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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1878.

A VOYAGE IN THE SUNBEAM.

A COZY CORNER.

ONE of the handsomest as well as one of the most interesting books of the year, is Mrs. Annie Brassey's 'Voyage in the Sunbeam.' It is full of information, graphic narrative and spirited description. The illustrations

which are large in number, are of a superior character and finish. Several maps accompany the letterpress and the book is beautifully printed on richly toned paper. The Rose-Belford Publishing Co. have this volume in press, and it appears as one of their announcements for the present month. From the advance sheets before us, we excerpt the following :—

A pleasant walk over some grassy slopes, and two more hard scrambles, took us to the summit of the Torrinhas Peak; but the charming and extensive view towards Camara de Lobos, and the bay and town of Funchal, was an ample reward for all our trouble. It did not take us long to get back to the welcome shade of the chestnut trees, for we were all ravenously hungry, it being now eleven o'clock. But, alas! breakfast had not arrived: so we had no resource but to mount our horses again and ride down to meet it. Mr. Miles, of the hotel, had not kept his word; he had promised that our provisions should be sent up to us by nine o'clock, and it was midday before we met the men carrying the hampers on their heads. There was now nothing for it but to organize a pic-nic on the terrace of Mr. Veitch's deserted villa, beneath the shade of camellia, fuchsia, myrtle, magnolia, and pepper-trees, from whence we could also enjoy the fine view of the fertile valley beneath us and the blue sea sparkling beyond.

Wednesday, July 19th.—We were so tired after our exertions of yesterday, that it was nine o'clock before we all mustered for our morning swim, which I think we enjoyed the more from the fact of our having previously been prevented by the sharks, or rather by the rumour of sharks.

We were engaged to lunch at Mr. and Mrs. Blandy's, but I was so weary that I did not go ashore until about six o'clock in the evening, and then I went first to the English cemetery, which is very prettily laid out and well kept. The various paths are shaded by pepper-trees, entwined with bougainvillæa, while in many places the railings are completely covered by long trailing masses of stephanotis in full bloom. Some of the inscriptions on the tombs are extremely touching, and it is sad to see, as is almost always the case in places much resorted to by invalids, how large a proportion of those who lie buried here have been cut off in the very flower of their youth. Indeed, the residents at Madeira complain that it is a melancholy drawback to the charms of this beautiful island, that the friendship frequently formed between them and people who come hither in search of health, is in so many cases brought to an early and sad termination. Having seen and admired Mrs. Foljambe's charming garden by daylight, we returned on board to receive some friends. Unfortunately they were not very good sailors, and, out of our party of twenty, one lady had to go ashore at once, and another before dinner was over.

They all admired the yacht very much, particularly the various cozy corners in the deck-house. It was a lovely night; and after the departure of our guests, at about ten o'clock, we steamed out of the bay, where we found a nice light breeze, which enabled us to sail.

Thursday, July 20th.—All to-day has been taken up in arranging our photographs, journals, &c., &c., and in preparing for our visit to Teneriffe. About twelve o'clock the wind fell light and we tried fishing, but without success, though several bonitos or flying-fish were seen. It was very hot, and it seemed quite a relief when, at eight o'clock in the evening, we began steaming, thus creating a breeze for ourselves.

Friday, July 21st.—We all rose early, and were full of excitement to catch the first glimpse of the famous Peak of Teneriffe. There was a nice breeze from the north-east, the true

trade wind, we hope, which ought to carry us down nearly to the Line. The morning being rather hazy, it was quite ten o'clock before we saw the Peak towering above the clouds, right ahead, about fifty-nine miles off. As we approached, it appeared less perpendicular than we had expected, or than it is generally represented in pictures. The other mountains too, in the centre of the island, from the midst of which it rises, are so very lofty that, in spite of its conical sugar-loaf top, it is difficult at first to realise that the Peak is 12,180 feet high.

We dropped anchor under its shadow in the harbour of Orotava in preference to the capital, Santa Cruz, both on account of its being a healthier place, and also in order to be nearer to the Peak, which we wished to ascend.

The heat having made the rest of our party rather lazy, Captain Lecky and I volunteered to go on shore to see the Vice-Consul, Mr. Goodall, and try to make arrangements for our expedition. It was only 2 p. m., and very hot work, walking through the deserted streets, but luckily we had not far to go, and the house was nice and cool when we got there. Mr. Goodall sent off at once for a carriage, despatching a messenger also to the mountains for horses and guides, which there was some difficulty in obtaining at such short notice.

Having organised the expedition we re-embarked to dine on board the yacht, and I went to bed at seven, to be called again, however, at half-past ten o'clock. After a light supper, we landed and went to the Vice-Consul's, arriving there exactly at midnight. But no horses were forthcoming, so we lay down on our rugs in the patio, and endeavoured to sleep, as we knew we should require all our strength for the expedition before us.

CAPE FORWARD.

Steaming ahead, past Port Gallant, we had a glorious view over Carlos III. Island and Thornton Peaks, until, at about seven o'clock, we anchored in the little harbour of Borja Bay. This place is encircled by luxuriant vegetation, overhanging the water, and is set like a gem amid the granite rocks close at hand, and the far-distant snowy mountains.

Our carpenter had prepared a board, on which the name of the yacht and the date had been painted, to be fixed on shore, as a record of our visit; and as soon as the anchor was down we all landed, the gentlemen with their guns, and the crew fully armed with pistols and rifles, in case of accident. The water was quite deep close to the shore, and we had no difficulty in landing, near a small waterfall. To penetrate far inland, however, was not so easy, owing to the denseness of the vegetation. Large trees had fallen, and, rotting where they lay, under the influence of the humid atmosphere, had become the birthplace of thousands of other trees, shrubs, plants, ferns, mosses, and lichens. In fact, in some places we might almost be said to be walking on the tops of the trees, and first one and then another of the party found his feet suddenly slipping through into unknown depths below. Under these circumstances we were contented with a very short ramble, and having filled our baskets with a varied collection of mosses and ferns, we returned to the shore, where we found many curious shells and some excellent mussels. While we had been thus engaged, the carpenter and some of the crew were employed in nailing up our board on a tree we had selected for the purpose. It was in company with the names of many good ships, a portion of which only were still legible, many of the boards having fallen to the ground and become quite rotten.

Near the beach we found the remains of a recent fire, and in the course of the night the watch on deck, which was doubled and well-armed, heard

CAPE FORWARD.

shouts and hoots proceeding from the neighbourhood of the shore. Towards morning, too, the fire was relighted, from which it was evident that the natives were not far off, though they did not actually put in an appearance. I suppose they think there is a probability of making something out of us by fair means, and that, unlike a sealing schooner, with only four or five hands on board, and no motive power but her sails, we are rather too formidable to attack.

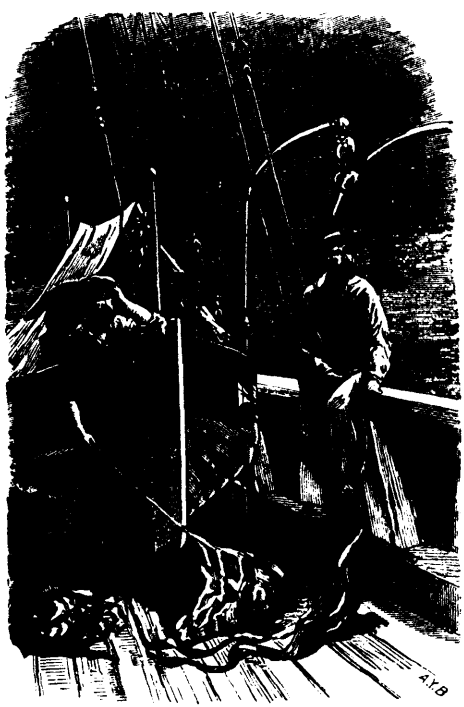
UP THE VALLEY TOWARDS THE ANDES.

This is a wonderful place, built entirely of wood. The centre part is a square, seventy yards in extent, surrounded by a single row of one-storied rooms, with doors opening into the courtyard, and windows looking over the river or up into the mountains. In the middle of the square are a pavilion containing two billiard-tables, a boot-blacking arbour, covered with white and yellow jessamine and scarlet and cream-coloured honeysuckle, plenty of flower-beds, full of roses and orange-trees, and a monkey on a pole, who must, poor creature, have a sorry life of it, as it is his business to afford amusement to all the visitors to the baths. He is very good-tempered, does several tricks, and is tormented 'from early dawn to dewy eve.' I remonstrated with our host on his behalf; but he merely shrugged his shoulders and said, 'Mais il faut que le monde se divertisse, Madame.' From the centre square, marble steps lead to a large hall, with marble baths on either side, for ladies and gentlemen respectively. A few steps further bring one to a delightful swimming-bath, about forty feet square, filled with tepid water. The water, as it springs from the rock, is boiling

UP THE VALLEY.

hot, and contains, I believe, a good deal of magnesia and other salts, beneficial in cases of rheumatism and gout; but the high temperature of the water makes the air very muggy, and we all found the place relaxing, though perhaps it was because we indulged too freely in the baths, which are a great temptation.

In the afternoon we went for a ride, to see a celebrated view of the Andes. Unfortunately it was rather misty, but we could see enough to enable us to imagine the rest. Some condors were soaring round the rocky peaks, and the landscape, though well clothed with vegetation, had a weird, dreary character of its own, partly due to the quantity of large cacti that grew in every nook and corner, singly, or in groups of ten or twelve, to the height of twenty or thirty feet. Though they say it hardly ever rains in Chili, a heavy shower fell this afternoon, and our landlord thoughtfully sent a boy on horseback after us with umbrellas.



CONVERSATION AT SEA.

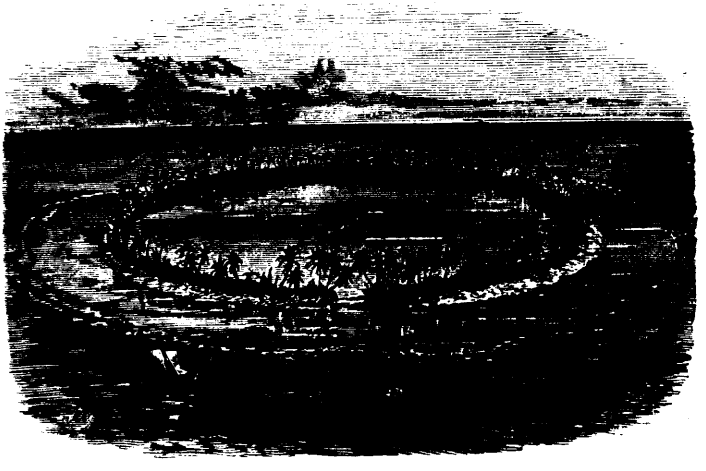
AFTER LEAVING VALPARAISO.

Monday, November 6th.—Passed, at 3 a.m. to-day, a large barque, steering south, and at 8 a.m. a full-rigged ship steering the same course. We held—as we do with every ship we pass—a short conversation with her through the means of the mercantile code of signals. (This habit of exchanging signals afterwards proved to have been a most useful practice, for when the report that the 'Sunbeam' had gone down with all hands was widely circulated through England, I might almost say the world—for we found the report had preceded us by telegram to almost all the later ports we touched at—the anxiety of our friends was relieved many days sooner than it would otherwise have been by the fact of our having spoken the German steamer 'Sakhara,' in the Magellan Straits, Oct. 13, four days after we were supposed to have gone to the bottom.) The weather continues fine, and we have the same light baffling winds. We hoped, when we started, to average at least 200 miles a day, but now we have been a week at sea, and have only made good a little more than 700 miles altogether, though we have sailed over 800 miles through the water. It is, however, wonderful, in the opinion of the navigators, that we have made even as much progress as this, considering the very adverse circumstances under which the voyage has so far been performed, and we must endeavour to console ourselves with the reflection that the sailing qualities of the yacht have undergone another severe test in a satisfactory manner. How the provisions and water will last out, and what time we shall leave ourselves to see anything of Japan, are questions which, nevertheless, occasionally

present themselves to our minds. Independently of such considerations, nothing could be more luxurious and delightful than our present mode of existence. With perfect weather, plenty of books to read and writing to do, no possibility of interruptions, one can map out one's day and dispose of one's time exactly as one pleases, until the half-past six o'clock dressing-bell—which always seems to come long before it is wanted—recalls one to the duties and necessities of life.

AT TAHITI.

At half-past eight we breakfasted, so as to be ready for the service at the native church at ten o'clock; but several visitors arrived in the interval, and we had rather a bustle to get off in time, after all. We landed close to the church, under the shade of an hibiscus, whose yellow and orange flowers dropped off into the sea and floated away amongst the coral rocks, peeping out of the water here and there. The building appeared to be full to overflowing. The windows and doors were all wide open, and many members of the congregation were seated on the steps, on the lawn, and on the grassy slope beyond, listening to a discourse in the native lan guage. Most of the people wore the native costume, which, especially when made of black stuff and surmounted by a little sailor's hat, decorated with a bandana handkerchief or a wreath of flowers, was very becoming. Sailor's



CLARKE ISLAND.

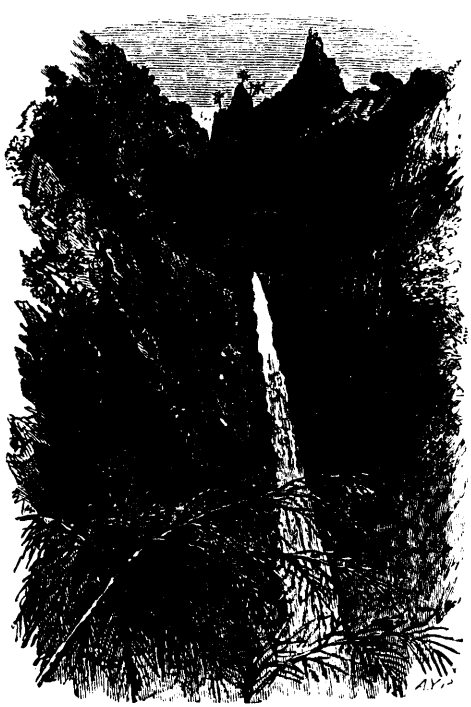
hats are universally worn, and are generally made by the natives themselves from plantain or palm leaves, or from the inside fibre of the arrow-root. Some rather elderly men and women in the front rows were taking notes of the sermon. I found afterwards that they belonged to the Bible class, and that their great pride was to meet after the service and repeat by heart nearly all they had heard. This seems to show at least a desire to profit by the minister's efforts, which we must hope, were not altogether in vain.

After the usual service there were two christenings. The babies were held at the font by the men, who looked extremely sheepish. One baby was grandly attired in a book-muslin dress, with flounces, a tail at least six feet long dragging on the ground, and

a lace cap with cherry-coloured bows; the other was nearly as smart, in a white-worked long frock and cap, trimmed with blue bows. The christenings over, there was a hymn, somewhat monotonous as to time and tune, but sung with much fervour, followed by the administration of the sacrament, in which cocoa-nut milk took the place of wine, and bread-fruit that of bread. The proper elements were originally used, but experience proved that, although the bread went round pretty well, the cup was almost invariably emptied by the first two or three communicants, sometimes with unfortunate results.

After service we drove through the shady avenues of the town into the open country, past trim little villas and sugar-cane plantations, until we turned off the main road, and entered an avenue of mangoes, whence a rough road, cut through a guava thicket leads to the main gate of Fautahua—a regular square Indian bungalow, with thatched roofs, verandahs covered with creepers, windows opening to the ground, and steps leading to the gardens on every side, ample accommodation for stables, kitchens, servants, being provided in numerous outbuildings.

Soon after breakfast, Mrs. Brander dressed me in one of her own native costumes, and we drove to the outskirts of a dense forest, through which a footpath leads to the waterfall and fort of Fautahua. Here we found horses waiting for us, on which we rode, accompanied by the gentlemen on foot, through a thick growth of palms, orange-trees, guavas, and other tropical trees, some of which were overhung and almost choked by luxuriant creepers. Specially noticeable among the latter was a gorgeous purple passion-flower, with orange-coloured fruit as big as pumpkins, that covered everything with its vigorous growth. The path was always narrow and sometimes steep, and we had frequenty almost to creep under the overhanging boughs, or to turn aside to avoid a more than usually dense mass of creepers. We crossed several small rivers, and at last reached a spot that commanded a view of the waterfall, on the other side of a deep ravine. Just below the fort that crowns the height, a river issues from a narrow cleft in the rock, and falls at a single bound from the edge of an almost perpendicular cliff, 600 feet high, into the valley beneath. First one sees the rush of blue water, gradually changing in its descent to a cloud of white spray, which in its turn is lost in a rainbow of mist. Imagine that from beneath the shade of feathery palms and broad-leaved bananas through a network of ferns and creepers you are looking upon the Staubbach, in Switzerland,



WATERFALL OF FAUTAHUA.

magnified in height, and with a background of verdure-clad mountains, and you will have some idea of the fall of Fautahua as we beheld it.

After resting a little while and taking some sketches, we climbed up to the fort itself, a place of considerable interest, where the natives held out to the very last against the French. On the bank opposite the fort, the last islander killed during the struggle for independence was shot while trying to escape. Situated in the centre of a group of mountains, with valleys branching off in all directions, the fort could hold communication with every part of the coast, and there can be little doubt that it would have held out much longer than it did, but for the treachery of one of the garrison, who led the invaders, under cover of the night, and by devious paths, to the top of a hill commanding the position. Now the ramparts and earthworks are overrun and almost hidden by roses. Originally planted, I suppose, by the new-comers, they have spread rapidly in all directions, till the hill-sides and summits are quite a-blush with the fragrant bloom.

Having enjoyed some strawberries and some icy cold water from a spring, and heard a long account of the war from the *gardiens*, we found it was time to commence our return journey, as it was now getting late. We descended much more quickly than we had come up, but daylight had faded into the brief tropical twilight, and that again into the shades of night, ere we reached the carriage.

Dinner and evening service brought the day to a conclusion, and I retired, not unwillingly, to bed, to dream of the charms of Tahiti.

Sometimes I think that all I have seen must be only a long vision, and that too soon I shall awaken to the cold reality ; the flowers, the fruit, the colours worn by every one, the whole scene and its surroundings, seem almost too fairylike to have an actual existence. I am in despair when I attempt to describe all these things. I feel that I cannot do anything like justice to their merits, and yet I fear all the time that what I say may be looked upon as an exaggeration.

> Long dreamy lawns, and birds on happy wings,
> Keeping their homes in never rifled bowers ;
> Cool fountains filling with their murmurings
> The sunny silence 'twixt the chiming hours.

After breakfast I had another visit from a man with war-cloaks, shell-belts, *tapa*, and *reva-reva*, which he brought on board for my inspection. It was a difficult task to make him understand what I meant, but at last I thought I had succeeded in impressing upon his mind the fact that I wished to buy them, and that they would be paid for at the store. The sequel unfortunately proved that I was mistaken. At nine o'clock we set out for the shore, and after landing drove along the same road by which we had returned from our excursion round the island.* After seeing as much of the place as our limited time would allow, we re-entered the carriages and drove over to Fautahua, where we found the children and maids had arrived just before us. The grand piano, every table, and the drawing-room floor, were spread with the presents we were expected to take away with us. There were bunches of scarlet feathers, two or three hundred in number, from the tail of the tropic bird, which are only allowed to be possessed and worn by chiefs, and which are of great value, as each bird only produces two feathers ; pearl shells, with corals growing on them, red coral from the islands on the Equator, curious sponges and sea-weed, *tapa* cloth and *reva-reva* fringe, arrowroot and palm-leaf hats, cocoa-nut drinking vessels, fine mats plaited in many patterns, and other

* We paid a brief visit to Point Venus, whence Captain Cook observed the transit of Venus on November 9th, 1769, and we saw the lighthouse and tamarind tree, which now mark the spot. The latter from which we brought away some seed, was undoubtedly planted by Captain Cook with his own hand.

specimens of the products of the island.

All the members of the royal family at present in Tahiti had been invited to meet us, and arrived in due course, including the heir-apparent and his brother and sister. All the guests were dressed in the native costume, with wreaths on their heads and necks, and even the servants—including our own, whom I hardly recognised—were similarly decorated. Wreaths had also been prepared for us, three of fragrant yellow flowers for Mabelle, Muriel, and myself, and others of a different kind for the gentlemen.

When the feast was ready the Prince offered me his arm, and we all walked in a procession to a grove of bananas in the garden through two lines of native servants, who, at a given signal, saluted us with three hearty English cheers. We then continued our walk till we arrived at a house, built in the native style, by the side of a rocky stream, like a Scotch burn. The uprights of the house were banana trees, transplanted with their leaves on, so as to shade the roof, which was formed of plaited cocoa-nut palm leaves, each about fifteen feet long, laid transversely across bamboo rafters. From these light green supports and the dark green roof depended the yellow and brown leaves of the *thevie*, woven into graceful garlands and elegant festoons. The floor was covered with the finest mats, with black and white borders, and the centre strewn with broad green plantain leaves, to form the tablecloth, on which were laid baskets and dishes, made of leaves sewed together, and containing all sorts of native delicacies. There were oysters, lobsters, wurrali, and crawfish, stewed chicken, boiled sucking-pig, plantains, bread-fruit, melons, bananas, oranges, and strawberries. Before each guest was placed a half cocoa-nut full of salt water, another full of chopped cocoa-nut, a third full of fresh water, and another full of milk, two pieces of bamboo, a basket of *poi*, half a bread-fruit, and a platter of green leaves, the latter being changed with each course. We took our seats on the ground round the green table. An address was first delivered in the native language, grace was then said, and we commenced. The first operation was to mix the salt water and the chopped cocoa-nut together, so as to make an appetising sauce, into which we were supposed to dip each morsel we ate, the empty salt-water bowl being filled up with fresh water with which to wash our fingers and lips. We were all tolerably successful in the use of our fingers as substitutes for knives and forks, though we could not manage the performance quite so gracefully as those more accustomed to it. The only drawback, as far as the dinner itself was concerned, was that it had to be eaten amid such a scene of novelty and beauty, that our attention was continually distracted. There was so much to admire around one, both in the house itself and outside, where we could see the mountain stream, the groves of palms and bread-fruit, and beyond them the bright sea and the surf-beaten coral reef. After we had finished, all the servants sat down to dinner, and from a daïs at one end of the room we surveyed the bright and animated scene, the gentlemen—and some of the ladies too—meanwhile enjoying their cigarettes.

When we got down to Papiete, at about half-past four, so many things had to be done that it seemed impossible to accomplish a start this evening. First of all the two Princes came on board, and were shown round, after which there were accounts to be paid, linen to be got on board, and various other preparations to be made. Presently it was discovered that the cloaks I had purchased—or thought I had purchased—this morning had not turned up, and that our saddles had been left at Fautahua on Sunday and had been forgotten. The latter were

immediately sent for, but although some one went on shore to look after the cloaks nothing could be heard of them; so I suppose I was not successful after all in making the man understand that he was to take them to the store and receive payment for them there.

HAWAIIAN SPORTS.

The natives have many other games of which they are very fond, and which they play with great skill, including spear-throwing, transfixing an object with a dart, *kona*, an elaborate kind of draughts, and *talu*, which consists in hiding a small stone under one of five pieces of cloth, placed in front of the players. One hides the stone, and the others have to guess where it is; and it generally happens that, however dexterously the hider may put his arm beneath the cloth, and dodge about from one piece to another, a clever player will be able to tell, by the movement of the muscles of the upper part of his arm, when his fingers relax their hold of the stone. Another game, called *paruu*, is very like the Canadian sport of 'tobogging,' only that it is carried on on the grass instead of on the snow. The performers stand bolt upright on a narrow plank, turned up in front, and steered with a sort of long paddle. They go to the top of a hill or mountain, and rush down the steep, grassy, sunburnt slopes at a tremendous pace, keeping their balance in a wonderful manner. There is also a very popular amusement, called *pahé*, requiring a specially prepared smooth floor, along which the javelins of the players glide like snakes. On the same floor they also play at another game, called *maita*, or *uru maita*. Two sticks, only a few inches apart, are stuck into the ground, and at a distance of thirty or forty yards the players strive to throw a stone between them. The *uru* which they use for the purpose is a hard circular stone, three or four inches in diameter, and an inch in thickness at the edge, but thicker in the middle.

Mr. Ellis in his 'Polynesian Researches,' states that 'these stones are finely polished, highly valued, and carefully preserved, being always oiled or wrapped up in native cloth after having been used. The people are, if possible, more fond of this game than of the *pahé*, and the inhabitants of a district not unfrequently challenge the people of the whole island, or the natives of one island those of all the others, to bring a man who shall try his skill with some favourite player of their own district or island. On such occasions seven or eight thousand people, men and women, with their chiefs and chiefesses, assemble to witness the sport, which, as well as the *pahé*, is often continued for hours together.'

With bows and arrows they are as clever as all savages, and wonderfully good shots, attempting many wonderful feats. They are swift as deer, when they choose, though somewhat lazy and indolent. All the kings and chiefs have been special adepts in the invigorating pastime of surf-swimming, and the present king's sisters are considered first-rate hands at it. The performers begin by swimming out into the bay, and diving under the huge Pacific rollers, pushing their surf-boards—flat pieces of wood, about four feet long by two wide, pointed at each end—edgewise before them. For the return journey they select a large wave; and then, either sitting, kneeling, or standing on their boards, rush in shorewards with the speed of a racehorse, on the curling crest of the monster, enveloped in foam and spray, and holding on, as it were, by the milk-white manes of their furious coursers. It looked a most enjoyable amusement, and I should think that, to a powerful swimmer, with plenty of pluck, the feat is not difficult of accomplishment. The natives here are almost amphibious. They played all sorts of tricks in the water, some of the performers being quite tiny boys. Four strong rowers took a whale-boat out into the worst surf, and then,

steering her by means of a large oar, brought her safely back to the shore on the top of a huge wave.

After the conclusion of this novel entertainment, we all proceeded on horseback to the Falls, Baby going in front of Tom, and Muriel riding with Mr. Freer. After a couple of miles we dismounted, and had a short walk through grass and ferns to a pretty double waterfall, tumbling over a cliff about 100 feet high, into a glassy pool of the river beneath. It fell in front of a fern-filled black lava cavern, over which a rainbow generally hangs. As it was too wet to sit on the grass after the rain, we took possession of the verandah of a native house, commanding a fine view of the bay and town of Hilo. The hot coffee and eggs were a great success eventually, though the smoke from the wood fire nearly suffocated us in the process of cooking. Excellent also was some grey mullet, brought to us alive, and cooked native fashion,—wrapped up in *ti* leaves, and put into a hole in the ground.

We now moved our position a little higher up the river, to the Falls, over which the men, gliding down the shallow rapids above, in a sitting posture, allowed themselves to be carried. It looked a pleasant and easy feat, and was afterwards performed by many of the natives in all sorts of ways. Two or three of them would hold each other's shoulders, forming a child's train, or some would get on the backs of their companions, while others descended singly in a variety of attitudes. At last a young girl was also persuaded to attempt the feat. She looked very pretty as she started, in her white chemise and bright garland, and prettier still when she emerged from the white foam beneath the fall, and swam along far below the surface of the clear water, with her long black hair streaming out behind her.

AT YOKOHAMA.

An old priest took us in hand, and, providing us with stout sticks, marched us up to the top of the hill to see various temples, and splendid views in many directions. The camellias and evergreens on the hillside made a lovely framework for each little picture, as we turned and twisted along the narrow path. I know not how many steps on the other side of the island had to be descended before the sea-beach was reached. Here is a cavern stretching 500 feet straight below high-water mark, with a shrine to Benton Sama, the Lucinda of Japan; and having been provided with candles, we proceeded a few hundred feet through another cave, running at right angles to the first.

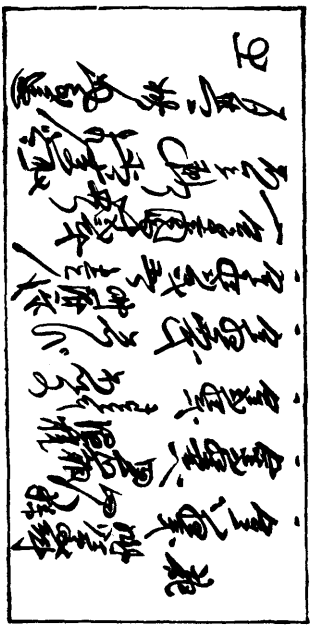
As it would have been a long steep walk back, and I was very tired, we called to one of the numerous fishing boats near the shore, and were quickly conveyed round to our original starting place. Before we said good-bye, one of the old priests implored to be allowed to dive into the water for half-a-dollar. His request was complied with, and he caught the coin most successfully.

We lunched at a tea-house, our meal consisting of fish of all kinds, deliciously cooked, and served, fresh from the fire, in a style worthy of Greenwich; and as we had taken the precaution to bring some bread and wine with us, we were independent of the usual rice and *saki*.

After this we proceeded on our way towards the Daiboots, or Great Buddha, situated within the limits of what was once the large city of Kama-kura, now only a collection of small hamlets. As all Japanese cities are built of wood, it is not wonderful that they should in time entirely disappear, and leave no trace behind them. But there still remain some of the columns of the temple which once existed in the gardens surrounding the idol. Now he is quite alone; and for centuries has this grand old figure sat, exposed to the elements, serenely smiling on the varying scene beneath him. The figure is of bronze, and is sup-

LEAP AT HILO.

posed to have been cast about the year 1250 or 1260. It is some fifty feet high, with golden eyes and a silver spiral horn on the forehead. It is



OUR LUNCHEON BILL.

possible to sit or stand on the thumb, and within the hollow body an altar is erected, at which the priests officiate. Sitting there, amidst a grove of enormous cryptomerias and bamboos, there is an air of ineffable silent strength about that solitary figure, which affords a clue to the tenacity with which the poorer classes cling to Buddhism. The very calmness of these figures must be more suggestive of relief and repose to the poor weary worshippers than the glitter of the looking-glass and crystal ball to be found in the Shintoo temples. The looking-glass is intended to remind believers that the Supreme Being can see their innermost thoughts as clearly as they can perceive their own reflection; while the crystal ball is an emblem of purity. Great store is set by the latter, especially if of large size and without flaw; but to my mind the imperfect ones are the best, as they refract the light and do not look so much like glass.

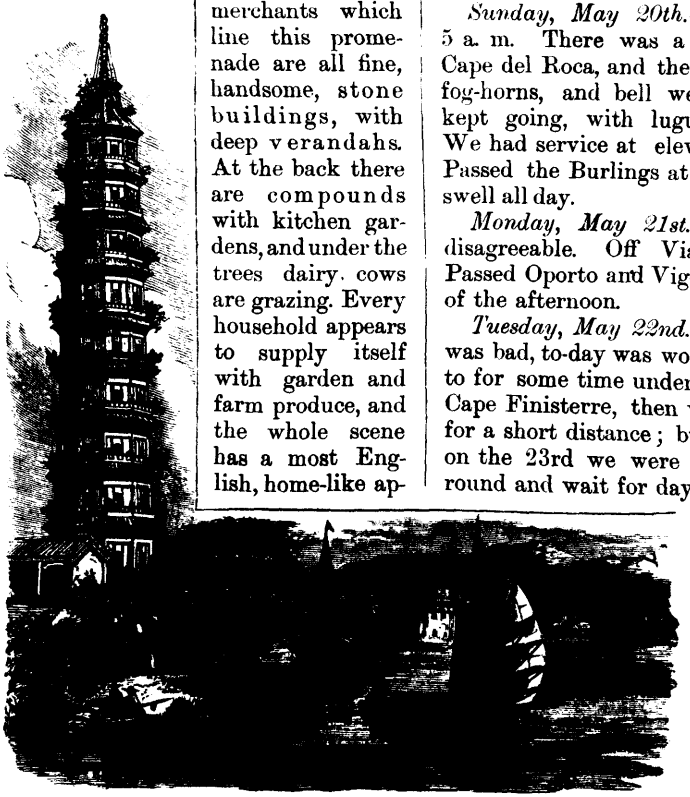
In another village close by—also part of the ancient Kama-kura—there is a fine temple, dedicated to the God of War; but we were pressed for time, and hurried back to the little carriages. The homeward drive was long and cold; but the Tokaido looked very pretty lighted up, the shadows of the inmates being plainly visible on the paper walls, reminding one of a scene in a pantomime. On our way down a very steep hill we met the men carrying a *cango*. It is a most uncomfortable-looking basket-work contrivance, in which it is impossible to sit or lie with ease. These *cangoes* used formerly to be the ordinary conveyance of Japan, but they are now replaced by the *jinrikishas*, and they are seldom met with, except in the mountains or in out-of-the-way places.

About one o'clock we reached Whampoa, the leading port of Canton. The Pearl River is too shallow for large steamers to go up any higher; so we stopped here only a few minutes to disembark some of the Chinese passengers, and from this point the interesting part of the voyage began. The river, as well as all the little supplementary creeks, was alive with junks and sampans—masts and sails stuck up in every direction, gliding about among the flat paddy-fields. Such masts and sails as they are! The mandarins' boats, especially, are so beautifully carved, painted, and decorated, that they look more as if they were floating about for ornament than for use. Just about two o'clock our large steamer was brought up close alongside the wooden pier as easily as a skiff, but it must require some skill to navigate this crowded river without accident. On the shore was an excited, vociferating crowd, but no one came to meet us; and we had begun to wonder what was to become of us —what we should do, and whither we

should go in a strange city, where we did not know a soul—when we were relieved from our embarrassment by the appearance of the Vice-Consul, who came on board to meet a friend. He told us that, owing to an expected ball, all the houses were unusually full, and that not one of the people who had been written to could take us in. This was rather bad news, but we felt sure that something would turn up.

We landed, and, after proceeding a short distance along the dirty street, came to a bridge with iron gates, which were thrown open by the sentry. After crossing a dirty stream we found ourselves in the foreign settlement—Shameen it is called—walking on nice turf, under the shade of fine trees. The houses of the merchants which line this promenade are all fine, handsome, stone buildings, with deep verandahs. At the back there are compounds with kitchen gardens, and under the trees dairy cows are grazing. Every household appears to supply itself with garden and farm produce, and the whole scene has a most English, home-like appearance. We went first to the Vice-Consul, and then to the Jardine Hong. All the business houses retain the names of the firms to which they originally belonged, even when they have passed into entirely different hands. After a little chat we went on to the Deacon Hong, where we found they had just done tiffin, and where we met some old friends.

By the kindness of various people, to whom we were introduced, we all found ourselves gradually installed in luxurious quarters. As for us, we had a large room comfortably furnished in English fashion, with a bath-room attached. All the houses are very much alike, and are fitted up in an equally comfortable style.



CHINESE PAGODA AND BOATS.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Sunday, May 20th.—Weighed at 5 a. m. There was a dense fog off Cape del Roca, and the steam-whistle fog-horns, and bell were constantly kept going, with lugubrious effect. We had service at eleven and 4.30. Passed the Burlings at 1.30. Heavy swell all day.

Monday, May 21st.—Rough and disagreeable. Off Viana at noon. Passed Oporto and Vigo in the course of the afternoon.

Tuesday, May 22nd.—If yesterday was bad, to-day was worse. We hove to for some time under the shelter of Cape Finisterre, then went on again for a short distance; but at 1.30 a.m. on the 23rd we were obliged to put round and wait for daylight.

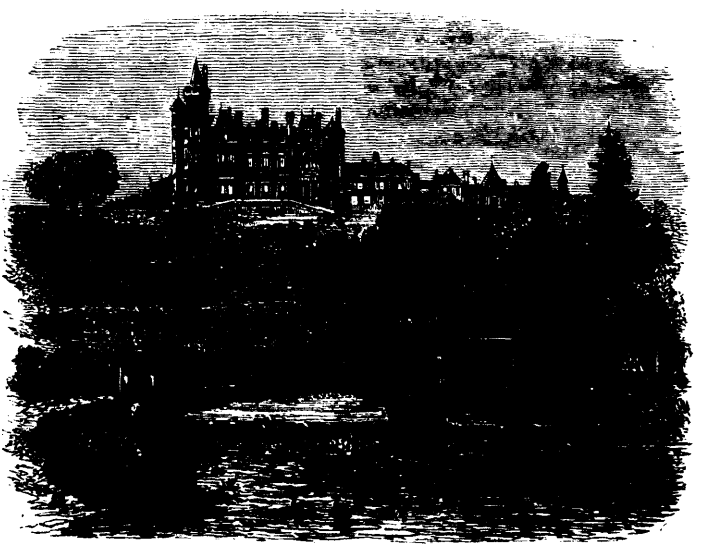
Wednesday 23rd & Thursday 24th.—In the course of the day the weather mended, though the sea still continued rough, and our course was really in the direction of

America rather than England. In the evening of the 24th we were able to light fires, and, with the assistance of steam, to keep nearly on our proper course.

Saturday, May 26th.—Saw the first English land, the Start, at 2.30 a. m. Wind continued fresh and fair, but at noon dropped calm, and we had to steam through the Needles instead of sailing, as we had done on our way out. We reached Cowes about 3 p. m., and were immediately welcomed by several yachts, who dipped their ensigns and fired their guns. We landed, and were warmly greeted by many friends, and, after sending off telegrams and letters, re-embarked and proceeded towards Hastings. We were anxious to land by daylight, but this was not to be. So it turned out to be midnight before we reached Beachy Head and could discern the lights of Hastings shining in the distance. As we drew near to our anchorage we could see two boats coming swiftly towards us from the shore. The crews were members of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, and as they came alongside they raised a shout of welcome. Hastings had been expecting us all the afternoon, and late as was the hour, 1.30 a. m., we were immediately surrounded by a fleet of boats, and many willing hands seized our heterogeneous cargo and multitudinous packages, and before daylight all had been safely landed on the pier. We committed ourselves to the care of the R. N. A. V., and landed in their boats, and at 4.30, proceeding to the Queen's Hotel, we had joyous meeting with T. A. B. and Maud.

How can I describe the warm greetings that met us everywhere, or the crowd that surrounded us, not only when we landed, but as we came out of church; how along the whole ten miles from Hastings to Battle, people were standing by the roadside and at their cottage doors to welcome us; how the Battle bell-ringers never stopped ringing except during service time; or how the warmest of welcomes ended our delightful year of travel and made us feel we were at home at last, with thankful hearts for the providential care which had watched over us whithersoever we roamed?

I travelled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea,
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.



HOME AT LAST.

THE HAUNTED HOTEL:

A MYSTERY OF MODERN VENICE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

THE FOURTH PART.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was only the twentieth of September, when Agnes and the children reached Paris. Mrs. Norbury and her brother Francis had then already started on their journey to Italy—at least three weeks before the date at which the new hotel was to open for the reception of travellers.

The person answerable for this premature departure was Francis Westwick.

Like his younger brother Henry, he had increased his pecuniary resources by his own enterprise and ingenuity; with this difference that his speculations were connected with the Arts. He had made money in the first instance, by a weekly newspaper; and he had then invested his profits in a London Theatre. This latter enterprise, admirably conducted, had been rewarded by the public with steady and liberal encouragement. Pondering over a new form of theatrical attraction for the coming winter season, Francis had determined to revive the languid public taste for the 'ballet' by means of an entertainment of his own invention, combining dramatic interest with dancing. He was now, accordingly, in search of the best dancer (possessed of the indispensable personal attractions) who was to be found in the theatres of the continent. Hearing from his foreign correspondents of two women who had made successful first appearances, one at Milan and one at Florence, he had arranged to visit those cities, and to judge of the merits of the dancers for himself, before he joined the bride and bridegroom. His widowed sister, having friends at Florence whom she was anxious to see, readily accompanied him. The Montbarrys remained at Paris, until it was time to present themselves at the family meeting in Venice. Henry found them still in the French capital, when he arrived from London on his way to the opening of the new hotel.

Against Lady Montbarry's advice, he took the opportunity of renewing his addresses to Agnes. He could hardly have chosen a more unpropitious time for pleading his cause with her. The gaieties of Paris (quite incomprehensibly to herself as well as to everyone about her) had a depressing effect on her spirits. She had no illness to complain of; she shared willingly in the ever varying succession of amusements offered to strangers by the ingenuity of the liveliest people in the world—but nothing roused her: she remained persistently dull and weary through it all. In this frame of mind and body, she was in no humour to receive Henry's ill-timed addresses with favour, or even with patience: she plainly and positively refused to listen to him. 'Why do you remind me of what I have suffered?' she asked petulantly. 'Don't you see that it has left its mark on me for life?'

'I thought I knew something of women by this time,' Henry said, appealing privately to Lady Montbarry for consolation. 'But Agnes completely puzzles me. It is a year since

Montbarry's death; and she remains as devoted to his memory as if he had died faithful to her—she still feels the loss of him, as none of *us* feel it!'

'She is the truest woman that ever breathed the breath of life,' Lady Montbarry answered. 'Remember that, and you will understand her. Can such a woman as Agnes give her love or refuse it, according to circumstances? Because the man was unworthy of her, was he less the man of her choice? The truest and best friend to him (little as he deserved it) in his lifetime, she naturally remains the truest and best friend to his memory now. If you really love her, wait; and trust to your two best friends—to time and to me. There is my advice; let your own experience decide whether it is not the best advice that I can offer. Resume your journey to Venice to-morrow; and when you take leave of Agnes, speak to her as cordially as if nothing had happened.'

Henry wisely followed this advice. Thoroughly understanding him, Agnes made the leave-taking friendly and pleasant on her side. When he stopped at the door for a last look at her, she hurriedly turned her head so that her face was hidden from him. Was that a good sign? Lady Montbarry, accompanying Henry down the stairs, said, 'Yes, decidedly! Write when you get to Venice. We shall wait here to receive letters from Arthur and his wife, and we shall time our departure for Italy accordingly.'

A week passed, and no letter came from Henry. Some days later, a telegram was received from him. It was despatched from Milan, instead of from Venice; and it brought this strange message:—'I have left the hotel. Will return on the arrival of Arthur and his wife. Address, meanwhile, Albergo Reale, Milan.'

Preferring Venice before all other cities of Europe, and having arranged to remain there until the family meeting took place, what unexpected event had led Henry to alter his plans? and why did he state the bare fact, without adding a word of explanation? Let the narrative follow him—and find the answer to those questions at Venice.

Chapter XVII.

THE Palace Hotel, appealing for encouragement mainly to English and American travellers, celebrated the opening of its doors, as a matter of course, by the giving of a grand banquet, and the delivery of a long succession of speeches.

Delayed on his journey, Henry Westwick only reached Venice in time to join the guests over their coffee and cigars. Observing the splendour of the reception rooms, and taking note especially of the artful mixture of comfort and luxury in the bedchambers, he began to share the old nurse's views of the future, and to contemplate seriously the coming dividend of ten per cent. The hotel was beginning well, at all events. So much interest in the enterprise had been aroused, at home and abroad, by profuse advertising that the whole accommodation of the building had been secured by travellers of all nations for the opening night. Henry only obtained one of the small rooms on the upper floor, by a lucky accident—the absence of the gentleman who had written to engage it. He was quite satisfied, and was on his way to bed, when another accident altered his prospects for the night, and moved him into another and a better room.

Ascending on his way to the higher regions as far as the first floor of the hotel, Henry's attention was attracted by an angry voice protesting, in a strong New England accent, against one of the greatest hardships that can be inflicted on a citizen of the United States—the hardship of sending him to bed without gas in his room.

The Americans are not only the most hospitable people to be found on

the face of the earth—they are (under certain conditions) the most patient and good-tempered people as well. But they are human ; and the limit of American endurance is found in the obsolete institution of a bedroom candle. The American traveller, in the present case, declined to believe that his bedroom was in a completely finished state without a gas-burner. The manager pointed to the fine antique decorations (renewed and regilt) on the walls and ceiling, and explained that the emanations of burning gas-light would certainly spoil them in the course of a few months. To this the traveller replied that it was possible, but that he did not understand decorations. A bedroom with gas in it was what he was used to, was what he wanted, and was what he was determined to have. The compliant manager volunteered to ask some other gentleman, housed on the inferior upper story (which was lit throughout with gas), to change rooms. Hearing this, and being quite willing to exchange a small bed-chamber for a large one, Henry volunteered to be the other gentleman. The excellent American shook hands with him on the spot. 'You are a cultured person, sir,' he said ; 'and *you* will no doubt understand the decorations.'

Henry looked at the number of the room on the door as he opened it. The number was Fourteen.

Tired and sleepy, he naturally anticipated a good night's rest. In the thoroughly healthy state of his nervous system, he slept as well in a bed abroad as in a bed at home. Without the slightest assignable reason, however, his just expectations were disappointed. The luxurious bed, the well-ventilated room, the delicious tranquillity of Venice by night, all were in favour of his sleeping well. He never slept at all. An indescribable sense of depression and discomfort kept him waking through darkness and daylight alike. He went down to the coffee-room as soon as the hotel was astir, and ordered some breakfast. Another unaccountable change in himself appeared with the appearance of the meal. He was absolutely without appetite. An excellent omelette and cutlets cooked to perfection, he sent away untasted—he, whose appetite never failed him, whose digestion was still equal to any demands on it !

The day was bright and fine. He sent for a gondola, and was rowed to the Lido.

Out on the airy Lagoon, he felt like a new man. He had not left the hotel ten minutes before he was fast asleep in the gondola. Waking, on reaching the landing-place, he crossed the Lido, and enjoyed a morning's swim in the Adriatic. There was only a poor restaurant on the island, in those days ; but his appetite was now ready for anything ; he eat whatever was offered to him, like a famished man. He could hardly believe, when he reflected on it, that he had sent away untasted his excellent breakfast at the hotel.

Returning to Venice, he spent the rest of the day in the picture-galleries and the churches. Towards six o'clock his gondola took him back, with another fine appetite, to meet some travelling-acquaintances with whom he had engaged to dine at the table d'hôte.

The dinner was deservedly rewarded with the highest approval by every guest in the hotel but one. To Henry's astonishment, the appetite with which he had entered the house mysteriously and completely left him when he sat down to table. He could drink some wine, but he could literally eat nothing. 'What in the world is the matter with you?' his travelling-acquaintances asked. He could honestly answer, 'I know no more than you do.'

When night came, he gave his comfortable and beautiful bedroom another trial. The result of the second experiment was a repetition of the result of the first. Again he felt the all-pervading sense of depression and

discomfort. Again he passed a sleepless night. And once more, when he tried to eat his breakfast, his appetite completely failed him!

This personal experience of the new hotel was too extraordinary to be passed over in silence. Henry mentioned it to his friends in the public room, in the hearing of the manager. The manager, naturally zealous in defence of the hotel, was a little hurt at the implied reflection cast on Number Fourteen. He invited the travellers present to judge for themselves whether Mr. Westwick's bedroom was to blame for Mr. Westwick's sleepless nights; and he especially appealed to a grey-headed gentleman, a guest at the breakfast-table of an English traveller, to take the lead in the investigation. 'This is Doctor Bruno, our first physician in Venice,' he explained. 'I appeal to him to say if there are any unhealthy influences in Mr. Westwick's room.'

Introduced to Number Fourteen, the doctor looked round him with a certain appearance of interest which was noticed by everyone present. 'The last time I was in this room,' he said, 'was on a melancholy occasion. It was before the palace was changed into an hotel. I was in professional attendance on an English nobleman who died here.' One of the persons present inquired the name of the nobleman. Doctor Bruno answered (without the slightest suspicion that he was speaking before a brother of the dead man), 'Lord Montbarry.'

Henry quietly left the room, without saying a word to anybody.

He was not, in any sense of the term, a superstitious man. But he felt, nevertheless, an insurmountable reluctance to remaining in the hotel. He decided on leaving Venice. To ask for another room would be, as he could plainly see, an offence in the eyes of the manager. To remove to another hotel, would be to openly abandon an establishment in the success of which he had a pecuniary interest. Leaving a note for Arthur Barville, on his arrival in Venice, in which he merely mentioned that he had gone to look at the Italian lakes, and that a line addressed to his hotel at Milan would bring him back again, he took the afternoon train to Padua —and dined with his usual appetite, and slept as well as ever that night.

The next day, a gentleman and his wife, returning to England by way of Venice, arrived at the hotel and occupied Number Fourteen.

Still mindful of the slur that had been cast on one of his best bedchambers, the manager took occasion to ask the travellers the next morning how they liked their room. They left him to judge for himself how well they were satisfied, by remaining a day longer in Venice than they had originally planned to do, solely for the purpose of enjoying the excellent accommodation offered to them by the new hotel. 'We have met with nothing like it in Italy,' they said; 'you may rely on our recommending you to all our friends.'

On the day when Number Fourteen was again vacant, an English lady travelling alone with her maid arrived at the hotel, saw the room, and at once engaged it.

The lady was Mrs. Norbury. She had left Francis Westwick at Milan, occupied in negociating for the appearance at his theatre of the new dancer at the Scala. Not having heard to the contrary, Mrs. Norbury supposed that Arthur Barville and his wife had already arrived at Venice. She was more interested in meeting the young married couple than in waiting the result of the hard bargaining which delayed the engagement of the new dancer; and she volunteered to make her brother's apologies, if his theatrical business caused him to be late in keeping his appointment at the honeymoon festival.

Mrs. Norbury's experience of Number Fourteen differed entirely from her brother Henry's experience of the room.

Falling asleep as readily as usual, her repose was disturbed by a succession of frightful dreams; the central figure in every one of them being the figure of her dead brother, the first Lord Montbarry. She saw him starving in a loathsome prison; she saw him pursued by assassins, and dying under their knives; she saw him drowning in immeasurable depths of dark water; she saw him in a bed of fire, burning to death in the flames; she saw him tempted by a shadowy creature to drink, and dying of the poisonous draught. The reiterated horror of these dreams had such an effect on her that she rose with the dawn of day, afraid to trust herself again in bed. In the old times, she had been noted in the family as the one member of it who lived on affectionate terms with Montbarry. His other sister and his brothers were constantly quarrelling with him. Even his mother owned that her eldest son was of all her children the child whom she least liked. Sensible and resolute woman as she was, Mrs. Norbury shuddered with terror as she sat at the window of her room, watching the sunrise, and thinking of her dreams.

She made the first excuse that occurred to her, when her maid came in at the usual hour, and noticed how ill she looked. The woman was of so superstitious a temperament that it would have been in the last degree indiscreet to trust her with the truth. Mrs. Norbury merely remarked that she had not found the bed quite to her liking, on account of the large size of it. She was accustomed at home, as her maid knew, to sleep in a small bed. Informed of this objection later in the day, the manager regretted that he could only offer to the lady the choice of one other bedchamber, numbered Thirty-eight, and situated immediately over the bedchamber which she desired to leave. Mrs. Norbury accepted the proposed change of quarters. She was now about to pass her second night in the room occupied in the old days of the palace by Baron Rivar.

Once more, she fell asleep as usual. And, once more, the frightful dreams of the first night terrified her; following each other in the same succession. This time her nerves, already shaken, were not equal to the renewed torture of terror inflicted on them. She threw on her dressing-gown, and rushed out of her room in the middle of the night. The porter, alarmed by the banging of the door, met her hurrying headlong down the stairs, in search of the first human being she could find to keep her company. Considerably surprised at this last new manifestation of the famous 'English eccentricity,' the man looked at the hotel register, and led the lady upstairs again to the room occupied by her maid. The maid was not asleep, and more wonderful still, was not even undressed. She received her mistress quietly. When they were alone, and when Mrs. Norbury had, as a matter of necessity, taken her attendant into her confidence, the woman made a very strange reply.

'I have been asking about the hotel, at the servants' supper to-night,' she said. 'The valet of one of the gentlemen staying here has heard that the late Lord Montbarry was the last person who lived in the palace, before it was made into an hotel. The room he died in, ma'am, was the room you slept in last night. Your room to-night is the room just above it. I said nothing for fear of frightening you. For my own part, I have passed the night as you see, keeping my light in, and reading my Bible. In my opinion, no member of your family can hope to be happy or comfortable in this house.'

'What do you mean?'

'Please to let me explain myself, ma'am. When Mr. Henry Westwick was here (I have this from the valet, too) he occupied the room his brother died in (without knowing it) like you. For two nights he never closed his eyes. Without any reason for it (the valet heard him tell the gentlemen in the

coffee-room) he could *not* sleep ; he felt so low and so wretched in himself. And what is more, when daytime came, he couldn't even eat while he was under this roof. You may laugh at me, ma'am —but even a servant may draw her own conclusions. It's my conclusion that something happened to my lord, which we none of us know about, when he died in this house. His ghost walks in torment until he can tell it ! The living persons related to him are the persons who feel he is near them—the persons who may yet see him in the time to come. Don't, pray don't stay any longer in this dreadful place ! I wouldn't stay another night here myself—no, not for anything that could be offered me ! '

Mrs. Norbury at once set her servant's mind at ease on this last point.

'I don't think about it as you do,' she said gravely. 'But I should like to speak to my brother of what has happened. We will go back to Milan.'

Some hours necessarily elapsed before they could leave the hotel, by the first train in the forenoon.

In that interval, Mrs. Norbury's maid found an opportunity of confidentially informing the valet of what had passed between her mistress and herself. The valet had other friends to whom he related the circumstances in his turn. In due course of time, the narrative, passing from mouth to mouth, reached the ears of the manager. He instantly saw that the credit of the hotel was in danger, unless something was done to retrieve the character of the room numbered Fourteen. English travellers, well acquainted with the peerage of their native country, informed him that Henry Westwick and Mrs. Norbury were by no means the only members of the Montbarry family. Curiosity might bring more of them to the hotel, after hearing what had happened. The manager's ingenuity easily hit on the obvious means of misleading them, in this case. The numbers of all the rooms were enamelled in blue, on white china plates, screwed to the doors. He ordered a new plate to be prepared, bearing the number, '13 A' ; and he kept the room empty, after its tenant for the time being had gone away, until the plate was ready. He then re-numbered the room ; placing the removed Number Fourteen on the door of his own room (on the second floor), which, not being to let, had not previously been numbered at all. By this device, Number Fourteen, disappeared at once and forever, from the books of the hotel, as the number of a bedroom to let.

Having warned the servants to beware of gossipping with travellers on the subject of the changed numbers, under penalty of being dismissed, the manager composed his mind with the reflection that he had done his duty to his employers. 'Now,' he thought to himself, with an excusable sense of triumph, 'let the whole family come here if they like ! The hotel is a match for them.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEFORE the end of the week, the manager found himself in relations with 'the family' once more. A telegram from Milan announced that Mr. Francis Westwick would arrive in Venice on the next day, and would be obliged if Number Fourteen, on the first floor, could be reserved for him, in the event of its being vacant at the time.

The manager paused to consider, before he issued his directions.

The re-numbered room had been last let to a French gentleman. It would be occupied on the day of Mr. Francis Westwick's arrival, but it would be empty again on the day after. Would it be well to reserve the room for the special occupation of Mr. Francis ? and when he had passed the night unsuspiciously and comfortably in 'No. 13 A,' to ask him in the presence of witnesses how he liked his bed-chamber ?

In this case, if the reputation of the room happened to be called in question again, the answer would vindicate it, on the evidence of a member of the very family which had first given Number Fourteen a bad name. After a little reflection, the manager decided on trying the experiment, and directed that '13 A' should be reserved accordingly.

On the next day Francis Westwick arrived, in excellent spirits.

He had signed agreements with the most popular dancer in Italy; he had transferred the charge of Mrs. Norbury to his brother Henry, who had joined him in Milan; and he was now at full liberty to amuse himself by testing in every possible way the extraordinary influence exercised over his relatives by the new hotel. When his brother and sister first told him what their experience had been, he instantly declared that he would go to Venice in the interest of his theatre. The circumstances related to him contained invaluable hints for a ghost-drama. The title occurred to him in the railway: 'The Haunted Hotel.' Post that in red letters six feet high, on a black ground, all over London—and trust the excitable public to crowd into the theatre!

Received with the politest attention by the manager, Francis met with a disappointment on entering the hotel. 'Some mistake, sir. No such room on the first floor as Number Fourteen. The room bearing that number is on the second floor, and has been occupied by me from the day when the hotel opened. Perhaps you meant number 13 A, on the first floor? It will be at your service to-morrow—a charming room. In the mean time, we will do the best we can for you, to-night?'

A man who is the successful manager of a theatre is probably the last man in the civilized universe who is capable of being impressed with favourable opinions of his fellow-creatures. Francis privately set the manager down as a humbug, and the story about the numbering of the rooms as a lie.

On the day of his arrival he dined by himself in the restaurant, before the hour of the table d'hôte, for the express purpose of questioning the waiter, without being overheard by anybody. The answer led him to the conclusion that '13 A' occupied the situation in the hotel which had been described by his brother and sister as the situation of '14.' He asked next for the Visitors' List, and found that the French gentleman who then occupied '13 A' was the proprietor of a theatre in Paris, personally well known to him. Was the gentleman then in the hotel? He had gone out, but would certainly return for the table d'hôte. When the public dinner was over, Francis entered the room, and was welcomed by his Parisian colleague, literally, with open arms. 'Come and have a cigar in my room,' said the friendly Frenchman. 'I want to hear whether you have really engaged that woman at Milan or not.' In this easy way Francis found his opportunity of comparing the interior of the room with the description which he had heard of it at Milan.

Arriving at the door, the Frenchman bethought himself of his travelling companion. 'My scene-painter is here with me,' he said, 'on the look-out for materials. An excellent fellow, who will take it as a kindness if we ask him to join us. I'll tell the porter to send him up when he comes in.' He handed the key of his room to Francis. 'I will be back in a minute. It's at the end of the corridor—13 A.'

Francis entered the room alone. There were the decorations on the walls and the ceiling, exactly as they had been described to him! He had just time to perceive this at a glance, before his attention was diverted to himself and his own sensations, by a grotesquely-disagreeable occurrence which took him completely by surprise.

He became conscious of a mysteriously-offensive odour in the room,

entirely new in his experience of revolting smells. It was composed (if such a thing could be) of two mingling exhalations, which were separately-discoverable exhalations nevertheless. This strange blending of odours consisted of something faintly and unpleasantly aromatic, mixed with another underlying smell, so unutterably sickening that he threw open the window, and put his head out into the fresh air, unable to endure the horribly-infected atmosphere for a moment longer.

The French proprietor joined his English friend, with his cigar already lit. He started back in dismay at a sight terrible to his countrymen in general—the sight of an open window. 'You English people are perfectly mad on the subject of fresh air!' he exclaimed. 'We shall catch our deaths of cold.'

Francis turned, and looked at him in astonishment. 'Are you really not aware of the smell there is in the room?' he asked.

'Smell!' repeated his brother manager. 'I smell my own good cigar. Try one yourself. And for Heaven's sake shut the window!'

Francis declined the cigar by a sign. 'Forgive me,' he said. 'I will leave you to close the window. I feel faint and giddy—I had better go out.' He put his handkerchief over his nose and mouth, and crossed the room to the door.

The Frenchman followed the movements of Francis, in such a state of bewilderment that he actually forgot to seize the opportunity of shutting out the fresh air. 'Is it so nasty as that?' he asked, with a broad stare of amazement.

'Horrible!' Francis muttered behind his handkerchief. 'I never smelt anything like it in my life!'

There was a knock at the door. The scene-painter appeared. His employer instantly asked him if he smelt anything.

'I smell your cigar. Delicious! Give me one directly!'

'Wait a minute. Besides my cigar, do you smell anything else—vile, abominable, overpowering, indescribable, never-never-never smelt before!'

The scene-painter appeared to be puzzled by the vehement energy of the language addressed to him. 'The room is as fresh and sweet as a room can be,' he answered. As he spoke, he looked back with astonishment at Francis Westwick, standing outside in the corridor, and eyeing the interior of the bed-chamber with an expression of undisguised disgust.

The Parisian director approached his English colleague, and looked at him with grave and anxious scrutiny.

'You see, my friend, here are two of us, with as good noses as yours, who smell nothing. If you want evidence from more noses, look there!' He pointed to two little English girls, at play in the corridor. 'The door of my room is wide open—and you know how fast a smell can travel. Now listen, while I appeal to these innocent noses, in the language of their own dismal island. My little loves, do you sniff a nasty smell here—ha?' The children burst out laughing, and answered emphatically, 'No.' 'My good Westwick,' the Frenchman resumed, in his own language, 'the conclusion is surely plain? There is something wrong, very wrong, with your own nose. I recommend you to see a medical man.'

Having given that advice, he returned to his room, and shut out the horrid fresh air with a loud exclamation of relief. Francis left the hotel, by the lanes that led to the Square of St. Mark. The night-breeze soon revived him. He was able to light a cigar, and to think quietly over what had happened.

CHAPTER XIX.

AVOIDING the crowd under the colonnades, Francis walked slow-

ly up and down the noble open space of the square, bathed in the light of the rising moon.

Without being aware of it himself, he was a thorough materialist. The strange effect produced on him by the room—following on the other strange effects produced on the other relatives of his dead brother—exercised no perplexing influence over the mind of this sensible man. 'Perhaps,' he reflected, 'my temperament is more imaginative than I supposed it to be—and this is a trick played on me by my own fancy? Or, perhaps, my friend is right; something is physically amiss with me? I don't feel ill, certainly. But that is no safe criterion sometimes. I am not going to sleep in that abominable room to-night—I can well wait till to-morrow to decide whether I shall speak to a doctor or not. In the meantime, the hotel doesn't seem likely to supply me with the subject of a piece. A terrible smell from an invisible ghost is a perfectly new idea. But it has one drawback. If I realize it on the stage, I shall drive the audience out of the theatre.'

As his strong common sense arrived at this facetious conclusion, he became aware of a lady, dressed entirely in black, who was observing him with marked attention. 'Am I right in supposing you to be Mr. Francis Westwick?' the lady asked, at the moment when he looked at her.

'That is my name, madam. May I inquire to whom I have the honour of speaking?'

'We have only met once,' she answered, a little evasively, 'when your late brother introduced me to the members of his family. I wonder if you have quite forgotten my big black eyes and my hideous complexion?' She lifted her veil as she spoke, and turned so that the moonlight rested on her face.

Francis recognised at a glance the woman of all others whom he most cordially disliked—the widow of his dead brother, the first Lord Montbarry. He frowned as he looked at her. His experience on the stage, gathered at innumerable rehearsals with actresses who had sorely tried his temper, had accustomed him to speak roughly to women who were distasteful to him. 'I remember you,' he said. 'I thought you were in America!'

She took no notice of his ungracious tone and manner; she simply stopped him when he lifted his hat, and turned to leave her.

'Let me walk with you for a few minutes,' she quietly replied, 'I have something to say to you.'

He showed her his cigar. 'I am smoking,' he said.

'I don't mind smoking.'

After that, there was nothing to be done (short of downright brutality) but to yield. He did it with the worst possible grace. 'Well?' he resumed. 'What do you want of me?'

'You shall hear directly, Mr. Westwick. Let me first tell you what my position is. I am alone in the world. To the loss of my husband has now been added another bereavement, the loss of my companion in America, my brother—Baron Rivar.'

The reputation of the Baron, and the doubt which scandal had thrown on his assumed relationship to the Countess, were well known to Francis. 'Shot in a gambling-saloon?' he asked brutally.

'The question is a perfectly natural one on your part,' she said with the impenetrably-ironical manner which she could assume on certain occasions. 'As a native of horse-racing England, you belong to a nation of gamblers. My brother died no extraordinary death, Mr. Westwick. He sank, with many other unfortunate people, under a fever prevalent in a Western city which we happened to visit. The calamity of his loss made the United States unendurable to me. I left by the first steamer that sailed from New York—a French vessel which brought me to Havre. I continued my lonely

journey to the South of France. And then I went on to Venice.'

'What does all this matter to me?' Francis thought to himself. She paused, evidently expecting him to say something. 'So you have come to Venice?' he said carelessly. 'Why?'

'Because I couldn't help it,' she answered.

Francis looked at her with cynical curiosity. 'That sounds odd,' he remarked. 'Why couldn't you help it?'

'Women are accustomed to act on impulse,' she explained. 'Suppose we say that an impulse has directed my journey? And yet, this is the last place in the world that I wish to find myself in. Associations that I detest are connected with it in my mind. If I had a will of my own, I would never see it again. I hate Venice. As you see, however, I am here. When did you meet with such an unreasonable woman before? Never, I am sure!' She stopped, eyed him for a moment, and suddenly altered her tone. 'When is Miss Agnes Lockwood expected to be in Venice?' she asked.

It was not easy to throw Francis off his balance, but that extraordinary question did it. 'How the devil did you know that Miss Lockwood was coming to Venice?' he exclaimed.

She laughed—a bitter mocking laugh. 'Say, I guessed it.'

Something in her tone, or perhaps something in the audacious defiance of her eyes as they rested on him, roused the quick temper that was in Francis Westwick. 'Lady Montbarry ——!' he began.

'Stop there!' she interposed. 'Your brother Stephen's wife calls herself Lady Montbarry now. I share my title with no woman. Call me by my name, before I committed the fatal mistake of marrying your brother. Address me, if you please, as Countess Narona.'

'Countess Narona,' Francis resumed, 'if your object in claiming my acquaintance is to mystify me, you have come to the wrong man. Speak plainly, or permit me to wish you good evening.'

'If your object is to keep Miss Lockwood's arrival in Venice a secret,' she retorted, 'speak plainly Mr. Westwick, on *your* side, and say so.'

Her intention was evidently to irritate him; and she succeeded. 'Nonsense!' he broke out petulantly. 'My brother's travelling arrangements are secrets to nobody. He brings Miss Lockwood here, with Lady Montbarry and the children. As you seem so well informed, perhaps you know why she is coming to Venice?'

The Countess had suddenly become grave and thoughtful. She made no reply. The two strangely-associated companions, having reached one extremity of the square were now standing before the church of St. Mark. The moonlight was bright enough to show the architecture of the grand cathedral in its wonderful variety of detail. Even the pigeons of St. Mark were visible, in dark, closely packed rows, roosting in the archways of the great entrance doors.

'I never saw the old church look so beautiful by moonlight,' the Countess said quietly; speaking, not to Francis, but to herself. 'Goodbye, St. Mark's by moonlight! I shall not see you again.'

She turned away from the church, and saw Francis listening to her with wondering looks. 'No,' she resumed, placidly picking up the lost thread of the conversation, 'I don't know why Miss Lockwood is coming here, I only know that we are to meet in Venice?'

'By previous appointment?'

'By Destiny,' she answered, with her head on her breast, and her eyes on the ground. Francis burst out laughing. 'Or if you like it better,' she instantly resumed, 'by what fools call, Chance.'

Francis answered easily, out of the depths of his strong common sense. 'Chance seems to be taking a queer way of bringing the meeting about,'

he said. 'We have all arranged to meet at the Palace Hotel. How is it that your name is not on the Visitors' List? Destiny ought to have brought you to the Palace Hotel, too.'

She abruptly pulled down her veil. 'Destiny may do that yet!' she said. 'The Palace Hotel?' she repeated, speaking once more to herself. 'The old hell, transformed into the new purgatory. The place itself. Jesus Maria! the place itself!' She paused and laid her hand on her companion's arm. 'Perhaps Miss Lockwood is not going there with the rest of you?' she burst out with sudden eagerness. 'Are you positively sure she will be at the hotel?'

'Positively! Haven't I told you that Miss Lockwood travels with Lord and Lady Montbarry? and don't you know that she is a member of the family? You will have to move, Countess, to our hotel.'

She was perfectly impenetrable to the bantering tone in which he spoke. 'Yes,' she said faintly, 'I shall have to move to your hotel.' Her hand was still on his arm—he could feel her shivering from head to foot while she spoke. Heartily as he disliked and distrusted her, the common instinct of humanity obliged him to ask if she felt cold.

'Yes,' she said. 'Cold and faint.'

'Cold and faint, Countess, on such a night as this?'

'The night has nothing to do with it, Mr. Westwick. How do you suppose the criminal feels on the scaffold, while the hangman is putting the rope round his neck? Cold and faint, too, I should think. Excuse my grim fancy. You see destiny has got the rope round *my* neck—and *I* feel it.'

She looked about her. They were at that moment close to the famous café known as 'Florian's.' 'Take me in there,' she said; 'I must have something to revive me. You had better not hesitate. You are interested in reviving me. I have not said what I wanted to say to you yet. It's business, and it's connected with your theatre.'

Wondering inwardly what she could possibly want with his theatre, Francis reluctantly yielded to the necessities of the situation, and took her into the café. He found a quiet corner in which they could take their places without attracting notice. 'What will you have?' he inquired resignedly. She gave her own orders to the waiter, without troubling him to speak for her.

'Maraschino. And a pot of tea.'

The waiter stared; Francis stared. The tea was a novelty (in connection with maraschino) to both of them. Careless whether she surprised them or not, she instructed the waiter, when her directions had been complied with, to pour a large wine-glass full of the liquor into a tumbler, and to fill it up from the teapot. 'I can't do it for myself,' she remarked, 'my hand trembles so.' She drank the strange mixture eagerly, hot as it was. 'Maraschino punch—will you taste some of it?' she said. 'I inherit the discovery of this drink. When your English Queen Caroline was on the continent, my mother was attached to her court. That much injured Royal Person invented, in her happier hours, Maraschino punch. Fondly attached to her gracious mistress my mother shared her tastes. And I, in my turn, learnt from my mother. Now, Mr. Westwick, suppose I tell you what my business is. You are manager of a theatre. Do you want a new play?'

'I always want a new play—provided it's a good one.'

'And you pay, if it's a good one?'

'I pay liberally—in my own interests.'

'If *I* write the play, will you read it?'

Francis hesitated. 'What has put writing a play into your head?' he asked.

'Mere accident,' she answered. 'I had once occasion to tell my late brother of a visit I paid to Miss Lockwood, when I was last in England. He took no

interest in what happened at the interview, but something struck him in my way of relating it. He said, "You describe what passed between you and the lady with the point and contrast of good stage dialogue. You have the dramatic instinct—try if you can write a play. You might make money." *That* put it into my head.'

These last words seemed to startle Francis. 'Surely you don't want money!' he exclaimed.

'I always want money. My tastes are expensive. I have nothing but my poor little four hundred a year—and the wreck that is left of the other money. About two hundred pounds in circular notes, no more.'

Francis knew that she was referring to the ten thousand pounds paid by the insurance offices. 'All those thousands gone already!' he exclaimed.

She blew a little puff of air over her fingers. 'Gone like that!' she answered coolly.

'Baron Rivar?'

She looked at him with a flash of anger in her hard black eyes.

'My affairs are my own secret, Mr. Westwick. I have made you a proposal—and you have not answered me yet. Don't say No, without thinking first. Remember what a life mine has been. I have seen more of the world than most people, playwrights included. I have had strange adventures; I have heard remarkable stories; I have observed; I have remembered. Are there no materials, here in my head, for writing a play—if the opportunity is granted to me?' She waited a moment, and suddenly repeated her strange question about Agnes. 'When is Miss Lockwood expected to be in Venice?'

'What has that to do with your new play, Countess?'

The Countess appeared to feel some difficulty in giving that question its fit reply. She mixed another tumbler full of the maraschino punch, and drank one good half of it before she spoke again.

'It has everything to do with my new play,' was all she said. 'Answer me.' Francis answered her.

'Miss Lockwood may be here in a week. Or for all I know to the contrary, sooner than that.'

'Very well. If I am a living woman and a free woman, in a week's time—or if I am in possession of my senses in a week's time (don't interrupt me; I know what I am talking about)—I shall go to England, and I shall write a sketch or outline of my play, as a specimen of what I can do. Once again, will you read it?'

'I will certainly read it. But, Countess, I don't understand ——'

She held up her hand for silence, and finished the second tumbler of maraschino punch.

'I am a living enigma—and you want to know the right reading of me,' she said. 'Here is the reading, as your English phrase goes, in a nutshell. There is a foolish idea in the minds of many persons that the natives of the warm climates are imaginative people. There never was a greater mistake. You will find no such unimaginative people anywhere as you find in Italy, Spain, Greece, and the other Southern countries. To anything fanciful, to anything spiritual, their minds are deaf and blind by nature. Now and then, in the course of centuries, a great genius springs up amongst them; and he is the exception which proves the rule. Now see! I, though I am no—genius—I am, in my little way (as I suppose) an exception too. To my sorrow, I have some of that imagination, which is so common among the English and the Germans—so rare among the Italians, the Spaniards, and the rest of them! And what is the result? I think it has become a disease in me. I am filled with presentiments which make this wicked life of mine one long terror to me. It doesn't matter, just now, what they are. Enough that they absolutely govern me—they drive me over land and sea

at their own horrible will; they are in me, and torturing me, at this moment! Why don't I resist them? Ha! but I do resist them. I am trying (with the help of the good punch) to resist them now. At intervals I cultivate the difficult virtue of sound sense. Sometimes sound sense makes a hopeful woman of me. At one time, I had the hope that what seemed reality to me was only mad delusion, after all—I even asked the question of an English doctor! At other times, other sensible doubts of myself beset me. Never mind dwelling on them now—it always ends in the old terrors and superstitions taking possession of me again. In a week's time, I shall know whether Destiny does indeed decide my future for me, or whether I decide it for myself. In the last case, my resolution is to absorb this self-tormenting fancy of mine in the occupation that I have told you of already. Do you understand me a little better now? And, our business being settled, dear Mr. Westwick, shall we get out of this hot room into the nice cool air again?'

They rose to leave the café. Francis privately concluded that the maraschino punch offered the only discoverable explanation of what the Countess had said to him.

CHAPTER XX.

'SHALL I see you again?' she asked, as she held out her hand to take leave. 'It is quite understood between us, I suppose, about the play?'

Francis recalled his extraordinary experience of that evening in the renumbered room. 'My stay in Venice is uncertain,' he replied. 'If you have anything more to say about this dramatic venture of yours, it may be as well to say it now. Have you decided on a subject already? I know the public taste in England better than you do—I might save you some waste of time and trouble, if you have not chosen your subject wisely?'

'I don't care what subject I write about, so long as I write,' she answered carelessly. 'If *you* have got a subject in your head, give it to me. I answer for the characters and the dialogue.'

'You answer for the characters and the dialogue,' Francis repeated. 'That's a bold way of speaking for a beginner! I wonder if I should shake your sublime confidence in yourself, if I suggested the most ticklish subject to handle which is known to the stage? What do you say, Countess, to entering the lists with Shakespeare, and trying a drama with a ghost in it? A true story, mind! founded on events in this very city in which you and I are interested.'

She caught him by the arm, and drew him away from the crowded colonnade into the solitary middle space of the square. 'Now tell me?' she said eagerly. 'Here, where nobody is near us. How am I interested in it? How? how?'

Still holding his arm, she shook him in her impatience to hear the coming disclosure. For a moment he hesitated. Thus far, amused by her ignorant belief in herself, he had merely spoken in jest. Now, for the first time, impressed by her irresistible earnestness, he began to consider what he was about from a more serious point of view. With her knowledge of all that had passed in the old palace, before its transformation into an hotel, it was surely possible that she might suggest some explanation of what had happened to his brother and sister, and himself. Or, failing to do this, she might accidentally reveal some event in her own experience which, acting as a hint to a competent dramatist, might prove to be the making of a play. The prosperity of his theatre was his one serious object in life. 'I may be on the trace of another "Corsican Brothers"' he thought. 'A new piece of that

sort would be ten thousand pounds in my pocket at least.'

With these motives (worthy of the single-hearted devotion to dramatic business which made Francis a successful manager) he related, without further hesitation, what his own experience had been, and what the experience of his relatives had been, in the haunted hotel. He even described the outbreak of superstitious terror which had escaped Mrs. Norbury's ignorant maid. 'Sad stuff, if you look at it reasonably,' he remarked. 'But there is something dramatic in the notion of the ghostly influence making itself felt by the relations in succession, as they one after another enter the fatal room —until the one chosen relative comes who will see the Unearthly Creature, and know the terrible truth. Material for a play, Countess—first-rate material for a play!'

There he paused. She neither moved nor spoke. He stooped and looked closer at her.

What impression had he produced? It was an impression which his utmost ingenuity had failed to anticipate. She stood by his side—just as she had stood before Agnes when her question about Ferrari was plainly answered at last —like a woman turned to stone. Her eyes were vacant and rigid; all the life in her face had faded out of it. Francis took her by the hand. Her hand was as cold as the pavement they were standing on. He asked her if she was ill.

Not a muscle in her moved. He might as well have spoken to the dead.

'Surely,' he said, 'you are not foolish enough to take what I have been telling you seriously?'

Her lips moved slowly. As it seemed, she was making an effort to speak to him.

'Louder,' he said. 'I can't hear you.'

She struggled to recover possession of herself. A faint light began to soften the dull cold stare of her eyes. In a moment more she spoke so that he could hear her.

'I never thought of the other world,' she murmured, in low dull tones like a woman talking in her sleep.

Her mind had gone back to the day of her last memorable interview with Agnes; she was slowly recalling the confession that had escaped her, the warning words which she had spoken at that past time. Necessarily incapable of understanding this, Francis looked at her in perplexity. She went on in the same dull vacant tone, steadily following out her own train of thought, with her heedless eyes on his face, and her wandering mind far away from him.

'I said some trifling event would bring us together the next time. I was wrong. No trifling event will bring us together. I said I might be the person who told her what had become of Ferrari, if she forced me to it. Shall I feel some other influence than hers? Will *he* force me to it? When *she* sees him, shall *I* see him too?'

Her head sank a little; her heavy eyelids dropped slowly; she heaved a long, low, weary sigh. Francis put her arm in his, and made an attempt to rouse her.

'Come, Countess, you are weary and over-wrought. We have had enough talking to-night. Let me see you safe back to your hotel. Is it far from here?'

She started when he moved, and obliged her to move with him, as if he had suddenly awakened her out of a deep sleep.

'Not far,' she said faintly. 'The old hotel on the quay. My mind's in a strange state; I have forgotten the name.'

'Danieli's?'

'Yes!'

He led her on slowly. She accompanied him in silence as far as the end of the Piazzetta. There when the full view of the moonlit Lagoon revealed itself, she stopped him as he turned towards the Riva degli Schia-

voni. 'I have something to ask you. I want to wait and think.'

She recovered her lost idea, after a long pause.

'Are you going to sleep in the room to-night?' she asked.

He told her that another traveller was in possession of the room that night. 'But the manager has reserved it for me to-morrow,' he added, 'if I wish to have it.'

'No,' she said. 'You must give it up.'

'To whom?'

'To me.'

He started. 'After what I have told you, do you really wish to sleep in that room to-morrow night?'

'I *must* sleep in it.'

'Are you not afraid?'

'I am horribly afraid.'

'So I should have thought, after what I have observed in you to-night. Why should you take the room! you are not obliged to occupy it, unless you like.'

'I was not obliged to go to Venice, when I left America,' she answered. 'And yet I came here. I must take the room and keep the room, until—' She broke off at those words. 'Never mind the rest,' she said. 'It doesn't interest you.'

It was useless to dispute with her. Francis changed the subject. 'We can do nothing to-night,' he said. 'I will call on you to-morrow morning, and hear what you think of it then.'

They moved on again to the hotel. As they approached the door, Francis asked if she was staying in Venice, under her own name.

She shook her head. 'As your brother's widow, I am known here. As Countess Narona, I am known here. I want to be unknown, this time, to strangers in Venice; I am travelling under a common English name.' She hesitated, and stood still. 'What has come to me?' she muttered to herself. 'Some things I remember; and some I forget. I forgot Danieli's —and now I forget my English name.'

She drew him hurriedly into the hall of the hotel, on the wall of which hung a list of visitors' names. Running her finger slowly down the list, she pointed to the English name that she had assumed:—'Mrs. James.'

'Remember that when you call to-morrow,' she said. 'My head is heavy. Good night.'

Francis went back to his own hotel, wondering what the events of the next day would bring forth. A new turn in his affairs had taken place in his absence. As he crossed the hall, he was requested by one of the servants to walk into the private office. The manager was waiting there with a gravely pre-occupied manner, as if he had something serious to say. He regretted to hear that Mr. Francis Westwick had, like other members of the family, discovered mysterious sources of discomfort in the new hotel. He had been informed in strict confidence of Mr. Westwick's extraordinary objection to the atmosphere of the bedroom upstairs. Without presuming to discuss the matter, he must beg to be excused from reserving the room for Mr. Westwick after what had happened.

Francis answered sharply, a little ruffled by the tone in which the manager had spoken to him. 'I might, very possibly, have declined to sleep in the room, if you had reserved it,' he said. 'Do you wish me to leave the hotel?'

The manager saw the error that he had committed, and hastened to repair it. 'Certainly not, sir! We will do our best to make you comfortable, while you stay with us. I beg your pardon if I have said anything to offend you. The reputation of an establishment like this is a matter of very serious importance. May I hope that you will do us the great favour to say nothing about what has happened upstairs? The two French gentlemen have kindly promised to keep it a secret.'

This apology left Francis no polite

alternative but to grant the manager's request. 'There is an end to the Countess's wild scheme,' he thought to himself, as he retired for the night. 'So much the better for the Countess!'

He rose late the next morning. Inquiring for his Parisian friends, he was informed that both the French gentlemen had left for Milan. As he crossed the hall, on his way to the restaurant, he noticed the head porter, chalking the numbers of the rooms on some articles of luggage which were waiting to go upstairs. One trunk attracted his attention by the extraordinary number of old travelling labels left on it. The porter was marking it at the moment—and the number was, '13 A.' Francis instantly looked at the card fastened on the lid. It bore the common English name, 'Mrs. James!' He at once inquired about the lady. She had arrived early that morning, and she was then in the Reading Room. Looking into the room, he discovered a lady in it alone. Advancing a little nearer, he found himself face to face with the Countess.

She was seated in a dark corner, with her head down and her arms crossed over her bosom. 'Yes,' she said in a tone of weary impatience, before Francis could speak to her. 'I thought it best not to wait for you—I determined to get here before anybody else could take the room.'

'Have you taken it for long?' Francis asked.

'You told me Miss Lockwood would be here in a week's time. I have taken it for a week.'

'What has Miss Lockwood to do with it?'

'She has everything to do with it—she must sleep in the room. I shall give the room up to her when she comes here.'

Francis began to understand the superstitious purpose that she had in view. 'Are you (an educated woman) really of the same opinion as my sister's maid!' he exclaimed. 'Assuming your absurd superstition to be a serious thing, you are taking the wrong means to prove it true. If I and my brother and sister have seen nothing, how should Agnes Lockwood discover what was not revealed to Us? She is only distantly related to the Montbarrys—she is only our cousin.'

'She was nearer to the heart of the Montbarry who is dead than any of you,' the Countess answered sternly. 'To the last day of his life, my miserable husband repented his desertion of her. She will see what none of you have seen—she shall have the room.'

Francis listened, utterly at a loss to account for the motives that animated her. 'I don't see what interest *you* have in trying this extraordinary experiment,' he said.

'It is my interest not to try it! It is my interest to fly from Venice, and never set eyes on Agnes Lockwood or any of your family again!'

'What prevents you from doing that?'

She started to her feet and looked at him wildly. 'I know no more what prevents me than you do!' she burst out. 'Some will that is stronger than mine drives me on to my destruction, in spite of my own self!' She suddenly sat down again, and waved her hand for him to go. 'Leave me,' she said. 'Leave me to my thoughts.'

Francis left her, firmly persuaded by this time that she was out of her senses. For the rest of the day, he saw nothing of her. The night, so far as he knew, passed quietly. The next morning he breakfasted early, determining to wait in the restaurant for the appearance of the Countess. She came in and ordered her breakfast quietly, looking dull and worn and self-absorbed, as she had looked when he last saw her. He hastened to her table, and asked if anything had happened in the night.

'Nothing,' she answered.

'You have rested as well as usual?'

'Quite as well as usual. Have you

had any letters this morning? Have you heard when she is coming?'

'I have had no letters. Are you really going to stay here? Has your experience of last night not altered the opinion which you expressed to me yesterday?

'Not in the least.'

The momentary gleam of animation which had crossed her face when she questioned him about Agnes, died out of it again when he answered her. She looked, she spoke, she eat her breakfast with a vacant resignation, like a woman who had done with hopes, done with interests, done with everything but the mechanical movements and instincts of life.

Francis went out, on the customary travellers' pilgrimage to the shrines of Titian and Tintoret. After some hours of absence, he found a letter waiting for him when he got back to the hotel. It was written by his brother Henry, and it recommended him to return to Milan immediately. The proprietor of a French theatre, recently arrived from Venice, was trying to induce the famous dancer whom Francis had engaged, to break faith with him and accept a higher salary.

Having made this startling announcement, Henry proceeded to inform his brother that Lord and Lady Montbarry, with Agnes and the children, would arrive in Venice in three days more. 'They know nothing of our adventures at the hotel,' Henry wrote; 'and they have telegraphed to the manager for the accommodation that they want. There would be something absurdly superstitious in our giving them a warning which would frighten the ladies and children out of the best hotel in Venice. We shall be a strong party this time—too strong a party for ghosts! I shall meet the travellers on their arrival of course, and try my luck again at what you call the haunted hotel. Arthur Barville and his wife have already got as far on their way as Trent; and two of the lady's relations have arranged to accompany them on the journey to Venice.'

Naturally indignant at the conduct of his Parisian colleague, Francis made his preparations for returning to Milan by the train of that day.

On his way out, he asked the manager if his brother's telegram had been received. The telegram had arrived, and, to the surprise of Francis, the rooms were already reserved. 'I thought you would refuse to let any more of the family into the house,' he said satirically. The manager answered (with the due dash of respect) in the same tone. 'Number Thirteen A. is safe, sir, in the occupation of a stranger. I am the servant of the Company; and I dare not turn money out of the hotel.'

Hearing this Francis said good-bye—and said nothing more. He was ashamed to acknowledge it to himself, but he felt an irresistible curiosity to know what would happen when Agnes arrived at the hotel. Besides 'Mrs. James' had reposed confidence in him. He got into his gondola, respecting the confidence of 'Mrs. James.'

Towards evening on the third day, Lord Montbarry and his travelling companions arrived, punctual to their appointment.

'Mrs. James,' sitting at the window of her room watching for them, saw the new Lord land from the gondola first. He handed his wife from the steps. The three children were next committed to his care. Last of all, Agnes appeared in the little black doorway of the gondola-cabin; and, taking Lord Montbarry's hand, passed in her turn to the steps. She wore no veil. As she ascended to the door of the hotel, the Countess (eyeing her through an opera-glass) noticed that she paused to look at the outside of the building, and that her face was very pale.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LEPER KNIGHT.

A Legend of Malta.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

ST. Elmo's walls are high and strong,
Brave knights are their defenders,
And, though the siege has lasted long,
Not one in thought surrenders.
The Moslem foe, without the gate,
In fierce, fanatic number,
With furious force, impelled by hate,
Continuously thunder;
Still Christian arms, in battle great,
Have kept them back and under.

Soon crumbling walls were falling down
Around the dead and dying.
They won the Hero-martyr crown,
And where they fell were lying.
Among the few, who held the wall,
And fearlessly awaited
The doom that would to-morrow fall
On brave hearts darkly fated,
One lordly spirit heard the call
Triumphant and elated.

For some unspoken sin, 'twas said,
Or foil 'gainst Eastern charmer,
He bound his helmet to his head
And riveted his armour.
In battle was no braver knight,
In Council none was wiser,
But never he to human sight
Was known with open visor;
His mailed hand was used to fight
And of its blows no miser.

The bodies of his brother knights
Were in the harbour floating,
Whereon, with cruel revelry,
Old Solyman was gloating.
While La Valette sent Turkish heads,
Like bombshells from each mortar,
To show how he could take revenge
For Gozo's ruthless slaughter,

And all the fountains of the isle
Ran blood instead of water.

At last St. Elmo's guns were hushed,
Each embrasure was silent,
And, creeping up the gloomy breach,
The horde of Paynims vile went.
The Castle was as still as death,—
The ramparts all forsaken
Till eager feet in covered ways
Unwelcome echoes waken
When, suddenly, the granite walls
Were, as by earthquake, shaken!

Within the square the Chapel doors
Flew, clanging loud, asunder:
To gaze upon the scene within
The Moslems stood in wonder.
The altar was a blaze of light,
Red flames about it leaping;
Around in dinted armour clad,
Dead knights lay as if sleeping:
One giant figure only stood
An awful death-watch keeping.

His right hand held his battle brand,
His left the cross uplifted,
While, o'er his head, the smoke and flame
In crimson billows drifted.
Last of the garrison he stood
Successful foes defying.
When, headlong in a gulf of fire
St. Elmo's walls were flying:
Then knew Valette the Leper knight
Had kept his vow in dying.

SHAKESPEARE AND SCOTT.—'MEASURE FOR MEASURE' AND 'THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.'—ISABELLA AND JEANIE DEANS.

BY D. FOWLER.

"'THIEBAULT, sing me no more such lays. I have heard my father say that the readiest mode to corrupt a Christian man is to bestow upon vice the pity and the praise which are due only to virtue. Your Baron of Roussillon is a monster of cruelty; but your unfortunate lovers were not the less guilty. It is by giving fair names to foul actions that those who would start at real vice are led to practise its lessons under the disguise of virtue.'"—SIR WALTER SCOTT—'Anne of Geierstein.'

A recent writer on the ethics and æsthetics of modern poetry considers the great charm of Shakespeare to be, that, while he is always profoundly moral, he never parades his morality; he never 'buttonholes' you. It would seem that he could not very well do that, as it is incompatible with the function of a dramatist, who can never appear for one moment in his own person—can never speak except through the mouths of his characters, when his utterances becomes theirs. Shakespeare, this writer says, never preaches except through such characters as Polonius or Jaques, whose part it is to preach. We have read our Shakespeare to but little purpose if some others of his characters do not preach a bit, now and then, to our great edification. An example is at hand. In Act I., Scene III., of 'Hamlet' there is a speech of Polonius almost immediately preceded by one by Laertes. They are of about equal length, the longest speeches made by either in the course of the play, and both are as near a set sermon as any thing uttered by either. The speech of Polonius is composed of advice to his son as to his conduct during his stay in France, whither he is setting out. That of Laertes is composed of advice to his sister as to her conduct when she shall have been left behind. Both are most admirable; that of Polonius perhaps more particularly of the very highest order. It sets forth sentiments in every respect entirely worthy of a father, a gentleman, a man of honour, and a wise man—of Shakespeare, in short. It is a curious proof of his being the poet and philosopher for all time, that, word for word, no better advice could be given by a father sending off his son to-day to the Paris Exhibition. The speech of Laertes is scarcely less admirable, though, no doubt, less applicable to our own time, in point of the freedom and breadth indulged in. A brother would hardly speak to a sister in just such terms nowadays. It must be admitted, however, that both speeches exhibit inconsistency in the characters by whom they are respectively spoken. Laertes is somewhat over-wise and serious for such a young sprig as we may take him to have been; and Polonius is not disfigured by a trace of that tomfoolery by which, though by no means unmixed with wisdom, he is afterward mainly distinguished.

The following are further quotations from the writer referred to:—

'Shakespeare's morality was of a kind which Johnson and his school could hardly understand, because it

belonged to an order, not more honest perhaps, but infinitely higher and wider than their own.'

(We most heartily wish that righteous, stubborn old Johnson were here himself to lift that glove).

'With a moral design as clear as air.'

'The stronger proof lies in the broad moral tendency of his work as a whole, and the moral build of his matchless men and women, for whom he asks not our admiration alone but our respect.'

This is general, but it is followed up by another dramatic critic, who is more specific. He says:—

'Isabella' (in 'Measure for Measure') 'is one of Shakespeare's finest female creations, an altogether admirable woman.'

That is admirable at all times and places, and under all circumstances; an *altogether* admirable woman.

Pass we now to a writer of a very different way of thinking. We stumbled, not long since, on a somewhat singular article in which *this* line was taken—as George Borrow makes his gipsy-girl say, 'a person may be a thief and a liar and yet a very honest woman;' so it may be said of Isabella that she may be a very honest woman, and yet a cheat and a liar. Such plain speaking, such audaciously plain speaking, is fortified, we may be sure, by proofs, or what the writer holds to be proofs, from the play, or it would hardly have been ventured on.

On a subject of such universal interest as the works and character of Shakespeare so strange a contrariety of opinion is not a little curious, and worth some examination.

There can surely be little doubt that Isabella is one of the women for whom Shakspeare is supposed to have asked 'not our admiration only but our respect.' An 'altogether admirable woman,' we are told, and that by a professional dramatic critic, who undertakes to guide the public in their opinions. 'One of Shakespeare's finest female creations.' And this must be taken in connection with Shakespeare's 'morality, which Johnson could hardly understand, because it belonged to an order infinitely higher and wider than his own.' Isabella is placed in the very forefront of the piece. The play without her would be much like 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out. She has a wealth of fine things given her to say. She has great opportunities for making points. She is intended to carry, and she is made to carry, all the sympathies of the audience with her. There is no hint whatever, no suggestion, not a particle, of any backsliding. And she is, in the end, rewarded with the duke's hand, the highest pinnacle of good fortune to which the dramatist could raise her.

This character of Isabella would seem, therefore, to be a fair test of Shakespeare's (dramatic) 'morality.' Let us examine it by its creator's own rule—'nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice.'

Isabella pleads hard with Angelo (filling the reigning duke's place for the time) for her brother's life, forfeited to a severe law. Let her have for that the full credit to which she is entitled. But Shakespeare does not fail himself to put the matter in its only true light:—

'Isab. — "Yet show some pity."
Ang. — "I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another."'

She pleads for a long time in vain. But Angelo, suddenly smitten with her charms, offers to barter her brother's life for her chastity; the same offence, if carried out, for which her brother Claudio is to suffer. Mercy, on such terms, as may be supposed, she indignantly rejects, and goes to the prison to inform her brother of the conditions, impossible of acceptance, by which alone his life could be saved. At first, he acquiesces, but, afterward, a shuddering dread of the

horrible fate impending over him shakes his fortitude. His young blood, coursing rapidly through his veins, burns with a fever of terror. He dares not look upon the headsman and the block. He makes the famous speech beginning—

'Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;'

which almost makes our blood run cold. He implores Isabella—

'Sweet sister, let me live.'

He forgets his manhood and her womanhood.

What have we then? The gentle, loving sister—the tearful pitying woman—dissolving in tenderness, and almost tempted to make the last of all great sacrifices that a woman can make? Not much of that. This 'sweet sister' flies out at him, after the following fashion:—

'O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame! What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother played my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'e. issued from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die! perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed;
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.'

And she is leaving the prison without deigning to take any further notice of her brother, or any final farewell of him, when she encounters the duke, in the disguise of a friar.

Now we think we shall be well within bounds when we say that the simple truth, better a brother's death than a sister's shame, might have been spoken without so much cruelty, so much mouthing. A citadel, conscious of its impregnability, would hardly bristle with such a noisy effrontery of defence. Isabella, while so bitterly asserting her own good name, might have spared her mother's.

But what shall be said, if, after all, it is mere sham, moonshine, make-believe? She herself tells us that it is, as plain as she can speak. She says,

'After much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him.'

Which of the two is real? Which is true? Can we possibly suspect this 'finest of Shakespeare's female creations,' this woman 'who commands not our admiration only but our respect,' of falsehood? Alas! she convicts herself. She says,

'My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died,
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perished by the way; thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.'

To make the matter quite plain let us put it into simple narrative for the benefit of those who may happen not to have the play fresh in remembrance.

The supposed friar, who had been present, in concealment, at the interview between Claudio and Isabella, and has listened to and overheard all that has passed between them, suggests to her a stratagem by which she may appear to comply with Angelo's desire, and escape from doing so in reality, and which, we are to understand, is successfully carried out. There is a certain Mariana, the betrothed wife of Angelo, but deserted by him, on a reverse of fortune happening to her. The friar's proposal is that she, under cover of dark night, should take Isabella's place, and says he, with a 'morality' all his own (or Shakespeare's, if you will) 'the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof.' To put it in a pithy form, Isabella makes a bargain; and evades performance of it by substituting a counterfeit for the coin of the realm; she promises a price and pays in bad money.

Angelo behaves infamously ('your Baron of Roussillon is a monster of cruelty'). Having attained his end—as he imagines—he, nevertheless, orders the execution of Claudio, which—as is supposed—takes place accordingly. Isabella, being informed of this, appears before the duke, in his

own proper person, and loudly demands vengeance on Angelo. Her cry is not *now* for *mercy*, but for

'Justice, justice, justice, justice.'

She publicly declares, in set terms, that her chastity is gone, that it has fallen a prey to Angelo, and that he has defrauded her of the promised equivalent. She calls him 'an arch villain, a murderer, an adulterous thief, an hypocrite, a virgin-violator' and

'More
Had I more name for badness.'

In short, she accuses Angelo of a crime which she knows he has not committed, beyond the intent, and for which he must suffer death. And to that death he is, in fact, condemned,

'Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach.'

Then Mariana steps in, and begs Angelo's life. With a somewhat peculiar taste, she says she

'Craves no other nor no better man.'

But she begs in vain. Thereupon, she entreats Isabella to intercede for her, and she complies, on the ground that he was criminal in intent only, as we have already seen. Angelo is ultimately pardoned, but it is not quite clear whether in accordance with Isabella's prayer or because Claudio has not been beheaded. Be that as it may, the duke says to her

'And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand and say you will be mine.'

And the play winds up with his saying,

'Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine;
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.'

Thus all ends satisfactorily and happily; and such, denuded of all stage tinsel and trickery of all false and artificial glamour, is Isabella, Shakespeare's 'finest female creation, an altogether admirable woman,' and, therefore, according to that authority, foremost of those 'matchless women for whom he asks not our admiration alone but our respect.'

We are afraid it begins to wear the appearance of our last critic being the truest of the three. To be sure, 'cheat' and 'liar' are very uncourteous names to apply to any lady, but that is his affair, and after all said, when we have to speak of a spade, we must call it a spade, if we would be understood. If Isabella does not toe the mark, she comes perilously near it.

Doubtless, we know very well that all this can be made to square with a certain *dramatic* morality, a morality which Johnson found it a little hard to understand. As thus, Isabella is a fine, beautiful creature; a paragon of chastity (or a Gorgon, considering the fury with which she rates her brother about it it's matter of choice). Angelo makes her an unholy proposal, and we should gather that he is neither young nor handsome, which, if it do not aggravate his crimes, at least deprives him of our sympathies. Isabella is therefore fully entitled to make a bargain with him—a *quid pro quo*—with the deliberate intention of breaking faith with him. And she is therefore, farther, fully justified in exacting from him, nevertheless, the performance of his part of the pact, and, when he becomes a traitor, in his turn, in calling him a choice variety of bad names, and demanding his blood for an offence of which no one can know better than herself, he is innocent in all but intention.

But then, admitting all that, there is this inconvenience about that sort of thing—it is apt to recoil upon our own heads, to come flying back, on an eccentric course, like a boomerang. Let us picture to ourselves Shakespeare retired to Stratford to enjoy the *otium cum dig.* which he has so richly earned. His ease is a little disturbed by Mistress Shakespeare telling tarradiddles, and playing off small acts of 'deceit' upon him. His patience strained, he remonstrates. 'Oho!'

she cries, 'is that your game? You taught me to admire the same thing in Isabella; you got her applauded to the echo, and now you don't like it quite so well, eh?' So, with my friend Jack Nokes. A little irritated and jealous at the exuberance of his plaudits of Miss Lettie Lovely, as Isabella, at the Ne Plus Ultra Theatre, Mrs. Nokes tries to render herself seductive and fascinating, after the same recipe. Jack is an enduring chap, and all for a quiet life, but, somehow, he does not quite 'see it.'

Let us now find how Scott has treated an almost identically similar subject, and what he has made of *his* heroine, for a *true* heroine *she* is.

Jeanie and Effie Deans are half-sisters of the peasant class, both motherless. Effie has given birth to a child and lies in prison under the capital charge of presumptive child-murder. There is one way in which she can be saved. If Jeanie will testify that Effie imparted the fact of her condition to her, that will disprove 'concealment,' and take her from under the statute. But it would be false testimony, and Jeanie cannot be induced to give it. She is tried in every way. She is fiercely threatened by Robertson, the father of the child, under the most trying conditions—the time dark night, the place of evil repute, and purposely solitary, for there is a price on his head. He pulls out a pistol and points it at her. But he cannot extort from her the promise which he demands. 'You will let your sister,' he says, 'innocent, fair and guiltless (and of this Jeanie is well assured), except in trusting a villain, die the death of a murderess, rather than bestow the breath of your mouth and the sound of your voice to save her.' 'I wad ware the best blood in my body to keep her skaithless,' said Jeanie, weeping in bitter agony, 'but I canna change right into wrang, or make that true which is false.' 'Hard-hearted girl,' said he, &c., &c. She is jeered at by Ratcliffe the gaoler, as a squeamish fool, who will not speak three words to save her sister from the scaffold. She is petulantly reproached by Effie. 'O, if it stude wi' me to save ye wi' risk of *my* life!' said Jeanie. 'Ay, lass,' said her sister, 'that's lightly said, but no sae lightly credited frae ane that winna ware a word for me; and, if it be a wrang word, ye'll hae time eneugh to repent o't.' 'But that word is a grievous sin, and it's a deeper offence when it's a sin wilfully and presumptuously committed.' 'Weel, weel, Jeanie,' said Effie, 'I mind a' about the sins o' presumption in the questions—we'll speak nae mair about this matter, and ye may save your breath to say your carritch; and for me, I'll soon hae nae breath to waste on ony body.' More than all, she is tempted by her father, who gives way in a moment of not unnatural weakness. 'Daughter,' says old Deans, a deeply-religious man, a hard, ascetic Cameronian, 'I did not say that your path was free from stumbling—and, questionless, this act may be in the opinion of some a transgression, since he who beareth witness unlawfully, and against his conscience, doth in some sort bear false witness against his neighbour. Yet, in matters of compliance, the guilt lieth not in the compliance sae muckle as in the mind and conscience of him that doth comply; and therefore,' &c., &c. 'Can this be?' said Jeanie, as the door closed on her father—'Can these be his words that I have heard, or has the Enemy taken his voice and features to give weight unto the counsel which causeth to perish?—A sister's life, and a father pointing out how to save it!—O, God deliver me!—this is a fearfu' temptation.'

'Tossed she was,' says Scott, 'like a vessel in an open roadstead during a storm, and, like that vessel, resting on one only sure cable and anchor—faith in Providence, and a resolution to discharge her duty.'

So it comes about that Effie is condemned to death, with six weeks to intervene between sentence and execution. Jeanie instantly makes the resolve to go to London, four hundred miles, alone and on foot, to beg for her sister's pardon at the steps of the throne. But she is sore pressed for the small sum of money needful. She is driven to apply to an old admirer for the loan. He offers her what she requires on the implied condition that she will look with favour on his suit. From the odd nature of the man, sketched in Scott's inimitable way, how easy would it have been to suffer that impression to exist, without committing herself, and escape from it afterward. But that would not have been Jeanie Deans. She not only plainly says that she cannot marry him, but whom she is engaged to marry. Dumbiedikes closes his coffers, and poor crestfallen Jeanie quits the house penniless, to beg her way to London, if need be. But he, struck with admiration at her unerring rectitude (even the impudent, dissolute rascal Ratcliffe says, 'D——n me, I respect you, and I can't help it,') follows after her with the money.

To cut up in this way Scott's matchless story, full of the most charming genial humour and the most exquisite pathos, and offer only these few dry chips, is nothing short of profanation, but the inexorable limits of space and laws of the editor admit of no appeal. In fine, Jeanie succeeds in her wonderful undertaking and procures Effie's pardon; an undertaking which required resolution, courage, endurance, perseverance, and all on an heroic scale, but sustained and lighted up throughout with the bright hope of saving her sister's life.

We have here then a curiously felicitous opportunity of comparing Shakespeare with Scott; the conditions under which both writers have chosen to place their heroines being almost precisely similar. Both are alike too in this—that Scott no more parades his morality than Shakespeare does, and is no more didactic. The idea of morality, as represented in Jeanie Deans is infinitely 'higher and wider' than that shown in Isabella, but the result is brought about with the most charming simplicity and a total absence of all apparent effort or display. Proceed we now to compare the two women. In point of fact, however, the case hardly admits of comparison, for Jeanie is incomparably superior to Isabella. Let us do our best to show why. At the outset it might appear that they stand on even ground—the one has the power to save her brother's life, the other her sister's, by making certain respective sacrifices, and both are tempted to make them. But there all equality ceases. We may safely say, we think, that ninety-nine women out of a hundred would consider the sacrifice asked from Isabella infinitely greater than that demanded from Jeanie. It was a foregone conclusion indeed in Isabella's case that to yield was impossible, and there was, therefore no strength of mind or force of conscience required to resist temptation to yield. But for Jeanie to have yielded would have been comparatively easy; the temptation, therefore, which was brought to bear on her with great force, required much more power of resistance. There was no question of Claudio's guilt; of the innocence of Effie Jeanie was well assured, as indeed the sequel proved. She meets the temptation offered her with gentleness and forbearance, while Isabella breaks out into a furious burst of anger, and makes a cruel speech, which does her the utmost discredit. Such appears to have been Charles Lamb's opinion, as well as ours, as, while purporting to give the pith and marrow of the play, he leaves out (his object being to elevate Isabella) about three-fourths of this speech. He omits the words 'O, you beast!' the slur she casts upon her mother, and the fierce denunciation of her brother with which the speech

closes, and substitutes something of his own invention, placing the whole between inverted commas as the actual speech put into the mouth of Isabella by Shakespeare. If Jeanie is mild and gentle, the hard term virago would be scarcely too harsh to apply to Isabella. We have, as proofs, the speech now alluded to, all the foul names that she calls Angelo in a great public assemblage, and her saying to the friar.

'O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes,
Most damned Angelo!'

Let any one watch the two women in the respective prisons, the one with her brother the other with her sister pleading for dear life, and hard indeed, we think must be the heart, dried up the source of tears, which does not instantly respond to the superiority of Jeanie. Claudio may have been craven, chicken-hearted; he may have offered his sister an affront, but he was a miserable, unfortunate wretch, and her brother, and his very fear of death, one would have thought, would have drawn pity, even though mingled with contempt. To go back for a moment, we may say that if Isabella's pleading for her brother excites our admiration, Jeanie's for her sister touches the heart.

No trial, however hard, can force a falsehood from Jeanie. Isabella, at the instigation of the friar, readily makes a promise with the deliberate intention of breaking it, and does break it. Nay, if we would have downright direct lying, we have her public declaration that she has been violated by Angelo, which she has not, and this with the motive of fixing guilt upon him of which she knows he is innocent.

Afterward, it is true, she turns round, at the entreaty of Mariana, and begs for Angelo's pardon. Charles Lamb calls her a 'noble petitioner for her enemy's life.' He is not her enemy. Each has broken faith with the other (at least Angelo supposes he has, which comes to the same thing), and they are put back into their previous positions, Angelo, in refusing to grant her brother's life, was not her enemy, he was only performing his duty, as Shakespeare tells us, in the person of Angelo—a duty expressly delegated to him by the duke, who was too weak to perform it himself. Farther, he was condemned, on the evidence of Isabella herself, for 'violation of sacred chastity and promise-breach,' of the first of which she knew he was not guilty, and of the second she had actually herself prevented his guilt by failing in the condition by which alone he was promise-bound. So that she was only undoing the work of her own false witness.

We have nothing to do with the character of Angelo. He has no apologist, least of all ourselves. But, when such preposterous claims are set up for Isabella it is time indeed to examine them rigorously. A well-known writer, and supposed dramatic authority may speak of her 'virtuous and noble conduct,' but, unfortunately, if that be true, it is virtuous and noble, in order to spite and traverse a villain, to put yourself on a level with him. It is absolutely certain, from the clear and bright light by which we read Jeanie's character, that her conduct under precisely the same conditions would have been totally different. She would have revolted from the 'deceit' which Isabella practises upon Angelo. She cannot bear that the slightest trace of deceit should rest upon her interview with Dumbiedikes.

It might perhaps be said—we believe it has been said—by the apologists of Isabella, that, being a devout woman, she came wholly under the influence of the friar. But he was a stranger, he was meddling with carnal matters which ill became an ecclesiastic, and he admitted that what he proposed was 'deceit.' She could not possibly have as good reason for venerating the friar as Jeanie had for

venerating her father, who could not convince *her* that wrong was right.

We believe too that it has been hinted that Isabella, in the final scenes where she accuses Angelo, was only playing a part pre-arranged for her by the friar, and that that makes her conduct *less unlawful*. But it would not only most grievously weaken those scenes, but the play itself certainly does not afford any authority for it. She doubtless does say to Mariana (let us not, like Charles Lamb, quote just what suits our purpose and no more),

> 'To speak so indirectly I am loath;
> I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
> That is your part, yet I am advised to do it,
> He says, to veil full purpose.'

But 'to speak so indirectly' would not have been Jeanie's course, even though she had been 'advised to do it.' And, besides, this obviously applies to the substitution of Mariana for herself ('That is your part') and not to that portion of the charge which relates to her brother.

Making every possible allowance for Isabella, there is nothing short of the utmost distortion of right and wrong which can explain her being called a 'noble woman,' an 'altogether admirable woman,' which seems to us we must say, one of the greatest perversions that it has ever been our lot to meet with. Those who insist upon it that Isabella shall be not only a fine stage-heroine in a capital play, but all else besides that they shall choose to call her, much resemble those who might see a beautiful bouquet of flowers, such as Shakespeare offers, exquisite in colour, delicious in perfume, with admirable arrangement of lights and shades, harmonies and contrasts, but without roses, and should cry, 'O, look at those roses; what beautiful roses; were there ever such roses?'

Shakespeare, it is clear, treated these considerations with an easy negligence and indifference, so as to produce a theatrical and dramatic effect, which should be up to the standards of his audience and suit their tastes. Whether such rules were sufficiently strict for him as a playwright, to bind himself withal, is and will remain matter of opinion. But it is extremely unjust towards him to call Isabella 'one of his finest female creations.' He has women certainly not open to the same objections and of many high qualities, rather, however, intellectual than moral generally, not always. But it is equally true, at least we think so, that, throughout the whole range of his works, there is not one to be found who is shown to have so high a moral standard as Jeanie Deans. We hold it to have been as impossible for Shakespeare to have created Jeanie as it certainly would have been for Scott to have created Isabella. We think that the quotation prefixed to this article effectually settles that point.

One mode of comparison more, if there be still room for it.

If Isabella had treated her brother with forbearance, kindness, and pity; if she had at once rejected the stratagem of the friar as deceitful and base, and refused to undergo the pollution which even the proposed interview with Angelo—with the promise to be made and the details to be arranged—would inflict upon her; if she had afterwards saved her brother's life by an heroic pilgrimage, and had shown the utmost nicety of conscience in obtaining the means of making it—then Isabella would have been on a par with Jeanie.

But we should not have had 'Measure for Measure.'

If Jeanie had scolded her sister like a fishwife; if she had sworn that Effie had confided to her what she had not; if she had brought about Robertson's capture and his conviction by false witness, and had been afterwards induced by entreaty to undo her work—then Jeanie would have been on a par with Isabella.

But we should not have had 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian.'

No woman can be more than 'noble and virtuous,' and 'altogether admirable.' If Isabella is to be 'noble and virtuous' and 'altogether admirable,' by what sort of 'moral' architecture is the yawning gulf between her and Jeanie to be bridged over?

If Scott treated his subject—from a moral point of view—in a way wholly different from Shakespeare's way of treating his, and if Scott's way be indisputably by very far the finest, can the 'morality infinitely higher and wider' than Johnson could understand be common to both?

Will it be said that Shakespeare is the truer artist—that Isabella is a more real woman than Jeanie Deans? Not so. A real woman, Helen Walker, sat to Scott for his portrait of Jeanie.

It is next to needless to say that it is not a question of Shakespeare's genius—three centuries have answered that. That it is not a question of Shakespeare being a greater name than Scott. But, as there are spots on the sun, Homer sometimes nods,

'*Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo*;'

so must Shakespeare be allowed his deficiencies like lesser men.

NOTE.—If the present writer may be permitted to make another and very different use of this opportunity, and if there be a septuagenarian Londoner lingering in some corner of Canada, to whom it may be of interest, he may add that 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian' was, like many other of Scott's novels, dramatized. Miss—(he forgets her stage name, possibly not her own) became very popular in the part of Jeanie at one of the London theatres. She married a lawyer and quitted the stage. This writer made her acquaintance. They lived in a pretty *rus in urbe* scarcely an arrow's flight from Gray's Inn. Swept away now, we may be sure. Across the road was a large building, then Seddons' furniture factory. It had been built for barracks for the 'City Light Horse,' a crack volunteer corps in the Napoleon war. One condition of admission was that every private (all being gentlemen) should possess two horses and a groom to look after them, do stable-work and so on. (Horses and grooms were then, it must be remembered, more indispensable possessions than they are now; the mention, in the literature of the day, of the servant on horseback, the nearest approach to the centaur in modern times, was continual). It was officered and commanded by 'merchant princes.' The writer's father had been enrolled in it, and he remembers how fearlessly, after his cavalry-drill, he could ride any horse, however unmanageable, and how he was used to carry his stick or whip in the upright position in which he had carried his sword; and how, farther, that sword stood at his bed-head, at a time when such a weapon and a bell-mouthed blunderbuss were considered necessary safeguards in a country house.

One more reminiscence, if it may be allowed. The same road led, at some half mile's distance, to what was then called Battle Bridge, now King's Cross, where stand monster railway termini and hotels. The writer remembers being taken, when a child, to a suburban villa, at Battle Bridge, surrounded by a garden and grounds, in which was a spring walled up into a natural bath, now, we may be sure, swallowed up in some 'main sewer.' Beyond, all was then open country, now town for miles away.

SONNET.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

THE dove returns unto its parent nest,
And love burns bright where once its embers paled;
The breezes whispered where the tempests wailed,
And wintry fields I see with verdure drest!
Mayhap the soul, that here is sore distrest,
Will find surcease of sorrow in the land
That lies beyond the sea! Our brows are fanned
At times by airs that murmur: "There is rest!"
Rest for the weary heart and weary brain—
And life for hope, by fate untoward, slain.
Oh, questioning heart! The fields that stretch away
From the white beaches of the silent sea
Are lit by spring-tide suns from day to day,
And age to age, through all Eternity.

SUPERFICIAL LEARNING.

BY HON. WM. C. HOWELLS.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

NO line has been oftener quoted than this; and none has more readily expressed the sentiment of profound donkeyism. And yet it is flung in the face of everyone who has fallen short of the measure of some taller dolt, with whom he has come in contact. It is a convenient little missile, ready-made and smoothly rounded, and ever suggestive of the ease with which some innocent enterer upon the pursuit of knowledge may be knocked over and silenced. Pope said it in reference to critics, and to characterize pretenders. But why should it be made of universal application, and be hung up in the field of knowledge, to flap and flutter, to the terror of the timid birds that would peck a few grains, which they relish, when the great store is not at their command?—like all scare-crows that scare everything but crows? Why is a little learning dangerous? What harm can it do? And how is much learning to be acquired if a little is not taken first? Are we to gulp all knowledge at a draft? Drink deep or taste not, Pope says. How deep must we drink, if we dare to taste? Conceit, the most offensive of the follies attendant upon ignorance, is mostly attendant upon imperfect learning, and the little learning is made accountable for the presumption of ignorance; hence Pope said shallow drafts intoxicate the brain. But the brain is intoxicated with something else. It is really the shallow brain that suffers intoxication—mostly from the frothy fomentations of the refuse honey of learning, which is not sincere —*without wax*—that the conceited ones gather up.

Whatever is learning or knowledge is good—what's of it—and it is the part of wisdom to take of it what we can get, and get all we can. In the search after knowledge we need direction and guidance, that we may gather it to advantage; but we should not wait till such guidance is obtained before we learn. We should learn aright, and to the best purpose; but *aright* and *to the best purpose*, is to learn *truths* for some *use*. I would not skim over a subject when I can learn it thoroughly; but if I can do nothing but skim; why, let me skim, and be superficial. The acquirement of knowledge, the process that we call education, is very much like the acquirement of wealth. No man confines himself to the acquirement of money only—he takes values wherever he can get them, and in such quantities as he can secure. So I would learn anything where and how I can, and lay up all that I cannot use now, for another time.

It is the misfortune of those we call self-made men, that their education is not according to rules, and is therefore miscellaneous; from which they are often subject to great inconvenience in arranging for use what they have learned. This is remedied only by training. A man of great genius will train himself; but he does so at greater cost to himself, than the man who gets some one else to train him. It is a great and important economy, for any man to have a teacher. He may learn much and be

great by virtue of great ability; but he loses time, as the mechanic does who makes all the tools he uses. It is therefore the duty of those having the care of youth to give them a good education, under competent teachers, who can appreciate the peculiar mental qualities and capabilities of their pupils, with skill to adapt the instruction, the training and the studies to the genius of the pupil. This of those who can discharge this duty. For those who cannot, it remains to do what they can. Then there are those who have not the advantages of education, who must pick up knowledge as best they may. What are they to do? Taste not if they cannot drink deeply? Will it be dangerous for them to have a little learning? Is it not better that they should learn what they can? If they are conceited coxcombs, it will not make them better or worse, for they would be intolerable in any case. If you have a sensible man with a little learning, you will have a modest learner of all information you have to impart, and a delightful listener when you want to talk. So much depends upon the native genius of men, that learning—if we mean learning from books—is not essential to their social value.

In this new world of America, where there is so much of social equality, and where the distinctions of class are so artificial and so flimsy, and where genius is allowed so freely to assert itself, and come to the front, there must be a large class of men, and women too, who are compelled to get along without any regular form or course of education, and who go forward into life, learning as they go, by whatever means they have. These must make shallow drafts at the 'Pierian spring,' and manage to keep sober besides. They will be most likely to keep sober, if they *use* what they learn and do not play with it, or display it merely. It is only the vain man who is intoxicated by the shallow drafts.

There is no good reason why a man of sufficient genius may not learn a little of everything. The great thing is to have tact to handle what he learns and to select the things to learn. If I see that I cannot master a study, from want of time or opportunity, I should avoid the details, and take a general view, find out what it is about, what are its purposes, etc. Then I may look into the details afterwards. This is superficial knowledge; this is 'skimming the face of things;' and yet it is a proper thing to do. A man may devote himself to a study, to a science or a pursuit, and master it in all its details; and yet when he has devoted a lifetime to it, he can only present it to a small part of the world. Some one else must take up his work, and group and generalize it for the use of the world at large—presenting *superficial information*. He who is great in the details of a subject is necessarily limited in his knowledge, unless the detail belongs to his speciality. If he is good for anything else, he will know little of the details, and will have a superficial knowledge of many other subjects. Many men acquire great reputations for learning and the like, by an apparent familiarity with details—like Jenkins, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, who talked learnedly on one quotation. Others again pass for ignorant because they fear to use the knowledge they have.

It is respectable success in learing, to acquire a general knowledge of as much as possible, and be familiar with a great many studies, in a general way, and then understand the details of as many of them as possible; and a well learned man will be able to give general instruction of a very wide range, referring for details to those who are versed in a particular study. This is achieved in *Cyclopædias*, *Gazetteers*, *Dictionaries*, *Hand-Books* and the like. He who cannot go to college should read a Cyclopædia; he who cannot learn the details of his language should use a Dictionary; and

the man who cannot travel should read a Geography or a Gazetteer. It would be so with a study of languages. When a man cannot acquire many languages; if he has a taste for the study of them, he can read over the grammars of many, compare their peculiarities, and the differences between them—all which will serve for speculative purposes. So he may study history, and any of the sciences.

The great matter is for a man to be sure of what he does know, and to be willing to acknowledge ignorance of what he does not know. The possession of knowledge is a kind of wealth regarding which our pride tempts us to deny our poverty. Herein our pride is our folly, as it almost always is, for if we would only confess our ignorance, an unlimited number would step forward to enlighten us. There is no other wealth with which we are at once so liberal and so ostentatious as knowledge. The delight of imparting information attends nearly all men; and the one poor wretch you occasionally meet with, who does not like to tell you something that he knows, and you don't, is one of the meanest of all creatures. The lesson of thoroughness is an important one at all times; but that only means after all, that we must achieve all within our power. If we are learning an art the first thing is to learn it well; so that we may practise it well. But if we are studying art objectively, we should learn all we can with the means at our command, about as many arts as we have opportunity to study. This is a faithful performance of our task.

But in all these matters, the variety of human genius is such that we can prescribe no rule. The genius, the man of talent, will rise and stand above his fellows, at any rate. The more he learns and the better training he receives, the less he will require of self-teaching or self-training. He will go forward upon a way ready laid out for him. But the genius will triumph over all obstacles and rise, yet never so high, if the labour of the pioneer is added to the march. All men can be educated to a certain extent, and the education will always assist; but so much depends upon the pupil that the labour of the tutor can never be measured. The mind is not to be filled with knowledge, as a cask is filled with water, by pouring in. The reception of learning is more like the assimilation of food and consequent growth. We see some animals gathering their own substance and thriving to fatness, while others must be fed or perish. So it is with men. Some grow wise and intelligent, and learned even, upon the waifs of knowledge that float near them on the ocean of life. They gather and retain all that comes within their reach; and such profit by superficial and speculative consideration of subjects. They take a general view; and while they see *over* their subject, studying well the surface, they see *into* it also, and conceive of the details from the general features. To such the superficial knowledge is available for nearly all purposes; and with this faculty for obtaining superficial information we generally find associated the genius to grasp and appropriate it advantageously.

The conclusion we arrive at, in this relation, is that superficial learning is better than none, and should never be discarded. The rule should be to get all the knowledge and all the learning attainable—take it off the surface if we cannot be profound—never forgetting that we skim for the cream; and if there is cream to a study, we shall find it on the surface. But all things are not milk nor jokes; and it does not follow that we must always be skimming for the cream. The gold is in the bed of the stream, and we must wash the sands to find it; but since gold is not essential to life we can do without it, and need not always dive to the bottom or wash the sands. That which is most important to us,

is the easiest of access. All the necessaries of life are near the surface. The timber with which we shelter ourselves is cut from the forest, and the grain of which we make bread is reaped from the fields. That without which we may live, and which is for nicer or more luxurious purposes, is beneath the surface, and is to be found by digging far into the earth. The profound study is to be made after we have well established ourselves upon the surface.

The great lesson is not to despise the day of small things; and never put off learning a truth, or a science, a part of a science, because we do not see how to achieve the whole. There is nothing good that we can learn that is not useful, and that we may not profit by; while we indulge our desire by shallow drafts we shall find our delight in drinking as deeply as we can. It is only the pedant who will forbid; and only the fool will abuse a small degree of learning.

The advice is—Learn all you can, as you can, and never wait for a better opportunity to the neglect of that which is at hand.

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

'We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.'

THE keeper, young Harry Cardew, was spending a warm afternoon in the congenial gloom of his own cottage, where, with his chin in his hand, and his elbow on the arm of his chair, he meditated in great bitterness. The rich man with exceeding many flocks and herds had come and stolen the one thing which was his, the little ewe-lamb. And he did not see how he should be able to get her back out of the hands of the spoiler.

Harry Cardew lives in this cottage alone. It was his father's before him, and his grandfather's before that—for he comes of a race of keepers. There is a floor of brick; the low ceiling, black with smoke and age, is crossed with a square beam of oak; his gun stands beside him as if ready for immediate use—you may notice that the shoulder of his coat shows the rubbing of the gun; the furniture is like the ceiling for blackness, but it is strong and good. There are evidences everywhere of the keeper's trade; skins, dressed and prepared, of cats, foxes, squirrels, and even otters; there are feathers of birds; a box of handy tools; there is a new iron moletrap; and if you look out of the open window you will see nailed against the wall of the kennel rows of slaughtered vermin and carrion—weasel, stoat and polecat, kite and crow. Harry's dog, a sympathetic creature, albeit young and longing to be out in the fields, sits before him, watching his master with anxious eyes.

Presently the love-sick swain looked up as he heard a footstep, and saw Mr. Caledon leaping over the little streamlet which ran twenty yards in front of his door.

Tom looked about, and presently poked his head into the door and peered round in the dark.

'You there, Harry?'

'Yes, Mr. Tom. Come in—I'm here.'

Tom sat down in silence, and pulled out his cigar-case and began to smoke for company.

'You've heard the news, Harry?' he asked presently.

'Yes, Mr. Tom,' the keeper replied with a sigh. 'I've heard as much news as will do me for a long time.'

Then there was silence again.

'We broke the sixpence together; see, Mr. Tom.' He pulled out a black ribbon with the token suspended from it. 'Here's my half, I wonder what she's done with hers.'

'Have you seen her since Mr. Dunlop first spoke to her?'

'Yes; I seen her the very night he done it. She came out and met me. Well, you know, Mr. Tom, as a man will, I bounced; swore Mr. Dunlop should never marry her, nor no man but me should have her. But when I came away it was tairable hard on me. For bounce as I may, I can't see no way out of it.'

Again Tom found the best course to be silence.

'For suppose,' Harry continued—'suppose I was to up and tell the Squire everything. How would that be? Either he'd send Alma away in a rage for deceiving of him—which deceit it is—or he'd maybe half believe, and then it would be bad for her and worse for me ever after, because of that half belief.'

'That seems true enough,' said Tom.

'Besides, there's another thing. Alma, she's kept on with me secret for a year and more. Nobody guessed it; nobody suspected it. Do you think it would be fair on the gal to split upon her, and ruin her beautiful chances?'

'Well, no,' said Tom. 'From your point of view it would not; and that seems a gentleman's point of view. But you don't want the marriage to come off?'

'Of course I don't, sir!'

'And you don't see your way to preventing it by telling the Squire? Certainly some one else ought to tell him. You are not the only one, Harry, who would like to see the thing stopped. Lord Alwyne is one, I am another, the ladies at the Court would all rejoice to see it broken off. We shall do what we can. Keep up a good heart.'

'I know Mr. Dunlop,' said Harry. 'When his word is once passed, there he abides. No, sir, it's no good. He has said he would marry Alma and he will—even if he knew that on the very first night of her engagement she came out to meet and kiss an old lover in the orchard; even if he were to find out her father in his tricks; even if he knew that all the village laughs at him and his carryings on for their good. Nothing would turn Mr. Alan from his word. Lord help you, Mr. Tom, I know him better than you. He's only a year younger than me. Many's the time we've been out in this wood looking for eggs—ah! little did we think then. Listen, Mr. Tom; I'll tell you what happened last night, because I must tell some one. I was down there coming up from the village under the trees, where the path leads from the Park. It was twelve o'clock. I'd got my gun. There was no one about, and I heard footsteps on the gravel. It was pretty dark under the trees, but light enough beyond, and I saw the Squire walking fast over the gravel. Presently he came under the trees, and then he sat down on a log, quite still, thinking. He was within a couple of yards of me, and the devil came into my head. One shot and Alma would be free. No one to see

me, no one to suspect me; because my place last night was on the t'other side in these preserves. One shot. Lord! it looked for a minute as if it was nothing—just nothing—to put the piece to your shoulder and pull the trigger.'

Harry paused, and wiped his brow.

'Lord forbid I should ever be so near murder again! And while I might have done it—while the fit was on me, like—Mr. Alan got up and went on his way home.'

Tom laid his hand on his shoulder kindly.

'Don't have any more whisperings with the devil, Harry. They are dangerous things. Thank God no mischief came of that colloquy. Tell me, Harry, do you think she was fond of you?'

'What do we know, Mr. Tom? They say they are fond of us, and we believe them. It is all we have to go upon. If they tell lies, we can't help ourselves. If they carry on with gentlemen, we don't know.'

Tom blushed, thinking guiltily of that little innocent toll we know of.

'If they say one thing to our faces and another behind our backs, what can we do? She said she was fond of me. There! I don't think gals know what a man's fondness means. They like to be made much of; and if one man isn't there, another'll do just as well. I don't blame 'em, poor things. They don't know no better, and they can't understand a man's feelings.'

'Perhaps,' said Tom, bitterly, thinking how, most likely, Nelly at this very moment was accepting the attentions of Mr. Exton. 'I believe you are quite right, Harry—they don't understand. You are not the only man who can't marry the girl he loves.'

'I suppose not,' said Harry. 'Why, there's yourself, Mr. Tom. Lord! I could never say a word about it to you before, but now it seems as if we were both in a boat together.'

'Ay, Harry. I'm too poor, you know.'

'What I shall do,' said Harry, 'is this. I shall wait on here till they're married; then I shall get out of the way. Alma lets me see her now, when it doesn't do much harm. But she's that hold upon me, Mr. Tom, that if she was to lift up her finger to me when she was a married woman I should run after her, whether it was to the orchard of the farm or the garden of the Court. And think what a scandal and a wickedness that would be.'

'Yes,' said Tom, 'that would be throwing more fat in the fire with a vengeance. You *had* better get out of the place, Harry, if you can make up your mind to go. And if Nelly becomes Mrs. Exton I believe I will go to America with you. We can smoke pipes together, and swear at things in company.'

So they sat enjoying the luxury of gloom all the afternoon, till Harry, looking at his watch, said he must go and see after his young birds, and Tom lounged slowly away through the fir plantations that bordered Weyland Park on the east, in which lay the keeper's solitary cottage.

He was gloomy enough about himself, for there could be no doubt now of Exton's intentions concerning Nelly. He haunted her: he followed her about: he seemed to claim some sort of possession of her which made Tom grind his teeth with rage. And he was sorry about his honest friend the keeper. He knew better than poor Harry what a shallow and frivolous young person this girl was on whom such a strength of affection and trust was lavished; he knew, too, what a dead failure her marriage with Alan would be, how incapable she would prove of understanding or trying to understand the nobleness of his plans. So that in any case the outlook was dark. Just then, however, he was ready to view everything with foreboding eyes.

He told Desdemona something of Harry's trouble, and let out accidentally, because this intriguing dame pumped him as cleverly as a cross-examining counsel, that Alma had gone out to meet her lover on the very day of her engagement with Alan.

'The Second Act,' said Desdemona, triumphant, 'I consider to be as good as finished. And it ends well. However there is the Third, which is always the most difficult.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

'Elle aima mieux pour s'en faire conter
Prêter l'oreille aux fleurettes du diable
Que d'être femme et non pas coquetter.'

AND it was then that the awful row occurred between Tom and Nelly which led to that Court of Love, the history of which has never till now been properly narrated.

It was in the morning, after breakfast; in fact, in the morning-room. No one was there but themselves.

'It makes me look ridiculous, Tom,' she said, 'to have you following me round with that doleful face.'

'Whose fault is it if I am doleful?' he asked.

'Nobody's, except your own. You promised when I came that there should be no foolishness, and yet——' She stopped, with a look half of fun, half of vexation: 'and yet, if I so much as go out for a ride with Mr. Exton—and he rides very well——'

'Learned to ride of an acrobat, I believe,' said Tom.

'You think only acrobats can ride better than you. Oh, Tom! what a very conceited thing to say! I believe too,' she added thoughtfully, 'that it is unchristian. But it is not only riding. Whatever I do, if Mr. Exton is with me, you come too, with your gloomy face, and spoil the sport.'

'I dare say. I am not very jolly.'

'The Sisters called you wrongly. They called you Brother Lancelot. It should have been Brother Killjoy. What harm does Mr. Exton do to you?'

'Every harm.'

'Because he does his best to please me?'

'No; not that.'

'Because he is a pleasant and amusing companion?'

'No; nor that.'

'Then what, Tom?'

'As if you did not know, Nelly. Because it all means that he is ready to fall in love with you.'

'Indeed, sir. Pray cannot a man—'

'Don't Nell! What is sport to you is death to me!'

'I knew a Tom Caledon once,' she said, picking a rose to pieces, 'who did not grow sulky whenever I—chose—to—flirt a little with another man.'

'I knew a Nelly Despard once,' he replied, 'who when I asked her not to flirt with that other man, desisted, and kept her hand in by flirting with me. That was a great deal pleasanter, Nelly.'

'So it was, Tom, I confess,' she said, 'much pleasanter for both of us; but then we were boy and girl.'

'Two years ago.'

'Now I am one-and-twenty and you are six-and-twenty, and we must think seriously about things.'

'That means that Exton has got ten thousand a year.'

'Mamma says so,' said Nelly demurely.

'Oh! mamma has been writing about him again, has she?'

'Do you actually suppose,' asked the girl, with big eyes, 'that mamma would let me stay here with no chaperon but Desdemona, without so much as finding out who was here? She knows *everybody*, and she has learned from some one how things are going on. I do not know who that some one is, but she is a true friend, Tom, to you as well as to me.'

'How do you know that?'

'Because, Tom, mamma writes me

as follows.' She took out the letter and read a portion of it—'"braided with point-lace,"—no, that is not it—here it is—"And I am very glad, my dear child, truly glad to find that you have given up your foolish partiality for that penniless boy"—you, Tom—"and are now making good use of time which, though once wickedly thrown away upon an adventurer"—you, Tom—"may now be employed to the very best advantage. Mr. Exton, who is at the Abbey, and who, I rejoice to hear, quite appreciates my dear child is said to have at least ten thousand a year. This may be exaggeration, but it points in the right direction. No doubt the other young man"—you, Tom—"has consoled himself with some other girl." There, Tom; what do you think of that?'

Tom laughed.

'But it is barren comfort, Nelly,' he said. 'You soothe me and stroke me down, and then you go off to carry on with Exton.'

'"Go off to carry on,"' she repeated. 'What very remarkable English! Do you think the old Tom would have said such a thing?'

'Perhaps not, Nelly. The old Tom was a fool. He thought that when a girl said she loved him ——'

'It was on Ryde Pier; it was ten o'clock and a moonlight night, and the band was playing; and the waters were smooth, and there were the lights on the yachts—and—and it was a new thing; and it was an unfair advantage to take.'

'But you meant it then, Nell?'

She could not help it: she had that way with her. She lifted her soft heavy eyes, and met his.

'Yes, Tom, I meant it.'

'And you mean it still?' he caught her hand. 'Oh! Nelly, say you mean it still.'

'I can't say it; not as you mean it, Tom, for oh! I am so much—so very much wiser. Two years ago I was only nineteen. I had been out for four or five months. I believed that mutton and beef grew on trees, I think. I had some lingering notion, though mamma did her best to eradicate it, that every well-dressed, handsome, pleasant man—like you, Tom—had plenty of money. Ah me! what a pleasant dream! Why could it not last?' She paused and collected herself. 'And then came along a pleasant man—you, Tom—and stole away my heart. When it was gone I found out that it was sheer robbery on your part, and not exchange, as it ought to have been——'

'Exchange! Could you not take mine for yours?'

'Ah! Tom, that is the masculine error. The true exchange is—for a girl's heart, or hand, which is generally the same thing—an establishment. And that you could not give me.'

'I've said over and over again that if seven hundred a year ——'

'No, Tom, it won't do. Mamma is quite right. For the first year, while the wedding presents are fresh, and the unpaid-for furniture new, no doubt we might get along. But oh! the misery of being in perpetual debt.'

'And so I am thrown over, and that fellow Exton, with a face crinkled like a savoy cabbage, is chosen instead.'

'Not chosen, Tom. He chooses me, perhaps, I do not choose him. I take him; I say yes to him, when you know I would rather say yes to some one else.'

'Go on, Nelly, he replied sullenly, 'Drive me half mad by confessing one thing and doing another. Tell me plainly, do you love him?'

'Whom?'

'Why, Exton, of course.'

'No—of course.'

'And yet—what are girls made of?'

Sugar and spice, Tom, and all that's nice. *Il faut vivre.* When mamma dies there will be next to nothing for this poor child; while mamma lives there is not too much. This young lady has been brought up in ideas of what is *comme il faut.* She likes riding, she likes amusements, she likes balls and dinners, garden parties and

dances. She would like, if she married, to see a steady prospect of making the most out of life. Now you can't make much, as a general rule, with seven hundred a year.'

Tom groaned. He was bound to admit that you cannot. What thirty years ago would have been considered a fair younger son's portion, is now a miserable pittance, regarded from a matrimonial point of view. Tom was a younger son's only son, and seven hundred a year was considered in the family as a plentiful allowance for such a position.

'Could I have believed two years ago that Nelly would have been so worldly-minded?'

'Could I have believed two years ago that Tom would have been so Quixotic?'

After this double question there was silence—Tom walking backwards and forwards, Nelly sitting on a couch pulling flowers to pieces with an angry flush in her cheek. Woman-like, she was ready to give in and own that she was wrong; and woman-like, she could not forbear from the strife of words, the contest for the last word.

'You take his presents,' said Tom, like an accusing angel.

'I have taken yours,' replied Nelly; as much as to say that the two cases were equal.

'Yes; but you let me tell you that I loved you,' Tom pleaded.

'What has that got to do with it? Perhaps Mr. Exton has told me the same thing.'

'And you have listened? You let him make love to you after all that has passed between us?'

'Two years, ago Tom. And, as I said before, a moonlight evening on Ryde Pier in August is hardly the time for a young maiden of nineteen to make any violent resistance. And, do you know, I think you have hardly any right, have you, to object to what Mr. Exton says to me?'

As a matter of fact, Mr. Exton had not declared love to her at all, and it was a very strange thing, considering the opportunities he had, that he did not. Nelly, more than half afraid, expected some sort of declaration every day.

Right? Tom had no right. Nelly knew that this was her trump card, her dagger which stabbed Tom to the heart. He had no right!

'Poor Tom!' she said, timidly, looking up at him. 'Poor Tom! It is a shame to say such things.'

'Say what you like,' he cried. 'Henceforth there is an end. Flirt, coquette as much as you please. Be all smiles to one man and honey-sweet to another, and mean nothing to either. That is the way of all womankind, I suppose. I have done with you, Miss Despard.'

He hurried away with the step of desperation.

Nelly shook her head with a smile, and as she performed this act of incredulity, a tear dropped from her eye upon her cheek, and glittered in the warm light.

And then the hated rival appeared—no other than Mr. Roger Exton himself.

'They are going to have a meeting of their Madrigal Union in the garden. Will you come? I met Tom Caledon going away in a hurry. Have you quarrelled?'

'I never quarrel with Tom,' said Nelly proudly.

'He looked agitated. Poor Brother Lancelot! I felt for him. What, I thought, if she were to treat me in the same cruel fashion?'

She went with him to the garden, and he spread a cloth on the grass, and laid himself leisurely at her feet, just about a yard from them, in fact. He wore a straw hat and a complete suit of white, and looked absolutely cool.

'They've got iced-cup indoors somewhere,' he said; 'but I remembered that you like the garden in the morning, so I left the cup, and got the madrigal people to come here. What

a perfectly charming old garden it is! Reminds me of a place I once saw in Nepaul. It wants half-an-hour to the meeting. Half-an-hour to ourselves in this delicious atmosphere, with that mignonette bed within easy hail, Tom Caledon gone off in disgrace, and the opportunity of telling you, Nelly, what a perfectly charming girl you are.'

That was all he told her. What an extraordinary thing that he did not propose!

Tom blundered in his flight upon Desdemona, who stopped him and made him give her his arm. He was furious, and she saw it, guessing the cause; but she let him alone, waiting till he should speak.

This was not until he reached her room, when he sat down, and ejaculated reproaches upon womankind in general.

'That means,' said Desdemona, 'that you have quarrelled with Nelly.'

Tom declared that nothing, nothing in the world, would induce him ever to speak to Nelly again; that she was heartless and worldly; that she took presents from two men at the same time; and so on.

Desdemona heard him to the end.

'This seems to me,' she said, 'to come under one of the leading cases and precedents of the Assises d'Amour. I shall refer it to Miranda, and we will have a Court of Love.'

CHAPTER XXV.

'The Shepherds and the Nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.'

THE Court of Love was summoned by order of the Abbess.

As this, curiously enough, was the first of such Courts which had been held in England since the days of the lamented Queen Eleanour of Provence, Desdemona was extremely anxious that it should be held with as much external splendour as the resources of the Abbey would admit, and that its procedure should show no diminution in the knowledge, practices, and authority of the Golden Code. It might not, she said, become a leading case: there had been other causes tried at which points of more vital interest were at stake; but the case of Lancelot *v.* Rosalind would, she was sure, prove of no small importance. And its externals, she promised, should be in every way worthy of the issue to be decided.

As no one except the plaintiff, the defendant, and Desdemona herself, knew the least in the world what this issue was; as most people, outside the Abbey at least, regarded the impending trial as a sort of amateur breach of promise case, and wondered how Nelly Despard or any other girl *could* —a most meaning phrase, full of all insinuation, accusation, envy, and jealousy: and as it was rapidly spread abroad that the preparations were on a scale of unusual magnificence: as no one was old enough to remember the Courts of Queen Eleanour: as even in the Abbey the performers had very little idea what the show would be like—there was great, even extraordinary excitement over the impending Court.

It was called for five o'clock in the afternoon, and was to be held in the ancient garden of the Abbey, which, as has already been stated, consisted of an oblong lawn, planted with roses and flower-beds, and surrounded on all sides by two terraces. It was also protected from north and east winds by a high and extremely thick hedge, lying open to the more genial influences of south and west. There was no great elm in the garden, beneath which, as was *de rigueur* in the old *gieux sous l'orme*, the *grandes dames de par le mondè* might shelter themselves, while they heard the pleadings, from the scorching sun of July; but there was over the northern end a great walnut, as stately as any of those

which adorn the shaven lawns of Cambridge. In front of the walnut stood a fountain, and beyond the fountain was the old sun-dial. The garden itself was kept apart for the Court, but on the terraces a long awning had been rigged up, under which were ranged rows of chairs for the spectators, because in the Abbey of Thelema there was nothing done which was not open to all the world. No hiding of lights behind bushels in that monastery, if you please. So far it is very, very unlike the cages of the Ile Sonnante, the birds in which, as the good *curé* of Meudon tells us, began life by being mourners at funerals. If the doings of Sister Rosalind, or any other Sister, were to be dragged into the open light of a Court of Law, that Sister would like the Court to be as numerously attended as possible. On this ground the fair defendant had no cause for complaint. As regards the ceremonies, they were unreservedly entrusted to the care of Desdemona; the Brethren who were to take part were content with learning each his own *rôle* and place, and to leave the rest to their stage manager. There was not even a dress rehearsal; there was not even a full undress rehearsal; there were only a few interviews between her dictatress and her company. She had the working up of all the details: she had to contrive the costumes, the properties, the tableaux, and the grouping. This, indeed, was her great delight. She drew little pictures of her Court while yet it had no existence outside her brain; she sat in the quaint old garden and peopled it with the puppets of her imagination; when everything and everybody had their proper place on the lawn, and she had drawn her plan of the whole, she began by instructing the servants ushers of the Court; then she took the boys who helped in the choir and acted as pages for the Functions, into the garden, and with the aid of a few chairs taught them exactly where they were to stand, and how they were to pose: then she drew up a plan of the action of her piece, with full stage directions for everybody; and had this copied, recopied, and corrected till she was perfectly satisfied. Then she distributed the parts. And then she sat down, and heaved a great sigh and thanked the fates that an excellent piece was set afoot.

The principal part of a play may seem to an outsider to be the words. Not at all: the actor knows very well that the words are only introduced to set off the situations; and that many most excellent plays, especially those written for the Mediæval stage, consisted of nothing but situations when they left the dramatist's hand, the words being left entirely to the mother-wit of the players. In fact, they were all 'gag;' and, as everybody knows, the situation is the only difficult thing to find.

'You have to plead your cause in person,' Desdemona said to Tom Caledon, concluding her instructions. 'Very well: plead it eloquently. On your pleading as you open the case will greatly depend the success of the piece—of course, I mean the success of your cause.'

'Desdemona, I am too stupid. I *can't* write a speech. You must write it for me,' said Tom. 'And it seems such a shame accusing Nelly.'

Sister Rosalind's advocate was Brother Peregrine. He asked for no help except access to the ancient constitutions and code of Love, which Desdemona readily gave him.

As for the costumes, they were, out of respect to the memory of Queen Eleanour, deceased, those of the twelfth century, and were designed by Desdemona in consultation with certain experienced persons, lent by Mr. Hollinghead, from the Gaiety Theatre. Those of the ladies were made out of what appeared to them the best imitation possible of the favourite materials of the period, which, as everybody knows, were

samite, siglaton, and sandal. A full description of the dresses appeared in the *Queen* the following week. It was written by a lady for ladies, and those who wish for precise details may refer to that paper. Speaking from a masculine, but not, it is hoped, an unobservant point of view, I should say in general terms that the dresses fitted tightly to the figure, after the present graceful fashion; but were not drawn in at the feet, so as to make the wearers appear unable to walk with freedom. The hair was in long and flowing tresses or else gathered up in a net, not the ugly net which we remember to have seen in youth and sometimes yet see on ladies of a certain rank of life, those who dwell around the New Cut, Leather Lane, or the High Street, Whitechapel. On the head was worn a square coronet of gold, and the Sisters were wrapped in crimson mantles, falling over the soft grey dress beneath. Their shoes were long and pointed, looped up with chains, and with low heels: their gloves were gauntlets, with any number of buttons, were grey like the dresses, and covered more than half the arm.

As for the men, the colours of their tunics were more various, because each chose what liked him best; they, too, wore long mantles or cloaks, which had capuchons; they carried daggers in their belts, and their shoes, like those of the Sisters, were long, with points looped up to the knee. They wore no swords, things which six hundred years ago belonged to the heavy armour, and were only put on for outdoor use. Within doors, if you wanted to stick anything into a friend over a bottle, or a game of chess, the dagger was much handier.

As regards both Brothers and Sisters, they were so practised in *bals-masqués*, theatricals, and frivolities of such kinds, that they had arrived at the singular and enviable power of moving about in any costume with the air of belonging to it. It was acting without effort.

An hour before five all the chairs on the terraces were occupied. There was a party from the Vicarage; a few men brought down from town by Lord Alwyne; a party from the city of Athelston, people from the country houses round, who all came by invitation. And about half-past four the Thelemites began one by one to drop in, till the garden space in the centre was crowded with them, with the ushers, the servants of the Court, and the page-boys.

'I should like,' said Lucy Corrington to Lord Alwyne, 'to have lived in the twelfth century.'

He shook his head.

'Best enjoy the present, Lucy. It would have been all over six hundred years ago, think of that.'

It was, however, a very pretty and novel spectacle. Beneath the umbrageous foliage of the walnut-tree stood the Throne, a canopied seat on a platform, covered with crimson velvet. Chairs, also crimson covered, stood at either side of the Throne on the platform, for the Sisters who were to act as jury or assessors. The Sisters themselves were among the Brothers in what may be called the body of the Court. Below the Throne was the table of the Clerk to the Court, Sister Desdemona, and in front of her table two stools for the Assistant-Clerks. A table covered with parchments, great inkstands, and quill pens, were placed between the fountain and the throne; and, at the right hand and the left stood two small desks or pulpits for the counsel in the case, while the fair defendant was to be placed in a low chair of red velvet beside her advocate. All the Abbey servants were there, dressed for the part—both those who regularly performed in the festivals and others, of whom it was suspected that Desdemona imported them for the occasion, as trained supers. The band was in the lower end of the garden discoursing sweet music, and with

them stood, or lounged, the boys whom Desdemona had attired daintily in tight tunics. They were so well trained that they could look at each other without grinning, and could stand or lie about upon the grass in perfect unconsciousness that they were not assisting, in the heart of the twelfth century, at a serious and solemn trial before the High Court of Love. And the fountain sparkled in the sunshine; and the summer air was heavy with the perfume of flowers; and the Brethren were young; and the Sisters fair.

Not all the members of the Order were there. Brothers Lancelot and Peregrine; Sisters Miranda, Desdemona, and Rosalind were absent; that was natural, as they were the principal actors in the case to be tried. Also, Alan Dunlop was absent. He, poor man, was engaged in the village, giving his usual afternoon lesson in social economy to Alma Bostock. While he talked, she, who would much rather have been milking the cows, or making the butter, or gathering ripe gooseberries, or stealing a surreptitious talk with Harry, or even granting an interview to Tom Caledon, listened with lack-lustre eye and lips that ever and anon drooped with the semblance of a yawn, to a cascade of words which had no meaning, not the shadow of a meaning to her. They had, however, to be endured to gratify this extraordinary lover, who, somehow, seemed to take pleasure in pouring them out. And while the girl's thoughts wandered away from the discourse, it must be owned that her *fiancé* himself was thinking how very, very much pleasanter it would have been to spend the day assisting at the Court of Love.

Another Brother of the Order was absent. It was Mr. Paul Rondelet. He said, on being invited by Desdemona, that he should have liked much to take his part, but that it had already been decided by the great German authority that there never were such things as Courts of Love; that all the contemporary poets and painters were in a league to mystify people, and to make a pretence for posterity about a code of laws which did not exist; and that—here he laid his head plaintively on one side—he *must* consider the Common Room of Lothian and his own reputation. There might be Oxford men present. It is a special mark of the great and illustrious school of Prigs that, in virtue of being so much in advance of other people, they always know exactly how much has been discovered and decided in history, literature and art. For them the *dernier mot* had always been said, and generally by one whom the Prigs have consented to honour. So Mr. Rondelet remained aloof and stayed at home in the Abbey, shaping a new poem, in which a young man—it might have been himself—laments his exceeding great wisdom, which shuts him out from love, friendship, and the ordinary ambitions of life, deprives him of the consolations of religion, and leaves him alone, save perhaps for the Common Room of Lothian. He sent this poem to his friends, and they still carry it about with them, for it is yet unpublished, cuddled up tight to their hearts. The show proceeded in spite of these two absent Brothers.

At a quarter to five the band stopped playing, and shut their books. Then there was a little movement, and a rustle, and an expectant whisper. Only fifteen minutes to wait. And it seemed quite natural and in keeping with the character of the piece when Sister Cecilia, taking a zither, as good a substitute for a lute as can be devised, sang, sitting on the grass-bank, while the long branches of the walnut made a greenery above her head, the 'Ballad of Blinded Love':

'Love goes singing along the way:
"Men have blinded and covered my eyes;
I have no night and I have no day,
Dark is the road and black the skies."
Then Love laughs and fleers as he flies:
"See the maidens who've looked on me,
Sitting in sorrow with tears and sighs:
Better have let Love's eyes go free."

'Still, he has ears: and where the gay
Songs and laughter of girls arise
(Music as sweet as flowers in May)
Straight to their hearts Love's arrow flies

Then the music of laughter dies:
Farewell song and innocent glee.
"Not my fault," the archer cries,
"Better have let Love's eyes go free."

'Not Love's fault: and who shall say,
Could we but leave him his pretty eyes,
Whom he would spare of the maidens gay,
Whom he would leave in the girlish guise?
Yet 'twere pity should beauty's sighs
Cause her flowers ungathered be;
With silken bandage cover his eyes,
Never let *that* boy's sight go free.

ENVOI.

'Prince, the shaft of his arrow flies
Straight to the heart of her and thee.
Take no pity, although he cries,
"Better have let Love's eyes go free."'

Hardly had she finished the last bars of the ballad, when five struck from the Abbey clock, and, at the moment, the trumpets blared a note of warning, and every one sprang to his feet. 'Oyez, oyez!' cried the usher; 'silence for the Court.'

First came the javelin-men, armed with long pikes and dressed in leathern jerkins, with straw round their legs instead of stockings. Desdemona afterwards prided herself on her fidelity in the detail of the straw, but Miranda thought it looked untidy. After the javelin-men came the clerks and people of the long robe, bearing papers. These wore the square cap of office, and the black gown with full sleeves. After the lawyers, came, similarly attired in black, Tom Caledon, the Brother who was to act as plaintiff. Two clerks came after him, bearing the *pieces de conviction* on a cushion—gloves, flowers, ribbons, and perfume. And then, leading *la belle accusée* by the hand, came Brother Peregrine, also disguised as an advocate. He had assumed an air of the greatest sympathy, as if so much unmerited misfortune called forth the tenderest pity: he seemed to watch every step of his client, and to be ready at any moment to catch her in his arms if she should faint away. Nelly, who thus came to answer the charge of *lèse-majesté* against Love, was wrapped from head to foot in a long cloak of grey silk, the hood of which fell over her face, so that nothing was visible save when, now and again, she half lifted it to snatch a hasty glance at the Court, and perhaps to see what people thought of the effect. That, indeed, produced by her grey robe, her drooping head, and her slender graceful figure, was entirely one of innocence wrongfully defamed, and conscious of virtue. After the accused came the secretaries of the Court, and these were followed by Desdemona, who wore, for the occasion, such an expression as she had once imparted in her youthful and lovely days to the advocate Portia, and such a robe as the one which had in that representation enwrapped her charms. She was the Clerk of the Court. Lastly, her train borne by two pages, and led by Brother Bayard, the most courtly of the Brethren, came Miranda herself, supreme Judge and President of the Court of Love. She mounted the platform, and then, standing erect and statuesque, her clear and noble features touched with the soft reflection from the crimson canopy, and her tall figure standing out against the setting of greenery behind her, like Diana among her maidens, she looked round for a moment, smiled, and took her seat.

All were now in their places. In the chairs round the Throne sat the Sisters expectant; at their feet lay the page-boys, who were the messengers of the Court; at the tables sat the clerks, secretaries, and the lawyers, turning over the pages of the great volumes bound in vellum, and making industrious notes. Sister Rosalind, the defendant, was in her place, beside her counsel; and Brother Lancelot, who wore, to tell the truth, a shamefaced and even a downcast look, as if he was in a false position and felt it, was at his desk opposite her.

When the Court was seated, there was another blare of trumpets, and the usher cried again, 'Oyez, oyez! silence for the Court.'

Then Desdemona rose solemnly, a parchment in her hand.

'Let the defendant stand,' ordered the Judge.

Brother Peregrine, in a mere ecstasy of sympathy, offered his hand to the victim; at sight of which Tom forgot that he was plaintiff, and rushed from his post, too, to offer assistance. The Court, except Desdemona, who thought this very irregular, and Miranda, who would not lower the dignity of her position by so much as a smile, laughed aloud at this accident. But Sister Rosalind, pulling her hood lower over her face. took the hand of her own counsel without the least recognition of the plaintiff's proffered aid. And Tom retreated to his place in confusion. Desdemona read the charge.

'Sister Rosalind,' she began, in deep and sonorous tones, and with that clear accent which only long practice on the stage seems able to give —'Sister Rosalind, you stand before the Lady Miranda, President of this most venerable Court of Love, charged by the honourable and worthy Brother Lancelot, Monk of the Order of Thelema, with having wantonly, maliciously, wilfully, and perversely infringed the code of laws which governs the hearts of the young and the courteous, in that you have both openly and secretly, before the eyes of the Brothers and Sisters, or in the retreat of garden or conservatory, accepted and received those presents, tokens of affection, and attentions, both those ordinary—such as every knight, damoiseau, and Brother of Thelema is bound to bestow upon every damoiselle and Sister of the Order—and those extraordinary, such as, with loyal suit, service and devotion, one alone should render unto one. Do you, Sister Rosalind, plead guilty to this charge, or not guilty?'

Sister Rosalind, for answer, threw back her hood, and stood bareheaded before them all. With her soft eyes, which lifted for a moment to look round upon the Court and the audience on the terrace, her fair and delicate cheek and the half-parted lips which seemed as if they could plead more eloquently than any advocate, she carried away the sympathies of all. Phryne obtained a verdict by her beauty, without a word. So Sister Rosalind, by the mere unveiling of her face, would at once, but for the stern exigencies of the law, have been unanimously acquitted. There was a murmur of admiration from the audience on the terrace, and then, Lord Alwyne, leading the way, a rapturous burst of applause, which was instantly checked by the Court, who threatened to hear the case with closed doors, so to speak, on the repetition of such unseemly interruption.

'My client,' said Peregrine, 'my calumniated client,' here his voice broke down as if with a sob, 'pleads not guilty, according to the Code of Love. And she desires also to set up a counter-charge against the plaintiff in the case, Brother Lancelot, in that, being attached to her and an aspirant for her favours, he has shown himself of late days of melancholy and morose disposition, and while he was formerly gay, cheerful, and of a light heart so that it was pleasant to accept his suit and service, he has now become sad and desponding, an offence contrary to all known and recognised *devoirs* of a lover. And she begs that the two charges may be tried together.'

This startling charge, accompanied as it was by a reproachful look from the defendant, disconcerted Brother Lancelot exceedingly, insomuch that his eyes remained staring wide open and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. The Court smiled, and Sister Desdemona recognising in this stroke a touch of real genius, nodded approvingly to Brother Peregrine.

Then Miranda spoke.

'It is within my learned brother's right,' she said, 'to set up a counter-charge, and the Court will not fail to insist upon giving the charge full weight. Meantime we will proceed with the original case as it stands set forth upon the roll. Brother Lancelot, you will call your witnesses.'

But the counsel for the defence again sprang to his feet.

'I am instructed by my client—my most deeply injured client—to admit the truth of the facts alleged. She *has* accepted the presents and the service of more than one Brother of this illustrious Order. My Lady and Sisters-assistant we admit, not as a fault, but rather as a virtue, that the facts are such as my learned Brother Lancelot has alleged in his plaint. I myself, my Lady, if for one moment I may be allowed to forget —no, not to forget my most needlessly persecuted client, which would be impossible—but to associate my poor personality with this admission, own before you all that I myself, humble as I stand, have been allowed to offer a faint tribute to this incomparable shrine of beauty and of grace. She has worn flowers in her hair which these unworthy fingers have gathered in this garden of Thelema and in its conservatories; she has honoured me and conferred a new beauty on those flowers by wearing them in her hair; she has accepted gloves of me, gloves —' here the speaker clasped his hands and gazed heavenward, 'gloves—sixes —and honoured the giver by wearing these sixes—small sizes—at our dances. My client has nothing to conceal, nothing that need not be told openly. We may, therefore, my Lady and Sisters-assistant of this honourable Court, enable my learned Brother to do without witnesses and proceed at once with his vain and impotent attempt to substantiate his charge by appeal to ancient and prescriptive law.'

Brother Peregrine sat down after this fling at his opponent.

Sister Rosalind pulled the hood lower over her face and resumed her seat. There was a silence of great expectation when Brother Lancelot rose to his feet, and after fumbling among his papers began, in a voice of great trepidation and hesitancy which gradually disappeared as he warmed to his work, his speech for the prosecution.

'My Lady and worshipful Sisters-assistant of this illustrious Court, it has been the laudable practice among all loyal followers of honourable Love to discuss among themselves whatever points of difficulty may arise in the relations of lovers to one another. Thus we find in the Reports, meagre as those documents are, of the *jeux partis* lines of conduct laid down to meet almost every conceivable case, however knotty. These friendly discussions served to supplement and emphasise the Golden Code much as precedents in English law do grace, garnish, and sometimes obscure the mere letter of the law which lies behind them. Of such a nature was that famous discussion on the question whether if a knight loves a lady he ought rather to see her dead than married to another? Such, again, was the case argued before a noble company of knights, dames, and demoiselles, whether a certain knight was justified in accepting an offer made to him by a lady that she would belong wholly to him provided first she might be allowed a clear twelvemonth flirtation. And such, to quote a third case, was the memorable inquiry into the reason why the old, and therefore the experienced, are generally neglected; while the young, and therefore the inexperienced, are preferred. Had the present case before the Court been of such a nature as to admit of its decision by a *jeu parti* or by formal committee of arbitration, I should have preferred that course. But that is not so, and I am therefore prepared, most unwillingly, to prove that a Sister of our Order, a Sister to whom my own devotion has been offered and freely given, has infringed the miraculous Code which has been, and will ever continue to be, the foundation of constitutional Love.'

He paused, while one of his clerks handed him a prodigious roll of parchment.

'I now, my Lady, proceed to refer to the articles which I maintain to have been infringed by our Sister the

defendant in this suit. I shall be happy to furnish my learned Brother' —Tom was plucking up his courage— 'with a copy of these statutes and ordinances, so that he may correct me if I quote them wrongly, and at the same time lead him to reflect whether even at the last moment he may not feel it his duty to advise his fair client to throw herself upon the mercy of the Court.'

Here Brother Peregrine sprang to his feet and bowed courteously.

'I thank my learned Brother. I need, however, no copy of the Code. It is implanted here.'

He smote the place where he supposed his heart to be and sat down.

'I will then,' continued the counsel for the prosecution. 'I will at once refer the Court and the Ladies-assistant to the very third Law—of such vital importance did this great principle seem to the supernatural framers of the Code. In the very third Law we have it enunciated in the clearest terms "*Nemo duplici amore ligari potest.*" That is to say no one, either knight or dame, damoiseau or damoiselle, can be bound by the chains of a two-fold affection. The object of a lady's preference may perhaps be changed; one can imagine the case of a damoiselle after being attracted by supposed virtues in a new friend—reverting with pleasure to the proved and tried cavalier who has obeyed her behests, it may be, for years'—here there was a murmur of sympathy, every one present being perfectly acquainted with Tom's sad history. Brother Peregrine looked round sharply, as much as to say, 'Let no one be led astray by feelings of sentiment. I will make mince-meat of him directly.' 'This, I say, one can comprehend, and in such a case the devotion of the previously favoured lover would be declined with such courtesy as becomes a gentlewoman. But let this Court picture to themselves a case in which a lady shall look with equal favour on the prayers of one and the sighs of another, shall smile on one with the same kindness as on the other, and ask whether both in letter and in spirit the third article of the Code would not be flagrantly contravened? And such a case it is which my sense of duty now obliges me to bring before your attention. I am aware—that is, I can anticipate—that my learned Brother for the defence will attempt to rely upon the Thirty-first Article—*unam fœminam nihil prohibet à duobus amari*—nothing prevents the lady from having two lovers at once. No one, I am sure, would be surprised to hear that the Sister Rosalind had as many lovers as there are men who have seen her.'

Here the defendant lifted up a corner of her veil and bestowed a smile upon the counsel. The audience laughed, and Desdemona was about to call attention to this breach of official etiquette, when Tom proceeded with his speech.

'That clause, I contend, has nothing to do with the charge. The facts, as the Court has been informed, are not denied, but admitted. My learned Brother has confessed——'

Here Brother Peregrine sprang to his feet.

'I cannot allow the word confessed to pass unchallenged. My Lady, I have confessed nothing. Confession implies guilt. Where there has been no sin there can be no confession. We accept statements, but we do not confess.'

'Let us say, then,' continued Tom, 'that he has accepted my statements. He has, in fact, accepted the statement that Sister Rosalind received the service and the presents of two aspirants. He has informed the Court that he has himself offered gloves—small sixes—which were graciously received. I too have offered gloves—also small sixes. It has been my pride as well as his, to see those sixes worn at our dances and in our drives and rides. I too have offered the flowers of Thelema to her who is to me the choicest flower in this our

garden of all delights. My incense has been burnt at that shrine, my vows have been laid before that altar, as well as his. If my learned Brother accepts statements, he must accept them in their fulness; they are not to be glossed over, cleared away, or pared down to a mere nothing at all. The Court must give these facts their full significance. It amounts to this, that the defendant in this action has received with equal favour the pretensions of those who follow her with an equal—no that cannot be—*not* an equal affection. No personal feeling of rancour or jealousy, no unworthy desire for notoriety, fame or revenge, has prompted me in bringing about this important trial. It has been appointed by yourself, my Lady, acting on the counsels of the experienced Clerk of this Court. You will, with your Sisters-assistant, give the case a calm and impartial consideration; you will remember the dangers which lurk behind the infringement of these Laws; you will act so as to preserve intact the Republic of Thelema; you will give no encouragement to conduct which might implant in the midst of this happy retreat the seeds of jealousies, envies, and distractions, such as would make our Abbey no better than the outer world; you will prevent this generation of false hopes, this building up of delusive confidences, with the unhappiness of the final destruction of a faith built upon the sand. These things are not unreal. You will, my Lady, call upon your Sisters-assistant to ask their own hearts as well as the Code of Love. No Code, indeed, ever yet was invented which could meet the exigencies of every case. As regards the countercharge, I confess I was not prepared for it. I may, perhaps, set an example to my learned Brother, by at once throwing myself upon the mercies of the Court. I confess, and do not deny, that there have been times when disappointment or grief at the conduct of my mistress has prevented the possibility of that cheerful demeanour and gaiety of heart which are the duty of every aspirant to Love. To this charge I plead guilty, and urge in extenuation the grievous provocation which I have received.

'Ladies of this most honourable Court'—the advocate raised his head, which he had dropped in shame during the last few sentences, and looked around with a proud and confident bearing—'I leave my case fearlessly in your hands, confident that justice will be done, and, although I am sure that it is unnecessary, I venture beforehand to recommend the defendant to your favourable merciful consideration. She is young, as you all know; she is beautiful as you all know; she is charming, as you will all agree; she is gracious and winning, even among the gracious and winning ladies of this illustrious House of Thelma. On these grounds, ladies, and on these alone, I pray that her offence may be condoned, and that she escape with such an admonition as our Lady Abbess may think fit to bestow upon her.'

Brother Lancelot, who acquitted himself at the end of his speech far better than at the beginning, sat down. There was just that touch of real personal feeling in his peroration which gave the trial, even for those among the spectators who had small sympathy with the Code of Love, a genuine interest. It was clear that poor Tom, who, indeed, never disguised the fact, was in real love with Nelly, whatever might be the feeling of the other man. There was a murmur among the people in the terrace which broke into loud applause.

'Si—lence!' cried the usher. 'Silence in the Court.'

Miranda here remarked that it was the second time this unseemly manifestation of feeling had been repressed; that if it occurred again she should commit the whole of the visitors for contempt of Court, without the power of appeal. She reminded

the offenders that such a sentence entailed their exclusion from the Abbey and their confinement in the large prison of the outer world, among quite disagreeable and even vulgar people, until they should be purged of their contempt. A shudder, visible to the naked eye, ran through the crowded chairs at this dreadful threat.

Miranda then invited the counsel for the defence to say what he had to say.

Brother Peregrine rose immediately, and, after pulling his gown well over his shoulders, adjusting his square cap and clearing his throat, assumed a pose which was rather one of defiance than of appeal, and began his oration without notes of any kind, with a rapid volubility in strong contrast to the hesitation and difficulty with which his opponent began his speech. I am inclined to believe that Tom's speech was written for him by Desdemona, but that he altered and amended the close. On the other hand, Brother Peregrine's address was undoubtedly all his own. There was a cold glitter about it which held the attention, but it was forensic to the last degree, and lacked the personality and feeling which characterized the speech for the prosecution.

'I stand here,' he said, in an easy rapid way which showed how little the responsibility of the position weighed upon him—'I stand here engaged in the most arduous, because the most responsible, of all tasks. I defend a lady from a charge which, in this illustrious Abbey of Thelema, might almost be construed into an imputation—my learned Brother need not rush into denials—I say almost an imputation upon a reputation as deservedly spotless as the white evening dress in which my client wins all hearts. My learned Brother, whose conscience, I rejoiced to observe, overcame the recklessness with which he started, so that from an accuser he became an advocate, rightly mentioned one or two leading cases decided long ago in the Courts of our ancestors. It is interesting and, indeed, instructive, to be reminded of these leading cases, even although they have no bearing upon the case before the Court. Still, it is well to know that those who plead in these Courts are learned in the law. But my learned Brother omitted to mention those cases which actually bear upon the question before us. Ladies and most honourable Sisters, we must not for a moment allow ourselves to lose sight of the fact that the point raised touches every one of you. Nothing can be more important, no cases have been more frequent, than those which concern the conduct of a lady towards her lover or lovers. It has been asked, for instance, whether the lover should prefer that the lady should first kiss him, or that he should first kiss the lady. The question is one on which much discussion could even now be raised, and doubtless there would be difference of opinion. It has been asked—and this is a question which actually touches the present case'—here Brother Peregrine looked at his papers and picked out one from the handful which he held—'It has been asked whether, if a lady has to listen to a tale of love which she is about to refuse, she is justified in hearing her lover to an end, or whether, in justice, she should cut him short in the beginning? I need not remind your Ladyship and the Court that the decision in this case was in favour of hearing the poor man to an end. And I humbly submit that the decision was guided partly out of respect to that instinct of kindness in woman's heart which naturally prompts to the hearing of all that could be urged, and partly, if one may venture to say so in such a presence, from a natural desire to know how this man in particular would put his points.' Here the Court smiled, as if both the President and the Sisters-assistant had large experience in such matters.

'First, then, Ladies and Sisters of the Honourable Order of Thelema, ought a demoiselle to have two lovers? Surely; that is granted by the very first laws in our Code. But, my learned friend may say, she ought to show favour to one only. In the end, I grant. That is the real point at issue between us. In the end. Up to the present, my client, my fair, my beautiful, my much injured client, has only granted the simple favour of receiving such slight attentions, such little presents of flowers or ribbons or gloves as belong to the general usages of society and the broader and less conventional customs of Thelema. In the end, I say. But at present we are only beginning. My learned Brother, like myself, is, as one may say, in the humility of early love. What says the *trouveresse*?

'"Humbly that lover ought to speak,
Who favour from his love doth seek."

My contention——'

'Do you,' interrupted Miranda—'Do you confine yourself to the Code?'

'I do,' replied the learned counsel. 'But the Code is illustrated, explained and annotated by the *jeux-partis*, as my learned brother has already explained. Still, if one must abandon precedents and fall back upon the letter of the law, I will, if you please, take the Code itself, and prove, clause by clause, if necessary, that my injured client, my deeply injured client, has confined her operations, if I may so use the word, strictly within the limits of the Code—'

Here he received, from one of his clerks, a document in official writing.

'I was about to remark,' he went on, 'when I was interrupted by my clerk, that the Code itself will triumphantly bear out my client, and prove that she has been no traitor to those glorious laws of love which must, to the crack of doom, rule every lover in gentlehood. Let me take the second —*Qui non celat amare non potest.* "He —or she—who cannot keep secret cannot love." Why, here is, in itself, sufficient ground to acquit my client honourably. We will grant, if you please, that my client has a secret preference for one—not necessarily the one whom she has known longest—of the two aspirants. What better justification for accepting the service of both, than the fact that she has a secret preference for one?'

Here the orator paused while one of his clerks poured him out a glass of water, and while he looked round, expectant of applause, there was a murmur, which might have meant applause and might have meant astonishment. Tom, at his desk, looked disgusted. It seemed as if the wind was being taken out of his sails altogether.

'The third clause,' the counsel continued, 'is, "Nemo duplici potest amore ligari"—"No one can be bound by a twofold love." Well, my Lady and Sisters of this Honourable House, although my learned Brother based his whole argument upon this one clause, the force of which I readily concede to him, as a matter of fact, it has no bearing whatever upon the question. For, if you will consider, the charge is that the lady has accepted presents and service from two aspirants at the same time. That is so. We grant it. Does it follow that she is bound by a twofold love—that she has professed to entertain a preference for both? Ladies of Thelema, as one of the two men, I emphatically deny it.'

Here Brother Lancelot arose with flushing cheeks, and asked whether his learned Brother was to be understood as speaking from his own knowledge, and as conveying to the Court the information that he himself, Brother Peregrine, was regarded by Sister Rosalind with no preference whatever?

The defendant was here observed to smile.

The counsel for the defence made reply, softly:

'I speak from information given by the defendant herself. I do not dare

to go beyond that information. It may be, unhappily for me, that Sister Rosalind has a preference for my learned Brother, or had before this case came on. That may be so, although there is not a tittle of evidence to submit before the Court for or against that supposition. It is only when the lady has accepted a lover in title as well as his simple offerings, that she can be said at all *amore ligari*, to be bound in love. But as yet the Sister Rosalind has bestowed that title on no one; therefore, I maintain, she can in no sense be said to be *duplici amore ligari*, bound by a double love.

'This point established, I pass on to another clause which, as I shall show clearly and distinctly, makes in my favour. It is written in the fourth Article: "Semper amorem minui vel cresci constat"—"Always must love increase or be diminished." What more rational course for my fair client to adopt than, before pronouncing finally in his favour or against him, to allow his passion to increase, or if it will not bear the test of patience, to see it diminish, and meanwhile to gratify him, or both of them or any number of them, not one Brother only, but saving the duty and devotion owed to you, most honourable Ladies of the Court and Sisters of Thelema, not one Brother only, I say, but all the Brothers together?

'Let me pass over a few clauses which, without any ingenuity, could be shown to be so many fair and just arguments for my client, whose cause, however, is so simple that she wants no clause of the Code except those which at once commend themselves to all I refer you, therefore, at once to the twelfth Law: "Amor semper consuevit ab avaritiæ domiciliis exulari"—"Love is banished from the abodes of avarice."'

Here Brother Lancelot sprang to his feet.

'I protest,' he cried hotly, 'I protest against this attempt to introduce an unworthy motive. Nothing, I am convinced ——'

The Lady President leaned forward, and interrupted him.

'Nothing of the kind, Brother Lancelot,' she said, 'could be imputed to you, and no one could believe that you had or could impute unworthy motives to the defendant. The Court, indeed, is astonished that the counsel for the defence could think it necessary even to allude to this clause in connection with the case.'

'If my learned Brother,' said Brother Peregrine, gently, 'had heard me to the end, he would have been spared the necessity for his protest. Nothing was farther from my intentions than to connect the vulgar vice of avarice with him or with my client. It was in another sense: the avarice which would grudge the smallest favours bestowed on others, the avarice which is akin to jealousy, the avarice which belongs to a too sensitive organisation, and which would make of love an absolute servitude, the avarice which is a sentiment contrary to the spirit of this illustrious House of Thelema; it is concerning that avarice that I would have spoken, but I refrain. Better omit some things which might be said than incur the chance of misconception or misrepresentation.'

The advocate shook his head and sighed sadly, as if the stupidity of the other counsel was the subject of grave pity. Then he went on again. All this time the defendant, sitting wrapped in her long robe of grey, wore her hood drawn entirely over her head, so that no part of her face could be seen.

'Let us proceed, and now I shall be brief. It is written again in the thirteenth Article: "Amor raro consuevit durare vulgatus"—"Love seldom lingers when 'tis told." Ladies, what more cogent reason for my client to disguise her preference, to procrastinate, to keep all aspirants in doubt while secretly inclining to one? In this case there are two, both Brothers

of this noble House of Thelema, both ready to devote themselves assiduously to this one damoiselle. Why should she wish her choice to be divulgated, if indeed she has already chosen?'

'I will, however, leave this point, and call your attention to the twenty-fourth clause of the Code, which in a very remarkable manner bears upon the case before the Court. "Verus amans nihil beatum credit nisi quod cogitet amanti placere"—"The true lover believes nothing but what he believes will please the lady." The true lover! Mark those words. Has it, I ask, pleased my deeply-injured client to be the subject of this important trial, to have it even insinuated that she has infringed the Code of Love? The true lover!'

Here Brother Lancelot sprang to his feet, and was about to protest, when the Court ordered him to have patience.

'I will now only call your attention to two more clauses,' continued the counsel for the defence. 'In the twenty-sixth Article we read: "Amor nihil posset leviter amore denegari"—"Love cannot lightly be denied of love." My Lady Abbess and Sisters of this Honourable House, what are we to think of a Brother who is so lightly turned away from Love ——'

'I AM NOT!' shouted Tom, springing to his feet in a real rage.

This time there was irresistible applause; and even Sister Rosalind half raised her veil as if to give her opponent one look of gratitude.

'Si—lence in the Court!' cried the usher.

Miranda did not reprove this manifestation, and Brother Peregrine, whose myriad crows'-feet seemed to twinkle all over, and whose eyes lightened up at the interruption as if in hope of a good battle of words, threw his gown behind him and stood defiant.

But Tom sat down, and the applause ceased, and the Court awaited the continuation of the speech.

'What shall we say,' he asked, 'of one who, because his mistress accepts the service of others, thinks there is nothing left for him but to go away and weep? Lastly, ladies, I adduce, without a word of comment—because my learned Brother has already dwelt too long upon this clause, from his own erroneous point of view—I adduce, and beg you most carefully to remember, the thirty-first Article, in which it is asserted that "Unam fœminam nihil prohibet à duobus amari"—"Nothing prevents a damoiselle from being loved by two men." What, indeed!—or by fifty? And what is this case before us but an exact and literal illustration of the commandment? In acting, as she has wisely chosen to act, my client, I maintain, has proved herself as learned in the constitutions of Love as she is, by her nature and her loveliness, one of Love's fairest priestesses.

'My Lady Abbess and Sisters of this Honourable House, I have said what seemed to my poor understanding the best to be said. If I have failed, which I cannot believe, in conveying to you, not only the legal aspect of the case, which is clear, but also what may be called the moral aspect—I have failed if I have not convinced you of the innocence of my client, even in thought. My learned Brother has invited you to find against her, and to mitigate the penalty. I, for my part, invite you to find for her, and to allow her all the honours of a triumphant success. To his eulogium I have nothing to add. You, who value the freedom of your sex—you, who estimate rightly the value of the Code by which your conduct is guided, will accord to my client a fair, an honourable, and a complete acquittal.'

Brother Peregrine sat down amid dead silence. There was no applause at all. His speech was brilliant, eloquent, and brilliantly delivered. But it lacked, what characterised Tom's less ambitious effort, reality of feeling.

It was theatrical, therefore the effect was cold.

Miranda asked if the counsel for the prosecution had anything to say in reply.

Brother Lancelot said that a great deal might be spoken in answer to his learned Brother, but that he should not inflict a second speech needlessly upon the Court. He contended only that his original arguments remained untouched; that the adroit attempt of the counsel for the defence to turn a legal argument into a personal attack had clearly failed; that the clauses which he ingeniously twisted and turned to suit his case had nothing really to do with it; that in the interests of order, and in the maintenance of that true freedom which was the pride and glory of Thelema, he prayed a conviction, but asked for mitigation of penalty.

Then he sat down, and the Court proceeded to deliberate.

The case, which had been begun almost as a burlesque, or at least as an unreal revival of an ancient custom, was now, owing to the pleadings on either side, assuming a very real interest to the spectators. It was clear that the feelings of one of the speakers were very real indeed. Of that there could be no doubt; and as everybody knew perfectly well that poor Tom was only unsuccessful on account of his poverty, and as it was suspected that the fair defendant was as ready to make her open choice of Tom as he was to offer his suit and service, and as there appeared in the speech of Brother Peregrine a ring of flippancy as if he was only showing his cleverness, the sympathies of the audience were entirely with the prosecution. Meantime, the Sisters crowded round the Throne, conferred with the President in whispers, and then there was an awful pause.

The colloquy lasted a quarter of an hour, during which everybody on the terrace talked in whispers.

And then there was a general rustle of dresses and movement among the chairs, because the conference of the Sisters was over, and they were returning to their chairs. But the pages who had been lying at their feet were standing now behind them, and the javelin-men were gathered behind the Throne, and the trumpeters were on either side of the President, and the clerks were collecting all the papers.

Miranda rose and all the Court with her. Sister Rosalind advanced a step and stood before the counsel's desk. At the first word of the President she threw back her hood and stood as before, pale, beautiful and resigned.

'Sister Rosalind,' said the Judge, in the clear full tones of her fine contralto. 'Sister Rosalind, the Court has considered the case, with the assistance of the Ladies of Thelema; we are unanimously of opinion that the continuous acceptance of flowers, gloves, or ribbons from more than one aspirant is a thing contrary to the Code of Love. We, therefore, find that you have been guilty of an infringement of the law. At the same time, the Court is equally unanimous in finding that you have been led into its infringement by no unworthy motive, and that your fair reputation remains unsullied. The penalty inflicted by the Court is that you receive an admonition, in such terms as his courtesy will allow, from the prosecutor in the case, Brother Lancelot himself. And it is the pleasure of this Court that the admonition be privately administered in this garden. Before the Court rises, I have to invite our friends' (Miranda looked round the terrace, full of spectators) 'to the Refectory of the Abbey. Hospitality has ever been the duty of monastic orders, and here there is no *jour maigre*.'

She stepped down from the Throne. The trumpets blew: the band struck up a march: the pages lifted her train: Brother Bayard gave her his hand, and similarly escorted the Sisters followed. After them marched Desdemona herself, her brow knitted with

legal problems. Then came clerks, javelin-men, and the usher of the Court.

The spectators left the terrace and crowded after the procession, which made straight for the great hall.

Nobody was left but Brother Lancelot and Sister Rosalind, who was waiting for her admonition. The garden was quite empty: not a servant, not a page, was there to see.

'Oh! Tom,' she cried, throwing off the cloak and clapping her hands. 'It was lovely; it was something to live for. What can I do for you for your beautiful speech? It was ten times as good as Mr. Exton's—and because you meant it all,' she added softly.

'Nelly,' said the admonitor, taking her hands; 'you know what I want you to give me.'

She shook her head. 'It can't be . . . . Poor old Tom. . . . Poor Nelly.'

'Then you do love me—Nell—just a little?'

It wanted but this last touch.

'Ask me no more, for at a breath I yield.'

He had her two hands in his and, as he spoke, he drew her gently, so that, without suspecting, her cheek met his cheek and her lips met his lips.

'Tom! Tom!' she cried.

'Do you love me, then; do you love me, Nell?' he persisted.

'Tom—you know I do.'

'And not that other fellow at all?'

'No, Tom; not at all. Only you.'

This was a pretty kind of admonition to bestow upon a penitent which followed this declaration.

All that need be said, so far as details go, is that the admonition lasted but a moment—fleeting indeed are all the joys of life—and then she forced her hands from his grasp, and drew back with a cry and a start.

'Oh! Tom. And it can never be. Because I have got to marry the other man. No; it is no use. Mamma says so. She writes to me to-day; she says that nothing else would persuade her to let me remain in this place, where one of the Brothers, a gentleman by birth, wears a smock-frock, and has set the irreligious and unchristian example of marrying a dairymaid. "No one," she says, "can tell whose principles may not be subverted by this awful act of wickedness." And I am only to wait until Mr. Exton proposes, and then to go home at once.'

'Oh! And you think, Nell, that he looks like—like proposing?'

'I am sure of it Tom, I am sorry to say.'

'And you think you will marry him?'

'Yes, I must.

'Oh!' He dug his heel in the turf, and said savagely 'You must. We shall see.'

When Tom led Nelly to her place in the Refectory, five minutes later, she had thrown off the grey mantle and hood, as he had discarded the black gown and square cap; and she was dressed, like the other Sisters, in complete twelfth century costume—armour, Brother Peregrine called it. She looked bright and pleased; but some of the guests, including Lord Alwyne, thought there was the trace of a tear upon her cheek. However, the music was playing, and the feast was going on merrily, and the champagne was flowing, and there were so many delightful girls round him, that Lord Alwyne had no time to look more closely.

'This is delightful," he said to Desdemona, next to whom he was sitting. 'This brings back one's youth: this reminds one of the past. It is like a dream to see so many lovely girls all together in the same place. There is no place like this Abbey of yours:

'Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.'

I am like La Fontaine. I bask in their smiles when I can no longer win their hearts. Where are my glasses? Ah! glasses—*bonjour lunettes, adieu fillettes*, as the Frenchman said. A

man's day is done when he wants glasses to see fair eyes.'

'And your son?'

'Graveairs is teaching political economy to his dairymaid. I think, Desdemona, that I should have liked myself to administer that admonition to Nelly all alone in the garden. But, no doubt, Tom did it with more solemnity. And the rogue looks as if it had not been an unpleasant task. I shall ask Nelly, presently, to tell me in what terms he bestowed the admonition. What *would* her mother have said?'

(To be continued.)

CHLOE'S THEFT.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SONG.

(After Herrick.)

BY WALTER TOWNSEND.

YOUNG Cupid, wayward wilful boy,
Was trying on a summer's day,
A troop of maidens to decoy,
That he might steal their hearts away.

Through many a mead he lured them all,
But ne'er a maiden captive led,
Till, tired out, he chanced to fall
Asleep, his quiver 'neath his head.

The bow drops from his dimpled hand,
Closed are his mischief loving eyes,
And soon by zephyrs lightly fanned,
The little tyrant harmless lies.

My Chloe chancing there to pass
The roguish urchin soon espied,
And tripping lightly o'er the grass,
Took up the bow from Cupid's side.

With dainty fingers next she drew
The quiver from beneath his head,
And then, as if her power she knew,
She roused him from his mossy bed.

Seeing his quiver on her shoulder,
Poor Cupid stared and rubbed his eyes.
The lovely maiden growing bolder,
Laughing ran off and kept her prize.

Viewing her charms since then I vow,
Without a wound I ne'er depart.
Unseen she draws forth Cupid's bow
And plants fresh arrows in my heart.

THE ACADEMY AND THE GROVE IN CANADA.

BY I. ALLEN JACK, B.C.L.

WHEN the Norsemen, after the long voyage which tradition states they made to Canada, followed the coast line of the Gulf of St. Lawrence we wonder what imaginings filled their minds. Did they hear amidst the forests, which pressed so closely to the sea, the voices and the harps of the bards? Had they no conception that there might not be near the source of our great river, among the mountains and the sea-like lakes, the true Valhalla, where gods incessantly caroused with heroes? In later times the ghosts of Hendrick Hudson and his comrades are said to have awakened the silence of the hills back from the stream which claims his name, and surely the Viking had the right to people the new lone land with his immortals.

We Canadians indeed know at least of one means whereby is brought before us at the same time an old world kingdom and a coy sister colony, who still persists in maintaining her independence and her isolation amid the waves. The bottle is uncorked, and scarcely has the grateful pop died upon the ear than the air is redolent with sweet perfume. Surely the gate of a garden in Portugal has been opened, and we smell the roses, and the pomegranates, and the orange blossoms, not the blubber and the fishy mists which surround our modern, not sad but jolly, Andromeda. But did Cabot find among the breakers and the fogs anything suggestive of his distant home, did the tinkling of the brooks, seeking the sea through icicles and rocks, bring to his mind guitars and love songs? The planting of what we well may term the *Labrum* at Stadaconé symbolized one great idea ever present in the minds of the French pioneers in Canada; but where a French gentleman makes his home he must have something besides religion and that is etiquette. For centuries the Malicites and Micmacs had filled their stomachs with the ancestors of the modern Digby chickens, but being purely practical savages they devoured these tempting morsels solely for the sake of satisfying appetite, and, contrary to good manners, their ordinary meals and even their great feasts took place without ceremony, alas without even table-cloths. It was reserved for the genius of Champlain to originate a society which he denominated '*L'ordre de bon temps*,' and for M. Poutrincourt to carry out at his table the stately observances of the brotherhood. A grand steward at Port Royal, with napkin on his shoulder, staff of office in his hand, and collar of the order about his neck. A chapel at Tadousac, with vested priest chaunting the mass, and little bell ringing out the *angelus*. Between the distant points vast forests, lakes, rivers, and solitude.

But no, it was not complete solitude, for at rare intervals there were small communities of dusky human beings, who spoke but little, and who, when they spoke, had not much to tell of their past history or even of their present lives. The traveller journeying with all the speed of steam applied to machinery, from Halifax to Toronto, finds it hard even to attempt to realize the true condition of

the country at the period to which we have referred. It is equally hard to realize the feelings of a French gentleman of education, living as a settler in Canada in the early part of the seventeenth century. His patriotism would ever make him think of his dear native land far away; but standing in his little clearing, surrounded on every side by silent woods, great stretches of rank marsh, or alder swamps, he still might feel this too is France, not *La Grande France*, with its glorious histories and its living grandeur, but *La Nouvelle France*, with its unknown future. The *fleur de luce*, growing among the sedges, would bring before his mental vision the showy standard of his nation, and he well might picture pleasant cottages, springing up from the river terraces, surrounded with gardens of bright old world flowers, and filled with cheerfulness and music.

Then there was that portion of his nature, drawn from his mother's breast, inhaled from his native air, the instincts of a gentleman. In that age, every Frenchman of good standing in society was a stickler for etiquette, and if not fully conversant with the arts and manners of a courtier at least felt constrained to say and to act upon the idea conveyed in the words '*noblesse oblige*.' The western ranger, hunting down the 'red vermin' with bowie knife and rifle, might laugh at the idea, but there is not the slightest doubt that one-half the secret of the friendship which existed between the French and Indians lay in the fact that the former treated and considered the latter as gentlemen. What would Membertou, the Indian sachem and the honoured guest at Port Royal, now say were he alive and informed of the treatment of his brother across the line?

We have already touched upon what may perhaps well be termed the leading idea in the minds of the early colonist from France. We can imagine the pious Recollet, at the close of the day, turning towards the now darkened orient horizon, athwart which he sees the margin of miles and miles of forest. He chaunts softly to himself, '*Posuisti tenebras, et facta est nox: in ipsa pertransibunt omnes bestiæ sylvæ*,'* and he prays, '*Illumine, quæsumus Domine Deus, tenebras nostras: et totius hujus noctis insidias Tu a nobis repelle propitius*.'† Through the whole record of the doings of the Jesuits and Recollets, from which is extracted so much of the material of the early history of Canada, we find the same devout trust in God, the same earnest desire to plant the Church in the New World, the same determination to gather the children of the forests within her fold. And, after all, the requirements of the age and of the place were obvious, and the early settlers could plainly see that their duty was to colonize the country and to christianize the heathen inhabitants. Under all the circumstances there was but little opportunity afforded to these pioneers to indulge in poetic rhapsodies or intellectual musings. Pegasus generally grazes in sight of the temples and the homes of men, and he cares not to be ridden by any one whose larders are not sufficiently provided, or whose mind is largely occupied by purely worldly thoughts. In the infancy of any colony the labours of the colonists are chiefly manual, and in the settled portions of old Canada and Acadia the inhabitants encountered numerous, varied and exceptional difficulties in the prosecution of their work. The constant wars between France and England, and the frequent cession and retrocession of territory between the two nations, resulted in very serious confusion. The isolated position of the colony, and the slowness and difficulties of navigation, were also not insignificant obstacles, and besides all

* Ps. civ., verse 20.

† The Collect for Compline, Roman use, and the Third Collect for Evensong in the Prayer Book of the Church of England.

else we may rest assured that it was not one whit easier to burn and stump and drain wild lands in the seventeenth than in the nineteenth century.

Nevertheless it is somewhat singular that neither during the earlier nor even the later periods of French occupation do we find marked traces of the growth of intellectual sentiments, or expressions of a purely Canadian character. In other words, the culture which we perceive is old world culture, upon which the surrounding circumstances have made no impress, and neither the published prose nor even the ballad literature, as far as we know them, differ in spirit, or even in terms, except those of a purely descriptive nature, from what might have been written in old France, or Normandy, or Picardy. We write subject to correction, for it cannot be asserted that any strenuous effort has ever been made to collect and publish the scattered productions of those among the cultured French Canadians and Acadians of the past who cultivated literature of the lighter character, or such as should not be placed under the head of Biography, History or the Sciences. The subject is highly interesting, and although our remarks so far are to some extent unconnected with the object of this article, they are at least suggestive, and, for that reason if for no other, we would neither revise nor erase them.

We, who are reaping the harvest from seeds which have been planted and cared for by past generations; who see plainly with actual mortal eyes results which they saw but dimly with the eyes of the soul, possess the advantages which they possessed and are not pressed down by their trials and privations. The face of the country is in many respects the same; the same broad rivers glide silently to the sea; the same cascades foam and roar among the rocks; the same wild fowl frequent the lakes and seaboard, and the same bright flowers bloom in the thickets, the mossy dells and the grassy nooks.

The clearing of large tracts and the formation of towns and cities certainly effect striking changes, but these changes are of a local nature and no more produce a really material alteration than does the introduction of a few foreign plants into a suburban garden. In almost any part of Canada, except perhaps in the wheat-growing areas and in the immediate neighbourhood of the great cities, a drive of a few hours will bring you in contact with scenery as picturesque as that which Cartier beheld, and a short voyage in a canoe will carry you into the very depths of the primeval forest. The picturesque features of the Dominion have never received the attention which they deserve, and the future only will prove their influence upon the development of the intellects of her people.

The Earl of Dufferin, we think, has done more than any living man to enable us to grasp the grandeur and the vastness of our great North-West, and to make us feel the value of that distant territory. The noble Earl, we may venture to assert, was partly influenced in what he said upon this subject by the knowledge that the study and appreciation of the natural beauties of a country by its inhabitants do much to kindle and sustain their patriotism.

The contemplation of nature in the earliest ages of human history did more than this, in short it produced the various forms of religion. The sun and moon, the stars, the bright clouds of morning, the flashing lightning and the crashing thunder have each been objects of adoration. But the heavenly objects and phenomena have not monopolized the worship of the heathen. The mountains, the rivers, the streams, or *pegai*, Doric *pagai*, whence the very appellation pagans is derived, even the trees and herbs were all revered to a greater or a less extent by various peoples and at different times.

And pantheism itself could not be

termed unphilosophic, nor was it wholly false in principle. Everything in visible nature is in a proper sense the emanation of the Deity, although it is clearly wrong to assume that every visible natural object forms a medium for receiving and transmitting adoration.

But Pan is dead and the nations are now subject to a higher power, nor need we criticise too keenly the weak points in theories and practices which, we may surely say, were useful for many purposes in the old times and to the ancient races of mankind. We have said that Pan is dead, yet is he truly dead? No! even here in Canada huntsmen and lumberers not very unfrequently hear awful sounds in the forest, caused by something invisible and unknown. Mayhaps the old god is but doing once again what he did in Greece, when he frightened the Gauls with the hero Brennus at their head, and gave the word panic to the dictionaries. No! at least so long as Echo lingers among the Saguenay hills and round the slopes of Massawippi, we cannot think that Pan is dead.

O! glorious days spent among the lotus eaters of Alma Mater, what pleasant thoughts are carried from your store of treasures into the woods of Canada, how they sparkle either in bright sunshine or deepest forest shadow. The laziest, the stupidest, the wildest student takes away with him from college, often unconsciously, noble, sweet and brilliant ideas and phrases. Perhaps they lie unused and undemanded in his mind, but suddenly they come to life and flutter their bright plumage before the eyes of their possessor, or fill his soul with harmonies. There may possibly be danger to the reasoning powers in the study of the ancient Classics, but certainly the study affords a wonderful pleasure to the imagination. Truly the young man fresh from college, who has studied to advantage, but who has not permitted his body to become a slave to his mind, is among the happiest of mortals. He can say within himself, 'I have been among the gods, I have tasted nectar, I have seen the heavenly lightnings.' From his little world of ideas he steps into the great world of realities, but he does not perceive that they are realities or understand their actual nature, and, with Latin spectacles, he gazes through Greek mists.

But it is profitless to consider the fantastic performances of imagination running wild, and it is not our intention to follow her uncontrolled meanderings. Our more immediate purpose is to consider the effect of culture when applied to the contemplation of natural objects, especially those which are exhibited in Canada. The little child who looks upon the cloud, or tree, or flower feels a sense of pleasure, perhaps of intense delight. Ask what pleases him and he points to the object, but if you ask why it pleases him he can only tell you because it is beautiful, and if you press him further his sense of pleasure is lost in bewilderment. In course of time, indeed, nursery legends and old folk lore, and perhaps bits of popular science, aid him in selecting special objects and weaving threads of innocent romance about such objects, and surrounding them with an interest or beauty other than such as is comprehended in colour, form or texture. He rises early on Easter morning to see the sun dancing in the sky, and he thinks that the stars are angels' eyes. He believes most firmly in the man banished to the moon for gathering sticks on the sabbath. So the toadstools to him are fairies' tables, and bluets fairies' eyes, and he loves to discern the forms of the clustering doves in the columbine. The scolding, impudent thrush, *Turdus Migratorius*, finds favour with the Canadian child upon the false pretence that the bird is robin red breast who took such a kindly interest in the babes of the wood.

When Billie Winkie comes in the gloaming he finds a bairnie very tired and very sleepy, and small wonder. All day long he has been travelling, now here, now there, testing with the butter-cup his love for butter, telling the time from the dandelion run to seed, and exercising his little brain in conning over pretty fancies quite as much as his little legs in running after birds, and butterflies and flowers.

We cannot here dwell at any length upon the influence which is exercised in Canada upon the development of the imaginative faculties by immigration from various parts of Europe, but we doubtless are largely indebted to old world countries, perhaps especially to Ireland, Scotland and Germany, for many pleasant and curious fancies.

The obstacle which running water presents to the banshee has prevented that melancholy spirit from making its appearance here, and without a really valid reason the djines, the gnomes, the pixies, and the nixies have preferred to remain in the old lands. But though the special impersonifications of natural superstition are not alleged to be visible in our fields, or caves or waters, most of the fancies which have emanated from the same or kindred sources as these creations, find favour with our people and are not without a fair amount of influence. We have incidentally referred to some such fancies as finding supporters among children, but eminently practical as Canadians are, and sceptical as some of these are disposed to be, we do not believe that even when they have passed the age of legal infancy they ever will cease to recognise the influence of superstitious practices and notions of the kind to which we have adverted. When, from Louisbourg to the Pacific coast, there cannot be found a maiden inclined to try her fate by the old test of the Marguerite, we may rest assured that love and marriage will be no more, and that tribulations are ahead. But surely those who delight in mysterious surroundings may take heart, at least while Captain Kidd's treasures are unfound, and that bold buccaneer knew well how to hide. One searcher, gifted rather with the punster's instinct than the seer's vision, sought the prize on Goat Island, and there is scarcely a secluded cove on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, or along the shores of the bay of Fundy, where the treasure hunters have not been. We once heard an Irish woman tell of a donkey which perambulated about a store of buried gold, breathing flames of fire. Commander Kidd has never, we believe, been honoured by so singular a spectre, but if the bearers of mineral rods and the midnight delvers tell the truth, his ill-gotten gold is well guarded by very black and very noisy spirits. Yes, and there are other spirits than these awful sentinels. Ghosts of murderers and of their victims flit through the forests, and weird lights are seen in deserted houses in Canada as elsewhere. Apart, however, from the influence of such subjects as we have been discussing, various writers, especially the poets, have impressed upon our minds ideas which seem inseparably connected with natural objects, phenomena or scenes, ideas which may be legendary or superstitious, or morbid, or simply fanciful, or sublime and dimly comprehensible. A calm moonlit night almost forces the beholder to quote from the Merchant of Venice, or at least to talk of the 'daylight sick.' Add but the clouds hurried by the wind, and lo! there is Sintram in the garden with the evil one picking snails. From the sheet of water a hand uprises as in the Morte d'Arthur, to grasp Excalibur, or as in Undine, to clutch the jewels, or, still more weirdly, as described by Southey.* Bryant has

* 'And he drew off Abdaldar's ring,
And cast it in the gulf.
A skinny hand came up
And caught it as it fell,
And peals of devilish laughter shook the cave.'
—Thalaba, Book v., stanza 38.

made the flying wild fowl a living poem, which lifts the soul above the earth and carries it to unknown realms. So Horace Smith translates the sermons which the flowers have ever preached, but which some, at least, had not the power to understand. Again, no lover of Scott with a fair memory can sail among the craggy lakes of the Maritime Provinces without calling to mind numerous lines and verses of that poet, and without feeling inclined to half shut his eyes when he beholds a homespun petticoat in a dug-out, and to try and imagine that the rustic paddler is fair Ellen.

We might multiply illustrations, but it is unnecessary, for they must occur to every reader, although he may be only half conscious of the influence which other men's thoughts exercise upon his perceptive faculties. We have been referring especially to the influence in this regard of modern and chiefly of English writers, yet we have no reason whatever to confine our remarks within a circle so circumscribed.

As most of us are tolerably familiar with the modern pantomime, and the mechanical resources of the stage, it is not unlikely that we would scrutinize the tree into which a flying nymph had leaped in expectation of finding springs and hinges, and would not admit with Ovid a metamorphosis. But scepticism as to the actual accomplishment of seeming impossibilities is one thing, contemplation of the ideas which are produced by or involved in their assumed accomplishment is quite another. It is, therefore, no very difficult task for a classical scholar of the poetic type to treasure the phenomena of heathen mythology as so many didactic instruments of beauty, without feeling that his belief in absolute truth is in any sense shaken. Natural science has been the stumbling block of many a good man, but it is noticeable that the serious study of Greek and Latin, notwithstanding it involves an intimate acquaintance with Jupiter, Apollo, Venus and Diana, the demons of the early church, although it may subvert a man's morality, rarely or never weakens his faith. The members of the Pantheon have indeed done good service for art, Christian as well as profane, and it will certainly be very long before their power becomes extinct. But, turning aside from the mythologies, let us briefly consider the influence which the beautiful ideas and language occurring in Greek and Latin works exercise upon the appreciative or artistic faculties. Every student remembers the two words used by Homer in describing the sea, which may be rendered in English simply 'the much roaring sea,' but which, when pronounced in Greek, convey at the same time the sounds of the incoming wave, of its thunder against the rocks, and of its hissing, seething retreat along the sand and pebbles.

Turn to the Prometheus Vinctus of Æschylus, and to the sea again. But it is not tossing, and booming and seething now. It is the '*anerithmon gleasma*,' the countless smile of the sea begotten waves, of ocean's gentle undulations, which the hapless victim apostrophises. Such are the ideas which possess the mind of the student tourist as he views the great expanse of moving water from Brier Island or Louisbourg, and such the words which he cannot but employ. It is, perhaps, like passing from the sublime to the ridiculous, but we trust the reader will forgive us if we leave the grand old ocean and turn our attention to humbler but more familiar objects.

Daylight is dying, and the shadows are deepening and lengthening beneath the spruces, the crane is taking his slow flight into the thick forest, the cows are listlessly moving homeward, and the swallow is swiftly winging his way for the last time around the lake. Suddenly a chorus is heard from the marshes :—'*Et veterem in*

limo ranæ cecinere querelam,'* the frogs in the slime have sung their old complaint. Lo Virgil is up in the clearing, obtaining statistics for a new edition of the Georgics, and here in the reeds are the Lycian boors who would not let Latona quench her thirst, but muddied and jumped into the water, and were in consequence changed into—Canadian nightingales. And Aristophanes, did he not write much about these noisy fellows and give us the very words of one of their choruses, '*Greck ree grex ki ax, ki ax ?*' Horace also has something to say of them, and not much in their favour—'*Mali culices ranæque palustres avertunt somnos*,'* the wicked gnats, we would say mosquitoes, and the marsh frogs drive away our slumbers. Surely the poet was not journeying to Brundisinum, but rather from Grand Falls to Riviere du Loup, and stopped for the night at Timiscouata. To further illustrate the truth of the theory which we have been urging, that the man who slips from the Academy into the Grove carries with him a goodly number of classical notions which he cannot but use, we now propose to do a very desperate thing, and that is to cite the scientists as witnesses. From the lowest depths of the coal-pits we hear the protests of the geologists that they are not sentimentalists, but they do not tell the truth. Perhaps the gentleman who named the ancient deep mawed Canadian lizard '*Bathugnathus Borealis*' gave to his fellow-countrymen a jaw breaker rather than a sentiment, but we defy him to deny that the whole system of geological phrasiology is replete with sentimentality. So too the grave-faced chemist, working among smoke, retorts and crucibles; the astronomer, with his eyes fixed upon the distant stars, and the physiologist, with scalpel in his bloody hand, have each his flirtation with the muses. But of all scientific men the botanist ranks first as the retailer of sentiment. It is he who found '*Arethusa*' and '*Calypso*,' lifting their sweet, pink faces from among the moss. Like the Prince in the fairy tale, he discovered, not indeed the slipper of Cinderella, but the buskin of Venus, and it is he who can point out the fly-trap and the mirror of that goddess. The unlearned reader might well conclude that '*monesis uniflora*' is in part an Indian name, but he would be wrong, for '*monesis*' is purely Greek, and it means the single desire.* Would it not be advisable for our large array of lovely Canadian spinsters to prevent botanical gentlemen from wandering into the woods and losing their hearts to the flowers?

We have endeavoured to give some idea of the various influences which control the thoughts of those among us who hold communion with nature, and to analyze the incense which is sometimes burned in Canadian forests. Can it be said that the intellectual ichor of Pan is drained quite dry. We think not, we believe that our Canadian lakes and rivers, cliffs and valleys, trees and flowers, have something to give us in return for the pretty borrowed compliments which we continually are offering them.

That natural features and objects are very important factors in the production of literary works is undeniable. Walter Scott most certainly felt their power, and so did Washington Irving and Nathaniel Hawthorne, and everyone must admit that some of the poems of Joaquin Miller are permeated with the sights and sounds and even the very odours of the Sierras. We admit that these writers are to a large extent descriptive, but we contend that, even when they are not pretending to

* Virgil Georgics, Book I., line 378.
* Horace 'Iter Brundisinum,' lines 14 and 15.

* The *Arethusa*, *Calypso* and the Venus's Buskin, Moccasin Flower, Lady's Slipper or Cypripedium, are Orchids; the Venus's Fly Trap is one of the Sundews; the Venus's Looking Glass is a Campanula, and the *Monesis Uniflora* is a very beautiful member of the Heath family. All these flowers grow wild in Canada.

describe, they show that their minds are largely trained by natural surroundings, and we venture to assert that the same thing may be said of the greater number of literary men. Henri Van Laun, in the introduction to his interesting History of French Literature, writes truthfully and succinctly upon this point. 'To read the work of a German as we should read the work of an Italian, ignoring the features in each which are attributable to the sky beneath which they were born, and the scenery amidst which their ideas have taken shape, would be to read with closed eyes, and a mind wilfully insensible to one of the greatest allurements of literature. And this is true, not only of works which confessedly depend for their interest upon descriptions of external nature, or in which the conditions of climate and the impressions of physical surroundings are constantly being drawn upon for the purpose of illustration, but also of those more subtle and less manifest phases of the human intellect and imagination, which reveal themselves in manner and in mannerism, in various degrees of sprightliness and of sobriety, in richness or in poverty of thought, but which are none the less a result of the modifying influence of nature.' The more we learn to appreciate the beauty of the objects which surround us the better able will we be to extract from these ideas not only beautiful but useful. If we have but faith in our own resources there need be no doubt that we can produce a literature which will be at the same time excellent and essentially Canadian.

PROCRASTINATION,

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

Green grew the gracious buds of May,
Upon the gloomy wall-side willows—
"Ere leaves" I said "be green and grey,
Upon my breast her head she pillows."

Green glowed the shining summer leaves,
The waving wall-side willows over—
"Ye shall not fall, my heart believes,
Ere I shall be a happy lover."

The summer burned itself away,
And I was still but one half hearted;
I watched my trees one autumn day,
And leaves and love had all departed.

THE WINNING CARD.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

AMONG the earlier years of his manhood, Osmund Faulkner doubtless merited the name of a man about town. He was of personal attractiveness, if by no means handsome; he enjoyed an ample inherited income, and what we usually term social qualities were among his unquestioned possessions. Naturally people sought him, and naturally he enjoyed being sought. It became, in the course of a few years, a somewhat common thing to say of Faulkner that he was extremely fastidious regarding women. People had no reference, however, to that dainty arrogance which sometimes shows itself among fashionable favourites. Faulkner's fastidiousness was never obtrusive; when in the society of women he perpetually sought to hide it, and often with sad lack of success. Among the feminine flowers he was a kind of well-conducted butterfly: he fluttered politely but rather distantly about the dahlias and hollyhocks, not by any means saying 'I am in quest of a real rose,' but implying it through a sort of involuntary remoteness.

The real rose was rather tardy in appearing; but there is no doubt that when he at last beheld her Faulkner paid devoted tribute to her genuineness. Miss Pauline Delapratte was undoubtedly beautiful; she had starry gray eyes, and chestnut hair, with an occasional golden thread through its flossy luxuriance, and both in face and figure she was of that ethereally delicate type with which the word patrician seems in especial harmony. Faulkner was rather tired of New York society when Miss Delapratte, fresh from Europe, and only nineteen years of age, appeared like a delightful request for him to linger a little longer among ball-room follies. Everything about her was sunnily and musically new to him. She was pure nature, charming piquancy, lovely reality, and at the same time she held all these beneath the restraint of a delicious high-bred elegance that made him think of the polish on snowiest unveined marble.

Faulkner fell very deeply in love. He went home, one night, after having passed hours in Miss Delapratte's society, and lay awake, thrilled by a truly divine enthusiasm. Miss Delapratte was the incarnate ideal, the vague rosy dream that had seemed so unrealizable. The goddess had stepped down from her cloud. At least, to be more prosaic, Faulkner had no hesitation in believing that she would step down whenever he choose to ask her.

When they next met she was surrounded by devotees, and Faulkner got few chances of even exchanging a word with her. She had become what is called a great belle, and the honour of her notice at different entertainments was quite stoutly fought after. Faulkner felt like one who stretches out his hand to pluck some handsome fruit and hears a bevy of wasps buzz their defiance. Several evenings passed, during which society continued its exasperating monopoly. At last Faulkner saw his opportunity and made a kind of emotional grab at it. There is no doubt that he bore Miss Delapratte into a certain conservatory, one evening, with the hope of being able to make her a decent offer of marriage while the present waltz was in pro-

gress; for when it stopped she had given somebody else the right of similarly abducting her.

Faulkner, considering temporal limitations, behaved admirably. All the while he spoke there seemed to him a droll parallelism between his own case and that of one who gulps down an exceedingly savory meal in momentary expectation of a tolled bell and a starting train. But his case lost all suggestion of humour when Miss Delapratte, dealing him a blow of astonishment which was also a pang of actual agony, told him that she had, a few hours ago, become engaged to a certain gentleman, a person of wealth and distinction, whom Faulkner well knew.

Miss Delapratte's engagement was an affair of purest worldliness. Her mother, an ambitious woman, desired it, and Mrs. Delapratte was a person whose will could produce an immense cöercive strength, if necessary, upon that of her daughter. Pauline was most certainly in love with Faulkner on the evening he offered himself, but for her suddenly to have flung off the maternal yoke would have been to face conditions of existence almost terrifying in their novelty.

Faulkner never guessed the truth till after she had become Mrs. Hamilton. Pauline went abroad a few months subsequent to her marriage, and returned, three years later, a woman whose faded face and general look of being prematurely aged, still retained, like a sweet persistent fragrance, the old fascination. Pauline's mother was now dead. She had no near relations, though a host of so-called friends on either continent. It was said of her husband and herself that they lived together in great unhappiness. Veritably, this woman had sold herself for a mess of pottage. Her life, when she contemplated its thwarted dreariness, seemed to her like the stairway in 'some ruin, which still leads upward, but leads only to emptiness. Every woman worthy of the name, yearns toward some ideal emotional happiness; but in the case of this one, whose own marriage vows had sounded to herself like an insolent blasphemy, such happiness had long ago assumed a positive colour, a definate shape. The tendrils and fibres of her nature had reached out toward no imagined support; they had rather been rudely torn away from a realized and satisfying one.

It is not strange that after this return from Europe, Faulkner and Mrs. Hamilton saw much of one another. These interviews were sometimes a passionate pain to both; for the love which Faulkner had felt was of that granite strength which time only mosses over with tender memories, not of the clayey sort that absence and change, like the subtle tooth of moisture, can crumble and decay. Far more of discomfort than pleasure came from these interviews, often repeated though they were. It seemed to both that the words of either were often but hollow concealments through which, like streams beneath causeways, flowed some perpetual dark current of regret, of melancholy or of reproach. It may be urged that when a man and woman agree, after this fashion, to play with psychical explosives, for both of them there is always a sense of danger in the atmosphere, like a premature smell of gunpowder. But in the case of Faulkner and Mrs. Hamilton no such feeling existed. Faulkner knew thoroughly the woman with whom he had to deal, and had grown well accustomed to the thought that though the passion of either was still full enough of vital fire, decorum, like some iron trellis-work very open to daylight, lifted between them its blended fragility and strength. A dramatic scene terminated these visits of Faulkner's, but it was one in which he himself played no part. All, in truth, that he ever clearly knew was the fact of Mrs. Hamilton being suddenly taken once more to Europe by her husband. He never saw her again. Two years elapsed, during which he heard no word concerning even her

whereabouts. Finally a letter, which might be said to have reached him from her death-bed in Florence, appalled Faulkner by its unexpectedness. Very soon afterward the news of Mrs. Hamilton's death came to her American friends.

No one ever saw that letter of the dying woman to the man whom she had so mistakenly omitted giving name and wifely trust. But its chief purport doubtless concerned the future of Mrs. Hamilton's infant daughter, named after herself, Pauline; and there can be no question that the thought of this child's future education under the care of a man whom she believed one mass of callous worldliness, was to the poor wife a pang worse than any which either death or disease might inflict.

Whatever she requested Faulkner to do, however, he most absolutely shrank from doing; and this was no doubt because he felt that any interference on his part between father and child would be a role strongly tinged with the ludicrous. Shortly after Mrs. Hamilton's death he went abroad, but made no attempt whatever to fall in with Mr. Hamilton and his little Pauline. Faulkner remained abroad many years. It is even doubtful whether he would even have returned if the death of a rather distant relative, leaving him another fortune which he did not at all desire, had not called him once more to America.

He was now usually spoken of as an elderly man, not being yet supposed to have lost interest in all the vanities, but understood to look upon them untemptedly, like a person set before a palatable supper with his memories of having dined still definitely assertive. Faulkner was in fact but eight-and-forty, though an enemy might have dated his birth ten years back with a fair confidence in gaining believers. His hair was of a very positive grayness, and his mustache and beard were both almost thoroughly white. A closer glance than ordinary told you that these were premature signs, for his complexion, always remarkably clear and healthful, still preserved a beautiful freshness, and there was a soft richness about the blue of his undimmed eyes that made their limpid colour contrast admirably with the whitened beard beneath. 'I think he is the handsomest old man I ever saw,' declared the young daughter of one of Faulkner's old friends, who had been permitted to see the gentleman with whom mamma used to dance at parties, shortly after his return to America. 'For shame, Gertrude,' reproved mamma. 'He is not an old man. I should think any clever barber might sigh for him, as a thrower away of brilliant possibilities.'

But Faulkner felt exceedingly old when he went about among his New York acquaintance. Sometimes it would happen that Maria, whom he had left a tyro at walking, would be having gentlemen callers, full-fledged in her twenties, while he sat with her parents discreetly at a distance, so that some eligible young adherent might receive every possible chance. For some little time he refrained from even asking after the Hamiltons, and at length received a shock on learning that Mr. Hamilton returned from Europe with his daughter a long while ago, that he had died several years since, and that Miss Pauline Hamilton was now living with a certain elderly cousin of hers, a Mrs. Fortescue Jones.

Faulkner had a pronounced recollection of Mrs. Fortescue Jones in New York society previous to that lady's marriage. An actual shiver ran through him as he thought first of a certain letter and next of how completely one of its requests had been neglected. But he excused himself, at least partially, by the reflection that he had been wholly ignorant, for years past, of Mr. Hamilton's death.

Almost immediately after learning these facts, Faulkner called at Mrs. Fortescue Jones'. He asked at the door for both Miss Hamilton and her-

self. It was about nine o'clock in the evening. He found himself, presently, in a brilliantly-lit drawing-room, vacant of all occupants. Gay voices and a certain unmistakable clatter, however, soon broke upon his ears. In an adjacent room, behind closed glass doors, a dinner was in progress. The servant soon returned and told Faulkner that both Mrs. Jones and Miss Hamilton were dining, but that they would very soon be finished dinner and appear. About five minutes later the glass doors were rather noisily opened and a bevy of gorgeous-clad ladies came forth. Mrs. Fortescue Jones, a very thin person with reddish complexion and nearly total lack of eyebrows, could not fail to be recognizable through early remembrances. As the group advanced she separated herself from it, and was soon bestowing upon Faulkner a kind of frosty cordiality. They had never been friends of old; he had always considered her unendurably vulgar as Miss Babblington, and had perhaps on certain occasions been unconsciously slighting toward her.

'It's almost like seeing a ghost, you know,' said Mrs. Fortescue Jones, whose thin red neck was blazing with diamonds and whose dinner-dress was a marvel of vari-coloured silks. Even as a young girl this woman had seemed to Faulkner like a person in whom natural craving for enjoyment was a morbid diseased appetite; but now, when he looked at her face, thinned and faded with late hours and unwholesome living, and wine-reddened at the same time into a kind of purplish pink, the impression of her being goaded by some attendant fury into perpetual excess of enjoyment, forcibly touched him. 'I don't mean that I'd dreamed of forgetting you,' proceeded Mrs. Jones. 'Oh, dear, no; far from that. But then so much is happening all the time, don't you know, that even the events of yesterday actually escape one; and it's years (isn't it?) since we met. Of course you want to see Pauline,' now finished Mrs. Jones, who possibly knew more of a certain past attachment than the world at large. Mrs. Jones noticeably lowered her voice. 'The dear girl is so like her mother.' Then the voice was a great deal heightened again, and the name 'Pauline' was somewhat loudly called.

A girlish figure left a group of ladies and came gracefully forward. Pauline Hamilton's resemblance to her mother had for Faulkner an almost terrible exactitude the moment that his eyes met her face. There was the same indescribably elegant poise of the head; the same starry eyes; the same general delicacy of colouring. If he missed anything keenly it was in the voice with which she presently spoke to him. Mrs. Jones almost at once left them alone together, and they were soon seated side by side.

'I have been a great wanderer in out-of-the-way places,' Faulkner said. 'Perhaps it will seem strange to you that all knowledge of your father's death should have escaped me until very recently.'

'Is it really true?' said Pauline, with a good deal of surprise. 'Poor papa,' she went on, looking down for a moment at some rosebuds that she held in a beautiful disordered bunch; 'he died an age ago. Yes, I'm quite alone, now, Mr. Faulkner, except for cousin Lydia—Mrs. Jones, you know. She is very gay and fashionable, and never will hear of my staying home from anywhere.'

'I can readily understand that,' said Faulkner, with a certain dryness. But a moment later he leaned near Pauline and proceeded, with brightening eyes:

'I hope you have not thought me shamefully neglectful. You see, I know of the letter that you were to open on your eighteenth birthday. I am sure that your mother, in that letter, wrote as though during all those years I must have been near you and watchful of your welfare in so far as

my power permitted. But you must not think hard of me for having so shirked the charge. I felt that your father was your natural protector; I felt that for me to exercise such vigilance might give rise to unpleasant comments . . . . might, in short . . . . well, Pauline, you will understand just what my feelings were, I am sure.'

Faulkner's blue eyes were beaming with a most tender radiance as he hesitatingly ended, and while Pauline's met them the beauty of this man's face, where youth and maturity were so strongly blended, must have impressed her with vividness. She at once answered him, leaning her graceful head a little forward and looking her mother's actual image.

'Oh, I do understand you perfectly, Mr. Faulkner. I think you have behaved quite right, I am sure. Poor dear mamma made a mistake if she supposed that papa would not have minded any such arrangement. And you must believe that I have been very far from blaming you—very far indeed.'

Somehow, without knowing why, Faulkner felt his inner self recoil from these words as from some wounding force. They resembled the true sympathetic stuff that he wanted as some cleverly painted flower-petal might resemble the original balmy texture. What was missing? He scarcely knew. . . . Was it a spontaneous interest in the present subject, a reverent memorial feeling toward her dead mother, and the letter written by that dead mother's hand, which should have shown itself with an instantaneous certainty, like the unmistakable flash of water when we seek it among trees? There are some few things in life so sensitively sacred that hypocrisy cannot handle them without detection, no matter how efficiently it is gloved. But if any thought of real hypocrisy crossed Faulkner's mind he at once dismissed it. There was a hardness and coldness about this Pauline which no amount of worldly training had ever wrought in her predecessor. And yet such hardness and coldness might belong only to the surface. Or was the form alone her mother's and the nature purely paternal?

Faulkner now made an effort and said warmly:

'We shall make up for lost time, shall we not, in becoming fast friends?'

'Yes, indeed, if you want.' Still the same lack of what somehow ought to be; still the same dissonance between the words and tone. It was like striking what we believe silver, and finding a much duller, lead-suggesting sound. A very little later Mrs. Jones came fluttering up, all smiles and abnormal pinkness and jewelry. She asked Faulkner in extremely sweet tones what he thought of her dear girl—the dear girl being, of course, Pauline. She took Pauline's hand in hers, and presently, as though this were not a deep enough proof of affection, encircled her young cousin's neck with one arm. She always had a great deal to say, and after a certain fashion talked well. Her conversation was like a cloth with some tarnished tinsel thread in it that never really glistens, though you constantly expect this; real humour or wit were wholly wanting, but their place was occupied by an odd likeness to both. Faulkner found her keenly wearisome. He wanted to be alone a little longer with Pauline.

The gentlemen at length came from the dining-room, where, after our pretty American custom, they had been smoking to their heart's content. No Mr. Fortescue Jones being in existence, Mrs. Jones was usually 'assisted' in her dinner-parties by a certain red-whiskered Englishman much sought after throughout fashionable circles. His name was Courtenay; and it was generally believed of him that he had been of great account in his own country. He was very large of stature, almost scarlet of visage, slightly foppish in dress and an incessant laugher.

It was quite in order to speak of him as capital company and to eulogise his inexhaustible 'spirits.' To Faulkner, who had some beloved English friends in past years, he was somehow actually brutal. It was a pain to have the man seat himself beside Pauline and very quickly begin a great boisterous laughing-fit. Pauline joined quite heartily, and at once, in the midst of the laugh, made Faulkner and Mr. Courtenay acquainted. The conversation now became something in which Faulkner could not join. Both Pauline and her English friend addressed him. They were telling an anecdote about some people quite unknown to its hearer and a recital which was all one gossipy vulgarity from beginning to end. A little later Faulkner rose to go. He pressed Pauline's hand warmly within his own at parting. 'I shall drop in upon you some afternoon when you are all alone,' he said, in low tones. 'Pray, do,' she said, with a smile that seemed to beam upon him out of the past; but the voice with which she spoke was not the other Pauline's.

It was several weeks before Faulkner came again, however; for a severe attack of illness, which at one time threatened to end in a fatal pneumonia, kept him absent. Not a few of his old friends were most considerately attentive during this illness, but no news of it reached the ears of Mrs. Jones or Pauline. One afternoon he presented himself at Mrs. Jones' house, not asking for this lady, however, but for her younger cousin. Pauline was at home, and presently came down to receive him. His appearance more than startled her. 'You have been ill,' she exclaimed, while they shook hands.

'I have been very ill,' he said, smiling, 'but I am mending now.' And then he told her of his attack, while she listened with a sweet show of interest.

'You must stay and dine with us,' she at length said, and then paused abruptly, with a glance down at the costly dress in which she was attired. 'I had forgotten that I am engaged to dine with cousin Lydia at Mr. Courtenay's sister's this evening.'

There was a silence, and then Faulkner said, in his calm way: 'Pardon me, Pauline, but are you quite sure that this person *is* Mr. Courtenay's sister?'

'Why, Mr. Faulkner, what can you possibly mean?'

'During my sickness I have had certain old friends drop in upon me,' Faulkner's low voice proceeded. 'They are people mostly unknown to the fashionable Mrs. Fortescue Jones, but they watch her from afar, so to speak, and a number of the persons, likewise, who comprise what is called her set. Unpleasant statements are current regarding this Mr. Courtenay and the woman whom he calls his sister. You had better ask Mrs. Jones about the reports. I think she must have heard them, even if she disbelieves them.'

'This is very strange,' murmured Pauline. 'I don't know what to make of it. Cousin Lydia is so particular, usually, that. . . .'

'Ah, there you are wrong,' interrupted Faulkner, with placid decision. 'Your cousin is not particular at all, in a proper sense. She is a very great snob, I cannot help telling you but in a fast and vulgar way. I know a number of people, Pauline—some of them your mother's old friends—who are unwilling to keep up more than a most distant acquaintance with Mrs. Jones.'

Pauline's face glowed indignantly as Faulkner finished, and her gray eyes were sparkling, under knitted brows, with no pleasant light. 'You have not the right,' she exclaimed, 'to say these things of one whom I like very much and who has been very kind to me.'

'I think,' said Faulkner, slowly; 'that the past gives me such right, Pauline. As for your cousin having been kind to you, a little reflection on plain facts might relieve you from any

such impression. With all her fine diamonds and handsome furniture, it is said of Mrs. Jones that she sometimes needs ready money rather wofully. Look me in the face, Pauline, and answer truly. Does not your own private income manage this household almost entirely. Is there not a mere pretext of mutually dividing expenses? Ah, your colour deepens. . . Let me be more severe, Pauline; it is being cruel, you know, for kindness' sake. . Are you not a mere plaything in the hands of this foolish, flippant, extravagant woman, your money ministering to her pleasures while your young life is soiled by an incessant contact with her sordid, almost grimy worldliness?'

Faulkner spoke with tranquillity yet with an immense earnestness, and as these last words left his lips he laid one reached-out hand softly upon Pauline's wrist. But she drew her own hand away most rudely, and rose up with an angry agitation, tears glittering in her eyes.

'It is shameful to say such things,' she cried. 'You know they are not true. And even if they are, is not my money my own, to do with it as I choose? I welcomed you as mamma's old friend—as the dear friend spoken of in her letter—but I did not suppose——'

She broke off, here, and sank back again into her seat. Without knowing the force of his own look, Faulkner had silenced upon her lips all further words of reproach. If Pauline Hamilton had been successfully deadening conscience for some years past, this man's few words had broken upon its torpor with the keenness of an assailing spear. Faulkner now rose in his turn and took a seat very close beside Pauline.

'You must feel that I have only one motive in speaking as I have done,' he said, with soft solemnity. 'The atmosphere surrounding you is morally poisonous.' He now rose again, with abruptness. 'I don't want to preach, however. I have always found that a few words to the point are by far the strongest stimulus toward any needed reflection. In a day or two I will come again;' and he named a certain hour of a certain day. 'Will that be convenient?' he asked.

She did not answer him at first, nor look upon him. But when her eyes were presently turned upon his face, he saw that they swam in tears. She rose again and gave him her hand. 'Yes,' she said, brokenly. 'I—I almost feel as if my mother had spoken to me chidingly from her grave.'

'Not chidingly,' was the tender, full-toned answer; 'warningly and lovingly.' After a little silence he went on: 'You are a clever, clear-brained girl. I want you to sit alone for a while and think it all over.' Then he pressed her hand and at once walked out of the room, soon afterward leaving the house.

On the following day he felt wretchedly ill and weak; certain startling pains, too, made him wonder if there was to be a return of his former sickness. But toward evening his condition improved, and though during the next day he was anything but his old self, the promise of a second recovery looked certain. The next afternoon he called upon Pauline.

Mrs. Jones received him, however. She wore the same odd look of jaded pinkness, but it struck Faulkner that her usually dull eyes had an unwonted sparkle as she gave him her hand. 'I told the servant to say that *I* was waiting to see you instead of Pauline,' she said, crisply. 'It has been necessary for Pauline to go out this afternoon, Mr. Faulkner.'

The man who heard these words fully understood what lay beyond them. A very sad smile lit his lips. 'I suppose that you have been re-converting your cousin,' he said, quietly, still standing, although Mrs. Jones had seated herself.

'Yes, Mr. Faulkner, I have succeeded in making Pauline confess to

me all the slanderous things you said, the other day.'

'I feared your influence. However, I spoke no slanders, Mrs. Jones. I am aware that you hold a most unhappy power over young Pauline.'

Mrs. Jones turned from her chronic pink to an angry red. 'You are atrociously insolent,' she said, with much heat. 'But there is no use of wasting words. Everything you said to Pauline has been disbelieved and laughed at—as it deserves. She refuses to know you any longer. I have told her what you are—a cast-off suitor of her mother's, who maundered around Pauline Hamilton in such a ridiculous way that for the sake of respectability her husband had to carry her off to Europe.'

Faulkner smiled. 'I am to understand,' he said, ignoring this insult with a magnificent unconscious calmness, 'that Pauline refuses to see me any more.'

'Miss Hamilton also refuses to know you,' said Mrs. Fortescue Jones, throwing back her head and rising.

Faulkner took several steps toward the door. 'I must at least thank you,' he said, 'for the openness with which you play your game.'

Mrs. Fortescue laughed with an excited loudness. 'I hold such strong cards,' she exclaimed, 'that I don't care how I show them.'

Faulkner shook his head. 'Do not be too sure of that. It is probable that after all, I may hold the winning card.'

'Let us see you play it,' the exasperated lady cried, as Faulkner tranquilly left the room, closing the door behind him.

He rode home in his *coupé*, as he had come, reached his house and mounted to his room with seeming ease, and finally, just as he had rung the bell for his servant, gave proof of his weakened bodily state by swooning away.

The swoon was of short duration, but it left a great feebleness behind it. Faulkner was incapable of leaving his bed during the next day. Using much effort, he arose on the day succeeding, and wrote a very long letter to Pauline Hamilton. It was a letter full of dignity, eloquence and noble appeal. It contained not a single word of cant, but it throbbed with a morality vital as blood. The thoughts and words came easily enough to Faulkner, but the physical effort of writing almost overwhelmed him. He was miserably ill for three days after. And then came a note from Pauline which may possibly have had its effect in bettering his condition. It was a very brief note, and ran thus:

'My Dear Mr. Faulkner,—Every line, every word that you wrote me, I have intently studied. My eyes are quite opened, now. Pray come to me once more. I shall not only be 'at home;' I shall be on my knees to you. Repentantly.

Pauline.'

There was a short postscript, naming four o'clock on the next afternoon at the hour of Faulkner's visit. And at this hour Faulkner went to Pauline's house. He looked terribly ill, and he went in direct disobedience of his physician's orders. His malady had now assumed a kind of intermittent form, and he was the prey of a slow latent fever that might, unless excellent care was taken, assume the most imperilling complications.

He found Pauline already awaiting him. Both voice and face now, were her mother's own. An earnest talk of more than an hour followed. 'I acknowledge,' Pauline told him, 'that Lydia's influence still clings to me. It is like dampness that has crept into the folds of one's garments. I must literally bathe in your sunshine,' she added, with a softly glorious smile, 'before everything will be right again.'

'I wish propriety did not stand in the way of your coming to keep house for an old man like me,' said Faulker. 'Shall you still live with your cousin?'

'I hope not,' Pauline answered, hesitantly. Then there came a silence,

and it was at length broken by Faulkner, who said :

'In that talk between your cousin and myself something was said as to which of us should finally gain you over. I then told her that it was a game in which I might surprise her with the winning card.'

'Well,' whispered Pauline, with another smile, 'you held it. It was your letter, you know.'

Faulkner took her hand and raised it gently to his lips. 'That is not strong enough,' he said, a little brokenly. 'I want you for my wife. Is it asking too much, Pauline?'

The words were quite loudly spoken, for neither dreamed but that they were alone together. In the adjacent room, however, and seen between opened folding-doors, there was a great black screen, covered with golden Japense figures ; and from behind this screen, while she appeared shaken with uncontrollable laughter, Mrs. Jones now emerged.

Faulkner and Pauline both started. The latter flushed to her eyes and then grew pale as ashes. Mrs. Jones came forward somewhat staggeringly. She was holding both her sides, as though expectant that her great fit of mirth might produce sad physical consequences. She at once began to struggle with speech, jerking forth several words and then threatening to collapse from an extreme sense of the ludicrous. What she said was somewhat after this fashion :

'Dear Pauline, you must excuse me, but . . . wouldn't Mr. Faulkner like the assistance of a rug or a stool or something . . . . if—if he means actually to get down on his knees? Of course his—his . . . . vigorously youthful state makes such a thing almost needless . . . but then you know . . . even the merest boys are subject, sometimes, to—to *rheumatic troubles*, my dear Pauline. . . . What are you going to answer? . . . . I do hope you'll show a—a proper respect for age . . and—and that beautiful white beard. . . . Oh, dear!' finally gasped Mrs. Fortescue Jones, still holding her sides in a very convulsed attitude, 'it's the funniest thing that I have heard in years. It makes—makes one think of those dreadful old patriarchs who got married, you know, anywhere from . . . from one to two hundred!'

Faulkner had risen on Mrs. Jones' appearance and stood, perfectly tranquil, exceedingly pale, watching not her but Pauline. And Pauline, for her part, seemed literally to writhe under all this frivolous ridicule. The old influence of cousin Lydia was at work ; Faulkner clearly saw that ; he could not help remembering how the other Pauline had been a mere slave in the hands of her cold-blooded mother ; the immense force of early education is something that the best of us are often baffled by. A kind of sickening fear came over him lest some utter surrender on Pauline's part would show him his own recent good work in shattered ruin. He hurriedly went toward the door as Mrs. Jones dropped lifelessly into an arm-chair. As he opened the door he cast one backward glance at Pauline. Her face was scarlet; she had clasped both hands nervously together and was staring at her cousin with a strange look, half of shame, half of entreaty. 'I am conquered,' thought Faulkner, while he shut the door. A few moments later he was being driven home. While the drive lasted his mind seemed to him in a very disordered state. Some words from the writings of John Stuart Mill—words which he had never deliberately committed to memory, made an odd iteration through his mind :

'*The power of education is almost boundless : there is not one natural inclination which it is not strong enough to coerce, and, if needful, to destroy by disuse.*'

When Faulkner got home he found his physician waiting for him in the hall. The solemnity on this gentleman's face made Faulkner laugh as he took his hand.

'You're just in time to help me upstairs, doctor,' he said; and a moment later he had caught with heavy grasp the doctor's arm. Feebly enough he ascended to his room, but he had scarcely reached it when a most distressing hemorrhage attacked him—a feature that scarcely surprised the doctor. That night, and all through the next day Faulkner's life hung by a thread. He was, during this time, in a sort of stupor. On the second day, however, he awoke from sleep with a clear mind and a perfect understanding of his case. On his asking what friends had called, the servant in attendance showed him several cards. A sweet light seemed to touch his face when he discovered that Pauline Hamilton's was among them. 'She knows how sick I am,' he murmured to himself; 'she will come again today.' And he gave most positive orders, in the face of his physician's express command, that Miss Hamilton, did she call that day, should be at once shown to his bedside.

It was not a very long while before she entered his room. As she glided toward him and seated herself quite near, Faulkner gave the brightest of smiles and stretched out his hand. 'Why did you come yesterday?' he asked, in very low tones.

She did not answer. She merely looked at him with her mother's starry eyes, and while her mouth quivered, pressed his hand most fervently. He understood; she could not speak without utterly breaking down, just then . . . . and so there followed many moments of silence between them.

But at last Pauline found a very tremulous voice:

'I wish you had not gone so soon,' she said. 'A little later I was saying dreadful things to cousin Lydia. You must believe (and I have been so fearful lest you should not)! that the moment my senses came back, so to speak, I saw Mrs. Jones' insolent vulgarity in its true light. I slept at Aunt Margaret's that night, and am living there still. Aunt Margaret is a prim little maiden-lady, you know, who has long thought Lydia Jones a lost soul and now looks upon me as a reclaimed one. . . . But I must not stay much longer. Your nurse says that the doctor. . . .'

'Never mind the nurse or the doctor,' Faulkner broke in, very weakly. 'I am past their help now, dear Pauline . . . . you can do me more good than they. Look closer into my face and you will see what I mean. And so you're not ashamed, after all, that an old man should fall in love with you? I know it was wrong for me to ask you to be my wife; if it had been only the mere repression of feeling I could have kept silent enough. But I saw that woman's power still threatening to drag you back amid that hollow falsity of life, and I, Pauline, your mother's old friend—her old lover, if you choose—could discover no way of lifting you among loftier aims, nobler chances of action, broader, wiser and better surroundings, than . . . than by. . . .'

'Than by giving me your precious self as a guide—as a redeemer,' Pauline here interrupted, while his feeble voice for the moment utterly failed him. And then the girl, shaken with intense emotion, caught his hand between both her own, and while lifting it to her lips in a strange blending of reverence and passion, sank upon her knees at the bedside.

'You must not leave me now,' she burst forth, 'just as I have grown to love and honour you as I did not dream it was possible for me to love and honour anyone! Let me stay here and nurse you; my infinite care, my surpassing tenderness, will bring you back to life! I will watch you night and day; I will. . . .'

But Pauline falteringly paused, here, for a white unmistakable change had already touched Faulkner's face. Once more the smile re-illumined it, however, as in a voice but faintly audible he said:

'Thanks, thanks. . . It is too late dear Pauline.' . . And then his eyes closed in a tired way; but not long afterward they re-opened and dwelt, exquisitely wistful and deep-blue as a glimpse of morning heaven, upon Pauline's face.

'When you see your cousin,' he said, 'you must tell her that I held the winning card, after all.'

Then, while Pauline gave a great sob and bowed her head over the hand she was so tightly clasping, his eyes closed again. They had closed for the last time. It was not surely known when his painless and easy death came; but some time before evening it was a certainty that he no longer breathed.

A few people, who know the one episode of romance that has thus far briefly marked the life of Pauline Hamilton, hope in years to come that she will sufficiently outlive it to make somebody the fortunate possessor of a most beautiful and charming wife. She is still young, and though she rarely appears in fashionable society, she has made herself somewhat conspicuous in a quieter, highly cultured circle, where, if the least senseless follies are tolerated the worst ones are surely not worshipped, and where gossip and scandal, in their more depraved forms, do not find many conversational openings. Pauline smiles very brilliantly, and sometimes laughs with much musical freshness; but the depth of any consolation can ill be told, as we know, from this sort of surface-sign. Time is believed a skilful physician for all emotional ailments; but most probably, as in the case of other celebrities, we hear more often of his permanent cures than his partial ones.

A NIGHT IN JUNE.

BY R. RUTLAND MANNERS.

HEAVEN'S deep blue canopy enstarred with light,
Bending o'er earth, like love o'er slumbering love,
Stillness—a spirit-presence from above—
Murmuring with tremulous utterance to the night,
Æolian-voiced, soft as in hovering flight,
The breath of fairy wings, love-zephyrs stray
Among the sleeping flowers, and steal away
Their hearts' distillments. 'Mid the darkling height
The beetle drones, or falls the night-bird's cry,
While insect bands their minim notes atune
On every side. Anon the orient sky
Dissolves in light as the round, virgin moon
Sails up the blue in queenly majesty—
The crowning glory of a night in June!

A QUARREL WITH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

HAVING, in two preceding articles, dealt briefly, but, mayhap, suggestively with the educational, governmental and economical aspects of the Nineteenth Century as compared with an earlier age, let us now turn to the purely intellectual or literary aspect of the modern period and see if it affords us any greater comfort or gratification. Our discussion, in this paper, as in the others, shall have the merit at least of brevity.

If the Nineteenth Century has any special intellectual note, it is that of Investigation. An age of Investigation is necessarily an age of Doubt and Uncertainty, just as an era of Experiment is an era of many Failures. And so the Nineteenth Century offers us less certitude than any previous age. Let us take, for example, some young man with the conventional 'thirst for knowledge,' and send him to some of the leaders of thought of this age for advice, and what advice will he be likely to get? Take history, for example. Would our young man be advised to take his views of the history of France, say, from Guizot, from Michelet, from Thiers or from the school of De Maistre and Louis Vieullot? He has not the time to read them all; and yet it is necessary to get at the truth *somehow*. Is he to look on Louis the Sixteenth as a saint and martyr, or as a tyrant and fool; on the Revolution as a boon to Europe, or as a rising up of all that was base, —murder, robbery, disloyalty and *vomissement du diable* generally. Shall he hail it with the exultation of Fox, the cooler approval of Mackintosh, or with the lofty indignation and noble scorn of Edmund Burke? 'What *is* Truth?' said jesting Pilate; and he did not wait for an answer!

Shall our young student take his views of English history, the least satisfactory of all written history, from Clarendon, who wrote his volumes 'in order that posterity might not be deceived by the prosperous wickedness of these times;' or from Macaulay, who wrote for the greater glory of the Whig party—the party from which, in his old age, he was fast cutting himself away? Most histories of England are party pamphlets, fragmentary, passionate and incomplete. Hume executes the Whigs; Macaulay executes the Tories; Froude writes as Mr. Whalley talks with an eye asquint at the Pope and the Jesuits. And Mr. Green, the latest and most brilliant adventurer into the historical field, acts in the impartial manner of Henry VIII. by executing a few on both sides for the sake of fair play, as if decimation were a divinely ordained form of criminal procedure! Suppose he wants to get a good, fair idea of Mary Queen of Scots, shall he accept Buchanan's Mary, or the Mary of Walter Scott, or of Blackwood, or Mr. Froude's, or Mr. Hosack's Mary? I put out of sight the fleshly, offensive caricature of Mr. Swinburne in *Chastelard*. Amid all these conflicting dissensions and claims, the student becomes bewildered. The riddle of the painful earth is too much for him.

What is more important to the stu-

dent than to get a good idea of the character of Elizabeth? And how is one to get it? The Cecils are dead and make no sign, and they knew her best. My Lord of Burleigh wrote no history. The great Queen remains an enigma. Macaulay has not revealed her. Motley has not given us the real woman, though he has indicated a possible portrait. Scott did not love her. And Mr. Green's portrait is worse than them all. That flaunting woman with the morals of Athens, the manners of Alsatia, and the language of Billingsgate, cannot be the royal lady who retained the affections of a turbulent people and the services of the noblest figures in English history, in a time of storm and disturbance.

How impossible, almost, to get a fair idea of the controversy over the career and cause of Charles the First and the Commonwealth. In thousands of books and papers, essays and reviews, articles and lectures, we are all asked, with more or less eloquence, to revere the cause for which Hampden died on the field and Sydney on the scaffold, and to find in the struggles of that period the source of all, or nearly all, our modern liberties and institutions. For my own part I believe that the cause for which Hampden died in the field and Sydney on the scaffold, was a cause in which there was no occasion that any man should have died, either on the scaffold or in the field; that English liberties were curtailed and delayed rather than advanced in and by that scoundrel struggle; and that neither Hampden nor Sydney presents as noble a figure as Hyde or as the 'incomparable Falkland,' as Clarendon calls him, 'a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war, than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.' But the chorus of literature is mostly of another tone, and it requires some courage to bear up against it and to protest.

Getting one's historical portrait gallery filled with pictures is as difficult as getting a good artistic collection. There are plenty of bad copies, but no or few originals. And the fancy pictures are most plentiful. One is at a loss what to think or do. It is related in the veracious history of immortal Humphrey Clinker, written by that dignified and truthful historian Tobias Smollett, that an Englishman in Rome took off his hat to the statue of *Jupiter*, and said, '*Sir*, if you ever get your head above water again, I hope you will remember that I paid my respects to you in your deepest adversity.' One, then, is driven to do the like with all the good characters of ancient and modern history.

Are we to believe in Homer—not the poems but the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle, the man for whom seven mighty cities strove—*when he was dead*. Are we to believe in Romulus and Remus in spite of the German historians who tell us they are mere myths? Byron says:—

> 'I have stood upon Apollos' tomb
> And heard Troy doubted—time will doubt of Rome.'

And after Mrs. Stowe's revelations have we not begun to doubt of Byron too?

Mr. Freeman has of late been trying to interest humanity in the Servians and Bulgarians, the Sclavic races and the Greek element in the East—the 'Later Greek Nation.' He wants us to unlearn history and learn at once from him. We had an idea, dim and confused perhaps, that Latin Christianity owed very little to the Greeks, and that the influence of the race in modern days had been anything but beneficial. In the Crusading times we could depend on the Saracens as al-

ways our enemies, but never on the Greeks as friends. In the middle ages nothing was so singular an element in European diplomacy and warlike conflict, as the hundred divergent policies and the heartless viperous treachery of the Italian leaders, according to liberal writers; and yet we are now expected to 'go in' for the elevation of the Greek and Sclavic peoples, and for the 'Unification' of Italy, as if history had not branded such projects with her hottest iron!

But history, because it is, after all, limited in quantity, presents fewer difficulties to the student than what is called theology or 'religious' discussion. History may be, nay certainly is, very confusing. You may go on reading for a lifetime, or for that part of a lifetime which even earnest students can spare for reading; and still in the end be at a loss whom and what to believe. But modern theology, so called, is absolutely overwhelming. Between the Acta Sanctorum, or St. Thomas, with his hundred volumes, and the latest essay of John Morley; between the divinely inspired dogmatic teaching of the Vatican Council, and the liberal, all-comprehensive individualism of the Broad Schoolman—there is an enormous gulf of study to be bridged over, an astounding mass of fact and an oppressive quantity of theory to be looked at, investigated, tested, sifted, accepted, abandoned, doubted, or admitted for half truth. Do you remember that most able and striking scene in 'Pendennis' where the two young men,—friends of yours, of mine, of what countless thousands of cultivated people—who admire the dear old Thackeray who is gone to rest,—sit long into the night, even into the dawn, discussing some of the dismal problems of the day. I remember it always with a certain pleasure and sadness and even awe:—

'The truth, friend,' said Arthur to George Warrington, 'Where *is* the truth? Show it to me! That is the question between us. I see it on both sides. I see it on the Conservative side of the house, and amongst the Radicals, and even on the Ministerial benches. I see it in the man who worships by Act of Parliament, and is rewarded with a silk apron and five thousand a-year. In that man who, driven by the remorseless logic of his creed, gives up everything, friends, fame, dearest ties, closest vanities, the respect of an army of churchmen, the recognized position of a leader, and passes over, truth impelled, to the enemy in whose ranks he is ready henceforth to serve as a nameless private soldier. I see the truth in that man—(he is talking of Dr. John Henry Newman) as I do in his brother whose logic drives him to quite a different conclusion, and who, after having passed a life in vain endeavours to reconcile an irreconcilable book, flings it at last down in despair, and declares with tearful eyes and hands up to heaven, his revolt and recantation. If the truth is with all these, why should I take sides with any of them?'

How many thousands, millions maybe, of young men, are in some form or other asking that question of themselves, of the world, of their friends, their tutors, their masters? How many are wasting their lives in vain endeavours to find a *truth*, 'wearying,' in the beautiful language of De Quincey, 'the Heavens with their inquest of beseeching looks,' and finding no response and no revelation? This want of mental certitude in things relating to the soul and the hereafter, is one of the most strange and striking signs of our time. Who will give them in the Nineteenth Century a guide to truth—these thousands of blind seekers? Will the Nineteenth Century tell them to worship by Act of Parliament (to use Thackeray's language), and be respectable and perhaps not quite contented in their faith and practice; or will it tell them to join in the chorus of those who preach a wide, *very* wide humanitarianism, trusting

That somehow good
Would be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

Or will it advise them to join with those who smile disdainfully at all the conflicts and doubts of the brethren, who place their faith in Revelation, their fealty in Rome, and declare that the Spirit which animates their system is Divine and cannot fail. The century gives them no answer; it is full of doubt; and is, as Bacon said, more careful to propagate doubts than to abandon or dispel them. There was a time when young men sat at the feet of their teachers, even as they sat at the feet of Gamaliel and took in words of wisdom and a consistent philosophy of life; but now every whipper-snapper who reads a magazine or skins an article by John Morley or Leslie Stephen, or half comprehends Professor Tyndall's views on science and man, or wholly misunderstands the principles of logic and even of the exact sciences, feels himself competent and is clothing with the glorious privilege to flout what he is pleased to call his 'opinion,' on the soul, and the hereafter and God's laws and divine revelation, in the face of people who are expected to be patient under the infliction. And in the face of this condition of things we are asked daily to believe that we are wiser than our sires, and that in this Nineteenth Century, *exortum est in tenebris lumen rectis*, a light more powerful than has shone on the people of any age since the world began!

What is to be the outcrop of all this?

'The youth of a nation,' says Disraeli, 'are the Trustees of Posterity.' What sort of opinion will these trustees transfer to the Twentieth Century? Opinion rules, destroys, builds up according as it is directed. Opinion gave us the crusades in one age; opinion gave us the French revolution; opinion moved the 'Reformation;' opinion almost destroyed faith in the Eighteenth Century in many places; opinion in this age is rising up, with Science for a weapon, against faith and God's laws. What will opinion be doing in the next century? That is the question which comes into one's mind, as one contemplates the condition, mental and physical, of the people of this age. We see the grand old habit—it was a habit before it became a doctrine—of loyalty decaying rapidly, and a great part of civilized humanity pinning its faith in the future to the sounding brass of Liberty, Equality, and—well, Petty Larceny. We see the skill of workmen being ruined and their position and character destroyed by the decay of the system of apprenticeship and the terrible tyranny of machines. We witness with pain the widening of the gulf, which was formerly only a dividing line, between the rich and the poor, with scorn on one side and hatred on the other to be the prolific parents of curses as yet unpronounced. We see countless youths, the Trustees of Posterity, being educated in doubt, and graduating in denial, of all the high beliefs and great hopes by which all the former generations of mankind were moved and guided. We see educated society on this Continent as well as in England, and in certain quarters of the Continent, putting Christ on the defensive and telling Christianity to stand and deliver. We see divine philosophy, pushed, as the poet feared, beyond her mark, becoming indeed 'Procuress to the Lords of Hell.' We watch the illogical progress of Science as it usurps a field in which it has no property and reasons, with arrogant pretension to superiority, on subjects beyond its knowledge and jurisdiction. We contemplate Art, which once was almost divine, lost in sensuality and barren of lofty aims; which for two centuries has not produced a great picture; and which turns from the visions of an opening heaven, to contemplate the carousals of boors, the feeding of beasts, the marching of troops and the toilets of dandies. We see labour in revolt, and capital entrenched behind its closed

factories. We see dissatisfaction among the people of nearly every state with the government under which they live. We see the worship of Mammon carried on with a fierce earnestness which never characterised the children of any faith, since the jaws of the last lion closed on the body of the last Christian martyr in a pagan amphitheatre. We see even social manners getting corrupted from the association of the vulgar and from the vices, the fever, the unrest of the life which now we live. Faith is passed away, they say; but they are still restless and unhappy. What is it the poet sings:—

> 'Ah, if it *be* passed, take away
> At least the restlessness, the pain,
> Be man no more henceforth a prey
> To these outdated stings again;
> The nobleness of grief is gone,
> Ah, leave us not the fret alone!'

Yet nothing but the fret is left: for the blind struggles of many, the most, against the reign of Law and God, are not the heroic struggles and grand despair of Prometheus, but more like the wrigglings of captured poachers in forbidden fields. The world is out of joint; and what is offered for its comfort. 'Believe in Evolution,' cry one school of Philanthropists; 'and after another million of years, when something has caused something else to move and evolve a better state of things and a nobler race, then we shall all be happy.' 'Believe in believing nothing, and in just enjoying yourself and taking care of your health,' cry another school. 'Believe in just reading the Bible,' cry another school; 'and if it lead you to think that Mormonism is the correct theory, or the Genesis is a mere jumble of nonsense—why, of course, no matter.' And above all these voices there is one that at intervals thunders out, 'I am Peter, and hold the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven;' and again—'He that will not hear the Church, let him be as the heathen and the publican.' And let chaos swell as it will, that is the voice at which it has most occasion to tremble. To hazard a prophecy of the probable results of the workings of this age on the welfare of the next would be to draw too deeply on credulity. That these results will be serious, no serious man will be likely to deny. That they will be beneficial, a very hopeful man may try to believe. That they will be evil and destructive is the melancholy belief of those who may with me quarrel with the Nineteenth Century.

TENNYSON.

A CRITICISM.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

THE poetic instinct must have been strong in Tennyson to allow him, ten years after the unfavourable reception of his first volume, and the all but failure of a second, to venture upon another, which, composed only of selections from the previous two, with a few additions, established his reputation as a poet at once and for ever. Tennyson knew that the poetic *vis* was within him—like Sheridan in the case of his first speech in the House of Commons—and had only to be developed to utter itself in song to which the world would listen. What is this poetic instinct? We take it to be that tendency in the thoughts and emotions to assume a certain modulated character, so that they cannot help uttering themselves in such form

—of the mind to see subjects in an exaggerated and idealised light, so that it is impelled to present the same ideal picture to others, to hold up that picture to the contemplation of a sympathetic and admiring world. Tennyson has, during his whole poetic career, exhibited this quiet possession of power, which abided only its time to display itself in its full strength. It is easy, we think, to recognise the stages of Tennyson's poetry from the very subjects of the poems. The first period comprises such subjects as 'Mariana,' 'Claribel,' 'Lilian,' 'Madeline,' 'Oriana,' 'Adeline,' 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights,' 'The Poet,' 'The Poet's Mind,' 'The Mermaid,' and 'Merman,' &c. A great amount of art is expended on these, so much so that a certain critic has distinguished this as the period in which art predominated in the mind of the poet, and says that Tennyson was then an artist rather than a poet. We do not see how this could well be. It would be difficult, we think, to make the separation, and we are inclined to regard this as one of those arbitrary distinctions of criticism which have no very obvious justification. Tennyson was an artist, but he was also a poet; only there were deeper and richer veins of poetry which had not been yet reached. The shaft had not yet been sunk so deep: these deeper veins had not yet been struck: they were there, and some favourable circumstances had only to disclose them to view, or the poet had only to work them to bring out the rich ore which they concealed. As descriptive poetry, and for that feature of realistic description so characteristic of Tennyson's muse, 'Mariana' has, perhaps, not been surpassed even by him. This poem is founded on the words of Shakespeare in 'Measure for Measure': 'There at the moated grange resides the dejected Mariana.' Tennyson has given an altogether English cast to the subject, and the chief features of the scene are Lincolnshire, although the scene of the play is Vienna, and Mariana is consequently Viennese. Angelo also, her betrothed but faithless lover, we take it, was Vienna in his belongings. The associations, therefore, are foreign, while Tennyson has made them especially English. But the poem, abstracted altogether from the original circumstances and environments, is a fine composition, albeit somewhat artificial in its structure, and savouring of a certain affectation and mannerism in its style. The 'moated grange' and the 'dejected Mariana' are the two connecting links in the associations of the piece. Every one acquainted with English life and landscape, perhaps continental life and landscape as well, knows what the 'moated grange' is. It is generally a synonyme for heavy dullness. It is built with no view to elegance, but with a single regard to security. With its thick walls and deep moat it wears an air of gloom and seclusion, and was the very place for a 'dejected Mariana' to be shut up in, and mourn the absence of her lover. Angelo was not worthy of her love, and the refrain of the composition is more, certainly, than the occasion seemed to demand:

> She only said: 'My life is dreary,
> He cometh not,' she said;
> She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
> I would that I were dead!'

For realistic description, however, what could be finer than the verses:

> With blackest moss the flower plots
> Were thickly crusted one and all:
> The rusted nails fell from the knots
> That held the porch to the garden wall.
> The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
> Unlitted was the clinking latch;
> Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
> Upon the lonely moated grange.
> She only said, 'My life is dreary,
> He cometh not,' she said:
> She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
> I would that I were dead!'
>
> Her tears fell with the dews of even:
> Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
> She could not look on the sweet heaven,
> Either at morn or eventide.
> After the flitting of the bats,
> When thickest dark did trance the sky,
> She drew her casement curtain by,
> And glanced athwart the glooming flats.

She only said, 'The night is dreary.
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night fowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange!
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled-bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon the hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping towards his western bower.
Then said she, 'I am very dreary,
He will not come,' she said;
She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary,
O God, that I were dead!'

Not a particular is left out of this description which could add loneliness to the picture, or deepen the expression of weariness in the feelings. 'Claribel,' 'Lilian,' 'Madeline,' and 'Adeline' are composed with the same art. There also Tennyson's realism in description is finely exhibited. We could conceive nothing finer than the following to describe a spiritual beauty:

What hope or fear or joy is thine?
Who talketh with thee, Adeline?
For sure thou art not all alone:
Do beating hearts of salient springs
Keep measure with thine own?
Hast thou heard the butterflies
What they say betwixt their wings.
Or in stillest evenings
With what voice the violet woos
To his heart the silver dews?
Or when little airs arise,
How the merry bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath?
Hast thou look'd upon the breath
Of the lilies at sun-rise?
Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
Shadowy dreaming Adeline?

* * * * * * *

Lovest thou the doleful wind
When thou gazest at the skies?
Doth the low-tongued Orient
Wander from the side of the morn,
Dripping with Sabæan spice
On thy pillow, lowly bent
With melodious airs lovelorn,
Breathing light against thy face,
While his locks a-dropping twined
Round thy neck in subtle ring
Make a carcanet of rays,
And ye talk together still,
In the language wherewith Spring
Letters cowslips on the hill?
Hence that look and smile of thine
Spiritual Adeline.

Is this fancy, or is it imagination? It is imagination at least as well as fancy. Things and circumstances are brought together which have no real connexion, but which imagination certainly connects in an exquisite subtlety of thought.

The 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights' is a luxuriant description of the features of Oriental scenery, and the circumstances or conditions of Oriental life. They are *recollections*, but it required imagination to conjure up such recollections; although, we dare say, they accord more or less with every one's own reminiscences of the wonderful 'Nights.' The refrain:

For it was in the golden prime
Of the good Haroun Alraschid:

finely closes each stanza, as if not enough could be said of the enlightened and beneficent reign of the Charlemagne of the east.

Our thought, we confess, does not keep pace with 'The Poet.' Great

as he is, he is surely not all that Tennyson would claim for him, or make him. There is something unique and original in his mind, and what is the fine fibre in his brain that gives him his visions we may well wonder. But surely he is not so exalted above his fellows as that it might be sung :

> The Poet in a golden clime was born,
> With golden stars above ;

or that expresses marvellously little meaning. Is it not too much to say :

> He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
> He saw thro' his own soul.

Does 'the marvel of the everlasting will' lie before him 'an open scroll?' We can discern little sense in all the allegorising that follows. We can only recognize the amount of self complacency that is implied in its application to himself and his co-fraternity. 'The Poet's Mind,' in the same way, is not very creditable to the mind of the poet —that is, to Tennyson himself. There is an arrogance and an affectation in it simply ludicrous. Shakespeare had a much more modest way of expressing his conception of the poet's capacity and function :

> The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
> Are of imagination all compact :
> One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
> That is madness : the lover all as frantic,
> Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
> The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
> And, as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation, and a name.
>
> * * * * * * *

'The Poet's Song,' is conceived in a finer spirit, and is a perfect gem in its way. The versification and rhythm in 'The ballad of Oriana' are finely suited to the subject. Oriana, we take it, comes upon the scene of combat, or from 'The Castle wall' she looks upon the combat in which her lover is engaged in mortal strife. A chance arrow from his bow, glancing aside, pierces her heart. Such is the subject. The incident could not be more affectingly told, and the swaying passion, the vexation, the self-crimination of the unfortunate slayer of his bride could not be better given than in the following verses :

> She stood upon the castle wall,
> Oriana :
> She watch'd my crest among them all,
> Oriana :
> She saw me fight, she heard me call,
> When forth there stept a foeman tall,
> Oriana,
> Atween me and the castle wall
> Oriana.
>
> The bitter arrow went aside,
> Oriana :
> The false, false arrow went aside,
> Oriana :
> The damned arrow glanced aside
> And pierc'd thy heart, my love, my bride,
> Oriana !
> Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
> Oriana !
>
> Oh ! narrow, narrow was the space,
> Oriana.
> Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
> Oriana.
> Oh ! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
> The battle deepen'd in its place,
> Oriana !
> But I was down upon my face,
> Oriana.
>
> They should have stabb'd me where I lay
> Oriana !
> How could I rise and come away,
> Oriana ?
> How could I look upon the day ?
> They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
> Oriana—
> They should have trod me into clay,
> Oriana.
>
> O breaking heart that will not break,
> Oriana !
> O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,
> Oriana !
> Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
> And then the tears run down my cheek,
> Oriana :
> What wantest thou ? Whom dost thou seek,
> Oriana ?
>
> I cry aloud : none hear my cries,
> Oriana !
> Thou comest atween me and the skies,
> Oriana.
> I feel the tears of blood arise
> Up from my heart unto my eyes,
> Oriana !
> Within thy heart my arrow lies,
> Oriana !
>
> O cursed hand ! O cursed blow !
> Oriana !
> O happy thou that liest low,
> Oriana !
> All night the silence seems to flow
> Beside me in my utter woe,
> Oriana !
> A weary, weary way I go,
> Oriana !

'The Mermaid' and 'Merman' are the caprices of the imagination, and if the poet has a mind to indulge them,

I suppose no one has a right to interfere. What the 'Syrens' and 'Krakens' might have been we have no means of judging, for they are not included in Tennyson's now published poems. The fable of the 'Syrens' is amply justified by Virgil's poetry, as well as by the fact in life which it symbolises; so that apart from the caprices of fancy, it has its vindication in actual principles of our nature. It has accordingly been regretted that Tennyson should have placed 'The Syrens' in his 'index expurgatorius,' and the hope has been expressed to see the beautiful sisterhood again at no distant day standing in their lovely isle and singing:

> Come hither, come hither, and be our lords,
> For merry brides are we.

The poems published in 1832 open with 'The Lady of Shalott,' a kind of transition poem, showing the early tendency in Tennyson's mind to the Arthurian legends as a subject of the muse. The dim light of that remote age—its characters and events like the figures portrayed on canvas in dioramic representation, or rather projected by the slides of the magic lantern of our boyhood's days—seems to have possessed a peculiar fascination to his mind. Milton, we believe, once entertained the idea of treating King Arthur and his knights as the subject of an epic. How he would have succeeded remains a matter of conjecture. Perhaps the subject was not great enough for his muse. His mind demanded perhaps no less a theme than is implied in the events of 'Paradise Lost,' with the related incidents of Heaven and Hell, the councils of the one, and the plots and machinations and 'faits accomplis' of the other. Milton would have laid perhaps, too rich colours on his canvas. The tints would not have been neutral enough. It required the colourless style of Tennyson, to allow the sculpturesque forms to come out in bold enough relief, while they still moved in dim shadow and pantomime. That Tennyson has succeeded all the world has declared. There is but one opinion as to the 'Idyls of the King,' and the other Arthurian lays. 'The Lady of Shalott' is but the faint adumbration of these poems, of the grand subject which was to take such vast proportions in the poet's mind. For us, and for our canons of criticism, the subject is altogether too shadowy, too unreal, for anything like a satisfactory treatment. Milton, perhaps, shrunk from it on that very account. It needs at least a more penetrating imagination than anything we can lay claim to in that way to attach much meaning to the poetry of 'The Lady of Shalott,' even while we admire much of the poetry itself. Did the poet understand his own meaning? Is the allegory at all events a matter of such profound significance as many profess to see in it?

In the same way, 'The Palace of Art' seems to us allegory carried to a fantastic excess. We cannot participate in the extravagant laudations that have been pronounced upon that poem. We understand the thought; and, although not very original, it is an important one. It is especially important, too, that it should find utterance by such a mind as Tennyson's. It seems, however, like 'painting the lily and throwing perfume on the violet' after the 'Ecclesiastes' of Solomon. Nothing, it seems to us, could be added to that composition in the same line of thought. Tennyson's poem is too allegorical: the allegory is laboured: it is often far-fetched: it is difficult at times to see the application, or the application is altogether too arbitrary. The 'Palace' which the soul builds for itself is a sort of Moorish Alhambra. It is built securely. It is 'full of long sounding corridors'—'great rooms and small.' These rooms were tapestried with every varying scene in nature: they were hung with the pictures of great men: Plato and Verulam adorned the royal dais:

O all things fair to sate my various eyes!
O shapes and hues that please me well!
O silent faces of the Great and Wise,
My Gods, with whom I dwell!

Such is the exclamation of the soul:

O Godlike isolation which art mine,
I can but count thee perfect gain,
What time I watch the darkening droves of swine
That range on yonder plain.

It is soon plunged, however, from its high estate: it finds that it is not sufficient for its own happiness. The proud isolation in which it before exulted it cannot any longer endure.

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
Fell on her, from which mood was born
Scorn of herself: again from out that mood
Laughter at her self scorn.

It is plagued: God plagues it: from its own 'abysmal deeps of personality.' It is visited with haunting thoughts and experiences; 'uncertain shapes,' 'white-eyed phantasms,' and 'hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame,' scare it from its propriety: much else is added, till at last:

She threw her royal robes away,
'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
'Where I may mourn and pray.'

It is a lame and impotent conclusion. What better would the soul be 'in a cottage in a vale,' if that was all the change it made, or that passed over the spirit of its dream? We may be wrong in our impressions, but such are the impressions which the poem left upon us. We confess we are not for the most part in favour of allegory. It must be very skilfully managed to be at all tolerable. We think 'The Palace of Art' is overdone.

Three principal poems of Tennyson's, while containing much splendid poetry, are constructed on so false a ground-plot, if we may use the expression, that they fail to command our unexceptionable approbation. We allude to 'Locksley Hall,' 'Maud,' and 'The Princess, a Medley.' 'Locksley Hall' is the raving of a disappointed lover, if indeed he be a disappointed lover. We question if ever disappointed lover raved so philosophically, or so poetically. We cannot be deceived into the idea that it is the utterance of one really bewailing a case of breach of promise. It is not intended, perhaps, to be dramatically true or just. Then it is something got up for the nonce, and if so it fails of its effect. There are some splendid thoughts splendidly embodied—but the question is, how they came there. They have no fitting—they have no appropriateness. And what is really germain to the subject—the terrible indictment against the faithless Amy—has all the appearance of being ingeniously contrived, or drawn up, not by a lawyer, indeed, conducting a case, but by one who meant to say smart and pungent things, and with all the garniture and point which an original and powerful imagination could employ. The result is a splendid poem, but with no dramatic truth or consistency; something that grates upon the mind even when we admire the grandeur and boldness of many of the conceptions. It is altogether incompatible with the idea of an absorbing passion, to pour out such a tide of invective, whether against the object of the passion itself, or the parties concerned in weaning her affections, or bribing them into compliance with an unworthy alliance—and forthwith launch out into a philosophic rhapsody regarding the future of the world:

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous mother age.

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life.

It is no defence that this rhapsody is a *memory* rather than any thing presently indulged in. Is it consistent with the situation of one so impassioned to indulge even in such a reminiscence? And to all intents and purposes it is the poet's own rhapsody introduced among the wild utterances of the particular hero whom he has chosen thus to bring under our notice. The extravagant ideas in which our

hero allows himself, or purposes to which he gives expression in the latter verses, are justified on no principle even of madness, and may be set down, but for the poetry in which they are embodied, as worthy only of the most unmitigated snob. Thackeray has afforded us the term, but an able critic has not unworthily characterized the subject of the whole piece as 'a grandiose and somewhat bumptious lover, dismissed for his deficiencies in wealth and station, but who does not suffer too much to concern himself even then with the prospect of the race, and "the process of the suns."' So much for 'Locksley-Hall,' which, nevertheless, we regard as a poem of great power and beauty, could we divorce the thoughts and eminently fine imaginative creations from the circumstances in which they are supposed to be uttered.

'Maud' is a sort of reproduction of 'Locksley Hall,' in a somewhat different form. It is a soliloquy like it —and the soliloquy of a disappointed lover. But it was true love in this case, and the disappointment was the result of a most tragical occurrence, brought on by a train of natural enough incidents, such as may be supposed in a thousand instances, and which may have had their fulfilment, or may have their fulfilment at any time in this world's chequered history. The hero of this composition may be somewhat maudlin (we mean no pun), and yet we are inclined to retract our expression. Maud seems worthy of all the love bestowed upon her; and her lover is involved in truly unfortunate circumstances. He has been, as he conceives, unrighteously dispossessed of his heritage, by the father of Maud herself, whom he characterizes in no unmeasured terms from time to time throughout the monologue. The son and heir, now, is unfavourable to his suit for the love, if not for the hand of Maud, and a bumpkin of a lord is preferred to himself. This lord, 'first of his noble line,' and grandson of a great coal owner—'his coal all turned to gold'—is the accepted of Maud's brother, at least, and daily in close proximity with the beloved object, a circumstance too provocative of jealousy not to have this very effect. In spite of all this Maud favours *him* —that is, our hero, and by no unmistakable tokens. Some of these are woven into beautiful verse: nothing, indeed, could be more beautiful than the manner in which this is done. There is every variety of versification—sometimes homely and prosaic enough, but for the most part suitable to the mood, and the varying moods, in which the lover may be conceived to have been at the particular moment. There are some parts of the poem more like the 'Song of Solomon' than anything we know of in English poetry. That is, indeed, the 'song of songs,' and Tennyson has shown himself most able, of all poets, to strike the same chords of the lyre—to express the most delicate of all emotions by the most delicate touches of a sensuous imagination:

> Rivulet crossing my ground,
> And bringing me down from the Hall
> This garden rose that I found,
> Forgetful of Maud and me,
> And lost in trouble and moving round
> Here at the head of a tinkling fall,
> And trying to pass to the sea;
> O Rivulet born at the Hall,
> My Maud has sent it by thee
> (If I read her sweet will right)
> On a blushing mission to me,
> Saying in odour and colour 'Ah, be
> Among the roses to-night.'

Then follows what has been converted into a song of exquisite beauty, and set to the most appropriate music:

> Come into the garden, Maud, &c.

'Maud,' however, is a poem that could only be written in an age of subjective poets like the present. The theme is such as would not have been thought of in any previous age—the age, for example, of Scott and Byron, and Campbell. The poets of any former period would never have made their hero maunder and soliloquise as Tennyson has done with his worthies of 'Locksley Hall' and

'Maud.' It belongs peculiarly to the present time to make so much of one's own experiences, and to think that others care about them as much as we do ourselves. There is something of this in Byron, for he is said to be the hero of his own poetry. Campbell and Scott and Wordsworth were of a healthier tone, and even Byron's egotism was not so offensive as that of our subjective poets, was indeed of a different kind. How do we know that Manfred and Childe Harold were Byron himself, or that the Corsair and Lara, and even Don Juan, were but the reflection of the poet's own feelings? As well might we say that Richardson was the Lovelace of Clarissa Harlowe, or that Thackeray and Dickens were the Pendennis or David Copperfield, respectively, of their celebrated novels. There would be nothing to object to though they were. 'The Sorrows of Werther' is more like what we have to find fault with in our present poetry. Besides 'Locksley Hall,' we see symptoms of the particular tendency we are animadverting upon more or less throughout Tennyson's writings. There is no poet, however, of a more healthy tone, when he chooses, than our Laureate. Witness 'The Gardener's Daughter,' 'The Miller's Daughter,' 'Dora,' 'Audley Court,' 'Edwin Morris,' 'The Brook' —fine English Idyls, all perfect pictures of English life. We know nothing finer than 'The Miller's Daughter.' The way in which the story of love is told, or the incidents of a happy courtship, and fortunate union, are recalled by a husband to a wife, in their waning years, is one of the finest things in English poetry. The Scotch song, 'John Anderson my Jo,' perhaps equals it. The realistic touches in all the poems we have just named are characteristic, at least in the same degree, and with the same delicacy and refinement, only of Tennyson. Every word has a point and finish, with an idiomatic nicety, which nothing could add to or improve, while it has that precise place in the description which realises to you the scene or the character or the incident as nothing else would. They are peculiarly English poems.

Tennyson has a command which few other poets have, not only of idiomatic English, but of the language of common life, the idioms of every day experience; which is a part indeed of his realism, and verifies to you the very scene or character he is portraying or describing. Perhaps there is no poet that is so idiomatic as Tennyson. He has made a peculiar study of English life and manners, and has caught the very language of the common people. Cowper has something of the same faculty, for he is especially an English poet; but he does not use it so artistically as Tennyson. Cowper was too simple and earnest a character to study much art in anything, except in so far as poetry itself is an art. Campbell and Byron, and Coleridge and Shelley have nothing of the faculty, for they do not confine themselves to peculiarly English subjects: they are not idyllic poets. Wordsworth was essentially an idyllic poet; and it was he that set the example of drawing poetry off from the conventionalisms, and more stately style, of the art, and expressing himself in the language of ordinary life; but he is by no means so practised in the particular respect as Tennyson. Perhaps Tennyson has not acquired the art of concealing art. He uses his particular faculty too deftly, so that while you enjoy it, or its products, you say there is too much art here, too plain and palpable an effort in regard to the particular instrument he is wielding.

Tennyson is characterized by a remarkable shrewdness and keenness of observation, which nothing escapes, not even the minutest feature of a face, or turn of an expression, under which some character, or point in a character, may lurk or be observed. Take, as an example, the first stanza

of 'The Miller's Daughter.' How does that poem open?

> I see the wealthy miller yet,
> His double chin, his portly size,
> And who that knew him could forget
> The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
> The slow wise smile that, round about
> His dusty forehead dryly curl'd,
> Seem'd half within and half without,
> And full of dealings with the world?

Again, the immediately following stanza:

> In yonder chair I see him sit,
> Three fingers round the old silver cup—
> I see his grey eyes twinkle yet
> At his own jest—gray eyes lit up
> With summer lightnings of a soul
> So full of summer warmth, so glad,
> So healthy, sound, and clear and whole,
> His memory scarce can make me sad.

Or take the reference to the curate in 'Edwin Morris:'

> O me, my pleasant rambles by the lake
> With Edwin Morris and with Edward Bull
> The curate; he was fatter than his cure.

To all Edwin Morris's fine sentiment about some old love-passage he was recounting, what does the fat curate make answer?

> Then said the fat-faced curate Edward Bull,
> I take it, God made the woman for the man,
> And for the good and increase of the world.
> A pretty face is well, and this is well,
> To have a dame indoors, that trims us up
> And keeps us tight; but these unreal ways
> Seem but the theme of writers, and indeed
> Worn threadbare. Man is made of solid stuff.
> I say God made the woman for the man,
> And for the good and increase of the world.

Prosaic enough, and about as good as Sydney Smith's characterization of the curate or the Rector's daughter, whom he describes by one happy touch as 'full of butter and bread, and the catechism.'

Again in the 'Talking Oak' we have this happy allusion:

> Old Summers, when the monk was fat,
> And, issuing shorn and sleek,
> Would twist his girdle tight, and pat
> The girls upon the cheek.
>
> Ere yet, in scorn of Peter's-pence,
> And number'd bead, and shrift,
> Bluff Harry broke into the spence
> And turn'd the cowls adrift.

Having mentioned that poem, we are free to say that we know no poem in which the play of imagination and fancy is more finely blended. It is a bold impersonation in which an oak is made to do the office of 'articulate speaking mortals' (*μεροπων βροτων*); and if the ancient myth of Dryads and Oreads and Naiads is defensible, we need not wonder at a talking oak; and its performing the part of a medium between two lovers, a deserving youth and the beautiful daughter of Sumner-Chace. In no poem do Tennyson's inventive genius and his power of language shine more conspicuously. The grace with which the whole is managed is remarkable. The tree, five centuries or more old, becomes young again in the youth of the loving pair. The colloquy reaches an interesting crisis when the young man ventures to say:

> O muffle round thy knee with fern,
> And shadow Sumner-chace!
> Long may thy topmost branch discern
> The roofs of Sumner-place!
>
> But tell me, did she read the name
> I carved with many vows
> When last with throbbing heart I came
> To rest beneath thy boughs?
>
> 'O yes, she wander'd round and round
> These knotted knees of mine,
> And found, and kiss'd the name she found,
> And sweetly murmur'd thine.
>
> 'A tear-drop trembled from its source,
> And down my surface crept.
> My sense of touch is something coarse,
> But I believe she wept.
>
> 'Then flush'd her cheek with rosy light,
> She glanced across the plain;
> But not a creature was in sight:
> She kiss'd me once again.
>
> 'Her kisses were so close and kind,
> That trust me, on my word,
> Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,
> But yet my sap was stirr'd:
>
> 'And even into my inmost ring
> A pleasure I discern'd,
> Like those blind motions of the Spring,
> That show the year is turn'd.
>
> 'Thrice happy he that may caress
> The ringlet's waving balm—
> The cushions of whose touch may press
> The maiden's tender palm.
>
> 'I, rooted here among the groves,
> But languidly adjust
> My vapid vegetable loves
> With anthers and with dust:
>
> 'For ah! my friend the days were brief
> Whereof the poets talk,
> When that, which breathes within the leaf,
> Could slip its bark and walk.
>
> 'But could I, as in times foregone,
> From spray, and branch, and stem,
> Have suck'd and gather'd into one
> The life that spreads in them.

'She had not found me so remiss;
But lightly issuing thro',
I would have paid her kiss for kiss
With usury thereto.'

The youth replies, or rather interposes:.

O flourish high with leafy towers,
And overlook the lea,
Pursue thy loves among the bowers,
But leave thou mine to me.

O flourish hidden deep in fern,
Old oak, I love thee well;
A thousand thanks for what I learn
And what remains to tell.

We cannot put the stamp of our approbation upon 'The Lotos Eaters,' which has received such warm commendations of so many. It may be our defect, but we cannot see the superior beauty of that poem. That there is an appropriateness in the imagery to the particular idea we are willing to allow —and that there is a cadence in the verse in which it is the echo in some measure of the sense we admit, but not to the extent that has been contended. It is inferior in this respect, we think, to Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence.' We do not see that the words in the Odyssey warrant the paraphrase that Tennyson has put upon them. The effect upon those who ate of the lotos was to forget their home, and not to wish to return; we read nothing of the drowsy influence which Tennyson has made the chief burden of his poem. At all events, we can see no subject for poetry even in the idea as he has interpreted it. Who would make the victims of opium—with their thin voice, their gaunt visage, and their halting gait—the subject of poetic description? It is time, we think, that poetry was redeemed from the inane subjects which modern poets choose to impose upon the world, and would make us believe to be the only appropriate theme of Apollo's lute or lyre. The more farfetched the subject the greater its appositeness, it would seem, for poetry, and the more accomplished the priest of Apollo.

'The Princess: a Medley:'—a melange indeed!—bred from the brain of a poet responsible to no law but his own caprice: we can only express our astonishment that any rational intelligence could occupy itself with a succession of ideas so preposterous, with no possible vindication, so far as we can see, drawn from any source whatsoever of rhyme or reason, of utility or beauty, of instruction or amusement. There is much fine poetry, admirable description, a nicety of phrase altogether peculiar to Tennyson, which becomes, however, affectation to the extent that he employs it; exquisite thought; while, although without any conceivable link of connection, there are interspersed throughout the poem songs of transcendent beauty, which, dissociated from their place in the poem, have taken their place in the world of song fixed and imperishable. We need only instance the 'Bugle song,' 'Tears—idle tears,' 'Home they brought her warrior dead,' 'Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the western sea, &c., &c. Compare this poem, however, with Milton's Mask of Comus. It has been well said that there is more verisimilitude in Homer's mythology, in the way his Gods talk and act, than in many a fiction, where the characters are ordinary mortals, and talk and act within the limits of ordinary humanity. So there is more 'vraisemblance,' we conceive, in 'The Comus,' with all its supernatural machinery, than in 'The Princess,' where human beings demean themselves as no human beings would, not even the maintainers of the rights of women of the extremest type. Did Tennyson mean a satire, or burlesque of these very claims, so eagerly asserted among our neighbours of the Republic? We do not think this is either the explanation or vindication of the poem. The poem seems to us a blur among the other compositions of our author; for it is too long for a *jeu d'esprit*, and it can never take its place among the serious compositions with which he

would like to link his fame to a distant posterity.

We have now to consider Tennyson under a different phase or aspect from any in which we have hitherto regarded him, viz., the philosophic. Tennyson's mind is subtly philosophic. Subjects turn up to him, more or less, in a philosophic point of view. His figures are philosophic—the very form in which a thought occurs to him: it may be no more than a suggestion or a hint—it is philosophic. In the very poem, which in other respects is so unworthy, we have one of the female students, Melissa, thus described:—

> A rosy blonde, and in a college gown,
> That clad her like an April daffodilly
> (Her mother's colour) with her lips apart,
> And all her thoughts so fair within her eyes,
> As bottom agates seen to wave and float
> In crystal currents of clear morning seas.

Take that other figure in Guinevere describing the terror of the little garrulous maiden when in her free talk she had excited the anger of the Queen:

> When that storm of anger brake
> From Guinevere, aghast the maiden rose,
> White as her veil, and stood before the Queen
> As tremulously as foam upon the beach
> Stands in a wind, ready to break and fly.

Or again, take the figure referring to the dark forecast of evil in Merlin under the temptation of Vivien:

> So dark a forethought roll'd about his brain,
> As on a dull day in an ocean cave
> The blind wave feeling round his long sea hall
> In silence.

These are perfect images and involve a suggestion of analogy truly philosophic. The song 'Tears—idle tears' in the 'Princess' is essentially philosophic, in the train of reflection which it awakens. And what could be truer to nature in the song:

> Home they brought her warrior dead:

than the placing the child upon the knee of the bereaved wife and mother, when every other expedient had been ineffectual to unlock the fountain of her tears?

Tennyson, however, is more profoundly philosophic than in the use of such images, or than simply in the delineation of a particular passion. He deals directly with the great problems of life and of moral evil in such poems as the 'Vision of Sin,' 'The Two Voices,' and in many parts of 'In Memoriam.' We do not say that he penetrates mor deeply into these questions than many of our ordinary ethical writers. But he often throws an interesting light over them, derived from the higher instinct or reason which seems to reside in the poetic mind. The priest has not yet appeared who is to lift the veil of Isis. But even the statue of Memnon may emit a sound like a chord of music, when struck by the beams of the morning sun. Of such a character we take to be the verses in 'In Memoriam,' so vague and meaningless, and yet not without a profound suggestiveness, addressed to the Son of God:

> Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
> Thou madest man, he knows not why;
> He thinks he was not made to die;
> And thou hast made him: thou art just.
>
> Thou seemest human and divine,
> The highest, holiest, manhood thou:
> Our wills are ours, we know not how;
> Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Again:

> O yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> The pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;
>
> That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life shall be destroyed,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete.
>
> That not a worm is cloven in vain;
> That not a moth with vain desire
> Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
> Or but subserves another's gain.
>
> Behold we know not any thing;
> I can but trust that good shall fall
> At last—far off—at last to all,
> And every winter change to spring.
>
> So runs my dream: but what am I?
> An infant crying in the night:
> An infant crying for the light:
> And with no language but a cry.

I quote the following verses for their poetry as well as their philosophy:

> I falter where I firmly trod,
> And falling with my weight of cares
> Upon the great world's altar stairs
> That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

In 'The Vision of Sin,' we have an allegorical representation of the seductive power of evil, with the miserable consequences thereupon, and this is followed up with something like an intimation, similar to that contained in the stanzas we have just quoted, of a remedy for all the ills of life, of sin itself, somehow in a future state of being, whether that view can be vindicated or not. There may be some who would question the theology of the view, whatever may be said of its philosophy. We do not enter upon the particular question. We quote the passages simply as illustrating the peculiar tendency of Tennyson's mind.

We know not if much approach is made to the solution of the great problem of evil in the poem, 'The Two Voices.' That problem, we are afraid, is a wall of adamant against which we knock our heads in vain. But the conviction that good predominates over evil, that there is more good than evil in the universe, that it is better to bear the evil that may befall, in view of the good that may await us, that the Stoical principle—that when the house smokes we are at liberty to abandon it, is as false as it is foolish—all this is admirably brought out in the poem, and we could not conceive a finer combination of philosophy and poetry than in the concluding stanzas:

I ceased, and sat as one forlorn,
Then said the voice, in quiet scorn,
'Behold, it is the Sabbath morn.'

And I arose, and I released
The casement, and the light increased
With freshness in the dawning east.

Like soften'd airs that blowing steal,
When meres begin to uncongeal,
The sweet church-bells began to peal.

On to God's house the people prest:
Passing the place where each must rest,
Each enter'd like a welcome guest.

One walk'd between his wife and child,
With measur'd footfall firm and mild,
And now and then he gravely smiled,

The prudent partner of his blood
Leand on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

And in their double love secure,
The little maiden walk'd demure,
Pacing with downward eyelids pure.

Those three made unity so sweet,
My frozen heart began to beat,
Remembering its ancient heat.

I blest them, and they wander'd on;
I spoke, but answer came there none:
The dull and bitter voice was gone.

A second voice was at my ear,
A little whisper silver clear,
A murmur, 'Be of better cheer.'

As from some blissful neighbourhood,
A notice faintly understood,
'I see the end, and know the good.'

A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper breathing low,
'I may not speak of what I know.'

Like Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes;

Such seem'd the whisper at my side:
'What is it thou knowest, sweet voice?' I cried.
'A hidden hope,' the voice replied.

So heavenly toned, that in that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower,

To feel, altho' no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

And forth into the fields I went,
And Nature's living motion lent
The pulse of hope to discontent.

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours,
The slow result of winter showers;
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wonder'd, while I paced along:
The woods were filled with song,
There seem'd no room for sense of wrong.

So variously seem'd all things wrought,
I marvell'd how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought;

And wherefore rather I made choice
To commune with that barren voice,
Than him that said, 'Rejoice! rejoice!'

Tennyson's reign as Laureate is almost commensurate with Victoria's reign as Queen. His Laureateship has been signalised with some fine compositions. His Poems are dedicated to the Queen in felicitous verse. His lines on the opening of the Crystal Palace, at the great Exhibition of 1851, are remarkable for the blending of thought and fancy, graceful allusion, and delicate compliment, all woven together by a thread of most exquisite poesy. His lines of welcome to Alexandra are exceedingly happy and beautiful. All the world rang with 'The Charge of the Light Brigade.' His 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington' is a striking composi-

tion, certainly worthy of the great man whose achievements it celebrates, and whose character it delineates. The pomp and variety in the structure of the verse—its long resounding lines and briefer stanzas—suit admirably the varying moods and thoughts of the contemplative mind, as the body is borne along in procession till it is laid in the proudest Mausoleum which the world could provide. Only Tennyson could write such an ode, with its realism, with its sober views, its just appreciation, its nice recognition of all that was distinguishing in the greatest soldier of his time : the notice of his companion in death and in sepulture,

The greatest Sailor since the world began—

is peculiarly appropriate ; and the poem concludes with a sublime simplicity worthy of the poet and the occasion. The later poems of Tennyson we cannot pretend to overtake. We would have liked to have noticed many others which we have not introduced into our criticism. Our object has been to discriminate some of the peculiarities of a poet who has been the subject, as we conceive, of more undiscriminating laudation than any other poet in our British calendar, but whose name is worthy of the highest eulogium, and will continue gathering reputation with the world's increasing knowledge and advancing refinement.

THE BAR OF ONTARIO EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

SECOND PAPER.

D. B. READ, Q. C.

WITH the thermometer at 84° Fahrenheit in the shade I am asked to write more on the subject which heads this article. What am I to do? In the first place, the caption of eighty years ago is inappropriate if I refer to incidents occurring less than eighty years ago. In the next place, it is vacation time when all feel at liberty to take a holiday or sleep. The reader doubtless remembers what the great Dramatist has to say on this subject —it will be found in 'As you like it' in the colloquy between Orlando and Rosalind, in which Orlando asks a question and gets his answer thus :

ROSALIND.—I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who time stands still withal. * * * * *

ORLANDO.—Who stays it still withal?

ROSALIND.—With lawyers in the vacation ; for they sleep between Term and Term and they perceive not how time moves !

However there is nothing like making an attempt to surmount difficulties, even if you fail. In order to meet the difficulties of the present case I apply to amend the caption. As all lawyers know under the Administration of Justice Act power is given to the Court to amend by turning Plaintiff into Defendant and Defendant into Plaintiff, in fact to so alter the parties and otherwise amend that a suit may be turned inside out. The slight amendment I ask is to add 'with continuances' to the original caption and that granted I will proceed to refer to matters heretofore alluded to, connected with the old Bar which may interest the professional if not the lay reader. So far as can be ascertained from the records in Osgoode Hall, members were first admitted to the Bar under the new order of things, following the passing

of the Acts of the regulating the practice of the law passed 9th July, 1777, in Trinity Term, 1797, when he following gentlemen were admitted to the Bar :

1. Bartholomew Crannel Beardsley,
2. James Clarke,
3. Robert Isaac Jeffrey.
4. Jacob Fannand,
5. Nicholas Hagerman,
6. Angus Macdonnell,
7. Allen McLean,
8. John McKay,
9. Walter Roe,
10. Alexander Stinant,
11. Samuel Sherwood,
12. Timothy Thomson,
13. John White.

Who was the first admitted to the Roll of Barristers of the gentlemen above-named, or if any others were called to the Bar before them can not be ascertained, as the first Barristers' Roll is not among the parchments in the archives of the Courts. The first Roll there, begins with the names of gentlemen admitted to the Bar in 1808. The information as to those admitted in Trinity Term, 1797, is not obtained from the original Rolls, but from the Journals of the Law Society. As the Roll of 1808 is still preserved, what has become of the Rolls from 1797 to 1808 ? Were they burned or destroyed by the incendiary hand of the invaders in 1813 ? Dr. Scadding in his interesting and instructive work, 'Toronto of Old,' in referring to the site of the first House of Parliament thus writes : 'It was nearly on the site of this rather hard-featured building (an old house near the Don) that the first House of Parliament of Upper Canada stood, humble but commodious structures of wood built before the close of the 18th century, and destroyed by the incendiary hand of the invader in 1813. They consisted, as a contemporary document sets forth, of two elegant halls, with convenient offices for the accommodation of the Legislature *and the Courts of Justice.* The library and all the papers and records belonging *to these institutions* were consumed.'

The Parchment Roll of 1808 bears a very mottled appearance, and it is not impossible it was saved while its ancestor perished in the flames.

The Law Society shortly after their organization saw the necessity of having a head, or Treasurer, as he was called (following the English precedent), to their body, and appointed Angus Macdonnell to that office. He was the first appointed Treasurer of the Society, a collateral relative of his now holds a responsible position in Osgoode Hall. Angus Macdonnell was appointed Treasurer in the 41st year of the reign of King George the Third, A.D. 1801. He was an uncle to John Macdonnell, whose name figures prominently and holds high place in both the legal and military history of Canada. John Macdonnell was admitted a student of the law on the 6th April, 1803, and called to the Bar in Easter Term, 1808. He rose rapidly in his profession, and became Attorney-General, which office he filled to the time he was killed in the engagement on Queenston Heights, while in attendance on General Brock as Provincial Aide-de-Camp.

The Battle of Queenston Heights was fought on 13th October, 1812. The Americans had a greatly superior force to the British, and the death of those two brave men, the beloved General Brock and Attorney-General Macdonnell, spurred on the troops, both regular and militia, to increased efforts in the cause of their country. I have now in my possession a history of the war, written by David Thompson, of the Royal Scots. This book was written in the year 1822, shortly after the conclusion of the war, and doubtless contains a truthful account of the Battle of Queenston. After describing the manner in which General Brock and Col. Jno. Macdonnell, his Aide-de-Camp, met their death, he says :—'The British regulars and

militia charged in rapid succession against a force far exceeding their own, until they succeeded in turning the left flank of their column, which rested on the summit of the hill—the event of the day no longer appeared doubtful.' At the close of the day the battle had been fought and won.

The names of Brock and Macdonnell will ever live in the memories of Canadians, the one as that of a gallant general, the other as that of a man of law, Provincial Aide-de-Camp to so distinguished an officer, who fought by his side till death deprived his country of his military and professional services.

In the same Trinity Term, 1808, that John Macdonnell had been called to the Bar, three other gentlemen, afterwards distinguished in Canadian annals as judges, whose names are familiar to the public and the Bar, were admitted as students of the law. I refer to the name of Archibald McLean, who became Chief Justice, and to the names of Jones Jones and Christopher Alexander Hagerman, Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench.

The second Treasurer of the same Society was D'Arcy Boulton, appointed to that office at the Chambers of the Attorney-General, on the 5th of March, 1806.

William Warren Baldwin was the next Treasurer, and appointed in Michaelmas Term, 52nd Geo. III., A.D. 1812. There was no Convocation of Benchers from this date down to Michaelmas Term, 56th Geo. III., 25th February, 1815. The cause of this hiatus of three years was, doubtless, occasioned by the war, which during that period raged with the United States, familiarly known as the war of 1812. An incident occurred at the meeting on the 28th of February, 1815, which is not likely to occur again in the annals of the Canadian Bar. A member of the Society, who had been admitted as a student in 48th Geo. III., was on this day, 25th of February, 1815, made a Barrister, Solicitor-General, and Bencher. This may be called pretty rapid promotion at the bar. The incident proves in what esteem John Beverly Robinson, afterwards Sir John Beverly Robinson and Chief Justice, must have been held when he was called upon in one day to fill the three important offices.

The record in the Journal of the Law Society stands thus :—

'The next meeting after Michaelmas Term, 52nd Geo. III. (1812), was not held till Hilary Term, 1815, D'Arcy Boulton, Attorney-General, presided, and John Beverly Robinson called to the Bar.

'Present:

'D'Arcy Boulton, Atty.-Gen.
'John Beverly Robinson, Sol.-Gen.
'Timothy Thompson,
'Allan McLean,
'Wm. W. Baldwin,
} Esquires.'

The name of Sir John Beverly Robinson stands prominently forward as one of the most distinguished Judges that ever adorned the Canadian Bench. His urbanity of manners when coming in contact with the bar—his high sense of justice and right—his patience, all combined to make him equally beloved by the public, the bench and the bar. His patience was often sorely tried. I remember a remarkable instance in which a witness so tried this virtue of his that judicial dignity at length compelled him to order the witness to the cells for twenty-four hours. Upwards of twenty years ago in a Crown case at the County of Northumberland Assizes, the case being tried in the court-room on the hill outside of the Town of Cobourg, one Weller had been subpœnaed as a witness for the crown. This Weller was no relation to William Weller, the coach proprietor of that name, so well known to Canadians of that day, and whilome Mayor of Cobourg, nor so far as I am aware was he a relative of the celebrated Samivel Veller, so familiarly known

to readers of the Pickwick papers, though from his manners it might reasonably be supposed he bore some affinity to that renowned individual. Mr. Weller, to whom I refer, was a fisherman of the carrying place at the head of the Bay of Quinte. It was the custom in those days when a person had trespassed on the supposed rights of the fishermen that he should be punished; but not to wait for the law's delay, they generally took the law into their own hands by making the unlucky offenders run the gauntlet, as it was called; that is, a double line of fishermen was formed, the culprit placed at the head and given a chance to run between the lines to the opposite extremity if he could without receiving a sound bastinadoing from the fishermen, each of whom was armed with his oar or other weapon, with which to belabour the gauntlet runner. The prosecutor in the crown case had been served in some such way and the prisoner put on his trial for the offence—it was deemed necessary to make Mr. Weller a crown witness, though it was strongly suspected that he was himself implicated. Mr. Weller was of the true cut of a carrying-place fisherman; he was in fisherman's dress, long black unkempt hair flowing over his shoulders and parted in the middle. Before the trial came on the prisoner's friends had learned that Mr. Weller was to be a crown witness, and they deemed it necessary in the interests of the prisoners that he should be treated to something stronger than raspberry vinegar before taking the stand, and treated him accordingly till his brain became so excited that he would interlard whatever he had to say with protestations, strange oaths and modern instances. The case came on, the court-house full, the Chief Justice, Sir John Robinson, presiding, the witness Weller called to the stand, which was an elevated one just to the right of the presiding judge—then this scene occurred:

Crown Counsel (to Witness).—What is your occupation, witness?

WELLER (Witness).—Well, when I am at home I am a fisherman—down at the carrying-place.

Crown Counsel.—Relate what occurred there on the day in question between the prisoner and the prosecutor.

Witness.—A good deal occurred; the prosecutor was there, I was there, and I guess a good deal more was there.

Crown Counsel.—State what happened?

Witness.—D——n it, can't you wait (hic-cup)? and I'll tell you all about it——

Chief-Justice.—Witness, remember you are in a Court of Justice, and you are not to swear.

Witness.—Well, go on!

Crown Counsel.—State now what occurred?

Witness.—Oh! what occurred. Well, d——n it, you know——!!

Chief-Justice.—I have told you before you were not to swear. I am afraid you have been drinking, witness. I advise you to be cautious, or you will get into trouble. I will commit you if you swear again.

Witness—Judge, you can fine, but you can't commit!!!

Chief-Justice.—Be careful, witness. The ends of justice require that what you know of the matter should be given in evidence, but if you swear again the Court will certainly commit you.

Crown Counsel.—Now, witness, be calm. I just want you to relate what took place.

Witness.—Well, the Pris., that is we, not the Pris., made the prosecutor run the gauntlet, that we did—yes, by —— (a very large oath), we made him run the gauntlet, we did by —— (another great oath).

At this stage the Chief-Justice could not endure it any longer, and so ordered the Sheriff to commit witness Weller to the cells for twenty-four

hours for contempt of Court, whereupon Mr. Weller, looking down upon the audience from his elevated position, exclaimed in a loud voice audible to the whole Court). 'Well! Ha'nt I brought my fish to a pretty market!'

The Chief Justice felt that the witness had been tampered with, and for a long time patiently endured his insolence, till at last the propriety of the law absolutely required that he should send Mr. Weller to the cells, and so the witness 'stepped down and out.' *Sic exit*, Mr. Weller!

Before concluding, I wish to say something about Osgoode Hall itself, I mean the material structure. I will not bind myself to do this, however, if the thermometer goes up to 104° as it has shown itself in some parts of the Province this summer. In the meantime I will touch upon a lighter subject, and say something concerning the law students. They belong to a class to which all the barristers except those licensed in 1797 have belonged, and we must not despise the day of small things. Down to the year 1825 the curriculum for law students was not very severe. In the Law Society's Journals under date of July 1st, 1825, is this entry:—

'Whereas no small injury may be done to the education of that portion of the youth of the country intended for the profession of the law by confining the examinations to Cicero's Orations, and it is advisable further to promote the object of the 16th Rule of this Society, passed and approved of in Hilary Term, 60 Geo. III. it is unanimously resolved that in future the student, on his examination, will be expected to exhibit a general knowledge of English, Grecian, and Roman history, a becoming acquaintance with one of the ancient Latin poets, as Virgil, Horace, or Juvenal, and the like acquaintance with some of the celebrated prose works of the ancients, such as Sallust or Cicero, Officiis as well as his orations, or any author of equal celebrity which may be adopted as the standard books of the several district schools, and it is also expected that the student will show the Society that he has had some reasonable portion of mathematical instruction.'

Even with this Amended Curriculum, the student of the present day may well exclaim, '*O, Fortunate Puer!*'

In this year of grace, the curriculum is based on the University model, and woe betide the student that loiters by the way!—let him scrutinize the seal of the Law Society, and he will there find a column surmounted by the figure of a little animal, whose example he must follow if he wish to succeed.

The seal of the Law Society has more significance and has given birth to much more deliberation than it ordinarily gets credit for. In the Journals of the Law Society to which I have so frequently to refer, under date of the 13th November, 1823, there is this record:—

'At a Convocation of the Law Society at the Chambers of the Treasurer, the Attorney-General procured at the request of the Society a seal upon the shield whereof are engraved the following arms and motto:—In the centre of the shield is a Doric column modestly indicating the state of the legal erudition of the Society in its first establishment and at the time of its incorporation, ready to receive at a future day its embellishment from the finished models of the ancient and learned societies in England, surmounted by a beaver always occupying a compartment in the armorial bearings of Canada, and forming an appropriate emblem in the seal, descriptive of the industry of the profession. On the dexter side of the shield is represented the figure of Hercules, and on the sinister side the figure of Justice, with the scales in her right hand and a sword in her left, and are intended to place in a prominent view

that spirit of justice and fortitude which constituted the character of its members. The words, "Magna Charta Angliæ," inscribed upon the ribbon floating round the column indicate the foundation upon which Canadian liberty is established. Upon the exterior circle is inscribed the words, "Incorporated, 1822," which seal is unanimously adopted and declared to be the seal of the Law Society of Upper Canada.'

The thermometer is down a little, so I think I may venture now to write something about Osgoode Hall. It is a noble structure; its interior architectural beauty is much admired by writers both at home and from abroad; it has none of that ancient grandeur of the old Law Courts at Westminster Hall, but possesses a native freshness appropriate to a new country.

The Law Society in the olden time used to hold their convocation at divers places—if not Justices in Eyre, they were at least Benchers in 'Eyre,' now cropping out in the Parliamentary Library, now at the Attorney-General's office, then at the Court House, or at the Treasurer's private office—they had no abiding place. The necessity of a permanent house came to be felt, but how to obtain it was the question.

At a meeting of Benchers of the Law Society of Upper Canada, held at the Chambers of the Treasurer, on the first day of Michaelmas Term, in 1st year of the reign of Geo. IV., it was 'resolved that the Society do apply a sum not exceeding £500 in the erection of a building for the use of the Society, to be called "Osgoode Hall," on the site opposite the church lately purchased by them.'

I confess, without the aid of Dr. Scadding's 'Toronto of Old,' I could not have known what site was here referred to. It is so contrary to the generally received notion that lawyers would locate their hall directly opposite a church that one would hardly believe it. Besides the resolution in its terms does not make it very clear whether it was the site for a hall or the church which was purchased. I must refer to Dr. Scadding to clear this matter up. He gives us this description:—

'Osgoode Hall.

'The east wing of the existing edifice was the original Osgoode Hall, erected under the eye of Dr. W. W. Baldwin, at the time Treasurer of the Society. It was a plain square matter-of-fact brick building, two stories and a half in height. In 1844-46 a corresponding structure was erected to the west, and the two were united by a building between, surmounted by a low dome. In 1857-60 the whole edifice underwent a renovation, the dome was removed, a very handsome facade of cut stone, reminding one of the interior of a Geneose or Roman palace, was added, with the court rooms, library and other appurtenances, on a scale of dignity and in a style of architectural beauty surpassed only by the new Law Courts in London,' etc., etc.

The edifice, called by Dr. Scadding the *original* 'Osgoode Hall,' must be the east wing of the present Osgoode Hall at the head of York Street; this being so, the original resolution before referred to as passed 1st Geo. IV., A.D., 1820, was not carried out, as the site there spoken of was opposite a church, and was lately purchased by the Society, whereas the present Osgoode Hall is on land purchased of Sir John Robinson in 1828, or about that time, for £1000, as shewn by the resolutions of Easter Term, 2nd May, 1828, which I set forth below as transcribed from the Law Society Journals.

The subject of acquiring a site and erecting a permanent hall seems to have first occupied the attention of Benchers in 1825 and down to 1828, when the present site was purchased. There seems to have been a contest raging in the Benchorial Convocation as to

whether the site should be near the Don, at Russel Square, or in the west near the Government House. The west seems to have carried the day, as the following series of resolutions show, and which I think, even at the expense of being pronounced tedious to give, is a matter of interest to all barristers if not to the general reader.

'CONVOCATION,

'18TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1825.

'The subject of enquiry for a site for a Hall and the erection of suitable buildings having been taken into consideration, the former minutes read and the matter discussed.

'It was unanimously resolved that the Treasurer do draw up a brief statement of the intention of the Society immediately to appropriate its funds towards the erection of a hall, and its disposition to accommodate the Court of King's Bench, with all necessary apartments, according with the importance and dignity of its functions, if the funds of the Society could be aided by a reasonable grant of money on the part of the Province, and that the Government and Judges should approve of such a measure of inviting funds in order not only to secure more immediate and ample accommodation, but also to erect a building worthy of the Province and its seat of Government. And such statement be presented to the Judges as soon as practicable, and that the treasurer may assure them of the willingness of the Society to pledge themselves to the extent of £2,000 towards this desirable object.

'W. W. BALDWIN,

'*Treas.*

'The statement having been accordingly drawn up by the Treasurer and shewn to the Judges in Court and approved by them, was presented to the Judges on the Bench.

'E. T. 7 GEO. IV. On motion of the Atty.-Gen. it was unanimously resolved, That the Treasurer do prepare a draft of a memorial to His Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland, Lieut.-Governor, and representing on the part of the Society, the great disadvantage they labour under by the want of buildings wherein to transact business, collect and deposit a library and to accommodate the youth studying the profession. That learning from public report that the new buildings for the contemplated Parliament House are to be built on Simcoe Place, they hope His Excellency will not consider them unreasonable in soliciting a grant of a portion of the old site of the Public Buildings now abandoned, and that in the event of his favourable reply to their memorial the Society would lose no time in commencing such a building as would be ornamental to the town as well as convenient to themselves.

'W. W. BALDWIN,

'*Treas.*'

'Mich. T. 7 GEO. IV. The Treasurer submitted a plan of the elevation of a building as a hall for the use of the Society, upon which he was requested to proceed with the plan and procure an estimate of the left wing.

'Hil. T. 7 GEO. IV. Mr. Ridout & Mr. McAuley ex'd. the Treasurer's accounts, by which examination it appeared that the funds of the Society immediately available amount to £1839 10*s.* 1½*d.*

'The Atty.-General
Jonas Jones, Esquire
Archibald McLean, Esq
John Rolph, Esq.
} Benchers entered & took their seats.

'Whereupon General Convocation having met pursuant to the resolution of Tuesday, the 2nd instant, and the Treas. having laid before the Society the above general statement of its funds, the Society discussed the subject of the application to the use of the Society. Wherefore, after consideration, upon the motion of the Atty.-Gen. it was unanimously resolved,

'That the Society is very grateful for the grant of six acres of land which they are informed the Honourable the Executive Council have recommended to be made for the purposes

of the Society, but as in their application no definite opinion was expressed as to the quantity which would enable the Society to carry their object into effect, and as they have been given to understand that the most favourable disposition existed to comply with their wishes, it is expedient that the Treasurer should, on behalf of the Society, represent to His Excellency that if the grant could be extended to any convenient tract between fifteen and twenty acres it would be much more suitable to the purposes contemplated.'

The Treasurer then laid before the Society the plan prepared and executed by him: agreeably to the request made of him last Michaelmas Term, but without an estimate, which could not be obtained at present, sufficient time not having been had for that part of said request.

The plan having been inspected and considered, it was unanimously resolved:—

'That William W. Baldwin, Esq., the President and Treasurer, do obtain an estimate of the expense of building the south wing of the plan submitted by him; this e timate to be separate from the portico and vestibule in one amount, and for the hall, library, &c., in the second amount. That he do submit the plan to His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor, and also to the Honourable the Judges of the King's Bench, for their consideration as to the accommodation proposed for the Court and offices appendant in the north wing; and it is further resolved that in case the Honble. the Judges of the King's Bench and the Exec. Govt. give any assurance on their part that the plan, so far as regards the Court of King's Bench, will be pursued with effect on their part, the said Treas. shall lay the estimate to be obtained before the Society in the next Term, for their final approbation, before contract be entered into, It is also further resolved that a further estimate be made and procured of the Expense of building the Court and range of Chambers between the wings, as in the design.

'E. T. 8, GEO. IV. The Treasurer having laid before the Society a diagram of the Surveyor-General of the plot of land wherein his Excellency has been pleased to recommend the grant of this site for the use of the Society, and the Society having inspected the same, and selected that part therein the most suited to their purpose, directed the Treasurer to communicate such their selection to the Honourable the Exec.-Council, and request their acquiescence in the same.

'W. W. BALDWIN,
'*Treas.*'

'Mich. T. 8, GEO. IV., Nov. 1827. The Treasurer reported that he had as yet received no definite answer from the Exec. Council relative to the application of the Society, for the selected part of the land described in the diagram alluded to in the proceedings of the Convocation held the 23rd day of April last, upon which, after some deliberation, it was deemed most prudent to suspend that application for the present, and that in the meantime the Aty.-Gen. be requested to enquire how far the applicatio i for a site in Russell Square might be acceptable to the Government.'

'Hil. T. 8 GEO. IV., 11 Janv., 1828, Criminal Court House.

'The Society directs the Treas. to request the Atty.-Gen. in their name to renew the application for the portion of ground at the site of the old govt. buildings.

'W. W. BALDWIN
'*Treas*'

'T. T. 9 Geo 4.

'A site for erection of a hall was described and enquiry as to value of those offered by Mr. Mercer and *Mr. Attny.* was recommended.

'T. T. 2 May, 1828. It was unanimously resolved that the purchase of 6 acres of land from the Attorney General in front of his Park lot be

carried into effect without delay, the sum agreed for by the Society with him being £1000. Resolved also that the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Arch. Baldwin, Mr. Ridout and Mr. McAuly be a committee of management for approving a plan, making culverts, and superintending the erection of a building

'W. W. BALDWIN
'*Treas.*'

'T. T. 9 Geo 4. At Con. held on 26th day of June, 1828. Present :

'William W. Baldwin, Treas.
John B. Robinson Esq, Aty-Gen..
Henry John Boulton Esq., Sol Gen.
John Rolph, Esq.

'The necessity of building a hall and chambers for the use of the Society was discussed.

'The Att. General proposed that a a hall and buildings sufficient for the present purposes of the Society, not to exceed £3000 in expense, and to form the central edifice of future buildings, to be extended laterally as the increase of the Society may hereafter require, should be undertaken.

'The Solicitor-General proposed a smaller building, which might cost about £700, to be built near to the street, for the present purpose of the Society, and at a future day answering some other subordinate use of the Society.

'The proposal of the Attorney-General was approved, and a plan to that extent for that purpose was desired to be obtained.'

Having thus given some history of students, Barristers, and Benchers, with a little Judicial seasoning, I think I may conclude; and as I began this continued article on the Bar of Ontario eighty years ago by giving the name of the first registered barrister, so far as the journals shew, I may conclude by giving the name of the oldest living barrister of Ontario, so far as proofs are afforded by the same ponderous tomes which seem to contain the arcana of the early legal history of our Province. The oldest living barrister I believe to be Andrew Norton Buell. He was admitted a student in Hilary Term, 57th Geo. III., 15th January, 1817, and called to the Bar in Michaelmas Term, 1823.

MA CHAMBRETTE.

Elle est belle, elle est gentille !
Toute bleue, à mon réveil,
Elle a le feu qui scintille
De chaque brillant soleil !
Elle a la pâle lumière
Des étoiles de la nuit,
Et l'encens de ma prière
Qui s'éleve et qui s'enfuit.
Oui, c'est là, dans ma chambrette,
Que je prie et parle à Dieu ;
Oh ! quelle grâce secrête
Se répand en ce doux lieu !
Dans ce petit sanctuaire,
Chaque meuble, chaque objet,
Devient pour moi le sujet
D'un penser qui sait me plaire.
C'est le chant de mon oiseau
Dont la douce mélodie
Charme tant ma rêverie,
Lui donne un essor si beau ;
C'est aussi mon secrétaire
Séchant toujours me distraire
Lorsqu'un nuage léger
Vient en passant m'affliger ;
Il est la sûre cachette
Du plus intime secret
Comme à ma mere discrète,
Je lui dis tout sans regret ;
Mais si je taris la source
De mes heureux souvenirs,
Ou si l'ennui dans sa course
Vient provoquer mes soupirs,
De suite c'est la lecture.
Les livres ne manquent pas,
Si mon cœur veut les appas
De tout ce que la nature
A de grand et d'enchanteur
C'est le 'Récit d'une sœur.'
Oh ! quel admirable ouvrage
Il a bien le pur langage
D'un cœur vrai, de l'idéal,
De la sainte poésie.
Puis vient après, le jouri al
De la rêveuse Eugénie,*
Dont le style original
Révèle un si beau génie.

* Le "Récit d'une sœur," par Madame de Craven, et le Journal de Mlle Eugénie de Guérin.

Mais c'est assez vous conter
Mon doux trésor littéraire,
Je ne saurais bien chanter
Ces fleurs de mon étagére ;
Et cependant je voudrais,
Je voudrais, ô ma chambrette,
Dire dans ma chansonnette
Tous tes gracieux attraits,
Ainsi que fait l'alouette
Et chaque gentil oiseau,
Pour le petit nid d'herbette
Qui fut hier son berceau.

Québec, 1870.

(*Translation.*)

MY LITTLE ROOM.

Thou hast charms for me alone,
Little chamber, all my own ;
Thou dost wear the hues I prize,
Vying with the azure skies ;
Thou hast just such gentle light
As the stars that deck the night ;
The sweet incense of my prayer
Unto heaven thou dost bear ;
For 'tis here I hold converse
With Him who rules the universe.
Then what sweet, refreshing grace
Is diffused throughout the place,
Changing it into a shrine,
Of GOD's holy will the sign.

Every object that I see
Brings a pleasant thought to me.
Hark ! my bird, with spirit free,
Utters such sweet melody
That on fancy's wings along
I am wafted with its song.

And if ever 'neath a cloud
Of melancholy I am bowed,
To my desk I can repair
And indict my sorrows there.
'Tis the safest confidant
Of the woes the mind which haunt,
Safe as is a mother's breast
To her daughter's sad unrest.

If of memory the source
Lose its freshness and its force :
If to weariness a prey—
Shall I sigh my hours away ?
No ! within my little room
There is what can chase the gloom.
Books of memory take the place
And of sadness leave no trace.
All that to the sentient heart
Can quick sympathy impart
With what nature doth contain,
Grand and fair, in her domain,
In the 'Sister's Tale' I find,
Offspring of a noble mind ;
Language pure and purpose high,
A true soul's holy poesie.

Next, delighted I peruse
Eugenie's sweet, dreamy muse,
Whose rapt style is like no other,
Save that of her poet-brother—
Mental twins of wondrous birth,
Lost, alas ! too soon to earth.
Over books like these I pore,
Dearest of my classic store.
Flowers of exquisite perfume
Make thee fragrant, little room.
But I cannot number all
The delights within my call,
Though I fain would sing the rest,
As the lark its dainty nest
Praises with its gladsome notes,
As aloft in air it floats :
And each other gentle bird,
As it upward soars, is heard
Warbling forth, where'er it roam,
The praises of its humble home.

JOHN READE.

THIS beautiful little poem, so full of freshness and promise, was published in the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique* of the Province of Quebec, in November, 1870, under circumstances peculiarly sad. The authoress, Miss Marie Catherine Henriette Adeline Chauveau, daughter of the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, the present Sheriff of Montreal, but then Minister of Education, was married on the 25th of October, 1870, to William Scott Glendonwyn, Esq., of Parton, Kircudbright, Scotland, Lieutenant in the 69th Regiment. She left Quebec with her husband on the 16th of November, for Bermuda, and arrived there on her birthday, the 25th, when she was just nineteen years of age. A few days after her arrival she was taken ill with typhoid fever, and died on the 17th of December. Mr. Glendonwyn started with the remains for Quebec, but fell ill of the same disease at Halifax. On the 6th of January, however, the remains reached Quebec and were temporarily placed in the Bellevue Cemetery. The sad event had a terrible effect on Mrs. Glendonwyn's eldest sister, who died on the 13th of March following. The two sisters, with a younger one, who had died some years before, were interred in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent, and a beautiful monument of white Carrara marble, the work of Mr. Marshall Wood, was erected to their memory. It consists of three figures in alto-relievo, representing Faith, Hope and Charity, each of them bearing a resemblance to one of the sisters.

Four years later, Mrs. Chauveau, who had been severely shattered in health by these successive bereavements, was laid beside her daughters. Another sister, who was a nun in the Congregation of Notre Dame, Mont-

real, a lady of marked ability and extraordinary power as a teacher, followed in seven months.

The poem, "Ma Chambrette," was written by Madame Glendonwyn a few months before her marriage. Her father, the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, published it, as already mentioned, in the November number of the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique*, of which he was then officially editor-in-chief, without his daughter being aware of it, and thinking to surprise her by showing it to her in print. Providence had ordered otherwise. She never saw it. The next number of the *Journal* contained the announcement of her death. We have presented it to our readers with the initials and the date, as it was first published eight years ago. The aim of the translation has been to preserve, as far as possible, the spirit and girlish freshness of the original.

EUROPEAN PORCELAIN.

BY MRS. FRANCIS RYE.

'Take thou this clay, with thrice refined art,
Mix, model, fire it. All the world admires
Your Sèvres or Dresden, fragile, delicate,
Translucent like the linings of a shell,
Or maiden's fingers seen athwart a fire.
'Tis bravely done! and yet forget not thou
The meed of praise due Nature's alchemy,
Which, long before thy potter's wheel was planned,
Wrought from such clay as this such flow'rs as these,
Fragile and fair, droopingly delicate,
And tinted with more glorious excellence
In all their sweet profuseness, than your skill
Could lavish, though a life-time were employed,
Upon one saucer for a king.'—F. R.

THE admiration for china, which in later days almost amounted to a passion, took its rise in the year 1497, when the passage to India and China, by the Cape of Good Hope was discovered. It is hardly possible for us now-a-days, when all countries are so easily accessible, to imagine what a change of thought and feeling must have been wrought; what a storehouse of knowledge was opened, and what new ideas of men and things were acquired by the finding out of this passage.

From that time, earthenware, no matter how beautiful, was held in contempt when compared with the porcelains of China and Japan; and though only the very wealthy and noble could procure specimens, yet its very rarity, and the fact of its being till then unknown in Europe, made it the more desirable to be the envied possessor of an article of the new and admired material. The pure white porcelain of Fokien, which when held up to the light disclosed designs of flowers, birds and fishes; the blue and white porcelain of Nankin; and the sea-green and highly glazed porcelain of King-te-tching—each and all of these were the objects of intense desire to the connoisseur and collector. It was not till three centuries after the way to China was opened that porcelain was manufactured in Europe, and great indeed was the excitement when it was first successfully produced.

During the eighteenth century the mania for china was at its height, and almost every author of the period alluded to it in some way. In the following lines we see how it was regarded by fashionable women at that time.

'Then flash'd the living light'ning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;
Or when rich china vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!'

In this nineteenth century, the admiration for china has hardly decreased or fallen off from the high pitch to which our ancestors carried it; old pieces of Dresden, Sèvres, or Italian china charm and delight us in much the same manner as the vases and dishes from China, or the delicate egg-shell paste cups and lacquer bottles of Japan attracted the attention of our sires when first imported.

The chief porcelains of Europe are those of Dresden, Sèvres, and Chelsea, where the most important manufactories were established, and though many other cities also produce porcelain, yet they cannot claim the same attention as these three.

Dresden.—The first true European porcelain was that manufactured at Meissen, near Dresden, in Saxony, from which last-named town it derives its name. In the year 1700, during the Electorate of Augustus II., two alchemists, Johan Böttcher and Tschirnhaus by name, discovered the way to make porcelain.

At first they only produced a red, hard, ware like jasper, and a brownish red ware, highly glazed and ornamented with gold and silver; but about fifteen years later they found out how to make true white porcelain by the mixture of two clays.

This discovery so much delighted the Elector, and so anxious was he to become a patron of art, and at the same time to prevent any one else from getting acquainted with the secret, that he immediately shut up Böttcher, the real discoverer, in the strong Castle of Meissen, which from that time forward became his workshop, his dwelling-house, and eventually his grave. '*Geheim bis ins Grab*,' secret even to the Grave, was the inscription over the entrance to his prison, but yet, in spite of all the surveillance of Augustus, the precious and carefully guarded method leaked out through a runaway foreman who lost no time in carrying his news to Vienna, from whence the knowledge of the porcelain manufacture spread to Italy, France, and England.

Horoldt, Kandler, and Marcolini are the names of the principal artists who at different times were employed in the manufactory at Dresden in painting and gilding the china, and in modelling its groups and figures.

Dresden china is generally ornamented with designs of birds and flowers, frequently on a white or *gros bleu* ground. Occasionally conversation subjects after Watteau were painted on vases and cups, and single figures with raised flowers are also characteristic of this porcelain. All genuine specimens are marked with the arms of Saxony, the two crossed swords.

In 1718 Vienna had a manufactory of its own, under the patronage of Maria Theresa, and in 1751 porcelain was manufactured at Berlin, where it was patronized by Frederick the Great. Venice, Naples, Florence, and Turin soon set up similar establishments with various marks generally impressed in the paste. Besides these marks, the porcelain of these different manufactories have no particular characteristics, all of them being more or less like that of Dresden, after which they were modelled.

Sèvres.—The most beautiful and costly of porcelain is without doubt that manufactured at Sèvres. It had its origin at St. Cloud, where there was a manufactory in 1695. At first the makers only imitated oriental porcelain, and though many of the ingredients were the same as those employed in the true Sèvres, yet it was many years before the real *pâte tendre* made its appearance. From St. Cloud the manufacture was carried to Chantilly, and from there to Vincennes in 1745, until at last it settled at Sèvres, where the porcelain is still produced.

The exquisite *pâte tendre* was composed of several materials, of which clay is only one ingredient—the whole chemically combined. It is called soft, on account of its being very easily

fused, and also because it can be cut by any sharp instrument. It was only made for fifty years, its manufacture discontinuing for lack of appreciation and want of artistic taste, which was just then at a low ebb.

It was succeeded by the *pâte dure*, called the real porcelain, and made of only two clays, kaslin, which is a silicate of aluminium, and petuntse. It could not be easily fused, and its glaze was sufficiently hard to prevent its being scratched. It is not nearly so beautiful as the *pâte tendre*, in which the colours are deeper and richer and melt as it were into the porcelain. The soft kind is also a great deal rarer and required much greater care and delicacy in the workmanship. The glaze was more brilliant and perfectly smooth and even throughout, and many of the specimens have decorations on them as mellow and rich as the finest oil painting.

The two sorts are most easily distinguished, the hard kind having a less finished look; the surface, even in the finest specimens, being rougher, and the colours being separate from the groundwork, whilst little or none of that deliciously graduated loss of colour into the body of the work, which is seen in the old *pâte tendre*, is perceptible in the later production.

At one time the soft porcelain was sold almost exclusively to Royalty, and enormous prices, nearly as great as those demanded for it at the present time, were asked for it; but at the period of the Revolution, a great deal of it was exported to England by noble families, who were anxious to save their worldly goods from general destruction.

George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, was a great patron and collector of the soft porcelain, and it was he who formed the nucleus of the valuable collection now in the possession of the Queen. A great deal of it was smuggled over into England, and sold to London dealers, by a man named Benoit. Another thing that made this porcelain more easily obtainable by the English was the depraved taste of the French under the Empire. Nothing was fashionable or sought after then in France but weak imitations of classical subjects without the true spirit of the antique. Nature was no longer copied, but stilted nymphs and semi-classical groups were painted instead. The directorship of the manufactory became vacant, and M. Alexandre Brongniart was appointed to the post. Brongniart was a great chemist but nothing of an artist, and he endeavoured only to perfect the substance and paid no attention to decorative beauty.

The description of a specimen of each kind of porcelain, the hard and the soft, may not be uninteresting. For the *pâte tendre* we will take a vase in the possession of the Neville family, of a deep blue colour, ending at the top in leaf-shaped ornaments, which turn over to form the handles, whilst the body of the vase is painted with landscapes. Nothing could be simpler or more chaste than this; the idea of the leaf-formed handles is fine.

For the *pâte dure* we will take a vase and cover belonging to F. Davis, Esq. Mars, Venus, and Cupid, holding a buckler, are painted on a green ground, a warlike trophy forms the background; the borders are gilt acorns and oak leaves, the plinth is ormolu, and round the neck is a double cord with tassels hanging down each side. No comment need be made on this—the sad degradation of taste speaks for itself; the cord and tassels are an awful climax.

The *gros bleu*, the *bleu de roi*, and the famous *rose du Barri*, are the favourite colours in the Sèvres porcelain. The *rose du Barri* was originally called the *rose du Pompadour*, as it was discovered in the time of the first mistress of Louis XV., but when the renowned Countess du Barri became the reigning favourite, the colour changed its name out of compliment to her. Besides Her Majesty, the Duke of

Portland and the Marquis of Bath have good collections of Sèvres china.

English.—The earliest manufactories in England were those established at Bow, Chelsea, Derby, and Worcester. The porcelain made there was more or less copied from that of Dresden and St. Cloud and displayed but little originality. A close observer can of course detect the difference, even without finding it necessary to look for the mark of each manufactory.

Besides these four just mentioned there were manufactories at Plymouth, Bristol, Nantgarw and Swansea in Wales, but they existed but a short while, the works from various causes coming to an end after a few years' duration.

There was greater originality displayed in these last manufactories, but specimens of their work are very rare and difficult to obtain.

The works at Chelsea were established in 1745, and flourished till the year 1765, when they were closed and and all the moulds, models and designs transferred to Derby. At Chelsea, as at Dresden, the process of making the porcelain was kept a profound secret and the artists employed were carefully watched and guarded.

There is a story current that a youth determined to discover the secret, and for that purpose, hung about the factory doing odd jobs and endeavouring as much as possible to attract the notice of the managers. This he soon did, and as he feigned idiotcy and was really a very good actor, the principal thought him a harmless sort of lad enough and allowed him to go in and out whenever he pleased. He took, of course, every advantage of this unwonted liberty and made himself thoroughly master of every detail of the workmanship. After learning in this way all he required for his purpose he decamped and the harmless idiot boy was never more seen in that neighbourhood. It is said that he either himself set up as a manufacturer of porcelain or sold the secret to those who did.

The mark on Chelsea china is an anchor, usually painted in gold or colours. The designs on this porcelain are not very good owing to the general decline of true artistic feeling at this time. The decorations are chiefly in the Watteau and pseudo-classical style. Some very fine examples of old Chelsea were lent to the South Kensington Museum, London, in the year 1862, by well-known collectors. Amongst others were some very beautiful groups. One, lent by the Queen, is specially remarkable, it represents a group on a claret-coloured ground, with golden borders. From an archway formed of scroll-work a shepherd steps out, and discovers a sleeping shepherdess with sheep, lambs and flowers by her side. Cupid is seen above, and surmounting all is a watch set in a frame of raised flowers. *Gros bleu*, claret and pink are colours often employed in this porcelain. In the Foundling Hospital, London, is an enormous Chelsea vase, considered a masterpiece of its kind.

The manufactory at Bow existed at the same time as that at Chelsea. It did not, however, survive the eighteenth century and has no particular characteristics capable of description in a short paper such as this.

A figure in white porcelain of a comedian with a three-cornered hat, a court dress and a sword, in the possession of Lord Arundel, of Wardour, is probably of Bow manufacture, but it is extremely difficult to determine satisfactorily what pieces actually did come from Bow, as no mark can be absolutely attributed to this porcelain.

That made at Derby called 'Crown Derby' was established in 1751, by William Duesbury. After the Chelsea moulds were sent to Derby the mark of the anchor was united to the *D* of the Derby establishment, and later still the mark was a crown and a cross with a dot in each angle, underneath which was the *D*, and sometimes only

the crown and the *D.* Some of the single figures made of this porcelain are very delicate and admirable. Rustic youths and little maidens with lambs or dogs in white china are favourite subjects.

The establishment at Worcester still exists. It was founded in 1751 by Dr. Wall, and purchased from him in 1783 by Mr. Flight, under whose name it flourished till 1839 when it united to another manufactory in the same city, belonging to Mr. Chamberlain.

The early marks were a crescent, sometimes the letter *W* only, and sometimes a fretted square in blue, designed from the Chinese. There were a few specimens of the Worcester china in the loan exhibition of the South Kensington Museum, in most of which dark blue was much used.

The European manufacturers would do well if they copied the Orientals, not only (as they have already done) in the materials employed in making the china, but in carefully studying the depth and richness of colour attained by Japanese and Chinese artists, and to which they have never yet reached. The *pâte tendre* of Sèvres comes the nearest to the Oriental in point of colour, but still it is far behind its model, though I think it must be allowed that a few of the tints used in that porcelain quite come up to the beauty of the Oriental colours.

With regard to design, the artists of China are certainly crude and stiff, but they make up for that in delicacy of detail and beauty of shape. The designs of the Japanese are better, and it is getting now to be seen that they are very thoughtful and well reasoned out.

The outlines, unfortunately, of many of the imported vases and jars are very frequently marred by the bad taste shown in the gold and silver settings, which settings are due to their European possessors. At present much larger prices are given for rare examples of Sèvres, or even Majolica ware, than are given for those of china, though the latter are often more truly artistic. The finest specimens of Chinese porcelain are manufactured at King-te-Ching, but the ordinary large jars so often seen come from Canton,—a modern manufactory. From Canton, also, we have the greater number of cups, plates, vases, &c., which are now so easily obtained, but the workmanship is very inferior, and the decorations more grotesque than beautiful. However, even in the cheapest little things, the Chinese display an adaptability, both as to colours and design, seldom seen amongst Europeans.

The imperial yellow is the finest of all the colours used by Chinese manufacturers, and they esteem it so highly that it is only employed for the Emperor and the guests at the Palace. A most beautiful ruby is also a favourite colour with them, and is seen occasionally on the outer sides of saucers and plates.

No house of any pretensions is now considered to be furnished without its cabinet or shelf of valuable china, and great is the excitement when any especially beautiful is announced for sale. Enormous are the prices asked and eagerly given by collectors, and it becomes yearly more and more difficult for a lady who is a true china lover and assiduous seeker after rare specimens to be

'Mistress of herself, when china falls.'

ROUND THE TABLE.

THE notion that the industrial prosperity of a country rests solely upon the adoption, by its rulers, of a policy of free trade or of protection is a wide-spread and, to some extent, a delusive one. So wide-spread is it that the weal or woe of a country is thought to be bound up in the tariff, irrespective of all other circumstances that affect national prosperity and international trade. Particularly is this the case in Canada, where the Government, whether holding thoughtful and well-reasoned views on the subject or the reverse, is held responsible for, at least, the continuance of 'bad times' when trade depression has unfortunately fallen upon the country. Unfortunately, too, the question itself of Free Trade and Protection has been made so much the pet hobby of politicians who, for selfish ends, take up one side or other of the subject, that, abstractly, its discussion gets little justice, and all sorts of crudities and inconsistencies creep into the public mind with regard to the respective merits of its rival arguments. Amid the haze which this ever self-interested discussion of the subject has thrown up, it may be of moment to the serious student of its problems to dip into Prof. Fawcett's recent lectures, now issued from the press, in which the arguments on both sides are concisely and clearly dealt with, though, of course, with very decidedly expressed conclusions in favour of Free Trade. And, just at present, when there is so much general industrial and commercial stagnation, it may be important to learn—in the case of England, at any rate, where the depression of trade has largely, and now for a length of time, existed, how the argument for Free Trade can be effectively held while the industries of all other countries are supposed to be shooting their over-products into its home markets, as well as into those for which England has hitherto been the sole manufacturer. And, on the other hand, equal interest will naturally be felt in seeing whether in countries that accept Protection as their policy, the Protective system is working out to economic advantage, and to their material prosperity and advancement. The chapter upon Commercial Depression will best help to solve the riddle; and no one can read it, we think, without being very sensibly impressed with the fact that Free Trade principles, however severely they are put to the test by the circumstances of the times, are not, by any means, in danger. In the main, the chapter confines itself to the discussion of contrasts between the countries of Great Britain and the United States; the representatives of the two rival systems; though comparisons are also drawn between the commercial condition of England, under Free Trade, and that of other countries, such as Germany, France and Russia, where restrictive tariffs are maintained. Without endorsing the conclusions Prof. Fawcett comes to, in weighing the respective merits of the fiscal systems of England and the United States, the facts he elicits with regard to their respective industries and trade, and to the danger either country may be considered to run in upholding the policy each has adopted, are both significant and instructive. Of course, the commercial depression being common to both countries at present, it is difficult

readily to come to a conclusion with respect to the merits of the system either country has followed. That the weight of argument, however, is in favour of England's free-trade policy, Prof. Fawcett substantially insists upon, as he considers that the severity of the trade depression is greater in the United States than in England, while there is less reason for this considering the great natural resources of the United States and the other advantages that country possesses over England. One prevalent and mischievous idea the Professor gets rid of, by the conclusive argument of figures, viz: that American industries are killing off the trade of England; and no little handle has been made of this erroneous notion among the Party-economists in Canada who exultantly point to the circumstance as the result of a protectionist policy. We have been so much accustomed to hear of this boast on the part of Americans themselves—that England's trade is being ruined by United States competition—that even the logic of figures is slow to convince one.

But the figures Prof. Fawcett quotes, are taken, of course, from authentic sources, and are not to be belied. Moreover, to those who have read the recent lugubrious articles in the *N. Y. Herald* on the export trade of the United States—a trade that that otherwise boastful journal speaks of, in its manufacturing features, as being pitiful in amount—the citations of Prof. Fawcett cannot be challenged. Their testimony is that nine-tenths of the volume of the American export trade is of agricultural produce, and the raw material of England's manufactures; and of the tenth but a trifling proportion is of manufactured goods. To take the figures, in comparison with the English Export trade in manufactures for the year 1876, the relative values is thus stated: For England, one hundred and twenty-nine millions sterling; for the United States, four millions sterling! The figures may well allay the vague alarm that unfamiliarity with the facts here stated has occasioned, and the statement may also reassure any sensitive lover of the Mother Country that England's decadence has not yet set in.

Other erroneous notions prevalent with respect to England's danger in exporting vastly more than she imports, Prof. Fawcett satisfactorily replies to, as well as in combatting many heresies which attach to the doctrines of Free Trade and Protection. But I will not discuss these now. A.

—Some recent remarks from a friend at 'the table' on the subject of hammocks, lead me to discourse a little longer on the same subject, having a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the particular hammock to which he refers, and a very high appreciation of the luxury of a hammock as a retreat for holiday hours. One could hardly indeed improve upon such an easy undulating, flexible couch, which, swinging between earth and sky, seems to partake more of the ethereal nature of the air than of the solid hardness and immobility of earth. With the sweet air blowing freely about you, and interlacing boughs of oak and pine making a waving canopy above—far more beautiful than any velvet canopy of state—and the blue river rushing beneath, sparkling with golden sunshine, or with silver moon-beams, or rosy with the crimson flush of evening, you feel for the time being raised out of the earthly sphere of mortals into that of the birds that are twittering about you, or singing even song from boughs high overhead. I only wonder hammocks are not far more commonly seen and do not figure far more largely in our modern light literature. In the United States they have within the last few years, become a 'feature' to a considerable extent. Every one who has not already done so should read that exquisite little romance of a hammock

by Aldrich, the story of the girl in blue in whom we become almost as much interested as did the hero of the story, and who turns out, almost as much to our disgust as to his, to have been no girl at all, but only a phantom creature of his friend's brain—mischievously improvised to try how far he could interest another in an illusion. We sympathise heartily with the youth who wakes from 'love's young dream' to find his affection—wasted on a non-existent ideal—thrown back on himself, and feel that he is at least as much to be pitied as the lovers of Greek fable who were liable to see the lady of their choice suddenly converted into a laurel or some equally unresponsive object. A fable which, perhaps, finds its real counterpart in many a marriage, entered upon with glowing anticipations, all the ideal qualities in the lover's mind being freely discounted to the credit of the particular Dulcinea in question, when lo! the wedding ring breaks the spell, and the lover wakes to find that the girl of his imagination was as non-existent as was the maiden in 'diaphanous blue' of Aldrich's story, and that the wife he has taken 'for better or for worse' is somebody very different indeed. But to return to our hammocks. Few hammocks, in this Canada of ours, could be more charmingly placed. Overhead, interlacing boughs of feathery pine and glossy oak make a hundred fans catching every fugitive breeze that comes their way. To the left almost under the hammock, a cliff, some eighty feet high shelves down to the rushing blue St. Lawrence below. In front, the cliff curves round to the right, fringed here and there with pine and cedar, while beyond it the eye ranges on to one wooded point after another, curving greenly around sheltered bays; and to islet after islet, set like green feathery nests in the blue river. Whichever way you turn your head you can count islands till you have to stop, because your eye grows confused in the misty distance. Every moment, too, the changing light varies the scene, brightens some distant point, brings out some distant island into bold relief, gives a deeper blue to some distant stretch of river, or reproduces with photographic accuracy, every tint and shade of the foliage on the bank in the calm water below. The river currents, too, are a perpetually shifting study. They are to the river what the fleecy clouds floating overhead are to the air. Every changing current makes its mark upon them, the ripples noiselessly travelling over the glassy river keep the record of every shifting breeze, until the breeze rises into a gale and then the snowy crests of the waves here and there show in bold relief against the blue. Animate nature around is interesting as well as inanimate. The rook, cawing his hoarse complaints from the top of some angular weather beaten pine; the robin piping his pathetic little refrain, the whip-poor-will going through his monotonous catch with a perseverance and determination worthy of a devotee telling his beads, are only a few of the many sounds that suggest the wide world of bird and beast life, interests, hopes and fears that lies outside our arrogant self-absorbed humanity, or a sharp *chirr-chirr* salutes your ear and you see a frisky 'chipmunk,' full of important business, scrambling up and down your pine, bustling about from branch to branch like an astute marketer, and finally tossing down a specially fine fir cone, to carry it off and eat it at leisure, or—who knows—store it up for winter use. While you are still watching the chipmunk, you hear a chorus, the plash of oars, and looking down, see far below you, a boat gliding through the azure waves beneath, making a deep green double of itself and its passengers; or you catch through the waving boughs, the gleam of a white sail, and presently a graceful little yacht sails by in quiet dignity—a contrast strong enough to the noisy, puffing steam-yachts and 'propellers' that are ever and anon

dashing past, while twice a day the great paddles of the 'royal mail line' are heard long before the approach of the stately steamers, usually crowded just now, with tourists. Misguided mortals! They fondly imagine that by steaming past through a single channel, they are seeing the Thousand Islands. A good many American travellers, however, are better advised, and have built summer retreats on the islands of the American channel, where they may enjoy the cool river breezes, and a temporary return to the primitive open air life which seems so especially grateful to the tired denizen of nineteenth century city life. Here they can cruise, fish, lounge and loaf to their heart's content, and go back with braced health and spirits, and the care-wrinkles smoothed out, for a little while at least. On our own islands a few houses are planted here and there, where these have happened to be private property. The Government has acted wisely and generously in reserving the mass of our islands for public use. Long may they remain public property, so that the modest tent of the camper-out, who cannot buy an island or build a house, may blossom out among the green foliage, and his boat may cruise in and out among the winding island channels. Only let the camper-out, in return, forbear to injure the foliage that makes the beauty of the islands, and see that no careless cinders or reckless match light fires that would soon desolate a little earthly paradise! F.

—Have you read George Eliot's new poem? No? Then don't attempt it until the weather grows less enervating, for it is harder than German metaphysics. I have wrestled with it for hours, and intend returning to it in December. My strongest feeling, except weariness, is regret that this College Breakfast Party's talk should have been reported in distractingly condensed, bewilderingly transposed, and learnedly worded blank verse, instead of in the author's compact and lucid prose. I have read that she believes herself to appear at her best in poetry, and fails to account for the greater popularity of her prose. If we were all George Eliots we would agree with her in this, but, as we are not, most of us prefer the prose. She has thrown away an opportunity of giving the world a discussion on the problems of life that would have quickened the pulses of all reading and thinking people, and given a fresh impetus to philosophic studies. As it is, she has buried the germs of her thought so effectually that few will attempt its discovery, and fewer still will succeed in finding half of what the author intended to express. There were half-a-dozen students in the party, and it is to be feared that their breakfast was not digested. Such table-talk is rare, and, from a hygienic point of view, undesirable. The students are appropriately named after characters in 'Hamlet.' Young Hamlet is like the Prince of Denmark and many moderns,

> 'Questioning all things, and yet half convinced,
> Credulity were better.'

His experience, when he

> 'Resolved to wear no stockings and to fast
> With arms extended, waiting ecstasy,
> But getting cramps instead and needing change,'

may or may not be that of many others. I have no experience to enable me to judge of its probability. Horatio, another of the party, is a man after the author's own heart,—

> 'Quick to detect the fibrous spreading roots
> Of character that feed men's theories,
> Yet cloaking weaknesses with charity,
> And ready in all service save rebuke.'

Then there were 'Osric, spinner of fine sentences,' 'discursive Rosencranz,' 'grave Guildenstern,' 'Laertes, ardent, rash, and radical,' and

> 'The polished Priest, a tolerant listener,
> Disposed to give a hearing to the lost,
> And breakfast with them ere they went below.'

It is possible, on the theory that all things are possible, that some of you will see nothing of a sarcastic character in these descriptive touches of hers. They talked and talked.

'None said, "Let Darkness be," but Darkness was.'

How like other metaphysical and theological disputations this one was? Osric's defence of a butterfly, disregard of causes and consequences, and Laertes' argument in favour of a more earnest view of life, are followed by the Priest, from whose easy lesson in theology I quote the following :—

'Who is he of your late philosophers
Takes the true name of Being to be Will?
I—nay, the Church objects naught, is content:
Reason has reached its utmost negative,
Physic and metaphysic meet in the inane
And backward shrink to intense prejudice—
Making their absolute and homogene
A loaded relative, a choice to be
Whatever is—supposed, a What is not.'

And then, in reply to Hamlet, he argues that man's 'sense of need,' 'the hunger of the soul,' requires

'that exercise of soul
Which lies in full obedience.'

Obedience to the Church, of course —the one authority which simply says, Obey. How obey what asserts no absolute claim?

'Take inclination, taste—why, that is you,
No rule above you. Science, Reasoning
On nature's order—they exist and move
Solely by disputation.'

His argument, hardly easy reading enough for August, culminates in the claim that

'the body of the Church
Carries a presence, promises, and gifts
Never disproved—whose argument is found
In lasting failure of the search elsewhere
For what it holds to satisfy man's need.'

Then the Priest left :—

'Brief parting, brief regret—sincere, but quenched
In fumes of best Havana, which consoles
For lack of other certitude.'

Hamlet, in answer to the sneers of Guildenstern, defends the Church :—

Science, whose soul is explanation, halts
With hostile front at mystery. The Church
'Takes mystery as her empire, brings its wealth,
Of possibility to fill the void
Twixt contradictions—warrants so a faith
Defying sense and all its ruthless train
Of arrogant "Therefores." . . . .
The church explains not, governs- feeds resolve
By vision fraught with heart-experience,
And human yearning.'

Guildenstern assails the Priest's system as one by which all superstitions and tyrannies could be justified; Laertes will bow to nothing but the higher good within; and Rosencrantz sneers at Laertes for his warmth, wants to know if he has seen this human good which he would make supreme, and satirizes civilization :—

'The age of healthy Saurians well supplied
With heat and prey will balance well enough
A human age where maladies are strong,
And pleasures feeble; wealth a monster gorged
'Mid hungry populations; intellect
Aproned in laboratories, bent on proof
That *this* is *that*, and both are good for nought
Save feeding error through a weary life;
While Art and Poesy struggle like poor ghosts
To hinder cock-crow and the dreadful light,
Lurking in darkness and the charnel-house.'

But I will quote you no more of it. Take a cool day and read it. I advise it, not only for itself, but as a preparation for what is to come, for Hamlet,

'Drowsy with the mingled draughts
Of cider and conflicting sentiments,
. . . dreamed a dream so luminous
He woke (he says) convinced; but what it taught
Withholds as yet.'

The vision that convinced the questioning Hamlet will not fail to interest us all. I am glad to hear that it is 'luminous,' and am sorry I cannot say so much for 'A College Breakfast Party.' J. L. S.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

General Di Cesnola's great work on Cyprus* has appeared at a very opportune moment. The new British possession has provoked a vast deal of enquiry and has sent many people to the Encyclopædias and Gazetteers and kindred works for information. But none of these sources have yielded a tittle of what the seeker wanted. The island has long been a misknown country. The books about it have been few and generally so high in price that only those possessing large means were in a position

* *Cyprus; its ancient cities, tombs and temples.* A narrative of researches and excavations during ten years' residence in that Island. By General Louis Palma Di Cesnola. New York, Harper & Bros.; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

to purchase them. General Di Cesnola, who has been ten years in Cyprus, yielding at length to an often repeated request of his friends to publish his experiences, has come forward in the very 'nick of time.' His superb work,—for it is unquestionably one of the handsomest books ever published—supplies a want which has long been felt, and the recent political changes in the island have combined to make it an imperative need. At the close of the American war General Di Cesnola, who took an active part therein, was sent by President Lincoln to Cyprus as American Consul. He spent over ten years in the country and indulging his natural taste for exploration and excavation, it was not long before he began to make extensive researches in the territory. The stupidity of the Turkish Government, the cupidity of his assistants, the lack of enthusiasm which his subordinates sometimes exhibited, all did their part to throw obstacles in the General's way. But undeterred by these circumstances he continued working and exploring and excavating. Having no other resources but his own immediate means to draw upon, his labour was necessarily slow, and as he proceeded he found it extremely costly. He was constantly harassed by misunderstandings with the Governor-General, the Custom House authorities, and other officers of the Turkish Empire. And even after he had paid an immense sum for the ground, and an equally large figure for the privilege of digging, he found to his chagrin that he could not obtain at any price a firman by means of which he could ship his treasures to England and the United States. Indeed authority came one day absolutely prohibiting him, as American Consul, from exporting his cases, and a Turkish man-of-war, anchored in front of his residence, backed with her guns the mandate of the Ottoman. But, the General tells us with considerable humour, how he succeeded in outwitting his tormentors at last. He followed strictly the very letter of the despatches which had been sent to the Customs people. As *American* Consul he was powerless; but as *Russian* Consul he removed his enormous collection and shipped it off before the very eyes of all the discomfitted pashas in the Island. The whole book is as fascinating as a romance. At the outset we are prepared to look for faults of style, for the author informs us that he has not a very good acquaintance with the English tongue. But this becomes quite a feature in the story as the narrative proceeds. It imparts a zest to the pleasing character of the whole. General Di Cesnola indulges in no idle theories. He forms no estimates and makes no rash speculations. He tells simply the story of his life in Cyprus, the adventures he passed through, the nature of his work, and the scope and character of his 'finds.' Some forty pages of introductory matter prepare the reader for what follows. A complete and succinct history of the Island is related and much valuable information conveyed. The book proper then begins and no time is lost in moralizing.

The discoveries are extremely valuable and rich, and a list of them is given at the end of the volume. The engravings are very interesting, and form, perhaps, the most attractive feature in the book. They are engraved in the very highest style of the art. The book on the whole is quite sumptuous looking and occupies a place in literature peculiarly its own. The appendices might have been fuller, and the index should have been larger; but these little faults scarcely detract much from the value of the book as a whole. It is a masterly performance; and Cyprus and her institutions, her people, her products, her natural characteristics, her value as a commercial and military port, are all detailed at length and in an exceedingly happy and often terse way. We commend Cyprus; its ancient cities,

tombs and temples, for the information which it contains, the scholarly character of the observations which the author from time to time makes, the rich descriptive passages which illumine the letter-press, the gorgeous plates and the general excellence of the volume. The Harpers have excelled themselves in this late issue from their press.

Mr. Benjamin has succeeded in making a very interesting book and imparting a good deal of valuable information in his recent account of the 'Atlantic Islands.'* He discusses these Islands as places of resort for the invalid as well as for the pleasure-seeker, and none are included which are subject to malaria, yellow fever, and zymotic epidemics. The volume is, in fact, a most attractive guide-book, arranged on an entirely new basis, and written in the delightful style of the thorough literary artist. Mr. Benjamin is a true poet, and the bits of descriptive writing which occur at frequent intervals in the work before us reveal his genuine love for nature, and the animal life which one finds in the forest glade. Official documents and other data have been carefully consulted, and the greatest pains have been taken with reference to the healthy character of the regions described. Invalids, sportsmen, pleasure-seekers and tourists generally will be rewarded by a perusal of Mr. Benjamin's book. It is handsomely illustrated, and the appendix is full of valuable matter, and sets forth the advantages which each Island possesses. Our own readers will find much interest, we believe, in the portions which deal directly with Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, about each locality of which a vast amount of information is very pleasantly conveyed. We quote a few lines here to show the tasteful style of the author:

'A lovely bay is the bay of Pictou. As one enters, Prince Edward Island skirts the northern horizon, a low, pale line; nearer rises Pictou Isle, red-cliffed and wood tufted. On the left is the spit lying in front of the port, sustaining a striped light-house. In the distance, gray and dreamy, a mile or two down the bay, are the spires of Pictou topping the slope of a range of hills. From the summit of these hills the traveller who climbs them is rewarded by one of the most beautiful and extensive water views on the continent: the broad bay of Pictou, invading the land with many steel-hued winding arms and creeks, and studded in turn with islets; the flashing surf on the bar; the green rolling land fading in a golden haze illimitably toward the setting sun; the dark-purple Gulf of St. Lawrence spreading as illimitably toward the east, with roseate cliffs skirting the offing like phantom islands—all contribute to compose a picture inexhaustible in its variety and the satisfying character of its attractions.'

Cape Breton is very fully described, and with equal power. The book is readable in every part, and it is in no place dull.

Mr. Longfellow's 'Poems of Places' have already reached the twenty-third volume, and in a few weeks this splendid series of the choicest poems in the language, will be completed. Three volumes, taking up the poetry of Asia* have just been published, and Africa and America will appear at an early day. In the three attractive little books now in the hands of the public, the poet-editor has contrived to include almost every piece of good poetry that has been written on the subject. We notice but one or

* *The Atlantic Islands as resorts of Health and Pleasure.* By S. G. W. BENJAMIN. New York, Harper & Brothers; Toronto, Copp, Clark & Co.

* *Poems of Places*, Asia, in three volumes, edited by H. W. LONGFELLOW. Boston, Houghton, Osgood & Co.; Toronto, A. Piddington.

two omissions and these will hardly be missed inasmuch as poems on the same topics appear. A glance at the scope of this work and the wide field in which so many of our greater poets have travelled is a study by itself, and calls to mind much that is worthy of thought. Mr. Longfellow's sources of supply appear to be inexhaustible, and as a result we have some of the richest treasures in the realms of poesy. He has levied on the works of Landor, Thomas Moore, Lord Byron, Milton, Shakespeare, Lord Lytton, Pope, Bayard Taylor, Tasso, Bryant, Campbell, Willis, Whittier, Benjamin, Barry Cornwall, Mathew Arnold, Dr. Holmes, Sir William Jones and others of more or less note, besides drawing largely from his own writings. It was a happy idea from the first, these Poems of Places, and it has been well carried out. The books are neat and pretty. They are of convenient size, and the material of which the letter-press is composed is always high in character.

Mr. John Morley, the editor of *The Fortnightly Review*, has undertaken the editorship of a series of short books, so admirable in their character that we have no hesitation in cordially recommending them to everybody. The title of the series is 'English Men of Letters,' and the several gentlemen who have been engaged to furnish the letter-press are Goldwin Smith, Leslie Stephen, J. A. Froude, Wm. Black, Prof. Huxley, Principal Shairp, Mark Pattison, R. H. Hutton, the Dean of St. Paul's, and others of almost equal prominence. These books are destined to occupy a field all their own. They are copious, independent and always excellent. The volume before us—the first of the series—is Mr. Leslie Stephen's Life of Samuel Johnson,* and it is in the fullest sense, a delightful book. The very cream of Boswell's biography is given, as well as a number of things we do not find in this chief of biographers. Mr. Stephen is one of our greatest living critics and scholars, and his estimates of Johnson, Goldsmith, Boswell and the other literary celebrities of the last century, invest his pages with peculiar interest and liveliness. The book is full of anecdote and story and good things generally. It is suitable for every class of reader and even the man who has Boswell by heart will find a wealth of new material in Stephen which will surprise and delight him at every turn. Fifteen books are announced for immediate publication and as these discuss many of the great names in English Literature, the reader will do well to take them as they come out. Scott and Gibbon will follow Johnson, and presently Mr. Goldwin Smith's Cowper and Wordsworth will appear.

Lovers of the Ceramic art will find in 'The China Hunters Club'* a little volume much to their taste. A large amount of curious information is given in an attractive way. The youngest member, who relates the experiences of the club, possesses a good deal of natural ability, some skill as a story-teller, and an abundance of knowledge about old China and that kind of pottery which, it seems, delighted our forefathers many years ago. The mania has become very fashionable, and that some of our best poets have not escaped the fever, Mr. Longfellow's 'Keramos' will show. Mr. W. C. Prime, whose large volume, 'Pottery and Porcelain,' is a treasure in its way, assists the youngest member by writing the introduction to her book, and Mr. Prime vouches for the truth of the statements therein recorded. The pictures are carefully executed, and the

* *English Men of Letters*, edited by JOHN MORLEY: *Samuel Johnson*, by LESLIE STEPHEN. New York, Harper & Bros.; Toronto, Copp Clark & Co.

* *The China Hunters' Club*. by the YOUNGEST MEMBER. New York, Harper & Brothers; Toronto, Copp, Clark & Co.

letter-press, while always interesting and amusing, is sometimes invested with a certain dry humour of its own.

One can get an admirable idea of Homer, the man and the poet, from reading Mr. Gladstone's clever *brochure** on the subject. The author of *Juventus Mundi* has managed his material well, and in the compass of a brief booklet of some hundred and fifty pages has contrived to furnish his readers with something pertinent on almost every phase in the great Greek's career. Students and others will find this primer a genuine *vade mecum*.

'Safar-Hadgi'† will afford to the most inveterate novel reader a new delight. It abounds in accounts of the most terrible cruelties, which the author never fails to describe at a length which is positively disgusting. But having said this much, our objection to the story ends. It is most graphic, most interesting and most spirited. Fiction is enriched by the introduction of at least two perfectly original portraitures, and the incident is always striking, and the descriptive portions are bold and fresh. There is a good deal of dramatic force in the book, and the glimpses we get of Arabic life and character will add largely to the world's knowledge of these peoples. The scene of this romance is laid in Samarcand, and the *dramatis personæ* comprise Russians, Arabs, Turks, Turcomans, Persians and other Eastern peoples. A love story is deftly worked into this historical legend, and the adventures through which the leading characters pass are quite exciting and are told with great skill.

The Appletons are doing a particularly good work by publishing at a cheap rate some of the finest things in literature in their series of Handy Volumes.* The stories to be found in this list of books are always of great merit, while the essays and glimpses of travel are from practised and scholarly hands. Among those on our table at this moment are two or three volumes which are worthy of more than a mere passing notice. The first comprises that brilliant bit of theatrical gossip and biography which so recently enriched the pages of *Temple Bar*. It is divided into eleven chapters, and much new light is thrown over the old lights of the British stage. We are told all that one cares to know about the theatrical life of Burdage, the Cibbers, Garrick, Macklin,—'the Jew that Shakespeare drew,' Peg Woffington, the Kembles, the great Siddons, Cooke, the Keans, Charles Young, Mrs. Jordan and their contemporaries. Stage reminiscences are always entertaining, and the present sketches are very delightful reading. Mr. Julian Hawthorne's clever little sketch—for it is only a sketch—of 'Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds' is a very neat piece of writing, and the dramatic element is quite skilfully maintained throughout. The story is rather surprising at the finish and apt to disappoint some readers, who are unprepared for the *denouement* which concludes the adventure at Kohlstein. Mr. Dale's 'Impressions of America' are timely and clever.

"Thos" is a pleasantly written little story of Canadian life and character. The scene is laid in Montreal and vicinity.

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* *Homer*, by the Right Hon. WM. E. GLADSTONE. New York, D. Appleton & Company; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Safar-Hadgi; or, Russ and Turcoman*—Collection of foreign authors—from the French of Prince LUBOMIRSKI. New York, D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

* *New Handy Volume Series*, Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13. New York, D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Thos.* a simple Canadian story by GEORGE GRAHAM. Montreal, Lovell Printing and Publishing Co.