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ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

THE ONTARIO ELECTIONS.

THE lapse of a few weeks enables us to understand, better than we could a day or two after the 5th of June last, the meaning of the vote then given by the electorate of Ontario. Mr. Mowat is secured in power for four years more, with a majority of about twenty-eight in his favour, equal to one third of the Assembly. He is now master of the Provincial situation, except in so far as he may have to reckon with those through whose support the victory was won. The result has been something of a surprise to most people, contrasting so strongly with the vote of the Province in the Dominion elections last September. Then Sir John A. Macdonald carried the Province by 66 to 22; now Mr. Mowat carries it by 58 to 30; one of the most remarkable results in all the history of popular elections. Some of the explanations of this apparent extraordinary change in public sentiment which were current six weeks ago, do not carry as much conviction now as they may have done while the heat of the excitement had not yet died out. In all fairness, we think too much has been made of the National Policy as an issue in the con-

test, and that the Roman Catholic vote in Mr. Mowat's favour has not been sufficiently allowed for. Everybody understands now, that to this vote he owes much of his large majority; there will be no very vigorous denial of the fact after this. But with all due allowance made for this influence on Mr. Mowat's side, other influences have also to be considered.

Critics of the event have too much puzzled their brains trying to explain Ontario's vote of June 5th, 1879, thereby wasting their energies on the wrong subject. The truth of the matter is, that it is not the recent local elections, so much as the Dominion elections of last year, which stands in need of explanation. If people would but bear in mind the fact, which surely should not be forgotten by anybody, that Ontario is by large odds a Reform and not a Conservative Province, they would not see anything to be surprised at in the Reform victory of this year. Why, Ontario *always* returned a Reform majority to Parliament, at least ever since Responsible Government was put in practice; and it should be remembered that Sir John A. Macdonald, during the many

years he has been in power, never had a majority from his own Province until the Dominion elections of 1879. But for the union of Ontario and Quebec, the former Province would undoubtedly have had almost a perpetual succession of Reform Governments, with nothing more than brief interruptions, if any. Even in the Union, Reform Governments would most have prevailed, and Sir George E. Cartier would almost certainly have made his alliance with Mr. Baldwin's successors rather than with Sir John, but for the split in the Reform ranks caused by the *Globe's* quarrel with the Baldwin Reformers. Upon that split Sir John worked with a dexterity of management akin to genius, but had not the material he required been thus opportunely thrown into his hands, he might have found it impossible to attach the leader of the Lower Canadian majority to his fortunes. But for the rise of the 'Clear Grit' party, and Mr. Brown's hostility to Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald, Ontario Reformers might have ruled old Canada in conjunction with Sir George and his friends; the circumstances which led to the coalition of 1864 might not have arisen, and Confederation might have been delayed nobody can guess how long. Looking at the political history of Ontario for forty years back, there certainly is no reason to be surprised at the Reform vote cast by the Province in 1879. The wonder would have been had the Province 'gone back' on its record by casting a prevailing Conservative vote.

Now this is exactly what Ontario did last September, and this is the result to be surprised at, and standing in need of explanation. The true explanation is the simple, popular, and generally accepted one, that Reform Protectionists on that occasion voted against their party leaders, and in favour of the Conservatives, on the issue of Protection alone. It is a gigantic mistake to suppose that Free Trade—one-sided Free Trade, at all events—is popular, or ever was popular with the

masses. The literature of the trade question is overwhelmingly on the Free Trade side; until recently it has been looked upon almost as a matter of course that editors, literary men, and writers of books generally, should be Free Traders. A man who did not agree with John Stuart Mill on this question was suspected of being stupid, and young men with literary or Parliamentary aspirations took to the Free Trade side almost as naturally as ducks to the water. Begging pardon of the Free Traders for the comparison, the reign and rule of their theory in English literature, for the space of thirty years, recalls the early triumphs and final collapse of Phrenology. May the gods avert the omen! they will say, but perhaps it is not to be averted, after all. When the gray-haired men of to-day were youths, in the early days of the Victorian era, they studied with admiration the new science of Gall and Spurzheim, and to them George Combe spoke as the prophet of a new age. The clergy were 'down' on the science, to be sure, because it appeared to do away with man's moral responsibility; but that was to be expected, and young men of literary tastes quickly settled the matter in their own minds in favour of the science and against the religious prejudices of 'old fogies.' Thus things went on for a while, and numerous 'professors' of Phrenology travelled from town to town, 'feeling bumps' and giving characters and charts at various prices, from fifty cents up to five dollars. But by and by it began to be observed that the new science was not adopted by the magnates of the medical profession, the great doctors who lay down medical and physiological law in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Paris. The preachers might be sneered at as bigots and ignorant of science, but this would not do with the real scientists who were laying bare the secrets of man's mortal frame. These men of scientific skill and hard facts coolly affirmed that it was simply ab-

surd, with any passable knowledge of the brain and its functions, to suppose that the bit of brain which was called Destructiveness had any mode of acting by itself, apart from that other bit called Benevolence, and declared that the so-called organ of Amativeness was nothing of the kind, but a nervous centre directing muscular motions. Under the contempt of the great doctors Phrenology died out, and now we hear very little about it. Now it appears to us no baseless conceit merely, but something really founded on facts, that the book-studying public of thirty or forty years ago took to Free Trade much as the young men of the same period took to Phrenology. The thing was new, and had a scientific look about it; what more natural than that it should be embraced by 'literary fellows' generally? But what in the name of common sense has all this to do with the recent Ontario elections? Let us endeavour to answer.

The belief in Free Trade, which rolled in like a great wave upon the educated classes, did not strike upon the masses of the people, either in Canada or in England; hence it happened that, while almost every man who wrote either books or newspaper articles, or made speeches in Parliament, was a Free Trader, the people generally had no opinion on the subject, or were inclined, if at all, to the Protectionist side. Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Brown, having read Mill and Cobden, were Free Traders, but to nine-tenths of the farmers and working men who cast Reform votes, it appeared utterly unreasonable and injurious that we should allow American importations free, or almost free, into Canada, while our exports to the States were burdened with heavy duties. Politics aside, there were not probably five farmers out of a hundred on the average in all Ontario, who did not believe that the right plan would be to put upon American produce exactly the same duties that the Americans put upon ours. The Reform leaders put the doctrine of Free Trade

almost on a par with that of the Bible, but the literary glamour which affected their eyes had not fallen upon their followers. This want of harmony between the leaders and the rank and file did not particularly matter in former contests, when Protection was a mere side issue, not much mentioned, and crowded out of sight by exciting questions of party politics. But the hard times, and the continued refusal of our neighbours to reciprocate our foolish liberality, brought the question of Protection to the front, and then the coherence of the Reform party was put to the test. The truth is that the masses of the people, the country's actual producers on the farm and in the factory, never were Free Traders, and never will be. It was their simple, unstudied belief that a country became rich by producing as much as possible for itself, and that it became poor by buying too much abroad and running in debt for it; and they could not comprehend how a nation was to gain by such relations of income to expenditure as would ruin individuals. They believed, further, that while bookish theorists might hold that it was for a nation's interest to give Free Trade to its neighbours, whether they reciprocated or not, the thing had to be utterly rejected by every practical man, possessed of common sense. The ballot allowed Reform voters to vote as they pleased, free of the dictation of their leaders, and they voted for Protection. Nor is the case sufficiently stated when the prevalence of Protectionist views among the masses is spoken of. Many prominent Reformers, members of Parliament and others, were Protectionists at heart, but had been whipped into the Free Trade traces by Mr. Mackenzie and the *Globe*. It is the real truth that, through the logic of events and the force of circumstances in Canada, the people generally, Reformers as much as Conservatives, were being led to look to Protection as the right policy for this country, whatever might be best for England. We

think it a truthful estimate to say that about three-fourths of the manufacturers of Ontario are or have been Reformers, every bit as 'sound' Reformers as Mr. Mackenzie or Mr. Mowat, and these men bore up for years under the refusal of their party leaders to heed the country's call. Had Mr. Mackenzie but said the word when he went to the country in 1873-74, Reform candidates and Reform journals by scores would have thrown up caps and declared for Protection, and Sir John's opportunity might never again have come. But nobody knows, because it is something not to be calculated, what an amount of labour and energy was expended by Mr. Mackenzie and the *Globe* in keeping down and repressing Protection in the Reform party. The thing was rising naturally, and by reason of the country's circumstances, in the Reform as well as in the Conservative ranks, and the party tyranny that 'sat upon' and smothered it was simply tremendous. Why, all the labour of Sir John and his lieutenants 'stumping' the country and making speeches for Protection, did not equal the labour that fell upon Mr. Mackenzie and something less than a dozen of his friends, keeping down Protection in the Reform party. In the desperate effort to make the Reform party a Free Trade party they spent their strength, and at last they broke their own backs in the struggle. Left to themselves, Ontario Reformers would have been as good Protectionists as the most enthusiastic of Sir John's followers. After having endured for years a most tyrannical repression of opinion on the question, they turned at last upon their leaders, and voted them out of power.

It is the event of 1878 in Ontario which is the remarkable one, requiring explanation; that of 1879 is a matter of course, scarcely requiring any explanation at all. It was Reform votes that gave Ontario to Sir John A. Macdonald, last September, by a majority of 66 against 22. Protection

being secured, Ontario Reformers came back to their party allegiance, and sustained Mr. Mowat by 58 to 30. The surmise is a reasonable one that many of them felt sore at having had to vote against their party last fall, and were not only willing but eager to seize the opportunity of returning to their allegiance. The contention that the vote in favour of Mr. Mowat was a vote against National Policy will not hold water. The men who voted for Protection last year would have voted for it this year had they believed it to be an issue in the election. Some people said it was an issue, but the multitude did not believe them. Take the case of Hamilton as the *reductio ad absurdum* of the idea that the vote of June 5th was against National Policy. It is tolerably certain that, party politics aside, five-sixths of the people of that city are really and truly Protectionists. And yet they elected Mr. Mowat's candidate by a majority of sixty! To suppose that Hamilton, of all places, has gone back on the National Policy, is too absurd for belief. Nevertheless, it is not wholly a mistake to believe that the new policy has been somewhat injured in its operation by what appeared to be a vote against it. In the United States, and in England, it may give the impression that we might possibly be induced to change our decision of last year. Having adopted a certain policy it is our interest that people outside should understand that we mean to give it at least a fair trial, and, if they understand this, it will save them and us the needless waste of efforts of theirs to make us abandon it. The supposition that we can be induced to abandon it may cause them to expend much labour of aggression, and may put upon ourselves much labour of resistance, which would otherwise have been saved. Some intending investors may have had their enterprise chilled by the fear that, after all, the new policy may not last long, and that it might not be safe to risk much on its

continuance. But this feeling is even now rapidly passing away, as people realize that Mr. Mowat's Government has really no intention of going out of its sphere to attack the National Policy. The *Globe* deserves credit for its assurance, in which, doubtless, Mr. Mackenzie joins, that the new policy is safe for five years—that at least. If it gets so much, its friends need not fear what is to follow. Protection assured for a term of years will develop home production, and will so create new interests and enlarge old ones, that, when the time comes for the people again to vote upon the question, the thing will have taken such a grip of the country that to “budge” it will be impossible. That is what happened in the States, and it will happen in Canada too. Even Mr. Mackenzie or Mr. Blake, if in power five years hence, might think twice ere attempting to interfere with the interests which had grown up in the meantime, and had become in a manner public interests as well as private. It is a reasonable expectation that things will accommodate themselves to the new policy, and that even the Reform leaders will get to look upon it as something to be tolerated if not approved of. We might point them to an illustrious example, the bearing of which on their own case they will surely acknowledge. Thirty years ago Mr. Disraeli broke up the English Conservative party, and denounced Sir Robert Peel for yielding to the Free Trade agitation; now Lord Beaconsfield stands up in the House of Lords, and says that the verdict of the nation has been given, that this verdict must stand, and that the question must not be re-opened. It may yet—who knows!—be re-opened in spite of him, but his loyal confession that he was once wrong, and that certain “musty speeches” of his, made many years ago, do not represent his opinions of to-day, might be a good example for Mr. Brown and Mr. Mackenzie to follow. It would

be no loss of dignity for them to do as the great English leader has done, and to bow to the will of the people, or at least to let it be understood that the new policy shall have a fair trial, as far as they are concerned.

It is, as we have said, the event of 1878 in Ontario which requires to be considered and explained; that of 1879 is to be understood as a matter of course. A Province that has always had a Reform majority among its people once more elects a Reform majority to its local House—what wonder? But why did it elect a Conservative majority last year? That is the question, and the prevailing popular answer thereto is the right one; there is really nothing mysterious or recondite about the result. One thing Mr. Mowat would do well to consider—the Province has given him a very large majority, and has more unreservedly than ever before committed its local affairs into his hands. According to the entirety and implicitness of the trust reposed in him will be his responsibility. The public will expect something from him now, and they should not be disappointed. A still greater responsibility rests upon Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues, on account of their large majority, and it should be Mr. Mackenzie's patriotic duty to relieve them of none of it, but to let them carry it all if they can. Let Reformers in the Dominion, and Conservatives in Ontario, imitate the diplomatist who said that he always had a great regard for accomplished facts. The spectacle of a Reform Government ruling in Ontario, while a Conservative Government rules in the Dominion, is now being repeated, and by-and-by the country may catch the lesson which this is fitted to convey. That lesson is, that we should make up our minds to progress in the direction of withdrawing politics from the local Houses, and of making them more purely business assemblies. Some real reform, coming within Provincial

powers, and eagerly desired by the people, are delayed in Ontario, and in other Provinces too, notably Quebec, just because each party thinks itself bound to oppose whatever the other proposes. It would not be wise to agitate for the abolition of the Provincial Legislatures, but the idea of non-political assemblies, having shorter or less frequent sessions than at present, may yet be realized. We

may yet have the battle between parties relegated entirely to the Confederate Parliament, where properly it belongs, only slightly to disturb the business relations of the local Houses. The people of Ontario may perhaps look with some interest to see whether the new Assembly will obstruct or favour a movement in the direction indicated.

M.

ECKERMANN AND GOETHE.

BY FIDELIS, KINGSTON.

PART I.

THERE is no more beautiful spectacle in the intercourse of man with man, than the enthusiastic veneration of the disciple for the master. It is so natural, too, this devoted admiration of the still growing and plastic mind for the maturer and richer nature in which it meets its own ideal almost, if not quite, realised—its own aspirations guided and strengthened—its crude and immature conceptions and half-formed thoughts corrected, and rendered more intelligible to itself by the calm and philosophic judgment in which it finds a satisfying oracle. It is no wonder, therefore, that all the real masters from Buddha downwards, and many who have been but *sham* masters, also, have had their eagerly receptive followers. Sometimes it happens that the follower is—without knowing it—a far greater mind than the master whom he reveres; but this does not make his veneration the less enthusiastic or even the less beautiful. *We smile now*, when we read Shelley's passionate invocation to

William Godwin: 'Guide thou and direct me; in all the weakness of my inconsistencies bear with me; when you reprove me, reason speaks; I acquiesce in her decisions.' But though we know that Godwin is remembered chiefly through his connection with the ill-fated poet, still Godwin's influence was a real power in Shelley's life. And never does real greatness shine in a more pleasing and amiable light than when we have it set before us by the loving hand of a faithful disciple. It may well be doubted whether Samuel Johnson would ever have been for many of us, the real and, notwithstanding his roughness, the loveable human figure that he is, if we had not Boswell's homely but photographic portrait. And nowhere—not even in the fascinating pages of Mr. Lewes—certainly not in his own entertaining and picturesque autobiography—does Goethe appear to us in anything like the amiable light in which we see him in the charming record of his conversations with Eckermann. For one

thing, Eckermann's simple, earnest, sympathetic, enthusiastic nature wins our hearts at once; and the reverence and the reality of his homage for the sage whom he delighted to honour become contagious. With all our impatience of Goethe's tremendous egotism, with all our disgust for the heartless and selfish lover of Frederica and Lili, we still cannot help seeing, through Eckermann's eyes, how that great, calm, philosophic intellect, full of insight into human life and human affairs—that genial, many-sided nature, mellowed and matured by the experiences and successes, as well as the losses of life—must have exercised a most powerful magnetic influence over the sympathetic and revering souls who formed his little court at Weimar. It was not possible, perhaps, for an egoist like Goethe to resist the temptation of posing a little in the midst of such a worshipful company, ever ready with their homage and their incense for his shrine, but still we feel that Eckermann has preserved for us very much of the *real* Goethe, and the real Goethe at his best! We see him in a hundred pleasant lights—in the peaceful home from which the strange and painful figure of Christine Vulpius has for ever disappeared, and where, instead, we have the graceful and lively Ottilie (his daughter-in-law), Fraülein Ulrica, and little Walter and Wolfgang, with occasional glimpses of 'young Goethe,' one of the many ordinary sons of extraordinary fathers. We see Goethe in his 'blue frockcoat with shoes,' conversing with his acolytes in gracious tones, or sitting at table, *en famille*, 'helping to all the dishes, carving the roast fowls with great dexterity, and not forgetting between whiles to fill the glasses.' We see him in his black evening-dress, decorated with the gleaming star which Eckermann tells us 'became him so well,' moving about with his grand air among his distinguished guests, listening with emotion to good music, talk-

ing in French to 'pretty youthful foreigners,' and seeming, like a well-bred host, to 'prefer listening and hearing his guests talk to talking himself.' Or we find him, in the privacy of quiet evening hours, reclining in his 'wooden arm chair,' in his white flannel dressing-gown, discussing poetry, old and new, analysing and criticising his own productions, or indulging in the reminiscences of his own past career, and of the life that now lay behind him, which fell so naturally from the lips of the old philosopher and poet.

And as Eckermann was a poet, too, there is an idyllic freshness of atmosphere about his records of the conversations which never ceases to charm. In turning over the pages in which the great poet and his single-hearted friend still live for us, we never seem to tire, but read, and read again, with new beauties ever opening for our admiration. We seem to grow familiar with the sunny fields and woodland glades that lie around quiet Weimar, around which the two great poets of Germany have woven the classic charm which a greater poet still has thrown round the quietest of little English towns. We walk with Goethe in his gardens near the park; look across the meadows to the Ilm, winding silently along beneath the rich foliage of the park that crowns the farther bank; we walk up the broad gravel path to the 'garden house,' now deserted, in which he used to study and work; sit down and feel the spring sunshine, soft and warm, through the natural arbour of over-arching trees, which Goethe had planted, forty years before, with his own hand, and where in hot summer days he 'liked to sit after dinner; and often over the meadows and the whole park such stillness reigns that the ancients would say, "Pan sleeps!"' We sit, with Eckermann, in the carriage beside the living Goethe, in 'his brown surtout and blue cloth cap, with his light gray cloak laid over his knees—his countenance brown and healthy as the fresh

air,' and hear the genial talk of birds and nature, poets and poetry, blending with the quick rattle of the wheels. We drive with them along the Erfurt road, or up the hill of the Ettersberg, breakfast with them on 'a turfy hillock, looking down upon Erfurt and Gotha, the Thuringian wood, and the mountains of Ilmensee, with the blue range of the Hartz bounding the horizon—doubly classic ground—and now, in the clear morning light of the autumn sun,' calling forth many a reminiscence from Goethe of the enchanted youth of 'a poet in his prime.' We stroll with them through the ducal hunting-lodge, the favourite resort where, as Goethe said, 'we have spent many a good day and wasted many a good day,' and stand with them under the great beech, beneath whose wide o'er-arching shade, he and the young Grand Duke, with their gay retinue, had spent merry summer evenings, and in which, 'fifty years ago,' they had cut their names, still to be traced, though confused and distorted by nature's erasing hand. Or we accompany them to Jena, visit Schiller's old abode, and the arbour with its old stone table, at which Schiller used to write, and where he and Goethe had 'exchanged many good and great words,' and drive along the winding Saale to Burgau, where we share the simple noontide meal, and watch the rafts on the river, and listen to the conversation on the habits of the cuckoo. Or we find ourselves 'assisting' at a quiet home scene, by the taper light in his study, 'where he sat opposite to me at his table, in his white flannel dressing-gown, mild as the impression of a well-spent day. We talked about things good and great; he set before me the noblest part of his own nature, and his mind kindled my own—the most perfect harmony existed between us. He extended his hand to me across the table, and I pressed it. I then took a full glass which stood by me, and which I drank to him without

uttering a word, my glances being directed into his eyes across the wine.'

It is no wonder that close contact with such an enthusiastic, single-hearted, sympathetic nature should have called forth all that was noblest and best and most loveable in Goethe, and that there was much that was noble and loveable in him in this tranquil evening of a fruitful life,—the *sturm-und-drang* period left far behind,—we cannot but admit. Eckermann, in modest recognition of the fact that any individual presentation of a nature so many-sided could be but a partial one, not only from the different aspects of the subject, but also from the limitations of the observer, tells us that the Goethe he has given us is '*his* Goethe,' and we must rejoice that we have 'Eckermann's Goethe' to give us such pleasant parting thoughts of a 'king of men' not always kingly.

But the personality of Eckermann himself is one which is by no means to be overlooked. His noble and sweet nature, his simplicity, his pure poetic enthusiasm shine through every page of his record. His early history he tells us himself, and never has the old story of the struggle of youthful genius with adverse fates been more simply and naively told. He was born on the border of the marsh and heath lands near Hambourg, in a one-roomed hut, with a loft above, reached by a ladder. The father was a pedlar, and the family lived on his small gains and the produce of their garden and cow, having only to buy 'corn for bread and flour for the kitchen.' The mother earned something by spinning wool and making caps for the good *hausfrauen* of the village. Little Eckermann, the youngest of the family, living alone with his elderly parents, herded his cow with other boys, on the broad meadows, gathered sedges for her litter from the banks which the Elbe overflowed in spring, brought dry wood from the neighbouring thickets to serve for firewood, gleaned

in harvest, and gathered acorns to sell 'to persons of opulence, to feed their geese.' At certain periods he attended school, and at fourteen had learned to read and write, but 'knew not that there were in the world such things as poetry or the fine arts,' and was happily unconscious of any aspirations or longings beyond his humble sphere.

But a trivial chance, as it seemed, awoke the slumbering genius. The device of a horse, on the wrapper of a packet of tobacco which his father had brought from Hambourg, excited an irresistible desire to copy it, and in the success of his attempt he 'experienced a delight before unknown.' His parents admired and praised his performance, and the boy was too happy to sleep. As he tells us in his own *naïf* reminiscence, 'I thought constantly of the horse I had drawn, and longed impatiently for morning, that I might have it again before my eyes, and delight myself with beholding it'—a state of exaltation that all who have passed through any similar experience will readily comprehend.

His imitative faculty, thus awakened, would not again sleep. A neighbouring potter lent him the outlines he used in decorating his plates and dishes, and from these rude copies the boy made two books of pen and ink drawings, which were handed round for exhibition and attracted the notice of the upper bailiff—'the first man of the place,'—who sent for the lad, and kindly asked him if should like to become a painter; but, having no other conception of a *painter* than that of 'one who paints doors and houses,' neither the boy nor his parents were attracted by the offer. However, the interest excited by his artistic efforts proved useful to him, and procured him the advantage of lessons with children of a higher rank. He began to learn French, Latin, and music, was provided with better clothes, and at sixteen would gladly have gone to pursue his studies at a gymnasium. But the *res angusta domi* and the de-

sire to help his poor old parents prevented this, and young Eckermann bravely put aside his own longings and took a clerkship under 'a judicial functionary,' which he retained until the office—at Winsen-on-the-Luhe—was broken up by the incorporation of the place in the French empire. He obtained work in other offices in the neighbouring villages until 1813, when the approach of the Cossacks inspired hopes of deliverance from the French yoke, and sent young Eckermann as a volunteer into a Jäger corps, which proceeded against Marshal Davoust, and in the following summer marched through Flanders and Brabant.

There, in churches and museums, he saw the great pictures of the Netherlands, and now for the first time understood what it was to be a painter. He could have wept, he tells us, for his lost opportunity; but, determining to retrieve it if possible, he procured crayons and a large sheet of drawing paper and sat down before a picture to copy it. Marching orders interrupted its progress, but the half-finished picture was packed in a case and carried through the long subsequent march, in the hope of completing it, which he carried into execution immediately after his return home. His father was now dead, and as his mother lived with a married sister, Eckermann was free to follow his own bent. His untaught attempts at drawing were however, he felt, but gropings in the dark, and having a friend in Hanover with whom he could live, he trudged forty leagues over the deep snow, that he might study under Ramberg, an artist whom he had fixed upon as his master. Not dismayed by the prospect of the long preparatory discipline before he could hope to be an artist, he devoted himself with great perseverance to anatomical drawing, until illness resulting from exposure during the campaign put a final stop to his artistic studies. As he was under the necessity of finding some remuneration

nerative employment he succeeded in securing one as a clothing commissioner in the Hanoverian army. But the impulse which had been repressed in one direction, broke out in another. The reading of Korner's 'Lyre and Sword' awoke strong kindred sympathies, and turned his thoughts to poetry, in which he had in early youth made some juvenile essays. A poem describing the hardships and privations of a soldier's life had a success much exceeding his expectations, was sold, reprinted in periodicals, and even set to music by a favourite composer; for which, he tells us, it was ill-adapted on account of its length and rhetorical style. Once started on the path of poetic production, 'not a week passed in which he was not happy enough to produce some new poem.' He was just twenty-four, full of poetic feelings, impulses, and sympathies, but, as he tells us, 'entirely deficient in information and mental culture.' He began to study Klopstock and Schiller, but without receiving much benefit from authors not much in harmony with the tendencies of his own mind.

At this time, strange to say, he first heard the name of Goethe, and found in the reading of his songs 'a happiness which no words can express.' 'I seemed as if I had not till now begun to wake and attain real consciousness; it appeared to me that my own inmost soul, till then unknown even to myself—was reflected in these songs—I found the human heart, with its desires, joys, and sorrows, I found a German nature, clear as the bright actual day—pure reality in the light of a mild glorification.'

He lived whole weeks and months absorbed in these songs; then read other works of the genius which had so fascinated him, with a daily increasing admiration, feeling that the harmony not only of inner but of outer nature was made clear to him by his great master. Further study, however, led him to feel his great deficiencies in education, and inspired him to

endeavour even yet to remedy the lack of a classical training. He first procured private tuition, but finally resolved to regularly attend the gymnasium. It was no slight ordeal for the young man of twenty-five to take his place among school-boys, but his thirst for knowledge overcame every obstacle, and he managed for a time to perform the work of his office and carry on his studies at the same time. But the double work was too much for him, and as necessity obliged him to retain his office, the gymnasium had to be given up. Of this new disappointment he naively and philosophically says: 'As I saw it was my destiny to make many trials, I did not repent that I had also made trial of a learned school.' He had, as he said, 'advanced a good step;' he could read Cicero with some ease, and write metrical transactions from Horace, Virgil, and Ovid. Still keeping in view his project of soon entering the university, he continued his work of literary production and published a subscription copy of his poems; and at last, in May, 1821, with one hundred and fifty dollars realized from this publication, and a yearly grant of the same sum for two years from the war office whose employ he had left, he achieved the darling object of his hopes and went to Göttingen.

He had, at last, after long resistance, yielded to the urgent persuasions of his friends, and adopted the study of jurisprudence as a 'bread-study,' whereby he might earn his subsistence while at the same time cultivating those very different studies to which his nature irresistibly impelled him. But he soon found out the impossibility of serving two masters, and moving on a double track. While listening to lectures on the Institutes and Pandects, his thoughts were wandering off to the field of poetry and art, and at the beginning of his second academic year he gave up the unavailing struggle and devoted himself to philology. At the end of a year and a half he found

his means exhausted, and leaving the university, where his intellectual powers had greatly developed, he devoted himself for a winter to the composition of a work entitled 'Contributions to Poetry,' which he 'hoped might aid youthful talent, not only in production, but in criticising poetical works.' This was completed in May, 1823, and his thoughts now returned to Goethe, who had long been the polestar of his life, and who, he hoped, might be willing to recommend his manuscript to Herr Cotta, since he needed, as he informs us, 'not only a good publisher, but also a handsome remuneration.' Two years before he had sent to Goethe a copy of his poems, with a slight sketch of his history; and had 'the great joy' to receive some lines from his own hand in acknowledgment, and to hear from travellers that the great poetic oracle had expressed a favourable opinion himself. He determined, therefore, to seek a personal interview, and literally *bent his steps* towards Weimar, making the long and toilsome journey on foot, sustained under fatigue and the oppressively warm weather, by 'the consolatory belief that I was under the especial guidance of kindly powers, and that this journey would be of great importance to my success in life.'

He arrived at Weimar early in June, and his first interview with Goethe took place a few days after, on June 10, 1824—a red-letter day, henceforth, in his memory. It is impossible to resist the temptation of transcribing his description of the meeting, which gives us a pleasant glimpse into the tranquil home of Goethe's old age:

'The interior of the house made a very pleasant impression upon me; without being showy, everything was extremely simple and noble; even the casts from antique statues, placed upon the stairs, indicated Goethe's especial partiality for plastic art, and for Grecian antiquity. I saw several ladies moving busily about in the lower part

of the house, and one of Ottelia's beautiful boys, who came familiarly up to me and looked fixedly in my face.

'After I had cast a glance around, I ascended the stairs, with the very talkative servant, to the first-floor. He opened a room, on the threshold of which the motto *Salve* was stepped over as a good omen of friendly welcome. He led me through this apartment and opened another, somewhat more spacious, where he requested me to wait, while he went to announce me to his master. The air here was most cool and refreshing; on the floor was spread a carpet; the room was furnished with a crimson sofa and chairs, which gave a cheerful aspect; on one side stood a piano, and the walls were adorned with many pictures and drawings, of various sorts and sizes. Through an open door opposite, one looked into a further room, also hung with pictures, through which the servant had gone to announce me.

'It was not long before Goethe came in, dressed in a blue frock-coat, and with shoes. What a sublime form! The impression upon me was surprising. But he soon dispelled all uneasiness by the kindest words. We sat down on the sofa. I felt in a happy perplexity, through his look and presence, and could say little or nothing.

... We sat a long while together, in a tranquil, affectionate mood. I was close to him; I forgot to speak for looking at him; I could not look enough. His face is so powerful and brown!—full of wrinkles, and each wrinkle full of expression! and everywhere there is such nobleness and firmness, such repose and greatness! He spoke in a slow, composed manner, such as you would expect from an aged monarch. You perceive by his air that he reposes upon himself, and is elevated far above both praise and blame. I was extremely happy near him; I felt becalmed like one who, after many toils and tedious expectations, finally sees his dearest wishes gratified.'

In an age and country where intellectual power of culture are so generally diffused, it is difficult fully to realize the emotion with which a nature like that of Eckermann must have met the man who was to him as a demigod—the incarnation of poetic genius, the concentration of the intellect of Germany. Probably not the most fervent disciple of Spencer or Darwin, Tennyson or Longfellow, in our own day, could feel quite the same ecstasy of absolute and revering devotion in the presence of his master. Goethe, on his side, seems to have recognised in the young poet a nature sufficiently sympathetic to excite warm interest in one whose perennially youthful spirit always craved the companionship and friendship of the young. This seems evident enough from what Eckermann tells us of his second interview, when, he says, ‘he seemed quite a different man from that of yesterday, and had the impetuous and decided manner of a youth.’ He proposed at once to give him employment in making a selection from his own earlier works for republication, and arranged for his residence in Jena during his own stay at Maricubad for the rest of the summer. Eckermann was further made happy by a letter from Cotta promising to publish his *M.S.* and give him a handsome remuneration. His mind was now full of ‘plans for innumerable poems, both long and short; also for dramas of various sorts;’ and, as he says naively enough, ‘I had now, as I thought, only to think which way I should turn to produce one after the other, with some degree of convenience to myself.’

On Goethe’s return from Maricubad, he met Eckermann at Jena, and proposed that he should make Weimar his home, and aid himself in arranging his unpublished works while also prosecuting his own studies under the most favourable auspices—a proposition to which Eckermann readily agreed. Some of his cautions to the

young and ambitious author are striking enough, as coming from the author of ‘Faust.’ ‘Beware,’ said he, ‘of attempting a large work. It is exactly that which injures our best minds, even those distinguished by the finest talents and the most earnest efforts. I have suffered from this cause and know how much it injured me. If I had written all that I might, a hundred volumes would not contain it. The present will have its rights; the thoughts and feelings which daily press upon the poet will and should be expressed. But if you have a great work in your head nothing else thrives near it; all other thoughts are repelled, and the pleasantness of life itself is, for the time, lost. But if he (the poet) daily seizes the present, and always treats with a freshness of feeling what is offered him, he always makes sure of something good, and if he sometimes does not succeed has, at least, lost nothing.’

‘The world is so great and rich, and life so full of variety, that you can never want occasions for poems. But they must all be *occasional* poems—that is to say, reality must give both impulse and material for their production. I attach no value to poems snatched out of the air.’

Finally, he says, ‘For the present, you had better lay aside all great undertakings. You have striven long enough; it is time that you should enter into the cheerful period of life, and for the attainment of this the working out of small subjects is the best expedient.’

Eckermann tells us, with his usual simplicity, that he felt, through these words of Goethe, several years wiser, and perceived, in the very depths of his soul, the good fortune of meeting with a true master. ‘The advantage is incalculable.’ He threw aside the burden of his ‘various grand schemes,’ feeling much lighter and happier for so doing, and rejoiced in the thought of what he should learn and gain from intercourse with this ‘true master.’

'His personality,' he says, 'his mere presence seems to educate me, even when he does not speak a word.'

This beautiful relationship of the kind and communicative master and the docile and revering pupil continues throughout the two volumes, which cover a period of nine years, from the seventy-third year of Goethe to his eighty-second and last. During this time, Eckermann was in almost daily intercourse with Goethe, seeing and hearing him under all possible aspects and phases, and has preserved for us no small share of the rich and stimulating conversation of a wonderful mind, which he himself received 'with deep-felt gratitude as the gift of Providence,' and in regard to which he cherished 'a certain confidence that the world with which I share it will also feel gratitude towards me,' a confidence, let us hope, which will never be disappointed. Yet, looking at how small a part of the whole he has thus saved to us, he compares himself to 'a child who, endeavouring to catch the refreshing spring shower with open hands, finds that the greater part of it runs through his fingers.' There were whole months during which ill health or the pressure of daily toil interrupted the record, and then, too, as he most truly observes, '*where is he who knows always to prize the present at its due rate?*' Nor was Goethe himself always the same. At times, inspired by some great idea, 'his words flowed forth rich and inexhaustible,' at others 'he was taciturn and laconic, as if a cloud pressed upon his soul,' or even 'as if he were filled with icy coldness, and a keen wind was sweeping over plains of frost and snow.' Then, again, he would resemble a smiling summer day, with the songs of the birds rising to the blue sky and the brook rippling through flowery meadows; these fruitful sunny seasons being, however, the rule, and the cold and ungenial ones the exceptions. As we see them in these pages, the great poet and his

friend and pupil seem to lead an ideal life, in which sordid cares and vulgar elements found no place, in which envy and detraction seemed unknown, and in which only pure and noble objects of thought and desire seemed to occupy mind and speech. They discuss philosophy and science, history and criticism, poetry and art, human nature and external nature. In all we see the great, mature, many-sided philosopher, as well as the wide-reaching poetic nature, not without its weak points and mistakes, yet, on the whole, penetrating to the root of things, and often giving, in a few pithy words, the substance of pages of laboured criticism. Here, for instance, he gives us a great truth in a few simple words, which it would be a pity to spoil by comment. 'Meyer,' said Goethe, laughing, 'always says "if thinking were not so hard." And the worst is that all the thinking in the world does not bring us to thought; we must be right by nature, so that good thoughts may come before us like free children of God, and cry "Here we are!"'

Here is another which might profitably be taken to heart by every scientific investigator:—

'In science we find people who can neither see nor hear through sheer learning and hypothesis. The observation of nature requires a certain purity of mind which cannot be disturbed or pre-occupied by anything?'

"Then," returned I, "children and the child-like would be good hod-men in science."

"Would to God!" exclaimed Goethe, "*we were all nothing more than good hod-men!* It is just because we will be more, and carry about with us a great apparatus of philosophy and hypothesis, that we spoil all."

The wonderfully eventful and important period of history through which Goethe lived is vividly brought before us in one of his own reminiscences, followed by a prediction which showed to what good purpose he had

studied the tendencies of men and nations :

'I had the great advantage of being born at a time when the greatest events which agitated the world occurred, and such have continued to occur during my long life ; so that I am a living witness of the Seven Years' War, of the separation of America from England, of the French Revolution, and of the whole Napoleonic era, with the downfall of that hero, and the events which followed. What the next years will bring I cannot predict ; but I fear we shall not soon have repose. It is not given to the world to be contented ; the great are not such that there will be no abuse of power ; the masses are not such that, in hope of gradual improvement, they will be contented with a moderate condition. Could we perfect human nature, we might also expect a perfect state of things ; but, as it is, there will be a wavering hither and thither, one part must suffer while the other is at ease, envy and egotism will be always at work like bad demons, and party strife will be without end.'

His forecast of the future sometimes took a more special direction. He thought that the rapid progress of the American nation towards the Pacific coast, which he truly prognosticated, would render indispensable a passage by water from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean :

'It may be foreseen,' he said, 'that this young State, with its decided predilection to the West, will in thirty or forty years have occupied and peopled the large tract of land beyond the Rocky Mountains. It may furthermore be foreseen that along the whole coast of the Pacific Ocean, where nature has already formed the most capacious and secure harbours, important commercial towns will gradually arise, for the furtherance of a great intercourse between China and the East Indies and the United States. I therefore repeat that it is absolutely indispensable for the United States to effect

a passage from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean ; and I am certain that they will do it.

'Would that I might live to see it ! but I shall not. I should like to see another thing, a junction of the Danube and the Rhine. But this undertaking is so gigantic that I have doubts of its completion, particularly when I consider our German resources ; and thirdly, and lastly, I should wish to see England in possession of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. Would I could live to see these three great works. It would be well worth the trouble to last some fifty years more for the very purpose.'

The fifty years have passed away, and only one of 'these three great works' has been accomplished. But Goethe, with all his insight, could not foresee the reign of railways and the extent to which they would revolutionise the world's travel and commerce. Could this vision have dawned upon him, he might have thought its realization as well worth the trouble of fifty years more of life as that of the canal through the Isthmus of Darien.

One day in the fine May weather, Frau Von Goethe proposes to give a tea-party in the park to listen to the song of the nightingale and enjoy the beauty of the opening summer. Eckermann does not enter very cordially into the proposal, and finally confesses that he would rather ramble about the fields with a young English friend named Doolan. He explains that 'when I am so near nature that I scent all her fragrance, and yet cannot thoroughly enjoy it, it is to me as unendurable as it would be to a duck to be brought near to the water, and yet prevented from plunging into it.' 'You might say, too,' remarked Goethe laughing, 'that you would feel like a horse who, on raising his head in the stable sees other horses running wild upon an extensive plain before his eyes. He scents the delights and freedom of fresh nature, but cannot partake of them,'—a sentiment with

which all true lovers of nature will heartily sympathise.

Goethe enquires how he and Doolan amuse themselves in their country rambles, and is told that, among other things, they practise archery. This leads to a long discussion on that exercise and on the making of bows, ending with Goethe going out to show Eckermann a bow which had been presented to him by a Baschkir chief and on which he himself tries his skill to Eckermann's great admiration and delight.

One of the most interesting features of the 'Conversations,' is the frequent discussion of Goethe's literary contemporaries, and the estimate which he puts on their respective powers. His frank and unconcealed egoism, while it leads him to speak with perfect candour of his own superiority to others, was yet subject to none of the petty narrowness that denies to others their due, or grudgingly yields the praise that cannot be withheld. A characteristic instance of this is his remark concerning Tieck, whom he thought the Schlegels had injudiciously placed in competition with himself. 'Tieck,' he says, 'is a talent of great importance, and no one can be more sensible than myself to his extraordinary merits; only when they raise him above himself, and place him on a level with me, they are in error. I can speak this out plainly, it matters nothing to me, for I did not make myself; I might just as well compare myself to Shakspeare, who likewise did not make himself, and who is nevertheless a being of a higher order, to whom I must look up with reverence.' Of his own works he talks with the same freedom. Of all his larger poems, he says that 'Hermann and Dorothea' is 'the only one which still satisfies him,' and which he can never read without strong interest, loving it best in the Latin translation in which it seemed 'nobler and as if it had returned to its original form.' Of 'Faust' he says that, 'it is mad

stuff, and goes quite beyond all ordinary feeling.' He frankly confesses that he *does not know what idea* he meant to embody in his Faust. '*From heaven through the world to hell,* would indeed be something, but this is no idea, only a course of action. And further, that the devil loses the wager, and that a man, continually struggling from different errors towards something better, should be redeemed, is an effective, and to many a good enlightening thought; but it is no idea which lies at the foundation of the whole, and of every individual scene. *It would have been a fine thing, indeed, if I had strung so rich, varied, and highly diversified life as I have brought to view in Faust upon the slender string of one pervading idea.*'

And he says, further, of a discriminating critic of his poetry.—'Concerning Faust his remarks are no less clever, since he not only notes, "as part of myself, the gloomy, discontented striving of the principal character, but also the scorn and the bitter irony of Mephistopheles."'

It might have saved a good deal of elaborate metaphysical discussion as to the hidden meaning of this great poem, if Goethe's own statement of his aim as a poet had been kept in view—as here very clearly stated:

'It was, in short, not in my line, as a poet, to strive to embody anything *abstract*. I received in my mind impressions, and those of a sensual, animated, charming, varied, hundred-fold kind—just as a lively imagination presented them; and I had, as a poet, nothing more to do than artistically to round off and elaborate such views and impressions, and by means of a lively representation so to bring them forward that others might receive the same impression in hearing or reading my representation of them. If I still wished, as a poet, to represent any idea, I would do it in short poems, where a decided unity could prevail, and where a complete survey would be easy. The only production of

greater extent in which I am conscious of having laboured to set forth a pervading idea is probably my *Wahlverwandtschaften* (Elective Affinities). This novel has thus become comprehensible to the understanding; *but I will not say that it is therefore better.* I am rather of the opinion that the more incommensurable and the more incomprehensible to the understanding a poetical production is so much the better it is.'

Of course a poet, like Nature, may teach us much, unconsciously, beyond his meaning, and so doubtless did Goethe; but the distinction between what we *may* learn from him and what he *meant to teach* would save us many fanciful and often fantastic interpretations. Here is Goethe's own estimate of the injurious effect of a 'hair-splitting' criticism. He has been discussing the question whether a phenomenon so astounding as Shakespeare would be possible in the England of his own day:—

'That undisturbed, innocent, somnambulatory production, by which alone anything great can thrive, is no longer possible. Our talents at present lie before the public. The daily criticisms which appear in fifty different places, and the gossip that is caused by them among the public, prevent the appearance of any sound production. Through the bad, chiefly negative, æsthetical and critical tone of the journals, a sort of half-culture finds its way into the masses; but to productive talent it is a noxious mist, a dropping poison, which destroys the tree of creative power, from the ornamental green leaves to the deepest pith and the most hidden fibres.' If this was true of Goethe's days, how much more might it apply to our own?

Of 'Wilhelm Meister' he says much the same as of 'Faust.' It is, he says, 'one of the most incalculable productions. I myself can scarcely be said to have the key to it. People seek a central point, and that is hard, and not even right. I should

think a rich manifold life, brought close to our eyes, would be enough in itself, without any express tendency, which, after all, is only for the intellect.' If anything of the sort, however, is insisted on, he says, it will perhaps be found in the words of Frederic, at the end, 'that man, despite all his follies and errors, being led by a higher hand, reaches some happy goal at last!'

'Werther,' he tells us, he had only read once, about ten years after its publication. He considers it simply the expression of a phase of his own inner life, to which he refers its influence over the young man, 'who, with an innate, free, natural instinct, must accommodate himself to the narrow limits of an antiquated world.' 'I had lived, loved, and suffered much—that was it.'

One of the most characteristic self-revelations which we have of this singular, self-centred genius is contained in the following sentences, in which we have at once the expression of Goethe's strength and of his moral weakness:—'It is a great folly to hope that other men will harmonise with us; I have never hoped this. I have always regarded each man as an independent individual, *whom I endeavoured to study, and to understand with all his peculiarities, but from whom I desired no further sympathy.* In this way have I been enabled to converse with every man, and thus alone is produced the knowledge of various characters and the dexterity necessary for the conduct of life. For it is in a conflict with natures opposed to his own that a man must collect his strength to fight his way through, and thus all our different sides are brought out and developed, so that we soon find ourselves a match for every foe.' Here we have the key to so much that repels us throughout his life—so much that we rightly call selfish and heartless and immoral—in that making *self* and self-development the centre of all his conscious efforts, he used his

gigantic strength to force his development in one direction by stunting it in another, and that the direction in which a moral and social being can least afford to be stunted.

It is interesting to compare with this confession of Goethe's Schiller's answering impression of this trait in his character. 'He (Goethe) makes his existence benevolently felt, but only like a God, *without giving himself*; this seems to be a consequent and well-planned conduct, which is

calculated to ensure the highest enjoyment of self-love. Therefore he is hateful to me, although I love his genius from my heart.' But nature was too strong for even Goethe, as we see from his regretful reminiscences of Schiller; while his whole connection with Eckermann is a testimony to his real and inextinguishable need of human sympathy, and to the fulness of the response which it forced from him unawares.

(*To be concluded in the next number.*)

THOUGHTS.

BY G. G.

SOME thoughts that in us rise
 Cold words cannot express;
 What deep within us lies
 We cannot e'en confess
 In tear or sigh.

Some thoughts can be expressed
 By looks alone, and some
 By loving acts; the rest,
 Here unexpressed, become
 Flowers on high.

Here in our hearts laid by,
 Hidden from mortal sight,
 They could but fade and die—
 But in the heavenly light
 They live for aye.

NIAGARA.

THE FRESH-WATER CURE.

BY N. W. RACEY.

I.

‘NO, no, Tom, it’s no use. I haven’t the heart for any further struggle. I feel, like Agag, king of the Amalekites, “that the bitterness of death is past.”’

George Creighton, as he uttered these words, folded his arms upon the table before which he was sitting, and rested his head upon them, as if with difficulty restraining his sobs.

His friend Tom Hunter continued to pace up and down the room, striving now and then to put in a word of comfort or encouragement, though seemingly in vain.

‘Come old fellow,’ he said soothingly, ‘cheer up; nothing is so bad that it mightn’t be worse, and we can find a bright side to every picture if we only try.’

But the picture in this case was rather a black one. At any rate the dark shades decidedly predominated over the light.

George Creighton was a man of about thirty. Tall and fair, with a rather fine figure and a luxuriant light-brown beard which amply compensated for a somewhat scanty head of hair. He had a heavy, good-natured face; but its lines shewed a weak and yielding disposition; and want of firmness was indicated by the lines of his mouth and chin, while kindness of heart shone out from his deep blue eyes. Nor was his face a bad index to the history of his life. The son of a wealthy Quebec merchant, he had stepped from school into the counting-house, and from that to a junior partnership as a matter of course. But

bad companions had carried him on from one form of dissipation to another, and his generous disposition had led him not only to lavish his income, but even to dip deeply into what might be considered as his share of the capital of the firm.

Naturally, things had at last come to a crisis; he ceased his connection with the business, and now had nothing to rely upon but what his father might be disposed to allow him, a condition of dependence he did not relish while the paternal indignation was in its present state. The feeling that he had brought it all upon himself by his worse than folly, and had ruined his life just when he ought to be beginning to reap the fruits of success, increased rather than lessened (as it does with very many of us) his irritation.

‘Come George,’ Tom continued, ‘the governor is not disposed to be ugly, and I have almost got him to consent to our taking a trip to Portland or up the Saguenay,—anywhere, in short, that you would like to get over the hot weather; and then, *mind* and *body* being somewhat restored, we can see about *estate* afterwards.’

‘No, Tom, I could not bear that; I should be thrown among some of the old set down there, besides meeting any number of the womenkind, who know all about me and my misdeeds.’

‘Well, I would say New York, or the Centennial at Philadelphia, only you want rest and pure air rather than sight-seeing. What do you say to the Upper Lakes? A month’s fishing in those regions would set us both up. They say the trout are

splendid. Come, man, rouse yourself !'

After some further persuasion, George was got first to admit that the project was endurable, then to consent, and finally to take a languid sort of interest in the preparations which his energetic friend pushed rapidly on. And so it was that, on a lovely morning early in August, they landed in Montreal from the Quebec boat, in good time to catch the western express, which they quitted at Prescott for the steamer, resolving to have as little as possible of the heat and dust of a railway journey.

Toronto being reached, they consulted with several gentlemen acquainted with the route as to their best mode of procedure, and were strongly advised to take tickets to Sault Ste. Marie by the Collingwood Line of Steamers, and confer with Major Kingston, whose thirty years' residence there made him an admirable mentor; while his good nature and willingness to oblige were only equalled by his knowledge of the various fishing grounds.

So having laid in the usual amount of tackle and other rubbish supposed to be indispensable to an excursion of the kind, they took the steamboat express on a certain Friday morning, in order to catch the steamer *Cumberland*, which left Collingwood that afternoon.

'I say, George,' said Tom, as they seated themselves in the smoking car and lighted their cigars, 'did you see that lovely girl on the platform? I passed quite close to her as I was getting our things checked; lovely brown eyes and golden hair; not a common combination, you know!'

'No! I never look at women now,' very curtly replied George.

'Ah! Well, stick to it, old fellow, that's all I have to say. But I can tell you that if my affections were not already pledged to my little Bessie in Montreal, I should be inclined to step in myself, instead of so kindly calling

your attention to the beauty in question.'

'Very disinterested of you. I wonder where we can get dinner or luncheon.'

'Of course,' continued Tom; not noticing the interruption, 'I know that not half the travellers on this train actually are passengers by the steamer, but I hope for the sake of — well, both ourselves and the fair incognita, that she is one of them.'

'Yes, and her husband, or lover, to make it the more pleasant for all concerned,' growled George.

'Nonsense; I did not see any one of the male persuasion near her; there was only an old lady, with a pleasant placid countenance, most likely a mother or aunt.'

But no enthusiasm could be got out of George; so Tom, when he had finished his cigar, took a stroll through the train, and came back and reported that the fair unknown was in the parlour car, with the elderly lady afore-mentioned and a certain gentleman with a black beard, relationship undiscovered.

It was a beautiful afternoon on which the *Cumberland*, with our two friends on board, steamed out of Collingwood harbour. There seems to be something both soothing and invigorating in the air of those upper lakes on a warm summer's day. The sun, glancing upon the rippling water, suggests warmth and comfort and indolence—the *dolce far niente* of life—while the fresh cool breeze acts as a tonic to the weary frame, and speaks of fresh life and vigour for the future.

Perhaps this was the cause of our friend George's cheerful and animated manner, though its effects are generally slower, if no less sure. Or it may be that a glimpse he had caught of the 'beautiful unknown,' as she came on board, has caused his pulse to beat more quickly and given him a new interest in his surroundings.

'So your beauty is a passenger for the upper lakes, Tom, after all,' he said.

'My beauty,' replied Tom, 'well, I like that; after all the trouble I have taken in trying to interest you in the lady—and with some little success, it seems—you are surely not going to disown her?'

'Who do you think that fellow with the black beard is?' said George, gracefully passing over the question of proprietorship. 'Did you notice the third finger of her left hand, or had she gloves?'

'She was *bien gantée*, of course, five and three-quarters, I should say, at the most; but I don't think she trots in double harness, as yet. There is a difference, easier to appreciate than to describe; but I think I'm right. I have no idea who black beard is.'

'I should like to punch his head,' said George.

'And thereby prove yourself a fool. That's our best chance of an introduction, you silly fellow. Cultivate his acquaintance in every possible way; offer him cigars, guide book, opera glass, anything.'

And so well did George profit by this advice that, before the tea bell rang, he had made the acquaintance of the gentleman with the black beard, who rejoiced in the name of Charles Henderson Vaughan, of Toronto, Barrister-at-Law, &c., was smoking cigars with him on deck, and had discovered that he was on his way to spend a few weeks at the Sault Ste. Marie with his mother and his cousin, Miss Ethel Vaughan, towards whom he occupied also the important relation of guardian.

'You do not know how long you will stay at the Sault before going up Lake Superior?' Vaughan asked.

'No,' replied George, 'we are not bound to any plan, thank goodness. We have come out for pleasure, and can do exactly as we feel disposed.'

'Decidedly the best way; some people make a regular task of their summer vacation. They set out with the determination "to do" a certain number of places, and when they have accom-

plished it, they return home fagged out, and glad to get back to the comparative rest of business.'

'True,' said George, with a shudder at the thought of *his* return to business.

'Now *we* have come up here simply to do nothing, and that as lazily as possible; but we hear that there are a few pleasant people, some little fishing, and plenty of pure, fresh air, which is all we want. When we go in, if you will allow me, I will introduce you to my mother and cousin, and we can have a pleasant evening.'

'Thank you,' murmured George, almost overwhelmed by his good fortune. 'I shall be only too happy.' Which commonplace had with him a depth of meaning little suspected by his companion.

II.

'Ethel, let me introduce Mr. Creighton—Mr. Creighton, Miss Vaughan,' said Charley Vaughan, and thus was their acquaintance made in the saloon of the steamer *Cumberland*. Miss Smith, Mr. Jones—Mr. Jones, Miss Smith. How often do we hear that apparently meaningless formulary, without which no two well-brought-up Britons are supposed to be conscious of each other's existence, even to the extent, say some ill-natured cynics, of not presuming to save each other's lives. Our American cousins are not quite so exacting upon this point, and we Canadians take a sort of half-way stand between the two. It certainly has its uses, in our crowded cities and artificial society, in protecting one from the intrusion of those we would keep at a distance; but common sense has decreed that the further we depart from the centres of civilization the more is it disused, until in the backwoods it is quite unnecessary, except as a vehicle for conveying the necessary information of a new-comer's name.

'How do you do, Mr. Creighton?' said Ethel, with a slight bow, raising

to his face a very beautiful pair of brown eyes. They had that peculiar expression of love and trust, George always declared, which is only to be met with in the eyes of a spaniel, at which, when we laughed, he would assert that no higher compliment could be paid, and that the eyes of human beings were, as a rule, inferior in expression to those of many animals.

'Have you enjoyed your trip, Miss Vaughan?' asked George, 'though it is, perhaps, rather early yet to ask such a question.'

'Well, I may venture to say that I have begun to enjoy it,' replied Ethel, with a smile. 'Have you?'

'Just begun,' said George, with so much earnestness and gravity, that Ethel laughed and then blushed.

'I hope it may continue,' she said.

'If you mean that, I know it will,' said George; and then, recollecting himself, he added, 'I am a social animal, you see, and very much depends upon my surroundings.'

'In that case we must try and make them as pleasant as possible for you,' she replied. 'Do you stay at the Sault, or do you go up the lake?'

'Our plans are not decided as yet,' said George, trying to persuade himself that the fishing was quite an open question, and that the rods, &c., had been brought up merely to provide for a possible contingency. 'But I should think we might have all the comforts of the Sault and yet get a little fishing in the neighbourhood. They say the black flies are very bad in the woods this season.'

Then the others came up, and the details of their plans were more fully entered into. Tom Hunter was easily persuaded to spend some time, at any rate, at the Sault, and leave the fishing at the Nipigon in abeyance for the present.

The next day was as beautiful as the tourists could desire, and the novel sights on the route, combined with a fair share of love-making, fully occupied George's time, and prevented his

giving that full consideration to his own misfortunes that he had been in the habit of doing. The scenery on the Georgian Bay, in the steamboat route along Manitoulin Island, although rather fine at some portions in its general effect, offers nothing very interesting at the various halting places. The romantic conception of Indian life derived from Cooper's novels and works of a similar character, receives a rude shock when brought face to face with the reality, as met with among the Ojibway tribes, where dirt, laziness, and dishonesty seem the leading characteristics. Our tourists, however, viewed it all through rose-coloured spectacles, and purchased from their red brethren a sufficient supply of maple-sugar, moccasins, birch-bark canoes, and baskets to stock a small shop.

It was late on Saturday afternoon, and just as they had passed the lighthouse on Shepherd's Island and were nearing Bruce Mines that they were hailed by a small sail-boat containing five men. The trim, well-painted boat, and the dark blue shirts and trousers of the men, proclaimed it something different from the ordinary Macinaw boats so much used by Indians and half-breeds. Its colour was black, with a narrow red strip, the inside being a rich green. The sail, which had been hoisted more for the chance of catching a stray breath of wind than for any real good that it accomplished, was lowered as they approached the steamer, and disclosed four swarthy men, all with more or less Indian blood in their veins, at the oars; and in the stern, a rather stout, short man, with a full sandy beard, and a countenance bronzed by exposure to some forty or fifty winters and summers.

'Hullo, captain!' exclaimed this latter individual, as soon as he came within hail; 'will you take us in tow? Gad! I was afraid that we should have to pull all the way up the Neebish.'

'All right, major,' responded the

captain, 'we'll throw you a rope for the present, and put you on board at the Bruce, if that'll do.'

'Aye! aye! thank'ee!' shouted the major, and the rope was thrown and made fast; full steam was put on again, and the *Cumberland* pursued her way.

'I wonder who he is,' said George to Charley Vaughan, as they watched the process of taking the boat in tow. 'We have a letter to a Major Kingston, and there's half of the name at any rate.'

'The *major* part of it, too,' said Tom Hunter.

'Oh, Tom,' exclaimed George, 'that won't do! It must positively be understood that punning is strictly prohibited, unless the peace and harmony of this party is to be utterly and irretrievably destroyed.'

'Why, Mr. Hunter, are you addicted to that terrible habit?' said Ethel.

'Well, it is a shocking one, I admit,' said Tom, trying to look excessively penitent; 'but I will not offend again. And now let us find out if the rest of this great unknown's name corresponds to that of our future mentor. If so we may as well present our letter as soon as he comes on board. I will ask the captain.'

In a few minutes he returned with the information that Major Kingston was the name of the gentleman in the boat, and that he was returning to the Sault after a tour connected with his official duties.

About half-past five they reached Bruce Mines, and the major and his crew came on board. After tea the captain, at their request, introduced them to him, and they presented their letter.

'Very glad, indeed, to welcome you to Algoma, gentlemen,' he said heartily. 'Independent of any letter, we are always glad to see visitors at the Sault, especially when they bring any of the fair sex with them.'

'Ah! but we are not fortunate enough to be in a position to do so,' answered Hunter.

'No? I see my friend Durham only

mentions two gentlemen,' said the major, 'but, gad, you seem ready enough to remedy the mistake,' he added, with a chuckle, and a look at George, who, unconscious of his glance, was saying some soft nothing to Ethel Vaughan with lips and eyes.

Thereupon Tom introduced Vaughan, and afterwards Mrs. Vaughan and Ethel; and the major promised them any amount of amusement during their stay, as far, at least, as pic-nics, boating, etc., would go. A very pleasant musical evening was spent, and when the gentlemen, after a pleasant pipe and glass of grog in the captain's room, separated for the night, they voted the major a perfect brick, and already made up their minds that the visit would be a success. As for George, he seemed like a new man, and though Tom noticed that his former high spirits were wanting, the old melancholy was gone, and he took a ready interest in all the plans that were proposed.

The next morning, between nine and ten, the *Cumberland* reached Sault Ste Marie, and the party put up, as they had been advised, at the Cameron House. They were a little puzzled at first to find no porter, or bus, or any one to represent the establishment, but soon found out that this was the usual thing at the Sault, and the major got a half-breed, with a little Canadian pony, to take over their luggage for them. For themselves, they walked over, and had to be thankful that it was not a rainy day, as that was the only possible mode of conveyance. Tom Hunter suggested that, perhaps, as it was Sunday, the facilities were not as great as on a weekday, but the major quickly disabused his mind of that idea, and explained that 'it was never Sunday when the boat came in.'

'And now,' said Tom Hunter, who seemed by mutual consent to be entrusted with the important duty of keeping things moving, 'what shall we do with ourselves this morning?'

They were seated on the balcony which opens from the parlour of the hotel, enjoying a beautiful view of the river and rapids, as well as the canal on the opposite shore, about a mile further up. The major had left them in order, he said, to report his arrival to the authorities, meaning thereby, as he explained to them, Mrs. Kingston and family. The day was a very beautiful one, bright, yet with just sufficient breeze to be refreshing, and they experienced another advantage of water over land travel, in not being in the least degree worn by their journey. A comfortable night and well-served breakfast left them as fresh as if they had been at the hotel.

'For my part,' said Ethel, 'I am perfectly content to sit here all morning and watch the river. It is a lovely scene, and so new to me.'

'Why not get a boat and have a row and see if there is anything to be caught trolling,' said Vaughan.

'Oh! Charles,' exclaimed his mother, 'you forget what day it is. For my part, I shall go to church, that is, if there is one.'

'Yes,' said Ethel, 'I shall go to church with auntie; of course, you gentlemen can do as you please.'

'I hope you do not look upon us as quite heathens, Miss Vaughan,' said George. 'Most certainly I shall go.'

'Why George,' said Tom, mischievously, 'you were at church not more than a month ago, and you know your average is four times a year. Don't crowd them up together too much.'

'What nonsense you talk, Tom,' replied George, colouring and half angry; for he fancied Ethel looked at him reproachfully. 'But if we are to go this morning there is no time to lose.'

'True,' said the irrepensible Tom, 'I will just enquire if there is any religion in the place. For my own part, as I belong to the Peculiar People, I have insurmountable conscientious scruples about worshipping with any Gentile outsiders; but what particular

article shall I enquire for? George, of course, as a devout Catholic, would shake the dust of any Protestant conventicle off his shoes, so I must ask for every variety?' And he left the room.

'And so you are *really* a Catholic, Mr. Creighton,' said Mrs. Vaughan, much in the same tone as she might have asked 'Have you really the small pox?'

'It is too bad of that fellow,' said George, 'but you must know that he is an incorrigible joker, Mrs. Vaughan. I have been brought up in the Church of England, and have no other title to the name "Catholic."'

'But you surely think that sufficient?' said Ethel, earnestly. 'Ought we to give over that name to the Romanists, just because they choose to usurp it?'

'Shall I get you those tracts on Apostolic Succession, Ethel?' said Charley Vaughan, with a quiet smile. 'I think they are at the bottom of the large Saratoga.'

'Now you are laughing at me, Charley,' Ethel answered; 'but I do not care, I know I am right, and the truth can afford to be laughed at.'

'For my part,' said Mrs. Vaughan, 'I don't see what they want with any of these Popish innovations, with their bowings and turnings. In my day we were not ashamed to be called Protestants, and I don't believe in these little beginnings, they will land us——'

'In the main street,' said Tom Hunter, in reply to some one outside, as he opened the door. 'Yes, but I don't think any of us want to go there, thank you.'

'Go where, Mr. Hunter?' asked Mrs. Vaughan, with surprise, 'to the main street?'

'No madam,' said Tom. 'To the Church of Rome.'

'Ah!' said she, with a satisfied air, 'I am glad you agree with me about these dreadful innovations, Mr. Hunter.'

'I am certain I should, if I knew what your opinions were,' he answered; 'but I was speaking to our landlady,

who was telling me the situation of the four churches in the place : Church of England, Church of Rome, Presbyterian, and Methodist.'

It being found that they all belonged to the first of these bodies, they went to St. Luke's Church, a pretty stone building, capable of seating, perhaps, one hundred and fifty persons, where the service was conducted by a Bishop and two clergymen, a proportion of clergy to laity which very much surprised them.

'Well, and how did you like the sermon?' asked Mrs. Vaughan, as soon as they came out, putting a question which, strange to say, nine out of every ten persons ask as soon as they are fairly out of church.

'Now do not let us have a theological discussion,' said Charley Vaughan. 'We had a good practical discourse from his lordship, which I am sure none of you can find fault with; and while we are out for our holidays, let us enjoy them. I hate theology.'

'Oh Charles,' exclaimed his mother, 'people will think you a perfect heathen if you say such things; they will believe that you really mean them.'

'So I do,' answered Charley. 'I did not say I hated religion, or Christianity—only theology. What a lovely view of the rapids we have here; could we not go down to the shore, and reach the hotel by the water's edge?'

'I don't know,' said Hunter, 'but being tolerably hungry, I am in favour of postponing all such experiments until after dinner,'—which was done accordingly.

III.

For the next few days they had plenty of visitors, and were surprised to find what pleasant society was to be had in such an out-of-the-way place. And though Ethel still adhered to her opinion that she would be perfectly content to sit on the balcony and watch the shipping and the rapids, with their white-crested waves glistening in the sun, she entered readily enough into

any plans that were suggested for their amusement. George, too, seemed to take very kindly to the 'balcony idea,' as Tom Hunter called it, and generally contrived to enjoy it at about the same time as Ethel. And though Tom suggested that he should go down stairs and try a few extracts from 'Romeo and Juliet,' he laughingly declined, and finally informed his friend that he would do his own love-making in his own way.

On Wednesday, Major Kingston promised to take them over to the American side, where they could shoot the rapids in a birch-bark canoe.

'You'll not be afraid to try it, I'm sure, Miss Ethel' he said, 'you look like a girl with plenty of pluck. Gad! I remember taking down a Mrs. Tenyson, who was here about three summers ago, and when we got into the middle of the rapid she began to scream, and what was worse to rock about!'

'What did you do?' asked Charley.

'Do?' said the Major. 'Gad! I couldn't do anything, or between the two of us the canoe would have gone over. But I told her I would. Said I'd pitch her out if she didn't shut up, or if she moved so much as a finger.'

'But Major, that was not very polite of you,' said Ethel.

'Hadn't time to be polite,' said the matter-of-fact Major. 'If I hadn't stopped her, I shouldn't have had the pleasure of taking you over this afternoon.'

The party consisted of the Major, his unmarried sister, Miss Kingston, and an intimate friend, Miss Lawrence, besides our tourists. After a pleasant walk of nearly a mile along the main road of the village, they crossed the river by the little steam ferry, the *Dime*, which, for the exact sum its name implied, carried passengers to and from the American shore. The Major would have taken them over with his own boat and crew, but as he explained to them, he thought it better to send two of his best men across with a canoe, in

which to run the rapids, rather than trust to what they might be able to hire on the spot, as most of them belonged to fishermen, and had more or less of the odour of fish.

The passage on the *Dime* was a great source of delight, and the obliging captain turned a little out of his course, passing nearer the foot of the rapids than usual. Mrs. Vaughan, it is true, was a little nervous, as the huge waves caught the little vessel broadside, but the Major assured her that there was no danger, so she clutched the side of the seat and tried to look unconcerned.

On landing they repaired to what was almost an island, just at the foot of the rapids, had it not been connected with the mainland by a narrow strip of rock. Indeed it was little better than a huge rock itself, with patches of earth here and there; yet it made the most of its advantages, and its trees would have done credit to any soil. The whole area was not more than about forty square yards, yet they managed to find a spot tempting enough for a pic nic, with a little stream from the rapids clattering over the rocks and moss.

Running the rapids is not a very tedious affair, being all over in a few minutes, but getting the canoes back is quite another matter. So to save time, the gentlemen engaged canoes for themselves, the Major taking Ethel in the one he had brought over. Leaving those who were only spectators on the little island, which commanded a view of the rapids, the others walked up by the banks of the canal to the starting point. In the meantime the ladies settled down for a quiet chat, which occupied them until it was time to watch for the canoes. Soon they appeared in sight, the Major's leading, and the three others not far behind. Bobbing up and down, and darting between the rocks that rose up in the middle of the river, they looked like corks tossed by a child into a rapid stream. Then the figures got more and

more distinct, and finally they were able to recognise the features of their friends, as they paddled triumphantly into the still water.

'And did you really enjoy it?' said Miss Kingston to Ethel, as they landed and prepared for their return home. 'I have been living here some fifteen years, but have never mustered courage to try it yet. But then I am of a very nervous temperament, and the doctors have always forbidden anything that was likely to excite me.'

'Well, it certainly is exciting,' replied Ethel, 'and I must confess to feeling a little afraid once or twice; but I did not dare to shew it, for I remembered what the Major said about that Mrs. Tennyson, so I just shut my eyes for a minute.'

'Bless your heart, my dear,' said Miss Kingston, 'he would never have been really rude to you. But I suppose you *must* keep quiet, or it would be dangerous.'

On the way home the Major devoted himself to Ethel, as was his wont to do whenever thrown into the company of any young and pretty woman. Now the Major could be very agreeable when he chose, and his blunt, honest manner had a charm of its own, and Ethel, feeling very grateful for all the trouble he had taken on her behalf, did her best to entertain him. Now all this was very nice for everyone but George, who had seen almost nothing of Ethel that day, and never had her to himself during the entire afternoon. So he managed to work himself up into a fit of jealousy, and began to pay great attention to Miss Lawrence all the way home. She, a pleasant, kind-hearted girl, rather enjoyed the society of an agreeable stranger, and never for a moment suspecting what lay behind it all, went in for as much laughing and talking as possible. They all went to the Kingstons for the evening, and a little impromptu dance was got up, the Major leading off with Ethel, and Charley Vaughan with Mrs. Kingston, while Miss Lawrence

played. And then for the first time those who had watched George most carefully lately began to notice that he was put out by something. The first of these was Tom Hunter. While the dance was going on, he saw that George stood by the piano with Miss Lawrence, and that instead of joining Ethel at its conclusion, as he would have done at any other time, he continued to hold aloof. So Tom danced with her himself.

Ethel, too, perceived that there was a difference, though she was entirely ignorant of the cause. She saw that he was moody and silent, but suspected nothing until Tom enlightened her.

'Our friend George seems rather in the dumps this evening,' he said, as they paused after having gone once or twice round the room.

'Yes, I noticed he was scarcely like himself,' she answered; 'he is generally cheerful without effort, and certainly what hilarity he has to-night seems forced.'

'But you have only seen him on his travels. Before we left Quebec, and indeed until we got on the steamer, he could scarcely be induced to take an interest in anything.'

'He told me you had kindly undertaken the journey for his benefit, and that it had done him a great deal of good. But why should he relapse to-night?'

'I don't know whether it was so much the journey as the pleasant companionship that has cheered him up.'

Ah! now you are trying to flatter me, Mr. Hunter, but really it is too—

'No indeed I am not!' very earnestly said Tom. 'I want you to put two and two together, as I am doing. The Major has monopolized you all day, and George has been left in the cold a little, that's all. But we mustn't lose our dance.'

This conversation set Ethel thinking. She liked George Creighton very much for such a short acquaintance, but it never occurred to her to look upon his attentions as really serious,

yet she could not help thinking that if his altered demeanour was caused by jealousy, it must be more than a passing fancy on his part. Later on in the evening he danced once with her, but his manner was constrained and unlike his old self, as Ethel knew him. But he capped the climax by walking home with Mrs. Vaughan, which was such a complete innovation upon the accustomed order of things that everyone of the party noticed it, though they were of course discreetly silent.

Ethel was really hurt. She was a warm-hearted, impulsive girl, not a bit of a coquette, and could not understand so absurd an idea as being jealous upon such provocation. She forgot, or had never perhaps realized, how exacting some people in love are, and to what an extent the green-eyed monster will carry them. George, for his part, was sulky and angry—chiefly with himself. He knew he was completely in the wrong; that he had not the smallest justification for his absurd conduct, and that he was risking his chance of winning the love of a good and noble girl by his folly. Yet this knowledge only increased his anger, and after an abrupt good night, he turned in, tho' only to toss about during the greater part of the night, and wake in the morning peevish and unrefreshed.

IV.

Ethel, when she woke the next morning, lay for some little time thinking. She had been enjoying her holiday very much without the least consciousness of the why and the wherefore of the pleasure. The sun seemed to shine so brightly, and the air was so cool and refreshing that she had attributed it to youth, health, and the creature comforts by which she was surrounded. But when once her thoughts were turned in the direction of George Creighton, she began to realize how prominent a part she had unconsciously allowed him to assume in it all, and how very blank it would

seem if he were withdrawn from it. Hurt, almost angry, as she felt at his conduct the night before, she would gladly pass it all over and forget it, if they could only go back to the quiet happiness of the last week. And this, too, was the day of the picnic to Hay Lake, which they had all looked forward to with so much pleasure; surely it was not to be spoiled by a quarrel, or by coldness which was worse than a quarrel, because it could not be as readily noticed and settled one way or the other.

And then if—if she really allowed herself to love him, who was this George Creighton? Very nice, of course, as far as they knew; but then how little they did know. That he was in some sort of trouble she guessed from some casual remarks between him and his friend Mr. Hunter, but whether it was really serious, or to what extent he was to blame for it, she could not tell. Altogether it was not surprising that two of the party scarcely did as much justice as usual to the very substantial breakfast with which they began the day.

The entrance to Hay Lake lies about three miles below the village, on the American side, and is studded with a number of beautiful islands, to one of which the picnic party repaired. They went in two sailing boats supplied by two of the leading gentlemen of the place. There was, of course, the usual amount of manœuvring, common on such occasions, as to who should go with whom. The *Mars*, the larger of the two boats, took all our tourists except Tom and Ethel, who went in the *Lizzie*, a more comfortable craft, as well as a faster sailer. George could have accompanied her had he chosen, as a seat was offered for another of their party, but as he did not say anything or make the slightest motion to accept it, they went without him.

The day was fine, and the wind favourable, so they were not long in reaching the entrance to the lake. There, as the current was very strong,

they furled their sails, and put out oars so as to get steerage way. It was no easy matter, with the swift current, and innumerable eddies, to steer between the rock-bound islets; but the boats were strong, and if they did run ashore—which only happened three times—the result was nothing more serious than a wetting for the gentlemen who had to go ashore to push them off. Finally, they arrived at their destination, all as jolly as possible, except Ethel, who was somewhat silent, and George, who was as miserable as a man could be, and heartily ashamed of himself.

‘George,’ said Tom aside, while the others were dragging up the boats; ‘excuse my plain speaking, but you are making a fool of yourself—now don’t.’

‘I suppose I am,’ that individual pathetically responded, ‘well I won’t.’

‘Go and make it up with her at once, don’t you see she is as unhappy about it as you are?’

‘Do you think so?’ said George, brightening up; ‘but there is nothing to make up—we have had no quarrel.’

‘Well, go and be nice again, you have been disagreeable long enough.’

‘All right, old fellow, directly after luncheon.’

‘As you like about that, but the sooner the better.’

The long sail had made them all pretty hungry, so they opened up the hampers at once, and made a hearty lunch. Afterwards they strolled about, or sat under the shade of the trees and enjoyed the fresh breeze. But George did not rest until he had secured Ethel, and asked her to take a stroll along the shore.

‘Miss Vaughan,’ he said as soon as they were out of earshot, ‘I have been behaving like a bear, will you forgive me?’

‘Oh! Mr. Creighton,’ she answered, ‘do not say that; you have not been rude to me in the least. There is really nothing to forgive.’

‘If you think there is nothing to

forgive, I am very sorry. You must care absolutely nothing for me, if you do not mind in the least my sulky behaviour.'

'I did not say I liked the new phase in your character, I only said you had not been rude.'

'No, but I have been unkind and churlish, very different indeed from what I feel.'

'But I have no right to expect that—that—'

'No, I suppose not. Nor have I any right to offer it—yet. But you will see, when you have known me a little longer and I have a right to speak, that it is no mere passing fancy. And you will try to love me, won't you? No, don't *try*. I do not want a forced love, only promise you will forgive and forget my unkind behaviour. Will you?'

'Yes, I said I would.'

'And now let me tell you about myself.' And then George explained to her how, by his own folly, he had lost his position in his father's business, and that it would be some time before he would be able to regain it or a similar one. 'The dear old governor is really kind-hearted at bottom, but of course I provoked him by throwing away my chances in the foolish way I did. I am sure he would forgive me, if he saw you,' he added, looking lovingly and proudly at her.

'Oh! Mr. Creighton, you take too much for granted,' exclaimed Ethel, who had been completely carried away by his vehemence, and was now half-frightened at the result. 'I did not promise anything.'

'Nor did I ask you to. If you now honestly say that you don't care for me, I will not trouble you with another word. I do not ask you *now* to say you love me enough to marry me; we will wait for that. But you do like me a little, don't you, considering the short time you have known me?'

'Ye-es.'

'Say yes, George.'

'Oh, I mustn't.'

'But you must.'

'Ye-es, George.'

But it really is not fair to publish conversations of such a delicate nature, so our readers will excuse us if we merely remark that, after a pretty long walk, this interesting couple rejoined the main body, and although both were quiet, no one could accuse them of being sulky. On the contrary, George was as amiable as his best friends had ever known him to be, and, in the evening, when the wind fell, on the way home, he took an oar and pulled some three miles against the strong current without a murmur.

The next morning George got Tom to have a little chat with Charley Vaughan. He then learned for the first time that Ethel was somewhat of an heiress, that is, she had about three thousand dollars a year of her own. The Vaughans were very much surprised at the suddenness of the thing—had no personal objection to George—and in any case would make none, since Ethel seemed to like him. But, of course there could be no engagement yet, as George, according to his own account, had no income, nor immediate prospects.

But George cut the Gordian knot of all these difficulties with his usual impetuosity of character. He persuaded Tom Hunter to return with him at once to Quebec, to see his father, and arranged to meet the Vaughans a few weeks later in Toronto, should he have anything satisfactory to communicate. In any case, he was to write. The Vaughans would spend the time they originally intended at the Sault, as there was no necessity for their hurrying back.

Old Mr. Creighton fulfilled his son's predictions to the letter. He yielded to his requests at first, so far as to put him back into the business at a good salary, for the present. But when he had seen Ethel, which he went up to Toronto on purpose to do, he told George that he would take him back,

and give him a one-third partnership the day he was married.

From Tom Hunter's account, George not only proved a model husband, but developed quite an aptitude for business, and is now an eager advocate for

pushing the direct sugar trade with the West Indies. But, then, as Tom says, he was always fond of sweets, both before and after his 'his fresh water cure.'

“MESSALINA SPEAKS.”

“Audi alteram partem.”—HORACE.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

APOLOGETIC PREFACE.

(This dramatic lyric is not meant as a defence of Messalina, as the wickedest empress is represented in history; but as an assertion of the principle that there is a soul of good in things evil. The stories about Messalina rest on the authority of Tacitus and Juvenal, and these writers, as Gibbon has remarked of the stories told of the Empress Theodora, by the historian Procopius, may be calumnies, the result of personal feeling. Both Tacitus and Juvenal were strangely under the influence of the pseudo-republican feeling of the Brutus and Cassius type, and so inclined to paint the women of the Imperial house in the darkest colours. Messalina could not have been wholly bad, for Tacitus records that the Chief of the College of Vestal Virgins endeavoured to save her, and the same writer mentions that, after her death, she had partizans who took the side of her children. In this poem she is regarded as a woman of the true Roman type, that type which, while Roman republican freedom was a reality, has left to later eyes its model of all that is pious, noble, and pure. Under the conditions of a corrupt society, such a type became changed. Yet amid the recklessness of its voluptuousness, the old Roman strength flashed out at times. No Christian in the martyrologies shewed more courage than the harlot Epicharis, when put to the torture for refusing to reveal the names of her fellow-conspirators against Nero. Yet her life had been one of the wildest sensuous *abandon*, as she looked to no Heaven to encourage her on the rack. Messalina's husband, the Emperor Claudius, seemed to combine every vice and weakness in his ill-omened name).

TWO sides to a story! *One* of mine
 Points the lash of each poisoned line
 In the famous Sixth Satire, our sex's shame
 Pilloried in Messalina's name.
 Smooth flows the verse, and the angry muse
 Rich in the rhetoric of the stews,
 Lingers each phase of vice to tell,
 Loving the task of libel well!

Who knows not the picture Aquinas paints?
 I mean the Satirist's, not the Saint's—
 The palace left at the midnight hour
 The orgies in lewd Lysisca's bower—

Whose reckless revels the breasts behold
 That bore Britannicus, decked with gold—
 The foul life's license of lust and wine—
His tale which the world has heard ; hear *mine*.

"*I* was no empress," not mine the praise,
 "Born in the purple" of Rome's last days.
 To cringe to eunuch and slave and fret
 In a prison of courtly etiquette !
 But a Roman woman whose grandsire died
 As he fought and revelled at Sulla's side—
 Not more his heiress in name and land,
 Than in passionate heart and strong right hand !

In strength of the ancient Roman stamp,
 That swam the Tiber from Tarquin's camp ;
 Perhaps in courage to match that one
 Who saved the city and doomed her son ;
 Or her who wept not her jewels twain
 Lavished and lost for Rome in vain—
 Unmoved in her love's imperial pride,
 When Freedom perished and Gracchus died.

Or well content with a calmer life,
 The sweet home-ways of the Roman wife—
 To spin the wool by the household fire,
 While her boys are piling the pine logs higher.
 At the hour of rest, when the day fulfils,
 And the sun is low on the Sabine hills,
 Such scenes, such joys our Rome had then,
 For the mothers are mates of her bravest men !

Even *I*—had it pleased the gods above,
 The sort of woman that heroes love—
 Good to be joined as gold with gold
 Pure with the strong and brave with bold.
 Proud of a heart whose worth she knew—
 Giving in pledge of true love, true—
 And for love like this, be sure my own
 With mutual fires as bright had shone.

What sort of hero was mine to mate ?
 What sort of Cæsar bestowed by fate ?
 Bold with grammarians war to wage,
 Skilled in the lore of Numa's age.
 With whom both folly and cowardice came,
 A double curse to the Claudian name,
 Yet worse to me whom ill-fortune gave,
 To a freedman's client, a eunuch's slave !

Small joy had I in my place of pride,
 Though to empire wed as the world is wide—
 Though where I passed, to my service vowed,
 Thirty legions their eagles bowed.
 I could not bear it—reaction came—
 Wild quest of pleasure that knows not shame,
 Such passion-madness as ere the end,
 To those they ruin the good gods send.

For the gods ordain, since earth began,
 By perfect conditions the perfect man,
 Vice comes or virtue, good comes or sin,
 From the world without to the world within.
 Life's *form* may vary, *itself* the same—
 Cornelia's pride, Messalina's shame—
 Through all whose passion, condemn who will,
 Some voice of womanhood pleadeth still.

MEDICAL MANIAS.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M.D., TORONTO.

I HAVE not consulted my dictionary, in this my extremity, for a definition, but I shall pronounce a quack to be one who pretends to be what he is not, and with characteristic cunning hides what he is. This masqué is not confined to the medical profession, although in the garb of a medicine man he can pretend to know all about diseases and their remedies with less chance of discovery than is possible in any other walk of life. Assumption and imperturbable effrontery will go far to inspire confidence in a practice of medicine, which is surrounded by so many uncertainties in respect to diseases and their remedies. Here ignorance can revel without much fear of detection. Every recovery is a miracle of skill if the patient should happen to be under the care of a 'natural-born' dispenser of medicine, or applier of charms. No ignorant pretender can

open his mouth among the members of the legal profession without betraying his ignorance, and at once being relegated to a sphere more congenial to his mental capacity. Even the religious quack, whether lay or clerical, extremist, sensationalist, or revivalist, may wear a mask to deceive, but every word he utters, or every doctrine he 'wrestles' with, shows the quack, who may even be a sincere self-trickster, in gauging his vocation and his powers. He puts on a long face as a necessary part of a consistent character, but what comes out of his mouth condemns him.

Every city, town, and village is full of ignorant pretenders to medical lore and skill. To tickle the public ear and extract money from willing dupes, many devices are resorted to for this purpose. It has become fashionable among the medical guerillas to publish

a taking book, with a startling title, having reference to special diseases. Some of these empirics have a good deal of acuteness, and being educated can write a taking 'Medical Adviser' or 'Domestic Medicine,' full of innuendos about the cure of obscure diseases; but the most of them can scarcely write their own names, much less compose a literary and medical monograph. Such, however, employ some medical scribbler to get up a volume to order. These productions are highly sensational, and intended to frighten invalids to rush to the authors or publishers for relief. Every page is full of absurdities, ignorance, and assurance; save when the text is pirated bodily from the writings of some educated physician. Some weeks ago I had sent to me a pamphlet from Montreal in which were copious quotations from one of my annual reports. Some of these individuals assume the names of distinguished men; others appropriate the prescriptions of respectable practitioners as their own, and pretend that remedies which were intended for one class of diseases can cure all. It is in order then to steal the reported cures of cases in medical journals and manufacture others sufficiently marvellous to approach the supernatural. For instance, such will use Lallemand's reports of cases in letter and words, and, presuming on the ignorance of the reader, will attribute the cures as being due to their wonderful remedies. At this hour there is travelling in Ontario a licensed charlatan who placards on the fences, gates, and barns of the back townships and villages, that he is 'the greatest physician of the age.' He puts in largest type, with ornamental headings, a list of diplomas and licenses, which strike with astonishment the unsophisticated rustic and his wife. He can intuitively tell what is the matter with a patient the moment he casts his eye on him. He then recounts to the invalid in cunning generalities the feelings which are in a greater or less degree common to

many diseases. This strikes the patient as a sort of heaven-born intuition, and none but a genius of no common order could thus recount his woes and pains at once. He prescribes his nostrums with confidence and faith in the patient's credulity, and charges a lordly fee to intensify the belief in the potency of such a costly drug. Were it cheap it could not be worth much, reasons the victim. He sold rheumatic belts at ten dollars each. I got possession of one and found it contained nothing but sulphur and saltpetre. It was worn around the loins and cured rheumatism, lumbago, kidney complaints, and dyspepsia. This medical vampyre bled his victims of their hard-earned gains in a plausible way that was astonishing to witness. His fame spreads far and near. Every gossip sounds his praises. He coins money for a time. After a few visits, and after a fair trial of the medicines, the chronics find that his fair promises of cure have been delusive. They begin to realize that they have got into the clutches of a rogue, and that he has been extracting money from them under false pretences. The crowds which thronged his room in some village tavern dwindle down to the number of a corporal's guard. The victims shamefacedly go back to the family physician, who honestly makes no promises of cure, but uses his skill to the best advantage. 'The greatest physician of the age' silently steals away and repeats the same marvels with the same pecuniary results in new fields, until a handsome competence is made, and after a few years, with a chuckle of satisfaction, he retires to enjoy the harvest reaped from ignorance and credulity. Experience shows that one lesson of this kind has no effect upon the public, for each brazen-faced successor of a similar type will gull the same neighbourhood and the same patients with equal facility to that of the first. The lessons which affect the pocket often have a telling and lasting effect, but medical quackery is an ex-

ception to that rule. I have often heard these characters spoken of as 'natural-born doctors.'

One of these 'natural-born' medical men was a Morris Taylor, of Texas, who was brought before a Recorder's Court, only a short time ago, accused of having administered poison to Mary Ann Tolden in a glass of water. Thomas Fish, a brother practitioner, and of sable hue, was called up as a witness on behalf of the Commonwealth. The 'doctor' was short in stature, slipshod, hobbled into Court with the assistance of a cane; had a small head, scant of wool, Solferino eyes, mouth cut bias (so says the record), and the look of one who had an eye to the main chance. The 'doctor' hobbled up to the stand and proceeded to answer the questions put to him by the Court in this manner:

By the Court.—What is your name?

'Dr.' F.—Dr. Thomas Fish.

Court.—What is your trade? What do you do for a living?

'Dr.' F.—Ise a doctor—er fission (physician).

Court.—Under what school of medicine did you study?

'Dr.' F.—Hey! Didn't study at all. Cum into the wuri' a doctor. Was born a doctor. You see, boss, I cures people wid dis yere han', dis yere right han'. I jes puts it on 'em, and does a little summen to 'em and dey gets well; I does. I was worth more ter my old masser dan all the oder niggers he had. Ise a doctor, I is. (Here the witness surveyed the audience with a great deal of gravity and importance, hitched up his pants, and turned again to the Court.)

Court.—Do you know Mary Ann Tolden? If you do, state what was her condition when you saw her Sunday or Monday last?

'Dr.' F.—I knows her. Well, boss, you know, last Sunday or Monday, I disremember which, I was called in 'fessionally to see de young lady. I found her in 'vulsions and 'plaining of things wurrien 'bout her heart. Says

I, 'Mary Ann, what's the matter?' Says she, 'Doctor, I feel things wurkin' round my heart.' I put this here right han' on her and she got still. I saw her sorter swelled out, and felt things a wurkin' round in dere—I knowed she mus' have some varmint in dere. So I give a tablespoonful of fresh milk, and den I took a speckled chicken—a real natural chicken—and cut it open and put it on her right side, jes' over whar de heart beats. I kep' it dere for some time, maybe half-hour. De treatment fatched 'em out; cured her up.

Court.—Have you a license to practise medicine?

'Dr.' F.—Yes, sir! (Here witness produced a City License, signed by the Mayor, authorizing him to carry on the occupation of a physician.)

Court.—Can you read?

'Dr.' F.—No, sir; I don't need ter. I'se de sebethn son of de sebethn son. My nollige was born wid me.

Court.—Have you a license from the County Board of Physicians?

'Dr.' F.—No, sir! What for I want to go to dem for? I'se a doctor, I is. I cures people wid my han'—my right han'. I don't give no doctor's stuff. (Here the witness looked disgusted, as though to insinuate that to go before the common board were a great insult.)

Court.—Do you get pay for your visits and doctoring?

'Dr.' F.—Pay? pay? In course I does. I'se no fool, I ain't. I'm a doctor, I is. Course I gets pay. I charges 'em \$25 for every case, and I makes 'em pay me, I does. I'se a doctor, I is.'

This is a specimen of an ignorant man who candidly believed that he was possessed of a divine *afflatus* which gave him an inspiration to know diseases and cure them. The masses of the public possess the idea that on account of certain aptitudes, many untaught men and women know more about the practice of medicine than do those who make it a lifetime study. There is sufficient truth to pass cur-

rent in the opinion that talent for certain professions goes far to insure success, and the designing knave knows well how to cultivate this partial truth to his own advantage.

It is not to be wondered at that all kinds of nostrums were used and believed in a century and a half ago. The masses were ignorant and credulous. They were emerging out of the darkness of superstition, but had not got into the sunlight; nor have their children yet reached a point at which they can see through all the wiles and the cunning of medical impostors. Such flourish and grow rich on the misplaced confidence of the public. In olden times the history of quackery shows that the man who had the most assurance—promised the most—and who possessed good personal address, was sure to succeed in gulling the public to have faith in his nostrums. Printing, engraving, and advertising had not reached that perfection they have at present. The patent medicine men could not use that potency in pictures to catch the vulgar eye. They could not show, in all the horrors of wood-cuts, duplicates of the same man with a face full of loathsome sores, and alongside, in striking contrast, a countenance smooth and healthful in appearance as that of a ruddy child. The 'Anti-Scorbutic Pills' brought about the wondrous change. The ancients could not give, in all the definiteness of wood and steel cuts, the pinched-up and agonized features of a hollow-cheeked, sunken-eyed, lank man writhing in all the torments of dyspepsia or nervous headache, and, placed near him, the facial picture of the same 'childlike and bland' form, with a smile on his countenance so sweet that it looked as if a sunbeam had settled there, never to leave again. This transformation was brought about by the diligent use of 'Scorum's Tonic Bitters.' Buy them and live, refuse and die! Our forefathers could not have the privilege of studying in newspapers, almanacs, and the fly-

sheets of magazines, a beautiful specimen of art as shown in the engraving of a bald head set gracefully on the plump shoulders of an otherwise beautiful young lady, and the same in juxtaposition adorned with luxuriant wavy tresses flowing adown the back and reaching to the ground. This growth was brought about by half a dozen applications to the scalp of the wonder-working 'Curnudgeon's Kathairon.' It matters not if all the hair bulbs have disappeared from beneath the glistening scalp, the 'Tricopherous' will make the hair grow without them. We are deeply affected when we see the array of chemical appliances needed to extract the medical virtues of some health-giving herb. Retorts, phials, stills, tubes, scales, and books are grouped together in formidable array on the title page of an almanac, and in front of them is pictured a venerable old man who might have passed for one of the patriarchs. So intently is he gazing at the work of distillation going on from a retort that he seems to have passed all his weary pilgrimage in a constant study of chemical processes, seeking to find out the elixir of life. He must have found it, for above his head a winged recording-angel is flying through the air in flowing robes without hoop skirts, blowing a trumpet or dinner horn from whose expanded throat come the words 'For the healing of the nations.' Who could resist this appeal to buy a remedy that has such a sage discoverer, and such an advertising agency devoted to the relief of poor diseased humanity? Were this panacea bought and used as it should be, graveyards might be padlocked and announced on the gates 'to let.' An Indian is pictured in another almanac as doing service in the cause of humanity. He is supposed to be by nature a heaven-born herbalist. By a sort of medical apostolic descent he has in him the fluid extract of all the medical wisdom which may have accumulated and concentrated in his progenitors throughout un-

told centuries during the stone, bronze, and iron ages. If these aborigines are the descendants of the lost tribes, it may be well not to mention in detail that this frontispiece to a medical treatise represents an Indian, who must be a worthy medicine man, springing from the loins of those who doctored Asa. Holy writ significantly says the result of the treatment was that 'Asa slept with his fathers.'

This Indian is drawn full sized, with plumes, war-paint, kilt, tomahawk, moccasins, and a bunch of the precious healing herb in his hand. This medicine cleanses the blood without fail, and eradicates disease from every nook and cranny of the system, as ferrets do rats from their highways, by-ways, and haunts. It never fails; who will buy? The Indian is supposed to have an intuitive knowledge of the properties of medicinal herbs. His inductive philosophy is concentrated in mental processes which enable the red man to have a sort of inspiration, of an infallible kind, in unfolding the curative properties of all the plants in his native haunts. Like a poet he is born thus, not made. That is the only rational account I can give for the popular belief that Indian or Arab, African or Afghan, could by reason of this aboriginal and nomadic life instinctively know diseases and their remedies. This idea is taken advantage of to delude the public in a faith in the nostrums offered for sale, and which may not contain the faintest trace of a vegetable or herb in their composition.

Look at the medical quacks—*licensed* and *unlicensed*—who swarm on every hand. Their pills and mixtures are a never-failing source of health. They will cure all diseases from nose-ache to toe-ache—in all climates, in all systems, in all conditions of mind and body, and in all ages. Is your blood too rich? They will impoverish it. Is your blood too poor? They will enrich it. Does your liver discharge a superabundance

of bile? 'Our' pills will check it. Is the biliary flow scanty, they will increase it. Is your appetite voracious or capricious? Worms, says 'Our Almanac.' Take the Wabash Pills, and your appetite will take its everlasting flight. Is your relish for food poor? Behold my panacea in the 'Great Double-Action Revolving Bitters!' Are your nerves unstrung? My 'Invigorator' is the key to bring them into tune. Are they in a horrid state of tension? Take a dose of our 'Abracadabra' and they will slacken instantly. Has rheumatism stiffened your joints? Apply our 'Lightning Relief,' and if one bottle do not suffice, *buy* another, and keep on purchasing until a cure is effected. Have you curvature of the spine, brain disease, or a dislocated joint? Our 'superinducted, non-interrupted, double insulated galvano-electric telephono-magnetic battery' will set all to rights in the twinkling of an eye. Does your neighbour tell you that you are in the last stage of consumption? Believe it at once. Apply to us for relief. We will rescue you from the jaws of death by the application of our 'Lung Renovator.' Is your neighbourhood afflicted by any particular epidemic? Inform us of the fact, and we will give that malady and the name of an infallible remedy a prominent place in our 'Almanac,' for particular distribution among your afflicted. We do it in the interest of humanity. Our pecuniary gains are small, but our great reward will be in a world to come. Doctors of high degree, clergymen of good repute, prominent citizens who lie not, invalids who have been at death's door with their hands on the latch, chemists who have analysed its wondrous remedial virtues, Queens, Kings, Emperors, and Mikadoes—all have extolled its miraculous power to raise afflicted humanity from the brink of the grave, and enable it to laugh at death. The High and Mighty of the earth have showered, in rich profusion,

honours and dignities on the discoverer. Copies of addresses, diplomas, certificates, and medals are seen in our almanacs. What poor invalid—hoping against hope—could resist such cumulative evidence as this? Here is hope to the despairing; go and buy.

Another trick of patent medicine men is to give a striking name to their medicines. There is something fascinating in a drug that has bottled up in it electricity in a fluid state, and is called 'Electric Oil,' or in an ointment that has laid away in it magnetism, and which goes by the taking appellation of 'Magnetic Ointment.' A 'Lightning Pain Destroyer' should make short work with any disease, and a 'Radical Specific Disease Exterminator' needs only to be spoken of in the same room with a patient to put to everlasting flight the most obdurate bodily infirmities. In newspaper advertisements the account of these drugs is preceded by some interesting or startling information of such a nature as to catch the reader's eye. It may be a description of one of the wonders of the world; or a phenomenon of nature, like a two-headed calf; or a strange appearance in the starry heavens; or a sea-serpent seen by reliable witnesses; or a curious physiological fact of interest; or a funny anecdote; but all these paragraphs end with a recommendation to buy some disease exterminator. So badly sold is the reader with such passages that he almost instinctively glances at the end of them first, lest he may be deceived by the cunning advertiser.

The shrewd medicine manufacturer and vendor knows that however worthless his drugs may be, a fortune is made by making them popular for even a short time. If he has, say, only \$5,000 at his disposal, he can, with this sum, advertise his wares in a considerable number of newspapers throughout the country. Astounding certificates of cures must be circulated widely among the masses to attract

attention. By this means about fifty millions of people can be reached on this continent. If one in every twenty of the population can be coaxed into buying *for trial* one box of 25 cent pills—worth 3 cents; or a bottle of medicine sold at a dollar—worth 10 cents, a fortune is made did the sale of the nostrum stop here. It is only a simple sum in multiplication to calculate that a much smaller sale than that supposed would ensure a handsome return. The drug may pass into forgetfulness, but its successor will gain equal, and it may be greater, popularity, if lying and fraud can pass unchallenged among the people in a similar way.

The man who advertises as 'The Retired Clergyman' is a transparent fraud. He has often been found out, but he moves his greatness to another city and tries again. His method of operation is to publish that he has been a missionary in India for many years, and there found out from the natives a secret cure for consumption, or cancer, or some other intractable disease. He will, in the interest of humanity, send the recipe to any one who wishes to benefit from it. This looks so plausibly genuine that tens of thousands send for it. In due time the secret prescription comes, and is found to contain the names of a number of well known drugs which may be harmless in themselves. Among them is one designated by a strange name, and is not known by any pharmacist. In fact, the so-called drug has no existence. The rogue states in the circular sent, that if all or any of the remedies mentioned cannot be furnished by druggists, he will send the medicine on receipt of five dollars. Here is where the fraud is found and where 'The Retired Clergyman' pockets the money of his dupes. Common remedies are sent, and these are furnished by druggists at a small cost. The 'Fellow Sufferer' is only another form of the same fraud. This man has been afflicted

for years. All the medical men in the country failed to cure him, but at last, providentially, he found an infallible remedy, the secret of which will be sent *free* to anyone inclosing postage stamps.

To give dignity and authority to any medicine man who tries this confidence dodge, he issues his medicines from 'The Humanitarian Association,' or 'The College of Physicians,' or 'The Pharmaceutical Society.' There is an appearance of genuineness about a high-sounding title like one of these, but, as a rule, the originator knows no more about medicine and its effects than he does about Sanscrit. All are uneducated charlatans, and those who are led to believe their assertions will be terribly deceived. The velvety cat's paw, with treacherous claws beneath, is seen in such an announcement as this: 'An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands, by an East Indian missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send this recipe *free of charge* to all who may desire it.'

About three years ago, a cure for cancer was said to have been found in a South American herb called Cundurango. A United States consul had got the secret from the natives. It was lauded to the skies by a number of leading newspapers, and even a few medical journals were taken in. A Vice-President of the United States wrote of its efficacy. At first the wonderful plant sold at five dollars an ounce, but finally came down to one dollar an ounce. The cancer-stricken bought it in large quantities, expect-

ing relief. The herb grew luxuriantly on the Pacific Slopes, and for about a year it was imported under the auspices of the cunning consul and his fellow-operators. Fabulous sums were realized out of its sale. But the confiding victims of this swindle soon dwindled down after its uselessness had been tested in the cancer wards of large hospitals. Like the pedler's razors, it was imported only to sell—not for service; seeing it had no more curative properties than a bundle of hay. The number of people afflicted with cancer is very large, and any presumed remedy for this intractable disease is bought with avidity. Many people having harmless tumours, imagine that these may turn to cancer, and also invest in the herb.

It is astonishing in this day of learning how many fortunes are made out of all kinds of nostrums. Aloes and sour beer are dignified by the name of 'Yoman's Vinegar Bitters,' and this abominable mixture is said to be 'a sovereign balm' for every ailment. To tickle the fancy of the temperance people, the almanacs which record its many virtues declare the fact that this vile decoction contains no alcohol. 'Tomkins' Electric Oil,' which must be bottled lightning, is never failing, both internally and externally. One bottle will drive away, as if by magic, a 'crick in the back,' as well as consumption and its allies, cure wounds and 'any painful or harrassing disorder,' however different in condition or intensity. It may fairly be asked by the sagacious inventor why any sane person could refuse to pay the paltry sum of twenty-five cents for such a boon.

'Flipp's Cocoa,' liberally taken, will do wonders in its way. If taken without stint it will build up the constitution so strongly, and fortify each part with such skill, that doctors will become as scarce as feathers from an angel's wing.

Were it not so serious a matter, one is apt to smile at the assumption of

power, presumably by deputation, of the 'Gospel Health Movement.' It is intended to seize upon the religious susceptibilities of the public. The apparently artless simplicity of the movement is refreshing. It is set forth in the Toronto dailies as follows: 'All persons who have no faith in "curious arts" can be saved to-day from "all manner of sickness and diseases" in the name of the Lord Jesus, the Christ. No Christian man dare doubt. All men need to investigate. Christians read—Rom. xiv. 2; Eze. xlvi. 12; Rev. xxii. 2. Sceptics read—Acts xiii. 41; Matt. xi. 25; Prov. xiv. 5. Abundance of proof at this office.' This appeal to saint and sinner ought to bring forth fruit to such an adroit Biblical commentator. This attempt at playing upon the religious credulity of the public lacks the earnestness of Pastor Christopher Blumhardt, who has a curative establishment in the Black Forest, Germany. He treats all diseases by faith and prayer instead of medicine. This institute had been a bankrupt water-cure asylum, but the gambling and dancing *salon* was turned into a chapel. The house holds about 160 patients—many recovering because of the excellent climate, regular and well-cooked meals, and early hours. The pastor does not deny the efficacy of medicine, but, at the same time, has much greater reliance on the efficacy of prayer, being fully convinced from his own experience, which was great, that diseases could be cured by prayer and faith. He states that some wonderful cases have been cured by direct Divine interposition in answer to his petitions.

Dorothea Trudel, an ignorant country damsel, living on the banks of Lake Zurich, cured whole neighbourhoods by her prayers. The sick flocked to her by thousands. It is unaccountable that she died in 1862. I suppose she was like a finger post, in being a usual medium to show the way, but did not walk therein herself.

The newspapers inform us every day how popular the so-called religious physician has become on this continent. Joel Mayn, of Wisconsin, preaches on Sundays and at any other opportune time, cures all diseases by laying on of hands. He is followed by crowds of his admirers from place to place, who declare he has marvellous powers. A party of fanatics in Mirable, Missouri, account for all diseases by devilish possession. Cast out the demon and the disease is gone. They tried their incantations on a typhoid patient, but 'the master of the house' was too strong for them—he had a large funeral.

A man in Alabama makes a salve under divine guidance. Each box—price twenty-five cents—is set apart by the composer under the auspices of a general prayer; but by paying fifty cents for a box a prayer for a special case will be given with it. These special prayers are said to make the salve doubly effective.

Such impositions pay well. Fools are not all dead yet. In the *London Review* of January, 1862, we have an account of some of the deceptions practised in Europe upon the willing dupes. Fortunes have been made out of these well-planned schemes, which succeed in playing upon the credulity of the victims. One of the most remarkable was the 'Medicinal Arabian Quilt,' wherein, we are told, is infused a salutary composition of eastern vegetables, and, by being wrapped up in that quilt, sufferers under all kinds of diseases were to find speedy relief. The inventor of the quilt arrangement also made a paper cap (foolscap) for the constant wear of those who are subject to catch cold (in the head I presume). It likewise refreshed the memory of the studious, and was so curiously contrived that gentlemen could wear it under their hats, or ladies under their bonnets. These remedies were sought for by the educated as well as the ignorant, and by the rich and poor alike.

A few days ago, a clairvoyant in a Canadian city sent me a printed circular of her exploits. She cures all diseases, and many who have been afflicted for a period of fifteen years have been restored to health by her manipulations. She cures the worst cases of tooth-ache in eight minutes, extracts corns, removes felons at a glance, restores youth in old age, and drives cancer away as if by magic. This wonderful faculty insures crowds of dupes from all classes of the community. The love-sick swain and languishing maiden find in her a solace. She can tell your troubles and difficulties at a glance, and bring a speedy remedy. She can inform you about your friends who are absent, which might prove very awkward to your friends, not wishing to be interviewed in any unknown and weird-like way. She is worth a whole corps of Toronto detectives in giving information about any articles or money that may be lost or stolen. She brings all the secrets of sweethearts to view by imparting any knowledge they may desire in revealing the intentions of those with whom they are concerned. By this invaluable prescience, early prosecutions for breaches of promise or of affections might be instituted, and thus prevent many harrowing scenes during the final act of such serio-comic social representations. It does her heart infinite credit to know that no timidity or reticence prevents her saying that, from her early childhood, she has manifested these prophetic powers to such a degree that the most experienced and philosophic persons of the age, who have consulted her during her extensive travels, have acknowledged and pronounced her to be the most successful foreteller of events that has ever come before the public. There is no relation of man to himself—to earth—to heaven—or to any other place, which she is not able to describe, and to point out how such relationships can be made conducive to man's happiness. Such wonderful visi-

tants are rare on this terrestrial ball, but so transcendent are their faculties, acquirements, and talents, that earth's wisest men may 'pale their ineffectual fires' in her august presence. In proof of her position, she cites the work of her compeers and co-labourers out of the vasty deep of the world's history, and shows it can repeat itself with ever increasing intensity in her person and powers. Who could resist investing twenty-five cents in consulting a seer who can boast a lineage like that of the following?

'We read that Joseph interpreted Pharaoh's two dreams and truthfully predicted the seven years of plenty and the seven years of famine in Egypt. However, it is questionable with many, whether a person can tell another's mind, relate the past, or reveal the future.

'The history of the most notable individuals of the past leads us to infer that there have been true prophets, true interpreters, true sibyls, true soothsayers and clairvoyants, who are peculiarly gifted to unerringly foretell both great and quite ordinary events, under what influence they have divulged most strange things sometimes, we are somewhat puzzled to learn. The aborigines have always entertained the highest respect for these circumspect persons among their dusky tribes, who are thus favoured by the Great Spirit, and will shield them from all perils and avoidable harm.

'Cassandra foretold the taking of Troy besieged by the Greeks; and Laocöon the Trojan priest, who assailed the wooden horse and correctly anticipated that it was filled with armed men, was mutually impressed by them concealed therein, and foreboded it meant mischief as he hurled his spear into its groaning side; the youthful Josephine was informed by a West India fortune-teller that she was to be Empress of France; a French sibyl informed Napoleon Bonaparte if he went north to Moscow, both he and his army would be ruined; a Virginia py-

thoiness told George Washington during an Indian campaign under General Braddock, that no bullet ever cast should kill him, which often came into his mind, it is admitted, as he faced the deadly missiles on many a field of battle. Daniel in the lions' den, and Captain John Smith among the savages, under the direct protection of heaven as it may appear or actually be, both exercised great clairvoyant powers, one over the ferocious beasts, and the other over the savages, or Pocahontas, who flew to the iron-willed and prostrate captive's deliverance and besought her father to spare his life.

'It has come down to us by tradition and ancient writings that Alexander the Great, Æneas, Xerxes, and Julius Cæsar, were all accustomed to go and consult the oracles concerning what was about to transpire either in their favour or against them. Then the givers who pronounced oracles under the most formal incantations, were held in the highest esteem, as reliable clairvoyants are now. Either the genuineness of these established seers in their vocations of second sight, by which they usually predicted aright, or the credulity of the people, rendered them popular. Argue and construe what they say as we will, they are backed up by the most conclusive evidence of nearly 6,000 years, and their attempts at divination are still in vogue and regarded more essential than ever, it seems, to this day of ours with its almost universal enlightenment.

'The late E. B. Ward of Detroit, Mich., and Commodore Vanderbilt of New York City, who were men of luck, both made their millions of dollars apiece by always engaging in their most important business transactions under the advice and impressions of their favourite clairvoyants.'

This is a typical woman of dozens in this Province, who ply their trade among a public supposed to be enlightened and civilized.

This disreputable way of advertising is not confined to shams and pre-

tenders. Let me introduce an example in burlesque, but true in its essentials. 'The editor of the Quoitville *Tooting Horn* had the extreme pleasure of being present at a splendid surgical operation, performed by Dr. Octavius Cæsar, on an afflicted patient, who had sought relief from many other celebrated surgeons, but in vain. The operation proved a complete success. The brilliant surgery consisted of the excision of a part of the normal but inconvenient growth of the horn-like envelope usually found at the extremity of the great toe. The learned and scientific gentleman commenced by making an incision into the north-west angle of said outgrowth, "be the same more or less," and then continued cutting in a crescentic direction across the obnoxious and protruding part. The amputated section being concavo convex on its edges and sides, strange to say, this operation was dexterously performed without the loss of a drop of blood. We (editorial) cannot say which to admire most, the endurance of the patient, across whose firmly-compressed lips no murmur of complaint or exclamation of pain passed during the trying ordeal, or the skill of the surgeon in bringing such a dangerous and delicate operation to so successful an issue. The paring of a big toenail is an historical event in the annals of surgery. Exchanges please copy, and send their accounts to Box 1,038, Quoitville, for payment.'

Here is another *rara avis* of the same flock, with only the pin feathers on, to enable us to classify the real germs of a brood of cackling bipeds, who crow lustily in other yards besides that of Barnum. 'Magnum Bonum, Esq., M.D., of Demarara Collegiate Institute, the medical, astronomical, and hygienic *Receptaculum* for the training of graduates how to climb successfully over the *Pons Asinorum* of medical science and art, respectfully begs to inform the public that he has commenced to practise his

profession in Hardscrabble. His previous experience in the multifarious departments of his profession for nearly half a century; his uniform success; his thorough acquaintance with all the systems of medicine in the world, past, present, and to come; his willingness to adopt either, or all, to suit his patients; his special and unique treatment of diseases in all parts of the human system, whether chronic or acute, have been acquired by close study, special aptitude, and by supernatural inspiration, as well as from the instruction received at the feet of the greatest medical *savans* of Christendom. He studied ten years the efficacy of roots among the aborigines of this country. His knowledge of all recent patent appliances, remedies, and tests, is unrivalled. His urbanity of manner, politeness, suavity, and gentleness in dealing with the hydra-headed afflictions of humanity, produce salutary effects upon the most nervous females. His ardent desire from the welling depth of his heart to benefit his fellow-men, independent of all pecuniary considerations, has been the aim and object of his life. Special attention given to diseases of the *spleen*, now raging as an epidemic. The patronage of an intelligent public is respectfully solicited.' Of course these are slight extravaganzas on many of the efforts of erring brothers, who catch the public ear by a short cut, instead of by sterling merit and patient industry, and thus seek to earn an honest livelihood, and at the same time earnestly endeavour to ameliorate the miseries of humanity. These, and dozens of other catch-penny phrases and absurdities, are current, having the same brand of duplicity, cunning, and quackery. I dare not say these baits, advertisements, and utterances are those of ignorance and hypocrisy, for many of these wonderful healers are legally qualified to practise, instruct, and enlighten in the healing art. They cannot deceive, for are they not 'all honourable men?'

In looking over an original copy of a work on *Materia Medica*, in three volumes, by Dr. Jacob Silvius, dated Paris, A. D. 1542, and printed in Latin, I find a number of very curious recipes. On page 306, liber III, is a sacred remedy, about which not much is said. It is the '*Oleum Philosophorum*.' This oil of the philosophers is also called the oil of wisdom, perfect knowledge, holiness, and wonder. It produces numerous efficacious and sweet effects upon the senses and understanding of aged people. It is a modified elixir of life. When it is burned, dried, and reduced into a fine state, it penetrates and touches all diseased parts. It consumes all injurious materials in the human body. It cures epilepsy, paralysis, faintness, nerve diseases, '*doloribus frigidis*,' and *oblivion*. Before Dr. Silvius, the patent medicine men must 'retire in disgust and wonder.' They ought to extort from his ashes the secret, for if he could be made to blab it out, there would be 'millions in it.'

On page 208 he gives a remedy for brain, heart, and bowel diseases, consisting of cinnamon, cloves, mace, musk, spice, cardamoms, ginger, aloes, pepper, and sandal-wood. The cayenne pepper mixtures of old No. 6, or Radway's Ready Relief, could not approach the fiery intensity of this mixture as a remedy for so many diverse diseases. He clenches the arguments in favour of their power, '*In nomine Dei misericordis*.'

The following is also a curiosity in its way, now, after the lapse of more than three centuries of medical study: 'Pearles shall be beaten very small and searced thorow a lawne searce; then moule or grinde them on a mortar or marble stone with rose water, until you finde or feele no sharpnesse or sandinesse betweene thy fingers, then let them drie in such a place where no dust can come at them; on this manner are all other pretious stones prepared. These, with sugar and rose water, are made into *Tabulates* or *Manus*

Christi, and are good for all faintnesses, hot *agues*, heavy fantasies and imaginations. To take away haire, take a pint of wine, drowne twenty green frogs therein, or as many as can be drowned therein, then set the pot forty daies in the warme sunne; afterwards straine it thorow a cloth, anoint the place therewith where you will take away the haire.'

There is on my desk a '*General Practice of Physicke*,' published in A. D. 1617, *being compiled and written by the famous and learned Doctor Christopher Wittzung, in the German tongue.* This book of 960 pages and 260 odd years of age, gives many wonderful recipes for all manners of ailments. Take the following as examples: 'In the sommer time when the soune is in the Lion, thou shalt take a black bucke or hee goate, that is some three or foure yeares old; keepe him by himselfe the space of three weekes, and feede him with nothing else but these herbes, as small age, which is called the hand of God, parsley, mallows, pimpirell, juice of the oak. Paules betony, sasifrage of the wall and such like herbes with their rootes: item strawberie leaves, bean hulkes, the lesser branches of the vine: give him these herbes one after the other: thou shalt also give him red wine to drinke, but every third day give as much faire water as he is able to drinke. Now when he hath thus beene fed three weekes together, he shall at the first full moone be killed or stucke; the first bloud shalt thou let pass away, and receive that which is middlemost or second; drie this in the sunne until thou canst powder it; or else if it cannot be done at the sunne, drie it in the oven, and so reserve it in some drie place.'

It is but fair to Dr. Sylvius to state that Sir Kenelm Digby, M. D., in 1668, stole from this book of the former many of his best recipes. A sympathetic cure for the toothache is one of them, and as decayed molars are now in the fashion, it may be well to give

it and put dentistry to flight. It is as follows: 'With a rusty iron nail raise and cut the gum from about the tooth till it bleed, and that some of the blood stick upon the nail: then drive it into a wooden beam up to the head; after this is done, you shall never have the toothache in all your life.' This is said to be an infallible remedy. So the victims of this 'hell o' all diseases' may take heart.

Peter Levens, 'Master of Arts in Oxford, and student in Physick and Chirurgery,' in his '*Pathway to Health*' also filched from friend Sylvius, in 1616, many of his unique remedies without acknowledgment. One of them was a cure for consumption, which principally consisted of taking a live cock, and after plucking him alive and then flaying him, he was beat to pieces, and stewed in a brass pot with dates, succory, endives, and parsley roots.

In an extract from the archives of the City of London, is found a statement of how our forefathers dealt with ignorant medical pretenders in the 13th century. One instance is worthy of notice: 'One Roger Clark professed to be learned in the art of medicine, and prescribed for a woman suffering from fever by the hanging of a certain document round her neck containing certain words which he stated were an antidote to the disease under which she suffered. The charm did not work. He was summoned before the mayor and aldermen in the Guildhall of London, at the instance of the husband of the patient, to show upon what authority he practised the art of medicine. His own statement was sufficient to convict him of being a rogue and an imposter, and he was forthwith ordered to be placed in a pillory, and and therein to be punished for the offence he had committed against society. His progress to the pillory is thus graphically described: 'It was adjudged that the same Roger Clark should be led through the middle of the City with trumpet and pipes, he riding on a horse

without a saddle ; the said parchment and a whetstone, for his lies, being hung about his neck, a certain odorous domestic utensil being hung before him and another behind him.' The London *Lancet* says : 'The offence which Roger Clark committed was venial compared with some of the flagrant crimes which quacks now-a-days too frequently perpetrate. If he was righteously punished, how should we mete out punishment to the harpies and villains of our time, who prey upon the weakness and credulity of the miserable victims who are attracted by their infamous advertisements to place themselves under their care. Among the people of fashion in London quackery is cultivated. Can anyone wonder at lying advertisements, when it is known that Garrick, Lonsdale, and the Bishop of London, were for awhile the patients of Meyersbach ? These were men of sense ; but what is the intellectual state of our nobility ? Perpetually enslaved by the novelty of fashion, however *outré*, they acquire a constitutional propensity to imitation in everything, and leave their physician as they cast off an old coat.' In the cities of Ontario to-day are dozens of such pretenders. I am credibly informed many of them have in a few years made a competency. On enquiry as to what class of society supports such, it is said mostly the ignorant, but, it is added, that no one could believe it unless they were witnesses of the fact, how many of our intelligent, well-educated, and best citizens patronize them in a stealthy way.

There may be deception through ignorance, or it may exist from the wilful delusion of charlatans. The first of these was prevalent in former times, when astrology, alchemy, necromancy, and witchcraft had full sway over the myriads of humanity. The relationship between the stars and human destiny (including diseases) was so firmly believed in, that bitter persecutions, ostracism from friends and homes, and even martyrdom followed the denial

of this dual alliance. Chemists were pretending to have found the Elixir of Life, which would give perpetual youth to those who might partake of it. Sleight-of-hand and optical illusions were supposed to be the work of Satan. The almanacs of 1879 perpetuate a superstition on their title pages, in the picture of a nude, well-developed man, with the wall of his bowels cut away, and all the signs of the zodiac drawn in peculiar and particular relationship to different parts of the body. Lilly, 'a medicine man' of 1647, A. D. says of these symbols, in conjunction with man, 'There is nothing appertaining to the life of man in this world, which, in one way or another, hath not relations to the twelve houses of heaven, and as the twelve signs are appropriate to the particular members of man's body, so also do the twelve houses represent not one, but several parts of man, but his actions, quality of life and living ; and the curiosity and judgment of our forefathers in astrology were such as they have allotted to every house a particular signification, as so distinguished human accidents throughout the whole twelve houses.'

This figure of humanity, and its various and grotesque surroundings of animate and inanimate creation, had its origin in Egypt. It belongs to its ritual as found in the papyri of the land of the Pyramids. Even the supposed cabalistic R used in prescriptions to this hour, and written with a dash across one of its legs—being supposed to be the initial letter of 'recipe'—is only the astronomical sign of Jupiter (♃) slightly changed in shape. Names are often misleading, for the lunatic is still thought to be periodically affected by the moon, and the word itself perpetuates the error. Such mistakes as these even affect the treatment of the afflicted. The alchemists sought for many centuries to find out the elixir of life, or to discover the philosopher's stone, in which were immortality and untold riches, but in the meantime recommended the

greatest abominations as remedies for 'all the diseases flesh is heir to'—from mummies' dust to dried toad, from pickled spider to the fluid extract of bug, and from snake poison to flavoured corruption. Paracelsus has left to posterity a valuable ointment with which to anoint, not the wound, but the instrument inflicting it: 'Take of moss grown on the head of a thing which has been hanged and left in the air, of real mummy, of human blood still warm, each one an ounce; of linseed oil and turpentine three ounces. Mix well and anoint the sword or other instrument with it.' An application of this to the weapon which inflicted a wound cured it in a sort of vicarious way. Kircher, of last century, had a method which the marvel-working electro-therapeutics might learn a lesson from, and have the invention patented. It is ingenious, novel, and startling, qualities which give great leverage towards a success in medicine. He applied a poultice of iron-filings opposite the part affected, and gave to the afflicted, internally, ground or granulated magnetic iron, a scruple every two hours. The *modus operandi* was supposed to be, that when those metallic ingredients came near to each other an influence was engendered of so potent a nature that a cure was immediately effected. The faith in this novel remedy was so great that a patient medicine almanac could be filled with testimonials of its startling cures, in any locality where it was used. Sir Kenelm Digby, Secretary to Charles I., tells us how much confidence that gay king had in so-called 'sympathetic powders,' and how efficacious they were as cures and antidotes. These powders were not taken as medicine, nor applied to parts affected, but they were mixed in the blood of wounds, or in the discharges, and by a sort of spiritual reflex influence the sick recovered.

In the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' Sir Walter Scott refers to one of these practices:

'But she has ta'en the broken lance,
And washed it from the clotted gore,
And salt'd the splinter o'er and o'er.
William of Deloraine, in trance,
When'er she turned it round and round,
Twisted as if she galled his wound,
Then to her maiden she did say,
That he should be whole man and sound.'

Unless historians are parsimonious of the truth, Lord Bacon was led into all sorts of absurdities on the nostrum question. He gives a long list of antidotes for diseases, many of which give a poor opinion of the intellectual acumen of the author of the *Novum Organum*. Take the following: 'To cure warts, rub them with a green elder stick, then bury the stick.' Cures for whooping cough are: 'shell lime; using a drinking cup of ivy; allowing a pie-bald horse to breathe on the patient; giving nine fried mice, three a day for three days in succession; tying around a patient's neck a bag containing a caterpillar; passing the child nine times under the belly and over the back of a donkey; feeding it on currant cake made by a woman who did not change her name on getting married, or on bread and butter made in a house, the master of which is named John and the mistress Joan; and holding a toad in a child's mouth, in order that it may catch the disease; all of which are in use to this day as infallible.' This list of remedies reminds one of preventives and cures which exist in many of the outlying German Provinces. To swallow a piece of black thread or a hair of a cat is sure to bring on decline. The Tyrolese believe that eating a sparrow will induce St. Vitus's dance. Possibly the hopping nature of the bird may have something to do with the form of the disease. In Hesse Darmstadt, to spit in the fire will give a sore mouth. If this were true, there is a country not far away where sore mouth ought to be epidemic.

In the North of Scotland, down to a recent period, the strangest remedies were used, and even something approaching to incantations were handed down from generation to generation.

For example, the following rhyme in Gaelic was said over scalds or burns, after breathing three times on the part affected :

'Here comes I to cure a burnt sore ;
If the dead knew what the living endure,
The burnt sore would burn no more.'

If that appeal failed, then the following was substituted and sung with additional emphasis :

'An angel came from the north,
And he brought cold and frost ;
An angel came from the south,
And he brought heat and fire ,
The angel from the north
Put out the fire.'

The potency of charms of all kinds—of the laying on of hands—of the cure of eruptive fevers by wrappings of scarlet cloth—of the cure of lung disease by eating the lungs of foxes and other long-winded animals—of swallowing gold in its native state, and expecting this '*aurum potable*' to act as a charm against evil spirits—the multiform credulities of physicians and people within the present century are marvellous evidences that even increased knowledge will not give sufficient light to drive these owls and bats from their haunts in the dark places of human belief. Within the last hundred and fifty years the poor victims of somnambulism, epilepsy, trance-waking and trance-sleeping, who thought themselves possessed of the devil, and were believed to be such by their neighbours, were anathematized and put to death, after being put to the proof by means of theological, legal, and medical tests such as would put to the blush any prelate or priest, chirurgeon or chief justice, in the

Christendom of to-day. In the blaze of knowledge of this partially enlightened age humanity shudders to contemplate the ignorance and bigotry which sent these unfortunates to an untimely grave, because of bodily infirmities. The learned were carried away into gross absurdities in this direction down to a recent date.

It is but just to say that some patent remedies put up for special diseases contain no ingredients that are hurtful in themselves. These are not 'cure-alls,' and are made from some well known formula. The mistake lies in attempting to cure a particular disease by uniform treatment among patients who differ in constitution as much as do their faces. There is no general panacea of this nature. Many quack remedies, especially those of a purgative nature, may be harmless, but on account of the pretensions set up for them the poor sufferer is made to trust to them during the acute and curative stage of a disease, and then after the day of grace has passed, while leaning on this broken reed, medical aid is sent for when the physician's skill is impotent to save. The sin of omission is as hurtful in the invasion of disease as would be inactivity in a house on flames. The mischief is done before the rescue comes to hand, and the physician is blamed because he cannot work miracles such as the medical impostor readily promises to do. Great is the unsolved enigma of human credulity in the doctrines of medical pretenders, yet it promises to live forever.

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY W. M'DONNELL, JR.

I.

THE snow upon the earth has ceased to be,
 The sun once more, with genial vigour, beams,
 Light-flashes feately dance upon the lea,
 Gem-decked flow on again the loosened streams.
 Who feels not joy at the return of spring,
 When hope and love relume each living thing,
 When from each tree the gladsome voices call,
 And life anew seems vouchsafed unto all ?
 His heart is broken and his soul is dead,
 His life is but a cheerless changeless task ;
 Tho' 'tis not thus with me, I've cause to dread,
 And for the primal time in grief to ask—
 Why not again with flowers the paths are spread,
 Which youth and fancy were once wont to tread ?

II.

One autumn afternoon down by the sea
 We paced and oft repaced the level strand ;
 I spoke not unto her nor she to me ;
 We walked on silent, hand fast-clasped in hand.
 No word of wooing I had ever said,
 No word of love us e'er had passed between,
 But she knew and did I what glances mean,
 And hearts speak loudly though the tongues are dead.
 She knew, and well did I, that those few days
 (So few, alas !) which happily had flown,
 Left deep impressions life could not erase,
 Were far more blissful than we e'er had known.
 Had fate been kinder—ah ! what might have been !
 We parted in mute grief and tearless teen.

III.

The past, the bygone, the long-buried years,
 Whose spirits, mem'ry-clad, surround me now,
 Some with reproachful mien, some steeped in tears,
 But few among them with approving brow,—
 That past upon the present works a spell ;
 It makes the present with more years more sad ;
 The soul to some past joy it mindeth well
 Turns, shrinking from the present, to be glad.
 Thus, tho' the spring-time's happy charm ne'er dies,
 A longing sorrow I cannot resist
 Bedims, and o'er my vision casts a mist,—
 I only see where'er I rest my eyes,
 Whene'er I view a scene where beauty lies,
 The face of her I loved, the hands I kissed.

DESCRIPTIVE MUSIC.

BY J. W. F. HARRISON, OTTAWA.

LESSING, in his 'Laocoön,' discussing the limits of poetry and painting, shows that each of these arts has its own special domain in which it stands alone and cannot be assisted or replaced by any other. Also that it has what may be termed a debatable ground in which it does something which *can* be accomplished by the sister art and in attempting which it may be either great or ridiculous according to circumstances and the genius of the artist; also, that it has its limits beyond which it cannot go and where the other art must replace it. Wagner, the Lessing of musical art, who, in his theoretical writings, has done for music in connection with poetry what Lessing has for painting, has shown that a somewhat analogous boundary exists between these two arts also. The domain of poetry is primarily that of description, either of thought, action, or of tangible objects, inducing a certain emotion as a result of such description.

The domain of music is emotion, pure and simple, impressed on the mind without the necessity of embodying the idea in any concrete form as in painting and poetry. Each art, however, frequently ventures beyond its strict limits with more or less success, according to the circumstances under which the attempt is made. Poetry often aims at the production of emotion by the mere sound and rhythmic flow of words apart from their meaning. Music, on the other hand, occasionally seeks to depict feelings and scenes which more properly belong to poetry. We propose to discuss briefly the manner in which this

attempt may be made with success. The tendency towards music enters the human mind in proportion to the depth and solemnity of emotion expressed by the words uttered. According to Herbert Spencer, the evolution of music from ordinary speech is due to the greater complexity of emotion arising naturally from the progress of civilization, which brought in its train the necessity of an ever-increasing variety of vocal inflexions, with the final result of music. This idea is certainly confirmed by the course of music itself, which, at the present day, is full of a complexity of emotion and a sense of unsatisfied yearning seldom or never found in the flowing melodies of Haydn and Mozart. Examples of speech becoming rhythmic (the first step towards music) at moments of solemnity are of not unfrequent occurrence in real life, and in prose writings we constantly find them. Charles Reade in one of his novels, says, that every man speaks poetry in moments of great excitement or solemnity. Blackmore uses it with great effect: here is a graceful ending to a sad chapter in "Lorna Doone," in which he drops with apparent unconsciousness into poetic diction. 'All the beauty of the spring went for happy men to think of; all the increase of the year was for other eyes to mark. Not a sign of any sunrise for me from my fount of life; not a breath to stir the dead bones fallen on my heart's spring.' Charles Dickens appears to have known of this tendency in his own writings and to have objected to it. He himself says in a letter to Foster with regard to the latter correcting

the proof of his 'Battle of Life': 'If in going over the proof you find the tendency to blank verse (I *cannot* help it, when I am very much in earnest) too strong, knock out a word's brains here and there.' Here we see the striving towards music as a means of expression for which mere words are insufficient, and so prose merges into poetry. Poetry, in its turn, reaches on towards music. Evenly measured lines with the use of rhyme give us the melody which has always belonged to poetry; but Tennyson, above all others, has shown us to how great an extent music may be introduced in spoken words. His manner of playing with words is as well known to all as the poem in which he alludes to this manner as a flower he had found, and which had since been made common by those who stole the seed, so that 'now again the people call it but a weed.' Every one is familiar with the dismal desolation which is suggested by the reiteration of the monotonous refrain in 'Mariana,' the crooning melody which runs through 'The Dying Swan,' and the stirring ring of the mere sound of 'The Light Brigade.' In one of the least quoted stanzas of 'In Memoriam,' however, is a much more subtle example than any of these. The poet is describing the fresh effect of a clear sunset after a day of rain:

'Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare.

'The round of space.'

These words are full of melody, partly effected by the repetition of vowels. The prevailing sound of O in the second line gives a sombre tone well in keeping with the 'gorgeous gloom' described, and the music of the whole stanza has a powerful effect in impressing the mind emotionally with that which is expressed by the words intellectually.

This subtle onomatopœia appears the last stage of poetry before it merges

into music. At this point music seems to claim the power of a separate existence. The musician's work now commences and he develops the resources of sound to the utmost. Not content with the few inflexions of which spoken words are capable, he extends the compass and to several octaves, and systematizes it by subdividing the whole range of sound into minute divisions. He also uses rhythm in a more marked manner, and thus music becomes a separate art, capable of expressing emotion, either alone as instrumental music, or combined with words. We may here remark that music has often been written for poetry by first reciting the poem with as much variety of inflexion as possible, and then imitating these inflexions in the music, that is, where the speaking-voice had in reciting risen or dropped, say, a third, the music has done the same, only using a wider interval, a sixth or even further. An interesting coincidence of this kind was observable in the recitation by the late J. M. Bellew, of Pope's poem 'Vital Spark,' in which he used almost the same inflexions as Schubert in his musical setting of the same words, though probably he never heard the song in question. Wagner also frequently uses in his '*aria parlante*' a close imitation of the inflexions of the speaking voice. These examples show that the evolution of music from speech, and more immediately from poetry, is by no means the imaginary idea it may appear to many. So far we have been considering emotion as excited primarily through the intellect. A mental effort has been necessary to take in the meaning of the picture or poem and to apply it to our own experience, the end of the process being a resulting emotion. Music, on the contrary, provides the means of acting on the feelings without the necessity for any concrete form; in this art, in its own domain, emotion is purely abstract.

There is a region, however, into which musical art sometimes ventures,

where it discards abstract emotion and tries to do the work of the poet by describing *things*, and in thus venturing on debatable ground music runs greater risk of failure and ridicule than any other art. Poetry and painting are alike in this, that they use conventional and arbitrary signs for things; an artist can paint a tree or place a nimbus round a head, this being the sign in painting by which we know a saint; a poet, too, can by a certain succession of printed characters, exactly denote whatever he chooses. In music the sounds we make, and the signs which denote them, have no correlative in outside life, and therefore, when the musician seeks to suggest something palpable, he must do so, always remembering what his art's real mission is and make his effects accordingly.

There is a wide difference between descriptive music, which, within certain bounds, is a legitimate form of art, and much that goes by that name which should be known as *mimetic*. This latter is a branch of music which has arisen from a thorough misapprehension of the scope and object of the art. Music is not an imitative art, although, as we shall presently observe, there are some instances of wonderful effects being made by great masters who have ventured into the field of musical mimicry; but these successes are rare and only achieved by the genius of the composer triumphing over the difficulties that must beset an artist who tries to force his art into channels for which it is unfit. The result is usually failure and the production of something utterly ridiculous. Such, for instance, is the piece so well known to our grandparents, 'The Battle of Prague,' and the modern production of an idiotic genius, 'The Battle of Manasseh,' together with the innumerable 'Rippling Streams,' 'Silvery Showers,' etc., of third rate composers of the present day. Great masters have, of necessity, found that anything which roused an

emotion within them suggested music which, once composed, would henceforth, to them, always call up the image of the scene, event, or thought which inspired it. Naturally enough they would name their composition after it, as intending to represent not the thing itself, but their own emotions with regard to it; and, with rare exceptions, this is the only way in which descriptive music can exist. Schumann, who was very emotional and introspective, both in his character and in his music, and delighted to make his pieces descriptive of his own mental states, affections, etc., and named them accordingly, says on this subject: 'Many consider too carefully the difficult question of how far instrumental music should enter into the representation of thoughts and events. It is certainly an error to think that a composer should take up pen and paper on purpose to express, depict, or paint this thing or that; yet we must not rate accidental impressions and external influences too lightly. An idea often works unconsciously with the musical fancy, or the eye with the ear; and this ever-active organ, amid other sounds and tones, holds fast to certain outlines which may be condensed and perfected with the advancing music into distinct figures. Now the more elements there are congenial to music, and containing images or ideas begotten by sound, the more poetic and plastic the composition will be. Why could not the thought of immortality occur to Beethoven in the midst of his fancies? Why might not the memory of some great departed hero inspire his labour? Why not the recollection of a blessed poet or some one else? . . . Italy, the Alps, the image of the sea, spring, twilight,—has music told us naught of these? . . . It is indeed poetic to designate the leading thought or something akin to it.' Schumann's descriptive music is

almost entirely devoted to mental states, such as 'Caprices,' 'Soaring,' 'Wherefore?' 'Scenes of childhood,' etc., which we may designate 'tone-poems' in contradistinction to the more purely pictorial subjects which Mendelssohn frequently attempted with such great success; venturing often perilously near the confines of mimetic music, and sometimes stepping fearlessly over the boundary. We have seen Mendelssohn accused of representing the bray of a donkey in the overture to the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' as a premonition of the ass's head presently to be introduced in the play. We cannot say whether the accusation is true or not, but certainly the passage in question, consisting of a sudden jump down of a ninth from D sharp to the C sharp below is very suggestive of it; especially in the connection in which it appears, with little semi-quaver passages which might be taken as representing Puck, or Cobweb, or Mustard seed, dancing round him. The 'Hunting Song' in the 'Lieder' is a very fine tone-picture. In it hardly a bar seems to be without a special meaning. We hear the introductory sounding of the horns dying away in the hills, then the hunters' song, then a reply to it from a distant party which seems gradually to approach, until the two join and amid the rhythmic beat of hoofs and the rush of music the whole cavalcade dashes past in the excitement of the hunt. During the whole piece the hunters' song is heard, now in the bass, now in the treble, in changing keys interrupted by the clashing of octave passages, and imitations of echoing horns until, after a great climax of chords rising in chromatic progression, the whole dies away in delicate passages for the right hand with chord in the bass, still suggestive of distant horns, until the last echo is gone and we seem to be left once more solitary. Perhaps the cleverest instrumental tone-picture Mendelssohn ever produced is 'The Rivulet,' a little pianoforte piece which ought to be far

better known than it is. This piece describes, without imitating, a rivulet in so graphic a manner that a painter who was also a musician could undoubtedly place on canvas all its salient points. So striking is the manner in which the idea is carried out, and so nearly does it approach to mimetic music, that we must dwell analytically on the piece, and hope that we may induce those who do not already know it to study it and see if they cannot discover in it all we claim for it. It opens with a graceful passage of three bars leading to a calm, quiet melody which seems, with its flowing accompaniment, at once to bring before the mind the character of the scene to be described; neither a river nor a brawling mountain stream, but a small rivulet meandering quietly along, with shady corners and wayward turnings. On the second half of the tenth bar comes a sombre change from the key of the piece, E major, into E minor, which seems at once to introduce us to over-hanging trees with boughs meeting overhead and shutting out the light. At the fifteenth bar the key of B major brings us back to light and sunshine. At this point the flowing accompaniment is transferred to the left hand, while little ripples of semi-quavers are introduced in the right. At the twenty-first bar, after a short crescendo, comes a quiet though brilliant passage in E minor, full of sparkle and spray. Evidently the rivulet here is shallow and clattering over stones, making the sunbeams glance from amid the ripples. This strife, however, is short, and in six bars moderates to a reminiscence of the flowing melody with which the piece opened. At the thirty-second bar sets in a mysterious flowing downwards of solemn chords in the treble, whilst the accompaniment in the left hand corresponds. Two bars later the right hand discontinues, with the exception of a solitary chord on the unaccented part of the bar, and seems to suggest that the stream has disap-

peared from view, perhaps behind rocks or trees, or through marsh-land where we cannot follow it, for during the next two bars we have only confused groping passages in which the two hands interchange parts. At the thirty-seventh bar it is struggling towards the light, and three bars later it is in the sunlight once more, and we welcome the strain with which the piece opened. This soon becomes perplexed and broken, then hurries again, and at bar fifty-three we have a rapid or even a cascade. This is the only *ff* in the piece, and comes to an abrupt end with a loud chord as though a sudden turn in the stream suddenly shut out the sound of the commotion. From here to the close, the piece murmurs itself away more and more softly into such a placid ending that one might well suppose the imaginary companion of the stream's wanderings to have been lulled to sleep on its bank by the sound of the water. Five bars from the end, Mendelssohn has approached very near to mimetic music. If any one will play this part very delicately, using the pedal, one can hardly fail to observe its resemblance to the sound made by the gurgling of water as the bubbles rise from below. Such a mere imitation of sound is, as we have observed, inartistic, but it is in this case so skilfully managed and so well interwoven with the closing passage, that it can displease no one. This brings us to a fact which we have already remarked, that great masters have repeatedly made this objectionable attempt at representing natural sounds in music with great success. Handel's 'Israel in Egypt' is full of such instances, of which the most striking is the 'Hailstone Chorus.' Here the composer boldly commences with imitations of detached raindrops gaining in power until amid the shriek of violins and the growl of basses the cry goes up, 'He gave them hailstones.' The imitation is carried out too in the words, 'Fire ran along the ground,' which

are never introduced without running passages; in one place, indeed, where the basses have these passages and the other voices the words 'Hail! Fire!' we seem almost to see the 'Fire mingled with the hail' gliding serpentine along the ground. Notwithstanding all this dangerous imitation, this chorus stands as one of the grandest and most effective pieces of choral writing ever produced. This seems a paradox, that a composer can take a course that is wrong in art and yet make a fine and artistic effect. Undoubtedly it is wrong, for the imitation of any appearance or sound in music is absurd, and the more realistic it is, the more objectionable does it become. It is, in fact, almost an analogous thing to the application of white metal on colour in the picture of 'Perseus and the Graiæ,' for which the critics have recently so severely handled Mr. Burne-Jones. Realism can never be successfully introduced into an ideal representation, whether the medium of that representation be colour, marble, or sound. A statue with a real coat of mail, or a picture with real hair would jar completely on one's sense of fitness, although the representation of either with such perfection as to bring reality before the mind would be pleasing. So in music, if a composer desires to sketch a battle, he must depict the *emotion* of a battle, must fill his piece with tumult and passion, but the moment he imitates a cannon or a cavalry charge, or 'the groans of the wounded,' the illusion is broken and the listener is at once impressed with a sense of the ridiculous. The reason that a composer can, with impunity, thus employ a wrong method without paying the penalty of failure appears to lie in the fact that in music alone can such imitation be introduced as a *homogeneous portion of the work*. If Handel had used stage rain, or an imitation of real thunder, it would have been unendurable, but his imitations are, so to speak, the same materials

as the rest of the work. They are not 'designs in white metal on colour,' they harmonize with the rest of the chorus, and if it were sung right through without words, the composition would strike one as being complete, and no idea of any extraneous matter having been introduced for imitative purposes would occur to the hearer. It is thus that Mendelssohn's bubbles of water, at the close of the 'Rivulet,' appear perfectly fitting, because, as merely graceful passages to end a quiet piece, they are pleasing, quite irrespective of the realism lying underneath. Handel, however, has not always steered clear of the ridiculous in his imitations; for instance, in the song, 'Their land brought forth frogs,' the accompaniment is, throughout, a representation of the jumping of frogs, a thing which, of course, cannot be made at all realistic, and gives the song a jerky character which makes it, musically as well as descriptively, very unsatisfactory. Haydn too, has disgraced his 'Creation' with much bad imitation, and even Beethoven, in his 'Pastoral Symphony,' has introduced cuckoos and chirping birds, and thus rudely wakes us from the rural dream into which the rest of the movement had so wonderfully thrown us. Examples such as these have been well termed the magnificent faults of a master, and so they are, except in such cases as grow naturally out of the composition and are not introduced palpably for their own sake.

A doubt is apt to arise at times in the mind of the musician as to the artistic value and power of his art, from the fact that the same composition will express totally different things to different minds. This universal adaptability, however, is really the strong point of music. It is 'all things to all men;' it speaks a language which each mind can translate into its own dialect, and, when thus translated, it will usually be found that the different mental pictures produced in

different individuals are simply varying symbols of the same emotion. We have seen it related that an individual, on hearing the 'C minor Symphony' of Beethoven, used to think it was a military piece representing outposts reconnoitring, until the motto, 'Fate knocks at the door,' was explained to him. These two interpretations, although at first sight they appear to be widely removed from each other, are not utterly irreconcilable; the same music intended to illustrate the poetic motto might, to a mind not ideally inclined, express the more material idea. Mendelssohn very happily touches on this subject in one of his letters, where, replying to a friend who had asked him the meaning of some of his 'Lieder,' he says: 'People often complain that music is ambiguous, that their ideas on the subject always seem so vague, whereas every one understands words; with me it is exactly the reverse. . . . What the music I love expresses to me is not thought too *indefinite* to put into words, but, on the contrary too definite. . . . if you ask me what *my* idea is, I say—just the song as it stands; and if I have in my mind a definite term or terms with regard to one or more of these songs, I will disclose them to no one, because the words of one person assume a totally different meaning in the mind of another person, and because the music of the song alone can awake the same ideas and the same feelings in one mind as in another—a feeling which is not, however, expressed in the same words. Resignation, melancholy, the praise of God, a hunting song—one person does not form the same conception from these that another does. Resignation is to the one what melancholy is to the other, the third can form no lively idea of either. To any man who is by nature a very keen sportsman, a hunting song and the praise of God would come pretty much to the same thing, and to such a one the sound of the hunting horn would really and truly be the praise

of God, whilst we hear nothing in it but a mere hunting song, and if we were to discuss it ever so often with him, we should get no further. Words have many meanings, and yet music we could both understand correctly.'

We believe this to be perfectly true, that music is exact in representation of emotion, but generally unsatisfactory in attempting to describe the *cause* of the emotion. Call a piece 'joy' and, if it be well conceived, a room-full of people will endorse its truth and feel the power with which it appeals to their hearts, only each person will differ as to the concrete form they will give to the idea. To a lover the piece will mean successful

love; to a devotee, religion; to a worldling, money; and, yet the composer may have a meaning far removed from any of these. Had the piece been called by a name suggestive of any of these material ideas it would have appealed to very few, but, as pure emotion, as pure music, it appeals to all in whom feeling can be aroused by sound. Thus, the vagueness which perplexes many lovers of music and inclines them to doubt its greatness as an art, is in reality what constitutes its very individuality and enables it to lead them further than any other art, beginning in fact its work just where that of the others closes.

A SABBATH MORNING.

BY ELECTRA.

VOICES of Peace my waking senses greet,
 A Sabbath-dawning on a world asleep;
 How wide the breathless silence, and how deep!
 The mystic moonlight and the morning meet,
 Like music chords harmoniously complete.
 Oh, how I love to lie and let my spirit steep
 In this dear hour of rest, that I may keep
 Some memory of moments passing sweet.
 But like a mighty angel comes the sun!
 The silence breaks; for in the village street
 The sound of voices and of passing feet
 Tells that the day's first pulses have begun;
 And soon the silvery moonlight radiance dies,
 Lost in the brightness of the sunlit skies.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

RESERVED seats at public performances seem, by some curious affinity, to be occupied by reserved persons. The select public, seated nearest to the orator, preserved discreet silence. But the hearty applause from the sixpenny places made ample amends. There was enough of the lecturer's own vehemence and impetuosity in this opening attack—sustained, as it undeniably was by a sound foundation of truth—to appeal strongly to the majority of his audience. Mrs. Sowler began to think that her sixpence had been well laid out, after all; and Mrs. Farnaby pointed the direct application to her husband of all the hardest hits at commerce, by nodding her head at him as they were delivered.

Amelius went on.

'The next thing we have to discover is this:—Will our present system of government supply us with peaceable means for the reform of the abuses which I have already noticed? not forgetting that other enormous abuse, represented by our intolerable national expenditure, increasing with every year. Unless you insist on it, I do not propose to waste our precious time by saying anything about the House of Lords, for three good reasons. In the first place, that assembly is not elected by the people, and it has therefore no right of existence in a really free country. In the second place, out of its four hundred and eighty-five members, no less than one hundred and eighty-four directly profit by the expenditure of the public money; being

in the annual receipt, under one pretence or another, of more than half a million sterling. In the third place, if the assembly of the Commons has in it the will, as well as the capacity, to lead the way in the needful reforms, the assembly of the Lords has no alternative but to follow, or to raise the revolution which it only escaped, by a hair's breadth, some forty years since. What do you say? Shall we waste our time in speaking of the House of Lords?'

Loud cries from the sixpenny benches answered No; the ostler and the fiery-faced woman being the most vociferous of all. Here and there, certain dissentient individuals raised a little hiss—led by Jervy, in the interests of 'the altar and the throne.'

Amelius resumed.

'Well, will the House of Commons help us to get purer Christianity, and cheaper government, by lawful and sufficient process of reform? Let me again remind you that this assembly has the power—if it has the will. Is it so constituted at present as to have the will? There is the question! The number of members is a little over six hundred and fifty. Out of this muster, one fifth only represent (or pretend to represent) the trading interests of the country. As for as the members charged with the interests of the working class, they are more easily counted still—they are two in number! Then, in heaven's name, you will ask what interest does the majority of members in this assembly represent? There is but one answer—the military and aristocratic interest. In these days of the decay of representa-

tive institutions, the House of Commons has become a complete misnomer. The Commons are not represented; modern members belong to classes of the community which have really no interest in providing for popular needs and lightening the popular burdens. In one word, there is no sort of hope for us in the House of Commons. And whose fault is this? I own it with shame and sorrow—it is emphatically the fault of the people. Yes, I say to you plainly, it is the disgrace and the peril of England that the people themselves have elected the representative assembly which ignores the people's wants. You voters, in town and country alike, have had every conceivable freedom and encouragement secured to you in the exercise of your sacred trust—and there is the modern House of Commons to prove that you are thoroughly unworthy of it!

These bold words produced an outbreak of disapprobation from the audience, which, for the moment, completely overpowered the speaker's voice. They were prepared to listen with inexhaustible patience to the enumeration of their virtues and their wrongs—but they had not paid sixpence each to be informed of the vicious and contemptible part which they play in modern politics. They yelled and groaned and hissed—and felt that their handsome young lecturer had insulted them!

Amelius waited quietly until the disturbance had worn itself out.

'I am sorry I have made you angry with me,' he said, smiling. 'The blame for this little disturbance really rests with the public speakers who are afraid of you and who flatter you—especially if you belong to the working classes. You are not accustomed to have the truth told you to your faces. Why, my good friends, the people in this country, who are unworthy of the great trust which the wise and generous English constitution places in their hands, are so

numerous that they can be divided into distinct classes! There is the highly-educated class which despairs, and holds aloof. There is the class beneath—without self-respect, and therefore without public spirit—which can be bribed indirectly, by the gift of a place, by the concession of a lease, even by an invitation to a party at a great house which includes the wives and the daughters. And there is the lower class still—mercenary, corrupt, shameless to the marrow of its bones—which sells itself and its liberties for money and drink. When I began this discourse, and adverted to the great changes that are to come, I spoke of them as revolutionary changes. Am I an alarmist? Do I unjustly ignore the capacity for peaceable reformation which has preserved modern England from revolutions, thus far? God forbid that I should deny the truth, or that I should alarm you without need! But history tells me, if I look no further back than to the first French Revolution, that there are social and political corruptions, which strike their roots in a nation so widely and so deeply, that no force short of the force of a revolutionary convulsion can tear them up and cast them away. And I do personally fear (and older and wiser men than I agree with me), that the corruptions at which I have only been able to hint, in this brief address, are fast extending themselves—in England, as well as in Europe generally—beyond the reach of that lawful and bloodless reform which has served us so well in past years. Whether I am mistaken in this view (and I hope with all my heart it may be so), or whether events yet in the future will prove that I am right, the remedy in either case, the one sure foundation on which a permanent, complete, and worthy reformation can be built—whether it prevents a convulsion or whether it follows a convulsion—is only to be found within the covers of this book. Do not, I entreat you, suffer yourselves

to be persuaded by those purblind philosophers who assert that the divine virtue of Christianity is a virtue which is wearing out with the lapse of time. It is the abuse and corruption of Christianity that is wearing out—as all falsities and all impostures must and do wear out. Never, since Christ and his apostles first showed men the way to be better and happier, have the nations stood in sorer need of a return to that teaching, in its pristine purity and simplicity, than now! Never, more certainly than at this critical time, was it the interest as well as the duty of mankind to turn a deaf ear to the turmoil of false teachers, and to trust in that all-wise and all-merciful Voice which only ceased to exalt, console, and purify humanity, when it expired in darkness under the torture of the cross? Are these the wild words of an enthusiast? Is this the dream of an earthly Paradise in which it is sheer folly to believe? I can tell you of one existing community (one among others) which numbers some hundreds of persons; and which has found prosperity and happiness, by reducing the whole art and mystery of government to the simple solution set forth in the New Testament—fear God, and love thy neighbour as thyself.

By these gradations Amelius arrived at the second of the two parts into which he had divided his address.

He now repeated, at greater length and with a more careful choice of language, the statement of the religious and social principles of the Community at Tadmor, which he had already addressed to his two fellow-travellers on the voyage to England. While he confined himself to plain narrative, describing a mode of life which was entirely new to his hearers, he held the attention of the audience. But when he began to argue the question of applying Christian Socialism to the government of large populations as well as small—when he inquired logically whether what he had proved to

be good for some hundreds of persons was not also good for some thousands, and, conceding that, for some hundreds of thousands, and so on until he had arrived, by dint of sheer argument, at the conclusion that what had succeeded at Tadmor must necessarily succeed on a fair trial in London—then the public interest began to flag. People remembered their coughs and colds, and talked in whispers, and looked about them with a vague feeling of relief in staring at each other. Mrs. Sowler, hitherto content with furtively glancing at Mr. Farnaby from time to time, now began to look at him more boldly, as he stood in his corner with his eyes fixed sternly on the platform at the other end of the hall. He too began to feel that the lecture was changing its tone. It was no longer the daring outbreak which he had come to hear, as his sufficient justification (if necessary) for forbidding Amelius to enter his house. 'I have had enough of it,' he said, suddenly turning to his wife, 'let us go.'

If Mrs. Farnaby could have been forewarned that she was standing in that assembly of strangers, not as one of themselves, but as a woman with a formidable danger hanging over her head—or if she had only happened to look towards Phœbe, and had felt a passing reluctance to submit herself to the possibly insolent notice of a discharged servant—she might have gone out with her husband, and might have so escaped the peril that had been lying in wait for her, from the fatal moment when she first entered the hall. As it was, she refused to move. 'You forget the public discussion,' she said. 'Wait and see what sort of fight Amelius makes of it when the lecture is over.'

She spoke loud enough to be heard by some of the people seated nearest to her. Phœbe, critically examining the dresses of the few ladies in the reserved seats, twisted round on the bench, and noticed for the first time the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Farnaby

in their dim corner. 'Look!' she whispered to Jervy, 'there's the wretch who turned me out of her house without a character, and her husband with her.'

Jervy looked round, in his turn, a little doubtful of the accuracy of his sweetheart's information. 'Surely they wouldn't come to the sixpenny places,' he said. 'Are you certain it's Mr. and Mrs. Farnaby?'

He spoke in cautiously-lowered tones; but Mrs. Sowler had seen him look back at the lady and gentleman in the corner, and was listening attentively to catch the first words that fell from his lips.

'Which is Mr. Farnaby?' she asked.

'The man in the corner there, with the white-silk wrapper over his mouth, and his hat down to his eyebrows.'

Mrs. Sowler looked round for a moment—to make sure that Jervy's man and her man were one and the same.

'Farnaby?' she muttered to herself, in the tone of a person who heard the name for the first time. She considered a little, and leaning across Jervy, addressed herself to his companion. 'My dear,' she whispered, 'did that gentleman ever go by the name of Morgan, and have his letters addressed to the George and Dragon, in Tooley Street?' Phœbe lifted her eyebrows with a look of contemptuous surprise, which was an answer in itself. 'Fancy the great Mr. Farnaby going by an assumed name, and having his letters addressed to a public-house!' she said to Jervy. Mrs. Sowler asked no more questions. She relapsed into muttering to herself under her breath. 'His whiskers have turned gray, to be sure—but I know his eyes again; I'll take my oath to it, there's no mistaking *his* eyes!' She suddenly appealed to Jervy. 'Is he rich?' she asked. 'Rolling in riches!' was the answer. 'Where does he live?' Jervy was cautious how he replied to that; he consulted Phœbe. 'Shall I tell her?' Phœbe

answered petulantly, 'I'm turned out of the house; I don't care what you tell her!' Jervy again addressed the old woman, still keeping his information in reserve. 'Why do you want to know where he lives?' 'He owes me money,' said Mrs. Sowler. Jervy looked hard at her, and emitted a long low whistle, expressive of blank amazement. The persons near, annoyed by the incessant whispering, looked round irritably, and insisted on silence. Jervy ventured, nevertheless, on a last interruption. 'You seem to be tired of this,' he remarked to Phœbe; 'let's go and get some oysters. She rose directly. Jervy tapped Mrs. Sowler on the shoulder, as they passed her. 'Come and have some supper,' he said; 'I'll stand treat.'

The three were necessarily noticed by their neighbours as they passed out. Mrs. Farnaby discovered Phœbe—when it was too late. Mr. Farnaby happened to look first at the old woman. Sixteen years of squalid poverty effectually disguised her in that dim light. He only looked away again, and said to his wife impatiently, 'Let us go, too!' Mrs. Farnaby was still obstinate. 'You can go, if you like,' she said; 'I shall stay here.'

CHAPTER XIX.

'THREE dozen oysters, bread-and-butter, and bottled stout; a private room and a good fire.' Issuing these instructions, on his arrival at the tavern, Jervy was surprised by a sudden act of interference on the part of his venerable guest. Mrs. Sowler actually took it on herself to order her own supper!

'Nothing cold to eat or drink for me,' she said. 'Morning and night, waking and sleeping, I can't keep myself warm. See for yourself, Jervy, how I've lost flesh since you first knew me! A steak, broiling hot from the

gridiron, and gin-and-water, hotter still—that's the supper for me.'

'Take the order, waiter,' said Jervy resignedly; 'and let us see the private room.'

The tavern was of the old-fashioned English sort, which scorns to learn a lesson of brightness and elegance from France. The private room can only be described as a museum for the exhibition of dirt in all its varieties. Behind the bars of the rusty little grate a dying fire was drawing its last breath. Mrs. Sowler clamoured for wood and coals; revived the fire with her own hands; and seated herself shivering as close to the fender as the chair would go. After awhile, the composing effect of the heat began to make its influence felt: the head of the half-starved wretch sank; a species of stupor overcame her—half faintness, and half sleep.

Phœbe and her sweetheart sat together, waiting the appearance of the supper, on a little sofa at the other end of the room. Having certain objects to gain, Jervy put his arm round her waist and looked and spoke in his most insinuating manner.

'Try and put up with Mother Sowler for an hour or two,' he said. 'My sweet girl! I know she isn't fit company for you—but how can I turn my back on an old friend?'

'That's just what surprises me,' Phœbe answered. 'I don't understand such a person being a friend of yours.'

Always ready with the necessary lie, whenever the occasion called for it, Jervy invented a pathetic little story, in two short parts. First part: Mrs. Sowler rich and respected; a widow inhabiting a villa residence, and riding in her carriage. Second part: a villanous lawyer; misplaced confidence; reckless investments; death of the villain; ruin of Mrs. Sowler. 'Don't talk about her misfortunes when she wakes,' Jervy concluded, 'or she'll burst out crying to a dead certainty. Only tell me, dear Phœbe, would *you* turn your back on a for-

lorn old creature because she has outlived all her other friends, and han't a farthing left in the world? Poor as I am, I can help her to a supper, at any rate.'

Phœbe expressed her admiration of these noble sentiments by an inexpensive ebullition of tenderness, which failed to fulfil Jervy's private anticipations. He had aimed straight at her purse—and he had only hit her heart! He tried a broad hint next. 'I wonder whether I shall have a shilling or two left to give Mrs. Sowler, when I have paid for the supper?' He sighed, and pulled out some small change, and looked at it in eloquent silence. Phœbe was hit in the right place at last. She handed him her purse. 'What is mine will be yours, when we are married,' she said; 'why not now?' Jervy expressed his sense of obligation with the promptitude of a grateful man: he repeated those precious words, 'My sweet girl!' Phœbe laid her head on his shoulder—and let him kiss her, and enjoyed it in silent ecstasy with half closed eyes. The scoundrel waited and watched her, until she was completely under his influence. Then, and not till then, he risked the gradual revelation of the purpose which had induced him to withdraw from the hall, before the proceedings of the evening had reached their end.

'Did you hear what Mrs. Sowler said to me, just before we left the lecture?' he asked.

'No dear.'

'You remember that she asked me to tell her Farnaby's address?'

'O, yes! And she wanted to know if he had ever gone by the name of Morgan. Ridiculous—wasn't it?'

'I'm not so sure of that, my dear. She told me, in so many words, that Farnaby owed her money. He didn't make his fortune all at once, I suppose. How do we know what he might have done in his young days, or how he might have humbugged a feeble woman. Wait till our friend there at the fire has warmed her old bones

with some hot grog—and I'll find out something more about Farnaby's debt.

'Why dear? What is it to you?'

Jervy reflected for a moment, and decided that the time had come to speak more plainly.

'In the first place,' he said, 'it would only be an act of common humanity, on my part, to help Mrs. Sowler to get her money. You see that, don't you? Very well. Now, I am no Socialist, as you are aware; quite the contrary. At the same time, I am a remarkably just man; and I own I was struck by what Mr. Goldenheart said about the uses to which wealthy people are put, by the Rules at Tadmor. "The man who has got the money is bound, by the express law of Christian morality, to use it in assisting the man who has got none." Those were his words, as nearly as I can remember them. He put it still more strongly afterwards; he said, "A man who hoards up a large fortune, from a purely selfish motive—either because he is a miser, or because he looks only to the aggrandisement of his own family after his death—is, in either case, an essentially unchristian person, who stands in manifest need of enlightenment and control by Christian law." And then, if you remember, some of the people murmured; and Mr. Goldenheart stopped them by reading a line from the New Testament, which said exactly what he had been saying—only in fewer words. Now, my dear girl, Farnaby seems to me to be one of the many people pointed at in this young gentleman's lecture. Judging by looks, I should say he was a hard man.'

'That's just what he is—hard as iron! Looks at his servants as if they were dirt under his feet; and never speaks a kind word to them from one year's end to another.'

'Suppose I guess again? He's not particularly free handed with his money—is he?'

'He! He will spend anything on himself and his grandeur; but he never gave away a halfpenny in his life.'

Jervy pointed to the fireplace, with a burst of virtuous indignation. 'And there's that poor old soul starving for want of the money he owes her! Damn it, I agree with the Socialists; it's a virtue to make that sort of man bleed. Look at you and me! We are the very people he ought to help—we might be married at once, if we only knew where to find a little money. I've seen a deal of the world, Phœbe; and my experience tells me there's something about that debt of Farnaby's which he doesn't want to have known. Why shouldn't we screw a few five-pound notes for ourselves out of the rich miser's fears?'

Phœbe was cautious. 'It's against the law—ain't it?' she said.

'Trust me to keep clear of the law,' Jervy answered. 'I won't stir in the matter till I know for certain that he daren't take the police into his confidence. It will be all easy enough when we are once sure of that. You have been long enough in the family to find out Farnaby's weak side. Would it do, if we got at him, to begin with, through his wife?'

Phœbe suddenly reddened to the roots of her hair. 'Don't talk to me about his wife!' she broke out fiercely; 'I've got a day of reckoning to come with that lady—' She looked at Jervy and checked herself. He was watching her with an eager curiosity, which not even his ready cunning was quick enough to conceal.

'I wouldn't intrude on your little secrets, darling, for the world!' he said, in his most persuasive tones. 'But, if you want advice, you know that I am heart and soul at your service.'

Phœbe looked across the room at Mrs. Sowler, still nodding over the fire.

'Never mind now,' she said; 'I don't think it's a matter for a man to advise about—it's between Mrs. Farnaby and me. Do what you like with her husband; I don't care; he's a brute, and I hate him. But there's

one thing I insist on—I won't have Miss Regina frightened or annoyed; mind that! She's a good creature. There, read the letter she wrote to me yesterday; and judge for yourself.'

Jervy looked at the letter. It was not very long. He resignedly took upon himself the burden of reading it.

'Dear Phœbe,—Don't be down-hearted. I am your friend always, and I will help you to get another place. I am sorry to say that it was indeed Mrs. Ormond who found us out that day. She had her suspicions, and she watched us, and told my aunt. This she owned to me with her own lips. She said, "I would do anything, my dear, to save you from an ill-assorted marriage." I am very wretched about it, because I can never look on her as my friend again. My aunt, as you know, is of Mrs. Ormond's way of thinking. You must make allowances for her hot temper. Remember, out of your kindness towards me, you had been secretly helping forward the very thing which she was most eager to prevent. That made her very angry—but, never fear, she will come round in time. If you don't want to spend your little savings, while you are waiting for another situation, let me know. A share of my pocket-money is always at your service.—Your friend,

'REGINA.'

'Very nice indeed,' said Jervy, handing the letter back, and yawning as he did it. 'And convenient, too, if we run short of money. Ah, here's the waiter with the supper, at last! Now, Mrs. Sowler, there's a time for everything—it's time to wake up.'

He lifted the old woman off her chair, and settled her before the table, like a child. The sight of the hot food and drink roused her to a tigerish activity. She devoured the meat with her eyes as well as her teeth; she drank the hot gin-and-water in fierce gulps, and set down the glass with audible gasps of relief. 'Another one,' she

cried, 'and I shall begin to feel warm again!'

Jervy, watching her from the opposite side of the table, with Phœbe close by him as usual, had his own motives for encouraging her to talk, by the easy means of encouraging her to drink. He sent for another glass of the hot grog. Phœbe, daintily picking up her oysters with her fork, affected to be shocked at Mrs. Sowler's coarse method of eating and drinking. She kept her eyes on her plate, and only consented to taste malt liquor under modest protest. When Jervy lit a cigar, after finishing his supper, she reminded him, in an impressively genteel manner, of the consideration which he owed to the presence of an elderly lady. 'I like it myself, dear,' she said mincingly; 'but perhaps Mrs. Sowler objects to the smell?'

Mrs. Sowler burst into a hoarse laugh. 'Do I look as if I was likely to be squeamish about smells?' she asked, with the savage contempt for her own poverty, which was one of the dangerous elements of her character. 'See the place I live in, young woman, and then talk about smells if you like!'

This was indelicate. Phœbe picked a last oyster out of its shell, and kept her eyes modestly fixed on her plate. Observing that the second glass of gin-and-water was fast becoming empty, Jervy risked the first advance on his way to Mrs. Sowler's confidence.

'About that debt of Farnaby's?' he began. 'Is it a debt of long standing?'

Mrs. Sowler was on her guard. In other words, Mrs. Sowler's head was only assailable by hot grog, when hot grog was administered in large quantities. She said it was a debt of long standing, and she said no more.

'Has it been standing seven years?'

Mrs. Sowler emptied her glass, and looked hard at Jervy across the table. 'My memory isn't good for much, at my time of life.' She gave him that answer, and she gave him no more.

Jervy yielded with his best grace.

'Try a third glass,' he said; 'there's luck, you know, in odd numbers.'

Mrs. Sowler met this advance in the spirit in which it was made. She was obliging enough to consult her memory, even before the third glass made its appearance. 'Seven years, did you say?' she repeated. 'More than twice seven years, Jervy! What do you think of that?'

Jervy wasted no time in thinking. He went on with his questions.

'Are you quite sure that the man I pointed out to you, at the lecture, is the same man who went by the name of Morgan, and had his letters addressed to the public-house?'

'Quite sure. I'd swear to him anywhere—only by his eyes.'

'And have you never yet asked him to pay the debt?'

'How could I ask him, when I never knew what his name was till you told me to-night?'

'What amount of money does he owe you?'

Whether Mrs. Sowler had her mind prophétically fixed on a fourth glass of grog, or whether she thought it time to begin asking questions on her own account, is not easy to say. Whatever her motive might be, she slyly shook her head, and winked at Jervy. 'The money's my business,' she remarked. 'You tell me where he lives—and I'll make him pay me.'

Jervy was equal to the occasion. 'You won't do anything of the sort,' he said.

Mrs. Sowler laughed defiantly. 'So you think, my fine fellow?'

'I don't think at all, old lady—I'm certain. In the first place, Farnaby don't owe you the debt by law, after seven years. In the second place, just look at yourself in the glass there. Do you think the servants will let you in, when you knock at Farnaby's door? You want a clever fellow to help you—or you'll never recover that debt.'

Mrs. Sowler was accessible to reason (even half way through her third glass of grog), when reason was pre-

sented to her in convincing terms. She came to the point at once. 'How much do you want?' she asked.

'Nothing,' Jervy answered; 'I don't look to *you* to pay my commission.'

Mrs. Sowler reflected a little—and understood him. 'Say that again,' she insisted, 'in the presence of your young woman as witness.'

Jervy touched his young woman's hand under the table, warning her to make no objection, and to leave it to him. Having declared for the second time that he would not take a farthing from Mrs. Sowler, he went on with his inquiries.

'I'm acting in your interests, Mother Sowler,' he said; 'and you'll be the loser, if you don't answer my questions patiently, and tell me the truth. I want to go back to the debt. What is it for?'

'For six weeks' keep of a child, at ten shillings a week.'

Phæbe looked up from her plate.

'Whose child?' Jervy asked, noticing the sudden movement.

'Morgan's child—the same man you said was Farnaby.'

'Do you know who the mother was?'

'I wish I did! I should have got the money out of her long ago.'

Jervy stole a look at Phæbe. She turned pale; she was listening, with her eyes riveted on Mrs. Sowler's ugly face.

'How long ago was it?' Jervy went on.

'Better than sixteen years.'

'Did Farnaby himself give you the child?'

'With his own hands, over the garden paling of a house at Ramsgate. He saw me and the child into the train for London. I had ten pounds from him, and no more. He promised to see me, and settle everything, in a month's time. I have never set eyes on him from that day, till I saw him paying his money this evening at the door of the hall.'

Jervy stole another look at Phœbe. She was still perfectly unconscious that he was observing her. Her attention was completely absorbed by Mrs. Sowler's replies. Speculating on the possible result, Jervy abandoned the question of the debt, and devoted his next inquiries to the subject of the child.

'I promise you every farthing of your money, Mother Sowler,' he said, 'with interest added to it. How old was the child when Farnaby gave it to you?'

'Old? Not a week old, I should say!'

'Not a week old?' Jervy repeated, with his eye on Phœbe. 'Dear, dear me, a new-born baby, one may say!'

The girl's excitement was fast getting beyond control. She leaned across the table, in her eagerness to hear more.

'And how long was the poor child under your care?' Jervy went on.

'How can I tell you, at this distance of time? For some months, I should say. This I'm certain of—I kept it for six good weeks, after the ten pounds he gave me were spent. And then—' she stopped, and looked at Phœbe.

'And then you got rid of it?'

'Mrs. Sowler felt for Jervy's foot under the table, and gave it a significant kick. 'I have done nothing to be ashamed of, Miss,' she said, addressing her answer defiantly to Phœbe. 'Being too poor to keep the little dear myself, I placed it under the care of a good lady, who adopted it.'

Phœbe could restrain herself no longer. She burst out with the next question, before Jervy could open his lips.

'Do you know where the lady is now?'

'No,' said Mrs. Sowler, shortly; 'I don't.'

'Do you know where to find the child?'

Mrs. Sowler stirred up the remains

of her grog. 'I know no more than you do. Any more questions, Miss?'

Phœbe's excitement completely blinded her to the evident signs of a change in Mrs. Sowler's temper for the worse. She went on headlong.

'Have you never seen the child since you gave her to the lady?'

Mrs. Sowler set down her glass, just as she was raising it to her lips. Jervy paused, thunderstruck, in the act of lighting a second cigar.

'Her?' Mrs. Sowler repeated, slowly; her eyes fixed on Phœbe with a lowering expression of suspicion and surprise. 'HER?' She turned to Jervy. 'Did you ask me if the child was a girl or a boy?'

'I never even thought of it,' Jervy replied.

'Did I happen to say it myself without being asked?'

Jervy deliberately abandoned Phœbe to the implacable old wretch, before whom she had betrayed herself. It was the one likely way of forcing the girl to confess everything. 'No,' he answered; 'you never said it without being asked.'

Mrs. Sowler turned once more to Phœbe. 'How do you know the child was a girl?' she inquired.

Phœbe trembled, and said nothing. She sat with her head down, and her hands, fast clasped together, resting on her lap.

'Might I ask, if you please,' Mrs. Sowler proceeded, with a ferocious assumption of courtesy, 'how old you are, Miss? You're young enough and pretty enough not to mind answering to your age, I'm sure.'

Even Jervy's villanous experience of the world failed to forewarn him of what was coming. Phœbe, it is needless to say, instantly fell into the trap.

'Twenty-four,' she replied, 'next birthday.'

'And the child was put into my hands sixteen years ago,' said Mrs. Sowler. 'Take sixteen from twenty-four, and eight remains. I'm more surprised than ever, Miss, at your

knowing it to be a girl. It couldn't have been *your* child—could it?’

Phœbe started to her feet, in a state of fury. ‘Do you hear that?’ she cried, appealing to Jervy. ‘How dare you bring me here to be insulted by that drunken wretch?’

Mrs. Sowler rose on her side. The old savage snatched up her empty glass—intending to throw it at Phœbe. At the same moment the ready Jervy caught her by the arm; dragged her out of the room; and shut the door behind them.

There was a bench on the landing outside. He pushed Mrs. Sowler down on the bench with one hand, and took Phœbe's purse out of his pocket with the other. ‘Here's a pound,’ he said, ‘towards the recovery of that debt of yours. Go home quietly, and meet me at the door of this house to-morrow evening, at six.’

Mrs. Sowler, opening her lips to protest, suddenly closed them again, fascinated by the sight of the gold. She clutched the coin, and became friendly and familiar in a moment. ‘Help me down stairs, deary,’ she said, ‘and put me into a cab. I'm afraid of the night air.’

‘One word more, before I put you into the cab,’ said Jervy. ‘What did you really do with the child?’

Mrs. Sowler grinned hideously, and whispered her reply, in the strictest confidence.

‘Sold her to Moll Davis, for five-and-sixpence.’

‘Who was Moll Davis?’

‘A cadger.’

‘And you really know nothing now of Moll Davis or the child?’

‘Should I want you to help me if I did?’ Mrs. Sowler asked, contemptuously. ‘They may be both dead and buried, for all I know to the contrary.’

Jervy put her into the cab, without further delay. ‘Now for the other one!’ he said to himself, as he hurried back to the private room.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME men would have found it no easy task to console Phœbe, under the circumstances. Jervy had the immense advantage of not feeling the slightest sympathy for her: he was in full command of his large resources of fluent assurance and ready flattery. In less than five minutes, Phœbe's tears were dried, and her lover had his arm round her waist again, in the character of a cherished and forgiven man.

‘Now, my angel!’ he said (Phœbe sighed tenderly; he had never called her his angel before), ‘tell me all about it, in confidence. Only let me know the facts—and I shall see my way to protecting you against any annoyance from Mrs. Sowler in the future. You have made a very extraordinary discovery. Come closer to me, my dear girl. How did it happen?’

‘I heard it in the kitchen,’ said Phœbe.

Jervy started. ‘Did any one else hear it?’ he asked.

‘No. They were all in the house-keeper's room, looking at the Indian curiosities which her son in Canada had sent to her. I had left my bird on the dresser—and I ran into the kitchen to put the cage in a safer place, being afraid of the cat. One of the swinging windows in the skylight was open; and I heard voices in the back room above, which is Mrs. Farnaby's room.’

‘Whose voices did you hear?’

‘Mrs. Farnaby's voice and Mr. Goldenheart's.’

‘Mrs. Farnaby?’ Jervy repeated, in surprise. ‘Are you sure it was *Mrs.*?’

‘Of course I am! Do you think I don't know that horrid woman's voice? She was saying a most extraordinary thing when I first heard her—she was asking if there was anything wrong in showing her naked foot. And a man answered, and the voice was Mr. Gold-

enheart's. You would have felt curious to hear more, if you had been in my place, wouldn't you? I opened the second window in the kitchen, so as to make sure of not missing anything. And what do you think I heard her say?

'You mean Mrs. Farnaby!'

'Yes. I heard her say, "Look at my right foot—you see there's nothing the matter with it." And then, after a while, she said, "Look at my left foot—look between the third toe and the fourth." Did you ever hear of such an audacious thing for a married woman to say to a young man?'

'Go on! go on! What did *he* say?'

'Nothing; I suppose he was looking at her foot.'

'Her left foot?'

'Yes. Her left foot was nothing to be proud of, I can tell you! By her own account she had some horrid deformity in it, between the third toe and the fourth. No; I didn't hear her say what the deformity was. I only heard her call it so—and she said her "poor darling" was born with the same fault, and that was her defence against being imposed upon by rogues—I remember the very words—"in the past days when I employed people to find her." Yes! she said "*her*." I heard it plainly. And she talked afterwards of her "poor lost daughter," who might be still living somewhere, and wondering who her mother was. Naturally enough, when I heard that hateful old drunkard talking about a child given to her by Mr. Farnaby, I put two and two together—Dear me, how strangely you look! What's wrong with you?'

'I'm only very much interested—that's all. But there's one thing I don't understand. What had Mr. Goldenheart to do with all this?'

'Didn't I tell you?'

'No.'

'Well, then, I tell you now. Mrs. Farnaby is not only a heartless wretch, who turns a poor girl out of her situation, and refuses to give her a charac-

ter—she's a fool besides. That precious exhibition of her nasty foot was to inform Mr. Goldenheart of something she wanted him to know. If he happened to meet with a girl in his walks or his travels, and if he found that she had the same deformity in the same foot, then he might know for certain—'

'All right! I understand. But why Mr. Goldenheart?'

'Because she had a dream that Mr. Goldenheart had found the lost girl, and because she thought there was one chance in a hundred that her dream might come true! Did you ever hear of such a fool before? From what I could make out, I believe she actually cried about it. And that same woman turns me into the street to be ruined, for all she knows or cares. Mind this! I would have kept her secret—it was no business of mine, after all—if she had behaved decently to me. As it is, I mean to be even with her; and what I heard down in the kitchen is more than enough to help me to it. I'll expose her somehow—I don't quite know how; but that will come with time. You will keep the secret, dear, I'm sure. We are soon to have all our secrets in common, when we are man and wife, ain't we? Why, you're not listening to me! What *is* the matter with you?'

Jervy suddenly looked up. His soft insinuating manner had vanished; he spoke roughly and impatiently.

'I want to know something. Has Farnaby's wife got money of her own?'

Phœbe's mind was still disturbed by the change in her lover. 'You speak as if you were angry with me,' she said.

Jervy recovered his insinuating tones with some difficulty. 'My dear girl, I love you! How can I be angry with you? You've set me thinking—and it bothers me a little, that's all. Do you happen to know if Mrs. Farnaby has got money of her own?'

Phœbe answered this time. 'I've heard Miss Regina say that Mrs. Farnaby's father was a rich man,' she said.

'What was his name?'

'Ronald.'

'Do you know when he died?'

'No.'

Jervy fell into thought again, biting his nails in great perplexity. After a moment or two, an idea came to him. 'The tombstone will tell me!' he exclaimed, speaking to himself. He turned to Phœbe, before she could express her surprise, and asked if she knew where Mr. Ronald was buried.

'Yes,' said Phœbe, 'I've heard that. In Highgate cemetery. But why do you want to know?'

Jervy looked at his watch. 'It's getting late,' he said; 'I'll see you safe home.'

'But I want to know—'

'Put on your bonnet, and wait till we are out in the street.'

Jervy paid the bill, with all needfull remembrance of the waiter. He was generous, he was polite; but he was apparently in no hurry to favour Phœbe with the explanation that he had promised. They had left the tavern for some minutes—and he was still rude enough to remain absorbed in his own reflections. Phœbe's patience gave way.

'I have told you everything,' she said reproachfully; 'I don't call it fair dealing to keep me in the dark after that.'

He roused himself directly. 'My dear girl, you entirely mistake me!'

The reply was as ready as usual; but it was spoken rather absently. Only that moment he had decided on informing Phœbe (to some extent, at least) of the purpose which he was then meditating. He would infinitely have preferred using Mrs. Sowler as his sole accomplice. But he knew the girl too well to run that risk. If he refused to satisfy her curiosity, she would be deterred by no scruples of

delicacy from privately watching him; and she might say something (either by word of mouth or by writing) to the kind young mistress who was in correspondence with her, which might lead to disastrous results. It was of the last importance to him, so far to associate Phœbe with his projected enterprise, as to give her an interest of her own in keeping his secrets.

'I have not the least wish,' he resumed, 'to conceal anything from you. So far as I can see my way at present, you shall see it too.' Reserving in this dexterous manner the freedom of lying, whenever he found it necessary to depart from the truth, he smiled encouragingly, and waited to be questioned.

Phœbe repeated the inquiry she had made at the tavern. 'Why do you want to know where Mr. Ronald is buried?' she asked bluntly.

'Mr. Ronald's tombstone, my dear, will tell me the date of Mr. Ronald's death,' Jervy rejoined. 'When I have got the date, I shall go to a place near St. Paul's, called Doctors' Commons; I shall pay a shilling fee; and I shall have the privilege of looking at Mr. Ronald's will.'

'And what good will that do you?'

'Very properly put, Phœbe! Even shillings are not to be wasted, in our position. But *my* shilling will buy two sixpennyworth's of information. I shall find out what sum of money Mr. Ronald has left to his daughter; and I shall know for certain whether Mrs. Farnaby's husband has any power over it, or not.'

'Well?' said Phœbe, not much interested so far—'and what then?'

Jervy looked about him. They were in a crowded thoroughfare at the time. He preserved a discreet silence, until they had arrived at the first turning which led down a quiet street.

'What I have to tell you,' he said, 'must not be accidentally heard by anybody. Here, my dear, we are all but out of the world—and here I can

‘speak to you safely. I promise you two good things. You shall bring Mrs. Farnaby to that day of reckoning; and we will find money enough to marry on comfortably as soon as you like.’

Phœbe’s languid interest in the subject began to revive: she insisted on having a clearer explanation than this. ‘Do you mean to get the money out of Mr. Farnaby?’ she inquired,

‘I will have nothing to do with Mr. Farnaby—unless I find that his wife’s money is not at her own disposal. What you heard in the kitchen has altered all my plans. Wait a minute—and you will see what I am driving at. How much do you think Mrs. Farnaby would give me, if I found that lost daughter of hers?’

Phœbe suddenly stood still, and looked at the sordid scoundrel who was tempting her in blank amazement.

‘But nobody knows where the daughter is,’ she objected.

‘You and I know that the daughter has a deformity in her left foot,’ Jervy replied; ‘and you and I know exactly in what part of the foot it is. There’s not only money to be made out of that knowledge—but money made easily, without the slightest risk. Suppose I managed the matter by correspondence, without appearing in it personally? Don’t you think Mrs. Farnaby would open her purse beforehand, if I mentioned the exact position of that little deformity, as a proof that I was to be depended on?’

Phœbe was unable, or unwilling to draw the obvious conclusion, even now.

‘But, what would you do,’ she said, ‘when Mrs. Farnaby insisted on seeing her daughter?’

There was something in the girl’s tone—half fearful, half suspicious—which warned Jervy that he was treading on dangerous ground. He knew perfectly well what he proposed to do, in the case that had been so plainly put to him. It was the sim-

plest thing in the world. He had only to make an appointment with Mrs. Farnaby for a meeting on a future day, and to take to flight in the interval; leaving a polite note behind him to say that it was all a mistake, and that he regretted being too poor to return the money. Thus far, the truth had flowed from him in an uninterrupted stream. The time had evidently come to check the flow. Phœbe was vain, Phœbe was vindictive; and, more promising still, Phœbe was a fool. But she was not quite capable of consenting to an act of the vilest infamy, in cold blood. Jervy looked at her—and saw that the foreseen necessity for lying had come at last.

‘That’s just the difficulty,’ he said; ‘that’s just where I don’t see my way plainly yet. Can you advise me?’

Phœbe started, and drew back from him. ‘I advise you!’ she exclaimed. ‘It frightens me to think of it. If you make her believe she is going to see her daughter, and if she finds out that you have robbed and deceived her, I can tell you this—with her furious temper—you would drive her mad.’

Jervy’s reply was a model of well-acted indignation. ‘Don’t talk of anything so horrible,’ he exclaimed. ‘If you believe me capable of such cruelty as that, go to Mrs. Farnaby and warn her at once!’

‘It’s too bad to speak to me in that way!’ Phœbe rejoined, with the frank impetuosity of an offended woman. ‘You know I would die rather than get you into trouble. Beg my pardon directly—or I won’t walk another step with you!’

Jervy made the necessary apologies, with all possible humility. He had gained his end—he could now postpone any further discussion of the subject, without arousing Phœbe’s distrust. ‘Let us say no more about it, for the present,’ he suggested; ‘we will think it over, and talk of pleasanter things in the mean time. Kiss

me, my dear girl, there's nobody looking.'

So he made peace with his sweet-heart, and secured to himself, at the same time, the full liberty of future action of which he stood in need. If Phœbe asked any more questions, the necessary answer was obvious to the meanest capacity. He had merely to say, 'The matter is beset with difficulties which I didn't see at first—I have given it up.'

Their nearest way back to Phœbe's lodgings took them through the street which led to the Hampden Institution. Passing along the opposite side of the way, they saw the private door opened. Two men stepped out. A third man, inside, called after one of them, 'Mr. Goldenheart! you have left the statement of receipts in the waiting-room.' 'Never mind,' Amelius answered; 'the night's receipts are so small that I would rather not be reminded of them again.' 'In my country,' a third voice remarked, 'if he had lectured as he has lectured to-night, I reckon I'd have given him three hundred dollars, gold (sixty pounds, English currency), and have made my own profit by the transaction. The British nation has lost its taste, sir, for intellectual recreation. I wish you good-evening.'

Jervy hurried Phœbe out of the way, just as the two gentlemen were crossing the street. He had not forgotten events at Tadmor—and he was by no means eager to renew his former acquaintance with Amelius.

CHAPTER XXI.

RUFUS and his young friend walked together silently as far as a large Square. Here they stopped, having reached the point at which it was necessary to take different directions, on their way home.

'I've a word of advice, my son, for your private ear,' said the New Englander. 'The barometer behind your

waistcoat points to a downhearted state of the moral atmosphere. Come along to home with me—you want a whisky-cocktail badly.'

'No, thank you, my dear fellow,' Amelius answered a little sadly. 'I own I'm downhearted, as you say. You see, I expected this lecture to be a new opening for me. Personally, as you know, I don't care two straws about money. But my marriage depends on my adding to my income; and the first attempt I've made to do that has ended in a total failure. I'm all abroad again, when I look to the future—and I'm afraid I'm fool enough to let it weigh on my spirits. No, the cocktail isn't the right remedy for me. I don't get the exercise and fresh air, here, that I used to get at Tadmor. My head burns after all that talking to-night. A good long walk will put me right, and nothing else will.'

Rufus at once offered to accompany him. Amelius shook his head. 'Did you ever walk a mile in your life, when you could ride?' he asked good-humouredly. 'I mean to be on my legs for four or five hours; I should only have to send you home in a cab. Thank you, old fellow, for the brotherly interest you take in me. I'll breakfast with you to-morrow, at your hotel. Good-night.'

Some curious prevision of evil seemed to trouble the mind of the good New Englander. He held Amelius fast by the hand: he said, very earnestly, 'It goes against the grit with me to see you wandering off by yourself at this time of night—it does, I tell you! Do me a favour for once, my bright boy—go right away to bed.'

Amelius smiled, and released his hand. 'I shouldn't sleep, if I did go to bed. Breakfast to-morrow, at ten o'clock. Good-night, again.'

He started on his walk, at a pace which set pursuit on the part of Rufus at defiance. The American stood watching him, until he was lost to sight in the darkness. 'What a grip

that young fellow has got on me, in no more than a few months !' Rufus thought, as he slowly turned away in the direction of his hotel. 'Lord send the poor boy may keep clear of mischief this night !'

Meanwhile, Amelius walked on swiftly, straight before him, careless in what direction he turned his steps, so long as he felt the cool air and kept moving.

His thoughts were not at first occupied with the doubtful question of his marriage. The lecture was still the uppermost subject in his mind. He had reserved for the conclusion of his address the justification of his view of the future, afforded by the widespread and frightful poverty among the millions of the population of London alone. On this melancholy theme he had spoken with the eloquence of true feeling, and had produced a strong impression, even on those members of the audience who were most resolutely opposed to the opinions which he advocated. Without any undue exercise of self-esteem, he could look back on the close of his address with the conviction that he had really done justice to himself and to his cause. The retrospect of the public discussion that had followed failed to give him the same pleasure. His warm temper, his vehemently sincere belief in the truth of his own convictions, placed him at a serious disadvantage towards the more self-restrained speakers (all older than himself) who rose, one after another, to combat his views. More than once, he had lost his temper, and had been obliged to make his apologies. More than once, he had been indebted to the ready help of Rufus, who had taken part in the battle of words, with the generous purpose of covering his retreat. 'No !' he thought to himself, with bitter humility, 'I'm not fit for public discussions. If they put me into Parliament to-morrow, I should only get called to order and do nothing.'

He reached the bank of the Thames, at the eastward end of the Strand.

Walking straight on, as absently as ever, he crossed Waterloo Bridge, and followed the broad street that lay before him on the other side. He was thinking of the future again : Regina was in his mind now. The one prospect that he could see of a tranquil and happy life—with duties as well as pleasures ; duties that might rouse him to find the vocation for which he was fit—was the prospect of his marriage. What was the obstacle that stood in his way ? The vile obstacle of money ; the contemptible spirit of ostentation which forbade him to live humbly on his own sufficient little income, and insisted that he should purchase domestic happiness at the price of the tawdry splendour of a rich tradesman and his friends. And Regina, who was free to follow her own better impulses—Regina, whose heart acknowledged him as its master—bowed before the golden image which was the tutelary deity of her uncle's household, and said resignedly, 'Love must wait !'

Still walking blindly on, he was roused on a sudden to a sense of passing events. Crossing a side-street at the moment, a man caught him roughly by the arm and saved him from being run over. The man had a broom in his hand ; he was a crossing-sweeper. 'I think I've earned my penny, sir,' he said.

Amelius gave him half-a-crown. The man shouldered his broom, and tossed up the money, in a transport of delight. 'Here's something to go home with !' he cried, as he caught the half-crown again.

'Have you got a family at home ?' Amelius asked.

'Only one, sir,' said the man. 'The others are all dead. She's as good a girl and as pretty a girl as ever put on a petticoat—though I say it that shouldn't. Thank you kindly, sir, good-night !'

Amelius looked after the poor fel-

low, happy at least for that night! 'If I had only been lucky enough to fall in love with the crossing-sweeper's daughter,' he thought bitterly, '*she* would have married me when I asked her.'

He looked along the street. It curved away in the distance, with no visible limit to it. Arrived at the next side-street on his left, Amelius turned down it, weary of walking longer in the same direction. Whither it might lead him he neither knew nor cared. In his present humour, it was a pleasurable sensation to feel himself lost in London.

The short street suddenly widened; a blaze of flaring gaslight dazzled his eyes; he heard all round him the shouting of innumerable voices. For the first time since he had been in London, he found himself in one of the street-markets of the poor.

On either side of the roadway, the barrows of the costermongers—the wandering tradesmen of the highway—were drawn up in rows; and every man was advertising his wares, by means of the cheap publicity of his own voice. Fish and vegetables; pottery and writing-paper; looking-glasses, saucepans, and coloured prints—all appealed together to the scantily-filled purses of the crowds who thronged the pavement. One lusty vagabond, stood up in a rickety donkey-cart, knee-deep in apples, selling a great wooden-measure full for a penny, and yelling louder than all the rest. 'Never was such apples sold in the public streets before! Sweet as flowers, and sound as a bell. Who says the poor ain't looked after,' cried the fellow, with ferocious irony, 'when they can have such apple-sauce as this to their loin of pork? Here's nobby apples; here's a pennorth for your money. Sold again! Hullo, you! you look hungry. Catch! There's an apple for nothing, just to taste. Be in time, be in time, before they're all sold!' Amelius moved forward a few steps, and was half deafened by rival butchers, shout-

ing, 'Buy, buy, buy!' to audiences of ragged women, who fingered the meat doubtfully, with longing eyes. A little farther—and there was a blind man, selling staylaces, and singing a Psalm; and, beyond him again, a broken-down soldier playing 'God save the Queen' on a tin flageolet. The one silent person in this sordid carnival was a Lascar beggar, with a printed placard round his neck, addressed to 'The Charitable Public.' He held a tallow-candle to illuminate the copious narrative of his misfortunes; and the one reader he obtained was a fat man, who scratched his head, and remarked to Amelius that he didn't like foreigners. Starving boys and girls lurked among the costermongers' barrows, and begged piteously on pretence of selling cigar-lights and comic songs. Furious women stood at the doors of public-houses, and railed on their drunken husbands for spending the house-money in gin. A thicker crowd, towards the middle of the street, poured in and out at the door of a cookshop. Here the people presented a less terrible spectacle—they were even touching to see. These were the patient poor, who bought hot morsels of sheep's heart and liver at a penny an ounce, with lamentable little mouthsful of peas-pudding, greens, and potatoes at a halfpenny each. Pale children in corners supped on penny basins of soup, and looked with hungry admiration at their enviable neighbours who could afford to buy stewed eels for twopence. Everywhere there was the same noble resignation to their hard fate, in old and young alike. No impatience, no complaints. In this wretched place, the language of true gratitude was still to be heard, thanking the good-natured cook for a little spoonful of gravy thrown in for nothing—and here, humble mercy that had its one superfluous halfpenny to spare gave that halfpenny to utter destitution, and gave it with right good-will. Amelius spent all his shillings and sixpences, in doubling and trebling

the poor little pennyworths of food—and left the place with tears in his eyes.

He was near the end of the street by this time. The sight of the misery about him, and the sense of his own utter inability to remedy it, weighed heavily on his spirits. He thought of the peaceful and prosperous life at Tadmor. Were his happy brethren of the Community and these miserable people about him, creatures of the same all-merciful God? The terrible doubts which come to all thinking men—the doubts which are not to be stifled by crying, 'O fie!' in a pulpit—rose darkly in his mind. He quick-

ened his pace. 'Let me get out of it,' he said to himself; 'let me get out of it!'

It was not easy to pass quickly through the people loitering and gossiping about him. There was greater freedom for a rapid walker in the road. He was on the point of stepping off the pavement, when a voice behind him—a sweet soft voice, though it spoke very faintly—said, 'Are you good-natured, sir?'

He turned and found himself face to face with one of the saddest sisterhood on earth—the sisterhood of the streets.

(To be continued.)

ACROSS THE GULF.

BY FLEURANGE.

WHERE the great cataract, Niagara, falls,
 And all the air is whitened with the spray
 That like a crown of pearls around it lies,
 A winding path leads to the utmost crag,
 And down the steep a fairy stair is flung
 Confronting in its fragile nothingness
 The world of hurling waters. There, alone,
 A blind girl stands. As on the dizzy verge
 Of Alpine heights, a snow-drop half afraid
 Hangs trembling petals o'er the dim abyss—
 White-robed she bends above the roaring gulf
 And clasps with timid hands the slender rail
 That guards the deep descent. A pale, sweet face
 Turned towards the wonders that she cannot see

And tremulous with passionate despair—
 Half-parted lips that, in their tender curves,
 Droop mournfully, and heavy lashes wet
 With unshed tears.—

Before her sweeps

The crystal glory rounding from the rock
 And melting into sunbeams as it falls.
 A thousand changing tints of flashing dew,
 Strewn like a garland at Niagara's feet,
 Weave ever higher their mystic blossomings,
 And higher still in showers of starry bloom,
 Till one wild leap flings to the top-most crag
 Its vivid splendour, and across the foam
 There glows a rainbow wreath of victory.
 But not for her the beauty or the power ;
 She hears the grand, deep music in her soul,
 And vainly pictures the Unseen. Oh ! Fate,
 Too cruel in thy gifts—the self-same world
 Holds blindness and Niagara !

And yet

We all are standing helpless on the brink
 Where Science totters and where Reason falls—
 We feel the solid earth beneath our feet
 And know that we are masters of its lore.
 From darkest caves of thought we pluck the pearl
 Of knowledge, and the magic of its gleam
 Guides us through æons of uncounted years
 Back to the great First Cause,—a step—and then
 We falter on the verge of the Unknown :
 The deep gulf yawns before us—we are blind.
 But ever and anon across the gloom
 We hear the waters of Eternity
 Sounding mysterious music through the night,
 And though we cannot see their endless sweep
 We know a rainbow rests upon their foam—
 The wondrous radiance of the smile of God.

ANOTHER WORD OR TWO.

BY A WOMAN OF NEWFANGLE.

I HAVE called you together again, my dears, to make a few remarks upon what has been said by 'Non-Resident.' I shall be as brief as I can. It is satisfactory to find that 'Non-Resident' is conscious of the 'odium attaching to the foolish and extreme opinions of some of its (The Woman Question's) most indiscreet supporters,' and of the 'indiscretion' of some 'female speaker who had the misfortune to say, possibly under a momentary excitement, that men were "the lower and coarser half of humanity."' An article of some ten or twelve pages can hardly be imagined to have been composed under 'momentary excitement.' However, all this is very well indeed, but would have been much better if a similar apology had been made for the 'foolish and extreme opinion,' the 'indiscretion' and 'misfortune' of saying that 'the moment that the principle of self-interest' (the basis of all commercial transactions) 'comes into play, the average man' (that is, almost every man) 'is more ready to grind down, to overwork, to underpay, to cheat outright a woman than a man, just because he thinks he can do it with more impunity.' But we have no such apology. So, far from it, 'Non-Resident' comes up again to the charge and pours in another volley of the same accusation. To be sure, the tone is very much lowered. All we are told now is that 'where men will cheat men, they will be more ready to cheat women, as more helpless,' and that this is 'simply human nature.' This is a very different matter. Still it is prefaced with an

array of dishonesties, which is evidently meant to convey the impression that such men are very numerous. A 'statement of simple facts' is made in supposed proof of it. It is quoted that 'during the last year the Working Women's Protection Union of New York, one of whose objects it is to provide gratuitous legal services for women defrauded' (*sic*) 'by their employers, has recovered no less an amount than \$21,000 for 6,500 women, and that without any expense to the claimants, who range from the servant to the teacher. How much suffering the lack of this \$21,000 might have caused we may best realize by remembering that few, indeed, of the women who work have not helpless relatives depending upon them.' Now, my dears, \$21,000 is a large sum here, but in a city like New York it is a mere drop of water in the sea. Then 6,500 women is a large number, but it represents only one in about sixty of what I understand to be the adult female population of New York and its suburbs or outlying cities; \$21,000 yields an average of \$3.26 in each case. These women, we are told, 'range from the servant to the teacher; their average earnings, as wages and payments go there (servant girls get twelve dollars a month), cannot certainly be set down at less than \$200 a year. That, I believe, is a low estimate. Of that sum \$3.26 amounts to about one dollar in sixty-one, or one cent in sixty-one, and 'the lack of this' very small proportion could hardly be supposed to cause much suffering to helpless relatives. No doubt some of the claims would be larger, but then

others would become insignificant, so that one balances the other. Looked at in this way, the statement is found to be sensational, got up for a purpose, as all such statements always are. But, that you may understand it better, let us reduce it to our Newfangle standard, and then we can bring our own experience to bear upon it. Following a precise proportion between the two populations, as nearly as I can come to it at the moment, we shall have six and a half women suing for twenty-one dollars. But, as we cannot divide a woman by two—though there are some of whom half would be a sufficient allowance—let us throw in the fraction and say seven, with an average claim for three dollars. Now, in the whole township and spread over twelve months, that does not strike one as a very heinous amount of iniquity. But yet from that large deductions must be made. 'Non-Resident' tells us that 'this sum is not to be wholly set down to masculine injustice, for women are too often shamefully thoughtless and unjust in their dealings with their own sex.' We may safely accept this upon so good an authority, and may, therefore, fairly suppose that in at least two of the seven cases the defendant men would be acting, or rather suffering, on behalf of their wives. Then, as in Newfangle, we by no means take it for granted that a suit for money necessarily implies an attempt to defraud, and as we should, indeed, set it down as a gross calumny to say so, we may strike off two more on that ground.

There is yet another point to consider, as to which I will follow 'Non-Resident's' frequent example and quote from other authorities. I will read the following to you from a late London paper:—

'If there is one member of the judicial bench from whose lips it might be confidently asserted that nothing derogatory to the dignity of womanhood would fall, that member is cer-

tainly Mr. Baron Huddleston (a Baron of the High Court of Exchequer, my dears). Some surprise and disconcertment have, therefore, naturally been caused at a few observations which this most knightly-hearted and accomplished judge recently made at the Exeter Assizes. While a certain case in court was proceeding, one of the counsel committed himself to the rash statement that "a woman would swear anything," an abominable heresy which his lordship might have been expected sternly and promptly to condemn. As a matter of fact, Mr. Baron Huddleston did rebuke the assertion, but only in the mildest manner, and, indeed, his qualification of the charge seems something very like a confirmation of it. While protesting that "his experience of women was not sufficient to enable him to go quite so far as this," he declared as an undoubted fact that a woman told a lie with very much better effect than did a man; and he proceeded to place on record his testimony to the circumstance that "women lie more logically" (score a point here for "Non-Resident") "than men," as well as his own incapacity to "gauge the veracity of a female witness"—an intellectual compliment to the sex involving a grave ethical opprobrium.'

I will leave it to yourselves, my dears, to determine whether we should be in excess by striking off one more case from the list on this ground. You hesitate? The question before you is this: If you are asked to believe that men will cheat women out of some vast sum, of which we are told, as you will hear presently, \$21,000 represents but a very small fraction, do you find it hard to believe that women might cheat men out of a seventh part of \$21,000? If you cannot bring yourselves to believe the latter, with what sort of conscience can you credit the former? It is much to be lamented that such a question should have been brought before the public in this way, and more still before you,

but we have it and we must deal with it. Men who owe money say that they do not; women to whom money is not due say that it is. As the case is put by 'Non-Resident,' and on the testimony—and stronger could not be—before you, shall we or shall we not strike off one case on this ground? You assent now? All of you? Very well. Speaking generally, whatever may be the fact in New York, here such a Protective Union would undoubtedly have the effect of bringing every trumpery and slippery case into court, and of making the most of it when there. There would be no direct cost to the claimant, at the worst she could lose nothing, and there would be a pleasurable excitement and notoriety about it. These various considerations would all be unquestionably in full force in Newfangle (and, if human nature be the same in both places, in New York also), and would reduce our seven cases to two. It may be very sad that we should have even two rogues capable of cheating poor women of three dollars apiece, but, as it seems that there must be some roguery everywhere, and there are some two thousand of us here to share it, we need not break our hearts about it, nor get up sensational statements of the amount of cruel cheating inflicted by men upon women, 'helpless' women. Nay, it is not impossible that we may have two or three women able and willing to impose upon our men to that extent, if they have a whole year given them to do it in.

Now, my dears, you have only to judge of the \$21,000 and the 6,500 cases of imputed fraud at New York by the same tests that we have applied here—tests derived partly from 'Non-Resident's' own admission, partly from the commonest charity towards our fellow-creatures, and partly from the testimony of the judgment seat—and the delinquency of those dreadful men dwindles down to very small proportions; indeed, I must say to little better, after such strenuous denunciations, than a ridiculous anti-climax.

The 6,500 cheating men become 1,856, which gives us one in about 215 of the adult male population of New York.

And surely so much the better from every possible point of view. Human nature is faulty enough without being blackened beyond its deserts. When an apparent, it cannot surely be a real, attempt is made to establish an antagonism between men and women, and to make young creatures like yourselves, my dears, believe that you are going out into a world where you will be the victims and prey, if not of your own fathers and brothers, husbands and sons, of the fathers and brothers, and husbands and sons of other women, of men who will cheat you out of your honest earnings, the sooner you are disabused of any such idea the better.

It is almost a waste of time to notice the stories that we are told, in order to prove a 'preposterous system of sex-protection—the protection of the stronger against the weaker' (!). A 'lady' is paid \$900 a year for certain services. That is about their marketable value, about what a corresponding clerk, with similar qualifications, is paid in a mercantile house in London or Liverpool, and I should suppose, therefore, in New York. As for the 'man' who gets \$1,800 for what are said to be inferior services, no decision could be come to without knowing more about the case. Again, publishers, as a rule, very justifiably trade upon established reputations and would decline any 'illustrations' by an unknown artist, be it man or woman, unless accompanied by special testimonials, and most likely even then. The 'gentleman friend' performed a miracle, unless he came with such adequate testimonials in his hand. Such want of appreciation as that shown in the instance of the cabinet has happened in hundreds of cases to men. As a rule, the greater the excellence of the work, the more it is over the heads of ordinary people, and the less understood. At a famous picture-sale two works were bought, the one for

twenty-one times the price paid to the artist, the other for thirty-two times. The painters were both still living, both were, and had been, in affluent circumstances, and had been under no necessity to dispose of their productions beneath their value. So much had even themselves been mistaken in their judgment of their own performances! One of them was Copley Fielding, President of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, the other was David Roberts, R.A. It need not be said that neither of them was a woman. If he had been, or both, say, what a capital sensational story! In short, to tell such tales with the expectation that they will not be seen through and through by everybody of any discernment, is mere child's play.

Well, my dears, you have now seen how, by bringing to bear upon any subject some of that fierce light which is said to beat upon a throne, it will come out in its real form and colour, and will out-blazen all prejudice and misrepresentation—far be it from me, in this case, to say wilful misrepresentation.

'Non-Resident' says that 'the said \$21,000 in New York alone must represent a very small fraction of such uncollected debts,' that is, debts for the recovery of which 'the weak are obliged to band themselves together to resist the oppression of the strong.' We hear nothing about the suits instituted for the recovery of money by men, possibly from women, or by women from women, in the course of a year, in New York; if we did, it would doubtless give a very different complexion to the case. But not to dwell upon that, of what sum may \$21,000 be properly said to constitute a *very small fraction*? Of \$100,000, \$200,000, \$500,000? It is hard to assign a limit. Where is the proof? 'Non-Resident' does not seem quite clearly to understand that when any person undertakes to prove a case by '*facts*,' as 'Non-Resident' has done, all mere assertion outside of those facts

falls to the ground. We are compelled to say the same of the 'number of flagrant instances of this kind from my own personal knowledge.' In a case of such grave importance as that now under consideration, no vague charges like this can be admitted. The 'instances' might be looked at through the wrong end of the glass. There might be great difference of opinion as to what constitutes 'flagrant instances.'

Then, my dears, I do not see very well why these women are called 'weak' and 'helpless' in this matter. They have power to combine against their employers, they can put the engine of the law in force, the Courts are open to them, they can recover \$21,000. Why not all the vast sum of which this is said to be 'a very small fraction?' And, mind you, the judge is a man, the counsel are men, the statutes have been enacted by men; yet, strange to say, women recover \$21,000—a queer commentary on 'the oppression of the weak by the strong.' I should add, the jury are men, too. Stay though, can we make quite sure that they are not women personating their husbands, with the marital trousers on? It could be done. In the name of the majesty of the law, this should be looked to.

I will now, my dears, if it shall not tire you, notice, as shortly as I can, such farther points in 'Non-Resident's' article as seem to require it. The 'Movement for the Higher Education of Women' was not 'stigmatised' by me, nor anything of the kind. It is an excellent thing as far as it goes, but I pointed out what it may reasonably be hoped to do, and what it never can do.

When you have done laughing at a woman's doing 'a good day's ploughing,' and at a man's not being able to make as much fire as will boil a little water in a kettle—how about camping out?—I will proceed. You Newfangle girls know better than that, at any rate. If you could take in such stuff as that, you would have to give up all claim to the 'quick wits,' which 'Non-

Resident' does you the honour to attribute to you. But perhaps it was merely 'poking fun' to try our mettle. A 'squalling baby' may be out of a man's line, yet I have known men wonderfully tender and handy with young children, even infants.

Thanks for the compliment, but we women of Newfangle make no pretension to any greater 'intellectual or moral influence' than that of our husbands, nor to any quicker wits. Some of us are smart enough, and some very stupid. In any case, we have quite enough to do in our own department for all the wits we can muster. We do not interfere with our husbands' business any more than we expect them to make the puddings or hush a 'squalling baby.' We know very well that not to us is 'the prosperity and beauty of Newfangle due.' And as for 'finer tastes,' I am afraid the less said about them the better, so long as we continue slaves to the hideous monstrosities of fashion, not to speak of its indecencies. You smile, my dears, and, at your age, the supremacy of fashion—do you not remember Molly's saying that she 'might as soon be dead as out of the fashion'—swallows up all other considerations, even that of feminine modesty; but I, who have outlived it all, and can overlook, as it were from a height, generation after generation of fashion's vagaries, know that modesty and immodesty are but names when fashion is in question. When I was a girl, short petticoats were in fashion, and, of course, the briefer the skirts the higher the fashion, and, whether or not I may ever have made a display of my knees in waltzing, there were plenty of other girls who did. You laugh, my dears, laugh away, you will never laugh younger. The thing, after all, is only in name and in idea; I know that well enough, only, as I say, the less we pretend to 'finer tastes' the better.

I did not say that comparatively the movement for female education had come to nothing, but for *female prac-*

tice of physic. My meaning must have been clear from what I was then speaking of. From a limited point of view it might be extremely desirable that there should be female physicians, but the trial seems to have shown that it is too limited. Time was that medical practice, such as it was then, was, in great degree, in the hands of women, a particular branch of practice wholly so. That it should have passed, by women's own choice, of course, into the hands of men, is a pretty sure indication of the amount of success which female physicians are likely to achieve. A limited success they ought to have, and will have, but it has been, and will be, no more than that. All honour, as 'Non-Resident' says, to female medical missionaries! But it would be more to the purpose to point to ladies in full practice at home in every house one enters. 'Non-Resident' is a little excited about the great progress made by women in the last fifty years. There has been within that period an amazing 'march of intellect.' Women have kept pace with the times, that is all, and all that was needed. Go back a little more than fifty years, and but little, and where then were all the wonderful inventions and discoveries that have completely revolutionized and regenerated society? I can well remember, when a child, passing, all at once, out of a suburban road, struggling with the gloom of oil lamps, into the full blaze of a street lighted by gas. That, my dears, was an apt emblem of the prodigious progress then making and working. 'To-day,' triumphantly cries 'Non-Resident,' 'the first magazine we take up has probably feminine names appended to about half of its articles, poems, and stories—and not the worse half either.' It is easy to try that, as matter of fact. Magazines are sown broadcast over the land. Try it. Fifty years ago there were no magazines to speak of, but there were annuals, with a host of male and female writers. We had Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Opie, Mrs.

Hemans, Miss Landon, Joanna Baillie, Mary Howitt, Miss Barrett, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Inchbald, Miss Burney, Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Porter, Hannah More, Lady Morgan, Lady Blessington, Miss Ferrier, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Crowe—how many more that escape one, but that is enough. Not so bad for the dark ages before 'higher education.' Can we match them with it? Stay, Mrs. Somerville, a full match, at least, for any lady professor of to-day; I cannot call them all to mind. The great advance in wealth, luxury, and refinement has created immensely increased opportunities, and of these female artists, with others, have taken advantage. Some few of them, say half a dozen, perhaps more, are now assuming prominent places. Women though they be, they are warmly welcomed into them. No sooner did the Misses Mutrie display their charming talent, though it was only in flower painting, than their pictures were hung, year after year, on the line at the Royal Academy; flower pictures, be it observed, being somewhat hurtful to the colour of adjoining pictures. Then a capital picture by Miss Thompson was hung also on the line, was spoken of by the Prince of Wales at the Academy dinner, and the lady woke the next morning to find herself famous, and she has been fortunate enough to remain so. It were well if male genuine claims were not so rare. But 'Non-Resident' will please 'make a note' of these instances. They put to flight the 'oppression' theory.

I fear that 'Non-Resident' is a little nettled at my speaking of logic. I am surprised to find the quotation, with pride, of 'the logic of the heart and reason of unreason.' What sort of climate 'Non-Resident' inhabits I cannot say, but it must be one where they learn to blow hot and cold. It shall be whichever 'Non-Resident' likes. I am afraid that it might not be easier to reconcile the spirit which

is exhibited against men with the logic of the heart than with the logic of the head, or what is said about a certain unfortunate lieutenant. He had a noble record before, and that, with the uncertainty and difference of opinion which hangs over the lamentable and shocking event, might have saved him. But it is sought to trip me up, in return, in my 'logical conclusions.' Quite right. If there be a blot, hit it. But I will be judged by all who know the real force and meaning of words whether the phrase, 'it is not by any means sought to deny or underrate the mental difference,' does not distinctly imply not only mere difference but inferiority also, and candour in acknowledging it. I understood it so. I understand it so still.

I should be extremely curious to learn whether the female telegraph operators, who are said to have done the 'same work at about a third of the price,' are doing it now, or doing it at all. It would not consist with my own experience and observation, but then that, to be sure, is of very narrow range.

To sum up, there can be no reason why women should not, indeed there is every possible reason why they should, be afforded all facility for making the most of their lives and of any talents with which they may be gifted. What ordinary school and college education can do for them let them have by all means. As I have said before, it would be better for men that women should rise in the scale of intelligence. But ordinary education, lower or 'higher,' will not make them a career in the world. It does not make a career for men. It *may* facilitate it a little. But neither of women nor of men will it make divines, lawyers, doctors, poets, musicians, painters, sculptors, actors, authors, what not. For all these there must be special studies and special aptitudes, more or less, for some of them wholly. There must be energy, industry, persever-

ance, there must be entire devotion. They will not brook a 'divided duty.' Can or will women give them all these, except here and there one? Will they do it before they are married? Can they do it afterward? Therefore, as I said before, great disappointment awaits those who expect much from the 'higher education' of women, so far as success and prosperity in the world go. On the other hand, instances without end may be cited of genius which has surmounted every difficulty and deficiency and has laughed at the lack of opportunities. Look for a moment at the career of Lord Beaconsfield. Politicians, and statesmen, and critics will differ about him, but there is his career, and a wonderful one nevertheless. How much of it was shadowed forth when he left a private school, a stripling of seventeen, at the close of all the edu-

cation that anybody but himself ever gave him? That school was kept for forty years or more, with an average of sixty boys. You may calculate what number would probably pass through it in that period. How many of those boys, when they made a 'cock-shy,' as they called it, I know the young dogs, of the jugs and basins, etc., on the last evening of their last 'half,' found their education opening up a career before them?

You may go, my dears. How many of you—and you have not done amiss at school either—will ever distinguish yourselves, or even get your own living, is more than I can tell. I cannot say that I see any great promise of it at present. You laugh—do you?—at your grandmother before her face, and you will laugh at her behind her back, I should not wonder. There, go along with you!

SERVANTS AND EMPLOYERS.

BY MRS. FRANCIS J. MOORE, LONDON.

IN dealing with the subject of Servants and Employers, I must, of necessity, repeat a great deal that has already been written by far abler writers than myself. It is a matter upon which so much thought has, of late years, been expended, that I can scarcely hope to bring forward many new ideas to bear upon it; and perhaps those very points, which, I believe, to lay claim to some novelty, may be novel to me only, have been previously commented on by various writers. However, I must take my chance of having been preceded, and can but crave the indulgence of my readers, if they happen to know before hand all I have to say.

The Servant and Employer question is one of the utmost importance, both in its present and future aspect. The *causes* of the decline of good old-fashioned serving seem to me not difficult to find: the *remedy* for such decline, by no means so easy.

I think that one great cause, if not the greatest, lies in the fact that the present age is essentially an age of progression—progression too, especially amongst the lower orders. Each year adds further facilities for acquiring knowledge of every sort. I do not say but that all classes have the same opportunities for improvement; but we must take into consideration that the ignorant, uncultivated mind is far

more prone to become upset (if I may so term it) by any sudden advance in education, any sudden rise in life, in short, by anything totally unexpected and unprepared for, than is the mind which is, in a measure, prepared for such advancement by previous bringing-up, by education, and, in many instances, by anticipation also. Remember that I speak of classes,—of generalities; were I to quote exceptions, this article would be endless, inasmuch as there are, and ever will be, exceptions by thousands to this general rule, amongst both the former and the latter class of people.

I would not say, however, that, for the reasons I have mentioned, the education of the lower orders is unwise and futile; on the contrary, I look upon it as one of the most important steps in civilization, and one which must, eventually, be of immense benefit to mankind; but I do believe that it has most certainly been the fundamental cause of the almost total cessation of good servants; servants, content to receive moderate wages, to serve respectfully and faithfully; servants, in short, who did not think 'Jack was as good as his master' (meaning, of course, as high in status); but who, nevertheless, have been loved and respected by their employers, and looked upon, in many instances, more like old and dear friends than anything else.

Some people will say: 'But our servants are as ignorant as were any in the very oldest time; what then has education done for them?' Quite true, my friends; but although *they* may be ignorant enough, it does not alter the *raison d'être*, viz.: That the serving class, generally, has been of late years raised, and that, notwithstanding gross uncultivation in many individual cases, still, as a class, they hold themselves higher—the natural consequence of living in an age, when, as I said, progression is undoubtedly the leading element.

Another cause, I hold as most im-

portant, is that travel has been for many years so easy of accomplishment to what it was formerly, thus bringing into contact so many different nations, and opening so many new fields of labour to both sexes. When we think of emigration—for which such enormous facilities now exist—we can scarcely fail to trace another sufficient reason for the servant decline.

For example, a man emigrates, and for a few years works very hard—for he soon finds out that *all pay and no work* is by no means the rule in any colony—but this man becomes, at last, owner of a good lot of land (which he can seldom hope to own in England, under her existing law of entail); his daughters usually marry early and well; his sons commence life with a small capital, perhaps even a farm, and so they go on from father to son. The whole family is raised, and thus others, of a like class, are raised although it may be vicariously.

Emigration not only affects the colonies but Europe also, for the facts I have related are well known there, and even exaggerated. It is a very general belief amongst servants in England that they have but to cross the 'Big Pond' in order to command enormous wages and do next to nothing! In this they are greatly mistaken, for servants must work in the new countries as in the old. They obtain, however, greater privileges, especially in the United States, where they also get very high wages. The result is that the wages in England are increasing daily, and there are fewer real servants left to choose from. These few know their power, ask preposterous wages (and in most cases get them), give very little work in return, and often plenty of impudence!

There is yet another cause, existing principally in England, for the 'servant decline'—the extreme cheapness of dress, whereby a maid-servant can, at the cost of a few shillings,

make herself as fine as her mistress, and the stable-boy or footman sees no earthly reason why he should not, when off duty, don a suit of cheap 'ready-mades' and look as much like 'master' as he can. Formerly this was impossible; servants' dress was a sort of uniform; all materials in price higher; all wages lower; servants' respect for their employers higher; their status lower. The course of years has changed this most enviable state of affairs. We cannot hope for a return of the 'good old times' (so far as servants were concerned). We should, therefore, continue, in some measure, to ameliorate the evils of which we all complain by adapting ourselves to circumstances over which, to use a well-worn expression, we have no control, and most assuredly we have none, for the age *will* progress, the lower classes *will* get educated, *will* dress, *will* emigrate in spite of us. We must make the best of what we have, and not help to make the *worst*, as some people undoubtedly do—treason though it may be to say so. I do believe that if employers were to think more about acting as an example to their servants there would be fewer complaints to make. Let no one take offence at my words. No wise master or mistress will cavil at them, and should an unwise one find the cap fit a little too closely who shall say that harm is done?

I think—in common with many—that there are grave faults on both sides. We must look at the subject fairly, making full allowance for the progression of the class to which I have alluded; then, by diligent self-searching, find out whether we are entirely blameless; whether our ancestors, too, were blameless.

In remote ages, people had but small need to study the wishes or dispositions of their servants, or rather slaves—for they were little better. These poor wretches had scarcely a desire beyond obediently performing their employers' commands, and receiving

more kicks and cuffs than wages. Later on, we find gentlemen and ladies with confidential maids and valets; servants who had a complete hold over them, who knew their private affairs as well as they themselves, often better, and who generally took full advantage of such an unnatural state of things, by causing, in many instances, dire mischief. Fortunately this species is pretty well extinct, and there are but few masters and mistresses now, I think, who would care to confide their hopes and fears, their loves and griefs, to the maid and valet of modern times.

Let us contemplate, for a moment, the modern lady's maid. Are not her airs something appalling?—her independence and self-esteem supreme? What a favour conferred, should she perform some little office she did not absolutely engage to perform! I know of some young ladies in England who were in despair at the absence of their own maid, because their mamma's maid would not think of dressing their hair; and alas, for the bringing up of some girls, they could not possibly dress their own! What a wide field for reflection does this one sentence call forth, *Could not dress their own hair*. Think of it! and yet there are thousands of daughters whose mothers have never taught them differently—whose grandmothers and their great-grandmothers have been just as helpless as they are themselves! If mistresses ever hope to be properly served and helped, they must learn also to help themselves. Let your servants see that, although you may not be capable physically of doing hard, servant's work, you at least thoroughly understand their duties. Never, never let your servants think that you cannot, if necessary, perform all those little personal offices which should surely be part of every lady's education. There are but few servants, now-a-days, who can be trusted with the knowledge that you are utterly dependent upon them—without their

presuming on such a humiliating fact—for it *is* humiliating. Let ladies have their maids, by all means, if they can afford it—with some ladies they are an absolute necessity, for many people are so placed by position and means, that they are almost constantly engaged by the calls which society has upon them, and, who, consequently, have really not time to see after various little personal and domestic matters. This is no reason, though, why they should not understand them. Mothers, train your daughters to help themselves, so that thus they can train others. Daughters, listen to the mothers who would so train you. Does any woman ever regret the fact that she can help herself? No. But how many and futile are the regrets of the helpless. I would say, therefore, that one of the first principles which every lady should lay down for herself, if she wishes to become a good mistress, is—self-help. Our beloved Queen and her royal children are examples in this respect to every lady and gentleman, in whatever sphere they may be; no fine ladyism or dandyism about *them*. How horrified would some of our ancestors be to see the precious *châtelaine*—the badge of good mothership—now converted into a mere pretty ornament! How many a faithful Dorcas would quake to behold her ample and modest muslin cap turned into the cheap lace *d'oyley*, which adorns the head of the modern English Abigail, or the no-cap-at-all of America and other countries!

How few people seem to think they have any *duties* towards their servants! Yet most assuredly they have. Servants are our equals as human beings. Let us use the slight control we have over them wisely. Let them feel that they have not merely an employer to give orders, but a kind and judicious guardian, ready to lend an ear to their troubles or joys, and to give advice and assistance if necessary. I do thoroughly believe that the influence of a really wise

master or mistress is never utterly thrown away. Servants may discard good counsel; but in their hearts they must respect the employer who gives it, and, sooner or later, the good influence will work in them, unless they be of a naturally bad disposition.

I believe that a good, conscientious mistress seldom fails in obtaining and retaining capable and trustworthy servants, who will love and respect her. I have rarely met with servants who respected employers unworthy of respect. If we do find such; it is generally some old family nurse who can see no fault in the child she has brought up—her 'young lady' is her divinity always; also, many a 'young master' can do no wrong in the eyes of old butler Greyhead, who carried him pick-a-back, and helped him to knead mud pies!

What respect can a servant have for those people whose lives are spent in frivolity? What love for the family which is for ever at logger heads—for ever indulging in the renowned 'family jars'? What reverence for those who live, perhaps quietly enough, but without any sort of real religion amongst them?

People should not hold themselves too much aloof from their servants, but should sometimes talk to them upon various matters unconnected with their daily routine of work. Few servants will take interest in an employer who takes none in them. To show an utter lack of sympathy with one's servants is quite as bad as the undue familiarity with old time 'confidential' valets and ladies' maids, of which I have spoken in an earlier portion of this article.

As I have already suggested, I do not expect to shed any startling lustre of information upon this well-worn subject, I merely hope that my remarks may possibly give rise to earnest thought upon it in the minds of those whose opportunities are greater than mine for sifting the very important question of 'Servants and Employers.'

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—*Continued.*

THE gardener's well-tanned cheek turned to a deeper shade. 'You had better ask the Minister,' answered he contemptuously, and moved towards the door.

'I *have* asked the Minister, and I have come from him to you,' replied the other, regarding him attentively; 'he is a kind man, and pities you from the bottom of his heart.'

'It's my belief you take your whusky before breakfast,' growled Mr. Groad; but although his voice was gruff, the other noticed that his eyes showed much disquiet.

'Well, if I do, it's only what *you* do, my good fellow.'

'Not a drop has passed my lips this blessed morn', ejaculated the gardener solemnly.

'Then you keep it in your mouth all night, and that's what makes you smell of it so confoundedly,' was Mayne's unexpected rejoinder. 'Now, look here, don't put yourself in a passion; a religious man like you should never give way to temper, especially in such a time of affliction. Think of your poor murdered bairn.'

'The man's mad,' muttered the gardener, grasping his shovel.

'But you *have* lost poor Jem, have you not?' pursued the other, earnestly. 'Not as I knows on.'

'Well anyhow you very nearly lost him; he was half-drowned in the mill-stream, was he not?'

I'm off to the green-'us,' said Mr.

Groad, evasively. The subject that had been so unexpectedly broached had been strictly tabooed to him, by Mr. Walcot's orders, so he took refuge in his physical infirmity.

Mayne quietly placed himself between his companion and the door.

'Then your Jem lied, did he, when he said that Master Frank had pushed him in?'

'We are all for ourselves here,' said the Parrot.

'Quite right, Poll. A lie is nothing,' continued Mayne, airily, 'but a lie that is made up between two persons—such as a father and his son—to accuse another wrongfully, is in the eye of the law a conspiracy. The punishment for that is Penal Servitude. Look here, John Groad, you be careful; don't you say anything that may get you into trouble.'

The speaker had exactly hit the difficulty that was agitating Mr. Groad's brain, and this expression of solicitude for his welfare shot to the very core of it. He knew that some such phrase was used to prisoners when they were taken into custody, and in his guilty mind he already felt the handcuffs about his wrists. The charge he had made against poor Frankie he had committed to writing under Mr. Walcot's orders, and now, as it seemed to him, that gentlemen had turned round upon him, and was about to sacrifice him to justice.

'I can't hear a word you say,' murmured Mr. Groad, with a face, however, that much belied his word.

'That's a pity,' observed his companion, drily. 'It is not necessary, however, to *hear* the judge—when he gives you 'seven years.' The sentence has just the same effect in writing.

At this moment the door opened and in came Jem Groad, with an armful of potatoes. His cunning eyes roved from his father to his visitor, with an air of much suspicion and alarm.

'Go to your bedroom, lad, till I call you,' growled the gardener, angrily.

'Not so fast,' cried Mayne, seizing the boy by the arm; 'it is only fair that Jem should have his chance of escaping prison walls, and dry bread, and whipping. If he still sticks to it that Master Frank pushed him in, well and good; the judge will decide it; but if he makes a clean breast of it there will be no disposition on the part of the prosecution to press hard upon him.'

'He didn't do it,' cried Jem, suddenly dropping the potatoes and falling on his knees; 'I slipped off the bridge of myself, and nobody didn't push me. Only father and Mr. Walcot—they made me say as 'twas Master Frank.'

There was a long silence, which the parrot was first to break with his monotonous cry, 'We are all for ourselves here.'

At this repetition of what it was now but too evident was the family motto, the old gentleman uttered a sullen imprecation. 'The boy's a liar when he says that I had anything to do with it. It was Muster Walcot's business—not mine, nor Jem's—from first to last. Of course if he now thinks different, well and good, so far as I'm concerned; but I am not a-going to be made a scapegoat of.'

There was a certain smothered indignation about the old man's tones which did not escape his visitor's keen ear.

'If you rely upon Mr. Walcot to get you out of this,' he said, 'you are trusting to a reed, and a rotten one,'

'You don't mean to say as he's been and rounded on me?' cried the old man, passionately.

Here was a difficulty, which also involved a nice point in morals. Mayne could hardly say Walcot had betrayed him, and yet if he answered 'No' the man might prefer to stick to his patron and his story. He took a middle course.

'Does Mr. Walcot look to you, Mr. Groad, like one who, being himself in danger, never peaches.'

'Did he tell about *them*?' interrupted the other, with his hand to his ear, and speaking with great vehemence. 'Has he told Sir Robert about the peaches?'

Mr. Mayne, nodded.

'Then I've done with him,' cried the old man, bitterly. 'He took his oath as he'd never tell if I only served him. There was only ten dozen of 'em, as he saw himself, Master Mayne; and they was the first I ever sent to Covent Garden.'

'That is as it may be, Mr. Groad, replied Mayne coldly; 'but I think I may promise that no steps will be taken to your detriment, if only you tell the truth, as Jem has done, about the matter of Master Frank. In the meantime keep a quiet tongue in your head, and if Mr. Walcot comes here, be careful not to let him know I've been before him, or that any one knows, besides you two, of your having taken too much upon yourself in the way of perquisites.'

'Yes, sir, yes, that was it,' cried the gardener, clasping his hands; 'it was just overstepping my rights, though that villain Walcot called it thieving. I'll be thankful, indeed, if you'll say a good word for me. As for him, I will do what you like that may do him an ill turn.'

'And I'll say what I knows,' said Jem, with clumsy fervour, 'and more, too, sooner than go to prison.'

'Quite right,' said Mr. Mayne approvingly. 'You are a chip of the old block, you are, Jem. Good morning.'

'Good morning, sir,' echoed father and son in servile key.

'We are all for ourselves here,' chimed in the parrot.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHECK AND COUNTERCHECK.

BY noon that day with such good will did Mr. Frederic Mayne pursue his part in what he subsequently spoke of as the Great Rebellion, that he had obtained Mr. Groad's signature to a brief narrative describing the plot he had entered into against Master Frank Nicoll's peace of mind, at Mr. Walcot's suggestion, and, acknowledging its falsehood. To this Gilbert Holm had also added in writing his corroborative evidence, in stating which his remarks upon the arch-conspirator did not certainly err upon the side of leniency. The document, on the whole, as it seemed both to Mayne and Dyneley, was proof sufficient to carry conviction to any mind—however warped and prejudiced—and with it the strongest loathing and disgust for the offender. It was, in short, a bill of indictment against one Ferdinand Walcot, setting forth his gross abuse of the powers entrusted to him, as the administrator of Sir Robert's affairs, in the suborning of witnesses, whose own misdeeds against his employer he had condoned on condition of their becoming his instruments. The object, too, of this base conspiracy being an innocent child, left nothing to be desired for raising the flame of honest indignation in any breast—far less in that of one so kind and just as the judge to whom they were about to make appeal. Had the two young men entertained the least doubt of the result, they would, having thus got up the case, like a firm of attorneys (except that they worked for nothing), have placed it in the hands of Lady Arden herself as their counsel and advocate.

But it was their object to spare her all the pain and distress of mind they could, and it was their hope and natural expectation that by the time she came to know of the cruelty and wrong practice on her little son, the chief delinquent would have been dismissed her roof with ignominy. So it was arranged that one or both of them should seek an interview with Sir Robert without informing any one else—not excepting even George Gresham—of their intentions. They judged that the less the members of the family at the Hall were mixed up with so grave an accusation, the less poignantly Sir Robert would feel the exposure of his brother-in-law, and they especially wished that he should not associate them in his mind in days to come with a proceeding, which, however necessary, must needs be most unwelcome to him. In the end, and for this same reason, as regarded the Curate, Mayne persuaded the former to place the whole affair in his own hands, which, being thus brought under Sir Robert's notice by a comparative stranger, should be rendered as little unpalatable to him as was possible.

It had become not unusual of late for the Master of the Hall to absent himself from the rest of the family till late in the day; he took his morning meal in his study, to which, as we have said, there was an access from his dressing-room, and left his *alter ego*, Mr. Walcot, to represent him in matters not only temporal but spiritual—that is to say, at family prayers. It had happened so upon the day after the little dinner party, nor did he put in an appearance, as was his wont, even at luncheon. Lady Arden had explained that her husband was indisposed, but seemed disinclined to enter into further particulars. His manner, though still kind, had indeed been more *distract* to her than ever that morning, while his wan and haggard air had for the first time given her real cause for anxiety. He had drop-

ped a hint, too, of the probability of his going abroad for a few months for the benefit of his health, and when she had offered to accompany him he declined, though with an ample acknowledgement of the self-sacrifice on her part which such a proposal had involved. What annoyed her was that, by way of allaying her anxiety, he had said something of the safe hands in which he would find himself, as though his intended companion, Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, had been little short of all in all to him.

'Is Sir Robert well enough this afternoon, Lady Arden, to admit of my having a few words with him,' Mayne had asked, unconscious of this rift in the domestic lute. And her ladyship had replied, with a touch of tartness, 'I really can't say Mr. Mayne; you had better apply to Mr. Walcot, who has been closeted with him all the morning.'

Here was tinder, Mayne saw at once, if he only chose to apply a spark—one hint of what he had got written down on the paper in his breast-pocket—but mindful of the Curate's warning, he took no advantage of the opportunity. To ask for Mr. Walcot's good offices in the matter was under the circumstances out of the question, so he wrote a few lines to Sir Robert, asking permission to speak with him in private upon an important matter, and gave them to Parker the butler.

That dignitary returned in a few minutes with word that his master would see Mr. Mayne, and at once ushered him into the study, where Sir Robert sat at his desk, with Walcot standing by his side.

It was not a pleasant errand for Mr. Mayne under any circumstances, to beard, as it were, the lion in his den, but it was ten times more embarrassing thus to find his jackal in immediate attendance on him.

Sir Robert rose, and bowed with a cold smile, but without taking the hand that his visitor stretched out to him.

'I regret to hear that you are unwell, sir,' said the latter, firmly: 'I should not have intruded on you at such a time, if what I wished to say to you was not of great importance.'

'I am quite well enough, Mr. Mayne, to hear anything you may have to say to me,' was the frigid response.

'My communication, however, is of a strictly private nature,' returned Mayne, with a significant glance at Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, who returned it with a half-indifferent, half-amused air, which incensed the other exceedingly. It seemed to say, 'I don't know what you are come about, my young friend, but you had much better save your breath to cool your porridge, or for some other purpose of utility. It is no use wasting it against *me*.'

'I have no secrets from Ferdinand Walcot,' observed Sir Robert, laying his hand upon his brother-in-law's wrist affectionately.

'He has, however, some secrets of his own which he takes care to keep from *you*,' replied Mayne, boldly. 'I tell him to his face, and in your presence, that he has deceived and tricked you.'

Sir Robert would have risen from his seat, but for the heavy hand that Walcot placed upon his shoulder, while at the same time he whispered something in his ear. As it was the baronet regarded his guest with looks not of incredulity, for their significance was far beyond that—but of amazement and indignation.

'Here are the proofs of what I say in writing,' continued Mayne, 'signed by the persons used by Mr. Walcot as his tools, namely, John Groad and Gilbert Holm. With their assistance, secured by his knowledge of certain dishonest acts committed against yourself, and dishonestly concealed by him from you—Yes, sir, you may read it with your own eyes'—for Sir Robert held out a trembling hand for the document—'how, while he has used the guilty for his own ends, he has not hesitated to sacrifice youth and innocence.' There was a sharp tearing

sound, and the paper was rent asunder, as he spoke, and cast by Sir Robert contemptuously upon the floor.

'It will take far more, sir, than the testimony of two such men as you have named, with your own to boot,' cried he, indignantly, 'to make me think one thought that has disgrace or deceit in it regarding Ferdinand Walcot. He is above the reach of calumny, nor will I insult him so far as to read what slander may have designed against him.'

'To be thus wilfully deaf and blind, Sir Robert,' urged Mayne, earnestly, but not without a touch of pity as he caught the look of misplaced tenderness and confidence the other had bestowed on his companion, 'is to belie your nature, which is honest and just and kind. Do not let that man there warp it. At least investigate this matter with fairness, as though it concerned another, not yourself.'

'If it concerned another, sir,' answered the Baronet haughtily, 'it is possible, though even then I should not stoop to notice it, that I might bid you take it to some other judge, but since, according to your own showing, it only concerns me and mine, I should scorn myself were I to pay any, the least, regard to it. My only hope, as regards yourself, sir, is that in making so infamous a charge, you have been made the catspaw by some more designing person, whose name, however, I will not ask you to disclose. Tell him only this from me, that in traducing my dear friend and relative, he is doing *him* no disservice in my eyes, but only making himself contemptible and disgraced in them.'

'I do not know to whom you allude, sir,' replied Mayne, gravely. 'I came here of my own free will, and solely out of the love of justice implanted in every honest man. Is it possible that you refuse to listen to me, or to ask a single question which may elicit right from wrong?'

For a moment Sir Robert hesitated; this appeal to his natural sense of jus-

tice was not without its force; as he was about to reply Mr. Walcot whispered a few words into his ear.

'True, true,' he replied. 'Since it seems you are so anxious to be interrogated, Mr. Mayne, may I ask you, leaving this mighty accusation where it lies' (and he pointed contemptuously to the ground), 'whether it is true that you are abetting my friend and nephew, George Gresham, in his courtship of Miss Elise Hurt, being yourself as well aware as I am that his word is pledged to my niece Evelyn.'

'Indeed, sir, I cannot see,' returned Mayne, with a faint smile, for he felt the importance of the admission sought to be extorted from him, 'how it is possible that I can abet my friend in any such enterprise.'

'Ha! then you own, at least, that he meditates it,' put in Sir Robert, quickly. 'Come you are in love with truth and right it seems; answer this question fairly, does George woo this girl, my nieces' governess—or not?'

'I do not think it necessary, Arden, to ask that question,' observed Walcot, speaking aloud for the first time. 'You have only to read the gentleman's face. He cannot, of course, deny the fact of your nephew's disloyalty. His views of wooing, however, may be somewhat different from those entertained by honourable men, to judge by what has come under my notice in his own case. Up to this time I have hesitated to expose him—not, I admit, for his own sake, but because I knew the pain it would cause a man like you to find his nephew's friend and chosen companion abusing the hospitality of your roof. You have an orphan girl beneath it, Arden, the attendant upon your nieces, whose position and office one would have thought would have protected her from the designs of any man, but whom this *gentleman* here has made the object of his attentions.'

'That is surely impossible!' exclaimed Sir Robert. 'To whom do you refer?'

'You may well ask him,' observed

Mayne, contemptuously. 'He has told a falsehood.'

'I have told the truth,' answered Walcot, calmly. 'If Mr. Mayne has really that desire he has just now expressed to elicit right from wrong, let him deny the charge I have made against him in the presence of her, whom it is no fault of his if she may not be termed his victim.'

'This is too much,' cried Mayne, his long-suppressed indignation getting at last the better of him. 'Your impudence passes all bounds, though neither it nor your lies, nor the malice of them astonish me. I should scorn, Sir Robert, to give you ought but my bare word in reply to an accusation so infamous, but for the sake of this young woman herself, and her reputation, which this man has not hesitated to sully, I accept his challenge. Let me meet her, here before you, face to face.'

With that smile of amused assurance still upon his lips, which acted on Frederic Mayne like the dart of the matador upon the bull, Mr. Walcot answered, 'Let it be so,' and touched the bell at his right hand.

'It is unnecessary, Ferdinand—have I not *your* word?' said Sir Robert gently.

'Nay, Arden, since the gentleman talks of proofs, let his desire be gratified. Parker, Sir Robert wishes to see Annabel Spence.'

And the butler left the room with astonishment depicted on his stately features.

'One word, Sir Robert, before this girl appears,' said Mayne earnestly. 'It is probable that this man here—'

'My brother-in-law,' put in the Baronet coldly.

'Unhappily he does stand in that relationship to you; but if he was of your own blood, it would still be necessary to speak the truth of him. I say it is probable that he will seek to twist a certain circumstance to his advantage, by making it appear a premeditated act, instead of what it was,

an unfortunate accident. The other morning when strolling before breakfast in the garden, I happened to step into the summer-house with my cigar, and to my great surprise found that it had a tenant—the young woman in question, of whose very name I was at that time ignorant, and with whom I never before exchanged a syllable in my life; I did speak a few common-place words to her, to which I have no recollection that she answered anything; and on leaving the arbour I met Mr. Walcot, to whom I then explained the matter as I do now.'

Mr. Walcot gave a little laugh, by no means in the way of corroboration; it seemed to say, 'Of all the clumsy scoundrels that I have yet come across, this person is surely the most unfortunate as well as the most depraved.'

As he did so the door opened, and in walked the compromised young lady. What was unlucky for her, in the eyes of the superficial observer, was the vulgar brilliancy of her costume. Her flaunting little cap, set upon a mountain of light brown hair, was adorned with cherry-coloured ribands; her dress was blue, and disclosed a margin of petticoat trimmed with that exquisite lace which is sold for threepence-halfpenny the yard. Her face, however, was without a trace of colour; her usually bright black eyes were softened by the presence of tears, and she trembled in every limb.

'Perhaps you would like to ask this young person a few questions yourself, Sir Robert,' said Mr. Walcot.

The Baronet shook his head; his eyes were fixed on the newcomer with a look of disfavour that almost amounted to loathing. 'How could I ever have thought this girl resembled my sainted Madeline,' was what he was saying to himself. And, indeed, Miss Spence was far from looking her best, whether as respected her attire, or the expression of her face, which was downcast, and even guilty. She had taken up a corner of her apron, and

was applying it to her eyes with persistent vigour.

'Annabel Spence,' said Mr. Walcot, speaking with great distinctness, 'Sir Robert has sent for you not in anger, but in sincere sorrow, for an imprudence into which he has reason to believe you have been led to by another person more to blame than yourself. No harm is intended to you, if only you will speak the truth; the questions which I shall put to you are few and simple. You will be caused no unnecessary pain; but they must be answered. When you met Mr. Mayne the other morning in the terrace summer-house, was it by design on your part?'

Annabel began to sob, and to apply her apron to her eyes more vigorously than ever.

'Nun—nun—no, sir.'

'Very good; we are glad to hear it. But was it by design on his? I mean were you there by his appointment?'

'Yes, sir.'

Mayne started, and looked at the girl with supreme amazement.

'You hear her,' said Sir Robert.

'Yes, sir, I hear her; but her words are not her own words, they have been put in her mouth beforehand by that man. Unhappy girl! you know not what misfortunes you may be drawing down on other heads by so infamous a falsehood; as for me, I care nothing for such slanders. But I charge you, for the sake of others who have been kind to you beneath this roof, and whose bread you eat, to tell the truth, and shame——this villain? Do you dare to assert, so far from having appointed to meet you, that I ever spoke one word to you before that morning, or that I said anything on that occasion which you might not repeat now?'

'The girl must not be intimidated,' exclaimed Mr. Walcot, sternly; for Annabel was sobbing bitterly.

'Quite right, quite right,' assented Sir Robert. 'For my part I am quite satisfied as to this matter; but I will

ask one question more, the answer to which will include everything. Did this gentleman here ever address you in unbecoming language?'

'Nun—nun—no, sir.'

'I mean, Annabel, in language unbecoming one in his station to one in yours—the language of affection?'

She looked up as if by a great effort, her fine eyes swimming in tears; 'Oh, yes, sir, many times.'

'That will do; you may leave the room,' said Sir Robert; then added, with but little less of peremptoriness, 'and you, Mr. Mayne, may leave my house as soon as you can conveniently do so. And I must beg that in the meantime you hold no converse with any ladies of my family, whom your conduct has insulted beyond expression.'

It was in Mayne's mind to warn Sir Robert even then that a day would surely come when he would know how he had been duped and deceived, and would recognize the true character of the man in whom he misplaced such confidence; but, after all, this would only be assertion, and what would that avail when even the proofs he would have brought forward had been treated with indifference and contempt? Moreover, it must be confessed that Mr. Mayne had been a good deal discomposed by two experiences that had happened within the last five minutes; he had been accused and found guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman, and had found himself compelled to contradict a lady.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN COUNCIL.

IF it had not been for the serious consequences likely to arise, as regarded others, from this defeat, Frederic Mayne's strong sense of humour would have almost caused him to enjoy his own discomfiture at

the hands of his enemy. Never certainly—though he had belonged to a midshipman's mess—had such amazing impudence been exhibited within his experience, as that displayed by Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, who, so far from bowing to fate in the shape of a charge of subornation and dishonesty, supported by written proof, had sublimely soared into the region of Public Prosecutor, and persuaded 'the Court' to dismiss his accuser with disgrace and reprobation. Conscious as he was of his innocence, and of the cruel wrong that Sir Robert's incredulity had done him, Mayne did not for an instant contemplate disobeying his host's command that he should leave his roof, and hold no converse with the ladies of his household. In *his* eyes the young man felt that he was guilty of the offence laid to his charge, and being so, that it would be an outrage on the hospitality which he had so long enjoyed to disregard Sir Robert's sentence, however, unjust and harsh, to avoid meeting any of its inmates, and took his way to the Manor Farm, where he well knew the Curate would be awaiting with impatience the result of his late interview. To his great relief he also found here his friend George Gresham, whom Dyneley, overcome with a sense of responsibility, had after the other's departure on his eventful errand taken into his confidence.

'Well, what has happened?' ejaculated both young men, rising eagerly from their chairs as the emissary presented himself in the Curate's parlour.

'Nothing— At least except to *me*,' replied Mayne, with an air half-crestfallen, half comic, 'I have been tried by court-martial, found guilty and turned out of the ship.'

'What! you don't mean to say that my uncle didn't believe you?' exclaimed Gresham, incredulously.

'Most certainly I do; he will believe nobody except Mr. Ferdinand Walcot.'

'But the evidence, the written evi-

dence,' urged the Curate; 'no one could get over *that*.'

'Yes one could, if one tore it up and refused to read it, which is just what Sir Robert did,' was the quiet reply.

'But my uncle must be bewitched!' cried Gresham, angrily. 'This Walcot must be the Devil himself!'

'That is Gilbert Holm's view,' returned Mayne, coolly, 'and upon my life I begin to think it a just one. If you had heard the villain quote, if not Scripture, yet morality, for his own ends, as I did, you would think so too.'

'What on earth had *he* to do with morality,' exclaimed Gresham, with contemptuous impatience.

'Well, a good deal,' said Mayne, with a laugh—which, to say the truth, was a little forced. The subject of Miss Spence was an unpleasant one. He knew that his audience would acquit him of all serious intention of wrong, but there had been something even in the Curate's manner, when he had described that arbour scene, which smacked of incredulity. Young men are so hard upon young men.

'Instead of replying to *my* charges, he accused me of a flirtation with your fair cousins' ladies' maid. Dyneley knows the circumstances on which the accusation was founded, and without going into them, I think that you know *me* quite well enough to acquit me of such a charge.'

'Of course,' said Gresham; 'Dyneley has been telling me, however, that he feared this fellow would take some advantage of your little imprudence.'

'There was no little imprudence,' interrupted Mayne, with irritation; 'it was a pure accident my meeting with the girl in the arbour.'

'No doubt it was; but you might have indulged, perhaps, in some innocent chaff, which by some perversion—'

'You are altogether wrong, Gresham; I give you my word of honour.'

'Yes, yes,' said Dyneley, 'there

was really nothing in it, though of course the circumstances were suspicious, and in malicious hands easily capable of misinterpretation.'

'Well, they *were* misrepresented,' continued Mayne. 'And you may imagine Sir Robert's indignation at the suggestion of my having so misbehaved myself.'

'I should have insisted on the girl herself being called to prove my innocence,' observed the Curate. 'I can understand your wishing to spare her feelings, but in so serious a matter——'

'She *was* called,' put in Mayne, with an uncomfortable laugh, 'and would you believe it—suborned, no doubt, like the rest of them by that scoundrel,—she said I met her by appointment, and that I had made love to her more than once.'

There was a total silence, save for a single ejaculation of Mr. Gresham's.

'Oh, by Jove,' he said, in a hushed voice.

'Very good, gentlemen,' observed Mayne, bitterly; 'it seems, then, that you are of Sir Robert's opinion and Mr. Walcot's?'

'No, no,' cried the Curate, eagerly.

'My dear fellow, how can you be so foolish?' remonstrated Gresham, convulsed with suppressed mirth. 'Of course, we believe your word. Only the idea of this young person—your chief witness—not only breaking down under cross-examination, but going over to the other side, and in so delicate a matter; it is really very funny.' And the young man threw himself back into his chair, and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

'I am glad you are amused, Gresham,' observed Mayne, severely. He was very angry, and the more so because he suspected the Curate of maintaining his own gravity only by the greatest efforts. 'There is very little else to amuse you in this affair. I do assure you. I was not the only person charged with flirtation. Mr. Walcot accused you point blank of making

love to Miss Hurt, just as he did me in the case of the waiting maid.

'The insolent hound!' exclaimed Gresham, sobered in an instant. 'Did he dare to breathe a word against Elise?'

'Well, he was not very complimentary in his inuendoes, so far as you were concerned, and that's the truth. However, what moved your uncle against you was the fact of your having departed from your allegiance as regards another.'

'I never promised it. She knows I never did.'

'The point is, my dear Gresham, that your uncle supposed it was promised. When he asked me "Could I deny that you paid attentions to Miss Hurt?" and I was silent, I saw he was deeply angered. Yet since I was not born blind, and had been under the same roof with you and her so long, what *could* I say Gresham?'

'The truth,' answered the other impetuously. 'Of course you were right in what you did, if you suspected my attachment; but as for me, I will tell him this very day that I mean to make Elise my wife. Evelyn, God bless her! though I love her as my own sister, never cared for me in that way. No uncle's wishes could make her do so. He is neither so unjust nor so unkind as to resent the instincts of nature. It is true I have endeavoured to conceal from him my affection for Elise; that was a piece of cowardice I own unworthy of me, and still more so of her; it was only at my urgent entreaty that she consented to it, and even then unwillingly. Oh! if you but knew that girl's nobility of spirit; her undaunted courage in the very jaws of death; her simplicity and frankness—if I had only let her be frank! Yes, I will go to him at once and tell him all.'

The young man had risen from his seat, and taken a quick stride towards the door ere the Curate could lay hand upon his arm.

'Are you mad, Gresham,' he cried,

'thus to rush upon destruction? Do you not see that Walcot has first dropped poison into your uncle's ears, and then closed them. To an appeal from you he would be worse than deaf. We must waste no more strength in individual struggles against the common enemy. We must make common cause against him. Lady Arden herself, nay, even the young ladies, must be with us, not excepting little Frank. Such a weight of feeling backed by the testimony which this man Walcot has not destroyed—for Holm, at least, is a living voice we can rely upon—will surely be irresistible. Only we must do nothing rashly, nor without due concert, however strong our cause, and however confident, and justly confident we may feel in Sir Robert's love of truth and justice, it is certain that one who loves neither has for the present obtained absolute power over him.'

'But how the Devil has he done it?' inquired Gresham, with impatient irritation.

'The Devil only knows,' replied Mayne; 'but he *has* done it. He has him body and soul; so that every one in Sir Robert's house is at this man's tender mercy. Dyneley is quite right. You have got your work cut out for you.'

'Still,' said the Curate, 'if we can only gain Sir Robert's ear—'

'You will find this man sitting "squat" by the side of it, just as the Fiend does in "Paradise Lost." Sir Robert's reply will be like the notice of a circular, "all applications to be made to the secretary." You have not seen what I have seen. By Jingo, if I were his next of kin, as you are, Gresham, I would take out a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*.'

'You are not serious, I am sure, Mayne,' said Gresham, reprovingly, 'I should be ungrateful, indeed, no matter what course my uncle may think proper to pursue, if I ever treated him with aught but respect.'

'Very good; you will act as you

think proper. But as for me, I confess my sense of obligation to Sir Robert Arden is somewhat less than it was a few hours ago.'

'You have certainly been treated very ill,' said Dyneley. 'However, it is impossible but that the right will come uppermost and justice be done, and that within the next twenty-four hours. In the meantime, as you think it proper to absent yourself from Sir Robert's roof till all is explained, take up your quarters here with me.'

'Not I,' answered Mayne, resolutely, 'though I thank you all the same for your hospitality. I dare not trust myself within sight and touch of Ferdinand Walcot. If I were once to permit myself the luxury of a few words in private with him—dear me, I can't bear to think of it; in five minutes (or I have forgotten my training) that shark would be a jelly-fish. I suppose I can procure a horse and trap in the village without trespassing upon the Hall stables for them.'

'Yes, yes,' said the Curate, thoughtfully. 'I can drive you over to Mirton in the dog-cart myself at once, if you must go. Perhaps it is better you should do so, for the sake of the ladies. If any domestic dissension should arise, your presence would, without doubt, render it still more distressing.'

Notwithstanding his sense of the danger that threatened the household at the Hall, and his sincere regret at Mayne's departure under such untoward circumstances, the curate was by no means in a depressed condition. He had a firm belief that matters would in the end be set right, and then—being human—he could not but feel a certain elation in the knowledge that had just been imparted to him for the first time for certain, that not only had Gresham given up all intention of aspiring to Evelyn's hand, but that Evelyn herself had never encouraged him to do so.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN EMBARRASSING REPAST.

HOW often it happens that though misfortunes occur to us in sufficient plenty, the one especial thing to which we have looked forward with prescient pain is spared us! Something else, quite unlooked for, may happen to vex us, but not *that* in the expectation of which we may have passed sleepless nights and anxious days. [Wherein lies the folly of the Despondent, half of whose miseries in life are caused by their misplaced apprehensions.] Thus the incubus that sat upon George Gresham from the moment he had heard of Dyneley's tale of Walcot's wrongdoings, and which grew heavier with every word of Mayne's supplementary narrative, was the thought, 'And I shall have to meet this scoundrel at the dinner-table to-night, and be obliged not only to keep silence as to what has happened, but to be civil to him.' There was no time before the family meal to lay before Lady Arden the facts of the case or to devise any plan of attack with her against the common enemy; and to attack him without any plan would be, it was now evident, to court defeat and discomfiture. Gresham foresaw that his own future was threatened, that his whole life was in danger of being marred by this man's hatred, and subtlety; but he was young and sanguine, and to do him justice, felt even more keenly the humiliating position in which Lady Arden and the girls were placed than his own not unmerited disgrace. He had invited his uncle's wrath by his own duplicity; it was the natural punishment of his own cowardice in not having confessed his love for Elise; but Lady Arden and her children had done nothing to deserve the loss of Sir Robert's confidence and favour. And he justly

feared the worst—or something at least that was very bad—for them. Sir Robert would never have shut his ears to such a tale as Mayne had had to tell him, concerning the persecution of poor innocent Frank, had he not surrendered his judgment to Walcot's keeping; and if Lady Arden's personal advocacy of the cause of her own son should fail, it would be a sign indeed, that the whole family—and their future prospect—were at this scoundrel's mercy. In any case it was clear that their position was perilous; and the coming appeal to the master of the Hall would be a crucial test of it. There was no alternative between Walcot's being kicked out of the house, and its present inmates remaining there in a subordinate position.

It was with a heavy heart then that Gresham dressed for dinner that night and descended to the drawing-room, and yet, as we have said, it was filled quite as much with indignation as with sorrow. He felt that whatever he should eat in the presence of this subtle villain would disagree with him, and that he should need all his self-control to prevent his 'saying things' that would have similar effect upon Mr. Ferdinand Walcot's digestion. Moreover, it would not be an easy task, in the presence of that gentleman and Sir Robert, to invent a reason for Mayne's sudden departure, without leave-taking, from that hospitable roof. It was probable that whatever he said would be accepted in silence, but if it was not so, if anything was uttered by Walcot to Frederick Mayne's disparagement as a gentleman, Gresham was quite resolute to give him the lie.

Mr. Gresham was certainly not in a frame of mind that would be approved of by the faculty as one in which to sit down to a late dinner.

To his great surprise he perceived at once by the countenances of the three ladies that something had happened to put *them* also in an abnormal

state. He was late, of course, by a few minutes, but neither Sir Robert nor his brother-in-law were with the rest as usual.

'Your uncle is unwell, George,' explained Lady Arden, 'and will dine in his own room.'

She did not even mention Mr. Walcot, but he understood at once that that gentleman was keeping his host company, and also that Lady Arden disapproved of it.

'We shall indeed be a small party then,' said Gresham, 'for I am sorry to say Mayne has received news which has compelled him to leave us at a moment's notice. He begged me to make a thousand apologies for him, for you had all gone for a walk (this was fortunately true) when he got the message, and Dyneley took him over to Mirton in the dog-cart to catch the coach at once.'

'We are all sorry to lose Mr. Mayne,' said Lady Arden, quietly. Gresham felt that this would not have been her way of receiving such a piece of intelligence under ordinary circumstances; but on the other hand her expression of good will showed she had heard nothing—or at least not what he feared—to his friend's disadvantage.

'I am sure he regrets the necessity of his departure as much as is possible,' said Gresham earnestly. 'I am not at liberty just now to state the reason of it; but I will explain to-morrow, Lady Arden. In the meantime I am sure you will acquit him of any rudeness.'

'I don't think Mr. Mayne could be rude if he tried,' observed Evelyn.

'You are right, Evy,' answered Gresham, gratefully. 'He has too kind a heart.'

'I am sure Baba will miss him exceedingly,' said Milly. There was nothing surprising in the Great Baba's views, which were always weighty if not final, being alluded to on this subject more than any other, yet there was a blush on Milly's cheek, and an

embarrassment in her tone, which did not escape Gresham's notice and which, under other circumstances, would certainly have provoked his raillery. He was sure that the girl felt sorrow for his friend's departure on her own account, and thought he knew why she affected personally to ignore it; but there was something in her manner and that of her sister, as he had observed in Lady Arden herself, which was both unexpected and unaccountable. He had certainly looked for some surprise as well as regret to have been expressed at this bad news; but they were silent. The reason of which he guessed to be that the minds of his companions were already occupied by some other event of greater consequence, and, to judge by their faces, of sadder import.

'Mr. Mayne's departure is a sad break-up to our little party, no doubt,' said Lady Arden, with the air of one who dismisses an unpleasant subject, 'but there are worse breakings-up in store for us, I fear.'

To this Gresham answered nothing, first because he saw the observation made the girls look very uncomfortable, and secondly, because he did not understand its meaning. Lady Arden often talked when despondent and dyspeptic, about her own 'breaking-up,' and of her doubts whether she herself would be 'spared' to them—in supposed allusion to the celestial beings who were yearning for her company in another sphere. Fortunately the conversation was here cut short by the presence of Parker, the butler, who announced that dinner was served in a tone so especially unctuous that Gresham felt more certain than ever that some family catastrophe had taken place, a conviction which was not weakened by the behaviour of the company at table.

His own attempts to lift the conversation could not be expected, under the circumstances, to be very effective, and no one seconded them. Lady Arden uttered more sighs than words,

and the girls were almost as silent, while the three collectively ate about as much as three sparrows, without any of the liveliness displayed by those energetic little creatures over their meals.

Once Gresham attempted to take the bull by the horns, to evoke, as it were, a ministerial explanation, by hoping that there had been no serious change for the worse in his uncle's health since the morning, to which Lady Arden had replied stiffly, 'I see no marked change in him myself, but I am assured that there is such by one whose word in this house is Law.'

'It isn't Gospel, though, nor anything like it,' answered Gresham, sharply.

'To dispute it, however, is to be worse than an Infidel,' answered her ladyship, 'so pray be silent.'

As the ladies rose from the table his hostess stooped down and whispered in his ear, 'Go to the smoking-room, George, at once, and whatever you may hear going on in the house, take no notice of it, but remain where you are. I will come to you when all is over.'

Gresham obeyed in silent amazement. What was likely to be going on in the house, and what *could* she mean by 'all being over?'

CHAPTER XXXII.

A DOUBLE DEPARTURE.

LIKE some deserted Paterfamilias who awaits below stairs the tidings of an addition to his family from the lips of the doctor, Gresham remained in an attitude of attention and anxiety for some hours, with the cigar in his mouth now alight and now extinguished. Strange sounds reached his ears from the distant hall, of muffled voices, of shuffling feet, and of the dragging of heavy weights, and at last he distinctly caught the sound

of wheels on the gravel sweep. Could that be the doctor's arrival or departure? or was it possible, he wondered, that Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was gone? It was not unlikely, though it seemed too good to be true, that after some battle royal between Sir Robert and his wife, the latter, though he had already evidence that she had suffered in the fray, might have conquered, and driven the enemy from her roof. So firmly did this idea gain possession of his mind, that presently, when Lady Arden herself entered the room, with a white and anguished face, he started up and exclaimed mechanically, 'Has he left the Hall?'

'Yes,' answered she, sadly, and burst into tears.

'It was so unusual for her, despite her invalidish ways, to give way to weakness of this sort, that he felt at once some dire catastrophe had taken place. Her victory, perhaps, had cost her a serious quarrel with her husband.

'Yes, George,' she sobbed, 'he has gone; never, as I believe, to return again. I have been cruelly used; but I do not blame my dear husband. He is no longer master of his own actions.'

'Good Heavens! Lady Arden, is my uncle mad?'

'Yes, George; not, indeed, mad in one sense, but worse than mad to leave those who love and honour him, to place himself in the hands of—I must speak the truth, George—of a designing and unprincipled man.'

'My dear Madam, that is only half the truth,' observed Gresham. 'Ferdinand Walcot is a most pernicious villain! But I understood you that, at whatever sacrifice, you had got rid of him—that he had left the Hall?'

'And so he has, George; but he has taken my husband with him.'

'What? Taken Sir Robert with him—away from you and yours, and his own home?'

She nodded, for her heart was too full for speech.

‘But on what pretext?’

‘His health. He declares that his “beloved brother”—as he dared to call him in my presence—needs change of scene, sea air, repose, and I know not what. Then said I “My place is by his side;” whereupon he answered that the physician, whom it appears my husband has been privately consulting by letter, had decided otherwise; that the change was to be complete; that as little as possible to remind him of old associations were imperatively insisted upon. “Then why,” cried I, “are *you* to be his companion?”’

‘Then my poor husband answered for the first time for himself, that he could not be parted from his Ferdinand. What humiliation, what disgrace, George!’ and the poor woman dropped into a chair and rocked herself to and fro.

It is, indeed, my dear Lady Arden, most humiliating and disgraceful—for my poor uncle; but you, at least, have no cause to reproach yourself.’

‘Yes, I have,’ exclaimed she passionately. ‘I have been indolent and careless. I have suffered this man to get the upper hand of him, without an effort to prevent it, and merely for the sake of peace and quietness. I have not done my duty. I scarcely blame this—this wicked wretch—more than myself. I have been willfully deaf and blind to many things for many years. Yet this punishment is more than I have deserved.’

‘It is, indeed,’ said Gresham, sympathisingly. ‘It is impossible you could have guessed half the villainy that has been going on about you. I have a tale to tell you which will unmask it all; and I wish to Heaven I had told it before now. Even as it is, when my uncle comes to know about it—which he shall do from my own lips—it cannot be but that his eyes will be opened.’

Lady Arden shook her head. ‘No, George; he must find this man out for himself; then he will come back

to us who love him, and in his right mind. Nothing that *you* can say would stir him a hair’s breadth. He does not pretend that I have done anything to vex him; but with you he is vehemently displeased. The one thing I have been able to do was to keep you and him apart this night. I could not trust you, knowing how outspoken you are, to see him before he went. If you had met, with that villain standing by his side to egg him on, I am certain you would have resented it. Even as it is, I fear much evil has been done to you, as respects your future.’

‘Dear Lady Arden, do not think of me.’

‘I cannot help it, for you have been wronged—materially at least—even worse than I. You are Sir Robert’s own flesh and blood; his only relative. And I fear—I do fear, George—that he will now take but little count of that. As for me, I was amply, generously provided for on my marriage; and my dear children, if they should reap no further benefits, can never regard your uncle save with affection and gratitude. It was my hope that one of them—Dear George, I have a heavy sorrow, I fear, in store for you.’

‘If you refer to Evelyn, dear Lady Arden,’ said Gresham, earnestly, ‘pray dismiss that sorrow from your mind. She will suffer nothing—nor to say the truth, shall I—from the separation at which you hint. We have loved one another as brother and sister, and shall ever love; but in no other way. It was my duty, perhaps, to have told you so before; though, indeed, I have never represented it as otherwise.’

‘Then Sir Robert knew this?’ exclaimed Lady Arden.

‘He did, and more. I am grateful to him that he took it for granted, without representing me to you, as he might have done, in an unfavourable light.’

‘I remember now that he said you had deceived us all; but I had no

room in my mind for any deceiver save one.'

'Your daughter herself will answer for me,' said Gresham, drawing himself up, 'that I have in no way deceived her. I have not been so frank to others as I might have been; but I have never misrepresented my sentiments to herself. There is no one I more respect and revere more; and, perhaps, at one time—but she never loved me, Lady Arden.'

'Well, well, I do not understand it. But if matters are so, it is not now to be regretted. Sir Robert said that all was over between you two, and I imagined that he meant to put his veto on your marriage. I have been blind to everything, it seems, and like one just recovering sight all is dim and confused.' She passed her hand over her eyes, and sighed wearily.

'Dear Lady Arden, I feel it a cruelty to question you in this matter, but so much hangs on it, and time may be of such priceless value. Would you tell me briefly how it all happened?'

'Well, a few hours ago, having heard that there had been some disturbance among the domestics, and that it was being brought to Sir Robert's ears instead of mine, I went into the study for the purpose of setting things right, and especially of saving my husband from such a source of worry, for which his state of health made him particularly unfitted. I found Sir Robert and Mr. Walcot with certain papers on the desk before them; and Parker and the footman in the act of leaving the room. I at once asked what was the matter, and my husband answered, "Nothing, dear," though his face flushed very much, as if in contradiction to his words.

"Sir Robert has only been transacting a matter of business," explained Mr. Walcot.

"But the men?" I said. "I hope nothing is amiss with Parker, for he has been with us so long."

"No, no, nothing," repeated my husband. Then Mr. Walcot whispered to him, and he continued, "The fact is, my dear—and, as Ferdinand says, there is no reason why you should not know it—I called the men in as witnesses; I have been making my will."

"Good Heavens," cried I, "why so, Robert? What should put that into your head?"

"I have been far from well, dear," he answered, "for some time; I am not so young as I was; there is no knowing what may happen; it is always well to be prepared for the worst."

'At this Mr. Walcot nodded approval, and added gravely, "In your case, Arden, I hope we may say, for the best."

'His tone was full of tenderness, but his face, which was turned towards me, wore an expression which chilled my very blood. It was one of devilish malignity and triumph.

"I don't think it was illness, Robert," said I, boldly, "that put into your head to make your will, but this man."

"Her ladyship fears that her interests have not been sufficiently consulted," observed Walcot, coldly. Then I lost my temper, George, and gave that man the lie. Of course it was wrong and unladylike, but there are some things no woman can stand; to see him there by my husband's side dearer to him in every way than myself, and suggesting to him that I was actuated by such a sordid fear, was too much for me. I told him what I thought of his conduct and of himself without reserve; and turning to my husband, I bade him choose between Ferdinand Walcot and me—his wife; for that I would not dwell another twenty-four hours under the same roof with such a scoundrel."

'I should have liked to have heard you,' cried Gresham, enthusiastically.

'Yes, George, but I believe it was the very worst thing I could have

said, for it brought to a head the very subject which it seems my husband and this man had been debating—namely, the necessity of Sir Robert going abroad.

‘Then the wretch turned to my husband, and again he whispered, and again my husband bowed his head in assent, but this time, I am sure, not without great distress and perplexity.

“‘I am sorry, Lady Arden, that your mind has been prejudiced against me,” said Mr. Walcot, whom my poor husband had thus in my presence made his spokesman, “but you and I are, at all events, still agreed in one thing, that this question of Sir Robert’s health is paramount,” and then he went on to say what I have told you, about the necessity for change, &c. He also said that many things had happened at the Hall of late to trouble Sir Robert, and which rendered it advisable to sever for the present all associations with its tenants, among them some misconduct of Mr. Mayne’s, which I hardly listened to (so furious was I with this man, and so positive that he was speaking falsehood), and also some “deception,” as he called it on your part, which had set your uncle justly against you. And to all this my poor husband nodded approval, though I noticed, without once raising his eyes to mine. Then, without vouchsafing a word of reply to his mouthpiece, I demanded of Sir Robert himself to be allowed to be his companion on his travels in search of health, as my relation to him entitled me to be. The appeal evidently moved him, but on Mr. Walcot’s reminding him that I had just stated that I would not live under the same roof with him (Walcot), my poor husband murmured, “true, true,” and then, “I cannot part from Ferdinand.” And he has *not* parted from him,” concluded the poor lady, once more bursting into a passion of tears, ‘he has taken him with him to murder him, for what I know, and will, at all events, never,

never suffer him to return to me and mine.’

Notwithstanding the distress that Gresham experienced at the spectacle of Lady Arden’s grief, her excessive indulgence of it did afford him a very welcome opportunity for reflection. If he had had to reply to her last words upon the instant, he would have found it very difficult to say aught with hope or comfort in it, for, as a matter of fact, he took a view of matters at least as gloomy as her own, and even more so. It was, no doubt, her passion that caused her to say that Walcot, ‘for all she knew,’ intended to murder Sir Robert, but it really did seem to Gresham that that terrible contingency was by no means excluded from the chapter of possibilities. That the baronet’s will had just been made largely in his brother-in-law’s favour he felt certain; and his belief in Walcot’s villainy had no limit. Moreover, he felt that Lady Arden had good grounds for her conviction that her husband’s evil genius would never permit him to return to the Hall, which he knew by this time was inhabited by his enemies only. At Halcombe, too, were the proofs of his dishonest and cruel conduct, which at a distance were comparatively powerless to harm him, since he would be sure to intercept all letters, or throw discredit on their contents.

‘My dear Lady Arden,’ said Gresham, after a long silence, ‘Time tries all, and in the end my uncle cannot fail to have his eyes opened to this man’s character. The generosity of his disposition will then at once cause him to own himself to have been in the wrong, and he will return to us a wiser man—a better and a kinder he cannot be.’

‘You have a noble heart, George,’ said Lady Arden, pressing his hand. ‘It is not for my sake, I know, that you refrain from reproaching my dear husband. His present severity does not cause you to forget old kindnesses.’

‘Why should it?’ returned Gresham,

simply. 'The kindnesses were his own ; the severity and injustice have been grafted for the moment on him by another. You are right in saying that he is not himself. He is the mere tool and mouthpiece of Ferdinand Walcot.'

'But how could he ever have become so ? That is the mystery to me. I know that Mr. Walcot has a soft tongue and a strong will ; but that he should have power over my husband to cause him to do ill is incomprehensible to me. If Sir Robert were not what we all know him to be, one would think this man had some hold of him—some compromising secret—the fear of the divulgence of which made my poor husband his slave.'

'That, however, as you say is out of the question,' answered Gresham musingly. 'No my impression is that my uncle is the victim of some superstitious belief, and that Walcot works upon his credulity — or rather, I should say, that is Mayne's impression, and his opinion is worth more than mine. He has seen something of these spirit-rappers, and of the influence they acquire over credulous natures, and Sir Robert is credulous, you know, when his confidence has once been won.'

Lady Arden sighed, not so much from the consciousness of having failed to win her husband's confidence as from the reflection that she had not striven to win it.

'Good night, dear George,' she said, presently. 'I am very worn and weary. To-morrow, perhaps, the future may look brighter ; to-night all is dark to me.'

Good night, dear Lady Arden.'

Their parting was very affectionate they had always liked one another, and their common love and pity for Sir Robert in his misfortune (as they both considered it) drew them still nearer together. Weary as Lady Arden was, she did not however, omit to pay her usual nightly visit to the Great Baba, who held *levées* in his chamber at all hours, like the Kings of France. Such visitations never disturbed him ; he would open his large blue eyes mechanically at the kisses of his mother and sisters, and with a murmured, 'Dood night,' close them again in slumber. But upon this occasion he woke up ; a tear had fallen from his mother's eye, as she stooped down to caress him upon his tender cheek.

'What Mumma ty for ?' he inquired wonderingly.

'Because dear Papa has gone, darling,' she answered, unable to restrain her grief.

'Why didn't Uncky Ferdinand go instead ?' was the unexpected reply.

'He is gone with him, my darling.'

'Oh. Then Papa has not gone to heaven ?' observed the little atom, sedately.

'No, no ; not yet, darling, thank goodness,' answered his mother, with a want of logic in singular contrast to the stern rationalism of her child. 'Papa has gone away in the carriage, but I fear for ever so long a time.'

'Oh, then, he'll tum home again,' was the comforting rejoinder. 'I thought he had gone in the feather coach.'

Which was the Great Baba's euphonious term for a hearse and plumes.

(To be continued.)

A FEW WORDS ON CRITICISM.

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR, OTTAWA.

A CRITIC, says Ste. Beuve somewhere, is a man who knows how to read and who teaches others. The remark is a profound one, and serves to set criticism at once in its true light—a light altogether different from that in which it is ordinarily viewed. To the vulgar mind the critic is the fault-finder, a being of artificial tastes, who loves to pour scorn on the common judgments of mankind—who finds admirable what no one else can understand, and commonplace what the rest of the world crowns with applause. A certain amount of misunderstanding of this kind is indeed inevitable. The majority of men, carried away by what is admirable in their idols, resent being told that some clay is mixed with the gold. Tell an ardent admirer of Byron that the poet, wide and powerful as is the sweep of his passionate rhetoric, is, when all is said and done, a trifle commonplace in thought, and he will likely denounce you as an unimaginative prig, upon whom the splendid flights of the bard are thrown away. Tell one who has made Macaulay his Bible that the style of that great writer, forcible and lucid as it is, is often overladen with epithet, and antithetical at the cost both of sense and of truth, and he will set you down as some envious Dryasdust, who would fain make the approaches to knowledge as dreary and uninviting as possible. Or gently insinuate to a Dickens-worshipper that there is a lack of art in the construction of the great novelist's plots, that his colours are too strong and his work here and

there too coarse, that neither his mirth nor his pathos stir very deep thoughts, and that he is, in general, too contented with cheap effects, and you will be looked upon at once as a most outlandish and inhuman creature.

Yet these are things that criticism must say, or else forever hold its peace. They may be beyond the grasp or comprehension of many, but some are from time to time rising to the point at which such observations become instructive and stimulating. There is no law of nature which binds every healthily-constituted being to go on indefinitely in a bland, indiscriminating admiration even of such undeniably great writers as Byron, Macaulay, and Dickens. On the contrary, nothing can be more certain than that, with wider culture, comes a disturbance of the state of mind which renders such indiscriminating judgments impossible. If the devotee, say, of Dickens has not been utterly spoilt by over indulgence in his favourite author, he will find in Thackeray something which was wanting in the writings of the more popular novelist, a subtler analysis of character, a higher tone of thought, a general flavour of intellectual refinement. Or let him, if he can, turn to French literature, and see how Balzac, for example, will build up a character, by what a succession of delicate touches, and by what strokes of penetrative insight. Let him extend his reading, and he will, if he but uses his opportunities aright, become a critic in spite of himself. He will find when he returns to his Dickens, that his point of view is

no longer the same, that he sees now what he never saw before ; makes distinctions where he would not have dreamed there was room for any, and, in a word, is a wiser, though not necessarily a sadder, man.

And herein we catch sight of the true answer which should be made to those who, speaking from a lower level, challenge the conclusions at which all higher criticism has unanimously arrived. In these days, where so many profane voices are raised against the study of the classics, it is not uncommon to hear men who confessedly know not a word of Greek or Latin disputing the value of the Greek and Latin literatures. Of course it may be said, 'Why dispute with such people?' but it is not always as easy as it would seem to avoid disputing with them. We may, however, safely challenge them to make an experiment for themselves, or to examine the results of the experiments already made. Who that ever, by adequate preparation, obtained an introduction for himself into the realm of classical literature failed to find it incomparable in form, that is incomparable *as literature*? What thorough classical scholar ever turned round and pronounced classical literature poor and unprofitable? So with the art of the ancients, their sculpture, and architecture. If you want any one *not* to admire that, and place it in the front rank of what man has achieved in the world, you must take care to keep him away from the best examples of modern art. All culture leads up to this in the most inevitable manner, just as all musical culture leads up to admiration of Beethoven and Bach. Those whose taste in literature and art is poorest have still some rudimentary perceptions of what is excellent; and we may, therefore, confidently say to them when they are foolish enough to sit in judgment upon the dicta of a culture to which they have not attained: 'Extend your knowledge, multiply your experiences, allow yourself a wider range in the en-

joyment of such things as you can enjoy, and see if you do not work towards an admiration of those things which the highest criticism pronounces to be supreme.' We might despair of art if, as men became more familiar with beautiful forms, they did not verge towards agreement in their critical judgments, if in the higher regions of artistic creation *the true* did not visibly shake itself free from the false, and stand forth for the homage of all. Happily this is the case, making all allowance for momentary disputes over contemporary art; the world acquires definitive possession, one by one of the masterpieces of genius, and counts up its treasures with a feeling of security. And who shall separate it from the love of what is truly great and noble? Surely neither life nor death nor any other creature!

We thus see that culture leads directly to criticism, and that, if you would suppress criticism, you must suppress culture. We begin also to see more clearly the meaning of Ste. Beuve's declaration that the critic is a man who knows how to read and who teaches others. He knows how to read in the sense of knowing the meaning of what he reads, and not merely its signification but its significance, its relative position in the world of literature, the degree in which it is original or imitated, and a hundred other things about it which it would take too long to mention. The unsuspecting reader who takes up a book thinks that, provided he can exercise average intelligence, he is master of the situation. So he is perhaps if the author is Dickens, whose demands upon his readers are perhaps the lightest ever made by any author of equal fame. But so he is not in a thousand other cases. The very phraseology used will at times stagger him, for, though the words may not be unusual, the sense in which they are here and there employed is such as he is not accustomed to. I remember a case in point. M.

Guizot, in his 'Mémoires,' makes the observation that men who cannot make allowances for the imperfections of humanity, and the very unsatisfactory conditions (from a moral point of view) under which government has to be carried on, should hold aloof from politics, and confine themselves to 'pure speculation,' meaning, of course, philosophical speculation. Showing the passage to a friend who was well acquainted with the French language, I found that by 'pure speculation' he understood *commerce*. In fact, he so translated it, and thus robbed the sentence of all its point; for why on earth should men who are over-scrupulous in politics betake their tender consciences to the 'pure speculation' of business? Nothing could be more inconsequent.

This may, perhaps, be an extreme case, but it is as good an illustration as any of the way in which the uncultured reader will hack and hew any author whose level of thought is much higher than his own. And, two to one, such a reader, when he comes across anything that does not yield up its meaning at once, will assail his author for using unmeaning language, it being settled in his mind that what is unmeaning to him must be equally so to all the world. Many of the phrases which the science of to-day has made the common property of the reading world are wholly void of meaning, unless understood in the precise sense in which they may happen to be employed, though the words of which they are composed are as common as words can be. What words, for example, are better understood than 'protective' and 'resemblance'? but ask some one who is wholly unacquainted with the literature of Darwinism, what a 'protective resemblance' is, and he will be utterly at a loss for an answer. You might give him a day to think over it, but nothing would, or could, come of his cogitations. The same remark applies to the much more familiar term 'na-

turalselection'; you must either know the special sense in which the words are used or else find them a meaningless formula. Many phrases of a scientific or semi-scientific character have been caught up by the multitude and are used with very slight reference to their true signification. How many of those whom we hear repeating the phrase, 'flying off at a tangent,' have the slightest conception of what 'flying off at a tangent' means? But to know the meaning of such phrases, so as to feel their force, is a *part* of knowing how to read.

Some persons are unable to read (in our present sense), not because they have read so little, but because of the narrowness of their emotional range, and a certain want of what may be called moral flexibility. I have heard Clough's beautiful 'Easter Day Ode,' cited by a devout enemy of all theology as a stirring denial of the Resurrection. All the pathos and regret of the poem were lost sight of in the simple iteration of the words occurring several times as a refrain :

He is not risen, no—
He lies and moulders low;
Christ is not risen!

The whole moral drift of the poem was mistaken; and instead of sympathy with a faith which had raised men to a lofty level, and might yet have great possibilities of action on humanity, nothing was seen but a categorical denial of the central doctrine of that faith. One is inclined to trust that the poet was never himself confronted with such an interpretation of his Ode.

In some cases an undue preoccupation with moral interests destroys, or at least impairs, the sense for art. There are those who for want of a wide familiarity with ideas, look with suspicion upon everything which does not directly enforce their own favourite moral lessons. We could not have a better example of the contrary of this than the poet Milton. Here was a rigid moralist, a man whose own conduct was above reproach, and who

understood as well as any one else, to say the least, the importance to society of established moral rules, but whose extraordinary breadth of culture and range of feeling made him as much at home amid images drawn from classic mythology, the encounters of irresponsible gods and nymphs, the idyllic loves of shepherds and shepherdesses, as amid the serious political and theological controversies of his time. Art symbolises the free powers of nature, and where it is true to its mission can no more teach individual license than the lilies of the field, or than sunshine, wind and rain. Lucretius, in the splendid exordium to his immortal work, and Clough, in such a poem as 'Natura Naturans,' fill the mind with a sense of the glory of the universe, and do more to destroy the deadly sin of prurience than a thousand moral discourses. But to feel this, and to yield oneself to the strong and pure inspiration of the poet so as to be carried with him far above the level of all gross conceptions, one must needs have taken a wide survey of things, and learnt the salutary lesson that perpetual fussiness in morals is not the great preservative of moral order—that the world lives, and is likely to live, by such laws as conduce to its well-being, and can do without the leading strings of even the best-intentioned nurses. To know this is culture, and is one foundation at least for a true criticism of life and whatever claims to represent life.

Prejudice, it is needless to say, blinds many a one to the true sense of what they read, and to this extent they must, of course, be classed among the incapables. I have known narrow religionists try to read such authors as Spencer and Tyndall, but all in vain. The hatred they felt for the author choked all understanding of him, or else the line of thought was so totally different from what they were accustomed to, that they felt as though they had embarked on an open sea in a rud-

derless boat. On the other hand, I have known sceptics take in hand such a work as Newman's 'Grammar of Assent,' and lay it down without having clearly understood the drift of one page or recognised the force of a single sentence in the book. They read clad in a triple panoply of wilful opposition to the author, and of course they might better have left it alone. In such cases it is not ignorance that has to be overcome so much as passion, and when, in grown-up people, passions have run to this length there is little to be done to moderate them. With the young, however, there is more hope, and we need not hesitate to mention, as the great solvent of not yet irremediably hardened prejudice—culture.

From the definition we have given of criticism, and from our representation of it as an out-growth of culture, it is evident in the first place that it cannot be a limited thing. There is no end to it in fact. The perfect critic would have to be omniscient, and then, it may be feared, he would find criticism or anything else dull work. In a certain sense it may be said that every one is a critic up to a certain point, criticism being essentially based on comparison, and comparison of some kind, if only with one's own experiences, being inseparable from the reading of any book. But the critic, in an adequate sense, is he who is fitted by education, by culture, by sympathy, by insight, by acquired tact, to *appreciate* a literary work; who knows its *real* merits, and who, therefore, if he praises it, praises the right things, and not, as is so often done, the wrong; who knows its defects and can speak of them in duly-measured language; who sees into the composition and make-up of the book, and knows both what aids the writer had, and what difficulties he overcame; divines the prevailing mood under which it was written, and its essential character; sees it as the development and embodiment of a central thought and purpose, or, contrariwise, as a haphazard

combination of more or less incongruous materials ; finally, makes the distinction between what belongs to the author—what bears the special imprint of his own mind, his mark in the corner, as the French say—and what reflects simply the current literary ideas of the time. Such a man, it seems hardly necessary to say, is not by nature a fault-finder, nor is he so by profession. I forget what writer it is—Rivarol, I think—who says that the critic before he inflicts one wound has received twenty ; but it is very true, and worth bearing in mind. Far from seeking matter of blame, the happiness of the critic consists in finding something to praise ; his true goal is, to quote Ste. Beuve again, '*une admiration nette, distincte et sentie.*' The world at large is content to admire vaguely and confusedly, and, in so doing, it includes in its admiration things no-way excellent. Thus it is that popularity has spoilt so many authors ; the indiscriminating applause of the multitude leads them to think their very faults admirable, or at least effectually prevents them from recognising their faults as faults. They see that they have only to exert their special talent in order to win success, and they exert it with little thought of bringing it under discipline, or putting it to the worthiest use. They do not act, as old Phocion did, who, when the multitude applauded anything he had said, turned sharply round and asked what absurdity he had uttered. The question rather is, 'How did I make that hit? I must try it again.' And the thing is tried again, perhaps through a series of attempts, each feebler than the one before.

A true criticism discerns where the real strength of an author lies ; and there have been critics whose insight and power of analysis have been such as to reveal the author to himself in a manner that has filled him with surprise. To be praised in a general way is but little satisfaction to a superior mind, but to have one's true points of

superiority or originality clearly discerned and adequately expressed, to feel that a moment of recognition has been given to one's real self, is a satisfaction almost unique. Beranger said that a certain criticism of his poems by Ste. Beuve drew tears from his eyes, such was the intellectual sympathy that the criticism displayed. And this is indeed what constitutes the critic's highest pleasure, the disengaging of the real from the conventional, and coming into immediate contact with the spirit of an author. Every mind has its own essential quality, or, so to speak, its own peculiar flavour, masked of course to the majority by all that is not essential or peculiar, but discernable by the few. The critic is an amateur in such things. An original talent is to him like a fragrant flower the odour of which he inhales till he learns to know it among a thousand. To point out faults and shortcomings, therefore, is but a necessity of his trade, not that which lends its attraction in his eyes, or which constitutes the crown and reward of his labours. Robert Browning is not addressing critics in particular when he says :—

'Because you spend your lives in praising—
To praise you search the wide world over,'

but he might be, as criticism is ever on the search for beauty and truth, and, but for the desire that these create, would have no existence.

Many are the taunts that have been thrown at critics, and no doubt the profession has had, like all others, its unworthy representatives, purblind pedants, fatuous fops, and incompetents of every grade. But after all has been said that can be said about 'irresponsible reviewers' and about men who have failed in every other walk in literature betaking themselves to criticism, the fact remains that criticism is a permanent necessity of civilization, and is becoming more and more a necessity as civilization becomes more complex. The task of criticism

moreover is one which no broken-down literary adventurer is fit to undertake. The original creators in the world of letters and of art occupy, no doubt, a supreme position, and deserve the homage of mankind; but the well-equipped critic, the man of wide reading, of cultivated taste, of well-balanced mind and complete intellectual disinterestedness is a man whom society may well honour. The balance of faculties which we require in the critic is something in which the greatest geniuses are sometimes sadly lacking. In fact the business of a genius would seem to be simply *to be a genius*, and give the world his one special gift; and, that done, we find him even as other men. On one side there is preponderant development, on another there is possibly deficiency. It is ungracious perhaps to look such noble gift-horses in the mouth; but their surpassing merits should not lead us to disparage men who, if less brilliantly endowed, possess, nevertheless, special faculties of no common order. The accomplished critic, with his calm penetrative glance and infinite tact, is a man whom those who know and love literature best know how to value.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the critic finds all the materials for his criticism in the work before him. Far from it: he has materials in his own mind, derived from his wide experience of human thought; he knows the ways of men, and has grasped so many relations that nothing can touch his mind that does not waken countless associations and vibrate along a thousand lives. So that in interpreting an author he takes of his own and weaves it in with his presentation of the author's thoughts. To know what critics have done and can do for the illustration of great texts, and the cultiva-

tion of the minds of the educated classes, let any one run through a number of volumes of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and try to do justice to a few of the numberless essays that will there be found under such names as De Rémusat, Schérer, Janet, St. René-Taillandier, Renan, Réville, to mention only a few of the more prominent ones. The work of these men is immense, and executed with a faithfulness that is an honour to them and to French letters. Our own Review literature will show the same thing, but in a less striking form. It is not the work of broken-down literary men that we see in such periodicals, but work, in many cases, vastly better than any that the brilliant phrase-maker to whom the sneer to which we allude is due ever put off his hands.

Criticism should be the voice of impartial and enlightened reason. Too often what passes for criticism is the voice of hireling adulation or hireling enmity. Illustrations of this will occur to everyone, but there is no use in blaming criticism, which, as has been said, is an intellectual necessity of the age. The foregoing remarks have been made in the hope that they may help to clear away some prevalent misconceptions by showing the organic connection, so to speak, that exists between criticism as a function, or as a mode of intellectual activity, and the very simplest intellectual processes. Such a mode of regarding it should do away with the odium that in so many minds attaches to the idea of criticism. Let us all try to be critics according to the measure of our abilities and opportunities. Let us aim at seeing all we can, at gaining as many points of view as possible. Let us compare carefully and judge impartially; and we may depend upon it we shall be the better for the very effort.

ROUND THE TABLE.

CHARLES LEVER IN CANADA.

THE lovers of Charles Lever's writings have doubtless experienced a shock of disappointment at the bald and disjointed biography lately issued from the pen of W. J. Fitzpatrick, 'LL.D., M.R.I.A., Professor of History; J.P., &c., &c.' With a subject replete with biographical interest, and a history full of variety and adventure, 'The life of Charles Lever,' in Mr. Fitzpatrick's hands, has dwindled down into a series of trivial anecdotes, carelessly strung together, and feebly told. The genial characteristics of the great novelist, his bright humour and *bonhomie*, are lost in a maze of insignificant traits and stories that are too dull and pointless to bear repetition. Better that the author of 'Charles O'Malley,' 'Tony Butler' and 'Sir Brooke Fosbrooke' should have been known by his writings alone, than have suffered at the hands of such an historian.

It is, however, with reference to Lever's Canadian experiences that I write. He is said to have visited Canada in 1829, as the medical officer of an emigrant ship bound for Quebec. He is stated to have 'spent the summer of 1829 in Canada and the States; visited some of the Indian settlements and Lake Erie, and went as far as *Inscarara*.' Where that may be, we are not told, and a search through gazetteers and maps of the period has failed to enlighten us. He is stated to have passed 'from civilized districts to the prairie,—with the determination to seek the experiences of *forest life*, with an Indian tribe.' *Forest life* upon the prairie! He there got so thoroughly in accord with the

red man's habits and manner of life, that 'the Indian Sachem privately admitted him into tribal privileges, and initiated him into *membership*.' Growing tired of his savage companions, and being told that an attempt to escape would cost his life, he finally absconds with an Indian called 'Tahata' or 'the Post,' and arrives at Quebec in December, attired in 'moccasins and head feathers!' There he sees 'men slipping along in rackets;' (snow shoes?) and 'women wrapped in furs sitting snugly in chairs, pushed along the ice some ten or twelve miles an hour.' To illustrate the combination of vulgar egotism with impertinent curiosity which marked the emigrant population of Canada, we are told a story about a person Lever is supposed to have met in travelling from 'Utica to the Springs' (Saratoga?). From such barbarous surroundings, 'Lever flung himself into the ranks of the less repulsive red man.'

It will be remembered that in 1829 the population of Lower Canada was about three quarters of a million, and of Upper Canada a quarter of million; that the St. Lawrence, Rideau, and Welland canals were building or built, and steamboats plying upon all the lakes. Where then did Lever obtain his experience of savage life? We are told by his historian, that in 'Roland Cassel' he details his history when a prisoner with the *Comanches*, a savage American tribe! Comanches in Canada! Surely the Professor of History in the Royal Hibernian Academy should study the geography and history of Canada.

Considerations of time and plan lead me to think Lever's experience of savage life in Canada apocryphal.

Certainly the adventures detailed in 'Con Cregan,'—with which his historian credits him,—could never have happened to him. Moreover, he is stated to have been in Germany during the same year as that allotted for his Canadian experiences. No doubt Lever crossed the Atlantic, and spent a short time in Canada and the United States, but about the Indian adventures—*Credat* Indians.

CANADA'S DESTINIES.

—IF it were not for John Bull's strong aversion to the consideration of all troublesome questions one moment before they are forced upon him, and for the conventional type of 'loyalty' imposed by a partisan press on the people of Canada, the question of Canada's political future would be one of the burning issues of the day. There is nothing lacking to make the present connection between Canada and the Mother Country one of the absurdest, and yet one of the most embarrassing of political 'survivals.' It is no longer an organic tie, but simply an antiquated constitutional form, out of which all virtue has long since vanished. Everyone sees this, except those who are too indolent or too obstinate to see it. But such is the terrorism exerted by the party press that people dare not speak what they think. In this case, as in a thousand others, each party is watching the other in the hope of being able to turn against it whatever odium may attach to the striking out of a new line of policy. If the Liberals showed the faintest disposition to make Canada's relation to the Mother Country a matter for free discussion, *in the interest of Canada*, the Tories would instantly rouse against them all the forces of prejudice and hypocrisy throughout the country, and no doubt would succeed in making a powerful stir. And precisely the same would happen if the Conservatives made the first move. Our brave Liberals would raise a frantic cry about

'loyalty,' as if the loyalty of a Canadian were not due in the first place to Canada. And we call ourselves a free people, while we have to go into nooks and corners, in order to confide to our friends what we think respecting the paramount interests of our country. Surely it is time this folly ceased. Party government may be a fine thing, 'distinctly precious, blessed, subtle, significant and supreme,' as the art-critic said lately in *Punch*; but if the Grit party and the Tory party are to be the upper and nether mill-stones which, between them, are to crush out free speech and free thought in all matters of fundamental importance, then are we paying too dearly for the party system.

What every one knows is that Canada's position is at present most unsatisfactory; that it is embarrassing to the Mother Country, and that, under it, Canadian interests are everywhere at a disadvantage. We have no national feeling, no national sense of responsibility. We are interesting neither to ourselves nor to others. Englishmen care next to nothing for us, and the other nations of Europe care absolutely nothing; whereas 'American' civilisation is a matter of constant interest and study. We are growing visibly on the shady side of the wall, while our neighbours, owing to the simple fact that they are solving great political and social problems for themselves, and are independently maintaining their own prestige in the world, are enjoying no end of sunshine. If they had only our population, the eyes of Europe would still be turned to them and not to us. Who wants to know anything of a colony? Our British fellow-countrymen, when they cross the Atlantic, think the only thing worth stepping upon Canadian territory for is to see our side of Niagara Falls. Dickens, Thackeray, Huxley, Tyndall, Proctor, Froude—what did we see of any of these men in Canada. The attraction is all to the south of us; we are nothing. Would this be

the case if we were an independent people, holding our own as best we could in the great family of nations? No one will suppose so for a moment. The only question seems to be whether after our long tutelage, we are really fit for the burdens of an independent national life. We might be at a loss at first, but surely the spirit of our people would rise to the occasion, and we should find within ourselves a strength we have never realized. Every year

passed under the present system, is a heavy loss to the country. We all feel it, young and old. We know we are not doing justice to ourselves, and yet in deference to the Grit and Tory Grundies, we hold our peace. But let some able politician, shaking himself aloof from party, declare boldly that the hour of Canada's majority has arrived, and he will perhaps be surprised at the amount of support he will receive. VOX CLAM.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress, by JUSTIN MCCARTHY. Vols. I. and II. New York: Harper Brothers; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

It is with much pleasure that we hail this recent contribution to contemporary history, and our pleasure is the greater when we see that the subject has sufficient charms to attract the attention of a liberal Member of Parliament. It has been well said that the history of the day before yesterday is less known than that of any other period of our national life. We know of to-day's doings in a more or less fragmentary, confused way from the newspapers. But there are few among us who could sit down and write a tolerably connected account of the way the world wagged in 1878. The historian of recent periods suffers most from lack of material. There are, it is true, newspaper files by the car-load,—but in one way or another experience soon teaches the student how little their columns are to be relied on. Read from day to day, their contents bear the impress of truth, but we too often find that their gravest announcements of facts are only the condensation of idle rumour, their most serious personal charges only the outcome of malignant political hatred and backstairs gossip. Such a historian finds the living actors who grace the scenes he paints all interested, perhaps unconsciously, in warping or

colouring facts,—and it is not till years have elapsed and struggling ambitions lie quieted in their graves, that the information stored away in correspondence, diaries, and memoirs, begins to see the light. The difficulties that beset the man who essays to picture what passed beneath his own eyes are well exemplified in Mr. Kinglake's 'History of the Crimea,' as are also the peculiar advantages that attend such a position. No historian writing fifty years after the event could have amassed the wealth of illustrative detail as to the currents of the 'heady fights' of Balaclava or Inkerman that Kinglake gathered from the lips of the survivors; but at the same time, we may add, no such historian would have cared to use this material. It is well perhaps that there should be on record such a full account of individual deeds of prowess, and the book will always be of interest to the military student; but, as a whole, one may parody the famous saying uttered *à propos* of a charge recorded in its voluminous pages, '*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas l'histoire.*'

In one way newspapers afford invaluable assistance to the writer of modern history. We refer to the infallible test they afford to the varying pulse of public opinion. They may, and often do, mislead as to facts, but there is one thing they never seek to conceal from us, and that is the public feeling as to these facts. Of course we refer at present to the general English press, and

not to those merely partisan organs, of which we have too many specimens amongst us, which find relief after every political reverse in an ostrich-like hiding of the head. Such a paper as the *Times*, varying with the shifting current of upper middle-class opinion, and disclosing especially in its correspondence columns the unbiassed views of the ordinary citizen, supplies an unerring index to the health of the body politic. And in the modern view of history, the spirit in which a rumour was received by a nation (although that rumour afterwards proved unfounded), may be a fact of sufficient importance to be chronicled although the occasion that gave rise to it may sink into utter insignificance.

For example, few things now seem to us more trifling than the so-called "Acts of Aggression" on the part of Cardinal Wiseman, dealt with by Mr. McCarthy in his chapter on "The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill." Slight as they now appear to us, the historian would but ill perform his part if he did not give us a full account of the outburst of indignation that promptly responded to the appeal contained in Lord John Russell's famous Durham letter. We see in that great but aimless movement the evidence of a disturbed and unsettled state of the national mind as to the national religion; the premonitory symptoms of that struggle against Tractarianism which has survived all the original leaders of that school and is now being waged with unabated fury between Ritualists and Evangelicals. In a more benighted age the public wrath that found harmless vent in platform speeches, letters to the *Times*, and endless cartoons and squibs in *Punch*, would have expended itself in more active persecutions, and when the reaction came, it would not have been able to remove all trace of the contest as was done in 1871 by the simple repeal of the effete and foolish Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.

It is not too much to say that modern history is largely indebted to our caricaturists. The main incident of the week, or the chief topic of discussion, is presented in a striking way, and the attitude of the national mind towards it pretty clearly indicated. Looked at in this light, how strange an instance of the irony of fate was it, when the sudden outburst of Jingoism called forth a reproduction of all *Punch's* cartoons upon Lord Beaconsfield! With what a bitter smile must he have looked over

its pages and recognised the fact that the main current of opinion had steadily considered him as a man of broken pledges, and one in whom the strategist outweighed the statesman.

Of the contemporary criticism afforded by such means, Mr. McCarthy has made careful use. His sketches of leading politicians strike us as true as well as life-like, and he has not let his national predilections warp his judgment in estimating Irish orators and statesmen.

It is an interesting and curious fact that it is only men of the Liberal shade of politics who care to undertake the task of bringing our history books down to date. Such a writer was Washington Wilkes, who wrote the useful book called "The Half-Century," which covers the first half of the nineteenth century, in fact he was a little more of a partisan and less of a man of the world than Mr. Justin McCarthy. His work is adapted to fill the place of an introduction to the history now under review, and the two together form the most encouraging study for progressive minds, and the facts they relate explain sufficiently why Conservative historians prefer to draw their inspiration from more remote ages and to depict very different manners and contests in which their defeats have been less marked and conspicuous.

There are a few blots to be noticed in this work. It is hardly correct to describe Lower Canada as "*Western Canada*," and the epithet "steep" as applied to the hilly streets of Quebec is picturesque, but we see no reason why it should displace its old and recognised relation "steep." Occasionally Mr. McCarthy indulges in fine writing. "Making the currents of the air man's faithful Ariel," is a description of electricity worthy of a penny-a-liner, and is objectionable as containing the worst faults of cheap journalistic composition. In the first place electricity is *not* an air current, and secondly the jingle of "air" and "Ariel" has a most unpleasant sound. We also notice the inevitable bull. Speaking of the attempt by Francis on Her Majesty's life, Mr. McCarthy tells us that he fired a pistol at her, and in the same breath he says it was not certain whether the weapon was loaded or not! Of course what he means is 'loaded with ball.'

We shall look forward with much interest to the remaining volumes of this work.

Impressions of Theophrastus Such, by GEORGE ELIOT. New York : Harper Brothers ; Toronto : James Campbell & Son.

Grave indeed is the task of the critic whose duty it is to appraise the works of George Eliot. When the book to be noticed is so important, the public expects the review itself to contain something out of the common ; and, as a rule, the expectation is wofully disappointed. In fact George Eliot has arrived at that pitch, not of *absolute* greatness (for she attained that long since), but of *recognised* greatness where all glory and honour are forestalled and lightly taken for granted. To us, petty men of the press, who scrawl her praises upon her margin spaces, appreciation seems so easy and natural that some of our race are almost tempted to think their applauding bespeaks them kindred spirits ; but a little more, and they could have written 'Middlemarch' or 'Daniel Deronda' themselves. To this is attributable that flood of reviews, presumptuously in-undating George Eliot with praise, or more venturously daring to compare her earlier with her more recent works to the disadvantage of the latter,—a species of criticism which enables the writer to show at once the requisite amount of admiration for the great novelist and his superiority to her foibles.

It is hard to tell which of these types is the more nauseous, but certainly they have been both followed in most of the critiques that have appeared on 'Theophrastus Such.'

The indiscriminate praiser may be set down as a human parrot, repeating what he has heard others say, *because* others say it, not from any internal conviction of its truth. A number of years have passed since George Eliot first laid the result of her researches into the depths of human nature before the public, and, as is always the case with the leaders of a thought, her views have become, to a considerable extent, familiarised among most ordinarily intelligent readers. But for this slow process of infiltration we may well doubt if some of her votaries who now prate about her 'keen and subtle insight into character' would have had wit enough to know it was either keen or subtle. Appreciation of this class is at best but the sharpness imparted to a dull knife by quick friction against one with a better edge ; the

blade owes all to its contact with the finer steel, which passes on to its real work unmoved by the thought that its blunter comrade is watching its movements critically. We suppose all minds that leave their impress on the age they live in have to endure this indiscriminate admiration. Its real worth may be easily tested. These oracles of the Book Column are every whit as loud in their praise of the far commoner spirits, who take their form and pressure from their generation instead of leaving their mark upon it. An unimaginative Trollope is to these men as big a Triton among the minnows, as George Eliot herself. He is popular, so is she ; he has the choice for voluminousness and general fecundity. These writers of profuse panegyrics on both authors would be puzzled if asked to foretell the relative position of Eliot and Trollope fifty or a hundred years hence. Both seem to them to be admirable. But they have not the grace to discern the inward difference between them. George Eliot would sketch you the character of a bore in a single chapter, leaving the whole man limned distinctly on your mind's eye, and opening up to you new vistas of meaning in the subject and strange misgivings as to the hidden strain of boredom that has lurked hitherto unsuspected, in your own heart. Trollope will paint you the like character, and will take three volumes of more than Pre-Raphaelite detail to do it in. *His* bore will button-hole you, and prose on and on with even flow of very life-like words. You will hear his daily and hourly talk, his endless repetitions and senseless tales till you are sick to death of him. As you throw down the third volume with an intense feeling of relief, you see that Trollope's writing is to Eliot's what a photograph is to a picture, or a travelling panorama of Greece is to Childe Harold. It is not too much to say that there are studies of character in 'Theophrastus Such' each of which a photographic novelist would have watered down into a shelf-ful of volumes.

If these sayers of smooth things without discrimination are offensive, as they must be, to our author, what must she think of those others who, appealing from 'Philip drunk to Philip sober,' affect to admire the later work, but only to find in that admiration ground for regretting earlier productions.

These are the men who complain that Theophrastus does not appear to have

ever met with Mrs. Poyser. They also hint that George Eliot's style is not quite so transparently clear as it used to be. It would be quite useless to ask them whether it is reasonable to expect to be able to pick up the meaning of a sentence embodying the result of some deep mental analysis as instantaneously as the meaning of one that pictures a midland village green or a pretty girl admiring her trinkets and ribbons in the glass. Neither would they understand it, if we told them that even George Eliot seldom meets more than one Mrs. Poyser in a lifetime, and that a George Eliot would not stoop to imitate even herself in the creation of a new character. The complaint which these writers in effect make is, that our author's philosophy has got the upper hand in her tales, to the detriment of the general effect. They would fain still have the thrilling interest of the 'Mill on the Floss,' or the idyllic sweetness of 'Silas Marner.' As well might they bid the blossom forbear from setting into fruit in due season.

Undoubtedly the tendency which was first noticeably perceptible in 'Daniel Deronda' has, in the present work, declared itself very markedly, and there is no attempt in 'Theophrastus' to present us with even a thread of the tale to join the thoughts together.

After the first few chapters in which Theophrastus depicts his own essential being, we come to a series of short sketches, each chapter rounding off completely in itself some character or phase of modern society. Though it is Theophrastus who beholds and who speaks, yet he does not distort or colour the objects he presents to us in the long gallery of his acquaintance sufficiently to keep us aware of his personality, or to add perceptibly to our means of estimating his qualities. George Eliot perceives this so clearly that in the last chapter, 'The Modern Hep! Hep! Hep!' there is no attempt to remind us of the imaginary speaker, and Theophrastus fades away from our vision without a word of farewell.

We do not think that in writing these "Impressions" George Eliot has in any way shown an intention to abandon the field in which her fame has been chiefly won. The material she has used would not have been readily made available for a novel, it was evidently burning in her mind and had to find utterance, but

in all probability it will remain her only prose work not cast in the regular mould of fiction, even as 'The Spanish Gypsy' will remain her only long poem. In understanding the range of her genius to its full extent, after ages would not feel inclined to part with either of these works, although a new novel from her pen were offered in substitution for each of them.

In these papers walk the men of today, differing in the fashion of their life and thought as clearly and distinctly from the men of twenty-five, or even of ten years ago as their wives differ in the fashion of their dresses in a like period. Do you want to know the byways of scientific controversy as conducted in this year of grace!—the history of poor Merman in the chapter 'How We Encourage Research' will enlighten you. Here walks Spike, the 'political molecule,' whose radicalism goes to the root of nothing and whose liberalism is a pure outcome of narrow selfishness.

If you wish to see how a man may start with high aims in life, and gradually hoodwinking himself, may allow circumstances to turn him into an utterly different being from the ideal he set before himself,—read the story of Mixtus the 'involuntary renegade.' Here, too, walks the lady authoress, big with the fame of one book and an appendix, and apt to persecute her friends with an album containing the usual newspaper puffs.

And among all these varied characters, probing their weaknesses, exposing their motives more clearly than they dare confess to themselves in the secrecy of their closets, walks Theophrastus. He or she, for, in narrating, Theophrastus and George Eliot are one, feels a kindred failing with many of these poor weak men.

In the midst of the sarcasm, of the stinging lash of reproof, and of the blinding flash of truth let in upon cankered places and crannies of the soul, we hear this just Inquisitor examine herself, trace out the kindred fault in her own breast, expose it in its true colours, accept her share of ridicule or blame, in the same loving spirit that Thackeray was wont to display when, after exposing the vices and follies of mankind, he would go apart with his 'mea culpa,' and write himself down also as a snob and worthy of the pillory as such.

We have left ourselves no room for

detailed examination of any one of these marvellous little essays. We should like to extract the whole of the tenth chapter 'On Debasing the Moral Currency,' but as that is impossible we trust our readers will lose no time in getting the book and reading it for themselves.

The Dominion Annual Register and Review for 1878, or the Twelfth Year of the Canadian Union. Edited by HENRY J. MORGAN. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

The indisputable worth and great success of the British *Annual Register*, no doubt, inspired Mr. Morgan to the production of a work modelled upon similar lines for Canada. It is but commonplace to say that his book supplies an undoubted want. This fact is the more evident to any one who finds himself under the necessity of looking up the circumstances of any particular event in any particular year. Say it is a political event; he will probably refer, in the first place, to the files of the leading newspapers; but newspapers are not infallible guides in political matters, and, to make sure of his ground he must industriously search the pages of the *Journals of Parliament* and rummage blue books without number. The *Annual Register* will save this labour in the vast majority of cases. But it will not be alone valuable in matters political. It is a compact *repertoire* of all the events of the year—political, social, financial, scientific, and literary. Alison, the historian, has testified to the value of the British *Register* in terms of the highest praise, and should Mr. Morgan's book have a long existence—as we hope it will have, for it deserves it—the future historian of Canada will find in it much work ready to his hand. It is not to the historian alone, however, that it will be valuable. It will be extremely welcome in every journalist's room; to the public man, of whatever kind, it will be invaluable; while every one who takes interest in the character of the stock upon his book-shelves will feel that no more valuable work than this could find a place upon them. In preparing his first volume, Mr. Morgan had to consider whether to pass over unnoticed the eleven years of Confederation which have gone by, or to summarize the leading events of each year. He

wisely, as we think, chose the latter course. There is no marked event which has happened since the 1st July, 1867, which is not noted. Such a task required a good deal of labour and research, but they have been expended to a good purpose. Following this retrospect, we have the political history of Canada for the year 1878. This is the principal feature of the book, occupying fully one-half its entire number of pages. The value of such a history is that it is impartial. A careful perusal of Mr. Morgan's review enables us to say, without any reserve whatever, that it leaves nothing to be desired on the score of impartiality. Governments come and go—the 'ins' of to-day are the 'outs' of to-morrow. To show any bias would be a fatal blot; but there is no bias in the political history for 1878. This part of the book is fittingly closed with a list of the candidates in the general election of last year, with the number of votes polled by each. Some space is then devoted to each Province apart from Dominion politics. Following this is a journal of remarkable occurrences, which is as full as could be desired. There is, then, an account of the reception in Canada, from the time of their arrival in Halifax to their taking possession of Rideau Hall, of His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. It might be objected that there is a little too much space given to this particular feature, but it must be borne in mind that we are not in the habit of changing our Governors-General every year, and that, in all probability, five or six years will have elapsed before the pages of the *Register* will make note of another such ceremony. Science is dealt with by a scientific hand. The business retrospect is ample. There are some pages devoted to remarkable trials. A list of public appointments for the Dominion and each Province is given. There is a very full obituary. And the whole winds up with an appendix containing the names of members returned to serve in the House of Commons during the first, second, and third Parliaments. Altogether, the book is exceedingly creditable to the editor. It shows great research and industry, and is written in good, strong English. Mr. Morgan has given abundant proof that those who regarded him as peculiarly fitted for the preparation of a work of this kind were not mistaken in their opinion.

MR. RATTRAY'S "THE SCOT IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA."

Few subjects of study are so interesting and picturesque as the national character. What its ingredients are, how they have come together, and in what manner they have fused, or are fusing themselves, into the national life of a people are never-failing questions of interest. In the case of Canada, as indeed of all countries of a composite colonization, the inquiry, moreover, is of vast importance, as the results of the analysis cannot but be of service in directing the future line of the country's progress, and in stimulating the development of those characteristics which conduce most to the success of its people. But it is not for these reasons alone that we hail the forthcoming of Mr. W. J. Rattray's book on 'The Scot in British North America.' More especially we welcome it on account of the pleasure we anticipate in perusing a work of a great national character by one of the most accomplished native writers and best informed men of our young country. Little as he may be personally known, for his modest ways and quiet manner of life have rarely brought him into contact with the people, Mr. Rattray has by the few long been known as perhaps the ablest of the leaders of intellect in Canada—and to him this magazine and many of the journalistic enterprises of Toronto owe much for literary and advisory services, always generously and often disinterestedly rendered. The subject which is now occupying Mr. Rattray's pen, moreover, is one with which he is peculiarly competent to deal; and from a perusal of the advance sheets of a portion of the work, issued as a prospectus by the publishers, we can warmly bespeak for the enterprise the hearty encouragement of all Canadians. We say *all* Canadians, because, though the work professes to deal with but one element—a large one indeed—in the nationality of Canada, it will, nevertheless, treat so much of the political, material, social, and intellectual life of the country, and promises to be written in so philosophic a vein, and in

such a cosmopolitan spirit, that no Canadian who loves his country and is proud of its annals can fail to give the work his most cordial support. 'The old maxim,' says Mr. Rattray, in his introductory preface, "no one can put off his country," has lost its international value in a legal sense; but it remains valid in regard to character, tendencies, and aptitude of the individual man.' What these traits are in the Scottish character, and what influence they have had in contributing to the intellectual and material progress of Canada are the subjects of Mr. Rattray's inquiry. To read the author's initial chapter alone—issued in the prospectus already mentioned—is to be impressed with the rare qualifications which Mr. Rattray possesses for the work he has undertaken; and we are confident that the book will take high place, not only in Canada, but wherever interest is felt in historical facts respecting the 'Scot Abroad,' and in the triumphs of energy and industry, integrity and perseverance, gathered by laborious research, and narrated with rare literary skill.

We shall, perhaps, best be doing the work service, before it is further proceeded with, by calling attention here to the author's and publisher's urgent request for information respecting Scottish settlements in various parts of the Dominion, and for any material of a biographical, historical, or statistical character likely to be of service in the preparation of the work. There are, doubtless, many of the readers of *THE MONTHLY* who can supply something, and thus aid in the production of a work of much national interest. The book, which we understand is to be brought out in four divisions, at \$2 each, is to be issued from the publishing house of Maclear & Co., Toronto—a firm-name well and favourably known in the Province,—and it will be the product, mechanically, of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., from whose printing house the beautiful specimen pages before us have been issued.