daub, or a head of Angelo from the journey-work of an Italian stone-mason, to spend money on objects of art. For one to whom the music of Beethoven or Mendelssohn opens the gate of paradise, it may be economy to spend his last dollar but one for admission to the opera; while for another,

with no music in his soul, and unable to distinguish two tunes apart, it would be ridiculous to give an equal sum from many thousands for the same purpose. So with books, travel, equipage, houses, and all things else for which men spend their money. In the line of their own career, faculties, tastes, they are not likely to spend extravagantly, however freely.

Yet to get the best uses of their wealth men must spend with *system*. And by system is meant two things: *first*, the selection of specific objects for which to spend, as education, aesthetic culture, charity, religion; and *secondly*, the annual appropriation of a certain portion of their income to be divided as shall seem wise amongst these various purposes. Doing thus, they will find the amounts they disburse for unselfish purposes indefinitely larger, as well as have the very great satisfaction of knowing that their benefactions have taken the most useful direction they could give them.

In regard to the use of wealth, however, there will be little difficulty for any who appreciate their moral responsibility: that nothing is theirs for selfish gratification but for beneficent ends; that unto whomsoever much is given, of them shall much be required. Herein lies the difficulty, in men's forgetfulness of their responsibility for the right use of every talent, implement, opportunity granted them, and that for such use the moral government under which we live, will sooner or later call them to account. Hence the many huge estates from which society, in none of its higher interests derives any but the remotest benefits; men guarding them as the apple of their eye while they live, and endeavouring to tie them up so as to prevent dismemberment when they die, but generally leaving them as bones of contention to litigious heirs and hungry attorneys. So when, thirty years ago, the then richest man in America died, leaving property estimated at twenty millions, less than

half a million of it was devoted to any public or beneficent purpose; and, as though to keep up the family tradition, when two or three years ago, the eldest son and principal heir of that twenty millions, himself worth probably four or five times that amount, was summoned away, only about an equal sum was devoted to the same object. Thus, too, when a few years since in the capital of the great state of New York died a man of a reputed fortune of ten millions of dollars, he could find only so many paltry thousands for any benevolent purpose. When later, the richest merchant of the continent passed away, leaving almost anywhere from fifty to seventy millions *with not a living kinsman to inherit it*, there were a few petty gifts to personal friends and humane enterprises, and a little vague talk about contemplated undertakings for the welfare of humanity which were left wholly at the option of other persons—and these were all. And when, finally, the great railway monarch of America was compelled to cease watering stock and making corners in the market, and it was found what use he had made of his almost fabulous fortune; it appeared that less than a million of dollars had been appropriated to any purpose that mankind will care to thank him for; although what disposition of his wealth he would not have preferred to make rather than be subjected to the humiliating and disgusting exposure now making by greedy litigants, it is surely not easy to say.

Let it not be supposed, however, that reference is made to these men, borne to their graves with so much pomp, and praised in so florid rhetoric by many a pulpit and press, for the sake of disparaging them. They were the centres and springs of much industrial life. They were men of great shrewdness and practical force; and of certain economic virtues by no means to be despised. Nor has reference to them been forborne because they

are no longer here to answer for themselves. For the old Latin maxim, '*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*,' I long since abandoned all regard. Had I not, and had I referred to them at all, I should have been obliged to speak of *poor Judas, unhappy Borgia, unfortunate Jeffreys, maligned Wilkes Booth*. Speaking of the living or the dead, it seems desirable to speak of them with all candour and truthfulness, painting not only the outline of the faces, but the wrinkles and warts on the faces. In this spirit have the foregoing references been made. They have been made because few truths do now more need enforcement than the responsibility of men of wealth, and because so many are tempted to the same tremendous mistake, not to say fearful sin of which such millionaires are guilty.

Beside all such, now place, not only the two great benefactors of mankind in this line before mentioned—George Peabody and Peter Cooper—but Matthew Vassar, Ezra Cornell, John Hopkins, all of them founders of noble institutions with which their names will be forever identified. Put beside them the name of Willard Carpenter, of Indiana, giving a million of dollars to establish a college *exclusively for poor students*, wherein both food and raiment, as well as culture, shall be afforded them; or the English Holloway, who, after building a *sanitarium* at an expense of £150,000, is now, under the advice and partial direction of Professor Fawcett, erecting a college for women, at an expense of not less than a million of dollars; or the still better known Stephen Girard, bequeathing more than two millions of dollars to found the institution which has become one of the chief glories of Philadelphia, as it is one of the most useful in the world; or put beside them the writer's personal friend, a widow, having no fortune but what herself has made by keeping the best boarding-house in her city, subscribing a thousand dollars to build

a church, which was thought greatly needed, and, to pay it, resolving to remain in business two years longer than she had contemplated. Is any assurance needed as to which of these classes has made the better use of its wealth, little or much?—which has proved itself the richer in all that dignifies and ennobles humanity? When the names of the former, and all like them, shall be sunk in merciful oblivion, those of the latter shall not only shine with constantly increasing brightness in the spiritual firmament, but will evoke benedictions from multitudinous hearts which owe to them no small share, if not all, that has made life beautiful and worthy.

Just now, in the City of Toronto, is an opportunity for some rich man to supply an imperious need, and to secure for himself a fragrant memory as enduring as the city. For how pressing is the need here of a free public library, worthy the rapidly growing metropolis of this great and wealthy Province! Can any intelligent and patriotic Torontonians now confess without a blush that here, where are gathered nearly or quite 70,000 inhabitants, where have been built during the last three or four years a half-a-score of quite expensive churches, and where there is considerable pretension to literary culture, no public library yet exists? True, there is the University College Library; but that can scarcely be said to be open to the public; and if it were, is unfavourably situated for the accommodation of the great mass of the people, and is mainly composed of books of reference rather than for general reading. There is also the Mechanics' Association Library, to which not a few young persons resort for their weekly novel. But he who offers this as any proximately satisfactory answer, or as other than a travesty upon a proper answer to the need of Toronto in this respect, will not be argued with here. He needs to have the first conception of an institution of the kind worthy

of the city in which we live. He needs to see what other cities of equal size and wealth have done in this direction. And looking, not to the Old world which has so long a past at its back, and so large an accumulation of wealth from which to draw, but across the border, and to the new cities of the West, he sees hardly a town of 20,000 or 30,000 people that has not provided far better facilities of this sort for its citizens than Toronto can boast; while in all the more important places, though scarcely older, more populous, or more wealthy than our city, are public libraries of truly noble proportions. In the City of Detroit, for instance, with certainly not more than a quarter more people than Toronto, there is a really substantial and elegant building, containing anywhere from 40,000 to 50,000 well-selected volumes, open to the poorest boy and girl in the town, from which every day are taken hundreds of volumes, and whose spacious reading-room is always largely occupied with more or less industrious seekers after knowledge. And the educational influence, both intellectual and moral, of such an institution, who can estimate? How much might it do here to attract young men from the 400 dram shops that infest the city? How much to quicken frivolous young women to the perception of somewhat better than silks and jewellery, parties and flirtations? How much might it, in time, accomplish for the elevation of the tone, and the refinement of the temper of the whole people, making society not a bore but a pleasure, and conversation at once sprightly, rational, and instructive, and life indefinitely richer? While then, in the present state of the city finances, the corporation can hardly be expected to take the initiative in establishing such an institution, have we not some rich man, or some rich men, amongst us, who cannot hold on to their title-deeds much longer, and who are soon going where not what they *have*, but what they

are, is of value, and whose consciences tell them they owe something to mankind, and whose generous impulses assure that it is their unspeakable privilege to found here a Public Library worthy the name and the city, and that shall be not only a noble monu-

ment of themselves, but shall be a fountain of salutary and saving influence for all the generations to come! Unquestionably there are men of the ability thus to do. Have they the disposition?

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

Authors of 'Ready Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc

CHAPTER XXXVII.

'Can these things be? or are visions about?'

IT was on Thursday afternoon that Miranda asked Mr. Rondelet to meet her in Desdemona's cell.

He came with a curious sense of agitation. It was hardly possible that she should refuse him; and yet—why had she not accepted him at once? What need to deliberate for four and twenty hours over what might just as well have been decided on the spot? Perhaps, however, it was the way of young ladies, a class with whom Paul Rondelet, in spite of his monastic vows, had but little sympathy.

Had he overheard the conversation which took place between Desdemona and Miranda, he would have been more agitated.

'No,' Miranda was saying. 'You need not be in the least alarmed, Desdemona, I am not going to hold out any hopes. And this, I trust'—she heaved a deep sigh—'will be the last of my courtiers.'

Desdemona lifted her great soft eyes lazily: she was lying, as usual,

in her comfortable *chaise longue*, with a few costume designs in her lap, and laughed noiselessly.

'I should have dismissed him on the spot,' Miranda went on, 'but his condescension and conceit were so amazing that they irritated me. It is an ignoble thing to confess, but I longed to box his ears.'

'My dear Miranda,' said Desdemona, 'I sincerely wish you had. Most young men, and especially young men of Advanced Thought, would be all the better for a box on the ears.'

And just then the candidate for her hand and fortune appeared.

He was elaborately got up: a studied simplicity reigned in his neat and faultless dress, his grey kid gloves, the hat which was not too new and yet not shabby, the plain black silk ribbon which did duty for a tie. Even his smooth cheeks, his tiny moustache, his dark hair parted down the middle with an ambrosial curl, half an inch long over his white brow, spoke of quintessential taste.

'Pray sit down, Mr. Rondelet,' said Desdemona the hostess. 'Take the chair nearest the china. I know it

soothes you to be near blue china. Miranda has asked me to be present, if you do not object.'

'Miss Dalmeny's wishes are commands,' he said, feeling more uneasy. But perhaps she was going to take him at his word and enter upon a betrothal with the calm which marks the truly philosophic spirit. After all she *would* be worthy of him.'

'I have been thinking, Mr. Rondelet,' said Miranda slowly, turning a paper-knife between her fingers, and looking at her suitor with more of a critical eye than he liked to see. It is all very well to be a critic, but no critic likes to be criticised. She was looking, too, calm and self-possessed, as if she was perfectly mistress of the situation. 'I have been thinking over what you said. You assumed, you may remember, as a ground for your request, a superiority over the ordinary run of educated men—over our Monks of Thelema, for instance. But I have reflected, however, that I was asked to take that on your own assurance. Would you mind telling me how you can prove this superiority?'

Proof? Proof of his superiority? Paul Rondelet dropped his eye-glass and drew a long breath of amazement. Then he put it up again, and flushed a rosy red. Did she actually want him to bring testimonials, like a candidate for a place?

'I am Paul Rondelet,' he said proudly—'Paul Rondelet of Lothian. I should have thought that was enough.'

'We live here,' said Miranda, 'so far from Oxford, and are so little connected with the circles where people think, that I am afraid I must ask you for a little more information.' Her voice was steady and her manner calm, but in her eyes there was a light which boded ill for her suitor. 'I have no doubt at all that you are incontestably in the front. Only I should like to know how you got there.'

Paul Rondelet was silent. This

was an awkward turn of things. What reply could he make?

'For instance,' Miranda went on pitilessly, 'have you written works of scholarship?'

'No,' said Paul, very red and uneasy, 'I leave grammar to school-masters.'

'Then there is Art,' she continued. 'The women of your higher levels, you say, are to possess an instinctive love for Art, but are to be trained by the men. Do you point?'

Paul Rondelet, whose lips were very dry by this time, and his hands trembling, shook his head. He did not point.

'Then how could you train me, supposing I possessed this instinct?'

'I should instruct you on the principles of Art and its highest expression,' said the superior youth.

'Yes—yes. You would show me beautiful pictures. But I have already, we will suppose, the instinct of Art, and could find them out for myself. And all that you could tell me I have in my library already.'

'The new school, the Higher School,' he interrupted pleadingly, 'requires its own language to express its new teaching.'

'I know,' she said, 'I have translated some of the languages of the New School into English, and I find its disciples to be on no higher a level, as I think, than my old authorities. I have Ruskin, at least, whom I can understand. And Eastlake, and Wornum, and Jameson, and old Sir Joshua. However, there are other things. You have written novels, perhaps?'

He shuddered. 'Could a man of his standing condescend to write a novel, to pander to the taste of the vulgar herd who read such things?'

'You are a dramatist, then?'

'The British Drama is dead,' he replied in a hollow voice.

'Perhaps it is only sleeping. Perhaps some day a man will awaken it,' she said. 'But there is poetry; we know that you write verses. Are

you a poet acknowledged by the world?’

This was dreadful. He had published nothing. And yet there were those little poems, which his friends carried in their bosoms, over which he had spent so many hours. But most certainly he could not show these to a lady so little advanced in the principles of his school.

‘Then, Mr. Rondelet,’ said Miranda, ‘I am at a loss to know on what grounds your claims for superiority rest.’

This was a decisive question. It demanded decision. But Rondelet rose from the chair in which he had endured this cross-examination, with as much dignity as he could assume. Standing gives a speaker a certain advantage.

‘I will endeavour to explain,’ he said.

‘Oh! Miranda,’ cooed Desdemona, in the softest and most sympathetic of murmurs, ‘Mr. Rondelet will explain. Oh yes; one always declared that he was a really superior man. One felt that if you wanted to know anything, you only had to ask him. How charming of him to explain.’

But Paul Rondelet thought he detected the faintest possible sarcasm in her accents, and he hated Desdemona for the moment with a hate inextinguishable.

‘You have placed me, doubtless unintentionally, in an exceedingly difficult position,’ he said, with an artificial smile. ‘Such a superiority as you imagine, Miss Dalmeny I did not claim. You misunderstood me.’

‘Oh! Miranda,’ purred Desdemona. ‘You misunderstood him.’

‘What I meant was this,’ he said. ‘I belong to the school which possesses the Higher Criticism.’

‘Oh!’ said Desdemona, clasping her hands.

Paul Rondelet began to hate this woman worse than ever.

‘Our standard of Art is different from, and far above, that recognized

by the world; we have our own canons; we write for each other in our own language; we speak for each other. It is not our business to produce, but if we do produce, it is after many years of thought, and whether it is only a small essay, or a single sheaf of sonnets, it is a production which marks an epoch in the development of Art.’

‘Are there many of these productions yet before the world?’ pursued Miranda.

‘As yet none. Some are carried about by ourselves for our own delight.’

Miranda put down her paper-knife. Her face was quite hard and stern.

‘You are a critic. Really, Mr. Rondelet, I never before heard so singular a proposal. You offer me, in return for my hand, to impart to me—the Higher Criticism.’

Looked at in this cold, passionless way, the proposal did not indeed appear attractive even to the proposer.

‘What else can you give me, Mr. Rondelet, beside the cold air of the Higher Levels? Do you love me?’

She asked this question in a business-like manner, which was at the same time most irritating. Never before in all his life had Paul Rondelet felt himself ridiculous.

‘I thought,’ he said ‘that you were superior to the vulgar . . . the vulgar . . .’

Here Miranda interrupted him.

‘The vulgar desire of being loved by my husband? Not at all, Mr. Rondelet, I assure you. I should, on the other hand, expect it.’

‘In the common sense of the word,’ he went on, stammering, ‘I suppose — But it is impossible for a man of my school to affect more than the esteem which one cultivated mind feels for another.’

‘I am glad you have told me the exact truth,’ she said. ‘One likes to find respect for the truth even on your height. But tell me more, Mr. Rondelet. Do you wish to marry me

only because you esteem me, or is there any other motive?’

He hesitated, dropped his eye-glass, blushed, and lost his head altogether.

At this moment, standing limp and shattered before his interrogator, Paul Rondelet of Lothian looked like a guilty schoolboy.

‘Are you rich, Mr. Rondelet?’

‘I—I—I am not,’ he replied.

‘You have your Fellowship, I believe. Is that all?’

‘That is all,’ said Paul Rondelet.

He felt more limp, more like a guilty schoolboy, as he answered these questions.

‘And when that ceases you will have nothing. I heard from Alan that it would cease in a few months.’

‘Yes,’ said Paul Rondelet.

‘And after?’

‘I do not know.’

‘Do you think it worthy of a member of your school to look on marriage as a means of maintaining himself in ease?’

‘It is not that,’ he replied, eagerly—‘not that—I mean—not—altogether that. It is true that—in fact—any man might look forward to—to—’

‘Come, Mr. Rondelet,’ said Miranda, ‘I am sure this conversation is painful to you. Let us stop. As for my answer, you may readily guess it.’

He hung his head, and tried in vain to put up his eye-glass.

‘Let us be friends, Mr. Rondelet,’ she went on, holding out her hand.

He took it feebly.

‘You will yet show the world that you have ability apart from the—Higher Criticism, I am sure. Besides, a leader ought to teach.’

‘That is not our creed,’ murmured Paul Rondelet, trying to reassert himself; ‘we live our own life to ourselves. Let others see it and imitate us if they can.’

‘But how, with no income, will you live the life? Can criticism, even of the highest, provide you with what you have taught yourself to consider

necessaries? Must you not think how you will live any life at all?’

‘I do not know,’ groaned the unfortunate man.

‘Will you write for the papers?’

He shuddered.

‘Am I to give *my* thoughts to the vulgar herd to read over their breakfasts?’

It was no use being angry with the man. His conceit was sublime. But Miranda spoke with impatience.

‘There is no common herd. We are all men and women together. Believe me, Mr. Rondelet, you have lived too long in Oxford. The air of Lothian College is unwholesome. Go out of it at once, and fight among the rest, and do your little to help the world along. God knows we want all the help we can get.’

He only stared in a helpless way.

‘Your level?’ she asked, with a little laugh. You will find it where you find your strength. Perhaps, some day, when other people are ready to place you above them, you will be ashamed of ever thinking yourself on a higher level than the rest. Your school? That is a paltry and a selfish school which begins with scorn for the ignorant. The common herd?—she stamped her foot with impatience—‘why, we are all one common herd together: some richer, some poorer, and some a little stronger. And there is only one hope for the world that men and women help each other, as Alan Dunlop has set himself to help his people.’

The tears came into her eyes for a moment, but she brushed them away, and made a gesture of dismissal. The crushed Fellow of Lothian obeyed the gesture, and, without a word, withdrew.

Miranda remained where she stood for a few moments, silent, tearful.

‘I compared him with Alan,’ she said. ‘Oh! the *little* creature that he showed beside our glorious Alan!’

‘You are a queen, Miranda,’ said Desdemona, ‘and Alan is—’

'What is Alan?' she asked, with a little laugh.

'He is Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.'

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

'Sinful brother, part in peace.'

ON that Thursday evening, when Refectory bell rang, it was discovered that no fewer than four of the Brothers were absent, an event remarkable in the chronicles of the Abbey.

Alan Dunlop, who, during this week, his last of celibacy, naturally devoted his evenings entirely to his bride, was one. His father was present, however—no unworthy substitute. Tom Caledon was absent, too. Where was Tom?

Everybody quite naturally looked to Nelly.

'Tom has gone to town on business,' said Nelly quietly.

Then, without any apparent reason, she blushed vehemently, so that the monastic fraternity smiled.

Mr. Paul Rondelet was absent. The reason of this was that he was perfecting a grand scheme which he proposed to lay before Alan immediately. Also, his interest in the Abbey had greatly diminished since Miranda's few plain words.

And where was Brother Peregrine—the man who had been so useful in keeping things going, who had been everywhere at once, and was Desdemona's right-hand man for invention, as Tom Caledon had been for execution? Where was Brother Peregrine, who had been for three months the devoted follower of Nelly? Had she refused him?

'After dinner,' said Desdemona, 'I will tell you what has become of Brother Peregrine.'

'I have,' she said, when the inner man had been refreshed, and there was nothing on the table but claret

and fruit—'I have to read a very sad letter. The Order of Thelema has been imposed upon. You will all be sorry to learn that Brother Peregrine has traded upon our credulity, and intruded himself upon us under false pretences.'

There was considerable sensation. Desdemona, with the deliberation acquired on the stage, proceeded slowly to unfold a letter and lay it open. You know how they do it: a quick movement of the hand breaks the seal; a look up to the first circle expresses expectation, terror, or joy; the letter is torn from the envelope; that is thrown to the ground; both hands are used to unfold it, and one smooths it out. Then, with another glance, but at the pit this time, the letter is brought to the focus of the eye, and read slowly.

That is the stage method. Desdemona could not help adopting it under the present circumstances. She read it with a running commentary:

"Dear Sister Desdemona"—he has the audacity to call me sister after what has happened!—"For the last time, before laying aside the monastic garb, which I never ought to have assumed, I venture to address you by a title under which you will always be remembered by me"—I dare say he will remember all of us by our monastic names—the wretch!—"I am not, I confess with shame, legally entitled to the status and position under the pretence of which I took your vows. By the statutes, the Abbey receives none but the unmarried"—here there was a general movement of surprise—"except in your own case"—and I am a widow, said Desdemona. "Such an exception I knew could not be made in my own case; it would have been idle to ask or to expect it. And yet the truth was, and is, that I have the misfortune of being a married man."

There was a profound sensation,

One or two laughed—they were of the masculine order. The Sisters looked indignant. Cecilia said it was shameful, and asked what punishment could be inflicted on such a monk.

‘He is not only a false pretender,’ she cried, ‘but he is unfaithful to his vows, because he derides the state of matrimony.’

Then Nelly’s sweet voice was lifted up, and everybody felt that she had a special right to be heard.

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘it is quite true. He told me so himself this morning. You all thought he was paying his addresses to me. So did I. So did Tom. It made him jealous.’

‘Yes,’ said Miranda, ‘we all know that. But can we punish him, and how?’

‘I have punished him already,’ said Nelly.

She blushed and kept her eyes on her plate.

‘I think you will all understand when I tell you that I have made him promise to call upon mamma,’ she murmured. ‘He will call to-morrow morning.’

They looked at one another and smiled. Everybody at once concluded that things would be made unpleasant for this sinful Brother. Then Desdemona went on reading the letter :

“I have the misfortune of being a married man. My wife and children, whom I left in India, her native country, have now arrived, and are at the Langham Hotel. She has found out my address, most unfortunately, and writes me word that unless I return to London instantly, she will come down here. To spare the Order a visit from that lady, I am on the point of returning to town without loss of time.

“Will you kindly assure the Fraternity that, while I feel that nothing can possibly excuse my conduct, I shall always rejoice in a deception which enabled me to enjoy three most

delightful months? The Sisters are more charming than, with my unfortunate experience, seemed possible for ladies; wedlock under such circumstances would not, I feel convinced—but I have no right to speak of such things. If they are disposed to be angry with me, they may perhaps reflect upon my situation, and accord me their pity.

“I bid farewell to the Abbey with the deepest regret. As my wife proposes to remain in England for the education of her children, I shall return to India immediately. Indeed, I have already taken steps, by means of the Submarine Telegraph Company, to ensure the reception of an urgent message calling me back by the next boat, to look after my estates. I shall therefore reside in Assam until my family shall have completed their education, and, with their mother, return to India. I hope, then, to get back to England. I may explain, if anybody is curious about my history, that the plantation is very large and lucrative, and that it was originally her own.

“Your sorrowful and afflicted Brother,

“PEREGRINE.”

A Resolution was passed that Brother Peregrine’s name should be without further delay erased from the list of the Fraternity: and that he should no more be mentioned in any of their Functions or Rejoicings. But there was some sympathy expressed, and, perhaps, had the Brother pleaded his own defence in person, he might have obtained forgiveness.

But there would be few more Functions. The end of the Abbey—of this particular branch of the Order of Thelema—was rapidly approaching, though no one realized it except Desdemona.

In all the histories of human communities which I have read, this of the Abbey of Thelema is the only one in which petty jealousies, ambitions, and desire to rule have found no place.

Miranda was absolute Queen, Desdemona was Prime Minister, or First Vizier; she was also Directress of Ceremonies. Alan, by universal consent, acted as Orator, while Brother Bayard, the stately, was with equal unanimity appointed Herald, whenever a splendid person of that description was required. There were no committees, no governing bodies, no elections, nothing to raise ambitious hopes or revolutionary designs. It would be worth the while of Club Committees to imitate the constitution of the Abbey. There must be some clubs where more is thought of the candidate himself than of his subscription. In the Abbey of Thelema were none of those who disturb and vex club life—among those who talked were neither down-criers, nor slanderers, nor stabbers in the back; none were jealous one of the other—none were anxious that his neighbour should fail—there were no petty ambitions—there was no talk of money or desire of κῆδος. Could we get such a club in London—could we keep it in its original purity—could we ensure the retirement of a discordant member—we should call into existence the means of making the most despondent of philosophers find joy in life.

‘It is a delightful place, Desdemona,’ said Lord Alwyne; ‘but, unless an experienced eye is wrong, there will shortly be many changes. They go when they marry, do they not, your Brothers and Sisters?’

‘Alas! yes,’ sighed Desdemona. ‘The monastic vows do not contemplate continued residence. And the wedding ring takes a Sister into the outer world.’

CHAPTER XXXIX.

‘Hic est aut nusquam quod quærimus.’

MR. PAUL RONDELET was refused, with a plainness of speech which left no room for doubt.

He was indignant, he was humiliated; but it was absurd to suppose that the ignorance of a girl was to make him disbelieve in himself. Not at all. What he was before Miranda treated him with such unworthy estimate, such he was still. Was he, Paul Rondelet of Lothian, to be cast down because Miss Dalmeny, a mere country girl, did not know who and what he was? Certainly not; he was saddened, naturally. Perhaps he had thought that his reputation extended even to so low a stratum of culture as that of the Abbey; perhaps he had hoped that the name of Rondelet was known in wider circles. It was a pity, a grievous pity, he thought. He might have made a charming home, on the newest principles, of Dalmeny Hall; he was eminently a man to grace, as it had never before been graced, the position of country squire; and that might have been his position had Miranda taken him on his own estimate, without wanting to measure him by the ordinary standards of what he had done. What he had done, indeed! What he had thought, would have been the proper question. But until Research is endowed, he felt, with sadness, men like himself have no proper chance.

Meantime, he set to work with vigour to elaborate an idea which was at once to ensure his immortality and to prove his greatness. No doubt there was a touch of *rancune*, a desire to show Miranda what kind of man she had contemptuously refused. He dined in his own cell, read over his scheme by the rosy light of a bottle of Château Lafitte, gave it the finishing touches, and at nine o'clock sallied forth, manuscript in pocket, in search of Alan Dunlop.

His idea was based, financially speaking, on the grand fact that Alan was rich. Rich men are needful for the help of those who are poor. To submit an idea to a rich man, provided he be capable of receiving an idea, is to do him the great service of

making him use his wealth. Alan was eminently receptive of ideas. And Paul Rondelet marvelled that he had neglected to *exploiter* this wealthy mine during so many years. His own disciple, almost—his admirer, always—one who believed in him—it was absurd to think of going out into poverty with Alan at his back.

He made his way to the Shepherd Squire's comfortless cottage, and waited there for his arrival.

Nothing was changed in the cottage since that first day when Alan went to sleep by the fire, and awoke to find his breakfast stolen. There was the wooden chair beside the deal table; the shelf of books; the stack of papers, the cupboard door open, showing the common china and the materials for making tea, bread-and-butter, and other simple accessories of a hermit's life. The kettle was on the hob, though the fire was not lit; and a couple of candlesticks stood upon the mantel-shelf.

Paul Rondelet lit the candles, sat, and waited. This cottage life, he remembered, was one of the dreams of a certain stage in his own development. He thought how, in their ardent youth, they had taken their claret in Alan's rooms, which looked over the stately college gardens, and discussed the life of self-sacrifice which was to regenerate the world. There were a dozen who formed their little set of theorists. Out of them all one alone was found to carry theories into practice, and realize a dream. What about himself? What about the rest? It was not enough to say that they were men who had to make an income for themselves. He could no longer comprehend the attitude of mind which made such a dream as that former one possible. He had grown out of it, he said. He had sunk beneath it, conscience whispered; but then the Advanced School does not believe in conscience. And the rest? They were all at work: practising at the Bar, writing, teach-

ing, even—melancholy thought!—curates and parish priests.

What he could no longer understand was the nobleness of the nature which thus simply converted theory into practice, and became what the others only talked about. What he failed to see was, that, living in slothful ease, which he mistook for intellectual activity, he had lost the power to conceive any more, far less to execute, the noble dreams of his youth.

He sat and wondered. Six years before, his heart would have burned within him, and his spirit would have mounted upwards, to join that of Alan Dunlop. Now he only wondered.

Presently Alan came. His manner was listless, his face was haggard. Alma had been more than usually un-receptive that evening. She had been sulky; she had returned rude and short answers; she had tried his patience almost beyond his strength. His father, too, he had learned, was at the Abbey and he did not dare go to see him, lest in his tell-tale face, or by his tell-tale tongue, it should be discovered that he had made a great and terrible mistake, beyond the power of an honourable man to alter.

'You here, Rondelet?'

'Yes, I have been waiting for you. Let us have a talk, Alan.'

Paul Rondelet produced his roll of papers, while Alan, with a rather weary sigh, took down a pipe from the mantel-shelf, filled it, and sat listlessly on his deal table.

'Go on, Rondelet; I am listening.'

Paul Rondelet began, with a little nervousness unusual to him, to expound his project. Had Alan cared to read between the lines, his speech would have been as follows:

'I am driven to the necessity of doing something for myself; in a few months I shall have no income. I can find no way of fighting as men generally do fight. I can discern no likely popularity in what will fall from my pen. I want to get, somehow or

other, endowment. You are a very rich man. You shall endow me.'

What he really said at the finish was this :

'I will leave the Prospectus with you. I shall be able to find a publisher—on commission—easily. It is a crying shame that a magazine purely devoted to the followers of the Higher Culture does not exist.'

'There are the *Contemporary*, the *Fortnightly*, the *Nineteenth Century*.'

'My dear Dunlop!'—he held up his hands—'pray do not think that we are going to occupy *that* level. We shall have none but our own as circle readers, writers, and supporters.'

'Will you depend on names?'

'On some names, yes. Not on the names of ex-Premiers; only on the names of those who are men of mark among ourselves.'

'But—do you think it will pay?'

'Not at first, I suppose—eventually. And that brings me to my next point. I have drawn up a note of expenses. I put myself down as editor, with eight hundred pounds a year. You do not think that excessive, Dunlop?'

'Surely not, for a man of your calibre.'

'The rest of the estimate you can go into at your leisure. I want you, as the most advanced of our wealthy men, to guarantee—to guarantee,' he repeated, with an anxious flush of his cheek, 'not to give, the expenses of the first year. Whatever loss there may be, if any, will be repaid from the subsequent profits.'

Alan received this proposition in silence. Only he stroked his beard and pulled at his pipe. His domestic experiments had already cost him so much that he was loath to incur fresh responsibilities.

'To guarantee, not to give,' repeated Paul Rondelet, glancing at his face uneasily. 'Consider,' he went on. 'We, who set an example in our lives, should also set an example in our writings. It is not preaching

that we want, but the acted life.' That was just what Alan, in a different way, had always maintained. 'Let the lower herd, the crowd, see how we live, read what we write, and learn what we think.'

'Y-yes,' said Alan doubtfully; 'and the probable amount of the guarantee—what one might be asked to pay, month by month?'

'That,' said Mr. Rondelet airily, 'is impossible for me to say. Perhaps a thousand in the course of the year. Perhaps a little more. We shall have, of course, a great quantity of advertisements to fall back upon. I have no doubt that we shall rapidly acquire a circulation. People want guidance—we shall guide them; they want to know what to think—we shall formulate their thoughts; what to read—we shall publish a list of selected articles.'

'That sounds possible,' said Alan, softening.

'You and I, my dear Alan,' went on the tempter, 'will be registered joint proprietors. You shall find the money—I will find the staff. You shall start us—I will be the editor. And we will share the profits.'

'Yes. I was to share the profits of my farm; but there are none.'

'There will be, in this magazine. Fancy a monthly journal without a trace of Philistinism in it. Positively no habitant of the Low Country allowed to write in it. The Higher Thought demands a style of its own. There have been articles, I own, in the *Fortnightly*, especially written by members of our own school, which none but ourselves could possibly understand. Picture to yourself a paper absolutely unintelligible save to the disciples of the New School. As for the other things, what can be expected from magazines which allow Bishops, Deans, Professors, and people of that sort to contribute?'

Paul Rondelet shook his head sadly, as if the lowest depths must be reached when you come to Bishops. Alan was

shaken, but not convinced. Sitting as he was among the ruins of his own schemes, he was naturally not anxious to promote new ones. And yet, the old influence of Paul Rondelet was over him still. He still believed that this man was a power. The first and the lifelong heroes are those of school and college. It is sad, indeed, when chance brings one face to face, in after years, with the great and gallant Captain of the school, to find that he is, after all, no greater than yourself, and, in fact, rather a mean sort of person. Next to the school hero comes he who was a hero among undergraduates. Alan believed formerly in that bright, clever, and conceited scholar who assumed every kind of knowledge, and talked like a Socrates. It was difficult not to believe in him still. He reflected that this would be his chance: he thought that it would be a great thing to let Rondelet prove his greatness to the outer world.

'I will guarantee the expense,' he said at last, 'for one year.'

Paul Rondelet, shortly afterwards, stepped out of his Fellowship with ease of mind. The magazine was started.

It was exactly a year ago. It ran for nearly a year; it contained the Poem of the Sorrowful Young Man;

The Sonnet to Burne Jones; papers by Paul Rondelet on the Orphic Myth, on the Bishops of the Renaissance, on certain obscure French poets, on the Modern School of English Painting, on the Italian Woman of the Fifteenth Century, on the Fall of the Church, and other papers. Nobody except 'the Circle' bought that magazine; nobody advertised in it. And after ten months, for very shame, the publishers advised Mr. Dunlop to pay the editor his salary for the year and stop it. Paul Rondelet now writes for the Daily Press. He contributes leaders to a penny paper. He glories in this occupation. It is not writing for the common herd any longer; it is 'swaying the masses.' His articles may be known by frequent quotations, not from the poets loved by the world, but from modern writers, such as Morris and Rossetti; by references to French writers not generally known to mankind, such as Catulle Mendes, Baudelaire, and Theodore de Banville; by the easy omniscience which is at home among pre-historic men, or among the scholars of the Renaissance or with the Darwinians; by an absolute inability to enter with sympathy into any phase of real life; and by an irrepressible tone of superiority. Whatever he says, this writer is always Paul Rondelet of Lothian.

(Conclusion next month.)

PAPERS BY A BYSTANDER.

NO. 3.

FROM the East the attention of the world has been turned to France, where the triumph of the Republicans in the elections to the Senate has been followed by a peaceful revolution. That the revolution is peaceful and parliamentary, not a revolution of barricades, is in itself a great thing:

what France most needed was self-control, and in self-control she has made remarkable progress. Secure, since their acquisition of a majority in the Senate against a dissolution of the Chamber, the Republican chiefs ventured to crown the constitutional edifice by insisting that the army should be

brought thoroughly under the control of ministers responsible to Parliament. The Marshal resisted, as all soldier kings do, and the result is his deposition and the installation of M. Grévy in his place. Constitutionally, this is right; but practically there may be some ground for apprehension. It is the Alpha and Omega of statesmanship to see things exactly as they are. The French nation thinks fit, for purposes of ambition or revenge, to keep up an enormous army. That army is the master of France, and might, if it pleased, to-morrow, overturn the Republic like a house of cards. Its omnipotence has been more nakedly revealed since the total failure of the civic forces in the siege of Paris. It must also be perfectly conscious of its power, and know well that seven times, by active interference or passive defection, it has changed the government of France. Its professional instincts, like those of all armies are anti-republican, and in some portions of it, notably in the cavalry, a strong Imperialist feeling still prevails. To keep it loyal to the Republic ought therefore to be the first object of Republican statesmen. This the Presidency of Marshal MacMahon seemed well calculated to do. The Marshal was a soldier of distinction, thoroughly identified with the army in feeling, in fact its very best representative; and its pride was satisfied by seeing him at the head of the State. On the other hand, he was not distinguished enough to be dangerous: the cypress rather than the laurel wreathed his brow; and he could not possibly conceive the hope of making a military revolution in his own interest. Political ideas he had none beyond the vague Conservative tendency which the discipline of the camp always inspires; in the attempt of May 16th, he was evidently a mere tool, and since its failure he seemed in good faith to have laid down his arms and capitulated to the Republican regime. If he was tenacious about a few military appoint-

ments, which he fancied to be essential on professional grounds, he might have been humoured without a serious breach of principle, considering the great advantages gained by his adhesion to the Republic. His wife, a devout and intriguing woman, was perhaps more dangerous; but she must have known that she could not herself be Empress; it was not likely that she would wish to make any other woman Empress over her head; and the personal feud with the Simons, which led her to precipitate the attempt of May, seemed in no way to have extended to Dufaure. It will be interesting to see whether the army considers itself deposed in the person of MacMahon, and, if so, how it will take its deposition. Is the army satisfied? was the first question that Napoleon asked of one who visited him at Elba, and unfortunately it is the first question to be asked still. Not till she has got clear of the military regime, military sentiments, military manners, will France be securely a Republic.

Not only to the army but to the priesthood a challenge is flung by the election of Grévy, who apparently belongs to that element in France which is not so much hostile to the Church as absolutely alien to her, regarding her with no more interest or emotion than the Church of Jupiter or Osiris. It was said that when he was President of the National Assembly, having to attend service officially at Notre Dame, when the sacristan presented him the holy water at the entrance of the church, he, not knowing what was meant, took the brush from the astonished sacristan, shouldered it and marched with it to his stall. Against him, no doubt, the clergy will marshal all their powers; and in the clergy, together with the aristocratic and military elements, lies now the strength of the resistance to the final establishment of the Republic. The dynastic pretenders and their personal interests are nowhere. Henry V. is a de-

votée, who ought to be Chamberlain to the Pope, and who, with perfect simplicity, tells the French a century after the Revolution that, in order that he may reign despotically over their bodies, it is necessary that the priest should reign despotically over their souls. No one will embark in such a ship who does not believe in the miracle of La Salette. The attempt to fuse the Legitimists with the Orleanists by a family reconciliation has totally failed. It is not a question of pedigree but of regimes. The spirit of St. Louis will not make peace with that of Egalité, nor will the Oriflamme blend with the Tricolour. The Comte de Paris himself is virtuous, amiable and cultivated; but not the man to grasp a crown. His uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, would seem to be an object of greater apprehension to the Republicans, if it be true that he has been relieved of his military command; but he is growing old, and he is supposed to have sunk into habits inconsistent with the vigour of ambition. The 'Young Ascanius' of the Bonapartists may now be set down as an acknowledged disappointment. If the recent accounts of his condition are true, the poor youth would appear to have imbibed in his cradle the morality of the Second Empire. It is evident the hopes of the party are rapidly declining. Baron Haussmann was the great edile, and one of the most devoted and best paid satellites of the Empire. But he is one of those politicians who always watch how the cat jumps, and call it studying the spirit of the age. It has been long suspected that he was meditating a submission to fortune; and we are now told that he was among the first to offer his congratulations to M. Grévy.

Hereditary monarchy is apparently dead in the land of Louis XIV. In the land of Philip II. it draws a faint and failing breath. What are its prospects of propagating itself in lands which have never been its own? There

are people who, floating on one of the backstreams of which history is full, mistake it for the main current, and think that the river of human progress has turned back to its source.

Of course the air in France is full of rumours of constitutional change in an ultra revolutionary and even in a communistic sense. It is not likely that anything of the kind will be attempted at present. Grévy is a cool-headed old lawyer and man of business; and the history of the last five years has shown that beneath the rhetorical fire of Gambetta lies prudence cold as snow. It is scarcely possible that the French Republic should go on for ever with a cumbrous and jarring counterpart of what people are pleased to call the British Constitution. A system, if the accidental survival of two old feudal estates deserve the name, which is rendered practically consistent with good government, in spite of its obsolescence and defects, by the special qualities and peculiar training of the British people, when imported into a nation devoid of those qualities and that training, produces nothing but embarrassment, collisions and confusion. The whole Parliamentary history of France testifies to the unmanageableness in that country, of great elective Assemblies and a Legislature with two Chambers. But modifications in this direction would not be more revolutionary than conservative; and universal suffrage being already established, and having triumphed, by the deposition of the Marshal, over the last remnant of personal power, there is not much in the political line at present for even the most ardent revolutionist to do. It is in the line of public education that the victorious Republicans may rather be expected to move. Experience has taught them that political change is at once superficial and precarious when attended by no change in the fundamental beliefs and character of a nation. It is probable that they will try to take the

instruction of the French people for the future finally out of the hands of the clergy ; and the expulsion of the Jesuits is a measure which they have always had at heart, and on which they may now think themselves strong enough to venture.

In the East, the conclusion of the definitive treaty between Russia and Turkey closes the diplomatic part of the drama, and consummates the august application of the principles of public law by the 'Areopagus of Europe.' All the Areopagites will have carried off those portions of the spoil upon which they had respectively set their hearts—Russia, the sections of Armenia and Bessarabia ; Austria, the Herzegovina and Bosnia ; England, Cyprus ; while the other great powers, if they have not taken anything at present, have probably secured some interest in the future, and have at all events established, by general concurrence, principles of 'occupation' and 'rectification,' which cannot fail to be convenient to anyone who happens to have an eye on Holland, Denmark, Belgium, Syria, Tunis or Trieste.

England is in doubt as to the value of her acquisitions. Cyprus is a disappointment. It has no harbour, it is a perennial abode of fever, and the chief effect of its annexation hitherto has been to increase the number of desertions from the army. Turkish Armenia it protects about as much as it protects Terra del Fuego. A coaling station is the only thing which its apologists now contend that it can be. A misleading glamour had been cast by the goddess of beauty round her favourite island. Nor is this the only instance in which diplomacy and statecraft, with all their shrewdness, have been drawn by an historic illusion into the pursuit of a shadow. The destinies of the world are supposed to turn upon the possession of Constantinople. That city, when it was the link between the Eastern and Western portions of the Empire, as well as the capital of the

whole, was undoubtedly the most important place on earth. But its importance is now greatly diminished, and it can hardly be said to command anything but the Black Sea, to which commerce will always have free access in time of peace, while no trader will want to enter it in time of war. From the occupation of Rome by the new Italian monarchy, in the same manner, the consequences were expected to flow which might have flowed from her occupation by a victorious power in her imperial day. Once the mistress and centre of civilization, Rome is now a city of antiquities, remote from navigation and commerce, and encircled by malaria. Cyprus was a prize when the neighbouring coasts of the Mediterranean, instead of being a desolate cemetery of the past, teemed with population and abounded with commercial life. Its harbours were good when the vessels to be sheltered were not the monster ironclads of our time, but the comparatively diminutive barques of the Phœnicians, the Ptolemies or the Venetians. All the circumstances are now changed, but fancy keeps her eye fixed upon the past.

The diplomatic embroglio may be at an end and the Treaty of Berlin may have been formally carried into effect ; but what England has undertaken is to reform the Ottoman Empire, and having reformed it, to establish it in its 'integrity and independence,' as the perpetual guardian of British interests in the Eastern Mediterranean. Towards the fulfilment of this design, no progress seems to have been yet made. Professions and covenants on the part of Turkey have always abounded, but nothing is done. The Turk himself is the abuse. The evil is the domination of a conquering race with a religion which is the spirit of conquest ; and this evil is not likely to remove itself or to concur heartily in measures for its own removal. Enterprising correspondents of an English journal have been penetrating the interior of Asia Minor, which has

sunk from its ancient prosperity, not only into a wilderness, but into an unknown land. They find desolation and misery; in place of a government, only the plundering ascendancy of a barbarous horde. Politicians deride the chimeras of Utopian speculations; yet they can complacently undertake to regenerate a country in which there is not only no political or social order but no source of national life, and to make this country a rampart of civilization. They are going back to the old nostrum. An attempt is being made, under the rather suspicious auspices of Sir Austin Layard, to set on foot another Turkish loan. But the credulity even of clergymen and widows has probably by this time been exhausted.

After war comes plague, of which Turkey in the integrity of its filth and fatalism has always remained the home and source. These multiplied horrors would seem to strengthen the case of those who wished to try at least to solve the Eastern question without a war. Such, let it be remembered, was the policy of the Liberal party in England. They did not want peace at any price. They wanted to put forth the power of England, if necessary, to compel the Turk to cease from the oppression which all Europe had denounced, and which forced the oppressed communities to call for Russian aid. That the Turk, when approached with firmness, must have complied, it is, as Lord Shaftesbury says, childish to doubt. The virtual emancipation of Bulgaria, and probably that of Bosnia and the Herzegovina also, would then have been obtained without war, massacre, plague and desolation; and the emancipated people would have looked to England instead of Russia, as their deliverer and friend. They have been flung into the arms of Russia solely by despair.

In a dispute arising out of the affairs of Roumania, Russia and Austria have apparently been showing their teeth

to each other. The struggle will some day come, and it can hardly fail to be fatal to Austria, the motley elements of which are destitute of any bond of union; that once powerful tie, the fear of the Turk, having been removed; while the attempt to fuse Magyar, Slav and German into a nation under a single Parliamentary government has entirely miscarried. Assailed by Russia, the Austrian Empire would hardly be able to rely on any support but that of the Magyar; the heart of the Slav would be with the enemy, and the German would probably seek at once to get clear of the wreck and enter the confederation of the Fatherland. In this direction, probably, we shall have to look for the opening of the next great series of those events, caused by movements of race, which are apparently destined to break up old combinations, obliterate old landmarks, and cast Europe in a new mould.

In Germany, Bismarck and the Emperor are grappling with that which, from its present aspect, threatens to be the new and more tremendous Revolution. But in their persecution of Socialism they seem to encounter resistance not from the Socialists alone. No doubt the moderate Liberals are keenly conscious of the fact that Socialism itself, as a seditious movement, is the immediate offspring of the cruel military system which Bismarck and the Court uphold; though the general loosening in the German mind of the religious beliefs on which the old order of things fundamentally rested, has no doubt been followed in Germany, as it will be in other countries, by a sympathetic disturbance of the whole social frame. Failing Parliamentary support, a resort to military force for the purpose of repression would be quite consistent with Bismarck's character; but the military system in Germany is, to a certain extent, its own political antidote. A nation is not to be coerced

by Janissaries when every man of it has been trained to arms. Meantime the King of Bavaria, by squandering the money of his people in building a more miraculous Versailles, and out-lying in other ways the extravagance of Louis XIV., or rather that of an Eastern Sultan, shows that, if he is not mad, there must still be in Southern Germany, at least, a considerable fund of submissiveness in the character of the people.

Afghanistan has evidently been reduced to an anarchy which will no doubt be bloody, but as bishops are satisfied that this has been done on grounds of 'distinct ethical validity' and for a 'spiritual' purpose, the national conscience may sleep in peace. People are beginning naturally to ask, if this is the true version of Christianity, why they should have left the Church of Thor and Woden. The wave of Jingoism has swept round the full circuit of the Empire, and led to an invasion of the country of Cettewayo, a savage who appears to have mounted some steps in the ascent at least of military civilization. For defending his wilds he is styled a 'rebel,' a name which belongs to him no more than it did to Caractacus. Of course he will succumb, and his people will share the fate of other native races whose lands have been coveted by Europeans. As Mr. Roebuck said, 'the first business of the settler is to clear the country of wild beasts, and the most noxious of all wild beasts is the wild man.' In this war again, missionaries are mixed, and they appear not to recoil from the use of shot and shell as harbingers of the Gospel. Had their spiritual ancestors been of the same mind, the nations of modern Europe, including England herself, might never have attained their civilized existence. Christian missionaries, throwing themselves without the Martini-Henry rifle or any other 'ethical' apparatus, among tribes probably neither less

wild nor more gifted by nature than the Zulus, sowed the seeds of civilization together with those of religion, and laid the foundations of European Christendom.

The last sentence had been just penned when the calamitous news arrived of the destruction of a British column by the Zulus. The pang is great; the wound to a first-rate power is but a scratch, and the disaster, we may be sure, will soon be, if it has not already been, signally repaired. But the event is one which breeds reflection. Barbarians acquire with comparative ease the military part of civilization; long range weapons have cancelled the ascendancy of drilled masses of troops, and the savage is a skirmisher by nature. If the races which have hitherto been trampled down by the foot of European conquest, learn the use of the rifle, they may some day turn with terrible effect on the conqueror, and in the East especially, the contest hitherto unvarying in its results, may become a much more chequered scene. The Chinaman, for instance, is reckless of life; his numbers are inexhaustible; give him the new weapons; give him as organizers and commanders the mercenary soldiers, plenty of whom are now to be found, and the dreams of Chinese conquest which many English adventurers cherish may prove somewhat difficult of fulfilment.

In England, the Government has won the election for North Norfolk. The seat was theirs before, but they have held it by an increased majority. The constituency is made up of two elements, a body of landowners with their tenant farmers, of an eminently agricultural type; and the great seaport of Yarmouth, which as a separate centre of representation, has been disfranchised for corruption and thrown into the county. This, say the defeated Liberals, is a bad index of national opinion on diplomatic and constitutional questions. It may be so,

but the strength of the Conservative party lies in this, that it is not merely a party of opinion, but a party of great interests, the landed aristocracy and gentry with their obedient phalanx of tenant farmers, backed by a great mass of commercial wealth, and supported on one flank by the Established Church, and on the other by the Licensed Victuallers. So long as the interests hold together, the power of the party will endure, unshaken by questions of foreign policy or by any questions which do not seem to the landowner and farmer more important than the land; to the clergyman, than the Establishment; to the brewer and publican, than beer. The North Norfolk election is significant, let the Liberals say what they will. It indicates that, supposing the election to be held in the present frame of the public mind, though the Government will probably lose the cities which they won from the Liberals in 1874, they are not likely to lose more. English sentiment, however, from the increase of popular knowledge, intercourse, travelling and intellectual stimulants of all kinds, has become infinitely more mobile and variable than it was; and a delay of six months may utterly falsify the forecast of to-day.

In the compact confederation of English Conservative interests, there is one point of possible weakness which the action of economical rather than political forces may some day, and perhaps at a not very distant day, disclose. Hitherto the political subordination of the tenant farmer to his landlord has been complete, and attempts to run farmers' candidates against the landlords' candidates in the counties have almost invariably come to nothing. So it has been while both interests were prosperous and the farmer was satisfied with his condition as a tenant-at-will. But a time of adversity has now come; complaints are heard that agriculture is no longer a remunerative occupation; landlords are

compelled to lower their rents, and there is one applicant for a vacant farm where there were ten before. The English farmer may grow discontented, and, like the Irish farmer, strike for fixity of tenure. In that case the political situation in England would at once be greatly changed. Every day brings home to us the lesson that, frame political institutions as you will, their working is controlled by the social forces, without a knowledge of which the political observer is totally at fault. In the months, however, which are likely to elapse before the general election in England, there is reason to believe that the political alliance between the landlords and the tenant farmers will not only remain unimpaired, but be strengthened by the antagonism of the farmer to the labourer, who is in a state of industrial insurrection, and to whom the Liberal party propose to extend the suffrage. This triple division of the agricultural interest forms a feature in English society and politics scarcely found in those of any other country.

The Conservative leaders seem to think it necessary to look out for new sources of strength, and we hear of negotiations going on, though at present unsuccessfully, between them and the Roman Catholics, for the foundation of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland. Politicians can hardly be accused of allowing their tactics to be embarrassed by prejudices, if they seek support at one time by passing an Act for the suppression of Ritualism, and at another time by founding what, under the auspices of Cardinal Manning and his Irish lieutenants, would certainly be an Ultramontane University. But in an alliance between Conservatism and Ultramontanism, there is nothing unnatural. The Church of Rome is the great Conservative Church of Europe, and the great organ of reactionary sentiment of all kinds; and the numerous secessions to it among the English nobility are produced by influences at least as

much political as religious. Its Hildebrandic antagonism to emperors and kings belongs to the remote past. It has long subsisted by an alliance with monarchy and aristocracy, the attempt of the more speculative and adventurous spirits among its priesthood, such as Lamennais, to heave anchor and go afloat on the tide of the democratic future, having always come to nothing. In virtue of her political position, the Church of Rome has received, and perhaps in increasing measure receives, the support of men who have no sympathy with her religious system, such as M. Guizot, who was distinctly inclined to uphold the temporal power of the Papacy as a Conservative rallying point, though in religion he was a Protestant and something more. So long as the Roman Catholics of Ireland and England were suffering under political disabilities, they were glad to ally themselves with the Liberals for the purpose of breaking that yoke; but having now, by Liberal aid, achieved political equality, they naturally, and irrespectively of any special negotiations or intrigues, gravitate towards the party of social and political reaction. Before long, there will probably be a complete and declared union of the Irish priesthood with the English Tories. On the other hand, the Irish Protestants, who have hitherto been Tories, may be expected to come over to the Liberal side. Not only so, but that growing element among the Irish Catholics which is more political than ecclesiastical, and cares more for Home Rule than for the Papacy, is likely also to separate from the Bishops, and to connect itself with the democratic wing of the Liberal party in England.

On their side the Liberals, in view of the coming contest, are exerting themselves to improve their organization. Mr. Chamberlain, M. P. for Birmingham, who is the master spirit in this sphere, seems to have succeeded in inducing most of the cities to form Liberal Associations, and in get-

ting the different associations to act together. It is said that this system is opposed to the independence of mind which is the Liberal's cardinal doctrine and his boast. There is force in the objection, and it may be added that artificial organization, if not managed with great delicacy and tact, is apt to breed jealousy among the rank and file, to which expression, fatal to the cause, might be given under the cover of the ballot. But party discipline in the case of the English Liberals may plead a justification which it cannot plead in the case of the United States. The English Liberals are fighting against an organization which, though spontaneous, and that of a class not of a caucus, is more tremendously compact and coercive than any caucus which the tyranny of party ever devised. Nothing can exceed the force of the social pressure exercised by Conservatism in England, both on the wealthy and on all who are dependent on wealth. In the rural districts especially, a Liberal, whether he belongs to the upper class or the lower, has socially to take his life in his hand. In the House of Commons disobedience to the party whip on the Conservative side is almost unknown. It was matter of perfect notoriety that many Conservatives voted against their declared convictions both for the Suffrage Bill of 1867 and for the title of Empress of India. In the case of the Suffrage Bill, in fact the very men who, at Lord Derby's command, went with downcast looks into the lobby for household suffrage, had a few months before been vociferously cheering the strong anti-extension speeches of Mr. Lowe. Organization has its evils; but English Liberalism is compelled to choose between organizing and being a rope of sand opposed to a band of iron.

The approaching contest between the parties will be one of unusual interest, because the issues will be remarkably clear and broad. They will vitally

concern both the destiny of the nation and the Parliamentary character of its Government. Are the energies of the English people to be henceforth devoted to industry and maritime enterprise or to territorial and military aggrandizement? That is now the question between the aristocracy and the democracy of England. Closely connected with it is the question whether foreign policy, the employment of the army, and the diplomatic and military expenditure shall be under the control of Parliament, or parts of the prerogative of the Crown, to the exercise of which Parliament shall only be called on to register its submission. The immediate result is very doubtful; the ultimate result might be doubtful if it depended on the balance of parties in England alone. But England has now, by the growth of international sympathy and intelligence, been made an integral part of Europe, which as a whole is moving on.

The Conservative party will probably gain by the strikes, which alarm the well-to-do and order loving classes, while, from what reason it is difficult to say, the strikers as a rule, do not support the Liberals in politics but rather the reverse. In Blackburn and Sheffield, for instance, the roughest of the trade unions are Tory. At Sheffield, ten years ago, the very union which had committed the notorious outrages perpetually, though unfairly, imputed to all trade unions, voted against the Liberal, Mr. Mundella.

Of course there will also be a strong reaction against trade unions, on which the blame of the commercial depression is cast. 'If I could only have the free use of my labourer,' says the English capitalist, 'I could beat all the manufacturers of other countries.' But if the capitalist could have the free use of his labourer, without limit of hours or of severity of toil, without any restriction in regard to age or sex, would the labourer have much use of his life? A development

of commercial wealth unparalleled in history, hundreds of colossal fortunes made within a few years, palaces crowning every English hill, miles upon miles of sumptuous town houses, London parks filled with endless trains of splendid equipages, merchant luxury outvying what was once the luxury of kings, the wantonness of plethoric opulence, squandering thousands of pounds upon a china vase, prove that the British workman with all his faults, has not done badly for his employer. If he strikes against what he believes to be an undue reduction of his wages, it is not easy to draw a line, in point of principle, between his conduct and that of his employers, who combine to lock out the workmen, and sometimes in a pretty peremptory manner. The struggle is infinitely to be deplored, and we must all rejoice to see that the milder and more rational method of arbitration is gradually gaining ground. But in the apportionment of the fruits of labour, the interest of society, economical as well as moral, requires justice, and if the associations of employers had it in their power to fix the rate of wages, without any counteracting combination on the other side, it is by no means certain that justice would always be the result. It is quite certain that justice was far from being the result when legislatures, entirely under the control of masters, made laws concerning the relations of the masters and the men. The greatest enemy of the Unions will hardly assert that the lot of the agricultural labourer in England, with his three dollars a week for himself, his wife and children, his wretched hovel, his worse than prison fare, and the workhouse for his haven of rest in his old age, was one which, in the interest of society, called for no improvement, or deny that it has been improved since the labourer has learned combination under the leadership of Joseph Arch.

The main causes of the depression

are manifest. They are the infringement of the monopoly which since the Napoleonic war England has enjoyed, by the growth of manufactures in other countries, and the violent impulse given to speculation by ten years of unbounded prosperity which caused the means of production to be multiplied beyond the demand. These are things with which the workman has had nothing to do, any more than he had with the tricks of trade which have brought English goods into disrepute in many foreign markets.

After all, in this contest, Labour, in spite of its unions, succumbs. In the industrial war, as in other wars, the long purse wins. The men who negotiate fasting give way to those who have had their breakfasts. The wages of the British workman will go down. And then, as food has been made very plentiful in England by importation from various quarters, as there is an immense accumulation of machinery of all kinds and a superabundance of capital, ready to set it going, production will become very cheap, and the producers of Canada and all other manufacturing countries will find themselves placed under the stress of a competition much severer than before.

In view of this probability, the National Policy, which, before this paper meets the reader's eye, will have been disclosed at Ottawa, becomes a matter more of curiosity than of importance. The new Premier and his able Minister of Finance will no doubt have framed a revised tariff skilfully from their own point of view—from the point of view, that is, of statesmen who believe it possible to cut off Canada economically from the continent of which she is a part, to make her for ever a commercial as well as a political appendage of a country on the other side of the ocean, and to treat the rest of the English-speaking race on this side of it fiscally and in

every other respect as mere foreigners and almost as natural enemies. They will deserve the credit of at least trying to act upon their principles and of not being mere 'flies on the wheel.' But they seem destined speedily to have their attention called to the weak points of their position. Against the United States they may in some measure protect the interests of the Canadian producer; but in the meantime their client will be drowned by a torrent from another quarter against which they cannot consistently with their political principles afford him any protection at all. Difficulties attend the task of devising a national policy for a country which is not a nation. Difficulties attend that task even from the Protectionist point of view; much more from the point of view of those who hold that what Canada really needs is free access to the markets of her own continent, and to those of the other countries which would take her goods and with which, if she were in possession of commercial autonomy, she might make terms for herself.

Whatever may be the result, however, of the present revision of the tariff, commercial questions are apparently coming to the front, while the old political issues are for the time receding into the background. Depression has forced the people to put aside party figments and turn their attention to the solid interests of the country. The last election, which turned on an economical question, is likely to prove a new departure in the politics of this country.

Together with the revelation of the National Policy Parliament will, no doubt, receive an announcement of the vigorous resumption of the Pacific Railway. There are among our leading men of business those who regard the enterprise as commercially desperate, and see in it a signal instance of the sinister influence exercised by the Imperialist sentiment on the economical policy of Canada. But

these prophets may be mistaken, as Lord Palmerston was when he predicted the failure of the Suez Canal. The scheme has been adopted on political grounds with the consent of the country, and it is better in any event that it should be carried into effect in earnest by its authors than that those who are not its authors, and do not really believe in it, though they lack courage to renounce it, should fritter away money in half-hearted and wavering measures. When the railroad is completed we shall learn what Manitoba and British Columbia will be really worth to us. At present British Columbia brings mere irritation, expense and weakness. Manitoba is taking away some of our best farmers, with their enterprise and capital, while her trade must be mainly with the tract of country to the markets of which she has the readiest access, and of which, in fact, nature has made her an integral part.

In the last number of this magazine there was a vigorous plea for an increase of the appropriation to the militia, which will probably find expression in Parliament. Undoubtedly the service at present receives niggard recognition. But will the people consent to do more for it, especially in a time of deficit and retrenchment? To persuade them you must alarm them; and what cause have they for alarm? A naval war, it is true, may any day break out between England and some maritime power; in that case our mercantile marine would suffer; but it is very unlikely that a landing would be effected or even attempted on our coasts. War with the United States, though it may hover before the imagination of some of our military men, is not contemplated as a practical possibility by the people. That Canada will greatly influence the political development and the general destinies of the English-speaking race upon this continent is a reasonable as well as a proud

hope; but it will be by other agencies than those of war; and it is preposterous to dream of military glory and aggrandizement to be won at the expense of a nation ten times exceeding ours in numbers, increasing much more rapidly than we do, and, as many a murderous field has witnessed, inferior in courage to no people in the world. It is as a school of bodily vigour, of patriotism, of comradeship, of discipline, as an antidote to some of the bad tendencies both of democracy and of commercial life, that the Canadian army is likely to be useful and worthy of a liberal support; but its professional efficiency is of course essential to the production of the moral effect.

It seems that the Letellier question is not to be allowed to drop. An impression is abroad that the majority will revive the motion of censure which was voted down last session. Sir Francis Hincks vigorously sustains the conduct of the Lieut.-Governor. He deprecates the imputation of motives. Unluckily in this case the motive, or to put it in a rather less invidious way, the apparent inducement is the main question for consideration. Nobody can deny that the Lieut.-Governor had a legal right to change his ministers. Nobody can deny even that he acted in accordance with the formal theory of the constitution as set forth by such writers as Blackstone and Delolme. But it is equally undeniable that in the period subsequent to the full development of parliamentary and cabinet government a precedent for his proceeding will be sought in vain. The dismissal of Lord Palmerston is scouted by Sir Francis Hincks as totally foreign to the discussion, though it was brought forward on his own side. An extraordinary use of the dormant prerogative of the Crown by such a functionary as the Lieut.-Governor of a Province surely is a subject for re-

mark if anything can be. The neglect of a formal observance toward the Lieut.-Governor in bringing in a Government bill, for the policy of which the Cabinet was of course responsible, might be a ground for notice, and perhaps for rebuke, but could hardly be a sufficient occasion for a *coup d'état*. It does not appear that the Lieut.-Governor, having an extraordinary case to deal with, and being placed, as he must have known he was, in an equivocal position, consulted his natural adviser the Governor-General; and it does appear that not long before the occurrence he had a meeting with Mr. Brown. The suspicion of a desire on his part to throw the government with its patronage and influence into the hands of his own friends before the election was so sure to arise, even in the most charitable minds, that he must have felt the necessity of obviating it; and he might have done so by strictly enjoining his new ministers, in the name of his honour and their own scrupulously to abstain from meddling with the Dominion election.

To insist that the connection of the Lieut.-Governor with a political party shall be left out of sight, is surely to ask us to wink very hard indeed. We are told that the Judges are taken from political parties, and that, nevertheless, we give them credit for impartiality on the Bench. But our Judges, with one exception, on entering the judiciary, have finally severed their connection with party; and to assume that they will still be unable to clear their minds of the political associations of the past, is to suppose a rare attachment to the ladder by which we have risen when the desired elevation has been attained. Lieut.-Governors do not sever their connection with their party; we have two of them in active political life at this moment. Officers under such temptations ought, for their own sake, to be held strictly to the rules

of their office; and it is a pity that their functions and powers are not perfectly defined by law, and that anything should be left to mere usage and tacit understanding. Unwritten constitutions may do very well for old countries like England, where the tradition is thoroughly established by centuries of practice, and is, moreover, in the constant safe-keeping of an almost hereditary caste of statesmen. But they are not so well suited to new countries, where tradition can hardly be said to exist, where opinion is without authoritative organs, and where there is little to steady or control individual fancy. The private studies of a partisan Lieut.-Governor on the principles of the constitution, will be apt to have as untoward a result as the private studies of Commander Wilkes in international law had in the case of the Trent.

Still, to stir the question again seems inexpedient. It is not desirable that the advent of a new party to power should be marked by reprisals. The act of the Lieut.-Governor was legal and cannot be cancelled, nor without positive proof of flagrantly bad motive can it be made the subject of any proceeding in the nature of an impeachment. It was passed upon at the time both by the Dominion Parliament and by the people of Quebec; and though the verdict is not likely, in either case, to command the deference of posterity, it must, like other verdicts delivered by the proper authority, be taken as practically final.

Parliament is opened with the pomp and circumstance befitting so extraordinary an occasion as the inauguration of Etiquette in the new world. Professor Fanning, who, deride him as you will, is the real soul of this great enterprise, has gone down, we are told, express to teach the presentation bow and curtsy. Curious manifestations of human na-

ture will be seen, and perhaps some shrewd observer may collect the materials for an amusing chapter in the social history of Canada.

The most robust faith in the final perfection of our Federal arrangements will scarcely survive this session of the Ontario Parliament. Everybody is saying that half a dozen Reeves and men of business would do all the work in a quarter of the time, and without any of the expense. For legislation of the more important kind, and the solution of such questions as that of City government, these local assemblies are not qualified. Whatever amount of the raw material for statesmanship there may be among us, not enough can be worked up under the circumstances of a new country to supply more than one Parliament fit for the exercise of the highest powers. Neither Sir John Macdonald, nor anybody who is entitled to speak for him, has said a syllable about legislative union; but there seems to be some reason for believing that he is not unwilling to make improvements in the direction of economy and simplicity if he can see his way to them. At once Mr. Brown, through his organ and his satellites, appeals to provincial selfishness and jealousy against his rival's supposed designs. Sir John Macdonald, if he has been eager and sometimes little scrupulous in the pursuit of power, if in the fury of party battle he has done things which all, excepting extreme partisans, condemn, has at least not been devoid of generous ambition. He has desired to connect his name with the prosperity and greatness of the country; and whatever in any way conduces to them, receives from him a measure of liberal sympathy, though it may not square exactly with his own notions or contribute to his own ascendancy. But the sole aim of Mr. Brown has been to keep the country under his control. The country has shaken him off, but

he still clutches Ontario. A genuine Liberal he never was, for the most essential part of genuine Liberalism is respect for freedom of opinion; but from rampant demagogism he has now, in the course of nature, sunk into servile Toryism, and upon every question that arises, political, fiscal or commercial, he tries at once to commit the party to a reactionary course. The party, however, has probably begun to reflect that the sacrifice of its future to his political decrepitude may be a bad investment, to say nothing of more patriotic considerations; and if Sir John Macdonald has anything to propose for the good of Canada, it is not likely that he will find the Liberals of Ontario disposed to play an anti-national part for the sake of keeping the Province under the exclusive dominion of Mr. Brown.

With regard to the delectable question of the 'Pay Grab' both parties may be said to have proved themselves worthy of the prize. But the community cannot afford to forego its hold upon the special responsibility of the leader of the House. It surely was his duty when approached upon the subject with a request in the somewhat suspicious guise of a round robin, to insist that whatever was to be done should be done openly, with ample notice to the public and full opportunity for discussion. If he lends himself to a plan for hurrying through, in secret session, so equivocal a measure, he may still insist on calling himself a Reformer; but it must be on some supralapsarian theory of the character, assuming that its possessor will be saved by indefectible grace, however little consonant to his professions his external acts may be.

In the case of the Algoma writ and its effect on the life of the Ontario Parliament lawyers differ and laymen must not pretend to decide. But there is one thing which even a layman may safely say—the legislative power ought not to be exercised with-

out an unimpeachable title both legal and moral. The legal title of the Parliament of Ontario to sit after February 2, can hardly be said to have been unimpeachable: there is an objection which evidently makes some impression on legal minds; and it is at least conceivable that a court not anxious to postpone the Ontario elections, might refuse to put upon any statute, or jumble of statutes, the construction for which the Government contend, and which would leave the Province possibly for six or eight months without any legislative power or any means of calling one into existence, whatever the emergency might be; since pending the return to the Algoma writ, there would be a Parliament still in course of election, and capable neither of sitting nor of being dissolved. But be the legal title what it may, it is certain that the moral title is utterly wanting. The period for which the members of the Parliament of Ontario were entrusted by the people with the legislative power has unquestionably expired; and their present exercise of the power is redeemed from the character of barefaced usurpation only by a technical quirk. A dissolution and an immediate election would have set all right and cleared legislation from the cloud which now rests upon it.

By the election of a successor to the Bishop of Toronto attention is again called to the division of parties in the Church of England. The fact is, there are not merely two parties but two churches under one legal roof. Between the pronounced High Churchman and the pronounced Evangelicals there is, no doubt, a large floating element of undecided and perhaps uninstructed opinion. But the pronounced High Churchman differs from the pronounced Evangelical not on any secondary point or on any mere question of degree, but vitally and fundamentally, as vitally and as fundamentally as it is possible

for one religious man to differ from another. They are diametrically opposed to each other in opinion as to the very nature and source of spiritual life. The system of the High Churchman is sacramental and sacerdotal; he believes that only through priests and the sacraments administered by priests can souls be saved. The system of the Low Churchman is anti-sacramental and anti-sacerdotal; he believes that by reliance on sacraments and priests as the means of salvation souls will be destroyed. It must be admitted that both parties have an historical and documentary status in the Church of England. Those who reorganized that Church in the reign of Elizabeth, when its character was finally stamped, were politicians little concerned about religious truth, as the chief of them had shown by quietly conforming to Roman Catholicism under Mary, while peasants and mechanics were going to the stake for the Protestant cause. Their real objects in forming their ecclesiastical polity were to preserve the unity of the nation, and, above all, the supremacy of the Crown. They built into the reconstructed edifice, with little regard for the consistency of its parts, fragments taken from the Church of Rome on one side and from the Church of Geneva on the other; unity they sought to preserve, not by commending their ritual and doctrines to the convictions of all the people, but by legal coercion exercised through ecclesiastical courts. The discordant elements thus combined without being blended have not failed to give birth each to its natural offspring at successive periods in the history of the Church. If there has ever been an intermission of this strife, it has been at epochs, such as the middle of the last century, when the whole Church was torpid and spiritual life was in abeyance. In the mother country, the disruptive forces are restrained by the great mass of endow-

ments and the legal system of the Establishment; but in a country where there is no connection between the Church and the State, the divergencies of opinion have free play. That either party will succeed in eliminating the other is hardly to be ex-

pected; the clergy, as a body, will always lean to sacerdotalism, while the laity, as a body, will always be anti-sacerdotal. Practically, the choice appears to lie between everlasting combat and peaceful separation.

ROUND THE TABLE.

I THINK that a stranger, particularly if he be an Englishman, can hardly fail to be struck, on his first introduction to Canadian society, by the want of taste displayed by our ladies, in the arrangement of their drawing-rooms. One misses the home-like comfort, combined with an indescribable air of refinement and gentle culture, which make an English drawing-room, above that of any other nation, a feature of comfort and elegance. This result may be arrived at independently of costliness of ornamentation or richness of furniture. Such a room, intended not for show, but for daily use, is remembered after years of absence, with a touch of sentiment somewhat akin to our tender recollection of the well-loved faces of its occupants. How is it that our ladies fail to impart this subtle charm to their rooms? The secret, I think, lies mainly in one defect, which may be briefly defined as a *want of simplicity*. This feature is particularly noticeable in the drawing-rooms of people of moderate means, although it is by no means altogether absent even from the reception rooms of the wealthy. I shall not, however, attempt to criticise the latter, but will confine my remarks to the former, that is to say the rooms of those who have no wealth to expend in handsome decoration, and must,

therefore, fall back on their own taste and ingenuity. There is in such rooms a crowding of ornament, generally out of keeping with the room and its furniture, and a total absence not only of artistic aptness and unity of design, but of any attempt even at harmonious arrangement; and we must in sorrow confess that these characteristics are too often conspicuous in the dress of the ladies, as well as in the arrangement of their drawing-rooms. It must be admitted that Torontonians of moderate means have an almost insuperable difficulty to contend with in the design of the houses. The prevailing custom of having the drawing-room and dining-room in one may have its advantages in the way of economy of space and fuel, but it is surely not defensible on any other grounds. Nothing could be more fatal to any harmony of effect; the chief characteristics of a dining-room should be subdued simplicity of furniture, and absence of superfluous ornament; that of a drawing-room, cheerfulness, tastefulness and comfort—and how can such opposite qualities harmonize? By being placed in juxtaposition the effect of the one and the other is lost. The 'parlour,' be it ever so pretty and graceful, is marred by its incongruous extension, by the big, square table and the stiff chairs,

by the ugly expanse of painted folding-doors, and by the association of clattering plates and steaming dishes. The dining-room, on the other hand, loses all its inherent characteristics, and becomes a nondescript room. A worse result is attained, however, when an attempt is being made to reconcile the irreconcilable, the dining-room is converted into an ugly half-and-half back-drawing-room: light little ornaments are scattered over the chimney-piece, fancy chairs are placed about the room, and at the further end is a sideboard laden with a medley of plate, painful to behold. Why people should fish out every bit of plated ware which the house can boast of, from a sprawling epergne, owned by the grandfather, to little trumpery articles, which are neither useful nor ornamental, and spread them all out on a little square sideboard, is more than I can understand. They certainly never use one half the things, and no room is improved by having one corner of it got up like a shop-window. This combination of rooms, however, is not the whole cause of the failure of picturesque effect, and, moreover, there is a decided desire to abandon this plan manifested by those who build their own houses. It must be remembered, however, that I am speaking altogether of those whose income obliges them to rent small houses proportionate to their means, and who perhaps think that they are unjustly upbraided for what they have no money to remedy. What I wish particularly to point out is, that it is not extravagance of outlay which necessarily makes a room charming, but the taste of those who arrange it. In one respect, particularly, is the absence of taste and artistic feeling especially flagrant—I refer to the pictures which are used to *decorate* the walls. Anything more abominable than the medley of pictures which the majority of people take pleasure in hanging in their rooms, one can hardly conceive. Chromos, lithographs, coloured photo-

graphs, prints, are all put up, pell mell, and if a little picture with some pretensions to artistic merit finds its way into the room, it is shabbily framed and ignominiously hung in some corner under a gaudy chromo in a ponderous gilt frame. Now, there is no excuse whatever for this. People will spend twenty-five or thirty dollars on some daub, when a charming water-colour drawing, by one of the many clever Canadian artists, can be bought for half the money. It is a perfect disgrace to the country that paintings of real merit should fetch the low prices they do. At the sale, the other day, of the Ontario Society of Artists, it was positively distressing to see pictures, many of them very clever and conscientiously painted, sold for a mere song. I don't know how artists have the courage to work at all, when the result of their labour is so little appreciated. It is probably only a want of education in artistic matters which causes such a state of affairs, but if people would only consult those who are better judges than themselves, and buy the works of really good artists, the improvement in taste would come of itself, and a very marked difference would soon be perceptible in the general appearance of sitting-rooms.

It is not to be expected that every one can have an eye for colour, or be capable of devising the most harmonious and artistic combination of the means at their disposal, but an attempt can always be made. For instance, a piece of scarlet needlework need not be placed on a crimson sofa, a gaudy new chair need not be introduced among old and faded furniture; and much may be done by the disposal of carefully chosen bits of colour, in the way of flowers, china and other ornaments. I have seen a very small, simply furnished drawing-room, metamorphosed by the tasteful arrangement of a few pieces of old china; and another brightened and sweetened by some carefully tended plants or ferns. Such simple decorations are within

the reach of all, and were the genuine desire once aroused, to improve on the present style of household decoration, the ways and means would not be found wanting.

S. T.

— I want to say a word about the offence of fences; and pray excuse, fellow-guests, the warmth of what I egotistically call my righteous indignation, for I must own I wax very wrath when I happen to be driving about the environs of Toronto to learn only that I am not to be permitted to discover what suggestions of pretty spots and places there are—to be seen, alas, only by the privileged few. On the removal of these objectionable fences that enclose every garden and shrubbery of any pretensions, how delightful would one's drives and walks become!

Are the owners of these enclosures fearful of the contaminating eye of the vulgar predestrian, or roving looks

of the untutored savage? Feareth he that the free gaze of the uncivilized horde will cause his cultivated shrubs and plants to progress retrogressively and take a step backward, perhaps ultimately to decline into absolute wildness? Or is it the *my-ism*, the his-house-his-castle idea that obtain among so many that boast of British extraction? I am rather inclined to think that the inordinate selfishness that so often accompanies possession, is the main reason why owners of land place those five and six feet obstructions in the way of the lover of the picturesque, and thus deprive him from a very decided and refined enjoyment.

If an aspiring youth, who would have been, perchance (had circumstances favoured him), a sweet singer of flowers and verdure, should instead devote his talents to parody and satire—these fence-raisers, I affirm, will have to answer for much of the blame.

A. R.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A superb edition of Macaulay's 'England'* in five handsome octavo volumes has just reached us. It is an edition worthy of the eminent historian, and highly creditable to the taste and enterprise of the publishers. Uniform in size and style with Mr. Trevelyan's masterly life of Lord Macaulay, this new issue of the great history presents many very attractive and salient features. Its pages present a beautiful and rich appearance,

* The History of England from the accession of James the Second, by Lord Macaulay, in five volumes, 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

and the sumptuous character of the five noble volumes will endear them to all lovers of handsome and solid-looking books. Macaulay's England stands almost alone among the successful books of its class of the present century. It has steadily won its way to the libraries of all scholars, and the desks of all students, and it has fulfilled the early wish of its brilliant author, who hoped that it would eventually 'supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies.' Its success in the United States has been almost as great as it has been in the United Kingdom, and Macaulay

himself was much puzzled at this because, as he wrote to the Hon. Edward Everett, 'the book is quite insular in spirit. There is nothing cosmopolitan about it. I can well understand that it might have an interest for a few highly educated men in your country (the United States); but I do not at all understand how it should be acceptable to the body of a people who have no king, no lords, no Established Church; no Tories, nay (I might say) no Whigs, in the English sense of the word. The dispensing power, the ecclesiastical supremacy, the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience, must all, I should have thought, seemed strange, unmeaning things to the vast majority of the inhabitants of Boston and Philadelphia. Indeed, so very English is my book, that some Scotch critics, who have praised me far beyond my deserts, have yet complained that I have said so much of the crotchets of the Anglican High Churchmen—crotchets which scarcely any Scotchman seems able to comprehend.' Readers of the able Whig writer, however, and admirers of his terse and epigrammatic periods have no difficulty in finding reasons why this famous English history should have found such warm acceptance with everybody. The passionate skill of Macaulay, his glowing, flowing diction, his admirable portraits, his artistic pictures, his delightful colouring, and the splendid learning and analysis of character and motive which enrich every page of his work, readily enough tell the story. These statistics will interest many. In 1858, 12,024 copies of a single volume of the history were put into circulation, and 22,925 copies in 1864. During the nine years ending with the 25th of June, 1857, 30,478 copies of the first volume were sold, and during the same period ending June, 1866, the number reached 50,783, while in June, 1875, Macaulay's English publishers, the Messrs. Longmans, reported a sale of 52,392. In America its sale

was only exceeded by the Bible and one or two school books, universal in demand.

The present edition of this fine work is issued from new plates, well printed on good paper and bound substantially in excellent library style. It is in short *the* edition of Macaulay. No one should wish for any better. A steel portrait of the historian forms the frontispiece to the first volume.

Mr. Holly has done excellent service to housebuilders and architects and lovers of tasteful residences by the timely publication of some exceedingly useful thoughts on *Modern Dwellings* in Town and Country*. As its name implies or its title suggests, his work is an intelligent discussion on the subject of comfortable homes and their surroundings. The work while specially designed to suit American wants and climate, will be found quite applicable to the requirements of the Canadian housebuilder. Over one hundred original designs, comprising neat cottages, charming villas and stately mansions, together with an interesting treatise, equally useful, on furniture and decorations accompany the book. Mr. Holly has in nowise exhausted his subject, but he has succeeded in presenting a large number of capital hints and suggestions which cannot fail in their object of affording much practical assistance to the builder. The author has treated his topic in a sensible and practical way. He has aimed at simplicity and beauty rather than extravagance and useless ornamentation. His aim has been to lessen the expenditure as much as possible, and while his figures may be taken only as a partial guide, for the cost of housebuilding fluctuates considerably, they will serve fairly well their purpose. More than one-half of

* *Modern Dwellings in Town and Country*, by H. Hudson Holly. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

the book is taken up with chapters on Construction, introducing the Gothic revival, Cottage architecture, suburban homes, the economy of country life, —showing how poverty is a blessing sometimes—sites, plans, building materials, those occasionally delusive specifications, plumbers' blunders, which will strike home in many hearts, the lightning-rod-man and his attacks, steam-heating, the library, kitchen, &c., &c. The second part goes thoroughly into furniture and decoration. Everything about a house is discussed critically and effectively, and some delightful observations on plants and conservatories and woodwork and fire places, will interest persons of æsthetic tastes and feelings. Mr. Holly writes well, and his book is interlarded with amusing anecdotes, some clever sayings, and now and then a picturesque bit of description. The illustrations are well engraved, and add much to the appearance of a volume whose letterpress is so enjoyable to read, and useful in every way.

Dr. Draper is one of the most voluminous and scholarly authors of America. Of fine scientific attainments and possessing a philosophical mind, and an aptitude for research, he has already made many notable contributions to the stronger literature of the day. He writes in a free and pictorial style, and his books are distinguished for their originality and breadth of view. The learned author's latest volume is a fine series of papers on a great variety of subjects, exhibiting much experimental investigation. 'Scientific Memoirs'* is a noble work. It owes its origin to its author's zeal and study for the last forty years, and includes the majority of Dr. Draper's noteworthy memoirs, which relate to Radiant Energy or the effects of Radiations. These are treated in an excellent

spirit. A full investigation is made of the temperature at which bodies become red-hot, the nature of the light which they emit at various degrees and the connection between their status as to vibration and their heat. Dr. Draper has studied this notable branch of science for many years, and he has been the first to introduce into America the use of instruments, which to-day find general acceptance with scholars and experimenters. The spectroscope at an early period claimed his attention, and he employed it in the prosecution of his labours, when few even in Europe, save the renowned Fraunhofer, gave it the attention it demanded. And so it has been with other aids to advanced science, Dr. Draper has led rather than followed others. He has developed facts for himself. He has investigated the secrets of chemistry and the wonders of modern science in all its forms. His utterances may be accepted as authoritative for the statements he advances, and students and others will find the history of many delightful experiments in the book under present consideration. Dr. Draper thus speaks of the plan and scope of his work—the occupation of many years. 'Experimental investigation, to borrow a phrase employed by Kepler, respecting the testing of hypotheses, is a very great thief of time! Sometimes it costs many days to determine a fact that can be stated in a line. The things related in these memoirs have consumed much more than forty years. Such a publication therefore, assumes the character of an autobiography, since it is essentially a daily narrative of the occupation of its author. To a reader imbued with the true spirit of philosophy, even the short-comings, easily detectable in it, are not without a charm. From the better horizon he has gained, he watches his author, who, like a pioneer, is doubtfully finding his way, here travelling in a track that leads to

**Scientific Memoirs*: Being Experimental Contributions to A Knowledge of Radiant Energy. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., L. L. D. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson

nothing, then retracing his footsteps, and again undeterred, making attempts until success crowns his exertions. To explore the path to truth implies many wanderings, many inquiries, many mistakes.' 'Perhaps, then,' continues the author, 'since this book is a sort of autobiography, its readers will bear with me if I try to make it more complete, by here referring to other scientific or historical works in which I have been engaged.'

Dr. Draper, in his preface, gives an account of some of his other books, and tells how he came to turn his attention to the study in which he has won such renown. This introduction adds a zest for what is in store for the reader, and no one can take up 'Scientific Memoirs' without reading it through, and referring to it again and again.

Among the important books of the day, Dr. Geikie's terse and compact *History of the English Reformation** will claim a good deal of attention. The work before us displays a considerable amount of research and examination, and much conscientious study. The author discusses, in a readable way, the various causes which led to the great change which overtook the religion of England, and describes the growth of that change, which, he says, had its root long before the Eighth Harry sat upon the throne. Of course, as may be expected, Dr. Geikie attacks the Roman Catholic Church, but it will astonish some, doubtless, to find a Church of England divine boldly denouncing the left wing of his own Church, and scattering a clerical broadside at the heads of our good friends the Ritualists. Dr. Geikie thus smartly writes: 'Unfortunately, it is not Rome alone from which Protestantism, as the embodi-

ment of liberty, has to guard. The Episcopal Communion, smitten for the time by an epidemic of priestism, has latterly seen numbers of its clergy betraying its principles and seeking the favour of that Church against whose errors their own is a standing protest. This melancholy spectacle has been witnessed both in England and America, and demands the vigorous watchfulness of all to whom spiritual liberty is sacred. . . . To stop Ritualism the one sure step is to challenge this gross conception known as Apostolic Succession. No one can hold it and be, logically, a Protestant.'

Dr. Geikie writes with some power. He has apparently caught the literary trick of Macaulay, and his style is very good indeed. The book will have weight in many influential quarters, and it may supersede altogether some of its kindred in the libraries, though one would fancy that the literature of the Reformation is pretty well supplied already. Dr. Geikie is tolerably fair-minded and reasonable, and he seems to be pretty well informed about the politics and religious training of the United States and Canada. His attitude towards High Churchmen will attract attention, even if it leads to nothing more. The book is dedicated to the Archbishops and Bishops of England.

Mr. Wm. Winter is a very charming poet and a graceful writer of English prose. A beautifully printed account of his recent trip to England* has reached us. It is just the sort of book we would expect from the pen of a poet. The diction is pure and flowing, and the many delicious bits of descriptive writing and elegantly turned sentences which enrich the volume on almost every page, will attract those readers who love 'to be

**The English Reformation*. How it came about, and why we should uphold it. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

**The Trip to England*, by WILLIAM WINTER. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

beholden,' as Emerson has it, 'to the great Metropolitan English speech, the sea which receives tributaries from every region under Heaven.' The writer has tried to reflect the poetry of England, and to preserve the language in all its purity and force, and his efforts have not in any way proved unsuccessful. The *brochure* is full of poetic and tender notes of a trip which must have been excessively lovely. As one knowing the tastes and habits of the author might infer, a goodly portion of the book is devoted to the home and haunts of Shakespeare, rambles in Old London, and glimpses of its odd corners and nooks, and a walk through Westminster, that splendid resting place of Britain's illustrious dead. These chapters will be sure to enlist the attention and win the admiration of the reader, but it is almost an injustice to Mr. Winter to single out these bits as specimens of his best work. Every chapter is interesting, and not a page is dull or commonplace. The voyage out, the sail across the vast depths of ocean, the marvellous beauty which England presents as the puffing steamer nears her shores, the visit to the palace of the Queen, the view of Warwick and famous Kenilworth, the word picture of the Tower, and the tender story of the Byron Memorial, and the graphic outline of the French coast, are parts of a beautiful whole, which none will skip or read carelessly. We have marked several passages for quotation, but this, from the fifth chapter, will, perhaps, give some idea of the author's ornate style.

'The American who, having been a careful and interested reader of English history, visits London for the first time, naturally expects to find the ancient city in a state of mild decay; and he is, consequently, a little startled at first, upon realizing that the Present is quite as vital as ever the Past was, and that London antiquity is, in fact, swathed in the robes of every day action, and very much alive when, for

example, you enter Westminster Hall—"the great hall of William Rufus"—you are beneath one of the most glorious canopies in the world—one which was built by Richard II., whose grave, chosen by himself, is in the Abbey, just across the street from where you stand. But this old hall is now only a vestibule to the Palace of Westminster. The Lords and Commons of England, on their way to the Houses of Parliament, pass every day over the spot on which Charles I. was tried and condemned, and in which occurred the trial of Warren Hastings. It is a mere thoroughfare, glorious though it be, alike in structure and historic renown. The Palace Yard near by was the scene of the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh; but all that now marks the spot is a rank of cabs and a shelter for cab-drivers. In Bishopgate Street—where Shakespeare once lived—you may find Crosby House; the same to which, in Shakespeare's tragedy, the Duke of Gloster requests the retirement of Lady Anne. It is a restaurant now; and you may enjoy a capital chop and excellent beer in the veritable throne-room of Richard III. The house of Cardinal Wolsey, in Fleet Street, is now a shop. Milton lived once in Golden Lane; and Golden Lane was a sweet and quiet spot. It is a slum now, dingy and dismal, and the visitor is glad to get out of it. To-day makes use of yesterday, all the world over. It is not in London, certainly, that you find much of anything—except old churches—mouldering in solitude, silence and neglect. * * *

The Palace of Westminster is a splendid structure. It covers eight acres of ground, on the bank of the Thames; it contains eleven quadrangles and five hundred rooms; and, when its niches for statuary have all been filled, it will contain two hundred and twenty-six statues. The monuments in St. Stephen's Hall—into which you pass from Westminster Hall, which has been incorporated into the Palace, and is its only ancient, and, therefore, its

most interesting feature—indicate, very eloquently, what a superb art-gallery this will one day become. The statues are the images of Selden, Hampden, Falkland, Clarendon, Somers, Walpole, Chatham, Mansfield, Burke, Fox, Pitt and Grattan. Those of Mansfield and Grattan present, perhaps, the most of character and power, making you feel that they are indubitably accurate portraits, and drawing you by the charm of personality. There are statues, also, in Westminster Hall, commemorative of the Georges, William and Mary, and Anne; but it is not of these you think, nor of any local and every day object, when you stand beneath the wonderful roof of Richard II. Nearly eight hundred years "their cloudy wings expand" above this fabric, and copiously shed upon it the fragrance of old renown. Richard II. was deposed there; Cromwell was there installed Lord Protector of England; John Fisher, Sir Thomas More and Strafford, were there condemned; and it was there that the possible, if not usual, devotion of woman's heart was so touchingly displayed by her—

"Whose faith drew strength from death,
And prayed her Russell up to God."

Mr. Winter's thoroughly enjoyable book is made up from the letters which he wrote for the *New York Tribune*, in commemoration of a delightful ten weeks' experience in England and France, during the summer of 1877, and is dedicated to Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

Mr. Longfellow's volumes—the *Poems of Places**—increase in interest as the series near completion. The latest additions to this charming set of little books, are two volumes of poetry which the great and minor singers of the old and new world have

written about the rivers and streamlets, the villages and towns, and the odd nooks and corners of the States of New England. Every page reveals the fine catholic taste, the culture and scholarly attainments, and splendid judgment of the editor. But past volumes descriptive of the poetry of other and older continents have prepared the reader, in a measure, for the admirable character of the selections which find a place here. The purest gems of poesy, choice bits whose absence would indeed be missed, only, are preserved in these pretty collections. Nothing is inserted out of mere courtesy, or through the accident of locality. Mr. Longfellow is always critical and exacting, and his books contain the most exquisite only of the thousands of poems which must necessarily come under his notice. In the copies before us the editor draws liberally on Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Bryant, Montgomery, Emerson, and himself, and less copiously from Trowbridge, Cranch, Stoddard, Aldrich, Saxe, J. T. Fields, Celia Thaxter, Story, Dana, O'Reilly, Willis, McLellan, Southey, Halleck, Appleton, Rogers and others. When completed this series of poetry will be, beyond all doubt, the finest ever made.

A clever story comes to us from England. Miss Dempster, who is favourably known to novel-readers as the author of 'Vera,' 'Blue Roses,' and some other tales, has brought out in London a new bit of fiction with the somewhat picturesque title of 'Within Sound of the Sea.'* The scene of the story is laid in Scotland, and though Miss Dempster is not as strong in descriptive writing as Mr. Black, nor as dramatic as Scott, nor as artistic as George Macdonald, she has still much individuality and talent as a story-teller, and a good deal of

* *Poems of Places*—New England—edited by Prof. H. W. Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *Within Sound of the Sea*. By the author of *Blue Roses*, 2 vols. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

skill in character grouping. The plot is quite simply constructed and, while there is little attempt at what may be termed fine writing, there are general passages of beauty and compass in the book. The characters get on very well, and one or two incidents, which are striking and realistic, are exceedingly well managed. Of course the progress of the tender passion is a marked feature in the narrative which Miss Dempster tells so well. There are several good situations in the story, and the conversations are for the most part bright and interesting. The heroine is a very charming young lady who, at an early period, gains the good-will of the reader, who cannot help following her varying fortunes with a more than ordinary degree of interest. She is the daughter of a close-fisted Scottish farmer, whose word in his own house at least, is law, and who adds to his accomplishment of getting drunk on 'cattle-day,' a deep-rooted hatred of femininity in boys and men. He is a man of hard and uncouth manners, and his disposition is as rough and unyielding as his dying wife's is mild and sweet-tempered. She is Highland Scotch, and the romantic element in her nature is inherited by her son Hugh, whose tastes are largely artistic. He detests farming, and having lived some years with an indulgent uncle, he receives with an ill grace the scoldings and corrections of his father. The elder Ford fancies there is nothing in his son because that young gentleman does not care to follow the plough, and dislikes the engaging occupation of the agriculturalist. The result is that whenever the couple meet, a quarrel is sure to ensue, and the powerless wrath of the son expends itself at the bedside of the wasting woman whose heart bleeds for the boy for whom she cherishes the warmest and strongest love. Hugh's troubles are shared by his sister Marion, the heroine of the tale, and he often listens to her mild reproof and accepts advice from her

when his own breast is full of angry emotions and injured pride. A truant escapade, a forbidden adventure in a boat, an angry scene at home, a blow struck by an unreasonable and infuriated parent decides the boy's future. He leaves his dying mother and sorrowing sister, and embarks on a whaling expedition, mentally resolving never to return to Netherbyres again, or to forgive the contumely of his chastisement. He meets with many adventures, and in the meantime his mother dies heart-broken at his absence. Marion, who unites the qualities of being able to love and of being loved holds the balance even between the parents, and often pours oil on the troubled waters and brings peace out of chaos. Of course such a sweet character would not remain long without admirers and lovers. Marion is beloved by two at the same time, a clergyman well advanced in years, and a dashing young physician of good family. She loves the latter, and is beloved in return, but though there is no actual troth plighted or vows exchanged, an 'understanding' is tacitly arrived at. Money matters at length call the doctor away from the Scottish coast, and in order to save his family name from threatened disgrace and pecuniary embarrassment the young physician smothers his passion for the woman he really loves, and marries his wealthy cousin at Norwood. Sad hearted, poor Marion Ford bemoans her fate, and seeks the bracing climate of the Highlands, at the advice of old Doctor Miller who notices the absence of roses from her cheek, and interprets the paleness of her face to grief for her mother's death. She comes back soon after, however, to her father's roof, in response to an urgent summons. The Reverend George Esslemont now sees his opportunity, and lays siege to the citadel of the maiden's heart. The love making between these two is most deliciously described by Miss Dempster, and the appearance on the

scene at an inopportune moment, of the wealthy brewer, Mr. Fyfe, as a suitor for Marion's hand, adds zest to the rather critical situation in which the bashful lovers are by force of circumstances ultimately driven. Everything is righted at last, as it should be in every well organized novel. The truant lad returns to his native heath with an American wife and a baby boy in her arms. Peace is made between father and son. Marion marries the minister of the parish. Mr. Fyfe, disgusted, returns to his vats and his bronchitis and ruminates on the perversity of woman and the folly of love. 'Only in Fisherton the wind and waves keep up the element of unrest; and though the fishermen may lounge to-night between the rows of the brown boats that they have beached among the shingle and all the waste and refuse of the shore, yet to-morrow they must again breast the waters, and toss among the white flying foam. How loud the Sound of the Sea is to-night.'

A useful little manual for collectors is Mr. Frederic Vors' 'Bibelots and Curios.*' It is full of information of a practical kind, and much elementary knowledge of porcelain, pottery, glass, metal work, lacquer work, musical instruments, enamels, fans, furniture, etc., etc., may be had from a study of its pages. The glossary of technical terms is quite an interesting feature in a work which may be pronounced one of the most complete books of its kind known to bric-a-brac hunters and students.

Who wrote it? many will ask after turning over the last page of 'Signor Monaldini's Niece.†' The story is one of the very best which

has appeared for a long time, and certainly it surpasses all its predecessors of the popular 'No Name Series.' That happily-conceived collection of clever tales and good poetry having reached its fourteenth volume, the publishers have decided to furnish the reading public with a new series of the same class, preserving all the prominent features of the first and differing only in the style of binding. The opening volume of the new instalment is so clever and bright and delicious that one may well stop to consider the authorship of a narrative which possesses many of the characteristics of Story, Hawthorne, and the writer of that charming thing, 'Kismet.' The scene is laid in Italy, and both in movement and description, in conversation and spirit, the most unabated interest is maintained from the very beginning to the all too speedy close. The author is no tyro in the art of story-telling. He is artistic, thoughtful, æsthetic and brilliant, and seems to have caught the true spirit of poetry from a long residence in the land of Angelo and of Dante. If a 'Roman Lawyer' did not write this last really able contribution to the fiction literature of the day, we are much mistaken. There are too many artistic bits of descriptive writing, too many new and original characterizations, too many sparkling talks, and too much general excellence and vigour in the book to suppose otherwise.

So much has been said about the class of books which we should read ourselves and allow our children to read, that we approach advice of this kind in a somewhat unfriendly mood. No allowance seems to be made for difference of taste and the habits of thought which obtains in different minds, and in several instances we know of, the mentor has proved a very unskilful guide indeed. However, our remarks at this time do in no way apply to the entertaining booklet

* *Bibelots and Curios.* By FREDERIC VORS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Signor Monaldini's Niece.* 'No Name Series.' Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

'On the right use of Books,'* which has just come out from the press of Messrs. Roberts, Bros., Boston. It is judiciously and properly written, and the author's views in many notable instances are well worthy of being accepted and followed. It was first prepared, Mr. Atkinson informs us, as a lecture, and it was read to a class of young business men, at the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. Additions have been made to it since then, and it now presents quite respectable proportions. The author advances several good suggestions, and counsels good digestion in reading, considering it even more important than a good head. He advises abstemiousness and recommends us to avoid as much as possible *cramming* of every kind. His remarks on books are generally in good taste, though there is an air of smartness and a desire to say cutting things in a few instances, which we wish Mr. Atkinson had avoided.

Social Heroism and Broken Bonds† are two Canadian Prize Temperance tales, the former by F. Louise Morse, and the latter by Felix Max. Both are very well written, and the incidents are described with much feeling and some dramatic power.

'England not Dead,'‡ is a trashy but patriotic piece of doggerel, which has been sent to us, doubtless as a sort of punishment for inserting Professor Goldwin Smith's article on 'Berlin and Afghanistan,' in our December number. The author, John M. Dagnall, who is, we understand, from the title page, the perpetrator of 'several Epic or other lyrical and narrative poems,' states in the ninth page of his book—

* *On the right Use of Books.* A Lecture. By WILIAM P. ATKINSON. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Social Heroism, Broken Bonds.* Toronto: T. Moore.

‡ *England not Dead.* By JOHN M. DAGNALL. London: Published by the Author. New York: Peast & Co.

'In all her days she never was more robust,
To free a race by anarchy afflicted;
To tear from Russian sway or Turkish lust,
Their tyrant chains, by England not dead !'

and

'Assailing Russians whose battles make you jump,
Frantic with rage, and by destruction haunted ;
Our pittance for the noble triumph,
Would sicken England—England not dead !'

The book also contains some things about the Turk and the Briton, and some scenes in Cumberland, which possess about as much merit as the larger mass of rubbish.

Raymonde* will delight the admirers of the prolific French novelist Andre Theuriet, who owes his popularity in America altogether to the Appletons who have printed the major part of his best work in a cheap and attractive shape. The story is a good one. It is full of character, has plenty of 'go,' and the descriptive bits are managed with great skill and art. The inventive powers of the author are admirably brought out, and the excessively novel situations with which the book abounds are quite striking. The odd meeting of Antoine and the heroine at the charcoal burning, is an experiment in fiction and *may* have some imitators. The story is amusing and it can be read in one hour or two.

A good deal of nice discrimination is exercised in the choice of works which the Messrs. Appleton, of New York, send out in their popular 'Handy Volume Series.' Some twenty-four numbers have already appeared, and the high character of the reading-matter is well maintained in every issue. The series is designed to supply a want felt for years by book-buyers, and readers who wish to keep up their acquaintance with current light literature, and 'short' books of travel and personal experience. Each volume is compact, well printed and

* *Raymonde.* By ANDRE THEURIET. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

uniform in shape and appearance. The letter-press embraces clever stories, piquant essays, and a good variety of desultory reading matter. The last volume is a neatly told tale by Charlotte M. Yonge, entitled 'The Disturbing Element.*' There is plenty of love ('the disturbing element'), adventure and romance in the story, and the author's method may be highly commended. The materials are slender, but there is plenty of 'go' and action and bright colouring, which make up for the almost total absence of plot. The idea of the story is a good one, and there is much originality in its development. A number of young English girls, studying for the Cambridge and Edinburgh examinations, form themselves into a society for mutual improvement and the cultivation of the mental faculties. They hold many meetings, and these are quite amusingly described, while a complete list of the studies prosecuted and the method practised are also given. A German professor is introduced, and he and his crippled brother soon become important persons in the little drama. Of course the veteran novel reader will be prepared for what follows. One of the young ladies falls in love with the teacher, and several of the other pupils in turn form attachments, and the society and story come to an end almost at the same time. There are some spirited bits of writing here and there in the book,

* *The Disturbing Element*; or, *Chronicles of the Blue Bell Society*, by CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. New York; D: Appleton & Co. Toronto; Hart & Rawlinson.

and a good dramatic incident is well conceived and cleverly worked up.

'Modern Fishers of Men'* is an entertaining story. It is light, amusing and bright, and while it is not particularly new or fresh, it will serve to while away a dull hour pleasantly enough. There is the usual amount of love-making and the usual number of match-making mammas, a clever parson, a bold young military officer, and, of course, quite a formidable array of attractive young ladies. The scene is laid in a village, and what with sewing circles, festivals, tea-meetings and temperance gatherings, the author contrives to tell a humorous and tolerably well constructed tale. The vein of satire, which runs through the story, is quite enjoyable. The frailties of poor humanity are laid bare by a remorseless pen, and it is easy to understand why *some*, at least, of the incidents are described.

Horticulturalists and lovers of the Flower-garden will find much that is interesting and instructive in Mr. James Vick's handsomely printed 'Floral Guide.†' It is more than a mere catalogue of names of plants and seedlings. It is a book of beautifully executed engravings. It is a history of flowers of every kind. The coloured plate is a real gem.

* *Modern Fishers of Men*. Among the various sexes, sects, and sets of Chartville Church and community. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *The Floral Guide*. James Vick, Rochester, New York.

ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

APRIL, 1879.

LAURENCE STERNE

BY WALTER TOWNSEND.

' Be to his virtues very kind,
And to his faults a little blind.'

OPINIONS differ as to whether the nineteenth century is distinguished above the eighteenth for a more earnest and widely diffused religious spirit. There can however be no doubt that the ministers and exponents of religion in our day are infinitely more worthy of the cause they represent than were their predecessors of a hundred years ago. It is fortunately no longer possible for a clergyman's sermons to owe their success to the fact that their author was also the author of *Tristram Shandy*. The clergy of the present day, whether in England or the Colonies, never forget the purpose to which they have dedicated their lives; they are ministers of religion, and nothing else, and as a class they nobly uphold their calling by the example they set of private virtue and heroic self-sacrifice to duty. But in Sterne's time things were very different; pluralism and simony were rampant, and in most cases self-interest

rather than any inward prompting determined a man in choosing the Church as a profession. Parsons of the eighteenth century may be broadly divided into three classes. First, the fox-hunting, port wine drinking, farming parson; the 'Squire-rector,' who would perhaps have made a worthy country gentleman, but that he happened, as ill luck had it, to be a younger son, and was, therefore, driven to take the family-living. He would read a marriage or funeral service with his surplice thrown over his hunting costume, and after a jovial dinner with his brother the Squire, would subside under the table in common with the majority of the guests, without exciting either surprise or censure. Secondly, there was the poor, humbly-born curate, without friends or interest, whom love of learning had drawn from his country grammar school to the University, and who had taken orders as the only means of providing himself with bread. Of this class

Fielding has given us an immortal type in his Parson Adams; "His virtue, and his other qualifications, as they rendered him equal to his office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable companion, and had so much endeared and well recommended him to a bishop, that at the age of fifty he was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year; which, however, he could not make any great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children." Thirdly, there was the dilettante parson, fond of books, pictures and music; whose elegant tastes made him despise his fox-hunting brethren, and whose polished wit, and dimly comprehended sarcasms made them tremble before him at the periodical 'visitations' of the diocesan clergy. To this last class Laurence Sterne belonged. Fielding has bequeathed to us, in fiction, a faithful portrait of the reverend drudge, and in real life, Sterne affords an example no less complete of the reverend trifler. Parson Adams was housed and clad hardly better than a labourer, and was ignorant of the ways and usages of society, but in heart, and mind, and soul he was a gentleman. Sterne was a man of the world; he had a competence, educated tastes, an intellect transcendently superior to that of even a scholar such as Parson Adams, and a tender and feeling heart. But he abused these bounteous gifts of Nature and Fortune, and although we may feel great affection for him, we cannot accord to him the name of gentleman, in its highest sense, as unhesitatingly as we do to Fielding's half-starved and threadbare parson.

Laurence Sterne, the son of a lieutenant in the army, was born on the 24th of November, 1713, a day as he says, 'ominous to my poor father, who was,' on that day, 'with many other brave officers, broke, and sent adrift into the wide world.' In less than a year, however, the exigencies of war

caused the regiment to be again enrolled, and Sterne's father, accompanied by his wife and children, followed its fortunes in various quarters of the globe, until his death in Jamaica, in 1731. Laurence Sterne, however, fortunately for himself, had been separated from his parents, after sharing their wanderings for ten years. In the year 1723, his father placed him at school at Halifax, where he stayed until, to quote his own words, 'by God's care of me, my cousin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to me, and sent me to the University, etc., etc.' Upon leaving the University, he obtained the living of Sutton from his uncle, who was 'Prebendary of Durham, Canon Residentiary, Precentor and Prebendary of York, Rector of Rise, and Rector of Hornsey cum Riston,' a formidable example of the pluralism which was then sapping the foundations of the Church. In 1741, Sterne married a young lady of York, the match being entirely one of affection on both sides. It may be remarked, parenthetically, that men of Sterne's stamp of character invariably marry for love, and almost as invariably make their wives miserable. Through his wife's connections, he got the living of Stillington, which he says had been promised her 'if she married a clergyman in Yorkshire,' and his uncle soon after his marriage bestowed on him the Prebendary of York. He lived for nearly twenty years at Sutton, doing duty both there and at Stillington, and his own account of his life during this long period, although brief, is eminently characteristic. 'I had then,' he says, 'very good health. Books, painting, fiddling, and shooting were my amusements.' In 1760, he went up to London to superintend the publication of the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, which had been issued from the York press in the previous year. He left his wife and daughter behind him, in a hired house at York, and this was the first outward separation between husband and wife.

Their inward life up to this period, passed in the quiet country parsonage, may or may not have been happy : we know little of the circumstances attending it, and still less of the character, tastes and disposition of Mrs. Sterne, so that we are hardly qualified to say whether she was likely to make Sterne happy. It is rarely, however, that such estrangements take place late in life, without being led up to by long years of mutual want of sympathy and dwindling of affection, although they may be precipitated, and apparently caused by subsequent acts of folly on one side or the other. Sterne's brilliant reception in London society rendered intolerable to him the resumption of his former quiet life, but it cannot have changed his nature ; and it is but too likely that during the twenty years of his life at Sutton, he had given his wife abundant cause for complaint. Be this as it may, it is certain that from this time his conduct to her was selfish and heartless ; he chose in his actions not only to ignore the fact that he was a clergyman, but also the fact that he was a husband. But it must not be forgotten that the adulation which was so freely bestowed on the author of *Tristram Shandy* might well have turned a stronger head than Yorick's. Gray, writing in June, 1760, says : ' Tristram Shandy is still a greater object of admiration—the man as well as the book. One is invited to dinner, when he dines, a fortnight before.' Boswell records that Johnson, illustrating the hospitality of London, said : ' Nay, sir, any man who has a name or has the power of pleasing, will be generally invited in London. The man Sterne, I am told, has engagements for three months.' The Earl of Falconberg testified his gratitude to the man whose writings had made his lordship laugh, by presenting Sterne to the living of Coxwold, which was situated in convenient proximity to Sutton. Such was the reception ac-

corded to him by the great ; flattered and fawned upon on all sides, he plunged eagerly into the vortex of dissipation and pleasure. He remained in London until the summer of 1761, totally oblivious of his wife, his letters abounding in descriptions of court and fashionable life. Among his published letters, written during this year, there are none to his wife, but in a letter to his friend, Mr. Croft, we meet with this passage : ' Mrs. Sterne says her purse is light : will you, dear sir, be so good as to pay her ten guineas ? and I will reckon with you when I shall have the pleasure of meeting you,' and in a postscript to another letter, ' Pray, when you have read this, send the news to Mrs. Sterne.' The correspondence between husband and wife can hardly, therefore, have been frequent. In the latter half of 1761, Sterne, as we have said, left London, and went to reside at his new living of Coxwold, which in his memoirs he calls ' a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton.' His real feelings with regard to any retirement ' in comparison of London,' are feelingly expressed in the following extract from a letter written towards the end of 1761 : ' I rejoice you are in London. Rest you there in peace ; here 'tis the devil. You was a good prophet. I wish myself back again, as you told me I should. * * * * Oh Lord ! now are you going to Ranelagh to-night, and I am sitting sorrowful as the prophet was, when the voice cried out to him and said, " What doest thou here, Elijah ? " ' His wife and daughter resided with him here, and in a letter written almost at the same time as the one from which we have just quoted, and whose sincerity we rather doubt, it being evidently designed to impress the recipient with the idea of rural felicity and perfect contentment, he says : ' My Lydia helps to copy for me, and my wife knits, and listens as I read her chapters.' Their life at Coxwold can hardly have been of this idyllic nature, and a passage in

one of Sterne's letters foreshadows the growing desire to live apart from him, which led his wife to seize the first reasonable opportunity of separation. 'Else,' he says, 'she declares herself happier without me; but not in any anger is this declaration made, but in pure, sober, good sense, built on sound experience. She hopes you will be able to strike a bargain for me before this time twelve-month, to lead a bear round Europe; and from this hope from you, I verily believe that you are so high in her favour at present.' From this it would appear probable, that Sterne's journey to France, in the following year (1762), was brought about as much at his wife's instigation as by his own desire, and it is even possible that Mrs. Sterne prompted it, with the design of carrying out the separation she evidently wished for. Sterne preceded his family to Paris, arriving there himself in January, 1762, and remaining alone until July, in which month his wife and daughter joined him. The letters written by Sterne to his wife from Paris, having reference to her journey there, are moderately, if not warmly, affectionate, and it is evident that there was, as yet, no open breach between them. Indeed his wife seems throughout, to have acted with great forbearance and good sense; she lived with him until she found an opportunity of escape without scandal, but the opportunity once found, she showed great determination in not letting it slip. It is not even ascertained that there was ever any actual quarrel between them; it is only certain that Sterne pressed her to return to England with him, but on one pretext or another she refused, and remained to superintend the education of her daughter in a French convent. It cannot be said that Sterne objected very strenuously to this arrangement; he of course shared his wife's desire to avoid scandal, and he had, moreover, a genuine wish for his daughter to live with him, but upon the whole, it is but too probable

that he was rather rejoiced than grieved to be rid of his wife. In his letters he thus refers to the separation: 'My wife returns to Toulouse, and purposes to spend the summer at Bagnières. I, on the contrary, go and visit my wife, the church in Yorkshire. We all live the longer, at least the happier, for having things our own way. This is my conjugal maxim.' And again: 'I told Mrs. Sterne that I should set out for England very soon; but as she chooses to remain in France for two or three years, I have no objection, except that I wish my girl in England.' Doubtless, Sterne in his heart did not feel any great sorrow at the removal of a restraint which left him free to indulge to the full his predilections for sentimental intrigues, and Platonic friendships. It is melancholy to reflect on such an end to a union which had lasted more than twenty years, and which was inspired at the outset by true affection on both sides. As we have said hardly enough is known of Sterne's earlier married life to apportion accurately the blame of this unhappy estrangement; but from what we do know of his later life, it is tolerably certain that Thackeray summed up the case justly when he said: 'Whether husband or wife had most of the *patience d'un ange* may be uncertain; but there can be little doubt which needed it most.'

The world has always been lenient to sinners of Sterne's type. The man who is described as 'no man's enemy except his own,' generally contrives to be the most deadly enemy to all who love or trust him, but he almost universally meets with pity and sympathy rather than with aversion. It is only when a man dares, like Shelley, to sin in a thoroughly unconventional and unfashionable manner, that the world discovers that his sin is of so deep a dye as to be past all forgiveness. Sterne's faults and follies were eminently fashionable; they were regarded in his own day as hardly

blameworthy, and have since met with uncompromising condemnation from few critics. Thackeray, however, is terribly severe to his brother humourist, so severe indeed that his judgment loses much of its force; he errs in excessive harshness as much as other critics in excessive leniency. To call the creator of Uncle Toby 'a feeble wretch,' 'a coward,' 'a leering satyr,' is to pass far beyond the bounds, not only of generous, but of just, criticism. It was Thackeray's mission, however, to lash fashionable vice, and in his desire to avoid all appearance of condoning the particular class of sin of which Sterne was guilty, he abandoned something of that tender-hearted and compassionate charity, which should be uppermost in the mind of one who passes judgment on a fellow-man. More touching than all Thackeray's hard words is the unconscious condemnation contained in a remark of La Fleur, Sterne's valet, concerning the *fille-de-chambre*, mentioned in *The Sentimental Journey*. 'It was certainly a pity,' said La Fleur, 'she was so pretty and so *petite*.' This little speech, implying as it does all the consequences of such acts of wicked folly, would have made its way to the sensitive heart of Sterne himself more surely than the most bitter denunciations of severe moralists. When an offender such as Sterne is brought to the bar to receive the judgment of posterity, he is entitled to the utmost clemency and mercy which it is within the power of the court to bestow. He brings, indeed, his recommendations to mercy with him. Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, the dying lieutenant and the desolate Maria, all plead for him—nay, even the imprisoned starling beats his wings against his cage to soften the hearts of Sterne's judges. One who by innocent mirth has lightened countless weary hours, and by tender pathos caused many a delicious tear to flow, has a right to be judged in the spirit of the most comprehensive charity. His frank

and open plea of guilty, and the confiding manner in which he casts himself upon the mercy of the Court, should also count something in his favour. Let us then, in judging Laurence Sterne, give the utmost weight to all there was in him of good, and if we must finally condemn, let us condemn with pitying and affectionate sorrow, and not with harsh reviling and unrelenting scorn.

Sentimentalism (neither sentiment nor sentimentality would exactly express my meaning) has a considerable and, at the same time, a very curious influence upon the feelings and actions of mankind. It makes men sometimes absurd, often illogical, and still more often unjust. The man whose eyes are as dry as the Desert of Sahara to the real griefs and troubles of life, will shed a tear over the sorrows of the heroine of a rubbishing novel; the man whose horizon is bounded by his office counter, and whose heart is as hard as the nether millstone to the misery he meets with every day of his life, feels himself great with heroic aspirations, and glowing with generous impulses, as he witnesses the performance of some second-rate actor. A startling murder committed in the next street, or an accident near home, involving a comparatively small loss of life, excites deeper pity and commiseration than a distant battle in which the slain are counted by thousands, or a still more distant famine whose victims are computed by millions. All this is doubtless illogical and weak, but it is human nature; and the sentimentalism which is at the bottom of these incongruous emotions and disproportionate sympathies, is foremost among the traits in human character which render life better worth living. Sterne possessed this sentimentalism in an exaggerated degree. It has been made a subject of severe censure upon him, that he could weep in public over an imprisoned starling or a dead ass, but could not regulate his private life so as to avoid giving

pain to those who were dearest to him. Such censure, if not ungenerous, is at least beside the question. Sterne's feelings and emotions were genuine, and that he was capable of them should rather lessen than increase the blame that attaches to his faults. Thackeray treats this side of Sterne's character as though it merely applied to his artistic conceptions, telling the following story in illustration of it:—'Some time since I was in the company of a French actor, who began after dinner, and at his own request, to sing French songs of the sort called *des chansons grivoises*, and which he performed admirably and to the satisfaction of most persons present. Having finished these, he commenced a sentimental ballad: it was so charmingly sung, that it touched all persons present, and especially the singer himself, whose voice trembled, whose eyes filled with emotion, and who was snivelling and weeping quite genuine tears by the time his own ditty was over. I suppose Sterne had this artistical sensibility!' All this is undeniably true so far as it goes; Sterne's sensibility was of this sort; but Thackeray's description of it falls so short of the whole truth, that it is perhaps more misleading than falsehood. Sterne's sensibility was not merely, nor even chiefly, 'artistical.' It displayed itself not alone in his writings but in his actions; it resulted from his tender emotional nature, which could not witness or think of distress or suffering, without a reflex being shed—transient perhaps, but still undoubtedly sincere—on his own heart. Thackeray would possibly have called the sensibility displayed in Sterne's affecting account of the forlorn Maria, merely 'artistical.' Let us see how La Fleur, who witnessed the actual transaction, related it, as quoted by Sir Walter Scott. "When we came up to her," said La Fleur, "she was grovelling in the road like an infant, and throwing the dust upon her head—and yet few were more lovely.

Upon Sterne's accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself, and resumed some composure—told him her tale of misery and wept upon his breast. My master sobbed aloud. I saw her gently disengage herself from his arms, and she sung him the service of the Virgin; my poor master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the cottage where she lived; there he talked earnestly to the old woman. Every day while we stayed there I carried them meat and drink from the hotel, and when we departed from Moulines, my master left his blessings and some money with the mother. How much I know not—he always gave more than he could afford.' Such actions as these are prompted by something higher than 'artistical sensibility.' Yet another testimony from La Fleur to Sterne's softness of heart, and overwhelming desire to relieve distress. His remittances were frequently irregular, owing to war, and he had not calculated for the frequent demands upon his charity. 'At many of our stages my master has turned to me with tears in his eyes—"These poor people oppress me, La Fleur; how shall I relieve them?"' It is often the case that those who can least bear to witness the sufferings of others, are themselves among the weakest in resisting temptation. Extreme sensibility almost implies weakness, and Sterne was by no means an exception to the rule. He has himself confided to us, with a candour we cannot commend, some of his flagrant derelictions from the paths of decency and morality. To his criminality in this direction it is not necessary to make any further reference, beyond saying that nothing we have written must be considered as attempting to palliate or soften down the heartlessness and folly of such acts. When we consider his age, his profession, and his family ties, we find it hard, in reading certain passages in *The Sentimental Journey*,

to avoid feeling both disgust and contempt. But acts of confessed criminality should be separated from acts in which nothing beyond folly is proven. One of the heaviest indictments against Sterne, and the one which is the most frequently urged against him, is based upon his relations with Mrs. Eliza Draper. This lady who was the wife of Daniel Draper, a gentleman holding an important position in Bombay, had been compelled to leave India on account of her health, and during her stay in England she accidentally made the acquaintance of Sterne. One of those ridiculous sentimental friendships, to which elderly men of Sterne's type are so prone, sprang up between them. Little is known of the facts of the case, and almost the whole of the evidence against Sterne consists in his own letters to the lady. These are sufficiently foolish and contemptible, but they certainly do not by any means prove that the intercourse ever proceeded beyond the verge of folly. Maudlin sentimentality, with an admixture of pretended piety can never form pleasant reading, and these letters are sufficiently offensive without making them worse by presuming guilt. Sterne's acquaintance with Mrs. Draper was short; she rejoined her husband in India, and most of the published letters to her have reference to their approaching separation. It has been severely commented upon, that Sterne, at precisely the same time as he was engaged in this precious correspondence, wrote the most charming and simply affectionate letters to his daughter Lydia. Certainly the elderly Lothario, and the tenderly solicitous father are not characters that harmonize well, when placed in such close juxtaposition. Defenders of Sterne have urged that a vain and silly woman, such as Mrs. Draper undoubtedly was, will often attach herself to a famous man like Sterne, and force him to share her folly. The letters do not bear out this view; the writer evident-

ly entered *con amore* into the ridiculous intrigue, and was probably much more genuinely interested in it than Mrs. Draper herself, who soon forgot her 'loving Brahmin,' and proved by her subsequent life that, as she grew older, she improved neither in morals nor in wisdom.

It is refreshing to turn from the perusal of these, and other perhaps still more odious letters, and read Sterne's correspondence with his daughter Lydia. Here the genuinely affectionate man is invariably seen at his best. When his thoughts turned to the one being on earth whom he loved with a pure and passionate tenderness, he cast off from his heart the crust of selfishness and self-indulgence, and was, for the time at least, a simple, true, and loving father. 'You have enough to do,' he says, 'for I have also sent you a guitar; and as you have no genius for drawing, (though you never could be made to believe it), pray waste not your time about it. Remember to write to me as to a friend—in short, whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural.' In a letter to a friend, he says, 'I have great offers too in Ireland—the Bishops of C—— and R—— are both my friends; but I have rejected every proposal unless Mrs. S. and my Lydia could accompany me thither. I live for the sake of my girl, and with her sweet, light burthen in my arms, I could get up fast the hill of preferment, if I choose it; but without my Lydia, if a mitre was offered me, it would sit uneasy upon my brow.' Even Thackeray admits that all his letters to his daughter are 'artless, kind, affectionate and *not* sentimental,' and there are among his letters to the friends to whom he was really attached, many concerning which the same might be said. It was in the summer of 1764 that Sterne returned from his journey to France, leaving his wife and daughter behind him. Amidst all the pleasures and excitement of his life, he never

abandoned the desire to regain his daughter for a companion for his declining years. In 1766 his health was so precarious that he was compelled to try the effect of the climate of Italy. Upon his return, in the same year, he visited his wife and daughter, and tried to persuade them to accompany him to England. His mention of this meeting with his wife is very characteristic of their relations: 'Poor woman! she was very cordial, etc., and begs to stay another year or so.' Of his daughter he says, 'My Lydia pleases me much; I found her greatly improved in everything I wished her.' He was unsuccessful in his endeavours to bring them back with him, but in October, 1767, his wife yielded to his solicitations, and the pair joined him at Coxwold. It would appear from Sterne's letters, that his wife distinctly gave him to understand, that this was merely a visit, and not a permanent resumption of their relations as man and wife. In writing of Lydia, he says: 'She is all Heaven could give me in a daughter, but like other blessings not given, but lent; for her mother loves France, and this dear part of me must be torn from my arms to follow her mother.' Perhaps if Mrs. Sterne had known how short a time remained to the unhappy Yorick, during which the ministrations of either wife or daughter could avail, she would have been less unrelenting. We should feel more inclined to blame her persistency, however, if we did not know that six months had barely elapsed since Sterne had closed his correspondence with Mrs. Draper. It must have been shortly after their arrival, that Sterne wrote the short and incomplete memoir of his life, to which he appended the remark—'I have set down these particulars relating to my family and self, for my Lydia, in case hereafter she might have a curiosity, or a kinder motive to know them.' The desire to leave this record of himself for his daughter was perhaps prompted by

something like a prophetic instinct of his approaching end; and this renders it the more melancholy that he makes no affectionate reference to his wife, in what he designed to be his last words to his daughter. He concludes thus: 'She and yourself are at length come, and I have had the inexpressible joy of seeing my girl everything I wished her.' It was impossible, however, for him to praise the daughter so highly without at the same time passing an unconscious encomium upon the mother whose training had made her what she was.

In the last week of 1767, Sterne went up to London to watch *The Sentimental Journey* through the press. He was even then in a very feeble state of health, having just recovered from an illness which, as he says, 'had worn him to a shadow;' indeed, writing in the last week of December, he says the fever had only just left him, but that he purposes starting for London almost directly. A journey undertaken at such a time, by a man whose constitution, never very robust, had been seriously undermined by gaiety and excitement, could only have been rendered innocuous by the utmost precaution. Sterne—true to his careless, unthinking nature—when once he found himself in his beloved London, went about and visited as though he had been in the best of health. The inevitable consequence ensued. On the 20th February, within a month of his death, in a simple, loving letter to his daughter, he says:—'This vile influenza—be not alarmed, I think I shall get the better of it, and shall be with you both the first of May; and if I escape, 'twill not be for a long period, my child, unless a quiet retreat and peace of mind can restore me.' He was then almost within sight of a quieter retreat than any this world can offer. His hopes of recovery proved delusive, and he rapidly grew worse; but the near approach of death did not unman him, nor render him forgetful

of his idolized daughter. Ten days before his death he wrote to his friend Mrs. James, a letter which shows at once courageous resignation with regard to his own fate, and anxious solicitude for his daughter's future. 'Perhaps I have not many days or hours to live. . . . My spirits are fled—'tis a bad omen. Do not weep, my dear lady, your tears are too precious to shed for me. . . . If I die, cherish the remembrance of me and forget the follies which you so often condemned—which my heart, not my head, betrayed me into,' and then, in simple language, he commends his daughter to her care, should she ever be left parentless. He had expressed a wish to die in an inn, and have the last offices performed for him by strangers, who would be paid for their services, and the irony of fate fulfilled his desire to the very letter. During his illness he had received the casual visits of friends and acquaintances; in his last letter to his daughter he pathetically says:—'I am never alone. The kindness of my friends is ever the same. *I wish, though, I had thee to nurse me; but I am denied that.*' But his death-bed was solitary;—in a room of a London lodging-house, with no gentle hand to smooth his pillow, no pitying ear to catch his dying words, with no one to watch or tend him save a sordid hired woman,

'With lack of woman's nursing, and dearth of woman's tears.'

the man of many friends, the creator of Uncle Toby, breathed his last. In one sad sense his death was not premature; he might have said with Macbeth:—

'I have liv'd long enough; my way of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have.'

Sterne's character was a medley in which the good was so inextricably mingled with the evil that it is hardly

possible to separate them, and pass a rigid and exact judgment on the man. His tender-hearted charity was no unmingled good; it led him into extravagance; he was generous first and just afterwards, and he gave away money half to relieve the personal distress which the sight of misery caused him, and half from a higher and holier motive. The open-handed generosity which caused him, in perfect truth, to say that while he had a shilling in the world, nimpence of it was for those he loved, itself led him into error. The sums which he expended on himself and others would, in many cases, have been better employed to provide for the widow and daughter whom his prodigality left destitute and dependent on strangers. The exquisite sensibility and tenderness, which produced the story of *Le Fevre*, degenerated too frequently, in his actual life, into mawkish sentimentality; and he abused his affectionate and loving disposition by making it the excuse for criminalities for which his weakness alone was answerable. It is true that he always had a pitying tear for misfortune, but it is also true that his tears lay so near the surface, that the subject of them was often forgotten before they were dry upon his cheek. Sterne can lay no claim to the character of a perfect knight and Christian gentleman, but his faults were faults of weakness, not of baseness; and if we must visit him with censure, not unmingled with contempt, we can still regard him certainly without repulsion, and perhaps even with affection.

Before discussing *Tristram Shandy* and *The Sentimental Journey*, it may be well briefly to refer to the charge of plagiarism, which has been made and fully sustained, against their author. There is hardly in the whole of literature an instance of such daring and wholesale robbery as Sterne practised, certainly nothing approaching to it on the part of any other writer of equal genius and fame. He stole from

French as well as English sources, from Bishop Hall, Dr. Downe, but above all from Burton. Sometimes he would convert the quaint old phraseology of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* into a thoroughly Shandean form, but more often he would not even be at this trouble. He filched whole passages, merely inverting the words, or slightly altering or adding to them. Most of the curious erudition displayed in *Tristram Shandy*, is the result of Sterne's indefatigable exploration of neglected or forgotten authors, and is reproduced from them at second hand. It is evident that the chief use of robbery of this kind would be to furnish him merely with the 'padding,' or with the embellishment of his works, and if he had had the honesty to make some sort of acknowledgment of his indebtedness to others, his plagiarism in this respect, would be no serious disparagement to his reputation. But a far more serious charge is, that the whole plan and outward shape of his great work is a direct imitation of Rabelais. The manifold digressions, the whimsical and abrupt transitions, the droll use of pedantic learning, are all copied from the great humourist: in one or two instances even, Sterne goes so far as to adopt the peculiarly Rabelaisian manner of making ludicrous catalogues—as for instance, the list of shoes in the nineteenth chapter of the sixth volume of *Tristram Shandy*. This is the more unfortunate, as in its broader aspects the humour of Sterne was akin to that of Rabelais, and if he had not attempted any imitation, if indeed he had never read a line of Rabelais, there must still have been a considerable resemblance between them. Southey shrewdly says in *The Doctor*, that every man has something of the 'Pantagruelian' spirit, and that it is only a question of degree and of difference in the manner of displaying it. Certainly, no man ever possessed it to such an abundant extent as Sterne; the misfortune

is that he should have chosen to display it by imitating the great master and creator of Pantagruelism, instead of allowing it to find a natural and original vent. Sterne has further been charged with imitating Cervantes, but here the resemblance is natural, and neither forced nor acquired. In all the finer touches of his humour, Sterne was without effort, and, without any necessity of imitation, the counterpart of Cervantes. He quotes freely from Don Quixote, a fact which, judging by his rule in cases where he undoubtedly borrowed, would go far to prove that he was not conscious of any attempt at imitation, and he invokes 'the gentle spirit of sweetest humour, who erst didst sit upon the easy pen of his beloved Cervantes.' It is more than possible that the chivalrous, and childishly eccentric Uncle Toby was suggested to him by Don Quixote, and Corporal Trim by Sancho Panza (although the last suspicion savours of insult to the memory of the worthy Corporal); but even if this be so, it would not detract a whit from their originality. The charges against Sterne may then be briefly summarized as follows: He stole from innumerable authors; he imitated Rabelais and he resembled Cervantes. To these accusations his most ardent advocate would be compelled to plead guilty, and would rely for his defence upon the fact that where Sterne stole he is weakest; where he is original he is strongest. If the philosophical reflections and curious lore which he appropriated from others were removed from his works, the really valuable part of him would not only be left intact, but would be strengthened and improved. Sterne's real genius and power lay in the Shakespearean instinct which he applied to the delineation of character; and the extent to which he plays upon our emotions, or excites our laughter, is determined by this, and not by either his thefts or his imitations. He seized upon a broad fact, but one that was hardly suspected

before, viz.: that every man, consciously or unconsciously, has a humorous side to his nature, and he illustrated this by the actions and speeches of characters, few in number certainly, but which, in consistency, charm and lifelike reality, need not yield the palm to the creations of even the greatest masters of fiction. He sometimes used what he stole, as in the case of the elder Shandy, as a help in illustrating peculiarities of character; but this does not seriously affect the originality of his creations in their entirety. Even Sterne's most exquisitely pathetic and affecting passages are evolved from, or have a direct bearing upon, the humorous or eccentric element in human nature. His intense appreciation of this, and the marvellous manner in which he communicated it to others, make Sterne a great and *absolutely original* humourist; his tenderly sensitive spirit and wide range of sympathies render him a great and *absolutely original* master of pathos. If this be conceded, Sterne's plagiarism can only reflect upon his honesty as a man, and not upon his fame as a writer.*

Sterne is one of the very few great writers who reached middle age without making any attempt at authorship. Up to his forty-sixth year he published nothing except two sermons, and then he suddenly surprised the world and gained fame at one bound, with *Tristram Shandy*. The genesis of this work, and the accident which first revealed to Sterne himself his great and peculiar powers, are traceable to a controversial pamphlet written by him, on behalf of a brother clergyman, in 1758, the year before the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy* were

published. Into the facts of this long forgotten ecclesiastical dispute, it is unnecessary to enter; Sterne's satire so terrified those against whom it was directed, that they conceded the whole matter in dispute on the sole stipulation that the pamphlet should not be made public. Accordingly for twenty years it remained in obscurity, and it would never have been unearthed, had it not possessed an interest as the germ from which sprung works which have delighted successive generations. *Tristram Shandy* occupied Sterne for eight years, and there is nothing in the plan of the work which would have prevented it from occupying him for as many more, had he lived, and had the public interest in *Tristram* continued unabated. It is very doubtful, however, whether Sterne would have prolonged it to any great extent, as the last volume, although written with undiminished vigour and charm, had produced unmistakable signs of weariness from critics and readers. A work, designed with so little real plan, can scarcely be called incomplete or fragmentary, although it may stop short of the end originally designed for it by its author; and it is in any case fortunate, that *Tristram Shandy* was brought to a close before Sterne had lost his original zest for the subject.

The well-known coarseness and indelicacy of many parts of *Tristram Shandy* have always militated against its popularity, and have in our own day rendered it *tabu* to all but those in whom genuine love of wit and humour conquer prudery, and who feel that they are strong enough to touch pitch without being defiled. Of course the universal excuse for the indecency of writers of the seventeenth, and early part of the eighteenth, centuries, applies to Sterne, viz., that the custom of the age allowed a degree of license incomprehensible to us. We have already quoted one of Sterne's letters, in which he describes himself as reading the manuscript of *Tristram Shandy* to

* Into the question of the morality of Sterne's plagiarism we have not entered; but it should be remembered in extenuation that he, a born writer and producer, had been for twenty years reading incessantly and writing not at all, so that he filled his head with other men's ideas, without at the same time acquiring that habit of separating them from his own, which can only come from early and constant practice as a writer. This excuse does not, of course, cover the whole ground, but it may partially account for the extent and apparent shamelessness of Sterne's depredations.

his wife, and using his daughter as his amanuensis, and he discusses the work freely in many other letters to female friends. These facts alone would show that, during his lifetime at least, neither he nor his readers thought that he had seriously transgressed what were then the canons of literary propriety. Although these considerations may prevent us from blaming Sterne too severely, they are obviously beside the question of the fitness or unfit-ness of *Tristram Shandy* for reading in the nineteenth century. We need something more than the mere knowl- edge that a hundred years ago such things were tolerated, to induce us to tolerate them. Our forefathers may have been used to pick the jewels of wit from the mire of grossness, but the trenchant question for us to de- cide is, whether the jewels are of such exceeding brilliancy and value that it is worth our while to risk con- tact with the mire to obtain them. In Sterne's case this question may be unhesitatingly answered in the affir- mative. Coarseness in wit is only tolerable where the humour of the situation is rendered so intense, as to completely dwarf and overpower any offensive sense of indelicacy, and al- though Sterne does not invariably at- tain to this standard, he *almost* in- variably does. Some of his improp- rieties are wearisomely long, and are so dwelt upon that the ever-present humour, which alone could justify them, fails somewhat in its effect; and — worst sin of all — he too often gloats over indecency. On the other hand, he is rarely prurient (in *Tristram Shandy* at least), and he never attempts to raise a laugh at nastiness without humour. It is curious to compare the effect pro- duced upon the mind by Fielding's coarseness and Sterne's. Fielding is by far the more daringly improper of the two, but there is a healthy, manly tone about him, which carries off the indecency, and renders it almost harm- less. Sterne, on the other hand, deals more in obscure allusions, and pre-

tends to a far greater degree of modesty than Fielding, but he strikes us as more really objectionable, because more really impure, than the author of *Tom Jones*. It is not to be expected that *Tristram Shandy* will ever again be widely read. Those humourists who can read and enjoy the works of Sterne or Congreve, or such a book as *Les Contes Drolatiques*, with such deep and innocent enjoyment as to banish all thoughts of their indecency, are few and far between. And the world has tacitly admitted this, by exclud- ing this class of literature from its cat- alogue of 'proper' books. That this is the inevitable result of a higher and purer form of outward social life, is undeniable, but, if in the cause the world is a gainer, in its effect it must be in some sort a loser. From the days of Aristophanes to those of Scar- ron, many of the best jokes, and much of the most genuine fun of mankind, have been tinged with what we rightly call impropriety. And yet when we, in our modern purity, discard all this, what an immense fund of harmless, unalloyed mirth we destroy! Who can read, without inextinguishable laughter, Uncle Toby's unrepeatable answer to Yorick, when he told him that the great Lipsius composed a book the day he was born? All such jests as these, are however, out of ac- cord with our civilization and refine- ment, and the world will have no more of them. Truly our morality may be greater, but our laughter must be less.

The foundation upon which the su- perstructure of *Tristram Shandy* mainly rests, is the contrast between the characters of the elder Shandy and his brother Toby. The one, learned, acute, and critical; the other, slow of apprehension, innocent of all book- learning, and never dogmatic except when mounted on his military hobby- horse; the one, petulant, sarcastic, and impatient of contradiction; the other, mild, straightforward and blunt; the one, dealing alternately in quaintly

learned discourses and biting innuendoes; the other homely in speech and too tender to wound with his tongue even if he had possessed the power; the one, superstitious and yet sceptical; the other, humbly trustful and blindly believing; both generous, both tender hearted, both loving, both high-minded gentlemen, to know whom is a delight and 'to love them a liberal education.' Utterly dissimilar as they are in all their leading characteristics, we yet recognize it as the most natural thing in the world that they should be brothers. The contact of these two natures, each alternately serving as a foil to the other, eccentricity on the one hand and extreme simplicity on the other, serves to illustrate Sterne's belief that every man has his humorous side. But to the elder Shandy, Sterne has provided another and more powerful foil in Mrs. Shandy, thereby still further emphasizing what we have assumed to be his theory. The union of two such opposites could not fail to elicit the humorous qualities of both, and Sterne has managed to display these with admirable genius. 'It was a consuming vexation to my father, that my mother never asked the meaning of a thing she did not understand. That she is not a woman of science, my father would say, is her misfortune; but she might ask a question—My mother never did. In short, she went out of the world at last, without knowing whether it *turned round* or stood still. My father had officiously told her, above a thousand times, which way it was; but she always forgot.' The discussion between the pair on the momentous subject of Tristram's first breeches, is so eminently characteristic, that we give it in full:—

'We should begin,' said my father, turning himself round in bed, and shifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened the debate, 'weshould begin to think, Mrs. Shandy, of putting this boy into breeches.'

'We should so,' said my mother.

'We defer it, my dear,' quoth my father, 'shamefully.'

'I think we do, Mr. Shandy,' said my mother.

'Not but the child looks extremely well,' said my father, 'in his vests and tunics.'

'He does look very well in them,' replied my mother.

'And for that reason it would be almost a sin,' added my father, 'to take him out of 'em.'

'It would so,' said my mother.

'But indeed he is growing a very tall lad,' rejoined my father.

'He is very tall for his age, indeed,' said my mother.

'I can-not (making two syllables of it) imagine,' quoth my father, 'who the deuce he takes after.'

'I cannot conceive, for my life,' said my mother.

'Humph!' said my father.

(The dialogue ceased for a moment.)

'I am very short myself,' continued my father gravely.

'You are very short, Mr. Shandy,' said my mother.

'Humph!' said my father to himself, a second time; in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little farther from my mother's, and, turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

'When he gets those breeches made,' cried my father in a higher tone, 'he'll look like a beast in 'em.'

'He will be very awkward in them at first,' replied my mother.

'And 'twill be lucky if that's the worst on't,' added my father.

'It will be very lucky,' answered my mother.

'I suppose,' replied my father—making some pause first—'he'll be exactly like other people's children.'

'Exactly,' said my mother.

'Though I shall be sorry for that,' added my father, and so the debate stopped again.

'They should be of leather,' said my father, turning himself about again.

'They will last him the longest,' said my mother.

'But he can have no linings to 'em,' replied my father.

'He cannot,' said my mother.

''Twere better to have them of fustian,' quoth my father.

'Nothing can be better,' quoth my mother.

'Except dimity,' replied my father.

''Tis best of all,' replied my mother.

'One must not give him his death, however,' interrupted my father.

'By no means,' said my mother; and so the dialogue stood still again.

'I am resolved, however,' quoth my father, breaking silence a fourth time, 'he shall have no pockets in them.'

'There is no occasion for any,' said my mother.

'I mean in his coat and waistcoat,' cried my father.

'I mean so, too,' replied my mother.

'Though, if he gets a gig or a top, — Poor souls! it is a crown and a sceptre to them—they should have where to secure it.'

'Order it as you please, Mr. Shandy,' replied my mother.

'But don't you think it right?' added my father, pressing the point home to her.

'Perfectly,' said my mother; 'if it pleases you, Mr. Shandy.'

'There's for you!' cried my father, losing temper. 'Pleases me!'

'You never will distinguish, Mrs. Shandy, nor shall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleasure and a point of convenience. This was on the Sunday night; and further this chapter sayeth not.'

The humour in which Dr. Slop is depicted is too broad and too much in the same vein to be always enjoyable. Such pleasantry, when carried to excess, is more fitted for the dissecting room than for the library. Nevertheless some of the scenes in which Dr. Slop and Susanna figure, show that at times Sterne was as capable of rollicking fun, as he was of elaborate wit and pungent humour. They may be re-

garded as forming the farcical element in the story, without which it would certainly lack something of completeness. Humourists are often induced, by the ephemeral laughter they provoke, to give us an overdose of their broadly comic characters, and this may have tempted Sterne to find in Dr. Slop, a vent for nearly all that is really offensive in his coarseness. Yorick, the indolently sarcastic parson, is, we need hardly say, a tolerably faithful portrait of the external individuality of Sterne himself. Sterne, as he appeared to those whom he knew and loved, easy, polished, generous and kind, ready of repartee and careless of its consequence, lives again in his own pages. 'And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet, at the same time, as he seldom shunned, occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony—he had but too many temptations in life of scattering his wit and his humour, his gibes and his jests, about him.'

This is not a picture of the Sterne of later days; it is the man as yet unspoilt by success, who enjoyed the reputation of being no respecter of persons, and of possessing the wittiest and sharpest tongue of any parson in the diocese.

We have as yet hardly touched upon Sterne's greatest creations, Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim. Sterne has depicted these two, the gallant, child-like soldier and his comrade-valet, with a loving hand; they have, in return, conferred upon him everlasting fame. We have already hinted that Sterne may have been indebted to Cervantes for the suggestion of Uncle Toby; and, if this be so, Sterne used the suggestion well, for Uncle Toby is not surpassed by even Don Quixote himself as the type of a chivalrous

gentleman. Like Don Quixote he possessed in so abnormal a degree courage, purity and simplicity, that he, too, might at times have met with 'the scorn of fools,' had not Sterne been kinder to his hero than was Cervantes. Uncle Toby was allowed to ride his hobby horse undisturbed by sneers or ridicule; he never came in contact with natures so coarse and vulgar as the duke and duchess who made a butt of Don Quixote's noble weakness. Even the sarcastic, petulant moods of his brother melted into love and tenderness under his sweet and artless nature, as incapable of taking as of giving offence. Upon the memorable occasion when Mr. Shandy declared that he would not have his 'brains so full of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, palisadoes, ravelins, half-moons, and such trumpery to be proprietor of Namur, and of all the towns in Flanders with it,' Uncle Toby, without the least emotion, 'looked up into my father's face with a countenance spread over with so much good-nature—so placid—so fraternal—so inexpressibly tender towards him; it penetrated my father to his heart. He rose up hastily from his chair, and seizing hold of both my Uncle Toby's hands as he spoke, "Brother Toby," said he, "I beg thy pardon—forgive, I pray thee, this rash humour which my mother gave me." "My dear, dear brother," answered my Uncle Toby, rising up by my father's help, "say no more about it; you are heartily welcome, had it been ten times as much, brother. . . ." "But it is ungenerous, replied my father, to hurt any man; a brother, worse; but to hurt a brother of such gentle manners, so unprovoking and so unresenting—'tis base; by heaven! 'tis cowardly. . . ." "You are heartily welcome, brother," quoth my Uncle Toby, "had it been fifty times as much."

Sterne possessed a Shakespearian faculty of making exceedingly exceptional beings so life-like that we ac-

cept them without question as perfectly natural, and recognize that their every action, no matter how extraordinary, results inevitably from their surroundings and the composition of their characters. That Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim should conduct with grave earnestness battles and sieges without number upon Uncle Toby's bowling green, hardly strikes us as even eccentric; laughable, of course, it is, but the laughter rarely, if ever, proceeds from a sense of the abstract absurdity of their proceedings. This shews that Sterne possessed the rare faculty of making the ideal and fanciful absolutely real, and of investing unreal characters with flesh and blood and a living personality. Dickens alone, among our great writers of fiction, was gifted in as great a degree as Sterne with the same power, but he sometimes abused, and almost nullified it, with too rank absurdities and incongruities. It is very difficult to define the qualities in a writer, which must be combined to produce this result: we may call their sum total genius, but that is simply begging the question. It is a significant fact, however, that writers who possess this power, are generally men with a vivid sense of their own individuality—men with vast personal capabilities of feeling, enjoying and suffering—men who, for want of a better word, the world calls egotists. Every scene in which Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim appear, is replete with humour or with tender pathos; and we lament the more that so many should be disfigured with gross allusions or indecent incidents. The history of Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman, admirable as it is, becomes at times almost offensive. The dilation upon even another's sensuality, in relation to a character of such childlike purity and spotlessness, has something of the same effect upon us, as though we heard a tale which connected impurity with the idea of a guileless, unsuspecting child. Corporal Trim is

in some respects the shadow of his master. He is depicted with much of the same simplicity and tenderness of heart, but with greater shrewdness and a turn of native humour, which differed from his master's, in that it was sometimes conscious, while Uncle Toby's was invariably unconscious. We laugh at Uncle Toby, always with kindly, loving laughter, but we laugh *with* Corporal Trim, when he returns such a ready repartee as that to Doctor Slop, who jeeringly asked him how he obtained his knowledge of women? 'By falling in love with a Popish clergywoman, said Trim.' Sterne emphasizes in the following apostrophe his own sense of Trim's wit and excellence: 'Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius, for he was your kinsman; weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness, for he was your brother.' The only portion of *Tristram Shandy* which is universally known now-a-days, is the story of Le Fevre; and fortunately this illustrates well the characters of, and the relations between, master and servant. The affection of Uncle Toby for his old comrade was as unspoilt by any air of patronage as was Trim's devoted loyalty by any forgetfulness of his true position: "But I would have thee never fear, Trim," replied my Uncle Toby; "and therefore," continued my Uncle Toby, throwing down his crutch, and getting up upon his legs as he said the word *therefore*—"in recompense, Trim, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy heart, I have had such proof of—whilst thy master is worth a shilling, thou shalt never ask elsewhere, Trim, for a penny." Trim attempted to thank my Uncle Toby, but had not power; tears trickled down his cheeks faster than he could wipe them off. He laid his hand upon his breast, made a bow to the ground, and shut the door.' There is no more exquisitely humorous scene in fiction than that which records the advance of these two heroes upon the residence of

Widow Wadman, when Uncle Toby determined to attack that by no means impregnable fortress. 'The Corporal had arrayed himself in poor Le Fevre's regimental coat; and with his hair tucked up under his Montero cap, which he had furbished up for the occasion, marched three paces distant from his master: a whiff of military pride had puffed out his shirt at the wrist; and upon that, in a black leather thong clipped into a tassel beyond the knot, hung the Corporal's stick—my Uncle Toby carried his cane like a pike. "It looks well, at least," quoth my father to himself.' Then ensued the long discussion between the pair within twenty paces of Mrs. Wadman's door, in the course of which Trim told the story of his brother's courtship, and they wandered of into such abstruse speculations as the following:

"A negro has a soul an' please your Honour?" said the Corporal (doubtingly). "I am not much versed, Corporal," quoth my Uncle Toby, "in things of that kind; but, I suppose, God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me."

"It would be putting one sadly over the head of another," quoth the Corporal. "It would so," said my Uncle Toby.'

Well might Mr. Shandy exclaim, as he watched their manœuvres: 'Now, what can their two noddles be about?'

Such a scene as this shows Sterne's skill in the dramatic contrast of character. There is wit enough of this kind in *Tristram Shandy* to richly furnish half-a-dozen comedies.

Every time that Sterne touches upon Uncle Toby or Corporal Trim, all that was good in his own character seems to be uppermost, and to shine and glow in his pages with genuine light and warmth. Nor can those who study these admirable creations of genius, do so without exciting the tenderest emotions and arousing the noblest desires. Deep in the heart of every man lies a buried longing to be

once more as a little child ; and the thought of such a being as Uncle Toby, with the heart of a perfect man, and the soul of a perfect child, brings back from its grave, for one fleeting moment the ghost of this sacred longing. So brave, that ' he would march up to a cannon's mouth though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole,' and yet with ' a heart as soft as a child for other people ;' honourable, simple, loving, forgiving, trusting in his God, and believing in his fellow men—where in life or in fiction, shall we find another Uncle Toby? We can, in truth, echo *Tristram Shandy's* lament, as in fancy he sees his father grieving over Toby's grave :

' When I see him cast in the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ear, O Toby ! in what corner of the world shall I seek thy fellow ?'

The Sentimental Journey is more generally known than *Tristram Shandy*, by reason of the excerpts, such as the incident of Maria, of the Starling, of the dead Ass, and others, which have been made from it. It is not to be compared, however, with Sterne's great work, either for humour or pathos, although there is in it a far greater proportion of the latter element than in *Tristram Shandy*. In the *Sentimental Journey*, Sterne made something of an effort to be entirely original, but it was at a period of his life when whatever there was of genuine simplicity in his character, had been almost entirely destroyed by his success, and by his own follies. For this reason, there is an air of insincerity, of writing for effect, which is not observable even in the latest portions of *Tristram Shandy*. The imitative faculty, and the art of adapting himself to his surroundings, were always strong in Sterne, and so far overpowered him, that in his later years he was not only sometimes an actor, but always an actor. It would perhaps be difficult to lay a finger upon precise passages in the *Sentimental Journey*

conveying this impression, but the work as a whole undoubtedly does so. The wit is still brilliant, the sentiment tender, but whilst reading it we have an irresistible feeling that we are beginning to find the author out. In spite of Sterne's loudly expressed contempt for critics, he showed himself in some degree subservient to them, by abandoning in his latest work much of the coarseness for which he had been so severely blamed. But he substituted for it an unhealthy, sickly, semi-sensual sentiment, which is far more unpleasant, and infinitely more pernicious than the outspoken grossness of *Tristram Shandy*. Those who can understand the allusions in *Tristram Shandy* are not likely to get much harm from them ; but the most innocent and ignorant could comprehend and be sullied by, some portions of the *Sentimental Journey*. Sterne was an acute observer of such things as lay upon the surface, and a lively narrator of the incidents of travel ; and the account of his journey is interesting, as giving an idea of what France a hundred years ago appeared to be to a superficial observer. Although within twenty years of the great Revolution, there is not a sign or hint in Sterne's pages, of anything unusual either in the condition or feeling of the people. He mentions distress and destitution, but not as existing in any very extraordinary degree, and he makes no attempt to inquire into their cause or probable effect. He saw French life through the spectacles of the aristocracy, who were as yet utterly unconscious of the seething volcano beneath whose shadow they dwelt. The *Sentimental Journey* is more carefully, as well as more artificially, written than *Tristram Shandy*, and it contains some passages, such as the tale of Maria, which as examples of pathetic prose, are not surpassed in our language. Judged chiefly by its style, it fully sustained Sterne's reputation for sensibility and charm, but it can add little to the enduring fame

as one of the greatest of English humourists, which belongs to him by right of *Tristram Shandy*.

Sterne published six volumes of sermons, which have hardly received full justice either during his lifetime, or since his death. The dictum of the poet Gray, that Sterne's sermons showed 'a strong imagination and a sensible head, but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter and ready to throw his perwig in the face of his audience,' has been too readily accepted, as saying all that is to be said on Sterne's merits as a preacher. Gray's criticism is obviously true, so far as it goes; Sterne now and then tried the experiment of putting the Yorick of *Tristram Shandy* into the pulpit; as for instance when he compares the wanderings of the Prodigal Son to a youth making the grand tour of Europe, accompanied by a 'bear-leader.' But on the other hand, there is much more to be said for his sermons, than that they shew imagination and sense. They are infused with a spirit of charity and benevolence, and are expressed in polished, scholarly language; they preach morality rather than dogma, and—rarest quality of all—they are eminently readable. As might be expected from Sterne's character and from the age in which he

lived, his sermons are lacking in the most essential quality; viz., earnestness proceeding from deep conviction. The deism of Addison and Pope soon developed in the clergy into an indifferentism which permeated the Church of England until the revival in the early part of the nineteenth century, and Sterne is an instance of this indifferentism in its earlier phase. There is, however, in every one of Sterne's sermons, an evident desire that men should be better and happier, and an outspoken condemnation of the vices of men and the faults of society, which, if we could forget much of Sterne's own life and some of his writings, would largely atone for his want of earnestness as a preacher.

In dealing with Sterne as a man, and as a writer, I have, without palliating his faults, tried to avoid speaking of them harshly, or in a Pharisaical spirit; I have endeavoured, chiefly by means of quotations, to show something of his humour and his pathos; and if, in so doing, I have been fortunate enough to communicate to my readers enough of my own ardent admiration for his genius, to induce them to take down *Tristram Shandy* from the bookshelf and judge for themselves, I shall be well content.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER VI.

ORUFUS DINGWELL, it is such a rainy day ! And the London street which I look out on from my hotel window presents such a dirty and such a miserable view ! Do you know, I hardly feel like the same Amelius who promised to write to you, when you left the steamer at Queenstown. My spirits are sinking ; I begin to feel old. Am I in the right state of mind to tell you what are my first impressions of London ? Perhaps I may alter my opinion. At present (this is between ourselves), I don't like London or London people—excepting two ladies, who, in very different ways, have interested and charmed me.

Who are the ladies ? I must tell you what I heard about them from Mr. Hethcote, before I present them to you on my own responsibility.

After you left us, I found the last day of the voyage to Liverpool dull enough. Mr. Hethcote did not seem to feel it in the same way : on the contrary, he grew more familiar and confidential in his talk with me. He has some of the English stiffness, you see—and your American pace was a little too fast for him. On our last night on board, we had some more conversation about the Farnabys. You were not interested enough in the subject to attend to what he said about them while you were with us—but if you are to be introduced to the ladies, you must be interested now. Let me first inform you that Mr. and Mrs. Farnaby have no children ; and let me add that they have adopted the

daughter, and orphan child, of Mrs. Farnaby's sister. This sister, it seems, died many years ago, surviving her husband for a few months only. To complete the story of the past, death has also taken old Mr. Ronald, the founder of the stationer's business, and his wife, Mr. Farnaby's mother. Dry facts these, I don't deny it—but there is something more interesting to follow. I have next to tell you how Mr. Hethcote first became acquainted with Mrs. Farnaby. Now, Rufus, we are coming to something romantic at last !

It is some time since Mr. Hethcote ceased to perform his clerical duties ; owing to a malady in the throat which made it painful for him to take his place in the reading-desk or the pulpit. His last curacy attached him to a church at the west end of London ; and here, one Sunday evening, after he had preached the sermon, a lady in trouble came to him in the vestry, for spiritual advice and consolation. She was a regular attendant at the church, and something which he had said in that evening's sermon had deeply affected her. Mr. Hethcote spoke with her afterwards, on many occasions, at home. He felt a sincere interest in her, but he disliked her husband ; and, when he gave up his curacy, he ceased to pay visits to the house. As to what Mrs. Farnaby's troubles were, I can tell you nothing. Mr. Hethcote spoke very gravely and sadly, when he told me that the subject of his conversations with her must be kept a secret. 'I doubt whether you and Mr. Farnaby

will get on well together,' he said to me. 'But I shall be astonished if you are not favourably impressed by his wife and her niece.'

This was all I knew when I presented my letter of introduction to Mr. Farnaby, at his place of business.

It was a grand stone building, with great plate-glass windows—all renewed and improved, as they told me, since old Mr. Ronald's time. My letter and my card went into an office at the back; and I followed them, after a while. A lean hard middle-sized man, buttoned up tight in a black frock coat, received me, holding my written introduction open in his hand. He had a ruddy complexion, not commonly seen in Londoners, so far as my experience goes. His iron-gray hair and whiskers (especially the whiskers) were in wonderfully fine order; as carefully oiled and combed as if he had just come out of a barber's shop. I had been in the morning to the Zoological Gardens; his eyes, when he lifted them from the letter to me, reminded me of the eyes of the eagles—glassy and cruel. I have a fault that I can't cure myself of. I like people or dislike them, at first sight, without knowing in either case whether they deserve it or not. In the one moment when our eyes first met, I felt the devil in me. In plain English, I hated Mr. Farnaby!

'Good morning, sir,' he began, in a loud, harsh, rasping voice. 'The letter you bring me takes me by surprise.'

'I thought the writer was an old friend of yours,' I said.

'An old friend of mine,' Mr. Farnaby answered, 'whose errors I deplore. When he joined your Community, I looked upon him as a lost man. I am surprised at his writing to me.'

It is quite likely I was wrong; knowing nothing of the usages of society in England. I thought this reception of me downright rude. I had laid my hat on a chair—I took it up in my hand again, and delivered a

parting-shot at the brute with the oily whiskers.

'If I had known what you now tell me,' I said, 'I should not have troubled you by presenting that letter. Good-morning.'

This didn't in the least offend him; a curious smile broke out on his face: it widened his eyes, and it twitched up his mouth at one corner. He held out his hand to stop me. I waited, in case he felt bound to make an apology. He did nothing of the sort—he only made a remark.

'You are young and hasty,' he said. 'I may lament my friend's extravagances, without failing on that account in what is due to an old friendship. You are probably not aware that we have no sympathy in England with Socialists.'

I hit him back again. 'In that case, sir, a little Socialism in England would do you no harm. We consider it a part of our duty as Christians to feel sympathy with all men who are honest in their convictions—no matter how mistaken (in our opinion) the convictions may be.' I rather thought I had him there; and I took up my hat again, to get off with the honours of victory while I had the chance.

I am sincerely ashamed of myself, Rufus, in telling you all this. I ought to have given him back 'the soft answer that turneth away wrath'—my conduct was a disgrace to my Community. What evil influence was at work in me? Was it the air of London? or was it a possession of the devil?

He stopped me for the second time—not in the least disconcerted by what I had said to him. His inbred conviction of his own superiority to a young adventurer like me was really something magnificent to witness. He did me justice—the Philistine-Pharisee did me justice! Will you believe it? He made his remarks next on my good points, as if I had been a young bull at a prize-cattle-show.

'Excuse me for noticing it,' he said.

'Your manners are perfectly gentlemanlike, and you speak English without any accent. And yet, you have been brought up in America. What does it mean?'

I grew worse and worse—I got downright sulky now.

'I suppose it means,' I answered, 'that some of us, in America, cultivate ourselves as well as our land. We have our books and music, though you seem to think we only have our axes and spades. Englishmen don't claim a monopoly of good manners at Tadmor. We see no difference between an American gentleman and an English gentleman. And, as for speaking English with an accent, the Americans accuse us of doing that.'

He smiled again. 'How very absurd!' he said, with a superb compassion for the benighted Americans. By this time, I suspect he began to feel that he had had enough of me. He got rid of me with an invitation.

'I shall be glad to receive you at my private residence, and introduce you to my wife and her niece—our adopted daughter. There is the address. We have a few friends to dinner on Saturday next, at seven. Will you give us the pleasure of your company?'

We are all aware that there is a distinction between civility and cordiality; but I myself never knew how wide that distinction was, until Mr. Farnaby invited me to dinner. If I had not been curious (after what Mr. Hethcote had told me) to see Mrs. Farnaby and her niece, I should certainly have slipped out of the engagement. As it was, I promised to dine with Oily-Whiskers.

He put his hand into mine at parting. It felt as moistly cold as a dead fish. After getting out again into the street, I turned into the first tavern I passed, and ordered a drink. Shall I tell you what else I did? I went into the lavatory, and washed Mr. Farnaby off my hand. (N.B.—If I had behaved in this way at Tadmor, I should have

been punished with the lighter penalty—taking my meals by myself, and being forbidden to enter the Common Room for eight-and-forty hours.) I feel I am getting wickeder and wickeder in London—I have half a mind, Rufus, to join you in Ireland. What does Tom Moore say of his countrymen—he ought to know, I suppose? 'For though they love woman and golden store: Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more!' They must have been all Socialists in Tom Moore's time. Just the place for me.

I have been obliged to wait a little. A dense fog has descended on us by way of variety. With a stinking coal fire, with the gas lit and the curtains drawn at half-past eleven in the forenoon, I feel that I am in my own country again at last. Patience, my friend—patience! I am coming to the ladies.

Entering Mr. Farnaby's private residence, on the appointed day, I became acquainted with one or more of the innumerable insincerities of modern English life. When a man asks you to dine with him at seven o'clock, in other countries, he means what he says. In England, he means half-past seven, and sometimes a quarter to eight. At seven o'clock, I was the only person in Mr. Farnaby's drawing-room. At ten minutes past seven, Mr. Farnaby made his appearance. I had a good mind to take his place in the middle of the hearth-rug, and say, 'Farnaby, I am glad to see you.' But I looked at his whiskers; and *they* said to me, as plainly as words could speak, 'Better not!'

In five minutes more, Mrs. Farnaby joined us.

I wish I was a practised author—or, no, I would rather, for the moment, be a competent portrait-painter, and send you Mrs. Farnaby's likeness enclosed. How I am to describe her in words I really don't know. My dear

fellow, she almost frightened me. I never before saw such a woman; I never expect to see such a woman again. There was nothing in her figure, or in her way of moving, that produced this impression on me—she is little and fat, and walks with a firm heavy step, like the step of a man. Her face is what I want to make you see as plainly as I saw it myself: it was her face that startled me.

So far as I can pretend to judge, she must have been pretty, in a plump and healthy way, when she was young. I declare I hardly know whether she is not pretty now. She certainly has no marks or wrinkles; her hair either has no gray in it, or is too light to show the gray. She has preserved her fair complexion; perhaps with art to assist it—I can't say. As for her lips—I am not speaking disrespectfully, I am only describing them truly, when I say that they invite kisses in spite of her. In two words, though she has been married (as I know from what one of the guests told me after dinner) for sixteen years, she would be still an irresistible little woman, but for the one startling drawback of her eyes. Don't mistake me. In themselves, they are large, well-opened blue eyes, and may at one time have been the chief attraction in her face. But, now, there is an expression of suffering in them—long unsoled suffering, as I believe—so despairing and so dreadful, that she really made my heart ache when I looked at her. I will swear to it, that woman lives in some secret hell of her own making; and longs for the release of death; and is so inveterately full of bodily life and strength, that she may carry her burden with her to the utmost verge of life. I am digging the pen into the paper, I feel this so strongly, and I am so wretchedly incompetent to express my feeling. Can you imagine a diseased mind, imprisoned in a healthy body? I don't care what doctors or books may say—it is that, and nothing else. Nothing else will

solve the mystery of the smooth face, the fleshy figure, the firm step, the muscular grip of her hand when she gives it to you—and the soul in torment that looks at you all the while out of her eyes. It is useless to tell me that such a contradiction as this cannot exist. I have seen the woman: and she does exist.

O, yes! I can fancy you grinning over my letter—I can hear you saying to yourself, 'Where did he pick up his experience, I wonder?' I have no experience—I only have something that serves me instead of it, and I don't know what. The Elder Brother, at Tadmor, used to say it was sympathy. But *he* is a sentimentalist.

Well, Mr. Farnaby presented me to his wife—and then walked away as if he was sick of us both, and looked out of the window.

For some reason or other, Mrs. Farnaby seemed to be surprised, for the moment, by my personal appearance. Her husband had, very likely, not told her how young I was. She got over her momentary astonishment, and, signing to me to sit by her on the sofa, said the necessary words of welcome—evidently thinking of something else all the time. The strange miserable eyes looked over my shoulder, instead of looking at me.

'Mr. Farnaby tells me you have been living in America.'

The tone in which she spoke was curiously quiet and monotonous. I have heard such tones, in the far West, from lonely settlers without a neighbouring soul to speak to. Has Mrs. Farnaby no neighbouring soul to speak to, except at dinner-parties?

'You are an Englishman, are you not?' she went on.

I said Yes, and cast about in my mind for something to say to her. She saved me the trouble by making me the victim of a complete series of questions. This, as I afterwards discovered, was *her* way of finding conversation for strangers. Have you ever met with absent-minded people to whom it

is a relief to ask questions mechanically, without feeling the slightest interest in the answers?

She began. 'Where did you live in America?'

'At Tadmor, in the State of Illinois.'

'What sort of place is Tadmor?'

I described the place as well as I could, under the circumstances.

'What made you go to Tadmor?'

It was impossible to reply to this, without speaking of the Community. Feeling that the subject was not in the least likely to interest her, I spoke as briefly as I could. To my astonishment, I evidently began to interest her from that moment. The series of questions went on—but, now, she not only listened, she was eager for the answers.

'Are there any women among you?'

'Nearly as many women as men.'

Another change! Over the weary misery of her eyes there flashed a bright look of interest which completely transfigured them. Her articulation even quickened when she put her next question.

'Are any of the women friendless creatures, who came to you from England?'

'Yes, some of them.'

I thought of Mellicent as I spoke. Was this new interest that I had so innocently aroused, an interest in Mellicent? Her next question only added to my perplexity. Her next question proved that my guess had completely failed to hit the mark.

'Are there any *young* women among them?'

Mr. Farnaby, standing with his back to us thus far, suddenly turned and looked at her, when she inquired if there were 'young' women among us.

'O, yes,' I said. 'Mere girls.'

She pressed so near to me that her knees touched mine. 'How old?' she asked eagerly.

Mr. Farnaby left the window,

walked close up to the sofa, and deliberately interrupted us.

'Nasty, muggy weather, isn't it,' he said. 'I suppose the climate of America—'

Mrs. Farnaby deliberately interrupted her husband. 'How old?' she repeated, in a louder tone.

I was bound of course to answer the lady of the house. 'Some girls from eighteen to twenty. And some younger.'

'How much younger?'

'O, from sixteen to seventeen.'

She grew more and more excited; she positively laid her hand on my arm in her eagerness to secure my attention all to herself. 'American girls or English?' she resumed, her fat firm fingers closing on me like a vice.

'Shall you be in town in November?' said Mr. Farnaby, purposely interrupting us again. 'If you would like to see the Lord Mayor's Show—'

Mrs. Farnaby impatiently shook me by the arm. 'American girls or English?' she reiterated, more obstinately than ever.

Mr. Farnaby gave her one look. If he could have put her on the blazing fire and have burnt her up in an instant by an effort of will, I believe he would have made the effort. He saw that I was observing him, and turned quickly from his wife to me. His ruddy face was pale with suppressed rage as he spoke to me. 'Come and see my pictures,' he said.

His wife still held me fast. Whether he liked it or not, I had again no choice but to answer her. 'Some American girls, and some English,' I said.

Her eyes opened wider and wider in unutterable expectation. She suddenly advanced her face so close to mine that I felt her hot breath on my cheeks as the next words burst their way through her lips.

'Born in England?'

'No. Born at Tadmor.'

She dropped my arm. The light died out of her eyes in an instant;

they wandered away again as if my very presence in the room had ceased to impress itself on her mind. In some inconceivable way, I had utterly destroyed some secret expectation that she had fixed on me. She actually left me on the sofa, and took a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace. Mr. Farnaby, turning paler and paler, stepped up to her as she changed her place. I rose to look at the pictures on the wall nearest to me. You remarked the extraordinary keenness of my sense of hearing while we were fellow-passengers on the steamship. When he stooped over her, and whispered in her ear, I heard him—though nearly the whole breadth of the room was between us. ‘You hell-cat!’—that was what Mr. Farnaby said to his wife.

The clock on the mantelpiece struck the half hour after seven. In quick succession, the guests at the dinner now entered the room.

I was so staggered by the extraordinary scene of married life which I had just witnessed, that the guests produced only a very faint impression upon me. My mind was absorbed in trying to find the true meaning of what I had seen and heard. Was Mrs. Farnaby a little mad? I dismissed that idea as soon as it occurred to me; nothing that I had observed in her justified it. The truer conclusion appeared to be, that she was deeply interested in some absent (and possibly lost) young creature); whose age, judging by actions and tones which had sufficiently revealed that part of the secret to me, could not be more than sixteen or seventeen years. How long had she cherished the hope of seeing the girl, or hearing of her? It must have been anyhow a hope very deeply rooted—for she had been perfectly incapable of controlling herself when I had accidentally roused it. As for her husband, there could be no

doubt that the subject was not merely distasteful to him, but so absolutely infuriating that he could not even keep his temper, in the presence of a third person invited to his house. Had he injured the girl in any way? Was he responsible for her disappearance? Did his wife know it, or only suspect it? Who *was* the girl? What was the secret of Mrs. Farnaby’s extraordinary interest in her—Mrs. Farnaby, whose marriage was childless; whose interest one would have thought should be naturally concentrated on her adopted daughter, her sister’s orphan child? In conjectures such as these, I completely lost myself. Let me hear what your ingenuity can make of the puzzle; and let me return to Mr. Farnaby’s dinner, waiting on Mr. Farnaby’s table.

The servant threw open the drawing-room door, and the most honoured guest present led Mrs. Farnaby to the dining-room. I roused myself to some observation of what was going on about me. No ladies had been invited; and the men were all of a certain age. I looked in vain for the charming niece. Was she not well enough to appear at the dinner party? I ventured on putting the question to Mr. Farnaby.

‘You will find her at the tea-table, when we return to the drawing-room. Girls are out of place at dinner-parties.’ So he answered me—not very graciously.

As I stepped out on the landing, I looked up; I don’t know why, unless I was the unconscious object of magnetic attraction. Anyhow, I had my reward. A bright young face peeped over the balusters of the upper staircase, and modestly withdrew itself again in a violent hurry. Everybody but Mr. Farnaby and myself had disappeared in the dining-room. Was she having a peep at the young Socialist?

(To be continued.)

NIAGARA.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

HUSHED is the world of sound, the universe
 Of waters! But 'neath the contorted splendour
 Of fossilized tumult flows the river
 Passionate for the sea, and moving thwart
 The scene—like a moon in northern heavens,
 More palpable, more beautiful than all
 The stars that bicker coldly round their queen—
 I see that figure over which my heart
 Is drawn till there's no room, no coign of shelter
 For the smallest winged affection, come
 From whence it may; I see 'i' the mind's eye,
 That essence of symmetry to which the whole
 Landscape is for me but one great background
 Of wild sublimity; nothing bright is there
 But the strong sweet face and those chaste eyes that shame
 The reflected sunshine of diamond spray
 Or frosty spar, and shine within my soul
 For ever, making it more pure, more noble
 For the sweet sake of mirroring them.

Where—where is the wild passionate plunge,
 When all the sky was summer, and glad birds
 Sang, skimming the while the creamy foam,
 And jewelled drops sparkling mounting heavenward—
 Where the continent-shaking roar, the hiss
 As of infinite ruin—the watery avalanche?
 Is all this passionate life dead? Not so.
 Necessity has laid his iron hand
 Upon the river's neck and violent chained
 It into sullen slavery—dire bondage
 Which is only not despair. Listen, and you
 Will hear the protesting murmur. Look, and you
 Will see the image of its power in calm
 Sufferance. So the proud heart's cry
 Is hushed. It scarcely murmurs, but within
 Deep is the unchanging love, the unfaltering purpose,
 The persistent movement towards the distant goal.
 High hopes that burned like stars sublime go down
 With the changing hours of our small life, too long
 For suffering and too short for love. But with
 The recurring season come the stars. Sweet hope
 Likewise returns. The birds now silent will
 Again fling wide their melodies. Yes, life

Is in the frozen bough, and life and power
 In those dead waters, frost embalmed, as for
 An eternal idolatry. With the vernal hour
 The hoary bandages will snap, the giant
 Toss his arms and leap into the abyss,
 And shout with mighty joy. When comes the hour
 When the Niagara in my breast may speak ?

The gods are cruel, filling bosoms small
 With infinite desires ; the eagle's heart
 And eye—and circumstance's narrow cage.
 We are the fools of fate in all we aim
 At, and in all we are. We love the star
 But cannot scale the sky ; a woman fair
 As our first mother when she plucked the fruit,
 To find our fondest vows are held at naught ;
 And the one form which might have made our life
 All that an eager boyhood fondly dreamed
 Of nobleness, of purity, of greatness,
 Of ample usefulness crowned by an age
 Of honour, solaced meanwhile by the heart's
 Dear guerdon of a responsive heart, through years
 Of mutual tendence, woman's sympathy—
 Diviner than all worship—met by worship
 Bathing her in the vast tenderness
 Of an all circling love stronger than death,—
 That form becomes a ghost that glimmers thro'
 The darkening years.

Tears ! 'tis time to close

This reverie. The stern world is round
 Me ; gain, intrigue, treachery, low desire,
 Plot and counterplot. Now my heart is steeled ;
 My brow is calm once more. Into the battle
 Like a man : surely not less strong, because
 Near thee for ever more—like the twin gods
 Who, calm where all was turmoil, ruled the fight
 By Lake Regillus—is the divinity
 Of dayland and of dreamland : now as in
 That hall where first thy pulse took fire, and now
 As in that only hour when the eye seemed
 To melt into a softer tone, if melt
 It did, and thy fond heart was not the fool
 Of its own yearning ; last, mid nature in
 Her grandest mood—the icy river's back,
 The wan white waste of all-involving snow,
 The frozen mimicry of Titanic towers,
 In ruin of arch and column meant to scale
 The heavens and menace Jove.

ADDISON.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

THE civil wars had expended themselves. 'The right divine of kings to govern wrong' had been set aside. Cromwell had shown how kings should reign and princes decree justice. The second Charles had restored court rule, court intrigue, and court profligacy. William of Orange had inaugurated constitutional government, and himself set the noblest example of self-sacrifice and heroic patriotism. The reign of Queen Anne was like a mild evening after a stormy sunset, not without its delusive star-lights, deceitful meteors, and frequent disturbances in the political heavens. They were altogether tranquil times, however. Men could breathe more calmly, they could think more quietly. Life returned to, or found, its natural channel. It was not the artificial times of the Plantagenets and the Tudors; it was not the tumultuous years of the Stuarts, or the Revolutionary period. The Lord and the Squire could enjoy their estates, and be the centre of a beneficent influence to the neighbourhood around. It may be questioned if a Roger De Coverley would have been possible in a former age, and among all the characters of Shakespeare we do not know of anything like Will Wimble. It was in these times that Addison emerged on the horizon of literature. Addison is unique in literature. Among all our classics, if we would select one name that would be more representative than another of the literary character, it would be Addison's. He has not the towering genius of Shakespeare, nor the grandeur or sublimity of Milton, nor the intellectual vigour, perhaps, of

Dryden, nor the polished and discursive muse of Pope—but as an essayist, and in his peculiar view of wit and humour, he is unrivalled. There were essayists before his time, as Dryden, and Cowley, and Sir Wm. Temple; Swift was a pamphleteer rather than an essayist. There have been essayists since his time, as Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Charles Lamb, and Leigh Hunt, and De Quincey. But Addison stands out among them all, and above them all, in felicity of style, in serene breadth and majesty of intellect, in genial and acute observation of character, and delicate and quiet touches of humour. Charles Lamb's humour was quite different from Addison's. It partakes more of the character of badinage or jocularity; he says nothing but with a double entendre; he is sportive when he is most serious. Addison's humour is more humane; it plays with the foibles and peccadilloes of mankind; it is a gentle hand laid upon the faults and failings of humanity. Swift's humour is saturnine; it is broad and farcical rather than airy and trenchant. Johnson was a moralist and nothing else—of how sturdy a character and in what rotund periods, every one knows. Our more recent essayists had not the same purpose as Steele and Addison. They deal more with matters of taste and vertu, and nothing could be more charming than some of Leigh Hunt's brief essays. Steele and Addison wrote to improve society, to correct the prejudices of the age, to castigate its vices, and to induce a more generous and genial tone of thought and manners. It is on the

papers of the *Spectator* and *Tatler* and *Guardian* that Addison's fame chiefly rests. It was altogether an original vein that was struck out in these papers. Even Steele differs from Addison, as his papers are of a harder grain or texture, have not the grace or felicity of Addison's, are more matter of fact; there are more breaks and impediments in their course, while the current of Addison's thought flows in an uninterrupted stream, and compasses every turn and humour of the mind.

The modern essayist has a great advantage over the essayist of the times of Addison and Steele. Both science and literature have taken immense strides since their time. There is a fertile field of suggestion in the very subject matter of literature and science; a writer now can borrow analogies from sources that were unknown in a former age. A great impulse too has been given of late years to the imaginative element in literature. We have now often as fine poetry in prose as in poetry itself, if we may be allowed the paradox. There is a play of mind too in modern writings that was unknown to any former period of literature—as in the essays of Elia—in the 'Seer' of Leigh Hunt or the 'Dreamthorpe' of Alexander Smith. The play of mind in Addison and Steele is either in the way of humour or irony—seldom satire—and is not for its own sake, but for the sake of some ulterior purpose, whether of moral or social improvement. We have a fine instance in point in the papers containing the sketch of Sir Roger De Coverley. There is exquisite humour, for example, in the circumstance of Sir Roger having as his chaplain a gentleman, not without the reputation of a scholar, but especially selected on the ground that he would not be likely to insult his patron with Greek or Latin at his own table, and who withal was a man of sociable temper, good sense, and understood a little of back-gammon. Sir Roger exhibits as much good humour as originality in the plan which he

adopted with the Sunday ministrations of his clerical friend and companion. 'At his first settling with me,' said Sir Roger, 'I made him a present of all the good sermons that have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally and make a continued system of practical divinity.' The *Spectator's* reference to this plan of Sir Roger follows in this wise: 'As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us, and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.' The *Spectator* continues: 'I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.' Something of this practice, not so systematically pursued, is not uncommon, we

believe, in many of the parishes of England at the present day. There was some honesty, certainly, in the practice as followed by Sir Roger, and approved by his friend the *Spectator*. Sir Roger's relations with the perverse widow form another instance in point, and are exceedingly amusing. The humour is racy and the wit harmless. The widow was too much, it would seem, for the simple-minded baronet, and was altogether too clever and accomplished to succumb at once to the advances of one who was speechless in the lady's presence, and thus reminds you of another Roger, in Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd,' who was equally at a loss in pleading his cause with his gentle innamorata.

'And what would Roger say, if he could speak?'

The hand of this beautiful widow seems to have made a particular impression on the imagination of Sir Roger. 'She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world.' Poor Sir Roger did not obtain this lady's hand, and hence his customary mode of reference to widows ever after. 'You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow,' whispers Sir Roger in the play-house, when listening to the 'distressed mother,' adapted from Racine's 'Andromaque,' on the occasion of the obstinate refusal of the great Hector's widow to the importunities of Pyrrhus. The elder Mr. Weller advises his son to beware of 'Vidders.' Sir Roger's quarrel with the class did not proceed exactly from the same cause, but there is very much of the same kindly humour in the allusions of both parties regarding them.

We have already made reference to the character of Will Wimble. The terms on which he seems to have been with Sir Roger De Coverley, and his whole mode of acting as observed by the *Spectator*, are finely touched, and the subject is thus improved by the latter in a paper dictated from Sir Roger's residence in the country.

'Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but consider with a great deal of concern, how so good a heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications.'

The *Spectator* further moralises.

'Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at Divinity, Law, or Physic, and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions.'

The character of Will Wimble is the type of many a younger scion of noble or wealthy houses, a consequence in some degree of the laws of primogeniture, which prevail in other countries; though it is questionable if more good would not be sacrificed than gained by the abolition of these laws. Perhaps the correction of the

particular evil is not in the abolition, but in the modification, to some extent, of the laws in question, so that the younger members of great and noble houses may not be left altogether unprovided for, while yet the prestige of family, descending from generation to generation, with its sanitary influence upon society and the body politic, may be preserved entire.

Addison's peculiar humour is seen in all the subjects of his papers, that partake of this character. The peculiarities of his times no doubt afforded him these, as every age has its own peculiarities. Those of our age are well shown up in Punch, Dickens and Thackeray. It is from a higher elevation, however, that Addison looks down upon the follies of his time. He was better qualified, perhaps, than most men for being the censor of abuses, and the corrector of manners. He could afford to be indulgent, while he was most severe; he condones even while he condemns. His pen is not dipt in gall. He has not the scowl of the cynic, or the grin of the satirist. He does not wield the lash of the executioner, nor the birch of the pedagogue. He looks with kindly eye upon the very follies which he chastises, while his moral instincts lead him to recoil from all that is base in purpose and unworthy in conduct. Addison himself lived in a pure air and breathed a serene atmosphere. He reminds one of the picture of Neptune, as drawn by Virgil, lifting his head above the waves, and calming them with his trident.

alto
Prospiciens, summâ placidum caput extulit unda.

Addison was a good man. He did not affect the arrogance of disowning his maker, and repudiating his worship. He did not find his honour, like some of our modern literary chiefs, in seeing no God beneath law, or at most some unknown power, which was yet undefinable, except as a power that existed behind all law

and all phenomena. Addison, no doubt, recognized as clearly as any others the mystery of an infinite being who was yet a personality, but he preferred that mystery to owning to, or confessing, a power that was no personality, that had no origin or source of being either in itself, or anything else, and wrought for definite intentions, yet without any purposes of intelligence. Addison bowed before the mystery of an uncreated and eternal existence, who created all things, that gave law to the universe, and yet endowed man with an intelligence of his own, and with a power of choosing and willing and acting like Himself, and side by side with Himself in the very universe He had created. Addison believed also in the distinctive doctrines of the Gospel. He was engaged in writing a defence of Christianity when death prematurely put an end to his career. His hymns breathe the spirit of true piety and humble faith in the divine merits of the Saviour. Any expressions that seem to have another meaning or tendency, are quite capable of an evangelical interpretation. Many of his papers in the *Spectator* are designed to commend religion, or at least serious thought, to the attention and acceptance of those who were not accessible to works of a more professedly religious character.

It has been alleged that Addison, in his private intercourse, exhibited not the most amiable disposition towards his friends, while he was characterized by envy and jealousy, it would seem, towards his rivals. He even quarrelled, it is said, with Steele; and Pope and Swift both shared his animosity. There is surely, however, some mistake in all this. Steele's friendship continued to the last; and the cordiality, and even enthusiasm, with which he uniformly spoke of him, is inconsistent with such a view. A different course of political conduct occasioned, not an estrangement, but a certain distance between the friends;

but this was only for a time, and when they met, as they still met, their intercourse was quite unreserved, and they talked of all matters with all the confidence and freedom of former years. Addison's wiser course of action obtained for him political promotion, while Steele, by his imprudence, shut himself out from that. Addison had himself some patronage to bestow, and he conferred it upon Tickell. Steele may have felt aggrieved, but this was very different from final alienation and estrangement. Addison was incapable of cherishing animosity against a human being. His character was of too singular an elevation for this, and he was too free from all acerbity of temper. He, of all men, had no reason for envy, and there is not the slightest trace of such a disposition in his writings. These are remarkable, on the contrary, for their superiority to all littleness of feeling, and evince the largest and most generous sympathies. He early noticed Pope's merits as an author, but in his reference to the 'Essay on Criticism' he regretted that so excellent a writer should allow himself to descend to personalities. This was an offence which Pope could not forgive, and with some other offences, more imaginary than real, which have not been proved, but, on the contrary, have been shown to have been impossible, created that breach between the two great magnates of literature which is handed down to posterity in the most classic stanzas of all Pope's most classic compositions. It was politics also that divided Swift and Addison. It was no personal quarrel. It were strange, indeed, if the Addison of the *Spectator* could be the Addison that could not live in friendship with his fellow-beings, and carried in his bosom a rankling antipathy to all rivals. We were greatly relieved in regard to the particular allegation to which we have referred, when we read these generous words in Macaulay :—

'To Addison we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey. Some blemishes may undoubtedly be detected in his character ; but the more carefully it is examined, the more will it appear, to use the phrase of the old anatomists, sound in the noble parts, free from all taint of perfidy, of cowardice, of cruelty, of ingratitude, of envy. Men may easily be named, in whom some particular good disposition has been more conspicuous than Addison. But the just harmony of qualities, the exact temper between the stern and the humane virtues, the habitual observance of every law, not only of moral rectitude, but of moral grace and dignity, distinguished him from all men who have been tried by equally strong temptations, and about whose conduct we possess equally full information.'

This is enough, but all that we knew of Addison before, and the general impression made on us by his writings would have been his ample vindication. We could not allow ourselves to think of Addison otherwise than as he has drawn himself in the character of the *Spectator*, and as he consistently exhibits himself in that character. The *Spectator* is Addison's own idea, and as he is the original of the sketch, the character is worthy of the place which it holds in literature, and of the club which it has immortalized with his name.

The peculiar wit and humour of the *Spectator* are seen in such papers as these : 'On Fashions,' 'On Country Manners,' 'On Patches,' 'On Gossip,' and 'Tittle Tattle,' 'On Polite Conversation,' 'On Mystery and Innuendo,' 'On Practical Jokes,' &c.

It was an ingenious way which Addison took in the latter of these papers, viz., as a correspondent of the *Spectator*, to rebuke certain habits prevailing in his time, and common enough at all times, without giving direct offence to

any who might be conscious of the particular vice or practice. We cannot forbear making the following quotation :

After giving an account of certain whims—practical jokes—put in practice by one of the wits of the previous age, the correspondent goes on to say ;

‘ Now, sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no moral in these jests, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of unluckiness than wit. However, as it is natural for one man to refine upon the thought of another, and impossible for any single person, how great soever his parts may be, to invent an art and bring it to its utmost perfection, I shall here give you an account of an honest gentleman of my acquaintance, who, upon hearing the character of the wit above mentioned, has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind. He invited half a dozen of his friends one day to dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting certain redundant phrases in their discourse, as ‘ D’ye hear me,’ ‘ D’ye see,’ ‘ That is,’ ‘ And so, sir.’ Each of the guests making frequent use of his particular elegance appeared so ridiculous to his neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the company ; by this means, before they had sat long together, every one talking with the greatest circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite expletive, the conversation was cleared of its redundancies, and had a greater quantity of sense though less of sound in it.

‘ The same well-meaning gentleman took occasion at another time to bring together such of his friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual custom of swearing. In order to show them the absurdity of the practice, he had recourse to the invention above mentioned, having placed an amanuensis in a private part of the room. After the second bottle, when men open

their minds without reserve, my honest friend began to take notice of the many sonorous but unnecessary words that had passed in his house since their sitting down at table, and how much good conversation they had lost by giving way to such superfluous phrases. ‘ What a tax,’ says he, ‘ would they have raised for the poor, had we put the laws in execution upon one another.’ Every one took the gentle reproof in good part upon which he told them that knowing their conversation would have no secrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in writing, and for the humour’s sake would read it to them, if they pleased. There were ten sheets of it which might have been reduced to two, had there not been those abominable interpolations I have before mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold blood, it looked rather like a conference of fiends than of men. In short, every one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly what he pronounced amidst the heat and inadvertency of discourse.’

The papers on ‘ Imagination,’ by Addison, are characterized by great ingenuity and originality of view, anticipating in many cases the views of Uvedale Price, Burke, and Alison, in their several works on kindred subjects. Not that we charge these authors with want of originality themselves, or with appropriation from Addison ; but they must have seen Addison’s papers, and approving, as they could not fail to do, of his views generally, these became part of the texture of their own minds, and came out very much of the same pattern, or in the same line of thought. So identical often are the opinions and criticisms of the latter with those which Addison has expressed or embodied in his essay. We are not sure but Akenside has been indebted to the same source for many of the thoughts that made his poem such a repertory of philosophic criticism, as it is an example itself of exquisite imagination. Akenside has taken the very divisions

of his subject from Addison, although these are followed up with the enthusiasm of the poet rather than the nicer discrimination of the essayist.

Addison considers imagination singly in its action with reference to the external world, borrowing its images from the objects of sight, and deriving all its pleasure from that source; it is not the higher kind of imagination, creating analogies from worlds which sight has never reached, out of the depths of the unconscious (to use a phrase of Carlyle's), and in the sovereignty of its own prerogative. Addison never thinks it necessary to define imagination, and furnishes no account of the way in which it acts and imparts such pleasure to its subject. Imagination all the while is rather the mind itself, and it is the action of the mind on things great, or novel, or beautiful, which constitutes that power. The susceptibility of receiving impressions from great, novel, or beautiful objects is imagination. Greatness, novelty, and beauty, are constituents of the faculty which is said to receive pleasure from these sources. Imagination also rather creates beauty, and it seems to be a misplacing of things to say that it derives pleasure from that which it creates. Is this not like saying that it creates its own pleasure? There seems some confusion, also, or mixing of things, to make nature and art reciprocally the magazine from which each draws its power over the imagination, while it is the imagination, in great measure, which puts its power into either. Imagination does not derive any pleasure from nature or art which it does not first put into it, by investing it with what power it possesses. Had Addison's theme been the influence of nature and art over the mind through imagination it would have been more intelligible, and more consistent; and his observations would then have had all the merit which we recognize in them, abating the particular confusion which we have taken exception to. The observations, not-

withstanding any exceptions, are often very ingenious, and very subtle, and expressed in language appropriate and felicitous. Nothing could exceed the harmony and beauty and simple grace often of the sentences. We linger over them and say, 'How exquisite! how beautiful!' We could wish to make quotations, but we would hardly know where to stop, and we might be tempted to multiply selections beyond the limits of an article, or the space at command.

Addison's criticism of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' has been justly admired. It was the first pronounced criticism on Milton. It was so heartily done—at such length—with such elaborateness. It was so learned—drawing its own principles from Aristotle's 'Poetics,' showing such a familiarity with Homer and Virgil—these princes of song—and putting you almost upon the same terms of intimacy with the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the Æneid, as with the 'Paradise Lost' itself. Very suggestive hints also are taken from the 'De Arte Poetica,' of Horace, Quintilian, and Longinus—so that one way and another you feel on the most learned terms with the great Epic poet, while every opinion of the critic is guarded and fortified by a reference to one or other of these classic authorities. There is enough, however, of Addison's own, in the way of subtle observation, and refined criticism, to stamp the papers with much originality and value. To apply the principles, to detect their application, was almost as much as to lay down the principles originally himself. One has the happiness, as he reads, of seeing his own selected or favourite passages pointed out by the critic, their peculiar excellencies dwelt upon, and not seldom the same blemishes fastened upon for animadversion which had drawn forth his own unfavourable judgment. Altogether Addison's papers on Milton occupy twenty-one numbers of the *Spectator*, published on the Saturdays to afford Sunday reading to the great literary public to

which the *Spectator* appealed. The great London public and gentry of England in their country seats, many a Sir Roger De Coverley, and others, no doubt, with more competent minds, might be worse occupied than in reading these papers. Shelley once said that but for Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' Christianity would have had a fair chance of being forgotten at some future, and, I suppose, no very distant day. Well, at all events, if there was much to repel from the Bible there was much to attract in these criticisms, while they served to break down the great poem for more incapable readers. The high-spiced matter of the poem itself was somewhat diluted for the ordinary palate; and it was one thing to accept the views as expressed by the poet, and quite another to see them in the criticism of so amiable an authority, and so moderate a judge of theological questions, as Addison. The beauties of Milton are finely pointed out, and are almost enhanced by the setting which Addison gives them. They are like chosen pictures culled from a portfolio, and you can contemplate them at your leisure, and scan them without fatigue; for the strain is considerable to read Milton, and few indeed have the courage to undertake the task, and may even break down in the effort.

Both the papers on 'Imagination' and the criticism of Milton give an intrinsic value to the *Spectator* above the more fugitive pieces; and yet these very fugitive pieces, perhaps, exercised a more salutary influence socially at the time. We have no doubt they contributed much to that amenity of manners which succeeded the period of the Charleses and the Revolution. Addison even moulded the English language to its present simpler and more idiomatic form. His style became a model for future ages, and the same felicity and delicacy of expression have been handed down to our own day. Gray and Goldsmith were formed upon Addison, and there

is nothing we are more familiar with in the writings of our time than the sentences of Addison. Many of our present essayists have the command of a style equally pure, sententious and happy. That does not detract from the merit of Addison, and we recur to the fountain-head, not exactly 'the pure well of English undefiled,' but the simple idiomatic English which Addison introduced, with the same pleasure as ever, and as if he had not a successor.

The papers of the *Tatler* and *Guardian*, and, we may add, the *Freeholder*, bear the stamp and character of the essays of the *Spectator*. They bear unmistakably the signature of Addison's genius. There is the same inimitable humour, the same graceful innuendo, the same amiable play of wit, the same power of ridicule, though that is never wielded to wound, but to correct and improve. The *Freeholder*, as its name would indicate, has more of a political aim or object. It was written mainly in opposition to the designs of those who sought the restoration of the Stuart dynasty, in the interest, therefore, of the Protestant succession, and against a Popish ascendancy. There is accordingly, perhaps, greater nerve in the style of its papers, more point and pungency; and the sentences have more of the rounded and periodic character than the easy and simple grace that so eminently distinguished the *Spectator*. 'The Political Creed of a Tory Malcontent,' and 'The Character and Conversation of a Tory Fox-hunter' could not be surpassed in effective sarcasm and delicate irony.

Addison's poetry does not take the same rank with his prose; he is the essayist rather than the poet. There is elegance and harmony in his heroic couplets—fine thoughts finely expressed—especially in his 'Letter from Italy to Charles, Lord Halifax,' and his 'Lines addressed to Sir Godfrey Kneller.' His 'Campaign' also has fine stanzas. But there is little

imagination in the highest sense of the term. We fail to see those ingenious analogies which Macaulay detected. There is fine sentiment, but nothing of that fine play of emotion in which true poetry consists. It is different, however, with his sacred poems. There Addison possessed the very emotion essential to the composition; his hymns are finely devout, and there are in every verse those graceful turns of thought which constitute such an element of excellence in his essays. Nothing could well be finer than the hymn commencing:

'How are Thy servants blessed, O Lord!'

Or, again, that hymn which is committed to memory in every pious household:

'When all Thy mercies, O my God,' &c.

The little ode,

'The spacious firmament on high,' &c.,

is about perfect in its structure and thought as a hymn of praise to the Creator. How is it associated with the finest reminiscences of one's early days!

There is a fine lyrical flow in 'Rosalind;' there is more fancy than in his other compositions, but the piece contains some false rhymes. It is loose in its structure, and altogether it is more like the composition of a youth in his first attempts at poetry than a serious effort of the essayist of the *Spectator*. It shows, however, the versatility of the author's mind.

The comedy of the 'Drummer' has a poor plot; the wit is good, and the situations are amusing, but there is more indelicacy of allusion than we would expect from Addison. It may be on that account that some critics have doubted whether it was really Addison's production. But Macaulay thinks it bears internal evidence of having been Addison's. He thinks it contains passages which no other author known to him could have produced.

The 'Cato' is declamation rather than poetry. It is too stilted; it wants the freedom and the action of the true drama. The utterances of Cato and Portius are like the studied periods of the Stoic philosopher declaiming to his disciples, rather than the natural language of ordinary dialogue. How different from the lightning flashes of Shakespeare, occurring just in the ordinary speech of the 'dramatis personæ,' yet laying open the deep crevasses of providence, and letting in unexpected light on its darkest mysteries! Compare the soliloquy of Cato with that of Hamlet! Lucia and Marcia discourse love in a most decorous spirit, and the former finds in the death of Marcus only an opportune occasion for giving free vent to her love for Portius, which she had resolved to stifle as long as Marcus lived. Roman ladies, however, are not to be judged by ordinary rules; and we could admire the self-denial of Lucia if we could believe it consistent with the strong passion she expresses for Portius. The drama, however, had most signal success when brought out on the stage, the declamations about liberty suiting the temper of the times, and the Tories and Whigs respectively determined not to be outdone, the one by the other, in the applause with which they greeted the sentiments of the drama.

It would extend our article to an undue length to dwell upon Addison's character, which was the purest. Never perhaps was there a purer mind; his amiableness, which was evidenced by the long friendship with Steele; with but slight interruption from political causes; his religious sentiments which he never concealed, and which had expression in some of the most classic compositions in our hymnology; his political career which was unstained by servility, and never stooped to venality; the particulars of his life; his tour on the continent; his shrewd and often ingenious observations on the different countries through which

his routelay ; his treatise on medals, with other compositions which it would be useless to particularize. Addison is too much identified with the *Spectator* and the other serial essays, to be anything else, at least so far as the literary world cares ; and we have little, therefore, to detain us beyond what he was in these daily or weekly sheets, to invite remark or to call for panegyric. We think of him chiefly as Addison of the *Spectator*, and any-

thing else is almost an impertinence at all events even the drama we have named, although it obtained considerable praise from contemporary critics, and was enacted with applause amid the conflicting interests of Whig and Tory, before a theatre packed with these rival parties, little disturbs the one idea under which he is contemplated, and by which his fame will be handed down to all succeeding ages.

SONNETS,

BY JOHN READE.

I.

POOR is the virtue that must be cajoled
 By pulpit promises of vague delight,
 Of gates of pearls and streets of glassy gold,
 And all that can beguile taste, ear or sight.
 It matters not on which side of the tomb
 The bribe be set, a bribe it still remains.
 Choose virtue, though with poverty and chains,
 Whate'er in this world or the next thy doom.
 Why with conditions cumber thus the choice
 On which true life and blessedness depend ?
 Why mar the message of the Heavenly Voice,
 Making a vulgar means the glorious end ?
 Religion's true philosophy lies stored
 In this : Do right ; therein find thy reward.

II.

Dost think it was by covetous eagerness
 Saint John from Patmos saw the glorious scene
 Of God's own city ? Or, would he the less
 Have faced the death of torture, had there been
 No heaven save the love that was between
 Him and the Master on whose breast he lay
 On the sad eve of that most awful day
 When the offended sun withdrew his sheen
 From an ungrateful world ? Nay ; such reward
 Comes not to those who make reward their aim.
 Saint John loved Christ when bowed with pain and shame,
 And on his love to Heaven with Him soared.
 Thus only is the Blissful Vision given—
 For God is Love and Love is God and Heaven.

HALIFAX.

BY JAMES WHITMAN, B.A.

THE early settlement of the British American colonies was effected by the most liberal assistance from the Home Government. The first settlement of Halifax consisted of emigrants to the number of 2,576 souls, embarked in thirteen transports under charge of the Honourable Edward Cornwallis, who succeeded Mascarene as Governor of Nova Scotia, and arrived at Chebucto (as the present site of Halifax was then called) on the 22nd June, 1749. To these, and all who desired to emigrate to Nova Scotia, the British Government of that day offered the following exceedingly liberal inducements:—A free passage, and subsistence during the voyage, as well as for twelve months after their arrival; also arms and ammunition for defence, with proper implements for husbandry, fishing and the erection of houses. The lands were to be granted in fee simple, free from the payment of any quit rent or taxes for ten years, at the expiration of which no person was to pay more than one shilling sterling for every fifty acres so granted. To military men especial privileges seem to have been granted, for every private soldier or seaman was to receive fifty acres of land, with an additional allowance of ten acres for every member of his family. Every officer, under the rank of an ensign in the land service, and that of a lieutenant in the sea service, was to receive eighty acres, with fifteen added for every person belonging to his family. Ensigns were allowed two hundred acres, lieutenants three hundred, captains four hundred, and

officers of higher rank six hundred acres, with thirty acres to each member of their families. Such liberal terms, if offered now-a-days for the settlement of the great North-West, would soon add immensely to its population. And if, as Lord Derby advises, in a speech he has recently made on the present depression in Britain, the subject of emigration is taken up by the British Government on any large scale, it is to be hoped that the Government of the Dominion will strive to turn as much as they can of it to the fertile fields of our north-western territory.

On the arrival of Cornwallis, the present site of the city, which he called after the Earl of Halifax, at that time President of the Board of Trade and Plantations, and at whose instigation the city was founded, was without a solitary habitation, and covered with trees to the water's edge. The capital of Nova Scotia was then at Annapolis, where Colonel Mascarene, the Governor, had his headquarters; and it seems odd, to those knowing the country now, to read of the manner in which communication was had with Annapolis by Governor Cornwallis, as he writes, by 'sending a Frenchman who knows the country overland by Minas, a distance of 25 leagues, where there is a path that the French have made by driving their cattle.' Disease and the Indians played sad havoc with the early settlers, but the town continued to grow, and the destruction of Louisbourg, with Wolfe's victory at Quebec, for which expeditions Halifax was

the base of operations, gave a security to the rising settlement by which it soon grew into fame.

But, perhaps, of all the events which brought Halifax more into notice than any other, was the arrival and residence there, as Commander-in-Chief, of Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent, the father of our present Queen. The Prince arrived at Halifax in the month of May, 1794, the town was illuminated in his honour, and the indispensable accompaniment of addresses presented. He resided chiefly at 'The Lodge,' on Bedford Basin, a few miles from Halifax. The main building has now entirely disappeared, but the writer remembers it as in the following graphic account given by Sam Slick, the late Judge Haliburton:— 'As I approached the house I noticed the windows were broken, or shut up with rough boards to exclude the rain and snow; the door supported by wooden props instead of hinges, which hung loosely on the panels, and that long luxuriant clover grew on the eaves, which had been originally designed to conduct the water from the roof, but becoming choked with dust and decayed leaves, had afforded sufficient food for the nourishment of coarse grasses. The portico, like the house, had been formed of wood, and the flat surface of its top imbibing and retaining moisture, presented a mass of vegetable matter, from which had sprung up a young and vigorous birch tree, where strength and freshness seemed to mock the helpless weakness that nourished it. I had no desire to enter the apartments, and, indeed, the aged ranger whose occupation was to watch over its decay, and to prevent its premature destruction by the plunder of the fixtures and more desirable materials, informed me that the floors were unsafe. Altogether the scene was one of a most depressing kind. A small brook, which, by a skilful hand, had been led over several precipitous descents, performed

its feats alone and unobserved, and seemed to murmur out its complaints, as it hurried over its rocky channel to mingle with the sea, while the weird sighing through the umbrageous wood, appeared to assume a louder and more melancholy wail, as it swept through the long vacant passages and deserted saloons, and escaped in plaintive tones from the broken casements. The offices and ornamental buildings had shared the same fate as the house. The roofs of all had fallen in, and mouldered into dust, the doors, sashes and floors had disappeared, and the walls, which were only in part built of stone, remained to attest their existence and use. The grounds exhibited similar effects of neglect, in a climate where the living wood grows so rapidly, and decays so soon as in Nova Scotia. An arbour, which had been constructed of lattice work, for the support of a flowering vine, had fallen and was covered with vegetation, while its roof alone remained, supported aloft by limbs of trees that, growing up near it, had become entangled in its net work. A Chinese temple, once a favourite retreat of its owner, as in conscious pride of its preference, had offered a more successful resistance to the weather, and appeared in tolerable preservation, while one small surviving bell, of the numerous ones that once ornamented it, gave out its solitary and melancholy tinkling as it waved in the wind. How sad was its mimic knell over pleasures that were fled for ever.'

In some representations of Halifax, given by late illustrated papers, there appears one of the so-called 'Round House,' about one hundred yards from the site of 'The Lodge,' that is still kept in a state of tolerable preservation. Here the military bands discoursed music to the gay circles at the lodge, now all, alas, with it mouldering in decay.

Much has been said of the stern and even harsh character of the Duke as a military man, but probably the

most reliable description of His Royal Highness may be found in that given by Sir Brenton Halliburton (not the author of *Sam Slick*), late Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, who then, as a military man, served under the Duke of Halifax. Sir Brenton writes, in reply to a letter addressed to him by Sir John Harvey, Governor of Nova Scotia, in 1849, requesting information respecting the general character of the Duke of Kent. The Chief Justice's reply, published at length in *Campbell's History of Nova Scotia*, seems to present about the following summary:—'His Royal Highness' discipline was strict, almost to severity. I am sure he acted from principle, but I think he was somewhat mistaken in supposing such undeviating exactitude essential to good order. Off parade he was an affable prince and polished gentleman. At his table every one felt at ease, but while it was evidently his object to make them so, his dignified manner precluded the possibility of any liberty being taken by the most forward.

'I cannot close without mentioning his benevolence to the distressed. A tale of woe always interested him deeply, and nothing but gross misconduct could ever induce him to abandon any whom he had once befriended.'

Perhaps a clearer insight into the Duke's character may be obtained by a perusal of his correspondence with the de Salaberry family, extending from 1791 to 1814, and published by the late Dr. W. J. Anderson, an ex-President of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, in 1870.

Mr. Campbell, in his *History* referred to, says:—'Louis Ignace de Salaberry was the son of Michael de Salaberry, who arrived in Quebec in 1735, in command of the French frigate *L'Anglesea*, and who, in the cession of Canada, transferred his allegiance to Great Britain. Captain de Salaberry brought up his son Louis to the military profession. The latter accordingly entered the British service, and

took an active part in the American war, having been wounded several times in bravely discharging his duty as an officer. On the conclusion of the war, de Salaberry retired on a pension, and, on the arrival of the Duke of Kent, by some mutual affinity, they became more than ordinarily attached friends. De Salaberry was married, and had children in whose society the Duke took great delight. Subsequently, as the boys grew up, his influence was directed in advancing them in the military profession, and the voluminous correspondence between the Duke and the father of the family is highly creditable to the head and heart of His Royal Highness.'

The Duke left Halifax in the autumn of 1799, and on the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, without issue, married the widow of the Prince Leinengen, sister of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, mother of the Queen, and grandmother of the Royal Consort of His Excellency the Governor General of Canada—facts which we offer as an excuse for our lengthened reference to His Royal Highness.

To its magnificent harbour, sheltered by McNab's Island at its mouth, Halifax principally owes its past and present fame, and will in the future owe its undoubted greatness which is to be. Already connected by the Intercolonial Railway, it has become the winter port of the Dominion, and from its docks a dozen lines of ocean steamers radiate in connection with all parts of the world. After the harbour, the most striking object in the landscape is its famous Citadel, founded on the summit of a hill which, rising gradually from the water's edge, crowns the city with its battlements, strengthened by all the resources of engineering science and military art, and, after Quebec and Gibraltar, may be said to be the third strongest fortress in the world. From this standpoint the picturesque stretch of scenery is perhaps unequalled even by the celebrated

rivals referred to. On the east, the shores of Dartmouth and its stretching plains lie fading away into distance; on the west, a most lovely country, with the public gardens and slopes of undulating verdure, silvered by sparkling views of the waters of the north-west arm, present a charming contrast to the broad expanse of Bedford Basin, on the north, and the unbounded vision of the mighty ocean stretching beyond the Park at Point Pleasant, to the south—mountain, valley, island, lake and sea, all combining to form a panorama of surpassing beauty. Should it be summer, and the fleet in port, the Naval Yard below adds a lively and graphic interest to the scene, recalling, with the bugle notes constantly swelling in the air, that grand metaphor of Webster's, when, referring to Britain's greatness, he spoke of her as 'a power whose morning drum-beat, rising with the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircled the whole world with the martial strains of England.'

On first landing, the appearance of the city is not prepossessing, but a short stretch into its interior reveals, in Hollis, Granville and other principal streets, shops and buildings which would do credit to European cities. The chief public buildings are the House of Assembly, the new Post Office and Intercolonial Railway Station, Government House, the Admiralty House, the Wellington Barracks, the military Hospital, Dalhousie College, the Masonic Hall, the Club, the Asylums for the insane, (on the Dartmouth side), deaf and dumb, the blind, the City Hospital, and other structures which would be deserving of special mention were a detailed account to be given.

The City of Halifax, for a population of some 30,000 or 40,000 souls, is not behind in churches, possessing some thirty such ecclesiastical edifices, several of which, as St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral, St. Andrew's,

Presbyterian, the Methodist and others, would be creditable to any similarly sized city. The Anglican Bishopric is probably the oldest see of that Church in the Dominion, and the late Dr. Inglis, the first Bishop of the Province is one of the most revered names of the Church in Nova Scotia, ranking among the heroes of Christian warfare as his son, the late Sir Harry Inglis, one of the heroes of Lucknow, ranks among the warriors of the nation.

Adjoining St. Mary's Cathedral is the Glebe House, the residence of former bishops and archbishops of that church. The building, fronting on the most prominent corner of Barrington street, is, although a wooden structure remodelled, not without striking external points of attractiveness, while within it is a gem of refinement and taste—if not of artistic luxury. Under the late Archbishop its lavish hospitality became proverbial, even throughout the Dominion, and the many who have had the good fortune to partake of his unstinted bounty, will not soon forget the racy brogue, the genial smile, the sparkling wit, and the unbounded charity, of Thomas Connolly, to whom more than any other Priest or Bishop, the Irish Roman Catholics of Halifax, as indeed of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, are mainly indebted for their present proud and influential position.

Under successive Governors and Admirals, their respective official residences re-echo most interesting reminiscences of hospitable enjoyment alternated with sadness at their departed and departing participants. In connection with the former, the memory of the late Honourable Joseph Howe has woven an interest of melancholy romance for the whole Dominion. Howe was a household name in Nova Scotia, which even his many and bitter enemies in his lifetime could not gainsay. He it was who, in Halifax, first established the liberty of the Press, and subsequently Responsible

and Constitutional Government throughout Nova Scotia. He was a statesman whose eloquent pen, and yet more eloquent tongue, commanded universal respect where it did not command admiration. His action in Dominion affairs is too recent and well known for mention; and now that he has gone over to 'the great majority,' his bitterest opponents should remember the magnanimous sentiment of the Latin poet, '*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*'

The Admiralty House, which stands on a commanding eminence overlooking the naval yard, the harbour, the magnificent basin, and a large tract of adjoining country, is as celebrated for the number of the distinguished Admirals who have occupied it, as for the gaiety of its many brilliant balls and festive dinners.

Here, in his youthful days, Prince William, the sailor king, won all hearts by his frank and cordial bearing, and wove the web of many professional pleasures, the texture of which outlasted the advancement of years and the splendours of the throne. Many yet remember, at this mansion, the tall and commanding figure of that gallant sailor, better known as the invincible Cochrane, then bearing his title as Earl Dundonald, of which, and of his naval rank, he had been for a time unjustly deprived; and it is a satisfaction to know, though only recently, that tardy justice has been done to his heirs by the restitution of the legitimate prize-money withheld from the veteran hero in his lifetime. Here, the gallant and jovial Sir Houston Stewart hoisted his flag, and inaugurated a round of merriment that never flagged, while he presided at the Admiralty House. Sir Alexander Milne, late First Lord of the Admiralty, displayed, at this station, his wonderful tact and capacity as an Admiral, by the judicious manner in which he steered the British naval and other interests clear of many complications during the late disastrous civil war in

the United States. While Admiral Milne was in command at Halifax the visit of the Prince of Wales to the Continent of America was inaugurated with a splendour and *éclat* such as those who witnessed will never forget, to which the display of the navy under his command chiefly contributed. Later, the frigate *St. George*, having Prince Alfred as a midshipman on board, was attached to his squadron at Halifax, where it is probable that His Royal Highness will soon take up his residence, himself as Admiral. The officers of the navy have always been great favourites at Halifax, especially among the ladies, and justly so, for, in getting up a picnic, a dance on board ship, or other female delights, they are wonderful adepts. Halifax is justly celebrated for its pic-nics, the numerous beautiful and romantic spots around the basin, and on McNab's Island, offering unrivalled facilities for such kind of enjoyment; while the delightful season of summer is just cool enough to make excitement a pleasure, and sufficiently warm to permit every latitude in repose. It is no wonder, in consequence, that matrimonial dies have been cast in which the *anchor* of hope has bound so many Halifax belles to the destinies of those whose profession it is to uphold the supremacy of Britain on the sea. Nor, in this regard, do the sons of Mars lag cowardly in the rear of cupid's darts, which, though less visible than those of the Maori or the Kaffir, are none the less effective when they strike. Match-making mammas are not wanting; and if the Book of the Peerage is the Bible to English mothers, the Army and Navy List is the creed of St. Jerome to Halifax matrons. Many a brilliant Colonial life, in sombre broadcloth, which can have no higher aspirations than a seat on the Bench, the Episcopal Mitre, or the temporary Gubernatorial chair, is wilted by the uniform of the dazzling scarlet, or the gold and blue, which, possibly may,

and sometimes does, find its wearer a seat in the fleet.

The great Webster, when he dis-gorged that simile about England's martial music, could not have heard of kettle drums, for the world's metropolis had not then organized such lyric melo-dramas, though Cow-per had long before graphically described the "hissing urn." Now, these London accompaniments, though there going out of fashion, are found flourishing in Halifax. They are, however, an improvement on "Jamaica hot," the favourite tittle before, and at the time of the advent of Prince Edward, whose disciplinarian regulations largely abolished that species of entertainment.

There is perhaps no city on the continent or elsewhere, of its size, that can boast of better, or a greater number of charitable institutions than Halifax. Its far famed Asylum for the Insane, on the Dartmouth shore, is an object of commanding interest and aspect, not only upon entering the harbour, but from almost any elevated portion of the city; and its extent, though it may not augur well for the proportionate sanity of so sparsely populated a Province, speaks volumes for the charity which provides a home so munificent for such unfortunates. The institution is worthy of an article itself, but of course the space of our present paper precludes more than a passing reference. So it may be said of the Asylum for the Poor, and the other numerous houses of refuge, of which, I understand, there are some twenty of different kinds, each accomplishing a vast amount of good in the silent God-like manner of charity, called, truly, the greatest of all Christian graces.

From its commanding site and growing efficiency, after a long period of torpor, Dalhousie College, founded chiefly by the munificence of the Earl of Dalhousie, one of the former Governors of Nova Scotia, would demand more than a passing notice could the

necessary limits of this paper allow. To the present Chief Justice, Sir William Young, much of its present prominence and usefulness can be fairly attributed. Together with Joseph Howe, Sir William fought its battles in earlier years against the attacks of the advocates and supporters of purely sectarian institutions of learning, and he is now reaping, in his autumn years, the fruits of victory in witnessing the eminent success of Dalhousie, fast attaining, if it has not already reached, a position of the highest honour among similar institutions in the Dominion. The high standing of its professorial staff would almost of itself give it a prominent place in any country. Among its professors, we may mention such names as DeMille and Lyall. Professor DeMille is well and favourably known throughout Canada and the United States as the author of a number of most entertaining works, among which may be cited *The Dodge Club*, *The Cryptogram*, *Cord and Creese*, and a series of clever boys' books—*The Adventures of the B. O. W. C.* Professor Lyall is the author of a standard volume on *The Emotions*, *The Intellect and the Moral Nature*, and is well known to the readers of this Magazine through his scholarly and able estimates of English literary men. Under such minds Dalhousie cannot fail to reproduce like celebrities in the walks of literature, logic, and philosophy, and an alumni that will contest pre-eminence, with those of the older, or rather longer established, seminaries of learning in the Province.

The other principal Colleges in Nova Scotia are St. Mary's, at Halifax, King's College, at Windsor, and Acadia College, at Horton; the former organized by the adherents of the Church of Rome, the latter by those of the Church of England and the Baptists respectively, though none of them are, I believe, exclusive as to the reception of pupils of any religious faith. The academies at Pic-

ton and Truro also hold a high position as public schools, and have produced some very eminent men in the literary, scientific and professional walks of life. If we mistake not, Principal Dawson of McGill College, Montreal, is a pupil of Pictou Academy, as is also the Hon. James Macdonald, present Dominion Minister of Justice. Truro turned out, among others, such a very eminent man as Blowers Archibald, Judge of the Court of Vice Admiralty at Halifax, who possessed a political and professional reputation second to none in British America. Chief Justice Ritchie, of the Supreme Court of Appeal at Ottawa, is a *protégé* of the old Academy at Annapolis Royal. Judge Haliburton, the author of *Sam Slick*, as he delighted to be called, Judge Blowers, Judge Bliss, and Chief Justice Sir Brenton Halliburton, were graduates of King's. Professor DeMille and Dr. Tupper, with many eminent ministers of the Baptist persuasion, studied at Acadia. But of course these are only a few of the prominent names which such respective institutions have produced.

Among other leaders of political or professional pre-eminence in Nova Scotia were the late Judges Johnston and Uniacke, and the late Honourables Messrs. James Boyle Uniacke, Huntingdon, George R. Young, brother of the Chief Justice and son of the celebrated author of the letters of *Agricola*. To the army and navy also Nova Scotia can point with pardonable pride as to the status of many of her sons who made a career of those professions. In the former, among others, we find such distinguished heroes as General Sir Fenwick Williams, of Kars, Sir Harry Inglis, of Lucknow, and those gallant soldiers, Major Welsford, and Captain Parker who, in the Crimea, led the attack upon the Redan and fell in the service of their country. In naval annals, Captain Sir Edward Belcher, in his peculiar department, is a name second only to that of Sir John Franklin.

So that in science and literature, as in the professions of Law, Divinity, and Arms, Nova Scotia has produced a roll of names which may justly awaken a reasonable pride in the breasts of their fellow-countrymen.

The trade of Halifax, as is well-known, in articles of export, such as lumber, oils, and fish of various descriptions and modes of preservation, is principally with the West Indies, and the United States of America, though sometimes extending to Great Britain, the Mediterranean and the Brazils. Its imports are also chiefly drawn from Great Britain, the United States and the West Indies in such articles of commerce as is common to the consumption of the population of Canada. As a shipping port, in comparison with others, Halifax possesses one drawback in having no navigable river leading into a back producing country to which she must be the necessary outlet. And even if she possessed such advantages, they would be of limited extent from the natural geographical outline of the peninsula of Nova Scotia, which affords almost every productive inland region a short and easy access to the numerous good harbours along her coast upon the ocean, so that Pictou, Antigonish, Pugwash, Guysborough, Lunenburg, Shelburne, Yarmouth, Digby, Annapolis, and, by the rivers and Bay of Fundy, even such inland towns as Windsor, Horton, Truro, and Cornwallis, are all ports of shipment in themselves, and, to a very great measure, entirely independent of Halifax in their exports, and even, to a considerable degree, of their imports; especially such as they obtain or require from the United States. It is as if a farmer in Lindsay or other inland town of Ontario, could build his vessel and ship his produce to Liverpool, Boston, New York, or Jamaica, bringing back therefrom his supplies, without troubling the merchants, bankers, or brokers of Toronto, or Montreal, to handle his commissions. These natural

results of her unique position will always militate against Halifax as the monopolizing business centre of the Province, or of the Dominion, but they equally benefit the outlying portions of Nova Scotia, on the prosperity of which, as a whole, that of Halifax, to a large extent, is also dependent.

Another present drawback, a matter which, though it may be expensive and difficult to obviate, is not irremediable, is the want of proper shipping facilities at Halifax as the winter port of the Dominion.

Until she can derive the full advantages of such a desirable position, the cars of the Intercolonial must be able to run alongside of the steamships at the docks, and she must have elevators with the necessary facilities for receipt, storage and shipment of grain. But these wants have been so clearly pointed out by Sir Hugh Allan that it is unnecessary to refer to them further than to regret the want of foresight which has allowed them to be unprovided for, and the want of enterprise which still permits them to continue so. There is sufficient capital lying idle in Halifax to complete all such necessary works, which would doubtless yield a remunerative return on the outlay. As Doctor Johnson said of old Scotchmen, 'they like everything about Scotland except the way back to it,' so it is with most Nova Scotians who have acquired fame or fortune. The Williamses, Inglises, Cunards, Collinsses, Murdochs, and others, prefer comparative obscurity in London, or other parts of England, to prominent pre-eminence in their native land. Such want of patriotism is fortunately more rare in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and will also, probably, decrease in Nova Scotia; especially when the Duke of Edinburgh takes up his residence there as Admiral of the station, and the Princess Louise shall occupy, in summer, Mr. Cunard's splendid mansion on the north-west arm.

Another want at Halifax, often noticed by strangers, is that of a public library at all worthy of the literary culture and social reputation of its citizens. Surely some dead men's wills have been improperly drawn. Has the spirit of Sir William Brown, of Liverpool; of Bates, of Peabody, of Astor, and other book-benefactors of humanity, no aspirants to sympathetic fame in that Canadian city by the sea? But let us hope that patriotism will revive, that the 'hard times' (dismal word) will soon be over, and picture to our minds the 'good times coming,' when over the Canada Pacific Railway shall pass, on to the Intercolonial, rich freighted cars of teas, and silks, and other precious merchandise from China and Japan, borne along the quays to the steamer's side at Halifax, and thence onward to the world's centre of commerce in the common home of the Dominion, and of the UNITED BRITISH EMPIRE; when the fertile plains of the Red River valley, the Saskatchewan, and other thickly-settled portions of the great North-West, shall supply wheat enough to feed all the British millions, and keep it ever moving onward, night and day, along its thousands of miles of completed railway toward the sea, whose ports will afford ample accommodation for all possible quantities of shipment or storage.

When these times come, as come they will in the life time of living men, Haligonians will look back with wonder at that want of faith in the future of Canada which had so long delayed the accomplishment of such stupendous results by neglecting to prepare for their earlier reception. With her fisheries, her mineral wealth, her water powers, her climate, her harbours and unrivalled site upon the sea, Nova Scotia must necessarily become a great and prosperous country, and Halifax, in spite of itself, a city of corresponding magnitude.

THE CHARMS OF COUNTRY LIFE.

AN IMITATION:

BY DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
 Ut priscor gens mortalium,
 Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
 Solutus omni fenore.

—*Horace, Epode II.*

‘HOO canty he, as free frae care an’ fash
 O’ shop an’ trade, as Adam in his prime,
 Wha yokes his cattle on his ain bit farm,
 An’ o’ the three months’ bills ne’er coonts the time.
 Nae sodger he, stirred up by pibroch wild,
 Nor tarry sailor, facin’ roarin’ wave,
 He steers awa’ fra croon o’ causey clash
 An’ seeks nae saucy flunkey’s snash tae brave.

‘He maistly dauners roon’ his weel bunched grapes,
 Or keeks at Crummy as she loots tae graze,
 Or wi’ bricht jockteleg the bushes prunes,
 An’ sticks a graft on sappy, growin’ days.
 Or frae the skeps he taks the hinny fine,
 Or wi’ his shears he clips the weel fleeced ewes,
 Or, when the misty days o’ hairst are on,
 Pu’s russets, greenings, or the crisp fameuse.

‘Tis gran’ tae gaiter pears o’ ane’s ain graft,
 An’ grapes that ye hae watched wi’ unco’ skill,
 To sen’ your freen’s and neebours when they’re ripe,
 Iu token o’ kin’ wishes an’ gude will.
 ‘Tis blythe, tal lie in gloamin’ o’ the glen,
 Or on the gerse tae beeck when sun’s alowe,
 When birds are whistlin’ like the mavis sweet,
 An’ dream, while burn soughs joukin’ roon’ the knowe.

‘When winter roars wi’ mony an angry thud,
 An’ weet fa’s plash, or snaw keeps dingin’ doon,
 He wi’ his gun gangs oot tae look for sport,
 Tae drive the moose deer wi’ his weel horned croon ;
 Or aifter paitricks reenges faur an’ wide,
 Or the bit hare knocks tapsleteerie ower,
 Or howlet, wi’ its dazed an’ bleerie e’en ;
 My troth ! he lauchs tae see the crettur glower.

' But gin he brags a sonsy Scotch gude-wife,
 Tae mak' the hoose look bright wi' winsome smile,
 Wha hauds the weans fu' trig, the stove ne'er toom,
 Wife, weans and cheer will sune his toils beguile.
 For in the byre the bonnie brockit kye
 Are stripp'd till no' ae drap o' aifterins bide,
 An' then, ae gless o' toddy, het an' strong,
 Afore his pow the red Kilmarnock hide.

' I'd suner far hae that, than unco' vivers,
 Sic like as oysters frae famed Caraquet,
 Or lobsters frae wild Nova Scotia's coast,
 Or salmon loupin' frae dark Saguenay's net.
 Nae prairie-hen, nor sappy bubbly-jock
 Wad gust my gab, nor pleasure mair my hause,
 Than weel boiled parritch frae my ain gude aits,
 That boo'd in hairst e'er tichtly bun' in raws.

' A braxy, boiled wi' neeps, or cured in hams,
 Or a bit beastie fattened for a mairt,
 Tastes unco' weel, an' gaucy barn door hen
 Is nae that ill tae warm a body's heart.
 It's fine when a' the stubble's been turned ower,
 Tae see the owsen pechin' noo nae mair,
 An' the braw chiels sit roon the kitchen stove
 An' wi' the lave cast aff their carkin care.'

John Thamson, frae the big shop i' the toon,
 Had a' thae thochts gaun bizzin' thro' his brain.
 He advertised he'd sell oot a' his wares,
 An' on the lan' wad try tae mak' his ain.
 But, bide awee ! he'd barely got twa offers,
 Frae Robin an' frae Sandy for his stock,
 Than he took tent, an' thocht he'd draw mair cash
 By mindin' woo' in hanks, than on the flock.

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

Authors of 'Ready Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER XL.

'Now the nights are all passed over
Of our dreaming, dreams that hover
In a mist of fair, false things,
Nights afloat on wide wan wings.'

THE day before the wedding. In his two-roomed cottage, Alan awoke with the feeling of gratitude that he should only have one more night in that uncomfortable lean-to. The house which he had decided on occupying contained four rooms, and they were larger.

It was meant as a surprise for Alma: the furniture was ordered and ready, waiting to be sent down: it was the furniture of the Future: it came from an establishment recently started by two young ladies, one of whom was a distinguished *alumnus* of Girton. They had solemn eyes and touzly hair, and dressed to match their green and grey papers.

'I want furniture,' said Alan, a little overwhelmed at being received by two figures which looked as if they had stepped straight down from the walls of the Grosvenor; 'I want cottage furniture, which shall be beautiful as well as fit for its purpose.'

'Furniture,' suggested one, 'which shall be a model and a lesson.'

'Furniture,' echoed the other lady-upholsterer, 'which shall be in harmony, not in contrast, with woodland nature.'

'And it ought to be cheap,' said Alan, 'if it is to represent the ideal cottage furniture.'

This suggestion, however, met with no response. The two-pair solemn eyes glared coldly upon the purchaser at the mention of cheapness.

'We will furnish your cottage for you,' said one, with severity. 'When our designs are completed we will let you know. Good-morning.'

Alan left the presence of these Parnassian cabinet-makers with humbled heart.

What a lovely cottage they would have made, but for circumstances which caused the dispersion of the things they had got together! It would have been divinely beautiful. The windows were to have diamond panes, in *grisaille*, to open on hinges: the rooms, each with a dado, were to be prepared and painted in grey and green: Dutch tiles were to adorn the stoves, and the fenders were of brass: no carpets, of course, but matting in wonderful designs: cabinets for the inexpensive blue and white china: chairs in black wood and rush, with tables to correspond.

That cottage, for reasons to be detailed, was never furnished. The two touzly-haired, solemn-eyed prophetesses of domestic art were obliged to content themselves with sending in their bill. This document caused Alan's strong frame to shiver and tremble as shivers the mighty oak under the cold breath that comes before a tempest.

Early in the morning Alan paid a visit to his betrothed. He came bearing gifts. They were plain and sub-

stantial things, such as the girl could not be expected to like—books, strong stuff for frocks, everything but what she wanted, a laugh and a kiss, and the promise that she should be a lady.

As for laughing—if the bridegroom was so solemn, what, in Heaven's name, would be the husband?

'Alma,' he began, after a frigid touch of the fingers, and in sepulchral tones, 'tell me, are you in the least degree distrustful of what you are going to do?'

'Oh! no,' she replied with a little laugh, which jarred upon him. She was thinking, indeed, of something else that she was going to do. 'Not at all.'

'It is not an easy part that you have undertaken. Sometimes, my poor child, I think it is too heavy a task for you.'

'I shall manage it,' she said, still thinking of the other task.

'We will at once re-open the Public Laundry, the Public Kitchen, the Public Baths, the Good Liquor Bar, and the Co-operative Store; we will start, on a new plan, the Village Parliament, and we will improve the Library and the Picture Gallery. Next winter we will have the weekly dances begun again, and we will make another attempt at a theatre.'

'Yes,' she said, with a curious smile, 'all that will be very pleasant.'

'Your duty,' he went on, 'will place you always in the company of the wives and girls.'

'To be sure,' said Alma, 'if they like to follow my example, they can.' An example, she thought, which would be one not entirely contemplated by her lover.

'We will have,' he went on, 'a quiet fortnight together by the seaside, just to mature our plans and formulate our line of action.'

'Yes,' said Alma, wondering what on earth he meant by formulating a line of action. However, it would not matter.

He gave her, before he went away,

a final *résumé* of his theories on social economy, which lasted for two hours. And then, to her great delight, he departed, promising to return in the evening.

I regret to state that as he closed the door, Alma so far retraced her steps in civilisation as to spring to her feet and . . . make a face at him. Quite like a vulgar Sunday-school girl.

Alan was anxious now to have the thing over, and to begin the new life on which he staked so much. As for marriage, he confessed to himself that he was marrying the wrong woman. But the only right woman was Miranda, and she could not be expected to live as Alma was going to live. The thing to do was to drown selfish regrets and inclinations, and to persuade his wife to act her part boldly and hopefully. Would Alma do that?

When he was gone, other visitors came.

First it was Tom Caledon. He had returned from town by the earliest train, and was more than commonly cheerful.

'All is going well, Alma,' he said. 'Are we quite alone here?'

'Yes; Miss Miranda leaves me here to talk to Mr. Dunlop.'

'Then . . . are you quite sure you can keep a secret?'

'Girls,' said Alma, with a little toss of her pretty head, 'keep their own secrets. It's other people's they tell.'

This remark will be found, on investigation, to contain the whole of feminine philosophy.

'Then, my dear child, you look really much too pretty for Harry Caledon—'

'Oh! Mr. Caledon . . . don't.'

'I will tell you what you are to do. Get up and be dressed by six. Come downstairs—you will find the back door open for you—at the garden-gate Harry will be waiting for you, and I shall have the cart in the road. You are sure you understand?'

'Quite sure,' said Alma, repeating the lesson.

‘One of the ladies of the Abbey’—here Tom turned very red—‘will be with me. She is going too.’

‘Not the lady they call Desdemona? I should like her to go.’

‘No. Not Sister Desdemona. In fact it is . . . it is Miss Despard.’

‘I know Miss Nelly,’ said Alma. ‘I like her better than Miss Miranda. And I’ve seen her cry once.’

What she meant was, that this little touch of human weakness seemed to bring Nelly nearer to herself. The queenly Miranda, she thought, *could* not cry.

‘Oh! Mr. Caledon,’ Alma went on excitedly, ‘now it is coming, I don’t know how I feel. And to think of Mr. Dunlop’s long face when he hears of it—and father’s rage when *he* hears. He! he! he!’

‘Yes,’ said Tom, with a queer smile, ‘there is plenty to think about. However, you think of your own triumph, Alma. Think of the people gaping when you get down—you and Harry arm in arm; and when the vicar asks for the bride, and you will say, “Thank you, Mr. Corrington, you are an hour too late.”’

‘And shall we?’ Alma asked, with eager eyes and parted lips. ‘Shall we?’

‘To be sure we shall. Good-bye till to-morrow, Alma.’

And then her mother came to see her.

‘Bostock,’ she said, with the calmness of despair, ‘is blind drunk. He was drunk last night off brandy, and he’s drunk this afternoon off hot gin-and-water a top of beer. What I shall do with Bostock now you are gone is more than I can tell. Dreadful, he carries on. Says he won’t be safe till to-morrow. Cries when the drink’s in him. What’s the man got to be safe about?’

‘I suppose, mother,’ said Alma the astute, ‘that he’s got into a mess with his accounts. You know father never can keep his accounts the same as other people.’

This was a kindly way of putting the fact that Père Bostock, not for the first time, had been cheating.

‘And to think, Alma,’ her mother went on, ‘to think that you are going to marry the Squire. Where’s your wedding-dress, girl?’

‘Miss Dalmeny gave it me,’ said Alma, jumping up. ‘Come to my bed-room, mother, and see me try it on.’ She led the way with a little softening of her eyes as she thought of Harry, and a twinkle as she thought of Mr. Dunlop. ‘Won’t Black Bess be in a rage to-morrow!’

Then there was putting on and discussion of the wedding dress, which was a present from Miranda. And then, after judicious criticism from the ex-lady’s-maid, Alma resumed her morning frock, and Mrs. Bostock, seating herself in the easy-chair, while her daughter sat upon the bed, commenced a lecture on the duties of a married woman.

I am very sorry that there is no room for this masterly discourse. It was marked by the solid good sense and by the practical experience which distinguished Mrs. Bostock. The conclusion was as follows:

‘As for his notions about living in a cottage and setting an example, and that, don’t put up your face against them at the beginning. Say that you are setting an example. Then you sit down and bide. When he’s satisfied that no good will come of an example—haven’t *I* been setting one for two and twenty years?—he’ll give it up. Only you bide, and you’ll live at Weyland Court like a lady. *Like a lady*,’ she repeated with dignified sadness, ‘because a real lady you never can be.’

‘Nor don’t want,’ said Alma, swinging her feet, as she sat on the edge of the bed, in a manner that went to her mother’s heart.

‘But you must try, so as not to make people laugh at you.’

Here Alma was seized with a fit of irrepressible laughing. It went on so long that it nearly became hysterical.

'I can't help it, mother,' she said at last, partially recovering herself, 'I can't help it, not if I was in church I couldn't. Lord! how everybody will look to-morrow!'

'Well, they know what to look for.'

'Oh! no, they don't,' cried Alma, laughing again. And I really do think that if her mother had pressed her, Alma would there and then have disclosed the whole plot and ruined everything. Because the thing which tickled her was the thought of Alan's solemn face and the consternation of her father.

Then her mother left her, promising to be in good time at the church, and, above all, to see that Bostock did not 'take' anything before the ceremony. She herself, she said, had bought a new gown, and her husband a new suit complete, for the occasion. The former she described at length, and was proceeding to describe her husband's coat, when Alma again burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughing, insomuch that her mother was fain to give her a glass of cold water, undo her stays, and pat her on the back.

At luncheon there was no one but Miranda, before whom the girl was generally afraid to talk, and when she did, talked in bursts and talked too much, as is the way with shy people. But this morning Alma felt a little less afraid. She was conscious that in a very few hours Miss Dalmeny would regard her with changed, perhaps grateful feelings. This made her bold in speech.

'Do you think, Miss Dalmeny, that I am fitter to be a gentleman's wife than I was three weeks ago?'

Miranda hesitated.

'But I know you don't,' Alma went on, 'and you believe that Mr. Dunlop's gone and made a mistake.'

'That depends on yourself, Alma,' said Miranda.

The bride elect shook her head.

'No, it all depends on him. He

asked me. I didn't want to marry him. And I never did fancy him. As for his caring about me, why he thinks more of your glove than of all me put together.'

'But it is too late, Alma, to talk like that,' said poor Miranda, with a blush. 'You must think of nothing now but your husband's happiness.'

Alma tossed her head and laughed. Thinking of Alan's long face on the morrow, she very nearly had another hysterical fit.

In the afternoon Desdemona drove over from the Abbey, ostensibly to see Alma's wedding dress.

'I know all about it, my dear,' murmured Desdemona, in her sympathetic way, taking both the girl's hands in her own. 'Tom Caledon has told me all about it. You will drive over to Athelston early and be married. And then you will drive back, under Harry Cardew's protection.'

'Will you be there to see?' cried Alma, her eyes flashing.

'Surely I will. I always intended to be there to see. Now, my dear, don't oversleep yourself. You are to get up at six and be quite ready.'

'I must put on my wedding frock,' said Alma, eagerly.

'Of course, and here'—Desdemona opened a bundle and took out a long grey cloak—'here is something to put over it. I have thought that perhaps you might be met on your way by people coming from Athelston and recognised. That would not do. So I have brought you a thick veil; mind you wear it in double folds until you are inside the church. And now, my dear, I think there is nothing else that I wanted to say, except'—here she produced a little box in white paper—'except these earrings, which I hope you will wear to be married in, from myself, and this necklace from Miss Despard. And oh! my dear child'—Desdemona's large eyes grew soft, and her voice, oh! so sympathetic—'I do so hope you will be

happy, with the real man, the real man, of your own choice.'

Alma was left before the glass trying on cloak, hood, necklace, and earrings. She looked, she thought, too pretty to be a game-keeper's wife. But what was being a lady, a rich, luxurious, and do-nothing fine lady, compared with living down in the village, doing your own washing, talking unintelligible sermons all the evening, and never, never to be out of the way of that grave face and those solemn searching eyes, always looking for the fruits of wisdom which Alma's little brain could never produce.

In the evening Alan came again, sat with her for two hours, and prosed to so awful an extent that the girl, whose nerves were for the time none of the strongest, had great difficulty in restraining the hereditary temper. It was fortunate that she overcame the temptation to spring to her feet, box her lover's ears, and tell him the whole story.

She did not, and was rewarded on his departure by his present of a gold watch and chain. She was so exasperated by his pictures of their coming felicity among the village wash-tubs that she hardly thanked him for it.

Finally, at ten o'clock Alma was able to go to her own room, and make her arrangements for the morning.

These were simple. She laid out her wedding dress, put the trinkets and watch on the table so that she should not forget them, and laid her head upon the pillow in happy anticipation of the morrow.

In the conservatory of the Abbey stood Tom and Nelly. There might have been other pairs in that extensive and beautiful house of flowers, but this couple were apart apparently examining a splendid palm. But they held each other by the hand in a manner quite unbecoming the dignity of botany.

'To-morrow morning, Nelly,' mur-

mured Tom, looking more foolish than one would have believed possible in any man.

'To-morrow morning, Tom,' murmured Nelly, raising her lustrous eyes to meet his, and looking softly, sweetly and sympathetically beautiful. Why under these circumstances does man always look like an ass, and woman like an angel? I know of nothing to make a bridegroom assume the expression of a fool, or a bride that of a superior being.

Then Nelly produced a letter.

'See, Tom,' she said, her eyes brimming with *malice* and yet her lips a little trembling; 'this letter came this morning. And think that, as Desdemona would say, it looks like improving the situation. Listen.'

"Dear Eleanour"—I suppose you hardly knew, you ignorant Tom, that my real name is Eleanour. Papa always called me Nelly, though—"I can hardly tell you how greatly I have been shocked by a discovery made yesterday evening. I am only astonished that you with your opportunities did not find it out before. I at once wrote a letter to you enjoining immediate return home, but it was then too late for the evening post"—what luck, Tom! "My discovery was that this Mr. Roger Exton is ACTUALLY a married man. A more heartless case of deliberate deception I have never known. He has been everywhere supposed to be unmarried; he has been taken to meet dozens of girls; he was called the Assam Nabob; he was received with the consideration due to a man who is at once rich and comparatively young and unmarried. Your Aunt Mildred"—she has daughters, too, Tom—"discovered it, and immediately communicated the news to me. He is married to a half-caste, not a Rancee, a Begum, or an Indian person covered with diamonds, whom one would be proud to take out in the evening, but of quite common mercantile extraction, probably a Heathen. Wickedness and selfishness of

this kind make one despair of human nature. And this very morning, the villain had the effrontery to call upon me. I hope and believe"—think upon this, Tom—"that I behaved as an offended English mother should. I do not *think* he will venture here again. Meantime, through this impostor's arts, you have lost the whole of the summer, and I am afraid got yourself talked about"—I am afraid I shall be, Tom, if I have not already. "I am, however, going to Hastings, and shall take Weyland Court on my way there. You can be ready to leave that place, which I am very sorry you ever saw, on Saturday. I shall stop at Athelston, and drive over to take you away." Only just in time, Tom.'

'Plenty of time,' said Tom.

'Poor mamma! I am sorry for her; and she was so ambitious for me too, Tom. I wonder what she will say. Are you afraid? Papa once said, after he lost money at Newmarket, that there were moments when she was scathing in her wrath.'

Last scene of this anxious day.

It is eleven o'clock. Tom has stolen away from the Abbey, and has sought Alan in his cottage.

He found him restless and anxious, pacing the narrow limits of his little room.

'I came—I came,' Tom stammered, 'to wish you happiness.'

'Thank you,' said Alan, shortly, and continued his promenade.

'I wonder if you feel happy,' Tom went on.

'No; I do not,' said Alan, more shortly.

'Do you think that you have made a mistake? Alan, perhaps it is not too late even now.'

'I cannot discuss it, Tom. Mistake or no, it is made. Too late now for anything.'

'I am scrry,' said Tom. And if it were not too late, Alan?'

CHAPTER XLI.

'Go, waken Juliet; go and trim her up:
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already.'

THE first person to rise at Dalmeny Hall on the wedding morning was the bride. Alma Bostock sprang from her bed rosy-fingered as Aurora, while the clock was striking five. She had one short hour for the most important toilette she would ever make. She was accustomed to rapidity in these things, however, and it wanted yet a quarter to six when she stood before the cheval glass—of which she will ever after retain a longing memory—complete in all her bridal glories, attired for the greatest event in a woman's life, and ejaculating with a gasp something like Jack Horner, 'Oh! what a pretty girl I am!'

Her dress was a pearl-grey muslin costume, a real lady's dress, with trimmings such as she had only heretofore seen in the drapers' shops at Athelston. A few red ribbons Alma thought would have improved the dress, but doubtless her mother knew best, and she had decided against them. To be sure Alma had a fine rosy cheek of her own, and could dispense with more colour. Round her neck was a white lace *fichu*, real lace, also part of a proper lady's dress. Her bonnet was of white silk, a marvel and a wonder of a bonnet, the like of which Alma had never even dreamed of; her gloves, of pale lavender, had five buttons on each wrist, and each additional button went straight to Alma's heart. She had on the earrings which Desdemona gave her, and the necklace which Miss Despard gave her, and the watch and chain which Mr. Dunlop gave her—the last were superfluous, but Alma could hardly be expected to know that. So attired, she stood before the glass and cried aloud, 'What a pretty girl I am!'

Outside, the morning sunshine of August lay upon the garden and the park, and had already dried up the morning dew ; below her window the gardener's boy sharpened his scythe musically, and then began again his low and gentle sh—sh—sh over the lawn ; in the woods and coppice behind the garden there was the late song of the blackbird, the carol of the thrush, the melancholy coo of the woodpigeon ; as she opened the window there poured in a breeze laden with all kinds of perfumes from the garden. These things were habitual to her ; she noticed none of them, just as the Oreads and Dryads, the wood-nymphs, Fountain-nymphs, and Mountain-nymphs, who lived habitually amid the most beautiful scenery, took no notice of it. At least we may suppose so, because they have passed away without so much as a line of poetry to indicate their joy in flowers, leaves, springtide and summer.

The gracious influences of the morning air, the recollection of Miranda's kindness, the thought of Alan Dunlop's pain, the knowledge of her father's reliance in their marriage to suit his own purpose, had no weight with Alma. She took no heed of them. She thought only that she loved Harry, who was a real man ; that her father's discomfiture would be a sight to see, and Mr. Dunlop's long face a most comical and surprising thing to witness ; and oh ! to get away from that grave face ; to be no longer haunted with unintelligible sermons. At any cost, she thought, even at the cost of marrying a poor man. But Harry Cardew had money saved, and as Harry said, they could go to Canada, buy a piece of land, and farm it for themselves. She would be no poorer than she had been, and as for her father's nonsense about his being a gamekeeper, everybody respected Harry far more, she knew very well, than they respected Stephen Bostock. Alma did not look very far ahead. Had she desired what Chaucer thought

women love most—power—she would have taken Alan. For she could have ruled him by a terrible weapon which she possessed, whose force she did not know, her coarse and violent temper. Scenes which to her meant nothing would have been death to him. He would have conceded anything to escape torture of ear and eye, while Alma would be merely enjoying the freedom of her tongue.

But in marrying Harry she was marrying her master. This she knew in some vague way. She feared Mr. Dunlop because he was a gentleman ; she feared Harry—only in this case the fear was not a terrible but a delightful thing—because he was strong, and because he was masterful.

It was six o'clock. Alma took one final lingering gaze of admiration in the glass, huddled on the long cloak, tied the blue veil in many folds over her bonnet à l'Américaine, and thus disguised, opened the door cautiously.

Not a soul was stirring in the house. She slid down the stairs as noiselessly as Godiva, stepped cautiously to the garden door, in which, according to promise, she found the key, opened it, and so out into the garden.

Her heart was beating fast now. She was actually carrying her dream of revenge into effect. As she closed the door behind her it seemed as if she was cutting off the last chance of reconsideration. She thought with a little sinking of the heart of what might have been, Welland Court, ladyhood, carriages, endless frocks. But then—that grave and solemn man ; and no Welland Court at all certain, but only misery in a labourer's cottage. She set her lips with determination, and ran down the steps.

On the lawn the under-gardener Robert looked up and grinned surprise.

'Good-morning, Robert,' said Alma with great sweetness. 'If you see Miss Dalmeny, will you tell her that I have gone to see my mother ?'

'I'll tell her,' said Robert.

'And you are going to the wedding, Robert?'

He was—everybody was going there; all the world was going, Robert among them. She laughed lightly, and ran down the garden walk. Outside the little gate she found Harry Cardew waiting for her, and looked up in his face laughing for fun.

Men are so different from women. There was no mirth at all in his face, but a grave sadness, which disappointed her. But he took her in his arms and kissed her through the veil. She noticed, too, that he was smartened up; had on what appeared to be an entirely new suit, in which he did not appear at ease.

'I am sorry,' he said—'I'm main sorry for Master Alan. It seems a poor return for all these years, and me to have gone about in the woods with him when we was both boys and all.'

'Perhaps,' said Alma, 'I'd better go back and wait in my room till ten o'clock.'

'No,' said Harry grimly. 'I've got you this time, Master Alan or not; and I'll keep you. Come along, Alma. There's only one who loves you that truly as dare all to have you.'

Masterfulness such as this takes a girl's breath away. However, Alma came out that fine morning on purpose to be run away with.

From the garden-gate to the road was a matter of a hundred yards or so. Alma looked back a dozen times, pretending fear of pursuit. Harry marched on, disdainful. It would have been a strong band of pursuers to balk him of his bride when he had got so far.

Then they crossed the stile and were in the road.

'Mr. Tom said he'd meet us hereabouts,' said Harry, 'at six.'

It was not the high-road from Weyland to Athelston, but a winding little by-way, once a bridle-road for

pack-horses, cattle and pedestrians, before the days of high-roads and coaches—a by-way arched over and shaded with trees—a way on which there was little chance of meeting any of the Weyland people.

As Harry spoke, Tom came driving along the road.

He was in a dog-cart. Beside him, dressed in simple morning hat and summer jacket, was Miss Despard.

Nelly jumped and ran down to greet Alma, kissing her on both cheeks, to to her great wonder.

'My dear child,' she said, 'we are both in exactly the same case.' What *did* she mean? 'Jump up quick, lest they run after us and catch us. No'—For Alma was about to mount behind—'you sit in the front beside Tom, and for heaven's sake keep your veil down. It would never do for you to be recognized.'

This arrangement effected, they drove on, and Alma observed that Mr. Caledon was as grave and subdued as her Harry—a very remarkable circumstance. Tom, indeed, spoke hardly at all during the drive; only he said to Alma once, in jerks:

'I saw Mr. Dunlop last night. Did not tell him what was going to happen. Very good thing we stopped it.'

'Father wanted it,' said Alma, who was now horribly frightened.

Harry, behind, did not volunteer one single word to Nelly. Probably he was afraid of ladies. Alma was much the more finely dressed of the two, and yet, somehow, he had no fear of her. Fine feathers, he reflected, being a naturalist, make fine birds, but they do not make lady-birds.

It was half-past seven when they drove through the streets of Athelston, clattering over the cobbled stones of the quiet old cathedral town, which was beginning to get itself awakened. But the shops were not open, and only the servants were at the street doors.

Tom drove to the stable yard of the hotel, and handed over the trap to a boy.

'Now, Harry,' he said, 'Miss Despard and I are going to do exactly the same thing as you and Alma. Let us make our way to the church.'

Not one of the little party spoke as they walked along the empty streets. Both the girls were inclined to cry, and the men looked as if they were marching to battle.

The church was a great solitude: nobody in it but the verger and an old woman, one of those ancient dames who are to be found attached to every church all over the world, who never grow any older and were certainly never young. They pass their days in the church; they regard it as a private place of residence, subject only to periodical invasion from the outside world. Some of them, I dare say, sleep in the church as well.

Alma stopped to untie her veil and throw off her cloak. Then she took Harry's arm and walked after Tom and Nelly as proudly in her splendid dress as if she was under a thousand eyes. As they reached the altar a clergyman came out of the vestry, the clerk got within the rails, the verger stood in readiness to give away the bride, and the marriage ritual began. In Nelly's cheeks was a spot of burning red: her eyes were downcast, and she trembled. Alma's eyes glittered bright and hard; she did not tremble, but she thought of the awful row that was going to happen, she pictured Alan waiting for her at the altar of Weyland Church, grave and solemn, and she almost began to giggle again, when she ought to have been listening to the words of the service.

'For better, for worse.' Their hands were joined, their union consecrated, their marriage actually accomplished.

It was all over, then. Tom and Harry Cardew were now, as the

Prayer-book reminded them at the close of the service, like Peter the Apostle, who was 'himself a married man.'

They went into the vestry and signed the registers. Thomas Aubrey Caledon, bachelor, and Eleanour Despard, spinster. Harry Cardew, bachelor, and Alma Bostock, spinster. It took ten minutes to get these formalities, the two brides looked furtively at each other, wondering if it was really true, and feeling the ring upon their fingers.

'Now,' said Tom, distributing largesse quite beyond his income to all the minor actors in the drama, 'Now, my dear wife'—Nelly started and gasped—'and Alma, as, I suppose, we have none of us had any breakfast, and we have got a good deal to get through this morning, let us go back to the hotel.'

Here they presently found a royal breakfast, though I fear scant justice was done to it by the brides. And when Tom poured out the champagne and drank to his wife and to Alma, and when Harry, the shamefaced Harry, raised his glass to his wife and said, 'Your health, Alma, my dear, and my true service to you, Mrs. Caledon,' Nelly fairly broke down and burst into tears. She was joined by Alma, partly for sympathy and partly because she, too, was agitated by the mingled emotions of joy, terror and misgiving.

CHAPTER XLII.

'Next morn, betimes, the bride was missing;
The mother screamed, the father chid,
"Where can this idle wench be hid"

DESDEMONA, on the fateful morning, invited herself to breakfast at the Hall. When she arrived at nine, Miranda was already in the breakfast-room. Alma, needless to say, had not yet appeared.

'She is naturally a long time dressing,' said Miranda.

'Quite naturally,' said Desdemona, unblushingly.

At a quarter-past nine Miranda went in search of her. There was no Alma in her room at all. Perhaps she was in the garden.

On inquiry, under-gardener Robert deposed that at six o'clock or thereabouts, Miss Alma came into the garden and said she was going to her mother.

'It shows a very proper feeling,' said Miranda.

'It does,' said Desdemona. By this time she was quite hardened.

Alan was coming for his bride at ten, and at half-past ten the wedding was to take place. There was, therefore, no time to be lost. Miranda sent a pony-carriage to bring her back immediately. Then Alan came, before his time. He was pale and nervous; his look was heavy and grave. Miranda's eyes filled with involuntary tears as she met him.

And then began the wedding-bells, clashing and pealing. They heard them, too, the runaways, driving back to Weyland, on the road just outside Athelston—clang, clash, clang. Joy bells to greet the brides. Clang, clash—and every bell striking upon Alan's nerves like the hammer of a torturer. Clang, clash. Desdemona shrank into the recess of the oriel window, thinking of what had happened. The bells made her tremble lest the grand *coup* should have failed. Clang, clash—and at the Abbey the Monks of Thelema looked mournfully at each other, to think of such a wilful throwing away of a man, and the Sisters shed tears, and Lord Alwynne rose hastily from the breakfast-table and sought solitude, for his faith in Desdemona was sorely tried.

Clang, clash, clang, and all the village and the people from the countryside, rich and poor, gentle and simple, are gathering in the church and crowding in the churchyard. Among them are Black Bess and that other girl who assisted at the judgment of

Paris, their hearts bursting with jealousy at the great fortune that had befallen her who carried off the golden apple.

The Abbey of Thelema was not without representatives. All the Sisters arrived soon after this, accompanied by some of the Monks. They sent their band, which was stationed on the village green, outside the churchyard, to discourse triumphal music. They provided bunting and Venetian masts to make the village gay. Also, they had erected a vast marquee, in which all the villagers were to be regaled with beef and pies and beer at noon, and again at nine, at the charges of the Abbey. In the evening there were to be fireworks. All was joy save in the village Library, where the librarian, little, thin, pale-faced Prudence, sat in a corner quite alone among her books, weeping for the future of her Prophet, the best and noblest of all prophets.

The church was full and the churchyard overflowing and the village green thronged, when, at about twenty minutes past ten, the father of the bride made his appearance. It was the proudest moment of his life. He was accompanied, of course, by Mrs. Bostock. Alma, it was understood, would be brought to the church—a departure from ordinary rule—by the bridegroom and Miss Dalmeny, who would act as bridesmaid. Mr. Caedon, it was also whispered, would be best man. Harry Cardew, said Black Bess, showed his good sense by staying away. Mrs. Bostock wore her new dress, looking rather ashamed of her prominent position. Her husband, on the other hand, attired in a large brown coat with a fancy waistcoat, the garb, he considered, of the well-to-do farmer, bore himself bravely. He had studied his expression before a looking-glass. It conveyed, though he did not mean all of it, a curious mixture of pride, cunning, humility, and self-satisfaction. He wished his expression to say, as clearly as wagging head,

half-closed eye, and projecting chin could speak, 'Behold in me, ladies and gentlemen, a man whom merit alone has raised to this dizzy height of greatness.'

Then the bells clashed and clanged their loudest: and the band on the village green played in emulation of the bells: and everybody began to look at the clock and to expect the bride.

Half-past ten. The vicar was already in the vestry, attired in his robes: they had made a lane in the churchyard, along which the bridal procession should pass: children were there with baskets full of roses to strew before the feet of the bride.

A quarter to eleven. Why did they not come?

Ten minutes to eleven. There was a sound of wheels outside: the bells suddenly stopped: the band was silent: and then there was a great shout: and everybody stood up: and the vicar came from the vestry and passed within the altar rails.

Well! why did they not come into the church?

The reason was, that although the bride was there, she had not come with the bridegroom, nor in the manner expected.

Another shout, and then the people in the church who were nearest the door began to slip out: they were followed by those nearest to them, and so on, until the church was finally deserted except by Mr. and Mrs. Bostock and the vicar. Outside there was a great clamour, with laughing and shouting.

'Whatever can have happened, Stephen?' whispered his wife.

'Nothing can't have happened,' said her husband, sitting down doggedly.

Then Mrs. Bostock saw Mr. Caledon walking rapidly up the aisle, and she knew that something had happened.

Tom went first to the vicar, to whom he whispered a few words, which had the effect of inducing his reverence to retire immediately to the

vestry. Then Tom turned to the Bailiff.

'Whatever has happened, Mr. Caledon?' cried the poor wife, in dire apprehension.

'Nothing, I tell you,' interrupted her husband, with a pallid face. 'Nothing can't have happened. They've all gone outside to see my beautiful little gell. That's what has happened. You and your happening!'

'Your daughter, Mr. Bostock,' said Tom gravely, 'is already married!'

Mrs. Bostock knew instantly to whom. Her husband gazed stupidly. He did not comprehend at all.

'She was married this morning at Athelston. I was present. She was married to Harry Cardew, the game-keeper.'

Tom felt pity for the man. He knew—everybody knew—that Bostock was a vulgar cheat who had intended to *exploiter* Alan as much as he could. Yet no one could behold the look of livid despair which fell upon the Bailiff's face, without pity. No matter what his deserts were, his sufferings at that moment were too great for him to bear.

It was well that Alma did not witness the despair which she had brought upon her father.

He did not speak: he did not swear: he only sat down and gasped, his eyes staring wide, his mouth open, his red cheeks grew suddenly pale.

'Go away, Mr. Caledon,' said his wife gently. 'Keep her out of her father's sight. Go away. Don't stay here.'

Tom left them.

'Come, Stephen,' she said, 'let us go out by the vestry and get home.'

He only moaned.

'Stephen, come!'

He made no reply. She sat beside him, patient, expectant. Half an hour passed. Then he shivered and pulled himself together.

'Ruin,' he said, 'ruin and disgrace. That's what it means.' He wiped his

clammy brow, and rose up, his hands shaking as he stood.

‘I shall go home.’

He marched straight down the aisle, followed by his wife. Outside, the villagers and their friends were all on the green and in the street, talking and laughing. Their laughter was hushed as they made their way for the stricken man, who walked heavily leaning on his stick, and the shamefaced woman who walked beside her husband.

When he reached home, he put the pony in his light cart, went into the room which he used as an office, collected all the farm books and placed them in the cart.

‘I shall not be home to-night,’ he said, ‘but I’ll write you a letter.’

He drove away, and Mrs. Bostock, left alone and fearful, sat down and cried.

The Bailiff drove to Athelston, visited the bank, and drew out all the money then standing to his name, belonging partly to himself and partly to the farm. He then took the next train to London.

Two letters arrived from him the next day. That addressed to the Squire began with condolences. He pitied, he said, the misfortune which had befallen him, and lamented the wickedness to which he had fallen a victim. As regarded his daughter’s husband, he supposed that Mr. Dunlop could do nothing less than instantly deprive the villain of his post and drive him from the estate; and he expressed a fervent hope that the joint career of bride and bridegroom would shortly end in a ditch by death from inanition. For himself he begged a holiday of a month or so, to recruit his shattered nerves. He had taken with him, he went on to say, the farm books, so as not to be idle during this vacation, and in order, to present them on his return that accurate as he could wish to see. To his wife he wrote simply that he didn’t intend to return for a spell.

He has not yet returned; nor have the books been sent back; nor does any one know why all the money was taken from the bank.

Alma’s *coup* was so far a failure, that she did not see her father’s face. But it was magnificent to stand on the village green beside her Harry, dressed as she was, with all her fine presents glittering upon her, and to watch in the crowd, as envious as she could wish, Black Bess herself and that other girl. It was great grandeur, too, that beside her stood her sister-bride, the newly-made Mrs. Caledon.

If she had married a gamekeeper, she had jilted a squire; it was done under the protection and wing of one of the ladies of the Abbey; and as no one yet knew that Miss Despard had also that morning ‘changed her condition,’ all the sympathy, all the glory was for herself.

Then Tom came out of Church; they mounted into their places again, and drove away through the Venetian masts and among the waving flags, while the band struck up a wedding march, and all the people shouted and laughed and waved their caps.

This time to Dalmeny Hall.

Alma was again disappointed. Mr. Caledon invited Harry and herself to wait in one of the morning-rooms, while he sought Alan.

He found him with Miranda and Desdemona. They were waiting: Something must have happened, because the bells, which had ceased for a while, had again burst forth in mad-dening peals.

‘Alan,’ he said, with hesitation—‘Alan, I wonder if you will forgive me.’

‘What is it, Tom?’ cried Miranda, springing to her feet. Desdemona only smiled.

‘I told you last night, Alan, that I was sorry that you thought it too late to break off your engagement. I am here this morning to tell you that it is too late now for you to marry Alma.’

‘Why is it too late?’ asked Alan.

'Because she is already married,' replied Tom. 'She was married this morning—I was present—to Harry Cardew.'

'My gamekeeper?'

'And her former lover.'

'Her former lover? Could not some one have told me?' he asked.

'I could,' said Desdemona boldly, 'or Tom. But Harry insisted that we should not. We devised, Tom and I between us, this means of rescuing you and the girl from sorrow and misery. No one else knew.'

'Yes,' said Nelly, who had joined them, 'I knew. Tom told me last night.'

'Why did not Alma tell me?'

'Because she was afraid of you,' said Tom: 'because her father was mad to have the match for his own ends; because—'

'Well,' said Alan, 'never mind the reasons. Where are they?'

'They are in the breakfast-room.'

'I should not like to see them,' said Alan. 'I think it would be better not. Go, Tom, and tell Harry—and Alma too—that had I known the truth, this . . . this confusion would have been avoided. Tell him, too, that I desire he will take a month's holiday away from the place.'

'Will you forgive us, Alan?' asked Desdemona.

He looked round him with a strange air of relief. And as he stood there, trying to realise what had befallen him, he smiled as a thought struck him.

'It is too ridiculous,' he said, taking her proffered hand. 'I suppose I ought to be the best laughed-at man in all England. Tom, the people were to have a big feed to-day. Do not let that be stopped. Send word that they are to drink the health of the bride and bridegroom, Alma and Harry Cardew.'

'Then we are forgiven?' said Desdemona, again.

There was no time for Alan to reply, for the door opened—

'Mrs. Despard and Lord Alwyne Fontaine.'

'I rejoice,' said Mrs. Despard—she was a tall lady of resolute figure, Roman nose, long chin, and manly bearing—not the least like Nelly—'I rejoice—kiss me, my dear;' this was to Nelly, who dutifully greeted her parent, and then retired, trembling, to the contiguity of Tom—'that I arrive at a moment when we ought to rejoice. I have just heard, Mr. Dunlop, that your un-Christian design has been frustrated.'

'Yes,' said Alan, simply.

'How do you do, Miranda?' Mrs. Despard ignored Desdemona and Tom altogether. 'I think, however, that one example in the—so-called—Abbey is enough. I am come to take my daughter away. Are you ready, Eleanour?'

At any other time Nelly would have replied that she was quite ready, even though nothing at all had been packed. Now she fell back, literally, upon Tom, who, with his arm round her waist, stepped to the front.

'Nelly is not ready, Mrs. Despard.'

'What, sir?'

'You come a couple of hours too late. We were married this morning, Nelly and I, at eight o'clock, in the parish church of Athelston.'

They were all startled, especially Desdemona, who really had known nothing of this.

'Eleanour,' cried Mrs. Despard, turning very red, 'is this true?'

'Quite true, mamma,' said Nelly, trembling.

'You knew of this, Miranda?'

'No, indeed,' said Miranda; 'this is the first I have heard of it.'

Tom looked to be 'scathed,' like the late lamented Colonel. Nothing of the kind. Mrs. Despard was not equal to an emergency of such magnitude. She only dropped her head for a few moments into her handkerchief, as if she were in church, and then lifting it, mildly remarked:

'I have been much to blame. I

might have known that a place with no regular chaperon—she turned an icy glance upon Desdemona—‘where the owner of the house was disgracing himself by an engagement with a milkmaid’—she was warming up, Nelly thought—‘where he set the example of living in a smock-frock on cold boiled pork—’

‘No,’ said Alan, smiling; ‘I deny the cold boiled pork.’

‘Where one of the guests—I will not call them Brothers, after the blasphemous fashion of the place—was a married man pretending to be a bachelor; when another was . . . was’—here her eyes met those of Tom, and her language assumed greater elevation—‘the penniless and unprincipled adventurer who once before endeavoured to shipwreck my daughter’s happiness . . . considering, I say, these things, I have principally myself to blame. Eleanour, when I can forgive you I will write to you. Lord Alwyne, would you kindly take me to my carriage?’

Well, they were all a little scathed—from Desdemona to Nelly. But Miranda rushed for her, so to speak, and the kissing and the hand-shaking, and the good wishes went far to dry poor Nelly’s tears, and make her look forward with a cheerful hope to the day of forgiveness.

This day was materially accelerated by Lord Alwyne.

‘Your attitude, my dear madam,’ he said with much show of sympathy, on the stairs, ‘is entirely what we should have expected of you. Indeed, I would not, if I may advise, be too ready to forgive my dear little friend, your daughter. Disobedience to parents is greatly prevalent among us. Think of my son Alan.’

‘It is, Lord Alwyne,’ she said, with a sob, ‘it is; but after all my plans for her success! But you knew her father. She inherits the Colonel’s yielding disposition.’

‘Too true,’ moaned Lord Alwyne—they were now at the carriage door.

‘Meanwhile, my dear madam, I may tell you that Tom Caledon, your son-in-law, has this day conferred a service on the Fontaines which it will be difficult to repay. He has kept the dairymaid out of the family. If there is any one single post left in the country which a minister can give away, and for which there is no competitive examination, I shall ask for that post for him. I write to-day to the Duke, my brother, telling him all.’

‘Position and income,’ said Mrs. Despard, visibly softening, ‘can ill replace a daughter’s confidence and trust. You know not, Lord Alwyne, a mother’s feelings.’

The influence of the head of the House of Fontaine, when the Conservatives are in, is very great. They did say that the appointment of Tom Caledon to that Commissionership was a job. I do not know. As no one ever proposed that I should have the place for myself, I am prepared to believe that Tom is quite as able to discharge the duties as any of the hundred men who wanted it. At all events he is there, and I am sure that the official twelve hundred a year added to his own modest income will go a long way towards reconciling his mother-in-law with her daughter.

There was a beautiful scene in the marquee: Tom Caledon, without Nelly, stood at the head of the table, glass in hand. At his right, Alma, in her wedding-dress; beside her, her husband, shamefaced; behind her, murmuring sympathy and support, Desdemona; all the village at the tables, whereon are the remnants of the pies. Men and women, boys and girls, all are there—the young man they call Will-i-ami, old Methuselah Parr, the cobbler, the schoolmaster, Black Bess, and Prudence Driver, looking happy again. In the doorways, some of the ladies of the Abbey; the vicar and his daughters; Lord Alwyne, and strangers.

‘Health!’ shouts Tom Caledon;

'health and happiness to Harry Car-dew and his wife!'

'Tell me, Miranda,' said Alan, when they were left alone, 'are you as pleased as the rest with the finish of my engagement?'

'Yes, Alan,' she replied frankly.

'I must not make a mistake a second time,' he said; 'Fortune never forgives a second blunder.'

'No,' said Miranda, smiling, and not immediately seeing the drift of this observation.

'But,' he said, holding out both his hands, 'there is only one way of preventing that folly, Miranda, will you help me?'

Who after this could ever say that Miranda was cold, or Alan-frigid?

I should like to explain that Alma, so far, has been a model wife. To be sure she is horribly afraid of her husband, who, now that he has given up gamekeeping and taken Bostock's farm, is more masterful than ever. Her mother lives with her; and her mother's counsels, seeing that Harry is so steady a husband, make in the direction of obedience. Harry, perhaps, remembers Desdemona's advice.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

'Cras amet qui nunquam amavit,
Quique amavit, cras amet.'

THAT evening, while the villagers rejoiced in unlimited beer, and danced after their fashion upon the village green; and while the unwonted rocket brought the flush of rapture to the village beauty's cheek; while Black Bess, with the other who had missed the apple, consoled themselves with the thought that after all *she*, meaning Alma, had only married a gamekeeper, there was high revelling at the Abbey. Here Desdemona improvised what she called a Farewell Chapter. The nature of the ceremonies which attended a Function of the Order has already been indicated,

This, however, surpassed all previous ceremonies. After the opening rites with the organ, Sister Desdemona presented to the Abbess, Brother Lancelot and Sister Rosalind, as two members of the Order about to quit the convent on entering into the holy state of wedlock—a case, she pointed out, already provided for by the Founder. Then Desdemona read in the Great Book of Ritual the following passage:—

“Wherefore, should the time come when any Brother of the Abbey has a mind to go out of it, he may carry with him one of the Sisters, namely, her who has already accepted him as her servant, and they shall be married together. And let all the world know that if they have formerly lived in the Abbey in devotion and amity, still more shall they continue that love in marriage; and they shall love each other to the end of their days as much as on the first day of their wedding.”

'It is in reliance on this rule, my Lady,' said Desdemona, ignoring the fact that Tom and Nelly were already, and secretly married, 'that our Brother and our Sister seek the permission of the Order to leave the Abbey.'

Miranda, with great dignity, asked if any Brother or Sister had reason to allege why this permission should not be granted.

After an interval, she deputed the Public Orator to speak for her.

Brother Hamlet, who spoke with great hesitation, which was naturally attributed to the *contretemps* of the morning, pronounced the farewell oration prescribed, he said, though no one had ever heard of it before, by the rules of the Order of Thelema. I can only find room for the peroration:

'Lastly, Brother Lancelot, and Sister Rosalind, you have heard the gracious words of our Founder. Go forth from the Abbey with the con-

gratulations and wishes of those to whom you have been indeed brother and sister; may your love continue and grow; forget not ever the Abbey of Thelema: remember in the outer world the teaching of the Order: teach those who come after that to gentleness and courtesy, there is no law but one, "*Fay ce que voudras.*" Do what honour bids.'

He ceased. Sister Desdemona stepped from her desk and solemnly received from the pair, who stood before the Lady Abbess, the hood, the gown, and the crimson cord of the Fraternity. Two of the Sisters, as Nelly resigned these monastic badges, robed her from head to foot in a bridal veil.

Then the band began a low prelude, and the choir sang the Farewell Song:

'You, who have learned and understood
The master's rules that bind us,
And chosen as the chiefest good,
The end that he designed us;
'Who hand in-hand before us stand
In sober guise, not fiction;
Take, ere you part, from heart to heart,
This Chapter's benediction.

'Think, Brother, whom our Sister chose
Her servant in devotion,
Love's service never flags but grows
Deep as the deepest ocean.
To thee we trust her, taught we know,
In this, the Master's College,
Still to obey her lord, while thou
Shalt still thy Queen acknowledge.

'With tears we greet thee, Sister sweet,
Lady of grace and beauty,
To whom love draws by nature's laws,
Whose service is but duty.
'Be thine to make the wedded life,
As thine our cloister sunny,
Be mistress still as well as wife,
Be every moon of honey.

'So fond farewells: thy vacant cells
Await a fit successor,
For Rosalind needs inust we find
No meaner and no lesser.

'Farewell, farewell; go forth in peace
To sweet and happy living;
Let flowers grow your feet below;
Your path be bright with hope and light;
Let sunshine stay beside your way—
Your years one long thanksgiving.'

The choir ceased. Then, as the last bars pealed and echoed among the black rafters of the roof, the Public Orator took Nelly by the hand and led her to the throne of the Abbess. Miranda raised the bridal veil, and gave her Sister the farewell kiss. Tears stood in her eyes, and Nelly

was crying quite freely and naturally. Each of the Sisters in turn kissed the bride, and the brothers kissed her hand. Then a similar ceremony—*mutatis mutandis*—was undergone by Tom, Brother Lancelot no longer. Then they waited a moment while a procession formed, and then the organ struck up the wedding march, and the Chapter was finished. First marched the stewards and clerks of the Order, followed by the choir. Then followed, two by two, the Fraternity of Thelema. Then came pages bearing on crimson cushions the gifts of the Monks and Sisters to the bride—the notice was so short that they could give her nothing more than jewels and trinkets, but these made a pretty show. The wedded pair walked next; and last, followed only by the pages who bore her train, came Miranda, led by Alan.

As they passed the bust of the Master, the limelight fell full upon the kindly features and the wise smile, and on his lips seemed to play the words which were written in gold below:

'FAY CE QUE VOULDRAS.'

The dinner which followed was graced by as many guests as could be got together at a short notice. Tom sat next to Miranda, beside him his bride; next to him, Lord Alwyne, in great contentment, looking, as he told everybody himself, ten years younger. Alan sat next to Miranda; opposite her, Desdemona. As for Nelly, she had left off crying, and was now, so far from being cast down by the maternal wrath, shyly but radiantly happy. It was a quiet banquet; the band played wedding music selected by Cecilia, the boys sang four-part songs which bore upon love's triumphs; yet all the Brothers looked constrained. There were only two exceptions. Tom, whose honest face betokened gratification of the liveliest kind, and Alan, who was transformed.

Yes; the heavy pained look was

gone from his brow ; his deep eyes were lit with a new and strange light ; his face was wreathed with smiles.

'Daddy Graveairs,' said his father, after gazing furtively at him, 'is reflecting that he is well-rid of the dairymaid. I think we shall not see much more of the smock-frock. Gad ! the fellow is only five-and-twenty or so yet. What an age ! And what a rollicking youngster he will be at fifty !'

It was Lord Alwyne who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. He surpassed himself.

Then came Desdemona's turn. It seemed as if nobody could be so happy as Desdemona looked. Her portly form as well as her comely face seemed, to use a bold figure, wreathed in smiles. In fact she had a communication to make of such uncommon interest that she might be excused for feeling happy.

She arose, when the time came, and begged to be allowed to say something.

She had long felt an inward satisfaction, she said, in marking the rise, progress, and development, of those warmer feelings which such an atmosphere as that of the Abbey was certain to generate. In this case, she had observed with peculiar gratification that the interests she was watching advanced with a smoothness only possible in the calm retirement of a monastery. Also that there were no discords, no harsh notes to clash with the general harmony ; no one was jealous or envious of another ; each with each, damoiseau with damoiselle, was free, unhindered, to advance his own suit. 'And now,' said Desdemona expansively, 'these suits have all been advanced, they have all prospered'—here there was a general sensation—'and I am enabled to announce that this Abbey of Thelema will before long cease to exist because the end proposed by its original Founder has been already attained.

'My friends, Brother Bayard is engaged to Sister Cecilia.'

Here there was great cheering.

'Brother Benedict is engaged to Sister Audrey.'

At each name there was a loud burst of applause.

They were all engaged, every one. And though there was one Sister beside Desdemona for whom there would be no Monk of the Order in consequence of the expulsion of Brother Peregrine and the defection of Paul Rondelet, yet even that loss, which might have caused a discord, was met by an engagement with one of the outer world. There yet remained, however, Miranda.

'And lastly, dear Sisters and friends,' said Desdemona, 'before I make my final announcement, let us drop a tear together over the Abbey we have loved so well. The highest happiness, as our Founder thought, is to be bound by no rules but those of gentleness ; to own no obligations but those which spring of culture, good breeding and sweet dispositions ; to do what we will for a space within these walls ; to be an example to one another of sympathy, thought, for others, and good temper. Alas ! my friends, the Abbey is no more. We have held our last Function ; we must now dissolve.

"Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
And ere a man hath power to say, Behold !
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to conclusion."

But now for my last announcement. Brother Hamlet, my Brothers and Sisters'—everybody looked at Alan—'is Brother Hamlet no more ; that Brother whom we loved, but whose erratic courses we deplored, must have changed his name had the Abbey continued. What name could he have taken but—Brother Ferdinand ?—here Miranda blushed very sweetly. 'But he is Alan still, and he has found, O my Sisters, he has found the only woman in the world who is fit to mate with him.

“For several virtues
 Have I liked several women : never any
 With so full soul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
 And put it to the foil ; but she—O she !—
 So perfect and so peerless, is created
 Of every creature's best—”

The actress ceased to act ; she loved all the Sisters, but she loved Miranda most ; her voice broke, and she sat down burying her face in her hands.

It was at eleven o'clock that they all sallied forth to bid godspeed to

the bride and bridegroom. They were to ride to the quiet place, fifteen miles away, where they were to spend their honeymoon. Tom lifts his bride into the saddle, springs into his own, and with a storm of cheers and good wishes, they clatter together down the avenue of the Abbey, two black figures against the bright moonlight, and disappear in the dark shadows of the trees.

THE END.

TO CORA.

BY R. MARVIN SEATON.

THE field and the forest were clad in a hue
 That caught the sweet pearls of the gem-dropping dew
 But brighter the tear-drop that stole from your eye
 To the rose-paling cheek, when you whispered ‘ good bye.’

Methought that the stars shed a far sadder light
 Than your eyes when we met in that midsummer night ;
 But, oh, when we parted, I blessed the bright tear
 That told me remembrance would still hold me dear.

Oh, say was it pity, alone, in your heart,
 That spoke through the eye, when we met but to part ?
 Or was there a feeling, more warm and more true,
 For one who is dreaming forever of you ?

Forgive me the hope that I cherish, for what
 Could embitter life more if I deemed there was not ?
 Let me cling to it then, as the vine to the tree,—
 The world will be better, and brighter to me.

ONE MORE WORD ABOUT KEATS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

A RECENT writer in one of our best known magazines has permitted his enthusiasm to quite blind his critical sense regarding the amount of honour due even so charming and dulcet-voiced a singer as John Keats. To declare that the *Eve of St. Agnes* is 'the most perfect poem in the world,' must be called a somewhat extraordinary way of putting things. The place which Keats holds in the literature of his land is one distinctly settled and widely admitted. To suddenly inform the world that its admiration has thus far been set altogether in a wrong key is a species of image-breaking that will not rouse very general sympathy. A few sceptics might obstinately put in an objecting word or two if it were affirmed that Milton was after all, an idyllic poet, or that Coleridge possessed no turn for weirdness.

There can be slight doubt that what we have grown to term 'word-painting' has been mercilessly abused of past years. The most ambitious reporter for the public press aspires to furnish our breakfast-tables with something in this way, at least creditably forcible if not notably new. Prose is disfigured with ill-timed attempts in such direction; the average magazine story is often a weariness because of it; perspicuity is often dulled and perspicacity fatally amplified; it would seem as if a spade were thought to suffer injustice by being called one; sometimes hideous words are formed, awful to philology, by desperate delineators of the commonplace; maltreated lovers of chaste

English feel, in this age of spiritualism, like consulting the classic shade of Addison, and requesting it to say what epoch of luxurious vitiation threatens the language.

Meanwhile there exists a class of writers who possess this mastery of mere words, who constantly treat them as the artist treats colours, and yet who never degrade their gift by falsity and extravagance of method. Perhaps the father of this literary school was none other than John Keats, a poet whose tomb near the Porta San Paolo in Rome, when it claims to rise above 'one whose name was writ in water,' conforms with the proverbial untrustworthiness of epitaphs; for it is a certainty that since the death of Keats in 1821, there has been steadily growing up toward him that kind of reverential regard which, sooner or later, generally is attained by one who has originated a new poetic school. That Keats accomplished this great work—or rather that his genius, following its own delightful intuitions, achieved much absolutely new in the world of letters—there can now be no question. And yet, looking at these poems to-day, and considering how thoroughly their beauties were interspersed with youthful faults, while much that was most charming required a critic untrammelled by conventionalism and prompt to recognize genius in its newest guise, one cannot but feel that considerable vituperative injustice has been heaped upon the murderers of Keats' immediate reputation. The subsequent attack upon *Endymion* appears far less

pardonable; and yet it is easy to imagine that a taste which had fed upon the fiery diet of that poetical day must have been surprised and disturbed, if not innately ill-pleased, by the calm childishness and unique pre-raphaelitism of this novel poetry. It was a poem in which the forgotten rhythms of Chaucer were constantly suggested; in which quaintness of rhyme sometimes assumed forms of the wildest affectation; in which delicate originality of fancy now and then lapsed among realms of unpardonable grotesqueness, and in which laborious ornamentation sometimes appeared to such weighty excess that its presence became mere cloying unpleasantness. We are told that Shelley and Byron and Leigh Hunt were early and warm admirers of Keats' poetry, and nothing can seem more probable than that men of their acute literary discernment should have easily separated, with such a poem as *Endymion*, the gold from the glitter. At the same time, it must be conceded that to an ordinary eye *Endymion* is a work in which the glitter has a trick of rather frequently blinding us to the gold. It is, moreover, a poem of considerable narrative tediousness; this the most devout admirer of Keats can scarcely deny. It is in four rather bulky books, and it tells a simply mythologic, woodland story that might be told with much more artistic effect in perhaps fifty lines. Exquisitely enough, and in verses some of which will probably last as long as the language, Keats himself says, at the beginning of the poem:

'Therefore 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys: so I will begin,
Now while the early budders are just new
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write
Before the daisies, vermeil-rimmed and white,

Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and heary,
See it half finish'd: but let autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now at once, adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed.'

Charmingly *naïf* as now seems to us this gentle exultation on the part of the young poet, this innocent statement of how he means to pass the coming summer, this juvenile candour with which he shows his own blithesome self-satisfaction to the reader, it is not difficult, on the other hand, to conceive that a critic trained in schools of resonant rhetoric and polished classicism, should have found among these and similar passages the excuse for witty raillery and merciless disdain. It was an age when a kind of smart sententiousness and verbosity was the usual order of things in poetry. Byron's and Shelley's faults in this respect are now seen to be only too obvious, and even Coleridge, much more restrained, occasionally shows how sentimentality and pomposity were in the literary air of that particular epoch. But what were only faults more or less grave among these men of genius, constituted the stock-in-trade of ordinary writers. The pure voice of Keats, amid such a self-satisfied clamour, must have sounded strangely enough. Had it been stronger and more aware of its own strength, the effect might have proved far different. It is Victor Hugo who somewhere says that a Lycurgus misunderstood appears a Tiberius; and if this be true, equally probable is it that misunderstood simplicity very often appears like the most abject triviality. For that simplicity was the absolute bone and sinew of Keats' poetry, and that its charming tricks of colour and adornment would ultimately have become spiritualized, so to speak, into a delicious discrimination between different words, such as all the surging power of *Childe Harold* and the *Re-*

volt of Islam never gave us, there is now hardly reason to doubt. Lacking that airier intellectuality which belongs to Wordsworth's best lines, the poetry of Keats is sensuous only from a supremé innate perception of what lovely kaleidoscopic changes might be wrought with mere language alone. Language was at first a kind of beautiful bugbear to him. He was divinely plagued by its picturesque possibilities. He was like a child who has lost his way amid a garden teeming with the most tropic luxuriance of blooms; it was not enough that he had already gathered an armful of roses; he must yet reach out insatiably among the tiger-lilies and peonies.

Perpetually, when considering the attitude of young Keats toward the poetry and criticism of his time, are we reminded of a child dealing with its elders. True, he was a child of glorious precociousness, but his step fell feebly where others walked firmly—and sometimes strutted, by the way, more than they themselves suspected. The very meekness of the rôle which he played had a certain irritating audacity, no doubt, to many minds of that epoch. It was a time, let us remember, when passionate gentlemen, preferring to wear their collars very low in the throat, had morbid tendencies to leave posterity a name linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes; when to believe a woman or an epitaph were marks of pitiable folly among the youth of England, and when, throughout this same important body of citizens, existed a secret yearning that some sort of amateur piracy could be reputedly included among the elegant accomplishments. It was an age of great literary bigotry, of insufferable social snobbery, and of a morality in London circles by no means laudable. Surely, then, it was too late for this new Theocritus, with his simple reed-pipe and thyme-crowned locks, to leave his native fields, no matter how sweet was the fragrance that he bore with him. The influence

of Pope's stilted pastorals had not passed away; maudlin swains and simpering shepherdesses, about as natural and living as their Dresden china similitudes, yet lorded it over the province of idyllic song. It might almost be said of Keats that he came like a bare-footed Greek shepherd among a bevy of operatic rustics with red heels and quilted petticoats, with silk tights and beribboned crooks.

It is rarely the fate of one who finds a new school of poetry to gain more than a brief glimpse, at best, of his own laurels. Wordsworth was, it is true, a marked exception in this respect, to the general rule of greatly original singers. Tennyson may hardly be called such; for the genius of the present English Laureate, shining as it now does like a large limpid star, rose slowly before an expectant body of gazers. The literary heir of a grand poetic past was needed in England, and the hour produced the man. Tennyson broke through traditions, suited himself with a marvellous tact to the spirit of the age for which he sang; and wears with a most majestic dignity the purple worn by immortal predecessors. He is like a great actor with a certain family-resemblance to others, near of kin, who have also been great actors in their time, and whose noble teachings have sunk deeply within his soul. In the case of Keats all this was wholly different. He had, so to speak, no immediate poetic predecessor; he sprang, a new bloom, from an old soil. There is something Chaucerian about his way of telling a story; he is Spenserian in his love for luscious language; but had he possessed no positive and dominating element of originality outside of these mere resemblances, the fact of having attempted to revive the manner of such remote poets would in itself have seemed, at a time like that time, remarkably audacious. As it was, he united an intense strangeness in the way of method with an intense novelty of thought. The great popu-

lar poet of the hour was, as we all know, Byron. A kind of haughty verbal extravagance; a rather theatrical treatment of nature; a jaded style of moralizing that half-reminded one of some clever club-man of the day in the clutches of indigestion, and half of a wounded demi-god crying out with wild sweetness against the tyrannies of fate; a wit that sang like an arrow as it leapt to its mark; occasional hideous vulgarities of style; occasional passages of supreme eloquence; occasional interludes of exceedingly bald sentimentality, and here and there a scrap of rank indecency—these, it might be asserted, were the more prominent details of what in its totality constituted the genius of Lord Byron—a man who perhaps made more immediate and visible mark upon the age in which he lived than any poet of any time. With Keats extravagance was also a fault, but it was extravagance of a wholly different sort. What in Byron was excess of cheap tinsel, was in Keats a rich redundance, like the odorous foliage of some tropic land. Into this exuberance of beauty which everywhere marked *Endymion*, the scythe of art might well have entered, even though it would only have levelled aromatic grasses and blossoming vines.

As we now contemplate the unfinished work of Keats, viewing it from the advantageous stand-point of general metrical advancement, we are struck with one most noteworthy truth. It would seem as if this boy had been specially designed to appear and vanish, in the stately walks of English letters, not that he might leave any enduring souvenirs there of his own greatness, but rather that his work, filled so full of crudeness and incompleteness, might carry a sort of glorious hint to the poets of succeeding ages. Mr. Robert Browning has touched this idea in one of the lyrics of his 'Men and Women,' under the title, *Popularity*. Though perhaps unpleasantly familiar to many readers

whom other noble pages of this same volume have delighted, a few stanzas of *Popularity* might now pardonably be quoted, in all their erratic grotesqueness:—

'Who has not heard how Tyrian shells
Enclosed the blue, that dye of dyes
Whereof one drop worked miracles,
And coloured like Astarte's eyes
Raw silk the merchant sells?

'And each bystander of them all
Could criticise, and quote tradition;
How depths of blue sublimed some pall,
To get which, pricked a king's ambition,
Worth sceptre, crown and ball.

'Yet there's the dye—in that rough mesh,
The sea has only just o'erwhispered!
Live whelks, the lip's-beard dripping fresh,
As if they still the water's lip heard
Through foam the rock-weeds thresh.

'Enough to furnish Solomon
Such hangings for his cedar-house,
That when gold robed he took the throne
In that abyss of blue, the spouse
Might swear his presence shone

'Most like the centre-spike of gold
Which burns deep in the blue-bell's womb,
What time, with ardoers manifold,
The bee goes singing to her groom,
Drunken and overbold.

'Mere conchs! not fit for warp or woof!
Till art comes—comes to pound and squeeze
And clarify—refines to proof
The liquor filtered by degrees,
While the world stands aloof.

'And there's the extract, flaked and fine,
And priced, and salable at last!
And Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes and Nokes combine
To paint the future from the past,
Put blue into their line.

'Hobbs hints blue—straight he turtle eats,
Nobbs prints blue—claret crowns his cup,
Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats,—
Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats?

Mr. Browning refrains until the last from explaining the exact meaning of his apologue, but when, armed with its final scrap of enlightenment, we re-read the poem by its aid, we are forced to admit that nearly everything in these curious verses which fails as poetry possesses at least the solid advantage of being strict truth. Who Hobbs, Nobbs, Nokes and Stokes are, Mr. Browning doubtless knows very well, and for the sake of peace let us be very far from either inquiring or speculating; but apart from any attempt to drag forth ambushed personalities, may we not find something

superlatively applicable in the rugged stanza about pounding, squeezing, clarification and filtration? The reigning poet of our own time is unquestionably Alfred Tennyson. Byron's popularity grew up in England like some splendid great leaved plant that a single month will broaden into majestic fulness. Tennyson's has grown slowly, years having gone to the making of almost every separate branch, but it has struck its roots deep into the love and gratitude of two continents, and has often coiled them about the bare stone of unlettered disfavour. Between Tennyson and the three poets, Byron, Shelley and Coleridge there is but slight resemblance, we must all agree, unless it be asserted that he has indirectly profited by all that is most meritorious in each. But few will deny that Wordsworth and Keats have been for Tennyson the two chief poetic models. Without them he would still have charmed his age, no doubt, but he would have charmed it in a very different way. What that way would have been it is almost idle to speculate, for the development of English poetry, had neither Keats nor Wordsworth ever existed, might have suffered from some injurious retardment or else have been thrown into wholly different channels.

Especially in the earlier poems of Tennyson are the results of this dual influence most noticeable; and for the reason that in these poems the author alike of 'Arabian Nights' and the 'Ode to Memory' shows himself more dependent upon previous models and less able to manage that consummate art and irresistible grace which have since so fascinatingly marked his verse. The 'Ode to Memory,' both in form and treatment, suggests England's preceding laureate, while in the 'Arabian Nights' we have something of the same passionate revelling in colour and in word-effects which belongs to many a line in *Endymion*, *Hyperion* or *Lamia*. As his genius

strengthened more and more, Tennyson began to show an admirable skill in laying on the same colours which Keats had once used with such artless lavishness; as, for example, in the passage of *Cenone*, where Aphrodite is described as one who—

'With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round the lucid throat
And shoulder.'

Or, again, in the *Palace of Art*, where we meet such a picture as—

'... The deep-set windows, stained and traced,
Would seem slow-flaming crimson fires
From shadowed grots of arches interlaced
And tipped with frost-like spires.'

Or, again, where, in the same poem, it is said of the superb chambers in this palace of art, that—

'Some were hung with arras, green and blue,
Showing a gaudy summer morn,
Where, with puffed cheeks, the belted hunter blew
His wreathed bugle-horn.'

Or, in the *Dream of Fair Women* :

'I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled :
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.'

In this same poem Tennyson's beautiful lines,

'The maiden splendours of the morning star
Shook in the steadfast blue,'

suggest those in *The Eve of St. Agnes*,

'Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose.'

But it is useless, no doubt, to quote examples of this sort, since every reader at all familiar with the two poets under discussion knows how much one is indebted to the other in a general way, although it is doubtful whether a single instance may be found where two passages taken from either poet would hint of an imitation, howsoever vaguely. Keats is like some strange Gothic structure belonging to no special period, loaded with massive carvings as ill-placed as they are rich and costly. Tennyson is like the 'lordly pleasure-house' of which he sings so enchantingly, that—

'From level meadow-bases of deep grass
Suddenly scaled the light.'

He is less astonishing than Keats, because more harmonious ; on the other hand he is, for the same reason, a deep intellectual delight where Keats sometimes becomes an over-luscious æsthetic surfeit. We always read Tennyson with an active and vital sympathy ; we very often read whole pages of Keats with a kind of melancholy curiosity. Which poet possessed the greatest real genius may be a contested question in future times. It now seems to us extremely evident that Keats could have given us nothing at all comparable with *Guinevere*, or *Godiva*, or the *Princess*, for grace, finish, culture, self-repression, and all the other cardinal literary virtues. 'But,' might here cry the unknown writer of a certain well-known 'Spiteful Letter,' 'shall we presume to say that Tennyson, born when John Keats was born, could have written the eloquent *Ode to a Nightingale*, the throbbing *Ode to a Grecian Urn*, or th

drowsily plaintive *Ode to Melancholy*?' Time alone must answer such cavilling questions, for time is the one just and merciless critic. Much that we admire in Tennyson to-day may possibly take upon itself an inevitable tarnish ; many of what now seem his loveliest colours may have faded for future eyes ; here and there succeeding years may discover beauties in lines that we now hold somewhat lightly. But, on the other hand, it is quite different with John Keats. He has secured his niche for all succeeding time. His work has been weighed and has not been found wanting. There seems almost insolence, now, in speculation as to what he might have done for English poetry had death spared him beyond the youthful age of four-and-twenty ; since, in this glorious direction, he already accomplished so much, and since his memory is so unfadingly laurelled as the symbol of lofty aspiration wedded to sweet and durable accomplishment.

SONNET

BY MARY BARRY SMITH

IN the deep silence, to mine ear attuned,
There comes strange sound, like to the stir of wings,
Like to the wail of weak, half-stifled things,
Like to the world's cry for the old, old wound.
The Past is dead, she must not be impugned ;—
No weak lament for her the Present brings ;
These are no feeble lullabies she sings,
No nursery ditties in the darkness crooned,—
These are the voices of her utmost need.
Help ! help ! On every side I hear the call.
Confused I turn, all prayers I fain would heed ;
All life hath loss, I fain would succour all.
All eyes have tears, but through *my* tears I read
Of One who watches when the sparrows fall.

A PRESSING PROBLEM.

BY FIDELIS.

THERE are comparatively few people, among the classes which furnish magazine readers, at least, who have ever known by experience what it is to rise on a cold winter morning, foodless and fireless, and not knowing whence either fuel or food is to be procured. And it is, perhaps, because we have not this actual experience, that we do not feel more for those with whom, in this hard winter, such a state of things is a common occurrence. Nothing is truer than that—

' Few, save the poor feel for the poor,
They little know how hard
It is to be of needful food
And needful rest debarred !'

And yet it would be unjust to say that people are generally hard-hearted towards the poor. After a somewhat vague and unimaginative fashion, it is true, but still sincerely enough, most of us, who though we may not be *rich*—may even be in 'embarrassed' or 'straitened' circumstances—are yet still surrounded by the ordinary comforts of life, do feel for those less fortunate, to whom the 'struggle for existence' is a literal and daily fact. While we all, doubtless, know instances of callous selfishness, where sums are wasted on the merest caprices—a little of which would be grudged to the starving and shivering poor—yet these instances are happily exceptional, and we gladly recognize a very large proportion of genuine benevolence and sincere desire to ameliorate the condition of the suffering poor, not always, however, judiciously carried out. Indeed, it is a tolerably safe assertion to

make, that if all the money annually given in this country towards the relief of the poor in some form or other, could be collected and applied with strict judgment and economy, there would not only be sufficient to meet all cases of real distress in *ordinary* years, but also, pauperism, pure and simple, would rapidly diminish. For there is, it is self-evident, no surer and more prolific feeder of pauperism than the indolent and indiscriminate alms which is so often misnamed 'charity.' Not that it would be desirable to prevent the exercise of *individual* benevolence. It were well if, on the contrary, all our distress from poverty could be relieved through the kindly, sympathetic individual dealing of man with man, which is the simplest and most natural plan, as well as the one most fitted to call forth individual gratitude, and develop the best feelings in both giver and receiver. But, to make individual alms-giving a good rather than an evil, self-denying, painstaking effort and enquiry are absolutely necessary, in addition to the mere benevolent desire to relieve suffering. How many of our average alms-givers are willing to give this self-denying effort, in order to make sure that they are really relieving distress rather than encouraging vicious imposture? How does the case usually stand? Are not the following pictures nearer the truth?

To a kindly disposed, but busy *materfamilias*, engrossed with the concerns of her own household—enter Bridget. 'A poor woman wants to see you, ma'am.'

Materfamilias—'Ask her what she

wants, Bridget, I'm too busy to see her.'

Bridget returns with a sufficiently pitiable tale of privation of food and clothing. The good *materfamilias* feels impelled by kindness and conscience to do something in the matter, and as the easiest solution, in the circumstances, sends out a five or ten cent piece, which, it is altogether likely, will, before night, be reposing in a tavern-keeper's till, only too familiar with such charitable coins. Or, it may be, our *materfamilias* does take the time from her sewing or planning, to go out and hear the applicant's story for herself. The tale seems sad enough—half-a-dozen starving children; no food; no clothes; no fuel! The lady wonders what the charitable societies can be about to allow such distress to be unrelieved; never dreaming that perhaps two or three charitable societies are only too well acquainted with this particular 'case.' She cannot let the woman go unaided, but as for taking down her address and making a domiciliary visit—such an idea never occurs to her—in fact, she 'would not have time.' So the poor woman's basket is filled with a bountiful contribution of cold provisions and cast-off clothing, and she speedily departs, invoking profuse blessings on her benefactress. The clothing is speedily disposed of, and its proceeds invested in a new supply of whiskey, and next day, in precisely the same destitution of clothes and food, the inveterate beggar makes a descent upon some other promising house, to repeat the same operation—being absolutely maintained in her wretched career of degradation and vice, by the easy credulity of kindly ladies, who will give freely, but will not 'take trouble.'

But it is not only the 'softer sex' which is thus imposed upon. On some bitterly cold evening, when *paterfamilias* is enjoying his fireside comfort, tired with business, and luxurious in dressing-gown and slippers—a loud ring announces a 'tramp,' who has

just arrived, a stranger in a strange place—has walked an incredible distance, looking for work, has no money to buy food or a night's lodging. What can *paterfamilias* do? He cannot receive the stranger into his own house, 'and spread the couch of rest.' Even if he were disposed to do so himself, for obvious reasons it would be impossible. He cannot send the man away, penniless and homeless, while he sits down again at his comfortable fireside. So bread and money are bestowed, and *paterfamilias* returns with a good conscience to his newspaper. Perhaps the case was a case of real distress, and the charity true charity. But more probably, the bread was scornfully thrown away outside, and the money pocketed, while the object of charity, with as lamentable a story as before, goes to repeat his game so long as doors will open to receive his appeal. This, it may be added, is no fancy picture; it is drawn from actual observation.

Now it is not asserted that there should be *no* individual giving, especially in cases of immediate urgency. People cannot, happily, harden their hearts against the direct appeal which, if it is not that of real distress, looks so very much like it; and, especially in times of exceptional hardship like the present, most people would rather risk imposition by any number of impostors, than turn away unaided one case of genuine need. But what is meant to be pressed is this, that giving without enquiry is a thing so hazardous that it should be by all means avoided in every case where this is possible, without the risk of permitting real suffering to go unrelieved. And nothing can be more thoughtlessly irrational than the conduct of those who refuse to give to societies organized for the purpose of enquiring into and relieving real need, on the ground that they give 'so much at the door;' in other words, that they do their best to keep up the abject and vicious pauperism which it is the very object of or-

ganized societies to restrain and reduce!

To all such people we should most heartily recommend, if they would but read it, a small volume published in London by Wm. Hunt & Co., entitled 'Confessions of an Old Almsgiver,' a book no less entertaining in a literary point of view than instructive in a moral one, wherein the writer unfolds, in racy Saxon and fearless plainness of speech, the evils of which to his own knowledge, indiscriminate and unorganized charity has been the too prolific parent, heartily endorsing the 'excellent saying of the witty, worthy, wise Whately, Archbishop, "I will not on a dying pillow have to reproach myself with having ever relieved a street beggar."'

Having, from sad experience, arrived at the conclusion that without strict and watchful organization—'almsgivers, whether banded together, or acting apart, may soon grow to be more wholesale corrupters of their species than they which be evil-doers by profession,' the author of this little book made what we may safely call a truly philanthropic resolution, 'Having no secular calling, I determined to devote myself systematically to efforts among the poor in the way, not of a mere amiable relaxation to be used like a flute or a novel, but of a downright vocation whereunto I should give myself as unreservedly as though I were bound by a contract, and in receipt of a salary. I resolved that I would personally visit and personally watch all cases seeking my help, seeing everything with my own eyes, of whose powers of penetration I entertained, if I mistake not, the usually high opinion which we are prone to cherish in favour of any faculty which happens to be part of oneself.'

In order to carry out this most excellent resolve, our author hired—in the district which he chose as his field of operations—a room which came to be called his 'office,' and engaged enquiry agents who in process of time

came to be called his 'ferrets.' Neither personal tale nor plausible testimonials would he trust, but rigidly applied a sifting test of close personal investigation to all and every case. How many cases of imposture encouraged by indiscriminate giving, were unearthed by this process, the reader can find for himself duly recorded in the volume aforesaid. To give even one in detail would occupy too much space here. Yet of one, we must give the closing scene in the witness' own words:

'Yet a little while, and the mother was in her coffin, dead of the effects, as neighbours thought and said, of a drunken brawl in which her collar-bone got broken. Over her grave should have been inscribed, though I fear it was not:

SLAIN BY ALMSGIVERS.

Many beside me had helped to murder her. I say advisedly that almsgiving slew her, soul and body too, if I err not. For if in earlier years, ere the influence of an evil bias had deepened into dominion, the fatal facility with which alms are to be had for the asking had not seduced and enabled her to abandon almost wholly honest labour, how different might have been her way and her end! But is it in human nature to resist those facilities, those deadly facilities which allow of a plausible petitioner raising, in the shape of a so-called charity, more in a house to house visitation of three or four hours than honest toil can compass by the sweat of its brow in twice the number of days?

Yes I repeat it (denounce my verdict who may): she was slain by almsgiving! But was not Charity responsible as well for her legacies as her career? She, dying, bequeathed to her country's existing stock of pauperism, five duodecimo editions of herself, who, but for the training which Charity's activity in their mother's behalf had secured for them, might at

least have had a chance of becoming decent and respectable members of the working class.'

How this contagion of this pauperisation by indiscriminate almsgiving spreads till it infects whole districts, our author vividly describes in his chapter on 'Almsgiving as an Inoculator,' from which the following extract is taken and warmly commended to indiscriminate givers. The author gives it as the experience of a deceased city missionary :

'In a small court on his missionary district there once lived several hard-working, and on the whole sober, families. A room in it at length fell vacant, which was let to a dissolute couple who lived on the charitable chiefly by means of begging letters. They of course lived far better than the rest of the court, indeed as the phrase goes, like "fighting cocks." Two maiden ladies visited them, and often relieved them. By degrees one after another of the remaining families got discontented with their condition and thought they might as well try and get a slice of these ladies' bounty. The usual dodges were adopted, including pledging their things and cultivating rags and wretchedness. They succeeded but too well. In vain the city missionary tried to waylay these ladies in order to give them a private caution.

They came and went like shadows—no, not went like them, for shadows leave nothing behind them: they left moral desolation in their wake. No band of locusts could have done their work more effectually; for the fruit of their labours was that not an unmoralized household remained in that luckless court. Idleness, drink, vice in various forms, with rejection of missionary visitation once welcomed or at least accepted, at length took the place of the opposite habits previously cherished. Once more had that kind, self-denying, conscientious evil doer, unorganized Charity, been sowing by mistake a curse for a blessing. This is of course an extreme example, but

precisely the same effect, on a smaller scale, ensues in unnumbered cases, in which some son of labour is made to see that Charity's *protégés* arrive at more sumptuous fare, *via* lying and alms, than he can attain by industry and hard work.'

If, then, the dangers attending the dispensation of charity are so great, are we to stop dispensing charity altogether? In the face of the real want and suffering that force themselves upon us, humanity answers,—a thousand times, no! And Christianity presses home the duty, which all religions from earliest antiquity have enforced, of those who have, to give to them who have not. But, if experience in this matter teaches any lesson whatever, it is that he or she who would relieve distress in such a way as to do good and not harm, must be willing to give, not only material aid, but thought and time. The best authority on the subject tells us that 'blessed is he that *considereth* the poor,' as if the *consideration* were the main thing, and implied all else that was needful. And so it does. They who take the trouble of *considering* the poor are not likely to leave the case they have 'considered' unrelieved—that is, if it is a case which ought to be relieved; but they are likely to relieve it in a way which does not leave a permanent injury; and their benefactions will—unlike much of so-called charity—bless him that takes as well as him that gives. '*Visit, consider, relieve,*' were the three watchwords given by an eminent Toronto clergyman in a recent Thanksgiving Day sermon, as containing the substance of Scripture exhortation in this matter. And as we have seen, this is the teaching of common sense and experience also. But *they must go together*; for even visiting and relieving are, we see, not to be trusted in company, without *considering* as a vigilance officer to watch their ways and keep them from reckless transgressions of all sound principles of

political economy. If we could only secure the careful *consideration* of the poor, on the part of all almsgivers, and the united and organized action which alone can ensure against imposture, we should have done much towards the satisfactory solution of the problem how we are to keep the rapidly growing pauperism among ourselves from ever developing into the chronic disease which it has become in Britain. That it *has* been developing into rather alarming proportions during the last few years of depression will not be disputed by any one, at least, connected with societies for charitable relief, and the ignoble army of 'tramps,' detachments of which are to be found everywhere, is only too palpable evidence of the fact. That even the return of more prosperous times will reduce this body of pauperism to its former limits, is too much to hope. '*Facilis descensus*.'—the *ascensu* is by no means so easy. It is worthy of the most serious consideration of all patriotic men and women how we may eradicate in time from the system of our young country a growing ulcer, which must otherwise surely sap and impair its natural vigour and vitality.

In Canada there are three factors, the combination of which brings 'want as an armed man' to confront and well nigh baffle the best efforts of benevolence to vanquish him. These three factors are—improvidence, intemperance, and the great scarcity of work for ordinary labourers in winter. The first two of these factors are the main causes of poverty everywhere. The third is more especially felt in Canada, and is the great barrier to what might otherwise be the comfort of our large class of day-labourers. A simple calculation will show how difficult it must be for them, even with the utmost forethought and prudence, to 'make both ends meet.' There are only seven months of the year, in most parts of Canada, during which day labourers can be tolerably sure of daily employment, and in severe win-

ters, the time during which work is plentiful is still further abridged. Taking it, however, at seven months, daily employment at a dollar a day will give for the working days of these seven months \$168, on which the labourer and his family must mainly depend during the whole year. The smallest and poorest house large enough for a good sized family will cost at least three, and probably four, dollars a month. At the latter price necessary to provide anything like a comfortable abode for his family, \$48 must go for rent, leaving only \$120, or little more than two dollars a week, to provide fuel, food and clothing for a family of six or eight or ten persons during the whole year. Of course, however, in ordinary years, a steady and persevering man will usually secure a day's work now and then at cutting wood, snow shovelling, or some other chance employment, which will supplement slightly this scanty provision. Yet, even in the most favourable circumstances, anyone can see that it would require a very much more accomplished manager than the ordinary labourer's wife to maintain a family in any degree of comfort on such a slender pittance. To be sure there are exceptional times when even the common labourer can double his dollar a day, but such times are, to most, few and far between. And when we remember that this class of people, uneducated, undeveloped—many of them emigrants, with the pauperized habits of their old world life still clinging to them—are very much like children in their lack of forethought and self control, it is not to be wondered at if there is a very strong tendency to 'take no thought for the morrow,' in the literal sense, but to live generously while the money is plentiful, and let the coming winter take care of itself. Even severe experience of cold and hunger does not cure this tendency to lavishness while there is money to spend. The writer has known families, specimens of the-

low London poor, which had been suffering severely from privation of fuel and food during the winter, and assisted from charitable funds, feasting on early vegetables and strawberries, and indulging largely in butcher-meat in summer, with a sublime forgetfulness that another winter is to come. The winter, of course, finds them penniless, and obliged to beg and go into debt for the necessaries of life. In spring the man starts loaded with debt, which, if he can pay out of his summer earnings and maintain his family as well, he cannot certainly be expected to do more. Another winter finds him again destitute as before—his family and himself the despair of the philanthropic agencies which try to grapple with this problem, and would fain, if they could, assist him to the more satisfactory and self-respecting position of maintaining his family independently of charity at all.

But there is a lower depth still. When intemperance adds its destroying influence to improvidence and insufficient employment, the case of the labouring man's family is pitiable indeed. To see the hard-earned money which should have provided food and warmth absorbed into the tavern-keepers' till in exchange for the poison which makes the husband and father a tyrant and a terror in his own house, is the bitter lot of many a labourer's wife; so bitter, indeed, that it not seldom drives them to the same fatal refuge from pressing misery. For it must be remembered that it is a refuge—temporary and wretched refuge though it be. The fact that there is so much more intemperance amongst our lowest or labouring classes than among our respectable mechanics and artisans is not to be explained wholly on the ground that intemperance keeps the lowest class from rising—true though this statement may be. An eminent physician, in a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, has shown that men take to alcohol as a *sedative* rather than a stimulant, in

other words, as a *soother* of physical or mental suffering. The labouring man, encountering all extremes and discomforts of weather, living, usually in a wretchedly uncomfortable house, often on unpalatable food, a hand-to-mouth existence, in which temporary abundance alternates with pinching want, does not resort to his dram merely for the momentary indulgence of appetite—as we are rather hastily apt to conclude. He finds in it far more than this, a temporary but complete oblivion of the ills of life, insensibility to hunger, discomfort and the latent discontent and despair of a life of struggle and privation which seems to afford no hope of anything better. And too often he lacks the trust in God and the hope of a blessed future, which nerves many a sufferer to carry hopefully and heartily the burden of life. He—

‘ Cannot look beyond the tomb
And cannot hope for rest before.’

What wonder, then, if, losing hope and heart, he seeks to drown present misery in the cup that seems to offer so ready an anæsthetic, though it sink him still lower in degradation, and poison the springs of his physical, mental and spiritual life. And his wife only too readily follows his example; not unfrequently indeed she sets the example, and then, humanly speaking, the fate of the children is sealed. Unless special influences for good intervene, the family perpetuates to future generations the drunken pauperism into which it has sunk. Even now, in some of our cities, intemperate pauper families are the lineal representatives of intemperate pauper families of two generations past.

It is little wonder if, looking at the immense proportion of poverty which is caused by intemperance, and the tax which the incubus of intemperate pauperism imposes on the benevolent public, whether through the drunkard's failure to maintain his family during his life, or to the premature

death which so often leaves them a burden on the community, there should be many who feel that the hardships thus imposed on the better class of the community, through the free sale of liquor, are so great as to warrant strong legislative action to restrict it. It may be said that the families of drunkards should not be aided, but left to suffer for the sins of the parent—a species of vicarious punishment that no society would permit to be carried out to its natural consequences. Public opinion, represented, at least, by some grudging-givers, may assert loudly that no charitable society should assist a drunkard's family; but let there occur one instance of any member of such a family being left to starve or freeze to death, and public opinion, better than its own theory, will immediately turn round and demand what the charitable societies were about to allow such things to happen in a Christian country! And however willing we may be to allow the drunkard to feel the full consequences of his own evil-doing, it is almost if not quite impossible for the most ordinary humanity to see his helpless children suffering from cold and hunger, without stretching out the hand of help.

The 'Old Almshouse' quoted already has certain vigorous remarks respecting the source of this miserable drain upon the scanty earnings of the poor, and through them, upon the benevolent class of society, from which the following extracts are given, as worth considering. 'Taking them,' he says, the palpable connection—palpable in many other ways beside the above—between the public-houses and pauperism, is there no ground for asking that some reasonable restraint should be put on them, and I desire not to make out the strong-drink party worse than they are! I have myself known licensed victuallers who were most respectable and worthy men, willing to forego larger profits for the sake of more sobriety. But if I understand matters aright, the public house party

will bate no jot or tittle of their vested interests in the temporal and eternal perdition of their customers. But are there no vested interests save theirs? Have their customers none in their own social and everlasting well-being? Which are of the longer duration;—the interests of the drink-merchants? Surely not—they are but life-interests at longest. And hence for the Legislature to study the drink interest at the expense of their victims, what is it but to give a tenant-at-will all, and the free-holder no, consideration—to make the greater right of less account than the less?

'But and if the Legislature say, "Ah, but if people like to drink and —, they must have the opportunity: 'tis one of the prerogatives of civil liberty with which we may not interfere." Be it so. But how about the *jus tertii*?

'I am no teetotaler any more than the Bible. But neither am I a drink-totaler, and I cannot for my life see why the latter class are to have it all their way, and claim a vested right to demoralize in this world, to say nothing of damning in the next, whole masses of their fellow-countrymen *at my expense*. I say at my expense, for who, in the long run, have to pay the piper but the ratepayer and the charitable? Why the Bungs of England, any more than the Thugs of India should be thus favoured, I cannot divine. If either have the better claim, surely the Thugs have it, for the Thug only kills the body and seizes the watch and purse, and after that hath no more that he can do, but the Bung, in hosts of cases, is a murderer of soul, body and estate. The present system, indeed, seems to stand simply thus. The drink producers and sellers get all the profit, the drink consumers all the delight, such as it is, of getting drunk, and the ratepayers and the charitable pay the piper, being mulcted in the resulting yclept pauperism. But cheer up, my reader. Relief may be nearer at hand than thou thinkest.

As *quoad* a large percentage of pauperism, the publican and pauper are related as parent and child, and such pauper and the ratepayer as plunderer and victim, to sacrifice holocaust-wise the ratepayer to the public-house party on the altar of their so-called "vested rights" is surely a course to which even the nineteenth century, with all its disposition to outstrip its predecessors in everything which can disgrace and discredit humanity's boasted civilization, can hardly be prepared to pledge itself.

It is not, however, the purpose of this article to discuss prohibition, though it is not possible to consider the subject before us without advertising to one of the strongest pleas in its favour. It is a safe assertion to make, that if prohibition could be carried, and enforced so as really to prevent the ordinary retail traffic at least, any inconvenience or privation which might result to moderate drinkers would be far more than counter-balanced by the removal of the sufferings caused in so many ways by intemperance, and the corresponding relief to the purses and the feelings of all who care for their fellow-creatures at all!

However, as we cannot have prohibition at present, it is wise to remember that there are things which may be done by voluntary philanthropic effort to diminish the ravages of intemperance and, as a consequence, the pauperism resulting therefrom. When we bear in mind that the labouring man is usually driven to the fatal dram by the desire to escape for a time, at least, from the pressure of a hard and hopeless lot, the discomforts of a wretched home, and the absence of any other influence to cheer and enliven him, it is obvious that one way, at least, of meeting the evil is the endeavour to provide something better. To do this we must take into consideration that the poor man finds in the tavern the distraction from present troubles that you, dear reader,

usually find in your newspapers, in society, in your concerts, in the entertaining volume that beguiles your leisure—things which are not within the reach of his purse, and, if they were, are beyond the range of his power to enjoy. But there is no reason why, having after all a mind and rudimentary tastes of a higher kind, he should not be led to enjoy something better than a drunken carouse. And, just as the attention of philanthropists and temperance men and women is being turned towards providing coffee-houses to supplant taverns for physical refreshment, so we might have something of the nature of reading-rooms established in the more sunken districts of cities, to which the intemperate might be beguiled by a warm, attractive room, where volunteer readers might read interesting items of news and short attractive stories, where the young fellows who infest street corners and 'loaf' around taverns might find good illustrated papers to beguile them into a taste for reading, and *innocent* indoor games, to supplant nocturnal 'larks,' and where occasional penny concerts might be given by benevolent amateurs, in which songs of an elevating though simple character, and spirited religious hymns should be the principal feature. Such places of innocent recreation could be maintained at very slight expense, compared with the good and ultimate saving to charitable resources which their results might be expected to accomplish, and in time might prepare the way for such simple courses of scientific lectures as might materially enlarge the mental horizon of the hearers, and afford some better and safer diversion from the tedium of their treadmill lives than that which they formerly found only at the tavern. In suggesting such attempts as these, we do not wish to seem for a moment to ignore the more purely religious means which, after all, must be our chief reliance in combatting intem-

perance as well as any other evil, since we believe that the victims of this enslaving habit cannot gain their freedom without that Divine aid which is promised to all who ask for it. But man is a composite being, and needs, especially when he lives amid degrading and squalid surroundings, help that touches him at *all* points of his organization. And there can be no doubt that the good effects of many a religious service and fervent appeal are frequently neutralised by the opposite influences into which men are drawn during the week by the natural and irresistible craving for recreation of *some* kind. Such recreation-rooms as have been here suggested would do much to meet a need that must be most urgent in blank and dreary lives, and with the addition of inexpensive *gymnasia*, might do very much for the younger generation, by inducing them to expend their superabundant vitality in invigorating exercise, instead of the street 'rowdyism' which qualifies them so early for the police court and the gaol.

Another means of at least abridging the temptations to intemperance, is suggested by Dr. Brunton, one of the medical writers on the 'Alcohol Question' in the *Contemporary Review*. He remarks that unsatisfactory and unpalatable meals induce an indefinite craving, which 'is very likely to lead the person who feels it to take spirits, and I believe does so very frequently. The remedy for this, would of course, be to diffuse a knowledge of cookery as widely as possible amongst the wives of working men.' To accomplish this desirable end, cooking classes for working men's wives have been instituted in many places in the United Kingdom, and we may hope that they may become general in Canada also. They will, however, require much personal effort in inducing the women for whom they are intended, to attend the classes and profit by the instruction given, in order to make them of the desired use; since there are no stauncher

conservatives than the degraded poor, in all that appertains to their squalid and wasteful ways.

Dr. Brunton adds: 'We may indeed say generally that all hygienic and other measures which tend to maintain or restore health and strength, will tend to restrict the use of alcohol, by preventing the low spirits and feelings of depression, weakness, and incapacity for work which are such strong temptations to alcoholic indulgence. So far, therefore, as we can ameliorate the condition and brighten the surroundings of our working men, we diminish the tendency towards by far the most fertile feeder of pauperism, and save our pockets in the end. And there is no way in which the condition of the working man more urgently demands amelioration than in the condition of his abode. When one sees the damp cellars, or, more commonly, in this country, the wretched rickety board hovels whose cracks afford almost unimpeded entrance to frost and snow, places in which, as has been truly said, a humane man would hardly like to leave a horse, but which are the best that the poor man can get for his three or four dollars a month, the visitor from a warm and well furnished house can hardly help a pang of self-reproach mingling with the wonder how, with the scanty supply of fuel at the command of the poor, winter, in such circumstances, can be endured at all! Little wonder, indeed, if self-respect and decency take flight—if life becomes a mere animal hand-to-mouth struggle for existence, and a too easy escape from the pressure of intolerable misery is sought in the temporary oblivion of the intoxicating glass! Why, amidst the abundance of our joint stock companies, there should not be companies formed by intelligent and large-minded men for the building of decent and comfortable abodes for our working men, it is not easy to see. We surely have capital enough in Canada to house all our poorer classes comfortably, instead of

squalidly, at the present moderate prices of material and labour. Such enterprises in all our towns would be a double and permanent benefit, in both a hygienic and a moral point of view, and would at the same time secure a moderate return for the funds invested, thus blessing the receiver and not robbing the giver, while the present wretched apologies for houses, not half so comfortable as many an African hut, would find their best use in being broken up and given to the poor as winter fuel. Our needs in this respect are not yet on too gigantic a scale to be overtaken. If they were overtaken *now*, our country might be permanently delivered from the incubus of squalid nests in which vice and degradation find a natural harbour and breeding place for a noisome progeny of evils, physical not less than moral.

Having thus suggested ways and means by which the factor of intemperance might be eminently diminished, it remains to consider the other two factors of pauperism among us. Improvidence, which is responsible for no small amount of distress, can be met only by kindly personal influence. Some of the methods already suggested for counteracting tendencies to intemperance, such as more comfortable houses and a better knowledge of cookery—might help us against improvidence also. But as its remedy lies chiefly with the wife and mother, we can expect to make little impression upon it except by the gradual influence of kindly and interested but *not officious* lady visitors, who will have tact enough to *suggest*, not *dictate*. Not a little might be done, also, by the formation of 'Provident Savings' Clubs,' which we have seen tried with at least a fair measure of success. For these it is necessary to have a treasurer self-denying enough to undertake the somewhat troublesome task of disposing of the money and calculating the interest on petty sums for irregular periods, and collectors male or female, willing to go every week to take up

the ten or twenty cents promised and enter the same regularly in their collecting books. Our Young Men's Christian Associations might undertake the charge of such Provident Savings' Clubs, and it would be work not thrown away, for no amount of exhortation will impress a man so vividly with the use of providence as his receiving, in the time of his winter need, the few dollars which, given little by little, in summer, he never missed. The chief difficulty in the way is, that when people have once become pauperized in spirit, they are apt to suspect that the possession of the money they have saved will stand in the way of their getting the assistance from charitable sources on which they have been accustomed to rely, an additional reason for doing all that we possibly can to prevent the growth of such dependence by helping people to help themselves.

This naturally suggests the third factor in Canadian poverty, the scarcity of winter work. The severity of our climate makes it impossible, as a rule, to carry on in winter the ordinary out-door labour which is the main dependence of our labouring men; the consequence being, for many, compulsory idleness during the greater part of the winter months, with all the evils, direct and indirect, which such idleness must bring in its train. Looking at its results, either in the suffering from privation which it entails on the man's family, or in its demoralising influence on the man himself, it is safe to say that there could be no truer and more patriotic philanthropy than that which would establish in our towns and cities works of some kind which could be carried on in winter and suspended in summer, for the express benefit of those whom every winter throws out of work. We know that business men do not like to mix up 'business' with 'charity.' But if the truest charity is to *supply work*, an undertaking of this kind could surely be conceived and carried out purely as a charitable

one, so far as regarded its promoters, just as any other charitable institution is managed. Discrimination could be exercised in giving the preference to the most really necessitous applicants, and it could further be arranged, by communicating with employers of labour, that those men should be first employed who showed themselves most willing to work at reasonable rates during the summer. As things are now, men are not really to be blamed for asking the highest wages they can get, remembering the months when they will not get work at all—just as the employer, in his turn, takes advantage of the winter scarcity of work, to get labour at the lowest possible figure. Each evil perpetuates the other. But if the men saw that efforts were made to procure work for them in winter, out of pure good will to them, there would be fewer exorbitant demands during the summer. Charitable organizations for procuring work could be advantageously co-operated with by the corporations of towns and cities, where the work done could be made charitable for public purposes, as it is the case in Halifax, where the Society established for the relief of the poor, provides stone-breaking for men out of work, the city buying the stone which has been broken at low wages; and the enterprise which has now been carried on for several years, has proved itself a self-supporting one. While nothing is more to be deprecated in Canada than anything of the nature of a poor-law, or the substitution of compulsory contributions and official aid for the kindly offices of voluntary charity, yet considering the immense importance of giving to working-men the chance of self-support during the winter, and thus preventing their pauperization, municipalities might reasonably be empowered to impose a tax, which need not be a heavy one, for this purpose, whenever the exigencies of the case appear to require it. This need not be supposed to recognize the Communistic principle that the State is bound to

provide work for its citizens, but only the principle that, for the sake of the *public weal*, it is infinitely better to use public money in providing work, than to turn idle men and their families on the charity of individual citizens. And one of these alternatives is inevitable. 'If a man *will* not work, neither lethem eat.' But if a man *cannot procure work*, he must not, in the name of Christian humanity, be left to starve. 'The top of society,' it has been well said, 'for the sake of its own preservation, owes the bottom what every Christian owes every other man according to the command, "Freely ye have received, freely give."'

With all that can be done, however, in providing work for the unemployed, there will always be a margin of poverty that *must* be relieved by actual charity. How to do this best without either encouraging deception and promoting pauperism, or letting suffering go unrelieved, is worthy of the same serious consideration from public-spirited men and women here which it has received in other countries, and more especially in Germany, in some parts of which the system of poor relief has been reduced to almost too great exactness. The 'Old Alms-giver' already quoted is strongly opposed to the union of Church and charity, and gives very cogent reasons for his opposition, illustrated by facts which came under his own observation. The substance of them is contained in the following words quoted by him from 'A Working-Class Friend, actively and heartily identified with a Mission Hall':—'I have reason from my experience to speak most strongly against all gifts or aid coming from the Church or coupled in any direct manner with the offices of religion. I have so often had painful proof of the growth of selfish acquisitiveness, if not created, certainly fostered, by this procedure, coupled with the grossest hypocrisy, and I have been frequently pained at the wholesale hypocrisy these little aids create.'

Dr. Chalmers, whose experience among the poor was of the widest, gives the same testimony:—'It has never been enough adverted to that a process for Christianizing the people is sure to be tainted and enfeebled where there is allied with it a process for alimending the people: there lies a moral impossibility in the way of accomplishing the two objects by the working of one and the same machinery.' To many minds there lies a sort of fascination in the idea that the giving of common charity through churches gives the Church a stronger hold over the people it relieves, and is, besides, in accordance with the spirit of primitive Christianity. And undoubtedly there is a class of the poor—those who have been for years faithful and attached Church members—who can be most delicately and most appropriately helped by the quiet assistance of their fellow-members, and these will usually afford sufficient scope for the largest liberality which congregations as congregations are accustomed to display. But to go beyond this, and attempt to make churches the almoners to the mass of poor, whose connection with any Church is of the most nominal character, is to offer so many temptations to hypocrisy and deception, and to what our 'Old Almsgiver' calls 'overlapping,' that it seems as if, as Dr. Chalmers said, there is a 'moral impossibility' in attempting to unite the object of Christianizing the masses with that of supplying their bodily needs.

An excellent model of a general and catholic relief association is the one already alluded to as having existed for some years in Halifax—organized in the first place by clergymen and others who had found out by experience the evils of making churches almsgivers. This association divides the city into a large number of districts, to each of which is appointed a visitor, whose duty it is to investigate the circumstances of its needy inhabitants.

Tickets are issued to each contributor, who, on receiving application for aid, has only to send the applicant with a ticket to the visitor of his district, who investigates his case, and, if he finds it a case of real need, supplies the assistance required. A soup-kitchen is maintained in connection with it, and the stone-breaking enterprise already noticed is carried on under its supervision, the city purchasing the stone, and the work supplying a convenient though severe test of the willingness of idle men to work.*

A shrewd, active city missionary, who will make it his business to look after the careless and often heathen class of the poor, is a most valuable and almost indispensable agent of such societies—unless, indeed, it has members enough who are willing to give a very exceptional amount of time to the work of personal visitation. Even then, amateurs are more likely to be imposed upon than a man who unites long experience with native shrewdness. Another important adjunct to relief associations is a house of refuge, which should not be mis-named a house of *industry*, affording a comfortable asylum for the worn-out waifs and strays in which every city abounds, and also a 'casual ward,' in which beds may be always ready for the homeless wanderers who disturb the peace of *paterfamilias* as aforesaid, on a bleak wintry night,—an asylum to which each contributor should have the right of giving a ticket of admission to any wandering applicant for 'the price of a night's lodging.' If the application is really a case of need, our worthy *paterfamilias* will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has given the needed shelter; if it is a

* This Society, during the past year, employed constantly on an average, 92 men during January, February and March,—the highest wages paid to each man being 50 cents per day. Ten or fifteen carter also received employment. For this the Society paid \$3048.27, receiving from the city for the purchase of broken stone almost exactly the same sum. Small as the wages' are, we are told that many 'very respectable men are thus enabled to maintain themselves without applying for other aid.'

case of imposture, he has equally the satisfaction of knowing that his order cannot be exchanged for whiskey. Some such place of shelter is absolutely necessary to prevent one of the most abused kinds of almsgiving; for a humane man cannot turn a wanderer from his door on a freezing night, without either shelter or the means of securing it. Toronto is to be congratulated on having set a good example in providing shelter for the homeless, who, in these hard times, do sometimes have to spend the nights in a barn or on the street, for lack of money to pay for the humblest lodging.

Brooklyn, the 'city of Churches,' has lately established an institution which forms an admirable check on the imposition that often preys simultaneously on a number of charitable associations. Its organization is of the simplest—its aim being to afford information by the registration of the beneficiaries of the various societies that will furnish their own data for the common good; the information to be confidential, and used only for the purpose of charity. In smaller places this object could be accomplished by the simple means of intercommunication between the societies themselves, and would be a most important aid in circumscribing and repressing the growth of an idle pauperism which will certainly never work, while it can deceive the public through half a dozen channels.

Another admirable American relief association must here be noticed, as affording a model which any city might well copy. This is the 'Loan Relief Association' of the Sixteenth Ward in New York,—an association formed for the purpose of relieving the needy by the loan of money, sick-room comforts, and medical attendance, by supplying medical attendance and medicine gratuitously, or at a nominal price, and by rendering any other aid and assistance that may seem necessary or desirable. Its loans are made, after due enquiry, on the principle of

requiring a third person as security for a loan, a principle which seems to work most successfully, as, last December, its accounts showed only \$1.50 unpaid. How infinitely better this is for the poor man himself than the system of *giving* relief, in saving his self-respect and his independence, they can best testify who have often watched with pain the gradual but certain descent into dependent pauperism, of those who have once reconciled themselves to receiving direct *charity*. Very great good has been also accomplished by this association, at a small expense, by their system of lending in cases of sickness those comforts which are needed only at such times, and which are utterly beyond the means of the poor to buy. Articles of this kind are given as donations to the Society, kept by them at their rooms, and loaned out as the occasion arises. It performs also the functions of a Dispensary, a charity which should be attached to all our Hospitals and Houses of Refuge, since it can hardly be doubted that lives are often sacrificed to the inability of the poor to procure needed medicine and advice in the early stages of disease, not to speak of the nourishing restoratives which are often a cure in themselves. This Loan Society, through its lady members, supplies nourishing delicacies, fruit, flowers, the matter-of-course comforts of the rich in sickness, but usually unattainable luxuries for the poor. Its loving care for sick children is one of its special features, and children, too, are found by it most useful and appropriate messengers to brighten the sickbeds of less happy children by their offerings of pictures, flowers, and last not least, by bright talk and stories; an exercise of mercy likely to bless quite as much the 'ministering children,' as the children ministered to.

Apropos of the welfare of the children of the poor, one of the most urgently needed measures for promoting this, and at the same time discouraging pauperism, would be the absolute pro-

hibition of the juvenile begging so common in our cities and towns, with a rigid enforcement of the same. Nothing is more demoralizing to the parents, or more ruinous to the children. Many wretched and lazy men and women keep their children from going to school and send them out to beg from door to door in order to maintain *them*, and supply the wherewithal to drink from the proceeds of the pitiful lies they are instructed to tell. It is needless to say that those who give 'charity' to these unhappy little ones are just playing into the hands of the wretched parents, and encouraging the growth of one of the worst kinds of pauperism, which is certain, unless some external force intervene, to perpetuate itself in the children thus exposed to the worst influences, and cut off from any chance of improvement. We might well have, with our free school system, the compulsory education enforced in Great Britain *without* it; but if we cannot yet go so far as this, it might surely be competent for civic authorities at least to have *begging* children arrested as vagrants and compelled to attend school. If the children are unfortunate enough to have parents who are bent upon destroying them, and training them to become a second generation of paupers and a curse to the community, it is surely time for the community to interfere.

The suggestions which have been made in this paper are intended merely as a contribution towards the solution of a problem which the writer would gladly see fully and thoughtfully discussed, believing that its satisfactory solution will be one of the greatest benefits our growing country can receive. How to eradicate the plague-spot of pauperism may be, in older countries, a question for believers in Utopia. Here, as yet, it is not a hopeless one; and the concerted action of benevolent and judicious men and women might prevent its ever becoming so, and avert from us the some-

times threatened danger of a poor law. If anything is likely to precipitate such an evil, it will be the heartless and short-sighted niggardliness of those who will not contribute their reasonable share to our voluntary relief funds. It were well that such should be warned in time that, if poor rates were established here, their compulsory contributions would be probably ten times as much as the petty sums they grudge to give under the voluntary system, for all experience teaches that official relief acts as a hotbed of pauperism.

There is another danger to be avoided. The materialistic atheism, so widespread in this age, is already making secret ravages on the 'faith, such as it is, of our lower classes, for moral epidemics often seem, like physical ones, to be 'in the air.' Hand in hand with it naturally goes the spirit of Communism, and those who have the best means of judging fear the advance of both among ourselves, the latter stimulated by the long continued pressure of 'hard times.' If those who suffer from these to the extent of enduring cold and hunger, see the richer classes continuing apparently as luxurious in dress, appointments, entertainments, as if there were none among us and around us dreading or enduring starvation itself,—the bitter feelings naturally awakened must give an additional impetus to the wave of infidel and Communist feeling which has travelled to our own borders. But if our poorer classes find that those who may still be called wealthy are ready to abridge their own luxuries,—to cultivate simplicity and economy in order that they may more abundantly distribute to the necessities of those who are 'destitute of daily food'—in the spirit of Him who 'for our sakes became poor that we through His poverty might be made rich'—then the present general depression may become the means of teaching to those who sorely need it, the truth that Christianity is still a living power in the hearts of men and

women ; and the lesson, we may confidently hope, will not be lost. The head of the Roman Catholic Church spoke truth recently in saying that in Christianity the antidote to Communism must be found. The Christian charity which *gives*, out of love for its needy brother, must be the preventive and the cure of the grasping greed which would *take*, by force or fraud.

Common sense must direct our charity, of course, lest we do harm instead of good, but the cry which already reaches us from afar for the division of the inheritance will be best anticipated by obeying the *spirit* if not the letter of the injunction—'He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none.'

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA.

THE dawn had barely woke ; the moon afar—
 A silver crescent on the lonely sky—
 Forsaken was by her vast company ;
 But one alone remained—the morning star.
 From out the east arose a crimson glow
 That, falling softly on the lake, awoke
 Not e'en the earliest singing-bird, nor broke
 The deep tranquillity of Time's dull flow.
 Most solemn hush ! 'Is this the death of Night ?'
 I said within my heart ; "In Autumn-time
 The woods grow crimson weeping summer's flight,
 While earth droops wearily and sighs forlorn.'
 With wand-like touch, a flood of light sublime
 Dissolved the spell, proclaimed—the birth of Morn !

THE DURATION OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

BY ALFRED H. DYMOND.

THE question at what particular date the present Legislative Assembly of Ontario should be regarded as having run its course and ceased to exist by effluxion of time, has a historical, rather than a controversial interest. It was discussed mainly in that sense during the recent session of the Legislature, and less with the view of imputing blame or censure to the responsible advisers of the Executive—for no motion was submitted to the House, which had met as usual at the season most consistent with public convenience—than as a precautionary step, having regard to the protection of public and private interests against any possible contingencies arising from the transaction of business after the termination of the four years during which the Local Parliament has a legal existence. The subsequent proceedings of the Legislature afforded of themselves a sufficiently emphatic declaration of confidence in its own vitality, and may be assumed to have removed the matter beyond all occasion for doubt, if doubt on the subject ever really existed. It is not, however, amiss in this very practical age, to refresh our minds occasionally with enquiries of this nature, and it is in a spirit of enquiry and suggestion, certainly not as one entitled to speak with personal authority, that the writer of the following pages submits the results of his investigations into the practice or usage, and law of parliament, as they bear upon the points under discussion :—

THE USAGE OF PARLIAMENT.

In Magna Charta the course to be followed in summoning the Common

Council of the Kingdom is described as follows :

‘ And also to have the Common Council of the Kingdom (parliament), to assess and aid, otherwise than in the three cases aforesaid : * and for the assessing of scutages (taxes), we will cause to be summoned the Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Earls, and great Barons, individually by our Letters. And besides, we will cause to be summoned in general by our Sheriffs and Bailiffs ALL those who hold of us in chief, at a certain day, that is to say at the distance of forty days (before their meeting), at the least, and to a certain place ; and in all the letters of summons, we will express the cause of the summons ; and, the summons thus made, the business shall proceed on the day appointed, according to the counsel of those who shall be present, although all who had been summoned have not come.’

We have here : (1) The declaration in express language that ALL entitled to be summoned shall be summoned. (2) Ample time allowed—any haste or emergency notwithstanding—for ALL to reach the place of meeting ; and, (3) The submission to, or suspension in favour of a rule or law, of the Prerogative. No parliament could be a true and legal parliament under the Great Charter if held before the expiration of the ‘ *forty days at least* ’ allowed for the notification (or election) of the members, or, in other words, until every one had a fair opportunity to attend.

* To redeem the King's person ; to make the King's eldest son a knight ; and, once to marry the King's eldest daughter.

The provision of the Great Charter above referred to was embodied in the Statute 7 and 8 William III., which enacted that forty days should elapse between the teste and the return of the writs of summons for the election of a new parliament. But when, by the Act of Union of England and Scotland, 6 Anne, c. ii., the Parliament of England became the Parliament of Great Britain, by reason of the remoteness of some of the constituencies in Scotland, it was provided that the space of fifty days should be allowed for the return of the writs summoning the first United Parliament, and it became the custom to allow fifty days at least thereafter. On the Union of the Parliament of Ireland with that of Great Britain, sixty-one clear days were allowed by the first summons, fifty-two days by the second and third, and fifty-five days by the fourth. Means of travel and communication having been greatly improved and facilitated, the time was, by the 15th Victoria, c. 23, reduced to, and is still fixed for Great Britain and Ireland, at thirty-five days. So, from the earliest period of British Parliamentary Government to the present day, the curtailment of the prerogative right of the Sovereign to summon Parliament—no matter how pressing the occasion—in favour of the right of ALL to be represented has been tolerated and legalized.

The legislation of Canada is based on the same principle. By the Union Act for Canada (3 and 4 Vic., c. 35, Imp.), fifty days were to be allowed until otherwise provided by the Parliament of Canada. And, by the 14th and 15th Vic., c. 87 (Canada), the time was expressly enlarged in favour of Gaspé, and Chicoutimi and Saguenay to ninety days. It may here be remarked that not only has no instance occurred in which Parliament has met before the elections for the constituencies just mentioned have been held, but, having regard to the jealousy with which the due apportionment of representation

between Upper and Lower Canada was viewed, and the often very evenly-balanced state of parties in the old Canadian Assembly, it is impossible that any legislation should have contemplated the meeting of the House with three Lower Canadian Electoral Districts unrepresented.

By the British North America Act, 30 and 31 Vic., c. 3., the District of Algoma first received representation. And, by the 32 Vic. c. 21 (Ontario), while forty days was the period assigned for the return of the writs generally, ninety days were allowed at certain seasons for the return for Algoma. The clause relating to Algoma is as follows:—('Sec. 18, sub-sec. 4.) 'There shall be forty days between 'the teste and the return of every 'writ of election: Provided always 'that in the case of the District of 'Algoma there shall be ninety days 'between the teste and return of any 'writ of election issued between the 'fifteenth day of October and the 'fifteenth day of March following . ' . . . and that such polls shall be 'opened and held only at the follow- 'ing places, . . . and (in case 'the polling shall take place between 'the first day of May and the first day 'of November following), at Fort 'William.' By the 38 Vic., c. 3, sec. 21, it was provided that 'no nomination or poll should be held in the 'District of Algoma except during 'the months of June, July, August, 'September, or October.' By the 39 Vic., c. 10, sec. 13, the provisions of the Electoral Law in regard to Algoma were somewhat further modified. The section reads as follows:—'The nomination in the Electoral District of 'Algoma shall not take place less than 'fifteen days nor more than twenty 'days after the proclamation was 'posted up; and the day for holding 'the polls shall be the fourteenth day 'next after the day fixed for the 'nomination of candidates. . . . 'The nomination, or polling, may be 'held in any year at some time from

'the twentieth day of May to the end of November, and between those days only.'

The spirit or intention of all three Statutes was evidently the same—namely, that all possible means should be used to secure the representation of Algoma in the Legislative Assembly, either by allowing a lengthened period to elapse between the issue and return of the writ, or by holding the election only at a time of year when all parts of the territory were accessible.

By the Dominion Elections Act of 1874 (37 Vic., c. 9, sec. 2), it was, for the first time, provided, that—with certain exceptions (specially named)—all the elections in the Dominion should (at a general election) take place on one and the same day. The exceptions were—the several electoral districts in the Provinces of Manitoba and British Columbia; the electoral districts of Muskoka and Algoma, in the Province of Ontario; and the electoral districts of Gaspé, and Chicoutimi and Saguenay, in the Province of Quebec. By section 14, it was enacted that, within twenty days after the reception of the writ in the electoral districts in British Columbia, and in the electoral districts of Muskoka and Algoma, in Ontario, and Gaspé, and Chicoutimi and Saguenay, in Quebec, and within eight days in the other electoral districts of the Dominion, the Returning Officer shall issue his proclamation, &c. The nomination in any of the aforesaid electoral districts, excepting Chicoutimi and Saguenay, is not to take place less than fifteen days, nor more than thirty days after the proclamation has been posted up. In Chicoutimi and Saguenay, the time allowed is to be not less than eight nor more than fifteen days, the same space of time being allowed for the appointment of the polling. In other electoral districts 'at least eight days' is to be allowed for notice of the nominations, and the polling is to be seven

days thereafter. The object in this legislation was clearly the same as in that of the Province of Ontario—namely, to secure the representation of ALL in the Parliament to be elected. And in all these arrangements we see just the same abridgment of the Prerogative that was implied in the forty days' notice secured by Magna Charta.

PARLIAMENTARY PRECEDENTS.

On the 9th day of February, 1820, Mr. James Monk, then acting as Administrator of the Government of Lower Canada, dissolved the Legislature of that Province, and, by the same proclamation, directed the calling of a new Legislative Assembly. The proclamation concluded as follows:—

'And we do, hereby, further declare, that we have this day given orders for issuing our writs in due form for calling a new Provincial Parliament in our said Province, which writs are to bear *teste* on Tuesday the 22nd day of February inst. and to be returnable on Monday the eleventh day of April next, for every place except the County of Gaspé, and for the County of Gaspé on Thursday the first day of June next.' Notwithstanding the exceptional appointment as to Gaspé, the Houses were called together on the 11th of April. Whereupon, on the motion of Mr. Blanchet, seconded by Mr. Bureau, the Clerk of the Crown was ordered to appear and lay before the House copies of the proclamation, the writ for Gaspé, and returns to the several writs received. By this means the Assembly was officially seized of the fact, that the return for Gaspé had not been received, but that the date for its return had been anticipated by the calling together of the House at the earlier day above-mentioned. Having gone into Committee of the Whole to consider whether the House was competent to proceed constitutionally to the despatch of business,

and the documents relating to the election having been referred to the Committee, the Committee reported the following resolutions:—*Resolved*.—That it is the opinion of this Committee, that, according to the proclamation of His Honour, the President and Administrator of the government of this Province, bearing date the ninth day of February last, the representation of this Province is not as yet complete, inasmuch as the day fixed by the said proclamation as the return day of the writ of election for the County of Gaspé is not yet arrived. *Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this Committee that the writ of election for the County of Gaspé being dated the 22nd of February last, and returnable on the 11th of the month of April inst., is contrary to the said proclamation, and to the Provincial Act of the 42nd year of the reign of His Majesty George III., chapter 3.* *Resolved*. That it is the opinion of this Committee that, according to the enactments of the Act of the Parliament of Great Britain, of the 31st year of His Majesty George III., chapter 31, intituled “An Act to repeal certain parts of an Act passed in the 14th year of His Majesty’s reign, intituled, ‘An Act for making more effectual provision for the Government of the Province of Quebec, in North America,’ and to make further provision for the Government of the said Province,” this House is incompetent and cannot proceed to the despatch of business. The several resolutions were put separately and concurred in. They

were then unanimously adopted. The House next proceeded to nominate a Committee to wait upon the Administrator and request him to appoint a time for the presentation of the resolutions. But further proceedings in the matter were suddenly arrested by the news arriving of the death of the King, which had the effect of dissolving the Parliament.

The Lower Canada Legislature did not, it will be observed, refuse to proceed merely because the representative from Gaspé was not in his place, but because the Executive in convening Parliament for the despatch of business had violated the terms of the proclamation issued under a law which ensured to Gaspé a longer and necessary interval wherein to hold the election. The case is precisely analogous to that of Algoma under the Ontario Act, by virtue of which the writs generally, for the general election of 1875, were made returnable by proclamation on the 2nd February, and the writ for Algoma on the 14th August, while the nominations and pollings were respectively held on the 11th and 18th of January in the other electoral districts. That so long a time was allowed in the case of Algoma after the 20th May may be attributed to the fact that, the Legislature having held its annual session in November and December, 1874, no necessity for haste presented itself. Had the Ontario Legislature been called for the despatch of business prior to the 14th August, a protest similar in terms to the one adopted by the Lower Canada Assembly would doubtless have followed.

The action of the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada was fully in accordance with at least one eminent authority. In the year 1744 the Governor of New Hampshire, Mr. Benning Wentworth, acting upon his interpretation of the powers vested in him by virtue of his commission, and those of his predecessors in the same office, undertook to issue writs

* The Act provides as follows:—“Whereas, from the remote and local situation of Gaspé, it has been found from experience that the fifty days prescribed for making the returns aforesaid are insufficient for that purpose, be it enacted . . . that it shall and may be lawful for the Governor to extend the period in which any writ for a member to serve in the Provincial Parliament for the County of Gaspé aforesaid shall be made returnable to a number not exceeding ONE HUNDRED days from the day on which the writs of election for the aforesaid County of Gaspé shall hereafter be dated, any law to the contrary notwithstanding.”

for the election of five new members to the Colonial Assembly, representing as many towns or districts that had not previously enjoyed the right of representation, although contributing to the public revenue. Whereupon the Assembly, constituted of the old members, or representatives of districts previously electing members, before even proceeding to the choice of a Speaker, refused to admit the new members, and, having excluded them, then went on with the public business. The Governor referred to London for instructions, and a statement of the case was submitted to the Attorney and Solicitor-General for the time being. The Attorney-General was Sir Dudley (afterwards Chief Justice) Ryder, and the Solicitor-General, was Sir William Murray, afterwards the great Lord Mansfield. These distinguished lawyers held, and advised the Crown, that the action of the Governor was legal and consistent with the relations of the Colony to Imperial authority. But, and this is the point bearing on our present discussion, they also submitted:—‘It might be advisable for His Majesty to send positive instructions to the Governor to dissolve the Assembly as soon as conveniently may be, and when another is called, to send writs to the said towns (the new districts) to elect representatives, and support the right of such representatives when chosen.’ The case is reported in ‘Chalmer’s Colonial Opinions,’ p. 271 *et seq.* That the Assembly in this instance was allowed to continue in session at all was clearly due to the impossibility, having regard to time and distance, of prompt action, under the necessary advice, being taken by the Governor.

An episode in the Parliamentary history of Ontario, while not affording any positive precedent, still gives an indication both in its incidences and the legislation that grew out of it, of the care taken by Parliament to ensure a complete representation. After the

Ontario general election of 1871, all the writs had been returned long before the new House assembled for the transaction of business. In the meantime several seats had become vacant; one by reason of a double return, one by reason of the resignation of a member-elect, and six from elections having been declared void by the judges whose intervention had been invoked for the first time for the trial of election petitions in this Province. On the first paragraph of the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne being put from the Chair, an amendment was moved expressing censure of the Government of Mr. J. Sandfield Macdonald. This gave rise to a protracted debate, and, on the following day, an amendment to the proposed amendment was moved, with the concurrence of the Government, by Mr. McCall, member for South Norfolk, seconded by Mr. Graham, member for West Hastings, as follows:—

‘That, inasmuch as one-tenth of the ‘constituencies of this Province remain ‘at this time unrepresented in this ‘House, by reason of six of the members elected at the last election having ‘had their seats declared void, and a ‘seventh having become vacant by reason of a double return, and an eighth ‘by reason of the resignation of a ‘member elected thereto, it is inexpedient further to consider the question ‘involved in the amendment until the ‘said constituencies are duly represented on the floor of this House.’

The House refused to accept the amendment, not so much because its proposition was on the face of it unreasonable—seeing that it was by its own defective legislation some of the seats were then vacant pending the issue of new writs—as because an adjournment was evidently suggested as the *dernier resort* of a Minister who had already admitted the competence of the Assembly by inviting it to express confidence in him by voting the Address, while, at the same time, disputing its right to condemn. Mr. Sand-

field Macdonald however refused to yield his post in face of a succession of adverse votes, until ultimately defeated by a majority equal to a majority of the whole House. And, immediately after the new Government had been installed in office and had met the Legislature, an Act was passed whereby power was given to the Speaker, or if there were not a Speaker, to the Clerk of the House, to issue his writ to the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery for a new election, immediately on the receipt of the Judge's report of an election having been declared void. (35 Vic. c. 2, s. 4.) The same provision is made in the Dominion Controverted Elections Act, 1874 (37 Vic. c. 10, sec. 36). Moreover, so jealous is Parliament of the right of constituencies to be represented, that it even prefers to allow a member charged with corrupt practices to sit and vote rather than, by permitting a trial, at which his attendance is necessary, to proceed during the session, to take him away from his duties. (38 Vic. c. 10, s. 1, Dominion Statutes; Consolidated Statutes, Ontario, c. 11, s. 48.)

THE LAW RELATING TO THE HOLDING AND DURATION OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF ONTARIO.

While, undoubtedly, the prerogative power is vested in the Lieutenant-Governor of calling together, of proroguing and of dissolving the Legislature, this power is subject—as in fact is that of the Sovereign—to statutory limitations. By the 65th section of the British North America Act (30 and 31 Vic. c. 3) it is enacted:—‘All powers, authorities, and functions, which, under any Act of the Parliament of Great Britain, . . . or of the Legislature of Upper Canada, Lower Canada, or Canada, were or are before or at the Union, vested in or exercisable by the respective Governors or Lieutenant-Governors of those Provinces, . . . shall, so far as the

‘same are capable of being exercised after the Union in relation to the Government of Ontario and Quebec respectively, be vested in and shall or may be exercised, by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and Quebec respectively, . . . subject nevertheless (except with respect to such as exist under Acts of the Parliament of Great Britain), to be abolished or altered by the respective Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec.’ By the 92nd section of the British North America Act it is enacted, that the Provincial Legislatures may exclusively make laws in relation to certain subjects, and the first recited is: ‘The amendment, from time to time, notwithstanding anything in this Act, of the Constitution of the Province, except as regards the office of Lieutenant-Governor.’ Read in connection with the 65th section the term ‘office’ must, it is submitted, be understood as meaning the office or appointment *per se*, with which, as it is conferred by Dominion authority, the Provincial Legislatures cannot interfere. It cannot mean the ‘powers, authorities and functions’ incidental to the office, because they can, as the 65th section expressly provides, be ‘abolished or altered’ by the Legislatures at pleasure.

It may not be out of place here to notice, as possessing a certain significance, the different language employed in the British North America Act in regard to the summoning of the Legislatures of the present Provinces by the Lieutenant-Governors, from that of the Act of Union (3 and 4 Vic. c. 35) in defining the powers of the Governor of Canada. It may be convenient to place the respective enactments in parallel columns:

UNION ACT.	B. N. A. ACT.
3 & 4 Vic. c. 35, s. 30.	30 & 31 Vic. c. 3, s. 82.
‘And, he it enacted, That it shall be lawful for the Governor of the Province of Canada, for the time being, to fix such place or places within any	‘The Lieutenant Governor of Ontario and Quebec, shall, from time to time, in the Queen's name by instrument under the Great Seal of the Province,

part of the Province of Canada and such times for holding the first and every other session of the Legislative Council and Assembly of the said Province as he may think fit, such times and places to be afterwards changed and varied, as the Governor may judge advisable and most consistent with general convenience and the public welfare, giving sufficient notice thereof; and also to prorogue the said Legislative Council and Assembly from time to time and dissolve the same by proclamation or otherwise whenever he shall deem it expedient.'

It may be inferred that the framers of the later Act, which conferred on the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec a power to make changes and constitutional amendments, which function did not appertain to the Legislature of Canada, intended to invest the Lieut.-Governors of Ontario and Quebec with no greater prerogative powers than were essential to the free working of the constitution as it might from time to time be altered or amended, and contemplated such legislation, as, in respect of the summoning of Parliament, would make their duties purely ministerial. Hence probably the contrast between the Act of 1867 and the Act of 1841, in this particular.

The British North America Act further provides: (Sec. 85.)

'Every Legislative Assembly of Ontario and every Legislative Assembly of Quebec, shall continue for four years from the day of the return of the writs for choosing the same (subject, nevertheless, to either being sooner dissolved by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province), and no longer.' And, by the 86th section, it is provided:—'There shall be a session of the Legislature of Ontario and of that of Quebec, once at least in every year, so that twelve months shall not intervene between the last sitting of the Legislature in each Province in one session, and its first sitting in the next session.'

No change has been made by the

Legislature of Ontario in its constitution in the foregoing respects. In regard to one constituency, Algoma, it is, as we have already seen, provided (39 Vic. c. 10, sec. 13) that the election for the Local Legislature shall be held between 'the twentieth day of May and the end of November,' while in the Dominion Act (37 Vic. c. 9, sec. 14) the peculiar circumstances of the district of Algoma are met by an enlargement of the time allowed for the issue of the proclamation by the Returning Officer and the holding of the election. Both Statutes clearly contemplate the same object, although the Provincial Act gives a greater latitude to its provisions, than does that of the Dominion. There are special reasons for this, and in these will be found a cogent argument in favour of the claim of Algoma to be represented, even at some apparent occasional inconvenience to the other portions of the Province.

SPECIAL CLAIMS OF ALGOMA.

(1) In area, Algoma probably embraces $\frac{3}{7}$ ths of the whole of Ontario. (2) Its interests are mainly local, and the objects consequently of Provincial legislation. (3) Its lands are, to a large extent, unpatented, and in the hands of the Crown in Ontario. (4) Its principal sources of wealth are its minerals, timber, and fur-bearing animals—all matters of Provincial legislation. (5) It is so sparsely peopled, that its local improvements and much that, in older sections, may be effected by local municipal authority must, for some time to come, devolve upon the Provincial Executive and Legislature. (6) It is to a large extent geographically isolated during the winter months, and the progress of an election at that period, owing partly to climate but much more to the absence of internal communications, is attended with much difficulty and some personal danger. Mr. Borron, the Dominion member from 1874

to 1878, nearly lost his life during his canvass in 1874, owing to the season at which the election was held. (7) Algoma contributes a very considerable sum to the Provincial revenue, and is, moreover, the subject of special taxation in the shape of a Land Tax on patented lands not included in any municipality.

It may be observed then, (1) that, whereas the interests and circumstances of most of the older electoral districts are identical, those of Algoma are special, singular and such as to establish claims to exceptional consideration. (2) That the case of Gaspé was not in any sense so strong as is that of Algoma; and (3) that, not only by exceptional legislation as respects the holding of elections, but by an exceptional suffrage, has the importance of Algoma being duly represented been recognized. In the British North America Act (sec. 84), it is provided, that until the Legislature of Ontario shall otherwise enact, in addition to persons qualified to vote under the general law of Canada, every male householder in Algoma, twenty-one years of age, shall enjoy the franchise. The Legislature of Ontario, which has surrounded the exercise of the franchise with great precautions, and established a most perfect machinery for the preparation and adjustment of the Voters' Lists, nevertheless adopts the principle of the clause in the British North America Act above quoted, and allows every male person to vote who is the owner of real estate to the value of 200 dollars, subject to six months' residence, although the name of the voter may not be on any assessment roll. It cannot then have been intended that a Legislative Assembly of Ontario should have been complete without the member for an electoral district so expressly provided for, or that, under any circumstances, Algoma should have been disfranchised.

It must be remembered we are dealing with a Local Legislature with very

important functions and granted by its charter extraordinary powers over its own area of government, including even the right to change its own constitution. The principle of self-government is conceded all but absolutely. Such a body has a right to regard, and is certain to regard, ordinary public convenience as paramount to merely theoretical questions of prerogative. It was far more likely to ask itself what was the most suitable time for an election to be held in Algoma than to take account of possible or impossible constitutional exigencies. And even if a Statute worked inconvenience, although that may afford an argument for its repeal or amendment, it does not prove it to be *ultra vires* or avoid its consequences. Supposing, however, the whole election law were *ultra vires*—what then? Why the duty of the Lieutenant-Governor would obviously be to do without the Statute and by the exercise of his prerogative what he has now done under the Statute, and to summon Parliament at such time as would meet public convenience everywhere. His writ or proclamation was good, law or no law. It could only be questioned, if issued contrary to law. But the law relating to Algoma has, so far, been attended with no inconvenience, and the Legislature had before its eyes a state of things that forbade the presumption that it would be attended with inconvenience. When the ninety days' provision of the Act of 1868-9 was changed to one which limited the period for holding the election to the time between the 20th May and the end of November, the Provincial Legislature had been constituted nine years and had witnessed three general elections, all arising out of the regular operation of the constitution. The first election after Confederation was heralded by a proclamation bearing date August 7, 1867. The writs were returnable on the 24th September following. The House met on the 27th December and sat, with a short ad-

jourment—from the 1st to 8th January—to March 4th, 1868. The Legislature elected in 1867, having run its course of four annual sessions, was dissolved by a proclamation dated February 25th, 1871. The writs, generally, for the new election were made returnable on the 7th April except the writ for Algoma, which was made returnable on the 27th May. The House met for business on the 7th December, 1871, and—with an adjournment consequent on a change of Administration from 22nd December, 1871, to 18th January, 1872—sat till March 2, 1872. The second Parliament of Ontario was dissolved by proclamation issued on the 23rd December, 1874. The writs for the elections generally were returnable on the 2nd of February, and that for Algoma was returnable on the 14th August, 1875. The House met for business on the 24th November, 1875, and sat till February 10, 1876. So that, the experience already had, and the knowledge present to every member of the House, that the Legislature must, ordinarily to suit public convenience, meet, as it had hitherto met, in the Fall or winter, made the arrangement as respects Algoma, a perfectly natural and reasonable one.

‘The Legislative Assembly of Ontario,’ says the B. N. A. Act, section 70, ‘shall be composed of *eighty-two* members, to be elected to represent ‘the eighty-two electoral districts set forth in the first schedule of this Act.’ So stood the law until 1874, and in the Representation Act of that year (38 Vic. sec. 1, Ont.), it is enacted: ‘The Legislative Assembly shall be composed of *eighty-eight* members; and the Province shall, for the purposes of the election of members to serve in the Legislative Assembly, continue to be divided into the several electoral districts established by “The British North America Act,” each represented, as it now is, except where altered by this Act.’

Without Algoma the House could

have been composed neither of eighty-two members under the former, nor of eighty-eight members under the latter statute, but only of eighty-one or eighty-seven.

We are, consequently, bound to assume that there was no intention on the part of the Legislature to disfranchise Algoma by any enactment that would make it possible to have an effectual meeting of the House, pending an election in due course of a representative from that district.

THE OBJECTIONS RAISED TO THE PRESENT LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF ONTARIO CONTINUING IN SESSION AFTER THE 2ND FEBRUARY, 1879.

The constitution having provided that the Legislative Assembly shall continue for four years from the day of the return of the writs for choosing the same (unless sooner dissolved), *and no longer*, it has been argued that, seeing that the writs, excepting the writ for Algoma, calling the Assembly, were made returnable on the 2nd February, 1875, the four years’ limit must have expired on the 2nd February, 1879. To this it is very forcibly replied, ‘The return of the writs means the return of *all* the writs; not of some but of the whole, not of eighty-seven but of eighty-eight.’ The Legislature having provided that the election for Algoma shall not be held except at a period subsequent to the second of February—namely, between the 20th May and the end of November—and the writ for Algoma being, in accordance with this provision, made returnable on the 14th August, the Legislative Assembly could not be completely constituted until that date (August 14th), and, consequently, the four years’ term would not expire until the 14th August, 1879.

It is not for one moment contended that every member must be in his place to give validity to Parliamentary proceedings. But the law, as we have already seen, is careful that whenever

the Crown calls together the Council of the nation, from no enfranchised portion of the nation shall the opportunity of being represented be withheld. If, by accident or negligence, the representative is absent, then his constituency must take the risk of any possible injury to its own or common interests. In the language of the Great Charter, already quoted, 'The business shall proceed on the day appointed according to the counsel of those present, although all who had been summoned have not come.'

In the recent debate in the Legislative Assembly, Mr. Meredith, the leader of the Opposition, cited instances of the Parliament of Great Britain or Canada meeting while certain constituencies were unrepresented. He named the Knaresbro' case in 1805; the Carmarthen case, in 1831, both in Great Britain; and the Kent case in 1841, and the Kamouraska case in 1867-8, both in Canada. But not one of these is in the least applicable as a precedent in relation to the present discussion. It is alleged that Parliament has virtually caused the disfranchisement of Algoma in certain circumstances. In every one of the four cases mentioned there had merely been a failure to carry out the law, a matter against which no Legislature can absolutely provide. At Knaresbro' a by-election was required, owing to the sitting member having accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. A riot took place, which prevented the Returning Officer from obeying the writ, and a return was made by him accordingly. At Carmarthen, in 1831, there was also a riot arising out of the Reform Bill excitement. The Sheriffs consequently did not hold the election, and were censured by the House of Commons for failing to do their duty. At the Kent (Canada) election, in 1841, the Returning Officer refused to return the member who had the largest number of votes. This was reported to the House (the first Legislative Assembly of Canada after the Union)

on the 15th June, its day of meeting, and, two days later, the excluded member took his seat, the return having been, by order of the House, amended in his favour. The election for Kamouraska, in 1867, was interrupted by a disturbance. A special return to that effect was made. The House of Commons referred the matter to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, and that body reported the facts, and declared the Returning Officer unfit to perform his duties. So that none of these cases bear at all upon the point at issue.

It has also been suggested as *prima facie* evidence, at all events, of the Government of Ontario having regarded the present Legislature as complete on the 2nd February, 1875, that they had advised the issue of a proclamation summoning the new Assembly to meet on that day, and it is claimed that they had thus given life to the Legislature, and so had put themselves 'out of court.' No proclamation, however, can change the law, or be valid unless within the four corners of the law. No illegality or error of the Executive, or officer of the Executive, can be set up as a plea for over-riding a Statute. But an examination of this particular proclamation, and of the circumstances under which it was issued, as well as of the practice in regard to such proclamations in the past, will show that the argument founded upon its issue is worthless. Nothing is clearer than that the proclamation fixing the 2nd February, 1875, as the day for the Legislature to meet was a mere compliance with custom or usage, and was never intended to bring those of the members-elect, of whose elections returns had been made, to Toronto. The previous Legislative Assembly had voted the supplies for 1875, and no emergency called for the summoning of its successor, which, as a matter of fact, did not meet until November, 1875. So that it is utterly absurd to suppose that, by issuing the proclamation in

question, any meeting of the House was intended. But, in the next place, the proclamation bears on its face the proof that it was a merely formal document. Even the words which occur in some subsequently issued, but equally inoperative—'therein do as may seem necessary,' and the injunction, 'Herein fail not'—are omitted. It is a bald, meagre notification only. There is not the slightest indication that 'the despatch of business' was contemplated. The subsequent proclamations proroguing the House from the 2nd of February to the 15th of March, from the 15th of March to the 24th of April, from the 24th of April to the 3rd of June, from the 3rd of June to the 12th of July, from the 12th of July to the 21st of August, from the 21st of August to the 30th of September, and from the 30th of September to the 9th of November, do contain the words just quoted but omitted in the first proclamation, although no intimation is given that 'the despatch of business' is contemplated. But the final proclamation, fixing the 24th of November as the day of meeting, concludes as follows: 'That personally you be and appear FOR THE DESPATCH OF BUSINESS, to treat, act, do and conclude upon those things which in our Legislature of the Province of Ontario, by the Common Council of our said Province, may, by the favour of God, be ordained.' The contrast between the language of the proclamation just quoted and its predecessors supplies an inference far stronger against the presumption that any meeting of the House on the 2nd of February was intended, than any that can be drawn from the mere issuing of the proclamation of the 2nd of February, in order to justify an argument in its favour. The fiction thus preserved in the issuing of these proclamations calling together a Legislature that never responds to the command is analogous to that which the old Chancery summons bore on its face when it ordered

'that laying all other matters aside, and notwithstanding any other excuse, you *personally* appear before Us in Our said Chancery the day of inst., wheresoever it shall then be, to answer,' &c. There is just this difference, however, that whereas some simple-minded folks did actually and at much inconvenience now and then present themselves personally to the Court of Chancery on the day named, no legislator was ever known to arrive at the place of meeting until ordered to do so 'for the despatch of business.'

A reference to the past practice in regard to these proclamations corroborates the view we have thus far taken of them. By the Act of Union, as already mentioned, *fifty days* were allowed in all cases between the *teste* and the day named for the return of the writs for a general election. Up to 1851-2 no exception was made on behalf of any remote constituencies, the fifty days being apparently regarded as sufficient for all. *And on no occasion was Parliament convened without a complete return.* In 1841 the writs bore *teste* February 19th, and were returnable on the 8th April. The first proclamation called Parliament together for the 8th April, it was then prorogued to the 26th May, and then to the 14th June, when it was summoned to meet 'for the despatch of business.' In 1844 the writs bore *teste* Sept. 24, and were returnable on the 12th November. The proclamation summoned the new Parliament to meet on the 12th November; it was prorogued to the 28th Nov., and was then summoned to meet 'for the despatch of business.' In 1847 the writs bore *teste* Dec. 6. They were returnable on the 24th January, 1848, and the proclamation summoned Parliament for that day. It was prorogued to the 4th March, but afterwards called together 'for the despatch of business' on the 25th February. In 1851 the writs were issued on the 6th November, and made

returnable on the 24th December, *except those for Gaspé and Saguenay*, which were made returnable on the 2nd February, 1852. Yet Parliament was formally called for the 24th December. But did anybody dream of the House proceeding to business on that day while the elections for the excepted districts had not come off? The Legislature, after several prorogations, was at length summoned 'for the despatch of business' on the 19th August, 1852. The Gaspé election was held on the 24th January, 1852, and the Saguenay election on the 26th January, 1852, the returns being received on the 4th and 9th February respectively, or after Parliament had been twice formally prorogued as above described. In 1854 the writs were returnable on the 10th August, except Saguenay and Gaspé, and Chicoutimi and Tadoussac, which were returnable on the 1st September. Yet Parliament was formally summoned for the 10th August. But no one, we may be sure, supposed it could actually meet with Gaspé and Saguenay, and Chicoutimi and Tadoussac still to be heard from. Parliament was prorogued to the 5th Sept., when it was called together 'for the despatch of business.' The excepted returns were made as follows:—

	Return of Members.	Receipt of Returns.
Gaspé	Aug. 21	Aug. 31
Chicoutimi and Tadoussac..	Aug. 22	Aug. 25
Saguenay.....	Aug. 4	Aug. 28

So that, although there was a meeting of Parliament very early after the elections, care was taken that the three remote constituencies should be afforded the opportunity of being represented. In 1857 the writs generally were made returnable on the 13th January, 1858, and those for Gaspé, and Chicoutimi and Saguenay, and Charlevoix, on the 10th of February. But Parliament was formally summoned to meet on the 13th January. It was prorogued, first to the 18th February, and then to the 25th February, when it met 'for the despatch

of business.' The excepted elections took place after the day named in the formal proclamation for the meeting of Parliament as follows:—

	Return of Members.	Receipt of Returns.
Gaspé	Jan. 13	Feb. 3
Chicoutimi and Saguenay ..	Jan. 23	Feb. 9
Charlevoix	Jan. 19	Jan. 27

Here again, although an early meeting took place, ample time was allowed to elapse between that event and the latest returns. In 1861 the writs were made returnable on the 15th July, except those for Gaspé, and Chicoutimi and Saguenay, which were made returnable on the 31st August. But Parliament was, as usual, called for the earlier day, namely, the 15th July, although only to be several times prorogued, being ultimately summoned 'for the despatch of business' on the 20th March, 1862. The excepted elections took place as follows:—

	Return of Members.	Receipt of Returns.
Chicoutimi and Saguenay ..	July 16	July 22
Gaspé	July 22	July 29

In 1863 the writs were returnable on the 3rd July, except Gaspé, and Chicoutimi and Saguenay, which were returnable on the 15th July. But Parliament was formally called for the 3rd July, and, having been twice prorogued, met on the 15th August 'for the despatch of business.' The excepted elections were held as follows:—

	Return of Members.	Receipt of Returns.
Chicoutimi and Saguenay ..	July 14	July 20
Gaspé	July 20	July 27

Thus, during the whole history of United Canada, from the Union in 1841 to the last Parliament before Confederation, we find (1) that it was the all but invariable custom to issue a formal proclamation summoning Parliament to meet on the day on which the main body of the writs were returnable, and (2) that in no single instance was Parliament convened 'for the despatch of business' until the time for holding and

making due returns of the whole of the elections had passed.

In 1867 the writs for the Dominion elections were made returnable on the 24th Sept., except those for Gaspé, and Chicoutimi and Saguenay, which were returnable on the 24th October. Parliament was summoned for 24th Sept., but prorogued, and finally met 'for the despatch of business' on the 6th November. The date of the return of the member for Chicoutimi was the 16th, and for Gaspé the 24th Sept. The date of the receipt of the respective returns was 24th Sept. and 2nd October respectively.

In 1872 Manitoba and British Columbia had joined the Dominion. So the writs were made returnable, generally, on the 3rd Sept., except those for Gaspé, Chicoutimi and Saguenay, Manitoba and British Columbia, which were made returnable on the 12th October, on which day, also, Parliament was formally called together. It was, however, as usual, prorogued, and finally called 'for the despatch of business' 5th March, 1873. The excepted elections took place as follows:—

	Return of Members.	Receipt of Returns.
Chicoutimi and Saguenay ..	Sept. 10	Sept. 14
Gaspé	Aug. 21	Sept. 4
<i>Manitoba.</i>		
Selkirk	Sept. 26	Oct. 9
Provencher	Sept. 14	Sept. 28
Lisgar	Sept. 19	Sept. 30
Marquette	Sept. 19	Sept. 30
<i>British Columbia.</i>		
Cariboo	Sept. 6	Oct. 2
New Westminster	Aug. 23	Sept. 12
Vancouver	Aug. 28	Sept. 18
Victoria	Sept. 3	Oct. 10
Yale	Oct. 11	Nov. 12

All the elections consequently were over before the writs were 'returnable,' although, probably from local difficulties, it would have been impossible in some cases for a return to have been received and the members elect sworn in on or previous to the 12th of October, had the House then met.

In 1874, precisely the same course

was followed as in 1872, the writs generally being returnable on the 21st of February, and those for the excepted districts on the 12th of March, the day of the formal summons. But, as the writ for Algoma was, apparently from inadvertence, not classed with the excepted returns, a fresh proclamation was issued, making that writ also returnable on the 12th of March. Parliament was prorogued from the 12th to the 26th of March, and then met 'for the despatch of business.'

In Ontario, all the writs for the first Legislature after Confederation were made returnable on the 24th of September, 1867, and, by proclamation, the House was convened for that day. It was ultimately called 'for the despatch of business' on the 13th of December. All the elections had been held before the end of September, *but no less than four—namely, Bothwell, Cardwell, North Middlesex, and North York—were held on or after the 24th of September, the day named in the formal proclamation, while the receipt of no less than 21, or more than one-fourth of the whole number of writs, was delayed until subsequent to the 24th of September.* Now, it will be recollected that, in 1867, the date of each separate election was fixed by the Government, and no one can suppose that so experienced a parliamentarian as Mr. J. Sandfield Macdonald, then Premier, really intended to open his first session *while twenty-one returns were still incomplete and several members not even elected.* That, surely, gives the finishing stroke to any argument founded on the wording of these formal proclamations.

In 1871 the writs were made returnable on the 7th of April, except the writ for Algoma, which was returnable on the 27th of May, and, for the first time, a day for all the elections (except Algoma) was named in the proclamation. The Legislature was called for the 7th of April, but, having been repeatedly prorogued, met 'for the

despatch of business' on the 7th of December. The nominations and pollings (except in Algoma) were respectively held on the 14th and 21st of March, 1871, and for Algoma the date of the return is given as the 5th of May, the return being received on the 15th of May, 1871. In 1875, as already observed, the writs were generally returnable on the 2nd of February, and for Algoma on the 14th of August. The House stood prorogued from time to time to the 24th of November, 1875. The practice which long obtained in Canada of naming as the day of meeting, the day on which the writs generally were returnable, was doubtless copied from that of Great Britain, where no exceptional conditions existed. It does not, however, follow by any means that the Parliament of Great Britain always meets on the day first appointed. May says on this point (p. 52): 'The interval between a dissolution and the assembling of the new Parliament varies according to the period of the year, the state of public business, and the political conditions under which an appeal to the people may have become necessary. When the session has been concluded, and no question of ministerial confidence or responsibility is at issue, the recess is generally continued by prorogation until the usual time for the meeting of Parliament.'

THE ALLEGED INVASION OF THE PREROGATIVE.

It is alleged that, by virtually prohibiting or precluding the assembling of a new parliament, pending the election for Algoma, the prerogative is violated. In answer to this it may be observed that, while the summoning, prorogation and dissolution of Parliament are undoubtedly attributes of the prerogative, they are nevertheless subject to the restraints and limitations of law. Every Act must have the assent of the Crown, and if the

Crown thus be a consenting party to an abridgement of the prerogative, no wrong is done to the rights of the Crown by such legislation. The forty days secured by the Barons in Magna Charta for the summoning of the 'Common Council of the Kingdom,' virtually suspended the prerogative for that space of time. So did the forty days statutory provision of William III. So did the fifty days of the Scotch Union Act. So did the fifty days of the Union Act of Canada. So did the ninety days allowed by the Ontario Act of 1868-9 for Algoma in the winter season. So has nearly every statutory limitation or security which has been considered by the Crown as advised by Parliament, essential to the privileges of the electorate.

By the Act of 36th Edward III. it was enacted that 'Parliament shall be holden every year.' The Triennial Act, 6 & 7 William & Mary, c. 2, enacted that 'from henceforth Parliament shall be holden once in three years, at the least.' By the Septennial Act, 1 Geo. I, c. 38, the duration of Parliament was limited to seven years, so that the Sovereign might not be able by the aid of a servile or corrupt Parliament to abuse the prerogative. The Canadian Acts providing for the annual convening or duration of the Parliament or Legislatures, are but reflections of the British Statutes. The most potent influence over the acts of the Crown and an all-powerful check on the abuse of the prerogative is, however, the voting of supplies. The granting of these for one year only compels the summoning of Parliament annually quite as effectually as any law. The fact is that, interpreted by modern practice, usage and ideas, the prerogative is simply a power held in trust by the Crown for the people, a power, consequently, that may be enlarged or contracted by the joint action of the Crown and the people, and which has been subject to both in many ways. Hence it is not to be argued that if, by the joint ac-

tion of the Crown and the people, it has been decided that there shall be no session of a new parliament during certain months in the year or for a given period of time, this would be an unlawful or improper infringement upon the prerogative, especially by a body that has a right to alter or amend the constitution.

But does the Algoma proviso really prejudice the prerogative? We have seen that it has not done so in the past, nor is likely to do so. The case is supposed of a political crisis, say in the Fall, necessitating a dissolution. The Legislature might, it is suggested, refuse to vote supplies, and no appeal to a new House could be had until the July following at the earliest. Is the Crown to be thus deprived of the means for carrying on the government for some seven or eight months? The answer is that, while the Crown would have the right to dissolve, harmony between the Crown and the Legislature could be secured by a change of Ministers. The prerogative is not an arbitrary instrument, but one always to be used judiciously and solely in the public interest. A Governor may have to decide between a change of Ministers and a stoppage of the Queen's business. In that case he must act on his best judgment. Supposing, however, by forcing him to accept, as the result of an appeal to the country, the will of a partially constituted House only, and Ministers in whom a majority of the country, if represented by a complete House, would have no confidence, what would then become of the rights of the Crown? It might get supplies, it is true, but at the price of the prerogative.

THE ARGUMENT OF CONVENIENCE.

In the foregoing remarks the question of convenience has been incidentally referred to. It is argued that the inconvenience of the arrangement which limits elections in Algoma to certain months in the year, is to have

great weight in considering the intentions of the Legislature, when framing the Statute. Mr. Scott, M.P.P., in his argument, quoted from 'Maxwell's Interpretation of the Statutes,' in support of this view. Maxwell, in his 'Interpretation of the Statutes,' page 166, says 'An argument drawn from an inconvenience, it has been said, is forcible in law, and no less force is due to any drawn from an absurdity or injustice.' But 'inconvenience' alone is not sufficient to invalidate a Statute that is clear and unmistakable in its terms. The law books are full of decisions, some of which are to be found in 'Maxwell' (p. 5), distinctly insisting on adherence to the express letter of the Statute, no matter what the consequences, or, in other words, the 'inconvenience' may be. In 'Maxwell' p. 4, occurs the following passage: 'If the words go beyond what was the intention, effect must nevertheless be given to them. They cannot be construed contrary to their meaning merely because no good reason appears why they should be excluded or embraced. However unjust, arbitrary or inconvenient the intention may be, it must receive its full effect. When once the intention is plain, it is not the province of a court to scan its wisdom or its policy.' The plea of inconvenience in the present instance has no practical weight. A possible difficulty can only arise at a General Election. The practice of Ontario is against the presumption that such an inconvenience will arise. It was for the Legislature in framing the Election Law to balance inconveniences. They decided, it must be assumed, that it would be less inconvenient, perhaps once in a great many years, for public business to have to await the election of a complete Assembly than to recognise as a valid and effectual meeting of Parliament one from which a portion of the representation was, per force, excluded. However to guard against a most improbable eventuality it has now been

provided that should such a contingency as that suggested arise the old member shall retain his seat until a new one is elected for Algoma.

ENACTMENTS RELATING TO THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

First, in order, we have the British North America Act, sec. 41, continuing, in the case of the Dominion, the Election Laws of the several Provinces until otherwise provided. (2) In section 65, powers are given to the Local Legislatures 'to abolish or alter' 'powers, authorities and functions' exercised by the Lieut.-Governors. (3) The 70th section declares that the Legislative Assembly of Ontario shall be composed of eighty-two members to represent the eighty-two electoral districts set forth in the first schedule to the Act (Algoma being one). (4) Section 84 contains a provision for the temporary continuance of the existing electoral laws of Canada in respect of the two Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. (5) Section 85 provides, that the Legislative Assembly shall last four years and no longer (subject to earlier prorogation). (6) The 86th section enacts that there shall be a session once at least in every year. (7) The 92nd section gives power to the Provinces to amend their constitutions except as regards the office of Lieut.-Governor.

We have now exhausted the list of the several provisions in the British North America Act bearing upon the subject under consideration. Reading them together as we are bound to do, we must come to the conclusion: (1) That in every sense (save in the one exception relating to the office of the Lieutenant-Governor) the Local Legislatures were to have full power to alter or amend their constitutions, including those constitutional provisions above mentioned and expressly enacted under the 3rd, 5th, and 6th heads. (2) That the 70th section fixing the number of

members at 82, could have no less force than the 85th and 86th relating to the duration and holding of parliament. If it be held that parliament would lapse, and its Acts be void if the Statute were infringed by the session lasting one day over the four years, surely it must be equally void if constituted of only 81 members instead of 82.

We come next to the Ontario Acts. The Act of 1868-9 (32 Vic. c. 21, s. 18, sub-sec. 4) extends the period for making the Algoma writ returnable, to ninety days in the winter season. Then, in the Representation Act of 1874 (38 Vic. c. 2, sec. 1), the number of members is increased to eighty-eight, and by the 38 Vic. c. 3, sec. 21, the period for holding an election in Algoma is limited to the months of June, July, August, September and October. This is slightly enlarged and more precisely stated in 39 Vic. c. 10, s. 13, which provides, that the nomination or polling shall be held in any year at some time from the 20th day of May to the end of November, and between those days only.

Now, how, in a legal sense, does this last enactment contravene any we have quoted preceding it in order of time? Not certainly the first (sec. 41, B. N. A.), for it does not relate to the Dominion Law; not the second (sec. 65, B. N. A.), for it is of the very essence of that clause that the Legislature should abolish or alter any of those prerogative rights, which, without express direction to the contrary, the Crown would exercise independently of such a check or regulation; not the third (sec. 70, B. N. A.), because it gives aid to the effectual constitution of the Assembly by naming a time suitable for the election of the full complement of members; not the fourth (sec. 84, B. N. A.), because that is a mere continuance of former Acts, pending such provisions as the later Act comprises; not the fifth (sec. 85, B. N. A.), for the four years' date will run as easily from the return of the

Algoma writ as from any other; not the seventh, for that gives express powers to pass just such a law as the one in question. We have omitted to consider the effect of the enactment on the section quoted under the sixth head (86 sec., B. N. A.), as the several sections have been passed in review, and for this reason: it is the only one that might, by a remote contingency, be negatived or voided by the Algoma clause. The case is put thus: If the Lieutenant-Governor were advised to dissolve the Legislature at a date, say in October, too late to allow an election in Algoma to be legally held that year, while the Legislature had been prorogued in March or April, no election could take place in Algoma until June or July of the following year, or, contrary to the Statute, fifteen or sixteen months instead of a year from the last sitting of the Legislature at its previous session.

The guarantee against such an event from caprice or without absolute neces-

sity, is the need the Executive has of obtaining supplies, of which it would have none without a Legislature at or immediately after New Year's Day. But, if an emergency of the kind arose then it is submitted that, as no penalty nor disability would attach to the holding of the Legislature *after* the expiration of the year dating from the last sitting of the previous Legislature, so, if in providing for the general convenience, and ensuring the due constitution of the Legislature (a fundamental principle in the constitution), the Algoma clause came into collision under wholly exceptional conditions with the annual-meeting clause, then the last enacted Statute must prevail over the earlier one, and in so far as may be necessary to the carrying out of the latest expressed intention of the Legislature be held to have repealed it. But the Act which has just become law removes even this possible if improbable source of difficulty.

IF.

BY W. P. DOLE.

IF life were all a summer day,
 If o'er bright fields, from flower to flower,
 Like butterflies—as careless, gay—
 Chasing each radiant, glowing hour,
 We might flit on
 Till set of sun,
 I'd ask no fairer mate than thee
 To whirl through that light dance with me.

But rigours of our Northern skies
 Cast o'er my life too sad a hue;
 The breeze that round me swells or sighs,
 Would prove a certain death to you
 Who ne'er may know,
 How cold winds blow,
 How poverty makes life a chill,
 Dark, dreary winter day, Lucille!

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

IN spite of the gentleness of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot's manners, and of a certain attraction which he possessed for many persons, he was not without his enemies. His spirit was masterful, and unless he had the mastery he would sometimes become downright antagonistic. His theory of government was something like that of Mr. Carlyle's—a despotism in able hands; but Mr. Walcot's definition would have been still more precise; it was necessary that the hands should be his own, and as they were kept always very neatly gloved, and were gentle, and even caressing, in their touch (unless when 'temper,' in rare cases, got the better of him), his yoke was not as a general rule resented; the majority of those who bore it were not even conscious of its existence, until there came some cause of disagreement; Lady Arden, for example, only perceived that he possessed the art of management in its highest form, and felt indebted to him for its exercise in all affairs of the household. She never dreamt that he was managing *her*. The young ladies, until quite recently, were not of an age to understand the system of government under which they lived, and even the Great Baba was not in rebellion against Mr. Walcot's *régime*, but only against Mr. Walcot. He did not recognize him as a rival sovereign, but only as a big black man who did not find favour in his eyes.

Frank had never opposed him, but he had been the involuntary cause of opposition, because he had not been sent to school in accordance with his advice. At the very first opportunity, therefore, as we have seen, the iron hand had made itself felt through the velvet glove. From henceforth Frank was in his power, as other persons of a larger growth were.

He had all sorts of ways of catching his birds; if they flew headlong into his net, as in Frank's case, without even a lure, so much the better; it saved trouble, and left no traces of the lime. He never frightened them before he caught them—if he could possibly help it. But he had had some little trouble (and foresaw more of it) with one charming little songster, upon whose capture he had set his heart.

There had been a time when Evelyn Nicoll had delighted in having Uncle Ferdinand (so she had then called him) for her companion, when she had liked no one better—not excepting even George Gresham—at her pony's bridle rein in her rambles on the moor; she had listened to his fanciful weird stories with an interest that fell little of enchantment; she had hung upon his lips, as he discoursed with knowledge, admirably suited to her capacity, upon bird, and beast, and tree, with a child's hero-worship, and he had flattered himself that he had only to put forth his hand to make her captive.

Circumstances had occurred, perhaps, to hurry his ordinarily cautious movements, or perhaps he grew impatient to make sure, but certain it was

that—quite in these later days—she had escaped his fingers. She had not got away, of course—he would have smiled at the possibility of such an occurrence—but something or other had given her an alarm. Only instead of fluttering (as some had done under the like circumstances) with beating heart and frightened eyes, she had become as hostile as a ruffled swan. He felt that he had all his work to do over again, though in a different manner. And not only was the iron hand in this case out of the question, but if he could have used it he would not have done so, for this bird, as sometimes happens, though very, very rarely, had caught the bird-catcher.

We have said that the only tenant of Halcombe Hall who was in open opposition to Ferdinand Walcot was Evelyn Nicoll, but there had been another rebel, who was now once more under that roof—namely, George Gresham; and in his case the bird-catcher felt no scruples. There was, in fact, a bitter quarrel between them, though known only to themselves; under the mask of a somewhat strained politeness they hated one another most cordially, and offered one more example of the fact that there is no war so virulent as civil war. It was an unequal combat, because one of the belligerents was more unscrupulous than the other; when one side poisons wells and the other shrinks from it, the former has a positive though an undue advantage; but, for all that, George Gresham was no despicable foe. The very impetuosity of his assaults, which excited the other's contempt, rather than his apprehensions, did considerable execution. To his intimates (as we have seen) George Gresham made no secret of his conviction that Ferdinand Walcot was a scoundrel; and to every one else he made it clearly understood that he regarded him with no favour. There had been a time when on one side, at all events, considerable conciliation had been attempted. As a boy, not

yet emancipated from school, George had been the recipient of Mr. Walcot's generosity. The 'tips' he had given him were, indeed, much larger than were prudent to be entrusted to such young hands; and he had given him to understand that he might count upon whatever he wished to obtain from his uncle, provided it was applied for through Ferdinand Walcot. To the schoolboy this arrangement seemed agreeable enough; but as he grew older, he began, as the only blood relation of his uncle, to resent the proviso attached to it; it seemed not in accordance with the fitness of things that such mediation should be necessary. Hence arose doubts, suspicions, and finally a collision with his ally. Then war, openly declared upon the young man's side, but apparently declined by the other. Gresham appealed to his uncle, and found him kind, but deaf to all arguments against Walcot.

'You do not understand, my dear boy, the nobility of that man's nature; the thought of self is foreign to it.' And then that stereotyped phrase of his, delivered with pathetic solemnity, 'There is a sacred tie between us.'

Mr. Walcot, though not put upon his defence, volunteered some statements as to his motives; he could afford to leave them to Sir Robert's interpretation he said, but it was quite possible George had failed to appreciate them. Sir Robert was his own kith and kin, and it was but natural that he should consider things to be his right which were, in fact, not so; but which in all reason and justice should depend rather upon his own good behaviour. He was not a bad boy—Heaven forbid that should be the case!—but he had serious faults, which he (Mr. Walcot) had striven to amend, and received anything but thanks for his pains. He did not, however, want thanks; but only to see such amendment in the lad as would give satisfaction to his uncle. Even in such a small affair as getting

up in the morning, and being in time for breakfast, he could not bring himself to turn over a new leaf, though he knew Sir Robert's particularity in the matter.

Now George was a confirmed slug-gard, and his accuser knew this to be a crucial test in which he was almost sure to fail. And he did fail; he was fool enough—or, perhaps, obstinate enough—to neglect this simple means of grace which Mr. Walcot had suggested to him. And the little rift thus made between him and his uncle was skilfully widened. He had been withdrawn from Oxford and the companionship of his friend Frederic Mayne, under Walcot's advice, on the pretext of his extravagant habits—a charge he could not deny—and been left in Germany to complete his education. He had visited Halcombe during the vacations, and been received by Sir Robert with his usual kindness—never intermitted, save when he made a late appearance at the breakfast table; and eventually, as we have seen, had been selected to be the future husband of his uncle's favourite, Evelyn. He did not know that from that hour Ferdinand Walcot's dislike of him had been turned to malevolent hate; but he was quite aware that he was his foe. His fearless, careless disposition, however, had led him to pay small heed to this circumstance—preferring to consider the man the enemy of the human race rather than his own—until the present time; when he felt that his secret relations with Elise might expose him to a severe, if not a ruinous, blow.

It was at Walcot's suggestion that Evelyn had gone to fetch her from Mirton; and he therefore awaited their return with a redoubled apprehension. So strong was his presentment of evil that he walked out upon the moor before the return of the young ladies was expected, in order that his meeting with Elise might have at least only one witness.

His first glance, on meeting the oc-

cupants of the carriage, was directed to Evelyn, and it in some sort reassured him. He felt certain, from her quiet look (for she was one who easily betrayed her emotions) that nothing had passed between her and her companion to pain her. His proposal that they should finish their journey on foot if the visitor was not too fatigued was accepted; and the three young people walked home together.

'I have been trying my German conversational powers with Miss Hurt,' said Evelyn, 'and I find that books cannot teach me to speak a language. I am glad she will find in you, George, at least one person who can talk to her in her native tongue. You must tell her, however, that she must consider herself a missionary in a very benighted land, and not encourage us to be indolent by speaking English.'

'Perhaps it would be better if she concealed her little knowledge of it altogether,' said George laughing, but not without the reflection that this would be very convenient.

'I am afraid that would savour of duplicity,' said Evelyn, gravely.

Then it flashed like lightning upon Gresham. 'Evelyn knows'—he felt that she was alluding to his present conduct. 'I was only joking,' he replied, 'of course, but I will make her understand exactly what you desire.' Then added rapidly in German, 'You will not use your own language more than is necessary, Elise, and in the case of one person, my uncle's brother-in-law, it will be better to conceal your knowledge of English as much as possible. He is the only enemy we have to fear.'

The next moment George Gresham turned scarlet. He saw, by Evelyn's face, not indeed that she had understood his words of caution, for she had not; but that he had missed the first step in his career of secrecy. He had addressed the new governess as 'Elise,' instead of 'Miss Hurt.' At this moment there fortunately occurred a little incident: they met a

dog-cart with a groom in it, coming up the steep hill from Halcombe. The man touched his hat respectfully.

'Where are you going, Charles?' inquired Gresham.

'To Archester, sir, to bring a young person that is expected at the Hall.'

'Oh, to be sure, it is Annabel Spruce,' said Evelyn.

'Then Miss Hurt is not the only stranger, it seems, expected to-day,' observed George, lightly.

'Hush, George,' said Evelyn, rapidly. 'It is scarcely necessary to remark on such a coincidence; Annabel Spruce is the new ladies' maid.'

'I am sure our companion is too sensible to be annoyed by any comparison of that sort,' answered Gresham, lightly.

'I hope so,' observed Elise, quietly, in broken English, 'but nevertheless I am deeply sensible of Miss Nicoll's consideration, which is far beyond anything which a person in my position (unless, indeed, she had the happiness to have already known her) could possibly have expected.'

It was now Evelyn's turn to be overwhelmed with confusion.

'I had no idea, Miss Hurt, that you could understand me,' she stammered. 'I was wrong to say that books cannot teach a language. I see now that it depends upon the capacity of the student.'

'Not at all, Miss Nicoll,' answered Elise, gently. 'It depends rather upon the student's necessities. If you had to learn German in order to earn your bread, you would have acquired it at least as well as I have English.'

Gresham was delighted at the admiration that Elise's talents had thus extorted from Evelyn, and still more at the favour with which she evidently regarded her. Half his expected difficulties seemed to be already surmounted. At the same time, highly as he esteemed Evelyn's nobility of character, he was not a little surprised, supposing that she really guessed how matters stood, that she had acquiesced

in them so readily. His *amour propre* perhaps was a little wounded—though he knew Evelyn's affections were not engaged to him—at the quietness (it looked almost like satisfaction) with which she had accepted the knowledge of his attachment to somebody else.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LIKENESS.

ON the morning after Elise Hurt's arrival at the Hall, the family were assembled as usual in the oriel breakfast room, awaiting the beat of the gong which summoned the servants to morning prayers; for a wonder, George Gresham was on this occasion in time for that solemnity; he had made up his mind to fail in nothing that might give satisfaction to his uncle; he was full of good intentions of all sorts, among which the virtue of punctuality shone resplendent—and besides, he was very anxious to see Elise. He could indeed say nothing to her beyond a few conventional kind inquiries, and even these were only admissible between the heir of the House and the governess, from the circumstance of their having been half-drowned together, but it was an inexpressible comfort to find himself in her company. She wore a dress of Millicent's, which he probably beheld not for the first time, but which had never before excited his admiration. It seemed to him, in spite of all she had gone through, that she looked fresher and prettier, and altogether more charming, than even when he had first seen her in the church at Rotterdam. If he had not known that Lady Arden and the girls had shown her every kindness, he could have read as much in her grateful and contented look, and he loved them more than ever in consequence.

'Why, George,' exclaimed Sir Robert, delighted to see his lie-a-bed

nephew in his place, 'the German air seems to have wonderfully agreed with you; I never saw you looking so bright and wideawake at this early hour.'

'Let us hope, sir, that that may rather be ascribed to the pleasure of coming home,' answered the young man.

'That's well said,' returned Sir Robert, smiling, 'though I am not so foolish as to take the compliment to myself,' and he looked slyly across the room at Evelyn, who was talking to Elise. 'In your delight at finding yourself once more with your uncle and the rest, you have forgotten your correspondence,' and he pointed to a letter which lay upon Gresham's plate. Gresham laughed and opened the letter; and then laughed still more.

'It is from dear old Mayne,' he said, 'apologising for not having met me in Paris—which is fortunate, since I did not keep my appointment with him. His yacht, it seems, was delayed by the gale, so that he could not get to Boulogne; and now he has got sick of the sea and coming to England.'

'Ask him to come here,' said Sir Robert, 'we shall be very glad to see him.'

'You are very kind, sir,' answered Gresham; 'I am sure he would like nothing better.'

Mr. Walcot, who was as usual engaged on a somewhat voluminous correspondence, looked up at this.

'Are you sufficiently sure of your own movements for that arrangement, Sir Robert?'

'Yes, yes, there is no hurry about that matter; and whether I am at the Hall or not, Mr. Mayne can be made welcome.'

It was a curious instance of the ascendancy which Mr. Ferdinand Walcot exercised at Halcombe, that this vague hint was the first intimation which the rest of the family, including even Lady Arden, had received of Sir Robert's having any intention of leaving home. His post of *confidant*

to the Baronet was so well established, that no observation was made upon this piece of news by anybody. The only astonishment it excited was in George Gresham, who having been so long away, was less accustomed to such proofs of Mr. Walcot's sway.

'If Mayne comes here,' thought he, 'he will fall out with that fellow, I reckon;' and the idea greatly enhanced the pleasure with which he looked forward to his friend's visit.

Then the servants trooped into prayers, taking their places so quickly that it reminded you, with but a slight difference, of the stage direction in *The Critic*, 'enter, kneeling.' A certain new face among them was, therefore, not at once observable to the master of the House, who, besides, had his book-markers—long silk streamers worked by Evelyn in the High Church style—to arrange. Sir Robert had a fine voice, and what is more, one instinct with deep religious feeling. At a later part of the short service, when all stood up, his tall delicate figure, with his reverential face and tone, had a fine effect. He looked a true Head of a Household, to whom the welfare, ghostly and bodily, of every member of it was of genuine interest. Suddenly his voice began to fail and quiver.

Mr. Walcot was at his side in an instant.

'Go on for me, Ferdinand,' he whispered and sat down.

Lady Arden also approached him, but he waved her away. 'It is only a little giddiness, my dear. Ferdinand will finish the reading.' And he did so. Mr. Walcot also was a fine reader; a better one, perhaps, artistically speaking, than his brother-in-law; but the late occurrence had somewhat disturbed the attention of the little congregation.

'It was nothing,' said the master of the House, when prayers were over, and in answer to the anxious looks of those around him rather than to their inquiries; for it was well understood

that Sir Robert disliked fuss to be made about his ailments. 'I was a little faint, I think, for want of my breakfast.'

If this was so, it was curious, since he made no attempt to eat anything beyond toying with a little toast and marmalade; but of this no one was supposed to take notice.

He was the first to rise from table, and Lady Arden followed him with her eyes, but with her eyes only. Mr. Walcot had already risen, leaving his devilled chicken only half consumed upon his plate, and left the room close at Sir Robert's heels.

Again no one hazarded a remark, but Gresham glanced significantly at Elise, as much as to say, 'You see his power;' and then turned scarlet on perceiving Evelyn remarked it.

Lady Arden showed no touch of annoyance, nor perhaps did she feel any. She had been long content with the affection of her second husband, shown in a hundred material ways to her and hers; she had never possessed his confidence; and on the few occasions when she had striven to minister to him in his little troubles—which were generally understood to be 'nerves'—she had not been very successful. She was homœopathic, and had suggested Pulsatilla, in which Sir Robert did not seem to have much confidence.

The Baronet passed through the folding-doors that led into his own study—which stood somewhat isolated from the house, forming one of its many projections—and threw himself into a chair.

'Great Heaven, Ferdinand,' were his first words, 'why did you not tell me?'

'Tell you what, my dear Arden?' inquired the other with simplicity.

'Why, about the likeness. That girl who came yesterday. I thought when I saw her face I should have dropped.'

'Do you mean Annabel Spruce?'

'Of course I do. Is it possible it never struck you that she is the very image of our lost Madeline?'

'The image? Surely not. Now you mention it; indeed, I do recall a resemblance—something in the look of the eyes.'

'The eyes! the features—the very expression!'

'My dear Arden—making every allowance for your sensitive organization,' answered Mr. Walcot, in a tone of alarmed remonstrance; 'it seems to me that your affectionate, nay, your devotional feelings towards our dear departed carry you sometimes too far. Remember, it is I alone who understand them, who appreciate them at their full value; and this exhibition of them before others—'

Sir Robert waved his hands in nervous protest.

'What does it matter—what does anything matter, in comparison with what I owe her!'

'Very true, my dear Arden; most true, no doubt. Still, you have since contracted other obligations.'

'I know it; I know it,' exclaimed the other impatiently; 'and I hope I have not neglected them.'

'Indeed you have not; no other man alive could have been so mindful of them.'

'Still I was wrong to contract them. I failed in fealty to the dead—if, indeed, I can call her dead, whose living voice is so present with me.'

'Why did you do it, my dear friend?' answered the other bluntly.

'Ay; why, indeed? I did it to escape from myself. You don't know what I suffered when she left me all alone. You were not here then, Ferdinand, to comfort me.'

'I wish I had been, with all my heart.'

The gentleness of his tone was only equalled by its genuineness; Sir Robert held out his hand, and the other grasped it warmly.

'I have no cause to complain, Ferdinand, of any human creature, save myself. Lady Arden and the children have been everything that I could have expected of them—more than I

had any right to expect. My nephew, too, dear George, is an honest, noble fellow. You don't think so, because you compare him, perhaps, with an ideal standard—he has not, of course, your sensibility.'

'I said nothing against him, Arden; and I never shall do so. If I think he fails towards you in frankness and obedience, considering all the benefits you have heaped upon him, that is only my private opinion.'

'Well, well, let us not talk of that, let us agree upon that single point to differ. In all others we are at one.'

'I hope so, indeed, my friend.'

'But, oh, that girl! Why did you not prepare me for her? When she turned round and looked at me, it was as though one had risen from the dead.'

'I grant there is a likeness, though it did not strike me with such force. If it pains you I will frame some excuse to persuade Lady Arden to get rid of her *protégé*.'

'No, no, no,' answered Sir Robert. 'Let her stay here since she has once come. The very accident of resemblance gives her a claim upon me.'

Mr. Walcot bowed, with a stoop of his shoulder too gentle to be called a shrug; the action seemed to say, 'This is a matter of feeling in which no one has a right to argue with you; but to me such ideas are unintelligible.'

'My dear Ferdinand, I know I must seem unreasonable to the world at large,' said Sir Robert, as if in answer to this movement, 'but I should have hoped that you would have understood me better. You yourself are cognizant of many things beyond the ken of grosser minds.'

'I have been witness to certain manifestations, Arden, it is true, that I cannot refer to any known laws, and those manifestations have, as it seemed, been connected with my lamented sister. But I hesitate to attach to them any vital meaning.'

'That is because you are by nature a sceptic—that is to say, of a too logical mind, Walcot. Yet you have al-

lowed to me that you have more than once been staggered. After all, these incidents are only links of a chain that has connected this world with the other throughout all ages.'

'Still the hearing is a sense that is very easily deceived, my dear Arden. I have thought oftentimes I have heard dear Madeline's voice; but it might not have been hers; nay, there might have been no voice. The eye brings with it what it sees, we are told; and this is still more true with the secondary senses. If she were to tell me something only known to myself and her—if I had even seen her—'

'That may happen yet, who knows?' interrupted the other, eagerly, and yet with a touch of awe. 'An angel touched Elijah and Daniel, and though it is true I am no prophet, why should not Madeline, who is an angel, favour me with her visible presence? She comes to see me in dreams.'

'In a dream Milton saw his "late espoused saint,"' observed Walcot, softly.

'Yes, but Oberlin tells us that *his* watched him like an attendant spirit, held communion with him, and was visible to his sight. When he contemplated any important act she either encouraged him or checked him.'

'That was a very remarkable case, no doubt, Arden; I remember something of it.'

This might well have been, since his companion had conversed with him on the matter half a dozen times before.

'But Oberlin's experience does not overthrow my argument, though I grant it weakens it, as to the self-deception of the senses.'

'That is what was said to Oberlin himself,' answered Sir Robert, in a tone of triumph; 'when asked how he distinguished such interviews from dreams, he answered, "How do you distinguish one odour from another?" They were perfectly distinct occurrences.'

'He was a theologian and a philanthropist, and probably of an enthusiastic temperament,' replied Walcot, doubtfully.

'Well, I am neither one or the other, Ferdinand; you must grant to me an unbiassed, if not a logical, mind.'

'I will go further, Arden, and allow you to be logical; I never knew a man more open to reason. It is not my wish, you may be sure, to rob you of any source of consolation, and least of all of one which may proceed from kin of mine. If this thing be really as you conceive it to be, I should almost feel that I had a hand in it; that your friendship for me had at all events received the seal of approval from a quarter, which, in your eyes—'

'It does—it has, Ferdinand,' interrupted Sir Robert, eagerly. 'You are dear to me for your own sake; but ten times dearer because of the sacred tie that connects us—we cannot speak of that, however, before others. Lady Arden, for example, would not only fail to understand it, but would, perchance, resent it. I should be loth to give her cause of pain. You had better go to her, by the bye, and say that I am better, and will see her now.'

'I will.'

We have said Mr. Ferdinand Walcot had a mobile face. It changed its expression twice between Sir Robert's study and the breakfast room. In the former it implied tender assent; between the double doors it became like the mask of Grecian Comedy; grotesque in its satirical mirth; and then, in the presence of the family, it turned to cheerful contentment.

'Sir Robert would like to see you, Lady Arden; his giddiness, I am thankful to say, has passed away.'

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST BLOW.

IT was not very long after breakfast, and while Mr. George Gresham was completing on the terrace behind the Hall that second cigar which his new cares and dangerous position had rendered necessary—for without tobacco how would some people contrive to think?—when Milly Nicoll came out to him, not trippingly as usual, but gliding like a ghost, and with quite a serious expression of countenance.

'George, dear, there are plots in the air,' said she. 'And I don't think you will see your friend, Mr. Mayne, on this side of Christmas.'

'What do you mean, Milly? I have my uncle's permission to invite him?'

'You mean you *had* it. Mr. Walcot, however—'

'Confound his meddling,' ejaculated Gresham, prescient of what was coming.

'By all means,' said Milly, 'if that can be done. He has persuaded Mama that Papa is not in a state of health to receive visitors, and you can therefore guess the next step.'

'He is the most impertinent wretch!' exclaimed Gresham, passionately.

'Oh, George, how can you use such words! If I had known you would be so angry, I would not have been the one to tell you this bad news. I was afraid it would annoy you.'

'Annoyance is no word for it, Milly. Of course it is a disappointment to me, but that is nothing to the indignation I feel against the person who has caused it. I will go to my uncle at once, and ask whether in future I am to consider him or Mr. Walcot the master of this house.'

'You would gain nothing by that motion, George. But if you are very anxious to see your friend at Halcombe—'

'Well, of course I am; but long

before the post goes out a veto will be put upon my asking him.'

'Just so. But there is a horse in the stable, and you know how to ride, I believe.'

'It is not a sea-horse that I can ride to Boulogne upon, Milly.'

'No, but you can ride to Mirton, and telegraph to Boulogne, silly.'

'Excellent girl?' cried Gresham, rapturously; 'if you were a little better looking I could find it in my heart to kiss you.'

'He is the most impertinent wretch!' exclaimed the young lady, as if to space, and mimicking the fiery tone as well as the words of her companion.

'Seriously, Milly, I am charmed with your sagacity, and I am sure it will please Mayne to hear that you had so set your heart on seeing him that you devised this scheme. I'll be off at once.'

'Now that is so like a man,' observed Milly, sardonically; 'first, in the ingratitude, and, secondly, in the want of intelligence. Why, you're actually going to the stables by the front of the house.'

'True, I will go the back way. You are an angel, Milly, with the wisdom of the serpent added.'

'And look here, George,' added she, as he was hurrying away, 'if you are very anxious about your friend's coming, you had better prepay his message back. When he said, "I'll come." Papa can scarcely say he is not to come.'

'An excellent notion, my dear girl. You are a Machiavelli!'

'I'll tell Papa if you call me such names as that,' replied the young lady, demurely.

'She is too clever by half; I shall pity her husband,' said Gresham to himself, as he passed through the garden gate.

Above said that on the moorland above Halcombe there were no trees; on the extreme edge of the cliff, on the Mirton side of the village, there was, however, a notable exception to this

circumstance, a long though narrow plantation of Scotch firs had been planted there by some previous tenant of the Hall, to which it formed a most picturesque approach. For more than a mile the traveller could ride or drive in shelter, while enjoying the most exquisite glimpses of marine scenery. It was called 'The Wilderness,' and was the favourite haunt of the children of the village.

It was early in the afternoon when Gresham arrived at the entrance of this grove on his return journey. The wind had dropped, and only sighed through the branches of the trees, like an echo of the waves beneath. The sweet breath of the pines, the warmth of the shelter they afforded after the open moorland road were so grateful to the traveller that he almost always drew rein as he entered the Wilderness, and came through it at a foot-pace. Notwithstanding his familiarity with the scene, this was now the case with Gresham, though it is doubtful whether the slackening of his speed was solely due to the attractions of Nature. As he reached this first jut of home it was natural that the consideration of his position there, and of his future prospects, should have suggested themselves, and a gallop (which had hitherto been his pace) is no aid to reflection.

He was still full of indignation against Walcot, but he perceived how dangerous it would be to give expression to it, considering the obvious increase of that person's influence with Sir Robert since he (Gresham) had left home, and especially in view of his own relations with Elise. If these should be discovered, they would afford a dangerous weapon, indeed, to the hand of such an unscrupulous foe. Gresham knew that he was solely dependent upon Sir Robert, but, to do him justice, that was not the consideration which most affected his thoughts. He was attached to his uncle by bonds of affection as well as of gratitude, and feared his displeasure at

least as much as his material consequences. He was well aware, too, that there were weak points in Sir Robert's character, quite apart from his infatuation with respect to his brother-in-law ; that, with all his kindness of heart and indolence, he would at times assert himself in quite a despotic manner ; that small annoyances—such as a nephew's not being down in time for morning prayers—put him out excessively ; that ridicule of any subject in which he took an interest highly exasperated him ; and that certain derelictions from moral duty had in his eyes the blackness of crimes. First among these was the vice of deception. 'If you will only be open with me, George,' his uncle used to say to him as a boy, 'all will be well between us, but never try to deceive me.'

George would perhaps have been open with him now if he had only had his uncle to deal with ; he knew that he disliked to be thwarted in anything on which he had set his mind, and that he would especially resent any change of his supposed intentions as regarded Evelyn ; but he would have thrown himself on his uncle's generosity, and bared his heart to him—but not for that daw, Ferdinand Walcot, to peck at. He could foresee, only too well, how he and his love would fare, should he venture to confess it under present circumstances, and therefore he resolved to conceal it.

Immersed in these reflections, he came suddenly, at a turn in the winding road, upon Elise herself, accompanied by Frank.

His heart leaped up for joy, but he was too prudent to express it except by the welcome in his eyes. A boy is always a dangerous third party in such interviews, and especially a sharp boy like Master Frank. A certain proverb about 'little pitchers having long ears' passed through Gresham's mind, succeeded by the consolatory reflection, 'that the longest ear that ever British boy wore cannot understand an un-

known tongue ; Elise and I will talk German.'

Their salutations, however, were made in English, and Elise informed him that the boy had undertaken to act as her cicerone to the beauties of Halcombe, whereupon Gresham, who had swung himself from his horse and hitched the bridle under his arm, patted Frank on the head with genuine approbation.

The lad, generally quick to appreciate the least kindness of his elders, said never a word, never even stretched forth his hand—a mechanical impulse, one would have thought, to every boy of his age—to pat the mare.

'Why, Frankie, what's the matter ? You look glum, as if you'd lost sixpence irrevocably.'

'There is nothing the matter,' said the boy, with nervous haste, 'nothing at all.'

'There *is*,' observed Elise, in German. 'I never met with a child of his years so dreadfully out of spirits.'

'It is not usual with him,' answered Gresham, indifferently. 'Something has probably gone wrong with his lessons. What a blessed thought it was that prompted him to bring you here ; otherwise I know not when I should have had the chance of a word with you. How do you like Halcombe—or rather the Halcombe folks ?'

'They are kindness itself,' she answered, earnestly. 'So kind that my conscience pricks me to think that I should be playing any part here that is not an honest one.'

'It is not dishonest, darling ; and it will not last long, for they will all soon come to know your worth, and to welcome you as one of themselves.'

Elise shook her head.

'You are too sanguine. If I had known what sort of life your people lead—so far above everything that I have witnessed in my own country, and all of them to the manner born—I should have felt it impossible that I could ever link my lot with yours ; if I could have foreseen the consideration

and kindness with which I have been treated by them one and all, I would have refused to repay their hospitality with a deceit, however innocent.'

'It is not a deceit, darling; it is only a concealment, and even that would be unnecessary if we had only them to deal with. I say, if my uncle and his people were alone concerned, I would make a clean breast of it to-day, and leave the question of my love to be judged by their own good hearts. But did I not warn you that I have an enemy here? Do you know who it is?'

'Of course I do,' she answered, smiling sweetly; 'if I did not I might hope that I was fancy free.' (Elise, like others of her race, had learnt her English with Shakespeare's aid). 'But because you have won my heart, my senses are keen to all that concerns you. Oh yes, I have seen that man's face fixed on yours when you knew it not, and it means mischief—ruin, if he can compass it.'

'You have read him like a book. There are some natures which we must combat in their own way, or submit to be overcome by them. We must meet the serpent with the wisdom of the serpent. He has not heard you talking English, I trust.'

'No; but I have heard him,' answered she, naively. 'He has persuaded Lady Arden that Sir Robert's invitation to your friend—which seemed to give you such pleasure this morning—should be revoked. However, there is some one coming; what will be thought of our walking together thus?'

'No matter; Frankie will explain it. It is my uncle himself—and his shadow.'

The two figures, which had been partially hidden by the trees, came into full view.

'There is Uncle Ferdinand,' cried Frank. 'Oh dear, oh dear!'

'Well, what of him,' exclaimed Gresham, with irritation. 'He won't bite our noses off. What's the mat-

ter with the boy? He looks as pale as death.'

'There is nothing the matter,' cried Frank, with the same anxious earnestness. 'Indeed there is not; oh pray don't tell him there is.'

'Very good, I'll be as dumb as that fir cone. But in return, Frankie, you must tell my uncle how you came to be here with Miss Hurt; else he will think, perhaps, she has been straying out of bounds; don't you see?'

'Yes, yes,' answered the boy, evidently not troubling himself with the reason for this request; 'I will say anything you please to Papa. And George, dear George, if Mr. Walcot should wish me to go to school, don't let Mamma or my sisters vex him any more by their objections. I would rather, much rather, go to school.'

Gresham stared at the boy in astonishment—it was clear that he was in a state of terror; but his own concerns were just then too pressing to admit of any questioning. The two men were now drawing very near; Sir Robert as usual with him, partly from a certain hypochondriacal idea that his steps wanted support, and partly from the sense of dependence always experienced in the other's society, was leaning on his brother-in-law's arm, who apparently was speaking rapidly in his ear.

'Don't forget what you are to say Frankie,' whispered Gresham, hurriedly, and then the two parties met.

Sir Robert looked grave, but, with a courtesy that never forsook him when speaking to one of the opposite sex, expressed his hope that the Wilderness had found another admirer in Miss Hurt.

'It is very, very beautiful, sir,' said she, and was about to add that she was indebted to Master Frank for her introduction to it; but her pride forbade it. If her employer chose to impute any other cause for her presence in that spot, he might do so.

Sir Robert attributed her hesitation

to her imperfect knowledge of the English tongue.

'That is a curious way of taking horse exercise, George,' observed he, drily; 'to go on foot, and lead your nag.'

'I had been out for a ride, sir, on the moor, and meeting Miss Hurt and Frankie in the wood, I joined them.'

'It was I who brought Miss Hurt to see the Wilderness,' said Frank, his delicate face flushing from chin to brow; 'I was showing her over the grounds.'

'Quite right, lad, quite right,' said Sir Robert, patting his head, but speaking absently. He had got something unpleasant to say, a circumstance which always weighed upon his mind till it was done with. 'By the bye, George, I have got something to say to you, which I fear will cause you disappointment. It is with regard to your friend Mayne—the fact is, I'—here he looked uneasily towards his brother-in-law.

'I am sure it will not be necessary Arden, to go into particulars with your nephew,' put in Mr. Walcot, smoothly. 'The fact is, Mr. Gresham, your uncle is far from well, and the presence of any visitor just now—being a stranger too—'

'No, no,' interrupted Sir Robert, petulantly, 'it is not *that*; I am well enough. But perhaps at some other time, if it's the same to Mr. Mayne; it isn't as if he knew about it, and we were putting him off, you see.'

'Well, unfortunately, sir, he *does* know about it,' answered Gresham, drily. 'Directly you were so good as to ask him—knowing what pleasure he would have in coming to Halcombe, and also that his movements are apt to be sudden—I telegraphed to him at Boulogne, from which place he has wired back to say he will be at Archester in two days.'

Mr. Walcot turned pale with passion.

'Quick as may be your friend, Mr. Mayne's, movements, I suppose a mes-

sage could still reach him by the wire to put off his coming?'

'Not unless the wire was attached to his yacht,' returned Gresham, coolly, 'as you may see for yourself.' And he drew from his pocket the return telegram, and placed it in Mr. Walcot's hands.

'Was about to start for Folkestone, but am now off for Archester, which is the nearest port to Halcombe. A thousand thanks to your uncle. Shall be with you on Friday with great pleasure.'

'You seem to be somewhat precipitate in your invitations,' said Mr. Walcot, biting his lip.

'Not at all; if I had been an hour later I should have missed my friend.'

'I did not mean that, sir—'

'Well, well, no matter,' broke in Sir Robert, 'there is no harm done, George. Your friend will be very welcome. Mr. Walcot, let us go on.' And he lifted his hat to the governess, and moved slowly away.

'It is horrible,' ejaculated Gresham, when the pair were out of earshot; 'my uncle is growing a dotard before his time, thanks to that sycophant and scoundrel. However, he has been done this time; the electric telegraph is certainly a great institution.'

Elise glanced at the boy, and then reprovingly at Gresham.

'Oh, Frankie knows what I think of Uncle Ferdinand,' he answered, lightly.

Here a sharp, authoritative cry of 'Frank, Frank,' was heard behind them. It was Mr. Walcot's voice.

The boy started off like a dog that hears its master's whistle.

When he overtook the two men, Walcot held out his hand, in a kindly manner, as it seemed; but when his fingers closed over the lad's, they gave a warning grip.

'Look here, Frankie; you said just now that it was you who asked Miss Hurt to take a walk in the wood: did anyone tell you to say that?'

‘But it really was me who——’
The fingers closed upon him like a vice. ‘Be so good as to answer my question. Did any one bid you tell your Papa to say that it was at your invitation that Miss Hurt was here?’

The boy trembled like a leaf as he answered, ‘Yes, Mr. Walcot. George told me to say so; but it really was——’

‘That will do; take this book back with you. If George or Miss Hurt

ask you what you were wanted for, say that I brought it out by mistake and wished to get rid of it: and say nothing about the other matter.’ Before the boy was gone, he turned to his brother-in-law and said, significantly, ‘I was right, you see, Arden. They met by appointment, without doubt.’ Sir Robert struck his stick into the sand and moved on in sombre silence.

(To be continued.)

IT IS WELL.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

IT is well! The Summer-time is over—
Low in the west sinks the autumn sun;—
They have cut down the corn and the scented clover—
Southward the birds have flown, one by one.

In the glade to whom is the brooklet calling?
Follow, it says, and follow me!
Its breast is brown with the leaves there falling,
And downward borne to the hungry sea.

Give me my staff, and give me my sandals;
Down by the brookside I would go,
Leaving behind the ruthless vandals
That the thread of my life have tangled so.

The days grow wearier, wearier, wearier,
And mocking phantoms the nights infest;
The world grows drearier, drearier, drearier,
And I in my mother's arms would rest.

ROUND THE TABLE.

It is a little odd, and shows how superficially average people think, that one so often hears it observed with surprise that quarrels should arise or friendships be broken up by such apparently inadequate causes. Undoubtedly some people are in the habit of magnifying every trifle which concerns themselves, till they resemble nothing so much as a wild gooseberry, which you cannot touch without suffering from its prickles; and there are comparatively few who are free from at least a touch of the same tendency. But we all know that character comes out as strongly in trifles as in greater things, perhaps more strongly, as these will often elude the power of a strong will, which for obvious reasons will often keep disagreeable traits well covered, unless beguiled into forgetfulness in some small matter that does not seem worth minding. And where a friendship has any foundation in esteem, and is not a mere outgrowth of accident or habit or propinquity, the discovery of an unworthy trait in a trifling matter, is just as painful and just as likely to undermine the mutual regard, as if the occasion were in itself far more important. The man who over-reaches us in a matter of a few cents, we are hardly likely to trust in a transaction where thousands of dollars are involved; and so the friend whom we find ungenerous or treacherous, or selfishly absorbed in his own interests in a small matter of every day life, is hardly more likely to retain the esteem which was the inspiration of our friendship, than if the same trait had come out in an affair of far greater intrinsic consequence. In the latter case our selfish sense of material loss would be far greater, but in the

other we have just as much reason for disappointment in our friend, and for the change of opinion which can hardly fail to impair any friendship worthy of the name. And it is quite reasonable that it should be so. A straw will show the direction of a current quite as well as a plank. And if friendship be, as Jeremy Taylor tells us, 'the greatest union of minds of which brave men and women are capable,' then the discovery—be the occasion ever so slight that our supposed friend's mind (by which I mean moral sympathies) is quite incompatible with our own—must make it impossible that the friendship can long survive.

F.

—There is no tax on the time of busy people so annoying as the incursions of idle people, a fact which idle people whose time often hangs heavy on their hands, find it difficult to realise. You are in the midst of a busy morning—every hour and half hour filled up in anticipation with work that has to be done, yourself in good working order and getting on briskly—when the door opens and your friend, Mr. Drone, enters leisurely, good humoured and conversational, and you inwardly groan, for you know you are in for half an hour's gossip on his part, and impatiently patient civility on yours. He is a man full of the liveliest interest in his neighbour's affairs, which, having nothing particular to do this morning, he is able to discuss with a fulness of detail, which in other circumstances might amuse you, but which, at this particular time, when the clock's hand tells you of your shortening morning and your undone work, is inexpressibly

fretting. By-and-by your friend seems to come to the end of his flow of discourse, not much stimulated, it is to be feared, by your brief and *distrain* replies; and you begin to breathe more freely and hope for speedy relief. Not so; your friend calmly remains seated, and, all unwarned by a silence which *you* feel awkward but will not break, he begins again presently on a new subject—this time, perhaps, a pet grievance, on which he can easily go on for an hour, although you know beforehand all he has to say. Perhaps, in sheer desperation, you break away, at last, on plea of pressing engagements, a thing you wish you could have summoned courage to do long before. You try to apply yourself to your work again—not so easy a task however, after the fretting process to which you have been subjected—when in walks another visitor, a lady this time, Mrs. Limpet, who wants your assistance in some new scheme she has devised, and, by way of disposing you favourably towards it, comes to rob you of another half hour of your precious morning. Indeed, you are fortunate if you can get rid of her so soon, as she is one of those women who love to linger over their subject, adorning it with all manner of episodes, which they give with the minutest circumstantial detail, which you find it impossible to cut short. By the time she has run her story out to the last thread, your busy morning that was to be, is all but gone; your mind is wearied and distracted, and you are hardly in a condition to take up again the dropped threads of thought and begin anew. Such interruptions are particularly distracting to people whose work is pure brain-work, demanding, before all things, concentration of thought and freedom from distracting influences. None probably suffer from them so much as clergymen, who, while everybody knows that they are expected to prepare every week two carefully considered sermons on the most import-

ant of all subjects, are yet, besides all the necessary and multifarious demands upon their time, supposed to be the legitimate prey, at all hours, of every idler or busybody who imagines he has business with them, or a subject of importance to bring under their notice. A preacher has, perhaps, just got into a happy vein of thought and flow of composition, when, in the middle of a paragraph, thought out with great care, Mr. Discursive ‘drops in,’ and bores him for an hour with miscellaneous talk, which puts his carefully collected ideas to ignominious flight, and yet which, if a sensitive man, he cannot bear to cut short. One wonders why the idle people can’t inflict their superfluous time on each other, and let busy people alone.

X.

—Few things are more unaccountable than the apathy and indifference with which the people bear the evils connected with the administration of the law in this country. We ask for Government interference in a great many things; we look to it to make or unmake trade, to encourage some kinds of industry by premiums of protective and prohibitory duties, and in the same degree to discourage others, to draw people away from the cultivation of the soil, the business which the country has special facilities for, encouraging them to engage in mercantile business, by releasing them from their contracts through an Insolvent Law. We look to Government to educate our children to inspect and stamp the products of our industry, to make people sober by prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors; in short we look to it to do many things which it ought not to do, while we do not demand of it the discharge of its chief function—the administration of justice. This, which ought to be the first business—and, in the opinion of many, the sole business—of a Government, and on which social well-being so intimately depends, it turns

over to a caste—the legal fraternity—who work it primarily with a view to their own profit. Sir John Romilly's statement that "The law is a technical arrangement for the creation of costs" is as true in Canada as it is in England. The plain statement of the fact that to recover a sum of \$100 in the County Courts of Ontario involves costs to over \$130 will be considered sufficient proof of this. It is generally supposed, by the uninitiated public, that law costs can be taxed according to a tariff but this is a delusion. The taxing clerk and the Judge can set the tariff aside on many points, the Judge, for instance, can allow counsel to charge double or treble the usual fee, and the taxing clerk cannot touch it. All changes introduced are in the direction of increasing costs. Some time ago, a change of the law was introduced by which counsel are allowed to demand a separate examination of plaintiff and defendant before the case comes into Court. This practice is not of the slightest value to either side, as the whole thing has to be gone over again at the trial, but it serves the only purpose in view, that of making additional costs. Our Insolvency law and amendments furnish another illustration to the same effect. When this Act was passed, it must have been well-known to the framers of it, that there is a Bankrupt law in operation in Scotland for over half a century, which, in the opinion of all who are capable of judging, is the most admirable law of the kind in existence, working cheaply and expeditiously, bringing the fraudulent debtor to punishment, and clearing the unfortunate. But it labours under the great defect that there are not sufficient openings in it for legal costs, and our law was modelled in preference on the cumbrous and expensive law in operation in England. One of the great defects of the Insolvent Law and of laws in general is, that too much is left to the option of

Judges. There is a clause in Mr. Blake's amendment to the Insolvent Act, which provides that no bankrupt shall receive his discharge whose estate does not yield fifty cents on the dollar; but it is left to the option of the judge, and the clause is no better than so much waste paper. Instances have occurred in this neighbourhood when a bankrupt has got a certificate of discharge whose estate did not yield a single cent of dividend.

Similar remarks might be made on the working of the Grand Jury system—a system which seems to have been devised for the escape of rogues from punishment at the greatest cost in time and patience to the community. This also might be contrasted with the procedure in use in Scotland and elsewhere. Space is not sufficient to relate a tithe of the way in which people's lives are made miserable by the delay, suspense and expense of the law. Who is there who does not know of property going to wreck through getting into Chancery? How many are there who from bitter experience would not bear any amount of wrong rather than appeal to a Court of Law a second time?

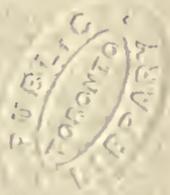
Great would be the gain to the community if Government would discharge aright its proper functions and bring justice cheaply, expeditiously, and surely to the aid of all who suffer from the predatory instincts of the race. Lawyers tell us that cheap justice would increase litigation, but this is something akin to another maxim of theirs, that "He who pleads his own cause has a fool for a client." It is in the interest of their order. The very reverse would be the case, were justice within easy access of all classes, the dishonest and greedy would see no hope of successfully preying upon their fellow man, not as it is now, when the chances are two to one that they will succeed. There is at the present time no reform that requires more to be

pressed upon the Government, one that would confer a greater benefit on the whole community, than reform of law administration. But it will be of no use entrusting it to the

lawyers. If done at all it must be done by the lay element of the Government.

J. G. W.

CURRENT LITERATURE.



THE student of European history has reason to be grateful to the enterprise of that rising Boston house, the Messrs. Roberts Bros., for a couple of noble volumes, illustrative of the life and times of one of Germany's greatest statesmen, Baron Vom Stein,* from the robust pen of Prof. J. R. Seeley, the author of *Ecce Homo*, and the Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Works such as these seldom adequately remunerate either author or publisher. They necessarily appeal to a limited circle of enquirers and students and men of learned leisure, who care, or have the taste or time to form acquaintance with their contents. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that the English edition has been published under the auspices of a society whose function is 'to further the production of laborious works for which the book market did not offer sufficient encouragement.' At an early stage of Prof. Seeley's work, the Syndicate of the Pitt press made the author an offer which enabled him to complete his herculean task sooner by some two or three years, than if he had gone on in the usual way, and depended solely on the philanthropy or enterprise of a private publisher. The American edition, we believe, has had no such

friendly assistance. It is due entirely to the scholarly taste and business pride of the Messrs. Roberts, who like to have great books on their list now and then, for the mere sake of having them, and the profit on which is accepted as a secondary condition only.

The *Life and Times of Stein* is not a simple biography of a single individual. It is far more than this. It is a brilliant account of a most interesting epoch in European history. It is the story of the humiliation of Prussia, culminating in the disastrous affair at Jena, in the days of the French despot. It is a history of German politics and German intrigues, of French power and dominion and hate, of a weak-minded prince and a great minister, of deceit and treachery, of court trickery and diplomatic chicanery, and the whole marvellous corruption of the age of Napoleon. The stormy period of the French Emperor's career is described with splendid skill, and he appears always as the foremost figure in the narrative with Stein. The able baron of Prussia was one of the most marked characters of his time. He was Prussia's greatest statesman, the precursor of Bismarck, and, like the present Chancellor, a man of iron will and determination. He was born at Nassau, in October 1757, and after studying at Göttingen from 1773 to 1778, he entered the service of his country, and in a few years he was at the head of one of the departments for

**Life and Times of Stein; or Germany and Prussia in the Napoleonic Age.* By J. R. SEELEY, M.A., Two volumes. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

Westphalia. He rapidly rose after this, and soon his name became a tower of strength, not only in his own land but throughout the broad continent of Europe. He early displayed great administrative ability, and as the chief member of the Prussian ministry, he effected many important changes in the conduct of affairs. Among other things (he abolished restrictions on internal trade, and for a time success seemed to crown his every effort; but the French invasion and conquest snapped his policy asunder, and embittered many years of his life. He was conservative and religious in tone, full of vital energy and daring, bitter in his hostility to bureaucracy and military despotism, and warm in his admiration of the vigorous years of the past. He took a firm stand on the question which raised the expediency of allowing communities to govern themselves, which he considered the only practical guarantee of national liberty. In 1807, he was dismissed from office by the impotent king, when he withdrew to his estates in Nassau, only to be recalled with open arms again some months afterwards, when the wisdom of his policy was revealed by the Peace of Tilsit. Napoleon, who at that time, did not dream of Stein's real character, nor know of his intense patriotism, favoured the recall of the eminent minister. Another year elapsed, and the Corsican ruler suspecting Stein, by means of information found in an intercepted letter, which criticised his policy, set the wheels in motion to free his path from so redoubtable an antagonist in the field of statecraft and diplomacy. Stein, in November, 1808, was forced to resign, while in the very midst of the prosecution of his series of political reforms, which are known in history as Stein's System, and which provided for the abolition of serfage, the establishment of a municipal organization, similar to that of England, and others equally advanced and pertinent. Stein im-

mediately retired to Austria, and joined the Tugendbund—a secret national society, and the French emperor confiscated his property. In 1812, the Baron's influence was cast with Russia, and in response to a summons from Alexander, he went to the court of the autocrat. He encouraged the coalition against his arch-enemy, and when the allies marched into Saxony, he became President of the Council of all the German States. Shortly after this he attended the Congresses of Vienna and Aix-la-Chapelle, but through the intrigues of lesser men, he made no very distinguished appearance there, and ceased to take afterwards any marked political standpoint. His statesmanship may almost be said to end with the Fall of 1812, for though he enjoyed honours until the day of his death, his name was no longer used as a conjuring word. He was undoubtedly a hero and a brave man. He had to fight the battles of his country against open enemies without and covert traitors within. His manner was sharp and decisive, and even his best friends suffered from his autocratic bearing and generally defiant attitude. In his time he formulated many plans for German unification and strength, and these have been taken up by his successors in office, and several of them have been literally carried out. Stein died in 1831, at Fraücht, where he had lived during the last years of his life in the full enjoyment of his estates, which had been returned to him by the Government. Too much can hardly be said in praise of the admirable style in which this notable biography is written. It represents a monument of labour, exhaustive study, and copious research. It must make a marked impression in the world, and pass into history as one of the great biographies.

Another biography, calculated to provoke much comment among literary people everywhere, is Mr. Hamerton's faithful, and in every way

admirable, life of Turner.* This book has been eagerly looked for by those who, having read Mr. Thornbury's interesting but hastily written life, look forward to such a biography as Mr. Hammerton has just given us—a life leisurely and beautifully written. Unlike Mr. Ruskin, the author of 'Modern Frenchmen' does not over-praise his hero, though of course he finds much to admire and love in the subject of his book. He is often critical, but always just. He strives to produce a life that will live, that will describe Turner as he really was, that will stand out as boldly as one of his own canvases. In this he has succeeded, and the impression one gets from reading the charming book before us, is that Turner was in every sense a remarkable man, a painter of fine attainments, a landscape artist whose genius was limited, a delicate and refined, but uncertain, draughtsman, a fair colourist, and a man of great breadth of view, and strong range of imagination. More than this, Mr. Hammerton seems unwilling to yield, and as he has made a thorough study of Turner's works from the beginning, and under most excellent auspices, his verdict, with perhaps an occasional modification, may be accepted as correct and likely to endure. Turner has for a long time been an object of ridicule and of veneration. He has been laughed at and be-praised. His school has been condemned and lauded. He has been charged with unnaturalness in his colouring, and this charge has often been sustained by ample proof. Turner, however, was a great painter, an artist of brilliant power, a dreamer, a poet, a romancer, as delicate in his way as Hawthorne, as charming as De Quincey, and as fantastically weird as Coleridge. He was an eccentric man of genius—a contradiction, if we might say so—and there is much in his life that one will do well to consider care-

fully. It teaches a lesson which none should forget. It develops a line of thought which we should all uphold and strive to carry out. Turner poetized everything he undertook. He was an ardent lover of nature, in her sublimest as well as her roughest mood; but his wild extravagances often led him into many curious errors, which did not a little to reduce his influence and lessen his fame. Turner was no copyist. He did not copy even nature herself. He *improved* on the verdure and the trees, on the skies and waters. His landscapes were unlike any other landscapes in the world. His waters were ideas, his rocks were the picturesque fruits of his highly wrought imagination. He loved to study nature as his imagination pictured it. His mind—as susceptible as Shelley's—was full of his own beautiful fancies, the darling creations of his prolific brain. Mr. Hammerton discusses Turner as a dreamer in a happy and well-sustained style, and, indeed, the whole biography is at once a delight and a pleasure. It is entirely free from didactic and dogmatic blemish. It is a simple and touching narrative, abounding in many brilliant passages, amusing and illustrative anecdotes, and much clever criticism, which serves well its purpose. There are nine charming illustrations in the book, etched in a superior manner by A. Brunet-Debaines.

Within the last year or two a perfect Johnson-craze has set in, and new editions of the great Lexicographer's works in various styles have been announced, together with unabridged and abridged copies of Boswell, a new life by Leslie Stephen, and Mr. Matthew Arnold's selection from Johnson's Lives of the Poets. We hope much good will come out of this reaction, and trust that the revival is no mere spasmodic outburst. Johnson was a king among his fellows, the autocratic ruler in letters of his age, and though of late years he has not been so highly

* *The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*, by PHILIP GILBERT HAMMERTON. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

regarded by those terrible fellows, the critics, whose *dicta* we all tremblingly obey, yet many will be glad of the opportunity which cheap editions afford to renew or to make the acquaintance of the author of 'Rasselas.' Of course Boswell's is the standard life, and next to that, perhaps, is Mr. Stephen's excellent short biography, but the leisurely reader will find the very cream of Johnsoniana in Mr. Mason's carefully edited *brochure*, entitled 'Samuel Johnson: His Words and his Ways.*' This volume is a conveniently sized store-house of ana, *bon-mots*, criticisms and personal descriptions. It is a bright and attractive book, and dependent for its facts on the best authorities within reach of the editor, whose plan is to be commended for its thoroughness. It reveals extensive reading and much critical examination of many books; and though Mr. Mason may say with Montaigne, 'I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own,' he is entitled to a large amount of credit for the skilful way in which he has grouped his materials and blocked out his work. Mason's Johnson will beguile many a dull hour, and banish many a fit of the blues, or we are much mistaken. It is formed on a plan which is perhaps original with Mr. Mason, though Russell's 'Book of Authors' may have suggested the idea.

Lady Anne Blunt has written a really enjoyable book of travel. It is fresh and picturesque, and treats of a subject which is full of interest and affords fine scope for the descriptive powers of the author. Eastern travel is full of suggestion, and Lady Blunt has succeeded in presenting a faithful and natural picture of life among the strange Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates.† Her style is good and

spirited, and her hearty love of adventure and romance enables her to put on record, in a certain captivating manner, the impressions which she formed during an exciting journey among the curious peoples of the desert. She is a lover of horses too, and misses no opportunity to speak of the various breeds with which she was frequently brought into contact. Her descriptions of the Arabs and their wonderful steeds, the strange spectacles seen during tent life, the wild luxuriance of the scenery, the habits and customs of the various tribes, life in the Oriental cities as it is to-day, the odd peculiarities of race and religion, and a hundred other things are fascinatingly and dramatically presented.

Lady Anne Blunt embarked on her interesting journey at a most promising time of the year, and when the Bulgarian war was at its height. At an early period she and her small party of tourists made friends with the Bedouins, and this happy circumstance enabled them to see much, to learn much, and to pick up a vast amount of information seldom if ever acquired by travellers through this region of desert wild. They witnessed the confusion of a political crisis, and experienced some idea of the horrors which a bloody war engenders. Their sympathy with the Bedouins enlisted confidence in return, and the utmost friendliness prevailed among the visitors and the tribes they came to see. Few journeys have been made in any country under such favorable auspices, and rarely a people—instinctively suspicious and jealous—have so warmly seconded the movements of European travellers. In her account of life in the greater cities through which part of the journey lay, Lady Blunt has drawn liberally on a large stock of valuable material hitherto inaccessi-

* *Samuel Johnson: His Words and his Ways*, Edited by E. T. MASON. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates*. By Lady ANNE BLUNT, edited, with a preface and some account of

the Arabs and their horses, by W. S. B. Maps and Sketches, by the Author.—New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

ble. As a specimen of her fluent style, we excerpt this description of Bagdad, though it by no means conveys a proper idea of the scope and character of a work destined to be popular with all classes of readers, for there is a certain wild luxuriance about the book which to be thoroughly enjoyed must be read as a whole. Of the four hundred and forty pages in this record, not a single one of them is dull.

'Bagdad, in spite of its ancient name, and of its Caliphs and Calenders so familiar in our ears, is hardly now an interesting city. Compared with Damascus or Aleppo, it wants individual character, while Cairo twenty years ago must have been far more quaint and attractive. I suppose, if we had entered it from the north and by the river, we should have been differently impressed from now, coming as we have from the west, where there is nothing in the approach to give one the idea of a great city. The walls have been pulled down, and one enters by scrambling over the mounds of rubbish where they once stood, and then crossing an intermediate space of broken ground, given over to dogs and jackals, and gradually abandoned by the town as it has shrunk back from its old circuit, like a withered nut inside its shell. One sees at once that Bagdad is a city long past its prime, a lean and slippered pantaloon, its hose a world too wide for its shrunk shanks. Within, there is little to remind one of the days of its greatness. The houses are bad and mean, and built of mud, and the streets narrow and unpaved as those of any Mesopotamian village. There are no open spaces, or fountains, or large mosques, or imposing buildings. The minarets are few and of inconsiderable height, and the bazaars without life or sign of prosperity. No caravans crowd the gates, and hardly a camel is to be met with in the streets. The rich merchant, like the Caliph, the Calender, and all the rest, seems to have disap-

peared. I don't know how it is, but these signs of decay affect me disagreeably. Bagdad has no right to be anything but prosperous, and stripped of its wealth, is uninteresting, a colourless eastern town, and nothing more.'

Others besides adherents of the Episcopalian Church will be interested in Mr. Perry's exhaustive History of the Church of England,* for it treats very fully of kindred subjects, and a good deal of space is filled with an account of the Reformation and how it came about. This History is intended to supply a manifest want, for it covers territory not embraced in any of the many books on the same topic. Bishop Short's History deals more fully, perhaps, with the subject on a broad and liberal basis, but Mr. Perry is fuller in detail and more particular about many essential points. Indeed Perry's History fills a unique place; it treats of the Church during its reformed period, and concludes with the Silencing of Convocation, and a brief sketch of the remainder of the eighteenth century. American and Canadian readers also, will be glad to know that a very useful history of the Church of England in America and its successor, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, accompanies the volume. This valuable addendum is from the scholarly pen of Dr. J. A. Spencer, the skilful editor of the New Testament in Greek.

Professor Huxley's Life of David Hume† will make a lasting impression on all thoughtful men. The biographer contents himself with giving the merest outline of Hume's life, character and surroundings, and en-

* *A History of the Church of England.* By G. G. PERRY, M.A., Canon of Lincoln and Rector of Waddington. New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

† *Hume.* By Professor HUXLEY.—*English Men of Letters*, edited by John Morley. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

ters very scantily into anecdote and personal gossip. Indeed, in these particulars the work is meagre and some will consider it unsatisfactory. Professor Huxley, however, more than atones for this, in the new revelation which he gives of Hume's philosophy and scientific system. The book is, in short, scarcely a biography at all; but a scientific study of Hume, the object and scope of his philosophy, his thoughts on evolution, his doctrine of immortality and principles of morals. Huxley is in the main fair and impartial in his treatment of his subject, and many will like to read Hume again by the aid of this modern light—and perhaps be present at the 'cutting up' on Mr. Huxley's dissecting table.

Mr. William Black is never dull, though he is not always himself. We particularly admire his grand bits of description, those tremendous pictures of natural and rugged scenery which he does infinitely better than many of the prominent living novelists of the present day, but his men and women are often failures. They are real and splendid enough when we meet them first, and one naturally falls in love with his heroes, and feels, tender, perhaps, towards his heroines; but long before the story is told Mr. Black's 'creations' often relapse into mere puppets and sufficiently commonplace beings. He does not always manage his characters well, and there is a want of sustaining power in his work. It is the same with his recent 'Life of Goldsmith.*' It is a most disappointing book. One is led to expect great things from the author of so fine a story as 'The Princess of Thule,' but the story of 'Poor Noll' is unskillfully told, and in some places the poet is actually unfairly dealt with. Mr. Black has written his biography

hastily, and there are frequent marks of impatience to be met with, as if the biographer felt that he was engaged on an uncongenial task and heartily wished it over. The love which all mankind bears for Goldsmith, and Mr. Black's own great fame, will make this short book one of the most widely sold of the series.

Little need be said in praise of so famous a book as Crabb's 'Synonymes.*' It has held its place for many years as the standard authority in its department of learning, and scholars everywhere have accorded it the highest place. The edition before us contains many additions and corrections, and its great value can only become known by constant use. Editors, writers for the press, students and teachers can hardly do without Crabb.

Some twelve years ago Mr. James Hannay, in the Magazine which the present editor of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY was then editing in New Brunswick, reviewed Mr. Beamish Murdoch's History of Acadia—a work which may properly be called Materials for History. In that review Mr. Hannay, little thinking perhaps, that he would himself become the Historian of his native land, commented on the general want of system pursued by Mr. Murdoch in the arrangement of his data and facts, and indulged in these remarks: 'The people of these provinces await the advent of some historian who will place before them a true mirror of the times of the Ancient Colony of Acadie—who will trace its history down from the time of its discovery by Cartier, to the expulsion of the French, and from thence to the present day—who will recount its battles and sieges, and its various changes of masters, and what is of still more

* *Goldsmith.* By WILLIAM BLACK—English Men of Letters, edited by John Morley. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *English Synonymes Explained in Alphabetical Order.* By GEORGE CRABB, A.M. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

importance, the social character and customs of its people—their struggles against the severity of a climate to which they were not inured, and the double evils of disease and famine. Such a history, written in a pleasing style, and without prejudice or partiality, would be a work of inestimable value to the inhabitants of the provinces, both as a text-book for the instruction of youth, and the information of those of maturer years.’

Mr. Hannay at that time was a close student of Acadian history as well as a writer of no ordinary ability. The readers of STEWART'S QUARTERLY remember him doubtless as the author of a series of entertaining annals of Acadie, a few poems in swinging ballad measure on the same subject, and one or two striking papers on the old forts in St. John and Westmoreland counties.

By almost universal consent Mr. Hannay became the historian of Acadia. One after the other his rivals left the field, and the historian remained in peace to pursue his examination of musty old MSS., quaint books and primitive maps. For twelve years at least, Mr. Hannay has been pursuing his enquiries in this field of study in the scant leisure snatched from an active journalistic life. In June, 1877, his work was almost finished, and the history was passing through the press, when the disastrous fire in St. John, N. B. accomplished the destruction of not only the printed sheets, the whole of the manuscript pages then in the printing office, but also the large and valuable library of the author. The work had to be done over again.

Mr. Hannay's volume is now before the public.* It is a carefully written and well digested history of Acadia from its first discovery to its surrender to England by the Treaty of Paris, February 10, 1763. There is enough

in the early history of these Colonies to afford a writer ample scope for his powers, and Mr. Hannay has wisely avoided the rocks upon which a less experienced author might have split. He has dismissed insignificant occurrences by a paragraph, and elaborated only the more important events, and such deeds as mark an era in the life of the struggling French provinces. Indeed he has fulfilled to the letter the plan he had in his mind when twelve years ago he asked the people of the Eastern provinces to await the coming of a promised historian. His book is well put together, the style is good, though occasionally melodramatic and high coloured, and the facts as far as we are aware, are unimpeachable. Mr. Hannay might have made his history more convenient for reference if he had dated the tops of his pages and inserted explanatory head lines,—two faults of omission hardly excusable in these days, and should a second edition be called for, we hope to see this remedied. There are many brilliant passages in the book, some of which would do no discredit to Macaulay, whose manner Mr. Hannay sometimes affects.

Before laying this really interesting volume down we must make an extract from it, in order that our readers may see a sample of the historian's style. Mr. Hannay upholds the action of the British in expelling the French from Acadia, and though that act has been generally condemned, Mr. Hannay puts his case so strongly that we may be pardoned for quoting here some of his views on the subject: ‘I have said that the English Government was extremely anxious that the French should remain in Acadia. That was natural, because nearly the whole cost of maintaining the civil and military establishments in Acadia fell on the British people. From motives of economy, if for no other reason, it was considered highly desirable that the Acadians should remain on their lands, in order that

* *The History of Acadia.* By JAMES HANNAY.—St. John, N. B.: J. & A. McMillan.

they might supply the garrisons with provisions at a fair price, and so reduce the cost of maintaining them. It was also felt that the French, if they could be induced to become loyal subjects, would be a great source of strength to the Colony from their knowledge of wood-craft, and from their friendly relations with the Indians. It was, therefore, on no pretext that this desire to keep the Acadians in the Province—which is attested by more than forty years of forbearance—was succeeded by a determination to remove them from it. Grave and weighty reasons existed for taking so extreme a step, and on the sufficiency of these reasons its justification must depend. It must be remembered that in 1755 England was entering on a great war with France, which, although it ended disastrously for the latter power, certainly commenced with the balance of advantage in her favour. In such a death-struggle it was evident there was no room for half-way measures, and that a weak policy would almost certainly be fatal to British power. Ever since the treaty of Utrecht, a period of more than forty years, the Acadians had lived on their lands without complying with the terms on which they were to be permitted to retain them, which was to become British subjects. Although, the soil upon which they lived was British territory, they claimed to be regarded as neutrals, not liable to be called upon to bear arms either for or against the English. Their neutrality, however, did not prevent them from aiding the French to the utmost of their power and throwing every possible embarrassment in the way of the English. It did not prevent many of them from joining with the Indians in attacks on the garrison at Annapolis and on other fortified posts in Acadia. It did not prevent them from carrying their cattle and grain to Louisbourg, Beauséjour and the River St. John, instead of to Halifax and Annapolis, when

England and France were at war. It did not prevent them from maintaining a constant correspondence with the enemies of England, or from acting the part of spies on the English, and keeping Vergor at Beauséjour informed of the exact state of their garrisons from time to time. It did not prevent them from being on friendly terms with the savages, who beset the English so closely that an English settler could scarcely venture beyond his barn, or an English soldier beyond musket-shot of his fort for fear of being killed and scalped.'

Mr. Boyesen's biographical and critical essay on Goethe and Schiller* will likely attract many readers who have derived their impressions of these authors from reading translations of their best known works. Of course the writings of Carlyle and Emerson and David Masson have done much to better the knowledge of the general reader of the authors of 'Faust' and 'The Robbers,' but Mr. Boyesen's essay appeals to a more direct and influencing interest still. For several years he has been professor of German literature in Cornell University, and his book is the natural outgrowth of the lectures which he has from time to time delivered before the young men under his care. The vast accumulations of notes and criticisms and observations which came into his possession form the material out of which this agreeable volume has been fashioned. Mr. Boyesen has produced a strong book, entertaining to read and useful to study. It is rich in criticism and full of suggestion and individuality. The author is almost too searching, though, for at times he explains away much that we would prefer to have had remain as it was, or as we were accustomed to know it, before his sharp

* *Goethe and Schiller: their Lives and Works, including a Commentary on Goethe's Faust.* By HJALMAR H. BOYERSEN.—New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

and critical eye was levelled on it. His Memoir may rather be called an Essay than a Life, and the method and scope of the book may be highly praised. An Index seems almost indispensable, but Mr. Boyesen has apparently thought otherwise.

Mr. Howells' latest story—*The Lady of the Aroostook**—has all the charm and grace and eloquence of his former writings. He has the rare faculty of individualizing his characters, and making them stand out in relief as distinct and original types. His men and women may be met every day in the streets of cities, and in the byways and lanes of villages. His observation is quick, his analytical power remarkably keen, and his art is perfect and finished. His conversations are always bright and interesting, his humour delicate and refined, and his descriptions of scenery are almost equal to his portrayals of character. *The Lady of the Aroostook* has many of Mr. Howells' principal characteristics, and one rises from its perusal absolutely refreshed by the purity and simplicity of a narrative, which is written in the choicest English. The heroine Miss Lydia Blood is a pure-minded and sensitive American girl, whose early days were spent in a New England village at the home of her grandfather and aunt. Of refined and natural manners and delicate sensibilities, she lives an almost secluded existence with these old people, her guardians, who in their homely way do what they can to sweeten the passing days of her unromantic and pastoral life. There are many American maidens in real life like Lydia Blood. They are to be found in the hamlets of New England to-day—modest and sweet girls as instinctively aristocratic in their bearing as if coronets rested on their

brows, but simple and gentle in all their habits of life. Mr. Howells has invested his heroine with all the truthfulness and holiness which her station demands. In his hands she becomes a Creation, a living soul in the realms of fiction, and the reader dwells with him lovingly on the beautiful type of perfect womanhood, which his genius has developed. The main figure in this delightful story, all interest accordingly is centred in the *Lady of the Aroostook*, who undertakes a long voyage to Europe, alone, in a sailing vessel. She is the only lady passenger, and her fellow voyagers are three representative men, a gentleman of cultivated tastes named Staniford, his friend Dunham, and young Hicks, whose friends are compelled to send him across the ocean to keep him sober. So unsophisticated is Miss Blood and so innocent withal, that it is only when she arrives in Venice at the home of her aunt—a frivolous and artificial woman of fashion—that she discovers that in crossing the Atlantic unaccompanied by some one of her own sex, she committed an unpardonable act in the correct eyes of the European world, from which there is apparently no redemption.

Of course the story turns on an affair of the heart, the development of which will be watched with a tender interest, though Mr. Howells has had evidently a deeper object in view than the mere telling of a very pretty, and in every way admirable tale. His aim has been doubtless to paint the portrait of the American girl as she really exists, to portray her in all her freshness and goodness and gracefulness, and to apply a wholesome corrective to a class of criticism which men and women of a certain school have taken pains of late to formulate both in America and in Europe. In Mr. Howells, the American, and especially the New England girl, has found a champion, a defender as powerful as any Knight in the days of the Cru-

* *The Lady of The Aroostook.* By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.—Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

sades. His picture is a faithful one, and many a Lydia Blood will unconsciously behold her own portrait delicately limned in the bright pages of 'The Lady of the Aroostook.'

Mr. Duvar's drama is called the *Enamorado** (*Love Stricken*), and we feel bound to say that it contains much that we can admire. It is spirited and interesting, and the language for the most part is good. The humour is a trifle coarse, and though Mr. Duvar is careful enough to allow coarse persons such as a clown and a cook of the fifteenth century to utter his nonsense, the effort, while really offensive in some respects, is not successful as a whole. Mr. Duvar is neither a wit nor a humourist. He is a very sober poet. His fun is apparently modelled after the fun of Shakespeare and of Massinger. It has all the vulgarity and none of the piquancy, and let us add, the wisdom, which these great play-wrights have put into the mouths of their clowns and jesters. The story on which the play is founded is a pretty one, and is, we believe, historically correct. We will not destroy the interest which will probably be taken in this clever play, by giving even an outline of the plot. We commend it to our readers. It will be found an exceedingly skilful piece of

workmanship. It is well constructed, well contained and written in good dramatic form. It is vigorous in action, and the scenes and dialogue are cleverly managed. The character drawing, in many respects, shows power, natural ability and excellent discernment. The author is as successful with his gentlemen as he is with his gentlewomen. It is only when he descends to his boors that he loses his balance, and mistakes vulgarity for wit. The *Enamorado* is not an *acting* drama. It is a poetic drama, full of fine things, a number of pretty songs, and graceful figures, and some really eloquent outbursts of passion, such as this, from the fourth act, in the storm scene where Mazias reveals his love to Clara in the lonely grove:—

'The lightning is the minister of love,
Kinder than death in any other shape,
For oft the levin bolt shot o'er the world
Will zigzag in its course, and passing by
The stricken stretched with sorely racking pain
By whom death is most weary waited for,
Will, in its instant sheeting, single out
From all the millions all around the world,
Two young true lovers, with their beating hearts
Together clasped within the link and chain
Of their encircling and embracing arms,
And liberate their souls in painless death.
For love attracts the lightning. Thus it is;
The subtle warm love essence that surrounds
And permeates the being, is the same
That runneth through all Nature's mighty veins,
The which intensified is levin fire,
That flashing through the world finds like in like
In bodies of some perfect loving pair,
And with a flash absorbs them; as yon gleam,—
Were but thy love as ardent—warm as mine,—
Might course innocuous o'er all else of earth
Yet suck our life and love into the flame
Of its own fiery being.'

* *The Enamorado*. A Drama. By JOHN HUNTER DUVAR. Summerside, P. E. I.: Graves & Co.

NOTICES.

On the authority of MR. WILKIE COLLINS, we beg to state that he is not engaged in writing a conclusion to 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.' Shortly after MR. DICKENS' death MR. COLLINS was asked to finish the story, but he positively refused to do so. Since then a continental publisher has impudently associated his name with

a French version of the story, and this has given some colour to the rumour which we now publicly contradict.

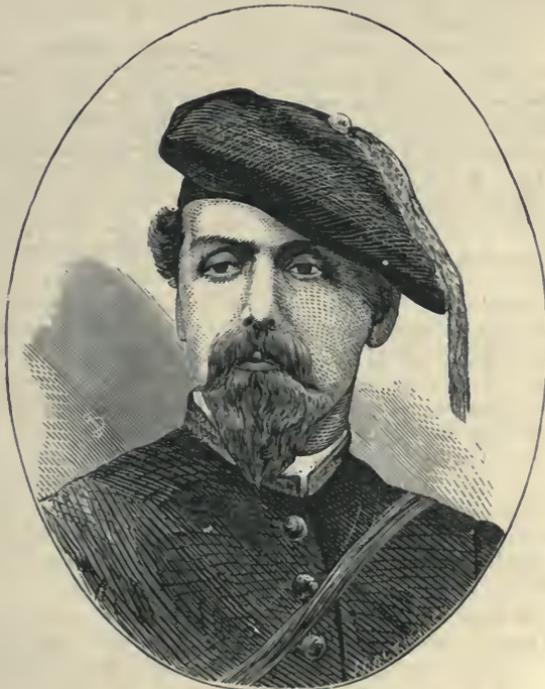
Owing to pressing literary engagements, the author of the PAPERS BY A BYSTANDER, is unable to furnish this Magazine with an article this month.

ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

MAY, 1879.

IN THE CARLIST COUNTRY.

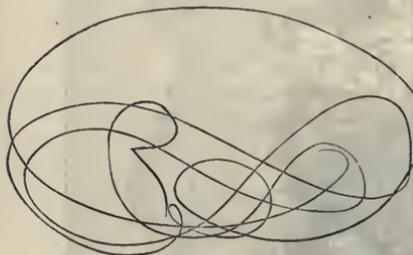
BY CECIL BUCKLAND.



DON CARLOS

WE reached Bayonne shortly before midnight on the second day after leaving Paris, and were detained there the whole of the next day by the absence of the Carlist agent from whom we were to receive our passports, he being then engaged in looking after the transport of a

mule-train with arms and ammunition across the French frontier—a common incident at that time, notwithstanding the fact that France had recognised the Spanish republic. When we succeeded in finding the agent we met with every civility, and our passports were forthcoming almost immediately. They were curiosities in their way. The coat-of-arms which surmounted the printed matter was as large as the top of a liqueur-glass, and the design was a most complicated one. It consisted of a huge crown, Maltese crosses, castles, lions, armour, floral wreaths, stars and stripes, billiard balls, and something that would have passed muster for a spread eagle, an “expiring frog,” or a snipe on a piece of toast. There was no signature to



THE RUBRICA.

the document, but in one corner was a *rubrica*, an intricate flourish not unlike an Oriental sign-manual. The Spaniards have a custom of affixing these rubricas to their signatures, and in many cases—more especially with high military authorities—the rubrica alone is used. Subsequent experience proved to us that this sign-manual was more efficacious than a signature would have been, as many Carlists whom we met—in several instances commissioned officers—could not read.

We learned that since the Carlists had threatened an attack upon the town of Irun, the terminus of the railway running from France to Spain had been at the pretty little village of Hendaye, situated immediately on the French bank of the river Bidassoa, which is here the line of demarcation

between the two countries. We reached this village on the afternoon of the fourth day after leaving Paris, and as we wished to learn something of the country we intended visiting before entering it, we resolved to pass the night at the little *fonda* (inn).

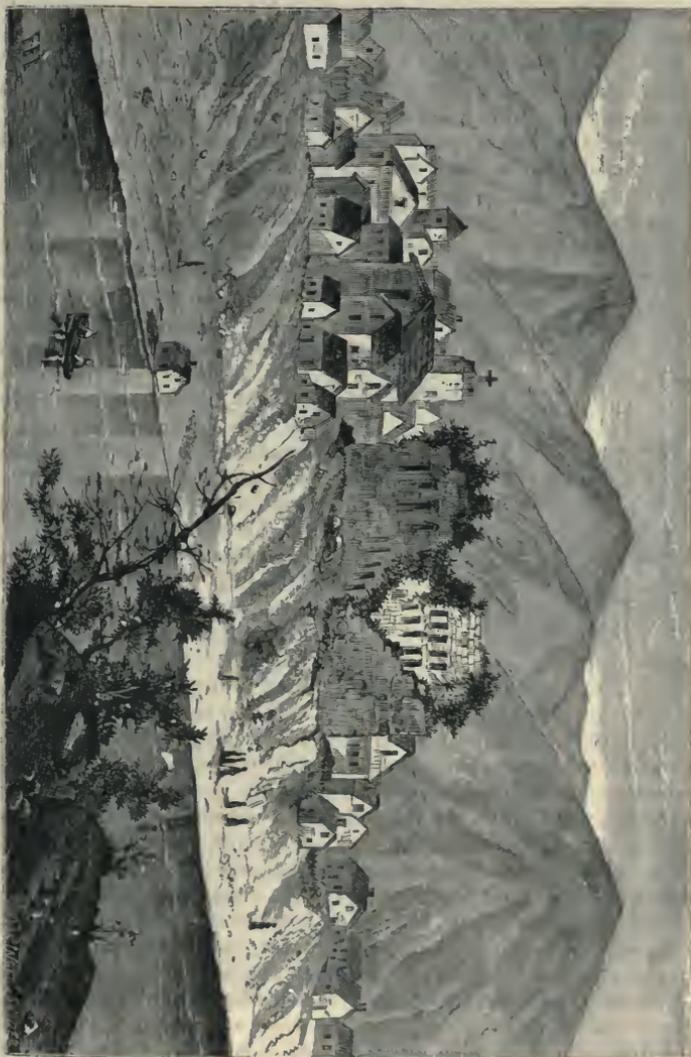
A few minutes' walk took us to the summit of the hill at the foot of which the depot is situated, and then a magnificent view lay extended before us. From the Bay of Biscay on our right to our extreme left stretched a crescent-shaped mountain-wall comprising the Guadalupe, Arala and Basses Pyrenean ranges, the Three Crowns towering high above the other mountains, and presenting a further contrast in the absence of verdure on its summit.

Suddenly, whilst contemplating—I may almost say inhaling—the beauties of the scene, we were startled by the boom of a cannon, which awakened a hundred echoes in the surrounding hills, as if a salvo of artillery had been discharged instead of the one solitary shell which had been fired by the republicans in Fort Mendivil at the monastery. The missile, falling short, exploded harmlessly in the brushwood at the foot of the hill. Several more shells were fired, but with a similar result. Our landlord informed us in the evening that during the course of more than a year the republicans had been trying to hit the monastery, and had not once succeeded. Many of the shells fell short, but occasionally one would pass over the building. The conclusion was irresistible that the house was protected from injury by its patron saint, and the garrison were prepared to affirm that on several occasions it had disappeared beneath the ground when a shot was fired, and reappeared as soon as the danger was over.

Our host and his family were thoroughly Carlist in their sympathies, and gave us much useful information. They advised us to take but little money with us, as the discriminations

of the Carlist soldiers between *meum* and *tuum* are not very clear. As neither of us, unfortunately, could speak much Spanish, we hired a little Basque lad at Hendaye to act as interpreter. He spoke French tolerably

is in France, and the other half in Spain, being connected by a bridge across the river, which at this point is only a few yards in width, and very shallow. The Spanish portion of the village had been the scene of an at-



FONTARABILLA.

well, and was thoroughly *au fait* in Spanish and Basque.

Half an hour's brisk walking along the bank of the Bidassoa brought us to the village of Behobie, half of which

tack by the Carlists a day or two before. It was the advanced post of the republicans in Guipuzcoa, and was garrisoned by a mere handful of *Miqueletes*, who had fortified themselves in

the custom-house, and had strengthened their position by erecting stone walls around the village. When we arrived the village was a mass of smoking ruins, and its late inhabi-

some sixty or a hundred families having been rendered homeless by the conflagration—in the direction of La Puncheda, a Carlist outpost guarding the main road from Irun, through Be-



IRUN, FROM FRANCE.

tants were actively engaged in erecting wooden shanties on the French territory, where they had taken refuge in large numbers.

The line of wooden huts extended half a mile along the river bank—

hobie, to Vera. A ferry-boat was plying between the two banks. We entered it, and a few strokes of the oars took us over into Spain. On landing we were immediately surrounded by about a dozen Carlist

soldiers, the leader of whom asked us for our passports. The soldiers were dressed in old uniforms of the garde mobile, but wore the Carlist *borna*, a flat, round cap, not unlike a Highlander's bonnet. In the centre of this cap was a round brass button, bearing the words *Voluntarios de Dios, Patria y Rey* ("Volunteers of God, Country and King"), and the capital letter C, with the figure 7 through it.

Hearing that a considerable body of soldiers were encamped about half-way up the mountain range, at the northern end of which is the hill of St. Marcial, we left the main road and followed one which the Carlists were constructing for the passage of their artillery. For three miles up a steep mountain this road had been marked out, and numbers of Navarrese and Guipuzcoan troops were engaged in its completion.

These Navarrese soldiers were smart-looking fellows, with broad shoulders, brawny limbs and bronzed faces; most of them were between the ages of twenty and thirty. We afterwards learned that this battalion is the flower of the Navarrese troops. Their uniform was of a somewhat nondescript character, for they were not all dressed alike. In some instances a man had nothing about him to mark him as a soldier of Don Carlos except his *borna* and *chappa*. Others had uniform trousers and a blue or white French blouse, while others, again, wore the uniform coat of the garde mobile and the wide red pantaloons of the French soldier of the line. Many of them, however, had managed to provide themselves with a full uniform suit of gray, decorated with brass buttons—manufac-

tured in Paris, by the way—bearing the insignia of Don Carlos. In all cases they wore a little red cloth heart or cross fastened to the left breast of the coat, which is believed, in spite of



DOOR OF A CHURCH IN IRUN AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

the constant proofs to the contrary, to afford protection to the wearer.

As soon as we reached the encampment our attention was called to the *curé*, who is quite as important a person in the eyes of the soldiers as their commanding officer. On noticing three strangers approaching, he at once left a group of soldiers to whom he was talking, and advanced toward us with a hearty '*Buenos dias, señores!*' We returned his salutation, and managed between the three of us to scrape up enough Spanish to ask the worthy divine if he understood French. To our surprise he replied in that language, which he spoke with ease and fluency. We told him our object in visiting the north of Spain. He con-



CARLIST OUTPOST AT LA PUNCHA.

fessed he could not understand why we should run the risks of travelling in the country while it was in such a disturbed state, but assured us that we should meet with hospitality wherever we were amongst the Carlists. He talked volubly about the cause and the rapidity with which it was gaining ground, assuring us that its complete success was only a question of time.

In making the tour of the encampment we passed a group of soldiers seated round a tin platter of smoking hot mutton, savouring strongly of the national vegetable, garlic. One of them, with the politeness which is characteristic of the Spaniard, said, '*Gusten ustedes comer?*' ('Will Your Graces be pleased to dine?') The 'three Graces' thus politely addressed declined the offer, but did not refuse a drink of wine from the pig-skin flask which the soldier held toward them. It is not an easy matter to drink out of these flasks. They are formed like a large pear-shaped bottle, a small wooden or horn stopper being fixed to the neck. This stopper is so

constructed that it can be unscrewed when the flask is to be replenished. There is a smaller stopper inside the larger one, and in it is a little orifice about as large as the bore in the stem of a tobacco-pipe. Holding the pig-skin at arm's length, the drinker squeezes it until a stream of wine runs out and falls into his open mouth. Of course we tried to follow the national custom in drinking, but met with indifferent success, for before we could get the proper range of the little jet of wine between the bottle's mouth and our own we spilled about a wineglassful of the liquor on our shirt fronts, much to our discomfiture and to the amusement of the padre and the soldiers.

Bidding adieu to our friends, we started off to complete the ascent of the mountain-road to St. Marcial, which was reached after about an hour's climbing. Pedro proved to be as active as a kitten, and pushed up the steep path ahead of us at a pace which tried the strength of our lungs to keep up with him. Several times we endeavoured to curb his haste, but

he seemed so accustomed to walking quickly that, although he slowed down for a minute or two when called upon to do so, he soon forgot the command and returned to his former gait. At last we hit upon an expedient which turned out to be a 'happy thought' as far as we were concerned, but which came rather hard on poor Pedro. It was none other than to strap one of our knapsacks upon the lad's shoulders, giving him at the same time a hint that there were two more behind if one did not have the desired effect. It did, however, and, the lesson once learned, Pedro never forgot it.

We found the monastery occupied as sleeping-quarters by the soldiers engaged in constructing a battery a little to the rear of St. Marcial. The seats had been removed from the in-

ment troops at Forts Parque and Mendivil. It had taken us three hours to climb the mountain, but the descent was a much easier matter, and in an hour after leaving the monastery we again reached the high-road to Vera at a little village called La Stadilla. About halfway between this place and Anderlasse the Bidassoa ceases to mark the frontier between France and Spain, the river after that point being entirely Spanish, and the boundary being marked by a line of stones which runs off in a north-easterly direction across the mountains on the eastern side of the gorge through which the river flows towards the sea.

At Anderlasse, which was taken by the Carlists under Santa Cruz in July, 1873, we spent some time examining



BRIDGE AT ANDERLASSE.

terior of the building, and the stone floor was thickly strewn with fern, but the pictures of saints, etc., over the altar were still in their places. From this point we looked down upon the republican towns of Irun and Fontarabia, and through a field glass watched the operations of the govern-

the traces of what must have been a severe fight. Nothing was left of the houses but bare walls, which were covered with bullet marks. The Carlist force were far superior to that of the government troops, and after a short but decisive engagement the place was taken, the houses burned,

an iron bridge which here crossed the Bidassoa blown up, and some fifteen or twenty of the garrison made prisoners. A few hours after their capture these men were led out on to the main road and were shot down in cold blood. Several Englishmen connected with the iron-mines close by were witnesses of the outrage, and one of these gentlemen told us the story, adding that Santa Cruz threatened to serve them in the same manner if they interfered. It is but fair to the Carlists to state that Santa Cruz was acting on his own responsibility, without recognition by Don Carlos, who shortly afterward sent an armed force under Gen. Valdespenas to attack the curé's

boulders. As we neared Vera the aspect of the scenery changed somewhat; the mountains were not so high, and were covered with birch, beech and chestnut trees, the latter loaded with fruit, that, falling to the ground in showers when the breeze shook the branches, was affording a luxuriant repast to droves of half-wild pigs which were quarrelling noisily over their feast.

We found a little fonda at Vera, where we were accommodated with a couple of rooms, and furnished with dinner consisting of a bread soup, an ancient chicken and some minced meat, all highly flavoured with garlic. The wine was palatable, but we should



ARMS AND AMMUNITION FACTORY AT VERA.

head-quarters at Vera. Valdespenas captured him, and he was banished from the country.

Between Anderlasse and Vera the scenery is very picturesque. On one side is the Bidassoa, now little more than a babbling mountain-brook, while right and left rise lofty mountains, covered with box, heather and brilliant wild flowers, interspersed with huge craggy rocks and moss-grown

have starved had it not been for Pedro, who managed to procure us a dozen eggs, which we boiled, as had they been cooked in any other way garlic would certainly have been added to the dish. We determined in future to superintend personally the cooking of our meals, and see that the odious vegetable was omitted. This we could do without much inconvenience, as, after leaving Vera, we found nothing

but little posadas (small roadside inns), where the best room was reserved for the mules or cattle, which always occupied the ground floor, the kitchen and sitting-room being combined in one, and a bed-room not unfrequently

vasseur shells daily.

We learned that a coach would start the next morning for Elizondo, *en route* to Estella, and lost no time in engaging places. At day break we found ourselves, in company with a couple of Carlist soldiers and a civilian, in one of the most uncomfortable conveyances in which it had ever been our lot to travel, resembling a hearse with the body of a four-wheel cab on the top of it. We had to sleep three in a bed at Elizondo, and that bed was the floor, but our blankets spread on a heap of fern made a very comfortable mattress, and a sprinkling of "vermin-destroyer" kept away intruders which would otherwise have mustered in strong force.

The *diligencia* did not go farther than this village, an uninteresting place, and the next morning we hired mules, and did not once regret the loss of the lumbering conveyance which had brought us from Vera. It took us three days to get from Elizondo to Estella, each day's proceedings being the counterpart of the day before, except when we had to make a *détour* across the mountains to avoid Pampeluna, in the possession of the republicans, but held in strict siege by the Carlists. We crossed a mountain-ridge within four or five miles of the republican town, and, as at St. Marcial, distinctly saw the government troops on the ramparts. Unlike Irun, Pampeluna is strongly fortified, and the Carlists know that they will have a hard

task to effect its capture. The country through which we passed was very rugged and mountainous, but every available plot of land was cultivated, and wheat, corn, turnips, garlic and other crops seemed to thrive luxuriantly. The people appeared to care



CHURCH IN ESTELLA.

included. There were a good many soldiers at Vera, who had come up toward the frontier to participate in the attack upon Irun. On the outskirts of the town is a large arms and ammunition factory, which was turning out a number of Va-

but little for the disturbances caused by the civil war, and were loud in their praises of "el rey."

We reached Estella on the afternoon of the fifth day after leaving Hendaye, and engaged a couple of rooms in a posada which almost aspired to the rank of a fonda. The stables, however, were on the ground floor, as usual, for the Spanish landlord takes much better care of his beast than of his guest. We had now



CARLIST POSTAGE-STAMP.

crossed the Carlist country from the extreme northern point to the southern extremity, and if we went any farther in the same direction we should encounter the troops of the republican general Moniones, who was stopping the advance of the Carlists across the Ebro. An attack had been threatened upon Estella almost daily for three months past, but had not come off up to the time of our arrival. We decided to remain there for two or three days before commencing our return journey through Alva and Guipuzcoa.

The day after we reached Estella was dedicated to one of the numerous saints in the Spanish calendar, consequently it was a fête-day, and everybody was dressed in holiday attire.

Scarcely a civilian was to be seen, for the whole of the male population except the priests appeared in the uniform of the Carlist army. Groups of officers were standing about in the large public square, smoking cigarettes, exchanging words of badinage with the dancers, and sometimes taking part in the amusement themselves. The uniform of the Carlist officers is a very becoming one, consisting of a dark tunic over red trousers. This tunic is profusely decorated with plated buttons, and is well set off by the Carlist *borna* and *chappa*, to which is added a long silver tassel hanging down on one side.

After visiting the booths and taking our chances among the rest in a draw, which resulted in two blanks and a packet of bonbons, we turned our attention to the dancers. Two kinds of dances were going on, the jota and the bolero, each having its particular votaries, and each group of dancers being surrounded by an admiring crowd of spectators. The music consisted of a fiddle, flute and guitar. The moment the air struck up the dancers rushed helter-skelter into the centre of the ring of spectators, and paired off opposite each other. Apparently, no choice of partners was made before the dance commenced, and each performer took for a *vis-à-vis* the one who happened to be opposite to him or her. Frequently the man rushed forward as if he were about to embrace his fair *vis-à-vis*, and then as suddenly retired, turning his back upon his partner as she darted away to the right or left. The dancers kept time to the music by snapping their fingers with arms raised over their heads.

At one end of the plaza was a high wall with a pavement in front. Here a number of soldiers were playing at *pelotte*, a game not unlike tennis, the hand being, however, used instead of a bat. The ball was thrown forcibly on the ground, and as it rebounded was driven against the wall. Two sides are chosen, a member from each striking the ball alternately. On its return to terra firma it was again forced against the wall until one side missed, when their adversaries scored a point.

It was at Estella that we first encountered some of the members of the Carlist cavalry troop which had recently been raised. They were mounted on very woe-begone horses, some even riding upon mules. The inhabitants of the Carlist country are thorough mountaineers, and can climb the hills like chamois, but on horseback they are out of place. One of our chief amusements during our stay

in the Carlist capital was to watch the gayly-attired women who came to draw water at a little fountain immediately opposite our window. This fountain was a rendezvous for the female portion of the community. Some of these Spanish Rebekahs

who placed but little restraint on their movements.

We remained three days in Estella, and then started off across the mountains for Villa Franca, which place we reached on the morning of the second day after leaving the Carlist capital. The country through which we passed was mountainous in the extreme, but wherever the slopes were not covered with apple orchards or clumps of walnut or chestnut trees the land had been made use of for agricultural purposes, the patches of cultivated ground in many places reaching upward for six or eight hundred feet.

Tolosa is a very strong position for the Carlists. It is a large and well-fortified town, situated in a nest of hills on which are several batteries bristling with guns.

Berastequi is seven miles from Tolosa, and a couple of hours' walk over a level *camina real* (royal road) took us there in time for a mid-day meal.

From this point we had about twenty miles to traverse over range after range of mountains before reaching Vera.

We slept at Artecuza that night, and reached Vera the next afternoon. Here we learned that the Carlists had raised the siege of Irun, and the troops had gone over the mountains toward St. Sebastian to oppose the



RIVER BETWEEN TOLOSA AND BERASTEQUI.

would remain there for half an hour chatting with their friends. There were many republican prisoners in Estella. They were frequently marched out in twos and threes to this little fountain, their duty being to draw and carry water for the troops. From their appearance they were not discontented with their lot, and chatted away incessantly with their guard,

advance of the republican forces under General Loma. The result of this movement is a matter of history, and as this sketch does not propose to deal with the military operations of the Carlists, it will suffice to say that the Carlists were repulsed and driven from their positions at St. Marcial

and round Irun, the whole of the farm-houses, etc., in that part of Guipuzcoa being burned by the republicans. At sundown the same evening we crossed the frontier line at La Staoula, and later on reached the little fonda at Hendaye.

SPRING.

BY R. MARVIN SEATON.

GONE is winter's snowy covering,
 Spring, on fragrant wing, is hovering
 O'er the smiling earth ;
 Birds soft pipe their tuneful gladness,
 That the month's subdued to sadness,
 E'er its sunny birth.

Joyful sing, ye genial breezes,
 Notes to which Zephyrus pleases
 Best his lute to string ;
 Dance, ye sunbeams, in the fountain ;
 Dance on stream, and vale, and mountain ;
 Dance, for this is Spring.

Buds, with quick responsive pleasure,
 Smile, and yield their flowery treasure,
 Odorous and sweet ;
 Streams are laughing, bees are humming,
 ' Spring has come, and Summer's coming
 On with rosy feet.'

Hearts that long have ached with anguish,
 Now no longer droop and languish—
 Blithely they sing :
 ' Nature's joys are all before us,
 And we join the mystic chorus
 Of the welcome Spring.'

UNDER ONE ROOF :

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BIRD AND THE BIRD-CATCHER.

IT is extraordinary, considering our fondness for our children, how we ignore their griefs and troubles ; so long as they are under our own eyes, indeed, we may be allowed to be the best judges of the seriousness, or otherwise, of their calamities ; but once our children leave us for school, we become dead to their complaints, or at all events well satisfied with their silence. There are some exceptions, it is true, upon the other side—parents who are always pining after their pretty dears, and solicitous to learn from the schoolmaster's wife whether that cold has ceased, or the hurt in the little finger has healed, but as a general rule, once we put our little ones out to dry-nurse—at the Preparatory School or elsewhere—we let things slide. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they slide smoothly enough, and our certificate of approval added to the collection of parental vouchers on view at the educational establishment to which our young Hopeful has been entrusted. The hundredth case is, however, a sad one. It is that of a child of sensitive organization, finding himself suddenly removed from the gentle influences of home, and placed in irresponsible and tyrannous hands ; friendless, companionless, the sport of juvenile ruffians, he asks himself, like the innocent, but unregenerate babe of Calvinism, 'Why am I in this Tophet ?' From pride or timidity he remains si-

lent under his persecutions, and is either ruined, morally speaking, for life, or more rarely escapes—murdered, for, though he seems to die of natural causes, it is from a broken heart—into the other world. Shelley and Cowper and Lamb were among the less fortunate ones ; they lived to curse the miseries of their school-days ; and many a songless poet has shared their fate. Sometimes a boy will hang himself. Imagine the wretchedness that must consume the soul of 'gladsome youth' before it comes to that pass ! What are misfortunes of man—his disappointments, failures, bankruptcies, and all the ills to which *grown* flesh is heir, compared to them ! Then by way of epitaph it is explained by schoolmasters and others, that he was of a 'morose disposition.' Idiots ! Not to know that the 'morose disposition' is the toughest of all Nature's gifts ; nay, more, that its possessor is the very last to think of hanging himself, but rather intent on pushing all others with whom he comes into contact to that extremity.

The most marked features of these unhappy lads is, that while mere children in their powers of endurance, their intelligence is premature. They are the exact opposites of those restless spirits—a much more useful class I allow—who from their earliest youth are yearning to go to sea—until they get there. The poor little fellows I have in my mind have no desire, as many boys have, to become schoolboys. They know, by an intuition which experience often fails to teach their elders,

what they shall like, and what they shall dislike. It is nothing less than a crime—a cruelty of which Heaven only knows the degree—to pluck them from their home garden, without careful attention to the new soil in which they are transplanted. Who would take a fuchsia from a hot-house, and plant it, in winter, on a Yorkshire moor!

‘For my part,’ as was once said to me (the speaker was a man well known to all readers of the English tongue), ‘I have held my own in the world, and can bite when I am bitten pretty sharply, yet the memories of my school-days have never faded. I have suffered poverty, and envy, and the deaths of my dear ones, but I have never as a man experienced—never—the unmitigated wretchedness which I suffered in my first years at school.’

Something of this, in a vague way, her mother’s heart had taught to Lady Arden, as respected her Frankie, and that was why she kept him at home. Imagine, therefore, her astonishment, when the boy besought her, on the morning after that stroll with Elise into the Wilderness, that he might be sent to school forthwith.

‘But my darling Frankie, are you not happy at home?’

Happy! in his simple mind the shadow of the gallows was hanging over him. The voice of Ferdinand Walcot knelled in his ear like the bell of St. Sepulchre; the sight of Jem Groad, or of his father, saturnine and menacing, froze his young blood! Of course he lied to her. ‘Yes, I am quite happy, Mamma, but I am not well. I feel that I should be better away from home—you know Uncle Ferdinand wished me to go,’ he stammered.

‘The wishes of your Uncle Ferdinand (as you call him) have not the force of law,’ observed Lady Arden, bridling up.

There were rare occasions when her ladyship did resent Mr. Walcot’s authority, and his interference concern-

ing her son had been one of them. At those words, ‘the force of law,’ poor Frankie trembled. The power that could send him to prison was of course superior to that of Uncle Ferdinand, but what did that matter, when whether it should be set in motion or not depended upon his will?

‘Well, Mamma, at all events don’t tell him,’ he answered, eagerly; ‘don’t say that I asked to go to school to anybody, but only let me go.’

‘I will certainly not tell your Uncle Ferdinand, but as to the other matter, my dear, I must consider about it. You are getting on so well with your lessons—and Miss Hurt has kindly promised to teach you German—so that it seems such a pity! Is it that you want playmates; that you feel moped? If so, we’ll have young Raynes over from The Laurels.’

Frank shook his head.

‘Well, then, though I don’t much fancy such companionship—I’ll tell Groad to give his son a holiday for the next week or two in the afternoons, and he shall play cricket with you.’

‘Oh, no, no, no,’ exclaimed Frank; ‘I don’t want to play with Jem Groad at all’ (which, indeed, under the circumstances was not to be wondered at). ‘What I want to do is to go to school.’

‘Very singular; I can’t think what has come to the boy,’ murmured Lady Arden to herself. ‘I’ll just have a word with Mr. Dyneley about him.’

It was not from his own lips that Lady Arden had first heard that there was something amiss with the boy. The Great Baba had already discovered and proclaimed that ‘Frank was koss’—and ill-humour was a phenomenon with Frankie. He had not entered into that potentate’s military displays of late with his usual vigour of interest, and on the previous evening he had allowed several of his observations to pass unheeded—a crime little inferior to that of high treason.

‘I tell you the poor moon is boke,’ Baba had observed, in pitiful allusion to the fact that it was not so full as it

had been ; and Frankie had expressed no sympathy with the moon, having none to spare, poor fellow, on such extraneous objects.

His appetite had fallen away, too ; and he had generally a very fair one ; indeed, he was something of a *gourmand*, and there were stories extant of his passion for food in early youth, any allusion to which would mortify him exceedingly. 'I like my little stummy,' he had once frankly observed, on being rallied on his devotion to the delicacies of the table. His very temperance had been the result of calculation. 'No pudding, thank you : not when I have had roast duck. It takes the taste of the roast duck away.'

These simple pleasures no longer remained to him ! he had left them for some time, for the allurements of fictitious literature. And now his very appetite had fled.

'You'll die if you don't eat, Frank. Remember the Rattle,' George had jestingly said to him ; and he had burst out passionately with 'I wish I was dead,' to the horror of the domestic audience.

The mention of the Rattle was an allusion to a certain speech of Frank's, when quite a child, which, for simplicity and grim humour, is not to be surpassed by any childish utterance (though I keep an ample record of such things) that has ever come under my observation. He was overheard talking to another child upon that favourite juvenile topic, Death ; and the other had observed how shocking it would be should such a catastrophe occur in a house—to papa or mamma, for instance. 'The worst thing about it must be, I should think, the death rattle.'

'Oh, I shouldn't mind *that* so much,' said Frankie, thinking of his beloved Baba ; 'because it would amuse the baby.'

His other sayings were forgotten—effaced by the pregnant remarks of the later arrival ; but this one abode in

the memory of his kinsfolk—as well it might.

While Lady Arden was yet puzzling herself as what had 'come to' her boy ; and within an hour of the interview with him, above described, he came to express his contrition that he had troubled her in the matter at all. Upon second thoughts, he felt that home was home, and that it would be better for him that he should stay where he was, and learn German. He was glad that his mother had spoken of his becoming Miss Hurt's pupil ; for he was sure that he should get on with her ; all this he stated in a curious cut-and-dried manner, very different from his usual outpourings, and especially contrasting with his manner, which was nervous and anxious in a high degree. To crown all, he finished by bursting into a passion of tears, which, if he had been a girl, would have been pronounced hysterical. Then perceiving his mother's terrified looks, he suddenly seized her hand, and adjoined her in the most moving tones not to reveal to any one what had passed between them. 'Not even to dear Papa—or, or—to Mr. Walcot.'

'Certainly not, my darling ; this is a matter for your own mother's care.'

And Lady Arden's placid, and to say truth somewhat vapid, face grew steadfast enough. It boded danger to somebody ; and though she had not as yet fixed—for certain—where her wrath was due, she nursed it from that hour.

The truth was that between those two interviews betwixt mother and child, Uncle Ferdinand had found Master Frank in tears, and laid his velvet paw upon him.

'What now, my young friend ? Are you still thinking of the prison and the gallows ? Have you no confidence in my promise to do all I can to save you ?'

'Oh, yes, sir, it is not that ; but I am so miserable ; and oh, please, Mr. Walcot, I would much rather go to school, as you once wished me to do.'

'Ah! you think you will be safe from the consequences of your crime at school. That is a great mistake. Neither time nor distance can save you from that; it is only by great efforts that I have persuaded old Groad to be quiet for the present——' Then, with sudden sharpness, 'You have not been mad enough to tell any one, surely!'

'Oh, no, not about *that*, Mr. Walcot,' answered the boy, with a shudder. 'I only told Mamma that I should like to go to school—which I thought would please you.'

Mr. Walcot smiled grimly; he saw that his tyranny was already bearing the usual fruit of lies.

'That was very right of you, young gentleman; you are quite right to always please me. Only, as it happens, I do not now wish you to go to school. You will remain here and study German with Miss Hurt; and you will learn to speak it, or, at least, to understand it when it is spoken, pretty quickly. Give your mind to that, do you?'

He foresaw that the boy might be useful to him as a spy on Gresham and the governess.

'Yes, Mr. Walcot; I hear.' His tone was such, that if he had added, 'to hear is to obey,' after the Eastern fashion, the words could not have implied more of submission.

'That's well. Now go to your mother, and tell her—without breathing a word of my having spoken to you—that you are sorry you made a fool of yourself in asking to be sent to school. You can say it was only "temper," brought on—yes, that will be best—by a quarrel with Jem Groad. And tell her you like Miss Hurt——'

'I do,' interrupted the poor boy, anxious to conciliate his tormentor, and glad to be able to do so in one point, at least, with a clear conscience.

'I was sure you did, or I would not have told you to say so,' observed Uncle Ferdinand gravely. 'And liking her so much it is only natural you should wish to be her pupil. When

I hear that this is arranged I shall be pleased; but for the future, remember, I am your confidante, and no one else. You are to come to me in the first place, before consulting others. It is I alone who know what it is best for you to do. If you had got your wish for going to school, for example, that might have precipitated matters with old Groad; he would probably have sent for the policeman at once.'

At this ghastly picture, all the details of which the poor boy's imagination at once supplied, Frankie trembled. His natural intelligence, since it was of course utterly unsupplemented by any knowledge of the world, was a positive disadvantage to him; a phenomenon much less rare than is supposed. Walcot saw that it was absolutely necessary to reassure his young friend before he could perform his errand, and even as it was, as we have seen, he had inspired such abject fear, as aroused Lady Arden's suspicions. With all his sagacity Mr. Walcot did not perhaps quite understand a mother's feelings.

'Well, well; you needn't shake in your shoes, lad; in my hands you are safe enough, if only you are not so foolish as to try and slip out of them. You may always count on me as your friend, provided you deserve it. Now go to your mother and tell her what I have told you.'

Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, though deemed by some, who thought they knew him best, to be somewhat of an ascetic—too studious and spiritual-minded to concern himself much with material matters, save when duty prompted him to do so—had, in fact, his little enjoyments. He was—we will not say less divine—but certainly more human than people generally imagined. He had passions—and strong ones, too—like other folks; and one of them was a love of power; principally, it is true, for what it brought, but also for its own sake. It was strange that so astute a birdcatcher should have found satisfaction in hav-

ing taken captive such a fledgling as poor little Frankie Nicoll; and yet a decided look of triumph glowed in his dark eyes as they followed the child out of the room. He had thrown his net over many a bird in his time; birds of prey, which had cost him a sharp tussle; birds of plumage, that had taken all his art to make them his own. Yet few of these triumphs had given him such pleasure as the capture of this callow little one. He looked for the nonce less like the fowler than the fisherman, who, finding but a sprat in his net, exclaims contentedly, 'Little fish are sweet!' The reason of this was, that he wanted this sprat to catch a herring!

CHAPTER XV.

ON ONE SIDE OF THE DOUBLE DOORS.

THE general ease of movement in 'the wheels of Being' at Halcombe Hall was (thanks to some one's careful oiling) perfect. Not only were all domestic matters managed smoothly, but things without doors—the home farm, and the horses, the land and the small tenantry—gave little or no trouble, a fact that would certainly have needed explanation had not the reason been acknowledged by all since the Master was singularly deficient in the art of management, and shrank from business details of all sorts with morbid reluctance. A man who (according to his own account, though it was confided only to a single friend), 'had more converse with the Dead than with the Living,' and thanked Heaven that it was so, could hardly be expected to interest himself in leases, the price of cattle, the rights of a Lord of the Manor as to 'fore-shore,' and much less in still smaller sublunary things. To say that Ferdinand Walcot was Sir Robert Arden's *factotum* was to give but a feeble idea of his position as *alter ego*, substitute, and vicar extraordinary, and, more

than this, he was in some sort 'the keeper of his lord's conscience,' not only in moral affairs, but in things spiritual. He was no priest, it is true; he made no claim to the Apostolic character; but he had a habit, which would have been thought very reprehensible by ecclesiastics, of administering absolution.

Whenever Sir Robert acted harshly (or what seemed to be harshly in one of his mild disposition) and was troubled in his mind in consequence, Mr. Walcot was always at his elbow to whisper; 'You did right, Arden.' And it was certain that he ought to be a good judge of the matter, since, in every case of the kind, it was he himself who had originally suggested the line of conduct in question. The only exception to this was when his friend would sometimes inquire, as if in soliloquy, why he had contracted his second marriage,—how it was that, having been mated with an angel, he could ever have given way to human weakness to the extent of allying himself to a daughter of Earth, however eligible? Sir Robert's conscience, it will be seen, was quite exceptionally tender, for it was not as if he had taken advantage of his rank and wealth to link the charm of youth with his maturity. Mrs. Nicoll had been a widow—well favoured and ladylike, and well connected, no doubt—but still a widow, bordering on middle age, when he married her, and possessing four children—all charming in their way, but still what the cold world would describe as 'encumbrances.' Perhaps he desired what the medical fraternity describe as 'a thorough change.' If so, he had got it. No two ladies could well have differed more in appearance and disposition than the past and present Lady Arden. Of the latter we have given some outlines; a kindly-hearted, but weak, woman; a valetudinarian, yet always well enough for a dinner party or a ball—in consenting to live in quiet, and almost seclusion, at Halcombe,

she had indeed made a considerable sacrifice for her children's sake. And yet with all this love of fashion, and with some experience, she was wanting in self-possession. There was a story extant of her having had to consult a physician who was a stranger to her, which was characteristic. It was before her wealthy days, and when it was necessary for her to attend personally to household matters, which were hateful to her; but she could always afford a guinea to a new physician. From extreme shyness, however, she chose to set down her symptoms in pen and ink, and placed the paper in the Doctor's hands, so as to avoid being questioned more than necessary *viva voce*.

The Doctor opened the paper, and began to read aloud, "Eight pairs of stockings, three chem——"

'Good Heavens,' she cried, 'it is my washing list.'

A little mistake that added an attack of hysterics to her long list of disorders. Such was but a slight example of her weakness of character; but she was a worthy woman of a beautiful cream colour, as we have already mentioned, and possessed a noble figure. But she was not, perhaps, the wife to suit a Visionary.

Madeline Walcot, on the other hand, had in appearance resembled a good fairy; of Spanish complexion, delicate of frame, *spirituelle* of disposition, who repaid the devotion of her husband with a passion equal to his own. She was an orphan, and her only brother, Ferdinand, was living in Australia when Sir Robert wooed and won her. They had the same tastes for literature and poetry; the same aspirations (not high, but tender, ones) for the happiness of their fellow-creatures; but, save for this, they lived for one another only. It was long before Sir Robert could bring himself to believe that this exquisite flower, which at once adorned and sweetened his existence was lent to him but for a short time; that, not-

withstanding his loving hold and careful tendance of it, it was doomed to fail and perish; the fatal truth was hardly borne in upon him until he saw her dead before him—faded away to a mere shadow of her former self; an exquisite skeleton flower, lovely to the last, but without bloom, or leaf, or fragrance. From that hour this world grew dark to him, and his happiest moments were those in which he flattered himself he caught certain vague and glimmering glimpses of the Other, concerning which he and his lost one had often speculated together, not, it must be confessed, in a very philosophic manner.

They had read together certain novel gospels (in which an ungrudging Faith is even more necessary than in the old one), wherein we are told that the spirits of the Dead can be called at pleasure—or at least under favourable conditions—to commune with those they have left behind him, though certainly in a somewhat unsatisfying and unsatisfactory manner. Of old she had been the Preacher, and he the somewhat hesitating Pupil, but now that she was gone, her teachings had become, as it were, no longer the speculations of an ardent nature that despised logic and cold formulas; they were sacred Truths to him. And everything that appertained to her received more or less of this consecration. In her lifetime, save the parting from himself at the end of it, his Madeline had had but two sorrows; one that she had given him no son to bear his name, and inherit the virtues she (not without reason) imputed to him, and the other, the absence of her brother.

'You will be kind to poor Ferdinand, when he returns, Robert,' she had said, again and again, though once would have been all sufficient. She did not go into details concerning him, though when he had offered—if money was the thing he needed—to bring her brother to her side from his distant home, she had declined its aid. He

understood that he was of far too proud a nature to accept of such assistance, and so perhaps it was. 'Ferdinand will return to comfort you when I am gone,' she said, in her last moments. And her promise was fulfilled, but by no means immediately; nor did he give a hint of such an intention till two years after Madeline's death, and when Sir Robert (finding solitude perhaps intolerable) had married a second time.

Concerning this matter, as we have said, Ferdinand was silent, and in his heart Sir Robert knew that his brother-in-law disapproved of that act. It would have been a comfort to him, indeed, could he have got his assurance that it was the best thing to have done, as he did in all other cases; as it was, it seemed to him that, resenting this sad instance of disloyalty to the memory of his sister, he received with some coldness the relation of his spiritual experiences in connection with her. This was the more painful, as Mr. Ferdinand Walcot himself was one of those few privileged mortals who could hold communion with denizens of the other world, almost at will. At all events, he had had such 'manifestations' (as they were technically called) as threw the poor favours granted to Sir Robert quite into the shade. He was not only endowed with certain mesmeric powers, his possession of which had been placed beyond question, by experiments performed, half in seriousness, half in joke, upon members of the family at the Hall, and others, but—though this was a faith he had only admitted in confidence to Sir Robert—he was a 'Medium.' His modesty in allusion to this faculty, and even a certain way he had of deprecating it, by no means made him appear less gifted in Sir Robert's estimation; so far from sharing that gentleman's distrust in his own powers, his allusions to them were so worded as to cause the baronet to credit him with a certain apprehension of their magnitude; he looked

upon him as a chosen instrument for good in hands that were far stronger than of humanity, and which moulded him, independent of his own will. It was this spiritual gift—joined with his relationship to his own sainted Madeline—that formed the 'sacred tie' of which Sir Robert was wont to speak as binding him to Ferdinand Walcot.

On the day on which Mr. Frederick Mayne was expected at Halcombe, Sir Robert did not appear at breakfast. He had passed an unusually bad night, even for him—an habitually bad sleeper—and he took his morning meal apart in his study. The home party were all sincerely grieved, for there was not a member of it who did not entertain a sincere affection for him; but for one or two of them their regret for his absence, if not its cause, had considerable mitigation in the fact that it deprived them of the presence of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot. The Master of Halcombe and his brother-in-law were always what is vulgarly termed inseparables, but when the former was out of sorts in any way, the latter stuck to him like his shadow. He had read prayers at Sir Robert's request—in the baronet's eyes none was so fit for High Priest of any Household—but on the conclusion of that ceremony he had at once withdrawn himself through the double doors to join his friend. And the breakfast was not a less cheerful meal to the rest in consequence.

I am afraid this happens from the withdrawal of any especially wise and good personage from most companies. It is felt that in his presence ordinary observations are too frivolous; when we speak to him it is like dropping words into an ear-trumpet, something of unusual weight and value seems to be expected, and any trifles addressed to others are uttered in a low tone lest they should offend his venerable ear.

To hear the animated cackle that broke out upon all sides that morning

when he left the room, was to be reminded of the birth of day,—the chief topic being naturally the new arrival for whom the 'break' was to be sent that morning to Archester. It was a vehicle that had taken one 'side' of a cricket match in its time, beside lookers-on, and was of a capacity practically without limit. The only question was who chose to go. 'Milly will, of course, make one,' observed Gresham, gravely.

'Why so?' inquired Lady Arden, whose good-nature always caused her to take jokes in good part, but whose intelligence was of that exacting character that requires to have jokes explained to it; and even to be informed when a joke is intended.

'You may well ask, Mamma,' said Milly, tossing her pretty head. 'I am sure I don't know why I should go to see Mr. Mayne more than anybody else.'

'I have been indiscreet,' said Gresham, with a look round the table that drew a smile even from the unhappy Frank.

'You have been very impertinent, sir,' retorted Milly; 'and if I took the same miserable pleasure in poking stupid jokes at people, as you do, I could make you in your turn very uncomfortable.'

All the indignation of sixteen was flushing poor Milly's cheeks.

For the moment Gresham flushed too. Was it possible that she suspected something of his attachment to Elise, and was thus alluding to it? Conscience makes cowards of us all. Her next words, however, relieved his fears.

'I think it very ungrateful of you,' she continued, 'after my being the cause of Mr. Mayne's——' Here she stopped, alarmed at her own indiscretion; she had not intended to have made any allusion to Gresham's sending the telegram; but her wrath had blinded her.

'The cause of Mr. Mayne's what?' inquired Evelyn, merrily.

'His coming,' exclaimed Gresham, gravely.

'Well, yes, his coming, you know all about that,' exclaimed Milly, with desperation.

'I don't know, I only guess,' answered that young gentleman. 'The fact is, I was so foolish as to show Milly his photograph.'

'You did not,' shrieked injured innocence.

'No; I am wrong. She found it for herself in my——' Where she found it Mr. Gresham was not permitted to explain, for Milly had risen from her chair, intent on vengeance, and he fled before her round the table till called to order by Lady Arden's voice.

'What a child you are, George! You will make Milly more of a hoyden than she is by nature.'

It was, perhaps, a somewhat indecorous scene judged by the cold conventions of the breakfast table; yet to see this handsome young fellow, with his feigned face of fear, pursued by a Grace in guise of a Fury, disturbed Evelyn's gentle gravity, lit up Elise's Teuton face with mirth, made even Frankie forget for a moment the Damocles sword suspended over him, and so delighted the Great Baba (who always took his morning meal in public like some early King) that he rapped upon the table with his egg-spoon, crying, 'More, more,' his method of demanding an encore of anything that pleased him, from a thunder clap to currant jelly.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

ON the other side of the double doors a very different breakfast scene was being enacted. Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was what 'liberal shepherds' would term a 'heavy feeder,' though this was understood by his intimates to arise not from gross appetite

but from the necessity all nervously organised temperaments are under to be well nourished. He could tackle kidneys, and even mutton chops at the morning meal; he took as many eggs as go to make an ordinary omelette; and was partial to honey in his tea. Sir Robert watched the performance of these feats with languid admiration; he guessed what the wear and tear of his friend's constitution must be, under its peculiar spiritual conditions, and bowed to circumstances; he sipped his coffee, and waited until the oracle should be in a fit state for consultation.

'Now tell me all about it, Arden,' said his companion, when he had arrived at the last stage of his repast, and was toying with his toast and marmalade. 'There was no visible manifestation, surely!'

'No, thank Heaven; not, indeed, that I ought to shrink even from that; my Madeline, it is certain, would never harm me.'

'Of course not. She must needs mean well, whatever causes her to seek your presence—if she does seek it.'

'Ferdinand, how can you doubt it?' exclaimed Sir Robert, reproachfully. 'You of all men!'

'I do not doubt, Arden; but I keep my mind open; I will not deliver it over, tied and bound, to any power whether in this world or the other. I am not fully persuaded even of certain things that have happened to myself. Perhaps I am by nature sceptical.'

'You must be so, indeed, to doubt what you yourself have witnessed.'

A look of annoyance crossed Mr. Walcot's features. 'I sometimes repent, Arden, of having made you my confidante. You make too much of these experiences. The judicial faculty is the one most of all essential in such matters; without that a man may become the blindest instruments of unknown powers. Now tell me about yourself. When did this manifestation happen to you, or seem to happen?'

'Last night, at about the midnight hour. I was sitting here alone, with my mind engaged with material matters——'

'What matters?' put in the other quietly. 'It is necessary to understand exactly in what groove your thoughts were moving.'

'I was making my will.'

Walcot bowed his head; his face was impassive as marble; but if the Great Baba had been under the table (a favourite haunt and fastness of his) his quick eye would have noticed 'Uncle Ferdy's' hand clutch the arm of his chair. 'That is an occupation,' he observed, 'which leads men to think of Death—the Future.'

'I was thinking of nothing of the kind, Walcot; my mind was fixed on business matters—or the claims of duty—and of friendship,' he added with significance.

Mr. Walcot smiled and sighed.

He did not pretend to be ignorant of his friend's kind intentions; they were gratifying to his feelings; but he had long entertained the conviction—and had expressed it to his companion—that he should meet with an early death. Those whom the gods love—and especially those on whom they confer such unwonted privileges—die young.

'I was thinking of stock and share, of land and tenements,' continued Sir Robert, gravely, 'when I suddenly became aware of my lost Madeline's presence.'

'Her presence?'

'Yes; not in the room, indeed, but close at hand. Did I not tell you that, when I was in my old study at the Grange, and did not wish to be disturbed, that a signal was agreed upon between my dear wife and me? She would knock three times with the flat of her hand upon the door, to let me know that she, and she only, wished to see me.'

'No, you never told me. Well?'

'This peculiar signal was given to me upon yonder window.'

'The ear, as I have said, is easily deceived,' observed Walcot. 'The wind——'

'The night was still as death,' interposed Sir Robert, solemnly; 'and all the household had retired, I am quite sure I was not deceived.'

'Well, you opened the shutters, of course?'

'I? No, I dared not, without some invitation more direct. I threw down my pen and listened attentively. Then I heard a voice that I loved singing a song that I knew. Hush! (for Mr. Walcot had been about to interrupt) let me tell you how it was from first to last. Years ago, ere dearest Madeline betrayed any signs of that disease which snatched her from me, and when, I, alas, was young, I was a poet. You smile. Let me say that I thought myself one. I made verses, at all events, and some of them had sufficient merit to induce my darling to set them to music. I could not rhyme now, even though the guerdon promised were to see her sweet face once more; but in those days so it was. The poem that was the chief favourite with us both was one upon the various callings of mankind; the husbandman, the merchant, the soldier, and so forth. I am afraid I weary you, but this explanation is necessary.'

'Not at all,' answered his companion, softly; 'I am more interested than I dare to confess. You wrote a poem on the callings of mankind; Horace wrote a sketch of them, likewise.'

'I remember; but in this I described the thoughts of a young man, when various roads in life are presented to his view for his choice. He recites one after the other:

This yeoman's life is but a sleep

(He says)

And mine shall not be,
I would up through the dark and leap,
Not crawl where I could see.

And again,

This merchant's brows are lined

He says,

As his ledgers be,
And he shudders more with every wind
Than his tall ships at sea.

At last he chooses the military calling.

Swift-handed, firm-eyed underneath
Brows which black Care doth flee,
In life well, but best in the Death,
The soldier (he says) for me.

And this is the description of "The Soldier," which many a time I have heard my darling sing:

Merrily clash the cymbals twain
With an exultant note,
Stirring sounds doth the trumpet rain
Adown its brazen throat;

Freshly flieh the pennant fair
From the good lance's head;
The stirrup's clank is blythe to hear,
Blythe is the charger's tread.

Pierce and clear is the scabbard's ring,
With the sharp sword for guest;
But the whirl of the downward swing
Of that blue blade is best.

And the tramp of a thousand steeds
In thunder and cloud,
When the earth is shaken and bleeds,
Maketh a man's heart proud.

More proud than mere words ever said
Or songs ever sung!
And proudest the hearts fever-fied
Of the brave and the young.

'That is noble verse,' observed Mr. Walcot, approvingly; 'I had no idea that you had such poetry in you—the true ring.'

Sir Robert sat with his eyes fixed thoughtfully before him, as though he were listening to such tones as the poet tells us are sweeter than 'heard melodies.'

The bard must be rapt, indeed, who takes no notice of a compliment to his own muse.

'Well, you heard a voice, which seemed like Madeline's voice,' continued Walcot, in an earnest but philosophic tone, such as befits some disinterested judicial functionary engaged in the dissection of evidence—'and it sang this ballad?'

'It was Madeline's voice; I say not "seems,"' answered Sir Robert, emphatically.

'Voices can imitate voices, my good friend; there is a door in yonder wall

which communicates with the outside world.'

'Tush, Ferdinand, you are wasting time. Does not even the bird know the song of her mate? But apart from that there were the *words*: *my* words. She was wont to sing them to me alone. No living eye has ever seen them, save my own, no living ear has ever heard them. You yourself even, for example, were ignorant that I had ever written a line of poetry. Is it not so?'

Mr. Walcot bowed his head.

'There is a homely proverb, Arden, which you will pardon me for quoting; the importance of these things is so tremendous. "As the fool thinks so the bell tinks." In other words the imagination will sometimes mislead the more material senses. Do you not think that you may have supplied the sense to this singer's song?'

'No; every word of the ballad was as distinct and clear as I have given it.'

'And is there no copy of this ballad in your possession, which by any accident—or otherwise—may have fallen into other hands?'

Sir Robert hesitated. 'There was one once; but it never left my desk, and has long since been destroyed. It is not humanly possible that it could have been made use of as you suggest.'

Mr. Walcot rose from his seat and began to pace the room. His broad brow was furrowed with thought. 'Not humanly possible,' he repeated. 'It is most true that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Arden, I dare not take it upon myself to advise you in this matter; scarcely even to give you comfort.'

The speaker's voice was tremulous; his face was pale and grave; if he had been a less logical and sagacious character one would almost have said, as one listened and looked at him, 'That man is awe-stricken.'

'Good heavens! what do you mean?' inquired the other; he, too, rose from

his seat, and made as if he would have joined his friend, but his limbs refused their office. He sat down again, pale and trembling; then, in a tone of piteous entreaty, he cried, 'you will not desert me, Ferdinand?'

'Desert you, my friend? Never. No power whether in this world or the next can compel me to do that.'

He drew near and held out his hand, which Sir Robert seized with eagerness and clung to as a drowning man clutches and clings to a floating spar.

'I am yours, Arden, under all circumstances; but I am compelled to tell you that our relations have in one respect undergone a change. Hitherto it has been your custom to regard me, with reference to certain matters, as an exceptionally favoured (though, alas, undeserving) being.'

'Not undeserving, do not say that, Ferdinand,' interposed the other, deeply moved.

'No matter; that may be so or not; these gifts fall like the sunshine and the rain upon good and bad alike—though, it is true, I have witnessed things which I hardly think could have been vouchsafed to any one intrinsically wicked; but what are these, as compared with such an experience as you have just described to me? Robert Arden you have become a link between earth and heaven. I have long suspected it; I have long seen you unconsciously fitting yourself—by purity, by unselfishness, by guileless trust and confidence—for that high but inscrutable office; and you have now, as I believe, attained it. You will bear me witness how I have struggled against this conviction; how I have disputed every inch of ground with you—affecting even an impious scepticism rather than encourage you to hope, where hope might have borne no fruit. But I contend no more against the will of Fate. You are henceforth my master.

'Nay, Ferdinand; say not so. I am weak and fearful, while you are

strong and firm. It is to you that I must ever look for counsel.'

'No, not to me, but higher. There are others who have now taken it in hand to guide you—to direct your every action.'

'But they have said nothing. I only feel that they are about me; that I am in their presence, though I see them not.'

'Even that may come,' answered Walcot, solemnly.

'Do you think then that I shall see her?'

'I do.'

There was a long pause. Sir Robert was greatly agitated. 'I feel myself unworthy of this function, Ferdinand, if, indeed, I am called to use it. Fondly as I love that dear departed spirit, I fear—judging from my feelings of yesternight, produced by the mere tones of her voice—that I should be like one blinded with excess of light.'

'Tush; no greatness of this kind is thrust upon us mortals more than we can bear. Besides, your mission is only to hear and to obey. As you value your spiritual existence fail not in that obedience.'

'I will not fail, Ferdinand, at least in will; but I am distrustful of my own powers.'

'That is the very condition which is most welcome to our spiritual visitors,' answered the other, promptly. 'They never impose upon us a task too heavy for our hands. It is often, indeed, judged by the common standard, a simple and material act; scarcely ever of a nature such as we have pre-conceived.'

'Her wishes shall be fulfilled, Ferdinand, whatever they may be,' answered Arden, solemnly.

It was curious that while the one dealt in generalities, and spoke of 'they' or 'it' the other seemed to have but one thought; all his spiritual ideas were in connection with his Madeline.

'Now, Arden, you must smooth that brow of care,' said Walcot, ear-

nestly; 'remember that no living being about us has any sympathy with the matters about which we have been discoursing; to drop a hint of them would only arouse contempt and ridicule.'

'Ridicule of my love for Madeline! They dare not!' exclaimed Sir Robert, passionately.

'You misunderstand me,' answered the other, quietly; 'they respect your sorrows and your loss, no doubt. But to their gross faculties the dead are dead. We are told not to give such persons occasion to blaspheme. There are young and thoughtless folks in the house, and there is a stranger coming, one of Gresham's friends, and probably of a like frivolous character.'

'I remember, and I regret it. I would have wished just now to be quite alone, save for you, Ferdinand; to be removed from external influences as much as possible.'

'Doubtless it would have been better so; but, as it is, you must strive to forget what happened last night—what may happen this night. We are not put in the world to mope and dream like visionaries. There is a time for all things.'

'You are right, as you always are, Ferdinand. I will play the host, I will act the man. I will not give way to depression. Help me to put my coat on;—let us go out into the morning air.'

CHAPTER XVII.

FERDINAND WALCOT'S FIRST WOOING.

THE poet who tells us that Black Care sits behind the Horseman tells only a half-truth. Commentators have strangely missed this point; some have conjectured that the Poet was not a good equestrian, and was always alarmed when 'outside' his beast; and perhaps the 'common sense of most' has rejected this theory too contemptuously; Englishmen do not

take into account that the Latins were bad riders. Others again have aptly pointed out that the image of the Poet is meant to typify persons of exalted position in life, who have nevertheless their own little troubles; others have contended that it suggests, however fast we travel, we cannot escape our regrets. None, however, have chanced to hit the blot in the Poet's statement; we have called it, out of delicacy and reverence for the classics, a half-truth; but the fact is that Black Care does not generally sit behind the Horseman; but locates itself *before* him—on the pommel. It is the Future, and not the past, concerning which mortals, for the most part, have their apprehensions, though it is true, on the other hand, that some people have reason to be afraid of both.

Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, as we have seen, was seated pretty firmly on his steed; a high horse, too, and a good stepper. Still he was not exempt from the common lot. He had certain burthens on his mind. The road of life was broad before him (it had begun narrowly), and there seemed few impediments, but it was necessary for him to keep a sharp look-out.

It was his habit to make a daily tour of inspection of the grounds about the Hall, and of the Farm, lest there should be anything amiss; and if there was so, it was seldom that his quick eye failed to discover it. The heads of departments made their several reports to him, as though he were their master, indeed with much greater particularity and adherence to truth than they would have done in the case of Sir Robert himself. The deputy has generally this immense advantage, that he cannot be appealed to on his sentimental side; his answer is ready, 'I have only to act in my employer's interest;' but Mr. Walcot had no necessity to shelter himself under this plea. No one dreamt of softening him—of getting him to forgive a lapse of duty—by an appeal *ad*

misericordiam. They knew him too well, though some knew that there were other ways of getting their offences pardoned, no, not pardoned, kept out of sight and secure from exposure—for the present. This class made reports to him of a somewhat different character from the others; they were of a more private nature, and to say truth had something of 'secret service' belonging to them.

On the day of the interview which we have described between Sir Robert and Mr. Walcot, Gilbert Holm had a word to say to the latter, not strictly in connection with live or dead stock, which was not, however, volunteered. The young farmer had strayed, as we know, from the path of honesty; but the offence in which he had been detected (some people have *such* ill-luck) has been his first one; in spite of that deficit in the hay-rick, and the commission in cows (which was, after all, a colourable transaction), he was not a rogue in grain, but only a man without firmness and principle. He had slipped, like many a weak fool before him, upon 'the Turf,' where, in trying to make a fortune, he had lost a competence; but he was neither a sneak nor a villain. There were some persons under Mr. Walcot's protection (*i.e.*, thumb) who were always eager to curry favour with him by telling stories against their neighbours, but Holm was not one of this class. He did not pretend to look pleased when his Master and Tyrant looked in at the Farm that morning, and observed that there was a smell of spirits in the parlour.

'You have been drinking again, Gilbert—don't deny it.'

'I wasn't agoing to deny it, sir,' answered the other, gloomily, 'but when a man's down on his luck, and has been harshly treated—'

'Harshly treated?' interrupted Walcot. 'What do you mean? Why you might have been flung in a—'

'Hush, sir, for heaven's sake; there's.

folk in the kitchen,' cried Holm, appealingly. 'When I say harsh, I mean it's hard to feel that one's very soul is not one's own, because one has tripped just once.'

'It was unfortunate certainly to be found out in one's first fault,' observed the other contemptuously.

It was a weakness in Walcot, not only to despise his instruments but to let them see that he despised them; perhaps it was done in compensation for the somewhat sycophantic part he had to play with Sir Robert.

'How are things going at the Farm? Have you anything to tell me?'

'Nothing, sir.'

'You lie. Something has gone wrong, I am certain. Gilbert Holm, if you ever dare to deceive me, I'll —' He lifted his heel, and set it down on the floor significantly.

'There is nothing wrong at the Farm,' answered the other, doggedly, 'nor wrong at all as I know of. But you told me to tell you everything that took place out of the common and it *was* out of the common for Lady Arden to come down here yesterday to visit Mr. Dyneley.'

'So it was Holm; you are quite right to mention it,' answered Mr. Walcot, gently. 'So her ladyship came to call on the Curate, did she? Well, as you say, there was nothing wrong, let us hope, in that. Was she long here?'

'A matter of more than an hour.'

'And what did they talk about? I mean so far as you can guess of course.'

'Well, I did hear as she went out, a word dropped about Master Frank. I think she came to consult Mr. Dyneley about his going to school, and that. There is no doubt he goes about half broken-hearted, and very different from what he used to be, cause o' Jem Groad.'

Mr. Walcot did not seem to hear the latter observation. 'Mr. Dyneley had better mind his own business,' observed he, meaningly.

'Very good, sir; shall I tell him that?'

'Tell him what? You fool, that was neither for his ears nor yours. Watch him—dog him—glean all you can hear about him in the parish. Do you hear?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then also heed.'

With a muttered curse, Ferdinand Walcot turned upon his heel, and strode away.

'So the maternal suspicions are aroused, and she is going elsewhere for counsel,' he murmured to himself; 'I must look to this. That Holm is not to be trusted. Young Gresham dares to flout me—though his pride will have a speedy fall. The girl Hurt was a godsend to me, but she knows it, and is therefore dangerous. I must make a clean sweep. The question is—Shall it be before or after I have carried off the king? I think I am sure of him. I have flattered him to the top of his bent, and there needs but one bold stroke. It must be struck soon, I feel. Rebellion lifts its head. Why did not the waves finish their work with Gresham and the girl? My good star deserted me there, "the spirits"—here he laughed aloud—forgot to aid me. And yet that would have brought me no nearer to my haven. It is Dyneley, the meek-faced curate, who stands in my path, not Gresham. What blind moles men are, ay, and women too, whom fools compare with lynxes. Lady Arden seeks advice of him. "A matter of more than an hour" were the sot's words; they must have talked of other things besides Frank. I thought I saw coldness in her manner this morning. She shall pay for that. So shall they all save one. Ah, Evelyn?'

As he stepped from the shrubbery that hid the farm buildings on to the lawn he had come suddenly upon her, booted and furred, in a scarlet mantle, and with a basket in her hand, bound probably on some charitable errand to the village.

'How you frightened me, Mr. Walcot!' exclaimed she with a touch of irritation.

'I crave your pardon, though you startled *me* in your turn; I thought you were Red Riding Hood.'

'Well, fancy her feelings when she met the wolf,' said Evelyn, laughing, 'then you will pity mine.'

'I don't remember that she had any repugnance to the wolf, Miss Evy, when she met him.'

'True; but she had afterwards, when she found him out.'

'Found him out?'

The colour rushed to Walcot's face as he echoed these words; it seemed to him for the moment that this young girl must have been listening to his late soliloquy in the shrubbery; though even in that there had been no menace to herself.

The simple fact was that Evelyn, like any other young person of her sex, had, wishing to punish, used the first cutting words that came to hand. A glance at her face reassured him.

'I hope, the more you "find out," as you term it, of me, Evelyn,' said he gravely; 'the less you would have cause to feel repugnance.'

'Of course I was only joking, Mr. Walcot.'

'I hope so; but sometimes you act towards me with such cruelty that the words you have just employed seem hardly out of place.'

'Cruelty?' she stopped amazed, and stared at him. He moved, however, slowly on, and it was significant of the authority he exercised over her—even when she would have resented it—that she moved with him.

'Of course you did not mean to be cruel, Evelyn.'

You whose sweet blue eyes
Grow tender over drowning flies

would willingly hurt no one's feelings. Yet you hurt mine sometimes.'

Evelyn was silent; she felt very uncomfortable. She would have given much to be relieved from this *l'le-à-*

tête, the end of which she had a presentiment had by no means arrived. But all the family, except Sir Robert, were from home. Lady Arden herself had taken a seat in the break, thinking that her neuralgia—for that was her leading disorder for the present—would be benefited by a drive over the moor. Even the Great Baba was at that moment graciously expressing his approbation of the works of Nature, as viewed from that vehicle. Evelyn, too, would have gone, but for a promise she had given to read to a sick girl in the village.

'I cannot think how I could have hurt your feelings, Mr. Walcot,' she answered vaguely.

'I dare say not; but with me it is very different. I am always thinking of yours; and when there is any slight put upon you, I am filled with indignation.'

'I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Walcot; but I am not aware that anybody does put slights upon me.'

'Then you must be blind, indeed.'

She stopped again; and this time he stopped too. They were half-way down the avenue, beyond which he did not wish their walk together to extend, and he had not yet had his say.

'Blind, Mr. Walcot? What do you mean?'

'I mean that the man to whom you are—or at least to whom common report, and the fixed intentions of your stepfather has assigned you—is carrying on a flirtation with your governess under your own roof; I could almost say under your own eyes.'

Evelyn turned scarlet; silent for a moment, she presently broke forth with 'you talk of slights, Mr. Walcot; but this is an impertinence?'

'Nay, pardon me. It is most pertinent both to your own interests and those of all concerned. Am I to understand that you do not credit what I say, or that you are already aware of Mr. Gresham's faithlessness, and have forgiven it?'

'I am aware that he loves Miss Hurt, sir.'

'I concluded as much,' answered Walcot gravely; 'and however much his own conduct is to be deprecated, I am rejoiced to find that it has not cost you a pang. Sir Robert, however, I need not say, takes a very different view of the matter.'

'Does papa know of it, then?' inquired Evelyn anxiously; her solicitude upon Gresham's account throwing her for the moment off her guard.

'He suspects there is something wrong, and resents—exceedingly resents—the duplicity his nephew has practised. He has more than once consulted me on the matter, Evelyn; and really I scarce knew how to advise him. I must confess that indignation on your account has prompted me to acquiesce in the severest measures; but if the young man's conduct has not displeased you, and if you wish him to be dealt with less in justice than in mercy, so far as my influence goes you may of course command it. Otherwise—so great is Sir Robert's displeasure—that it is probable that a branch will be lopped off the family tree.'

'What *do* you mean?' inquired Evelyn, greatly moved. 'That George will be disinherited?'

Mr. Walcot shrugged his shoulders. 'I only know that Sir Robert was making his will last night; with the contents of it I am, of course, unacquainted; but it was the disturbance of his mind in consequence of it that has made him ill.'

'Oh, Mr. Walcot, I know you do not like him; but I entreat you—I implore you—to spare poor George.'

'To spare him, Evelyn? You speak as if I had been adding fuel to his uncle's indignation. As to liking him—how could I do otherwise than despise the man—who having (as I thought) the greatest blessing which earth could grant within his reach, could contemptuously spurn it. I was wrong, it seems, in this particular:

you never loved him and he knew it.'

'I have loved him as a brother; but as a brother only.'

'Just so; and as his sister, you would wish to shield him from the consequences of his own duplicity. For your sake I will do my best for him. If he were the greatest scoundrel on earth, Evelyn; and though duty, honour, conscience, all combined within me to demand his punishment, I should do my best for him—for your sake.'

'You are very good, Mr. Walcot; but—'

She hesitated; she felt somehow that she was laying herself under an obligation, not indeed unjustifiable, but which might demand some reciprocity that it was out of her power to grant.

'No, I am not good, Evelyn,' answered her companion, gravely; 'or at least not half good enough for the object I have in view.'

And he looked at her with tenderness—a genuine tenderness—that froze the blood in her veins. She felt unequal to reply to him, and yet of what a monstrous nature seemed the consent for which her silence might be taken.

'Your words to me this day, dear Evelyn,' he went on, 'have taken from my heart a load, the existence of which you little guess; of which I have not dared hitherto to breathe a syllable; but now the time is come! You have just confessed to me that the obstacle to my happiness, which I deemed insuperable, has no existence; that, in a word, you are heart whole. It is so, is it not?'

'I—you—Mr. Walcot! You have no right to catechise me thus,' she stammered.

'Nay, every man has the right to ask the question upon which hinges his hopes of happiness. You may say it is mere audacity in my case: I admit it. "Love turns even the coward's heart to steel;" and I am no coward.

If your affections are elsewhere engaged—as I once believed them to be—that is another matter; if they are not? I understand you to say that at least you have formed no other engagement? Good. Then I have the right to say, “I love you, Evelyn.”

‘You have no right whatever so to do,’ answered Evelyn, haughtily. ‘I am sure that if Papa was aware of your having done so, he would be very angry.’

‘No doubt he would, because he believes you to be engaged to his nephew. He feels, as I did, indignant with him, mainly upon your account, though also vexed—and justly so—with the disregard that has been paid to his own wishes. If, however, you wish me to disclose to him the real state of the case, I will do so; and in that case I should not despair of gaining his consent to say to you what I have just ventured to say.’

‘You might say it a thousand times, Mr. Walcot,’ answered Evelyn, firmly; ‘I should only have one answer to give you—in the negative.’

‘You think so now, and very naturally. I am not a young man, it is true, nor formed, perhaps, by Nature to please a young girl’s eye; but when you come to know me better as a free man—I mean as one who finds himself for the first time at liberty to manifest his heart’s devotion—you will think better of me. Again, I am a poor man; to you I doubtless seem but a poor dependent upon the bounty of your stepfather. But this is not quite so. I would never ask you to link yourself to poverty, for that, in your case—with your tastes and habits, and organization so rare and delicate—would be an ill-assorted match indeed. I have talents, of which I will not boast; let it suffice to say that they will procure me, whenever I choose to exert them, much more than a competence. When I next venture to appeal to you, Evelyn, it will be as a rich man, and with your stepfather’s full consent.’

‘You may save yourself that trouble, Mr. Walcot,’ she answered, coldly. ‘Riches will never win a true woman’s heart, believe me.’

‘That is true, but they will smooth the way to win it. Take your own mother’s case: can any one be a happier wife than she is? more loved, more respected; and yet it would be mere affectation to deny that Sir Robert’s wealth smoothed his way to her.’

‘This is ungenerous—ungentlemanly.’

‘It is the plain truth, Evelyn, and you know it. Of course there are certain sympathetic elements wanting which renders the union less perfect than it might be; I flatter myself that it would not be so in our case. I have studied your character for years; it is infinitely superior to my own, but I shall grow to it. My faults are many, but I shall redeem them. You look incredulous; but strength of will is one of my few virtues.’

‘I do not doubt that,’ Evelyn flashed out with a significance that was almost fierce in its intensity.

‘And you are right,’ he answered, calmly. ‘When I have set my heart upon a thing, it is always accomplished; some things are more difficult than others, but it is only a question of time.’

Evelyn shuddered. A momentary smile crossed Mr. Walcot’s lips; it seemed to the fowler that the struggling bird already felt itself enmeshed.

‘Your confidence in your own powers is for once misplaced, Mr. Walcot,’ answered the girl, in trembling tones. ‘I can never love you, as you wish, and I only fear you upon another’s account, not on my own.’

‘I should hope not, Evelyn. I wish you not to fear, but to pity me. I will not importune you further; much less will I take your thoughtless “No” as the result of mature reflection. I should continue to love you more than all the world beside as long as I lived, even if my devotion bore no fruit; but

it will bear fruit. You will be mine some day, and will never regret, I may not say "your choice"—then I will say "Your Fate."

Evelyn stood like one turned to stone; the quiet firmness of the man's words, delivered not only with consciousness of strength, but the full force of conviction, appalled her. He seemed less like an unwelcome lover making his appeal than a soothsayer foretelling her doom.

'For the present, Evelyn,' he added, 'I will say no more. We shall, I conclude, each keep our own counsel; you for another's sake (not mine, I know), and I for yours. May all good angels guide and guard you.'

A groom was coming through the gates whose approach he had doubtless observed, and calculated to a nicety; at all events, there was no time for his companion to reply to him. He lifted his hat, and moved slowly towards the Hall, while she went on on her way half dazed and stunned. She was conscious that she had been far from ready in her replies to him; though she had certainly given him not the slightest ground for his monstrous confidence. But their contest had not been on equal terms; she had been, as Mr. Gilbert Holm would have technically expressed it, 'heavily handi-

capped' on account of certain previous performances; especially her supposed engagement to Gresham. If she had set Walcot at defiance, as her feelings had prompted her to do, it was plain that she would have ruined George. The unexpectedness of Walcot's appeal had also prevented her from exercising her judgment; but she now remembered many little circumstances—mostly mere peculiarities in his tone and manner of late—which had now their full significance, and might have put her on her guard. But what alarmed her most was the openness of Walcot's avowal, upon which she felt quite sure he would never have ventured had he not secured himself from all danger from without. It was terrible to be silent on such a matter, because, though the man knew the necessity for her silence, it seemed to be almost affording encouragement to him. She had said that she did not fear him on her own account; but this was scarcely true; for she felt an absolute terror of his power and persistency. Yet, whatever his confidence in the result, hers was still more fixed. If there had not been another man in the world save Ferdinand Walcot, she would rather have died than marry him—and there *was* another man.

(To be continued.)

THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY AND IMPERIAL CONFEDERATION.

A REPLY.

BY ROSWELL FISHER.

THE immediate or early construction of the Canada Pacific Railway is a question of such vital importance to the country that any arguments affecting it can hardly be unworthy of attention, and, therefore, I trust a very short criticism of the article on that subject, by Mr. Whitman, in a recent issue of the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*, may not prove uninteresting or profitless. Mr. Whitman's main argument seems to be that Great Britain should, in her own interests, both directly and indirectly aid at once in building the Canada Pacific Railway; and he further considers that the first step necessary to such action on her part is the strengthening of the present political relationship of Canada and Great Britain by some form of federation. In the present article I purposed shortly to criticize the validity of the writer's main argument, and also some of the assertions and conclusions advanced in support of the feasibility of Imperial Federation.

The pretension that Great Britain should, in her own interests, build the Pacific Railway, seems to be founded on the fact that that country draws the greater part of her foreign food-supply from the United States of America and Russia, and that, therefore, if she were at war with one of these powers, this food-supply would be seriously interfered with, but in the possible case of a war with both at once, the Canada Pacific Railway would be necessary to save her from starvation.

Now, it is no doubt true that Great

Britain is becoming more and more dependent on her foreign food-supply, and also that so far the greater portion of that supply is drawn from the United States of America and Russia; but the conclusion drawn therefrom is, as I think can be easily shown, founded on a complete misapprehension of the conditions of modern commerce. Let us suppose that Great Britain is at war both with Russia and the United States of America. Would she be unable to buy of them her necessary food-supply? Only in one of three cases: If those powers were able to blockade Great Britain, or if Great Britain was able to blockade *both* those powers, or if they prohibited all export of grain to any countries whatsoever. As, however, Mr. Whitman does not seemingly contemplate either of the former cases, we may leave them out of the question as too improbable; nor can much importance be attached to the third, because it would obviously be greatly to the interest both of the United States of America and Russia to sell their surplus wheat at the best price to furnish them with the money to carry on so costly a contest.

As Mr. Whitman is not alone in his misapprehension in regard to this question, it may be well to point out how the wheat supply of Great Britain would be affected by such a war. In all probability her enemies would try and fit out a great fleet of cruisers to prey upon her commerce, in which case she would sustain a heavy loss in being obliged to sell her commercial navy,

to Germany, Holland, and Scandinavia. This cheaply acquired marine would then at once be employed by its new owners in transporting American and Russian wheat to Great Britain, who would thus draw her food supply, at a somewhat higher rate than usual, from these countries without in the least feeling the need of the Pacific and the North-West as feeders. The fact is, that under the conditions which govern modern commerce, any nation not blockaded can, if she have the money, buy any products of her enemy. Does any one suppose, for instance, that Cettewayo could not, if he has the money, buy to-day as many rifles and as much ammunition as he wants in Birmingham with which to slay the manufacturers' countrymen?

I confess I should much like to see the faces of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and of some great British Capitalist, on Mr. Whitman's gravely proposing to them to build the Canada Pacific Railway, at a cost of indefinite millions of pounds, as an insurance against wholesale British starvation, in the *possible* event of an Americo-Russian war. Mr. Whitman, however, further advises Great Britain to build the Canada Pacific Railway, in order to strengthen her hold on British Columbia, now threatened by Russian demonstrations at various points, the nearest of which he states to be fifteen days' distance by steam. Unless, indeed, the Pacific is to carry ironclads by express, I fail to see how it will strengthen Great Britain on the Pacific. Surely it would be cheaper to rival at Victoria the threatened Russian preparations, four or five thousand miles off, than to build a railway for the conveyance of defensive supplies, which, so long as Great Britain has command of the sea, will not be needed; and, so soon as she loses such command, will not be forthcoming.

Having, I think, shown that Mr. Whitman's main argument is founded on a too common ignorance of the con-

ditions of modern commerce, and that Great Britain's possession of British Columbia depends not on the Pacific Railway, but on her command of the sea, it hardly seems probable that the Government and people of Great Britain are likely to build that railway in their own direct interests.

Without entering on the whole question of the practicability of an Imperial Federation which I dealt with in an article on that question in the October, 1875, number of the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*; it may be worth while to consider some of the assertions and arguments put forward in the article under review.

Mr. Whitman opens his argument on this point, by assuming, what I fancy no one denies, that our present relations with the mother country present no features of finality, and that, therefore, it would be unwise to defer the final settlement of this question, more especially in view of the further fact, 'that the great preponderating opinion of both the mother country and the colonies is now so strongly in favour of a closer union.'

Now the truth of this further fact I make bold to challenge, more especially in regard to Great Britain, for so far as a tolerably intimate acquaintance with that country gives one a right to speak, I can safely say that the great mass of the people of Great Britain cannot, even to-day, be got to realize that Canada is not a part of the United States of America, and in regard to the colonies in general, even so ardent an advocate as Sir Julius Vogel is obliged in an article, in I think, the *Nineteenth Century*, to acknowledge that the public mind of Great Britain is a blank. How, so long as this is true of the people of Great Britain, it can be held as a fact, that public opinion is in favour of a closer union, I fail to understand. Nor do I acknowledge that there is any great public opinion in Canada, in favour of taking any action in the matter, and even if there was, it would be of no

consequence, so long as the great majority in Great Britain take no interest in the question.

It is true, however, as Mr. Whitman says, that to-day there is in Great Britain less inclination to get rid of the colonies than there was some years ago. This feeling is, I believe, owing mainly to two facts, first, that the self-governing colonies have ceased to be any financial burden on the Home Government, and secondly, to the new born love of prestige, which for good or ill has lately taken great hold on perhaps the majority in Great Britain. So long as the great colonies, costing the mother country nothing, add, in the eyes of the world, to her political prestige, there is no desire to cast them off; but on the other hand, this feeling is no evidence of any idea of admitting them to an active share in the government of the Empire,—that is, of its Indian and foreign policy—nor do the utterances of Lord Beaconsfield on the policy of Great Britain towards the colonies, which Mr. Whitman quotes, and to which he evidently attaches great and definite weight, seem to me to go far towards showing any true comprehension of the question, on the part even of that important individual. Lord Beaconsfield is quoted as being in favour of so uniting the Colonies to the Empire, that they should, in return for protection, give Great Britain active political and commercial support, to the extent, it is to be presumed, of taxing themselves, in men and money, to uphold the military power of Great Britain, and arranging their tariffs with a view of discriminating in favour of that country, and their sister colonies. The noble leader of the Conservatives is further quoted as suggesting that Great Britain should develop and consolidate the colonial empire, and assimilate not only their interests but their sympathies to the mother country, etc., and this is held up as the skeleton of the British Premier's plan for Federation. It will be somewhat difficult, I am afraid, to clothe so fragile

a frame with substantial flesh. As further evidence of the loyalty which must exist, to render such Federation practicable, we are reminded that last year the Indian troops were quite ready to be led against Russia, and also that thousands of Canadians were eager to volunteer for the same end. Doubtless this is true, but unless history is very misleading, this fact does not prove either the loyalty of the Indians or of our people. Indeed there are not a few eminent Anglo-Indians who live in expectation of another mutiny, but who believe the best way to prevent any such outbreak, is to employ the army in fighting England's enemies, rather than give it a chance to attack herself. It is probable that the Indians would be as ready to fight on the side of Russia to-morrow, as on that of Great Britain to-day, if Russia should succeed in beating the latter power out of India. Nor is the fact of many Canadians being willing to fight for Great Britain of any great value. There were a great many of our countrymen who fought in the American civil war. If, however, a resolution should be proposed and carried at Ottawa, that we should at our own expense equip a Corps d'Armée, to be employed by Great Britain as she should deem best in the interests of the Empire, we should then possess an unanswerable proof of Canadian loyalty.

I must also demur to the assertion that the Confederation of Canada and the proposed Confederation of the South African and Australian colonies, has been regarded in Great Britain as a step towards a larger federation; on the contrary, and most certainly in our own case, these colonial federations were looked upon as the first steps to separation and independence of the various colonial groups.

Before leaving this part of the argument, it may be well to remark, in regard to the pretension that a joint declaration that Canada is, and shall be, an integral portion of Great Bri-

tain, whatever that may mean, will be immediately followed by a flow of British capital and population, is not justified by existing facts. Canada is to-day an integral part of the British Empire, without any declaration to that effect, and no such declaration could make us more so, and yet British capital and population do not flow hither in any overwhelming flood, but so far have had a much greater tendency to seek the great Republic to the south of us, which has long ceased to be an integral part of the British Empire, and which has become a hostile nation in tariff, and, at least, according to the essayist, is likely to become an open enemy. As a matter of fact, the idea that trade and emigration follow the flag, is only true to a very limited extent indeed, and when other circumstances are favourable to such a course.

Having now challenged some of the facts upon which Mr. Whitman has based his plea for Federation, and having, I believe, shown that those which are true do not necessarily justify the conclusion which he has drawn, I shall close this short article by offering a few remarks on the immediate construction of the Pacific Railway.

It seems to be assumed by the advocates of this undertaking that it is sufficient to prove that the country, or at least a large portion of it, through which the road is to pass, is naturally possessed of great fertility. This may be all very true, but is by no means sufficient. The North-West may be capable of sustaining a population of an indefinite number of millions, but this fact of itself will not necessarily secure the presence there at any early date of even a very few of these millions. It would seem, then, that those who advocate the outlay of untold millions of dollars or pounds on building a railway through what we may call an unpopulated country should at least give some very good reasons why an immense influx of population should at once, or very soon, practically justify such an undertaking. Let me in

all humility ask them a few questions: Is there no land to be obtained on easy terms in the western portions of the United States which can rival that of the North-West at once in richness of soil and desirability of climate? Are there still masses of Germans, Scandinavians, and British, equal to those which have, during the last thirty years, peopled the United States, ready to emigrate and, at the same time, willing to give the preference to a cold country under British rule to the unoccupied parts of the United States, or to the milder and richer Australian colonies? Granted that these questions are answered in the affirmative, is it, then, probable that this mixed population will be so loyal to Imperial Canada that it will be ready to bear the enormous burden of a railroad running through an uninhabited and sterile country when it can send and receive its products and supplies by routes running through those rich and thickly settled states to which, geographically, their country is allied? If all these questions are satisfactorily answered, is it certain that the depleted populations of Europe will continue to furnish the North-West with a great market for their grain, and, finally, what amount of Oriental traffic with Europe are we likely to wrest from the Suez Canal?

Surely our sanguine friends, who with a light heart propose to add untold millions to the burdens of our already impoverished population, should endeavour to answer at least some of these questions; for I think I have shown that it would be absurd to expect Great Britain to build the road in her own interests, and I think it would be somewhat overbold even for colonial assurance to ask her to build such a road as the reward of a loyalty which, in the day of her political anxiety and deep commercial distress, does not hesitate to strike a blow, however feeble, at that commercial greatness which is at once the source of her power and her influence.

THE SONG OF THE PRESS.

(à la Hood.)

BY WILLIAM CHEETHAM, BROCKVILLE.

WITH body weary and worn,
 With weary and aching head,
 A poor man sits in tatters and rags,
 Plying his pen for bread.
 Write—write—write,
 In poverty's cold caress,
 While in a voice of quivering note
 He sings the Song of the Press.

Think—think—think,
 Morning, noon and night ;
 Think—think—think,
 Longing to reach the light.
 Thought and feeling and doubt,
 Doubt and feeling and thought,
 Till sunk in the tangled maze he sleeps,
 And dreams the process out.

O! men of wealth and power,
 O! men in a Christian land,
 Think sometimes of the aching brain,
 And the trembling, falt'ring hand
 That writes—writes—writes
 In poverty, hunger and pain,
 Weaving a song for others' joy,
 And thought for others' gain.

Write—write—write,
 Ere the birds begin to sing ;
 Write—write—write,
 For the wages that thought may bring,
 What does he get for it ? Empty thanks,
 A chill he has felt before,
 A silent tear from the loved and dear,
 And God's ' Well done '—no more.

GREEK ORNAMENTAL ART.

BY MRS. FRANCIS RYE.

' O attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
 Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity : Cold Pastoral !
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou says't,
 " Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'
 —From the ' Ode on a Grecian Urn,' by Keats.

THE older the world gets, the more its inhabitants seem to look with loving eyes and humble hearts to the customs and taste of the ancients. Like old men who live mostly in the past, thinking but little of what events are stirring around them, or what may be still to come, the modern connoisseur prefers trusting to the recognized laws of art as it existed amongst its generators, to indulging in romantic dreams of what we may one day achieve. Certain laws that obtained amongst the Greeks with regard to the beautiful exist still for us, and in vain would it be for even a Burke to try to give us new ones. Dreamers, like Hogarth with his 'line of beauty,' have arisen since, but they have not proved law-givers. Still art lives and moves and derives its being from the old Greeks.

What their painting was we cannot say ; we can only conjecture from the perfection they arrived at in other branches that it must have been equally admirable. What their sculpture was every art student knows. Who has not gazed at those splendid torsos, headless busts, and armless figures, and been marvellously moved ? It is impossible to describe what one feels when contemplating these marbles, and it is equally impossible to tell

why we are so much moved, and yet it is true—undeniably true—that many persons on first beholding these wonderful remains of ancient art have actually wept.

The perfection of harmony is in these mutilated marbles, a harmony without restraint, and far removed from the cold, unimpassioned rules of 'proportion,' which we are taught by moderns to regard as a necessary element in works of art. This harmony, with its entire freedom from all perceptible machine like regularity, distinguishes not only Greek sculpture, but all Greek art whatsoever, and it pervaded the home and the domestic life of the Greeks. Their love of congruity and fitness was seen not only in their public life, and in the doings of the outer world, but in the 'daily round' of their 'common task ;' in their dress, their wearing ornaments, and their domestic utensils. This is the sort of harmony that we all need, that we all ought to want, and this is within the reach of every house-father and house-mother, and it has an influence on ourselves and those we live amongst not to be repudiated or despised, a telling though secret influence. We often acknowledge in words, though, alas, seldom by deeds, how strong an influence one life, however insignificant, has upon another, for evil or for good, and it is a painful side of the question, and one that we cannot avoid shuddering at, when we think what an effect is produced upon an entire household, when the mistress, mother, and wife, does not cultivate her taste, and *will* buy her bonnet in oblivion

of her walking dress, and directly afterwards purchase gloves regardless of her bonnet's hue; when she *will* wear silver filigree ornaments at the same time as she dons her cooking-apron, and permits her darling youngest to sport in the mud in a coral necklace and dirty print pinafore; when she *will* allow the beer to be put on the table in elegant cut glass jugs and place hot-house flowers in common mugs; when she *will* persistently and 'on principle' allow every object that comes daily and hourly into contact with the eyes of her husband, children and servants to be of the ugliest pattern and the clumsiest shape.

Well might Gladstone say that 'as a people we are, in the business of combining beauty with utility, singularly uninstructed, unaccomplished, maladroit, unhandy.' Who can tell what influence for evil the ugly things in commonplace homes may have upon those who daily see them, and who can tell what bright thoughts and pure ideas may be engendered in a home where the most useful thing is also shapely, and where ugliness has not set its stamp upon the articles we most frequently handle.

Simplicity is in itself a beauty, and in the dress both of the men and the women amongst the Greeks, simplicity was a leading characteristic. Their dresses can be explained and understood by us now, as easily as if they were at present in fashion, which I fear could not be said of some costumes in wearing now-a-days, and which are really 'beyond all knowing of them, wonderful.' In future times if ever our successors return to simplicity of apparel they will find some difficulty in understanding what manner of dress the women of the 19th century did wear.

Let us begin with the costume of the men of ancient Greece. Their raiment consisted of an undergarment or vest with or without sleeves and a flowing cloak, not altogether unlike a Scotch plaid, only much more volum-

inous, in appearance and also in the manner it was worn. The material and colour of each garment differed according to the rank of the wearer. White was the full dress colour of those of noble or princely birth; purple was considered a military colour. In winter the favourite colours were puce, scarlet, violet and crimson, and the robes of the richest colours were imported from Egypt and Sidon.

The outer robe was often magnificently embroidered with gold, and must have been a very handsome and striking garment. The vest, too, was similarly ornamented, often with delicate flowery patterns. Embroidery was also displayed on the sandals of the rich. The Greeks, in their love of the beautiful, appealed apparently to all the senses, for they loved delicate perfumes of all kinds, many of which came from Syria. Their clothes were kept in perfume, and they also used rose water to their beards. They wore their hair, which was generally of a light colour, below the ears, and sometimes they rejoiced in ringlets. A round cap, the shape of the head, and almost exactly like the round hat worn by the English peasantry at the present time was worn by some, and the lower classes had caps of fur and hair.

These last simplified their costume by keeping to the vest alone, the material of which was generally of goat-skin. They also wore buskins of hide, which came half-way up the leg. Gloves were also in use, but were regarded as protections for the hands when rough work was to be done, rather than for show.

There seems to have been little room for foppish display amongst the young Greeks, no jewellery being worn with the single exception of the more or less handsome clasp of gold and gems employed to fasten the flowing mantle, and yet we can imagine that the young Athenian, with his richly coloured vest and embroidered cloak, from which delicious scents were faintly suggested rather than actually perceived, as he

walked forth cane in hand and with carefully arranged hair, to enjoy some thrilling performance of Sophocles, or a laughable piece by Aristophanes, must have been a great swell in his way, and no doubt was regarded with all due admiration and envy by the Athenian *sans culottes* of that day.

The ladies of Greece were as simple in their costume as were the men, their garments, however, varying slightly in different countries and at different epochs. In Athens, the centre of civilization—the Athens of Pericles—the women confined themselves to a long tunic reaching to the ground, open at the throat and sleeveless, and a full over garment belted in at the waist. Of course, this dress could be of the simplest description, merely consisting of the plainest materials, and yet retain its gracefulness, or it admitted of being enriched to the highest degree by means of embroidery and costly textures.

White was most used by the higher classes, and it must have set off to advantage their beauties of face and form, for the Athenian women in their youth were remarkably slender of figure.

It is not difficult to call up to the mental view a vivid picture of a beautiful Grecian woman in her home life. We can imagine her seated on a softly and richly cushioned chair in a latticed aviary in an Athenian house, in which may be seen birds that live only in countries of the South; she is bending gracefully over her peacocks, which are feeding from her hand. Let us imagine what she would be like. Her light hair is drawn back from off the low forehead and tied in its place, and ornamented with a delicate piece of cyclamen or a branch of berries from the arbutus; her long tunic or chiton touching the ground, the over-dress clasped at the shoulders with a golden ornament, and belted in at the waist with a zone of gold set with emeralds.

Her sandals are exquisitely jewelled, for the women were vainer of their

sandals and bestowed more thought upon them than on almost any other part of their dress, and their feet must have looked very beautiful glittering in and out of their long, full robes. What a number of delightful pictures one could paint in fancy of those Athenian homes and their inmates—their fires of cedar-wood, how fragrant they must have been!—their gardens blooming with cyclamen and oleander, and shaded by olive trees, their very food had something more artistic and ideal than ours. Kid, locusts, white pineseed from the cone, quail, with every variety of sweet and aromatic herb. The employment of the women too, was picturesque. Whether they were botanizing, or embroidering, working at tapestry, spinning, weaving, or studying the medicinal properties of herbs, there is an indescribable charm about all they do.

To return to their dress, besides those articles of apparel we have mentioned, they had as an occasional garment a half-mantle, flowing in folds down the back, and fastened in front of each shoulder by a clasp. Perfumes were freely used, the Athenians seeming to have had a great love for sweet scents of all descriptions. Not only their clothing, but their limbs were scented, fragrant oils being used after bathing, and a lady, when dressed and moving about her house or garden, wafted delicious gales of perfume before her. Veils were often worn both in and out of doors; they usually covered the back of the hair, and were taken off when active movement was required. The texture of the veil varied very much; sometimes it was quite transparent, and sometimes of richly coloured material. Flowers and ornaments of gold were also worn in the hair, and embroidered fillets to fasten it up securely, and to give a finish to the whole dress. Sometimes, also, a tiar of folded linen was placed on the head, and no doubt each Athenian consulted her mirror, if she was fortunate enough to possess one, and had

her own way of decorating her hair to suit her features, and no one fashion prevailed entirely to the exclusion of all others.

The women of Greece, as do those of Europe in our own day, indulged more freely in the display of jewellery than the men. Ornaments of gold, set with precious stones, adorned the hair, ear-rings were also worn, though not very generally. They had necklaces of gold and amber, bracelets of great beauty and costliness, zones for the waist, which were frequently inlaid with gems, ankle belts, and, above all, jewelled sandals of every description, but they never disfigured themselves with nose or lip rings as was customary among the Hebrew and Syrian women.

The Greeks excelled in cutting gems and stones, as we may see by the gems themselves which yet remain to us—thanks to their indestructibility, and by the reproductions of them in plaster casts in so many public and private collections. It would well repay any one to visit the Normal School in Toronto for the purpose of studying the casts of the Poniatowski gems, some of which are of great beauty and delicacy, more especially the series illustrative of the life of the goddess Ceres. These gems were probably used for rings which were introduced in the time of Alexander the Great, and many of the stones remain for us still to admire the extrinsic value which they derived from the labour of the lapidary not running the same risk as did the art, lavished upon ornaments of gold and silver, of being sacrificed to the melting pot for the mere intrinsic value of the material.

Ornamental art in private life was chiefly confined to the dress of the individual, the houses of the Greeks being small and wholly insignificant, and totally unfit for decorative purposes. Occasionally a house was frescoed on the outside, but this was rare and considered an innovation. Everything around inclined them to

be large hearted and public spirited; it was their theatres, their temples and their markets that they made lasting and admirable, not their homes. In their eyes art was degraded by being employed to satisfy their private vanity, so their dwelling-houses and gardens were left unadorned with pillars, and statues, and paintings, depending on the innate taste of their inmates to make them pleasing to the eye.

The millionaire of these days did not drudge early and late in the prime of his life in order that in his old age he might have accumulated enough riches to build him a palace, and his palace being obtained, give unheard of prices for paintings and porcelains to adorn it. He did not shut himself up in his own domain and there indulge in a private chapel, a private concert-room, a private theatre. Strange to say he could enjoy noble works of art when they were not his alone, by the divine right of possession, but were public property; he could revel in beauty that was visible to the most vulgar eye, and could appreciate the drama, which his own wealth had put upon the stage, at the same time that it was being enjoyed by the lowest citizen in Athens. It does not seem to have done him any harm, nor do we hear anything about the statues being chipped and bits being carried away, or the frescoes being spoiled by the mob of ancient Athens. It is more than likely that no such sacrilege occurred, as owing to the fact that the noblest works that Grecian genius produced were attainable to daily and hourly inspection, the public eye was turned to admire, and the public taste raised to endeavour to imitate them.

Leaving the often described temples and public buildings whose perfect beauty every one is acquainted with, either from models or pictures, there remains but little other ornamental art to mention, for the vases of such wonderful and delightful shapes that

we all know and love so well were not used as ornaments in the rooms, but as the utensils of the kitchen and house. Those exquisite lamps so truthfully reproduced by Wedgewood were for the regular and daily use. When we think of them and then turn our eyes upon our crystal gaseliers or huge awkward candelabra, we can only shudder, our feeling can find no utterance. Those tall egg-shaped vases with long necks and varying handles were employed to hold oil and other necessaries of Grecian life. Those cups and jars—all 'things of beauty' and 'joys for ever' were in common use at Athens. It is positive torture when we think of them and find our unwilling minds forced to compare them with our cruets (oh! horror of horrors!) our *épergnes*, our soup tureens and all the uglinesses which we so constantly have to submit to.

Baskets of wicker were also used by the Greeks, and it is possible that all their utensils in frequent use were of the plainest description, their beauty consisting in their lines and form, as we can see by Schliemann's recent collections from Troy and Mycena, where the material used is earthenware. The sculptured vases and costly urns, the tripods of gold and silver, and the vessels of bronze and brass, were reserved for public buildings or for the use of kings and princes. The designs used by the Greeks for the ornamenting of their sculpture, vases and urns, and for the embroidery on their dress were very various and beautiful, and most of them are well known to art students.

For sculpture, there was the honey-suckle ornament, the Guilloche scroll pattern, the bead and reel, the acanthus—a foliage pattern of great beauty—and the echinus, or the egg and anchor ornament still seen in modern cornices. These designs were used chiefly for the capitals of pillars and for mouldings; they were probably uncoloured, and were of the same material as the building or pillar that

they were employed to ornament. It is so difficult, now-a-days, when every vestige of paint would have been long since obliterated, even if it had ever existed, to decide what was originally coloured and what was not.

It is believed the sculptured figures of the antique were tinted, and we know that our own cathedrals of the 13th and 14th centuries were painted magnificently in parts, for even in the mediæval ages the system of Greek decoration was imitated, though but little of such decoration remains now, so we may infer that the ancients were more prodigal of colour than one would suppose from the remains of their magnificence yet left us. The commonest designs used for the embroidering of cloaks and robes were the labyrinth fret, also a running ornament of animals and foliage grouped together, and the well-known key pattern. The honey-suckle ornament was likewise used for dress, and all the patterns mentioned were employed in painting vases and vessels of every description. The lion and the bull were the favourite animals when the ornamentation required animals; the fir cone and the lotus were very generally employed when foliage was wanted.

It is a singular fact that almost all the ornamentations spoken of, and which are so commonly found in remains of Greek art, are also seen in ancient Assyrian monuments, and many of them are entirely absent from the sculpture and temples of Egypt, from whom the Greeks are usually supposed to have principally derived their ideas.

'Let us now compare,' says Mr. Smirke, an artist who wrote on the East, 'the ornaments used in Assyria with the more familiar forms of Greek art: and here I think we find so strong an analogy, and in some cases such a striking resemblance, as to force upon us the conclusion, that the artists of Greece derived far more of their art from the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates than from the banks of the

Nile; and Egypt must, I think, relinquish a large portion of the honour that has been so long accorded to her, of having been the mother of Greek art.'

The beginning of all Greek designs are to be traced in the palaces of the Assyrians, by whom they were employed as sacred symbols; the bull so often seen in Assyrian marbles was held in the highest veneration; the lion was also sacred, and was frequently represented with wings. The honeysuckle, so much beautified by Grecian taste, represented the sacred tree under which the sacrificing priest was wont to stand, and the fir cone was held as an offering in the hand of the priest. The Assyrians coloured their statues and ornaments most highly, painting them often as carefully as a picture, which is another reason for supposing that the Greeks occasionally used colour for decorative purposes, though it is clear they did not fall into the error of the Orientals, who sacrificed everything for colour, while the Greeks preferred instead beauty of form.

Of course it is impossible in civilized Europe to introduce into our homes and public buildings the ornamentation of ancient Greece to any considerable extent. We admire them; we know them to be the purest, noblest, truest designs ever invented or produced, and yet we also know that we cannot imitate them. Our whole style of living, our ecclesiastical and domestic architecture forbid it. We exist in a different day, under a different sky, and our very thoughts are at variance with Grecian harmony. We have not time in our busy work-a-day lives to worship Beauty as the Greeks did, even if we had the elements of such worship in us, and such designs as the ancients had, were produced 'by a prevalent and eager national taste, or desire for beauty.'

The taste must be a national one to be truly productive of anything lastingly admirable. It will not do for an individual to build a handsome mansion here, and another to construct a picturesque homestead there, each according to his own liking; the desire for purity of design must be an universal one, as in Greece, and Egypt and Assyria.

Ruskin tells us the English nation worships the great goddess of 'Getting on,' or the 'Britannia of the Market,' and 'that she has formed, and will continue to form, our architecture, as long as we worship her.' He suggests, moreover, that as an appropriate design for our exchanges, a 'frieze, with pendant purses,' and 'pillars broad at the base, for the sticking of bills.'

Be that as it may, and we cannot but hope that we are not quite so lost to all sense of appreciation of what is highest in art as Ruskin fears, yet we know fully that we can never more return to Grecian forms of thought. We have lost, in our inability to imitate them, a world of beauty, but our gain is infinitely greater than our loss. It is true that we cannot build as they built, we cannot live as they lived, or admire the beautiful as they felt for and admired it, but we can learn from them to make as lovely as possible all things within our reach, to copy and reverence Nature, and gather up and treasure her profound teachings. And, besides, what have we not? Have we not heard the Voice of Goodness, have we not seen the Life of Purity, which they knew not as we know it; cannot we obey and 'do justice, and love mercy, and walk humbly before Him?' We shall then love beauty as we ought to love it, for we shall worship in meekness the God who made all things, and behold—'it was very good.'

MY LAST PATIENT.

BY N. W. RACEY.

I.

‘LIONEL, my boy,’ said my uncle, ‘I am going to ask you to do me a great favour; indeed it will be at some sacrifice of your pleasure. I want to dock you of your holidays somewhat.’

‘All right, Uncle Charles,’ I replied. ‘I am at your service; the pheasants are not quite a matter of life and death to me, whatever I am to them. But what is it?’

‘Why poor Mildmay is called away by the illness of his mother, and will not be able to return for some days, I fear; and it is a matter I do not care to entrust to my temporary assistant. The Maltravers, you know, are at home for the first time for years, and Sir Walter cannot be treated as I venture to do even with the Duke, who is an old friend. Besides the affair is a very serious one, and requires immediate attention.’

‘Very well, Uncle, but what do you want with me?’

‘I cannot explain to you now, Lionel; but come into my study before dinner, and we will talk it over; I must be off at once on my afternoon rounds, or I shall not get back by six o’clock.’ And so saying, he left the room.

My uncle, Dr. Charles Thomson, not only bore that relationship to me as my mother’s favourite brother, but was also my sole guardian, both my parents having died while I was quite young. He was a medical practitioner of some repute in the county town of Blankshire, and when I left Chel-

tenham College at the age of seventeen took me into his house and prepared me for the profession of medicine. The army had always been my ambition, but want of funds prevented me from gratifying my tastes in this particular, and as a sort of compromise, I made up my mind to be content with the medical department. For in those days the purchase system was still in vogue, and the fifty pounds a year which constituted my little all, would have been insufficient even as an income, let alone the purchase of the successive steps. So I thought myself particularly fortunate when three years ago, at the age of twenty-three, I was appointed, after a year’s service on the staff, assistant-surgeon to the —th Hussars, then serving in Canada. But only six months ago, fortune, proverbially fickle, vindicated her character in that respect; for an aunt, old Miss Tempest, a sister of my father’s, died suddenly, when she had quarrelled with her favourite nephews and nieces, and to my utter astonishment, I became possessor, by a codicil to her will, of a beautiful estate in the South of England, and an income of about three thousand pounds a year. ‘Urgent private affairs,’ of course, immediately required my presence at home, and before even looking at the estate, or doing more than interviewing my banker and tailor in London, I hurried into Blankshire to spend a week with my Uncle Charles, and consult with him as to my future, and at the same time take a shot or two at the Duke of Upton’s pheasants. This was a privilege always accorded to my uncle

or any of his family, as he and the Duke had been at Cambridge together, when the latter had little prospect of succeeding to the title, and he was not one who forgot old friends.

During the afternoon I had leisure to speculate as to the nature of my mission to the Priory, and the probabilities of the visit being a pleasant one or the reverse; but neither instinct nor reason threw any light upon the subject, so I had to wait until shortly before dinner, when my uncle returned, and I joined him in the library, where he was sitting in his easy chair with a rather thoughtful expression on his fine old English face.

'Sit down,' he said, 'we have nearly half an hour to spare, and I will tell you what I wish. I should like you to go over and spend a few days at the Maltravers, and to leave here, if possible, directly after breakfast to-morrow. You remember, I suppose, that money troubles have obliged them to live abroad for some time, but perhaps did not know that a sister of Lady Maltravers died last year, and left them over twenty thousand pounds. Well, for about thirty thousand they can set themselves tolerably clear again, and the baronet's idea is to get his son Reginald, who will be of age in a few weeks, to join him in cutting off the entail of certain outlying farms, which could then be sold and the additional ten thousand realized. But here is the difficulty—the young fellow has been at school in France for many years, and afterwards at a German University, and they have not seen him for some time. And now,' continued my uncle, touching his forehead significantly, 'they cannot be quite certain whether he is all right or not. If not, the entail cannot be touched, and, indeed, if the slightest suspicion of such a thing got abroad, Sir Walter's brother, who is next in succession, would undoubtedly interfere.'

'And what do you want me to do?'

'I told them I would send over my

assistant to watch him for a couple of days, and see what we could make of it; now, I find Mildmay cannot go, as I hoped, and I do not care to send this Jones, of whom I know nothing.'

'So I am to take Mildmay's place?'

'If you only would, my dear boy, it would help your poor uncle out of a great difficulty. I would not care to lose the Maltravers' interest in the county, and it is a matter that really ought to be seen to—it is very important for them.'

At that moment the dinner-bell rang, and we joined the rest of the family in the drawing room; so that we had no further opportunities that evening for confidential conversation.

'Well,' I thought to myself, as I retired for the night, 'I am certainly let in for something of an adventure. I feel quite in the dark about what I am expected to do, but I dare say a couple of days at the old Priory will not be such very bad fun, after all.'

II.

Bright and early the next morning I made my preparations to start. I calculated that, by leaving my uncle's shortly after nine, I would arrive at the Priory about ten o'clock, which would enable me to see the heads of the house before they had entered upon the duties or pleasures of the day. I was a little puzzled as to how to dress and what to take with me, not wishing on the one hand to find myself unable to appear as I would like, or, on the other, to seem to ape the man of fashion when simply there on professional business. However, I concluded that my clothes could give no offence in my portmanteau, and so took all I thought I might require, and for present costume a plain dark tweed suit, that might mean anything or nothing. Still, without in the least degree being guilty of vanity, I could not but feel that I looked very unlike the estimable Mildmay, quite apart from the question of spectacles, thin sandy hair

and whiskers, and an attitude of five-foot-five.

It was a lovely morning in the early autumn. Here and there, a careful observer could detect the changing colour of a leaf, but otherwise the warmth and beauty of the scene might have led me to suppose that summer was still at its zenith. There was, indeed, a certain haziness of the atmosphere—a dulness even of the fleecy white clouds which floated in the distant horizon, contrasting strangely with the clear, almost dazzling brightness, which I had so often seen in Canada. But the change was a pleasing one to me, and I decided that after all our English climate was not so bad. A pleasant drive of about three quarters of an hour brought me to the Priory, so resigning my place to the little groom who had been perched up in the back seat of the dog cart, and confiding my portmanteau to the care of a servant, I ascended the steps.

‘Captain Maltravers, Sir?’ enquired the servant, with an air of doubt.

‘No,’ I replied, ‘Dr. Thornton requested me to come over, and—’

‘Oh! yes; beg your pardon,’ said the man, looking at me with puzzled air, ‘this way, if you please; her Ladyship is expecting you.’

I was ushered into a small sitting-room which opened off the library, evidently used for correspondence, and business, where Sir Walter and Lady Maltravers were seated. The former, a tall, spare man of about forty-five, with iron-grey hair, and an easy pleasant expression on his still handsome face, paid no attention whatever to me as I entered, but after just looking up, continued the letter he was engaged in writing.

Lady Maltravers was certainly a well preserved woman, she might have been not more than thirty, as far as appearances went, did not the coming of age of her son tell one that she could not be far from forty. On my entry she bowed slightly without rising from her seat, pointing to a chair at a short

distance from her, requested me to be seated.

‘We expected you this morning, Mr. Mildman,’ she said, in a bland, condescending, albeit somewhat constrained manner, ‘but since I saw Dr. Thornton, circumstances have occurred which will make our plans somewhat more difficult of execution. My son is very fond of books, and I had intended to pass you off as a bookseller’s assistant come from London to make a catalogue of the library, and to have persuaded him to take some interest in the matter, and so thrown you together a good deal; but we got a letter from Captain Maltravers, Sir Walter’s brother, saying that if convenient, he and his two sisters would be with us this morning instead of a week later, as they at first intended. Of course, we rely upon your discretion.’

‘Certainly, Madam,’ I replied, rather taken aback by this peremptory disposal of myself as a bookseller’s assistant, and in doubt whether to declare my identity or pass myself off as Mildmay, or Mildman, as her Ladyship was pleased to call me. But before I had time to add anything more she continued:

‘It will be impossible for my son to be much with you now, without exciting suspicion, as this is a meeting of members of our family, who have been separated for years, and I don’t know what is to be done.’

‘If you will allow me to ask for some of the symptoms your son has exhibited, Madam,’ I said, ‘I might be in a better position to judge what amount of supervision might be necessary.’

‘True,’ she answered, ‘but I should have thought Dr. Thornton would have explained to you. I understood that you were in his confidence, Mr. Mildman.’

I had just then made up my mind to make a complete explanation of the circumstances which had brought me to the Priory instead of the estimable Mildmay, and only hesitated because

of troubling so grand a personage as her Ladyship with the details of a matter concerning a personage so far below her as she appeared to consider any one belonging to the medical profession, when the door opened, and the butler announced :

'Captain Maltravers, and the Misses Maltravers.' I rose, and stepped to one side, feeling the awkwardness of being present on such an occasion, but it could not be helped.

Captain Maltravers was a fine looking man, in the prime of life, evidently a soldier—his face bronzed by exposure to wind and sun, while a scar across the forehead, extending partly into the left cheek, seemed to say that the soldiering had not been all play. With him were his two sisters, the elder, a fine, dashing girl of about five or six and twenty; rather tall, perhaps, but still with figure enough to carry it off well; dark wavy hair, and fine brown eyes which looked calmly and fearlessly into yours without the least affectation. The younger—but how shall I begin to describe her? She seemed to be quite young, about eighteen, I judged; the same dark wavy hair and rich brunette complexion as her sister; the same eyes too, as far as form and colour went, but instead of the calm, self-possessed look of the elder, her's seemed to beam with unknown possibilities of love and sympathy. But, as I may as well at once acknowledge that I fell in love with her at first sight, my description cannot, I fear, be relied upon for impartial accuracy. While I was making these observations, the family greetings were taking place. The brothers grasped each other's hand with a greater show of feeling than is usually exhibited among Englishmen, and Lady Maltravers kissed each of the girls on the cheek with more cordiality than I suspect she felt. Then came the usual inquiries as to the journey, by which I learned, to my surprise, that their railway station was the same as the one by which I was

to reach my new estate, and drew from that the conclusion that we might hereafter be near neighbours, which rendered my position all the more embarrassing.

At length Sir Walter, seeing that Lady Maltravers made no move, took upon himself to introduce me to his relatives.

'Mr. — ah — Mildman,' he said, hesitatingly, 'my brother, Captain Maltravers. Miss Maltravers, Miss Kate Maltravers. Mr. Mildman is spending a few days with us,' he added, after a pause; 'we did not expect you and the girls so soon, George.'

'The more the merrier,' said the captain, heartily, as if to atone for the apparent rudeness of his brother's speech. 'Mr. Mildman and I will do all the more execution among the pheasants from the rivalry.'

'Thanks,' I replied, 'but I did not bring my gun.'

'Not bring your gun to a country-house in September,' he exclaimed, 'but perhaps you do not shoot?'

'I do, a little.'

'Ah well, we will find you something—that is,' he added, seeming to recollect that he was not the host, 'we will—'

'Oh! yes,' said Sir Walter, chiming in uneasily, 'we will readily be able to arrange it.'

'Perhaps you would like to see my son, Mr. Mildman,' said Lady Maltravers to me, aside.

I bowed acquiescence, and followed her ladyship upstairs to a room fitted up as a sort of half study, half laboratory, where I was introduced to a tall, thin, young man, with dreamy blue eyes, and fair hair, which he wore quite long, falling in waves over the coat collar. His face was clean shaved except the upper lip, which was adorned with a slight moustache, and his appearance altogether peculiar, yet interesting. Though evidently a gentleman, all the little details of mannerism which mark the Englishman in good society were

entirely absent, and yet there was nothing foreign about him, except the remarkable purity with which he spoke his native language. The utter absence, I mean, not merely of slang, but even of ordinary colloquial idioms.

'Reginald,' said Lady Maltravers, 'your uncle and aunts have just this moment arrived, and I have brought Mr. Mildman to you, to put him under your charge for a little while. He has this morning arrived to spend a couple of days with us, and I am sure you will do what you can to make his visit a pleasant one.'

'Assuredly I will endeavour to do so,' he answered, 'yet fear I shall prove but an indifferent entertainer. Unfortunately' he added, turning to me 'I neither shoot nor hunt, and am even theoretically ignorant of English field sports.'

'I suppose your continental education has prevented your ever becoming familiar with them,' I answered, 'but no doubt you interest yourself in literature?'

'Yes, to a certain extent, especially the Natural Sciences; and latterly Psychology.'

'Indeed,' I said, 'then you are quite a profound student.'

'Such studies interest me profoundly,' he answered; 'but I have no other claim to the title "profound."'

'The Germans have devoted themselves a great deal to such subjects, have they not?'

'Yes, and for that reason I regret leaving the Continent at the present time; but these English customs, however foolish they may seem to me, demand my respect, or at any rate, my compliance with them. As my father's son, I must be present on the estate at my coming of age, and matters of business, also, required me to return home. Still, I have with me such books as are immediately requisite for the purposes I have in hand, and for various experiments I should like to make.'

Expressing great interest in the sub-

ject, I endeavoured, during the morning, to draw him out as much as possible, and ascertain what the ideas were, which no doubt had caused, justly or otherwise, a suspicion as to his sanity. It would scarcely interest my readers to hear the views of the peculiar school of German thought to which he seemed disposed to attach himself, for his opinions were not as yet decided. That vital force was the great power by which all nature was governed, and that magnetism and electricity were only lower manifestations of it, he was firmly convinced. He also believed that were our will strong enough, we could uproot a tree by it, as easily as we could raise our arm to our head. What seemed to me the most visionary of all his ideas, and the one most likely to lay him open to the suspicion of insanity, was the hope, for he did not call it more, that it was possible to compound a fluid which, if it did not possess itself these properties, could at any rate call them into more active play in our own bodies. All his experiments at this time were tending in that direction, and when he told me, with a sigh, that he had vainly endeavoured to make it clear to his parents, I guessed at once how their fears had been aroused.

I was satisfied that mentally he was perfectly capable of managing his own affairs, as well as of joining with his father in any legal act that might be necessary. I felt that there could be no doubt of this, and yet hesitated at once to say so. When the mistake as to my identity at first arose, I thought nothing could induce me to remain at the Priory a moment longer than was necessary, and that I would gladly embrace the first reasonable excuse to get away. But now, when I could do so with a clear conscience, I found myself irresistibly attracted by the thought of Kate Maltravers, and possessed of a longing desire to be under the same roof with her, even though the part I would have to play was by no means an easy or a pleasant one.

'It is not,' I argued with myself, 'as if I were deceiving *her*. I will pretend to no position higher than my own really, and if my host and hostess think I am doing so, why it is their mistake, that's all.' And I could not help laughing to myself at the thought of the comical possibilities of the situation, when luncheon was announced and we descended to the dining-room.

III.

I found myself, when seated at the table, between Captain Maltravers and his younger sister, while at the opposite side were Reginald and the elder one. Family matters had evidently occupied them during the morning, and they had either had no time, or her Ladyship no inclination, to discuss so unimportant an individual as myself. At least I judged so by the evident curiosity, though perfectly well bred, and after all quite natural, to discover who and what I was. I was far from blaming them, or feeling in the least degree annoyed, for how is it possible to converse with any pleasure, or even comfort, with a person of whose antecedents you are entirely ignorant. You may praise the gaiety of the last season, or the beauty of the last prima-donna, to a lady who only visits London for the May meetings, and who interests herself chiefly in the supply of flannel waistcoats and novel pocket-handkerchiefs for juvenile Hot-tentots. Or you may endeavour to draw a young gentleman into a discussion of the prospect of a good supply of foxes for the hunting season, or the favourite for the next Derby, and find him interested only in the Seasons of the Church, and better able to discuss the relative merits of violet and green as colours for Septuagesima, or the position of the gospeller during the reading of the Epistle, than any of the topics you have started.

It was only with some such motive as this, I am sure, that Miss Maltravers asked me if I had been in London

that year, and seen a very popular play which had just then completed a long run. The subject came up quite naturally, as they were speaking of some private theatricals that a certain Lady Delamere was getting up in their neighbourhood, and in which they were to take part.

'No,' I replied, 'I have been abroad for some years, and have not been back long enough to indulge in any of the gaieties of the town as yet.'

Lady Maltravers listened to this speech very earnestly, and a satisfied expression came over her face. She evidently thought that I intended to represent myself as a continental acquaintance, and to plead absence from England as an excuse for any mistakes or deficiencies. And her brother-in-law seemed to come to the same conclusion, at least as regards the first part of it, for he said :

'Then you must be pretty well acquainted with the continent by this time.'

'No,' I replied; 'you misunderstood me. I have been in Canada with my regiment.'

The look of anguish, astonishment, and indignation which overspread Lady Maltravers' face, as I spoke, was a study for a painter. But she said nothing.

'Oh ! then we are brothers in arms,' said the Captain.

'Well, scarcely, I replied, with a smile, 'that is, I doubt whether you fight with my weapons. I am Assistant Surgeon to the —th Hussars.'

'Ah, yes,' he said, 'I remember they are in Canada; stationed at Montreal, I think.'

'No, except for a few weeks after landing. Kingston has been our fate, and rather slow we found it, though there are a few nice people there, as there are in most places, if you look for them.'

'And are the Canadian girls so *very* pretty, really?' asked Miss Maltravers.

'I cannot see much difference,' I said. 'As a rule, they have not the

same fresh colour, and it is said do not enjoy as good health as in England—fade earlier, and that sort of thing. But some have a very delicate style of beauty. They do not walk as much as English ladies, and, perhaps, the climate makes some difference, the extremes of heat and cold are much greater than at home.'

The conversation having once taken this turn, I had no difficulty in keeping it up during the rest of the meal. I described the Canadian winter amusements, such as snow-shoeing, tobogganing, and the skating rinks with their fancy dress carnivals, which latter I had found, were rather popular than fashionable. The visitors, I could not but feel, were interested; and my host and hostess, if I may call them so, at any rate formed a high opinion of my powers of invention, and evidently regarded me as a second Baron Munchausen.

In the afternoon a walk was suggested, and I was asked by Lady Maltravers to join it, if, she rather significantly added, I had no letters to write. I am always a poor hand at taking a hint, especially when I don't want to, so I assured her ladyship that I had no pressing correspondence which required my attention, and joined the walking party. Whether she did not care for my associating with her relations, or whether she merely wished to talk to me at home that afternoon about her son, I do not know, but she accompanied us on our walk, which she had not at first expressed an intention of doing, and contrived to engage my attention apart for a short time while the others were occupied in admiring a view from the top of a hill.

'You had plenty of conversation with my son this morning,' said she, rather anxiously. 'I hope you were able to come to some conclusion.'

'Yes, and it interested me very much,' I answered; 'if his views are a little unusual, they are held in common with some of what are termed the

great thinkers of Germany. May I ask if the suspicions as to his sanity arose entirely from his expressing these opinions?'

'Well, yes; and his seeming to care little for his position and duties as an English country gentleman. He seems entirely wrapped up in these ideas.'

'But he has willingly come over here, to be present at his coming of age, and has expressed himself to me as quite ready, and even anxious, to do whatever is his duty in that respect. Has his health suffered in any way? Does he eat and sleep as usual, of late?'

'Oh, yes, and he is in every way a kind and affectionate son. You must not think, Mr. Mildman, that because we are taking these measures, we are anxious to prove him of unsound mind,' said Lady Maltravers, the tears coming into her eyes. But she instantly controlled any appearance of emotion, and added,

'There are questions of property coming up which render it very important that there should not be the slightest doubt about his mind being——'

'Yes, Madam,' I replied, 'I have been informed of the necessity.'

I said this on the spur of the moment, merely wishing to save her any unpleasant explanations, but as soon as the words were out of my mouth, I saw that they did not sound as I had intended them to.

Lady Maltravers seemed a little stung, for she said, with half a sneer,

'I see that you are completely in Dr. Thornton's confidence. I hope it is not misplaced, and that he has been able to form a correct opinion of the reliability of his assistant in the short time that he has had since your return from your *regiment*.'

This naturally irritated me in turn, but I reflected that she was speaking quite justly, according to her knowledge, so I replied in as deferential a tone as I could muster:

'Dr. Thornton has known me for

many years, and I trust I can do my duty in that station of life to which I am called, whether it be as a surgeon in the army, or a bookseller's assistant.'

Lady Maltravers coloured at the implied rebuke, but said earnestly :

'Yes, you are quite right, and I feel very grateful for your help in this matter.'

We walked on silently to meet the rest of the party. When we were just approaching them, Lady Maltravers said, with some little hesitation :

'Pray do as you like about dinner to-night, Mr. Mildman ; if you prefer it in your room, you can plead a headache as an excuse.'

'Certainly,' I replied, 'if you think it best.'

'It was merely because I thought—in the matter of dress, you know——'

'Oh ! I provided for all contingencies,' I answered.

'Then we shall be most happy to see you,' she said, as we joined the others, and I was fortunate enough to secure the companion I most coveted all the way home.

Dinner passed without anything worthy of note transpiring, and we spent a very pleasant evening over the piano. I could see that Sir Walter and her ladyship were rather at a loss to understand my self-possession, and the readiness with which I appeared to adapt myself to my new position ; but their guests suspected nothing, and when I announced my intention of leaving the next afternoon, I thought I saw a look of regret pass over the face of Kate Maltravers. Nothing ventured, nothing won, I thought to myself, and resolving to make hay while the sun shone, I looked forward to the morrow with joyful anticipation. It had been planned that the gentlemen were to shoot all day, and the ladies meet them at a certain spot with the luncheon, and I then expressed my intention of returning with the ladies, and taking my departure about five o'clock if Sir Walter could have me driven into town, which he

readily agreed to do, after apologizing, with evident reference to the presence of the guests, for not breaking into his day's shooting in order to see me off. An apology I accepted with all the greater readiness, as it was exactly what I wanted him to do.

IV.

We were a very jolly party at breakfast the next morning. Everyone seemed in good spirits, and satisfied with themselves, and their surroundings. Young Maltravers seemed to catch the spirit of the party, and was more hearty and genial than I had seen him before, though he was naturally kind and polite. It required very little persuasion to induce him to come out with us, although he had no taste for the sport. Indeed the moment his father said, 'You had better come, Reginald,' he acquiesced cheerfully, and an immediate muster was made of all the guns in the house, to supply myself and him.

We had an excellent morning's sport. I laboured under some disadvantage, as I had only a muzzle-loader ; but still I contrived to make a very fair bag, and was little, if anything, behind the others, that is, not counting Reginald, who, as nearly as I can recollect, bagged a brace and a half in the course of the forenoon. About two o'clock we reached the little knoll which had been selected as the *rendezvous*, and there we found the ladies and provisions, the latter in charge of a footman. Very quickly was the repast spread out on the grass, and with appetites sharpened by our morning's work, we did ample justice to what was provided, while the keeper and boy accompanying us, received every attention from the footman (without prejudice to his own interests) just out of earshot—as the repast being once laid, we preferred to be independent of the servant, and indulge in conversation unrestricted by the pre-

sence of our inferiors. There was some delicious cold milk-punch, and we drank to Mr. Pickwick of immortal memory, and lamented the absence of a wheelbarrow.

'I wonder you do not devote all your leave to shooting, Mr. Mildman,' said Captain Maltravers. 'You seem to enjoy the sport thoroughly, and are such a capital shot.'

'So I shall, to as great an extent as "urgent private affairs" will allow,' I answered. 'The next few days I shoot over the Duke of Upton's preserves, from Dr. Thornton's, where I shall be staying. Then, after a day or two in London with my solicitor, I am going down to Merton Coombs, and shall have plenty of use for my gun there, I have no doubt.'

'Merton Coombs!' exclaimed the whole party, almost simultaneously.

'Why you will be within a couple of miles of our home,' said Kate Maltravers, looking at me, earnestly, and blushing as she felt me returning her gaze. 'Perhaps you know Woodbine Cottage?'

'No,' said I, 'it is my first visit to the place.'

'But you must find it out before you leave,' said the Captain.

'Thank you,' I replied. 'In the meantime, Miss Kate, you must promise me the first valise at Lady Delamere's. Of course there will be dancing after the theatricals?'

'Certainly,' she answered, 'but you must not fail me.'

'Gentlemen's promises, you know, like pie crusts, are sometimes made to be broken; so beware,' said Lady Maltravers, in a half jocular, half meaning tone.

Kate turned her dark eyes upon her in a questioning manner, which somewhat confused her ladyship, and then looked enquiringly at me.

'You may *depend upon me*,' I said, in a tone inaudible to the others; and then added in a louder key, 'If I ask Miss Maltravers to give me the pleasure of the first galop, I shall be giving

an additional pledge of the uprightness of my intentions, shall I not?'

'And Miss Maltravers will take you at your word!' answered that sprightly young lady, with a laugh. 'So remember!'

'Are you going to stay at Lady Delamere's, Mr. Mildman?' asked Lady Maltravers, drily.

'No, nor have I the pleasure of her acquaintance, as yet,' I answered.

'Then, girls, do not be too sure of your dances,' said Lady Maltravers, turning to her sisters-in-law with an affectation of playfulness.

'Oh! I shall trust to the chapter of accidents which always befriends me,' I said. 'I did not imagine, three days ago, that I should have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Captain and the Misses Maltravers.'

'Lady Delamere is very exclusive, so beware!' said Miss Maltravers with a laugh.

'Aw—so am I—who is she?' I replied, in Lord Dundreary tones.

'Is she really so?' asked Lady Maltravers.

'No! only Bella's nonsense!' put in the Captain. 'She was a fair adventuress, daughter of a curate, or butler, or something. Her pretty face captivated old Lord Delamere, who married her, and was obliging enough to die about a year afterwards. She is now a dashing young widow of about three or four and twenty, quite open for consolation, if report speaks truly.'

'They say she is going to set her cap at the young fellow who has just come in for old Miss Tempest's estate,' said Miss Maltravers.

'Oh! Bella, for shame,' said Kate, 'you should not repeat such gossip. It was that miserable old woman at the Lodge gate, I am sure, who said that. It is just like her.'

'No indeed! it was the Rector's wife. But she only told me she had heard ill-natured people say so.'

'Well,' said I, 'let me congratulate the Parish upon its Rectoress. She must be very fond of Lady Delamere.'

'The truth is, Mr. Mildman,' said Kate, 'she hates her. They never got on from the first, and latterly, except a formal call about twice a year, they see nothing of each other.'

'And now, suppose we drop Merton Coombs' scandal, and prepare for our walk home,' said Lady Maltravers, who did not seem to relish the turn the conversation had taken; 'the gentlemen will be anxious to resume their sport, and it must be past two o'clock.'

'I will walk a short distance back with you,' said Reginald, as we rose from the grass. And he offered his arm to his mother, and led the way. I said good-bye to Sir Walter and the captain, whom I did not expect to see again before leaving, not without a cordial invitation from the latter to let them know when I reached Merton Coombs, that he might call upon me. As we moved off Miss Maltravers stepped up quickly and joined Reginald and his mother, leaving me behind with Kate.

After walking in silence for a short distance, Kate asked, 'Do you really intend to be at Lady Delamere's ball, Mr. Mildman? I could not understand exactly what Lady Maltravers meant. It was not what she said, but her manner seemed so peculiar.'

'I shall certainly be there,' I replied. 'As for Lady Maltravers' manner, it *was* somewhat peculiar. But she is labouring under a very grave misapprehension in regard to myself, and though it may seem like a liberty in my speaking to you about it on so short an acquaintance, still as you have noticed it I must in justice to myself ask you to suspend judgment, at any rate, till we meet at Merton Coombs. Will you do this much for me?' I asked, looking at her earnestly, and perhaps a little lovingly, as well.

She blushed, but said quietly, 'yes, certainly.'

'It is true,' I continued, 'that Lady Maltravers is very much prejudiced against me—and justly, as far as she

knows, but her information is not correct. I cannot say more at present, because the secrets of others are involved, but I may tell you that both Sir Walter and Lady Maltravers think me an imposter. But the absurdity of the situation is that all that is real about me they believe to be assumed, and all that is assumed, and that is only my name, they believe to be true.'

'Then your name is not Mildman?'

'No, thank heaven! It is a less peaceful one than that. Do you ever see an Army List?'

'We have one at home.'

Then when you get there look for the Assistant-Surgeon of the —th Hussars, and you will see what it is, and know at once who I am. But till then you must trust me and be silent as the secret is not my own.'

'Very well,' she answered, 'you have excited my curiosity, I admit, but I will show you that a woman can keep a secret.'

'And is that the only reason?' I asked, in a disappointed tone.

'No, no,' she answered hurriedly, as she saw the others stop, and wait for us. 'I talk nonsense sometimes, when I ought to be talking seriously.'

At this point Reginald left us to rejoin the sportsmen, and Lady Maltravers asked me for my arm, as the walking was a little rough. Then, allowing the young ladies to walk on in front, she followed, more slowly with me, just out of earshot.

'Now, Mr. Mildman,' said her ladyship, 'I should like to have an understanding with you about this matter. Perhaps it was wrong for me to have had you in the house under an assumed character, but it was done really with the best intentions. Nor am I finding fault with you for taking any character that suited you best. But if you are gentleman enough to really feel the character you have been acting, you will not take advantage of our position to try and enforce silence on my part. And you will not be suc-

cessful in that even, for rather than that my relatives should be the victims of such a plot, I will reveal the whole story to them. Of the two evils it would be the least.'

'Well, I acknowledge that I *am* a great evil, in your Ladyship's eyes, at any rate,' I answered, 'though hardly so black as I'm painted. What do you wish me to do?'

'You ought not to follow up an acquaintance made under false pretences.'

'Oh! that I will readily promise. It is impossible for me to avoid going to Merton Coombs, but I will pledge my word to be reintroduced in my true character, and to take upon myself the whole blame of having imposed upon you.'

'You certainly speak very fairly, Mr. Mildman, but there is something utterly inexplicable in the whole affair, I really—— but what is the matter?'

This latter exclamation was caused by some shouts, and the sound of hurried footsteps which were heard behind us, and a moment afterwards the game-keeper hurried up, exclaiming,

'If you please, my Lady, Mr. Reginald has got hisself hurt. Not much, my Lady,' he added, as Lady Maltravers turned deadly pale, 'but Sir Walter says he would be obliged if Mr. Mildman would step back for a moment; and the boy, he be gone across the fields for Dr. Thornton!'

I instantly hurried back, but before I had gone very far, I met the whole party returning. Reginald was leaning on his father's arm, and his shirt sleeve was somewhat bloodstained. The captain followed, carrying his coat and gun, but I could see in a moment from their looks that the injury had not been a serious one.

'It is not of much consequence,' said Reginald to me as I came up.

'There is no bleeding worth speaking of,' said the Captain, 'and it is merely a flesh wound.'

'Do you *really* think so?' asked Sir

Walter anxiously. 'Had you not better examine it, Mildman?'

'I should certainly advise his going on to the house,' I said. 'There is no hemorrhage, and he does not seem very weak. Once at home, a thorough examination can be made.'

So we continued our journey homeward, where we arrived after nearly an hour's tramp, as we did not walk fast, and once or twice rested for a few moments. They explained to me how the accident had happened. It appears Reginald had not returned when the others were ready to start. Not caring to wait, they had gone on without him, and only discovered him as he popped out from behind some bushes, just as a lot of birds rose about five yards off. Before he was noticed, four barrels had been discharged at the birds, of which a few stray shots reached him, wounding very slightly the left shoulder and arm.

I thought it better to put him to bed, if only to satisfy his parents' anxiety. His bed-room was off the sitting-room allotted to him, where we had had our conversation on the previous morning, and there the family established their head-quarters for the rest of the afternoon, vieing with each other in zeal for the welfare of the patient, whose greatest trouble seemed to be the fear that his father and mother would be unduly distressed. He bore the pain with the greatest pluck, never uttering a word of complaint, and thereby greatly raised himself in my estimation, and I could see also in that of the Captain.

I was just putting the finishing touches to the dressings, when the door of the sitting-room opened, and a servant announced —

'Mr. Mildmay, my Lady.'

I could hear his shuffling little step, as he advanced into the room, but he did not get to that part of it which I could command from where I was standing in the bed-room, although the door between the two apartments was wide open. I could, however, see

Lady Maltravers; and the look of astonishment, and 'Well, what next?' which she wore.

'Dr. Thornton was not in, Sir Walter,' he said; 'and I thought it better to come myself, though I left a message for him to follow.'

'And who the——! That is, may I ask who you are, sir?'

'My name is Mildmay, Sir Walter; I am Dr. Thornton's assistant. I did not know—that is I was not sure—I thought if the accident was serious I might be of some use; though of course with a military surgeon it——'

'All right, Mildmay,' I said coming to the door, so as to avoid further disclosures, 'come in, will you? The injury is a very slight one, but as I have to leave in a few minutes, and you will probably follow up the case, I will just show you what I have done.'

Then beckoning him into the bedroom, I shewed him the wound, and told him to get a full account from the patient of how the accident occurred, while I hurried back in order to prevent my uncle coming over.

After bidding them all good-bye, and reminding the young ladies once more of the dances at Lady Delamere's, I left the room, but was followed to the door by both Sir Walter and Lady Maltravers.

As soon as we were fairly outside, her ladyship said, 'I suppose you ease your conscience with the difference of a single letter, Mr. Mildman, but——'

'Lady Maltravers,' I interrupted, for my patience began to give out, 'excuse me if I speak plainly to you and Sir Walter for a moment. When I arrived here yesterday morning, you addressed me, without any question as to who I was, by the name of *Mildman*. A doctor's assistant has no right to claim any very great familiarity from a baronet's lady, and therefore I have no fault to find with my reception; but you must admit that you gave me no opportunity before the arrival of your visitors to set you right upon matters which were, after all, merely

personal, and which did not affect my professional duties in your house. When I had to assume a character, I naturally chose my own, and have assumed to be nothing that I am not—indeed, the reverse is the case. I have only to add that I am Dr. Thornton's nephew, and that as I was spending a few days with him, he asked me to come here in Mildmay's place as the poor little man was called away to the bedside of his sick mother—I have the honour to wish you good morning.'

So saying, and without waiting for any reply I bowed profoundly, and departed.

V.

Fortunately I got back just as my uncle was preparing, with an array of instruments and dressings for every possible contingency, to start for the Priory, and I was able to convince him in a very few words that his presence was not necessary at that time, reserving a full account of my adventures for a cosy chat after dinner over a bottle of very particular port.

That evening I told him the whole story, just as I have narrated it here, with the exception of the prominence accorded to the young ladies. Perhaps I betrayed myself by my extreme caution and reticence, for my uncle smiled, when he said,

'Well, you seem to have developed a special genius both for getting into, and out of scrapes, my dear boy, since your return home. How do you propose to explain to the Merton Coombs Maltravers your assumed name?'

'Ah! there I want the benefit of your advice, Uncle.'

'You ought to take the blame yourself, I think. Say it was a mistake the Maltravers fell into, which you had your own reasons for continuing.'

I had not told him of my conversation with Kate on the way home from luncheon, but as I hoped before long to make a separate treaty with her, I let it pass, only stipulating that he was to say nothing at the Priory of

my estate at Merton Coombs or disclose my real name, to which he agreed readily enough.

Captain Maltravers quite unwillingly fulfilled his promise of a call, the day after his return to Woodbine Cottage. Hearing that the heir of Miss Tempest's estate had arrived, he was among the first to pay his respects. His astonishment may well be imagined on meeting his old acquaintance Mildman, but having since heard that the Mr. Tempest he was to call upon was an Assistant Surgeon in the Army, and seeing in the army list that the number of the regiment was the same as I had mentioned at the Priory, he was easily satisfied, and consented to wait for further explanations in the future. I returned his visit the next day, and made such progress in my wooing that before Lady Delamere's ball Miss Kate Maltravers had agreed to become Mrs. Tempest. I am satisfied that the Captain thought my assumed name was a *ruse* to see his sister without being known, and under that impression I let him rest. Kate was the only one I took partly into my confidence, and she managed that when the engagement was disclosed to Lady Maltravers, my identity with Mr. Mildman should not be mentioned, but invited her sister-in-law down to make my acquaintance at Lady Delamere's theatricals and ball in utter ignorance of the fact that she had ever met me before.

There was a very brilliant gathering on that eventful evening; the beauty and fashion of the whole county seemed to have assembled for the occasion. I met the Maltravers party as they left the dressing room, and after the ordinary greetings I said to her Ladyship, 'You see Lady Maltravers, I am a faithful knight, and have kept my engagement.'

'Yes,' she answered, 'but take care that you are not unhorsed in the tournament.' Then turning to Kate, she asked, 'Where is Mr. Tempest? Will you go in now, or wait for him here?'

'Oh, we must postpone your introduction to Mr. Tempest till a little later in the evening,' said Kate, as she and her sister left us to join the performers.

The theatricals were a very fair success, and at the conclusion the guests crowded round their hostess, and paid their respects, while they at the same time congratulated her upon the performance. I offered Lady Maltravers my arm, and we joined the throng. I had planned this as the *dénouement*; so I said,

'I have been faithful to my compact with you, Lady Maltravers, and have been reintroduced to your relatives in my proper name and position, which was what you wished, I believe.'

'That was all, and really I do not think that I was to blame. Had I known who you were it would have been different. But Dr. Thornton has more fully explained how you came to be sent in his assistant's place. It was very kind of you to spare the time when your stay with him was so short.'

'But like most good actions it brought its own reward,' I answered. 'And now nothing remains but to obtain the same formal reintroduction to you. I do not think you even know my real name.'

'Why no, now I think of it, Dr. Thornton never mentioned it.'

'Then I must ask Lady Delamere to present me,' I said.

Lady Delamere was surrounded by the performers, and Lady Maltravers was presented to her by Miss Maltravers, after which I said,

'I must ask you, Lady Delamere to present me formally to Lady Maltravers, our introduction has been a little irregular.'

'Certainly,' said Lady Delamere, quite unsuspectingly, 'Lady Maltravers, let me present to you Mr. Tempest, who has lately become a near neighbour. Inherited dear old Miss Tempest's fine property,' she added in a stage whisper.

'The name and the property were

all I concealed from you, Lady Maltravers,' I said, in a tone not heard by the others, 'but I hope you will forgive me for winning your sister-in-law under false pretences.'

For a moment or two she seemed too astonished even to speak, but quickly recovering herself said,

'You were determined not to be unhorsed, and I acknowledge that you have won the tournament.'

'But I have taken no advantage of the victory,' I replied. 'None of

them suspect the real cause of my visit to the Priory.'

'Thank you,' she answered.

But I do not think she ever really forgave me for the part I had played, and though I was her guest during the festivities when Reginald came of age, and though Sir Walter gave Kate away, and we were married from the Priory the following January, yet she never quite forgot how completely she was taken in, when I was visiting my last patient.

AMOURETTE

BY L. L.

WHY give it frowns? Why give it blame?
 A summer's love that lightly came
 And took to wing as lightly?
 The pranks were harmless that it played,
 And all its guilt is that it made
 The sun to shine more brightly.

Sour heart is free; and even mine
 Will not for aye and ever pine,
 Though I have vowed so daily
 (Deceiving no more than deceived,
 Believing no less than believed),—
 'Twill loose its fetters gaily!

And was it Love? What other name
 Than Love's can lightly bear the blame
 Of having loved but lightly?
 It is a trick it oft has played
 With laughing lass and lad, nor made
 The sun to shine less brightly!

TORONTO.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

BY M.

ONE of the most interesting and important problems of modern civilization is indicated in the above title. Certainly no subject touches more numerous points of our life ; or touches them more deeply and tenderly. It is a subject moreover, which has recently become quite prominent ; engaging the attention of able minds of both sexes the world over, provoking the consideration of grave deliberative bodies, and awakening a very widespread and lively popular interest. In fact, whatever else it is doing, it is achieving a very general and thorough discussion. It has got itself before the world ; and it will no more yield its present vantage-ground, until it has been satisfactorily investigated and rightly determined, than the unwelcome guest at the banquet would down at the bidding of the guilty king.

It cannot be said, however, that the discussion of this great subject is always conducted in a judicious and happy manner. Many baseless assumptions are made, many sophistical arguments employed, and much idle declamation indulged : and by no means all on one side. Delicate nerves are often not a little disturbed, and conservative prejudices shocked by what seem unwomanly words and ways on the one hand ; and, on the other, the sense of justice is outraged by the denial of natural equality, and a deep indignation excited by stinging sarcasm and pitiless ridicule. But the discussion of what great subject since time began was ever carried on in a way to meet the entire approbation of sensitive or finical folk ? What extrava-

gance and fanaticism did the Reformation evoke ? What coarseness and violence of speech and action did the strife against the English Corn Laws, and the age-long fight with American Slavery, call forth ! When the waters are deeply stirred no little feculence is likely to come to the surface. Is that any sign that there is no water beneath ? How unwise to judge any principle or movement by the follies of its friends, or the aspersions of its foes ! Forgetting then, so far as we can, all the inconsequential arguments and sentimental appeals, all the unwarranted assumptions and vicious rhetoric which we may have heard or read on either side of the question—and that requires no little talent for forgetting—let us now look into the subject with such care and candour as we can, and as though for the first time it challenged attention.

Here then, is woman, a living, self-conscious, responsible, moral entity, endowed with all the instincts and faculties of her brother, man. Her's a bodily form, somewhat smaller upon the average, perhaps not less enduring, certainly more sensitive and more graceful than his. Her's every intellectual power, be it fancy or imagination, memory or hope, comparison or judgment. Her's too, every affectionate attribute, whether complacent benevolence or gentle pity, sublime enthusiasm or unselfish love. Her's likewise every spiritual capacity—impresibility to the unseen and invisible, longing after the divine and immortal. No matter, to the point I now make, whether she have all these powers and

capacities in equal degree with man or not. It suffices that she has them.

And what is she to do with them? That is, What is the purpose of her being? Is it, essentially, any different from that of man's? Why *he* is here, hedged about with both hindrances and helps, there seems now a pretty substantial agreement. Though the Westminster Catechism tells us that 'The chief end of man is to glorify God, and enjoy him for ever,' it is now tolerably well understood that this *means*, certainly ought to mean, that man's chief end is the complete and harmonious development of his whole nature. It means that his great object is the attainment of the highest and best that, with all providential aids and utmost self-help, is possible—the sound mind in the sound body, passion subordinate to reason, interest to conscience, with love transfiguring and enthroned over all. It means, in fine, the attainment of a perfect manhood. This is to glorify God, because it is to illustrate the grandeur and perfectness of his work; and it is to enjoy him by being in entire accordance with his law and spirit.

And is not precisely this the chief end of Woman? Is she not included in the generic term 'Man?' Is she not in the world to make the most of herself that her faculties will allow? Are not her life and culture intrinsically just as important, and provided for just as amply, in the nature of things, as her counterpart's? Is she not under just as imperative obligation to strive for the noblest goals of knowledge, wisdom, goodness, power, as is he? and does not her refusal or neglect to do so involve just as great guilt as his? Surely these questions carry their own answers.

But for the attainment of this end in any worthy degree, woman requires freedom of self-determination. Not freedom to do, or be, what idle caprice or blind passion may prompt; but, exercising her best faculties, and using

such helps as she can command, to shape her own course and character, responsible only to her own conscience. This would seem to be the prerogative of every moral being, requiring only to be stated to be admitted. Of *man* it has never been denied, save in exceptional instances, and then only on the ground that the exceptions, though apparently, were not really, human beings—which was the stock justification of African slavery. Of *woman* it has not heretofore been, is not now fully, admitted. She has been the appendage of man; in savage and barbarous lands, his drudge and slave. Amongst all the ancient peoples, with perhaps a single exception, the ordinary form of marriage was a simple bargain between the bridegroom and the father of the bride. Thus Jacob purchased both Leah and Rachel by seven years service for each; and Shechem offered the same patriarch and his angry sons 'never so much dowry and gift'* if they would consent to his espousal of Dinah. While indications are not wanting of the same custom among the Greeks, ample evidence appears of her still greater degradation than is involved in such a usage. According to Hellenic law, the daughter could not inherit her father's estate, nor was relationship traceable through females. The Roman law, while in some respects more lenient towards women, was in others much severer. Thus Cato proposed and carried a law which forbade making a woman an heiress, though she were an only child and unmarried, and forbade the willing to a woman of more than the fourth part of the patrimony. In Cicero's time, a century and a half later, a father leaving a son and daughter, could will the latter only a third of his estate, and if he left only a daughter could bequeath her but one half of his fortune. Still worse, the Roman law vested in the husband and father the power of repudiating the

* Gen. xxxiv. 12.

wife at pleasure, and of condemning to death both wife and children. To the same effect are the laws of Menu, to which it is needless to refer in detail.*

After a time, however, laws were modified. Not only was the formal sale of the daughter abandoned, but a dowry bestowed by the father for her separate use, which imparted to her somewhat more dignity and value. Still, as virtuous wife and mother, her condition was hardly above servitude. Amongst the Greeks she was disposed of in early childhood, with scarcely the least reference to her own wish; and was doomed to complete seclusion and ignorance. She occupied a retired part of her husband's house, never went abroad unaccompanied, never saw a male visitor except in her husband's presence, never sat at her own table with a male guest, blushed and beat a quick retreat if a male passer-by saw her face at the window. For the intelligent and ambitious woman who spurned this abject condition there was but one way of escape. It was by the sacrifice of what everywhere and at all times has been regarded as the glory of womanhood. How often this dread sacrifice was made need not be said. Equally needless to describe some of the women, as Aspasia and Theodote, by whom it was made—beautiful, brilliant, accomplished, centres of the intellectual and æsthetic society of Athens; to whom such men as Pericles and Socrates confess their indebtedness, and who became no contemptible adepts in all the scientific, philosophic and artistic culture of their time and country.

With Christianity came a new spirit. Then, as never before, was emphasized the grand realities of equality and brotherhood. Then the race became one family, wherein exist no primogenital, no superior rights of

any sort. In its light, Jew and Greek, bond and free, male and female all vanish: human souls alone are.* Yet the softening and refining tendency of Christianity was manifest in almost every other direction sooner and more decisively than in the elevation of woman. Here and there, of course, ere long appeared indications that its spirit was beginning to operate to this end. The old Jewish notion which made woman the source of all human ills, and asserted 'the badness of men to be better than the goodness of women,' began to fade away. The terrible power vested in the Roman husband was somewhat restricted, and the seclusion of the Hellenic wife was somewhat relaxed. Greater social freedom was accorded to woman; works of charity and piety were confided to her care; and in not a few instances she attested her devotion to the new religion by an endurance and heroism than which nothing is sublimer in the annals of martyrdom. Though she seems never to have been allowed to teach in the primitive orthodox church, yet she was occasionally elected to the office of deaconess, while the heretical sect of the Collyridians, which made some noise in the fourth century, admitted her to the priesthood. The new and slowly strengthening tendency in woman's favour was also evidenced by the early veneration, ere long developing into idolatry, of the mother of Jesus. The institution of chivalry likewise, notwithstanding the unworthy ideas of the womanly character which it recognized, and the extravagance to which it was carried, contributed somewhat to lessen woman's degradation, and open her way to a better future.

Still, all through the Middle Ages, the idea that a woman had any right to herself, or to determine her course in life, and was not first her father's, and then her husband's, was almost

* Vide 'The Ancient City,' by Coulanges, p. 53, et seq.

* Gal. iii. 28.

literally unheard of. Whatever opportunities for culture, or pleasure, or high employment she enjoyed were granted as *privileges*, not claimed and accorded as *rights*. And when the Reformation came, stupendous in many respects as were the changes wrought, it did little immediately for the elevation of woman. It was Luther's doctrine* 'that she was created to bear children, and be the pleasure and solace of her husband.' 'God created Adam master and lord of living creatures,' said he, 'but Eve spoilt all when she persuaded him to set himself above God's will. 'Tis the women with their tricks and artifices that lead men into error.' And how deeply these ideas have been imbedded in the minds of his followers is evident both from the legislation, and the social and religious customs of all Protestant peoples. How long was it amongst these before any real power was accorded woman of shaping her own destiny, or of bestowing her own hand! How long and universally was she still supposed to have but one legitimate purpose in life, towards which all that related to her should tend! How often was she disposed of, if not openly for a sum of ready money, as in early times, yet from considerations of social influence, family convenience, political interest, and the like! Even now one of the most important questions in the marriage service of the Anglican Church is, 'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' As though her father, or nearest male relation had a divine right to make a *present* of her to whomsoever he would! Certainly as though she had no voice in determining a matter wherein she, of all others, had the profoundest interest! In the same service also, and in accordance with the same idea, is exacted the promise of obedience to the husband, no matter which nature may be in the ascendant: a promise which, if it

mean anything, means the total abnegation of the prerogatives of a moral being, which no such being has any right, or should dare to surrender. It means the bestowal of the sanction of religion upon that formerly everywhere accepted atrocity of law, that the wife has no separate legal existence; and which, while making the husband and wife one, is very careful that that one shall be the husband! It is a fragment of that old barbarism which in England, so late as 1863, permitted a brutal husband to lead his wife, with a halter round her neck, into the public market-place, and sell her to the highest bidder, as though she were a sheep or a cow!

But, with the remarkable development of civilization during the last few centuries, the condition of woman has steadily and greatly improved. One burden after another has been lifted from her shoulders. New and numerous avenues to usefulness and happiness have opened to her. One right after another has been conquered by, or for her. So great a change has been effected in her position, and so differently is she now regarded that, as Mr. Mill has well observed, 'Historians and philosophers have come to adopt her condition as, on the whole, the surest test, and the most correct measure of the civilization of a people or an age.'*

And now crowd upon us such questions as, What next? Is the admitted progress of woman to stop at the point now reached, or has it to go on in similar or analogous lines? Is the assimilation of her condition to her brother's to continue, or has it found, or is it soon likely to find, an impassable barrier? Is she, in fine, to become under Providential guidance and within the limits of her own nature, completely self-determining; developing herself from within, and in accordance with her own sense of need and fitness! How answer these ques-

* Table Talk, sections 726, 727.

* 'Subjection of Women.' Am. Ed., p. 244.

tions? By mutual congratulations over past achievements, and wilful disregard of the disabilities under which woman still labour? By flattery of female vanity on the one hand, and denunciation of female presumption on the other? By highly wrought panegyrics of woman's influence as wife and mother, forgetful of the fact that many a woman is neither one nor the other, and that the influence of many a one holding both these relations is far enough from what it should be? All these answers have been rendered many times; and with what success everybody knows. Contemptuous of them and of all similar replies, shall we say, Of course woman's progress is not to be arrested now; that she is to be relieved of every unnatural and unwomanly burden, and to become as self-determining in her sphere as man in his; but that the moment she oversteps her sphere she will not only cease to progress but retrograde and receive infinite harm? Shall we say, Grant her every right, opportunity, privilege within that sphere, beyond which no true woman wants to go, and no unwomanly woman should be permitted to go? Very well. But who shall say, *just what woman's sphere is?* what it includes, and what it excludes? Judging by the infinite deal of nonsense uttered on this subject, it would seem that every fledgling in philosophy or religion felt himself fully competent to mark out with entire precision both the general course, and the specific actions appropriate to every woman.

But aside from the fact that hardly any two definitions of woman's sphere fully agree, how impertinent in any *man*, or any *men*, to think of deciding that sphere for her. Just as impertinent as for any woman, or number of women, to determine the scope of man's sphere. How any attempt on her part to do this, analyzing his nature and dictating his position and duty, would be regarded is quite evident. Very plainly, woman herself alone can tell what her

true sphere is. Nor can she *now* tell what it is. Once a thousand things which it would now be a shame for any intelligent woman not to know or do were deemed wholly outside her sphere; any attention to which it was fancied would destroy all the delicacy and charm of her character, if it did not wholly unsex her. So, doubtless, a multitude of things which are now popularly reckoned altogether beyond her sphere will hereafter be regarded just as appropriate to her as the care of household, teaching of children, or works of charity. Such has been her culture, or rather her want of culture, and her lack of opportunity, and, still more, her lack of stimulus to use her opportunity; such the suppression of her own will and judgment, and her deference to the will and judgment of others, that she herself has no adequate conception of her own powers. How greatly, therefore, does she hesitate before entering upon any untried arena? What meagre praise satisfies her for any success in genuine work? How frequently drops from her own lips the remark that she has all the facilities that she needs or wants, when the whole intellectual side of her being has been scarcely touched, and she has yet to practise the first instance of a genuine self-reliance. Let it be repeated accordingly, that woman herself does not yet know what her sphere is—does not know what she is capable of doing or becoming. To her unfolding powers her sphere is constantly widening. As the apostle exhorts to 'work out our salvation,' discovering what it is by achieving it, so must she cast out her sphere and find what it includes by finding what she has ability and taste for. For, with man or woman, 'the talent is the call' to do any work or take any position. Whoso has that, whatever the sex, has the providential commission to assume any place, or follow any vocation, and need have no scruples about over-stepping their natural sphere, or violating the pro-

prieties, or marring the spiritual lineaments.

I conclude then, that all the talk about 'woman's sphere,' as though it were something as accurately definable as a circle, or a triangle, is equally irrelevant and impertinent. I conclude that all fear that woman would fly off at a tangent, or describe an orbit as eccentric as a comet's, were all legal and social restrictions of her freedom removed, is equally idle and childish. I conclude that, spite of all the hindrances she has encountered, and is encountering, she is designed to be, under the conditions of her own nature, a self-determining creature, shaping her own course, and working out for herself the problem of being.

And if a self-determining being, as she must be if a moral being, then all means and avenues of culture must be opened to her. To say the contrary is to say that her freedom is only nominal, and that her nature is unworthy a full development. Whether she will avail herself of all these means, and enter all these avenues is quite another question; and for a positive answer to which we have not yet perhaps, sufficient data. It is urged by many that she will not; that there are essential and unfaceable mental and spiritual differences between her and man; and that these differences, if they do not actually disqualify her for the successful pursuit of certain kinds of culture, do cause her to turn away from them. It is said that she stands for beauty and grace, and man for strength and wisdom; and that therefore her physical frame is smaller, her brain lighter, her intellectual fibre less tough and enduring than man's; though it is admitted that her sense of fitness is finer, her instincts purer, her moral nature nobler. It is concluded accordingly, that if any do choose the educational course, and win distinction in the paths generally supposed to belong especially to man, they are exceptional persons from whom it is entirely unsafe to generalize for the sex.

But upon what ground is this notion of intrinsic and ineradicable differences of taste and talent based! Is it human history? Is it said that, sad truth though it be, it is still true, that woman has never yet manifested the highest order of intellect, not to say genius, that she has never produced a twin soul of Homer or Shakespeare, Plato or Bacon, Newton or Humboldt, Swedenborg or Channing? Undeniably. But is there no other, and quite as satisfactory a reason for her past deficiency? Considering her position hitherto—how almost universally she has been discouraged from attempting aught beyond the beaten paths; and how persistently the means of a generous culture have been denied her—is it any marvel that she has achieved no worthier goals? Is it not rather the marvel that she has accomplished so much, and that there are so many shining female names, from Sappho and Hypatia to Browning and Marian Lewes, from Hebrew Miriam to American Lucretia Mott, that the world will not willingly forget? But to measure her capacity by her past performances is like measuring the possibilities of the freedman, to whom all doors are open, by what he did when the alphabet was to him forbidden fruit, and aspiration was treason to both God and the State.

The theory of woman's intellectual inferiority is often based on the alleged smaller volume and lighter weight of her brain. But is it certain that her brain is smaller and lighter than man's? Absolutely it doubtless is: relatively to the size and weight of the body, there are reasons for believing there is a slight preponderance the other way. The average weight of man, the statisticians tell us, is 140 pounds; that of woman 124 pounds; making the ratio between them as 100 to 88.57. But the average weight of a woman's brain is said to be only ten per cent. less than man's, making the ratio between these organs as 100 to 90. Thus, proportionally to the weight of the

body, there appears to be nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of brain-weight on the average in her favour. The authority for these statements also declares that, 'If we take the average *minimum* bodily weights of the sexes, the relative brain-weight preponderance of the female is still greater, being nearly 4 per cent. over man's brain.'

Yet waiving this point, and conceding that possibly it may be demonstrable by existing, or yet to be collected statistics, that woman's brain is both absolutely and relatively smaller and lighter than man's, does that settle the question of his intellectual superiority? On the contrary how patent that some very large brains—that is, if they fill the cavities in which they are placed—are very dull and stupid brains; and that some, quite below the medium size are exceedingly active and vigorous ones! Is it not true here as elsewhere, that bulk and weight are no sure criterions of efficiency and value? 'It is curious to note,' says an author,* 'the delight which Nature seems to take in iterating and reiterating the fact that a very large proportion of the great intellects of the age just passed, was lodged principally with men who fell short of the medium stature. Napoleon was so very short and slim in early life as to be nicknamed "Puss in Boots." Byron was no taller. Lord Jeffrey was not so tall; and Campbell and Moore were still shorter; while Wilberforce was a less man than any of them.' Size and weight of brain then, supposing these demonstrably in man's favour are not conclusive of his superiority; justify no theory of natural or essential differences between him and his sister. 'The profoundest knowledge of the laws of formation of character,' says Mr. Mill,† 'is indispensable to entitle any one to affirm even that there is any difference, much more what the difference is, between the two sexes,

considered as moral and rational beings; and since no one, as yet, has that knowledge—for there is hardly any subject which, in proportion to its importance, has been so little studied—no one thus far is entitled to any positive opinion on the subject. Conjectures are all that can at present be made; conjectures more or less probable, according as more or less authorized by such knowledge as we yet have of the laws of psychology, as applied to the formation of character.

Admitting, however, all that is urged by the most strenuous as to the essential difference between man and woman, and as to the latter's intellectual inferiority, what then? Are all, or any of the means of improvement and usefulness which man enjoys, and to which she may feel attracted, to be denied her? Is access to the same schools, pursuit of the same wide and varied culture to be prohibited her, if she yearn for it? Because weak and poorly able to cope with the world, is she to be made weaker still? or, if not that, to be hindered from putting forth to the utmost such powers as she has? Because she cannot rise into the empyrean with equal ease and speed with man, shall her wings be clipped, and her soul so heavily weighted as to hold her, an unwilling prisoner, in the dust? The justice of such a course I will not attempt to disprove. The magnanimity of it I will not endeavour to characterize! If woman be so unlike and so unequal to man, as is sometimes alleged, then all the more reason is there for removing every hindrance, and providing every help to her development. All the more reason for encouraging her to put forth every energy for the attainment of the worthiest goal, saying, Here is the wide world, the immeasurable universe, this mysterious life, with all their boundless wealth of knowledge, wisdom, and goodness: take what you can, assimilate what you may, become what your nature will admit.

* T. W. Higginson, if memory be not at fault.

† Subjection of Women, pp. 247, 248.

From woman's right of self-determination follows also the correlative right to enter any employment or profession for which she has the taste and qualification. Within a half century probably not one person in a thousand would have listened to such a proposition with any other feeling than mingled indignation and contempt. But who thinks of questioning it now? A few, boldly entering on other vocations than public opinion had assigned their sex, and successfully discharging their functions, have conquered the right for all others. Whoso now wishes to follow any profession finds comparatively little hindrance outside herself. Talent, tact, devotion, enlarged and directed by sound culture, are all that are needed. With these she may till the soil, practise any handicraft, traffic in any merchandize. With these she may set free the divine image slumbering in the marble, thrill all beholders by the impersonations of genius, lift all listeners on wings of song to the gates of Paradise. With these she may practise the healing art, thread the mazes of legal lore, preach the unsearchable riches of the gospel of love. But as all this is so generally admitted, has been so frequently and clearly demonstrated, nothing more need be said of it here.

Still further, woman's right of self-determination involves the right of *suffrage*. She can never shape her own career, never be the arbiter of her own destiny, so long as she has no voice in framing the laws under which she lives, and to which she is amenable. At least so much is true of man. We cannot think of him as a self-directing being working out the high purpose of his existence, subject to the domination of another person or class. But if this be true of man, why not of woman? And why has she not the same natural right, as a free moral being, to the ballot, as has man? So pertinent is this question that the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, in his

"Reform against Nature," in order to avoid the conclusion it necessitates, denies that man has any *right* to suffrage. That is, he says in substance, it is expedient that some men—it may be expedient that all men—should vote. But *right* to vote has no man. What then, becomes of our modern doctrines of 'equal rights before the law;' 'just government resting on the consent of the governed;' 'the inseparability of representation and taxation,' and the like? They are turned summarily out of doors, as, in our author's words, 'the cheap impostures of philosophy;' while in their place we find the basis, not of a 'cheap,' but of a very dear and detestable imperialism, or autocracy, or whatever form of government the strong and cunning may impose. That there is much probability of the people of this continent adopting this view—abandoning the idea of their *natural right* to participate in governmental affairs, and seeking the right to do so, as Dr. Bushnell advises, 'out of history, out of providential preparations and causes, out of the concessions of custom, out of expediencies concluded, and debated reasons of public benefit,* I think we need have little fear. But if this view seem preposterous, then what other basis for the suffrage is there than the rights of human nature?—a basis which no more excludes one sex than the other.

Admitting the abstract right of woman to the ballot, is it expedient that she be actually clothed with that right? Does not the concession of it involve so many, and so stupendous changes, that it is wiser to withhold it, even at the risk of violating abstract principle? Perhaps as good a way to answer this question is to ask some others. Is it, then, expedient that the true and right should everywhere prevail, and every soul be endowed with

* Dr. Bushnell's little volume is not at hand: any one having the book can readily verify the reference.

its just prerogatives? Or is it better that there should be some wrong, some injustice, some oppression done to some persons or class? When that wrong touches ourselves, do we then gravely ask if it be expedient that it be removed, or do we cry, 'Let justice be done though the heavens fall'? And in the case under consideration shall we hesitate to say, 'Let justice be done!' So far, however, from the heavens falling on that account, it is on justice that their eternal pillars rest. Injustice it is that brings them down on human heads with such results as those with which Dagon's great temple fell, when the tortured giant wrenched away the columns that upheld its mighty dome.

The next answer to this question of expediency is one which, it is thought, goes to the root of the whole matter. It is the analogy of the family, of society, and of the church. As a rule, children of both sexes are born into the same family. Certainly the family is based upon—cannot exist without—both the masculine and the feminine elements. And have we not here the primal and most important of all human organizations? Beyond question what is true of the family in this respect is true of general society. Strike the feminine element out of that, and men are savages and bears. Strike the masculine element out, and women are gossips or dawdlers. There is no society where both are not found reciprocally influencing each other. Just so in the church, the two elements find equal place and work. Eliminate the feminine element, and the church would petrify. Eliminate the masculine element, and the church would collapse. Does not the same law hold in the state? or is the analogy good for nothing, and the state a wholly exceptional institution? Has the entire exclusion of femininity from that worked so well that every body is satisfied, and sees no room for improvement? Surely the person must be a recent arrival from some

other planet who can honestly ask such a question. For how patent that our political life, from the primary meeting up to the highest legislative body, is, in the very mildest phrase, far enough from what it should be? How patent that there is infinite room for improvement alike in the methods of politics, in the tone of deliberative bodies, and in the spirit and administration of law! And is it not highly probable that an infusion of true femininity into this sphere would contribute somewhat to such improvement? Can it be doubted when we recall the changes which have followed the introduction of this element elsewhere? Not, of course, as is sometimes foolishly implied, that the extension of suffrage to woman would banish all trickery and corruption from politics. Women are not yet perfect any more than men; are subject to the same temptations; would unquestionably, just like their brothers, often cast their votes for quite unworthy purposes. Is that any reason why they should be deprived of their natural right? Do we reason thus in regard to men? Moreover, it seems to be universally admitted—is very often affirmed—that woman's moral instincts are purer and nobler than man's. If this be so, can the world afford to shut out their promptings and suggestions from all public affairs? Has it made such progress that it can safely trust all its political and civil interests, which are often intimately connected with its moral and religious interests, to the lower and coarser half of humanity?

It is said, however, and doubtless honestly thought by many, that the concession of the ballot to woman, instead of elevating public affairs, would injure herself. This has always been the argument against widening the sphere of her activity. Every change in her condition has been met with the objection, "Take care, take care; you will harm instead of helping;" as though women were a deli-

cate porcelain vase that any removal, if not the slightest touch, would shiver to atoms. Yet who thinks her lower in the scale of existence to-day than when, 5,000 years ago, she was man's purchased slave? or than 500 years ago when she was his toy, or his idol! Who does not know that she is vastly higher, and that society is immeasurably better for her having more largely participated in its affairs? And why should not her assumption of all the rights her nature claims, and all the duties to which her nature prompts tend in the same direction?

Ask any, What gentleman would be willing to take his wife and daughter, supposing them willing to go, to the wretched places where elections are often held, and into the coarse, profane, and sometimes indecent crowd that clusters around? Evidently none; and there would be no need of it. The entrance of woman into any place, be it street-car, ferry-boat, or political meeting, to which as a listener she is now sometimes invited, is a signal for every man to put himself on his good behaviour. Few are the men, on this continent at least, that in any mixed assembly would wish or dare insult, or show the least disrespect to, a woman who did not in some way invite it. Give woman the ballot, and the polling-place will soon be fit for her to enter. Even as it is, the man or the woman who does not shrink from many a public conveyance, with its filth, and vile air, and bad manners, need not be greatly shocked at the offensiveness of an ordinary election room.

But the concession of suffrage to woman, it is said, will beget different political convictions, and so endless bickering, in the family. Do differences in religion beget such discord? Between low and vulgar souls, Yes; and mainly because, amongst such, woman is not yet recognized as a self-determining being, having the right of independent convictions. Between

noble and generous natures, No; and still less would different political opinions tend to domestic strife from the fact that the proposed change is based on woman's natural right to do her own thinking, and shape her own destiny. It is not found in business partnerships, the most common instance of voluntary association next to marriage, that political differences occasion serious troubles; and certainly no man would think of entering into such relationship where his freedom in this respect would be in the least danger. So, if there be any genuine respect of husband and wife for each other—if they be husband and wife—how much more conciliatory, and tolerant of each other's idiosyncrasies, will they be! If there be no such respect—if they be merely a couple of animals yoked together—it is doubtful if different political affiliations would render their condition any unhappier than it now is.

It may be said again, that the right to vote involves the right to hold office. Not necessarily. Many men now vote who have never been, who never expect to be, elected to any office; some of whom do not want to be, and others of whom are not fit to be so elected. But suppose no man voted, here for Mayor or Member of Parliament, or elsewhere for Governor or President, who is not qualified for, and might not properly aspire to, either of those positions, very few votes would be cast. Yet who, on that account, prizes any the less the sacred right of saying whom he prefers to have preside over the administration of city or country? Suppose, moreover, the right to vote does involve the right to hold office. What then? Have not many women already held office, one sort or another, and shown themselves fully equal to their duties! Were Maria Theresa, and Catharine, and Elizabeth, any the less rulers because they were women? Who for more than forty years has reigned over the vast British Empire, and reigned

in the hearts of her subjects as well, but a woman? Have the women of England and the United States, appointed as school superintendents, members of charitable boards, post-mistresses, and clerks of various grades, proved themselves, as a class, either dishonest or incompetent? They have shown themselves just the opposite—able, efficient, upright administrators. Naturally enough, the women whose tastes will lead them to desire, whose relations will justify them in accepting, and whose qualifications will fit them for high office will be very few—certainly for no inconsiderable period. Nor is it fairly supposable, as sometimes seems to be feared, that, suffrage once conceded to women, both they and their brothers will instantly turn idiots, or act in an altogether idiotic manner in selecting candidates for public places, or that official position would not then, quite as often as now, seek out those most capable of discharging its functions.

But it may be asked, still further, Is not woman to be a wife and mother? Some women, whether from choice or necessity, sustain neither of these relations. Some of these—as Frances Cobbe, Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton—are amongst the ablest, most refined, and noble women of the world, whom it would be a gross insult to liken to the great majority of masculine voters. And there are few things that others of this class—numbering in some populous centres their tens of thousands—do so much need as the stimulus that this enlarged sphere of action, with its new ideas and purposes, would give. Besides, if every woman were to be a wife and mother—if every one were to aspire to these relations as intrinsically the most desirable for her, as in many respects they unquestionably are—I know not that those would be any reasons why she should be content with being a mere over-dressed doll on the one hand, or an abject slave, doing and thinking only what her

master permits on the other. They have long seemed to me additional reasons why she should enjoy, and endeavour to make the best use of, every opportunity, developing herself into

'A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command.'

It is objected, finally, that women do not want the right of suffrage ; that they are entirely content to remain without other influence on public affairs than they now have. Of many women—perhaps the majority—this is unquestionably true. How greatly to their praise it need not be said. Certainly it is not to their praise if they could, by their votes, help the industrial, educational, and moral interests of their country. Many persons are said to be wholly satisfied in very unnatural and pernicious relations. Most of the wives of that occidental sultan, Brigham Young, were reputed to be quite content with one undivided twentieth part of their lord's time and affection. Nothing was more common, twenty-five years ago, than to hear that the American slaves were perfectly happy, and would not be persuaded by any officious intermeddlers to leave their indulgent masters. Whether either of these assertions were true need not here be discussed ; and whether being true, either would reflect credit or discredit on the parties implicated, the reader shall judge.

But it is very far from true that *no* women wish to vote. Thousands, and tens of thousands, and they will soon be hundreds of thousands wait impatiently to be invested with this right. And if there were but one woman in all the land who claimed the right, with what justice could it be withheld? Is there any better reason for wronging one or a few than for wronging many? It seems quite evident moreover, that the time is not far distant when this right will be conceded in all

free countries; for how rapid has been the progress of public opinion in this direction during the last twenty-five years. That length of time ago, how few—and those counted as womanish men, or manish women, fanatics, or lunatics—were willing to confess any leaning toward, or friendship for, the so-called 'Woman Movement?' Today, how many of the keenest politicians, quick to scent the coming breeze, are avowing themselves in its favour! Let us hope that it is not simply because they want votes. That there is a strong and growing feeling in England, and very considerable interest in certain circles in this Dominion, on the subject, is familiar to all intelligent persons. In the United States one territory has already placed woman, so far as the law is concerned, on an entire equality with man; while many States have taken very decided steps in the same direction; among other things, endowing her with the right of suffrage on educational questions, as well as recognizing her eligibility to certain offices. During the last session of Congress a bill was passed authorizing her to practise in the Supreme Court on the same terms with man; while the Judiciary Committee of the Senate reported an amendment to the Constitution sweeping away all distinctions of sex in regard to political rights. It would seem that one risks little in predicting that another generation will see woman's claim to suffrage placed on the same basis with man's throughout the great Republic.

Yet let no confident friend of the movement anticipate too great results from such success. That it will be followed by great disappointment to many—happy disappointment to those who fear, and unhappy to those who hope—there can be little doubt. It will effect far less change than is generally fancied; at first scarcely any. All social evils will not be voted down, nor the offices all filled with saints at

the next election thereafter. It will not be found the panacea of all human, or all womanly, ills. It will scarcely be the *cure* of any. It will be simply the opening of another door—the passage into a larger freedom. It will be a means of education—a stepping-stone to a higher level. But to work out her complete womanhood, vastly more is required than the right of suffrage; vastly more than to use that right ever so nobly and well. It is required that her whole nature—every separate faculty in harmony with all—should expand and strengthen, blooming with beauty, and fruitening with goodness. As her opportunities enlarge, the demands upon her increase. As science opens to her its divine realities, and philosophy explains to her the laws and forces of thought, and affairs offer to her their noblest arena and summon to higher responsibilities, the old monotony must become intelligent activity; the old weakness be transmuted into the glad consciousness of acknowledged strength. And as *she* rises under the stimulus of the new life, equally does man rise. For

'The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or God-like, bond or free.
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow!

Then clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down,
And leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her; let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn, and be
All that harms not distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like indifference;
Yet in the long years, liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thers that throw the world,
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care;
More as the double-natured Poet each;
Till, at the last, she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words:
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities;
But like each other even as those who love.
Then comes the staller Eden back to man;
Then reign the world's great brides, chaste and
calm;
Then springs the crowning grace of human kind:
May these things be.'

THE ARGUMENT FROM SCANDAL.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE battle of the local elections in Ontario is imminent, and we shall, doubtless, soon see addresses filled with heroic self-laudation, not one of which would be written, were there any real criticism amongst us. The great want of our press, so able in many respects, the great want of our platform, the great want of our social intercourse, is criticism, to which two things are indispensable, impartiality in the first place, and in the next knowledge.

Nothing is a greater loss to our public men than this absence of criticism. They, of course, pay no attention to what is said by their opponents or by the press of their opponents. To the adulation of their friends and of their organs, they cannot be expected to turn a deaf ear. Flattery destroys intellectual perspective. The characteristic faults of some of our leading public men would, perhaps, have disappeared like mists in the light and warmth of a generous but candid criticism.

In the absence of the just weight and balance, the favourite argument becomes the argument from scandal; and, judging by some recent debates, we seem in danger of arriving at the pass, where all our dialectics, rhetoric, and invective, may be reduced to personal recrimination.

In the interest of the public, the liberty of the press was gradually enlarged; it is supremely the interest of the public that that liberty should not break into licence. On grounds of public policy the journalist must justify all charges made against a

citizen, and if any course he adopts can be shown to be contrary to this it should feel alike the sword of law and the heel of popular contempt. Now true criticism would point out the just limits of attack, and save us from the very serious evils affecting the efficiency of government, public morality and national character, which follow unfairness, reckless abuse and licentious accusation. As I write the newspapers on both sides in dealing with the Letellier affair illustrate defects for which all self-respecting Canadians cannot but blush.

Morality and logic are more intimately related than is generally supposed, and intellectual defects have as a rule moral correlatives. The terms of metaphysics which have passed into the popular language and still more those of the widely studied and eagerly accepted so-called science of phrenology—by which, as George Eliot says, men prove themselves wits not in the vulgar style of repartee, but by pointing to their bumps—tend to make people think of a human being not as an organic whole, but as a bundle of qualities more or less independent of each other. Hence the vulgar readiness to divorce intellect from morality, and proclaim an unhallowed and, it might almost be said, an impossible union between genius and vice. Pulpit denunciations against the pride of intellect have the same tendency; though divines have generally supplied an antidote to the fallacy by laying down the undoubted truth that the moral character has a controlling influence on the mental.

The converse is of course implied, and, if it were not, is capable of being proved. Largeness of nature implies large capacity in both directions; and, where there are apparent exceptions, they are only apparent. The moral defects of men of intellectual power will, as a rule, be found trifling, compared with their moral excellencies, and generally explicable by tyrannous circumstance, that invisible prison which darkens over our cradle, circumscribes the movements of our manhood, and explains our grave. Between correct modes of thought and clear moral glance there is an intimate connection just as there is between both and conduct. It is not, therefore, surprising if the first test applied to the poor argument based on alleged past events of a personal character, is a logical test.

Whenever accusations of personal misconduct raise an irrelevant issue, criticism puts them out of court. The great argument in favour of free government is not that it is free. A free government, in the case of a people but partially civilized, would be nothing but a chaotic tyranny for which the best hope one could have would be that it might emerge in an ordered despotism. That which makes free government supremely desirable is that it teaches the people the art to rule themselves, and so not only guards against oppression, but opens up avenues into noble reaches of moral and intellectual activity. The way in which this priceless education is given is by the public discussion of public affairs. This public discussion is carried on by public men in the Senate and on the platform, and by journalists in the press, and its utility is in great part destroyed if the real question is clouded by irrelevant controversies.

This opens up a very large question, a most vital one, having referenee to the discussion of the deeds of governments, and how far it is right to be content with mere passable adminis-

tration, to enter on which is, however, not possible now. The only point it is necessary or pertinent here to insist on is this, that whatever does not properly make part of a candidate's qualification for a public position, to that it is from every point of view wrong to refer. It is quite clear, for instance, that a different test ought to be applied to a man aspiring to hold a position in our educational system from what would be called for in the case of a candidate for the town council, for the Local Assembly, or for the Dominion Parliament. Some moral blemish which would quite unfit for one position, destroy direct efficiency, and do great and abiding harm, and which no ability, no high idea of public conduct could counterbalance, might be of such a character that it would be wrong to mention it in the case of a candidate for a seat in parliament. This remark is, however, to be guarded thus far, that no one living in open immorality or breaking the laws of his country, should be entrusted with power to influence its legislation. Again, there are positions for which what a man had done in the past, if it indicated persistent character, would unfit him. But let us suppose a man who twenty years ago stole an umbrella or a coat, who had since retrieved his character, whose whole bearing for two decades showed that he was not a thief, if he was in every other sense a good candidate—that long past event should not be brought up and cast in his teeth. This is putting a very strong case and, in many instances, charges are but crystallizations of vague rumours. Sometimes they are pure inventions—lies concocted to answer an immediate purpose. But the point to keep in view is that any deed which does not give grounds for believing in a character that disentitles the man to confidence at the time he demands it, should be allowed to rest in oblivion, and this on purely logical grounds. For by such reference the attention is

directed away from the real issue namely, whether the candidate at the moment before them is the most fit and proper person available to represent their interests and serve them in whatever position he may happen to covet. I repeat that any deed which, in a fair view, would make part of his qualification or disqualification may rightly be raked up. But the educational influence of public conflicts must remain small so long as party or personal victories are won not by reasoning but by vituperation. Unfortunately the evil from an educational point of view is not solely negative; it is positive also; and the mind of the people is not merely left untrained as to right thinking and right feeling, but an appetite is created for garbage, an appetite which grows by what it feeds on, and like the craving for alcohol, not only cries ever 'more, more,' but destroys the desire for, and the power of assimilating, wholesome food. It is impossible to conceive anything more degrading to a people, than to be fed on slander, and amused by virulent and defaming contests compared with which gladiatorial exhibitions are civilized and bull fights ennobling.

The lesser evils which follow the argument from scandal will appear more practical. Public offenders are allowed to go unexposed, because the tactical time has not come to strike, and month adds itself to month and year to year, and the public are allowed to listen to the wild and unscrupulous utterances of a contemptible demagogue, whose game should have been spoiled long before. This course is one that would be deemed unworthy by those who feel that a real claim to public trust, on the ground of ability and faithfulness, is the only basis on which a man should care to stand.

When a case arises where it is a duty to expose the conduct of an aspirant, then the force of the statement is impaired by suspicion of want of good faith. So that the argument from scandal, when resorted to as a matter

of course, has this double drawback, it leads sometimes to the rejection of a good man, and this happening once or twice makes it difficult to defeat a really bad one, whose character should entirely shut him out from confidence. We want not merely greatness but goodness in our public men, not merely ability but morality, and if the object of the professors of billingsgate was to secure this, whatever might be said of the means they employ, their motive would at all events be respectable. But we may be sure no favour would have more reason to dread the reproduction here of the censor of the old Romans than those who, hired with money or maddened by envy, rush out from the kennels of party, howling defaming mendacities.

The most serious of all the practical evils which follow from the tone of public discussions, is that high-minded, able, but sensitive men are kept out of public life, thus allowing people of inferior stamp to crowd into it—a circumstance which has many and far-reaching consequences, including lowness of tone which, however, is by no means the gravest result. When people without intellectual power go into public life, they very soon learn that they have no career, and the possibilities of their future having no bracing influence on them, in nine cases out of ten, they determine to make politics pay. But in the case of a man of real ability, where avarice is not as it sometimes is, though happily not often, his master passion, the public have in his hopes and promise hostages for his good behaviour. His greatest desire will not be 'to have a nice thing,' to add house to house and field to field, but will be in accordance with that which has inspired so many lives that are among the noblest monuments of human sacrifice and endurance and greatness—the generous ambition to hold a large place in the consideration of his countrymen, because of services which were not only efficient in a coarse direct sense, but

also elevating to public life, and it may be at the same time tending to expand and enrich human thought. When a man of poor intellect is sent to parliament or raised to power, in the one case he degenerates into a voting machine and depresses the parliamentary standard, or perpetrates rhetorical and legislative escapades, wholly inconsistent with his duty and the efficiency of the legislature; in the other case he becomes a mere medium and the public have an ostensible minister without power, and a real minister without responsibility. History then repeats itself, and the *roi fainéant* and the *maire du palais* are revived. The public, therefore, want and should obtain, not merely men who can vote, but who can also deliberate, and who cannot only deliberate, but can say 'no, a thousand times no!' when asked by whomsoever to support sop measures and bribing expedients, injurious in a two-fold sense to the country, striking at its honour and its purse.

There is indeed abundant need for seeking to raise the tone of public life, and it is to be hoped that the next Local House will be an improvement on its predecessor. Probably every one has had an experience more or less like this. Entering Osgoode Hall one morning, I said to a legal friend—'I suppose Blank is to be one of the judges.' 'I dare say' was the reply. 'He will be better on the bench, in fact he is *too honest for a politician*,' and the prevailing tone in which politicians are spoken of is like that one would use in speaking of a band of *sbirri*. Chatting with two legislators of opposing parties, I discussed a measure on which I thought public money had been thrown away. They agreed with me. 'Why then?' I asked 'did you both vote for it?' 'Because,' answered one, 'I had my own axe to grind.' 'And I,' replied the other,

'was afraid I should offend some of my friends,' and each honourable gentleman laughed complacently as though conscious of having acted exceedingly well. Such are your 'practical politicians,' who to borrow the language of Lord Lytton, know the world and take it as it is, do not ask five legs of mutton from a sheep, and are determined that no modern cynic, lantern in hand, and bent on an arduous search, shall find them.

But why dwell on a state of things which all acknowledge and deplore? The only course worth taking is to point out the remedy, though there may be little hope of its adoption by the people, for the ancients well said, one may show to others, but cannot pluck for them the Hesperian fruit. The true remedy is to introduce into our discussions the element of criticism and a higher class of men into public life, and this can never be done largely and successfully while the chosen weapon in the political struggle is, not the sword of reason, used in accordance with honourable rules of fence, but the tomahawk of scandal wielded from ambush with savage recklessness, and from motives of the basest kind. History near and remote teems with illustrations of the dangers which attend distaste, on the part of the best citizens, for public life, a distaste which is the inevitable consequence of making that life loathsome by excluding from it all that elevates man in his own and his fellows' esteem, and by making it a terror to the sensitive and refined.

The present time is eminently favourable to a new start, for there is abroad—especially is this true of the young men—the backbone of the country of to-morrow—a feeling that our feet are touching larger years, a generous and wise desire to pour oblivion over what was unsatisfactory in the past, and to greet the future with untroubled memories and noble purpose.

ART EDUCATION—A PLEA FOR THE ARTIZAN.

BY L. R. O'BRIEN,

Vice-President of the Ontario Society of Artists.

ON the 5th of February last there was an important gathering in Washington, being the annual meeting of the Educational Association of the United States. At this meeting Professor Walter Smith, state director of Art Education in Massachusetts, read an able and very interesting paper on 'Technical Education,' which has since been published, after which the following resolution was passed unanimously:—

Whereas this Convention of state, county and city superintendents of schools recognises the necessity of industrial education in the public schools of America; and whereas, if a part of the time now given to writing in day schools were devoted to drawing, the writing would be better, and the power of drawing a clear gain, therefore,

Resolved,—That industrial drawing, consisting of geometrical drawing, free-hand drawing, elementary design, being now regarded as the common basis of technical education, should be taught in the public day schools as an elementary part of all general education; and that industrial drawing, modelling, and applied design for trades and manufactures, should be taught to persons of both sexes in free evening classes for those who are not in attendance at day schools.'

The full significance of the passage of this resolution and preamble may be gathered from the following considerations:—First, that the men composing this convention control and direct the free public school education of the United States, subject only to

the purse power of the legislatures and school trustees; and, secondly, that it is a unanimous and formal acceptance of a revolution in the whole plan of education, which has, for some years and against strong opposition, been quietly progressing.

If in this article reference is principally made to the course of education now being adopted in the United States, it is because the circumstances of that country, its opportunities, its requirements, and its educational machinery, are so like ours that its action affords us an apter exemplification, and more useful illustration, than that of any other; besides which, from its contiguity the United States must always be our great industrial competitor, and industrial progress there can only be met by a corresponding development here.

For ordinary purposes, technical education, practical education, art education, mean the same thing. The ordinary conception of art is something far removed from its true signification: to wit,—'Application of knowledge to practical purposes'—'power of doing things acquired by experience, study, or observation.'

Advocacy of Art Education does not mean that people should be taught or incited to make pictures or statues, but that they should be fitted for whatever they may have to do of practical work in after life, and that they should be trained not only to acquire knowledge, but to apply it to practical purposes. Drawing is the foundation of practical education, as reading and writing are of a literary education,

and it is the only universal language. To draw anything we must study it with a purpose and thus come to know the thing itself—reading only tells us something about it. Make a careful drawing of a fuschia or geranium and you will know more about plant form than could be learned from volumes of botany without illustrations. In a recent address upon this subject the necessary fundamental branches of education are put thus:—

‘There are now four fundamental studies required to fit children for practical life, namely :

‘1. *Reading*, because it is the means of teaching and acquiring knowledge.

‘2. *Writing*, because it is the means of expressing knowledge.

‘3. *Arithmetic*, because it is the means of computing knowledge and values ; and

‘4. *Drawing*, because it is the language of form in every branch of industry, from the most simple to the most complex.’

As our schools are paid for by a general tax, and are intended for the use of all the people, it is essential that the interests of no important class should be ignored, and knowing what must be the occupations of the great majority of the scholars in adult life the scheme of instruction should be so arranged as to prepare for them ; and further, as necessity compels a large number of children to leave school and go to work at an early age, the instruction given in the first stages should be complete as far as it goes, and be such as can be put in use at once and before it is forgotten.

I have no wish to undervalue the popular education of the day, for in the direction in which it goes, as literary education, it is admirable. The teachers are experts in teaching, their system is very good, and their manner and enthusiasm in carrying it out are beyond all praise. If the children of to-day fail in acquiring knowledge, it is because they lack the time, inclin-

ation, or power to take in and assimilate what is so well set before them, or perhaps because the process is so thorough and elaborate that the poor little brains get addled in going through the mill ; but, granting all this, does our much vaunted and costly free education fit the children for the occupations that most of them have to follow as soon as they leave school ? Does it interest them in those occupations, and cultivate the faculties and perceptions upon which they most chiefly rely for success ? We must frankly admit that, with the largest number and with the most important class, the workers with their hands, it does not. That it fails in this respect, and that it tends to make the pupils despise manual labour and endeavour by all means to escape it, is admitted and regretted by some of the ablest teachers.

The child of the red Indian is better educated for his future life than our children are for theirs. Every sense and faculty that he requires to use is trained and cultivated to the utmost keenness ; fleet of foot and strong of arm, with a true eye and certain hand, versed in the ways of birds, and beasts, and fishes, knowing the signs of nature in the sky and in the woods, and delighting in his knowledge ; having learned to see things and to do things, he is for his place perfectly educated. Can we not in some degree follow this example ? Do we not owe it as a duty to the working man, whose hands are his sole patrimony, to give him the kind of education that will help him to do his work skilfully and well, so that his trained intelligence may find legitimate scope in bringing to perfection all that he does, and that he may hope to rise by excellence in his work, rather than by shirking it to seek for some easier mode of living or advancement ?

We see every day the brightest and most intelligent of our youths, those who have profited most by their education, leaving the ranks of productive industry, deserting the workshop or

the farm, to become schoolmasters, shopkeepers, bookkeepers, anything where they think they can use their heads rather than their hands, and failing because there is nothing for them to do. For hard labour they have no aptitude, for skilled labour they have no skill, the manliness has been educated out of them, and they have no weapon to use in the battle of life but the pen, which is in most hands a feebler instrument than even the sewing girl's needle. Is it surprising that our cities are crowded with useless, starving, well-educated men, who cannot dig and are ashamed to beg?

The working man is now so sought after, and flattered and befooled by politicians and demagogues for the sake of his vote, that we are apt to think of him as having been really and largely benefited by the gift of the franchise, instead of having been mocked by the vision which he took for a substantial boon. Artizans also get less sympathy from their employers, and less general sympathy from the public, than their hardships should entitle them to, because they cannot themselves move for improvement of their position without combination, and in combination they do not seem able to act without putting themselves in the wrong, or at least without much inconvenience and annoyance to the public. The rich have the power still, as they always have had it, and having the power it behoves them to use it in all possible alleviation of the condition of the poor, and in wise and kindly attention to their just aspirations.

It is worth our while to consider what is the present position of the working classes, with respect to their work, and how it has come about.

The 'hard times' which press so unpleasantly upon us just now have some remarkable and paradoxical features which seem to indicate that inequality in the distribution of wealth is one great evil we have to contend with. Everything required for the supply of man's material wants is in an abund-

ance—food for man and beast is cheap and plentiful—every kind of raw material, animal, vegetable and mineral, is in profuse supply. All manufactured products are abundant, superabundant and cheap. Money accumulates in the coffers of the bankers, and with all this there is wide-spread distress, poverty and steadily increasing pauperism. The rich have grown richer and the poor are growing poorer. Colossal fortunes stand more than ever conspicuous among populations suffering from insufficient employment and revolving the most startling social and communistic theories. If we have suffered less in Canada from these evils than older countries have, we may well be thankful, but the outlook over the world at large is grave enough and is the more serious as affording little present prospect of relief.

The extent to which machinery has taken the place of hand labour is evidently one of the causes both of this distress of the poor and of the accumulation of capital in a few hands. It is within a very short period, scarcely more than one generation, that this wonderful introduction of machinery has taken place. Machines at first used as aids to the labourer, doing heavy work beyond his power to attempt, such as pumping mines, drawing loads and lifting weights, have by degrees been so perfected as to supplant him in the finest and most delicate operations, beating him in regularity, in precision, and above all in rapidity and cheapness of production. It is little wonder that the instinct of the workmen has been so bitterly hostile to machinery—they had nothing but their labour to live by, and the machines were invented avowedly to do their work and do it cheaper. The steam engine is to the artizan of the nineteenth century what the Chinaman is to the white labourer of the Pacific Coast, but a far more powerful rival. You may keep out the Chinese or send them back to the flowery land, but the steam engine is hopelessly domesticat-

ed in our midst, and seems to increase and multiply and overrun the land with as much fecundity as the rabbit which is devouring the sheep pastures in Australia—the Australians indeed have rather the best of it as they can eat the rabbit, but it would puzzle the hungriest mechanic to dine off a steam engine.

It is true, that until lately political economists have been able to show that so far from the employment of machines diminishing the demand for labour, it has increased it. Railways have employed masses of men to build them, and numbers are still employed to manage them and to convey to and from millions of people who stayed at home like vegetables, in the good old times. Sewing machines employ thousands of women in making innumerable furbelows that were not thought of in the days of handstitching. Men wear two suits of clothes whose fathers had scarcely one, and machine-made boots cover feet that often used to go bare. Machines too wear out or are superseded by new inventions and have to be replaced;—people live in larger houses and have more furniture; wants of all kinds have grown with the increased facility and cheapness of supply.

Still there does seem to be a limit to the possibility of consuming more than a certain quantity of anything, and we appear already to have almost reached it, while the capacity for supply is in its infancy. We may live luxuriously, but at last we cannot eat any more, and we cannot wear out any more clothes or more boots and shoes than we do; the Hottentots won't wear flannel waistcoats if they are ever so cheap. Railroads are made almost everywhere, saw mills make more lumber than can be used up, and the warehouses are full of goods even with manufactories working half time. To make money or do business the manufacturer must undersell his neighbour, and cheapen production, *i.e.*, improve his machines so as to make them do more

with less cost of wages—his obvious remedy is to increase production while employing fewer hands, and the effect is an increase of the general distress.

The brain power of the world has been intent upon making and perfecting automata to do every kind of work, and the success has been magical; the face of the globe has been transformed, but—the weakest goes to the wall. The machine doing the work of hundreds of men is the property of the capitalist, and earns for him the wages of the supplanted workmen. The colossal fortunes of to-day, outside of the landed aristocracy, belong either to manufacturers or to the money lenders, who have absorbed the manufacturer, machine and all, while the supplanted workman starves or is pauperized by charity, and the dangerous classes continually increase.

The workman too has not only been supplanted in his work by the use of machines, but his position has been lowered; from doing the work aided by a machine, he has become the slave of the machine, waiting upon it and tending it with coals and water—the finer work is done for him and he has lost the tasteful skill of hand that belonged to the old artizan. Such noble work as was done of yore by the hand of man can hardly be done at all now, and we have in its place a cheap, monotonous, mechanical imitation. In perfecting the automaton, we have neglected the infinitely finer and more delicate machine, the living man himself.

Is it not time that the artizan should now receive attention, and that at least as much interest should be taken in training him for excellent hand work, as is displayed in perfecting engines for cheap machine work? People of wealth, leisure and taste are beginning to tire of mechanical reproductions, which are necessarily common, cheap and deficient in that subtle quality, charm, and variety, that comes only from the human hand, skilfully directed. For man is like his

Creator in this, that every work of his hand is unique. He cannot, if he will, make two things exactly alike. You may as well expect to find two leaves of a tree, two pebbles on the beach, or two grains of sand exactly similar, as two works without a difference from the hand of man. Originality to some extent, and increasing with the development of his intelligence, is stamped by his Maker upon every man and upon everything that he does.

To develop the intelligence, cultivate the taste and train the hand and eye to skilful work, is art education; and we not only owe it to the artisan to give him this education and to lift him from below the machine, to his rightful place above it, but it is our interest to do so; it is false economy to leave unused our most precious material, and it is worse than folly to allow the talent and energy, which might be most profitable to the country, to become in helpless idleness a destructive force.

How best to impart practical culture (technical education) is one of the great questions that civilized countries are trying to solve, and it derives no little of its importance from the tacit acknowledgment, that upon it depends wealth and commercial supremacy. England's system of art education was born of this commercial necessity, and within the last quarter of a century it has enabled her to surpass in the taste of her designs, as well as in the skill of her workmanship, all her rivals. Her progress was virtually acknowledged by the French Government, who in 1863, appointed an Imperial Commission to discover the cause. This commission reported in effect that the advance was due to the teaching of drawing in public schools, and to the establishment of normal art schools and industrial museums. These words are contained in the report of the commission:

'Among all the branches of instruction, which in different degrees, from the highest to the lowest grade, can

contribute to the technical education of either sex, *Drawing, in all its forms and applications, has been almost unanimously regarded as the one which it is most important to make common.*'

Professor Smith in the paper already mentioned, quotes also from the report of the French Commission on the educational system of the United States, at the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876:

'Scarcely six years ago, Massachusetts introduced regular instruction in drawing, and the Northern and Western States are rapidly following her lead. If the last Paris Exposition revealed great advances in English industry, due to the Art movement developed, since 1851, by the South Kensington School, what may we not expect from American activity, stimulated by the Philadelphia Exhibition? Everywhere, already, educators are pointing out defects, stimulating emulation, and they find an echo in the teachers of the schools, as well as in the employers of labour. France must defend that pre-eminence in Art which has heretofore been unquestioned. She has enormous resources which ought to be developed by well-planned primary instruction. With us, as elsewhere, it is not enough to have excellent special teachers of drawing. It is not enough to have good courses and good special schools, *all teachers, male and female, must be able to give the first instruction in drawing, in daily classes, to all their scholars.* France, which has gone to work energetically after her misfortunes, ought to devote herself to the study of drawing with no less ardour, and reinvigorate her productive powers at the very sources of Art.'

The following is from the last report of the Boston School Committee:

'The question of teaching trades in our schools is one of vital importance. If New England would maintain her place as the great industrial centre of the country, she must become to the United States what France is to the

rest of Europe—the first in taste, the first in design, the first in skilled workmanship. She must accustom her children from early youth to the use of tools, and give them a thorough training in the mechanic Arts.’

To illustrate what has been thought and said in the United States about the need of reform in popular education, let me give some extracts from another paper by Mr Walter Smith, addressed to the Teachers’ Association; and these remarks have weight, because they come from a man trained at South Kensington who has given his life to the study of the subject, and whose suggestions of reform have been adopted by the people of the United States, who are sparing not time, nor money, nor energy in carrying them out.

He is speaking of the condition of the country as affected by the education of the people, and which of us will say that the words do not equally apply to Canada, except in so far as our virgin soil yields richer returns than the rocky slopes of New England:—

‘The farms are deserted and rendered impecunious by a generation of people educated above the demands of manual toil, though below the requirements of industrial, productive skill. As another consequence, both agriculture and manufacturing industry are alike in a low condition; for the literary gentlemen we produce in our schools, who are too cultivated to touch the handle of a plough, are too ignorant to grasp and wield the handle of a brush or a hammer. It cannot be denied that the education of the public schools, excellent as it may be to prepare a small number of persons, such as clerks, shopmen and the like, for the distribution of industrial products, is out of joint with the needs of a vast majority of the people, who have to become engaged in the production of industrial wealth in a manufacturing community. It must be acknowledged that this majority have

not had the practical education which would fit them for work in the workshop, and alone would enable them to achieve success. The counting-houses and offices are overcrowded by people qualified to carry messages or to count, whilst the farms and the factories and the mechanical trades are languishing for want of skilled labour, or are precariously supporting themselves by rude industries.

‘The great need of this country is the development of its natural resources by skilled labour applied to agriculture and mechanics; that is, the raising of all kinds of food and the raw materials of the industrial arts; and secondly, the creation of skilled mechanical and artistic labour, which shall in the future make the country independent of foreign importation of manufactures, and itself self-sustaining. In other words, we want tillers of the soil and manufacturers of its products,—farmers and mechanics.

‘Those are the men this country needs to-day more than any other, and the only way to produce them on their native soil is to make the elements of science and art integral parts of all education from the primary school until the technical school or university has been passed through and practical life begins. That is what we must do to put ourselves upon an equality with other industrial nations; and until we do so, we shall be hewers of wood and drawers of water to other countries possessing greater skill than we possess.’

‘We want to be able to turn out boys from our common schools qualified by the elements of practical education, and not only able but willing and anxious to go out into the wilderness to conquer and subdue it; fit to go into a manufactory and through all the steps upwards until the whole business is understood and the factory belongs to the boy; or go into a workshop and put honesty, taste, and skill, into the workmanship; go upon a ship and think it more the work of a man to

sail the boat than to be a sick passenger in her. The want of skill among native mechanics is simply tragical in its costliness and its wastefulness, to say nothing of the vexation and loss it entails on their unfortunate employers. The deep-seated cause of all this is this smirk at physical labour, because we have not made provision in our schools that manual labour shall be skilled, and this keeps the more intelligent and aspiring of youths away from it, each one apparently crying out "give me anything, anything to do, *except* the work of a man." And so, whatever may be the dearth of skilled workmen and qualified master workmen, the stock of men-milliners is never exhausted, and you can always find an Adonis whose occupation is to sell tape, gloves, and blue ribbons, to young ladies.

'Half the indoor occupations which men now fill, requiring no physical strength or hardihood, should be resigned to women, who would discharge the duty infinitely better than men can, because of their more perfect patience and forbearance, fortified by equal skill; and the men who are now hiding behind counters, distributing the fruits of industry, should be engaged in their production, and resign their positions as shopmen and book-keepers to the large and increasing army of intelligent women who lack employment and deserve it. And then, let those of whom it has been said "the glory of a young man is his strength," take a turn in the fields at the plough; in the workshop, at cunning craftsmanship; in the factory, providing for the million; at the ranche, supplying the markets of the world; on the broad ocean, ruling the waves in the interest of civilization; that they may learn and practise the endurance and forethought and government and productiveness, of which men alone are capable, at their best.'

To show what our neighbours are *actually doing* in this direction, let us take the State of Massachusetts. It

has a population of 1,600,000—about 400,000 less than that of the Province of Ontario. Their present organization of Art Schools dates from 1871, before which time all that they did was tentative and experimental, as our similar attempts here have been, only that we have had less encouragement and assistance from public opinion.

An Act of the State Legislature in 1870 obliged every town or city of ten thousand inhabitants or upwards to establish free evening drawing schools, and authorized their establishment, under the direction of the school committees, in smaller places; drawing was also made part of the regular instruction in all public schools. In 1873, the Normal Art School was established for the education of teachers of industrial art, and is supported by an annual State grant of \$20,000, the support of the other art teaching and free art schools being made compulsory upon the municipalities.

In the primary schools two hours per week are devoted to drawing, very small children beginning upon their slates. The exercises are, drawing of geometrical forms with explanation of terms, drawing from flat copies of objects, drawing the objects themselves, drawing from memory, drawing from dictation, and arranging simple forms in original designs. The ease with which children learn to draw, and the interest they take in their drawing, would astonish those who look back to the inky fingers and blank despair of their early writing lessons. The extent to which accurate recollection of form can be cultivated is displayed in the drawings from memory, and the precise appreciation of language, as proved by the drawing of complex forms from dictation, shows how easily a scientific term is understood and retained in the mind when the eye has mastered the form or object which it represents. Perhaps, however, the most striking result brought out by these drawing lessons is the ingenuity

displayed by young people in original design—indeed, for this, children seem to have a natural aptitude which is generally crushed out of them as ordinary education or work squeezes them, like bricks in a mould, into a dull, monotonous similarity. An instance came under my own notice of the son of a wood carver in the City of Boston, only ten years old, who, out of school, makes designs which his father carves in wood.

In the Grammar and High Schools the same system is carried on into higher branches of science and art, and in the City of Boston alone 30,000 children are being thus taught.

Eye witnesses alone can appreciate how much more this plan of education is doing for the rising generation than has ever been attempted before ; and not many more years will pass by before we have to stand in direct industrial competition with a nation thus educated.

In Canada, a little, but a very little,

has been attempted in this way. Art schools on a small scale, started and carried on by a few persons, called enthusiasts, are doing what they can in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

The educational authorities are willing and anxious to move, but they cannot move effectually without the support of public opinion. Teachers are trying to introduce drawing into the common schools, but they need to be taught themselves. School trustees are masters of the situation, and they are not always selected for their knowledge of science or appreciation of art.

Is it presumptuous to suggest this as a theme to be considered and spoken of by those who are to be chosen as our representatives at the forthcoming elections to the Provincial Legislature, or, at any rate, to commend to the serious attention of the thinking portion of the community, who are desirous of advancing the material interests, and elevating the aims of the Canadian people ?

LOVE'S CHOICE.

From the Catalanese of AUSIAS MARCH (A. D. 1500 circ.)

I AM as he, who, when in need of food
 To satisfy his hunger's pressing voice,
 Cannot arrive at any certain choice
 Betwixt two apples in a blooming wood ;
 From one of those fair fruits he must refrain
 Before the other one may quench his thirst,
 And so am I by like dilemma curst,—
 Choice is pure loss before it proves its gain ;
 So groans the sea and labours as in pain,
 Crying 'neath two strong winds that beat on it,
 For from Levantine shores there meet on it
 Strong gales and west winds from the coast of Spain
 Until the heavier storm at last prevails :—
 Thus did two great desires contend in me,
 Two gusty passions strive and disagree,
 Till in *thy* harbour now I furl my sails.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER VI. (*concluded.*)

ANOTHER interruption to my letter, caused by another change in the weather. The fog has vanished; the waiter is turning off the gas, and letting in the drab-coloured daylight. I ask him if it is still raining. He smiles, and rubs his hands, and says, 'It looks like clearing up soon, sir.' This man's head is gray; he has been all his life a waiter in London—and he can still see the cheerful side of things. What native strength of mind cast away on a vocation that is unworthy of it!

Well—and now about the Farnaby-dinner. I feel a tightness in the lower part of my waistcoat, Rufus, when I think of the dinner; there was such a quantity of it, and Mr. Farnaby was so tyrannically resolute in forcing his luxuries down the throats of his guests. His eye was upon me, if I let my plate go away before it was empty—his eye said, 'I have paid for this magnificent dinner, and I mean to see you eat it.' Our printed list of the dishes, as they succeeded each other, also informed us of the varieties of wine which it was imperatively necessary to drink with each dish. I got into difficulties early in the proceedings. The taste of sherry, for instance, is absolutely nauseous to me; and Rhine wine turns into vinegar ten minutes after it has passed my lips. I asked for the wine that I could drink, out of its turn. You should have seen Mr. Farnaby's face, when I violated the rules of his dinner-table! It was the one amusing

incident of the feast—the one thing that alleviated the dreary and mysterious 'spectacle of Mrs. Farnaby. There she sat, with her mind hundreds of miles away from everything that was going on about her, entangling the two guests, on her right hand and on her left, in a network of vacant questions, just as she had entangled me. I discovered that one of these gentlemen was a barrister and the other a shipowner, by the answers which Mrs. Farnaby absently extracted from them on the subject of their respective vocations in life. And while she questioned incessantly, she ate incessantly. Her vigorous body insisted on being fed. She would have emptied her wine-glass (I suspect) as readily as she plied her knife and fork—but I discovered that a certain system of restraint was established in the matter of wine. At intervals, Mr. Farnaby just looked at the butler—and the butler and his bottle, on those occasions, deliberately passed her by. Not the slightest visible change was produced in her by the eating and drinking; she was equal to any demands that any dinner could make on her. There was no flush in her face, no change in her spirits, when she rose in obedience to English custom, and retired to the drawing-room.

Left together over their wine, the men began to talk politics.

I listened, at the outset, expecting to get some information. Our readings in modern history at Tadmor had informed us of the dominant political position of the middle classes in England, since the time of the first Reform

Bill. Mr. Farnaby's guests represented the respectable mediocrity of social position, the professional and commercial average of the nation. They all talked glibly enough—I and an old gentleman who sat next to me being the only listeners. I had spent the morning lazily in the smoking-room of the hotel, reading the day's newspapers. And what did I hear now, when the politicians set in for their discussion? I heard the leading articles of the day's newspapers translated into bald chat, and coolly addressed by one man to another, as if they were his own original views on public affairs! This absurd imposture positively went the round of the table, received and respected by everybody with a stolid solemnity of make believe which it was downright shameful to see. Not a man present said, 'I saw that to-day in the *Times* or the *Telegraph*.' Not a man present had an opinion of his own; or, if he had an opinion, ventured to express it; or, if he knew nothing of the subject, was honest enough to say so. One enormous Sham, and everybody in a conspiracy to take it for the real thing: that is an accurate description of the state of political feeling among the representative men at Mr. Farnaby's dinner. I am not judging rashly by one example only; I have been taken to clubs and public festivals, only to hear over and over again what I heard in Mr. Farnaby's dining-room. Does it need any great foresight to see that such a state of things as this cannot last much longer, in a country which has not done with reforming itself yet? The time is coming, in England, when the people who *have* opinions of their own will be heard, and when Parliament will be forced to open the door to them.

This is a nice outbreak of republican freedom! What does my long suffering friend think of it—waiting all the time to be presented to Mrs. Farnaby's niece? Everything in its place, Rufus. The niece followed the

politics, at the time; and she shall follow them now.

You shall hear first what my next neighbour said of her—a quaint old fellow, a retired doctor, if I remember correctly. He seemed to be as weary of the second-hand newspaper talk as I was; he quite sparkled and cheered up when I introduced the subject of Miss Regina. Have I mentioned her name yet? If not, here it is for you in full:—Miss Regina Mildmay.

'I call her the brown girl,' said the old gentleman. 'Brown hair, brown eyes, and a brown skin. No, not a brunette; not dark enough for that—a warm delicate brown; wait till you see it! Takes after her father, I should tell you. He was a fine-looking man in his time; foreign blood in his veins, by his mother's side. Miss Regina gets her queer name by being christened after his mother. Never mind her name; she's a charming person. Let's drink her health.'

We drank her health. Remembering that he had called her 'the brown girl,' I said I supposed she was still quite young.

'Better than young,' the doctor answered; 'in the prime of life. I call her a girl, by habit; she's really three or four and twenty, I forget which. Will that do for you? Wait till you see her!'

'Has she a good figure, sir?'

'Ha! you're like the Turks, are you? A nice-looking woman doesn't content you—you must have her well-made too. We can accommodate you, sir; we are slim and tall, with a swing of our hips, and we walk like a goddess. Wait and see how her head is put on her shoulders—I say no more. Proud? Not she! A simple unaffected kind-hearted creature. Always the same; I never saw her out of temper in my life; I never heard her speak ill of anybody. The man who gets her will be a man to be envied, I can tell you!'

'Is she engaged to be married?'

'No. She has had plenty of offers ; but she doesn't seem to care for anything of that sort—so far. Devotes herself to Mrs. Farnaby, and keeps up her school-friendships. A splendid creature, with the vital thermometer at temperate heat—a calm, meditative, equable person. Pass me the olives. Only think ! the man who discovered olives is unknown ; no statue of him erected in any part of the civilised earth. I know few more remarkable instances of human ingratitude.'

I risked a bold question—but not on the subject of olives. 'Isn't Miss Regina's life rather a dull one in this house?'

The doctor cautiously lowered his voice. 'It would be dull enough to some women. Regina's early life has been a hard one. Her mother was Mr. Ronald's eldest daughter. The old brute never forgave her for marrying against his wishes. Mrs. Ronald did all she could, secretly, to help the young wife in disgrace. But old Ronald had sole command of the money, and kept it to himself. From Regina's earliest childhood there was always distress at home. Her father harrassed by creditors, trying one scheme after another, and failing in all ; her mother and herself, half starved—with their very bedclothes sometimes at the pawnbroker's. I attended them in their illnesses, and though they hid their wretchedness from everybody else (proud as Lucifer, both of them !), they couldn't hide it from me. Fancy the change to this house ! I don't say that living here in clover is enough for such a person as Regina ; I only say it has its influence. She is one of those young women, sir, who delight in sacrificing themselves to others—she is devoted for instance to Mrs. Farnaby. I only hope Mrs. Farnaby is worthy of it ! Not that it matters to Regina. What she does, she does out of her own sweetness of disposition. She brightens this household, I can tell you ! Farnaby did a wise thing, in his own

domestic interests, when he adopted her as his daughter. She thinks she can never be grateful enough to him—the good creature !—though she has repaid him a hundred-fold. He'll find that out, one of these days, when a husband takes her away. Don't suppose that I want to disparage our host ; he's an old friend of mine—but he's a little too apt to take the good things that fall to his lot as if they were nothing but a just recognition of his own merits. I have told him that to his face, often enough to have a right to say it of him when he doesn't hear me. Do you smoke ? I wish they would drop their politics ; and take to tobacco. I say, Farnaby ? I want a cigar.'

This broad hint produced an adjournment to the smoking-room ; the doctor leading the way. I began to wonder how much longer my introduction to Miss Regina was to be delayed. It was not to come until I had seen a new side of my host's character, and had found myself promoted to a place of my own in Mr. Farnaby's estimation.

As we rose from table, one of the guests spoke to me of a visit that he had recently paid to the part of Buckinghamshire which I come from. 'I was shown a remarkably picturesque old house, on the heath,' he said. 'They told me it had been inhabited for centuries by the family of the Goldenhearts. Are you in any way related to them ?' I answered that I was very nearly related, having been born in the house—and there, as I supposed, the matter ended. Being the youngest man of the party, I waited of course until the rest of the gentlemen had passed out of the smoking-room. Mr. Farnaby and I were left together. To my astonishment, he put his arm cordially into mine, and led me out of the dining-room with the genial familiarity of an old friend !

'I'll give you such a cigar,' he said, 'as you can't buy for money in all

London. You have enjoyed yourself, I hope? Now we know what wine you like, you won't have to ask the butler for it next time. Drop in any day, and take pot-luck with us. He came to a stand still in the hall; his brassy, rasping voice assumed a new tone—a sort of parody of respect. 'Have you been to your family-place,' he asked, 'since your return to England?'

He had evidently heard the few words exchanged between his friend and myself. It seemed odd that he should take any interest in a place belonging to people who were strangers to him. However, his question was easily answered. I had only to inform him that my father had sold the house when he left England.

'O, dear, I'm sorry to hear that!' he said. 'Those old family-places ought to be kept up. The greatness of England, sir, strikes its roots in the old families of England. They may be rich, or they may be poor—that don't matter. An old family is an old family; it's sad to see their hearths and homes sold to wealthy manufacturers who don't know who their own grandfathers were. Would you allow me to ask, what is the family motto of the Goldenhearts?'

Shall I own the truth? The bottles circulated freely at Mr. Farnaby's table—I began to wonder whether he was quite sober. I said I was sorry to disappoint him; but I really did not know what my family motto was.

He was shocked. 'I think I saw a ring on your finger,' he unaffectedly said, as soon as he recovered himself. He lifted my left hand in his own cold-fishy paw. The one ring I wear is of plain gold; it belonged to my father, and it has his initials inscribed on the signet.

'Good gracious, you haven't got your coat-of-arms on your seal!' cried Mr. Farnaby. 'My dear sir, I am old enough to be your father, and I must take the freedom of remonstrating with you. Your coat-of-arms and

your motto are no doubt at the Herald's Office—why don't you apply for them? Shall I go there for you? I will do it with pleasure. You shouldn't be careless about these things—you shouldn't indeed.'

I listened in speechless astonishment. Was he ironically expressing his contempt for old families? We got into the smoking-room at last; and my friend the doctor enlightened me privately in a corner. Every word Mr. Farnaby had said had been spoken in earnest. This man, who owes his rise from the lowest social position entirely to himself—who, judging by his own experience, has every reason to despise the poor pride of ancestry—actually feels a sincerely, servile admiration for the accident of birth! 'O, poor human nature!' as Somebody says. How cordially I agree with Somebody!

We went up to the drawing-room; and I was introduced to 'the brown girl' at last. What impression did she produce on me?

Do you know, Rufus, there is some perverse reluctance in me to go on with this inordinately long letter, just when I have arrived at the most interesting part of it. I can't account for my own state of mind; I only know that it is so. The difficulty of describing the young lady doesn't perplex me, like the difficulty of describing Mrs. Farnaby. I can see her now, as vividly as if she was present in the room. I even remember (and this is astonishing in a man) the dress that she wore. And yet, I shrink from writing about her, as if there was something wrong in it. Do me a kindness, good friend, and let me send off all these sheets of paper, the idle work of an idle morning, just as they are. When I write next, I promise to be ashamed of my own capricious state of mind, and to paint the portrait of Miss Regina at full length.

In the meanwhile, don't run away with the idea that she has made a disagreeable impression upon me.

Good heavens! it is far from that. You have had the old doctor's opinion of her. Very well. Multiply his opinion by ten, and you have mine.

[NOTE:—A strange indorsement appears on this letter, dated some months after the period at which it was received:—*'Ah, poor Amelius! He had better have gone back to Miss Millicent, and put up with the little drawback of her age. What a bright loveable fellow he was! Good-bye to Goldenheart!'*

These lines are not signed. They are known, however, to be in the handwriting of Rufus Dingwell.]

CHAPTER VII.

I PARTICULARLY want you to come and lunch with us, dearest Cecilia, the day after to-morrow. Don't say to yourself, 'The Farnaby's house is dull, and Regina is too slow for me'—and don't think about the long drive for the horses from your place to London. This letter has an interest of its own, my dear—I have got something new for you. What do you think of a young man, who is clever and handsome and agreeable—and, wonder of wonders, utterly unlike any other young man you ever saw in your life? You are to meet him at luncheon; and you are to get used to his strange name beforehand. For which purpose I enclose his card.

He made his first appearance at our house, at dinner yesterday evening.

When he was presented to me at the tea-table, he was not to be put off with a bow—he insisted on shaking hands. 'Where I have been,' he explained, 'we help a first introduction with a little cordiality.' He looked into his tea-cup, after he said that, with the air of a man who could say something more, if he had a little encouragement. Of course, I encouraged him. 'I suppose shaking hands is much the same form in America that

bowing is in England?' I said, as suggestively as I could.

He looked up directly, and shook his head. 'We have too many forms in this country,' he said. 'The virtue of hospitality, for instance, seems to have become a form in England. In America, when a new acquaintance says, "Come and see me," he means it. When he says it here, in nine cases out of ten he looks unaffectedly astonished if you are fool enough to take him at his word. I hate insincerity, Miss Regina—and now I have returned to my own country, I find insincerity one of the established institutions of English Society. "Can we do anything for you?" Ask them to do something for you—and you will see what it means. "Thank you for such a pleasant evening!" Get into the carriage with them when they go home—and you will find that it means "What a bore!" "Ah, Mr. So-and-so, allow me to congratulate you on your new appointment." Mr. So-and-so passes out of hearing—and you discover what the congratulations mean. "Corrupt old brute! he has got the price of his vote at the last division." "O, Mr. Blank, what a charming book you have written!" Mr. Blank passes out of hearing—and you ask what his book is about. "To tell you the truth, I haven't read it. Hush; he's received at Court; one must say these things." The other day a friend took me to a grand dinner at the Lord Mayor's. I accompanied him first to his club; many distinguished guests met there before going to the dinner. Heavens, how they spoke of the Lord Mayor! One of them didn't know his name, and didn't want to know it; another wasn't certain whether he was a tallow-chandler or a button-maker; a third who had met with him somewhere, described him as a damned ass; a fourth said, "O, don't be hard on him; he's only a vulgar old cockney, without an *h* in his whole composition." A chorus of general agreement followed, as the dinner-hour approach-

ed: "What a bore!" I whispered to my friend, "Why do they go?" He answered, "You see, one must do this sort of thing." And when we got to the Mansion House, they did that sort of thing with a vengeance! When the speech-making set in, these very men, who had been all expressing their profound contempt for the Lord Mayor behind his back, now flattered him to his face in such a shamelessly-servile way, with such a meanly-complete insensibility to their own baseness, that I did really and literally turn sick. I slipped out into the fresh air, and fumigated myself, after the company I had kept, with a cigar. No, no! it's useless to excuse these things (I could quote dozens of other instances that have come under my own observation), by saying that they are trifles. When trifles make themselves habits of yours or of mine, they become a part of your character or mine. We have an inveterately false and vicious system of society in England. If you want to trace one of the causes, look back to the little organised insincerities of English life.'

Of course you understand, Cecilia, that this was not all said at one burst, as I have written it here. Some of it came out in the way of answers to my inquiries; and some of it was spoken in the intervals of laughing, talking, and tea drinking. But I want to show you how very different this young man is from the young men whom we are in the habit of meeting, and so I huddle his talk together in one sample, as Papa Farnaby would call it.

My dear, he is decidedly handsome (I mean our delightful Amelius); his face has a bright eager look, indescribably refreshing as a contrast to the stolid composure of the ordinary young Englishman. His smile is charming; he moves as gracefully—with as little self-consciousness—as my Italian greyhound. He has been brought up among the strangest people in America; and (would you believe it?) he is actually a Socialist.

Don't be alarmed. He shocked us all dreadfully by declaring that his Socialism was entirely learnt out of the New Testament. I have looked at the New Testament, since he mentioned some of his principles to me; and do you know, I declare it is true!

O, I forgot—the young Socialist plays and sings! When we asked him to go to the piano, he got up and began directly. 'I don't do it well enough,' he said, 'to want a great deal of pressing.' He sang old English songs, with great taste and sweetness. One of the gentlemen of our party, evidently disliking him, spoke rather rudely, I thought. 'A Socialist who sings and plays,' he said, 'is a harmless Socialist indeed. I begin to feel that my balance is safe at my banker's, and that London won't be set on fire with petroleum this time.' He got his answer, I can tell you. 'Why should we set London on fire? London takes a regular percentage of your income from you, sir, whether you like it or not, on sound Socialist principles. You are the man who has got the money, and Socialism says: You must and shall help the man who has got none. That is exactly what your own Poor Law says to you, every time the collector leaves the paper at your house.' Wasn't it clever?—and it was doubly severe, because it was good-humouredly said.

Between ourselves, Cecilia, I think he is struck with me. When I walked about the room, his bright eyes followed me everywhere. And, when I took a chair by somebody else, not feeling it quite right to keep him all to myself, he invariably contrived to find a seat on the other side of me. His voice, too, had a certain tone, addressed to me, and to no other person in the room. Judge for yourself when you come here; but don't jump to conclusions, if you please. O, no—I am not going to fall in love with him! It isn't in me to fall in love with anybody. Do you remember

what the last man whom I refused said of me? 'She has a machine on the left side of her that pumps blood through her body, but she has no heart.' I pity the woman who marries *that* man!

One thing more, my dear. This curious Amelius seems to notice trifles which escape men in general, just as *we* do. Towards the close of the evening, poor Mamma Farnaby fell into one of her vacant states; half asleep and half awake on the sofa in the back drawing-room. 'Your aunt interests me, he whispered. 'She must have suffered some terrible sorrow, at some time past in her life.' Fancy a man seeing that! He dropped some hints, which showed that he was puzzling his brains to discover how I got on with her, and whether I was in her confidence or not: he even went the length of asking what sort of life I led with the uncle and aunt who have adopted me. My dear, it was done so delicately, with such irresistible sympathy and such a charming air of respect, that I was quite startled when I remembered, in the wakeful hours of the night, how freely I had spoken to him. Not that I have betrayed any secrets; for, as you know, I am as ignorant as everybody else of what the early troubles of my poor dear aunt may have been. But I did tell him how I came into the house a helpless little orphan girl; and how generously these two good relatives adopted me; and how happy it made me to find that I could really do something to cheer their sad childless lives. 'I wish I was half as good as you are,' he said. 'I can't understand how you became fond of Mrs. Farnaby. Perhaps it began in sympathy and compassion?' Just think of that, from a young Englishman! He went on confessing his perplexities, as if we had known one another from childhood. 'I am a little surprised to see Mrs. Farnaby present at parties of this sort; I should have thought she would have stayed in her own room.'

'That's just what she objects to do,' I answered; 'she says, people will report that her husband is ashamed of her, or that she is not fit to be seen in society, if she doesn't appear at the parties—and she is determined not to be misrepresented in that way.' Can you understand my talking to him with so little reserve? It is a specimen, Cecilia, of the odd manner in which my impulses carry me away, in this man's company. He is so nice and gentle—and yet so manly. I shall be curious to see if you can resist him, with your superior firmness and knowledge of the world.

But the strangest incident of all, I have not told you yet—feeling some hesitation about the best way of describing it, so as to interest you in what has deeply interested me. I must tell it as plainly as I can, and leave it to speak for itself.

Who do you think has invited Amelius to luncheon? Not Papa Farnaby, who only invites him to dinner. Not I, it is needless to say. Who is it, then? Mamma Farnaby herself! He has actually so interested her that she has been thinking of him, and dreaming of him, in his absence!

I heard her last night, poor thing, talking and grinding her teeth in her sleep; and I went into her room to try if I could quiet her, in the usual way, by putting my cool hand on her forehead, and pressing it gently. (The old doctor says it's magnetism, which is ridiculous.) Well, it didn't succeed this time; she went on muttering, and making that dreadful sound with her teeth. Occasionally a word was spoken clearly enough to be intelligible. I could make no connected sense of what I heard; but I could positively discover this—that she was dreaming of our guest from America.

I said nothing about it, of course, when I went up-stairs with her cup of tea this morning. What do you think was the first thing she asked for? Pen, ink, and paper. Her next request was that I would write Mr.

Goldenheart's address on an envelope. 'Are you going to write to him?' I asked. 'Yes,' she said, 'I want to speak to him, while John is out of the way at business.' 'Secrets?' I said, turning it off with a laugh. She answered, speaking gravely and earnestly, 'Yes; secrets.' The letter was written, and sent to his hotel, inviting him to lunch with us on the first day when he was disengaged. He has replied, appointing the day after to-morrow. By way of trying to penetrate the mystery, I inquired if she wished *me* to appear at the luncheon. She considered with herself, before she answered that. 'I want him to be amused, and put in a good humour,' she said, 'before I speak to him. You must lunch with us—and ask Cecilia.' She stopped, and considered once more. 'Mind one thing,' she went on. 'Your uncle is to know nothing about it. If you tell him, I will never speak to you again.'

Is this not extraordinary? Whatever her dream may have been, it has evidently produced a strong impression on her. I firmly believe she means to take him away with her to her own room, when the luncheon is over. Dearest Cecilia, you must help me to stop this! I have never been trusted with her secrets; they may, for all I know, be innocent secrets enough, poor soul. But it is surely in the highest degree undesirable that she should take into her confidence a young man who is only an acquaintance of ours: she will either make herself ridiculous, or do something worse. If Mr. Farnaby finds it out, I really tremble for what may happen.

For the sake of old friendship, don't leave me to face this difficulty by myself. A line, only one line, dearest, to say that you will not fail me.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was an afternoon concert; and modern German music was largely represented on the programme. The patient English people sat in closely-packed rows, listening to the pretentious instrumental noises which were impudently offered to them as a substitute for melody. While these docile victims of the worst of all quackeries (musical quackery) were still toiling through their first hour of endurance, a passing ripple of interest stirred the stagnant surface of the audience, caused by the sudden rising of a lady overcome by the heat. She was quickly led out of the concert-room (after whispering a word of explanation to two young ladies seated at her side) by a gentleman who made a fourth member of the party. Left by themselves, the young ladies looked at each other, whispered to each other, half rose from their places, became confusedly conscious that the wandering attention of the audience was fixed on them, and decided at last on following their companions out of the hall.

But the lady who had preceded them had some reason of her own for not waiting to recover herself in the vestibule. When the gentleman in charge of her asked if he should get a glass of water, she answered sharply, 'Get a cab—and be quick about it.'

The cab was found in a moment; the gentleman got in after her, by the lady's invitation. 'Are you better now?' he asked. 'I have never had anything the matter with me,' she replied quietly; 'tell the man to drive faster.' Having obeyed his instructions, the gentleman (otherwise Amelius) began to look a little puzzled. The lady (Mrs. Farnaby herself) perceived his condition of mind, and favoured him with an explanation.

'I had my own motive for asking you to luncheon to-day,' she began, in the steady downright way of speaking

that was peculiar to her. 'I wanted to have a word with you privately. My niece Regina—don't be surprised at my calling her my niece, when you have heard Mr. Farnaby call her his daughter. She *is* my niece. Adopting her is a mere phrase. It doesn't alter facts; it doesn't make her Mr. Farnaby's child or mine, does it?'

She had ended with a question, but she seemed to want no answer to it. Her face was turned towards the cab-window, instead of towards Amelius. He was one of those rare people who are capable of remaining silent when they have nothing to say. Mrs. Farnaby went on.

'My niece Regina is a good creature in her way; but she suspects people. She has some reason of her own for trying to prevent me from taking you into my confidence; and her friend Cecilia is helping her. Yes, yes; the concert was the obstacle which they had arranged to put in my way. You were obliged to go, after telling them you wanted to hear the music; and I couldn't complain, because they had got a fourth ticket for me. I made up my mind what to do; and I have done it. Nothing wonderful in my being taken ill with the heat; nothing wonderful in your doing your duty as a gentleman and looking after me—and what is the consequence? Here we are together, on our way to my room, in spite of them. Not so bad for a poor helpless creature like me, is it?'

Inwardly wondering what it all meant, what she could possibly want with him, Amelius suggested that the young ladies might leave the concert-room, and, not finding him in the vestibule, might follow them back to the house.

Mrs. Farnaby turned her head from the window, and looked him in the face for the first time. 'I have been a match for them so far,' she said; 'leave it to me, and you will find I can be a match for them still.'

After saying that she watched the

puzzled face of Amelius with a moment's steady scrutiny. Her full lips relaxed into a faint smile; her head sank slowly on her bosom. 'I wonder whether he thinks I am a little crazy?' she said quietly to herself. 'Some women in my place would have gone mad years ago. Perhaps it might have been better for *me*?' She looked up again at Amelius. 'I believe you are a good-tempered fellow,' she went on. 'Are you in your usual temper now? Did you enjoy your lunch? Has the lively company of the young ladies put you in a good-humour with women generally? I want you to be in a particularly good-humour with Me.'

She spoke quite gravely. Amelius, a little to his own astonishment, found himself answering gravely on his side; assuring her in the most conventional terms that he was entirely at her service. Something in her manner affected him disagreeably. If he had followed his impulse, he would have jumped out of the cab, and have recovered his liberty and his lightheartedness at one and the same moment, by running away at the top of his speed.

The driver turned into the street in which Mr. Farnaby's house was situated. Mrs. Farnaby stopped him, and got out at some little distance from the door. 'You think the young ones will follow us back,' she said to Amelius. 'It doesn't matter; the servants will have nothing to tell them if they do.' She checked him in the act of knocking when they reached the house-door. 'It's tea-time down-stairs,' she whispered, looking at her watch. 'You and I are going into the house, without letting the servants know anything about it. *Now* do you understand?'

She produced from her pocket a steel ring, with several keys attached to it. 'A duplicate of Mr. Farnaby's key,' she explained, as she chose one, and opened the street-door. 'Sometimes, when I find myself waking in the small hours of the morning, I can't endure my bed; I must go out and walk. My key lets me in again, just

as it lets us in now, without disturbing anybody. You had better say nothing about it to Mr. Farnaby. Not that it matters much; for I should refuse to give up my key if he asked me. But you're a good-natured fellow—and you don't want to make bad blood between man and wife, do you? Step softly, and follow me.'

Amelius hesitated. There was something repellent to him in entering another man's house under these clandestine conditions. 'All right?' whispered Mrs. Farnaby, perfectly understanding him. 'Consult your dignity; go out again, and knock at the door, and ask if I am at home. I only wanted to prevent a fuss and an interruption when Regina comes back. If the servants don't know we are here, they will tell her we haven't returned—don't you see?'

It would have been absurd to contest the matter, after this. Amelius followed her submissively to the farther end of the hall. There, she opened the door of a long narrow room, built out at the back of the house.

'This is my den,' she said, signing to Amelius to pass in. 'While we are here, nobody will disturb us.' She laid aside her bonnet and shawl, and pointed to a box of cigars on the table. 'Take one,' she resumed; 'I smoke too, when nobody sees me. That's one of the reasons, I dare say, why Regina wished to keep you out of my room. I find smoking composes me. What do you say?'

She lit a cigar, and handed the matches to Amelius. Finding that he stood fairly committed to the adventure, he resigned himself to circumstances with his customary facility. He too lit a cigar, and took a chair by the fire, and looked about him with an impenetrable composure worthy of Rufus Dingwell himself.

The room bore no sort of resemblance to a boudoir. A faded old Turkey carpet was spread on the floor. The common mahogany table had no covering; the chintz on the chairs was

of a truly venerable age. Some of the furniture made the place look like a room occupied by a man. Dumbbells and clubs of the sort used in athletic exercises hung over the bare mantelpiece; a large ugly oaken structure with closed doors, something between a cabinet and a wardrobe, filled one entire side of the room; a turning lathe stood against the opposite wall. Above the lathe were hung in a row four prints, in dingy old frames of black wood, which especially attracted the attention of Amelius. Mostly foreign prints, they were all discoloured by time, and they all strangely represented different aspects of the same subject—infants parted from their parents by desertion or robbery. The young Moses was there, in his ark of bulrushes, on the river-bank. Good St. Francis appeared next, roaming the streets, and rescuing forsaken children in the wintry night. A third print showed the foundling hospital of old Paris, with the turning cage in the wall, and the bell to ring when the infant was placed in it. The next and last subject was the stealing of a child from the lap of its slumbering nurse by a gipsy-woman. These sadly-suggestive subjects were the only ornaments on the walls. No traces of books or music was visible; no needlework of any sort was to be seen; no elegant trifles; no china or flowers or delicate lace-work or sparkling-jewellery—nothing, absolutely nothing suggestive of a woman's presence—appeared in any part of Mrs. Farnaby's room.

'I have got several things to say to you,' she began; 'but one thing must be settled first. Give me your sacred word of honour that you will not repeat to any mortal creature what I am going to tell you now.' She reclined in her chair, and drew in a mouthful of smoke and puffed it out again, and waited for his reply.

Young and unsuspecting as he was, this unscrupulous method of taking his confidence by storm startled Ame-

lius. His natural tact and good sense told him plainly that Mrs. Farnaby was asking too much.

'Don't be angry with me, ma'am,' he said; 'I must remind you that you are going to tell me your secrets without any wish to intrude on them, on my part—'

She interrupted him there. 'What does that matter?' she asked sharply.

Amelius was obstinate; he went on with what he had to say. 'I should like to know,' he proceeded, 'that I am doing no wrong to anybody, before I give you my promise?'

'You will be doing a kindness to a miserable creature,' she answered, as quietly as usual; 'and you will be doing no wrong to yourself or to anybody else, if you promise. That is all I can say. Your cigar is out. Take a light.'

Amelius took a light, with the dog-like docility of a man in a state of blank amazement. She waited, watching him composedly until his cigar was in working order again.

'Well?' she asked. 'Will you promise now?'

Amelius gave her his promise.

'On your sacred word of honour?' she persisted.

Amelius repeated the formula. She reclined in her chair once more. 'I want to speak to you as if I was speaking to an old friend,' she explained. 'I suppose I may call you Amelius?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, Amelius, I must tell you first that I committed a sin, many long years ago. I have suffered the punishment; I am suffering it still. Ever since I was a young woman, I have had a heavy burden of misery on my heart. I am not reconciled to it, I cannot submit to it, yet. I never shall be reconciled to it, I never shall submit to it, if I live to be a hundred. Do you wish me to enter into particulars? or will you have mercy on me, and be satisfied with what I have told you so far?'

It was not said entreatingly, or tenderly, or humbly: she spoke with a savage self-contained resignation in her manner and in her voice. Amelius forgot his cigar again—and again she reminded him of it. He answered her as his own generous impulsive temperament urged him; he said, 'Tell me nothing that causes you a moment's pain; tell me only how I can help you.' She handed him the box of matches; she said, 'Your cigar is out again.'

He laid down his cigar. In his brief span of life he had seen no human misery that expressed itself in this way. 'Excuse me,' he answered; 'I won't smoke just now.'

She laid her cigar aside like Amelius, and crossed her arms over her bosom, and looked at him, with the first softening gleam of tenderness that he had seen in her face. 'My friend,' she said, 'yours will be a sad life—I pity you. The world will wound that sensitive heart of yours; the world will trample on that generous nature. One of these days, perhaps, you will be a wretch like me. No more of that. Get up; I have something to show you.'

Rising herself, she led the way to the large oaken press, and took her bunch of keys out of her pocket again.

'About this old sorrow of mine,' she resumed. 'Do me justice, Amelius, at the outset. I haven't treated it as some women treat their sorrows—I haven't nursed it and petted it and made the most of it to myself and to others. No! I have tried every means of relief, every possible pursuit that could occupy my mind. One example of what I say will do as well as a hundred. See it for yourself.'

She put the key in the lock. It resisted her first efforts to open it. With a contemptuous burst of impatience and a sudden exertion of her rare strength, she tore open the two doors of the press. Behind the door on the left appeared a row of open shelves. The opposite compartment, behind the

door on the right, was filled by drawers with brass handles. She shut the left door; angrily banging it to, as if the opening of it had disclosed something which she did not wish to be seen. By the merest chance, Amelius had looked that way first. In the one instant in which it was possible to see anything, he had noticed, carefully laid out on one of the shelves, a baby's long linen frock and cap, turned yellow by the lapse of time.

The half-told story of the past was more than half told now. The treasured relics of the infant threw their little glimmer of light on the motive which had chosen the subjects of the prints on the wall. A child deserted and lost! A child who, by bare possibility, might be living still!

She turned towards Amelius suddenly. 'There is nothing to interest you on *that side*,' she said. 'Look at the drawers here; open them for yourself.' She drew back as she spoke, and pointed to the uppermost of the row of drawers. A narrow slip of paper was pasted on it, bearing this written inscription:—'*Dead Consolations*.'

Amelius opened the drawer: it was full of books. 'Look at them,' she said: Amelius obeying her, discovered dictionaries, grammars, exercises, poems, novels, and histories—all in the German language.

'A foreign language tried as a relief,' said Mrs. Farnaby, speaking quietly behind him. 'Month after month of hard study—all forgotten now. The old sorrow came back in spite of it. A dead consolation! Open the next drawer.'

The next drawer revealed water-colours and drawing-materials huddled together in a corner, and a heap of poor little conventional landscapes filling up the rest of the space. As works of art, they were wretched in the last degree; monuments of industry and application miserably and completely thrown away.

'I had no talent for that pursuit, as

you see,' said Mrs. Farnaby. 'But I persevered with it, week after week, month after month. I thought to myself, "I hate it so, it costs me such dreadful trouble, it so worries and persecutes and humiliates me, that *this* surely must keep my mind occupied and my thoughts away from myself!" No: the old sorrow stared me in the face again on the paper that I was spoiling, through the colours that I couldn't learn to use. Another dead consolation, Amelius! Shut it up.'

She herself opened a third and fourth drawer. In one there appeared a copy of Euclid, and a slate with the problems still traced on it: the other contained a microscope and the treatises relating to its use. 'Always the same effort,' she said, shutting the door of the press as she spoke; 'and always the same result. You have had enough of it; and so have I.' She turned and pointed to the lathe in the corner, and to the clubs and dumb-bells over the mantelpiece. 'I can look at *them* patiently,' she went on; 'they give me bodily relief. I work at the lathe till my back aches; I swing the clubs till I'm ready to drop with fatigue. And then I lie down on the rug there, and sleep it off, and forget myself for an hour or two. Come back to the fire again. You have seen my dead consolations; you must hear of my *living* consolation next. In justice to Mr. Farnaby—ah, how I hate him!'

She spoke those last vehement words to herself, but with such intense bitterness of contempt that the tones were quite loud enough to be heard. Amelius looked furtively towards the door. Was there no hope that Regina and her friend might return and interrupt them? After what he had seen and heard, could *he* hope to console Mrs. Farnaby? He could only wonder what object she could possibly have in view in taking him into her confidence. 'Am I always to be in a mess with women?' he thought to himself. 'First poor Mellicent, and

now this one. What next?' He lit his cigar again. The brotherhood of smokers, and they alone, will understand what a refuge it was to him at that moment.

'Give me a light,' said Mrs. Farnaby, recalled to the remembrance of her own cigar. 'I want to know one thing before I go on. Amelius, I watched those bright eyes of yours at luncheon-time. Did they tell me the truth? You're not in love with my niece, are you?'

Amelius took his cigar out of his mouth, and looked at her.

'Out with it boldly!' she said.

Amelius let it out, to a certain extent. 'I admire her very much,' he answered.

'Ah,' Mrs. Farnaby remarked, 'you don't know her as well as I do.'

The disdainful indifference of her tone irritated Amelius. He was still young enough to believe in the existence of gratitude; and Mrs. Farnaby had spoken ungratefully. Besides, he was fond enough of Regina already to feel offended when she was referred to slightly.

'I am surprised to hear what you say of her,' he burst out. 'She is quite devoted to you.'

'O, yes,' said Mrs. Farnaby carelessly. 'She is devoted to me, of course—she is the living consolation I told you of just now. That was Mr. Farnaby's notion in adopting her. Mr. Farnaby thought to himself, "Here's a ready-made daughter for my wife—that's all this tiresome woman wants to comfort her: now we shall do." Do you know what I call that? I call it reasoning like an idiot. A man may be very clever at his business—and may be a contemptible fool in other respects. Another woman's child a consolation to Me! Pah! it makes one sick to think of it. I have one merit, Amelius; I don't cant. It's my duty to take care of my sister's child; and I do my duty willingly. Regina's a good sort of creature—I don't dispute it. But she's like all those tall darkish

women; there's no backbone in her, no dash; a kind feeble goody-goody sugary disposition; and a deal of quiet obstinacy at the bottom of it, I can tell you. O, yes, I do her justice; I don't deny that she's devoted to me, as you say. But I am making a clean breast of it now. And you ought to know, and you shall know, that Mr. Farnaby's living consolation is no more a consolation to me than the things you have seen in those drawers. There! now we've done with Regina. No: there's one thing more to be cleared up. When you say you admire her, what do you mean? Do you mean to marry her?'

For once in his life Amelius stood on his dignity. 'I have too much respect for the young lady to answer your question,' he said loftily.

'Because, if you do,' Mrs. Farnaby proceeded, 'I mean to put every possible obstacle in your way. In short, I mean to prevent it.'

This plain declaration staggered Amelius. He confessed the truth by implication, in one word.

'Why?' he asked sharply.

'Wait a little, and recover your temper,' she answered.

There was a pause. They sat, on either side of the fireplace, and eyed each other attentively.

'Now are you ready?' Mrs. Farnaby resumed. 'Here is my reason. If you marry Regina, or marry anybody, you will settle down somewhere, and lead a dull life.'

'Well,' said Amelius; 'and why not, if I like it?'

'Because I want you to remain a roving bachelor; here to-day and gone to-morrow—travelling all over the world, and seeing everything and everybody.'

'What good will that do to you, Mrs. Farnaby?'

She rose from her own side of the fireplace; crossed to the side on which Amelius was sitting; and, standing before him, placed her hands heavily on his shoulders. Her eyes grew radiant with a sudden interest and anima-

tion as they looked down on him, riveted on his face.

'Because I am still waiting for the one living consolation that may yet come to me,' she said. 'And, hear this, Amelius! After all the years that have passed, You may be the man who brings it to me.'

In the momentary silence that followed, they heard a double knock at the house-door.

'Regina!' said Mrs. Farnaby.

As the name passed her lips, she sprang to the door of the room, and turned the key in the lock.

(To be continued.)

QUEEN VICTORIA IN ITALY.

ONE of the most talked of things in Italy just now is the visit of Queen Victoria, and next to it, as a subject of interest, the magnificent residence offered to her by Mr. Henfrey.

Mr. Henfrey may consider himself 'twice blessed;' first, to be the possessor of such an unparalleled gem of architecture, and second, to have it graced by the presence of his sovereign.

The castle of Mr. Henfrey, so chivalously offered by him to Her Majesty, is indeed well worth a description, and cannot fail to interest all those that can appreciate the beautiful of the present day.

It is situated on the shore of one of the most enchanting of the lakes of Italy, *Lago Maggiore*, and rises majestically, and with all the aspect of a truly regal residence, on the declivity of a hill overlooking the lake. The style is what is called in England, *Old English*. Four pointed towers adorn the building on its four sides, and a fifth, higher than the others and *acuminatissima*, looks loftily towards the mountain, cutting its elegant form upon the deep blue of the sky. It has two main storeys, with a smaller third

one, under the traditional *mansardes*, looking towards the lake. On both sides of the building and also lake-ward, run three *loggie*, from which the happy occupant may, sheltered from sun and wind and rain, contemplate in delightful retirement, the incomparable spectacle of art and nature before him. The panorama that is seen from the middle *loggie*, especially, is something to be remembered forever: it beggars all word-description. Like so many pictures set in azure and sunlight, lie before you the picturesque villages of Sona, Baveno, Pallanza, Stresa; the historical, the delicious little islands Borromes: Bella, Madre, and Superiore, sweet green nests in a sparkling lake; in short, the whole shore as far as Arona, and in the distance, as a last eye-delight, lofty mountains, silver crowned with snow.

The castle is entirely built of that pretty rose-coloured brick, so common in Italian buildings, and of the white stone of Baveno. The roof is of zinc and slate, and the floors are laid out in the most finished Venetian style. It has access on two sides, by magnificent flights of steps leading to a platform, adorned with bronze statue-fountains,

recognized master pieces of modern art, From this platform, two marble entrances, gothic in design, lead to the loggie and to the interior of the castle, namely, to the main hall, an immense quadrangle richly decorated with paintings. At the end of this hall, superb Carrara marble stairs of elaborate architectural design and beauty take the visitor to the upper storey.

The richest and handsomest rooms are on the first floor. Three of these, ten metres square, display unparalleled luxury and wealth. These are the banquet-hall, the drawing-room, the reception-room and music hall. Words fail to give an idea of the magnificence of their furniture and hangings; silk stuffs of white ground worked with gold; mosaic-floors; Chinese and Indian tapestries; chairs and sofas surpassing in unique elegance all that princely taste has heretofore invented; rare Japan vases; Sèvres porcelains; mammoth mirrors of the most dazzling polish; chandeliers; statues of bronze and marble, pictures of masters; works of art of every style and country; pianos, in short all that wealth and taste can accumulate to make such a residence worthy of such a guest, is here brought together.

On the upper storey are the private apartments of the Queen and her ladies of honour. The bed-room of Her Majesty is a miracle of elegance. The walls are covered with a rich silk brocade, of a light gray shade, dotted over with lustreless gold designs. The furniture accords with the richness of the hangings, but among all these splendid appointments, one thing, for its strange contrast with the rest, challenges the attention by its very simplicity: it is the Queen's bed, of plain walnut; scarcely comfortable. But it is her own. She brought it with her from London.

It is scarcely possible, midst such a mass of beautiful things, to note anything particularly. However, to satisfy the curiosity of the reader, we will mention a few that strike the eye at

a first sight; viz., a magnificent statue of Egeria, of Carrara marble; and a Madonna, by Luina. In the large hall on the first floor hang a number of fine pictures, all by Masters; among these a celebrated 'Susanna in the Bath'; in the upper storey one of the finest landscapes of Azeglio; in the dining-room, a valuable painting of the English School, representing the 'Piazza Navona on market-days.'

The castle stands in the middle of an immense garden, magnificently laid out; full of exotic plants, statues, fountains, etc., and extends into a delicious grove, the shadiest of retreats.

The principal entrance to this superb property is on the Baveno side, on the right. A porter's lodge stands by the gate, built in the *châlet* style, and handsome enough to serve as a dwelling for a lord. From this, a path to the left leads to the castle. Close by the latter, and on slightly rising ground, stands its rival in architectural workmanship, an elegant chapel. This is a triumph in its way. It is an octagon temple, in the Pisan style, all delicate columns and arches. The exterior in *basso-relievo*, is of Baveno stone fluted and carved, a piece of most elaborate workmanship, and the interior, all marble, gold and mosaic, is made to imitate the interior of the church of St. Mark in Venice. The crystal windows, enchased within dainty marble *colonettes*, are beautifully stained and represent sacred subjects. The altar and pulpit are plain and in the Protestant fashion; the organ is made in two pieces so as not to conceal one of the windows of the octagon, where it is placed. In the centre, from the vault of the cupola, hangs a rich chandelier of Arabic design.

The *prie-dieu* of the Queen is particularly worthy of notice for the ingenious richness of its composition. The exterior is of the purest Carrara marble, inlaid with mosaics of gold and valuable stones: the inner part is covered with crimson velvet.

A path, bordered with rare shrubs, plants and flowers, leads from the church to the castle and from there winds towards the various smaller buildings connected with the establishment: to the green-houses and the *gazo-metro*; for Mr. Henfrey has taken good care that all this magnificence should be put in a proper light, and the means for perfect illumination have not been spared.

This gorgeous establishment has for its neighbour, on the Baveno side, the Hotel Zanoli, and on the Stresa side,

the lovely villa Durazzo. The latter was rented by Mr. Henfrey for the most important personages of the Queen's suite, as also the hotel Belle Vue and hotel Beau-Rivage, for the rest of the Queen's retinue.

Thus will this charming spot, which twenty-five years ago was nothing but a lonely wilderness, be converted this summer into a rich English colony, which the simple Italian contadini may regard for the time with more than passing interest.

C.

ROUND THE TABLE.

DARWIN has taught us how the presence of cats may exercise a considerable influence over the fructification of clover-flowers, by acting through the intermediate agencies of field-mice and honey-bees. The chain of consequences is instructive, as teaching us the interdependence of things, which, at first blush, appear most unconnected, and the strength of those hidden links, airy and invisible as gossamer, which bind creation together.

To pass from one example to another, have you ever traced out the connection between newspapers and beards? Our forefathers had no newspapers and no beards. As the daily press has come in, the daily razor seems to have gone out of fashion. Is there any clue to this mystery, or are these but coincidences? I boldly affirm that the phenomena stand in the relationship of cause and effect to each other, and the key to this riddle lies in the barber's shop.

The idea occurred to me but the other day, when I was having my hair

cut. I am naturally taciturn, and my disinclination to talk to a stranger was evidently reciprocated by the professor of the tonsorial art, who was officiating among my ambrosial curls. While pleased at his silence, I could not help wondering how it was that barbers had ever acquired a reputation for chattering, especially when I reflected that almost all the barbers I knew were also as glum as mutes at a funeral. I pondered over it, and asked myself if this quiet was assumed or not. Presently, the man of the scissors took his opportunity and dived into a little back-parlour where he compressed fully ten minutes of an ordinary man's conversation into a half-minute's interview with his assistant, a red-headed youth with preternaturally large and swollen knuckles. Clearly enough, the respectful silence which clothed him like a garb when he returned to his snipping, was put on. Why was this? My eye, at this moment, fell on the newspaper which I had instinctively laid across my

knee on settling myself down, in the chair of state, to be operated upon. There was the clue! Here was the criminal who had banished the merry, impudent barber of the old romances and early novels, and had substituted our modern Tonsor, with his melancholic visage, for the faithful and loquacious Strap who lathered, bothered, chattered to and blubbered over Roderick Random.

The reason was only too plain. When yet the newspaper was not, every man went to the barber's as the centre of information. 'Sir Peter's wig to be curled?'—pshaw, that was a shallow subterfuge, a mere paltry expedient, an excuse for remaining long enough to hear all that had been collected in that sink or reservoir of tittle-tattle, and to leave in return whatever modicum of news, as to Sir Peter's private matters, the barber could extract or the knight was willing to impart.

'But Scripture saith an ending to all good things must be,' and so *Flying Posts* and *Daily Messengers* came in, and wigs began to wither. As the size of the sheet and the number of the columns increased, the area of the wig gradually shrank and diminished. The full-bottomed wig was curtailed to a Ramlie, the Ramlie degenerated into a bob, and the bob was but poorly represented at last by powder and pig-tail. The newspapers were now in the ascendant. Still there was a deal of trashy news which no paper cared to print, and no man cared to miss hearing, so day by day men sat down, turned up their chins to the ceiling, had the lather brushed into the corners of their mouths, and listened pleasurably to scandal.

Even then the insatiable journalists were not satisfied. They took to printing personalities, gossip, jokes, rumours, announcements of Mr. A.'s arrival in town, Mr. B.'s enormous gooseberry, the fight between your neighbour's cats, and how old Mr. X. Y. Z. slipped down on a piece of

orange peel. The injury was done. No man shaved any more. The barber's shop had lost its attraction, and the clean chin was a thing of the past. If any man, from force of habit, disliked a beard, he went and shaved at home in an ogreish, hypochondriacal way, such as no old frequenter of the barber's would have tolerated for a moment. It would be no more possible to bring back the days of public shaving than to persuade any one to go back into a buckled wig. The barber has become morose and implacable, and takes a savage pleasure in blowing the loose hairs down the small of your back. And the merry gossip that nature intended to have fallen, prattlingly, from his tongue, lies petrified, lifeless and dry in a corner of the paper.

F. R.

A DIALOGUE.

SCENE:—*Library in the House of Practicus. Present: PRACTICUS, CYNICUS, PRIG, and TOM SUMMERDAYE.*

PRIG (*laying down the 'Mail'*).—
'Well, now, I do think it is too disgusting!'

TOM.—'What's up now, Prig?'

PRIG.—'Why, this tariff upon imported books. Here are some of the leading publishers declaring that the duty will entirely stop the sale of the English Reviews. I should have thought that the spirit of culture is not so strong in Canada that it can bear discouragement. Besides, even Sir John might have understood that a book is not a mere manufactured article.'

CYNICUS.—'It strikes me, though, that a book now-a-days is a very highly manufactured article indeed—manufactured to suit the public.'

PRIG (*sighs*).—'O, yes, I admit pure genius hasn't much chance in these days. But now, just as one flatters oneself that a certain taste for real

reading is beginning to grow up in Canadian society, they must needs impose a tax that will raise the price of, at all events, smaller books twenty per cent.'

PRACTICUS.—'But the only difference the tariff will make, Prig, will be that Canadian publishers will reprint English books instead of American publishers.'

PRIG.—'No, they won't. Why, do you suppose it will pay them to reprint books for such a small market as they have in Canada? Surely you don't think they will command the American market? It may pay them to reprint a few trashy novels, nothing higher, nothing higher. However, I'm glad to see that the Canadian Institute, at any rate, has taken the right view of the matter and has petitioned for the repeal of the tax upon intellect.'

CYNICUS.—'Yes, if that flourishing Institution takes the matter up, the tariff is doomed.'

PRIG.—'O, it's all very well for you to sneer, Cynicus, but every intelligent person will agree, that they have acted quite rightly. Thank Heaven, though, there is one consolation about the thing.'

TOM.—'By Jove, let's have it, Prig, by all means.'

PRIG.—'Well, what should you fellows say was the most crying evil of Canadian Society?'

CYNICUS.—'Shouldn't like to make invidious distinctions.'

TOM.—'My landlady's baby is in the running, anyhow. It's the most crying evil I know of, Prig.'

PRACTICUS.—'Give it up, Prig, unless it's want of money.'

PRIG (*with gentle superiority*).—'What! want of money in a country in which, as Lord Dufferin said, wealth is, perhaps, as evenly distributed as in any country in the world.'

CYNICUS.—'Then, I suppose, his Lordship must have forgotten the Scilly Islands, Prig, where they say the

people gain a precarious livelihood by taking in each other's washing.'

PRIG.—'Well, for my part, I say the want of a good circulating library is the most crying evil of Canadian society. It does seem to me disgraceful that in such a community as we have in Canada—so large and so intelligent—one shouldn't get the new books without buying them. Why, when I was in England last year, I don't think I ever went into a lady's drawing-room without seeing half a dozen of the best of the new books from Mudie's library on the table. I can't think why some one hasn't got the enterprise to be the Canadian Mudie. I think there's a fortune in it, to take the lowest view.'

PRACTICUS.—'I don't believe it, Prig. I've asked a good many of the leading booksellers why they don't try the thing, and they all say it wouldn't pay.'

PRIG.—'Yes, but I don't think the booksellers are quite in a position to know the demand which really exists. I'm constantly hearing people regretting the want of a circulating library worthy of the name. And then, again, the demand for new books is like ambition and grows by what it feeds on. The man who would start a good circulating library in Canada would be a public benefactor. Just think what a difference it would make in society if people read a little more. At present it is a rarity to meet a man who seems ever to read anything, unless it is the *Globe* or the *Mail*, and perhaps a sporting paper or two. They don't even read novels.'

PRACTICUS.—'Well, Prig, in the first place, I know many men here who both read and think a great deal, and I suspect Canadians, on the whole, read as much as men of business in other parts of the world. Of course, I admit, we produce very few men as yet of anything approaching high culture. But you must re-

member Canada is a comparatively new country, and men have to work hard for their living, and after a long day's work a man doesn't feel much inclined to read.'

CYNICUS.—'Ah, but Prig would like every man to have his "Pater" or his "Ruskin" on his office table, so that in the intervals of the Paying, he might study the Beautiful.'

PRIG.—'No, I admit there may become excuse for the men, but there is none for the women. Canadian ladies, in Toronto or Montreal, have far more leisure than an English lady in London. Consider the hours and hours a lady in London has to spend in paying formal visits, and the still longer hours she thinks she has got to spend in shopping. Yet I scarcely ever sat next to a girl at a dinner party in London who wasn't able to talk about the last event of public interest, or the last new book. Yes, and talk well too. In Canada, if you want to talk to a girl at all, you must either talk gossip or the smallest of small talk.'

PRACTICUS.—'I don't agree with you there, Prig, at all. I know Canadian girls who read just as much, and can talk just as well, as any English girls I've ever seen, and I've been a good deal in England.'

TOM.—'I should think so, by Jove! Look at Miss Flirtaway and Miss Basbleu for instance. I'd back 'em against the field any day; one to talk and t'other to read.'

PRIG.—'Yes, my dear Summerdaye, but I'm afraid we want a combination.'

PRACTICUS.—'Then again, Prig, many a Canadian lady has to busy herself about household duties, which an English lady would leave to her servants. And above all, you must remember the great advantages English ladies enjoy. To begin with, they have all the picture-galleries and art-galleries and exhibitions of all kinds, of which I may say we have next to nothing.

Then they are so close to the Continent and all its wealth of art and beauty. But above all, in England, ladies have this great advantage that English gentlemen are, as a class, as I think M. Taine says in his "Notes on England," perhaps the most highly educated in the world. In a gentleman's family in London, you will generally find the father and the husband and the brothers, men of more or less cultivation and fondness for reading, and the natural consequence is—'

TOM (*singing as he prepares to light a cigar*)—

'So are their sisters, and their cousins, and their
aunts;
Their sisters and their cousins,
Whom they reckon up by dozens,
And their aunts "

PRACTICUS.—'Precisely, Tom. Most musically and correctly expressed. If the men don't set them the example and encourage them you can't expect the women to show any great fondness for culture.'

PRIG.—'Well, I must say you take a gloomy view of the future of Canada. The men can't possibly cultivate their intellects because they haven't time, and the women can't be expected to do it, because the men don't.'

PRACTICUS.—'No, I don't say there is any impossibility about it; I merely say there are great excuses if it is the case, as you say, that our ladies in Canada are not as a rule as highly cultivated or accomplished as English ladies.'

PRIG.—'Well, in the first place, I say women ought to set men the example in all that is cultivated and refined and not wait till men set *them* the example. Besides, the very exceptions to which you alluded, shew that a Canadian lady *can*, if she wishes, reach a high point of culture and refinement.'

CYNICUS.—'Well, I tell you what it

is, Prig, You'll find Canadian ladies will show a marvellous love of learning, when they see it conduces to love of another kind. At present I expect they find that when learning comes in at the door, love flies out of the window.'

PRIG (*excitedly*).—'Then, if Canadian women have so little self-respect, that they are willing to be ignorant in order that they may please a booby, rather than to let it be known that the man who hopes to win their love and respect must be a man of culture and intelligence, all I can say is I'm ashamed to call myself a Canadian.'

'Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay,
As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.'

O, that Canadian women would only see the noble work that lies before them! Cannot they be made to understand that in a country like this, where, as Practicus says, the men are so busy, the education of their children, the whole future higher life of this country, its intellectual and moral tone, depend mainly upon them? If they only felt how true this is, one wouldn't find so many of them, as one does now, dividing their whole time between pleasure, needle work, and gossip, and aspiring to nothing higher than—'

CYNICUS.—'To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.'

PRIG.—'Surely in Canada if anywhere women should rise to what Ruskin says in "Queen's Gardens," is their proper function. "Each sex," says he, "has what the other has not. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. A woman's power is for rule, not for battle, and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but

for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision.''

CYNICUS.—'I never met a woman yet who wasn't good enough at sweet decision.'

PRACTICUS.—'I must say, Prig, I think you are monstrously unfair to the Canadian ladies. They may not talk much about books, possibly because they find the men don't like it; but it doesn't follow that they don't read.'

PRIG.—'Well, I'll just tell you two facts within my own recent experience. Soon after the Marquis of Lorne came out, I was paying a visit to a lady of the best social standing in a city which shall be nameless; and as the papers had for some time been full of speeches and addresses by the Marquis, I remarked, thinking it a safe topic, that the Marquis had been making some excellent speeches for a young man. I thought the natural interest attaching to the first utterances of the new Governor-General would have led her to read some of them. Not a bit of it! "Do you know Mr. Prig," she said, "I hav'n't read one of them.'"

CYNICUS.—'Most sensible, and most unusually veracious female!'

PRIG.—'Well, wait a bit till you hear my other story. They were going to read "Goldsmith" at our Reading Club the other day, and I happened to ask a young lady if she was fond of his works. She looked a bit bewildered at first, and then, a ray of intelligence lit up her face, and she said, "O, yes, I like him very much, though I can't say I've read much of him; let me see—did'n't he write a novel called "The bonâ fide Traveller?"'

PRACTICUS.—'I'm afraid Canadian ladies know how to chaff, Prig.'

TOM (*warmly*).—'Well, dear old Canada is good enough for me any way. And, by Jove, the English officers appeared to find it good enough for them too, judging by the way they

rushed into matrimony. But, I tell you what it is, Prig, my boy, when you've succeeded in turning all our girls into Blue-stockings, it will be time for me to,—well to go to Manitoba.'

PRIG.—'Blue-stockings! (*groans*).—How I dislike that expression! As though a woman couldn't be a person of taste, culture and refinement without being a Blue-stocking. Listen to this. (*Rises, seizes a book, and reads*): "She never neglected her home duties, or her children's education, and was fond of society and the theatre. She had the keenest appreciation of natural scenery and music; and both played and painted, herself,—the latter exceedingly well. She was very diffident and free from vanity; and thoroughly and gracefully feminine in manner and appearance." Is that the picture of a Blue-stocking, Summerdaye? Well, that is a description of Mary Somerville, the most learned and one of the most beautiful women of her age. A Blue-stocking is a woman without talent and without imagination. She is actuated by a cut-and-dried notion that it is her duty to master such books as Mangnall's Questions, and Mrs. Markham's "History of England"; but she has no real love of knowledge, nor sympathy with the fire of genius.'

PRACTICUS.—'Well, Prig, having now disposed of the Blue-stockings, suppose you tell us what all this has to do with the tariff on books, and the circulating library, with which we started.'

TOM.—'O, he'll circulate round to that before long. Won't you, Prig?'

PRIG.—'All I mean is that the tariff on books by making them more expensive to buy will increase the demand for a circulating library,—'

PRACTICUS (*thoughtfully*).—'Or free public library.'

PRIG.—'And that a circulating library,—'

PRACTICUS.—'Or free public library,—'

PRIG.—'When it is established will inaugurate a new epoch in the social life of Canada, and will go far to remove what I can call little better than a state of intellectual stagnation. And I think that all men of intelligence—'

CYNICUS.—'And superiority—'

TOM.—'Like ourselves—'

PRIG.—'Should combine in raising such a demand for a good library of some kind as would secure its supply. And I, for my part, will exert myself unceasingly with that object, until we have got it.'

CYNICUS.—'Do.'

(*Conversation closes. Prig seeks consolation in the "History of the Renaissance," and Practicus betakes himself to his law books.*) * *

'MOODS.'

— How much of the smaller misery of life, and how much blunting of the finer feelings, comes of the clash of moods. The glow of full sympathy which is the deepest happiness of human converse, and in which its finest gold is beaten out, is kindled only at those rare moments when kindred hearts meet in the same mood. Not only do such hearts seldom enough get together, but even when they do, the accident of their having each a different tinge of feeling at the moment may recur so frequently as to keep them long, perhaps ever, ignorant of their kinship. I believe that lives have been passed together, even in affection, which, though in their hidden depths fit to mingle in close union, have, in missing continually the subtle identity of mood, failed ever to realize that they were, as potentially they were,—

'Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.'

Not that this is a common experience

it may, happily, be added. It can happen only in the case of those highly-strung and finely-wrought natures which pay so many cruel penalties as the price of the keener perceptions and deeper impressibility which distinguish them from the ordinary run of mortals. Many, indeed, will consider this extreme case rather fanciful; but whether it be so or not, there is no denying the sharp and even prolonged unhappiness which difference of mood has brought about in everyday life; nor the fact that many a tragedy has been the outcome of discord purely subjective and emotional. Far-reaching, indeed, is the vista which this train of thought will open up. In the broad field of politics and history, although we cannot, as a rule, carry our analysis of the causes of events into the subjective realm, and when we attempt to do so can accomplish little more than loose speculation, yet it is none the less certain that the course of affairs has not seldom been influenced in a considerable degree by the complex friction of the moods of men whose actions, writings and words comprise the raw material of history. Especially was this the case when the personal element was stronger in moulding the destinies of nations than it is at present; in the days when a world hung upon the words of a single man, and the life or death of thousands upon his caprice. A 'mood of Cleopatra,' or of a Roman Emperor, even of a Charles V., or of a Napoleon, has probably been pregnant with serious consequences to large sections of mankind.

In the familiar experiences of daily life and domestic and social relationship, it requires no psychologist to trace the effects of the conflict of those simple variations of mood which we broadly distinguish as 'good spirits' and 'low spirits,' merriment and 'the blues,' good humour and peevishness. Yet they lie at the root of a vast amount of positive wretchedness in society at this moment. Innumerable

are the estrangements of friends, the lovers' quarrels, the 'family jars,' matrimonial infelicities, and even divorces, which might be traced to causes no more dignified than these. Even more widespread, and scarcely less lamentable, is the petty misery originating in this moral dyspepsia which, without reaching any positive climax, yet permeates the inner life of society, and embitters day by day those relations of home and friendship which should be the most softening of human influences. The home, indeed, is unhappily the chief theatre of such experiences; the microcosm over which the Spirit of Moodiness is suffered to have full sway. In his business relations, the husband or father generally manages to neutralize his subjective condition, be it gay or sombre, by the concentration of all his faculties on the engrossing practical concerns of each day. He does so, at least, as far as his equals and superiors are concerned; although many a harassed clerk and persecuted office-boy could testify to the important bearing on his day's comfort of the 'mood' in which his principal enters the office in the morning. Outside of the office, however, 'business is business,' to use a formula which has acquired a very distinct, though not a very amiable meaning, despite its own absolute meaninglessness. Dollars and cents, and stocks and shares, are far too important matters to admit of much interference in their manœuvring from that region of feeling which plays so insignificant a part during the daily rites of Mammon-worship. But family harmony and fireside happiness are not dollars and cents, and frequently they occupy a much less important position in the worshipful consideration of Benedict or *paterfamilias*. The peevish, the harsh, or the otherwise unamiable mood which has been in abeyance all through the day; or which, perchance, has been contracted during its fatigues and 'worries,' is often released from strict surveillance,

or first makes its presence known when home is reached and formal restraints thrown off. Then behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth! The half-cooked potato, the blunt carving-knife, the 'little bill' for millinery,—any one of a thousand nothings may light up a domestic conflagration. That it ever should be so is pitiable; that it often is so, is undeniable. Or let us take an illustration from the female side of the house. The wife gives a party, say, or the daughter goes out to one. With the 'company dress,' to use a homely phrase, are put on company manners. The 'horrible headache,' and the ungracious mood,—they are often synonymous,—vanish as if by magic. All is smiles and courtesy and gaiety. On the return home the party dress is doffed, and the next morning is put on, perhaps, an attire neither rich nor gaudy,—scarcely even neat,—but 'good enough for home.' If that were all, *passe encore*. But too frequently the 'company manners' are laid by with the 'company dress.' *Négligée* in costume the weary lady is also *négligée* in temper. As any dress,—so any haphazard mood, is 'good enough for home;' and post-festal moods are not, as a rule, very desirable ones. So that

throughout the day there is unpleasantness and friction in the household. The servants can do nothing right. The children are in the mood for a romp; she is not, and they get a scolding instead. The sister or the friend is in a confidential mood; she is not, and there is bitterness and misunderstanding. The husband or the father is in a jocular mood; she is in a sensitive one; and goes up to bed at an abnormally early hour to cry herself to sleep, perhaps, leaving a general sense of uneasiness and discomfort behind her. Such things are happening every day, even without the hypothetical party as a primary cause. Nor is it unjust to say that the fair sex are especially liable to a variation of moods to which it is sometimes perplexing for the less changeable 'horrid male creature' to adapt himself. The fact is a physiological one, and stubborn enough to admit of no contradiction, even from the ladies. Many of them run up and down the gamut of the feelings with startling rapidity; and what their mood will be at any given moment is one of those things, as Dundreary would say, that no fellow can find out.

A. W. G.

SELECTIONS.

AN INDIAN'S VIEWS OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.*

BY YOUNG JOSEPH, CHIEF OF THE NEZ PERCÉS.

(From the North American Review.)

MY friends, I have been asked to show you my heart. I am glad to have a chance to do so. I want the white people to understand my people. Some of you think an Indian is like a wild animal. This is a great mistake. I will tell you all about our people, and then you can judge whether an Indian is a man or not. I believe much trouble and blood would be saved if we opened our hearts more. I will tell you in my way how the Indian sees things. The white man has more words to tell you how they look to him, but it does not require many words to speak the truth. What I have to say will come from my heart, and I will speak with a straight tongue. Ah-cum-kin-i-ma-me-hut (the Great Spirit) is looking at me, and will hear me.

My name is In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat (Thunder travelling over the Mountains). I am chief of the Wal-lam-wat-kin band of Chute-pa-lu, or Nez Percés (nose-pierced Indians). [I was born in Eastern

Oregon, thirty-eight winters ago. My father was chief before me. When a young man, he was called Joseph by Mr. Spaulding, a missionary. He died a few years ago. There was no stain on his hands of the blood of a white man. He left a good name on the earth. He advised me well for my people.

Our fathers gave us many laws, which they had learned from their fathers. These laws were good. They told us to treat all men as they treated us; that we should never be the first to break a bargain; that it was a disgrace to tell a lie; that we should speak only the truth; that it was a shame for one man to take from another his wife, or his property, without paying for it. We were taught to believe that the Great Spirit sees and hears everything, and that he never forgets; that hereafter he will give every man a spirit-home according to his deserts: if he has been a good man, he will have a good home; if he has been a bad man, he will have a bad home. This I believe, and all my people believe the same.

We did not know there were other people besides the Indian until about one hundred winters ago, when some men with white faces came to our country. They brought many things with them to trade for furs and skins. They brought tobacco, which was new to us. They brought guns with flint stones on them, which frightened our women and children. Our people could not talk with these white-faced men, but they used signs which all people understand. These men were Frenchmen, and they called our people "Nez Percés," because they

* [NOTE.—In re-opening an old department of THE MONTHLY, to contain extracts from articles appearing in contemporary magazines, we make no apology for the length of the paper which appears in the present number. Translated by the Rev. W. H. Hare, Missionary Bishop of Niobrara, who introduced it to the readers of the *North American Review*, the narrative appeals with startling directness to those who are responsible for the inhuman treatment meted out to the Indian tribes of the West, while the perfect naturalness and tender pathos of the chief's story will win for it such attention from lovers of literature as should make its preservation in these pages a matter of satisfaction to everyone who peruses it. It is to be hoped that the Indian's touching appeal to natural standards of justice and to the common heart of humanity, will accomplish more than his rifle and tomahawk have hitherto been able to effect for his race.—Ed.]

wore rings in their noses for ornaments. Although very few of our people wear them now, we are still called by the same name. These French trappers said a great many things to our fathers, which have been planted in our hearts. Some were good for us, but some were bad. Our people were divided in opinion about these men. Some thought they taught more bad than good. An Indian respects a brave man, but he despises a coward. He loves a straight tongue, but he hates a forked tongue. The French trappers told us some truths and some lies.

The first white men of your people who came to our country were named Lewis and Clarke. They also brought many things that our people had never seen. They talked straight, and our people gave them a great feast, as a proof that their hearts were friendly. These men were very kind. They made presents to our chiefs and our people made presents to them. We had a great many horses, of which we gave them what they needed, and they gave us guns and tobacco in return. All the Nez Percés made friends with Lewis and Clarke, and agreed to let them pass through their country, and never to make war on white men. This promise the Nez Percés have never broken. No white man can accuse them of bad faith, and speak with a straight tongue. It has always been the pride of the Nez Percés that they were the friends of the white men. When my father was a young man there came to our country a white man (Rev. Mr. Spaulding) who talked spirit law. He won the affections of our people because he spoke good things to them. At first he did not say anything about white men wanting to settle on our lands. Nothing was said about that until about twenty winters ago, when a number of white people came into our country and built houses and made farms. At first our people made no complaint. They thought there was room enough for all to live in peace, and they were learning many things from the white men that seemed to be good. But we soon found that the white men were growing rich very fast, and were greedy to possess everything the Indian had. My father was the first to see through the schemes of the white men, and he warned his tribe to be careful about trading with them. He had suspicion of men who seemed so anxious to make money. I was a boy then; but I remember well my

father's caution. He had sharper eyes than the rest of our people.

Next there came a white officer (Governor Stevens), who invited all the Nez Percés to a treaty council. After the council was opened he made known his heart. He said there were a great many white people in the country, and many more would come; that he wanted the land marked out so that the Indians and white men could be separated. If they were to live in peace it was necessary, he said, that the Indians should have a country set apart for them, and in that country they must stay. My father, who represented his band, refused to have anything to do with the council, because he wished to be a free man. He claimed that no man owned any part of the earth, and a man could not sell what he did not own.

Mr. Spaulding took hold of my father's arm and said, 'Come and sign the treaty.' My father pushed him away, and said: 'Why do you ask me to sign away my country? It is your business to talk to us about spirit matters, and not to talk to us about parting with our land.' Governor Stevens urged my father to sign his treaty, but he refused. 'I will not sign your paper,' he said; 'you go where you please, so do I; you are not a child, I am no child; I can think for myself. No man can think for me. I have no other home than this. I will not give it up to any man. My people would have no home. Take away your paper. I will not touch it with my hand.'

My father left the council. Some of the chiefs of the other bands of the Nez Percés signed the treaty, and then Governor Stevens gave them presents of blankets. My father cautioned his people to take no presents, for 'after a while,' he said, 'they will claim that you have accepted pay for your country.' Since that time four bands of the Nez Percés have received annuities from the United States. My father was invited to many councils, and they tried hard to make him sign the treaty, but he was firm as the rock, and would not sign away his home. His refusal caused a difference among the Nez Percés.

Eight years latter (1863) was the next treaty council. A chief called Lawyer, because he was a great talker, took the lead in this council, and sold nearly all the Nez Percés country. My father was not there. He said to me: 'When you

go into council with the white man, always remember your country. Do not give it away. The white man will cheat you out of your home. I have taken no pay from the United States. I have never sold our land." In this treaty Lawyer acted without authority from our band. He had no right to sell the Wallowa (*winding water*) country. That had always belonged to my father's own people, and the other bands had never disputed our right to it. No other Indians ever claimed Wallowa.

In order to have all people understand how much land we owned, my father planted poles around it and said.

'Inside is the home of my people—the white man may take the land outside. Inside this boundary all our people were born. It circles around the graves of our fathers, and we will never give up these graves to any man.'

The United States claimed they had bought all the Nez Percés country outside of Lapwai Reservation, from Lawyer and other chiefs, but we continued to live on this land in peace until eight years ago, when white men began to come inside the bounds my father had set. We warned them against this great wrong, but they would not leave our land, and some bad blood was raised. The white men represented that we were going upon the war-path. They reported many things that were false.

The United States Government again asked for a treaty council. My father had become blind and feeble. He could no longer speak for his people. It was then that I took my father's place as chief. In this council I made my first speech to white men. I said to the agent who held the council :

'I did not want to come to this council, but I came hoping that we could save blood. The white man has no right to come here and take our country. We have never accepted any presents from the Government. Neither Lawyer nor any other chief had authority to sell this land. It has always belonged to my people. It came unclouded to them from our fathers, and we will defend this land as long as a drop of Indian blood warms the hearts of our men.'

The agent said he had orders, from the Great White Chief at Washington, for us to go upon the Lapwai Reservation, and that if we obeyed he would help us in many ways. 'You must move to the agency,' he said. I an-

swered him : ' I will not. I do not need your help ; we have plenty, and we are contented and happy if the white man will let us alone. The reservation is too small for so many people with all their stock. You can keep your presents ; we can go to your towns and pay for all we need ; we have plenty of horses and cattle to sell, and we won't have any help from you ; we are free now ; we can go where we please. Our fathers were born here. Here they lived, here they died, here are their graves. We will never leave them.' The agent went away, and we had peace for a little while.

Soon after this my father sent for me. I saw he was dying. I took his hand in mine. He said : ' My son, my body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief. When I am gone, think of your country. You are the chief of these people. They look to you to guide them. Always remember that your father never sold his country. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home. A few years more, and white men will be all around you. They have their eyes on this land. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the bones of your father and your mother.' I pressed my father's hand and told him I would protect his grave with my life. My father smiled and passed away to the spirit-land.

I buried him in that beautiful valley of winding waters. I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild animal.

For a short time we lived quietly. But this could not last. White men had found gold in the mountains around the land of winding water. They stole a great many horses from us, and we could not get them back because we were Indians. The white men told lies for each other. They drove off a great many of our cattle. Some white men branded our young cattle so they could claim them. We had no friend who would plead our cause before the law councils. It seemed to me that some of the white men in Wallowa were doing these things on purpose to get up a war. They knew that we were not strong enough to fight them. I laboured hard to avoid trouble and bloodshed. We gave up some of

our country to the white men, thinking that then we could have peace. We were mistaken. The white man would not let us alone. We could have avenged our wrongs many times, but we did not. Whenever the Government has asked us to help them against other Indians, we have never refused. When the white men were few and we were strong we could have killed them all off, but the Nez Percés wished to live at peace.

If we have not done so, we have not been to blame. I believe that the old treaty has never been correctly reported. If we ever owned the land we own it still, for we never sold it. In the Treaty Councils the commissioners have claimed that our country had been sold to the Government. Suppose a white man should come to me and say, 'Joseph, I like your horses, and I want to buy them.' I say to him, 'No, my horses suit me, I will not sell them.' Then he goes to my neighbour, and says to him: 'Joseph has some good horses. I want to buy them, but he refuses to sell.' My neighbour answers, 'Pay me the money, and I will sell you Joseph's horses.' The white man returns to me, and says, 'Joseph, I have bought your horses, and you must let me have them.' If we sold our lands to the Government, this is the way they were bought.

On account of the treaty made by the other bands of the Nez Percés, the white men claimed my lands. We were troubled greatly by white men crowding over the line. Some of these were good men, and we lived on peaceful terms with them, but they were not all good.

Nearly every year the agent came over from Lapwai and ordered us on to the reservation. We always replied that we were satisfied to live in Wallowa. We were careful to refuse the presents or annuities which he offered.

Through all the years since the white men came to Wallowa we have been threatened and taunted by them and the treaty Nez Percés. They have given us no rest. We have had a few good friends among white men, and they have always advised my people to bear these taunts without fighting. Our young men were quick-tempered, and I have had great trouble in keeping them from doing rash things. I have carried a heavy load on my back ever since I was a boy. I learned then that we were but a few, while the white men were many, and that we could not hold our own with them. We were

like deer. They were like grizzly bears. We had a small country. Their country was large. We were contented to let things remain as the Great Spirit Chief made them. They were not; and would change the rivers and mountains if they did not suit them.

Year after year we have been threatened, but no war was made upon my people until General Howard came to our country two years ago and told us that he was the white war-chief of all that country. He said: 'I have a great many soldiers at my back. I am going to bring them up here, and then I will talk to you again. I will not let white men laugh at me the next time I come. The country belongs to the Government, and I intend to make you go upon the reservation.'

I remonstrated with him against bringing more soldiers to the Nez Percés country. He had one house full of troops all the time at Fort Lapwai.

The next spring the agent at Umatilla agency sent an Indian runner to tell me to meet General Howard at Walla Walla. I could not go myself, but I sent my brother and five other head men to meet him, and they had a long talk.

General Howard said: 'You have talked straight, and it is all right. You can stay in Wallowa.' He insisted that my brother and his company should go with him to Fort Lapwai. When the party arrived there, General Howard sent out runners and called all the Indians in to a grand council. I was in that council. I said to General Howard, 'We are ready to listen.' He answered that he would not talk then, but would hold a council next day, when he would talk plainly. I said to General Howard: 'I am ready to talk to-day. I have been in a great many councils, but I am no wiser. We are all sprung from a woman, although we are unlike in many things. We can not be made over again. You are as you were made, and as you were made you can remain. We are just as we were made by the Great Spirit, and you can not change us; then why should children of one mother and one father quarrel—why should one try to cheat the other? I do not believe that the Great Spirit Chief gave one kind of men the right to tell another kind of men what they must do.'

General Howard replied: 'You deny

my authority, do you? You want to dictate to me, do you?'

Then one of my chiefs—Too-hool-hool-suit—rose in the council and said to General Howard: 'The Great Spirit Chief made the world as it is, and as he wanted it, and he made a part of it for us to live upon. I do not see where you get authority to say that we shall not live where he placed us.'

General Howard lost his temper and said: 'Shut up! I don't want to hear any more of such talk. The law says you shall go upon the reservation to live, and I want you to do so, but you persist in disobeying the law' (meaning the treaty). 'If you do not move, I will take the matter into my own hand, and make you suffer for your disobedience.'

Too-hool-hool-suit answered: 'Who are you, that you ask us to talk, and then tell me I shan't talk? Are you the Great Spirit? Did you make the world? Did you make the sun? Did you make the rivers to run for us to drink? Did you make the grass to grow? Did you make all these things, that you talk to us as though we were boys? If you did, then you have a right to talk as you do.'

General Howard replied, 'You are an impudent fellow, and I will put you in the guard-house,' and then ordered a soldier to arrest him.

Too-hool-hool-suit made no resistance.

He asked General Howard: 'Is that your order? I don't care. I have expressed my heart to you. I have nothing to take back. I have spoken for my country. You can arrest me, but you can not change me or make me take back what I have said.'

The soldiers came forward and seized my friend and took him to the guard-house. My men whispered among themselves whether they should let this thing be done. I counselled them to submit. I knew if we resisted that all the white men present, including General Howard, would be killed in a moment, and we would be blamed. If I said nothing, General Howard would never have given another unjust order against my men. I saw the danger, and, while they dragged Too-hool-hool-suit to prison, I arose and said: 'I am going to talk now. I don't care whether you arrest me or not.' I turned to my people and said: 'The arrest of Too-hool-hool-suit was wrong,

but we will not resent the insult. We were invited to this council to express our hearts, and we have done so.' Too-hool-hool-suit was prisoner for five days before he was released.

The Council broke up for that day. On the next morning General Howard came to my lodge, and invited me to go with him and White-Bird and Looking-Glass, to look for land for my people. As we rode along we came to some good land that was already occupied by Indians and white people. General Howard, pointing to this land, said: 'If you will come on to the reservation, I will give you these lands and move these people off.'

I replied: 'No. It would be wrong to disturb these people. I have no right to take their homes. I have never taken what did not belong to me. I will not now.'

We rode all day upon the reservation, and found no good land unoccupied. I have been informed by men who do not lie that General Howard sent a letter that night, telling the soldiers at Walla Walla to go to Wallowa Valley, and drive us out upon our return home.

In the Council, next day, General Howard informed me, in a haughty spirit, that he would give my people *thirty days* to go back home, collect all their stock, and move on to the reservation, saying, 'If you are not here in that time, I shall consider that you want to fight, and will send my soldiers to drive you on.'

I said: 'War can be avoided, and it ought to be avoided. I want no war. My people have always been the friends of the white man. Why are you in such a hurry? I cannot get ready to move in thirty days. Our stock is scattered, and Snake River is very high. Let us wait until fall, then the river will be low. We want time to hunt up our stock and gather supplies for the winter.'

General Howard replied, 'If you let the time run over one day, the soldiers will be there to drive you on to the reservation, and all your cattle and horses outside of the reservation at that time will fall into the hands of the white men.'

I knew I had never sold my country, and that I had no land in Lapwai; but I did not want bloodshed. I did not want my people killed. I did not want anybody killed. Some of my people had been murdered by white men, and the white murderers were never punished

for it. I told General Howard about this, and again said I wanted no war. I wanted the people who lived upon the lands I was to occupy at Lapwai to have time to gather their harvest.

I said in my heart that, rather than have war, I would give up my country. I would give up my father's grave. I would give up everything rather than have the blood of white men upon the hands of my people.

General Howard refused to allow me more than thirty days to move my people and their stock. I am sure that he began to prepare for war at once.

When I returned to Wallowa I found my people very much excited upon discovering that the soldiers were already in the Wallowa Valley. We held a council, and decided to move immediately, to avoid bloodshed.

Too-hool-hool-suit, who felt outraged by his imprisonment, talked for war, and made many of my young men willing to fight rather than be driven like dogs from the land where they were born. He declared that blood alone would wash out the disgrace General Howard had put upon him. It required a strong heart to stand up against such talk, but I urged my people to be quiet, and not to begin a war.

We gathered all the stock we could find, and made an attempt to move. We left many of our horses and cattle in Wallowa, and we lost several hundred in crossing the river. All of my people succeeded in getting across in safety. Many of the Nez Percés came together in Rocky Canon to hold a grand council. I went with all my people. This council lasted ten days. There was a great deal of war-talk, and a great deal of excitement. There was one young brave present whose father had been killed by a white man five years before. This man's blood was bad against white men, and he left the council calling for revenge.

Again I counselled peace, and I thought the danger was past. We had not complied with General Howard's order because we could not, but we intended to do so as soon as possible. I was leaving the council to kill beef for my family, when news came that the young man whose father had been killed had gone out with several other hot-blooded young braves and killed four white men. He rode up to the council and shouted: 'Why do you sit here like women? The war has begun already.' I was

deeply grieved. All the lodges were moved except my brother's and my own. I saw clearly that the war was upon us when I learned that my young men had been secretly buying ammunition. I heard then that Too-hool-hool-suit, who had been imprisoned by General Howard, had succeeded in organizing a war party. I knew that their acts would involve all my people. I saw that the war could not then be prevented. The time had passed. I counselled peace from the beginning. I knew that we were too weak to fight the United States. We had many grievances, but I knew that war would bring more. We had good white friends, who advised us against taking the war-path. My friend and brother, Mr. Chapman, who has been with us since the surrender, told us just how the war would end. Mr. Chapman took sides against us, and helped General Howard. I do not blame him for doing so. He tried hard to prevent bloodshed. We hoped the white settlers would not join the soldiers. Before the war commenced we had discussed this matter all over, and many of my people were in favour of warning them that if they took no part against us they should not be molested in the event of war being begun by General Howard. This plan was voted down in the war-council.

There were bad men among my people who had quarrelled with white men, and they talked of their wrongs until they roused all the bad hearts in the council. Still I could not believe that they would begin the war. I know that my young men did a great wrong, but I ask, Who was first to blame? They had been insulted a thousand times; their fathers and brothers had been killed; their mothers and wives had been disgraced; they had been driven to madness by whiskey sold to them by white men; they had been told by General Howard that all their horses and cattle which they had been unable to drive out of Wallowa were to fall into the hands of white men; and, added to all this, they were homeless and desperate.

I would have given my own life if I could have undone the killing of white men by my people. I blame my young men, and I blame the white men. I blame General Howard for not giving my people time to get their stock away from Wallowa. I do not acknowledge that he had the right to order me to leave Wallowa at any time. I deny that

either my father or myself ever sold that land. It is still our land. It may never again be our home, but my father sleeps there, and I love it as I love my mother. I left there, hoping to avoid bloodshed.

If General Howard had given me plenty of time to gather up my stock, and treated Too-hool-hool-suit as a man should be treated, there *would have been no war.*

My friends among white men have blamed me for the war. I am not to blame. When my young men began the killing, my heart was hurt. Although I did not justify them, I remembered all the insults I had endured, and my blood was on fire. Still I would have taken my people to the buffalo country without fighting, if possible.

I could see no other way to avoid a war. We moved over to White Bird Creek, sixteen miles away, and there encamped, intending to collect our stock before leaving; but the soldiers attacked us, and the first battle was fought. We numbered in that battle sixty men, and the soldiers a hundred. The fight lasted but a few minutes, when the soldiers retreated before us for twelve miles. They lost thirty-three killed and had seven wounded. When an Indian fights, he only shoots to kill; but soldiers shoot at random. None of the soldiers were scalped. We do not believe in scalping, nor in killing wounded men. Soldiers do not kill many Indians unless they are wounded and left upon the battle-field. Then they kill Indians.

Seven days after the first battle, General Howard arrived in the Nez Percés country, bringing seven hundred more soldiers. It was now war in earnest. We crossed over Salmon River, hoping General Howard would follow. We were not disappointed. He did follow us, and we got back between him and his supplies, and cut him off for three days. He sent out two companies to open the way. We attacked them, killing one officer, two guides and ten men.

We withdrew, hoping the soldiers would follow, but they had got fighting enough for that day. They intrenched themselves, and next day we attacked them again. The battle lasted all day, and was renewed next morning. We killed four and wounded seven or eight.

About this time General Howard found out that we were in his rear. Five days later he attacked us with three hundred

and fifty soldiers and settlers. We had two hundred and fifty warriors. The fight lasted twenty-seven hours. We lost four killed and several wounded. General Howard's loss was twenty-nine killed and sixty wounded.

The following day the soldiers charged upon us, and we retreated with our families and stock a few miles, leaving eighty lodges to fall into General Howard's hands.

Finding that we were outnumbered, we retreated to Bitter Root Valley. Here another body of soldiers came upon us and demanded our surrender. We refused. They said, 'You cannot get by us.' We answered, 'We are going by you without fighting if you let us, but we are going by you anyhow.' We then made a treaty with these soldiers. We agreed not to molest any one, and they agreed that we might pass through the Bitter Root country in peace. We bought provisions and traded stock with white men there.

We understood that there was to be no more war. We intended to go peaceably to the buffalo country, and leave the question of returning to our country to be settled afterwards.

With this understanding we travelled on for four days, and thinking that the trouble was over, we stopped and prepared tent-poles to take with us. We started again, and at the end of two days we saw three white men passing our camp. Thinking that peace had been made, we did not molest them. We could have killed or taken them prisoners, but we did not suspect them of being spies, which they were.

That night the soldiers surrounded our camp. About daybreak one of my men went out to look after his horses. The soldiers saw him and shot him down like a coyote. I have since learned that these soldiers were not those we had left behind. They had come upon us from another direction. The new white war-chief's name was Gibbon. He charged upon us while some of my people were still asleep. We had a hard fight. Some of my men crept around and attacked the soldiers from the rear. In this battle we lost nearly all our lodges, but we finally drove General Gibbon back.

Finding that he was not able to capture us, he sent to his camp a few miles away for his big guns (cannons), but my men had captured them and all the ammunition. We damaged the big guns

all we could, and carried away the powder and lead. In the fight with General Gibbon we lost fifty women and children and thirty fighting men. We remained long enough to bury our dead. The Nez Percés never make war on women and children; we could have killed a great many women and children while the war lasted, but we would feel ashamed to do so cowardly an act.

We never scalp our enemies, but when General Howard came up and joined General Gibbon, their Indian scouts dug up our dead and scalped them. I have been told that General Howard did not order this great shame to be done.

We retreated as rapidly as we could toward the buffalo country. After six days General Howard came close to us, and we went out and attacked him, captured nearly all his horses and mules (about two hundred and fifty head). We then marched on to the Yellowstone Basin.

On the way we captured one white man and two white women. We released them at the end of three days. They were treated kindly. The women were not insulted. Can the white soldiers tell me of one time when Indian women were taken prisoners, and held three days, and then released without being insulted? Were the Nez Percés women who fell into the hands of General Howard's soldiers treated with as much respect? I deny that a Nez Percé was ever guilty of such a crime.

A few days later we captured two more white men. One of them stole a horse and escaped. We gave the other a poor horse and told him he was free.

Nine days' march brought us to the mouth of Clarke's Fork of the Yellowstone. We did not know what had become of General Howard, but we supposed that he had sent for more horses and mules. He did not come up, but another new war-chief (General Sturgis) attacked us. We held him in check while we moved all our women and children and stock out of danger, leaving a few men to cover our retreat.

Several days passed, and we heard nothing of General Howard, or Gibbon, or Sturgis. We had repulsed each in turn, and began to feel secure, when another army, under General Miles, struck us.

This was the fourth army, each of which outnumbered our fighting force, that we had encountered within sixty days.

We had no knowledge of General Miles' army until a short time before he made a charge upon us, cutting our camp in two, and capturing nearly all our horses. About seventy men, myself among them, were cut off. My little daughter, twelve years of age, was with me. I gave her a rope, and told her to catch a horse and join the others who were cut off from the camp. I have not seen her since, but I have learned that she is alive and well.

I thought of my wife and children, who were now surrounded by soldiers, and I resolved to go to them or die. With a prayer in my mouth to the Great Spirit Chief who rules above, I dashed unarmed through the line of soldiers. It seemed to me that there were guns on every side, before and behind me. My clothes were cut to pieces and my horse was wounded, but I was not hurt. As I reached the door of my lodge, my wife handed me my rifle, saying: 'Here's your gun. Fight!'

The soldiers kept up a continuous fire. Six of my men were killed in one spot near me. Ten or twelve soldiers charged into our camp and got possession of two lodges, killing three Nez Percés and losing three of their men, who fell inside our lines. I called my men to drive them back. We fought at close range, not more than twenty steps apart, and drove the soldiers back upon their main line, leaving their dead in our hands. We secured their arms and ammunition. We lost, the first day and night, eighteen men and three women. General Miles lost twenty-six killed and forty wounded. The following day General Miles sent a messenger into my camp under protection of a white flag. I sent my friend Yellow Bull to meet him.

Yellow Bull understood the messenger to say that General Miles wished me to consider the situation; that he did not want to kill my people unnecessarily. Yellow Bull understood this to be a demand for me to surrender and save blood. Upon reporting this message to me, Yellow Bull said he wondered whether General Miles was in earnest. I sent him back with my answer, that I had not made up my mind, but would think about it and send word soon. A little later he sent some Cheyenne scouts with another message. I went out to meet them. They said they believed that General Miles was sincere and

really wanted peace. I walked on to General Miles' tent. He met me and we shook hands. He said, 'Come, let us sit down by the fire and talk this matter over.' I remained with him all night; next morning Yellow Bull came over to see if I was alive, and why I did not return.

General Miles would not let me leave the tent to see my friend alone.

Yellow Bull said to me: 'They have got you in their power, and I am afraid they will never let you go again. I have an officer in our camp, and I will hold him until they let you go free.'

I said: 'I do not know what they mean to do with me, but if they kill me you must not kill the officer. It will do no good to avenge my death by killing him.'

Yellow Bull returned to my camp. I did not make any agreement that day with General Miles. The battle was renewed while I was with him. I was very anxious about my people. I knew that we were near Sitting Bull's camp in King George's land, and I thought maybe the Nez Percés who had escaped would return with assistance. No great damage was done to either party during the night.

On the following morning I returned to my camp by agreement, meeting the officer who had been held a prisoner in my camp at the flag of truce. My people were divided about surrendering. We could have escaped from Bear Paw Mountain if we had left our wounded, old women, and children behind. We were unwilling to do this. We had never heard of a wounded Indian recovering while in the hands of white men.

On the evening of the fourth day General Howard came in with a small escort, together with my friend Chapman. We could now talk understandingly. General Miles said to me in plain words, "If you will come out and give up your arms, I will spare your lives and send you to your reservation." I do not know what passed between General Miles and General Howard.

I could not bear to see my wounded men and women suffer any longer; we had lost enough already. General Miles had promised that we might return to our own country with what stock we had left. I thought we could start again. I believed General Miles, or *I never would have surrendered*. I have heard that he has been censured for making

the promise to return us to Lapwai. He could not have made any other terms with me at that time. I would have held him in check until my friends came to my assistance, and then neither of the generals nor their soldiers would have left Bear Paw Mountain alive.

On the fifth day I went to General Miles and gave up my gun, and said, "From where the sun now stands I will fight no more." My people needed rest—we wanted peace.

I was told we could go with General Miles to Tongue River and stay there until spring, when we would be sent back to our country. Finally it was decided that we were to be taken to Tongue River. We had nothing to say about it. After our arrival at Tongue River, General Miles received orders to take us to Bismarck. The reason given was, that subsistence would be cheaper there.

General Miles was opposed to this order. He said: 'you must not blame me. I have endeavoured to keep my word, but the chief who is over me has given the order, and I must obey it or resign. That would do you no good. Some other officer would carry out the order.'

I believe General Miles would have kept his word if he could have done so. I do not blame him for what we have suffered since the surrender. I do not know who is to blame. We gave up all our horses—over eleven hundred—and all our saddles—over one hundred—and we have not heard from them since. Somebody has got our horses.

General Miles turned my people over to another soldier, and we were taken to Bismarck. Captain Johnson, who now had charge of us, received an order to take us to Fort Leavenworth. At Leavenworth we were placed on a low river bottom, with no water except river-water to drink and cook with. We had always lived in a healthy country, where the mountains were high and the water was cold and clear. Many of my people sickened and died, and we buried them in this strange land. I cannot tell how much my heart suffered for my people while at Leavenworth. The Great Spirit Chief who rules above seemed to be looking some other way, and did not see what was being done to my people.

During the hot days (July, 1878) we received notice that we were to be moved farther away from our own country. We were not asked if we were willing to go.

We were ordered to get into the rail-road cars. Three of my people died on the way to Baxter Springs. It was worse to die there than to die fighting in the mountains.

We were moved from Baxter Springs (Kansas) to the Indian Territory, and set down without our lodges. We had but little medicine, and we were nearly all sick. Seventy of my people have died since we moved there.

We have had a great many visitors who have talked many ways. Some of the chiefs (General Fish and Colonel Stickney) from Washington came to see us and selected land for us to live upon. We have not moved to that land for it is not a good place to live.

The Commissioner Chief (E. A. Hayt) came to see us. I told him, as I told every one, that I expected General Miles's word would be carried out. He said 'it could not be done; that white men now lived in my country and all the land was taken up; that, if I returned to Wallowa, I could not live in peace; that law-papers were out against my young men who began the war, and that the Government could not protect my people.' This talk fell like a heavy stone upon my heart. I saw that I could not gain anything by talking to him. Other law chiefs (Congressional Committee) came to see me and said they would help me to get a healthy country. I did not know whom to believe. The white people have too many chiefs. They do not understand each other. They do not all talk alike.

The Commissioner Chief (Mr. Hayt) invited me to go with him and hunt for a better home than we have now. I like the land we found (west of the Osage reservation) better than any place I have seen in that country; but it is not a healthy land. There are no mountains and rivers. The water is warm. It is not a good country for stock. I do not believe my people can live there. I am afraid they will all die. The Indians who occupy that country are dying off. I promised Chief Hayt to go there, and do the best I could until the Government got ready to make good General Miles's word. I was not satisfied, but I could not help myself.

Then the Inspector Chief (General McNeil) came to my camp and we had a long talk. He said I ought to have a home in the mountain country north, and that he would write a letter to the

Great Chief at Washington. Again the hope of seeing the mountains of Idaho and Oregon grew up in my heart.

At last I was granted permission to come to Washington and bring my friend Yellow Bull and our interpreter with me. I am glad we came. I have shaken hands with a great many friends, but there are some things I want to know which no one seems able to explain. I cannot understand how the Government sends a man out to fight us, as it did General Miles, and then breaks his word. Such a Government has something wrong about it. I cannot understand why so many Chiefs are allowed to talk so many different things. I have seen the Great Father Chief (the President), the next Great Chief (Secretary of the Interior), the Commissioner Chief (Hayt), the Law Chief (General Butler), and many other law chiefs (Congressmen), and they all say they are my friends, and that I shall have justice, but while their mouths all talk right I do not understand why nothing is done for my people. I have heard talk and talk, but nothing is done. Good words do not last long unless they amount to something. Words do not pay for my dead people. They do not pay for my country, now overrun by white men. They do not protect my father's grave. They do not pay for all my horses and cattle. Good words will not give me back my children. Good words will not make good the promise of your War Chief General Miles. Good words will not give my people good health and stop them from dying. Good words will not get my people a home where they can live in peace and take care of themselves. I am tired of talk that comes to nothing. It makes my heart sick when I remember all the good words and all the broken promises. There has been too much talking by men who had no right to talk. Too many representations have been made, too many misunderstandings have come up between the white men about the Indians. If the white man wants to live in peace with the Indian he can live in peace. There need be no trouble. Treat all men alike. Give them all the same law. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. All men were made by the same Great Spirit Chief. They are all brothers. The earth is the mother of all people, and all people should have equal rights upon it. You might as well expect

the rivers to run backward as that any man who was born a free man should be contented when penned up and denied liberty to go where he pleases. If you tie a horse to a stake, do you expect he will grow fat? If you pen an Indian upon a small spot of earth, and compel him to stay there, he will not be contented, nor will he grow and prosper. I have asked some of the great white chiefs where they get their authority to say to the Indian that he shall stay in one place, while he sees white men going where they please. They cannot tell me.

I only ask of the Government to be treated as all other men are treated. If I cannot go to my own home, let me have a home in some country where my people will not die so fast. I would like to go to Bitter Root Valley. There my people would be healthy; where they are now they are dying. Three have died since I left my camp to come to Washington.

When I think of our condition my heart is heavy. I see men of my race treated as outlaws and driven from country to country, or shot down like animals.

I know that my race must change. We cannot hold our own with the white men as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. We

ask to be recognized as men. We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. If the Indian breaks the law, punish him by the law. If the white man breaks the law, punish him also.

Let me be a free man—free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself—and I will obey every law, or submit to the penalty.

Whenever the white man treats the Indian as they treat each other, then we will have no more wars. We shall all be alike—brothers of one father and one mother, with one sky above us and one country around us, and one government for all. Then the Great Spirit Chief who rules above will smile upon this land, and send rain to wash out the bloody spots, made by brothers' hands, from the face of the earth. For this time the Indian race are waiting and praying. I hope that no more groans of wounded men and women will ever go to the ear of the Great Spirit Chief above, and that all people may be one people.

In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat has spoken for his people.

YOUNG JOSEPH.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

WORDS AND DEEDS.

THE soldier's boast—to meet, unmoved, Death's eye.

Allow that Zulu men know how to die.

Fighting against the spoiler in their land;

The savage virtue which they highest hold

They practise well; no lions half so bold.

But other virtues, too, we understand,

Being Englishmen and Christians; counting good

Justice, Unselfishness, and Brotherhood,—

Nay, best. We know the way to talk of things.

O God! are we the cruelest of hordes,

With deadliest weapons and with falsest words

Of any race the quiet moon enrings?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Supernatural Religion: an Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation. Vol. I., Sixth Edition. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company, 1879.

It is not our intention, in the absence of the second volume of this important and deeply interesting work, to attempt anything more than a brief estimate of its character and intrinsic value. That the anonymous writer has profoundly stirred the religious world is plain from the fact that his volumes, made up, in great part of destructive textual criticism, have reached a sixth edition in the course of a few years. Not less significant are evidences of a peculiarly bitter type of the *odium theologicum*, in trenchant criticisms on the writer's scholarship by Dr. Lightfoot—the Bishop elect of Durham, and Canon Westcott. To these attacks our author replied at length three years ago in an introduction equally mordant, extending in the edition before us to fifty-four closely printed pages. To the special points in controversy—and particularly to the battle which rages around the so-called Epistles of Ignatius—we may take occasion to refer hereafter.

One thing, at all events, is clear that *Supernatural Religion* has deeply moved the orthodox world, if it has not radically and permanently changed the views of thoughtful religious men on the old-established theory of verbal, or plenary, inspiration. The great merit of the book, considered from a purely controversial point of view, is the indefatigable energy with which the author has ransacked all the sources of information and opinion, whether orthodox, rationalistic, or distinctly sceptical. Perhaps the most scathing rejoinder in the Introduction referred to is administered to Dr. Lightfoot who, not being in a judicial vein, ventured to charge his opponent with copying references wholesale, without having examined the authorities, and with the disingenuous

purpose of securing a factitious reputation for learning and research. The learned divine was evidently nettled that any one should credit a mere layman with having either the patience or the critical skill to waste a prolonged period in researches regarding Ignatius. It was exceedingly natural that a professional theologian should fancy that the references were taken, as they stand, from Cureton's edition of the Syriac version of those few Ignatian letters which probably have some claim to genuineness. 'The fact is,' replies the author in his calmest mood, 'that I did not take the references from Cureton, but in every case derived them from the works themselves, and if the note "seems to represent the gleanings of many years' reading," it certainly does not misrepresent the fact, for I took the trouble to make myself acquainted with the "by-paths of Ignatian literature."'

Whilst, however, even a prejudiced reader may cheerfully admit the indisputable evidence of untiring and conscientious research, it must be confessed that our author depends too much on the 'best,' or the 'ablest' critics. There is a sort of amateur hesitancy about stating any opinion, which cannot be backed up by an imposing array of authorities, and this is apt to be mistaken for want of originality. The writer has taken a brief in the case of Reason against Revelation, but the attorneys who prepared it are Baur, of the old Tübingen school, and his rationalist congeners. Still this does not at all detract from the value of *Supernatural Religion* to the English reader who has no leisure to devote to the study of the mountain-like mass of German theological literature. It is much to the author's credit that he gives a fair hearing to Tischendorf and Ewald, as well as to critics more in sympathy with his pronounced views. It seems clear that the work is that of a thoroughly-trained legal mind, and the evidence, with its sharp contrasts, is put always with surprising clearness, and sometimes

rather unmercifully; yet there is no trace of any studied or intentional want of fairness. The first part of the volume before us, comprising about one hundred and forty pages, discusses the vexed question of the credibility of miracles, and the part they play in the economy of revelation. The issue is not by any means a new one; but it has lately received additional force from the tendency of science, during a very recent period, to reduce the entire universe under the sway of unvarying and inexorable law. The old controversy regarding philosophical necessity has entered upon a new stage, and the free-will of God as well as of man is hopelessly fettered by the irrefragable bonds of natural law. Now the believer in Divine Revelation is utterly unable to conceive that the God he worships as omnipotent can be the slave of His own ordinances. When scientific men talk about the laws of nature, they mean a series of apparently invariable sequences, uniformly happening under given circumstances, so far as our limited experience reaches. So-called interruptions or transgressions of natural law might prove, if we were possessed of omniscience, to be no interruptions of law at all, and it would clearly seem that they only were miracles or wonders, and seemed antecedently incredible, because we know but little of the infinite variety of ways in which the Supreme Being works out His purposes. What seems abnormal and special to us in these events, may be, in the Divine plan, as regular as the rising and setting of the sun. Our author is very indignant at the expressions 'unknown,' or 'higher' law, but they in reality express the measure of man's ignorance. The various cosonical theories that have been devised to account for the earth and animated life upon it, are simply schemes to obviate the necessity of admitting the greatest miracle of all—that of creation. In his posthumous *Essay on Theism* (part iv.) Mr. J. S. Mill concedes this much in reference to miracles, as against Hume: 'It is evidently impossible to maintain that if a supernatural fact really occurs, proof of its occurrence cannot be accessible to the human faculties. The evidence of our senses could prove this as it can prove other things. To put the most extreme case: Suppose that I actually saw and heard a Being, either of the human form or of some form previously un-

known to me, commanding a world to exist, and a new world actually starting into existence, and commencing a movement through space, at his command. There can be no doubt that this evidence would convert the creation of worlds from a speculation into a fact of experience.' Hence, according to Mr. Mill, clear and trustworthy evidence of the senses would at once overcome any amount of 'antecedent incredibility,' so that it is only for a lack of valid evidence that a miracle is to be rejected, whether it be walking upon the sea, a resurrection from the dead, or the creation of a world out of nothing. Without adequate testimony the 'antecedent incredibility of Hume' is everything; with it the talisman vanishes away, unless we are prepared to assert that no amount of concordant testimony can prove anything contrary to previous inductions from a limited experience. The King of Siam, when ice was described to him, protested that it was utterly impossible that water should exist in a solid form; and so far as his experience of fluids went, he was right. Are those who talk of natural law any more certain of the ground on which they stand, when they profess to sound with their little plummets the mysteries of God and of the Universe?

Our author, perhaps with justice, protests against a tendency 'to eliminate from Christianity, with thoughtless dexterity, every supernatural element which does not quite accord with current opinion, and yet to ignore the fact that in so doing, ecclesiastical Christianity has practically been altogether abandoned.' It would be interesting to ascertain what sort of Christianity he himself cherishes. Is it the Gospel according to Strauss, to Mill, or to Matthew Arnold? He makes strenuous efforts to undermine the credit of the New Testament Scriptures, although he eulogizes the Master in words of warmer colouring than Mr. Mill used, in a celebrated passage in his *Essay on Liberty*. And why must 'every man who has a mind and a heart, love and honour the Bible,' and having 'neither be beyond the reach of persuasion,' if the sacred volume is based upon a mass of foolish superstitions or lying wonders? It certainly will appear plain to most readers that if 'it is only when we are entitled to reject the theory of miraculous Divine Revelation that the Bible attains its full beauty,'

it would be infinitely fairer if those who think so would reject the Scriptures altogether. It is only the butcher who dilates upon the æsthetic value of a dismembered carcase, after all the life has been drained out of it. At any rate, who is to be the judge of what must be excised and what suffered to remain? It is quite certain that Jesus professed to work miracles, and He is distinctly alleged, in Epistles of St. Paul admitted to be genuine and written prior to any of the extant Gospels, to have risen from the dead. Was he a deceiver in wondering, or were his disciples deceived when they positively expressed their belief in his resurrection?

Now we are free to confess that *Supernatural Religion* proves distinctly that the Gospels, as we now have them, are the sole survivors of a number of similar narratives. The prologue to St. Luke's Gospel proves that beyond dispute. The doctrine of verbal inspiration is gone past remedy; but yet that is not the whole case. No fragment of a Gospel, whether that according to the Hebrews, or any other, has yet been found which contradicts, in their main features, the Gospels as we have them. There are omissions here, and additions there; but in no single instance is there the slightest disagreement about the miracles of Christ or His resurrection. When we add to this the unquestionable doctrines of St. Paul about the Saviour, written within a brief interval of his death, critical and philological objections, however valid they may be as against a superstitious reverence for the letter, do not in any way touch the spirit of the New Testament. It is the former, however, which kills; the latter which maketh alive and will always make itself manifest, as the living and vivifying force, latent or active, in Christianity. While we thus express dissent from some of our author's positions, we cannot too strongly recommend the candour which pervades even his prejudices. *Au reste*, his work is one which ought to be in the hands of every student of current opinion, whether orthodox or the reverse. The time has gone by for blinking the results of either scientific research or critical enquiry. If works like *Supernatural Religion* are to be successfully answered—and we are not clear that they can be to the extent that some may suppose—they must be read and tested frankly, not consigned to any *In-*

dex Expurgatorius, Protestant or Catholic.

The Monks of Thelema. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company.

What are we to say of this bright and interesting tale which has been running through our pages for some time past? And first, what are the duties of a critic called upon to criticise that in which he himself has an interest? Is he to unduly praise, sugar the honey, and hint that on *this* occasion the violet has really a super-added and altogether too exquisite perfume—don't you smell it now? Or is he to be brusquely honest and outspoken, affect an indifference, and run down that which he gladly sees others praise? For our part, while we join in the usual laugh at the expense of the man who thinks his green geese are all swans, we cannot but consider such a harmless optimist as less of a fool than he who, being the happy possessor of a fine pair of swans, is impelled by modesty to declare them to be nothing but geese. There is a pleasant apologue among the 'Fables in Song' of the present Lord Lytton, which not inaptly illustrates our position. A haunted hen, so runs the tale (and really it seems sufficiently absurd for any reviewer to compare his Magazine to a hen, let alone a haunted hen), is so alarmed at the 'chilly charm of a weasel's eye' which, not to put too fine a point upon it, comes after her eggs, that she dreams every night that she is turned into this identical weasel, pillages her own nest, and sucks her own eggs. Unfortunately this interferes with her internal economy so much that the supply of new-laid eggs is prematurely cut off. Then this miserable feathered biped experiences the most peculiarly poignant miseries. As a hen, she all day laments her egg-less condition; as a weasel, she every night, and all night, endures severe discontent

'At finding no more any eggs to devour.'

The application is not far to seek, but the words in which the poet describes the anomalous position of him who is 'both author and critic in one' are too neat to be altered.

'By alternate creative and critical powers
Is our suffering identity sunder'd and torn ;
And the tooth of the critic that's in us, devours
Half the author's conceptions before they are
born.'

What could be more appropriate! If, as critic, we savagely assault this novel, which first saw the light (Canadian light understood) between our own covers, Messrs. Besant and Rice may never give us a chance again. Luckily those gentlemen have contrived to arrange matters so as to enable us to escape from our difficulty. We can escape it because we can honestly and impartially praise the tale as one of the best they have produced. Let us get over the worst at once by saying that its chief fault is its improbability and the somewhat 'stagey' aspect of some of the situations. It cannot be doubted that the authors themselves would recognise this fact, and would admit that the scenes they have portrayed are, in some particulars, as impossible in the England of to-day as the original Abbey of Thelema would have been in the France of the time of Rabelais. Their answer would, however, be conclusive, and would be to this effect:—The plan of the story is laid so as to afford scope for the display of some keen and well-merited satire on some very opposite phases of modern life and thought. To be able to make kindly fun at once of eccentric philanthropy and of the more than eccentric vagaries of that 'Higher Culture' which embodies the latest developments of intellectual priggism, required a peculiar knack of handling and an unusual background. Rondelet, the young Oxonian, so well described as a youth who endures a chronic sorrow, on account of his 'exceeding great wisdom, which had shut him out from love, friendship and

ordinary ambitions, and which deprives him of even the consolations of religion;' Exton, the product of modern civilization, who regards that civilization as merely a machine to provide him with good claret, good dinners, pretty girls to flirt with, and other amusements to pass away the time; Alan, the indefatigable theorist, who persists in reducing his crude theories into still cruder practice, and who tries to elevate the clowns who till his fields by living and working among them,—these men are so utterly diverse in manners and in modes of thought that nothing less than the unreal bond of monastic vows of Thelema could have bound them together for the space even of a short novel. When the setting which has served to associate jewels of such varying brilliancy, is itself as picturesque as can well be desired, we feel more inclined to endure than to complain of its want of *vraisemblance*. Much has been said of the strangely homogeneous nature of the work turned out by these two writers. We can only point to one passage, commencing at page 58, which appears at all indicative of the dual authorship. This account of the youth of Alan and Miranda contains much matter which has been told us in other shapes before, and which would not, probably, have been repeated, had the book proceeded exclusively from one pen. We need not draw out our remarks any longer. Our readers will have the tale so fresh in their minds that it would be unnecessary to even sketch the plot, and if every one who has read it tells abroad the amusement he has derived from it, the authors and publishers will need no better advertisement or warmer praise.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE new volumes of Mrs. Oliphant's 'Foreign Classics for English Readers,' are to be 'Rabelais,' by Walter Besant; 'Calderon,' by E. J. Hasell; and 'Schiler,' by Andrew Wilson.

The first instalment of Mr. Herbert Spencer's new work, on the 'Principles of Morality,' may be looked for at an early day. It will deal with the 'Data of Morality.'

Two further issues of Mr. Gladstone's collected writings, under the title of 'Gleanings of Past Years,' are now ready. They are classified thus: Vol 3, Historical and Speculative; Vol. 4, Foreign.

Mr. Browning's new volume of verse is to be entitled 'Dramatic Idyls,' and will shortly appear. As usual, the author indulges his fancy for odd titles for the subjects of his poems. The six idyls are to be called: 'Martin Ralph,' 'Pheidippides,' 'Halbert and Hob,' 'Ivan Ivanovitch,' 'Wag,' and 'Ned Bratts.'

A new supplement, embracing the events, social and political, British and Foreign, of the last four years, has just been appended to Mr. Irving's 'Annals of our Time.' New editions of other excellent reference books have been recently issued, to wit: the 16th edition of Haydn's 'Dictionary of Dates,' the 10th edition of 'Men of the Time,' the 1879 issue of Mr. Frederick Martin's 'Statesman's Year Book,' and other indispensable authorities. It is pleasing to note that the indefatigable compiler of the latter work, Mr. Martin, has just had his great statistical labours recognised, by having his name placed by Lord Beaconsfield, on the English Civil List.

English literary men have only too well respected Thackeray's wish that no biography of him should be written. To maintain this reticence, however, would be a loss to literature, and we are glad to see the announcement, in Mr. Morley's series of 'English Men of Letters,' of a memoir of the author of 'Pendennis' and 'Vanity Fair,' to appear shortly from the pen of Anthony Trollope. The

forthcoming volumes will comprise 'Spenser,' by the Dean of St. Paul's; 'Cowper,' by Mr. Goldwin Smith; 'Swift,' by Mr. John Morley; and 'Milton,' by the Rev. Mark Pattison.

The characters and events of one age become the memorabilia of the next, and this is no better illustrated than in the volume, 'Records of a Girlhood,' containing the recollections of Fanny Kemble, from her earliest childhood to the period of her marriage, in 1834. The work abounds in reminiscence, anecdote, and personality concerning notable contemporaries in the world of art, the drama, and literature, as fascinating as anything to be found in the domain of biography.

Mr. Theodore Martin has done his work so well on his 'Life of the Prince Consort,' that we fear to see his success imperilled in unduly extending the scope and the consequent length of the work. The announcement is made of the fourth volume, as being nearly ready for publication, to be followed by a fifth, and perhaps a sixth instalment, ere the work is brought to a close. Biographies written under the direction of royalty are not apt to be compiled under any limitations of cost, of time, or of labour; but the reader of them generally finds that he has to respect every one of these conditions; and hence our regret—notwithstanding the interest of the subject—to find the work grow so extensively under Mr. Martin's hand.

The publication of Dr. Busch's Boswellian record of 'Bismarck in the Franco-German War,' whatever we may think of the editor's discretion in giving to the world the after-dinner talk of the great German statesman, is a valuable addition to the literature of biography. Such a narrative of confidential talk upon contemporary men, plans, and events, as we have in this work, with its variety of almost reckless but discriminating criticism upon friends and foes, may be safely said never to have been hitherto authoritatively issued by any

personage of historical importance. The excitement which the work has called forth in Europe can be well understood by those who have already possessed themselves of any of the reprints of the English translation.

The first volume (A. to Impromptu) of Dr. George Grove's admirable 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' has just been issued from Messrs. Macmillan's press, and should find its way into the hands of all those who take a genuine interest in the musical art. The articles are written by eminent writers, English and foreign, and embrace everything that belongs to music, or is allied or even distantly related to it. Biographies of eminent composers, histories of musical instruments, illustrations of musical terms, careers of great singers, &c., &c., are some of the subjects treated of in this exhaustive Cyclopædia of Music, which we should be glad to see within reach—if even for reference—of the many accomplished amateurs in Music in Canada. The volume is published at a guinea.

The old-time complaint of those whose education in youth has been neglected, that there were no special courses of study suited to after-life education, must now cease to be heard, for the projects which of recent years have been put on foot by publishers more or less designed to supply in popular form, the literary wants of the masses, are now numerous, inviting, and capably adapted to the purposes which have called them into existence. Such schemes as the 'Ancient' and the 'Foreign Classics for English Readers,' Morley's 'English Men of Letters,' 'The Epoch Series of Histories,' Strahan's 'Books for the People,' Harpers' 'Half-Hour Library,' Osgood's 'Little Classics,' &c., &c., are not only a great boon to the people, in respect of their modest cost and handy form, but give the opportunity to thousands to widen their acquaintance with literature, and extend the range of their reading, which has not hitherto been possible. Following these publisher's projects we have referred to, comes a new enterprise of Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., of London and Belfast, in the shape of a 'New Plutarch,' to contain the 'Lives of those,' as it is phrased, 'who have made the History of the world.' The enterprise is to be under the direction of Mr. Walter Besant.

of novelist fame, and the Rev. W. J. Brodribb, M. A., with whom are to be associated a number of well-known and capable writers. Every volume, according to the announcement, will contain the life of one man or woman, around whose name will be gathered not only the deeds which have made that one life memorable, but also those events which make a remarkable period in the world's history. The volumes will present Pictures of the Time, as well as the events and traditions of a single life; and though not written as mere educational text-books, will be largely intended for use in that process of self-education which is carried on at all periods of life, in age as well as in youth. We append the subjects of a few of the early volumes: 'Coligny, and the failure of the French Reformation;' 'Judas Maccabeus, and the Revival of Jewish Nationality;' 'Victor Emmanuel, and the attainment of Italian Unity;' 'Joan of Arc, and the expulsion of the English from France;' 'The Caliph Haroun al Raschid, and Saracen Civilization;' 'Hannibal, and Carthaginian Civilization;' 'Abraham Lincoln, and the Abolition of Slavery;' 'Richelieu, and his Court;' 'Charlemagne and his Time,' &c., &c.

Mr. Froude's sketch of 'Julius Cæsar' is now issued.

An American edition of the Duc de Broglie's Diplomatic Revelations, under the title of 'The King's Secret,' dealing with an episode in the life of Louis XV. is about to appear. The work has created quite a sensation in Paris.

Mr. John Hill Burton, the Scottish Historian, has in press a 'History of the reign of Queen Anne.'

Despite the failure, as acting dramas, of Mr. Tennyson's 'Harold,' and 'Queen Mary,' it is said that he has a new play ready for Mr. Henry Irving, entitled 'Eleanor and Rosamond.'

A new novel by Mr. Thomas Hardy, author of 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' &c., entitled, 'The Distracted Young Preacher,' is about to be issued serially, in *Cornhill* and in *Harper's Weekly*.

It is rumoured that Mr. Froude has been long accumulating material, with the assistance of Mr. Carlyle, for a biography of the philosopher of Chelsea. Mr. Carlyle's life has been an uneventful one, though he is an octogenarian, but Mr. Froude will doubtless portray the

man in his works, which more than in the case of any other author are inseparable parts of the man.

Mr. Richard Grant White's *Essays*, contributed for a long time to the *N. Y. Times*, on 'Every-Day English,' are about to be issued by Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston.

A Student's Edition, somewhat abridged, of 'The Speaker's Commentary on the Bible,' to be completed in six 12 mo. volumes, is announced for immediate publication. It is said of the work that the writers appear duly to appreciate the critical difficulties which abound in the task they have undertaken, and that the principles of their interpretation are applied with a fair regard to the discoveries of modern research, and with a full knowledge of scientific controversies and objections.

At the present time, General Cunyng-hame's work, 'My Command in South Africa, 1874-78,' will be eagerly read. The author was the immediate predecessor of Lord Chelmsford, and had a good deal to do with the events connected with the annexation of the Transvaal, and with the Kafir war, which broke out upon Sir Bartle Frere's arrival in the Colony in 1877.

The literature of biography is prolific just now of works of more than passing interest. The 'Memoir of the Rev. Francis Hodgson,' the intimate friend of Byron; Hamerton's 'Life of Turner;' and Hare's 'Life of the Baroness Bunsen,' are books which are claiming the attention of the reviewers, and are all of them highly spoken of.

What interests are to be subserved by the publication of Mr. Moncre Conway's unwholesome volumes on 'Demology and Devil Lore,' we can scarcely tell. To add to the literature of unsavoury myths and silly superstitions by long and painstaking efforts to compile all the jumble of nonsense contained in Mr. Conway's volumes, may be creditable to the author's industry and knowledge of his subject, but will hardly commend itself to the intelligence and good sense of even the out-of-the-way reader. Mr. Conway's purpose to discredit Christianity, by classing its beliefs with the rubbish of superstition and devilry which he has unearthed from every corner of the earth, will not increase the claims of his work upon the attention

of sane men, still less will his occasional blasphemy attract readers to his volumes.

The third volume of Mr. John Richard Green's 'History of the English People,' has just been issued. It deals with Puritan England, 1603-60, and The Revolution, 1660-88.

Mr. Serjeant Cox, of spiritualist proclivities, has just issued an important work on 'The Mechanism of Man,' through the publishing house of Longman & Co. As a complement to the work, the author announces 'The Mechanism in Action,' to be immediately published.

'The History of Our Own Times,' from the pen of Mr. Justin McCarthy, the novelist, and now M. P. in the 'Home Rule' interest, for the County of Longford, has met with so immediate a success, that the seventh edition of the first two volumes of the work has just been called for in England. The merit of the work is said to lie in its general justice, its breadth of view, and its sparkling buoyancy of narrative, and reviewers add in reference to it, that 'Criticism is disarmed before a composition which provokes little but approval.' The fear is that a History which is so universally acceptable, is not likely to be written from any very sincere and deeply-rooted conviction, but the glamour of a novelist's pen will doubtless make even contemporary events pleasant, if not profitable, reading.

The *Athenæum* makes the announcement that arrangements have been made for the immediate publication, by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., of the literary remains of the late Prof. Clifford. These will comprise, firstly, two volumes of collected essays and lectures, to be edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Frederick Pollock, with a biographical introduction by Mr. Pollock; secondly, a small volume entitled 'Seeing and Thinking,' being the substance of three popular lectures, and admirably displaying the author's power of treating scientific subjects in a way at once sound, brilliant, and easily intelligible. Arrangements are also being made for a reprint of mathematical papers contributed to the Royal and other societies and to various mathematical journals. Dr. Spottiswoode, the President of the Royal Society, is interesting himself in this collection.

ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JUNE, 1879.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER IX.

AMELIUS rose impulsively from his chair.

Mrs. Farnaby turned at the same moment, and signed to him to resume his seat. 'You have given me your promise,' she whispered. 'All I ask of you is to be silent.' She softly drew the key out of the door, and showed it to him. 'You can't get out,' she said—'unless you take the key from me by force!'

Whatever Amelius might think of the situation in which he now found himself, the one thing that he could honourably do was to say nothing, and submit to it. He remained quietly by the fire. No imaginable consideration (he mentally resolved) should induce him to consent to a second confidential interview in Mrs. Farnaby's room.

The servant opened the house-door. Regina's voice was heard in the hall.

'Has my aunt come in?'

'No, miss.'

'Have you heard nothing of her?'

'Nothing, miss.'

'Has Mr. Goldenheart been here?'

'No, miss.'

'Very extraordinary! What can have become of them, Cecilia?'

The voice of the other lady was heard in answer. 'We have probably missed them on leaving the concert-room. Don't alarm yourself, Regina. I must go back, under any circumstances; the carriage will be waiting for me. If I see anything of your aunt, I will say you are expecting her at home.'

'One moment, Cecilia! (Thomas, you needn't wait.) Is it really true that you don't like Mr. Goldenheart?'

'What! has it come to that, already? I'll try to like him, Regina. Good-bye again!'

The closing of the street-door told that the ladies had separated. The sound was followed, in another moment, by the opening and closing of the dining-room door. Mrs. Farnaby returned to her chair at the fire-place.

'Regina has gone into the dining-room to wait for us,' she said. 'I see you don't like your position here; and I won't keep you more than a few minutes longer. You are, of course, at a loss to understand what I was saying to you when the knock at the door interrupted us. Sit down again for five minutes; it fidgets me to see you standing there, looking at your boots. I told you I had one possible consolation still left. Judge for yourself what the hope of it is to me, when I own to you that I should long since have put an end to my life without it. Don't think I am talking nonsense; I mean what I say. It is one of my misfortunes that I have no religious scruples to restrain me. There was a time when I believed that religion might comfort me. I once opened my heart to a clergyman—a worthy person, who did his best to help me. All useless! My heart was too hard, I suppose. It doesn't matter—except to give you one more proof that I am thoroughly in earnest. Patience! patience! I am coming to the point. I asked you some odd questions, on the day when you first dined here. You have forgotten all about them of course?'

'I remember them perfectly well,' Amelius answered.

'You remember them? That looks as if you had thought about them afterwards. Come! tell me plainly, what did you think?'

Amelius told her plainly. She became more and more interested, more and more excited, as he went on.

'Quite right!' she exclaimed, starting to her feet and walking swiftly backwards and forwards in the room. 'There is a lost girl whom I want to find; and she is between sixteen and seventeen years old, as you thought. Mind! I have no reason—not the shadow of a reason—for believing that she is still a living creature. I have only my own stupid obstinate conviction; rooted here,' she pressed both hands fiercely on her heart, 'so

that nothing can tear it out of me! I have lived in that belief—O, don't ask me how long! it is so far, so miserably far to look back!' She stopped in the middle of the room. Her breath came, and went in quick, heavy gasps; the first tears that had softened the hard wretchedness in her eyes rose in them now, and transfigured them with the divine beauty of maternal love. 'I won't distress you,' she said, stamping on the floor, as she struggled with the hysterical passion that was raging in her. 'Give me a minute, and I'll force it down again.'

She dropped into a chair, threw her arms heavily on the table, and laid her head on them. Amelius thought of the child's frock and cap hidden in the cabinet. All that was manly and noble in his nature felt for the unhappy woman, whose secret was dimly revealed to him now. The little selfish sense of annoyance at the awkward situation in which she had placed him, vanished to return no more. He approached her, and put his hand gently on her shoulder. 'I am truly sorry for you,' he said. 'Tell me how I can help you, and I will do it with all my heart.'

'Do you really mean that?' She roughly dashed the tears from her eyes, and rose as she put the question. Holding him with one hand, she parted the hair back from his forehead with the other. 'I must see your whole face,' she said—'your face will tell me. Yes; you do mean it. The world hasn't spoiled you yet. Do you believe in dreams?'

Amelius looked at her, startled by the sudden transition. She deliberately repeated her question.

'I ask you seriously,' she said; 'do you believe in dreams?'

Amelius answered seriously, on his side. 'I can't honestly say that I do.'

'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'like me. I don't believe in dreams, either—I wish I did! But it's not in me to believe in superstitions; I'm too hard—and I'm sorry for it. I have seen people

who were comforted by their superstitions; happy people, possessed of faith. Don't you even believe that dreams are sometimes fulfilled by chance?'

'Nobody can deny that,' Amelius replied; 'the instances of it are too many. But for one dream fulfilled by a coincidence, there are—'

'A hundred at least that are *not* fulfilled,' Mrs. Farnaby interposed. 'Very well. I calculate on that. See how little hope can live on? There is just the barest possibility that what I dreamed of you the other night may come to pass—and that one poor chance has encouraged me to take you into my confidence, and ask you to help me.'

This strange confession—this sad revelation of despair still unconsciously deceiving itself under the disguise of hope—only strengthened the compassionate sympathy which Amelius already felt for her. 'What did you dream about me?' he asked gently.

'It's nothing to tell,' she replied. 'I was in a room that was quite strange to me; and the door opened, and you came in leading a young girl by the hand. You said, "Be happy at last; here she is." My heart knew her instantly, though my eyes had never seen her since the first days of her life. And I woke myself, crying for joy. Wait! it's not all told yet. I went to sleep again, and dreamed it again, and woke, and lay awake for a while, and slept once more, and dreamed it for the third time. Ah, if I could only feel some people's confidence in three times! No; it produced an impression on me—and that was all. I got as far as thinking to myself, There is just a chance; I haven't a creature in the world to help me; I may as well speak to him. O, you needn't remind me that there is a rational explanation of my dream. I have read it all up in the Encyclopædia in the library. One of the ideas of wise men is that we think of something, consciously or unconsciously, in the day-

time, and then reproduce it in a dream. That's my case, I dare say. When you were first introduced to me, and when I heard where you had been brought up, I thought directly that *she* might have been one among the many forlorn creatures who have drifted to your community, and that I might find her through you. Say that thought went to my bed with me—and we have the explanation of my dream. Never mind! There is my one poor chance in a hundred still left. You will remember me, Amelius, if you *should* meet with her, won't you?'

The implied confession of her own intractable character, without religious faith to ennoble it, without even imagination to refine it—the unconscious disclosure of the one tender and loving instinct in her nature still piteously struggling for existence, with no sympathy to sustain it, with no light to guide it—would have touched the heart of any man not incurably depraved. Amelius spoke with the fervour of his young enthusiasm. 'I would go to the uttermost ends of the earth, if I thought I could do you any good. But, O, it sounds so hopeless!'

She shook her head, and smiled faintly.

'Don't say that! You are free, you have money, you will travel about in the world and amuse yourself. In a week you will see more than stay-at-home people see in a year. How do we know what the future has in store for us? I have my own idea. She may be lost in the labyrinth of London, or she may be hundreds and thousands of miles away. Amuse yourself, Amelius—amuse yourself. To-morrow, or ten years hence, you *might* meet with her!'

In sheer mercy to the poor creature, Amelius refused to encourage her delusion. 'Even supposing such a thing could happen,' he objected, 'how am I to know the lost girl? You can't describe her to me; you have not seen her since she was a child. Do you know anything of what happened at

the time—I mean at the time when she was lost?’

‘I know nothing.’

‘Absolutely, nothing?’

‘Absolutely, nothing.’

‘Have you never felt a suspicion of how it happened?’

Her face changed: she frowned as she looked at him. ‘Not till weeks and months had passed,’ she said, ‘not till it was too late. I was ill at the time. When my mind got clear again, I began to suspect one particular person—little by little, you know; noticing trifles, and thinking about them afterwards.’ She stopped, evidently restraining herself on the point of saying more.

Amelius tried to lead her on. ‘Did you suspect the person—?’ he began.

‘I suspected him of casting the child helpless on the world!’ Mrs. Farnaby interposed, with a sudden burst of fury. ‘Don’t ask me any more about it, or I shall break out and shock you!’ She clenched her fists as she said the words. ‘It’s well for that man,’ she muttered between her teeth, ‘that I have never got beyond suspecting, and never found out the truth! Why did you turn my mind that way? You shouldn’t have done it. Help me back again to what we were saying a minute ago. You made some objection; you said—?’

‘I said,’ Amelius reminded her, ‘that, even if I did meet with the missing girl, I couldn’t possibly know it. And I must say more than that—I don’t see how you yourself could be sure of recognising her if she stood before you this moment.’

He spoke very gently, fearing to irritate her. She showed no sign of irritation—she looked at him, and listened to him, attentively.

‘Are you setting a trap for me?’ she asked. ‘No!’ she cried, before Amelius could answer, ‘I am not mean enough to distrust you—I forgot myself. You have innocently said something that rankles in my mind. I can’t leave it where you have left it;

I don’t like to be told that I shouldn’t recognise her. Give me time to think. I must clear this up.’

She consulted her own thoughts, keeping her eyes fixed on Amelius.

‘I am going to speak plainly,’ she announced, with a sudden appearance of resolution. ‘Listen to this. When I banged to the door of that big cupboard of mine, it was because I didn’t want you to see something on the shelves. Did you see anything in spite of me?’

The question was not an easy one to answer. Amelius hesitated. Mrs. Farnaby insisted on a reply.

‘Did you see anything?’ she reiterated.

Amelius owned that he had seen something.

She turned away from him, and looking into the fire. Her firm full tones sank so low, when she spoke next, that he could barely hear them.

‘Was it something belonging to a child?’

‘Yes.’

‘Was it a baby’s frock and cap? Answer me. We have gone too far to go back. I don’t want apologies or explanations—I want, Yes or No.’

‘Yes.’

There was an interval of silence. She never moved; she still looked into the fire—looked as if all her past life was pictured there in the burning coals.

‘Do you despise me?’ she asked, at last, very quietly.

‘As God hears me, I am only sorry for you!’ Amelius answered.

Another woman would have melted into tears. This woman still looked into the fire—and that was all. ‘What a good fellow!’ she said to herself; ‘what a good fellow he is!’

There was another pause. She turned towards him again as abruptly as she turned away.

‘I had hoped to spare you, and to spare myself,’ she said. ‘If the miserable truth has come out, it is through no curiosity of yours, and (God knows!)

against every wish of mine. I don't know if you really felt like a friend towards me before—you must be my friend now. Don't speak! I know I can trust you. One last word, Amelius, about my lost child. You doubt whether I should recognise her, if she stood before me now. That might be quite true, if I had only my poor hopes and anxieties to guide me. But I have something else to guide me—and, after what has passed between us, you may as well know what it is: it might even, by accident, guide You. Don't alarm yourself; it's nothing distressing this time. How can I explain it?' she went on, pausing, and speaking in some perplexity to herself. 'It would be easier to show it—and why not?' She addressed herself to Amelius once more. 'I'm a strange creature,' she resumed. 'First, I worry you about my own affairs—then I puzzle you—then I make you sorry for me—and now (would you think it?) I am going to amuse you? Amelius, are you an admirer of pretty feet?'

Amelius had heard of men (in books) who had found reason to doubt whether their own ears were not deceiving them. For the first time, he began to understand those men, and to sympathise with them. He admitted, in a certain bewildered way, that he was an admirer of pretty feet—and waited for what was to come next.

'When a woman has a pretty hand,' Mrs. Farnaby proceeded, 'she is ready enough to show it. When she goes out to a ball, she favours you with a view of her bosom, and a part of her back. Now tell me! If there is no impropriety in a naked bosom—where is the impropriety in a naked foot?'

Amelius agreed, like a man in a dream. 'Where, indeed!' he remarked—and waited again for what was to come next.

'Look out of the window,' said Mrs. Farnaby.

Amelius obeyed. The window had been opened, for a few inches at the top, no doubt to ventilate the room.

The dull view of the courtyard was varied by the stables, at the farther end, and by the kitchen skylight rising in the middle of the open space. As Amelius looked out, he observed that some person at that moment in the kitchen required apparently a large supply of fresh air. The swinging window, on the side of the skylight which was nearest to him, was invisibly and noiselessly pulled open from below; the similar window, on the other side, being already wide open also. Judging by appearances, the inhabitants of the kitchen possessed a merit which is exceedingly rare among domestic servants—they understood the laws of ventilation, and appreciated the blessing of fresh air.

'That will do,' said Mrs. Farnaby. 'You can turn round now.'

Amelius turned. Mrs. Farnaby's boots and stockings were on the hearthrug, and one of Mrs. Farnaby's feet was placed, ready for inspection, on the chair which he had just left. 'Look at my right foot, first,' she said, speaking gravely and composedly in her ordinary tone.

It was well worth looking at—a foot equally beautiful in form and in colour: the instep arched and high, the ankle at once delicate and strong, the toes tinged with rose-colour at the tips. In brief, it was a foot to be photographed, to be cast in plaster, to be fondled and kissed. Amelius attempted to express his admiration, but was not allowed to get beyond the first two or three words. 'No,' Mrs. Farnaby explained, 'this is not vanity—simply information. You have seen my right foot; and you have noticed that there is nothing the matter with it. Very well. Now look at my left foot.'

She put her left foot up on the chair. 'Look between the third toe and the fourth,' she said.

Following his instructions, Amelius discovered that the beauty of the foot was spoiled, in this case, by a singular defect. The two toes were bound together by a flexible web, or mem-

brane, which held them to each other as high as the insertion of the nail on either side.

'Do you wonder,' Mrs. Farnaby asked, 'why I show you the fault in my foot? Amelius! my poor darling was born with my deformity—and I want you to know exactly what it is, because neither you nor I can say what reason for remembering it there may not be in the future.' She stopped, as if to give him an opportunity of speaking. A man shallow and flippant by nature might have seen the disclosure in a grotesque aspect. Amelius was sad and silent. 'I like you better and better,' she went on. 'You are not like the common run of men. Nine out of ten of them would have turned what I have just told you into a joke—nine out of ten would have said, "Am I to ask every girl I meet to show me her left foot!" You are above that; you understand me. Have I no means of recognising my own child now?'

She smiled, and took her foot off the chair—then, after a moment's thought, she pointed to it again.

'Keep this as strictly secret as you keep everything else,' she said. 'In the past days, when I used to employ people privately to help me to find her, it was my only defence against being imposed upon. Rogues and vagabonds thought of other marks and signs—but not one of them could guess at such a mark as *that*. Have you got your pocket-book, Amelius? In case we are separated at some later time, I want to write the name and address in it of a person whom we can trust. I persist, you see, in providing for the future. There's the one chance in a hundred that my dream may come true—and you have so many years before you, and so many girls to meet with in that time!'

She handed back the pocket-book, which Amelius had given to her, with a man's name and address inscribed on one of the blank leaves.

'He was my father's lawyer,' she

explained; 'and he and his son are both men to be trusted. Suppose I am ill, for instance—no, that's absurd; I never had a day's illness in my life. Suppose I am dead (killed perhaps by some accident, or perhaps by my own hand), the lawyers have my written instructions, in the case of my child being found. Then again—I am such an unaccountable woman—I may go away somewhere, all by myself. Never mind! The lawyers shall have my address, and my positive orders (though they keep it a secret from all the world besides) to tell it to *you*. I don't ask your pardon, Amelius, for troubling you. The chances are so terribly against me; it is all but impossible that I shall ever see you—as I saw you in my dream—coming into the room, leading my girl by the hand. Odd, isn't it? This is how I veer about between hope and despair. Well, it may amuse you to remember it, one of these days. Years hence, when I am at rest in mother earth, and when you are a middle-aged married man, you will tell your wife how strangely you once became the forlorn hope of the most wretched woman that ever lived—and you may say to each other, as you sit by your snug fireside, "Perhaps that poor lost daughter is still living somewhere, and wondering who her mother was." No! I won't let you see the tears in my eyes again—I'll let you go at last.'

She led the way to the door, and opened it.

'Good-bye, and thank you,' she said. 'I want to be left by myself, my dear, with that little frock and cap which you found out in spite of me. Go, and tell my niece it's all right—and don't be stupid enough to fall in love with a girl who has no love to give you in return.' She pushed Amelius into the Hall. 'Here he is, Regina!' she called out; 'I have done with him.'

Before Amelius could speak, she had shut herself into her room. He advanced along the hall, and met Regina at the door of the dining-room.

CHAPTER X.

THE young lady spoke first.

'Mr Goldenheart,' she said, with the coldest possible politeness, 'perhaps you will be good enough to explain what this means?'

She turned back into the dining-room. Amelius followed her in silence. 'Here I am, in another scrape with a woman!' he thought to himself. 'Are men in general as unlucky as I am, I wonder?'

'You needn't close the door,' said Regina maliciously. 'Everybody in the house is welcome to hear what I have to say to you.'

Amelius made a mistake at the outset—he tried what a little humility would do to help him. There is probably no instance on record in which humility on the part of a man has ever really found its way to the indulgence of an irritated woman. The best and worst of them alike have at least one virtue in common—they secretly despise a man who is not bold enough to defend himself when they are angry with him.

'I hope I have not offended you?' Amelius ventured to say.

She tossed her head contemptuously. 'Oh, dear, no. I am not offended. Only a little surprised at your being so very ready to oblige my aunt.'

In the short experience of her which had fallen to the lot of Amelius, she had never looked so charmingly as she looked now. The nervous irritability under which she was suffering brightened her face with the animation which was wanting in it at ordinary times. Her soft brown eyes sparkled; her smooth dusky cheeks glowed with a warm red flush; her tall supple figure asserted its full dignity, robed in a superb dress of silken purple and black lace, which set off her personal attractions to the utmost advantage. She not only roused the admiration of Amelius—she uncon-

sciously gave him back the self-possession which he had, for the moment, completely lost. He was man enough to feel the humiliation of being despised by the one woman in the world whose love he longed to win; and he answered with a sudden firmness of tone and look that startled her.

'You had better speak more plainly still, Miss Regina,' he said. 'You may as well blame me at once for the misfortune of being a man.'

She drew back a step. 'I don't understand you,' she said.

'Do I owe no forbearance to a woman who asks a favour of me?' Amelius went on. 'If a man had asked me to steal into the house on tiptoe, I should have said—well! I should have said something I had better not repeat. If a man had stood between me and the door, when you came back, I should have taken him by the collar and pulled him out of my way. Could I do that, if you please, with Mrs. Farnaby?'

Regina saw the weak point of this defence with a woman's quickness of perception. 'I can't offer any opinion,' she said, 'especially when you lay all the blame on my aunt.'

Amelius opened his lips to protest—and thought better of it. He wisely went straight on with what he had still to say.

'If you will let me finish,' he resumed, 'you will understand me a little better than that. Whatever blame there may be, Miss Regina, I am quite ready to take on myself. I merely wanted to remind you that I was put in an awkward position, and that I couldn't civilly find a way out of it. As for your aunt, I will only say this: I know of hardly any sacrifice that I would not submit to, if I could be of the smallest service to her. After what I heard, while I was in her room—'

Regina interrupted him at that point. 'I suppose it's a secret between you,' she said.

'Yes, it's a secret,' Amelius proceeded, 'as you say. But one thing I

may tell you, without breaking my promise. Mrs. Farnaby has—well! has filled me with kindly feeling towards her. She has a claim, poor soul, to my truest sympathy. And I shall remember her claim. And I shall be faithful to what I feel towards her as long as I live!’

It was not very elegantly expressed; but the tone was the tone of true feeling: his voice trembled, his colour rose. He stood before her, speaking with perfect simplicity straight from his heart—and the woman’s heart felt it instantly. This was the man whose ridicule she had dreaded, if her aunt’s rash confidence struck him in an absurd light! She sat down in silence, with a grave, sad face; reproaching herself for the wrong which her too-ready distrust had inflicted on him; longing to ask his pardon, and yet hesitating to say the simple words.

He approached her chair, and, placing his hand on the back of it, said gently, ‘Do you think a little better of me now?’

She had taken off her gloves: she silently folded and refolded them in her lap.

‘Your good opinion is very precious to me,’ Amelius pleaded, bending a little nearer to her. ‘I can’t tell you how sorry I should be—’ He stopped, and put it more strongly. ‘I shall never have courage to enter the house again, if I have made you think meanly of me.’

A woman who cared nothing for him would have easily answered this. The calm heart of Regina began to flutter: something warned her not to trust herself to speak. Little as he suspected it, Amelius had troubled the tranquil temperament of this woman. He had found his way to those secret reserves of tenderness—placid and deep—of which she was hardly conscious herself, until his influence had enlightened her. She was afraid to look up at him; her eyes would have told him the truth. She lifted her long, finely-shaped, dusky hand,

and offered it to him as the best answer that she could make.

Amelius took it, looked at it, and ventured on his first familiarity with her—he kissed it. She only said, ‘Don’t!’ very faintly.

‘The Queen would let me kiss her hand, if I went to Court,’ Amelius reminded her, with a pleasant inner conviction of his wonderful readiness at finding an excuse.

She smiled in spite of herself. ‘Would the Queen let you hold it?’ she said, gently releasing her hand, and looking at him as she drew it away. The peace was made, without another word of explanation. Amelius took a chair at her side. ‘I am quite happy, now you have forgiven me,’ he said. ‘You don’t know how I admire you—and how anxious I am to please you, if I only knew how!’

He drew his chair a little nearer; his eyes told her plainly that his language would soon become warmer still, if she gave him the smallest encouragement. This was one reason for changing the subject. But there was another reason, more cogent still. Her first painful sense of having treated him unjustly had ceased to make itself keenly felt; the lower emotions had their opportunity of asserting themselves. Curiosity, irresistible curiosity, took possession of her mind, and urged her to penetrate the mystery of the interview between Amelius and her aunt.

‘Will you think me very indiscreet,’ she began, slyly, ‘if I make a little confession to you?’

Amelius was only too eager to hear the confession; it would pave the way for something of the same sort on his part.

‘I understand my aunt’s pretence for taking you out of the concert-room,’ Regina proceeded. ‘But what astonishes me is that she should have admitted you to her confidence after so short an acquaintance. You are still—what shall I say?—you are still a new friend of ours.’

'How long will it be before I become an old friend?' Amelius asked. 'I mean,' he added, with artful emphasis, 'an old friend of *yours*?'

Regina quietly passed the question over without notice. 'I am Mrs. Farnaby's adopted daughter,' she proceeded. 'I have been with her since I was a little girl—and yet she has never told me any of her secrets. Pray don't suppose that I am tempting you to break faith with my aunt! I am quite incapable of such conduct as that.'

Amelius saw his way to a thoroughly commonplace compliment, which possessed the charm of complete novelty so far as his experience was concerned. He would actually have told her that she was incapable of doing anything which was not perfectly becoming to a charming person, if she had only given him time! She was too eager in the pursuit of her own object to give him time. 'I *should* like to know,' she went on, 'whether my aunt has been influenced in any way by a dream that she had about you.'

Amelius started. 'Has she told you of her dream?' he asked, with some appearance of alarm.

Regina blushed and hesitated. 'My room is next to my aunt's,' she explained. 'We keep the door between us open. I am often in and out when she is disturbed in her sleep. She was talking in her sleep, and I heard your name—nothing more. Perhaps I ought not to have mentioned it? Perhaps I ought not to expect you to answer me?'

'There is no harm in my answering you,' said Amelius. 'The dream really had something to do with her trusting me. You may not think quite so unfavourably of her conduct now you know that.'

'It doesn't matter what I think,' Regina replied, a little constrainedly. 'If my aunt's secrets have interested you—what right have I to object? I am sure I shall say nothing. Though

I am not in my aunt's confidence, or in your confidence, you will find that I can keep a secret.'

She folded up her gloves for the twentieth time at least, and gave Amelius his opportunity of retiring by rising from her chair. He made a last effort to recover the ground he had lost, without betraying Mrs. Farnaby's trust in him.

'I am sure you can keep a secret,' he said. 'I should like to give you one of my secrets to keep—only I mustn't take the liberty, I suppose, just yet?'

She knew perfectly well what he wanted to say. Her heart began to quicken its beat. She was at a loss how to answer. After an awkward silence, she made a polite attempt to dismiss him. 'Don't let me detain you,' she said, 'if you have any engagement.'

Amelius silently looked round him for his hat. On a table behind him a monthly magazine lay open, exhibiting one of those melancholy modern 'illustrations' which present the English art of our day in its laziest and lowest state of degradation. A vacuous young giant, in flowing trousers, stood in a garden, and stared at a plump young giantess with enormous eyes and rotund hips, vacantly boring holes in the grass with the point of her parasol. Perfectly incapable of explaining itself, this imbecile production put its trust in the printer, whose charitable types helped it, at the bottom of the page, with the title of 'Love at First Sight.' On those remarkable words Amelius seized, with the desperation of the drowning man catching at the proverbial straw. They offered him a chance of pleading his cause, this time, with a happy indirectness of allusion at which not even a young lady's susceptibility could take offence.

'Do you believe in that?' he said, pointing to the illustration.

Regina declined to understand him. 'In what?' she asked.

'In love at First Sight.'

It would be speaking with inexcusable rudeness to say plainly that she told him a lie. Let the milder form of expression be, that she modestly concealed the truth. 'I don't know anything about it,' she said.

'I do,' Amelius remarked smartly.

She persisted in looking at the illustration. Was there an infection of imbecility in that fatal work? She was too simple to understand him, even yet! 'You do—what?' she inquired innocently.

'I know what love at first sight is,' Amelius burst out.

Regina turned over the leaves of the Magazine. 'Ah,' she said, 'you have read the story.'

'I haven't read the story,' Amelius answered. 'I know what I felt myself—on being introduced to a young lady.'

She looked up at him with a smile. 'A young lady in America?' she asked.

'In England, Miss Regina.' He tried to take her hand—but she was too quick for him. 'In London,' he went on, drifting back into his customary plainness of speech. 'In this very street,' he resumed; seizing her hand before she was aware of him. Too much bewildered to know what else to do, Regina took refuge desperately in shaking hands with him. 'Good-bye,' Mr. Goldenheart, she said, giving him his dismissal for the second time.

Amelius submitted to his fate; there was something in her eyes which warned him that he had ventured far enough for that day.

'May I call again soon?' he asked piteously.

'No!' answered a voice at the door which they both recognised—the voice of Mrs. Farnaby.

'Yes!' Regina whispered to him, as her aunt entered the room. Mrs. Farnaby's interference (following on the earlier events of the day) had touched the young lady's usually plac-

able temper in a tender place—and Amelius reaped the benefit of it.

Mrs. Farnaby walked straight up to him, put her hand in his arm, and led him into the hall.

'I had my suspicions,' she said 'and I find they have not misled me. Twice already, I have warned you to let my niece alone. For the third and last time, I tell you that she is as cold as ice. She will trifle with you as long as it flatters her vanity; and she will throw you over, as she has thrown other men over. Have your fling, you foolish fellow, before you marry anybody. Pay no more visits to this house, unless they are visits to me. I shall expect to hear from you.' She paused, and pointed to a statue which was one of the ornaments in the hall. 'Look at that bronze woman with the clock in her hand. That's Regina. Be off with you—good-bye!'

Amelius found himself in the street. Regina was looking out at the dining-room window. He kissed his hand to her: she smiled and bowed. 'Damn the other men!' Amelius said to himself. 'I'll call on her to-morrow.'

CHAPTER XI.

RETURNING to his hotel, he found three letters waiting for him on the sitting-room table.

The first letter that he opened was from his landlord, and contained his bill for the past week. As he looked at the sum-total, Amelius presented to perfection the aspect of a serious young man. He took pen, ink, and paper, and made some elaborate calculations. Money that he had too generously lent, or too freely given away, appeared in his statement of expenses, as well as money that he had spent on himself. The result may be plainly stated in his own words: 'Good-bye to the hotel; I must go into lodgings.'

Having arrived at this wise decision, he opened the second letter. It proved

to be written by the lawyers who had already communicated with him at Tadmor, on the subject of his inheritance. 'Dear Sir,—The enclosed, insufficiently addressed as you will perceive, only reached us this day. We beg to remain, &c.'

Amelius opened the letter enclosed, and turned to the signature for information. The name instantly took him back to the Community: the writer was Mellicent.

Her letter began abruptly, in these terms:

'Do you remember what I said to you when we parted at Tadmor? I said, "Be comforted, Amelius, the end is not yet." And I said again, "You will come back to me."

'I remind you of this, my friend—directing to your lawyers, whose names I remember when their letter to you was publicly read in the Common Room. Once or twice a year I shall continue to remind you of those parting words of mine: there will be a time perhaps when you will thank me for doing so.

'In the meanwhile, light your pipe with my letters; my letters don't matter. If I can comfort you, and reconcile you to your life—years hence, when you too, Amelius, may be one of the Fallen Leaves like me—then I shall not have lived and suffered in vain; my last days on earth will be the happiest days that I have ever seen.

'Be pleased not to answer these lines, or any other written words of mine that may follow, so long as you are prosperous and happy. With *that* part of your life I have nothing to do. You will find friends wherever you go—among the women especially. Your generous nature shows itself frankly in your face; your manly gentleness and sweetness speak in every tone of your voice; we poor women feel drawn towards you by an attraction which we are not able to resist. Have you fallen in love already with some beautiful English girl? O, be careful and prudent! Be sure, before you set

your heart on her, that she is worthy of you! So many women are cruel and deceitful. Some of them will make you believe you have won their love, when you have only flattered their vanity; and some are poor weak creatures whose minds are set on their own interests, and who may let bad advisers guide them, when you are not by. Take care, my friend—take care!

'I am living with my sister, at New York. The days and weeks glide by me quietly; you are in my thoughts and prayers—I have nothing to complain of, I wait and hope. When the time of my banishment from the Community has expired, I shall go back to Tadmor; and there you will find me, Amelius, the first to welcome you when your spirits are sinking under the burden of life, and your heart turns again to the friends of your early days.

'Good-bye, my dear—good-bye!'

Amelius laid the letter aside, touched and saddened by the artless devotion to him which it expressed. He was conscious also of a feeling of uneasy surprise, when he read the lines which referred to his possible entanglement with some beautiful English girl. Here (with widely different motives) was Mrs. Farnaby's warning repeated, by a stranger writing from another quarter of the globe! It was an odd coincidence, to say the least of it. After thinking for a while, he turned abruptly to the third letter that was waiting for him. He was not at ease, his mind felt the need of relief.

The third letter was from Rufus Dingwell; announcing the close of his tour in Ireland, and his intention of shortly joining Amelius in London. The excellent American expressed, with his customary absence of reserve, his fervent admiration of Irish hospitality, Irish beauty, and Irish whisky. 'Green Erin wants but one thing more,' Rufus predicted, 'to be a Paradise on earth—it wants the day to come when we shall send an American

minister to the Irish Republic.' Laughing over this quaint outbreak, Amelius turned from the first page to the second. As his eyes fell on the next paragraph, a sudden change passed over him; he let the letter drop on the floor.

'One last word' (the American wrote) 'about that nice long bright letter of yours. I have read it with strict attention, and thought over it considerably afterwards. Don't be riled, friend Amelius, if I tell you in plain words, that your account of the Farnabys doesn't make me happy—quite the contrary, I do assure you.

My back is set up, sir, against that family. You do well to drop them; and, above all things, mind what you are about with the brown Miss, who has found her way to your favourable opinion in such an almighty hurry. Do me a favour, my good boy. Just wait till I have seen her, will you?'

Mrs. Farnaby, Mellicent, Rufus—all three strangers to each other; and all three agreed nevertheless in trying to part him from the beautiful young Englishwoman! 'I don't care,' Amelius said to himself; 'I'll marry Regina, if she will have me!'

(*To be continued.*)

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA.

A WORD went forth upon the morning wind,
 Melodious falling on the dewy air,
 As pure as early snowdrop, and as fair—
 A benediction to our human kind.
 Deep-sounding through the ages we shall find
 This word bring consolation everywhere—
 A subtle charm for sorrow or dull care:
 The clouds become indeed all silver-lined!
 Thrice blessèd be the zephyr that has brought
 Such tidings from the far-off secret realm—
 A message linking earth to heaven above.
 Our life-ship cannot wreck with this sweet thought—
 This gleaming talisman upon its helm:
 O sweet and low the morning wind said—Love.

MONTREAL.

DINNERS AND DINERS.

BY FREDERICK A. DIXON, OTTAWA.

‘TELL me what you eat and I will tell you what you are,’ says Brillat-Savarin—Counsellor in the French Court of Cassation in 1826, and notable for having written one of the best books of gastronomic gossip extant—and physiology more than bears him out, for, given the food, it is not impossible to tell what may be, to predicate the combination of animal tissue which that food will produce, and as the relationship between mind and body is very close, to draw no insecure conclusions as to mental powers and moral bent. Indeed one writer has gone so far as to propose a system of dieting our children so as to create in them the capacity for the life of the soldier, the statesman, or the poet, upon the principle exercised in the community of bees, where, by a certain judicious course of feeding, the eggs of commoners are made to develop into the full blown magnificence of the Queen. Certainly some constitutions, from perhaps hereditary causes, lend themselves more readily to the influences of food than others.

Savarin says:—‘The gourmands by predestination can be easily told. They have broad faces, sparkling eyes, small foreheads, short noses, full lips and round chins. The females are plump, pretty rather than handsome, with a tendency to embonpoint. It is under this exterior that the pleasantest guests are found. Those, on the contrary, to whom Nature has refused an aptitude for the enjoyments of taste have long faces, long noses, and large eyes—they have black and straight hair. It is they who invented trou-

sers. The women, whom nature has afflicted with the same misfortune, are angular, get tired at table, and live on tea and scandal.’

Though both Lord Byron and Goethe objected to seeing women eat, and the affectations of fashion for a long time made healthy appetite in the female a thing of shame, Monsieur Savarin thought differently, and says:—

‘The penchant of the fair sex for *gourmandise* has in it something of the nature of instinct, for *gourmandise* is favourable to beauty. A train of exact and rigid observations has demonstrated that a succulent, delicate and careful regimen repels to a distance and for a length of time the external appearances of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles, it keeps off wrinkles.’

If such be the results of judicious dining, how noble an art are we discussing. What honour is not due to cookery, what praise to cooks?

Voltaire declares that the fate of nations often depends on the good or bad digestion of a premier, and it appears to be well borne out by good authority that Napoleon, at the battle of Leipsic, was suffering so severely from indigestion, caused by a hurriedly bolted dinner of roast leg of mutton, that he could not command his tactical powers, and so lost the day. History shows that it is expedient that its makers should dine well.

But the history of cookery carries with it morals for nations as well as for individuals. Victory over the

luxurious on the part of the simple has always been injurious to the victors. To go back no further, the conquest of Asia brought about the destruction of the Roman empire, and a nation of hardy warriors grew to be a nation of effeminate voluptuous sots and sensualists, whom the northern hordes which swept down upon them found no difficulty in mastering. When Charles VIII. overran Italy and stripped Florence, fighting his way successfully back to France, he carried with him seeds of national ruin in the shape of Italian cooks and a taste for the elegant refinements of Italian cookery. This taste culminated in the frightful excesses of the thoughtless and spendthrift courts of Louis Quatorze, Louis Quinze, and Louis Seize, and a certain unamiable convention of which Robespierre, Danton and Marat were the heads, when that dexterous damsel, "La Guillotine," took from aristocratic mouths for ever the possibility of tasting the delights of *filet de poulet à la Pompadour*.

When Adam delved and Eve span—to go back to purely primitive times—it was probably a matter of great indifference to the worthy pair whether their salad had the proper dressing or not. No Chevalier d'Aubigné had at that time risen to show them how to mix a salad; and it is to be feared that the 80,000 francs that good gentleman made by his talents as salad maker would never have come to him had he lived in the garden of Eden. Then, and for long after that unfortunate little affair with the apple, they had not learned to *dine*. They only fed. Man, and woman too, probably had a palate, but did not know it. Still, nevertheless, on went its cultivation, slowly but surely, through the savoury stew of kid's flesh and the lumps of flattened dough, baked in the ashes, which served prince and people in the days of the patriarchs;—through the grand orgies of the Assyrian, Egyptian and Persian courts, onward to the zenith of its cultivation, which,

after long years, should be reached at a kingly table in giddy, greedy, gourmandizing France.

But of all this, of the glorious feasting of Sardanapalus, of the Kings of Tyre and Sidon, of the banquets of Darius and the 10,000 guests whom Alexander the Great feasted in silver chairs—there is no time now to speak; still the mighty halls of the Pharaohs saw mighty banquetings, and the creators of the Temple of Isis and the Eleusinean mysteries were, no doubt, worthy progenitors of the monastic houses whose good cheer rejoiced later days.

Let us take up the thread of this history of aristology—no bad name for the science, by the way—at the point where gluttony and *gourmandise* had preeminently become a vice amongst the heads of a great people, and stretching down into its very heart had fitted it for its decay—the period of Rome's greatest wealth and luxury—the period about the first century of the Christian era.

These were palmy days for cooks, and a great part of the mercantile world was taken up with the operations of supplying the complex requirements of the kitchen. They were learned fellows, too, and authors, and it is a pity that their complex works have only come down to us in the fragments quoted by that wonderful gossip about the ancient table—Athenæus in 170 B. C. The Greek bakers, following in the wake of the victorious armies of the Republic on their return from Macedonia, revolutionized the simple tastes of the Romans, and with their seventy-two different compositions of bread, showed the conquerors of the world the road to a new conquest—they marched along it like heroes, and Rome learned to dine. It would be impossible here to do more than simply suggest to the mind the lavish extravagance of the Roman dinner of its palmy days—the perfection of the art of cookery—the devotion of its votaries—the ability of its priests. A

banquet was given by an eminent Roman citizen of immense wealth to the great Cicero, and the dish of the evening was borne in on the shoulders of four Ethiopians. It was an enormous wild boar standing upright and surrounded by small boars which were probably made in pastry. This being skilfully opened disclosed a second entrée animal of another kind, in this there was a third, and so on till at the very last a delicious little fig-pecker terminated the list. After this all the *bons vivants* of Rome were keen to produce something better, and while some would cause no less than eight wild boars to appear at once, a certain Macedonian leaped with a bound into predominance—he invited twenty guests to his wedding, and there were twenty wild boars served up at the banquet. Suetonius tells us that the Emperor Claudius had generally 600 guests at his table, and that Vitellius spent not less than £3,200 sterling on each of his repasts, and employed vessels unceasingly to ply between the Gulf of Venice and the Straits of Cadiz. He composed a single dish which cost 1,000 sestertii, about \$40,000; brains of pheasants and peacocks, tongues of nightingales, and livers of the rarest fish were its constituents. He once entertained his brother on 7,000 birds and 2,000 fish. His culinary expenses for four months amounted to some \$25,000,000. Heliogabalus, the epicure, had a weakness for a dish composed of the brains of 600 thrushes, and it was considered a mark of the highest good taste to bring on the table those birds which in life had been taught to sing and speak. Such a dish brought the happy inventor the sum of \$15,000 from the royal hand of Tiberius—but wilful waste was the order of that day. The world was ransacked for dainties. Kids from Melos; congers from Sicyon; whiting from Megara; cels from Lake Copais; the apples of Eubœa; dates of Phœnicia and Egypt; quinces from Corinth; the almonds of Naxos; peacocks

from Samos; chickens from Phrygia; oysters from Tarentum and Britain, while Spain and even Germany contributed their share of dainties. Vegetables and fruits were carefully cultivated for the Roman tables, and when a head of asparagus could be grown of three pounds weight, there was not much pity needed for the epicures of that day. The cucumber, vain object of Israelitish pinings in the desert, was in general use, and most of our present kitchen garden stuff was represented at the Roman table. Raised to divine honours by the Egyptians, cabbage was a highly appreciated vegetable amongst both Romans and Greeks, and learned philosophers thought it worth while to write books in explanation of its virtues, and the least of these was its supposed power of warding off drunkenness. Strange to say, the artichoke, though it grew wild all over the hills of Greece, Asia, and Egypt, for a long time awaited recognition, and the poor, and the asses, were its happy sole consumers. Palestine soup had not then been invented. Bœotia raised so fine a breed of ducks that all Greece sent to that fortunate province. In fact Bœotia supplied far more than she reared; strange to say, a similar marvellous increase takes place with the wines of champagne at the present day. How much 'old gooseberry,' there was in the Roman duck market, Roman poulterers alone knew. Geese were valued then, as now, chiefly for their livers, and twenty days feeding on figs and water produced a two pound liver, which Strasbourg might envy.

Highly prized, too, amongst birds was the pigeon, whose moral virtues, charms and graces, though they caused it to be consecrated to divinity and to be adopted as Venus' own bird, could not out-weigh the delicacy of its flesh in the greedy eyes of the epicure, or save it from the spit or pie. A pair of common birds did not cost less than three dollars of our money, and the finest would fetch in the market twen-

ty dollars; indeed, a certain Roman knight sold a particularly fine brace for a sum equal to thirty-two dollars (4,000 sesterces).

A noted *gourmand* once said that it took two to eat a stuffed turkey—himself and the turkey; but that pitch of enthusiasm was not arrived at in Greece or Rome till long after the introduction of the bird, when it was long looked upon as a curiosity. Indeed, its charms in later days received but tardy recognition, for the wedding dinner of Charles IX. introduced it to France, and only in 1525 did Henry VIII. make its acquaintance, whilst English boards enjoyed a new gastronomic pleasure.

The glories of the peacock's plumage, if not its somewhat coarse flesh, brought that bird from its native India, to grace with gilded beak and jaws, and the wide-spread brilliancy of its hundred-eyed tail, the tables of the luxurious wealthy in old Rome.

Though good honest roast beef—roast, never boiled—appears to have been the creator of sinews and muscles for the heroes of the Iliad, as for our own sturdy yeomen in the days of 'Bluff King Hal' or 'Good Queen Bess,' the ox was not greatly favoured by the luxurious amongst the ancients as an article of food; and though eaten, it was generally in simple form—the meat not readily lending itself to those delicate transformations which are the delight of cooks. With veal it was otherwise, and in various forms it was much patronized by the kitchen.

But chiefest of their meats was pork. Scorned as food by the Egyptians, religiously shunned by the Jews, reserved by the Cyprians to grace the altars of Venus, and honoured by the Cretans, the pig found appreciation at the hands of the Greek and Roman cooks, which has never since ceased. They recognise fifty distinct flavours in its flesh, and no banquet was complete without pork in some of its endless forms. Monstrous pigs came from the sequestered valleys of Arcadia;

but happy Macedonia used to provide, for about sixty-four pounds sterling, a pig four feet seven in height and not less in length. How the rest of Greece envied her! Westphalia hams were then, as now, famous, but the Sardinian was preferred by epicures. From highest to lowest this was the staple article of food, and while the common people devoured pork, cabbage and hot water at all the eating houses, the pig of Troy, as it was called—that is a pig stuffed with all manner of other meats, after the fashion of the famous Trojan horse, or the animal ingeniously roasted on one side and boiled on the other—adorned the banquets of the great.

The dinner fun of the day was something of the rudest.

Helioabalus had his couches stuffed with hares' down or partridge feathers, and many an odd meeting did those couches see. One day the guests would be eight bald men, on another eight gouty men, or eight very fat men, so squeezed together as they lay that they could not eat without most ridiculous efforts. Sometimes he would have his couches filled with air, and a tap being turned while the guests were busy eating and drinking, every one would suddenly roll on the floor, to their own consternation and the delight of the fat, stupid sot who played the part of host.

To him, however, is due the honour of inventing lotteries, which were so arranged that there were no blanks, all were prizes. One man would get a vase of immense value and his neighbour would be presented with a tooth-pick; to one guest would fall ten elephants magnificently caparisoned, and to another ten flies. These lotteries grew to be full of wit, and the fun they brought out was of course great.

What a dinner was that, of the free-and-easy sort, which Petronius describes as being given by Trimalchio, a vulgar rich man of voluptuous tastes. No better view can perhaps be given of the dinner manners of the

day than in a recital of the features of this entertainment. Olives, dormice stewed with honey and poppy seed, and hot sausages on a silver grid-iron opened the feast; and then, to the sound of music, a hen carved in wood appeared, and from under her wings the attendants drew eggs, the ordinary starting point of dinner, but no ordinary eggs, for each being opened with the spoons, which weighed half a pound, disclosed a delicious fat crecaface or fig-pecker, one of the fashionable surprises of the Roman cuisine. A silver skeleton with movable joints succeeded, and having amused the guests for a while was followed by the second course. This was a large circular tray with the signs of the zodiac represented on it, and each sign had its appropriate dish. On *Arus*, for example, ram's-head pies; on *Sagittarius*, a hare; on *Aquarius*, a goose; and on *Pisces*, two mullets. The upper part being removed by four slaves, dancing in to the sound of the music, disclosed a second tray containing fowls, parts of a sow, and in the middle a hare fitted with wings, to represent *Pegasus*. At the four corners stood figures spouting highly seasoned sauce upon various fish. Presently in came the carver, and began to cut up the different meats, keeping time, as a properly trained carver should do, with knife and legs to the music. Ordinary rich men might use perfumed waters to wash the fingers of their guests, but with *Trimalchio* wine was the liquid for lavation. Reclined on their couches supported by pillars and leaning on their left elbows the guests, when the keener edge has been taken off their appetites, fall to remarks about their vulgar but not ungenerous host, worthy of more recent days if not of higher cultivation. How he made his piles of money out of wool and bees, ships and slave-trading. How his servants are all afraid of him, and what a vulgar, chattering old magpie his wife is. It reads like a dinner

of the 19th century instead of the first. But now comes another surprise—a great noise is heard outside and in rushes a pack of Spartan hounds yelping and barking. These strange visitors accompany an enormous wild boar surrounded by little sweetmeat pigs, and a fresh carver enters—a big bearded fellow with a great hunting knife. A gash in the side of the animal lets loose a flock of fieldfares, who fly about the room until they are caught. The good wine, said to be *Falernian* a hundred years old, loosens all tongues and the *chit chat* becomes general. Friends living and friends dead are amusingly discussed. Politics and the decadence of the times come in for their share of consideration, and a hit or two at religion, especially in the observation of one, that 'now, we think no more of the gods than of mice,' tells a true tale of the popular feeling of the day. But the dinner is not half over. There is a flourish of music and three white hogs walk in with bells round their necks. One of these is selected and sent down into the kitchen to be dressed meanwhile *Trimalchio* entertains his guests with references to his vast wealth which would do credit to modern shoddy, and the strikers of 'Ile,' and 'big bonanzos.' Presently an enormous hog is brought to table and being opened is found to be stuffed with puddings and sausages. So charming a feature merits reward and the cook is accordingly presented with wine, a wreath of silver leaves, and a valuable drinking cup. And so the dinner goes on through exhibitions of acrobats and buffoons, recitations from *Homer*, drunken dances and coarse fun from host and guests. Down from the ceiling descends a great circle hung round with golden crowns and alabaster pots filled with perfumes to complete the decoration of the course of sweetmeats. The dinner being over, in comes the dessert—the first table being removed, and the floor strewed with powdered mica and sawdust dyed with crocus and vermilion. The dessert

comprises thrushes in pastry, stuffed with raisins and nuts, quinces made to resemble sea urchins, snails on a silver gridiron, and last a fat goose, surrounded by fish and fowl of all kinds, the whole being fictitious, and made out of the flesh of a hog. The servants are invited to share the feast with the guests and family. In a half maudling state Trimalchio calls for his will. Topsy tears are freely shed by every one, including himself. The guests now adjourn to enjoy a hot bath, and after a fine game of romps are conducted to another saloon, where the wife of the host has prepared a new repast. Here the cheerful consideration of his latter end comes again upon Trimalchio, who now thoroughly drunk, insists upon representing his own funeral. In the general row, which follows the city watchmen, thinking the place to be on fire, break in with axes and water, and the tortured guests take the opportunity to break out.

Such was probably no unusual form of the banquet amongst the rich. Greater refinement there no doubt was, but no less profusion. Need it be said that the cook was a person of consequence, and that his rewards were of the most substantial character. Cleopatra praised Antony's supper, and Antony immediately rewarded the master mind which had devized it—with a city; but when Hadrian could give an entertainment costing over two millions sterling, what was the gift of a mere city to the cook.

Still, for all their magnificence and ingenuity, they were but coarse diners in comparison of the race which was to follow.

Carême, who stands amongst the highest professors of the art, and who speaks with the authority of descent as well as of personal experience, says that the Romans and Greeks notwithstanding their luxury in the matter of food were mere children in its preparation; and that they were deficient in spices and sauces, and the delicacy of the art gastronomic. Their characteristic was profusion and

lavish expenditure; cost and rarity being more considered than refinement of treatment.

The irruption of the sturdy coarse-feeding people of the north brought evil days upon the art. Cooks were massacred in the palaces they served. The rough palates of the new comers were insensible to the charms of good living. Great haunches of venison, quarters of beef, and quantities of strong drink were more in accordance with their taste than the polished banquet of a Lucullus. Animals that they were, they quarrelled over their meat and drink like hyænas, and the weapons they bore at their sides bred many a bloody brawl. Under such auspices, it cannot be wondered at that cookery as a fine art languished.

In the fifth century all trace of Roman cookery had disappeared.

But the resiliency of the lofty art is unlimited, and the day of revival came; and the free cities of Italy—Genoa, Venice, Pisa, Florence, great nursing mothers of the arts and all that makes life gracious and charming, with the host of poets and painters, sculptors and artists whom the refined taste of their merchant princes called from the neglected shades of genius, gave also vitality to the dead bones of a lost art, and revived the sovereignty of the kitchen.

Masters of the southern seas, and traders with the world, the civilization of their splendid palaces spread, and Cadiz, Barcelona, Seville and Madeira, reformed their tables in conformity with the habits of the higher cultivation. Chief amongst the promoters of gastronomic exaltation were the dwellers in the great religious houses, where, shut out from much of the naughtier pleasures of the world, they consoled themselves for enforced abstinence by indulging in the pleasures of the flesh.

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries saw the Italian table at its fairest, and with the refinement of cookery came the sister arts of design and

decoration. How splendid a board must that of Leo X. have been for whom the divine Raphael designed plates and dishes.

But what of France? she to whom the modern world owes homage as 'high-priestess of the Temple of Victoria'—she, destined to be the great mother of *gourmandise*, was simply barbaric. Of cookery she had nothing, knew nothing. She did not eat, she only fed. But France was then, as now, receptive, and she brought back from her Italian wars, under Charles VIII. and Louis XII., the germs of a new life. Victor as she was, she discovered a master for herself, and the master's sceptre was a cook's ladle. Under Henry III., about 1580, and still more under Henry IV., cookery established itself. It must not, however, be imagined that there was no dining for France before this.

Froissart tells us that Taillivant, cook to Charles V. and Charles VI., at the wedding of the latter, covered the great black marble table of the palace with a hundred dishes prepared in a hundred different ways.

The reign of Louis Quatorze saw rapid strides made in the march of cookery, though its progress was, perhaps, slightly retarded by the League and the Fronde. Then it was that there lived and *died* the man whose name must ever fall in hushed tones from the lips of the true epicure; the man whose devotion to his lofty art and sensibility to failure cost the temple of cookery its highest ornament—*Vatel*. Madame de Sevigné tells the story how, when in the employment of the Prince de Condé, at a grand banquet given to the King, by some mishap two of the minor tables had no *roasts*. The blow was severe, and no amount of sympathy shown by his appreciative master could console him. That night the fireworks failed. *Vatel* was distracted. In the morning came the crowning disaster: the supply of fish, in spite of all precautions, promised to be insufficient. It was too much.

Vatel went to his chamber and stabbed himself three times through the heart with his sword. So perished a hero in the army of the kitchen, a martyr to culinary conscientiousness.

This reign shows also another gastronomic luminary in the person of the Marquis de Bechamel. He has raised himself to the honours of immortality; it was he who first found out how good it is to put cream into the sauce for turbot and cod fish.

A master who owned sixteen palaces, the chief of which, Versailles, cost 153,000,000 francs, which, according to Taine, must be multiplied by five to represent modern money, whose stables there alone contained 1,857 horses, and cost 7,500,000 francs, even then, whose civic household consisted of 4,000 persons, and the total of his retinue amounted to 15,000, it may be imagined that a large proportion of the 40,000,000 or 50,000,000 francs it cost to maintain such a surrounding, went in the kitchen.

Still manners were yet in need of polish—table polish especially, and the refinements of the day sound oddly in our ears.

The Duchesse de Berri, sensualist and profligate as she was, did much for the art and her exquisite suppers owed no small portion of their charm to her own ingenious invention. It became the fashion to invent dishes. Madame de Pompadour, the Duchesse de Villeroy, Madame de Maintenon, amongst the many graces of graceful and gormandizing courts, held sway as much through the charms of the table as through their own attractions.

Louis XV. is illustrious from having invented an ingenious table which sank and rose by machinery, returning covered with fresh dishes so that the courses being changed by genii there was no need for the restraining presence of servants.

Louis the XVI. was too young and healthy to care much for the fine points of the science, he had a prodigious appetite but unrefined tastes,

and with him quantity was as much a desideratum as quality. But though royalty slighted, the nobility still patronised the cook, and such feasts, such dinners and such little suppers as the great houses of the day showed, bid fair to rival in their excesses the palmy days of old Rome.

Poor King—had he only known whereunto all his gluttony was tending, he might have saved himself some disagreeable moments. France had borne with more or less hopeless patience for long years the striking contrast between the rich and the poor. The rich were so very rich and the poor so very poor, the difference between the dinner of the noble and the dinner of the peasant, or even of the curé himself, who could only command an income of 500 francs, or the lower middle class folk and the farmer, the "backbone of the country," was too striking, and the consciousness ever forced upon them by the never ceasing taxation which went to pay for all the feasting and splendour, and ground them helplessly into the dust, bred a storm, and the storm was the Revolution.

The Revolution took but little interest in cooks. Robespierre had some delicate tastes; was fond of flowers, and in able hands might have cared for good dinners, but was frugal and did'nt. Danton was too much of a bull to be an epicure, and the vile, greasy-haired, dirty-fingered Marat alone, monster as he was, might have supped with Nero, on in every way equal terms. Only think of dining with Marat!

The Revolution, however, did good to the art of cookery in some respects; a more substantial and simpler form of food was introduced—so Carême says—with the National Convention, and potatoes were dressed *au naturel* in the Reign of Terror. But one change there was which revolutionized that system which confined good dinners to wealthy private families, the whole world was allowed to share in the most

glorious products of the art. When the guillotine made short work of their luxurious masters and broke up the noble kitchens of the sensual nobility, the cooks dismayed fled to lower life for security, and starting restaurants, fed the people. The revolution, amidst all its bloody wrong, did much solid good to the nation, and not the least of the blessings it brought was that wonderful system of eating houses, which made Paris famous, and brought back wealth to her coffers. She became a lion through her cooks.

One anecdote of a late French monarch, and we will cross the Channel. It is told of Louis XVIII., who had the Duc d'Escars for his *grand maître d'hôtel*. The king invented the dish known as '*truffes à la purée d'orlotans*,' and in order that the precious secret of its composition should not be known abroad, the two used to prepare the dish in the king's cabinet. Once after consuming an unusually big dish of the dainty, in the middle of the night the duke was seized with a fit of indigestion beyond hope of medical treatment. He, like a faithful friend, sent to warn the king. 'Dying!' said the monarch, 'dying of my "*truffes à la purée*." Ah, I was right, I always said that mine was the better stomach of the two.'

In England, cookery had been always more or less rude, her aborigines, debarred by superstition from eating hares, hens, geese and other meats, and not being acquainted then with cheese, fed but simply. The Danes brought in heavy drinking, but poor cookery. With the Normans it was different, and William the Norman was William the greedy, and his copulency would have done credit to a London alderman. Rufus, his son, was the image of his father in all his grossnesses, and though the fat besotted sensualist did build us Westminster Hall, the like of which has not been seen in any more modern day, he had only a grand series of orgies in his eye, of which this noble hall was to be the scene

Richard II. employed in the royal kitchen 2,000 cooks and 300 waiters, and his chief cook, who was an author and wrote a work called 'On the Forme of Cury,' spoke appreciatingly of his master as 'the best and royallest viander of all christian kynges.'

The third Edward appreciated the charms of cookery, and it is another instance, perhaps, of the good effects of good living in bringing to the front the higher tastes, that to him we owe the stately glories of Windsor Castle, whose fair proportions are the pride of that old England, they so well typify.

Things were done in princely style in 1470, when at a dinner given by the Earl of Warwick, on the installation of an Archbishop of York, there were 1,000 waiters, cooks 62, kitcheners and scullions 515, 300 tons of ale, and 100 of wine, 10 oxen, 6 bulls, 300 pigs, 1,004 sheep, 3,000 calves, 100 peacocks, 2,000 chickens, 4,000 each of pigeons, rabbits and ducks, and 4,000 bucks and does, 8 seals and 4 porpoises were amongst the many items in the list now preserved in the Tower of London.

From the 'Forme of Cury' (curare), it appears that cranes, herons, seals, porpoises were used; whereas there is no mention made of quails, woodcocks or snipe. Even at that time the eye was made largely a sharer in the pleasures of the table, and directions are given for 'flourishing,' 'strewing,' and 'painting.'

In the days of Richard II. our ancestors lived much after the French fashion, and it was for Henry VIII. to make fashionable the ponderous roast beef and its massive kin which so affected the national character.

As a sample of the quaint conceits and rough fun of the table in those days, the following extract from a work entitled the 'Accomplished Cook of Robert May,' published in 1664, giving certain triumphs and trophies in cookery, to be used at festival times. After giving directions for the preparation in paste of an artificial ship, and a

castle with battlements, portcullisses and drawbridges, with guns and a train of gunpowder to communicate with them; a paste stag, he says, is to be made and placed on the table between them; his body is to be filled with claret wine and a broad arrow stuck in it; on each side of the stag two pies are to be served, one filled carefully with live frogs, and the other with live birds, the whole garnished with eggshells filled with rosewater. The order of the entertainment was this: Some lady was requested to pull out the arrow from the body of the stag, a charmingly suggestive flood of red wine being the result. Then the guns of the castle and ship were fired, and, to remove the smell of the gunpowder, the ladies pelted each other with the rosewater-filled eggs. Then the lids of the pies being raised, from one dish hopped the frogs, which, as the author delightedly says, 'makes the ladies to skip and shriek.' The other pie lets loose a flock of birds, which fly at the candles and put them out; 'so that,' he adds, 'what with the flying birds and skipping frogs, the one above, the other beneath, much delight and pleasure will be caused to the whole company.' There is one advantage attached to such ingenious devices as these—conversation need never flag with the stupidest guest.

Good King Hal saw many a rousing banqueting, and his subjects, taking all things into consideration, those of them at least who dined at all, dined well. Huge venison pasties and fat bucks, 'umble pie made of internal economy of the deer, were the fashion of the day, and the Church was in no way behind the fashion, as many an old chronicler can testify. English cookery must have had some distinctive features at the time, very strange to foreign tastes, for Cardinal Campegio, when here about the divorce of Queen Catherine, amused himself by writing a comparison between the Italian, French and English cookery.

Perhaps the curious interludes which broke the monotony of continual feasting astonished him, and the huge pasties which contained live dwarfs, or the lively fun of allowing the court fool to spring suddenly into the middle of a huge bowl of custard on the table, bespattering every one near with the savoury contents, may possibly have afforded him a theme for a chapter on the barbarism of northern tables.

Dissolution of the monasteries not only stopped the spits and stewpans of many a jolly nook of conventual luxury, but the daily crowds of hungry poor, standing at the overflowing doors to catch the generous crumbs from the tables of their well-fed masters, and living with twice the faith of the birds of the air and a tithe of their labour, saw vanishing into a moist, unpleasant mist their chances of dinner. The destitution bred of long dependence suddenly cut short was great, and misery took the place of well-fed mendicancy. To relieve this growing evil, by the merry monarch himself, by Edward his son, and Elizabeth, houses of mercy were founded and capacious prisons were erected, one grand feature in each of which remedies was that, scanty and mean though it might be, dinner did not actually cease to be an institution even for poverty on its last legs.

Abstemious as was the 'Virgin Queen' herself, seldom partaking of more than two dishes, her royal progresses saw much magnificent feasting in her honour, and Lord Montague's breakfast preparations, including 8 oxen and 141 geese gave good promise of a right royal dinner. The ordinary every-day ceremonials observed at her dinner hour were curiously intricate, involving genuflections on laying the table, though the queen was not present, prostrations of titled ladies, processions of scarlet-clad yeomen of the guard with blare of trumpets and rattle of drums, bringing in courses of twenty-four dishes—of which the lady

taster gave each of them a mouthful for fear of poison—and finally the removal of the dishes into the queen's private chamber where she quietly selected what she chose, the remainder falling to the portion of the ladies of the court.

The Stuarts were all lovers of good eating, but the table arrangements of the period outside of the court appear strangely deficient.

Pepys describes a Lord Mayor's dinner at Guildhall in 1663—probably the earliest on record—he says, that none of the tables but the Mayor's and the Lords of the Privy Council were supplied with napkins or knives. He had ten good dishes at his table with plenty of wine of all sorts: 'But,' he says, 'it was very displeasing that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes.'

Rough were those dinners of old Border days when the guide wife of the chief served up a pair of spurs on an empty dish as a hint that the larder too was empty, and the worthy gentleman of the house and his estimable band of hangers on turned out with tightened belts to foray in the farmyards of a more industrious people for the fat beeves and sheep of their honest gathering.

The bold and idle spirits of that turbulent time gathered complacently round the side of one who offered them anything but hard and honest work. So simple and amusing a mode of getting a living was an attraction that kept the saddles always full, and then the biggest dog got the bone. As they returned, driving before them the sheep and oxen of their successful harrying, they would stop for dinner, kill an ox, and in its own outstretched skin half cook their rough food, using the oatmeal which each man carried at his saddle as a corrective of its effects.

But it was reserved for the golden days of good Queen Anne to make the art of the table a refined science in

England. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, declares that Her Majesty, though a *gourmand* of the first water, did not exceed the bounds of propriety, but there are grave reasons to think that a kindly veil hid the failings of her friend from her eyes.

One feature of English dinner life is a national characteristic—the tavern dinner; and the names of some of our old taverns which are dotted here and there through the streets of London, are as dear to the English literary mind as the Tower of London itself. Sharers with these are the old coffee houses; and the magnificent clubs of later days will have long to wait before they can amass so glowing a record as that which these old houses, and none other, possess. The memory of

‘Those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun
The Dog, the Triple Tun,’

of Herrick’s lines is supplemented by visions of the palmy days of the ‘Mitre,’ and ‘Garraway’s,’ where the world of our brightest wits and fashion leaders gathered to discuss the news of the day. What people those grimy, low ceilinged rooms have seen, what dinners, what diners, in the days when ‘the city’ was something more than a collection of streets through which a torrent of life rushes all day but which night sees as deserted as though the plague stalked there.

There was the ‘Mermaid’ in Bread Street, Beaumont and Rare Ben Jonson’s favourite haunt, which Shakespear himself with Donne, Selden and Fletcher, used to visit, and ‘gentle Shakespear,’ as he was called, ‘handsome, well shaped, graceful and light of limb, careful in his dress,’ with ‘fine tranquil face, intellectual forehead, and thoughtful eyes,’ as Aubrey describes him, had many a good solid dinner with ‘canary and wit’ to follow—with his close friend, Jonson, enormous girth and colossal in height weighing close on twenty stone, ‘with a stormy head looking as solid and

wild as a sea swell,’ and a ‘rugged face knotted and seamed by jovial excesses.’ Fancy a dinner party like that—and contrast with it the insipid tittle-tattle of a formal modern feed. Another tavern patronised at the time was the ‘Old Devil’ in Fleet Street, so called to distinguish it from a rival house, ‘the Young Devil,’ and Ben Jonson must have found some rare suggestions and quaint conceits for his splendid ‘masques’ in the good canary wine of which he was so fond, sipped at its genial board. Later on, in 1710, Swift, in his journal to Stella, records, ‘I dined to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison at ‘The Devil’ in Fleet Street, by Temple Bar.’ And still later another Johnson walked the same street, crossed the same threshold, and sat at the same table, but this man, ponderous, too, of body, and big of head, had ‘definitions,’ not ‘masques,’ in his brain; and big rolling sentences full of six syllable words of Latin derivation, took the place in his mouth of the graceful poesy of his predecessor. Still, his dinners, though massive, were amusing, and there was an elephantine grace about the compliment which he wished to pay to the pretty Mrs. Lennox, when he and the Ivy Lane Club gave her a dinner within its walls, which must have made the ‘Old Devil’ split its merry sides with laughter.

‘Dr. Johnson,’ says Dr. Hawkins ‘had directed that a magnificent hot apple pie should make part of the feast, and this he would have stuck with bay leaves, because, forsooth, Mrs. Lennox was an authoress, and had written verses, and he had prepared a crown of laurel, with which—but not until he had invoked the muses by some ceremonies of his own invention—he encircled her brows!’ Picture the fun of that feast, the cyclopean delicacy of the well-turned phrase with which, of course, the lexicographer put the piece of apple pie on the victim’s plate, and drew her attention to the suggestive bays—perhaps she didn’t like ap-

ple pie, and the compliment was but poor consolation for consequent indigestion.

The world is divided into 'diners' and 'feeders,' and some men are strangely wanting in gastronomic sentiment, while others have it in excess.

Once at Belvoir Castle, the bill of fare for the day, full of the daintiest imaginings of a most admirable *chef*, was shown to the late Duke of Cambridge, who was there on a visit, and was asked if there were any other dish he fancied. 'Yes,' he answered, 'a roast pig and an apple dumpling.'

Napoleon knew the value of dinners as engines of diplomacy, and when he sent the Abbé de Pradt over to Poland on a diplomatic mission of the highest importance, his instructions were, 'give good dinners and take care of the ladies.' But he himself was no epicure, and, provided that roast chicken was ready at any moment it was called for, he was content. The great Duke of Wellington shared the same want of appreciation. His cook, illustrious in the annals of the art, left him because he would not stand such utter indifference. 'It makes no difference,' he said, 'whether I dress him a perfect dinner, or a cook made an inferior one. In either case he says nothing.'

On the other hand great eaters and gross feeders turn up at most unexpected points. The old Duchess of Orleans declares in her 'Memoires,' that she often saw Louis Quatorze eat four platesful of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of salad, mutton basted with garlic, two good sized slices of ham, a dish of pastry, besides fruits and sweetmeats.

The late Duke of Norfolk used to order dinner for five at one of the houses in Covent Garden, and fully supply the place of the absent four. He once caught a waiter watching his proceedings with the interest such an exhibition deserved, and never entered the house again.

The same wonderful capacity for

food was shown by Haydn, who used to order dinner for five or six, and eat the whole himself. Once in a strange place the head waiter naturally inquired for the company who had not arrived. 'Oh,' said Haydn, 'I am de company'—he may be cited as a proof that children of genius do not always live on butterflies and dew.

But though all genuises may have had appetites, all had not Haydn's means of gratifying them, and many a queer shadow of a dinner must have fallen to the lot of poor Goldsmith, Herrick, Otway and Chatterton, and their hungry kin. Moore was a man to whom a good dinner was a matter of course, and the lively Swift need not have confined himself to his 'mutton pie and half a pint of wine so long as there was a joke in him.'

Byron was a morbidly capricious guest, and spoilt a very pleasant and important dinner by refusing everything on the table and making his dinner of potatoes and vinegar, not being able to get the biscuits and soda water he asked for.

Gathered from various competent authorities, the following suggestions upon the subject of dinner-giving may not be found worthless:—

A dinner then to be successful, demands a careful selection of guests. Some one says:—

Dinners of form I vote a bore,
Where folks have never met before,
And care not if they meet no more;
Are brought together.
Crammed close as mackerel in their places,
They eat with Chesterfieldian graces;
Drink healths and talk with sapient faces,
About the weather.

People should be brought together not more than ten in number, who will be agreeable to each other and agree in tastes and general sentiment. They should be people of kindred likings, but different occupations. A good and tactical talker or two is an essential, but the number should be limited. The presence of two queen bees, in one hive, interferes with the making of honey. The room should be brilliantly but not glaringly lighted, and the ta-

comes, every one is in the best possible humour with himself and the world.

And now, how much have I left untouched of all the good things I might have dished up for your entertainment! I have but brought you a taste of a few samples of the gastronomic art, and have not even ventured near the wide, wide world of the outlandish cookery of more distant countries. I should like to have asked you to share with me the fearful pleasures of a Chinese dinner table. Where we might suggestively have repeated the suspicious query of the traveller: 'Bow wow?' and received this reassuring response: 'Mew, mew.'

Had time allowed we could have gone into the wonderful world of fiction, dined with that unpleasant host the Barmicide, and eaten a gorgeously airy dinner of sumptuous nothings; we could have broken through the crust of the earth to fall in with those queer folks on the coach in the underground world, and when we stopped for 'dinner' have seen with astonished eyes our fellow-travellers hand out their stomachs to be filled with a nutritious cement peculiar to the country. We could have sat with Trotty Veck—meekest of comers and goers at other men's pleasure, and shared with his pretty little daughter the pleasure of seeing her parent revel in the savoury mess of tripe which represented *his* dinner. We could have dined with Cedric the Saxon, led by the pleasant hand of Sir Walter Scott, or taken Bulwer Lytton for a guide throughout the mazes of a Roman dinner. Had the fancy seized us we could have even wandered through the fairy land of Cockaigne where life is one big dinner, and the geese and turkeys, done to a turn, waddle up to the stranger with knives and forks under their live wings, and the sweetest little sucking pigs ever seen about all ready, roasted, squeaking, 'Come and eat me. I am so nice.'

Returning to every-day life down in the southern seas we might have made

wonderful discoveries; for example, how best to serve up a tough grandmother. We might have shared the gruesome dainties of seal oil and frozen bear's liver with Dr. Kane, and discussed the North Pole and friends more distant day by day, while our Esquimaux hostess held over the flaming grease pot of her ice kitchen choice slices of indescribable nastiness, using, with an awful violation of the 'universal fitness of things,' her scratching stick for a toasting fork. The North American Indian would have shown us a dog-feast; a sight the remembrance of which will serve—so they say—an average stomach instead of food for a week. The Australian would have tapped his trees for our benefit, and proffered for our acceptance one of those nice, big, fat, white grubs, which delight his deprived taste, and which after all are not much less appalling to the eye than our own petted oyster. The terrible feasts of the King of Dahomey would have shown us that below all depths there is a something deeper still, and we should then have been in a fit frame of mind to shiver on the precarious foothold of a spear-constructed raft, and while the mighty seas of the Atlantic broke over our starved bodies to see with helpless cowering, the wolfish gleam lurking about the sunken eyes of our companions, and the scarcely hidden knife which a rough lottery will soon turn against our own weak breast.

But we need not be shipwrecked to see the gaunt forms of starvation. It is not long since, in the bare empty homes of Hindustan, mothers devoured greedily, like the beasts that famine made them, the limbs of their own children. Nor need we go to Hindustan for starvation. The teeming population of English cities have known dire suffering, and within these past few weeks, and though, thank God, no one need starve in old England yet awhile, there have been, and there are, many homes where there are neither 'dinners nor diners.'

THE NEW IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD.

BY FIDELIS.

NOTHING in the progress of thought during the last generation has been more observable than the change in the ideal of womanhood. Of course there have always been exceptional women, in poetry as in real life—Portias and Cordelias, as well as Ophelias and Juliets. Sir Walter Scott had his Rebecca and his Jeanie Deans, as well as his Rowena and his Lucy Ashton. But on the whole, the ideal woman of prose and poetry has usually been what has been called the ‘clinging-vine type,’ a creature of sentiment and emotion, absolutely dependent on man for any life worth living; the type evidently present to the mind of Milton (who perhaps had specially good reasons for preferring it) when he wrote,

‘For contemplation he and valour formed,
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.’

It should not have been necessary indeed, one thinks—looking at such a heroine as Portia—to separate the ‘sweet, attractive grace’ from the tendency to ‘contemplation;’ but poetry is often one-sided for the sake of contrast—and Milton seems to have thought that the man could do all the necessary thinking for himself and the woman too. It is quite probable that this very couplet of Milton’s—not seldom quoted—even yet has had a good deal to do with keeping up the limitations of the old ideal.

It was Wordsworth who first definitely struck the keynote of a new and higher ideal in words which have become household words, so familiar that it hardly seems necessary to quote

them at length, words which, there can be no doubt, have exercised a strong moulding influence of their own :

‘And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill:
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.’

‘Endurance, foresight, strength and skill’ were a new ideal endowment of womanhood, so far as poetry was concerned, in explicit words at least. The chivalrouseloquence of the true knight, Charles Kingsley, has made the nobler idea of woman, as the friend and counsellor of man, so familiar to the present generation, that it is difficult to realize how strange it must have seemed in the days of Mrs. Malaprop and Lady Teazle. Something, too, both Wordsworth and Kingsley may have had to do with the new ambition awakened in women to qualify themselves for the new rôle which such men expected them to fulfil. At all events, however, and from whatever complex influences the new ideal has sprung, it has fairly made good its place among the intellectual possessions of the present age. Grave academic Dons admit the right of female students to academic privileges and certificates, if not to formal degrees; parents no longer regard it as a startling phenomenon if a daughter proposes to qualify herself for a professional or sub-professional career; and female writers on all subjects have so

ably vindicated themselves, that a Mallock, in his 'New Republic,' admits as a matter of course, his 'Lady Grace' and 'Miss Merton' to discuss deep problems of life and faith with his literary effigies of Ruskin and Carlyle. Scoffers there are still, as is natural, and perhaps some occasion for scoffs, but, on the whole, the new ideal of womanhood with its larger conceptions, wider views, and nobler possibilities, may be held to have fairly superseded the old.

A striking illustration of the change in this respect that has grown up, in the course of a generation, may be found in the biography of Charles Kingsley himself. At twenty-three, we find him writing—with the pardonable sentimentalism of a young lover—to his betrothed: 'You may still range freely among the meadows of the beautiful, while I am mining in the deep mountains of the true. And so it should be through life. The woman's part should be to cultivate the affections and the imagination; the man's the intellect of their common soul. She must teach him how to apply his knowledge to man's hearts. He must teach her how to arrange that knowledge into practical and theoretical forms. In this the woman has the nobler task.'

At fifty, after a quarter of a century of happy wedlock and earnest study of human life and social problems, we find him greeting to his home at Eversley, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, one of the earliest lady-physicians, with the words 'You are one of my heroes!' We find him telling her also, of 'the profound interest with which, for many years, he had watched the gradual growth of woman's endeavour to obtain the advantages of a thorough medical education; and how, from his inmost soul, he gave it a hearty God-speed.' Furthermore, he says, in a letter to John Stuart Mill: 'That I think women ought to speak in public, in any ideal or even truly civilized society or polity, I hope I

need not tell you. . . Of woman's right to be a medical practitioner, I hold that it is, perhaps, the most important social question hanging over us. I believe that, if once women can be allowed to practise as freely as men, the whole question of the relation of the sexes, will be answered according to natural laws, and therefore, according to what I believe to be the will and mind of God, the author of nature. . . But for that very reason, I am the more anxious that women should not meddle with these questions before they have acquired a sound and also a general scientific physiological training, which shall free them from sentiment, and confine them to physical laws and fact on these matters.'

The changed views of woman and her needs, between the first and the last of these quotations, is too obvious to require comment. But it is worth noticing, as a scarcely credible specimen of the fairness with which this whole question has been treated in some quarters, that the juvenile expression of opinion in the first of these passages was quoted in a review as indicating his lack of sympathy with the very movement which, in his maturer years, he so vigorously endorsed! It is curious, how pertinaciously the idea has been clung to by the opponents of reform, that it is the imagination and the affections which woman should chiefly cultivate; in the face of their own argument that her strong prejudices, which are of course the outcome of affection and imagination unregulated by sound judgment, must always disqualify her from forming an intelligent opinion on great social or political questions. Can the reason be, that they unconsciously desire to perpetuate the disqualification? Women, at all events, know, that the imagination and affections are, as a rule, the side of their nature which has least need to be cultivated in the sense of being stimulated, and unless they are to be balanced and regulated by sufficient

development of the intellect or reason, as well as of the moral faculty, these good gifts may easily become perverted to their torture and destruction. Let the records of any lunatic asylum be examined, if evidence of this truth be required.

However, the fact is practically admitted now, that woman as well as man requires a harmonious and symmetrical development of all her faculties, and however beautiful the ideal of a 'common soul' may be, she must, for purposes of training and education, be regarded as a distinct and complete being. It is also being more and more admitted that she has a right to her share in the world's work, whether in what has been rightly considered her more especial sphere, or in any other for which she is fitted, and that, to fit her for the efficient discharge of her duties, she has a right to the highest and most invigorating mental discipline that can be made available. It is admitted, though not so generally as it might be, that the thorough and liberal education necessary to qualify her for taking part satisfactorily, in any kind of professional work to which her natural gifts may point, will be by no means thrown away on the wife and mother, any more than it is thrown away on the lad who may go into business instead of choosing a profession. We have too many testimonies, in the lives of eminent men, to the potent influence of a gifted and educated mother to doubt that the higher the intellectual plane of those who are the moulding power of the rising generation the higher will be the intellectual and moral average of that generation; for it is rarely indeed, that thorough education does not strengthen and develop the moral as well as the intellectual faculties of woman.

Having then—one great secret of progress—a higher ideal of the capabilities and functions of womanhood generally acknowledged, it is worth while considering how this ideal can be

best realized, and what the effect of its realization or its attempted realization will be on the happiness and welfare of woman herself, and through her of the race of which she is so important a trainer. One of the most natural as well as interesting and hopeful effects it has hitherto produced, has been the fresh and warm enthusiasm which it has awakened in the feminine mind for the studies so long withheld from it. Mrs. Fawcett, in a recent number of *Good Words*, gives some interesting results of her own observation in this particular, and adds that although this may be partially traced to the praiseworthy ambition felt by every female student to do honour to the cause, this ambition cannot by any means fully account for the eager delight with which many girls throw themselves ardently into studies which their brothers, who take them as a matter of course, are only too ready to vote 'a bore.' Mrs. Fawcett gives an extract from a letter written by a young girl to her father, in the prospect of taking up the study of Greek; in which she says: 'I cannot tell you what an effect it has on me only to see a Greek book, and the mere idea of being allowed to work at it for the next three years makes me so happy that I cannot believe it will ever come to pass.' It is quite possible that some sapient masculine intellect, which never experienced any particular rapture at the sight of a Greek book, will be ready to stigmatise this contemptuously as 'gush.' But, as Mrs. Fawcett remarks, such a sentiment need not seem overstrained to any one who remembers the history of the enthusiasm which accompanied the revival of classical learning in Italy; 'Petrarch poring over a Homer he could not understand, and Boccaccio in his maturity learning Greek in order to drink at the fountain head of poetic inspiration.' And certainly no lover of poetry will smile contemptuously at such a girlish enthusiasm with Mrs. Browning's 'Wine of Cyprus' in remembrance:—

'And I think of those long mornings
Which my thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.

* * * * *
'Then, what golden hours were for us
While we sat together there,
How the white vests of the chorus
Seemed to wave up a live air!
How the cothurns trod majestic
Down the deep iambic lines,
And the rolling anapaestic
Curled like vapour over shrines.'

An enthusiasm for one of the noblest literatures that the world has seen might well be as natural and considerably more elevating than an enthusiasm for bric-à-brac. And as the feminine nature is naturally somewhat enthusiastic, it is at least as well that it should have higher channels in which to expend its enthusiasm than the latest and most irrational contortions of fashionable costume, which are constantly asserted, by masculine satirists, to be the object of its warmest emotions.

A genuine enthusiasm for a particular subject is also a much more hopeful promise of future excellence than the mere ambition for the distinction of certificates of general proficiency. However desirable a stimulus may be given to the cause of higher and more thorough education for girls, by the existence of the University examinations and certificates now within their reach, these will only defeat the object in view if they are regarded as an end instead of a means; if they merely turn out a number of female 'Admirable Crichtons,' prodigies of scholarship or mathematical acquirement, without the desire or the power to pursue any branch of knowledge for its own sake, or turn their attainments to any useful end. It is not meant, in saying this, to disparage the blessing and the ennobling effect of the mere attainment of knowledge or truth. As it has been well said, 'it is very precious even if we find no practical account to which it may be turned, if we simply lie and bask, so to speak, in the warmth and the radiance of it, and if we are content to find life richer, fuller, and happier, and this world a more interesting

world to live in because we possess it.' But there is an eagerness for gaining certificates merely as distinctions—too common in both sexes—which knows nothing of this noble enjoyment in the attainment of truth, and, caring only to 'cram' for a special end, destroys at the outset the freshness and the zest without which no study can long be profitably carried on. Well if it does not destroy even more than this! The lack of common sense which has ruined so many beneficial movements, threatens seriously to interfere with the success of the system of University education for girls. A writer in the last *London Quarterly* complains of the overcrowding of the curriculum of girls' as well as boys' schools in a way so prejudicial to health as to have already called forth strong expression of opinion from medical men. The writer only too justly asks: 'Has not this distracting multiplicity of subjects already had the effect of weakening brain and body together, and of adding to the too numerous brood of nervous maladies? How many girls,' he asks, 'are fit to undergo, without injury to their health, the labour and the excitement of an examination for the degree of the University of London? How many, who are not fit, may be induced to try?' Of course the use of a certificate is to guarantee the qualifications of the holder for future work. But if the holder gains the certificate only to be unfitted for future work, it may well be wondered whether the whole thing is not a mistake. And so the higher ideal of womanhood stands in more danger from over-education in some quarters than from under-education in others. But this evil is not by any means confined to preparation for University examinations. It has already assumed alarming proportions in the higher grades of our own common schools, which are fast following the same pernicious system in undermining at once the physical health and mental vigour of young girls by the 'distracting multiplicity

of subjects' on which they attempt to cram the minds of their pupils with a few confused and superficial ideas—a process much more likely to repress than to stimulate the desire for further knowledge. When we add to this the lack of elasticity in its provisions, which applies the same iron rules to all grades of ability and physical strength, we have good reason to fear mental and physical injury to the flower of our rising young womanhood which a future generation will regret in vain.

Of course the same evil frequently appears in the provisions for the education of boys, but it does not do the same amount of harm, both because it is more difficult to force boys than girls into overwork and the neglect of physical exercise, and because, when instances of injury from overstudy occur, they are not likely to be set down as evidence that the higher education of boys is a mistake. The evil in both cases might easily be avoided if parents and teachers would agree to remember that, as Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise so truly remarked to the Ladies' Educational Association of Montreal, the true object of education 'consists much more in the development of the intellect than in the mere putting in of superficial knowledge and of cramming.' And it might be well if the same principle were borne in mind in appointing tests of the qualifications of teachers. What is wanted in the preliminary education of either boys or girls is the mental food and discipline which will nourish and invigorate the mind for whatever work its natural bent or God's providence may eventually prescribe—a general training which should avoid equally the heterogeneous superficiality which dissipates, and the narrow specialism which too often distorts the intellectual powers. The natural bent should receive free play, and the fullest opportunities of development, while, at the same time, in the girls' case, the intellectual training must

not be made to supersede the more special training for the more ordinary requirements of domestic life. There is no doubt that the educational question is more complicated in the case of the woman than the man. The boy must be fitted for an independent career of some kind, and that suffices. But for the girl, whose talent the wise parent would cultivate so that it may win for her an honourable independence, marriage is always possible,—even probable,—and there is danger of making the one training so predominant as to unfit her for the quiet, homely duties of the other. Even our common schools have fallen into an inexcusable error in this direction, since they insist on filling up all the available time of girls, in school and out of it, with lessons, too soon forgotten, in all the *isms*, to the utter exclusion and neglect of the indispensable 'plain sewing' which of old used to be a *sine qua non* in all schools for womankind.

Of course, common sense can be the only guide to the 'golden mean,' and there is much less danger, as the world goes, that girls will be brought up to forget the possibilities of sheltered domestic life than the possibilities of another kind. Yet there is time enough, by a judicious use of it, to provide for both, and to make life richer and brighter for the very variety, and nothing will so give zest to a girl's studies as the sense that there is a purpose in them. Nothing will so fill up a certain craving in her life and keep her from the injurious influence of visionary day-dreams as the stimulus and interest given by a definite aim, which raises her above the rapid frivolities that so often fritter away mind and heart alike. It is the lack of such an aim that so often checks all earnest aspiration after intellectual progress, and with a listless *cui bono* feeling, the girl, whom nature fitted for better things, falls back into the half-disguised *ennui* of a purposeless existence, to which the temporary ex-

citements of constant amusement, dress, and flirtation, become indispensable necessities. It is the lack of any gold thread of noble purpose in life that causes such utterly vacuous waste of it, as is only too general among the young women of fashionable society in England and America, and even to some extent among ourselves. Here is the picture of the daily life of a girl in the golden prime of youth, as recently given in her own words in a letter to the Bishop of Manchester, asking how she could possibly find time for Christian work. As the Bishop thought it of sufficient importance to read aloud in the course of his sermon, no apology is needed for giving it here entire.

'We breakfast about ten; breakfast occupies the best part of an hour, during which we read our letters and pick up the latest news in the papers. After that we have to go and answer our letters, and my mother expects me to write her notes of invitation or to reply to such. Then I have to go into the conservatory and feed the canaries and parrots, and cut off the dead leaves and faded flowers from the plants. Then it is time to dress for church, and at two o'clock we lunch. At three my mother likes me to go with her when she makes her calls, and we then come home to a five o'clock tea, when some friends drop in. After that we get ready to take our drive in the park, and then we go home to dinner, and after dinner we go to the theatre or the opera, and then when we get home I am so dreadfully tired that I don't know what to do.'

Side by side with this picture of a fashionable young lady's life in the year 1878, it is interesting to place Addison's picture of the corresponding kind of life in the beginning of the seventeenth century, as given in 'The Fine Lady's Diary' in No. 323 of the *Spectator*, from which the record of one day is here quoted. As the *Spectator* is less read now than it

deserves to be, it will be new to many readers.

'Wednesday. *From eight till ten.* Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed and fell asleep after them.

'*From ten to eleven.* Ate a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea,—read the *Spectator*.

'*From eleven to one.* At my toilette, tried a new hood. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. *Memo.* I look best in blue.

'*From one till half an hour after two.* Drove to the 'Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

'*Till four.* At dinner. *Memo.* Mr. Troth passed by in his new liveries.

'*From four to six.* Dressed, paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

'*From six to eleven.* At basset. *Memo.* Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.'

It is only fair to add that Mr. Addison represents the fair writer at the close as in a penitential frame of mind—beginning to think that she might pass her time better—even pathetically offering to 'turn off Veny, if you insist upon it,' and promising that, 'if Mr. Troth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, she will *not* let her life run away in a dream.'

An English paper in commenting on the statement read by the Bishop of Manchester, declared that 'whatever else has changed between the reigns of Queen Anne and Queen Victoria, there is not a shadow of alteration in the vacuity and restless indolence of women in the upper ranks of society.' This one cannot but consider a somewhat strong declaration, when we know that not a few of the noblest names in the female aristocracy of England are closely associated with benevolent and philanthropic work, and some of them more especially with movements intended for the intellectual elevation of their own sex. Yet these must be admitted to be as yet the exception rather

than the rule, and the upward workings of our new ideal has no enemy more deadly and obstinate, than the mental indolence and vacuity which the very constitution of 'fashionable' society fosters and perpetuates—a vacuity leading only too surely to what is sadder still. Yet, with such noble examples as we have of 'a better way,' we might hope for some impression—even in fashionable society. At the close of the 'Fine Lady's Diary' aforesaid, Mr. Addison gives, by way of contrast, an epitaph on 'a lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda':

'Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast killed another,
Fair and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!'

Here, again, we can carry out our analogy, and this time to the advantage of the nineteenth century. In contrast with the confession of the young lady to whom the engagements of fashionable private life left 'no time' for mental improvement or Christian work, we may place the many testimonies we have so lately had to the noble life of one, 'fair, and learned and good,' as 'Pembroke's mother,' and still more deeply mourned,—one who amid the distractions of Court life, with its fatiguing ceremonial and its rigid etiquette, found time, not only for the faithful discharge of her peculiarly womanly duties, but also for quiet, thoughtful study, and practical philanthropic work. The following extract from the sketch of the late lamented Princess Alice, written by Mr. Theodore Martin and revised by the Queen herself, might well put to the blush modern Clarindas who talk of '*finishing*' at sixteen, and might awake within them the consciousness of a nobler ideal, to which *they* too, might aspire.

'While fulfilling with exemplary devotion every duty as a wife and mother, the process of self-culture was

never relaxed. Every refined taste was kept alive by fresh study, fresh practice, fresh observation. Neither was any effort spared to keep abreast with all that the best intellects of the time were adding to the stores of invention, of discovery, of observation, and of thought. Each successive year taught her better to estimate the value of the principles in religion, in morals, in politics, in which she had been trained. As her knowledge of the world and of facts grew, she could see the wide range of facts upon which they were based, and their fitness as guides amid the perplexing experiences of human life, which, however seemingly varied in different epochs, are ever essentially the same.' 'With this view (of improving the homes of the poor), she translated into German some of Miss Octavia Hill's essays "on the Homes of the London Poor," and published them with a little preface of her own (to which only her initial "A" was affixed), in the hope that the principles which had been successfully applied in London by Miss Hill and her coadjutors, might be put into action in some of the German cities. No good work appealed to her in vain.'

The life of our beloved Queen is in itself a standing reproach to her indolent and pleasure-loving subjects. And we have the satisfaction of knowing that the accomplished Princess, who must, during the next few years, exercise a powerful influence over Canadian social life, has not only testified her warm and intelligent interest in educational and philanthropic questions, and especially in the intellectual advancement of her own sex, but has also proved her persevering devotion to Art, by the excellence she has attained in that one of the representative Arts which has seemed the least within the range of female skill,—that of Modelling and Sculpture. It may well be hoped that her living example among us will stimulate many of her Canadian sisters to cultivate at once mental gifts and physical vigour.

And with such examples before us as these and others in the highest circles of society, and the very great stimulus which has been given to intellectual progress among women of the middle classes in England, we may well take heart of grace and admit that, in this matter, as in others, 'the world moves after all!'

Still, the fact that the insidious encroachments of what is too often mis-called 'society' gain so ready and so frequent a victory over the impulse to a higher culture, and must do so more and more, as our social life becomes more complex and artificial, affords an urgent reason for endeavouring to supply a sufficiently strong counter-acting force. This force can only be found in training girls to live with a purpose, to taste the pure delight of pursuing, even amidst hindrances and interruptions, some worthy end, whether this be found in an ennobling study, or in practical philanthropic work. Abundance of both there is to afford healthful and invigorating exercise for all the physical and mental energy now frittered away on the thousand trivial and transient excitements which pass away only to leave the mind weary and *ennuyé*, and requiring fresh novelties to stimulate the jaded appetite.

'In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.'

Healthful study and healthful work, are a perpetual 'tonic which stimulates without exhausting.' And until this is understood, the drifting tendency which 'lets life run away in a dream,' must go on unchecked. The writer has heard girls of more than average ability, who had full opportunities of carrying on the work of self-culture, declare that 'the claims of society' upon them made it impossible to carry on any serious study. What were these claims of society, when analysed? Nothing but rounds of conventional 'calls' or little less

conventional parties, nothing that contributed in the least to the true idea of society as the healthful interchange of thoughts and feelings, nothing certainly worth absorbing the whole of an intellectual being's life! We all know 'that where there's a will, there's a way.' It only needs a little enthusiasm for an interesting study, a study which appeals to the higher nature and higher tastes, to prove that the determination to secure it will provide unimagined treasures of time out of the fragments that have been lost for want of a saving motive. It is an American saying, that 'you have all the time there is,' but unfortunately, too many of us do not have all the time we might. And the reason is in a great measure an encouraged aimlessness in girls which would never be tolerated in boys. If a lad, however free from the necessity to labour, insists on spending his life in mere amusement, or even in light and trivial pursuits, public opinion is at once down on his guardians for permitting it, and the aimless man who lives only to kill time, receives, in general, no more respect than he deserves. But with regard to girls, there seems to exist an impression that nothing useful is to be expected of them so long as they are tolerably ornamental, that they are to be like the lilies of the field 'which toil not, neither do they spin.' There can be no question that the great majority of the very girls whose gifts of means, leisure and talent, place within their reach a high degree of self-culture, throw away all their golden opportunities, because their minds are imbued with the mistaken idea that they need have no object in life save to 'amuse themselves,' look as pretty as possible, and end by making a 'desirable' marriage.* There

*Another evil connected with this manner of bringing up girls, is the habit of a too childish dependence, an utter lack of self-reliance, which is, however, less common among us than the opposite American extreme of premature independence. It is a real evil, however, and is thus criticised, not too severely, by an English female writer: 'The

is, as we all know, a class of literature, in which all noble aims for womanhood are mockingly sneered down, and an essentially low ideal of womanhood is but thinly disguised under a transparent veil of flimsy compliment. We have, for instance, even in poetry, which should see more truly, such verses as this:—

‘Thou art so very sweet and fair
With such a heaven in thine eyes,
It almost seems an over care
To ask thee to be good or wise.’

Unfortunately, however, the girl may reasonably expect to live to a time when, whether she be married or single, the ‘heaven in her eyes’ will be of less consequence to those around her than the circumstance of her being ‘good and wise,’ or the reverse. But this fact does not seem to trouble the writers in question; and the very satirists who have long found the rapid wife or the faded coquette a tempting prey for their mocking wit, are just as ready to sneer at the woman who believes that her higher ‘mission’ is not exhausted in externals, and who desires to cultivate the powers God has given her, so that to the utmost of their extent, she may become a blessing to the world in which He has placed her. A good specimen of the tone in which a certain class of ‘smart’ writers are accustomed to refer to women and their attempts at self-improvement is the following, taken from a recent article in *Blackwood’s Magazine*. He is describing the change which has passed over English provincial society, and

authority which mothers exercise during childhood, is not relaxed over unmarried women during adolescence, and is as firmly seated as ever when their hair begins to turn grey. The immaturity of childhood is stereotyped in such women, physically they are adult, morally and intellectually they remain children: they are entrusted with hardly any real responsibility even of buying and selecting their own clothes. I have heard a woman of more than 40 years of age say, “I wish mamma would let me wear my thick boots,” and “I am sure mamma will say I must have a new bonnet.” Such an affectation of childhood in middle age, is incompatible with any truly elevated womanhood, and is as unlovely in its way as the lack of deference for age and experience, which leads to an opposite error.’

the general enlargement of its ideas. He describes the dreary inanity of the convivial gatherings in the olden time, when, among details of their stupidity he tells us that ‘a few fine ladies might get up on their hobbies, and chatter over the mania of the day, china, pug dogs, court trains, Shakespeare, Garrick and the musical glasses—but their less fashionable sisters, when scandal ran short, could sit only in silence or compare notes over domestic grievances.’ Now, he admits, there is an improvement, and this is his fashion of describing it. The younger son, he tells us, who formerly would have had little to speak of beyond farming and cows—‘is now superficially, at least, a well informed gentleman.’ ‘His wife or sister, in the intervals of husband-hunting and lawn tennis, has found time to sit at the feet of philosophers and listen to the eloquence of popular lecturers. They manœuvre for tickets for the Geographical Society and the Royal Institution, as their grandmothers used to do for vouchers to Almacks; and if they have but vague notions of the *sense* of modern speculation, at all events they have caught some echoes of its sound. They have their artistic and literary idols whom they worship; and in art and literature as well as religion, they profess some fashionable form of belief. Few of them can shine by good looks alone, and they are bound to cultivate a habit of babbling.’

That remarks so flippant and vulgar in tone should appear in a first-class magazine is only an illustration of the essentially low ideal of womanhood which still clings to many conservative minds. We need not spend time in inquiring why the proverbial husband-hunting proclivities of the young women are so unnecessarily dragged in, while the equally proverbial fortune-hunting propensities of younger sons are completely ignored. But whatever chaff may mingle with the grain of genuine self-culture in English women, there can hardly be two opinions as

to the arrogance, the unchivalrous and unmanly spirit of the man who goes out of his way to bespatter with what mockery he may, any attempt—however rudimentary—of women to rise to some higher objects of interest than ‘court trains’ and ‘pug dogs.’ However, sneers, like hard words, break no bones, and women can afford to let their professed adorers in society laugh at them in print, while they are the gainers, and learn, even from hostile sneers, to avoid the little follies and pretensions which throw discredit on their genuine search after a truer culture.

Of course, however, a woman's efforts for self-cultivation must be carried on on a different principle from those of men. With men—professional men at least—these efforts are primary duties. With women, they must always be reckoned secondary to their peculiar duties as women; from which even professional women cannot claim immunity. The self-abnegation which is the special glory of ideal womanhood must be in an exceptional degree the safeguard of those women who would discharge the larger duty without failing in the smaller—the spirit which animated Mordecai, in ‘Daniel Deronda’—‘capable of conceiving and choosing a life's task with far-off issues, yet capable of the unapplauded heroism which turns off the road of achievement at the call of the nearer duty, whose effect lies within the beatings of the hearts that are close to us, as the hunger of the unfledged bird to the breast of its parent.’ And it is only the guiding clue of an earnest purpose which can maintain the process of self-culture undiscouraged by the thousand interruptions which the masculine student never knows. Mrs. Somerville, laying aside her important manuscripts to talk amiably to some thoughtless female acquaintance who came in for an hour or two's gossip; and Charlotte Bronte leaving her writing to see that the potatoes for dinner were properly

washed and boiled, and finally dropping her beloved art altogether at the desire of an unappreciative husband, are only two instances out of the many cases of unrecorded heroism with which the personal desire has been sacrificed at the call of womanly duty, the sense of which true culture intensifies rather than diminishes.

Into most girls' minds, however, this earnest purpose might be instilled by a more judicious training, and more especially by their being early made to realize the importance of so developing any natural gift or aptitude that it may become, not only a worthy interest throughout life, but also a source of honourable independence should it be their lot to require to maintain themselves. This is a possibility that really lies before every girl almost as much as before every boy, since no individual woman can be certain of marriage, and even married life is subject to chances and changes, and to an abrupt termination. The cruelty of bringing up girls accustomed to every luxury in the assumption that they are always to enjoy the same without any care or thought of theirs, has been strikingly illustrated many times, but seldom more strikingly than in the result of the lamentable failure of the Glasgow Bank, when numbers of young ladies, unfitted by training for any lucrative method of earning a livelihood, were suddenly reduced to utter poverty. A writer in *Good Words*, in commenting upon this fact, observes most truly that ‘the domestic tragedies which have come to pass within the last few weeks form a strong argument for women to lay aside the false and petty shame which forbids them to work in order to increase their means of livelihood. . . . Now is the time for women of all ages to get rid of the wretched, unworthy prejudice that work, not idleness, is a disgrace impeding their claims to gentle breeding—almost to womanliness.’ Never, indeed, was there a more silly and

unworthy prejudice than this, which, it may be hoped, will soon vanish before a truer ideal of what womanliness is! It is worthy, indeed, of an age which never stigmatised as 'unwomanly' the presence of ladies at the slaughters of innocent animals, termed *battues*, or their adorning themselves in the plumage of beautiful birds, sacrificed by thousands to gratify an idle vanity and a barbarous taste, or their wearing tissues and flowers, the dyes of which are a slow poison to the women who make, and even occasionally to the women who wear them; but reserved the misplaced stigma for the noble women, who, obeying the God-given impulse within them, have sought to qualify themselves, by a laborious training, for fighting disease and death, and alleviating the physical miseries of their own sex! The force of the increasing prejudice against anything like self-support in women of the upper classes is well shown in a recent story of Mrs. Oliphant's, in which a high-spirited and unselfish girl, willing to work hard in household ways to save the slender family resources, and always urging on her lazy brother to prepare himself in earnest for earning his own livelihood, stands aghast at the idea suggested to her of developing a splendid gift to be a source of lucrative income. This miserable prejudice keeps many a woman tied for the greater part of her life to a menial drudgery, with a pitifully small pecuniary saving in return, whose abilities, duly trained and applied to the right objects, might have secured for her a comfortable income and a provision for old age. Girls of the lower classes are brought up to feel that at an early age they are expected to be helpers, not burdens, to their families. Consequently they are independent of marriage other than that of their heart's choice, and not only maintain themselves without difficulty, but are frequently the support and stay of aged parents or young brothers and

sisters. But the upper-class girl, who has never been trained to do one thing well, is as helpless and pitiable a being as the world contains. It is the sense of the helplessness of 'the girls' which is the real sting of his failure to many a careworn father, whereas, had they been trained to some one remunerative occupation, and taught to look upon honest work as a privilege and an honour, they would have been ready to lighten their parents' burdens and take up cheerfully the proud rôle of the poor little water-cross girl:—

'Sure I am the woman that works for the bread.

And what happiness is to be found in the consciousness of being such a helper—they can testify who have helped to add to the family comforts by the honest price of their own labour. The poor working girl, who by hard work manages, as some of them do manage, to provide a home for the old age of helpless parents, is an infinitely happier as well as an infinitely nobler being than the 'society' belle, who lives only to 'enjoy life' at the expense of a father whom she regards very much in the light of a private bank on which she may draw unlimited cheques for dress and amusement. In contrast to such women of whom there are far too many for the honour of the sex—women who seem absolutely reckless how much they add, by their extravagance, to the burdens of father or husband, and who like Rosamond in 'Middlemarch' thrive upon 'men's brains,' it is pleasant to recur to these words of Frances Anne Kemble, written at an early age, and referring to her father:

'It is right, then, that those of us who have the power to do so should at once lighten his arms of all unnecessary burthens, and acquire the habit of independent exertion before the moment comes, when utter inexperience would add to the difficulty of adopting any settled mode of proceeding; it is right and wise to prepare for the evil

day before it is upon us. These reflections have led me to the resolution of entering upon some occupation or profession which may enable me to turn the advantages my father has so liberally bestowed upon me to some account, so as not to be a useless encumbrance to him at present, or a helpless one in future time.'

Would that the spirit of these noble words might animate our Canadian girls—with all the brightness, and talent and energy, which they might turn to such good account, instead of frittering them away in their very prime! And would that parents might realize the importance of bestowing upon their daughters a less precarious portion than bank shares—the power, namely, of maintaining themselves in an honourable independence, inalienable so long at least as health and strength are left. And even apart from the spirit of self-reliance which would be thus developed, nothing can be a more beneficent resource for a woman, either from the depressing effect of a monotonous life or the crushing force of a keen personal trial. Two many women stake their *all* of care or interest on their small immediate circle of personal affection, and when this fails them from bereavement or any other cause, seem to have nothing left to bind them to life, or make its burden worth bearing. And how often it happens that women, throwing their whole being into a precarious affection, become morbidly sensitive to the most trifling slights, and brood over them till their mental balance is seriously disturbed, and they become not only unhappy themselves, but a source of unhappiness to all about them. Nothing can so much tend to counteract such morbid tendencies in which woman's very strength becomes her weakness, and makes her—

'Deaf to all the beats
Of that large music rolling o'er the world ;

—as the habit of looking above and beyond her personal concerns to the

great interests of humanity. 'Love,' in its narrower sense at least, is not necessarily 'the whole of a woman's life,' any more than of a man's, and it would be all the higher, and nobler, and purer for being less selfishly absorbing. To a woman crushed by a heavy personal grief, nothing can be a greater blessing than a larger interest, whether it be in art, literature, or philanthropic work, which links her still with the world around her, and makes her gradually realize that no life, lived with a worthy end in view, needs to be utterly desolate. Even business interests will help to rouse a woman out of the hurtful absorption of an overwhelming grief, and there can be no doubt that she who is obliged, at such a time, to think and even to work for herself and others, finds, in the very attempt, a healing and rousing influence unknown to those who indulge in an abandon of sorrow from which they are roused by no nobler interest, either voluntary or compulsory.

Nor is the *ennui* of ordinary female life less in need of a resource than the unresisted dominion of grief. The energetic business man, when buckling on his defences from the weather on a stormy morning, may be tempted to think his wife and daughters rather enviable in their sheltered lot; their immunity from the need of breasting wind and weather—their freedom to spend the day in lounging by the drawing-room fire, in novel reading or in some 'elegant' manufacture which nobody wants, and which is probably destined to encumber still further some unfortunate apartment already sufficiently distracted with a multiplicity of 'knick-knacks.' It never occurs to our good Paterfamilias that in a household of lively and energetic girls there may be activities or aspirations reaching beyond even crochet and crewel work, and by no means fully satisfied by the sensational light reading which they, unfortunately, too often affect. It never occurs to him that he himself

would find intolerably dull the very existence which he expects them to enjoy ; blank as it is in all interests other than the most transient and trifling ones. And many a girl, fitted for nobler interests, *does* chafe and fret under her silken bonds which yet she sees no way of breaking. She admires Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' but its stirring line,

'Still achieving, still pursuing,'

sounds bitterly ironical to her who has nothing worth while either to achieve or to pursue. Besides her sensational reading, the only outlet she can find for her restless cravings is in sensational love-making, often premature, and ending in dis-illusion, with more or less permanently disastrous effects. But no ; there is one other refuge—fatal as it is ! It is the testimony of physicians of undoubted knowledge of the facts, that not a few young women are driven to the excessive use of stimulants by the listless *ennui* resulting from an objectless life. Place beside such cases those of young women possessed with a genuine and judiciously developed enthusiasm for art, for literature, or philanthropic work—who 'scorn delights and love laborious days,' happy in the healthful stimulus given by work for a worthy end, while many and many an instance, not only of mental depression, but of confirmed invalidism, is simply the natural result of 'nothing particular to do.'

Before, however, girls can be expected to prepare themselves, as a matter of course, for some remunerative employment, the facilities for such preparation must be made sufficient, the avenues to suitable employment must be set open, and the principle must be established that work should be paid for according to its intrinsic value, and not according to the sex of the worker. Facilities for preparing women for the higher departments of work are increasing rapidly. To what has been stated concerning these in a former article, it may be added that

Harvard University has now opened to women an institution corresponding to the Cambridge Girton ; in other words, it has placed within their reach the advantages of a first-class University. It is also a matter of interest in this connection, that six women have recently graduated in the honour-class at Cambridge. Of course, owing to many causes, the women who avail themselves of University advantages will be only the exceptional cases ; but it is much that for such cases, such advantages are now open ; and it is worthy of note, as showing the rapidity with which this movement is growing even where it would have been least expected to find favour, that the most recent intelligence from India tells us that 'female education is now fairly started in Bengal ;' that native women are beginning to think of entering the University, that one Bramha girl is a candidate for matriculation, and that a young married Zenana lady had become a teacher in a girls' school—the first case in Bengal.

These advantages, together with those offered by fast-growing art schools, training institutions of various kinds, down to cookery-classes, should, together with the efforts of women themselves, tend to remove the reproach of superficiality and lack of thoroughness, which we are constantly told still clings to much of their work, from literature to the culinary art. Their grammar, we are told, is often slipshod—their orthography doubtful, to say the least—their MSS. badly written, and worse punctuated—while in their own domestic province of cooking we are told that in London a really good female cook is a black swan, and when found might command as large a salary as some curates. Of course, there are many bright exceptions, many women who are more thorough and accurate in their work than the average man, and the fault, where it exists, evidently proceeds more from deficient training than from any other cause. It will disappear as

the women of our upper classes learn more and more what work is, and as the moral intelligence of all women is more and more cultivated. And as women in general learn more of what work is they will also learn more and more the value of both time and money, two things of which they have often a very vague appreciation. How, indeed, can they be expected to value time who live only to kill it? But every woman who undertakes work of any kind can do something to clear away the slur of inefficiency, by sparing no pains to thoroughly accomplish her own task, as well as to show that by widening her view beyond the sphere of home, she does not necessarily neglect the inner sanctuary.

Avenues of employment for thoroughly trained women will be sure to open out more and more, as such women present themselves able and willing to do work of the best kind. While all departments of work are, it is true, said to be over-stocked, thorough workers will never be super-abundant in any, and most women can be thorough workers if they will. Never has the magic power of perseverance and good work been more strikingly shown than in the career of Lavinia Goodell, who, in spite of unusual difficulties, has worked her way to most honourable recognition in her practice of the legal profession, almost the last, indeed, for which a woman might seem adapted. This lady was originally employed in the office of *Harper's Weekly*, New York, but removing with her parents to Janesville, Wisconsin, felt strongly impelled to the study of law, for which she had a natural aptitude. She did not see her way clear to the goal of her ambition, a regular practice, but she read law steadily under the direction of a legal friend, and finally applied for leave to plead in the Circuit Courts. Her first client was a woman, and she managed the case so ably as to win much prestige. She soon gained a good practice, and eventually applied for leave to plead

before the Supreme Courts of the United States. This the Chief Justice refused, and Miss Goodell ably reviewed his judgment in a law journal, having, it was declared, much the best of the argument. She was able finally to procure the passage by the Legislature of a Bill for the recognition of the right of pleading before the Supreme Court, irrespective of sex. It is not the poorest of Miss Goodell's laurels, by any means, that her efforts in this direction were cordially endorsed by her legal brethren in Wisconsin, who thus testified their sincere respect for her perseverance, ability and conscientious fidelity, a most refreshing contrast to the animosity with which many medical men have endeavoured to exclude women from a profession for which they seem far more fitted. Such careers as Miss Goodell's, and those of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell and Mrs. Garrett Anderson, are enough to show that energy and perseverance, combined with natural fitness, may enable any woman to accomplish even what seems the impossible. It is not at all likely, however, that any but very exceptional women will find their way into the courts of law, and those who do, we may rest assured, will be able to maintain there the credit of their sex. But even without having recourse to professions still almost considered contraband of sex, there are numberless callings, in any one of which a woman willing to work might reasonably hope to maintain herself. The medical profession, though requiring expensive and laborious preparation, is practically open to women, and through it the wide and most interesting field of female medical missions, in which the demand as yet far exceeds the supply. The whole field of female missions opens a wide sphere of usefulness to devoted Christian women, willing to qualify themselves for carrying to their heathen sisters the light which guides their own lives; and the joy of the success which crowned the labours of so many

female workers in this field might well stimulate others to follow in so noble a crusade. To come down to more secular callings, the periodical literature of the day affords openings for female workers, but only for really skilled work. Tyros or dilettantes 'need not apply,' and should well count the cost of a thorough preparation for literary work before they commit themselves to what is at best an ill-paid profession as a means of subsistence. Unless they are prepared to submit to years of apprenticeship, with little or no remuneration, and to persevere in an uphill work in spite of repeated disappointments that sadly clip the wings of young enthusiasm, they had better content themselves with less ambitious aims. And precisely the same is to be said of success in art, in which there can be no success without years of persevering labour. There are, however, several subordinate departments of artistic work which do not require so long an apprenticeship and would be more speedily remunerative. In wood carving and wood cutting, in porcelain painting, and artistic house decoration, are branches of æsthetic work in which women can and do excel, and which are growing more and more lucrative and more and more in demand. Two sisters of Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson made for themselves a comfortable independence, if not a fortune, by their successful practice of the last named art, the demand for which is certain to grow in Canada with a growing taste.

But there are many other callings in which women not naturally qualified for any 'professional' career, might find fair remuneration. Many female copying-clerks in Washington receive very respectable salaries, and those who are qualified for higher clerkships receive more in proportion. There is no reason why women who take pains to fit themselves for the work, should not be largely employed as clerks and book-keepers, and they might be ex-

pected, if prepared, to do their work more neatly, and perhaps more correctly than their masculine competitors. Of course many women do find employment in teaching; but one may venture to ask why more of our young ladies,—using a much abused word not conventionally, but to denote real refinement of mind and manners—do not prepare themselves for teaching at least in the higher departments of our public schools. Teaching is in all cases an honourable work, and the higher classes of our public schools are much more certainly remunerative than private teachings, unless in special cases, or in large cities. And nowhere could a lady, thoroughly trained in mind, and uniting gentleness with dignity, be more usefully employed than in moulding the mind and manners of young Canada whose sad deficiency in the 'minor morals' may doubtless be attributed to the fact that his teachers are too often incapable of exercising any refining influence over his natural rudeness. Here and there, even in rough country districts gentle and refined lady teachers are doing a good work in civilising him, and indeed in civilising the whole district—but as yet such teachers are far too rare. May it not be hoped that some of our more highly cultivated young women, looking for a means of independent livelihood, will turn their attention to this patriotic though self-denying work?

For those who have scientific tastes, and are not obliged to give their time up to any calling more immediately remunerative, the field of scientific investigation lies invitingly open. In microscopic work, especially, which has led and is leading to so many important discoveries—there seems every reason why persevering women might expect to succeed. M. Michelet remarks that feminine qualities are specially needful in microscopic studies, which demand a certain amount of dexterity, patient tact, and full liberty of time. To succeed in them, he says

—‘one must be something of a woman.’ Here, then, is an ennobling study, to which many of the best minds of our day give the main share of their time and attention—into which any woman may freely enter, without bar or impediment.

But for those who are less fitted for the more purely intellectual callings, there are many others which afford the means of earning a livelihood without losing an atom of respect from any one whose respect is worth having. Why should not ladies with an aptitude for millinery and dressmaking, leave the impress of their good taste and good sense on the fashions of the day, whose absurdities and monstrosities are mainly due to their being left in the hands of uncultivated women, ignorant of the true rules of good taste, and therefore unable to act upon them? Certain branches of jewellers’ work, telegraphy, certain mercantile businesses, and the training schools of nursing and cookery now so numerous, afford numberless avenues of employment to the women who do not desire to live in idle dependence on the labour of others.

But there is little doubt that, in the long run, women will find themselves permitted to do whatever they shall prove themselves able to do well—all *a priori* prejudices to the contrary notwithstanding. The world wants good work so much more than it wants old prejudices—that these must eventually yield to common sense, and the inevitable law of demand and supply. Even the much vexed question of the suffrage, so obstinate before mere agitation, will ultimately, doubtless, be settled by the women who quietly demonstrate their capability of discharging all other duties of life, and of organising and conducting even great undertakings with the calm and judicious judgment, the perseverance and the thorough conscientiousness of highly cultivated women, which, we believe, will not be found inferior to the same qualities in highly cultivated

men. If the new ideal of womanhood shall advance as much during the next quarter of a century as it has done in the past, the principle of excluding the holder of otherwise unrepresented property from the franchise on the ground of sex will, we venture to believe, be regarded as an antiquated survival of a semi-cultivation. But this result will never come by empty agitation. A member of the Ontario Legislature once objected to the proposal to enfranchise female property-holders, on the singular ground that the women of Ontario were not ‘clamouring’ for the privilege. The women of Ontario might very well have replied that to their minds, ‘clamour’ was no special gratification for this or any other privilege, and that they were quite content to wait with patience and dignity till a growing common sense should gracefully yield that which they do not crave as a personal boon, and would seek and use only for the public good. Charles Kingsley’s counsel deserves to be ever borne in mind by all promoters of this movement. ‘By quiet, modest, silent, private influence, we shall win. “Neither strive, nor cry, nor let your voice be heard in the streets,” was good advice of old, and is still. I have seen many a movement succeed by it. I have seen many a movement tried by the other method of striving, and crying, and making a noise in the street. But I have never seen one succeed thereby, and never shall. I do not hesitate to say that unless this movement is kept down to that tone of grace and modesty and dignity which would make it acceptable to the mass of cultivated and experienced, and therefore justly powerful Englishmen and Englishwomen, it will fail only by the fault of its supporters.’ He adds that any sound reformation can come only through the right discharge of ‘the relations that now exist, imperfect and unjust as they are,’ and that ‘only those who have worked well in harness will be able to work well out of harness;—

only those that have been (as tens of thousands of women are every day) rulers over a few things will be fit to be rulers over many things.'

But the question of adequate remuneration for their work is one which women have been suffering from a real and pressing wrong. The principle of paying women less than men for the same work is one so essentially unjust that only a thoughtless and blind conventionality could have so long perpetuated it. Women are often pathetically warned, that if they insist in competing with men they will lose the chivalrous consideration still extended to their physical weakness. Those who look beyond the small formal observances of 'society' may well wonder where this chivalrous consideration, as a rule, existed! It would appear that it is equal to handing a lady from one room to another, or to her carriage (especially if there be a footman in attendance), to picking up her scissors, or maintaining a certain show of deference in conversation, to be too often exchanged for a very different tone in the freedom of the smoking-room; but it cannot stand any tougher strain. To the woman who has her 'way to make in the world,' how rare a boon is the chivalrous, brotherly consideration of the stronger for the weaker, the kindly help and sympathy along the thorny path of life, which we naturally associate with that chivalry of character which would—

'Ride abroad, redressing human wrongs!'

On the contrary, the moment that the principle of self interest comes into play, the average man is more ready to grind down, to over-reach, to under-pay, to cheat outright a woman than a man, just because he thinks he can do it with more impunity. It is small wonder if women feel that the compensation of a thin veneer of social courtesy for the ability to earn an honest independence, is very like offering a stone for bread!

A feminine writer in the *Contem-*

porary Review, not long ago, expressed her fears lest the fast growing movement for training women to self-support and to cherish interests larger than personal ones, may in time so alter the nature and aspirations natural to woman, as to throw into confusion the whole existing scheme of human affairs and become the 'beginning of the end.' Of all the novel theories we have been recently favoured with, this seems one of the wildest, contradicted by all experience, ignoring the 'Divinity that shapes our ends,' and unsupported by any rational probability even then. So far as we have seen yet, the highest cultivation possible to man or woman has not gone in the direction of assimilating their characteristic differences in the least. Neither Mrs. Browning nor 'George Eliot,' two of the most highly cultivated women that the world has seen—have been one iota the less womanly for all their cultivation. Working women of the lower classes are not one whit the less devoted wives and mothers because before marriage they worked hard to earn their own living. Love, in some form or other, will almost always be lord of a woman's life, and a truly happy marriage its most perfect fruition. But a woman will be all the better fitted for marriage if her previous life has not been wasted on trivialities, if her mind and faculties have been trained and disciplined, and if her sacred treasure of affection has not been prematurely frittered away on 'make-believe' *affaires du cœur*. There will be fewer loveless and unhappy marriages, doubtless, when women feel themselves less dependent on marriage as a means of livelihood or a fancied refuge from insupportable *ennui*—but will this be loss or gain to humanity? And there will always, in all probability, co-exist the two types of womanhood—the weaker and more clinging, and the stronger but not less loving, whose husband's heart 'doth safely trust in her.' But just in proportion as woman approaches the

higher ideal that wisely loves rather than weakly worships, that can postpone even the temporary gratification of its own affection to the real good of the beloved object—that would not artfully ‘manage,’ but nobly influence, as one rational being may another; in proportion as her warmer emotions and her livelier imagination are trained and disciplined by true culture, and her more vividly realizing faith gains

the firmer footing of a more intelligent basis—in the same proportion will she be more and more fitted to fulfil her high mission as ‘helpmeet’ for man in an age of restless and clashing thought—and to realize the noble ideal to which Charles Kingsley clung so steadfastly for a quarter of a century—of ‘woman as the teacher, the natural and therefore divine guide, purifier, inspirer of the man.’

 REVERIES.

BY WATTEN SMALL.

THE last year's leaves have fallen, and I tread
 O'er Winter's mantle shrouding field and hill,
 While Memory speaks of former seasons dead,
 And scenes which once the pulse of youth did thrill;
 The old time sweetness of the past is fled,
 And youth no more by golden fancies led.
 Old visions stir the soul and haunt the brain,
 As through these forest aisles we take our way;
 The same to older eyes, yet not the same—
 Life's morn has chang'd to evening cold and grey:
 But nature still a lesson here can teach,
 And chasten and subdue the sterner will;
 Make glad the heart, discreet the vain-blown speech,
 With purest joy the empty bosom fill.

The world grows colder. Selfish, narrow, mean,
 Are human hearts, that wake not to the moan
 Of the distress'd: O, for a crust, a bone,
 Hath been the cry of those whom love hath seen!
 Fettered in narrow lines, and dismal rooms,
 Where God's pure sunlight but in patches dwells;
 While grief and want its tale of misery tells,
 And virtue unregarded lives and blooms.
 For here are forms and faces hearts can love,
 Now pinch'd and wan with penury and woe.
 Go Pity, love, thy sacred mantle throw
 O'er them, and Charity abundance give; above
 The clamour of a noisy world shall rise
 Reward and praise, ascending to the skies.

THE GROWTH OF THE POST OFFICE.

BY T. C. B. FRASER, NAPANEH.

THE nineteenth century may not be inaptly characterized as an age of intense activity. In every branch of life man's energies are subjected to the severest strain. And in an age distinguished by so many remarkable inventions and discoveries, public attention may not unnaturally be withdrawn from those institutions which we have come to look upon as indispensable, forgetting for the moment the slow growth, and the patience, and perseverance which surmounted all obstacles, and eventually rewarded the promoters with success and with the gratitude of humanity. Foremost among the improvements and inventions of modern times stands the Post Office, which, within the last half-century has been brought almost to a state of perfection. The postal system in a very crude state appears to have existed in the earliest times. It is said that the Chinese established stations for the reception of those who brought news. Couches were furnished at these stations, covered with silk and surrounded by rich curtains, 'fit even for a king, should the herald of news be a royal personage.' Herodotus speaks of the 'messages written on the shaven heads of slaves, whose journeyings were delayed until the hair had grown sufficiently to hide the mysterious words, which were thus securely veiled until the friend to whom they were addressed unveiled them with his sword-razor. Another ancient chronicler tells us that men disguised themselves as animals, and bore about them, hidden under the

leopard's skin or lion's mane, some secret written by a friend or a master.

It is recorded by Xenophon that in the ancient empire of Persia, stations were placed at intervals along the principal roads, where couriers were always kept in readiness to bear despatches. The same institutions prevailed among the ancient Romans; but the posts of the olden time were used exclusively for the conveyance of government messages. In England, peddlers, and those whose business caused them to take frequent journeys, carried the letters. As far back as the middle of the thirteenth century, entries are found in the wardrobe accounts of the English kings, of payments to royal messengers for carrying letters to various parts of the kingdom. In 1252, these couriers are styled *cokinus*, *nuncius* and *garcis*. Half a century later, in the wardrobe accounts of Edward I., the same three words occur. The first of such officers of whom a distinct account is given is Sir Brian Tuke, who is described as *magister nunciorum, cursorum, sive Postorum*, 'both in England and in other parts of the king's dominions beyond the seas.' Thomas Cromwell wrote to him in August, 1533, complaining of 'great default in conveyance of letters,' and intimating the pleasure of the king 'that posts be better appointed.' Sir Brian replied, saying, 'The king's grace hathe no moo ordinary postes ne of many days hathe had bitwene London and Calais; and they in no wages, save the post of London in 12d., and Calais 4d. by day,

but riding by the journey, whereof moste part passe not two in a month, and sins October last the postes northwarde, every one at 12d. by day. . . . Sir, ye knowe well that excepte the hakney horses bitwene Gravesende and Dovour, there is no usual conveyance in post for men in this realme, as in the accustomed places of France and other parts; *ne men can kepe horses in redynes without som way to bere the charges, but when placardes be sent for such cause, the constables many times be fayne to take horses out of plowes and cartes, wherein can be no extreme dilligence.* But, sir, not taking on me to excuse the postes, I wol advertise you that I have known, in tymes past, folkes which for their own thanke have dated their letters a day or two more before they were written, and the conveyers have had the blame.' Sixteenth century letter writers knew how to practise fraud as well as their favoured descendants in the nineteenth. Verily, the first Postmaster-General had difficulties to contend with.

In 1545, Sir William Paget and John Mason succeeded Sir Brian Tuke as joint Postmasters-General, under letters patent, receiving a grant of the office to them during their lives and the life of the survivor, and in addition getting a salary of £66 13s. 4d. a year. In 1642, an attempt was made to rob the Chester mail at the foot of Highgate Hill by five persons 'on great horses, with pistols, habited like troopers, who demanded of these deponents, Who had the letters? saying they must have them.' Opening letters three hundred years ago appears to have been a common occurrence. Foreign mails were frequently stopped, and committees appointed to open and read letters. Once a message was sent to the House of Lords, remonstrating on account of correspondence being opened, and they replied 'that they did yield to the opening of letters, but it would be very inconvenient if often used.' Not long after,

the Venetian Ambassador entered a formal complaint to the Lords, and the House resolved 'that four members of this House be forthwith sent to the ambassador to disavow the action, and to endeavour to give him all satisfaction, by declaring how sensible they are of it, as tending to the breach of public faith and the law of nations.' Notwithstanding this resolution, the Act of 1657, mentions, as one of the advantages of a post office, that 'it hath been found by experience . . . the best means . . . to discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designs which have been, and are daily, contrived against the peace and welfare of this Commonwealth, the intelligence whereof cannot well be communicated but by letter of escript.'

The revenues must have largely increased, for under the Government of the Restoration, one Henry Bishop contracted to pay the king an annual rent of £21,500. The new arrangements were embodied in the Act 12, Charles II. c. 35, entitled 'An Act for Erecting and Establishing a Post Office.' It is here we find the earliest record of the franking privilege, a privilege that has been grossly abused, and ought to be largely restricted, if not abolished. A clause was introduced, proposing that all letters addressed to or sent by Members of Parliament during the session, should be sent free, and was carried on a division, after an animated debate. In the course of his remarks Sir Heneage Finch said the measure was 'a poor mendicant proviso, and below the honour of the House.' The Speaker, on putting the motion, said, 'I am ashamed of it.' When the bill was sent up to the Lords, they struck out the clause referring to franking, and the Commons agreed to their amendment. However, in the indenture enrolled in the letters patent, was a proviso for the free conveyance of all letters to or from the king, the great officers of state, 'and also the single inland letters only of the members of the present Parliament during

the continuance of this session of this Parliament.'

In 1649 a post office was established by Edward Prideaux, Attorney-General, who arranged for the weekly transmission of letters to all parts of the kingdom. At that time the rates of postage were for a single sheet at 2d. for 80 miles; 4d. for from 80 to 140 miles; 6d. for above 140 miles; and 8d. for the Borders and Scotland. In 1656 rates were again modified, the charges ranging from 2d. for 7 miles to 14d. for more than 300 miles, and were not materially changed until 1838.

In 1685 a citizen of London, named William Dockwray, founded at large cost a penny post, and engaged to deliver parcels and letters six times daily in the city and four times in the suburbs. In this enterprise he met with much opposition. The porters were losing by the innovation, and the Duke of York, who received the net proceeds of the post office, appealed to the law courts to sustain his monopoly. He was successful in his effort, and Dockwray's scheme was abandoned. The monopoly continued and the system became very corrupt. The franking privilege had been abused to such an extent that 'franks' were signed in thousands by members of Parliament and by some officials, and then sold. It was estimated that if the usual rates had been paid on all franked letters, the revenue would have been increased to the amount of £170,000. Robberies were so frequent about the year 1700 that Acts were passed by the Parliaments of England and Scotland 'making robbery of the post punishable with death and confiscation.'

In 1705, an Act was passed repealing the former statutes, and putting the Post Office on a new basis. A general Post Office was established at London, with chief offices in Edinburgh, Dublin, New York, and other places in the American Colonies, and one in the Leeward Islands.

The first mention we have of the

Post Office in the colonies is the following extract taken from the records of the General Court of Massachusetts in 1639: 'It is ordered that notice be given that Richard Fairbanks, his house in Boston, is the place appointed for all letters which are brought from beyond the seas, or are to be sent thither to be left with him; and he is to take care that they are to be delivered or sent according to the directions; and he is allowed for every letter a penny, and must answer all miscarriages through his own neglect in this kind.'

The colonial laws of Virginia in 1657 required every planter to provide a messenger to carry the despatches as they arrived, to the next plantation, and so on, on pain of forfeiting a hog's-head of tobacco for default. In 1672 the Government of New York established 'a post to go monthly from New York to Boston,' advertising 'those that be disposed to send letters; to bring them to the secretary's office, where, in a locked box, they shall be preserved till the messenger calls for them; all persons paying the post before the bag be sealed up.' It was thirty years before this monthly post was made a fortnightly one. The office of Postmaster-General for America was created in 1692.

In 1784 John Palmer, manager of the Bath and Bristol theatres, recommended to the English Government, the stage coach system. The Government adopted his plan, and the first mail coach ran between London and Bristol on August 24th, 1784. Up to this time the conveyance of letters had been very tedious, and attended with many dangers. Post-boys trudged along at the rate of three miles an hour, and robbing mails was a common occurrence. Palmer was appointed controller of the post office, and was the means of largely increasing the revenue. He effected many improvements, but the increase of trade and correspondence called for something more.

A recent historian says (writing in

1867), 'To effect a change, however, was far from easy. It appears almost incredible to the present generation that thirty years ago the postage of a of a letter was one shilling; but so it was, and this repressive charge led to the adoption of all kinds of expedients to evade it, or led to the practical suspension of all correspondence between scattered members of families among the poorer classes. Illicit modes of conveyance were resorted to, and notwithstanding the prohibitions and fines some carriers were doing as large a business as the post office in the surreptitious conveyance of letters. The evasion of the high charges by contraband means became so common that the officials began to despair of checking the practice.'

The climax was reached, and a great reformation was about to be inaugurated. In 1837, Mr. (now Sir) Rowland Hill suggested his famous plan for post office reform. Mr. Hill wrote a pamphlet, entitled *Post Office Reform, Its Importance and Practicability*, in which he reviewed at length the working of the post office and, threw out hints for its improvement. He stated that the net revenue was more than twice the whole cost of management, from which it appeared that the tax was about 200 per cent. on the natural cost of postage. After referring to the loss of revenue as far from being the most serious of the injuries caused to society by the excessive rates of postage, he said, 'When it is considered how much the religious, moral and intellectual progress of the people would be accelerated by the unobstructed circulation of letters, and of the many cheap and non-political publications of the present day, the post office assumes the new and important character of a powerful engine of civilization, capable of performing a distinguished part in the great work of National Education, but rendered feeble and inefficient by erroneous financial arrangements.'

The revenue had been declining since

1815, and the authorities opposed all propositions to reform, until they were forced to do so by public opinion. Mr. Hill showed that 'the cost of mere transit incurred upon a letter sent from London to Edinburgh, was not more than one thirty-sixth of a penny for half an ounce.' He further showed that the rates of postage were too high, varying with distance; that if a letter contained an enclosure the postage was doubled, and tripled if two enclosures, and quadrupled if over one ounce in weight. The functionaries of the Post Office denounced his scheme as ridiculous and visionary. Lord Lichfield, then Postmaster-General, said in the House of Lords, 'Of all the wild and visionary schemes which I have ever heard of, it is the most extravagant.' He said on another occasion, 'The mails will have to carry twelve times as much in weight, and therefore the charge for transmission, instead of £100,000 as now, must be twelve times that amount. The walls of the Post Office would burst, the whole area in which the building stands would not be large enough to receive the clerks and letters.' Colonel Maberly, the secretary, thought it 'a most preposterous plan, utterly unsupported by facts, resting entirely on assumptions.'

Mr. Hill proposed '*That the charge for primary distribution, that is to say, the postage on all letters received in a post town and delivered in the same, or any other post town in the British Isles, shall be at the uniform rate of one penny per ounce, whether single or multiple, and heavier packets to any convenient limit (say one pound), being charged an additional halfpenny for each additional half ounce. To the rich as to the less wealthy, it will be acceptable from the increased facilities it will afford for their correspondence. To the middle classes it will bring relief from oppression and irritating demands which they pay grudgingly, estimating them even beyond their real amount, be-*

cause probably of their frequent occurrence, which they avoid by every possible contrivance, and which they would consider quite intolerable if they knew that nearly the whole is a tax. And to the poor it will afford the means of communication with their distant friends and relatives, from which they are at present debarred.'

He narrates, at considerable length, the theft of a £50 note from a letter by a post office clerk at Edinburgh, named Wedderburn Nicol. He was a young man, well connected, and bore a good character. He 'was tempted to abstract the letter from having observed the presence and value of the note it contained when, in the discharge of his duty, he held the letter up to a strong light, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it was single or double. His trial took place at Edinburgh, in March, 1834. He pleaded guilty to the charge of theft, and was sentenced to transportation for life.' Such was justice forty-five years ago.

Mr. Hill had an herculean task before him, and his project was subjected to various and vexatious delays. Success at length crowned his efforts, and the measure carried by a majority of one hundred in the House of Commons. After a short experiment of a fourpenny rate, the penny postal system came into operation on January 10th, 1840. Before this time, members of Parliament had the right of franking their letters, but this privilege was abolished. One penny was adopted as the uniform rate for all inland letters weighing not above half an ounce.

Postage stamps were introduced, and on letters posted unpaid double postage was charged. The first design for an envelope was furnished by Mulready. At the end of three years, the only part of Mr. Hill's plan that had been fully tried was the reduction of postage, and the gross revenue of the Post Office was increasing each year.

In 1854, Mr. Hill was appointed Secretary of the Department, and in 1860 was made a K. C. B. In 1864, he retired on his full salary of £2,000, and received a grant from Parliament of £20,000. While these lines are being written, the announcement is made that he is about to receive the freedom of the City of London,—an honour long delayed. The following is a copy of a letter written by Mr. Hill, during his agitation for Post Office reform, in 1837:—

' 2 Burton Crescent,
' May 8th.

' Dear Sir,—Knowing the interest you take in the improvement of the Post Office, I trust you will excuse my requesting your attention to Mr. Wallace's notice for to-morrow.

' I am, dear Sir,

' Your most obed't servant,
' ROWLAND HILL.'

' To Benjamin Hawes, Esq., M. P.

The British regulations provide that no letter shall be above eighteen inches long, nine inches wide, or six inches deep. The Postmaster-General is not held responsible by law for the safe delivery of registered letters or packages, but will make good the contents of a registered letter lost while passing through the British Post Office to the extent of £2, in certain cases, providing the regulations set forth in the Postal Guide have been observed. The Money Order Office became an official department of the Post Office in 1838. This law took effect on 1st January, 1878, and was made in order that the public might make use of registered letters for remitting small sums in preference to money orders, a loss of £10,000 on the money order business of the Post Office having occurred in the year ending 31st March, 1877. The Post Office transacts miscellaneous business for the Inland Revenue Department, such as the sale of receipt stamps, and the granting of dog, gun, game, and other licenses. The Gen-

eral Post Office in St. Martin's Le Grand was built in 1825-29, and the buildings for the telegraph department in 1869-73. The staff of officers and employees attached to the head offices at St. Martin's Le Grand amounts to 5,500 persons. Four hundred mail bags leave London daily, having an average weight of 280 cwt. (219 cwt. being newspapers). The night mails leave the General Post Office at 8 p.m. and arrive at all important towns in England and Wales, and also at Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin, in time for delivery next morning before 9 o'clock. The sorting process is carried on in the night mails, machinery being provided for the exchange of letter bags at the stations along the route, while the train proceeds at its usual speed. 521 pouches were delivered daily in this way in 1877, and 478 received. London possesses the most complete arrangements in the world for delivering letters. Twelve deliveries are made daily in the Eastern Central District, and eleven within the town limits of each of the other districts. In the twenty-third annual report of the Postmaster-General for the year ending 31st March, 1877, it is stated that at that date there were 13,447 post offices in the United Kingdom, of which 896 were head offices, and 10,724 road letter boxes; the number of postal receptacles being thus 24,171 as compared with 4,500 before the introduction of penny postage. In 1876 the number of letters which passed through the Post Office was 1,018,955,200, being 31 per head for the United Kingdom. 33,100 letters were posted without addresses; and of these 832 contained nearly £390 in cash and bank notes, and nearly £5,000 in cheques; 78,575 postage stamps were found loose in different post offices. One registered letter addressed to a bank, and containing £3,000 was found to be unfastened. The net revenue from the Post Office has quadrupled since 1840. The revenue from the Post Office for

the year ending 31st March, 1878, was £6,150,000 and £1,310,000 from the telegraph department. The expenditure was £3,185,346 for the Post Office, £1,137,000 for the telegraph and £763,000 for packet service.

The transmission of books by post was undertaken in 1848. In 1852, Henry Archer's invention for perforating sheets of stamps was purchased for £4,000. Pillar letter boxes were introduced in 1855. By arrangement with the National Debt Commissioners, Post Office Savings Banks were opened in 1861, and the transaction of Government Life Insurance begun in 1865. Lives, between the ages of 16 and 20, may be insured for not less than £20 or more than £100. In 1868, the Post Office acquired power to purchase all the telegraph wires in the country, and began telegraphic business in 1870. Half-penny post cards came into use the same year. The Postmaster-General's report contains several curiosities, and specimens of letters received by the Postmaster-General, from which we select the following:—A person in Aberdeen was observed depositing a letter in a disused street hydrant, and when the cover of the box was removed three other letters were found; the senders having mistaken the water-pillar for a pillar letter box. A letter in course of transit attracted attention on account of a very large seal at the back, which had become slightly chipped, and on examination, gold coins to the value of £1.10s. were found embedded in the wax. It seems incredible that frogs and snakes should be sent by post, yet the report records that such is the case. 'A live snake which had escaped from a postal packet was discovered in the Holyhead and Kingston Marine Post Office, and at the expiration of a fortnight, being still unclaimed, it was sent to the Dublin Zoological Gardens. A packet containing a live horned frog, reached Liverpool from the United States, and was given up to the addressee, who called for it. Another packet, also

from America, reached the Dublin Post Office, containing two live lizards, and was similarly given up to the addressee on personal application.' All sorts of letters were received, asking for information on all manner of subjects. Here is one that should have been answered with as little delay as possible:—

'To the Edetior of the General Post Office, London. Will you please oblige Susannah —— and Walter ——, with the particulars of an aspecial licence to get married—is it possible for you to forward one to us without either of us coming to you—if you enclose the charge and have it returned, would we get one before next Monday week, to get married at ——. If you would kindly send by return to the address enclosed, the particulars, we should feel greatly obliged.' A depositor in the Post Office Savings Bank, fearing that some person might withdraw money on his account, proposed to send his photograph to be used for identifying him, closing his letter with the following request:—'There are some little articles I would like to get from London, and one of them is some natural leaf tobacco, which I would be glad if you sent an ounce of and charge me for it—it is only to be bought in the largest tobacco stores.' In a subsequent letter he expressed surprise that his request had not been granted, and said, that 'the commonest person in America (my country), can speak to General Grant, and there is nothing said wrong about it.' In another case, a woman forwarded her will, and requested to be informed whether it was 'correct in case of death.'

Coming to 'this Canada of ours,' it is interesting to note the improvements that have been effected in the last quarter of a century. The Halifax *Wesleyan*, of February 16th, 1878, contained the following:—'A friend has laid on our table a letter stamped at Toronto, August 10th, 1848, at Quebec, August 22nd, and Halifax, September 1st. Thus, 30 years ago, it

required twelve days for a letter to travel from Toronto to Quebec, and twenty days from Toronto to Halifax. The postage charged on this letter—there was no prepayment in those days—was two-and-ninepence half-penny, 66 cents. Postage from St. John to Halifax was then 28 cents on a single half-ounce letter.

Previous to 1851 the Post Office in Canada was under Imperial control, and was transferred to the Provincial Government on April 6th, 1851. The first report made by a Canadian Postmaster-General after the above date contains some interesting matter. It is dated Quebec, September 1st, 1852, and signed by James Morris, P.M.G. 'The Provincial Act of the 12th and 13th Vic. reduced the postage in Canada upon all letters passing between places within the Province, or within North America generally, to a uniform rate of 3d. per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., whereas, under the tariff in force previous to the transfer, the average charge on each letter was computed to have been as nearly as possible 9d. per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.'

The following sentences can hardly fail to provoke a smile: 'Mail routes have been opened to the shores of Lake Huron, at Kincardine and Saugeen. Daily mails have been established on the important routes from Quebec to Rimouski and Metis; from London to Goderich and Port Sarnia, and from Bytown to Prescott, all previously served by tri-weekly posts.'

..... 'The postal communication between Canada and the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia by land route, *via* Quebec and Temiscouata, has, with the co-operation of those Provinces, been increased from twice to three times a week. An agreement was concluded with the Postmaster-General of the United States, which has continued in satisfactory operation since April, 1851, under which letters pass between any place in Canada and any place in the United States at a postage rate of 6d. currency per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., except to and from

California and Oregon, when, the distance being over 3,000 miles, the rate is 9d. per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.' Mr. Morris further states that the result as regards the revenue had been very satisfactory, and expressed the hope that the time was not far distant when a further reduction could be entered upon. He even ventured to hope that, at the next session of the Legislature, His Excellency would recommend the adoption of a penny postage. Mr. Morris's recommendation was not acted upon, and the rate remained unchanged until the first session of the Dominion Parliament, when '*The Post Office Act, 1867*,' was passed for the regulation of the postal service, which general Act took effect from April 1st, 1868. By this Act a uniform system of Post Office organization was provided for, the ordinary rate of domestic letter postage was reduced from five cents to three cents per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., and the charge on letters sent to and received from the United States was at the same time lowered from ten to six cents per half ounce. The introduction of street letter-boxes in the larger towns and cities is of recent origin. In the Postmaster-General's report for the year ending June 30th, 1865, we find the following:—'Street letter-boxes are being placed in all the principal streets of Montreal for the reception of letters, etc. These boxes will be visited at regular and frequent intervals by letter-carriers charged with the duty of carrying the letters dropped into these boxes to the City Post Office for distribution and mailing.' In 1871, the Canadian Post Card was introduced, and has proved a great boon to all classes. In 1875, a postal arrangement was effected between Canada and the United States,

which provided that the charge on letters passing from one country to the other should be reduced to three cents per half ounce. The reduced rate came into operation on February 1st, 1875, and the correspondence between the two countries has largely increased.

From the report of the Postmaster-General for year ending 30th June, 1878, we glean the following:—Number of Post Offices in Canada, 5,378; 38,730 miles of post route; 44,000,000 letters sent in 1878; 6,455,000 post cards; 1,890,000 registered letters, and 1,250,000 free letters. 12,536 letters were sent to the Dead Letter Office for want of any intelligible address. The revenue for the Dominion was \$1,620,022.21, and the expenditure \$2,110,365.40. At the meeting of the International Postal Congress held at Paris in May, 1878, Canada was admitted a member of the General Postal Union from July 1st, 1878, and in consequence the rate of letter postage between Canada and all Europe became one uniform charge of five cents per half ounce. The report states: 'The admission of Canada to the General Postal Union, with a voice in the future settlement of the conditions of postal intercourse between the nations of the civilized world, is certainly an important incident in the postal affairs of the Dominion.'

The free delivery system is in successful operation in Halifax, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, Toronto, and St. John. The average number of letters delivered annually in the above cities is 7,773,844, and of newspapers 2,896,556, making a total of 10,670,400.

MARGARET'S SORROW.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL, TORONTO.

WHAT particular masculine visage in my album interests you so much this morning, *ma belle Rose* ?

Rose Trevaile looked up at the speaker with a somewhat puzzled expression on her lovely, piquante face.

'Oh, it is Eric—Mr. Forbes—your cousin, I mean! As the time for his arrival draws near I wonder more and more what he is like, whether he has changed much since you saw him, and how we will get on together. This photograph, you say, was an excellent likeness of him?'

'Very, at the time it was taken, but it is not at all probable he will look like that now, after six years of travel and change.'

'I do not believe that you are half as curious about him as I am, notwithstanding the astonishing fact that you are engaged to be married to him.'

Margaret Elliot gave a sweet silvery laugh.

'Our engagement is a thing of the past, and not likely, I think, ever to be spoken of again. When Eric went away, he thought it would be the correct thing to leave a devoted fiancée at home, longing for his return, and following him in spirit all over the world, and I who thought every thing he did was perfect, and being very fond of him, readily accepted the rôle. His first letters were sufficiently ardent, and frequent enough, certainly, being dated from almost every station on the route; but later, if I was impatient for them I had to get over it, for they came only monthly, then quarterly, and now, I assure you, I haven't

had one for over six months, although uncle hears from him regularly; and, if it will gratify you to know it, he received a telegram this morning, bidding us expect him in a few days.'

'Oh, heartless! Not to have told me before! You know, my sweet friend, my position here is rather peculiar, having been adopted by my dear old guardian during his son's absence, and being a perfect stranger to Eric. Of course, if you will be good enough to renew your engagement and marry him at once, you will make everything easy for me, because, as the husband of my dearest sister and friend, I will know how to treat him. I wonder how I will address him! First, "Mr. Forbes," I suppose, very formally, then "Eric——"

'Then, dear Eric,' and finally 'Beloved!' laughed Margaret. 'I would venture to stake anything on my prophecy being fulfilled! You know, dear Uncle Philip is fond of comparing me to moonlight—and what can a poor little ray of moonlight expect, but to be obliterated when a radiant sunbeam appears on the scene! If Eric has not left his heart abroad, *you*, not *I*, will be its possessor.'

'But how about mine, fair prophetess? Is it of no importance in the transaction?'

'O, if Eric storms the citadel, *ma petite*, there is no hope for you! He was always one of those "came, saw, and conquered" sort of personages.'

'Really! I had no idea he was so dangerous? I wonder which day he will come?'

'Your capacity for wondering seems to be illimitable. There are only three more days of this week to choose from, during which you may 'wonder' *sans cesse*, but in the meantime come and have some breakfast.'

Rose Trevaile was a girl that might, indeed, win a man's heart easily; her friend's pet name of 'Sunbeam' was a perfect description of her—bright, warm-hearted, and merry. Every one who knew her loved her. She was one of those girls whose appearance was an outward expression of her character. Her hair was golden brown, and waved and crinkled capriciously over a head that was small and symmetrical. Her features were delicate and refined; her eyes sweet, soft, and brown, with dark and curling lashes; in fine, she was a charming girl, whose universal popularity failed to spoil the natural goodness of her disposition.

Her companion, Margaret Elliot, was a beautiful woman of the ethereal type. The first thing one noticed about her face was the pallor of the complexion; perfectly colourless, it yet had a rich creamy tint which preserved it from conveying the impression of ill-health; her eyes were dark blue, and in shape and expression, lovely beyond compare. Her superb black hair she wore in curls upon the top of her head, which gave a regal, dignified character to a general appearance that was otherwise all softness and womanly grace. Her features were regular and pleasing; she walked with a gentle incline that in no wise suggested a stoop, although her figure was tall and lithe. To some persons, Margaret Elliot was extremely fascinating, both intellectually and physically, and her admirers spoke of her with an enthusiasm which was a matter of astonishment to others, who simply considered her 'nice and ladylike.'

She was an orphan, and had spent all her life with her uncle, who thought her the one woman in the world; and who, all unknown to Margaret, had set his heart upon her union with his son

Eric. He clung to this with that pertinacity peculiar to old people when they undertake to arrange matrimonial affairs to suit themselves, and nothing in Eric's letters pleased his father so much as those passages in which he assured him, that he was still not only heart-whole but fancy-free. He was thankful for the child-bond which bound the two cousins, and it was his intention to consider it a formal and indissoluble tie if Rose's bright face and winning eyes caused Eric to falter in his allegiance to his beloved niece—his 'rare, pale Margaret.' This was a possibility which the shrewd old man did well not to overlook in his plans; for Eric Forbes, as time proved, was not of a nature to appreciate the high order of Margaret's beauty, nor the loftiness of her character, for, although she had at times a playfulness of manner and speech that was quite as child-like as Rose's own, it was only the youthful, sunny side of a grave and serious nature that as yet had known no cloud.

* * * *

'And how do you like being at home, my boy?' asked Mr. Forbes, as he and his son lingered in the dining-room, on the evening of Eric's arrival, gazing fondly and admiringly, as he spoke at the tall, broad-shouldered young man, who, with his arm resting on the mantel-piece in that careless, graceful attitude which has ever been a favourite one with men of elegant figure, was looking into the fire with an expression of perfect content on his handsome face.

'I am delighted to be at home once more!' he said, returning his father's look of affection with a bright kindly smile. 'I realize more fully than ever the truth of Payne's lines. And then when "home" consists of a dear old father, likely to ruin one with goodness, and the two loveliest, most delightful girls to be found the world over, why, one must needs be a very malcontent, if he did not appreciate the bliss of being there.'

'I dare say we will do our best to spoil you—the girls, especially. You are pleased with your new sister then?'

'My new sister? Oh, you mean Rose Trevaile? Yes; so far as I can judge from one evening's acquaintance, she is a charming girl. Bright, sweet, and very pretty.'

'And my pearl of girls—my "rare pale Margaret,"—has not she aroused your enthusiasm?'

Eric gently raised his eye-brows. 'Enthusiasm, my dear father! Is it possible to become enthusiastic about any human being so calmly placid, so deliciously tranquil as my cousin Margaret?'

'Oh, I see your penchant is for vivacity and brilliance; well, you will find those qualities in Rose, but when you tire of them you will value more highly the exquisite repose of manner which distinguishes your betrothed wife.'

Eric stared at his father with a look of blank amazement, which did not even contain the element of enquiry, so thoroughly at a loss was he to understand his meaning. Presently, however, an amused twinkle came into his eyes, and he laughingly said; 'Why, father, for one moment you absolutely terrified me! I feared that I had entered into a matrimonial engagement without being aware of it, and to one who values his liberty as I do, what a terrible mishap that would be! You allude to that absurd and super-romantic notion of mine to engage myself to Margaret before I went abroad? Of course, if she remembered that nonsense for more than a week, it could only have been to laugh at the childish folly of it.'

'I cannot answer for Margaret's memory, but mine has retained the fact very distinctly, perhaps, because it coincided so perfectly with my desires. However, it is too soon, and wholly unnecessary at present, to discuss the subject, but my dear boy, let me tell you that nothing on earth would

make me so happy as to see you married to Margaret; she is a woman in a thousand for loveliness of nature and character, and so, when you are choosing a wife, remember your father's wishes.'

Eric looked somewhat embarrassed and just a trifle annoyed. Had he withstood the sieges of match-making mothers, and equally match-making daughters in all quarters of the world, besides the more subtle danger of sincere affection and admiration, which this handsome rich young American won so easily from the fair daughters of every clime—had he escaped this, he asked himself, to be the victim of a matrimonial scheme, the first thing on his return?

His father saw the shade of displeasure, and hastened to say, 'but come, the girls are waiting us in the drawing-room, and no doubt, pulling you to pieces in the unmerciful manner peculiar to their sex.'

Eric smiled complacently as he followed his father from the room. Without being an abnormally conceited young man, he knew well that, when in the hands of fair critics, he was in no danger of a harsh judgment.

As time passed, the serene happiness which had hitherto existed in Mr. Forbes' household was disturbed. The more Eric thought of his father's project, and he now found it impossible not to think of it every day of his life, the more distasteful it appeared to him. It was not that he liked his cousin Margaret less than formerly, it was simply to make use of Brutus' very expressive distinction that he loved Rose more. Margaret's prophecy had come true, and Eric's heart, hitherto held so securely in his own keeping, was lost to the little stranger, who had entered like a sunbeam into his father's family. Margaret herself was the first to become aware of the state of affairs, and by the cold deathly chill that struck to her heart when she realized the fact, she knew, also, that *she* loved her cousin Eric—loved

him with the one great constant passion of her life.

'I love him!' she cried, between her closed teeth, as she watched him from an upper window, slowly strolling round the garden paths with Rose by his side, on a lovely evening in early June.

'I love him! Oh, humiliation worse than death! Unsought and unasked, I have let my heart go from me to one who loves another! and she—as the thirsty flowers drink in the summer showers, yielding their own sweet perfume in the return, so does she return his love! I will tear his image from my heart, banish all thought of him from my mind! But no—that is impossible. Too well I know myself; nothing but death, if even that, can kill my love! It must be hidden, buried deeply away where no one will even guess that it has an existence. Ah the woe—the despair of knowing that I love where I am not loved! That one day he will be the husband of another!'

And that was how she welcomed the event about which she had joked so pleasantly with her friend. Oh, the irony of fate!

'Will you ride with us this morning, Margaret? Rose wishes to go for a canter.' It was Eric who spoke, and, as she raised her face to answer, he thought how marble-like it was, and how unfathomable were her deep violet eyes. Of course he wished her to refuse, and she knew it. His manner, unknown to himself, betrayed him, notwithstanding his perfect good-breeding and politeness.

'Would I not be *de trop*?' she asked, smiling archly.

He looked at her a moment, and then a pleased, surprised expression dawned on his face. 'What a fool I have been to worry about a marriage with this girl!' passed rapidly through his mind; 'why she doesn't care a particle for me, more than as a cousin, and wouldn't marry me if I were ten times her devoted slave! More than

that she is aware of my admiration—love—for Rose, and approves of it. Thank heaven, with her assistance we can frustrate my poor father's plans in the simplest and most natural manner.'

'Dear Margaret,' he said, gratefully, touching her hand, 'I would like a *tête-à-tête* with Rose this morning, if you will pardon my abominable rudeness. I have something to say to her—but stay; I am in a quandary! Margaret, my sage councillor in days gone by, advise me.'

'Speak! Demand! We will answer!' said Margaret, quoting the Witches in Macbeth, while every word he uttered pierced her heart, for she knew she was to be made the confidante of his love-tale, and that later she would be obliged sympathetically to listen to the overflowings of Rose's happy feelings. It was a severe trial, but, difficult as it was to meet, she was thankful, for it proved that her own secret was safe.

'I love Rose Trevaile,' he said, 'and you, with your quick woman's eye, have divined it. I do love her, Margaret, with my whole heart—who could know her and not love her? You have known her longer than I; tell me, is she not a rare combination of beauty, talent, and goodness of disposition?'

Margaret laughed. "I agree with you in everything! Rose is a darling, and I am glad—oh, very glad! that she has won your heart, for she loves you.'

'Oh! do you think so? Are you sure?'

'Sure? Yes; we women know the symptoms in one another. But you would much rather she told you herself than I, wouldn't you? Ask her, and make yourself and her happy. She will not keep you in suspense. Like Juliet, she has not cunning to be strange?'

'But it is on that point I want your assistance. My father—he will not consent.'

'Not consent? What possible ob-

jection can my uncle have to your marriage with Rose? She is beautiful, high-bred, and rich, and he loves her as a daughter already. You are surely mistaken.'

'Well, Margaret, my dear father is absurd enough to have "other intentions" regarding my disposal in the field of matrimony.'

Margaret's face flushed to the roots of her hair; her very ears tingled with the unusual emotion of indignation and alarm, and the fire leaped into her eyes till they sparkled like great sapphires.

'My uncle could not be so absurd, so foolish! It is preposterous; it is not right! Excuse my warmth,' she added, with a nervous laugh, as she met Eric's surprised gaze, 'but anything like coercion in marriage affairs always calls forth my greatest indignation.'

'I am grateful to have an enthusiast on my side,' Eric said, kissing her cheek. She grew deathly white, and turned faint at the caress, but quickly recovering, she said, speaking rapidly,

'You love Rose and she loves you. Nothing must come between you—nothing *shall*. It is my pet scheme, that you and she should be married, and I won't be disappointed. There, now, I have confessed myself that intolerable creature, a match-maker! See, there are the horses. Go, settle it with Rose, and I will manage "mine uncle."' And, with an airy lightness that was *too pronounced* to be natural, if Eric had understood her better, she left him.

'Bless the girl; she has lifted a weight from my heart! Why, father will have to relinquish his "pet scheme" when he finds that his Rare pale Margaret wouldn't have me on any terms.'

He stepped out of the open French window and met Rose on the piazza; she was standing against a pillar switching the climbing vines with her riding-whip, and, with her bright

drooping plumes and glowing face, making a pretty picture in the dark-green setting.

'Has Margaret gone to put on her habit?' she said, colouring vividly as she encountered his glance in which the ardent love which he had been just discussing, beamed without disguise.

'No; Margaret will not ride with us. She wishes to spend the morning with my father.'

'Oh! then we will have to go alone,' said Rose; and having arrived at this logical conclusion, she ran down the garden-path, not so sorry, perhaps, at the loss of Margaret's company as she would have been a few weeks before. She waited at the gate for Eric, and, placing her tiny foot in his hand, sprang lightly into the saddle, and together they cantered merrily away. Rose chatted gaily and incessantly, and the exercise increased her vivacity to a degree that was a little beyond her own control; as they entered a beautifully inviting expanse of country, she touched her horse smartly and went off at a gallop. Eric was startled. He saw that for some reason she was unduly excited, hence his alarm, though he knew her to be an excellent horsewoman under ordinary circumstances.

'Pray, don't do so!' he cried, as he overtook her; 'your horse is very spirited, and you do not know the ground!' She only threw back a saucy glance at him and darted off again.

'Rose, darling—Hear me!—stop—one moment!'—but before he had finished speaking she had lost her seat and was lying motionless on the green sward, while her horse, much surprised at his riderless condition, was snorting inquiringly under a neighbouring tree. In a few moments Eric had leaped from his horse and was kneeling at her side.

'Are you hurt? Oh, Rose, my own sweet love, speak to me! Look at me!'

Rose sat up; her hat had fallen off and her hair hung over her shoulders in dishevelled luxuriance; she tossed it back from her face, which was dyed with blushes, and wore a slightly mortified expression.

'I do not know whether I am hurt or not! I'll tell you presently, when I have recovered that erect posture which nature designed for my species. In the mean time, please to hand me my hat and assist at my toilette!' and she laughed a little constrainedly, then burst into a merry peal at his perplexed look as he obediently did as she had told him.

'Thanks—no, I'm not hurt—only shaken! Shall we remount?'

'Not if you are going to ride so wildly! You might have been killed, and I told you ——'

'There! never mind the rest! We women have the monopoly of that phrase, and you musn't encroach. I'm sufficiently *shaken* for my recklessness without having to be *scolded* too! Besides, it was all your fault!'

'My fault?' said Eric, astounded. 'I know you are clever, and have a creative fancy, but if you succeed in proving that accusation, I will not scold another word!' and as he spoke he drew close to her and threw his arm around the little trembling form. 'Tell me, now—how was it my fault?'

'Why, because you startled me so—by calling—me—darling! And now I've lost my reputation for fine horsemanship, and its all your fault!'

He bent and kissed the pouting lips. 'You must get used to the expression, *my darling*, or your neck will be in constant danger. As for your horsemanship, no one witnessed your downfall but myself, and I vow to keep the secret sacredly on one condition.'

'Name it, Tyrant! I see you are inexorable!'

'Only this—that you will say, "Eric, I love you, and I will be your wife!"'

Rose then hesitated, then murmured the words, and slipped from his encircling arm.

'Come!' she said, 'I am anxious to redeem myself. Let us mount.' And slowly riding, only occasionally speaking, they returned home in a calm state of happiness, which was as near perfection as this world affords.

Rose flew upstairs to Margaret, and Eric went straight to his father's study. They found everything smooth and ready prepared for them. Margaret received Rose's announcement with sympathy and delight, and poured forth expressions of pleasure and congratulation. Mr. Forbes gave his unqualified consent to the marriage.

'It is not just as I had planned, my boy, but since Margaret and you are not for each other, I could not choose a better, sweeter wife for you than our little Rose. You have my approval and blessing. Send Rose to me.' And Eric left him, too happy and well-satisfied to notice the abrupt dismissal, or the weary disappointment in his father's face.

Mr. Forbes had suffered a keen disappointment; more than that—a bitter grief, for he knew Margaret's secret, and his heart ached with love and pity for her. She had gone directly to him upon leaving Eric that morning, and laying her hand upon his arm, 'Uncle,' she had said, in her sweet low tones, a little monotonous from restraint, 'Eric and Rose love one another. You must not oppose their union!' And then, in answer to his impatient gesture of dissent and annoyance, she continued passionately: 'My happiness, my very life depends upon it!' and, sinking on her knees by his side, and clasping his hand, she sobbed, 'Oh, uncle, you who are everything to me—father, mother, all—if you love me, help me now! He loves *her*—not *me*, and they must not know, must not guess, what you have discovered.'

The old man was inexpressibly touched; he had never seen her so

affected before. He lifted her in his arms and soothed her tenderly. 'Be calm, my sweet child! you are acting hastily,' he said, when she was quieter. 'Eric is betrothed to you, and will return to his allegiance when his first fancy for Rose's pretty face has flickered itself out. It is my fondest wish that he should wed you, and he must.'

'Uncle, do not tempt me with that childish bond, which, trivial as it is, Eric would respect if it were insisted on! But what do I say? There is no temptation! What, entrap a man into a marriage against his inclination! Where is your pride, and where, think you, is mine? If your son were to ask me to marry him in deference to your commands alone, I should quietly refuse, but if he asked me out of pity because of my mad love for him, I should *kill* myself, if I did not die of shame.'

Her uncle looked at her, as she stood with flaming eyes and face of marble pallor. 'You are right,' he said at last. 'Forgive me, Margaret, if I sought to sacrifice your woman's dignity to my own selfish wishes. Eric may marry Rose, and you will stay with your old uncle always, and take care of him. Will you not?'

'Always,' she said, softening at once, and kissing his forehead with a quivering lip. 'Always,' and giving him one of her sweet, moonlight smiles, she escaped to her own room.

* * * *

Rose Trevaile was a lovely bride, and her radiant beauty shone more by contrast, when she stood beside her pale bridesmaid, who, in gauzy draperies of snowy white, bent over her like a gentle lily, arranging and admiring her shimmering robes of creamy silk and lace.

After Eric and Rose had gone, Mr. Forbes feared for the health and strength of his much-loved Margaret, but without cause. She was in every way her old self, only a little more reserved and unfathomable to those who did not comprehend her. And, as years rolled by, and her raven hair whitened, though not with age, there was a saintliness, the sacredness of a great though hidden grief, about Margaret Elliott that caused even the poor and needy, to whom she was a ministering angel, to stand in awe of her, for

'Those who saw her snow-white hair,
Her dark, sad eyes, so deep with feeling,
Breathed all at once the chancel air,
And seemed to hear the organ pealing.'

SONNET.

(From the *Italian of Petrochi*.)

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

I ASKED of TIME, 'Who raised the structure fair
Which your stern power has crumbled in decay?'
He answered not, but fiercely turned away,
And fled on swifter pinions through the air.
I said to FAME: 'O thou who dost declare
With lofty voice, the glories of the past,
Reveal the tale.' Her eyes on earth she cast,
Confused and sad, and silent in despair.
Then turned I wondering where, with ruthless stride,
I saw OBLIVION stalk from stone to stone,
O'er the fall'n towers: 'O answer me, I cried,
Dark power! unveil the fact!' But in dread tone
'Whose it *was* once,' he sullenly replied,
'I know not—reck not—*now* it is my own.'

DEPRECIATION OF BANK STOCKS.

BY K. N. M'FEE, B.A., MONTREAL.

THE unprecedented decline in the price of bank stocks during the past year has excited unwonted comment in financial circles, and the discussion has directed the attention of members of Parliament to the imperfection of our banking laws. The opinion is generally expressed that the evils complained of can be remedied by legislation; but there is a great want of concurrence among financial writers as to the causes of the depreciation, and also as to the remedy which should be applied. Some writers hold that the low price of stocks is due to the manipulations of the brokers; others ascribe it to the excess of banking capital in the country; while others consider it as the result of a *pro tanto* depreciation in the actual value of the assets of the banks. The respective merits of these several opinions will be discussed in the following pages.

In reading over the list of shareholders of any of our leading banking institutions one is struck with the number of shares held in trust, and by women and professional men. An attentive examination of these lists shows that more than one half of the shares of our chartered banks are held by non-commercial persons. These shares represent the savings and accumulations of previous years which have been invested in bank stocks as permanent and *bona fide* investments. The dividends on such shares are frequently the sole income of the holders, and are wholly expended for ordinary maintenance. The remaining shares are held by commercial men engaged in active business, and by speculators

whose investments are more or less fluctuating and uncertain.

At particular periods of our commercial history a large and rapid increase has taken place in the banking capital of the country, and it is important to ascertain by which of these two classes of investors the new stock is principally taken. The accumulations of non-commercial holders are regular and constant, and generally do not exceed their dividends. For they are not engaged in any business or speculation by which rapid wealth is acquired. Their purchases of new stock, therefore, will be regular, constant, and limited. But the membership of this class is constantly changing, and the amounts of their investments change likewise. Minors, whose shares are held in trust, become of age and engage in business. Women marry or remarry and transfer their dowers from bank stocks to their husbands' business. Thus there is a continuous flow of capital from active business to permanent investments, and *vice versa*. But the outgoing and incoming streams are nearly equal in volume, so that the change in the individuality of non-commercial investors does not increase bank capital to any extent.

Additions to the number of such investors, however, are generally attended with an augmentation of capital. It is our axiom in political economy, that when one investment gives a larger return than others, capital will be attracted to that which affords the greatest profit. Thus if banks are paying from ten to sixteen per cent.

dividends per annum when money in other investments only yield eight per cent., people will naturally prefer to invest their savings in bank stocks. Capitalists, too, would, in like manner, be induced to withdraw their money from less paying ventures and place it in bank stocks in order to obtain the high dividends. The consequence of so much capital seeking this form of investment would be the establishment of new banks and a large increase of bank stock. This was what took place in the prosperous years between 1870 and 1874. Part of the new stock was subscribed by the non-commercial portion of the community, but the greater portion was taken up by business men. For the former are naturally more conservative and less disposed to speculation than the latter, and they do not so readily change the nature of their investments. Therefore, the increase in bank capital was brought about principally by the commercial class, and in order fully to understand their influence upon the stock market, it is necessary to consider carefully the character of their transactions. This can be done most clearly by an example.

A. is a leading dry-goods merchant, B. is an extensive dealer in hardware, C. is engaged in the wholesale grocery trade and D. is a large manufacturer. In times of commercial prosperity, when goods sold as quickly as they were manufactured or imported, these four merchants accumulated great wealth. A considerable part of their assets consisted in the promissory notes of their customers, some of which they discounted, but the larger portion they were able to hold without discounting. When the banks began paying large dividends, these merchants were carried away in the general excitement about bank stocks, and determined to invest some of their surplus capital in that way. But the premium on existing bank stocks had reached a high figure and the four capitalists considered it would be a paying venture to start a new bank. Each of

them subscribed a large amount of stock and their friends were easily induced to subscribe the balance. By this means the nominal bank capital was increased a million dollars, but not the available capital. For the amounts of these subscriptions were chiefly obtained by discounts from other banks and only a small proportion was actual capital awaiting investment. This increase of capital, therefore, was merely nominal and added nothing to the strength of the banks. It furnished no additional funds with which they could give increased accommodation to their customers, but was simply the withdrawal of money from the banks in one shape to return it to them in another. This is shown by the following table of the position of the various Canadian banks, on the 31st December, in the years mentioned :

Year.	Paid up Capital.	Discounts.	Volume of Trade.
1870.....	\$32,000,000	\$72,500,000	\$161,000,000
1872.....	47,000,000	107,000,000	190,000,000
Increase.	15,000,000	34,500,000	29,000,000
1875.....	61,000,000	126,000,000	198,000,000
Increase.	14,000,000	19,000,000	8,000,000

The discounts increase legitimately and naturally in about the same ratio as the volume of trade, for the larger the trade, the larger must the discounts be to carry it on. Between 1870 and 1872 the increased trade, amounting to twenty per cent., as shown by the imports and exports, would account for the same percentage, or about 15 millions of increased discounts, leaving nearly 20 millions to be accounted for by the 15 millions of increased capital of that year, and by such loans as would result from the competition of the new banks which would not otherwise have been taken. Between 1872 and 1875 the enlarged volume of trade caused an increase of four and a half per cent., or nearly five millions of the increased discounts, leaving a balance of 14 millions which is exactly counterbalanced by the increase of bank capital in that year. The result, therefore, of this period of commercial

prosperity is a large increase in the nominal amount of bank capital, which has been effected by a corresponding increase in the amount of discounts.

In a period of depression the respective influences of these two classes of investors upon bank stocks are somewhat similar. The non-commercial class would not readily part with their stocks at a decline of fifty per cent. so long as they were receiving regular dividends, consequently the break in the stock market was not caused by their pressing sales. The commercial investors, however, are often found to sell out their stock in order to meet their business engagements. The numerous failures, too, which are constantly occurring throw large amounts of stock upon the market, many of the insolvents having been holders of stock. At first, these shares found ready purchasers, but as failure after failure occurred and more stock was constantly offered for sale, the market became literally overstocked, and prices fell. A great diminution of trade followed. The exports and imports fell off twenty five per cent. and now barely exceed those of 1870. The deposits at notice and the circulation, which are the most profitable part of the banking business, and the truest gauge of a country's prosperity, exhibit little change during the present decade. But the paid up capital has nearly doubled and the discounts have increased over fifty per cent. in the same period. Both are now greatly in excess of the requirements of the country, the decrease since the time of greatest inflation being insignificant. There is thus a larger amount of bank stock in the country than there is capital available for such investment. Additional capital may be obtained by attraction from other ventures, but to accomplish this, bank stocks must decline in price sufficiently to make them the most desirable investments. A great decline, however, is not required, for a slight advantage will suffice to change

the flow of capital into any desired channel. If a heavy decline occurred and bank stocks fell below their actual value, a reaction would set in, capital would be attracted to them, and prices would rise in response to the increased demand. The course of the stock market is like the swinging of the pendulum, now on one side, now on the other, and finally becoming stationary at the point in which price and value correspond. The mere excess of bank stocks, therefore, does not account for their low price, and the reduction of the bank capital to the actual requirements of the country by legislation would cause only a slight appreciation in their value, but not sufficient to be of any great benefit to stock-holders.

The surplus bank stock has, however, another bearing on the price of stocks by the opportunity it affords for the speculation of brokers. It is urged that were there no excess of bank capital—'no loose shares knocking about the market'—brokers would be deprived of their principal material for speculation, and of an important agency of influencing the market. But the brokers have no such influence upon stocks as has been attributed to them. They may, by misrepresentation, by insinuations, and by giving currency to false rumours, occasion a temporary decline in some particular stock; but, if there is no valid reason in the position of the bank for such decline, it cannot be maintained. They might, by this means induce permanent investors to sell out this particular stock, but their interest would lead them to persuade their principals to invest in some other stock, and when one broker sells short another buys long, and the efforts of the former to put down prices are counteracted by those of the other to keep them up. Thus the general price of stocks is not permanently affected by the action of the brokers, and restrictive legislation with respect to their business is no

more required than it is with respect to grain and produce brokers.

The result of our inquiry, therefore, is that the market price of bank stocks is generally their actual intrinsic value, based upon a fair valuation of the assets of the banks, and their power of earning dividends. When the stock of one bank sells at a greatly lower price than another it is because the assets of the latter are actually more valuable and profitable than those of the former. The general decline, therefore, in the price of all bank stocks is owing to the depreciation in value of the assets of the banks. These consist principally of promissory notes which they have discounted, and which are more or less valuable according to the ability of the borrowers to retire them upon maturity. That many of these notes are of questionable value is abundantly established by the history of our commerce during the past four years. Previous to that period, the business failures of the community ranged from seven to ten millions of dollars per annum, equal to about six per cent. of the total discount and thirteen per cent. of the paid up bank capital. Since 1874, the failures have averaged more than twenty-five millions of dollars per annum, or about twenty per cent. of the discounts and fifty per cent. of the capital. It cannot be doubted that a large share of the loss resulting after the payment of the dividends of

the insolvent estates had to be borne by the banks, and it is the certainty of this loss, and the uncertainty of the value of the notes now under discount which keeps down the price of bank stocks, and makes capitalists shy of investing in them. If twenty per cent. of the amount now under discount be worthless, the bank capital is reduced forty per cent., for the discounts are twice as large as the capital. It is reasonable to infer, however, that the assets of the banks are now more valuable, proportionally, than they were previous to these failures, for the weak and unreliable firms have been mostly swept away, and those which remain are such as have been able to withstand the storms of the past four years, and like giant oaks of the forest, still continue erect and unassailable in the midst of surrounding disaster. The revival of business, and the restoration of confidence in the solvency and integrity of our commercial men, of which the first beginnings are now manifesting themselves, will bring about a healthy and decided improvement in the price of bank stocks, which no legislation can give. Until such reaction, it is useless to attempt to advance the price of bank stocks by legislation, although more effective measures might be taken for obtaining comprehensive and exact statistics of the actual position of our banks.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IMMIGRATION.

BY WM. BROWN, GUELPH.

TO the European during the seventeenth century, the significance of the term 'home,' was limited by an inter-kingdom temporary visiting—in comparatively few cases taking a permanent shape even within their own area. This was prior to 'Murray,' of course, but even his patrons are still unacquainted with home as the heart-throb of one nation towards another, of the daughters towards the mother in all their feelings of childhood, youth, and mature age as implanted in the old nest and since carefully, yea, even religiously taught, amid all the turns and changes in new lands.

All animal life, progressively in nature, is identical as regards growth, superabundance, decay, and death; it is but one plan in the great unity of things; and, in the analogy for our present purpose, the older nations must 'swarm' as effectively, if not as regularly, as the lower orders. This is called 'immigrating,' or going into another country for permanent residence.

We propose briefly to enquire into some of the causes that regulate this phase of human existence, and our readers must understand that the *general* condition of things will be handled, not special ones, unless so named.

The first conception of change is engendered by the individual or corporate want of something essential to his, her, or their view of pleasant existence, or of the knowledge of something that would likely tend to better that existence, whether morally, socially, or commercially.

History supplies a few examples of the religious immigrating element within the present century, where a

minority, being interfered with in their particular worship, have had to remove to a new home in order, primarily, to avoid such persecution, but substantially to improve their social and commercial positions; the one was but the instrument to the others. Had independent wealth, by possession of landed estate, been the original lot of the assembly of individuals having an unity of belief, it is almost certain that under severe pressure the moral something would have gone to the wall. Material wealth may not entirely kill, but it largely deadens what is called the 'martyr spirit.' It was so in the days before Christ, it is so now.

When a community of individuals agrees to establish certain domestic arrangements that have to be recognised by their own public religious forms, but which are at such variance to the social prosperity of the great majority of the state, the preponderating moral sense drives out the anomaly. We have not to seek far for a remarkable case of this; so recent and remarkable, that even immigration and migration are not likely to afford the usual isolation and peace.

The good or bad of those moral and social specialities are not our present theme, interesting though they be.

The pedigree of the general immigrant is not to be sought for among any branch of fanatics—it is as much the outcrop of adversity as of prosperity; not so much the result of driving as of free-will action; more the desire of the speculative, and not so much the condition of 1 Timothy, vi. 8.; not so much the act of the ignorant as of the intellectually advanced; more the spirit of adventure than

that of discontent ; as much the refuge of the thriftless single as of the family provident ; and by all odds will be found clearly traced in man's ambition to own land ; it is, indeed, the charm of being able to call so many acres of this world's surface, ' my property.'

It is more the aim of the moderate in means than he of much money ; not so much the place of the poor man nor the resting place of the rich ; not so much the field of the inactive, as he of restlessness and indecision ; as much the scene of the intellectually ambitious, as that of the sordid and improvident.

Adversity, so called, will ever send her hundreds a year into new homes, more, however, to the good of the individual than of the chosen nation, because more of it arises from habits of speculation and improvidence than from those of steady industry and care ; but if the adversity has been of the nature of things over which we have no control, then the nation will benefit as much as the individual.

Prosperity of the kind that savoureth of sloth or pleasure has its representatives in new lands, and an end invariably unfavourable to both. Yet, if it is of the sort spoken of in ' talent' to be accounted for, the end is clearly a hundred fold for the good of all.

The iron hand of the many-acred man of eviction notoriety has, after all, not sent so many thousands to the lands of unclaimed wild animals and heatherless commons as the silent monitor of self-respect, or the persuasive tongue of the foreign agent.

While probably not by thousands, our subject can count by hundreds, at least, those who directly purchase land ' with the expectation of a contingent advance in value, and a consequent sale at a profit,' both by non-residence and actual personal holding. There is, however, certainly more of this than the other extreme, of being content with food and raiment, which, while it does exist as a sparse fact in

most new countries, is by no means the spirit that governs the condition.

Neither are the wholly ignorant to be found among the builders of a young progressive nation where every faculty, mental and physical, may at any time be called into requisition to meet special exigencies for self or others, or for both. Division of labour, even of the mental order, is necessarily long in an embryotic state, where full maturity of most things must wait the progress of their neighbours in order to form a sufficient advance guard, safe to cope with older and similar national developments elsewhere ; so then, but for the larger stream of men above the average of their fellows intellectually, either at home or abroad, the world would never have mapped the present United States of America, and some British Colonies—and thus it shall ever be.

Still further, aside from the mere followers of Nimrod and Walton, there is a strong power of fascination, approaching to adventure, in any of the ordinary pursuits of life, when that pursuit changes its sphere of action to the extent implied in our subject. Herein, indeed, must be sought a good deal of the first spirit of colonization when the ideal had stronger power on men's minds, and when conditions attendant upon realization demanded greater sacrifice of life and property than now. It must be remembered, however, that the item of discontent had, or has, little or no share in these restlessnesses ; airyness is not usually associated with bad humour or sulks, and hence immigration thus classed is no patron of babyhood habits.

Were we unable to chronicle the next piece of our philosophy, we would not have much of a leading chapter in the history of all new countries. The ways of the thriftless single are indeed wonderful and hard ! many take the form, if not the reality, of actual homelessness :—

' Round the wide world in banishment we roam.'

He is not difficult to find—the itinerant clerk, third-class bar-room server, agricultural annoyance, and general loafer. The machinery of sound immigration is being now and again temporarily deranged by the accumulation of such froth, yet it needs no strong wind to clear off, though some time to re-lubricate. The counterpoise of this brings, with industry, a wife and numerous family, able and willing to help, ready to suffer, keen to realize, and safe at holding; the chief aim *land*, the one grasp, *area*; the great idea, *ploughable surface*; the grand plan fields upon *fields*; the dream, bursting barns and fat cattle, and the one passion, *land*.

But immigration has bearings of another order, as practical and important as those sketched.

Wealth at home seldom seeks wealth abroad, because well-to-do loves to let well alone. The substantial backing of any new country, that is its agriculture, is due no thanks to the moneyed immigrant. Not many graves of the old country wealthy are to be seen in colonial cemeteries. It is not the practice of affluent humanity to delight in subduing nature and aiming at the two blades of grass; neither are the poor ones of us in this work, by reason partly of this very distinction, and also of a sort of inherent beggarliness. The world has to look to the moderate in means for mastering of difficulties and making progress. This unsatisfied ambition, and large family, makes the right stuff in framing the wealth of new nations. Not that we overlook the fact of much of this ambition being spurious as regards constancy under the difficulties, and of the indecision, when associated with other lines of life that at the time seem more remunerative and agreeable.

So then, immigration with inaction means more than failure—it means death; this is true to all measures of the purse, and is particularly so for the heavy one. How rare to find, say

in farming, a case of success by starting with large means and *no physical daily self-application*. It may seem a paradox, yet it is a singular truth that when the average man begins on an average subject with \$30 per acre, his success is more certain than if he had had \$100 per acre.

In case the positions thus far propounded should be set down as the vulgar muscular type of our nature and existence, we are willing to allow another one.

The intellectual field in new countries is as prolific as it is dangerous, and probably as satisfying as it is uncertain. The church, the law, medicine, education, engineering and surveying, and, shall we add, politics, may even be taken as within the range of our imported intellect. Thus then, prolific enough, but our observation and experience put them down as a dangerous element in the economy of immigration. Youth being more assimilable than two-score, there is, to some extent, room for the learned professions, but, as a whole, new blood is not needed, and if needed at all should be far above the average of the resident stock; for here permit this estimate, namely, that the average ability of any one calling or profession in Europe is not equal to the same thing on the American continent. This follows from our previous arguments, though, of course, it is not admitting there is superior ability.

The philosophy of immigration is, therefore, a deep study in political economy. To know what is wanted, how it should be got, and to what extent encouraged. These agriculturally embrace several careful considerations; not only a thorough knowledge of the country as adapted to cultivation of crops or grazing, but such questions as these:—Are free grants of lands advisable? What should guide settlement duties? Where should help in immigration come from? What works should precede settlement? The regulation of area per capita, and

the thorough work of European agencies.

We have no hesitation in asserting that prosperity in immigration is at times dangerous to national steadiness. All fevers are dangerous, and judging from the past any rush for land should be guarded against in wise legislation. It is quite easy to note impolitic liberalism in much of American rural economy during the last twenty years. The want of steadiness has made as many reverses as equal the extra temperature by the fever, at the same time that the subject has become weakened in constitution, naturally following the effects of the disease. It would have been better had more conservatism been displayed in some national enterprises, the while that conservatism is inimical to wide progress.

We have already seen what is wanted, let us show how it should be got: In this it will be well, meantime, to limit our observations to what we feel most intimate with, that is, with reference to Canada and Britain.

A fever of far more national value and significance than any gold digging one is at present rampant in every Province of the Dominion; that fever is land—land in Manitoba. Of all things that have impressed us most in the history of Canada, during the last twenty years, none has been so strange as the *apparent discovery* of new parts good for settlement. Decade after decade can show its fever page in respect to centres of agricultural attraction, where thousands upon thousands have and are now being drawn towards either ruin, independence, or fortune. Previous to any of these swarmings, little really was known of much north of latitude forty-five degrees in Ontario, and of that west of Lake Superior. To have suggested to the majority of Canadians, even ten years ago, that such fields were worth inspection for their second and third sons, would have been risking one's friendship for life, irrespective of the question of insanity. To them, therefore, the established

fact of arable wealth existing elsewhere than in old Ontario is indeed a discovery. The result is something new in our history—a migration from the old to the new Provinces. The significance of this is worth comment, and should be carefully weighed by our legislators. The case here is not one of immigration proper but a rising of the young yeomanry of Ontario, who, reasoning from our previous philosophy, must be cream and not froth. This fact at once establishes other two, *i.e.*, that no such movement would hold as it is doing unless with substantial backing of encouragement by advice and money from the old folks, and that Manitoba must be standing the test of the shrewd, practical, far-seeing, and experienced Canadian farmer.

There are advantages and dangers in this question. The advantages are a showing to the world that where Canadians lead, others may safely follow, or are sure to find a good subject, at least not misapplied, in farming practices as so notably mark many immigrants. These influences will be very valuable.

The dangers are, (1) a prejudicial thinning of Ontario youth, which may take a military or strictly commercial bearing for the Dominion, and (2) the speculative object only, and not the view of a permanent residence in the new Province. It is just quite possible that very many of our farmers' sons are being sent west to select their 160 acres of free grant and to purchase as much more of the best in adjoining, or other parts, as individual means will afford, and, after having performed the necessary improvements to secure the patent, return home, and use the square mile as a 'spec.' To our thinking the latter is the bigger danger of any—speaking for the Dominion's and Manitoba's rapid settlement and increase of value.

We must not in this omit reference to a point which also seriously affects older Canadian farms. Is the present

exodus necessary by reason of want of room in Ontario? We answer yes and no. Our opinion goes upon the belief that in Canadian practice there is too much greed for surface, and too little looking to model, farming. An average Ontario family of three sons, two daughters, and parents, with their 200 acres, are independent even with one-fourth uncultivated. One of the sons does not follow the plough, the two others would prefer it; sub-division of the farm is not common and not advisable, so it is arranged that the elder looks to continuing in the homestead and the younger to be assisted in securing new land, or a neighbouring farm. But the sons of the pioneers are not necessarily pioneers. Were they so, or were they willing to take cheap land to be improved, there is plenty of it still in old Ontario. We do not say that the battle of the axe is a neglected accomplishment among our young men, or that they want in enterprise; but we do assert that their better circumstances do not call out the spirit of their fathers, except where conditions are similar to their own up-bringing. There must be good clay loam, beech and maple, few stones and little swamp. These young men will e'en now rough it readily enough, but they cannot face stone and water. Though a very parental government has given most liberal facilities for drainage, comparatively few swamps are being reclaimed. Young or old, Canadians are not ditchers nor dry-stone dykers by choice, though well aware that swamps overlies as good soil as ever grew sheaf of grain. There is room enough, therefore, but not of the sort wanted by farmers' sons, and hence the present migration upon the discovery of easier conditions in the west.

There are, then, two existing barriers to the speedy improvement of all lands in Ontario: one, the contentment of well-to-do fathers after the hardships and success in establishing 150 ploughable from the 200; the

other, the non-anxiety of the sons to follow anything outside parental example.

Happily, however, for the progress of Canada, her own lands are providing a remedy—good, certain, and substantial, if slow and patchy.

The present condition of British agriculture seemed to be beyond the ken of most of their best thinkers. From the Prime Minister's bullion opinion down to ploughman's debates, few have struck at any of the roots of the whole matter. Thomas Brassey, M.P., is perhaps the largest employer of labour in the world, and one of the most practical and careful statesmen of the present day. At a recent lecture before a Philosophical Institution he said, 'As agriculture became less profitable, the farmers would grow less tolerant of a protective system maintained at their expense for the benefit of a comparatively limited number of wealthy persons.' He added: 'The advantages of Australia and Canada as fields for immigration were yet for millions; the British capitalist seeking investments for their resources would best promote their own interests, and what was far more important, the interests of the country, by fostering colonial enterprise. We, as a nation, could not hope to concentrate within the narrow limits of the United Kingdom the productive industry of the world; other lands must be found for the growth and expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race.'

This reasoning is as sound as the British Constitution itself.

There is no disproving that Britain is fearfully over-populated; that her agriculture is not improving either productively, commercially as a subject, or by cropping treaty between proprietor and tenant. The old land loves her non-agrarian position too well to be in a hurry to disentail and throw open 160 or 200 acre lots to the highest bidders. Radicals may rave and incite, but long the day ere new proprietors cultivate their own hold-

ings, or the other fifth of the kingdom is offered to the plough. The patience and submission of John Bull, farmer, is truly admirable! Is the lion cowed? We think not, but he is certainly well caged, and seems to have no proper appreciation of liberty. We have now been able to put this extraordinary contradiction of boldness and resignation into calm language, and now few words will suffice. Love of country is good, but submission to loss of independence is not good; neither is a standing still, nor an undue love of ease. The farmers of Britain are not taking the only effective means of improving their condition in these times of pressure. They will succeed in abolishing hypothec and the law of distress to a certain extent; rents may then be reduced, and liberty in cropping become modified, but all combined will never ease the ship. Neither is it to be expected that landed proprietors will concede many of their hereditary privileges, and in many cases it would not be desirable; but they must be brought to feel that farmers are not serfs, and the only plan is to bid the old home good-bye. Farmers of Britain, be assured that so long as you *talk* only, and do not *act*, so long will few important concessions be made you. You were never good at combination, even

in the way of promoting the science and practice of your noble profession; and now whether by combination or self action, a very large number of you must quit possession ere the remainder be guaranteed the privileges of a progressive civilized country. It must be no threat; there should be no cringing, no compunction at tearing asunder of old associations and habits, and no crying after the flesh-pots—up! and make the sacrifice, if sacrifice it be.

There are 73 counties in England and Scotland; let one farmer from each leave every year for three years, and the remainder will have no difficulty in guiding the plough as they choose.

And now for the concluding part of our philosophy: Canada is making special arrangements for the reception of British farmers. Besides farmers' sons, many Ontario farmers themselves are taking the Manitoba fever, so that openings on easy terms, and of the stamp as like as possible to their own, will be inviting to those British farmers who have 'spunk' enough to try. Show but the disposition, and the Ontario Government will send unprejudiced evidence for your guidance. She has no objections to an importation that would represent \$1,000,000 per annum.

DESPONDENCY.

(From MATTHEW ARNOLD'S *Poems*.)

THE thoughts that rain their steady glow
 Like stars on life's cold sea,
 Which others know, or say they know—
 They never shone for me.

Thoughts light, like gleams, my spirit's sky,
 But they will not remain:
 They light me once, they hurry by;
 And never come again.

UNDER ONE ROOF :

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NEW ARRIVAL.

LIFE, even in this world, has its compensations ; if a dull man bores and bores his company like the *Teredo navalis* till all hands are ready to sink, a bright and genial fellow will irradiate it ; if the one is as a dead fly in the ointment of the apothecary, the other is like the quince in the apple-pie ; its savour and fragrance permeate the whole dish, and rescue it from vapidity. Of the inmates of Halcombe Hall, as we have seen, there were several who were just now not having a very cheerful time of it. Evelyn, at once menaced and importuned, was compelled to nurse the wrath which certainly did not require to be 'kept warm.' George Gresham felt his footing dangerous, and that unfathomable gulfs were being dug for him by the hand of his enemy. And to poor little Frankie the figure of pitiless John Groad always presented itself pointing to the gallows tree. These were not festive social elements, and if a Bore had been introduced into the house upon the top of it all, existence at Halcombe would have been well nigh intolerable. Fortunately the new arrival, Mr. Frederic Mayne, was of quite a different species from the *Teredo* ; instead of sinking ships he buoyed them. Even vessels of heavy burthen—conversationally speaking, mere colliers—would become almost volatile when he attached himself to their side ; his

spirits were such that they could have raised wrecks. The mariner's calling has a tendency to make men dull, but though Mayne loved the sea, and almost lived upon it, it had not depressed him ; if it had not been for his marine tastes, his companionship, perhaps, would have been too much of a good thing ; like that gay and thoughtless gentleman who had to be sandwiched between two clergymen before he was fit for general society.

His life had been remarkable, a cadet of an ancient and wealthy race, he had never envied his elder brother the fortune that was in store for him, nor indeed wasted a thought about it ; and cutting short a scholarless but not unexciting school time, had entered the navy under respectable auspices ; his friends had consented to it, in preference to the only alternative he had proposed to himself, which was that of running away to sea. The inconveniences, not to say hardships, of this mode of life had not dismayed him as they dismay so many lads with similar aspirations, because all its disagreeables were mitigated by his overpowering sense of humour. Nevertheless this faculty was the cause of his abandoning a career in which, if opportunity had been granted him, he would perhaps have been another Dundonald, if not a Nelson.

His captain was stingy and punctilious ; and as the senior officer on his station these qualities became notorious. He was studiously careful not to be entrapped into hospitalities. On one occasion the 'young gentlemen'

were ordered for 'signal practice,' which, as every one knows, consists in combinations of flags. The first combination which occurred to Mr. Frederic Mayne was this: 'Captain Blank invites all the Captains on the station to dinner.'

There were seven of them, and they came in full regimentals, each in his gig, at six o'clock, to find Captain Blank just sitting down to a small piece of pickled pork. Their host, who had no sense of humour, had a keen perception of ridicule, and he made things so unpleasant for Mr. Mayne that he eventually had to leave the ship. His elder brother, however, had the good feeling to decessate at this critical epoch, and the midshipman became his own master, and the master of an immense income. Yielding for once to the advice of friends, he hereupon went to the University, where he fell in with George Gresham, and on obtaining his degree returned to his first love the sea, and bought a yacht. His native assurance (which was, however, far from impudence), joined to the confidence generally inspired by a great income, gave a rare intrepidity to the expression of his views, and, what was still rarer in so young a man, his views were mostly sound ones. Underneath his light and genial manner there was a substratum of good sense and good feelings, which made honest folks like Frederic Mayne the more they knew of him. On the other hand it must be confessed that folks who did not act upon the square had reason to complain of his manners. He had a natural antipathy to a rogue such as is seldom felt in these days, and still more seldom expressed. When other people would cautiously hint that Jones the Duke, or Jones the Dustman (for it was all one to the ex-midshipman), was 'shakey,' Mayne would state quite plainly, 'Jones is a scoundrel.' And all the Joneses (who are a numerous race) resented this.

If the midshipman had continued in his profession he would have found

'between decks' inconvenient as he grew up, for he was very tall. His complexion was difficult, save for a metaphysician, to speak of, because he had none; his face was bronzed by wind and weather, and the salt foam; but if you could have got down to it, it would probably have been a fair one. His hair was light brown, and curled over his forehead like a boy's; his eyes were blue and laughing—but with a spice of mischief in them that redeemed their expression from that of mere good nature.

His meeting with his old college friend at Archester was most cordial, and he had not been five minutes in the break before he had made friends with everybody. His manners had that charm of naturalness which dispenses with the formulas of introduction, and which, if they were but general, would save years of human life now wasted in the conventional twaddle that is considered necessary to first acquaintanceship. Before she got home even Lady Arden had acknowledged to herself that Mr. Frederic Mayne was 'an acquisition,' a compliment she generally reserved for persons of title who came to settle in the neighbourhood. Milly was fairly enchanted with him, and would have shown her approbation openly, but for the wicked raillery in which George had indulged at breakfast time. The new arrival had said something to interest or amuse every member of the party, not exclusive of little Frankie, to whom he told a dreadful ghost story, of how he was visited by a short but expansive being all in white. 'And what do you think it was?' he inquired after the thrilling narrative.

'Well, I dare say it was only a nightmare,' said Frankie, made sceptical by the other's laughing eye.

'A very good shot, my boy. It was not a nightmare, however, but something very like it; it was a clothes-horse.'

You would never have guessed, had

you seen the party drive up the avenue, laughing and chatting, that they had a stranger among them.

Sir Robert, as his custom was, stood at the door to welcome the visitor, and on him, too, by a few genuine expressions of admiration of the picturesqueness of the Hall, and its situation, the new arrival made a most favourable impression. A desert island—he did not add with Rabelais (on account of the ladies) ‘with somebody kicking you behind’—was said to be welcome, observed the guest to a storm-tossed mariner like himself, how much more must be the fairyland of Halcombe.

If his eye wandered unconsciously to Millicent, as if to include in his admiration the elves themselves, Lady Arden forgave it; for the maternal heart is placable towards young gentlemen with five thousand a year.

Evelyn’s calm cold looks—for he took the pain in them for coldness—surprised him even more than her beauty; he had a vague impression that she was engaged to his friend, and, therefore, perhaps, expected a somewhat warmer greeting.

Mr. Ferdinand Walcot did not put in an appearance—which was no matter of disappointment. Mayne had heard all about him from Gresham, and not only quite understood that he should meet with no cordial reception from the ruling spirit of the Hall, but was quite prepared to do battle with him, if occasion offered. He was ‘a warm friend,’ and though it could not be added with justice, ‘a bitter enemy,’ he was wont to take up his friends’ quarrels with considerable alacrity.

Under these circumstances it was rather curious that on the first occasion when Mr. Walcot and Mr. Mayne did meet—which was at the dinner-table that evening—they should find themselves on the same side in a certain argument.

Sir Robert, for a wonder, had happened to notice the depression of Frank’s spirits, and when the ladies

had withdrawn, remarked upon it to his brother-in-law.

‘I believe you were right in the matter of the lad’s going to school, Ferdinand, after all,’ he said. ‘He seems to me to want tone.’

‘Frank’s nature is peculiar,’ returned Walcot, who had, as we know, altered his views about Frank’s going to school; ‘his case is one, perhaps, in which the mother must be said to be the best judge, and I remember Lady Arden took a decided view.’

‘Still a public school, as everybody says, when “tone” in a boy seems to be wanting,’ pursued Sir Robert, with hesitation—‘Eh, what do *you* say, Mr. Mayne?’

‘Well, sir, it depends upon whether the school has got the tone to give him. All I can say is, mine had not, and it was a public one.’

‘You hear that, Arden,’ observed Mr. Walcot; ‘you and I are only theorising about this matter, as we were both brought up under home influences; but this gentleman speaks from personal experience.’

‘And I am sorry to say from anything but a pleasant one,’ laughed Mr. Mayne. ‘The Public School interest is a very powerful one, and, therefore, many things are tolerated in it, which would otherwise be scouted, just as happens on a smaller scale in the City.’

‘But the public feeling of a public school is good, Mayne,’ observed Gresham.

‘It may be so, or not; it depends generally upon the character of one or two leading boys, and even upon the traditions they leave behind them.’

‘The masters, however, are chosen with great care, I understand, and from the cream of their respective Universities,’ remarked Sir Robert.

‘Well, sir, the cream goes mainly to make the butter for the Professors,’ answered Mayne; ‘the masters, however, are well enough as a general rule, though I happened to fall in with a precious bad specimen. When I write my book called “Scoundrels I

Have Met," he will occupy a prominent place in it.'

'It is not usual to find scoundrels among the scholars who form our Public School Masters,' remarked Mr. Walcot, with a glance at his brother-in-law.

'Of course not; if it were so very common, I would not trouble you with the details, but as it is they are curious. The man's name I have in my mind was Horner. He had his particular "favourites" among the boys, and, what was worse, his particular "aversions." He used to tamper with the marks in the class-book—just as the villain in "Never Too Late to Mend" altered the figures in the cranks. I remember a sharp, bright-eyed little fellow of the name of Archer (very like your stepson Frank, Sir Robert, which, perhaps, reminded me of the occurrence) being persecuted by this man in the most wicked manner. He told lie after lie to get him flogged, and used the Head Master, who was a great stickler for discipline and authority, as a catspaw to carry out his baseness generally. The boy's character was utterly warped by him. The harm that scoundrel had in his power to do was incalculable, and he did his worst.'

'I suppose he was not very fond of you,' suggested Mr. Walcot, drily.

'Perhaps not; but he never tried his tricks on me; his mind though malevolent was judicious. I should probably have blown him up with gunpowder. As it was it was lucky for him I had no quarrel with him on my own account. I remember meeting him in a London street after I had joined the Navy, and feeling the greatest inclination to pitch into him for his vile treatment of poor Archer; but he had his cheek muffled in a handkerchief, and looked so seedy that I let him alone. "Ah, Mr. Mayne," he said, pretending to be pleased to see me, "How are you?" Then thinking I was going to inquire after his health (which I wasn't), he continued, "I'm unfortunately just going to the dentist's."'

"I'm glad to hear it," said I, "and hope it will be a double one."

Gresham burst out laughing, and even Sir Robert smiled; but it was in a very grave voice that Mr. Walcot observed, 'Such conduct in a very young man was, perhaps, excusable, but you will surely not now contend, Mr. Mayne, that it was right or kind.'

'My dear sir,' answered Mayne, 'I do not "contend" about the matter; few actions of mine have given me more entire satisfaction than that retort. He understood by it at once all that I had in my mind. If people were always "kind" as you term it to the cruel and unjust, those persons would have it all their own way, and would never mend. It is our Christian duty to mend them.'

'That is a new reading of the New Testament, indeed,' observed Mr. Walcot.

'Still, my dear Ferdinand,' observed Sir Robert, 'it must be remembered that Mr. Mayne was not avenging his own wrongs in expressing that somewhat ill-natured wish.'

'That is true. He has indicated, however, what he would have done to Mr. Horner if he had given *him* annoyance; he would have blown him up with gunpowder.'

Logically Mr. Walcot had clearly the best of it; but other elements besides logic go to form social opinion; and this observation apparently so conclusive of Mr. Mayne's revengeful and truculent disposition was received with a shout of laughter, in which the accused person joined as heartily as the rest. Almost for the first time that well tempered and incisive weapon, Mr. Ferdinand Walcot's tongue, failed him. So far from being shocked at Mr. Frederic Mayne's opinions, it was clear that Sir Robert was rather pleased with him than otherwise. His hatred of tyranny and sympathy with the oppressed, though manifested only in a schoolboy, had struck an answering cord within him.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE ARBOUR.

READER, do you know what it is to live in the country all the live-long year? If not, never jeer at your country cousins, for you know not what they suffer. You go to the Lakes, perhaps, in the summer, or to the seaside in the autumn, and when winter comes you return to London and live snug. You have no conception, perhaps, except from pictures (which always fall short of the reality), of the melancholy events that take place in agricultural localities after what is called the fall of the leaf. In the first place the arrangements for lighting are very imperfect, so that you can only see your way about for a few hours; and in those, if you have no passion for destroying life with dog or gun, there is very little to be done. The great object of the simple folks one meets seems to be to keep themselves warm; and when they can do it, which is not often, they are very pleased. 'We are quite in a glow,' they say. This reminds one of a very early age of civilization, when 'Ha, ha! I have seen the fire; I am warm,' would be uttered in a voice of triumph. In the country, in the winter time, it is *always* wet under foot, either with damp or with snow, and it is generally wet overhead. 'We are quite dry,' exclaim the inhabitants in the winter, when they are fortunate enough to return so from their melancholy walks.

It was not winter yet at Halcombe, but the state of things I have described was beginning. At 4 p.m., everybody was at home who could *get* home, and darkness reigned for the next sixteen hours. Under such circumstances even moderately agreeable guests in a country house are invaluable.

'Country hospitality' in winter is proverbial, and no wonder.

You may therefore imagine what a godsend was Mr. Frederic Mayne, who

had a smile or a story, or a sea song for every one, just as they pleased. His spirits were inexhaustible, and were applied judiciously; milk (with a dash of rum in it) for babies, and milk punch, not too strong but stiffish, for the grown males. He took Frankie under his special protection, perhaps because he reminded him of young Archer.

'You mope,' he said. 'You do not enjoy life as it is your duty to do. What's the matter?'

The tears were very near Frank's eyes; but he only said 'Nothing,' with a look over his shoulder which was not lost upon his interlocutor.

'Somebody has bullied this child,' thought he to himself. 'It must be' (I am sorry to repeat such a word, but it was not uttered aloud, remember), 'it must be that brute Walcot.'

Mr. Mayne was apt to jump to conclusions, and occasionally, as must needs happen, found firm ground.

'My dear Frank, you want bracing; you never seem to me to be doing anything.'

'What *can* a boy do?' said Frankie, despairingly.

'Well, that depends. I knew a boy—or, at least, I knew his son afterwards—who did this pretty thing. He was a poor boy, who worked on a pilot boat at Bambridge during our war with France. She was off the coast, on the look-out for ships, when a French lugger privateer hove in sight, with twelve oars on each side. That was not the sort of ship the pilot boat was on the look out for, and her crew got into their coble to row to land, but the boy James Wallis—a name it is worth while for any boy to remember—declined to go; he said he would 'take his chance,' only he gave them his watch and the few shillings he had, to take to his brother. The Frenchman came up, lowered his main topsail and lug sails, and tried to grapple, but the boy put the helm down, and went about, though they fired at him with their small arms

pretty handsomely. This little game compelled the Frenchman to make sail and tack, but Wallis—being very clever at it—tacked and weathered him. He was fired at continually at thirty yards' distance, but yet he contrived to repeat the manœuvre *eighteen times*, when a fresh breeze sprung up, and he showed them a clean pair of heels, and got safe to Bambridge. That's what a boy can do, my lad.'

Frank's cheeks were crimson with excitement, and his eyes glistened with pleasure.

'I wish I had been that boy, Mr. Mayne.'

'Quite right; so do I. He was as big a man as the other Wallace, though he was but sixteen. Well, we can all do something; only we must never be afraid; and we never need be so unshew we have done something to be ashamed of?'

'Ah!' said Frankie, with a sigh that was almost a groan.

'Hullo! What have you done to be ashamed of?'

'Oh, nothing—at least—' and driven into a corner the child told his new friend, not about his little 'attempted murder' case, but about meeting the giant. 'Everybody thinks I have told a lie about it, Mr. Mayne, and yet it was all true.'

'Very good. I have seen several giants myself, though never one with six legs. When did it happen?'

And Frankie told him the exact date.

Later in the day, Mr. Mayne had a little private talk with Lady Arden; as it was private it cannot be repeated; indeed the rapturous manner in which her ladyship took his hand when it was over, could hardly be dwelt upon by a sober writer who has always the proprieties in his mind's eye.

'You have a kind heart, Mr. Mayne,' were the words with which that interview ended; 'and I am deeply obliged to you.'

Evelyn Nicoll was a puzzle to Mr. Mayne. All women were so, more or

less; he did not pretend to understand a sex which says 'No,' when it means 'Yes,' and can shed tears by a mere effort of the will. What was unknown to him, however, this modest young fellow always respected, and when in addition we take into account the claim to courtesy and honour that women have on every chivalrous nature, it may be imagined what a fool they had made of Mr. Frederic Mayne in his time. If he found a young person faithless—and it required the strongest evidence to convince him that such a thing could be—he sighed and bade her adieu by no means in anger; and at once transferred his allegiance and credulity elsewhere.

He had always some divinity in earthly shape whom he worshipped till he found out that her feet were of clay; but his last ideal had just gone off (in honourable marriage be it understood, though a wholly unworthy person) with a French Marquis, and for the moment Mr. Mayne was without a beloved object. It had struck him at first sight that if Evelyn Nicoll had not been bespoken by his friend she would have been the very one to be his own heart's queen; and though honour erased the thought as soon as formed, his devotion, in platonic shape, remained. It grieved him to see one so young and beautiful so silent and depressed. And, like a doctor who loves his calling for its own sake, despising fees and even 'the etiquette of the profession,' which at least requires one to be called in, he sought about for the cause of her calamity, in hopes to cure it. The result of his investigations, which were carried on without subtlety, though with infinite precaution, was most deplorable.

He was from his marine habits an early riser—for folks at sea, though there is nothing whatever to do upon it, rise with the albatross, or other bird that answers to the matutinal lark on land—and let us hope are as happy as the days are long. He got up at Halcombe before the housemaids, and was

went to unfasten the front door with his own hands, and wander about the solitary grounds like a ghost who had broken his leave of absence and despised the summons of cock-crow. There was a curlew with one clipped wing in the garden whose friendship he cultivated extremely; and, after some conversation with him, he would climb the windy down and listen to the battle of the waves on the sea shore. Then he would come back at an hour that was still early, and, if possible, administer 'cold pig,' or some other irritant, to his friend Gresham, to persuade him to get up and be in time for breakfast.

He was returning from the shore one morning, when the young lady we have spoken of, who had risen half out of her grave, attracted his attention in the churchyard; and he stopped a moment, as he well might, to examine the simplicity of her demeanour. As he did so, certain sounds came to his ear, brought by the wind over the high wall, on the other side of which was the garden terrace: it was a conversation between two persons whose voices, though one of them was familiar enough to him, he did not recognise, the reason of which was that the language the speaker used was German, a tongue with which he himself was tolerably acquainted, thanks to repeated visits to the Continent.

'No, I am not happy, dear,' were the first words that reached his ears; 'but the reason is not what you ascribe it to. I am quite content to wait for you; if I should win you after all, I should think myself well repaid for waiting. But I do not like this life of duplicity. Every kindness of Lady Arden's cuts me to the heart.'

'Tut—tut. If one must hold a candle to the devil sometimes, how much more necessary is it in our case to keep him in the dark. My enemy—our enemy—suspects us as it is; and as for Evelyn, you know as well as I do—'

Here Mayne, who felt that he had

heard more than enough, gave a loud hem, and there was a scuttling of feet, as if he had started fifty rabbits on dry leaves. Then very slowly, to give time for the couple to escape, and also because his thoughts were grave and serious—he moved towards the door in the wall and opened it. The terrace was deserted as he had foreseen, and showed no trace of its recent tenants; but he had little doubt that they had been George Gresham and Miss Hurt. As to the former, indeed, he was quite sure, as soon as he heard the word 'Evelyn' fall from his lips, and why should they have conversed in German had Gresham's companion been any other than the German governess? It was a great blow to Mayne, for he had a particular dislike to underhand tricks and ways, and he had hitherto imagined his friend to be equally frank; yet here he was making love to another woman under the very roof of his intended bride! It was no wonder that poor Evelyn was so quiet and silent; her woman's instinct had no doubt warned her that she had lost her lover's allegiance, though she might little suspect with whom he had played the traitor. For there was one thing, quite independent of the few passages of conversation that had met his ear, which convinced Mayne that the matter was serious; that his friend was not merely amusing himself with a little flirtation, which, however reprehensible, might be condoned or pardoned. And this was the early hour of the morning. Mayne was quite sure from what he knew of Gresham, that nothing short of the most serious entanglement of the affections could have persuaded his friend to get up so long before breakfast time.

One half of the terrace—the more remote one from the Hall—was bordered by a tall hedge of yew; the other was open to the view, and terminated in an arbour, walled with fir-cones, the favourite resort just now for the unhappy Frank, who preferred sitting there alone with a 'story book'

to running the risk of meeting his late antagonist Jem Groad. It was obvious that the interview of the two young people had taken place in the hidden part of the terrace, and that they had 'gone off R. C.' (but without the necessity of a stage direction) that is to say, by the way that led to the stables, in order to escape observation. It was, therefore, without the least suspicion that he could be intruding on any one's privacy that Frederic Mayne took his way to the Arbour in order to sit down there over a pipe to meditate upon what course of action he should pursue in the circumstances which had been thus brought under his notice. From one point of view, of course, it was not his business; but on the other hand, he felt strongly tempted to give his friend a 'piece of his mind,' not so much perhaps as regarded his little indiscretion with the governess, as his infidelity to Evelyn. He thought that young lady's case excessively hard.

As he passed by the half-closed door he heard—well, it was not a sneeze such as men sneeze; a violent ebullition of frenzied sound, which shakes the sneezer all about him—but a delicate Tishaw; a very duodecimo of a sneeze, and even that cut short as it were by a certain sharp compulsion. It was to the observing ear the sneeze of a lady who was extremely anxious not to sneeze. Perhaps it was the pungency of the fir-cones, perhaps it was the misty atmosphere that hangs about all arbours, but whatever it was she couldn't help it. Any other sound coming from any arbour at that hour—for no one patronises these retreats till the sun has rendered them attractive—Mayne would have put down to beast or bird; but a sneeze, and especially a tishaw (which only an Italian greyhound can imitate, and there was none such at Halcombe) is eminently human. Some people in Mayne's position would have passed on, and pretended not to hear it; but we venture to think very few people.

There are doubtless some Sir Peter

Teazles in the world who would have resisted the temptation to see what the pretty milliner was like who was behind the screen; but, as the song says, 'That's not you nor me.' The majority even of male mortals have some curiosity, and in Mayne's case was it not his duty if Miss Elise Hurt had taken refuge in that arbour to address to her a few words of remonstrance respecting her 'goings on' with Mr. George Gresham. Perhaps she did not quite understand that he was an engaged man. At all events he felt he *must* know who the lady was. He was quite certain that he was not intruding upon a loving pair—unless, indeed, there were two pairs of turtle doves on the terrace that morning, which was unlikely, because he had heard the male bird take flight in the opposite direction; indeed he had thought both had gone that way, but it now seemed that he was mistaken; one had fled towards the stables, the other into the arbour. As there was no egress from the latter place except on to the gravel walk before him, he felt secure of the fugitive, and actually stopped to light his pipe. Under the veil of tobacco he could enter the arbour without suggesting to the fair being within that he had heard that 'Tishaw!' he had come to smoke, and nothing (he had made up his mind) was more likely to astonish him than to find Miss Elise Hurt there. As he pushed open the half-closed door, he heard something retreating before him with a sweeping sound, never yet made by man. Then a pair of black eyes flashed upon him in the semi-darkness, and a gentle voice in accents of alarm inquired, 'Who is it!'

'It is I, madam, Frederic Mayne.'

If his accents were not those of alarm, they were pregnant with surprise; he had meant to imitate astonishment at the discovery of the German governess, but he was very genuinely astonished at discovering another young person altogether. She

had a diminutive, but very graceful shape; a face of considerable beauty and full of expression—just now it wore the timidity of bashful terror, and a voice, as we have hinted, exquisitely tender. There was a strange contrast, moreover, between the colour of her eyes and of her hair, the former being black as jet, and the latter a light brown, which marred her beauty, and produced an almost grotesque effect, and then she wore a dress of some bright green material exacerbated by cherry-coloured trimmings. It was not Cinderella in her kitchen dress, but Cinderella in her Sunday best, when her cousin, the Life-guardsmen came to court her. No lady, however poor, could willingly have put on such an attire.

‘I am very sorry,’ said she; ‘I am afraid I have no business here. You won’t say that you found me here, will you, sir?’

‘Well, really—no, of course I won’t, if you don’t wish it. But who are you?’

‘I am the young ladies’ maid, sir, and thinking no one belonging to the family would be about so early, I thought I would have a walk in the garden. And finding this bootiful arbour, I just set down in it.’

‘But it strikes me as very damp and cold,’ remonstrated Mr. Mayne.

‘Yes, sir, but then I dote on arbours. To have tea in an arbour; oh, Lor!—’

This was not an exclamation of delight; it was one of horror, which immediately communicated itself to Mr. Frederic Mayne, for it was caused by the sound of approaching footsteps. To be found in the arbour with the young ladies’ maid of the house where one is staying is a position from which the mind of man—even the *mens conscia recti*—shudders to contemplate.

In one stride Mr. Mayne gained the gravel walk, and in his next, which he took mechanically, he almost fell into the arms of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot.

CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER BIRD CAUGHT.

‘YOU are an early riser, Mr. Mayne,’ was Mr. Walcot’s grave salutation.

‘Yes,’ stammered the other, ‘I am.’

If his own reputation only had been at stake he would have felt only a slight embarrassment; he would certainly not have stooped to concealment; but his chivalric nature led him astray for once—as chivalric natures sometimes do. He shrank from discovery, for the sake of the young ladies’ maid, and wished to shield her, if he could. It was certain by Mr. Walcot’s face, that he suspected nothing.

‘I like my pipe before breakfast,’ continued Mr. Mayne, leading the way on to the terrace, and intending to get his companion behind the yew-tree wall, that the young person in green and red might make her escape; ‘and I love the morning air.’

‘And you find it fresher in the arbour, do you?’ inquired Mr. Walcot.

The observation was a somewhat contemptuous one; but Mr. Mayne didn’t mind that, if he could only get the man away; and he was coming, thank goodness! though at a very moderate pace.

‘Well, I have been walking a good deal—one’s old quarter-deck habits, you know—and felt a little tired; so I sat down. What a lovely garden you have here; even at this late time of the year, when the cold and damp —’

He might have said ‘induces sneezing;’ for at that moment the ‘tishaw, tishaw!’ broke forth from the arbour behind them. Mr. Frederic Mayne turned scarlet.

‘It seems you had a companion in your solitude,’ observed Mr. Walcot dryly.

‘No, indeed, I hadn’t—at least—I

do assure you, upon my honour, this was exactly how it happened: I heard that very sneeze precisely from that very place; and curiosity induced me to open the door.'

'And take a seat,' observed Mr. Walcot, with the air of one who supplies an hiatus in a narrative.

'Did I say I took a seat? If so, it was an exaggeration; the young woman herself will bear me witness that I was not in her company more than a minute.'

'Time flies when we are happily employed,' remarked Mr. Walcot sententiously. 'But if I may ask the question—and I think I am justified in so doing, as an intimate friend of Sir Robert Arden and his family—who *was* the "young woman," as you call her? of course, I can see her for myself—but —'

'Upon my word and honour! Mr. Walcot, I don't know who she is,' interrupted the other earnestly. 'I never set eyes on her, except within the last five minutes; but I believe—I entreat you not to speak about it, for her sake; though she was no more to blame than I am—'

'Very likely,' put in Mr. Walcot, dryly; 'still there was blame somewhere, as you admit.'

'No, I don't. I only admit that the circumstances are embarrassing—nay, if you will have it so, suspicious. You are taking an honourable course in letting the poor girl make her escape, for of course she would be overwhelmed with confusion; but the whole affair was the result of the purest accident.'

Poor Mr. Mayne had never felt such a fool before, and at the same time suffered such humiliation. To have to ask a favour of this man, whom he disliked, was most distressing to him; but to get an innocent girl into trouble was still more abhorrent to his feelings.

'The purest accident,' observed Mr. Walcot, quietly, 'is an expression of some significance, for though there are

many accidents, there are few pure ones. You have not yet favoured me with the information as to who the "poor girl" is.'

'I tell you I don't know,' answered Mr. Mayne, with irritation. 'I only know she is the maid to the young ladies.'

'Oh, indeed!'

Never were two words uttered with greater stress and point.

'Of course I feel the full absurdity of my position; but once more I give you my honour as a gentleman that the girl is not to blame.'

'In cases of this kind, Mr. Mayne, a man's honour—at least some great authorities have said so—is bound at all hazards to defend the lady.'

'You do not believe my word then?'

'Tush, tush, sir. These matters are made no better by a quarrel. I think it hardly consistent with my duty to be silent on this matter; it is not the first time that you have left this house at untimely hours—nay, I impute nothing, but merely state how it strikes a disinterested mind. Your "quarter-deck habits" may, as you say, induce morning walks, but landmen have no very high opinion of them. However, Sir Robert Arden's health is in such an unsatisfactory state that I shall tell him nothing of this at present. I do not pledge myself to perpetual silence on the matter, but shall be guided by circumstances—Good morning, sir.' With these words Mr. Walcot opened the door in the wall that led into the stable yard, closed it sharply behind him, and even slid the bolt to prevent his late companion following him.

No insult could be more complete, and yet there was nothing for it but to bear it. No bird was ever more completely in the toils of the Halcombe fowler than was Mr. Frederic Mayne.

His first impulse was to go straight to Lady Arden, and explain the circumstances of the case; but the very best that could happen to him would, he felt, be an overwhelming storm of

ridicule, which would not even be confined to the members of the family, but would extend to the servants' hall. On the other hand, if Walcot should keep his word, and be silent for the time, every moment would be of advantage to him (Frederic Mayne), for slander stale is feeble compared with slander fresh; and in this case it might well be ascribed to personal animosity. His proper course would naturally have been to confide in Gresham, but he shrank from this because just now he felt by no means so friendly towards him as of yore, by reason of his treachery to Evelyn. Moreover, he was by no means sure but that the object of Gresham's tender affection on the terrace had been the very cause of his own calamitous condition, namely, the young ladies' maid herself. It was true he had overheard the happy pair (whoever they were), speaking in the German tongue, and therefore his suspicions had at once attached themselves to the governess. But if it were she to whom Gresham had been paying court, how came the young ladies' maid in the arbour, within a few yards of the lovers? His head seemed to go round and round as he sought to unravel these mysteries, and he decided, at all events, to do nothing until he could consider the whole matter more calmly.

In the meantime Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was revolving in his mind, on the other side of the wall, what steps, if any, he should take in the affair, which (however, much it might have shocked him on moral grounds) had certainly happened most advantageously to his own interests. He had got Mr. Frederic Mayne upon the hip; and whether he should give him the *coup de grace*—that is to say his *congé*—upon the spot, or not, was what occupied his thoughts. That he could do it, was quite certain—and we may as

well say at once that he had very good reasons for his confidence; but would it not be more judicious to let him be for the present? To have Mr. Mayne at the Hall in an independent state, as the friend of his foe, and with an evidently hostile disposition to himself was a very different thing to having him there, as would now be the case, under his thumb. Frank, Evelyn, Gresham, Mayne, were all more or less in his power, or had at all events good reason to stand in fear of him, and this was a situation which the master of it greatly appreciated. Mr. Walcot regarded them much as a first-rate whip regards his four-in-hand; he enjoyed driving them none the less that some of the steeds were spirited and ready to kick over the traces. His safest plan would without doubt have been to get rid of the one that had last been broken in—if he could be said to be broken in—but there were advantages to be gained by retaining him for the present, independent of the pleasure of making him feel the curb.

The stable-yard opened into the back premises of the house, and those again, as we have said, on to the rose garden in front of Sir Robert's study. It was thither that Mr. Walcot was bound, and during the small space of time it took him to traverse this space, he decided upon the course to be adopted. His mind was eminently practical—which generally means a mind absolutely free from imagination; there was not only no wavering in its resolves, but no wandering from the point—none of those digressions in which even the most logical are prone to indulge. There was no 'shilly shally,' 'willy nilly,' about it. These short and sharp decisions save time, which is money, which is everything. Occasionally, however, (which is fortunate for the rest of the world) the practical mind decides wrongly.

CHAPTER XXI.

TO THE TOP OF HIS BENT.

WE have said that Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was rapid in his thoughts and actions; his movements, too, had all the quickness of a cat, and its gait. He had not slammed that garden door in Mr. Mayne's face—he was quite incapable of such an action; he had only closed it suddenly and very softly, and then slid in the bolt. When he had thus secured himself, no triumph lit up his intelligent countenance more than shines upon the engine driver's who has just shunted a cattle-truck on to a siding. His face, on the contrary, became immediately more grave and thoughtful than it had been while he was conversing with his late companion, and especially it lost its cynical expression. By the time he had reached the door that opened on the rose garden his features had assumed a certain sympathetic air which well became them. He opened and closed this door with the caution of an Eastern slave, and his feet fell on the shaven lawn on which he now found himself without a sound. They led him thus to the window of Sir Robert's study, where he stood awhile in silence as if awaiting some summons from within, which was not, however, forthcoming. He could see the tenant of the apartment seated at his desk, with his head leaning on his hands; his eyes were fixed upon some white object close before them, apparently a letter, by which his attention was entirely absorbed.

At a light touch of Walcot's finger on the window-pane, however, Sir Robert started up. At first his face expressed astonishment—nay, apprehension: but on recognising his visitor it at once assumed an air of satisfaction. He hurried quickly to the glass door which opened on the rose-garden, and admitted him.

'I am glad you are come, Ferdi-

nand. I would have sent to fetch you, but that I shrank from employing vulgar hands, even as accessories. I—— such a manifestation has been vouchsafed me!'

'What—have you seen anything?'

'No—at least I have not seen my darling; but I have had word from her.'

'Indeed. She has spoken to you then?'

'No, not so. Look at this, Ferdinand.'

He held tightly in his trembling hand, as though it were something too precious to extend to another, a slip of paper, with a word or two of writing on it. 'See, read it.'

Walcot read the inscription, which consisted of but three words, 'I am here.'

Well, well,' cried the other impatiently; 'do you recognise it?' His pale face was flushed, his eyes shone with eager fire.

'I see, of course, that it is Madeline's writing—or an imitation of it.'

'Ah! That was just what I thought to myself as soon as I could think of anything save the communication itself,' returned Sir Robert, with a strange look of triumph. "My cautious Ferdinand," said I, "will be sure to say an 'imitation.'"

'Of course I was,' returned the other, quietly. 'It is an idea that must have occurred to anybody. If I had my doubts about your really hearing Madeline's voice the other night—although I grant you have convinced me of that—how much more should I doubt such evidence as this? Three little words—a mere tyro with his fingers who had ever seen a scrap of her handwriting could cheat the eye so far.'

'He would not cheat *my* eyes,' answered Sir Robert, gravely; 'but no matter. Listen. My darling Madeline and I never had so much as one word of disagreement throughout our married life. We talked of this one day, and I said it was a thing impos-

sible to last ; it must needs be that we should sometimes differ. "We may differ, darling," was her reply, "but there will be no words. I shall simply let you know that I am cross." (Think of Madeline being cross!) Accordingly, when she was opposed to any view of mine, which happened once or twice only, and always upon some trivial matter, she would playfully write her name on a slip of paper, with a certain sign upon it, and place it on my desk, where I found *this*.'

'And what was the sign !' inquired Walcot, smiling.

'In the corner of the paper was a X. It signified "Madeline is cross." Now, in order to put her communication out of the possibility of doubt as to its genuineness, she has made the private sign in this case.'

'I see,' said Walcot, examining the paper with scrupulous care, and speaking very gravely.

'You have no doubts now, Ferdinand ?'

'No, I have no doubts.'

'What then ? Your brow is clouded ; is there anything in this that augurs ill ?'

'Nothing more than what is expressed. I don't understand your logic, Arden. Why should Madeline seek to prove her own identity ? It seems to me that she has simply expressed displeasure.'

'Great Heaven, I never thought of that ! My Madeline displeased with with me ! Oh, this is terrible ! What word, or thought, or deed of mine can have vexed her ?'

Mr. Walcot shrugged his shoulders.

'My dear Arden, my best services, as you know, are always at your disposal ; but I am not omnipotent or omniscient. The question you ask me is one which only yourself can answer.'

'I can *not*, Ferdinand. My mind is unconscious of offence. If I had doubted of her presence, of her living interest in me, of her continued love

—but I never did, from the first moment that she reached her sweet hand down from Heaven to comfort me. It was *you* who doubted.'

'I know it, I grant it,' answered Walcot, coldly. 'It was my duty — on your account — to doubt, while doubt was possible.'

'Then what is she vexed about with *me*,' exclaimed Sir Robert, vehemently. 'What lightest thought of mine has wronged her ?'

'It can be no light thing that causes one of the immortals to express displeasure,' answered Walcot, gravely. 'Look into your own heart, Arden ; it is not for man to read it ; though it seems *she* has done so.'

'Ah, I have it,' cried Sir Robert ; 'it is my will ! That is the only thing of any importance in which I have been of late engaged. She must be dissatisfied with the conditions of my will.'

'I should say "Impossible,"' said Walcot, thoughtfully, 'except that such manifestations as these have nought to do with possibilities. It is, at all events, to the last degree unlikely. Why should one so pure and self-forgetful, even when in the flesh, take, as a spirit, any heed of such gross matters ? No, it cannot be. Yet, as you say, she is displeased.'

It was not Sir Robert who had said so ; but as that gentleman was convinced that such was the case, it was immaterial. It was a habit of Mr. Walcot's, doubtless induced by modesty, to attribute his own sagacious suggestions to others, and especially in the case of his brother-in-law.

'She is not solicitous on her own account, of course,' said Sir Robert, musing ; 'it can matter to her nothing personally as to how I dispose of my property. Still she may be thinking of one dear and near to her — and yet I did not forget you, Ferdinand,' he added plaintively.

'I beg, Arden, that you will not allude to such a subject,' replied Mr. Walcot, with some trace of irritation ;

'in the first place even putting the matter on its lowest grounds, it can never concern me as your legatee, for I am persuaded you will long outlive me; and, secondly, I do not choose to pry and peer into such intentions as you speak of. Even by the conventions of the world, it is agreed that they should be of a private nature; and, to my mind, any reference to them is most painful.'

'But why refuse me your assistance, your advice, Ferdinand?' answered the other, imploringly.

'Because I have none to give you. You will act, of course—if I know you—as your conscience dictates. You will not, I am sure, be swayed in such a matter by vulgar considerations—or associations—of any kind.'

'By associations do you mean the relations which I have formed by my second marriage, as apart from George, for instance?'

'I must really decline to answer that question, Arden; I cannot venture to indicate your duty in a matter so delicate. Your own feelings are the best guide.'

'Of that I am somewhat doubtful, Ferdinand; it is just there that I do not feel sure of myself, that I require a helping hand. If Madeline is vexed with what I have done, will she not point out what is amiss, think you? Or even may she not be mistaken, and, in that case, how am I to set myself right with her?'

Mr. Walcot shook his head. 'These immortal beings are not subject to error, Arden, like us poor creatures.'

'But it is intolerable to picture my darling as displeased with me. How can I tell her that I am unconscious of offence, that I am eager, above all things, to obey her wishes?' 'If I write to her as she has done to me—'

Again Mr. Walcot shook his head.

'The spirit of the departed cannot be communicated with through such material means; but they occasionally vouchsafe their visible presence to those who sincerely and reverentially

desire it. I do not know whether that is your case.'

'Nor do I know myself, Ferdinand. There was a time—quite lately—when I thought I could not have borne to look upon her. But now—now that I have seen her handwriting, as well as heard her voice, what was once too awful has grown more familiar. Can mere desire on my part, think you, bring about this miracle?'

'I am not sure.'

'But are there no means by which our volition can be supplemented? It is written that wicked spirits could be so compelled by spells and charms; may not good ones by some act of love and faith be similarly attracted earthward?'

'Hush, speak not of compulsion. You may even now be wounding ears of which you little guess. There *are* means such as you speak of; but whether they may prove efficacious or not does not rest with me.'

'What are they?' enquired Sir Robert, in a hushed and awe-struck tone. 'Tell me, Ferdinand; I entreat you, tell me.'

'They are various, my dear friend, and vary with the circumstances. I can only say that in respect to one of them you are favourably situated, since you are in possession of that piece of paper.'

'How so?' enquired the other, so breathless with excitement that his words were scarcely audible.

'Thus: if you hold in your hand a scrap of handwriting of the spirit you wish to see—provided it contains his or her autograph—and call her by her name three times at midnight, it is said—for I have no personal knowledge of the matter—that she will appear before you.'

'She will appear before me?' repeated Sir Robert, softly.

'I do not guarantee it, of course,' observed Walcot, gravely. 'I may even have been indiscreet in saying this; do not blame me if I arouse false hopes. You have compelled me.'

'I understand, my friend, and shall in no case blame you,' answered Sir Robert. 'You have laid me under one obligation the more, Ferdinand—that is all.'

'I am not aware of that, Arden,' returned the other earnestly: 'I almost regret that I was not more reticent. You are neither strong nor well, and, as it is, the strain upon your spiritual nature is telling upon you. I fear, supposing that this privilege is granted to you, that the sudden shock—though it may have nought but bliss in it—may do you mischief.'

'What! My Madeline do me a mischief? No, Ferdinand. It is true my health has suffered of late. I know what you would prescribe—"Travel; a complete change;" and perhaps I may some day take your advice. But at present I can think of nothing—nothing but my lost darling. I have thanked Heaven before now that I had more concern with the dead than with the living—by which I meant communion only; the echo of thought to thought. But now, if I indeed should see her— Oh! Ferdinand, the thought unmans me quite.'

'Because, as I say again, you are not yourself, Arden. How often have you and I—speaking of man's last hours, when he stands upon the verge of spirit life—agreed that his utterances are valueless; that he is physically too prostrated to bear a sound mind within him? And is not *your* case—ailing and nerve-stricken—yet standing, perchance, on the brink of some supreme revelation, a parallel one? Can you honestly say that you feel equal to such an occasion? Is your logical faculty fit to grapple with what may, indeed, be great spiritual truths, but may also be delusions?'

'Delusions!' exclaimed Sir Robert. 'You have yourself acknowledged that every possibility of delusion has been

eliminated. No; it is possible I may be fated to be tried beyond my strength. But what alternative is offered to me? Can I leave Halcombe—a spot become sacred to me, since my lost Madeline has designed to visit it—without affording the opportunity which, perchance, she seeks of holding speech with me?'

'Well, well, perhaps, you are right, Arden,' returned the other, slowly. 'But at least you do not give yourself up a prey to morbid hopes—hopes which nine men out of ten, we know, would designate as those of a madman. I have given you the same advice before, yet I am constrained to repeat it. Play the man, my friend; and above all, be yourself in your associations with those about you. There are strangers coming here to-day, in whose presence, I conjure you, to show no weakness; and with respect to your own belongings, this is still more to be deprecated. Let no one in this house be able to say that Sir Robert Arden was the prey to nervous terrors, before (as is possible) he was called to witness to the truth; before he had the experience of that so-called spiritual manifestation which was (in fact, they will rejoice to say so) the creation of a disordered mind and an enfeebled body. This is not a mere private matter, my friend, affecting your own interests only, however vitally; enormous issues may hang upon it. To you—who knows?—the very "Key of all the Creeds,—the dread Secret of the Ages," may be entrusted.'

Sir Robert shook his head.

'I have no ambition for such greatness, Ferdinand,' he murmured; 'I only wish to see my Madeline. Still, you give me good advice, no doubt. I cannot forget her; no; but while with others, I will strive to remember other matters.'

'Good; there is the breakfast bell. Let us go in.'

(To be continued.)

THE HOME AND GRAVE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

BY HOWARD J. DUNCAN, WOODSTOCK.

PERHAPS no other part of America has been associated with history and fiction so much as the banks of the Hudson river. Nature seems to have adapted them for such, and to have given such spots and haunts as would tend to confirm any tale be it ever so vague, any adventure be it ever so daring. Besides these, the river has a picturesque and beautiful charm that enchants all who view it, and the numerous costly mansions that nestle on its banks harmonize and contrast finely with the wild and rugged scenery its mountains and hills present. The numerous towns and villages that adorn its banks give it a civilized and inhabited appearance mingling their charm with the primitive beauty and grandeur of the scenery.

With it are treasured some of the noblest and most daring deeds that the revolutionary history of the United States records. Associated with it are some of the most fabulous legends the imagination can invent. The Catskills with their wild and weird haunted appearance first awakened the imagination of Washington Irving who gave the world ere long two of the most charming tales in the Sketch Book; Rip Van Winkle and the Headless Horseman. To Irving was entrusted the description of the beauties of the Hudson, and to him was confided the peopling of its banks with creatures of his rich imagination. 'Twas

' He whose fancy wove a spell
As lasting as the scene is fair,
And made the mountain stream and dell
His own dream life forever share.'

The legendary renown of the Hud-

son is now fully established, the master genius who linked his fame with the rock-ribbed mountains of its banks has invested it with beauties unrevealed before. He opened up a new and untrodden field of literature and removed the differences existing between English and American authors. He is connected indissolubly with the history of American fiction and justly entitled to the pioneership thereof. He gave us the grotesque and humorous phases in the life of the old Knickerbockers, and transplanted us to the banks of the river rendered classic by his genius. He has led us into the halls of the Alhambra to witness the faded and fallen grandeur of decayed royalty and pictured to us the contentment of the poor Irish bard wending his way to some humble cottage 'neath a foreign sky.

Among the old Dutch residences on the banks of the Hudson River is one about thirty miles above the City of New York, between the villages of Irvington and Tarrytown. It was built, we are told, by a sturdy old Dutchman in the beginning of the eighteenth century. This portentous and obese old burgomaster was no less a personage than Mynheer Woolfert Acker, who had served in the Privy Council of the renowned Peter Stuyvesant, but having been kept 'in a constant fume and fret by the perverseness of mankind, hid himself in disgust to the wilderness, built the gabled house, inscribed over the door his favourite Dutch motto "Lust in Rust" (pleasure in quiet), and enjoyed a life of repose and ease, never to be disturbed by wrangles

and broils outside his own metes and bounds.' Notwithstanding the declaration of seclusion made by old Woolfert, we find in a few years he sells the home of 'pleasure in quiet' to a brother Knickerbocker, Jacob Van Tassel, who lived the proverbial life of a Dutchman until the breaking out of the war between Great Britain and the Colonies. The valiant Dutchman espoused the cause of the Colonists, and became one of their most zealous supporters, fortifying his new house to such an extent that it became a stronghold of some considerable importance. History has not recorded the valorous deeds of the gallant Dutchman, but the archives of Tarrytown have rescued a name noted for prowess about the lower part of the Hudson in the days of the Revolutionary War. The cottage remained in the Van Tassel family until 1835, when it was sold to one who has made it famous in story. Washington Irving, the purchaser, had long entertained a filial affection for the weather-beaten cottage that overlooked the placid waters of Tappan Zee. With it was associated some of the happiest dreams of boyhood, and its existence gave rise to some of his choicest literary productions. Beneath its trees he sat when a stripling and conjured up those ideas of Dutch life which are so strikingly portrayed in the inimitable 'History of New York.' The quaint matter-of-fact old stone edifice, which was afterwards the home of his old age, gave rise to one of the finest pictures in 'The Sketch Book.'

Immediately after the purchase, Mr. Irving arranged a plan of architecture for additions in harmony with the Dutch style of the old cottage. His love for the unique in architecture was a whim entertained in foreign travel, which never manifested itself fully until the construction of the additions to the cottage. In a letter shortly after the purchase he says:—
'My idea is to make a little nookery somewhat in the Dutch style, quaint

but unpretending.' It was currently reported at the time of the purchase that Irving had become so enthusiastic over the style of architecture that an architect in Holland had been engaged to plan and superintend the construction of the additions, whereas, in truth, the designer was a young man of Irvington. A stone inscription over the portico records the name of 'George Harvey, Bou^{mr},' the adjunct being an abbreviation of the Dutch word 'boumeester,' which signifies architect. After a six months' superintendence, the humble Dutch cottage swelled to the size of a respectable manor house, ornamented with weather-cocks and spindles in the true Holland style. Mr. Irving's humour prompted him to christen the new house in honour of its first occupant Woolfert Acker, and the name 'Woolfert's Roost' still clings to the cottage, although superseded by the more endearing and poetic name, 'Sunnyside.' The first name given to the cottage became a theme for its christener, who has described it as 'a little old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat. It is said, in fact,' continues Mr. Irving, 'to have been modelled after the cocked hat of Peter the Headstrong, as the Escorial was modelled after the gridiron of the blessed St. Lawrence.' From this description one can easily see the quiet and affectionate humour with which he regarded his new home.

The main or old portion of the stone cottage faces the south. Its walls are half shrouded in English ivy, the first slip of which was given to Mr. Irving by Sir Walter Scott during his second visit at Abbotsford. Mr. Irving extended the main portion of the building to the north, and erected a large and quaint stone kitchen, in the old Dutch style, to the east. A person taking a passing glance at the whole edifice would doubtless form an impression that it was all built in the same year. But the additions lack

the moss-grown and weather-stained appearance that distinguishes the old cottage, although they harmonize with the style of architecture. Before the portico is a small lawn bordered by the carriage way, which winds to the public road, and at the southern extremity of the premises is the handsome little grove of Sunnyside, running in wild luxuriance. Those who have sat beneath its umbrageous trees on a hot and sultry day in July, and listened to the music of its warblers, can fully appreciate the cool sylvan retreat. It begins near the entrance gate, south-west of the cottage, and slopes gradually toward the river. It is a fit haunt for the traditional Gnomes and Fays who have invested the banks of old Hendrick Hudson's stream with such a fund of legendary lore. Through this little wild wood trickles a small stream, laughing as it leaps over its stony bed or shoots down a declivity over moss-grown trunks, 'widening in and out' over fallen trees until its murmurings are lost in the sportive waves of the Hudson. And here a quarter of a century since, on a fine summer afternoon, the gentle reader might have seen a sprightly old gentleman of three score and ten sitting on a rustic bench 'neath the shade, listening to the singing of the birds and the murmuring of the brook. The little grove was a favourite retreat of Mr. Irving's, and many of his happiest hours in green old age were spent beneath its bowers in company with 'a little golden-haired boy.' His love for the society of children was strong, and many a one, now grown up, can relate with pride the happy days of childhood spent at Sunnyside with the dear old man.

On a bright summer morning in July, a few years ago, I awoke with the same thought that pervaded Irving's mind on his first visit to Abbotsford, 'now I know I'm to be happy. I know I have an unfailling treat before me.' A short sail up the Hudson and I was landed at Yonkers,

only to be transmitted to Irvington, the quiet and handsome retreat of wealthy New Yorkers. I inquired the way to Sunnyside, and, like many who had put the same question, was directed along the railway track on the bank of the Hudson. The distance was short, being only about half a mile from the station, and as I stood on the track before the cottage I recognised it at once. It stands on a bluff overlooking the railway track and meadow land, half hidden by a circlet of oak trees which border the hill top. I wandered along over a marshy piece of land, clambered the hill, and loitered about the northern extremity of the premises. There I stood and watched the panoramic view that lay before me. It was noon-day. Beneath my feet lay Tappan Zee in dull repose, dotted with schooners, whose sails flaunted lazily in search of some passing breeze. Across the river loomed the shrub-fringed Palisades, towering in all the magnificence of massive grandeur and natural ruggedness.

On entering the mansion, I was considerably astonished at its gloomy appearance. The life and soul of the old cottage had fled, and nothing cheery remained save the reminiscences of its late genial occupant. How many times had he stood at that hall-door, and shaking the hand of the literary aspirant, gave him counsel with the accompanying 'God bless you.' Who cannot think kindly of him who was so kind? On the left-hand side of the hall is the dining room. It faces the river, and commands a beautiful view of the opposite shore. Its walls are adorned with three pictures—Daniel Webster, in front as you enter the dining-room; General Washington, near the window looking out on the lawn; and another, which I took for Washington Allston, near the window facing the river. In the centre of the room is the dining-table, around which have sat many of the shining lights of American literature. It was around

this board the Irving family assembled on Christmas day and enjoyed themselves in the true old English style. I could not help calling to mind the beautiful description Irving has given in the 'Sketch Book' of the manner of celebrating the Christmas holiday, and methinks his love of the quaint would prompt him to repeat in old English :

'Lo now is come our joyfu!st feast!
Let every man be jolly,
Eache roome with yvie leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.'

On the right-hand side of the hall is the library. The room is quite small, but described by Mr. Irving as 'a neat and cosey little place.' Its walls are well-nigh hidden with books, and all tastefully arranged and in order. Most of the finely bound volumes are on the east side of the library. In the centre of the room is a plain desk, presented to Mr. Irving by his publishers—Messrs. Putnam—in 1856, and beside it stood the old and easy arm-chair in which he sat while composing most of his last great work, 'The Life of General Washington.'

North of the desk is a small recess with a couch and a bookcase well filled with old annals and statutes of New York. On the east side of the library is a bookcase filled with morocco bound books. Sir Walter Scott's were there side by side with Irving's. The association of their works looked very appropriate, for Irving, in a great measure, owed his fame to the kindness of Scott. Who can help admiring the glorious old minstrel as he limped to the gate of Abbotsford to greet the young American author then almost unknown to the world. He met the young man with open arms and obtained him a purchaser for the 'Sketch Book' which had been unconditionally rejected. From the day of their first meeting Irving's fame as an author was in the ascendant, and ever afterwards he attributed his success to the kindness of the great Scotch bard and novelist. 'He is a theme

on which I love to dwell, everything that comes within his influence seems to catch a beam of that sunshine that plays around his heart.' Thus wrote Irving shortly after four days' visit at Abbotsford. The world has been pleased to associate these two as the representative authors of two great nations, each excelling in his particular branch of authorship, and infusing interest into a class of literature before neglected. The hills and dales of Scotland had little more than a local interest until the pen of Scott wove them with romance and history. And so likewise with the Hudson. Those quiet villages that nestle on the water's edge would have still remained unfamous had not Irving invested them with legendary fame.

Over the mantle-piece in the library hangs a picture of a literary party at Sir Joshua Reynolds, and before the grate is an easy chair in which Irving sat the last day of his illness. It was here he noted the beauty of the last sunset he ever saw.

After visiting the library I loitered about the green sward under the shade trees near the verandah. Here would the household sit of a summer's eve and listen to the old gentleman as he described the days of boyhood when Paulding Brevoort and himself went yachting on Tappan Sea with the young ladies and chanted some old chorus of gaiety and fun. But, remarks Mr. Irving, 'It is a different yacht and a different generation that have taken up the game, and are now sailing by moonlight and singing on the Tappan Sea.'

I had now visited the home of one of America's greatest authors, and viewed its surroundings with indescribable delight. I had peeped into the cheery study and hospitable dining-room, and saw the retreat in old age of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. My mind had become so possessed by its former characters that I seemed to have had an actual existence among them. As I loitered along the road-

side to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, I could not but reflect on the scenes I had just witnessed. The quaint old cottage and its former occupants furnished an abundance for reflection. I had surveyed the old cottage and compared its appearance a century ago with that of to-day. I had been in the very room in which the pedagogue, Ichabod Crane, had whispered love to the beautiful Katrina Van Tassel, and I was now wandering along the road that poor Ichabod found so foreboding on the dark and eventful night in which he vanished from this earth. I was treading classic ground with mythical characters who had no real existence, and yet they were presented to me in all the charm of reality. He is the true poet who speaks to the heart and raises man's ideas from the hum-drum of everyday life to the beatitude of the imagination.

The way to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery is picturesque, and recalls many wild historic tales of the Revolutionary war. It was also a favourite haunt for many a weird sister in the superstitious days of the early Dutch Governors. A mile or thereabouts from Sunnyside, on a cross road, is a small monument erected in memory of the capture of the brave but unfortunate Major André. From this place we have a beautiful view of the river and the quiet old village of Tarrytown. The road then winds through a most romantic part of the country into 'Sleepy Hollow,' so named for its quietude. On the hill across the valley stands the antique Sleepy Hollow Church, the oldest place of worship in New York State, built about two centuries and a half ago. The brick and most of the material of which it is constructed, was brought from Holland. The architecture of the church is purely Dutch, in style resembling many of the antiquities which will ere long be the only landmarks bearing testimony to the settlement of New York State by that once powerful

and influential people. It was on the bridge at the foot of the hill that the unfortunate Ichabod Crane met the headless Hessian trooper. About fifty yards south of the church is the entrance gate to the cemetery. I walked around the carriage road until I came to a redoubt thrown up a century since by General Washington, where I espied a grey-headed sexton trimming the hedge of a burial plot. I inquired for the grave of Washington Irving and he pointed to a headstone in the plot. It would never strike the eye as being the last resting-place of one whose name absorbs so much of the world's praise, so simple and plain is its appearance. No costly monument records any eulogium, but on the small marble slab is simply inscribed—

' Washington Irving,
Born April 3rd, 1783.
Died Nov. 28th, 1859.'

He rests by his mother's side in a spot selected by him some six years before his death. His grave is shaded by a small oak tree. I stood beneath its branches and looked across the valley into the Beekman wood, where he and Paulding sported in early boyhood with gun in hand. On the other side I saw the Hudson and the Catskills—appearing in faded distinctness—which are so closely associated with the story of his own bright life.

After visiting several spots of local importance, I wended my way across the bridge towards Tarrytown, which is now a place of considerable size. As I sauntered along its principal street, the dull quiet of the place brought to my mind the origin of its name, which, 'we are told, was given by the good housewives of the adjacent country from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days.' The old village still bears testimony of its original inhabitants, and the sign-boards are replete with

names that commanded respect and veneration in the famous, but doubtful, council of Peter Stuyvesant. I left Tarrytown as the sun was going down in the horizon. It presented a beautiful and grand sight, tipping the trees with a golden refulgence, and

making old Hendrick Hudson's river sparkle like rubies; and, as the train wheeled around the river bank near Irvington, I took a farewell peep at Sunnyside, almost hidden by the circlet of trees.

JUST A TRANSIENT YEAR AGO.

BY R. MARVIN SEATON, TORONTO.

JUST a transient year ago,
 When the summer sun sank low
 In a flood of vermil glory,
 'Neath that venerable tree,
 Shading deep the velvet lea,
 Whispered I the old sweet story.

In the solemn hush of night,
 There beneath the moonbeam's light,
 We two murmured vows soft spoken;
 And the tender lips I pressed,
 Love and constancy confessed,
 As they gave me back the token.

Now she sleeps, alas! beneath
 Yonder flower-scented heath—
 Sloping to the rushing river;
 And above her forest grave,
 Palmy grasses softly wave—
 Sadly bending, mourning ever.

THE ALLIANCE OF DEMOCRACY AND PROTECTION.

BY JOHN MACLEAN, TORONTO.

THE battle of Protection and Free Trade has been fought out amongst us, and Parliament and people have decided to try what a National Policy will do for Canada. It may be interesting at this time to take a glance at the position of the trade question in other countries, and to inquire whether the present revival of Protectionism, the world over, be a mere surface phenomenon, soon to pass away, or whether it has its motive power in forces deep-seated and enduring, and is therefore likely to be permanent and to govern the commercial future of the civilized world.

Of the fact that a great revival of Protectionism is now going on there can be no doubt; indeed it is not disputed by those who certainly would dispute it if they could. An English journal of recent date puts into a few terse and pithy statements what everybody is saying respecting the 'alarming' advance of Protectionist policy on the continent of Europe. Germany, declared to be England's boldest commercial enemy, is preparing for a policy of high custom-house walls, and is deliberately building up a tariff to keep out English goods. All this she is doing, too, under the lead of the strongest statesman in Europe, the 'man of blood and iron,' who has declared in favour of fostering home industries by keeping out the foreigner. The work that Cobden did in France is nearly undone, and the 'liberal commercial régime' of Napoleon the Third is about to be stamped out. On all sides the spirit of Protection is manifest. Russia, Italy, Austria, Turkey and the minor States, are

looking to heavy duties either to repair their finances or for the avowed purpose of building up home manufactures. This general Protectionist agitation bodes dire evil to England, and meanwhile English statesmen fold their hands and, with impressive dignity, say that they can do nothing—that is, nothing beyond the usual course of diplomatic persuasion. Russia, being in deplorable straits for money, has a plea for high duties, which leaves Free Trade negotiators without an answer. France had the same plea when she raised her duties to pay the German indemnity and other war debt, and she still retains it, and will use it to baffle the importunity of Free Traders from across the Channel. Other nations have the same contention at hand and ready for use. Austria, Italy, and Spain may all give their enormous and indifferently paid national debts as reasons why they must impose high duties. This is their convenient defence against diplomatic pressure from England; but underneath the forms of international politeness it is well understood, on both sides, that high duties are really sought for purposes of protection even more than for revenue. But it is in France that the chief danger to Free Trade is at present to be observed. She has made haste to 'denounce' all commercial treaties by which she is now bound, and it is strongly suspected that, once free of these fetters to her action, she will be the reverse of hasteful in again putting herself under such restraint. The London *Times*, after viewing the alarming rise of Protection in Ger-

many, under the auspices of Bismarck, turns to France, and says that there the same signs of reaction meet the eye. A general tariff of 'a retrograde character' awaits discussion, and the danger of France's going astray will be greater when she has cast off the fetters of commercial treaties. The value of such international obligations to the Free Trade cause is thus stated by the *Times*: 'Inconsistent as treaties may appear to be with the creed of a free-trader, who ought to trust that, like truth, it will prevail against error, they are useful mechanical devices by which countries in danger of backsliding are kept in the right path and are saved from the influences of seductive temporary delusions. They operate very much as taking the pledge does on a man of weak will. The end of the treaty with France may be the beginning of much mischief.' With the close of the current year nearly the whole system of European commercial treaties falls in, and the prospects for their renewal in the interest of Free Trade are not bright. Here is an English opinion of the prospect:—'They (the French) are now engaged, not in the reconstruction of commercial treaties on the old liberal lines, which all practical minds approve, but in the preparation of a general tariff which is to form the basis for further international commercial negotiations. This tariff, when ready, will have to pass the Deputies' and the Senators' Chambers; and it is calculated that it cannot obtain the force of law before October. There will remain, then, three months, when most statesmen are enjoying the rest and pleasures of the recess, to negotiate the new treaties with the Great Powers.'

Nor do commercial treaties seem to be in favour in the new world, any more than in the old. Mr. Cox, a Democratic leader in the American Congress, proclaims the doctrine that such treaties are virtually a surrender

of legislative powers belonging to the representatives of the people, and holds that no more such surrenders should henceforth be made. If Reciprocity be deemed desirable, then he would establish it by the concurrent legislation of two countries, but not by treaty. And he recently introduced *pro forma* and as a trial pattern merely of what might be done, a Bill providing for Reciprocity with Canada, with very low duties on manufactured goods, the same on both sides. How such a measure could be adopted while Canada remains a part of the British Empire, we do not see, and probably Mr. Cox is looking quite another way in proposing it. But his action in the matter, and the prominence given, on both sides of the Atlantic, to the doctrine that commercial treaties are virtually fetters upon the commercial independence of nations, abridging the legislative power of Parliaments, is a sign of the times. In our own country Mr. Tilley, with a statesmanlike understanding of the signs, has taken the initiative towards substituting concurrent legislation for the fetters of treaties. By a short section of the new Customs Act it is provided that American natural products, the same as under the old treaty, are to come free into Canada, by Order-in-Council, whenever it shall please our neighbours to admit similar articles free, into the United States. No more Plenipotentiaries or Commissioners going to Washington; their occupation is forever gone, as far as *commercial* treaty-making is concerned. When our neighbours are ready for such Reciprocity as we approve of, they can get it at once, by an Act of Congress in a dozen lines. Manufactured articles are left out of our standing offer, embodied in section 6, and so complications arising out of our colonial relations with Great Britain—that country of many manufactures—are wholly avoided.

Coleridge has somewhere said, that whereas with the ancient Romans war

was their business, in modern times business is war. Whatever convictions of the truth of this view he may have drawn from the circumstances of his day, a much stronger conviction of its truth is forced upon us by those of our own time. Then Protection was a mass of crudities, undigested and incoherent; now it is in course of development, with scientific aim and purpose, into a system of enlightened national selfishness. In vain are the arguments of Adam Smith, powerful as they were against certain absurdities prevailing in his time, invoked against Protection as it is shaping itself in ours. He denounced Protection of the few at the expense of the many, but what would he have said had he lived to see Protection demanded by the million, and resisted chiefly by a few learned *doctrinaires* and by the narrower interests of mere carrying, buying, and selling, as distinguished from the broader and more popular interests of actual production? We may properly say, 'the narrower interests,' for surely the actual production of commodities is something greater and more important than the mere business of their distribution, however important the latter may be. All Bastiat's verbal cleverness goes for nothing against the verdict of his countrymen; he is answered by simply pointing to Protectionist France in 1879. Coleridge saw no pressure of competition in his time to match the tremendous pressure now felt in all the leading avenues of trade. Therefore we say that his remark on commercial war has immensely greater force now than it had when he made it. It is the progress and development of international commercial war that we are now witnessing—the struggle of Governments to find work for their respective peoples. The war of sword and gun may abate; subjects may gain wisdom enough to put their veto upon the game of kings and statesmen. But the problem of work and bread for the people must remain, and

it must be a fortunate Government that can afford to give to foreigners the work and wages which its own people demand. Most certainly there is no Government of Continental Europe in such position to-day.

If we turn to America what better prospect do we see for the Free Trade cause? In the United States the Morrill tariff, established eighteen years ago, is still the law of the land; such amendments as have been made to it are conceived altogether in the spirit of Protection, with the design of ensuring the permanence of the system, and of strengthening it against attacks on exposed points. A vigorous denouncer of negro slavery has Mr. John Bright been, in his time, but to him, as a Free Trader, it should be a fact of ominous import that in the United States Slavery and Free Trade should have been twin pillars of the same edifice, and that with the fall of the former the latter also came to the ground. But for the Slave Power, indeed, the American people would have declared decisively for Protection long before they did, and the commercial event of Lincoln's time would have come in the time of Harrison or Tyler. That power was a weight lying upon the nation's will, and preventing its natural expression; the weight being removed from the national councils, the popular will asserted itself at once. Vain is it to hope that any future Congress will reverse the verdict, or that the sharp-witted American people will after this deliberately legislate in favour of foreign producers. During these eighteen years Protection has struck its roots deep and wide in the United States, and now it has taken a grip of the country immensely stronger than ever it had before. Protection has caused mills, factories and workshops to start up and enlarge themselves; these, again, have bred a numerous working population, living by manufactures; this population constitutes a voting power, and will vote

to sustain that by which it lives. In a word, Protection has bred Protectionist votes, and these Protectionist votes will perpetuate Protection. It used to be the old story, that Protection lived only within its strongholds in New England and Pennsylvania, and that with the growth and expansion of the great West, which had no interest in manufactures, an overwhelming majority of the whole nation in favour of Free Trade would certainly follow. But this view has been remarkably falsified by the event. It was based upon the assumption that the great West would *continue* to have no interest in manufactures; but just here the Free Trade prophets turned out to be all wrong. The Morrill tariff caused manufactures to spread westward, and now the West as well as the East contributes its material guarantee for the continuation of Protection. Another New England is now rising up west of Lake Michigan, and other Pennsylvanias are being developed in Ohio, Indiana, and Missouri. The Appalachian Mountain region, in the South, as well as that other part of the same chain, called the Alleghanies, in the North, boasts of its metallic treasures; and Georgia competes with Massachusetts in the spinning of cotton yarn. Protection, before deemed to be a growth of the East only, has now spread its roots westward to the Mississippi, and, instead of being relaxed, its hold upon the whole country is every year becoming stronger. Not a few manufacturers merely, but millions of working people, who have votes, are interested in its continuance. The gain by the Democrats of a majority in Congress, for the first time since the outbreak of the war, has raised again the old hopes in the breasts of some, who fancy that the party will surely follow up its traditions of former days, and attempt the gigantic task of undoing the Protectionist legislation of the Republicans. But, though there are some Democratic statesmen who

would willingly break a lance for Free Trade, full well do they understand that the masses of the people, belonging to their own party, will follow them in no such Quixotic assault. Democratic leaders have on this question to step carefully, for fear of their being deserted by the multitude, and left high and dry, without popular support. They may present platform resolutions having a Free Trade sound, and they may even labour hard, in the Committee of Ways and Means, to show that duties which are now sustained at the dizzy height of sixty or seventy per cent., might advantageously be reduced to thirty-five or forty per cent. But mass meetings of Democratic voters, coming grimy and dusty from their crowded workshops, have warned Democratic leaders that, though Free Trade talk may be safe enough, popular rebellion waits upon any actual legislation that would substitute foreign goods largely for those of home production, and throw American workmen idle.

The alliance of Protection with Democracy is a great fact of the day, and points clearly to what the national commercial policy of the future must be. Nobody expects now to see Monarchy or Aristocracy gaining on Democracy in the world; the most devoted Tory that lives understands that political power is passing into the hands of the multitude. Philosophic students of history advise us not to brace ourselves stupidly against the inevitable, but by the extension of popular education, and other fitting means, to qualify the people for the power they are destined to wield. But if the multitude take to Protection, what future can we see for Free Trade in the world? Let Republican France and Republican America answer; and, if that be not enough, look at the advance of Protection in Canada and Australia, under virtual Democracy tempered by Imperial connection. It has been charged against Sir John A. Macdonald that he is not a sincere

Protectionist, and that he adopted a certain cry merely because it was popular. This is a false accusation, for he was Premier in the Government of 1858, when Mr. Cayley, then Inspector-General, introduced and carried the first Protectionist tariff in Canada; and he was still virtually the leader of the Government of Sir George E. Cartier, in 1859, when Inspector-General Galt extended and consolidated the Protectionist work of the year before. Had Sir John, in carrying out Protection, actually 'gone back' on old convictions, he should still be leniently dealt with by those who glorify Sir Robert Peel for having saved his country by turning a political summer-sault on the question of Free Trade. But this aside, cannot Free Traders see what a fatal admission they make when they admit that Protection is *popular*? And cannot they see, further, that the increasing intensity of commercial competition between nations is sure in each and every civilized country to enlist the masses of the people more firmly on the side of Protection, and against the system which would take employment from themselves and hand it over to foreigners? The time is surely coming when to ask the workmen of any civilized country whether they are in favour of Free Trade, will be deemed as absurd as it would now be deemed to ask an

Italian whether he thinks that Venice should be restored to the dominion of Austria, or a Frenchman whether he would be willing to cede the Champagne country to Germany. The popular mind is giving a national interpretation to the Scripture precept (implied) that we are first to provide for those of our own household; and, with Patriotism and Democracy both on its side, Protection will surely carry all before it in the world.

We have, at all events, determined to try what it will do for Canada. The other system *has been* tried, and has proved a very bad failure, though it is still contended that circumstances, and not the system, were to blame. But we do not here enter upon *that* argument; suffice it to say that a change has been decreed by the authority of last resort—the vote of the Canadian people. The prevailing anticipation is that the new policy will attract capital and population into the country, and certainly some cases bearing this out have already occurred. Should more such cases keep coming up, even our Free Traders may take comfort of a substantial kind in the non-fulfilment of their own prophecies. We may at least bespeak for the new system the best of fair play, and we may feel sure that the vast majority of Canadians hope it may prove successful.

WHEN shall Springtime cheer us,
 When, ah when?
 When fair June is near us,
 Then, ah then!
 Then the trees shall burst in leaf,
 Winter shall forget his grief;
 Winds shall all forget to moan
 In their wild and wintry tone;
 Gentle breezes then shall play
 Thro' the fragrant woods of May;
 Birds shall seek a Northern home,
 Bees and flowers together come:
 When shall Springtime cheer us,
 When, ah when?
 When fair June is near us,
 Not till then!

—From 'APPLE BLOSSOMS.'

RELIGIOUS BELIEF IN COURT.

BY W. B. COOK, TORONTO.

THE quiet surface of society and the even course of judicial procedure is occasionally ruffled by attempts to resuscitate old modes of dealing out justice which have little in common with this age in either thought or feeling. Within a year in Toronto the evidence of four persons—a Jew, a Mahomedan, and two others—have been challenged as incompetent to testify in a court of justice, on the ground of religious opinion. At a recent trial before Chief Justice Moss the evidence of two witnesses was rejected, on the ground that they had not that degree of theological belief which gave value to their oath. In giving judgment on May 12th ult., in a case before the court, the Chief Justice is reported as saying of one witness: ‘I am obliged to reject his evidence; he has not that degree of religious belief which the law renders necessary to competency as a witness.’

The legal doctrine is that no person can be allowed to give evidence in a Court of Justice who does not believe in a God who punishes perjury in this world or the next. As the Mohomedan is permitted to swear on the Koran, the Jew on the Old Testament, we may reasonably infer that the Heathen Chinese, whether Polytheist or Buddhist, would be allowed to testify according to that form most sacred to his conscience.

In Canada, and in every civilized country where the English language is spoken, there is an endless variety of religious belief regarding the supreme power and government of the world, also on the nature and duration of future punishment. The ‘degree of

religious belief’ on these two points being that which qualifies or disqualifies a witness. As legal justice and common justice, or in other words, common morality, are practically interchangeable terms (the legal being based on the moral) what is the social status of a citizen unable to testify; what are the penalties for the expression of obnoxious opinions, socially considered? Are such citizens excluded from civil rights and duties? Can they sit on a jury? Are they excluded from the use of the franchise? If their qualification is challenged, the oath cannot be administered to establish their right to vote. Can they import goods and pass them through the customs, unless they employ some one to swear for them? Can they perform any of the functions of citizens when the oath is administered? If the law will not permit them the privileges of citizenship, is the ordinary citizen expected to be above the sober and solemn wisdom of impartial legal justice? If our behaviour to each other is not superior to the behaviour of the law towards unbelievers, it is equivalent to declaring such persons to be outlaws. But this is not all: if twenty men of good standing in society, or any larger number, who did not possess ‘the degree of religious belief’ entitling them to give evidence in a court of justice, were eye witnesses to the assassination of the Chief Justice and the proof of the fact depended on their evidence, their oaths would be valueless, and the punishment intended for the unfortunate unbeliever would fall on society.

The grossest outrage may be com-

mitted by the greatest rascal, and society may have neither defence nor protection. The late J. S. Mill says: 'the assumption on which this is grounded is that the oath is worthless of a person who does not believe in a future state; a proposition which betokens much ignorance of history in those who assent to it (since it is historically true that a large proportion of infidels, in all ages, have been persons of distinguished integrity and honour); and would be maintained by no one who had the smallest conception how many of the persons in the greatest repute with the world, both for virtue and attainments, are well known, at least to their intimates, to be unbelievers.' A man who does not accept the doctrine of future punishment may be the only witness to rails being torn up which caused the death of many persons and the destruction of much property, or he may be the only witness to a brutal murder which has shocked the moral sense of the whole community. When placed in a witness box to testify to the fact, he candidly admits that he does not possess the 'degree of religious belief' which the law demands, but believes that a respect for *truth* is the cement which holds society together, and asserts that the penalties for perjury are wise and just. So far, however, from being considered a credible witness, and his evidence taken as to the facts within his knowledge, his mouth is closed, justice is defeated, and the enemies of good society are let loose again to repeat their misdeeds in possibly more aggravated forms. To make the matter more absurd, and justice a mockery, an ordinary trustworthy citizen is denied the privilege granted to a criminal. A whiskey informer's oath would pass unchallenged after repeated convictions for perjury, while a well-intentioned heretic, whose word would be taken by all who knew him, notwithstanding his obnoxious opinions, would be put out of court as unqualified to testify. On

this point J. S. Mill says: 'under pretence that atheists must be liars, the law admits the testimony of all who are willing to lie, and rejects only those who brave the obloquy of publicly confessing a detested creed rather than affirm a falsehood. A law thus self-convicted of absurdity, so far as regards its professed purpose, can be kept in force only as a badge of hatred, a relic of persecution; a persecution, too, having the peculiarity that the qualification for undergoing it is the being clearly proved not to deserve it.'

The subterfuges which this law permits are of serious moment. Any person, by assuming the position of an unbeliever, may shield a criminal and defeat the ends of justice. There is no means of ascertaining whether belief or unbelief is real or pretended. If there was, there is no law against a change of mind. Hence, a man may give evidence in one case and refuse it in another without risk of punishment, as it is impossible to prove that a man has not altered his opinion on the question of God and a future life.

The difficulties and dangers prophesied as sure to follow any alteration in the administration of the oath in England prevented any amendment worthy of the name for 113 years. After a severe and protracted struggle, quakers were allowed to affirm; afterwards other religious bodies who conscientiously objected to swear were permitted the same privilege. When it was found that none of the disastrous results which were so confidently predicted, followed, those outside the pale of Christianity were also permitted to make affirmation; and, as the confidence of man in man widened, individual and collective justice was found to be placed on sounder principles.

Notwithstanding the number of alterations and amendments on the Oath Question which have taken place in England between 1813 and 1875, Canada, a province of that nation, is

still under the intolerant statutes of George 3rd, 1792, excepting in a few cases regarding rectories which were amended when the English Church was disestablished here. Those who doubt this may consult the summing up of the late Chief Justice Harrison in *Pringle v. Napanee*, at Osgoode Hall, June 29th, 1878. The case will be found in Queen's Bench Reports, No. 6, vol. 43; but particularly on page 294. In citing decisions and opinions of eminent judges, the Chief Justice quoted 9 and 10 Will. III. ch. 32, intitled, 'An Act for the more effectual suppression of blasphemy and profaneness reciting "That if any person or persons, having been educated in, or at any time having made profession of the Christian Religion, shall by writing, printing, teaching or advized speaking, deny any one of the persons of the Holy Trinity to be God, or assert or maintain that there are more Gods than one, or deny the Christian Religion to be true, or the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be of Divine authority, and shall be thereof convicted by oath of two or more credible witnesses, such person or persons for the first offence shall be adjudged, and *incapable*, and *disabled in law* to all *intents* and *purposes whatsoever*, &c., &c., and if a second time convicted, shall thenceforth be *disabled to sue, prosecute, plead or use any action, &c.*, and shall suffer imprisonment for the space of three years without bail or mainprize," &c. This Act,

with its penalties, was in force in the mother country till the 21st July, 1813, when the 53 Geo. III., ch. 160, sec. 2, was passed repealing its provisions "so far as the same relate to persons denying as therein mentioned respecting the Holy Trinity." But as the Act was held to be merely an affirmation of the Common Law of England, the effect of its partial repeal has been held to be merely a repeal of its penalties; *Rea v. Waddington, &c.* *It would appear to be in force in this colony with all the penalties, notwithstanding the repeal of the penalties in England.*" (See report cited.) As every city has many good citizens who neither feel nor believe as their forefathers did in 1792, it is worthy of our consideration, whether it might not be for the *general good*, that the law, as in England, should be so altered that every sane citizen should be allowed to testify by affirmation, subject of course to all the penalties of perjury for swearing falsely on oath.

The mother country has adopted this with beneficial results. No one there can shirk the responsibilities of a citizen by withholding his evidence where it is important, nor be subject to the insults of Counsel or the derision of the Court, for affirming in preference to swearing. The temptation to rob, or to defraud those who cannot legally prosecute is, in England, a thing of the past, and justice demands the same legal protection for every colonial citizen.

ROUND THE TABLE.

ALL the Court circles and courtly newspapers of Europe are felicitating the Czar at his 'providential escape' from the hand of the assassin, and execrating the villain who would have slain the father of his people. It may offend some guests at the table round which we sit, but for the life of me I cannot refrain from uttering my feeble disavowal of such sentiments. If ever assassination were permissible or laudable, it is so at Russia in this year of grace. The father of his people keeps his children under his paternal (but not the less iron-shod) heel. If they show signs of the slightest intelligent sympathy with ideas of liberty (God help them! they can hardly so much as dream of such a subject with impunity) presto! they are under surveillance, dogged, trapped, arrested on suspicion, goaded into some trifling overt sign of discontent, thrown into a prison whose only portal opens to the route of Siberia. His fatherly care does not always please these children, who being men in years, and feeling that their nation, too, is no longer in its infancy, consider their Czar a trifle over careful over their well-being. Sometimes they are rash and criminal enough to approach their great father and king with a prayer or petition, begging to be allowed a voice in the disposition of their own affairs. It is only the younger and better educated men who rise to this height of wicked audacity, and they do not as a rule get a chance to repeat the crime. At other times when a knot of these desperate men have been simmering in gaol for several years, guilty of the unpardonable offence of thinking for themselves and bidding others to do likewise, and when they have planned

an escape from their kind father and have undermined his strong walls and are about to be free, the Czar places shepherds at the outlet to stop his straying sheep, grim Corydons with muskets for crooks and bayonets for pipes, and the Imperial father kills those children of his with as little compunction as Corydon feels when he kills his Sunday's mutton. With knout, and sabre, and musket shot, with banishment and proscription, with the fetter, chain, and ball, on body and mind alike, with the forced labour of the unhealthy mine, with the barely-masked mockery of justice dealt out by military tribunals, the Czar murders the flower of his people. Other nations are sorry for it, would gladly see it stopped; will do nothing, say nothing to stop it, nay, feel at heart a selfish pleasure that Russia is thus flinging away her chances in the great race, is thus sinking herself in the depths of a self-inflicted barbarism. But let one of the down-trodden men turn on the oppressor with knife or pistol, and how the *Te Deums* burst forth if hand or heart fail him!

I fully agree, my humanitarian friend, with your hatred for assassination. It is un-English, you say. Quite true, but it does not become more moral when practised on an extensive scale with a large army of officers and officials for performers and the state prisons of Russia for the theatre. Let assassination and capital punishment be abolished together by all means, but—as was well said—let *messieurs les assassins* commence the innovation, and above all let their Emperor, Alexander, set the example.

BARRIE.

—Lady artists play a distinguished part in this year's Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists. Two pictures, by the Princess Louise, head the catalogue and fairly challenge attention. Her Royal Highness makes her first public appearance in Toronto, as an artist in the rooms of the Society, and can afford to be judged by her work, independent of any claims to indulgence as a lady, or as the daughter of our sovereign. She exhibits two pictures, 'A Study of a Female Head,' and 'A Study of Peaches.' We commend these pictures, or rather sketches in oil,—for they have the appearance of having been 'blocked in' at one sitting,—to the attention of our amateurs: to artists they commend themselves. They have just these qualities which in amateur work are generally wanting, decision, force and expression. In the female head there is no attempt at finish, but the character is given; you feel that there is an individual soul looking out from the face, this is the first and highest characteristic of true portraiture, and it is the rarest.

The 'study of peaches' is evidently a sketch from nature, rapid and masterly. The drawing is free, bold and again *expressive*. Notice the poise of the leaves, their foreshortening and force of light and shade. There are no pretty meaningless flourishes or blotches (called suggestive, because they suggest nothing), but in every line and tint there is intention, purpose—see that peach, the rich *dark* side showing in full light and the light yellow side in shadow; note how by presentation of true colour the dark side of fruit expresses sunlight, and the light side expresses shade. We see some admirable and highly-finished fruit-pieces on the walls, but nothing so graphic and true as this sketch—an opinion in which nine-tenths of the public, who look first for finish will not concur, but which the few, who really see nature and care for truth, will recognise as being correct.

Close to the 'peaches' is a picture of a fair girl with a kitten in her arms; beside her is a table on which is a saucer of steaming bread and milk, which the struggling kitten devours with greedy eyes; the whole picture says, without looking at the title in the catalogue, 'Patience Puss, too hot.' Here again is expression, with admirable drawing, delicate colour and high finish. We do not need to look at the name of the artist to know that it is Mrs. Schreiber's, and to recognise those qualities which give such value to her teaching in the school of art. Another of her pictures, further on, and entitled 'A box on the Ear,' is better still, but as the artists have secured it for the Ontario collection, there will be opportunities enough to enjoy it by the sight of the eye, which is better than the hearing of the ear.

ART.

—It is curious to notice with what tenacity we cling to shreds and patches of superstition long after we have learned to boast of our deliverance from such a degrading thralldom. A not inapt illustration of this occurred the other day, when one of our best Judges felt bound to reject evidence which was tendered in a case of some literary interest, on the ground that the witness did not possess the amount of religious belief required by law to warrant its acceptance. I am not at all impugning the correctness of the law thus laid down, but I should like to expose its fallacy. Blindness itself cannot refuse to see that the number of intelligent, educated men of good morals and well conducted lives, who refuse to believe in a future state of existence or a superintending Providence, is on the increase. I am not discussing the religious aspect of this vital question, nor giving any opinion whether it is a thing to be glad or sorry at; but, I ask, is this growing and already important class to be kept under a stigma and a ban, and to be denied

the privileges of citizenship even in the smallest particular? Such conduct, disguise it as we may, is but persecution after all, and, like all persecution, is apt to recoil upon those who inflict it. Who knows but *your* dearest interests, my fellow-guest—you who feel inclined to uphold the present law in all its bare absurdity—may not depend some day on the testimony of such a man as I have described? You may be accused of the foulest crime, charged with the grossest fraud, attacked by the vilest extortioner, and the only man who could expose the conspiracy against you may perchance be your moral, respectable neighbour, who lives much like other men, except that he does not attend church or chapel. The basest hypocrite may 'kiss the book' against you—a priest-ridden slave, who believes his next absolution will wipe away his premeditated perjury, may appear in the box to condemn you—even the degraded being who holds belief in transmigration of souls will pass the test, and his word be thrown into the opposing balance. But the most intelligent, straightforward atheist who, while denying Our Saviour, does his best to carry out His moral precepts and imitate His blameless life—he may not be heard!

By all means keep the temporal punishments for perjury; even relax, if you will, those restrictions by which a conviction for that crime is rendered almost unattainable, but if a witness refuses to pledge his faith in a future state of rewards and punishments, let him be asked no more than this—'Do you believe it wrong to tell an untruth, will you, do you now, promise to tell the truth between these parties?'

A kindred subject suggests itself to me. I mean the decision of our Court of Queen's Bench in *Pringle v. Town of Napanee*, in which it was held that Christianity was part of the law of the land, and consequently that a town council that had let their hall to a lecturer, could refuse him the right he had bar-

gained and paid for, on discovering that he intended to deliver a free-thinking discourse. This appears to me a contradiction in terms. Can that be law which cannot be enforced in its entirety? The dicta and statutes, to the contrary, were framed in the spirit of the 'good old times' when the Church could enforce its claims with the Statute *de hæretico comburendo* and a net-work of Courts of Conscience; when its hierarchy were barons of the realm, and heresy was practically unknown. Thanks to the long struggle of our fathers against an infallible Church, Church Catholic or Church Anglican, those days are past. We are content to live in one empire, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Mussulmen, Buddhists and even the despised Atheist all abiding under the same laws. Parsee youths study at English Universities. Jews have sat, since 1858, in the House of Commons, and have adorned the English judicial bench. Surely it is time that all this childishness were swept away and town councils left to protect themselves in their bargains without calling in the aid of a foreign, obsolete and barbarous law to excuse them from an intentional breach of a deliberate contract.

F. R.

—That the clash of moods known as good-humour and peevishness, merriment and 'the blues,' lies at the root of much of society's wretchedness will be readily conceded to the writer of the note on 'Moods' in last month's 'Round the Table.' It may be true that family harmony and fireside happiness are not dollars and cents; but the abundance or scarcity of the latter has a vast deal to do with the presence or absence of the former, so far as these are influenced by the mood of paterfamilias. A good day's business, or a series of 'bad debts,' will often make in his case all the difference between a cheery home circle or an atmosphere for the evening of sul- lenness and gloom.

'To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.'

Such homely felicity is often unconsciously reached when the rosy light of unembarrassed success tinges all a man's surroundings with brightness. But wife and weans are generally the first to suffer when business difficulties obscure his sky, and when mental worry has 'unstrung his nerves of finer fibres.'

That the recent, and indeed the present, condition of the financial and commercial world has occasioned sombre moods in many fathers of families whose merchandise, like Antonio's, ordinarily made them not sad, needs not occasion surprise. Reverses of fortune have been many and startling amongst us in the past five years. And who shall tell the aggregate of the household miseries brought about by these? Not alone the change of home and station, stepping down from affluence to almost indigence, which is one of the hardest trials for human nature to bear. But the lesser worries, not the less truly miseries, of growing impecuniosity, the frettings over expenses, the repinings for accustomed luxuries which the ruin that impends must surely deny,—these may, to a philosophic mind, appear unworthy causes of distress, nevertheless, they are very common ones.

It may be interesting to see how far such reverses are the fruit of wrong methods and false economy, and also to ask whether the last estate, humbler though it be, of many who suffer these vicissitudes, is not better than the first, so far as rational and sober enjoyment is concerned.

Let no one take offence when we say that we are an extravagant people; 'vainly expensive, wasteful, profuse,' such is the definition of the word. It is a prevailing fault of this continent, and we are no worse in that respect than our American neighbours, if we are as bad as they. In our domestic economy we waste at a rate that would

drive a Frenchman crazed; in business matters we dissipate profits in expenses that would bankrupt a German; in our charities, in our civic matters, in our very amusements, we are prodigal of money to a degree that frightens the Scotch and even the English.

This extravagance is at the bottom of much of the dejection under which commercial men and matters are labouring the world over. Overproduction, to fill wants created by an artificial and wasteful mode of life, has been succeeded by glut and stagnation. Then the mercantile host and the mercantile machinery are, in this country at any rate, too great for the trade to be done. As an American humorist said of us, referring to Dundreary's conundrum: 'It is a case of the tail wagging the dog, and the dog is getting fatigued.'

If the dictum of Swift be accurate, that economy is the parent of liberty and ease, then the freedom and comfort of the present generation must be the offspring of the economy of our forefathers, for assuredly economy such as ours of the present day is barren. 'Give us the luxuries of life and we will dispense with its necessities' had become the cry of the age. True it may be that in some quiet farm houses, and in not a few frugal families, prudence, and the sense of fitness, have been able to preserve the even tenor of their lives and of their expenditures, unvexed by a desire for dainties beyond their means. But the idea is wide-spread upon this continent of the inalienable right of every body to eat, drink, wear the like articles, and to engage in the pursuit of happiness by the like expensive modes with any one else, no matter what that one's station or his income. If Fitz Herbert, who inherits ancestral blocks and marries money, takes his bride to Quebec and Cape May for a wedding trip, returning *via* New York (Brevoort House or Fifth Avenue understood), Smifkins must take his Susan a similar round, doing the 'swell'

places with equal expense if less elegance, and regardless of the bills he owes his livery man or his washerwoman, whom he avows his inability to pay because of this very marriage jaunt.

It is no uncommon experience, we are told, of those unpleasant and unpopular functionaries whose business it is to take possession of one's effects when one is no longer solvent, to find that the sum of the debts due by small tradesmen or retail shopkeepers to picture dealers, booksellers, jewellers, and wine merchants, form a rather surprising proportion of the total of their obligations. Even the farmer, that bone and sinewy personage, whose interest has been studied, whose prosperity promised, and whose vote cajoled by Grit and Tory alike, has succumbed to the prevailing rage for finery. The story is told of one, who, when his land was being sold under mortgage, and his creditor wonderingly asked how he came to have spent \$600 for a Chickering upright piano, instead of paying his debt, answered: 'Well, my gurl went to the 'Cademy a hull year, an' she can whip the Squire's daughter all round the stump singin' and playin', an' I jest thought she was entitled to a first-rate pianny a durned sight more'n that high flyer of a girl that hadn't no voice at all.' The question whether he could afford the instrument seemed never to have entered his mind.

We cannot go back to the simplicity of the good old days, as some would have us; the conditions of modern life are too much changed by recent discovery and invention. Nor, is it in every sense desirable that we

should, for there are many ways in which 'life has been made easier' of late years, and that not in the sense with which Mr. Craggs found fault—the reaper, the thresher, the sewing machine, the street car, the locomotive, are real blessings. As for the genuinely rich amongst us, save for the force of their example, it does not matter how freely they spend their money or their time. Or rather, indeed, as Geo. Wm. Curtis lately said, 'Mockery as it may seem, we doubt if, in such a straightened period, the rich can spend too much, can burn their candle at both ends too fast, for when the rich cease spending great enterprises languish and die, and with them those whom these influences keep at work.'

Still, a little more consistency and wholesome self-denial in the use of our modern privileges, would tend in a marked degree to the financial comfort, and the rational happiness as well, of our middle class. 'We carry happiness into our condition, but must not hope to find it there,' says the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' whose contented man's sentiment was:

I only ask that fortune send,
A little more than I shall spend.

There was political and social economy, as well as deep morality, in the advice of that man of experience in difficulties, Mr. Micawber, when he stated that if your expenditure exceed your income by even over one-eighth of one per cent.—to translate from his florid language into the phrase of 'the street'—the result is misery, 'and in short you are floored.'

ALEX.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Ocean Wonders, a Companion for the Seaside. By WILLIAM E. DAMON. New York : D. Appleton & Company ; Toronto : Hart & Rawlinson.

This is a very readable book on an extremely interesting subject. Put into the hands of the holiday school-boy, who is about to inhale his first sniff of sea air at some of the Gulf watering places, it may be the means of exciting him to habits of enquiry and research that would otherwise have remained latent, and may even prove the slight but effectual cause of development of some future Gosse.

Mr. Damon has found, in a rather extended experience, that kindred works written by English naturalists are hardly adapted for use in the different climate and amidst the varying forms of life that obtain on the east coast of the United States.

The present work may be said to be open, in some measure, to a similar objection here, for the marine animals, fishes and plants which he describes so graphically are chiefly those of the New York coast, varied by the addition of the group which is found on the rocky shores of the Bermudas. Yet even with this drawback Mr. Damon gives us much material of considerable assistance to the amateur, and notably the very practical and sensible chapter on the constructing, stocking, and management, of fresh and salt water aquaria. We must also have a good word for the freedom of conceit which appears in this book. If Mr. Damon does not know the scientific name of such or such a plant or crustacean, he simply says so, describes it and passes on. Readers of books of popularised information will agree with us that this is a feature as pleasant as it is rarely met with.

The book is profusely illustrated, but the cuts are by no means of equal merit. They vary from that of the Sea-Anemones on page 8, which is about as bad as it well can be, to some of the drawings of fishes and shells, which are clear

and effective and occasionally very forcible in their execution. The plate showing the curious "lasso cells" of some of the *Actinia*, with their wonderful arrangement of noose and coiled filament, is delicately executed. It is, we suppose, to save work for the engraver that this and similar plates appear in the form of white lines on a black ground, but this is to be regretted both on account of the heavy and unsightly appearance it gives to the page, and also because of the smaller amount of detail of which it is susceptible.

While referring to this page (12) we would draw attention to the fact that the name of the sub-kingdom to which these anemones belong is spelt *Cœlenterata*, not *Colenterata*.

The Fairy Land of Science, illustrated ; By ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY. New York, D. Appleton & Co. ; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson. 1879.

When we mention that Miss Buckley occupied for some time the enviable post of secretary to the late Sir Charles Lyell, our readers will be prepared to hear that this little work shows a very intimate acquaintance with modern science. But while the author, no doubt, owes her knowledge in no small degree to her scientific surroundings, her power of easy and graphic explanation is altogether her own. It would perhaps be almost as difficult for some of the great scientists whose discoveries Miss Buckley lays under contribution, to adapt their teaching to a child's understanding, as it would be for the lady to make such researches for herself into the mysteries of nature. There is however a very noticeable and marked improvement in the style of writing employed by scientific men nowadays over the stilted and elaborately ill-constructed sentences which were too often the literary garb that clothed the thoughts of great philosophers in the last century ; and if our Huxleys and Tyndalls continue to improve at the same

rate as heretofore, and our children develop a correspondingly increased aptitude for Natural Science, the two movements will before long render the services of such an interpreter as Miss Buckley quite unnecessary. In the meantime, however, parents and teachers desiring to foster a turn for this study, can do no better than use this book.

There are but few blemishes to point out. Olive oil is hardly used for so common a purpose as being burned in lamps, as we are assured is the case, (p. 47)—and our author is in error when she says, alluding to the old iron mills in Sussex, that the 'whole country' (? county) is full of 'iron-stone.' There is, of course, no iron ore in Sussex. It was taken there in the crude state at great expense and from long distances, the attraction being the cheapness of the charcoal used in the smelting process and afforded by the vast forests of the Weald. As early as the reign of Elizabeth, the supply of wood was falling off—as we find an Act of Parliament passed then to provide for the preservation of the timber in the Weald, and 'amendment of the highways, decayed by carriages to and from the iron mills there.' The measure was either taken too late, or was not enforced, at any rate the Weald has nothing now left but its name and some profusely timbered old dwelling-houses, to remind us of the days when an unbroken stretch of wood extended from the hills of Surrey to the high-swelling chalk downs that line the Sussex coast.

The illustrations, too, are good of their kind and carefully selected. The book as a whole is one to be recommended, and older heads than those to whom it is addressed may in its pages renew and refresh their acquaintance with scientific truths with both pleasure and profit.

Thomas Carlyle: His Life—His Books—His Theories. By ALFRED H. GUERNSEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

This little book—forming one of *Appleton's New Handy Volume Series*—is one of a kind which gives its compiler very little trouble, yet affords a good deal of pleasure to its readers. It does not aim at being a biography, nor even a complete monograph, after the fashion of Mr. Morley's admirable 'English

Men of Letters Series;' or, if it does, its aim is not accomplished. It consists merely of a number of more or less typical citations from Carlyle's writings, strung together in chronological order and connected by a slender thread of running comment, with a few odd dates and facts concerning Carlyle's life. Any intelligent reader of Carlyle might have put it together, and any reader of Carlyle will enjoy it. Those who are strangers to his works may glean from it such knowledge of what manner of man he is as may serve well enough for the purposes of everyday conversation. It is to be hoped that it will lead them to make his acquaintance at first hand, but it is doubtful whether that is either the real object or the actual tendency of books of this kind. The vast number of them which have of late been flowing from the press suggests a very different conclusion. They indicate the existence of a large and growing class who prefer to have a scrappy half-knowledge of many authors rather than a thorough acquaintance with a few, and attempts to meet the requirements of this class are less commendable than they are remunerative. It is, no doubt, true enough that the leisure for reading is becoming every day a rarer luxury for most people, while the amount of reading matter is increasing with appalling rapidity; nor is it other than a good sign that fewer and fewer persons are content to remain in entire ignorance of our standard literature. But it is not true that such time as busy folk can spare for reading is best employed in picking up crumbs of information concerning many writers from extracts, and taking second-hand views of their lives, their books, and their theories. If, for every volume which packs a great writer into a sort of pemmican that may be swallowed at one or two sittings, they would read and properly digest one volume of the author's own, it would occupy but little more time, while it would be far more mentally nutritious.

Readers, however, who prefer, nevertheless, to take in as much as possible of a man and his writings at one *coup d'œil*, will find Mr. Guernsey's book admirably suited to their purpose, as far as Carlyle is concerned. Its numerous extracts are, on the whole, happily chosen, although it is hard to see why a work so typical and so well-beloved of all its readers as

that on 'Heroes and Hero-Worship' should be represented by only twelve lines, when we are treated to copious excerpts from some of Carlyle's least worthy work, such as the pessimistic Jeremiads of the latter-day pamphlets and the splenetic bullying of 'black Quashee' in the 'Nigger Question.' In dealing with the 'Frederick the Great,' too, Mr. Guernsey seems to have forgotten that his subject is Carlyle, and not the 'Seven Years' War,'—of which latter he gives a sketch, embellished with two long extracts from Macaulay—and from Carlyle only one. The running commentary is lively, full of anecdote, and might be made into a very readable magazine article. In its present shape it is too suggestive of having been run in merely to fill up the crevices between the extracts. Mr. Guernsey is by no means a blind worshipper of Carlyle; on the contrary, he criticizes him very sharply now and then; and is especially fond of placing 'in all the irony of juxtaposition' his manifold inconsistencies and self-contradictions. We quote part of the concluding passage of Mr. Guernsey's book:

'. . . this intensity and onesidedness gave form and colour to everything which he (Carlyle) essayed in the domain of ethical and political disquisition. The one view which he was taking was the only one which could be taken. He saw that Weakness was an evil; and so deified absolute Force. He saw that Loquacity was a vice; and so Silence was the highest virtue. He saw that Democracy was not a perfect form of government, and could find no safety but in despotism. . . . In fine: Leaving out of view his unquestionable merits as a historian and a biographer, and giving all due weight to the innumerable detached ideas of the highest import scattered profusely even through the least worthy, as well as the worthiest of his books, it must be said that as a guide to conduct one through the mazes of speculation and inquiry, there could hardly be a poorer one than Carlyle. His place is that of a stimulator of thought, rather than a leader of it. He has taught us *multa*, not *multum*—Very Many Things, but not Much.'

Victoria Britannia, or Celebrate the Reign; a plan for celebrating the reign of Queen Victoria, by the inauguration of political changes in the British Constitution. By HOLLIS TRUE. A.S. Barnes & Co., New York, Chicago and New Orleans, 1879.

We have given the title page of this little volume *in extenso*. We would as soon dream of epitomising the performance of Pantaloon in the Christmas theatre, as of abridging aught in this most refreshing piece of nonsense.

Amid the works of dreary pamphleteers and essayists upon constitutional topics, how pleasing it is to light upon the performance of a well-intentioned noodle, who prattles harmlessly as he skims along,—and occasionally, like Silas Wegg, 'drops into poetry' without extra charge! How rich and buttery his home-made poetry is, one may gather from the concluding verse of his dedication, which is addressed to his wife.

'Prophetic vision of thy royal life
'Induced thy father's father to end the strife
'About thy name—thou'rt called Victoria—
'Thou art not Queen—Thou art a queenly Wife.
'YOUR AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.'

From which we gather some important biographical facts as to Mrs. Hollis True. First that there was a battle-royal between her father and mother over her yet unchosen name. Secondly that her grandfather, perhaps presuming on his functions as god-parent or otherwise, cut the Gordian knot, and floored both the disputants by insisting on calling her Victoria;—thirdly, that he did this knowing (prophetically) that she would in due time reign, lord it or (in the vernacular, which the old man probably affected) boss it over Mr. Hollis True (then unknown to the family); and fourthly, we gather that Mrs. True's subsequent life has been so extremely 'royal,' that it was necessary for her 'affectionate husband' to remind her occasionally, 'Thou art not Queen,' lest she should forget that, after all, she and our gracious Sovereign were not *quite* identical.

Mr. True is emphatically a modest man. He does not aim too high. His object is merely to 'incorporate certain political changes' (of a very sweeping nature) in the British Government. He has given the subject 'probably more consideration than any other man living,' and though its difficulties are great, yet 'it is not *entirely* above the range of human thought to originate, or beyond human skill to control.' And yet after Mr. True has mastered this topic, which he himself tells us above is partly beyond human skill to control and so on, he has self command enough to reassure us and bid us not to be alarmed, for his sugges-

tions are not couched in 'a dictatorial spirit!' Heaven preserve us! What would have become of the poor old Constitution, if Mr. True had abused his vast powers and issued his ideas, not in the shape of this neatly bound little book, but as a dictatorial fiat?

For he would have a little local Parliament on St. Stephen's Green, called 'The Britain Minor Parliament' probably another at Edinburgh, and yet another at Westminster. Once a year, perhaps at longer intervals, our Senate and Commons would flit over to London, whither too would flit Little Britain Parliament, Scotch Parliament, and all the host of them, the air fairly darkening with the swarms of Colonial Legislatures winging their way to the great, imperial 'Britannia Parliament.' Our honourable Senators would take a congenial place among the barons of England, who will be delighted, Mr. Hollis True says, to receive them. The others must e'en content themselves by sitting and deliberating with the Lower House. The whole body will decide matters of Imperial policy—questions of peace or war, tariffs and taxations, and all the higher branches of legislation. Then, and not till then, will Britannia (which is to be the new name of the United Empire) be an unit and work with all her force for noble aims.

Certainly there is one slight objection (among others) that Mr. True has not got over. If the Federation Parliament is to decide upon matters of peace or war, in other words national life and death, it has got to be always at hand. In an emergency a ministry could not wait even for the valuable advice of the members from our Maritime Provinces, let alone those who hail from British Columbia or New Zealand. If the Colonial M. P's. were not assembled, the local English Parliament would, in any outburst of public feeling, break through all the gossamer regulations that serve to confine it to parochial matters, and would commit the Empire by its action. Representing the greatest amount of taxpayers it would have a certain right to do this. But, doing it, the whole fabric of Imperial self-government would be destroyed.

If Mr. True says, let the Colonial M. P's. reside permanently in England, the second state of the unfortunate Constitution would be worse than the first.

Our best merchants, lawyers, doctors and farmers could not afford to live at London, and even if they did, how could they remain Canadians? Either they would sink into a class of mere political agents and office-seekers, or else entering into active business life to preserve their independence, they would become insular-Englishmen in habit, manners and interests, and the bubble of Colonial representation would, either way, be pricked.

But enough of this. Let us cease arguing with Pantaloon, and have an honest laugh at him. See him as he wags his knowing old head and proffers us his aid to disclose to us the nefarious designs of our neighbours, the United States, on our cherished independence!

The New York *Herald* blabbed it to him, and he will pass on the particulars of the fearful plot to us. Whisper—Niagara is to become the great permanent seat of summer fashion for both communities. What! don't you see the danger yet? 'Tis as clear as the Horse-shoe Falls, that this will bring about a political union in double-quick time. Lord Dufferin was probably in the plot when he proposed to make an International Park there. Only think now! the Niagara hackman serves as an irritating substance in an open wound, and prevents the two great Anglo-Saxon races from healing up together into one! It is a grand, a proud position for the hackman.

There is another really fine idea in this book. We can hardly fathom it. Mr. True is speaking of the old stage coach days, and he says that then 'every man was his own post-office.' It is a magnificent idea, grand in the gloomy indefiniteness of its outline. But we don't think it was quite original. It can probably be traced back to Toots, who wrote familiar letters from royal and distinguished personages with his own hand, directed them to himself, at Doctor Blimbers, posted them to himself by dropping them into his own pockets, and (we suppose) at mail-time turned letter-carrier and delivered them to himself with great gusto.

The people in every part of the Empire 'might with a large degree of comfort and profit' quoth Mr. True, 'assume the name of Britannians.' It is true the word has two syllables the advantage over Britons, and is free from

the objections insuperable from old associations; but this is all the comfort or profit we can find in it. The notion, however, is so inspiring to our author, that he bursts into unpremeditated verse :

'Forty-six millions of Britannians are we,
'Though scattered the world over—still Britons
we'll be,
'For Britannia we love thee, we'll heed no alarms,
'Thou hast prairies and forests and orchards and
farms.'

By the way those last two lines have a somewhat 'cupboard-love' twang about them, Mr. True. And your sacrificing Britannians in the second line to the exigencies of the metre, has been unrewarded by the Gods, for your line still limps wofully. Once more

'We're forty-six millions of Britannians—all told—
'Each soul is immortal, and cannot be valued at
forty-six millions in gold.'

—there's richness for you! With such a plum rolling under the tongue it were well to leave off. Certainly it would be hard to beat the auriferous weight of these two lines, and the only approach we ever saw to it was a sonnet written by a (remarkably) neglected London poet which, if we remember aright, ended thus

'So sank great Sol down to his western fold
'Like to a golden tiger striped with gold!'

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Mixed Essays, by MATTHEW ARNOLD.
New York, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto,
Willing & Williamson.

We are a little disappointed with these nine essays, which, as the title of the book hints, are of a disconnected nature. The author, indeed, claims for them in his preface 'a unity of tendency,' but we fail to discover it, except in so far as the formation of a correct opinion in such differing subjects as literature and politics may be considered to be an onward step in civilization.

At the outset, Mr. Arnold delivers himself of a stately platitude: 'Civilization is the humanization of man in society' (p. vi). To paraphrase this, then, civilization is the humanization of human beings. Unless humanization means more than is conveyed by its root 'human,' the sentence is meaningless. If it means more, then the sentence is incomplete in not showing *what more* it does

mean. Mr. Arnold seems to see his fault when he goes on to say that civilization is a state of life 'worthy to be called human, and corresponding to man's true aspirations and powers.'

We can move towards this ideal life along several differing lines, but perfection in all is needed (as Mr. Arnold has told us before) to enable us to lay claim to true civilization. Liberty, or the power of expansion, is not enough by itself; conduct, science, beauty, manners, none of these alone are enough; no two or more of them together suffice, if one of these elements is missing. All must co-operate in the beautiful and perfect life we yet hope to attain to.

Regarding the English nation as having made sufficient progress in Expansion (or as it is generally called political, religious and social freedom), Mr. Arnold directs his heavy artillery at our deficiencies in conduct, beauty and manners.

Our Philistinism is his text, and he has true things to say about it, but his zeal for his doctrine leads him, as we shall show, to some curious conclusions.

The first essay is upon Democracy, and is addressed to the task of showing how, in order to avoid the risk of English institutions being Americanized, greater power and scope of action should be given to the State. The same idea is worked out, as far as concerns education, in the paper on the French Lycées. But in spite of Mr. Arnold's often ingenious arguments, we fail to be convinced that centralization will supply a high standard to elevate the masses. We do not think, in the first place, that his statement on p. 4, that the aversion to an imposing executive power is an aristocratical feeling, holds good in every instance. In the France of Louis XIV., where it afforded wide field for their emolument and aggrandisement, it certainly encountered no such opposition. Nor is the present distrust of a paternal government, to our mind, based so much as our author thinks on a mistaken feeling of the nonconformist middle classes as to the religious meddlings of a powerful State authority. It stands on higher grounds than these. If we were asked to indicate in the narrow limits of a review what these grounds are, we should shortly say that it rests on the conviction that a ministry too often represents and exaggerates the worst and most foolish phases of public opinion, and seldom, or never, embodies those ideas which are the true, the pro-

gressive spirit of the age. A spasm of folly, like Jingoism, will carry a government with it; and to enlarge the powers of the State would be to make such a movement overpowering, and to double the disgrace of our awakening. Wider scope, more implicit reliance, in the powers of the ministry would, if they had been accorded, have delayed the ballot, free-trade, reform, and religious emancipation, and possibly have imperilled the existence of our institutions. A more centralized power would be more eagerly coveted, more violently sought after, and more easily abused. To some small pertinacious, uninfluential body, calling itself the Temperance or the Orange vote, or we know not what, how large and what perilous concessions would be made to purchase the precarious support that would enable an unscrupulous Premier to retain so important a post. Even in the province of health, where most can be said in favour of compulsion and centralized authority what care should be exercised! Knowing the wisdom, in such technical subjects as chemistry and therapeutics, of the average M.P. and his average constituent, can we not see a *wrong* system being forced upon us for two, three, or even four years after its fallacy has been exposed?

Passing by the papers on Equality and the Irish University Question, we approach the literary essays. One of these is merely a review of Mr. Stopford Brooke's 'Primer of English Literature,' a good book itself, and which has elicited a fairly good review from Mr. Arnold. But that there was any need to reprint it, with its suggestions of an elision of a page here and two pages there, and the gratuitous proposal to omit all English writers after Scott, appears to us sufficiently absurd. It is only the reviews of men like Macaulay which we care to see reproduced.

Mentioning Macaulay leads us on to notice the attack on that writer contained in the essay called 'A French Critic on Milton.' Nearly half of this essay is finished before we come to a word about the French critic—it is the unadulterated Arnold himself. For Macaulay he shows no liking, attacking him indeed in a style which, in any other man, we should say savoured more of 'Philistinism' than of 'sweetness and light.' Several of the passages in the celebrated essay on Mil-

ton appear, in fact, to be 'lucubrations,' having no 'distinct and substantial meaning.' It passes our comprehension how this has so long been undiscovered, seeing that our critic admits Macaulay's style to be admirably clear, so that one would think the want of meaning would lie, as it were, on the surface, and be easily detected.

But Macaulay admired Milton too much and, what is worse, has egged on and encouraged others in the same bad course. *Hinc illæ lachrimæ.* For Milton was a Puritan, and the men who sorted the Stuarts, and especially he who wrote the *Areopagitica*, having no fear of Master Matthew Arnold before their eyes, did not think enough of the civilization of beauty and manners, rather neglected it in fact for such trifles as freedom of speech and action. This tinges all they did. It is the touch of Arimanes that spoils the commonwealth, and marred the *Paradise Lost* as a poem. Milton's prose is shockingly abusive and personal. Mr. Arnold looks with regretful preference at the gentlemanly behaviour and good taste of the Cavaliers. And yet, at another page, he gives us a sample of the 'slanging back' that royalist scribes treated the grand old republican to; and those who know the controversies of those days will agree that the only conclusion to be drawn from them is that both sides were extremely rude, and that Milton, being a man of genius, wrote better and more stinging abuse than his opponents, besides using stronger arguments couched in better language.

About the same time, the French were cultivating conduct, manners and beauty at the expense of 'Expansion,' and with curious results. By the time of the Restoration, they had nothing but their manners, their science, and some empty victories to congratulate themselves upon, and those manners had to be dropped, *re infectâ*, in crossing the deep waters of their great Revolution.

Of course it is very natural for Mr. Arnold to prefer the handsome Cavaliers with their cultivated taste for claret and Vandykes (claret, be it understood, in the ascendant), with their love-locks, masques and perfumes, to the whining Roundhead with his dubious nasal psalmody. But even on the score of good manners, there may be some question whether the Puritan did not bear away

the palm. For there is a fine breeding which is not superficial, and is far more valuable than outward graces of manner; it is the breeding of men, who, though they spoke through their noses and cut their hair ungracefully short, yet refrained from those habits of slitting the noses and cutting off the ears of their enemies—which were persistently practised by the Cavalier apostles of 'sweetness and light.'

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Supernatural Religion: An Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation. Complete in Two Volumes (pp. viii—1115). Sixth Edition, carefully revised. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company, 1879.

As anything like a full and complete review of this bulky and erudite work is manifestly impracticable within the space at our command, it will be necessary to give the reader some general idea of its scope and purpose, and then to select one or more prominent features in it for illustrative criticism. The first part, in six chapters, relates to the general subject of Miracles, covering much the same ground, and expanding the positions assumed in his *Essay on Miracles*, by Hume, and by Prof. Baden Powell in his contribution to *Essays and Reviews*. There is nothing absolutely new in the work before us, under this head, except the learning and research employed to enforce the old theses of sceptical rationalism. The propositions laid down by the Scottish philosopher were briefly these: That it is not contrary to experience that testimony, however honestly given, should be false; but it is contrary to universal experience that miracles—that is interferences with the uniform order of nature—should be true; consequently no amount of testimony can prove a miracle so as to overcome its antecedent improbability. The author of *Supernatural Religion* occupies precisely the same ground with Hume; but he has all the advantages in his favour of later scientific knowledge and trenchant literary criticism. The uniformity of nature has received fresh form and emphasis during the last thirty years, and this fact alone, supplemented by the destructive distillation of the sacred writings in German alembics, has given new vigour to the school of doubt. We

do not propose to enter upon this branch of the subject because it would lead us too far from what is pre-eminently the distinctive feature of the work under consideration. Still it may not be amiss to suggest a few general reflections upon the primary argument. The first point which strikes one is the very important question involved in the phrase 'universal experience.' Our author certainly cannot mean by it the experience of all ages, or even of all competent observers in any one age, if we except the last eight or ten centuries of the Christian era. So far from contending that miracles were contradictory to 'universal experience' in Apostolic times, he is at considerable pains to prove that they were looked upon as so certainly matters of fact as to surprise no one. If the works of Jesus did not at once convince the unbelieving Jew, it was not because he disputed the reality of the miracles, but because, being matters at that day of 'universal experience,' they were not striking and exceptional enough to form a stable basis for belief in the Saviour's divine mission. It is therefore conceded that, during the life of Christ, 'universal experience' attested precisely the reverse of Hume's postulate. Is it fair to project the experiences of the eighteenth or nineteenth century into the first, and characterize it as universal, simply because it was Hume's and is ours? The more reasonable method would certainly seem to be that which treats any particular age in the light of its own experience, and declines to gauge its marvels or even its credulity by modern standards. The ridicule cast upon Jewish superstition may have some justification; but surely the men of early times were far more competent to judge of phenomena passing before them than we can be after a lapse of nearly two millenniums, with only a fragmentary and uncritical record of the facts before us. There is another consideration of no little importance in this connection. The mental and spiritual life of the world has had its epochs, like the material earth upon which we live and move. The anthropomorphic views of Deity in patriarchal times, subjected now to much uncalled-for ridicule of an irreverent sort, formed an early link in the spiritual progress of the race, to be followed out not merely in Scripture, but in the poetry and philosophy of India,

Greece and Rome. It does certainly appear strange that, notwithstanding the universal application of development to an extent which seems somewhat like a craze, writers will persist in applying nineteenth century criticism to facts or statements recorded in the first Christian age. And this is the more remarkable, because long before Mr. Darwin formulated his theory of species, evolution was applied to religion, notably in that treatise edited by Lessing, on the 'Education of the Race,' which was rather feebly reproduced by Dr. Temple, now Bishop of Exeter, in the first of the '*Essays and Reviews*.' Instead of wondering that miracles ceased to be performed, as reason assumed the reins snatched from the wavering grasp of imagination, we ought to expect from analogy that miracles would be real and potent in that stage of human progress where they filled a fitting and salutary place in the Divine order. Let the collected books, which together form what we have learned to call 'The Book,' have had what origin they may, they certainly represent the development of religion in humanity as clearly and as orderly in progress, as the material story registered in the stony work of nature lying in ponderous tomes beneath our feet. Throughout the New Testament, and it seems to us one of the clearest proofs of the Divine mission of Christ, there are constant references to the blind backwardness of the past, and the lamentable unpreparedness of the present. From the Sermon on the Mount, until the last recorded utterance of the Saviour, we detect an under-current of grief at the need for signs and wonders—the necessity for appeals to a morbid love of the marvellous, rather than to a rational recognition of Divine truth for its own sake. Whence came that ineffable disdain for wonder-working, which runs subtly, yet distinctly, through the record of that unique and marvellous career, unless from above? Nor is it only in the recorded words of the Master that we trace the same reluctant concession to the needs of imperfect spiritual development. As He is represented (John xvi. 12.) as telling His disciples of many things He had to say to them, they were still unable to bear, with the promise of the Spirit to guide them step by step into higher truths, not yet comprehensible; so St. Paul, whose allusion to

'milk for babes' need hardly be recalled, but for the striking illustration it gives of what may be termed the undercurrent of the Gospel: 'And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ. I have fed you with milk, and not with meat; for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able.' (1 Cor. iii. 1, 2.) Christ and the great Apostle of the Gentiles recognised fully the conditions of success with the age in which they lived, and the great superiority of the Saviour over His disciples is shown not less in the absence of dogmatism and the ever-living presence of Divine tenderness to the superstitious fetters which bound the reason in swaddling-clothes, than in the higher and more salient features of His life and teaching. It was the age of miracles, and they were deemed, at all events, the inevitable concomitants of authoritative teaching; and so, though not always taken to be conclusive proofs, they were necessary adjuncts to the work which Jesus had to do. With Him, it was, as we have said, a yielding to human weakness and imperfect development, against which He, ever and anon, rebelled in spirit. Knowing what was in man, our Lord knew the conditions of the undertaking before Him, and He performed miracles merely because they were necessary to that initial success in an imaginative age, by means of which alone faith could pass through the mists of credulity and superstition until it firmly grasped the hand of reason in the ages yet to come. It was a step, in fact, in the spiritual education of the race, now no longer required, but none the less salutary and requisite at so early a stage in human progress. At all events, it seems irrational now to appraise the value of New Testament miracles by the light of modern science or the testimony of modern experience. The wonders of healing mercy wrought by our Lord in an age of miracles must be judged by the standard of that time, and not by any light, or any supposed deduction from experience in ages so far removed from the feelings, the sympathies, the prejudices or the demands which faith made upon spiritual claims to authority in those simple times when the sacred feet of Jesus trod the streets of Jerusalem, and were nailed to the cross of Calvary

In the second part of the work, an exhaustive criticism of the first three or Synoptic Gospels, as they are usually termed, appears. The writer's object is to show from the 'silence' of all the early writings of the Church, that these Gospels, at least in their present form, were unknown before the end of the first century, or perhaps well on in the early part of the second. Considering that this portion of *Supernatural Religion* occupies no less than three hundred and fifty pages, closely printed, it will manifestly be out of the question to attempt a comprehensive survey of what consists in great part of verbal or textual comparisons between primitive Christian literature and the passages in the Gospels to which reference is apparently made. Still some idea of the scope of the work may be given by particular examples. First of all, however, it may be well to offer a few preliminary observations, suggested by an attentive perusal of this part. It appears to us that the author has overlooked some important facts, which should receive due weight in a judicial view of the question. In order to establish the fact that there are many other Gospels of equal authority with those which remain, the notable words are quoted from the prologue of the Third Gospel in the received Canon: 'Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us,' &c., 'it seemed good to me also' to write out in order the sacred narrative for the benefit of Theophilus. (Luke i, 1-4.) Now whilst we freely admit that the words of the Evangelist exclude all notion of verbal or even plenary inspiration in any sense, because no writer consciously under the direct and unerring guidance of the Divine Spirit could have used such language, it is not difficult to gather much more from this opening dedication than our author cares to find there. The writer of the Gospel, whether St. Luke or another, does not write to correct, but merely to confirm by repetition the facts 'even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eye-witnesses, and ministers of the word.' And the reason why he added another to the many Gospels, was not because they erred by excess or defect, but that 'having had a perfect understanding of all things from the first,' he might cor-

roborate the universally received account of the Lord's life, ministry, death and resurrection, as it was obtained from 'eye witnesses.' It requires but a very slight reference to the state of that age, to see the eminent propriety of such a course. Where a particular Gospel had gained special authority or currency as that according to the Hebrews is said to have secured amongst the Ebionites, copies would, of course, be made in the painfully slow and laborious way necessary before the invention of printing. But where a disciple had peculiar facilities for learning the facts from 'eye-witnesses,' instead of copying other narratives, he would naturally compile one himself; and thus each original Gospel would form the fruitful nucleus from which in time a progeny of copies would issue. Thus every fresh manuscript would be an independent means of propagating the story and the faith transmitted from the Apostles. Now that there should be omissions in some of these accounts supplied in others, is very natural. We may even go further, and concede the probability that in Oriental versions of the history there would be much imaginative colouring; and such appears to have been the case with the Ebionitish Gospel, which, with many others, perished according to the principle of natural selection—'the survival of the fittest.'

Our author, strange to say, takes no account of the marvellous agreement between the Christian writings which quote sayings of our Lord, and the same sayings as they are recorded in our extant Gospels. Considering that in the early centuries, writers were eminently uncritical, and quoted from a variety of accounts written by individuals widely diverse in memory, ability, temperament and methods of treatment, and separated by distance, at a time when steam, electricity and printing were unknown, the concord of tradition and patristic literature with the Gospel story, as it now stands in the New Testament Canon, is one of the most striking proofs that we have in substance now, what the writer of the third Gospel says was 'most surely believed' amongst the contemporaries of the Apostles from the beginning. That there should be some variations in statement was inevitable, considering the circumstances under which the various accounts were com-

piled; but this substantial harmony as to the salient facts and maxims of the Gospel is certainly as noteworthy as it is marked and indisputable. That no particular narrative was held in special reverence, or deemed of paramount authority throughout the churches, when each church or Christian community appealed to the one it happened to possess, was a matter of course, and would sufficiently account for the reference made not so much to books, as directly to sayings or acts of Christ. There is no analogy, it may be remarked, between the case of quotations from the Old Testament and references to the Gospel History. The former had long since been crystallized into permanent form. Wherever there were two or three Jews collected there was a copy of the Law, the Hagiographa and the Prophets, every letter of which was guarded with jealous and almost superstitious care. The stress which the author lays upon this point seems forced, not to say misplaced.

And now let us descend to one or two comparisons instituted in the work before us, selecting the earliest example cited. It is unnecessary to enter into the dispute about the date of Clement of Rome. It may not be amiss, however, to note that our author, as usual, strives to post-date even Clement's First Epistle to Corinthians. Whether the writer were the person of the same name mentioned in one of the canonical Epistles (Philippians iv. 3) or not, there seems to be no reasonable doubt that he was a contemporary of the Apostle Paul; at all events, the two epistles must have been written somewhere between A. D. 75 and A. D. 100. The very fact that they were originally included in the Canon, if it proves nothing else, attests their ancient origin. As it is admitted that Clement's works have suffered from interpolation, the allusion to 'the blessed Judith' after the 'blessed Paul,' although urged by Hitzig and Volkmar, of the Rationalistic school, proves nothing. Now in chap. xiii. of the First Epistle, although, as our author remarks, Clement nowhere refers to our Gospels by name, the substance is there. In *Supernatural Religion*, the passages are presented in parallel columns with the corresponding texts from Matthew and Luke. As the reader may be supposed to be acquainted with the latter, we may briefly cite the words of Clement: 'Especially remembering the words of

the Lord Jesus which he spake teaching gentleness and long-suffering: Be pitiful (or merciful) that ye may be pitied; forgive, that it may be forgiven to you; as ye do, so shall it be done to you; as ye give, so shall it be given to you; as ye judge, so shall it be judged to you; as ye show kindness, shall kindness be shown to you; with what measure ye mete, with the same shall it be measured to you.' Now it is quite true the form of the exhortations differs from that of Matthew or Luke; but there is no discordance in meaning whatever. Clement had probably never seen one of our Gospels, and had learned what he knew of the Sermon of the Mount from other sources. If our author, or the acute German critics, upon whose labours he draws so extensively, could have discovered any material discrepancy, whether dogmatical or historical, something certainly could be made of it. But from Clement down to Eusebius there are substantially the same history, the same moral and doctrinal teaching, the same story of miracle, culminating in the resurrection and ascension of our Lord. As against the theory of verbal inspiration of precisely four Gospels amongst so many, the argument may be conclusive; but as against the universal concord of all the writers, whether they were eye-witnesses, or received the facts at second-hand, it does appear to us that this method of mere textual criticism is futile. The crucial question is, can any material difference of opinion be proved, or even gathered by inference, between those who described the career of Jesus and his teaching during the first three centuries, whether they wrote in Syria, Asia Minor, Africa or Italy? If not, it is surely fair to conclude that the Gospel history is, as it now stands in the New Testament, substantially the same which was 'most surely believed' among Christians in the primitive age of the Saviour, His Apostles, and their early disciples. An objector may certainly be at liberty to protest against hearing any testimony in favour of a supernatural history if he pleases, and there the matter must rest; but to impugn the evident fact that the testimony was given with singular unanimity on all essential points, without urging any proof of material variance, is surely an untenable position. After a careful perusal of *Supernatural Religion*, both in an

earlier edition and now, once more, in its present form, we cannot call to mind a single instance in which the author has adduced one doubt as to the facts recorded in the Gospels, or one serious divergence of opinion in matters of Christian faith and morals, as they were enunciated from the mouth of our Lord himself. It is true that in the Shepherd or Pastor of Hermas, in Papias of Hierapolis, and other writers afflicted with Orientalism, we find marvellous supplementary additions; but nowhere, whether the writers be Syrian, Greek, Alexandrian or Roman, is there any discord as regards the main facts or the cardinal principles of primitive Christianity.

We had intended to refer specially to the Ignatian controversy, but our space will not admit of it. Those who desire to examine it will find all material in these volumes used in connection with Dr. (now Bishop) Lightfoot's papers in the *Contemporary Review* (1875), and in the latest edition of Canon Westcott's 'History of the Canon of the New Testament, during the first Four Centuries.' Any intention of entering into minute criticism of this elaborate work has already been disclaimed; and having thus, by a single example, disclosed the author's method, we must pass to his conclusions so far as the Synoptic Gospels are concerned. Having examined each of the writers, orthodox and heretical, whose works are extant, either in fragmentary or complete form, he thus sums up: 'After having exhausted the literature and the testimony bearing on the point we have not found a single *distinct* trace of any one of those Gospels during the first century and a half after the death of Jesus.' It is admitted that Papias, a very inexact man, and much prone to colouring his facts, states that Matthew wrote a Gospel in Hebrew, which contained the discourses of Jesus; but it is urged that this description does not answer to the extant Gospel which passes under the Evangelist's name, and further, that the latter is an original work written in Greek, and not, by any possibility, a translation from the Hebrew. Papias also declares that Mark 'wrote down from the casual preaching of Peter, the sayings and doings of Jesus, but without orderly arrangement, and our author argues that this could not be our second Gospel. Nearly one hun-

dred and fifty pages (pp. 550-697), are occupied with a searching examination of the fourth Gospel, ascribed to St. John. Here the same plan is followed, but with important modifications, arising from the application of two subsidiary tests. There are other writings, ascribed to the beloved disciple—three Epistles and the Apocalypse. The last, at all events, the author is inclined to admit to be St. John's, and he, therefore, enters upon an elaborate comparison between the language, the prevailing conceptions, the dogmatic views, and the conflicting hopes and aspirations exhibited in the Gospel and the Revelation respectively. He urges, that it is impossible that the same writer, even at widely separated intervals in his career, could have composed both works. His style, no less than the sympathies in them being essentially and irreconcilably diverse. The other test has also much force. The author points out that in the Gospel there are plain misconceptions which could hardly have been possible with a Jew, born and reared in Palestine. There are explanations offered of Jewish customs, not always correct, which the Apostle St. John would not have written; and finally, there is a total discordance in the views John is known to have held in opposition to Paul, but in unison with James and Peter, of which traces are to be found in the Epistles of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and in the introductory chapters of the Apocalypse. The conclusion here is, that 'whilst there is not one particle of evidence during a century and a half after the events recorded in the fourth Gospel, that it was composed by the son of Zebedee, there is, on the contrary, the strongest reason for believing that he did not write it.' This inference we content ourselves with simply stating; to another, for reasons already given, we demur: 'Enough has been said to show that the testimony of the fourth Gospel is of no value towards establishing the truth of miracles and the reality of Divine Revelation.'

The remainder of this work forming the third volume in the English edition, deals with the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles and the Apocalypse, followed by a concluding part devoted specially to the Resurrection and Ascension. So far as the Acts are concerned, it will be necessary to confine this notice to a brief

statement of the ground covered by our author (pp. 709-843.) The external evidence, critically examined in accordance with the plan usually adopted, must, of necessity, be passed over with the remark that, in the reference to Clement of Rome, the parallel passage is not the one already quoted; and it further seems strange that Acts xx. 35 was not cited as proof that the writer, whether Luke or another, did not quote from Clement the phrase—'and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus,' which do occur as we have seen in the latter's Epistle, c. xiii. The passage here placed in juxtaposition to the text of the Acts is in entire concord with it, the only difference being that Clement uses the phrase in an exhortation, and the compiler of the Acts puts them as a maxim uttered by our Lord Himself. So far *Supernatural Religion* traverses the old ground; but henceforth we are bound to admit that he makes out a strong case regarding the Acts of the Apostles. It is admitted that the third Gospel and the Acts bear strong marks of a common origin; as our author says the 'linguistic and other peculiarities which distinguish the Gospel are equally prominent in the Acts.' The theory here advanced is that the book was written as a sort of Eirenicon with a view to reconciling the Jewish and Gentile sections of the Church. There is certainly much to enforce a theory of that sort. The balance is held evenly between Peter and Paul; where one Apostle is represented as performing a miracle, the other is stated elsewhere to have worked one of a similar description. All runs smoothly at the Council of Jerusalem. Peter, in the episode of Cornelius, acknowledges the reception of the Gentiles; Paul, in the way of compromise, goes so far as to circumcise Timothy, and so on. The most serious objection against the Acts is its distinct contradiction of St. Paul's narrative of the events which succeeded his conversion during a long series of years. Here the plain statements of Paul in an Epistle to the Galatians, the authenticity of which is beyond dispute, must outweigh those of the unknown author of the Acts, and they are directly contradictory in all essential particulars. The hostility between the 'pillar' Apostles, as St. Paul somewhat disdainfully calls them in his epistle, and himself, never ceased, so far as we can gather, during the lifetime of the first dis-

putants. Those who, as St. Paul says, 'seemed to be somewhat, whatsoever they were, it maketh no matter to me,' (Gal. ii. 6), 'who seemed to be pillars,' (v. 9), he distinctly mentions by name as James, Cephas (Peter) and John. Now if St. John wrote the Apocalypse, there is abundance of evidence that St. Paul's disregard of the Apostolic school at Jerusalem was returned with interest. To Ephesus it is written, 'I have tried those which say they are Apostles, and are not, and have found them liars;' and to the Church at Smyrna: 'But I have a few things against thee, because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balac to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, and to eat things sacrificed to idols' (iii. 14). It is contended that these attacks were aimed particularly at St. Paul by the Judaizing section of the Church. In the Clementine Homilies there is a similar assault against the Apostle of the Gentiles 'scarcely disguised.' He is there represented under the name of Simon Magnus, and St. Peter follows him from city to city; for the purpose of denouncing and refuting his teaching.' Moreover he is not numbered with the Apostles in the Book of Revelations; they are still only twelve. We may add that our author enters into an elaborate comparison of the speeches placed in the mouths of Stephen, Peter and Paul in the Acts of the Apostles, and claims that they are of the same nature as those we find in Greek and Roman historians, *i. e.*, efforts to reproduce what the writer supposed the speaker likely to say. Stress is particularly laid upon the dissimilarity in views and opinions between the St. Paul of the Acts, and the St. Paul of the Epistles.

The fifth part on the direct evidence for miracles deals with the Epistles and the Book of Revelations. Considerable space is devoted to Paul's treatment of the Charismata, or gifts of tongues, &c., but upon that branch of the subject, the reader must consult the work for himself. The rest of the volume (pp. 971-1079) examines fully all the evidence for the Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus. There is nothing new in the exhibition of disagreements between the Gospel narratives; yet in *Supernatural Religion* it is made with conspicuous lucidity and acuteness. Yet, after all, the supreme fact that the reality of

those stupendous facts was firmly believed by all Christians from the first remains indisputable. That there should be circumstantial variations in the accounts handed down seems not only natural, but inevitable under the circumstances attending their composition. As against the advocates of verbal inspiration, our author's proofs are invincible; but they do not in the slightest degree invalidate the basis of Christianity as an historical religion, still less the inestimable morality and spirituality which form its distinctive and imperishable essence. Those who deny the possibility of a supernatural revelation, no matter what may be the strength of the evidence in its favour—and our author is one of them—need hardly trouble themselves about discrepancies in testimony which they have antecedently resolved to reject at all events. Failure of proof is a matter of little or no consequence, if one is convinced that no proof can avail to prove a given proposition. When the author of *Supernatural Religion* took his stand upon 'universal experience,' there was an end to satisfactory controversy regarding the authorship and contents of the sacred writings. It was natural, therefore, that as he began with Hume, having traversed the circle, he should end where he began with the crucial test of antecedent improbability.

Probably the last task undertaken was the worst. Myths, as Strauss urged, may grow, and if our Gospels were written a century or a century and a half after the events they record, there is abundant scope for the mythical theory; but the words of St. Paul are not so easily got over although our author wrestles with them valiantly. He admits that four of the Epistles attributed to Paul were undoubtedly written by him between twenty and thirty-five years after the crucifixion. These are those addressed to the Romans, the Corinthians, and the Galatians. There is no reasonable doubt that the five following epistles and the first to Timothy are genuine; the other pastorals are

open to some objection, and the letter to the Hebrews was certainly not written by St. Paul. Here then, so far as four Epistles are concerned, we are on secure ground, and from them may be gathered, although differently stated, the universal belief of the primitive Church that Jesus rose again and ascended from earth to heaven. The Apostle not only "received" it—a word upon which our author dwells somewhat unnecessarily—but asserted vehemently that he had himself seen Jesus in bodily form since His ascension. There is no mistaking the positiveness and force of statements like these: "Last of all He was seen by me also," and again, when he was vindicating his disputed claim to the dignity of the apostleship: "Have I not seen the Lord Jesus?" The fact may be disputed, and may be explained or dissolved into delusion, optical or cerebral; but that the apostle, in common with the evangelists and the entire body of early Christians, believed that Jesus rose from the dead is beyond all question; for we have the undisputed testimony of St. Paul upon that point.

Having thus cursorily glanced at the chief features of this elaborate work, we very sincerely recommend it to careful and earnest perusal. Those who have studied only the orthodox side—the rather feeble apologists of theological colleges—will be astonished to learn how little the real difficulties of the case are exposed by their professorial mentors, or perhaps even known to them. A professor would do more real service to a senior class in divinity, by taking *Supernatural Religion*, even for purposes of refutation, than by the hum-drum system which even yet treats the Scriptures as a book homogenous and complete, beginning with the creation, and ending with a curse upon any one who shall add to or take away, not from the particular "book of this prophecy," but from any of the books found between the two lids of the Bible. The times of such ignorance as this ought at all events to be past and gone for ever.

NOTE.—The extended critical notice of the complete edition of *Supernatural Religion* which appears in the preceding pages has taken up the space at our disposal for 'Literary Notes' this month, and unfortunately compelled us to defer notices of other works received which we should have liked to have acknowledged in the present issue.