



## UNDER THE ROD.

A NOVELLETTE WRITTEN FOR GIRLS, BY MAY AGONIES FLAMING. IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.  
PROLOGUE.

This novellette of real life, Canadian and English, is intended to illustrate some radical differences in the educative ideas of the two countries. That English ladies in the highest society are, or have been so late as 1860, in the habit of practising the cruelties described in this story, is shown by extracts from an English ladies' society paper given in the leading English serial, the *Saturday*, to which I can refer. Canadian sentiment abhors corporal punishment in any form, yet the evil spirit of that mediæval abomination the rod, is by no means exorcised from our school system. But in England the cat-o'-ninetails, driven from the Army and Navy, is still exercised in the classes; the garotters are the grown-up girls of the aristocracy.

They had just been introduced to each other, and Mr. Cecil Grosvenor had taken Miss Julia Jevons down to dinner at Mrs. Titlehunter's mansion in Mayfair, London, England (not Ontario). Mr. Cecil Grosvenor was an *attache* in the Foreign office, a favorite in the best London society, with little money and no expectations, his eldest brother, the Earl of Vancouver, having inherited the Irish property, which would have supported a thousand Canadian farmers with farms of 100 acres each. The Hon. Cecil was a good-looking young fellow, with refined features, and the golden Saxon hair of his race. His partner was a girl of singular grace of figure; her form had an unstudied suppleness and *saltu sante* rhythm of movement unlike that of the London ballroom *habitués* grouped at that Sybarite dinner-table. Her face, too, lacked the heavy square angle of the lower jaw, so observable in Leech's admirable portraits of English types of beauty—it was refined and intellectual, yet possessed of a rare loveliness both of feature and expression. Julia was an English girl, whose father, embarrassed by the constant effort to make a small income cover a large social pretension, had been glad to allow his eldest daughter to be adopted by a younger brother who had been for many years settled in Canada. Uncle Hiram had died suddenly, and his fondly cherished niece became the heiress to a considerable amount of house property in Toronto, as well as to about a tenth of the land in a village, which, at the date of our story was known as Winnipeg, a rude fort somewhere in the Hudson Bay Co's wilderness, where people eat buffalo flesh, and buffalo robes chipped up together into sausages, and named "Pemmican." She was anxious to remain in Canada, where many a sympathizing home would have welcomed her, but by her uncle's will her father was her guardian. She found her way to England, the stupor of grief for the loss of her dear uncle giving way to be-

wildernment at the noise and turmoil of London. Her father was a parody on his younger brother, a feeble, etiquette-loving hanger-on upon "Society," treated with little ceremony either by his two fashionable daughters, Evangeline and Amy, Julia's younger sisters, or by his wife, a large-sized British matron, whose Herculean muscles and stern expression of dignity might well have illustrated Mr. Punch's adaptation of Shakespeare's line, "an eye like Ma's, to threaten and command."

Julia's future, during the year that was to elapse before she came of age, was to be managed by her father, and her father was managed by her mamma. It brought a great accession of ready money to that needy *devotee* of fashionable society. But Julia was by no means at home in her father's house, least of all with her mother. From the first they did not get on. Julia had the free wings of Canadian society; her sisters had been brought up under an iron rule of submission to their mother, whose strongest point of character was her love of power. The two younger girls had been thoroughly disciplined by modes of punishment inflicted in the presence of their governess, by their mamma. That lady had written in the columns of the *Lady's Journal* full descriptions of the process, and the "leather thongs" with which it was to be inflicted. Her daughters had never attempted resistance, had they done so she would have summoned an ample array of obedient English servants to overpower them. These two girls were submissive echoes, abject slaves, of a mother who perhaps they had never thought of as an object of love. Julia had found herself a stranger among strangers. Between her and her mother there was a feud, a *vendetta*, of which Julia was unconscious but which her mother was resolved to follow out to the bitter end.

Meanwhile Julia with her sisters went a good deal into society. She did not care about the conventional pretences and labored etiquette with which she found herself surrounded, and longed for the freedom of her Canadian home. This evening she had been rather struck with what she had seen of Cecil Grosvenor—she knew neither of his poverty nor his rank, for in England the sons of noblemen are not introduced by the courtesy title of Honorable, as is the custom among the vulgar in America. The young man, too, was attracted by a certain freshness, a something more intellectual, more original, in some way more attractive than the hall-room lucks with whom he had flirted for half-a-dozen seasons. When they sat down at the crowded dinner-table, both were quite at ease with each other.

"Plenty of room, I hope," said the Hon. Cecil, as the soup *puree* was served. "Plenty, thanks; though there is rather a crowd, especially for these long, endless London dinners," said Julia. "I don't regret the length of the dinner!" "Why?" "I can talk to you better here than in the drawing-room." "Oh, if you pay me compliments we shall quarrel," "Why not? Nobbes of Malmesbury says, that quarrelling is the normal condition of the human race!" "Nobbes," said Julia, "I read about him in our college course at Whithy," and are you a 'sweet girl graduate,' according to the hacknied quotation from Tennyson? But I see Mrs. Titlehunter is collecting eyes, the ladies are about to withdraw. May I try to scrape acquaintance with your father, and if a poor younger son can succeed in so doing, and I am invited to call, may I hope to find you at home?" The matrons and nymphs rose at this instant, nor did Julia see her acquaintance again during the evening.

As they drove home Julia noticed that her mother was more than usually distant and disagreeable. The evening, however, had been pleasant, and she did not feel depressed as she sat at the coal fire in her bedroom half-an-hour

afterwards. But a knock came to the door, and her younger sister, Amy, entered. Putting her fingers to her lips she warned Julia that in some way or other she had given mortal offence to their mother, who, she feared, would take some very terrible step to show her displeasure. She earnestly advised submission. The sisters were talking, Amy in vain endeavoring to induce Julia to offer apologies for offences of which she was unconscious, when the door opened, and Mrs. Jevons entered the room. "Go to your apartment instantly, Miss," she exclaimed to her terrified youngest daughter. "As to you, Julia, we shall see to-morrow if your boasted Canadian independence has altogether absolved you from a mother's authority!" So saying, she left the room, followed by Amy.

(To be continued.)

## AULD ROBIN (GRAY).

(As sung by Kenady—slow and with feeling.)

Young Edward loed me weel, and sought me for his bride,  
But savin' his love he had naething else beside;  
Nae doubt he meant me weel, but he had nae policy;  
An' a man without a policy was na' for me.  
Mackenzie was na' in a year but only twa,  
When Uncle Sam fell sick, an' our trade was stown awa',  
Mackenzie's arm was broke, my Edward was at sea,  
An' auld Sir John A. cam a courtin' me.

My men could get nae wark, their mills they couldna' rin,  
They toiled nicht and day but their bread they couldna' win.

Sir John he saw his chance, an' wi' smiles in his e'e,  
Said, "Canada, for their sakes, will ye marry me?"  
My heart it said "na," an' I looked at Edward Blake,  
For oh! the times were hard, an' my trades they were a wreck.

Instead o' wark an' weel, 'twas dearth an' poverty,  
An' a' that I could say was—"O wae's me."

My men they urged me sair, their wives they didna' speak,  
But they lookit in my face, till my heart was like to break.

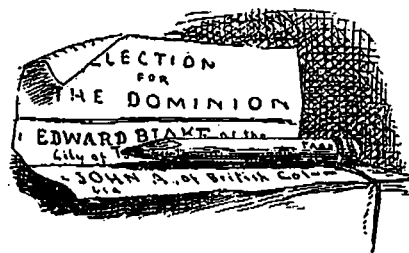
So I gied him my hand, for my way I couldna' see,  
An' auld Sir John A. was gudeman to me.  
We hadna yoke been a year but only four,  
When another strife began as to who should be in power,  
I saw my Edward's ghaist, I c'ldna' think it he,  
'Till he said, "I've come back, my love, to marry thee."

Oh! sair urge the Grits, an' mickle do they say,<  
But I carena a flea, ilka dog has its day.

When I was amaid dead, they'd e'en let me dee,  
But noo when I am weel, they cry, "O wae's me!"  
My men hae lots o' wark, my mills they a' can rin,  
I daurna think on Blake, for that would be a sin;  
But I will do my best a Tory guide to be.

While auld Sir John A. is gudeman to me.

JAY KAVELLE.



## NEW READING.

"The pencil is mightier than the sword."

A stone in its passage through a window makes the name of a famous city in Scotland—Glasgow (Glasgow).

HON. MACKENZIE BOWELL says it was in his o-fish-al character, and not to catch votes, that he promised to stock the L'Amable streams from the Government salmon hatchery.

Positive, Comparative, and Superlative. If you wish to get on with honor be honest. To impart knowledge is to teach. One who does so is a teacher. A box of that of which is made "the cup which cheers but not inebriates," is a tea-chest.