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# BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1878.

## GLIMPSES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

We sailed from Trieste in the "Venus, one of the Austrian Lloyds," with a very agreeable captain, who had been all over the world and spoke English perfectly. There were very few passengers—only one lady besides myself, and she was a bride on her way to her new home in Constantinople. She was a very pretty young Austrian, only seventeen, but such an old "Turk of a husband" as she had! Her mother was a Viennese, and her father a wealthy Englishman: what could have induced them to marry their pretty young daughter to such a man? He was a Greek by descent, but had always lived in Constantinople. Short, stout, cross-eyed, with a most sinister expression of countenance, old enough to be her father, the contrast was most striking. His wife seemed very happy, however, and remarked in a complacent tone that her husband was *quite*



AMMALE.

European. So he was, except that he wore a red fez cap, which was, to say the least, "not becoming" to his "style of beauty."

We had a smooth passage to Corfu, where we touched for an hour or two. N—— and I went on shore, climbed to the old citadel, and were rewarded with a glorious view of the island and the harbour at our feet. We picked a large bouquet of scarlet geraniums and other flowers which grew wild on the rocks around the old fortress, took a short walk through

the town, and returned to our boat loaded with delicious oranges fresh from the trees. Several fine English yachts lay in the harbour. We passed close to one, and saw on the deck three ladies sitting under an awning with their books and work. The youngest was a very handsome girl, in a yacht dress of dark-blue cloth and a jaunty sailor hat. What a charming way to spend one's winter! After our taste of the English climate in February, I should think all who could would spend their winters elsewhere; and what greater enjoyment than, with bright Italian skies above, to sail over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, running frequently into port when one felt inclined for society and sight-seeing, or when a storm came on! for the "blue Mediterranean" does not always smile in the sunlight, as we found to our sorrow after leaving Corfu.

Our state-room was on the main deck, with a good-sized window admitting plenty of light and air, and the side of the ship was not so high but we could see over and have a fine view of the high rocky coast we were skirting—so much pleasanter than the under-deck state-rooms, where at best you only get a breath of fresh air and a one-eyed glimpse out of the little port-holes in fine weather, and none at all in a storm. Imagine, therefore, my disgust when, on returning from our trip on shore at Corfu, I found twilight pervading our delightful state-room, caused by an awning being stretched from the edge of the deck overhead to the side of the ship, and underneath this tent, encamped beneath my window, the lesser wives, children and slaves of an old Turk who was returning to Constantinople with his extensive family! His two principal wives were in state-rooms down below, and invisible: Well, if I had lost the view from my state-room of the grand mountainous coast of Greece, I had an opportunity of studying one phase of Oriental manners and costume at my leisure. There were three pale, sallow-looking women of twenty or twenty five years of age, with fine black eyes—their only attraction; two old shrivelled hags; four fat, comfortable, coal-black slave women; and several children. They had their finger nails coloured yellow, and all, black and white, wore over their faces the indispensable *yashmak*, and over their dress the *ferraja*, or cloak, without which no Turkish woman stirs abroad. As it was cold, they wore under their *ferrajas* quilted *sacques* of woollen and calico coming down below the knee, and trousers that bagged over, nearly covering their feet, which were cased in slippers, though one of the negroes rejoiced in gorgeous yellow boots with pointed toes. The children had their hair cut close, and wore their warm *sacques* down to their feet, made of the gayest calico I ever saw—large figures or broad stripes of red, yellow and green. The boys were distinguished by red fez caps, and the girls wore a coloured handkerchief as a turban. They covered the deck with beds

and thick comforters, and on these they constantly sat or reclined. When it was absolutely necessary a negress would reluctantly rise and perform some required act of service. They had their own food, which seemed to consist of dark-looking bread, dried fish, black coffee and a kind of confectionery which looked like congealed soap-suds with raisins and almonds in it. Most of their waking hours were employed in devouring oranges and smoking cigarettes.

We had rough weather for several days, and the ship rolled a good deal. The captain made us comfortable in a snug corner on the officers' private deck, where, under the shelter of the bridge, we could enjoy the view. One amusement was to watch the officer of the deck eat his dinner seated on a hatchway just in front of the wheel, and waited on by a most obsequious seaman. The sailor, cap under his arm, would present a plate of something: if the officer ate it the man would retire behind him, and with the man at the wheel watch the disappearance of the contents. If the officer left any or refused a dish, the sailor would go down to the kitchen for the next course, first slipping what was left or rejected behind the wheel, and after presenting the next course to the officer would retire and devour with great gusto the secreted dish; the helmsman sometimes taking a sly bite when the officer was particularly engaged.

The Dardanelles were reached very early in the morning. The night before I had declared my intention to go on deck at daylight and view the Hellespont, but when I awoke and found it blowing a gale, I concluded it would not "pay," and turned in for another nap. All that day we were crossing the Sea of Marmora with the strong current and wind against us, so it was dark before we reached Constantinople, and our ship was obliged to anchor in the outer harbour till the next morning. Seraglio Point rose just before us, and on the left the seven towers were dimly visible in the starlight. We



TURKISH LADY.

walked the deck and watched the lights glimmer and stream out over the Sea of Marmora, and listened to the incessant barking of the dogs.

Next morning, bright and early, we entered the Bosphorus, rounded Seraglio Point, and were soon anchored, with hundreds of other vessels, at the mouth of the Golden Horn. Steam ferryboats of the English kind were passing to and fro, and caiques flitted in and out with the dexterity and swiftness of sea-gulls. Quite a deputation of fez caps came on board to receive the bride and groom, and when we went ashore they were still smoking cigarettes and sipping at what must have been in the neighbourhood of their twentieth cup of Turkish coffee. Madame A—— was very cordial when we parted, saying she should call soon upon me, and that I must visit her. We bade adieu to our captain with regret. He was a very intelligent and entertaining man. The officers of the Austrian Lloyd line ought certainly to be very capable seamen. Educated in the government naval schools, they are obliged to serve as mates a certain time, then command a sailing vessel for several years, and finally pass a very strict examination before being licensed as captains of steamers. Amongst other qualifications, every captain acts as his own pilot in entering any port to which he may be ordered. They sail under sealed orders, and our captain said that not until he reached Constantinople would he know the ship's ultimate destination, or whether he would retain command or be transferred to another vessel. It is the policy of the company seldom to send the same steamer or captain over the same route two successive trips. In time of war both captains and ships are liable to naval duty. As we passed the Island of Lissa the captain pointed out the scene of a naval engagement between the Austrians and Italians in 1866, in which he had participated. The salary of these officers is only about a thousand dollars a year.

We embarked with our baggage in a caique, which is much like an open gondola, only lighter and narrower, and generally painted in light colours, yellow being the favourite one, and were soon landed at the custom-house. A franc satisfied the Turk in attendance that our baggage was all right, and it was immediately transferred to the back of an *ammale*, or carrier. These men take the places of horses and carts with us. A sort of pack-saddle is fastened on their backs, and the weights they carry are astonishing. Our *ammale* picked up a medium-sized trunk as if it was a mere feather: on top of this was put a hat-box, and with a bag in one hand he marched briskly off as if only enjoying a morning constitutional. We made our way through the dirty streets and narrow alleys to the Hôtel de Byzance in the European quarter. This is a very comfortable hotel, kept in French style, and most of the attendants speak French. Our chambermaid, however, is a *man*, a most remarkable old specimen in a Turco-Greek dress—long blue stockings and Turkish slippers, very baggy white trousers, a blue jacket, white turban twisted around his fez cap and a voluminous shawl about his waist. His long

moustache is quite gray, but his black eyes are keen as a hawk's, and as he moves quickly and silently about my room, arranging and dusting, I fancy how he would look in the same capacity in our house at home.

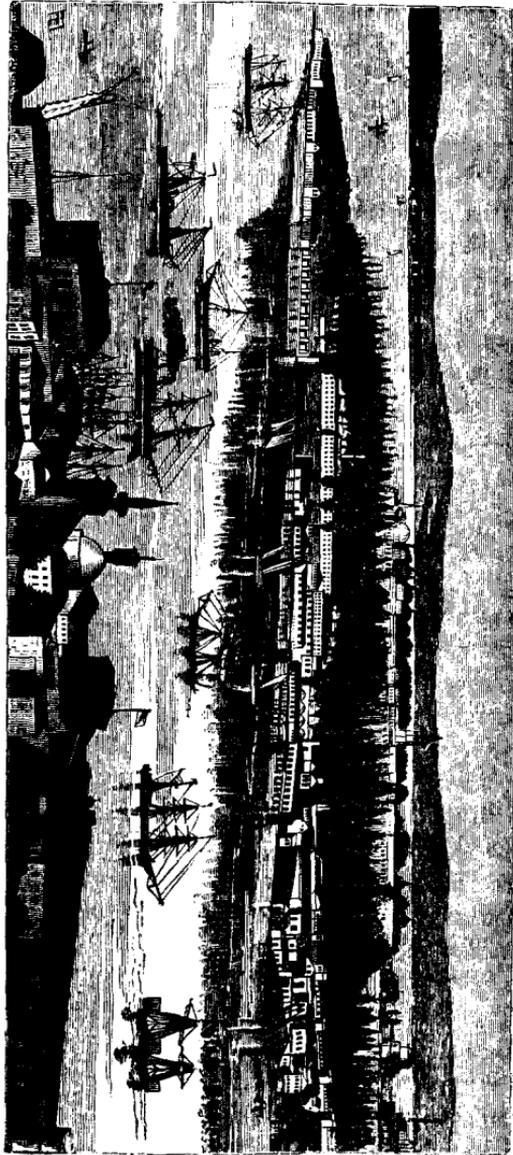
Our hotel stands in the Rue de Pera, the principal street of the European quarter, and as it is narrow the lights from the shops make it safe and agreeable to walk out in the evening. This is one of the few streets accessible to carriages, though in some parts it is difficult for two to pass each other. Most of the shops are French and display Paris finery, but the most attractive are the fruit-shops with their open fronts, so you take in their inviting contents at a glance. Broad low counters occupy most of the floor, with a narrow passage leading between from the street to the back part of the shop, and counters and shelves are covered with tempting fruits and nuts. Orange boughs with the fruit on, decorate the front and ceiling of the shop, and over all presides a venerable Turk. In the evening the shop is lighted by a torch, which blazes and smokes and gives a still more picturesque appearance to the proprietor and his surroundings. You stand in the street and make your purchase, looking well to your bargains, for the old fellow, with all his dignity, will not hesitate to cheat a "dog of a Christian" if he can. From every dark alley as we walked along several dogs would rush out, bark violently, and after following us a little way slink back to their own quarter again. Each alley and street of the city has its pack of dogs, and none venture on the domain of their neighbours. During the day they sleep, lying about the streets so stupid that they will hardly move; in fact, horses and donkeys step over them, and pedestrians wisely let them alone. After dark they prowl about, and are the only scavengers of the city, all garbage being thrown into the streets. The dogs of Pera have experienced, I suppose, the civilizing effects of constant contact with Europeans, as they are not at all as fierce as those of Stamboul. They soon learn to know the residents of their own streets and vicinity, and bark only at strangers.

Quite a pretty English garden has been laid out in Pera, commanding a fine view of the Bosphorus. There is a coffee-house in the centre, with tables and chairs outside, where you can sip your coffee and enjoy the view at the same time. The Turks make coffee quite differently from us. The berry is carefully roasted and then reduced to powder in a mortar. A brass cup, in shape like a dice-box with a long handle, is filled with water and brought to a boil over a brasier of coals: the coffee is placed in a similar brass dice-box and the boiling water poured on it. This boils up once, and is then poured into a delicate little china cup half the size of an after-dinner coffee-cup, and for a saucer you have what resembles a miniature bouquet-holder of silver or gilt filigree. If you take it in true Turkish style, you will drink your coffee without

sugar, grounds and all ; but a little sugar, minus the coffee-mud at the bottom, is much nicer. Coffee seems to be drunk everywhere and all the time by the Turks. The cafés are frequent, where they sit curled up on the divans dreamily smoking and sipping their fragrant coffee or hearing stories in the flowery style of the *Arabian Nights*. At the street corners the coffee-vender squats before his little charcoal brasier and drives a brisk business. If you are likely to prove a good customer at the bazaar, you are invited to curl yourself up on the rug on the floor of the booth, and are regaled with coffee. Do you make a call or visit a harem, the same beverage is immediately offered. Even in the government offices, while waiting for an interview with some grandee, coffee is frequently passed round. Here it is particularly acceptable, for without its sustaining qualities one could hardly survive the slow movements of those most deliberate of all mortals, the Turkish official.

A few days after our arrival my friend of the steamer, Madame A—, the pretty Austrian bride, invited me to breakfast, and sent her husband's brother, a fine-looking young Greek, to escort me to her house. He spoke only Greek and Italian—I neither ; however, he endeavoured to beguile the way by conversing animatedly in Italian. As he gazed

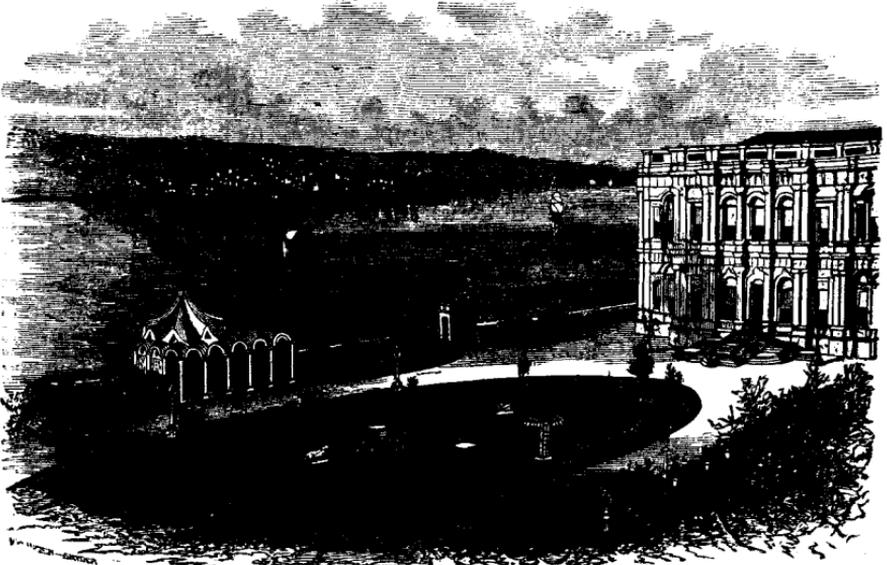
SERAGLIO POINT.



GOLDEN HORN.

up at the sun several times, inhaled with satisfaction the exhilarating air and pointed to the sparkling waters of the Bosphorus and the distant hills, I presumed he was dilating on the fine weather and the glorious prospect. Not to be outdone in politeness, I smiled a great deal and replied in good square English, to which he always assented, "Yes, oh yes!" which seemed to be all the English he knew. Fortunately, our walk was not long, and Madame A—— was our interpreter during the breakfast. Her husband was absent.

The breakfast was half German, half Turkish. Here is the bill of fare : Oysters, on the shell from the Bosphorus—the smallest variety I have ever seen, very dark-looking, without much flavour ; fried goldfish ; a sort of curry of rice and mutton, without which no Turkish meal would be complete ; cauliflower fritters seasoned with cheese ; mutton croquettes and salad ; fruit, confectionery and coffee. With a young housekeeper's pride, Madame A—— took me over her house, which was furnished in European style, with an occasional touch of Orientalism. In the centre of the reception-room, was a low brass tripod on which rested a covered brass dish about the size of a large punch-bowl. In cold weather this is filled with charcoal to warm the room. "Cold comfort," I should think, when the snow falls, as it sometimes does in Constantinople, and the fierce, cold winds sweep down the Bosphorus from the Black Sea and the Russian steppes. As in all the best houses in Pera, there were bow-windows in the principal rooms of each story. A large divan quite fills each window, and there the Greek and Armenian ladies lean back on their cushions, smoke their cigarettes and have a good view up and down the street. There was



THE SULTAN'S NEW PALACE ON THE BOSPHORUS.

a pretty music-room with cabinet piano and harp, and opening from that the loveliest little winter garden. The bow-window was filled with plants, and orange trees and other shrubs were arranged in large pots along the side of the room. The wall at one end was made of rock-work, and in the crevices were planted vines, ferns and mosses. Tiny jets of water near the ceiling kept the top moist, and dripped and trickled down over the rocks and plants till they reached the pebbly basin below. The floor was paved with pebbles—white, gray, black and a dark-red colour—laid in cement in pretty patterns, and in the centre was a fountain whose spray reached the glass roof overhead. There were fish in the wide basin around the fountain, which was edged with a broad border of lycopodium. A little balcony opening out of an upper room was covered with vines, and close to the balustrade were boxes filled with plants in full bloom.

But the housetop was my especial admiration. It was flat, with a stone floor and high parapet. On all four sides close to this were wide, deep boxes where large plants and shrubs were growing luxuriantly. Large vases filled with vines and exotics were placed at intervals along the top of the parapet. Part of the roof was covered with a light wooden awning, and a dumb-waiter connected with the kitchen, so that on warm evenings dinner was easily served in the cool fresh air of the roof. The view from here was magnificent—the Golden Horn, Stamboul with its mosques and white minarets, and beyond the Sea of Marmora. Where a woman's life is so much spent in the house, such a place for air and exercise is much to be prized, but I fear my pretty Austrian friend will sigh for the freedom of Vienna, after the novelty of the East has worn off.

Of course we paid a visit to Seraglio Point, whose palmy days, however, have passed away. The great fire of 1865 burned the palace, a large district on the Marmora, and swept around the walls of St. Sophia, leaving the mosque unharmed, but surrounded by ruins. The Sultan never rebuilds: it is not considered lucky to do so. Indeed, he is said to believe that if he were to stop building he would die. Seraglio Point has been abandoned by the court, and the sultan lives in a palace on the Bosphorus, and one of the loveliest spots on earth is left to decay. We entered through the magnificent gate of the Sublime Porte, passed the barracks, which are still occupied by the soldiers, visited the arsenal and saw the wax figures of the Janizaries and others in Turkish costume. The upper part of the pleasure-grounds is in a neglected state, and those near the water are entirely destroyed. In one of the buildings are the crown-jewels, and a valuable collection of other articles. There were elegant toilet sets mounted in gold; the most exquisitely delicate china; daggers, swords and guns of splendid workmanship and sparkling

with jewels ; Chinese work and carving ; golden dishes, cups and vases, and silver pitchers thickly encrusted with precious stones ; horse trappings and velvet hangings worked stiff with pearls, gold and silver thread, bits of coral, and jewels ; three emeralds as large as small hen's eggs, forming the handle of a dirk ; and in a large glass case magnificent ornaments for the turban. There must have been thousands of diamonds in these head-pieces, besides some of the largest pearls I have ever seen ; a ruby three-quarters of an inch square ; four emeralds nearly two inches long ; and a great variety of all kinds of precious stones.



MARBLE STAIR-CASE, PALACE OF BESKIK-TASCH.

The handle and sheath of one sword were entirely covered with diamonds and rubies. There were rings and clasps, and antique bowls filled with uncut stones, particularly emeralds. It recalled the tales of the *Arabian Nights*. The collection is poorly arranged, and the jewels dusty, so that you cannot examine closely or judge very well of the quality. Those I have mentioned interested me most, but there were many elegant articles of European manufacture which had been presented to the sultan by various monarchs. Near the treasury is a very handsome pavillion, built of white marble, one story high, with fine large plate-glass windows. A broad hall runs through the centre, with parlours on each side. The walls were frescoed, and on the handsomely inlaid and highly-polished floors were beautiful rugs. The divans were gilt and heavy silk damask—one room crimson, one blue and another a delicate buff. A few large vases and several inlaid Japanese cabinets completed the furniture : the Koran does not allow pictures or statuary. The view from the windows and especially from the marble terrace in front, is one of the finest I have ever seen. The pavillion stands on the highest part of Seraglio Point, two hundred feet above the water : below it are the ruins of the palace, and the gardens running down to the shore. Just before you

the Bosphorus empties into the Marmora ; in a deep bay on the Asiatic shore opposite are the islands of Prinkipo, Prote and several others ; and on the mainland the view is bounded by the snow-capped mountains of Olympus. On the right side is the Sea of Marmora. To the left, as



MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

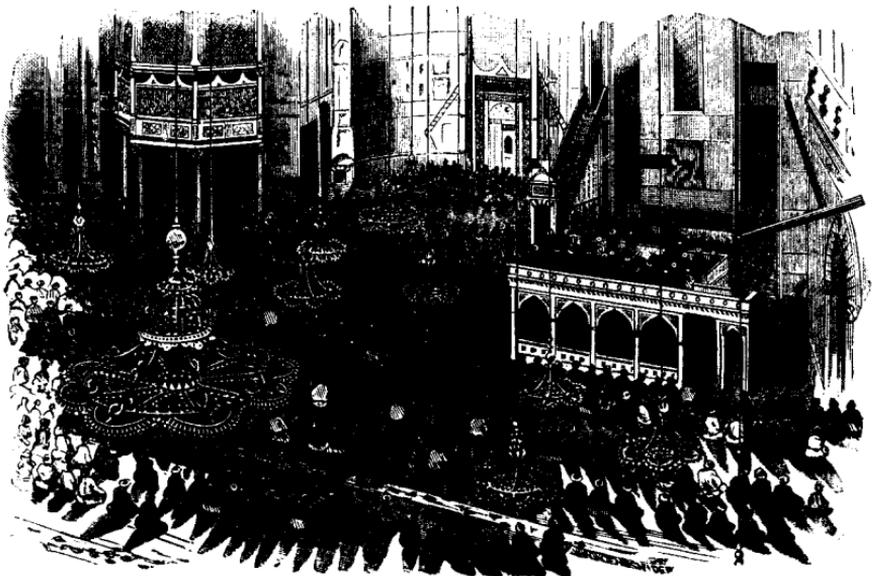
far as you can see, the Bosphorus stretches away toward the Black Sea, its shores dotted with towns, cemeteries and palaces ; on the extreme left the Golden Horn winds between the cities of Stamboul and Pera ; while behind you is St. Sophia and the city of Stamboul. It is a magnificent view, never to be forgotten. There are several other pavillions near the one just described. A small one in the Chinese style, with piazza around it, has the outer wall covered with blue and white tiles, and inside blinds inlaid with mother of pearl. The floor was matted, and the divans were of white silk embroidered with gilt thread and crimson and green floss. A third pavillion was a library.

From the Seraglio we drove to St. Sophia. Stamboul can boast of one fine street, and a few others that are wide enough for carriages. When the government desire to widen a street a convenient fire generally occurs. At the time they proposed to enlarge this, the principal street, it is said the fire broke out simultaneously at many points along the line. As the houses are generally of wood, they burn quickly, and a fire is not easily extinguished by their inefficient fire department. Then the government seizes the necessary ground and widens the street, the owners never receiving any indemnification for their losses. I need not attempt a minute description of St. Sophia. We took the precaution to

carry over-shoes, which we put on at the door, instead of being obliged to take off our boots and put on slippers. A firman from the sultan admitted us without difficulty. We admired the one hundred and seventy columns of marble, granite and porphyry, many of which were taken from ancient temples, and gazed up at the lofty dome where the four Christian seraphims executed in mosaic still remain, though the names of the four archangels of the Moslem faith are inscribed underneath them. Behind where the high altar once stood may still be faintly discerned the figure of our Saviour. Several little Turks were studying their Korans, and sometimes whispering and playing much like school-boys at home.

The mosques of Suleiman the Magnificent, Sultan Achmed and Mohammed II. were visited, but next to St. Sophia the mosque which interested me most was one to which we could not gain admittance — a mosque some distance up the Golden Horn, where the Sultan is crowned and where the friends of Mohammed and mother of the former sultan are buried. It is considered so very sacred that Christian feet are not allowed to enter even the outer court. As I looked through the grated gate a stout negress passed me and went in. The women go to the mosques at different hours from the men.

Not far from here is a remarkable well which enables a fortune-teller to read the fates of those who consult her. Mr. R. —, who has lived for thirty years in Constantinople, and speaks Turkish and Arabic as fluently as his own language, told me he was once walking with an effendi



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

to whom he had some months before lent a very valuable Arabic book. He did not like to ask to have it returned, and was wondering how he should introduce the subject when they reached the well. Half from curiosity and half for amusement, he proposed that they should see what the well would reveal to them. The oracle was a wild-looking, very old Nubian woman, and directing Mr. R—— to look steadily down into the well, she gazed earnestly into his eyes to read the fate there reflected. After some minutes she said, "What you are thinking of is lost: it has passed from the one to whom you gave it, and will be seen no more." The effendi asked what the oracle had said, and when Mr. R—— told him he had been thinking of his book, and repeated what the Nubian had uttered, the effendi confessed that he had lent the book to a dervish and had never been able to recover it, and feared it was indeed lost. It was a lucky hit of the old darkey's, at any rate.

An opportunity came at last to gratify a long-cherished wish, by visiting a harem. Madame L——, a French lady who has lived here many years, visits in the harems of several pashas, and invited me to accompany her. I donned the best my trunk afforded, and at eleven o'clock we set out, each in a sedan chair. I had often wondered why the ladies I saw riding in them sat so straight and looked so stiff, but I wondered no longer when the stout Cretans stepped into the shafts, one before and one behind, and started off. The motion is a peculiar shake, as if you went two steps forward and one back. It struck me as so ludicrous, my sitting bolt upright like a doll in my little house, that I drew the curtains and had a good laugh at my own expense. Half an hour's ride brought us to the pasha's house in Stamboul—a large wooden building, with closely-latticed windows. We were received at the door by a tall Ethiopian, who conducted us across a court to the harem. Here a slave took our wraps, and we passed into a little reception-room. A heavy rug of bright colours covered the centre of the floor, and the only furniture was the divans around the sides. The pasha's two wives, having been apprised of our intended visit, were waiting to receive us. Madame L—— was an old friend and warmly welcomed, and as she spoke Turkish the conversation was brisk. She presented me, and we all curled ourselves up on the divans. Servants brought tobacco in little embroidered bags and small sheets of rice paper, and rolling up some cigarettes, soon all were smoking. The pasha is an "old-style" Turk, and frowns on all European innovations, and his large household is conducted on the old-fashioned principles of his forefathers. His two wives were young and very attractive women. One, with a pale clear complexion, dark hair and eyes, quite came up to my idea of an Oriental beauty. Not content, however, with her good looks, she had her eyebrows darkened, while a delicate black line under her eyes, and a little well applied rouge and

powder (I regret to confess) made her at a little distance a still more brilliant beauty. I doubt, if any women understand the use of cosmetics as well as these harem ladies. Her dress was a bright-cherry silk, the waist cut low in front, the skirt reaching to her knees. Trousers of the same and slippers to match, completed her costume. The other wife was equally attractive, with lovely blue eyes and soft wavy hair. She was dressed in a white Brousa silk waist, richly embroidered with crimson and gold braid, blue silk skirt, white trousers and yellow slippers. They both had on a great deal of jewellery. Several sets, I should think, were disposed about their persons with great effect, though not in what we should consider very good taste. Being only able to wear one pair of earrings, they had the extra pairs fastened to their braids, which were elaborately arranged about their heads and hung down behind. There were half a dozen slaves in the room, who when not waiting on their mistresses squatted on the floor, smoked and listened to the conversation. Coffee was brought almost immediately, the cups of lovely blue and white china, in pretty silver holders on a tray of gilt filigree.

After sitting here a while exchanging the compliments of the day, we passed to the next room, a large saloon with windows and door opening into the court. Here a fountain threw up a sparkling jet of water, and several trees and flowering shrubs, with a profusion of ivy on the walls, made it a very attractive place. The child of the eldest wife, a bright-eyed little boy, was floating chips in the basin of the fountain, laughing and clapping his hands when the falling water upset them or wet his face. The floor was covered with large handsome rugs, and around the sides of the room were luxurious divans; little other furniture seems necessary in a Turkish house. We followed our hostesses' example and seated ourselves on the divans, though not, as they did, with our feet under us, and refreshments were served on a large gilt salver, in the middle of which was a handsome covered dish of Bohemian glass filled with sweetmeats, with vases on each side to match, one holding queer-shaped little spoons with golden bowls. There were also four glasses of water and four minute glasses of pale yellow cordial. Fortunately, the tray was passed first to Madame L—; so I watched her movements and learned what to do. She took a spoon from one vase, dipped it in the sweetmeats, and after eating placed her spoon in the empty vase. Then she took some water and drank a glass of cordial. So we each did (it is polite to taste but once), and placed the soiled spoon in the vase for that purpose. I did not need to be told that the sweetmeats were rose-leaves, for the flavour was perfectly preserved.

Madam L— kindly repeated most of the conversation, which, on their sides, was chiefly composed of questions concerning Madame L—'s family: Was her husband as kind as ever? had he made her any pre-

sents lately ? was I married ? what was my husband's personal appearance ? did I love him ? how old was I ? where from ? and where going ? These and similar questions, which are considered perfectly polite and proper, they ask with the curiosity of children.

Then we were invited into a third room where we were served with violet sherbet, cake and Turkish paste. After partaking of these the ladies sent for their jewel-boxes and displayed their treasures, which consisted of pins, earrings, necklaces, head and belt ornaments—some very handsome, and all composed of precious stones of more or less value, for a Turkish woman does not value an ornament that is not set with precious stones. This was an agreeable change from the former conversation, and when we had admired their jewels breakfast was served. The servants brought a scarlet rug of soft shaggy stuff, which was spread on the floor : a low round brass table, two feet high and three feet in diameter, was placed in the centre of this rug, and we four ladies seated ourselves round the table *à la Turque*. A servant brought a brass basin, which was like an immense wash-bowl with a cullender in it turned upside down : we washed our hands over this, water being poured over them from a large coffee-pot (I should call it) with an unusually long nose, and wiped our hands on handsome towels embroidered at the ends with gold thread. A dish of fried fish was placed on the table for the first course : each helped herself to one, laying it on the table before her (we had no plates, knives or forks), picking it to pieces and eating it with her fingers. When this was ended, the débris was thrown on the platter and removed, the table wiped off, and a dish

of rice and mutton brought ; for this we had spoons, but all ate from the dish. Then came an immense cauliflower covered thick with strange-tasting cheese, and the Turkish ladies used their thumbs and first two fingers in conveying it to their mouths. I am very fond of cauliflower, but this was not inviting. The next course was onions cooked in oil : I had to be excused from this also : the sight of their dripping fingers was enough. Then we washed our hands and ate oranges ; washed again, and, lighting fresh cigarettes (they



HAREM SCENE.

had smoked nearly all day), retired to our divans ; sipped coffee and

listened to an old negress (the story-teller of the harem), who squatting before us, related marvellous stories in Eastern style. More sweetmeats and confectionery were passed with coffee, and our visit ended. A European woman could not support such a life—at home perfect inactivity, eating, smoking, gossiping, an occasional visit to or from a friend, a trip to the bazaar, and a drive if they possess a carriage or a row in a caique to the Sweet Waters on Sunday. This is the life of a Turkish woman of rank.

A note from Madame B—— one morning informed me that the mother and wives of a rich Turkish merchant were coming to visit her, and invited me to be present. I reached her house about eleven, but the Turkish ladies were before me. The appearance of a servant in the hall with her arms full of yashmaks and ferrajas and several pairs of pattens apprised me that I was too late to see their street-dresses. In the reception room were Madame B——, a lady who acted as interpreter, and the three Turkish ladies. They were uncontaminated by European customs or Paris finery. The mother was exceedingly ugly, as are most Turkish women over forty. A pair of high red morocco boots encased her feet, which were guiltless of stockings. White full trousers were gathered close at the knee and fell over nearly to her ankles. Her dress was a short purple velvet skirt embroidered round the bottom and up the front with gilt braid in a showy vine pattern; the same embroidery on her black silk jacket, which was open in front, but without any lace; and round her neck was a magnificent string of pearls. Her hair (what there was of it) was drawn back from her face, braided, and the end of the little "pig tail" fastened to her head with a diamond pin composed of four fine diamonds in a clumsy gold setting. Long, pale amber earrings completed her adornments, and she flourished—yes, she really did—a large red and yellow bandana! The younger of the two wives was quite pretty. She had brilliant black eyes, good features, and was very attractive in her gay dress. She wore pink slippers, a heavy sky-blue silk skirt with trousers to match, and a yellow velvet sacque open in front, displaying a lace chemisette and a handsome turquoise necklace. Large gold hoops pulled her pretty ears quite out of shape, and her long black hair was braided in broad plaits and tied with a gilt ribbon, which was also wound about her head several times. Altogether, she was quite gorgeous, and rather threw the other wife into the shade. Wife No. 2 was arrayed in a dark-green velvet skirt and a pink silk jacket trimmed with silver braid. She had a garnet necklace and pretty earrings of small pearls and diamonds. Not to be outdone by her mother-in-law on the *mouchoir* question, she displayed a white muslin handkerchief thickly embroidered with gold thread—more ornamental than useful.

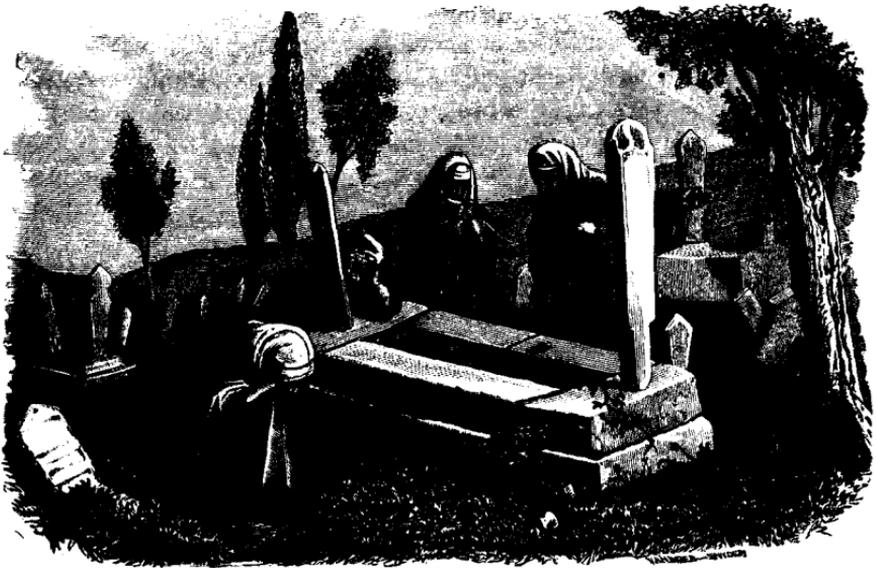
They were all curled up on divans sipping coffee and smoking cigar-

ettes when I entered. Madame B—— presented me, and they received me very graciously, asked my age, examined my clothes and inquired if I had any jewels at home. I wore none, and suppose my black silk walking-suit did not impress them greatly. Dress is of the first importance in their eyes, and that and their husbands are the chief topics of interest when they visit each other. Conversation was not brisk, as the necessity of an interpreter is not favourable for a rapid exchange of ideas. After sitting in the room for an hour, Madame B—— informed me that Turkish Etiquette required that she should now invite her guests into another room and offer other refreshments, then, after sitting there a while, to still another, and so on through the whole suit of apartments, refreshments, (generally coffee, sweetmeats or sherbet) with cigarettes being offered in each. As they would probably remain till four or five in the afternoon, I excused myself and reached the hotel in time to join a party going to the bazaar, thankful than I did not reside in Constantinople, and wondering how long Madame B—— would survive if she had to endure such visits frequently.

We started for our first visit to the bazaar, crossing the Golden Horn to Stamboul by the old bridge, which has sunk so in places that you feel as if a *ground-swell* had been somehow consolidated and was doing service of a bridge ; up through the narrow streets of Stamboul, now standing aside to let a string of donkeys pass loaded with large stones fastened by ropes to their pack-saddles, or stepping into a doorway to let a dozen small horses go by with their loads of boards, three or four planks strapped on each side, one end sticking out in front higher than their heads, and the other dragging on the ground, scraping along and raising such a dust that you are not at all sure some neighbouring lumber-yard has not taken it into its head to walk off bodily. Fruit-vendors scream their wares, Turkish officers on magnificent Arab horses prance by, and the crowd of strange and picturesque costumes bewilders you ; and through all the noise and confusion glide the silent veiled women. One almost doubts one's own identity. I was suddenly recalled to *my* senses, however, by a gentle thump on the elbow, and turning beheld the head of a diminutive donkey. I supposed it to be a donkey : the head, tail, and feet, which were all I could see of it, led me to believe it was one of these much-abused animals. The rest of its body was lost to sight in the voluminous robes of a corpulent Turk ; and, as if he were not load enough for one donkey, behind him sat a small boy holding his " baba's " robe very tight lest he should slide off over the donkey's tail. I looked around for Bergh or some member of a humane society, but no one except ourselves seemed to see anything unusual. I thought if I were a Hindu and believed in the transmigration of souls, I would pray that

whatever shape my spirit took when it left its present form, it might not enter that of a much-abused and long-suffering donkey.

The bazaar ! How shall I describe what so many travellers have made familiar ? Some one has called it " a monstrous hive of little shops—thousands under one roof ;" and so it is. Each street is devoted to a peculiar kind of merchandise. It would take more than one letter to tell all the beautiful things we saw—cashmere shawls, Brousa silks, delicate gauzes, elegantly-embroidered jackets, dresses, tablecloths, cushions, etc., of all textures and the most fashionable Turkish styles. We looked at antiquities, saw superb precious stones, the finest of them unset, admired the display of saddles and bridles and the array of boots and slippers in all colours of morocco. A Turkish woman never rushes round as we did from one shop to another, but if she wishes to buy anything—a shawl for instance—she sits comfortably down on a rug, selects the one she likes best, and spends the rest of the day bargaining for it ; during which time many cigarettes are smoked by both customer and merchant, much coffee drunk, long intervals spent in profound reflection on the subject, and at last the shawl is purchased for a tenth perhaps of the original price asked, and they part, each well pleased. It takes several visits to see the bazaar satisfactorily, and we felt as we left it we had but made a beginning.



SCENE IN A BURIAL-GROUND.

There is a continuous fascination about this old city. The guide-book says, " A week or ten days are required to see the sights," but though we make daily expeditions we seem in no danger of exhausting them. Neither does one have to go far to seek amusement. I never

look down into the street below my windows without being attracted by some object of interest. The little donkeys with their great panniers of long slim loaves of bread (oh, tell it not, but I once saw the driver use one as a stick to belabour the lazy animal with, and then leave it, with two or three other loaves, at the opposite house, where a pretty Armenian, that I afterward saw taking the air on the roof with her bright eyed little girl, perhaps had it for breakfast); the fierce, lawless Turkish soldiers stalking along, their officers mounted, and looking much better in their baggy trousers and frock-coats on their fine horses than on foot; Greek and Armenian ladies in gay European costumes; veiled Turkish women in their quiet street-dress; close carriages with gorgeously-dressed beauties from the sultan's harem followed by black eunuchs on horseback—these and similar groups in every variety of costume form a constant stream of strange and picturesque sights.

One morning, attracted by an unusual noise, I looked out and found it proceeded from a funeral procession. First came a man carrying the lid of the coffin; then several Greek priests; after them boys in white robes with lighted candles, followed by choir boys in similar dresses who chanted as they walked along. Such sounds! Greek chanting is a horrible nasal caterwauling. Get a dozen boys to hold their noses, and then in a high key imitate the gamut performed by several festive cats as they prowl over the housetops on a quiet night, and you have Greek, Armenian or Turkish chanting and singing to perfection. There is not the first conception of music in the souls of these barbarians. Behind this choir came four men carrying the open coffin. The corpse was that of a middle-aged man dressed in black clothes, with a red fez cap on the head and yellow, red and white flowers scattered over the body. The hot sun shone full on the pinched and shriveled features, and the sight was most revolting. Several mourners followed the coffin, the ladies in black clothes, with black lace veils on their heads and their hair much dressed. The Greeks are obliged to carry their dead in this way, uncovered, because concealed arms were at one time conveyed in coffins to their churches, and then used in an uprising against the government. We witnessed a still more dreadful funeral outside the walls. A party, evidently of poor people, were approaching an unenclosed cemetery, and we waited to see the interment. The body, in its usual clothes, was carried on a board covered by a sheet. When they reached the grave the women shrieked, wept and kissed the face of the dead man; then his clothes were taken off, the body wrapped in the sheet and laid in the grave, which was only two feet deep. The priest broke a bottle of wine over the head, the earth was loosely thrown in, and the party went away. There is no more melancholy spot to me than a Turkish cemetery. The graves are squeezed tightly together, and the headstones,

generally in a tumble-down state, are shaped like a coffin standing on end, or like a round hitching-post with a fez cap carved on the top. Weeds and rank wild-flowers cover the ground, and over all sway the dark, stiff cypresses.

A little way down the street is a Turkish pastry-shop. Lecturers and writers have from time to time held forth on the enormities of pie-eating, and given the American people "particular fits" for their addiction to it. Now, while I fully endorse all I ever heard said on the subject, I beg leave to remark that the Americans are not the *worst* offenders in this way. If you want to see pastry, come to Constantinople: *seeing* will satisfy you—you won't risk a taste. Mutton is largely eaten, and the mutton fat is used with flour to make the crust, which is so rich that the grease fairly oozes out and "smells to heaven." Meat-pies are in great demand. The crust is baked alone in a round flat piece, and laid out on a counter, which is soon very greasy, ready to be filled. A large dish of hash is also ready, and when a customer calls the requisite amount of meat is clapped on one side of the paste, the other half doubled over it, and he departs eating his halfmoon-shaped pie. On the counters you see displayed large egg-shaped forms of what look like layers of tallow and cooked meat, cheesy-looking cakes of many kinds and an endless variety of confectionery. The sweetmeats are perfection, the fresh Turkish paste with almonds in it melts in your mouth, and the sherbet, compounded of the juice of many fruits and flowers and cooled with snow, is the most delicious drink I ever tasted. There are also many kinds of nice sweet-cakes; but, on the whole, I should prefer not to board in a Turkish family or employ a Turkish cook. No wonder the women are pale and sallow if they indulge much in such food!

Being anxious to see a good display of Turkish rugs, and our party having some commissions to execute, we sallied forth one afternoon on this errand. If you intend to visit a Turkish carpet warehouse, and your purse or your judgment counsels you not to purchase, put yourself under bonds to that effect before you go; for, unless you possess remarkable strength of character, the beautiful rugs displayed will prove irresistible temptations. Near the bazaar in Stamboul is a massive square stone house, looking like a fortress compared with the buildings around it. Mosses and weeds crop out of every uneven part of its walls. A heavy door that might stand a siege admitted us to a small vestibule, and from this we passed into a paved court with a moss-grown fountain in the centre. Around this court ran a gallery, its heavy arches and columns supporting a second, to which we ascended by a broad flight of steps. A double door admitted us to the wareroom, where, tolerably secure from fire the doors (alone were of wood), were stored Turkish and Persian rugs of all sizes and colours. The Turkish were far hand-

somer than the Persian, and the colours more brilliant than those I have usually seen. The attendants unrolled one that they said was a hundred years old. It had a dusty, faded look, as if it had been in the warehouse quite that length of time, and made the modern ones seem brighter by contrast. Several rugs having been selected, we returned to the office, where a carpet was spread and we were invited to seat ourselves on it. Coffee was passed around, and we proceeded to bargain for our goods through our interpreter. The merchant, as usual, asked an exorbitant price to start with, and we offered what was equally ridiculous the other way; and so we gradually approached the final price—he coming gracefully down, and we as affably ascending in the scale, till a happy medium was reached, and we departed with our purchases following us on the back of an ammale.

Three days of each week are observed as holy days. Friday is the Turkish Sabbath, Saturday the Jewish, and the Greeks and Armenians keep Sunday. The indolent government officials, glad of an excuse to be idle, keep all three—that is, they refrain from business—so there are only four days out of the seven in which anything is accomplished.

One of the great sights is to see the Sultan go to the mosque; so one Friday we took a caïque and were rowed up the Bosphorus to Dolma Bachté, and waited on the water opposite the palace. The Sultan's caïque was at the principal entrance on the water-side of the palace, and the steps and marble pavement were carpeted from the caïque to the door. Presently all the richly dressed officers of the household, who were loitering around, formed on either side the steps, and bending nearly double, remained so while the Sultan passed down to his caïque. The Sultan is quite stout and rather short, with a pleasant face and closely-cut beard. He was dressed in a plain black uniform, his breast covered with orders. The Sultan's caïque was a magnificent barge—white, profusely ornamented with gilt, and rowed by twenty-four oarsmen dressed in white, who rose to their feet with each stroke, bowed low, and settled back in their seats as the stroke was expended. The Sultan and grand

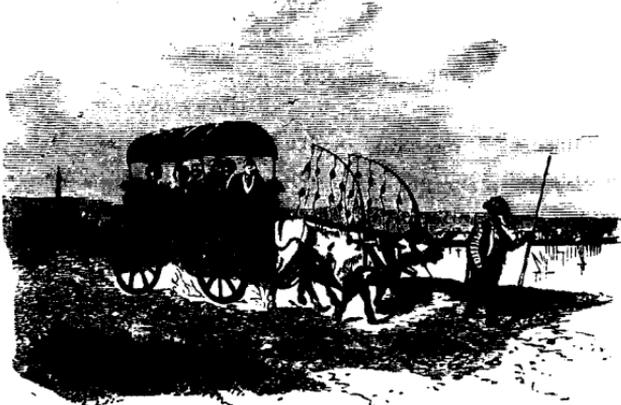


THE SULTAN.

vizier seated themselves under the plum-coloured velvet canopy, and the caïque proceeded swiftly toward the mosque, followed by three other caïques with his attendants. A gun from an iron-clad opposite the palace announced that the Sultan had started. The shore from the palace to the mosque was lined with soldiers: the bands played; the people cheered; the ships ran up their flags; all the war vessels were gay with bunting, had their yards manned and fired salutes, which were answered by the shore batteries. The mosque selected for that day's devotions was in Tophaneh, near the water. Several regiments were drawn up to receive the Sultan, and an elegant carriage and a superb Arab saddle-horse were in waiting, so that His Majesty might return to the palace as best suited his fancy. After an hour spent in devotion the Sultan reappeared, and entering his carriage was driven away. We saw him again on our way home, when he stopped to call on an Austrian prince staying at the legation. The street leading up to the embassy was too narrow and steep for a carriage, so, mounting his horse at the foot, he rode up, passing very close to us.

In the afternoon we drove to the "Sweet Waters of Europe," to see the Turkish ladies, who in pleasant weather always go out there in carriages or, by water, in caïques. Compared with our parks, with their lovely lakes and streams and beautiful lawns, the far-famed Sweet Waters of Europe are only fields with a canal running through them; but here, where this is the only stream of fresh water near the city, and in a country destitute of trees, it is a charming place. The stream has

been walled up to the top of its banks, which are from three to six feet above the water, and there are sunny meadows and fine large trees on each side. The Sultan has a summer palace here, with a pretty garden; and the



TURKISH COW-CARRIAGE.

stream has been dammed up by blocks of white marble cut in scallops, like shells, over which the water falls in a cascade. The road to the Sweet Waters, with one or two others, was made after the Sultan's return from his European trip, and in anticipation of the Empress Eugenie's visit. European carriages were also introduced at that time. The

ladies of the Sultan's harem drive out in very handsome coupés, with coachmen wearing the Sultan's livery ; but you more frequently see the queer one-horse Turkish carriage, and sometimes a "cow-carriage." This last is drawn by cows or oxen. It is an open waggon, with a white cloth awning, ornamented with gay fringes and tassels. Many people go in caiques, and all carry bright-coloured rugs, which they spread on the grass. There they sit for several hours and gossip with each other, or take their luncheons and spend the afternoon. A Turkish woman is never seen to better advantage than when "made up" for such an excursion. Her house dress is always hidden by a large cloak, which comes down to the ground, and has loose sleeves and a cape. The cloak is left open at the neck to show the lace and necklace worn under it, and is generally made of silk, often of exquisite shades of pink, blue, purple, or any colour to suit the taste of the wearer. A small silk cap, like the low turbans our ladies wore eight or nine years ago, covers the head, and on it are fastened the most brilliant jewels—diamond pins, rubies, anything that will flash. The wearer's complexion is heightened to great brilliancy by toilet arts, and over all, covering deficiencies, is the yashmak or thin white veil, which conceals only in part and greatly enhances her beauty. You think your "dream of fair women" realized, and go home and read *Lalla Rookh*, and rave of Eastern peris. Should some female friend who has visited a harem, and seen these radiant beauties face to face, mildly suggest that paint, powder, and the enchantment of distance have in a measure deluded you, you dismiss the unwelcome information as an invention of the "green-eyed monster," and, remembering the brilliant beauties who reclined beside the Sweet Waters or floated by you on the Golden Horn, cherish the recollection as that of one of the brightest scenes of the Orient.

These I have spoken of are the upper classes, from the harems of the Sultan and rich pashas ; but those you see constantly on foot in the streets are the middle and lower classes, and not so attractive. They have fine eyes, but the yashmaks are thicker, and you feel there is less beauty hidden under them. The higher the rank the thinner the yashmak is the rule. They also wear the long cloak, but it is made of black or coloured alpaca, or a similar material. Gray is most worn, but black, brown, yellow, green, blue, and scarlet are often seen. The negresses dress like their mistresses in the street, and if you see a pair of bright yellow boots under a brilliant scarlet ferraja and an unusually white yashmak, you will generally find the wearer is a jet-black negress. Sitting so much in the house *à la Turque* is not conducive to grace of motion, nor are loose slippers to well-shaped feet, and I must confess that a Turkish woman walks like a *goose*, and the size of her "fairy feet" would rejoice the heart of a leather-dealer.

We have been to see the Howling Dervishes, and I will endeavour to give you some idea of their performances. Crossing to Scutari in the steam ferry-boat, we walked some distance till we reached the mosque, where the services were just commencing. The attendant who admitted us intimated that we must remove our boots, and put on the slippers provided. N— did so, but I objected, and the man was satisfied with my wearing them over my boots. We were conducted up a steep, ladder-like staircase to a small gallery with a low front only a foot high, with no seats but sheepskins on the floor, where we were expected to curl ourselves up in Turkish fashion. Both my slippers came off during my climb up-stairs, but were arrested in their downward career by N—, who



ENTERING A MOSQUE.

by dint of much shuffling managed to keep his on. Below us were seated some thirty or forty dervishes. The leader repeated portions of the Koran, in which exercise others occasionally took part in a quiet manner. After a while they knelt in line opposite their leader and began to chant in louder tones, occasionally bowing forward full length. Matters down below progressed slowly at first, and were getting monotonous. One of my feet, unaccustomed to its novel position, had gone to sleep, and I was in a cramped state generally. Moreover, we were not the sole occupants of the gallery. The sheepskins were full of them, and I began to think that if the dervishes did not soon begin to howl *I* should. Some traveller has said that on the coast of Syria the Arabs have a proverb that the "Sultan of *fleas* holds his court in Jaffa, and the Grand Vizier in Cairo." Certainly some very high dignitary of the realm pre-

sides over Constantinople, and makes his head quarters in the mosque of the Howling Dervishes.



CASTLE OF EUROPE ON THE BOSPHORUS.

The dervishes now stood up in line, taking hold of hands, and swayed backward, forward and sideways, with perfect uniformity, wildly chanting, or rather howling, verses of the Koran, and keeping time with their movements. They commenced slowly, and increased the rapidity of their gymnastics as they became more excited and devout. The whole performance lasted an hour or more, and at the end they naturally seemed quite exhausted. Then little children were brought in, laid on the floor, and the head-dervish stepped on their bodies. I suppose he stepped in such a manner as not to hurt them, as they did not utter a sound. Perhaps the breath was so squeezed out of them that they could not. One child was quite a baby, and on this he rested his foot lightly, leaning his weight on a man's shoulder. I could not find out exactly what this ceremony signified, but was told it was considered a cure for sickness, and also a preventive.

We concluded to *do* the dervishes, and so next day went to see the spinning ones. They have a much larger and handsomer mosque than their howling brethren. First they chanted, then they indulged in a "walk around." Every time they passed the leader, who kept his place at the head of the room, they bowed profoundly to him, then passed before him, and, turning on the other side, bowed again. After this interchange of courtesies had lasted a while, they sailed off around the room, spinning with the smooth, even motion of a top—arms folded, head

on one side and eyes shut. Sometimes this would be varied by the head being thrown back and the arms extended. The rapid whirling caused their long green dresses to spread out like a half-open Japanese umbrella, supposing the man to be the stick, and they kept it up about thirty minutes to the inspiring music of what sounded like a drum, horn and tin pan. We remained to witness the *first set*: whether they had any more and wound up with the German, I cannot say. We were tired and went home, satisfied with what we had seen. I should think they corresponded somewhat with our Shakers at home, as far as their "muscular Christianity" goes, and are rather ahead on the dancing question.

One of the prominent objects of interest on the Bosphorus is Robert's College. It stands on a high hill three hundred feet above the water, and commands an extensive view up and down the Bosphorus. For seven years Dr. Hamlin vainly endeavoured to obtain permission to build it, and the order was not given till Farragut's visit. The gallant admiral, while breakfasting with the grand vizier, inquired what was the reason the government did not allow Dr. Hamlin to build the college, when the grand vizier hastily assured him that all obstacles had been removed, and that the order was even then as good as given. Americans may well be proud of so fine and well-arranged a building, and the able corps of professors. We visited it in company with Dr. Wood and his agreeable wife, who are so well known to all who take any interest in our foreign missions. After going over the college and listening to very creditable declamations in English from some of the students, we were hospitably entertained at luncheon by Professor Washburn, who is in charge of the institution, and his accomplished wife. Within a short distance of the college is the Castle of Europe, and on the opposite side of the Bosphorus the Castle of Asia. They were built by Mohammed II. in 1451, and the Castle of Europe is still in good preservation. It consists of two large towers, and several small ones connected by walls, and is built of a rough white stone, to which the ivy clings luxuriantly.

A pleasant excursion is to take a little steamer, which runs up the Bosphorus and back, touching at Beicos (Bey Kos), and visit the Giant Mountain, from which is a magnificent view of the Black Sea, and nearly the whole length of the Bosphorus. We breakfasted early, but when ready to start found our guide had disappointed us, and his place was not to be supplied. The day was perfect, and rather than give up our trip we determined to go by ourselves, trusting that the success which had attended similar expeditions without a *commissionnaire* would not desert us on this occasion. The sail up on the steamer was charming. There are many villages on the shores of the Bosphorus, and between them are scattered palaces and summer residences, the latter often reminding us of Venetian houses, built directly on the shore with steps

down to the water, and caiques moored at the doors, as the gondolas are in Venice. The houses are surrounded by beautiful gardens, with a profusion of flowers blooming on the very edge of the shore, their gay colours reflected in the waves beneath.

We learned from the captain of the steamer that Giant Mountain was two and a half miles from the village, with no very well-defined road leading to it ; so on landing at Bey Kos we made inquiries for a guide, and this time were successful. Horses were also forthcoming, but no side-saddle. I respectfully declined to follow the example of my Turkish sisters and mount a gentleman's saddle ; neither was I anxious to ride my Arab steed bareback, so we concluded to try a cow-carriage, and despatched our guide to hire the only one the place afforded. This stylish establishment was not to be had ; so, having wasted half an hour in trying to find some conveyance, we gave it up and started on foot ; and

FORTRESS OF RIVA AND THE BLACK SEA.



were glad afterwards that we did so. The road was shaded to the base of the mountain, and led through a beautiful valley, the fields covered with wild-flowers. I have never seen such masses of colour—an acre perhaps of bright yellow, perfectly dazzling in the sunlight, then as large a mass of purple, next to that an immense patch of white daisies, so thick they looked like snow. The effect of these gay masses, with intervals of green grass and grain, was very gorgeous. We passed two of the Sultan's palaces, one built in Swiss style. The ascent of Giant Mountain from the inland side is gradual, while it descends very abruptly on the water-side. On the top of the mountain are the ruins of the church of St. Pantaleon, built by Justinian, also a mosque and the tomb of Joshua: so the Turks affirm. From a rocky platform just below the mosque there is a magnificent view. Toward the north you look off on the Black Sea and the old fortress of Riva, which commands the entrance to the Bosphorus. In front and to the south winds the beautiful Bosphorus, for sixteen miles till it reaches the Sea of Marmora, which you see far in the distance glittering in the sunlight. You look down on the decks of the passing vessels, and the large steamers seem like toy boats as they pass below you. Near the mosque is a remarkable well of cool water. Shrubs and a few small trees grow on the mountain, and the ground is covered with quantities of heather, wild-flowers and ivy. We picked long spikes of white heather in full bloom, and pansies, polyanthus, the blue iris and many others of our garden flowers. The country all around Constantinople is very destitute of trees. The woods were cut down long ago, and the multitudes of sheep, which you see in large flocks everywhere, crop the young sprouts so they cannot grow up again.

Returning to Constantinople, our steamer ran close to the European shore, stopping at the villages on that side. Most of the officers of these boats are Turks, but they find it necessary to employ European (generally English) engineers, as the Turks are fatalists and not reliable. It is said they pay but little attention to their machinery and boilers, reasoning that if it is the will of Allah that the boiler blow up, it will certainly do so; if not, all will go right, and why trouble one's self? Laughable stories are told of the Turkish navy; *e. g.*, that a certain captain was ordered to take his vessel to Crete, and after cruising about some time returned, not being able to find the island. Another captain stopped an English vessel one fine day to ask where he was, as he had lost his reckoning, although the weather had been perfectly clear for some time. In the Golden Horn lies an old four-decker which, during the Crimean war was run broadside under a formidable battery by her awkward crew, who were unable to manage her, and began in their fright to jump overboard. A French tugboat went to the rescue and towed her off.

On our way to the hotel we saw the Sultan's son. He was driving in a fine open carriage drawn by a very handsome span of bay horses, and preceded by four outriders mounted on fine Arabian horses. Coachman, footmen and outriders, in the black livery of the Sultan, were resplendent in gold lace. The harness was of red leather and the carriage painted of the same bright colour. The cushions were of white silk embroidered with scarlet flowers. It was a dashing equipage, but seemed better suited to a harem beauty than the dark, Jewish-looking boy in the awkward uniform of a Turkish general who was its sole occupant.

Yesterday we took our last stroll in Constantinople, crossing the Golden Horn by the new bridge to Stamboul. This bridge is a busy spot, for besides the constant throngs that cross and recross, it is the favourite resort of beggars and dealers in small wares. Many of the ferryboats also start from here, so that, although long and wide, it is crowded most of the day. An Englishman, who is an officer in the Turkish army, told us of an amusing adventure of his in crossing the bridge. He had been at the war department, and was told he could have the six months' pay which was due him if he would take it in piastres. Thankful to get it, and fearing if he did not take it then in that shape he might have to wait a good while, he accepted, and the piastres (which are large copper coins worth about four cents of our money) were placed in bags on the backs of porters to be taken to a European bank at Pera. As they were crossing the bridge one of the bags burst open with the weight of the coins, and a quantity of them were scattered. Of course a first-class

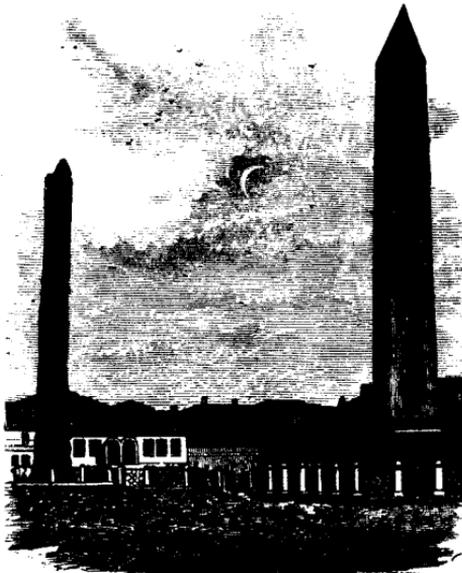


TURKISH QUARTER—STAMBOUL.

scramble ensued, in which the beggars, who are always on hand, and others reaped quite a harvest, and when the officer got the hole tied up the ammale found the bag considerably lighter to carry.

Reaching Stamboul, we made our way through the crowded streets, past the Seraglio gardens and St. Sophia, till we reached the old Hippodrome, which was modelled after the Circus at Rome. Little remains of its ancient glory, for the Crusaders carried off most of its works of art. The granite obelisk of Theodosius and the pillar of Constantine,

which the vandal Turks stripped of its bronze when they first captured the city, are still left, but the stones are continually falling, and it will soon be a ruin. The serpentine column consists of three serpents twisted together: the heads are gone, Mohammed II. having knocked off one with his battle-axe. A little Turk was taking his riding lesson on the level ground of the Hippodrome, and his frisky little black pony gave the old fellow in attendance plenty of occupation. We watched the boy for a while, and then, passing on toward the Marmora, took a look at the "Cistern of the Thousand Columns." A broad flight of



OBELISK OF THEODOSIUS.

steps leads down to it, and the many tall slender columns of Byzantine architecture make a perfect wilderness of pillars. Wherever we stood, we seemed always the centre from which long aisles of columns radiated till they lost themselves in the darkness. The cistern has long been empty, and is used as a ropewalk.

The great fire swept a large district of the city here, which has been but little rebuilt, and the view of the Marmora is very fine. On the opposite Asiatic shore Mount Olympus, with its snow-crowned summit, fades away into the blue of the heavens. This is a glorious atmosphere, at least at this season, the air clear and bracing, the sky a beautiful blue and the sunsets golden. In winter it is cold, muddy and cheerless, and in midsummer the simoom which sweeps up the Marmora from Africa and the Syrian coast renders it very unhealthy for Europeans to remain in the city. The simoom is exceedingly enervating in its effects, and all who can spend the summer months on the upper Bosphorus,

where the prevailing winds are from the Black Sea and the air is cool and healthful. Nearly all the foreign legations except our own have summer residences there and beautiful grounds.

Following the old aqueduct built by the emperor Hadrian, which still supplies Stamboul with water, and is exceedingly picturesque with its high dripping arches covered with luxuriant ivy, we reach the walls which protected the city on the land side, and then, threading our way through the narrow, dirty streets, we returned to the Golden Horn. I do not wonder, after what I have seen of this part of Stamboul, that the cholera made such ravages here a few years since. I should think it would remain a constant scourge. Calling a *caïque*, we were rowed up the Golden Horn to the Sweet Waters, but its tide floated only our own boat, and the banks lacked the attraction of the gay groups which render the place so lively on Fridays. We were served with coffee by a Turk who with his little brasier of coals was waiting under a wide-



SHEPHERDS.

spreading tree for any chance visitor, and after a short stroll on the bank opposite the Sultan's pretty palace we floated gently down the stream till we reached the Golden Horn again. On a large meadow near the mouth of Sweet Waters some Arabs were camped with an immense flock of sheep. They had brought them there to shear and wash the wool in the fresh water, and the ground was covered with large quantities of beautiful long fleece. The shepherds in their strange mantles and head-dresses looked very picturesque as they spread the wool and tended their flocks. Our *caïquegee*, as the oarsman of a *caïque* is called,

ought not to be overlooked. His costume was in keeping with his pretty caïque, which was painted a delicate straw-colour and had white linen cushions. He was a tall, finely-built fellow, a Cretan or Bulgarian I should think, for he looked too wide awake for a Turk. The sun had burned his olive complexion to the deepest brown, and his black eyes and white teeth when he smiled lighted up his intelligent face, making him very handsome. He wore a turban, loose shirt with hanging sleeves and voluminous trousers, all of snowy whiteness. A blue jacket embroidered with gilt braid was in readiness to put on when he stopped rowing. It must have taken a ruinous amount of material to make those trousers. They were full at the waist and knee, and before seating himself to his oars he gracefully threw the extra amount of the fullness which drooped behind over the wide seat as a lady spreads out her overskirt.

Last night we bade farewell to the strange old city with its picturesque sights, its glorious views and the many points of interest we had grown so familiar with. Our adieus were said, the ammales had taken our baggage to the steamer, which lay at anchor off Seraglio Point, and before dark we went on board, ready to sail at an early hour.

The bustle of getting underway at daylight this morning woke me, and I went on deck in time to take a farewell look. The first rays of the sun were just touching the top of the Galata Tower and lighting up the dark cypresses in the palace-grounds above us. The tall minarets and the blue waves of the Bosphorus caught the golden light, while around Olympus the rosy tint had not yet faded and the morning mists looked golden in the sunlight. We rounded Seraglio Point and steamed down the Marmora, passed the seven Towers, and slowly the beautiful city faded from our view.

SHEILA HALE.

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### SHAKSPERE'S "HENRY VI."

WHEN we have learned to love and admire an old poem or an old play, it acquires a sort of sanctity in our eyes. We cannot bear to have it wantonly meddled with or injured. We attach a proportionate value to every phrase of it, and almost to each separate word, and it offends our sense of harmony even to alter the order of the expressions without changing their forms. The *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* expresses these feelings most happily in the ingenious analogy which he finds between an old poem, an old meerschaum, and an old violin.

"A poem must be kept *and used* like a meerschaum, or a violin. A

poem is just as porous as the meerschaum; the more porous it is the better. I mean to say that a poem is capable of absorbing an indefinite amount of the essence of our humanity, its tenderness, its heroisms, its regrets, its aspirations, so as to be gradually stained through with a divine secondary colour derived from ourselves. \* \* \* Then again, as to the mere music of a new poem, who can expect anything more from that, than from the music of a violin fresh from the maker's hands? Now, you know very well that there are no less than fifty-eight different pieces in a violin. These pieces are strangers to each other, and it takes a century more or less, to make them thoroughly acquainted. At last they learn to vibrate in harmony, and the instrument becomes an organic whole, as if it were a great seed-capsule which had grown from a garden bed in Cremona or elsewhere. \* \* \* Don't you see that all this is just as true of a poem? Counting each word as a piece, there are more pieces in an average copy of verses than in a violin. The poet has forced all these words together and fastened them, and they don't understand it at first. But let the poem be repeated aloud, and murmured over in the mind's muffled whisper often enough, and at length the parts become knit together in such absolute solidarity, that you could not change a syllable without the whole world's crying out against you for meddling with the harmonious fabric."

When we have acquired such a treasure, we treat it as we would treat a beautiful statue by an eminent artist. We give it a distinguished place in our collection of valuable possessions, and however familiar with it we may grow by long ownership, and however frequently our other business may hurry us past it, we often pause to take another glance at the well-known beauties, and to revive the old recollections that are associated with them. Too often, however, under such circumstances, the critic "comes us cranking in," and pays us a most unwelcome visit. He removes our statue from its place of honour, and sets it in an obscure corner, strips off one by one all the decorations with which our fondness has ornamented it, writes on the left arm, "copied from Michael Angelo," and upon the right, "done much better by Praxiteles, hundreds of years ago," cracks the left knee to show the grain of the marble in illustration of some of his geological theories, knocks three toes off the right foot to keep in accordance with some old and perhaps worthless historical tradition, smudges the nose with printer's ink, and then, with a self-satisfied wave of the hand says, "There—there is your masterpiece revised and corrected according to the latest canons of taste and information!"

Much of the commonly received Shaksperian criticism, appears to us to be of a nature similar to that of the operations just described. Many commentators and critics, diligent, acute, learned, or the reverse, have

laboured at different times upon the life and works of this great poet. Of unquestionable information, they have given us but little, and indeed there was but little for them to give. Most of the "Lives" of Shakspeare that are supplied to us, are little more than biographical romances in which the few undisputed facts that are known, are made a framework for the support of a tissue of fanciful conjectures and more or less distant probabilities. Some of the assertions therein made, we like to believe, because they correspond with our own notions of what might or ought to have been the case, and others we reject for the opposite reason, but when we search for a solid foundation upon which to base our faith, or our disbelief, we are nearly always disappointed. The alleged facts have first to be gleaned from remote authorities, who are often so ignorant, careless or mendacious, as to be at variance with history, probability and each other. From such sources they are picked out and dressed up for our information, by each commentator according to his own tastes and prejudices, or as they happen to agree or disagree with his own pre-conceived hypothesis, in such a manner that too often the sole result of his labours is but—

To darken that which was obscure before.

As the biographers have dealt with Shakspeare's life, so have the commentators handled his texts, but these last, with less excuse, have done more mischief. Of his life, so little is actually known or discoverable, that if we are to conceive any distinct personal history of the poet at all, we *must* have conjecture and surmise largely admitted. But with the text, the case is very different. This, after all, is to most of us, the man himself. In it alone we see him "live and move, and have his being;" and hence it is particularly to be desired that it should neither be altered nor perverted, added to nor subtracted from. Unfortunately, this text originally came in a somewhat questionable shape, which gave from the very first, a ready handle for innovation. Within the space of two centuries and a half, so many commentators have been labouring so long and so assiduously, to put it in what they consider to be proper order, that much of it must now we fear be regarded as a "translation" of the sort to which poor Bottom was subjected in the thicket. Some portions of it suggest the idea of worsted trimmings upon a velvet coat, while other parts hang in a condition resembling that of a skirt of the same coat, partially detached but not quite yet torn away. Many of the conjectures offered, are beyond all our powers of acquiescence. We cannot accept them without tearing up all our old fancies and associations by the roots, which roots are both long and tough, and not removable without the upheaving of much pleasant ground, and altering the appearance of its surface materially for the worse. And yet, to criticize the critic, and examine the foundations of his theory, is generally a task as unprofitable

as it is unattractive. The admitted facts are so few, and the inferences which may be drawn from them are so various, that when we have undertaken such an enquiry we often find the values of the pro and con to be equal and equivalent to zero.

Of all the innumerable Shaksperian controversies, there is none perhaps which has been more strenuously debated, than the authenticity of the three plays which bear the name of *Henry VI.* The question was first raised by Malone, towards the middle of the last century.

"There is an upstart crowe, beautified with our feathers, that with his *tygre's heart wrapped in a player's hide*, supposes hee is as well able to bombaste out a blank verse, as the best of you, and being an absolute *Juanes Factotum*, is in his own conceit the only *Shake-scene* in a country."

This now familiar passage occurring in a pamphlet by Robert Greene, a contemporary of Shakspeare's and an unsuccessful rival dramatist, attracted Malone's attention and caused him to make those researches and reflections which ended in his impugning the authenticity of *Henry VI.* The allusion to Shakspeare cannot be mistaken, and the first expression in italics will at once be referred to its proper source by everybody who has read that powerful scene in which the brave York, defeated, taken, and awaiting a cruel death, which is delayed for a moment, only to give an opportunity for such insults and torments as can embitter the very bitterness of death itself, expends his last breath in hurling hatred and defiance at his barbarous enemies. Malone therefore sought in these three plays for a special justification of the charge of plagiarism, and the conclusions at which he arrived, may be briefly stated as follows:—

That as regards the three *Parts of Henry VI.* Shakspeare was not the original author of any of them.

That *Parts II.* and *III.* were retouched by him, but there is no reason for believing that he ever saw *Part I.* in his life.

A "most lame and impotent conclusion" as it appears to us. However, as a man of abilities is always sure to have followers, Malone's views have found favour with many readers of Shakspeare, especially among those who look at the works of the great poet rather with the eye of an anatomist than with that of an artist. Several leading counsel have already been heard upon both sides, but as the case is still in Court, we may be permitted to add a word or two in favour of Shakspeare's authorship.

The feelings with which we regard these plays, are the growth of old acquaintance and frequent study. We do not go quite so far as a celebrated English statesman, who is said to have confessed that he was indebted for his whole knowledge of the history of his native country to the works of Shakspeare. We admit, that in histories which are intended for the instruction of novices, strict accuracy of detail and date, is the

kind of excellence to which all others must give way. Yet, apart altogether from the literary merits displayed in these plays, we prize them as a piece of historical writing. Their author may be partial, and for our own part we cannot imagine any historian otherwise, whose works are in the least degree more interesting than a carefully written dictionary of dates. His chronology may be somewhat loose, and some of his minor facts of little interest and no importance may be contradicted by reliable authority. But no author has ever told us the story of the loss of France and the wars of the Roses, with such skill and power, with so few important omissions and discrepancies, and withal in so short a compass. No important circumstance is omitted from the narrative. The youth and incompetence of the English King, the selfish ambition and ferocity of the nobles, the difference in natural temperament, character, and interests between the English and French nations, the persevering patriotism of the latter, and how it was fed and sustained by religious enthusiasm, are all fully displayed to us; and, such being the case, what matters it to the general interest and fidelity of the narrative, whether King Henry was nine years old at the time of his coronation or only nine months, whether Lord Clifford fell by York's own hand or by those of York's soldiers, or whether the Parliament of 1426 was held at Leicester or London? We have no other writings which contain the general history of the times in question in such a lively, concise and intelligible form, giving us a picture of them at once so striking and so correct.

The composition of these plays must have demanded abilities of no common order. The loss of their continental possessions was sufficiently recent to be a subject of a national regret and mortification to the English people; and the wars of the great barons must also have left behind them some scars too tender to bear injudicious handling. To draw from all social ranks, high and low, a set of characters natural and consistent in themselves, and to combine them together so as to present upon the stage a series of pictures of these events, which should attract and please an English general audience without giving undue offence either to national or family vanity was no easy task, but it is admirable to see with what dexterity and success it is performed. Both the scheme of the undertaking and the manner of its execution are of the highest dramatical excellence. They are both well worthy of that magical power which could not *copied* be.

The materials and finish of the workmanship are not unworthy of the skill which is displayed in the plan. If the language be below the level of that which is used by Shakspeare in other historical plays, it is equally far above that of any other English writer who has ever favoured us with one of these compositions. The objectors appear to feel the force

of this difficulty, and when the very natural question is asked, "If Shakspeare did not write these plays, who else could possibly have done so?" their only answer is to refer us to the best four or five of his contemporary writers, and leave us to make our choice among them. They in fact attempt to shift the burden of proof from their own side of the question, to which it most properly belongs. But without recording this protest, we say that none of these authors, nor no conceivable combination of them will satisfy the conditions required. Ben; Jonson, who of them all has best endured the test of time, was but twenty years of age when *Part II.* first went through Stationer's Hall. What his dramatic abilities and his age might be when *Part I.* was first played, we need hardly pause to conjecture. But neither Ben, nor Marlowe, nor Greene (though wrapped snugly in his own good "hide," with any allowance of foreign "feathers" for garnish), nor Peele, nor Lodge, nor Kyd, has ever made such a performance credible of him. They were all men of talent, some less, some more, but to compose three narrative plays, comprising more than 8,000 lines, of such uniform excellence throughout, and containing so many imperishable scenes, was not within the capabilities of any of them. How Ben would have ranted and strutted through Talbot's one-to-ten victories over the French! How Marlowe would have torn the passion of the dying Cardinal Beaufort to tatters and split the very ears of the groundlings! How Greene would have made Warwick whine about the dishonesty of rivals and competitors in general, when his captive Edward, having first stolen his own person out of custody, and then filched away the puppet King from London behind the King-maker's back, finally crowned these secret thefts by making a highway robbery of the whole kingdom itself at Barnet in the presence of twenty-thousand witnesses! But can we imagine that two or more of these writers combined their talents, and so produced these plays? This supposition will hardly serve the purpose either. One of the strongest arguments against the genuineness of two other disputed plays (*Titus Andronicus* and *Pericles*), which have been attributed to Shakspeare, is the irregularity of the composition and the unequal amount of power that is displayed in different acts and scenes. But no plays which we have ever read bear so little the appearance of patched or partnership work as these three *Parts of Henry VI.* If any such work exists in them, skilful must be the critic who can point out the traces of the joinings. From the opening scene of the obsequies of Henry V. in Westminster Abbey, down to the finale where Edward IV. after all his "moving accidents by flood and field," establishes himself and his issue in permanent security, as he thinks, upon the English throne, the character of the composition is uniform throughout. No personage exhibits a single trait of character in one scene which is in-

consistent with those which he manifests in any other. When the action rises the diction rises also, to its level but no higher, and when it subsides the diction falls also, to the narrative pitch and no lower.

In admitting, as we did a moment ago, that the general strain of the language of these plays is less lofty than that which is commonly made use of by Shakspeare in his histories, it must be borne in mind that the action is not here, as it is elsewhere, concentrated in the persons of a small number of leading characters. In *King John*, the King himself, Cardinal Pandulph, Constance, Hubert and the magnificent Bastard, absorb all the interest and leave but little for the other characters to say or to do. In *Richard II.* the King, the two Percies, Bolingbroke and old York do all the business. In *Richard III.* our attention is chiefly taken up by the movements of the crook-backed tyrant and his supple tool and follower Buckingham. In *Henry VIII.* all the other characters are little more than foils to the King, the Cardinal and Queen Catharine. Cranmer, Gardiner and Thomas Cromwell, however great may have been their real influence upon the age, have but little importance assigned to them in the play, for which circumstance there exists a good and sufficient reason in the recency of the events described, and the circumstances under which the play was produced. Shakspeare was not here writing a history of matters two hundred years old for the edification of the general public. He was merely producing a portrait as flattering as could be drawn by the highest human skill of the greatest tyrant that ever sat upon the English throne, to be deposited as a graceful act of homage at the feet of his daughter. Now in *Henry VI.* we have a much larger number of important characters brought forward, Besides King Henry there are Humphrey of Gloucester, his Duchess, the Duke of York and his two famous sons Edward and Richard, Talbot, Warwick the "great setter-up and plucker-down of Kings," Joan of Arc, Margaret of Anjou, Cardinal Beaufort, the Dukes of Suffolk and Somerset, the two Cliffords and Jack Cade, all of such importance in the history that each of them must have a fair share of the action and an opportunity to develop a well-marked personal character as the play proceeds. To fix the spectator's attention too exclusively upon some three or four of these personages would have been to crowd all the others into the background and spoil the general effect of the picture. Hence the speeches of individuals have for the most part to be shorter, and as the action is always being carried rapidly forward there is less room for lofty flights of imagination and long-sustained bursts of passion. Yet, within the limits allowed by the exigencies of the narration, striking scenes and speeches are not wanting. The words with which Joan of Arc brings over the Duke of Burgundy to the party of France, the dialogues between Talbot and his son, and that between Mortimer and

young Plantagenet in the Tower, and the conferences between the rival lords in the Temple Garden, were never penned by an obscure scribbler. All these occur in the *First* and most maligned *Part*, which Shakspeare is supposed never to have seen. In the other two *Parts*, in which it is reluctantly admitted that he may have had a hand, the treasury is so rich that it is almost invidious to cite examples of excellence. It need only be said that the death scenes of Duke Humphrey and Cardinal Beaufort, and the inimitable Reform meetings of Jack Cade and his rabble followers are such as only one author's imagination has ever "bodied forth" or his pen "turned to shapes." If these scenes were all removed others might be instanced, inferior perhaps, but still immeasurably beyond the productive powers of Peele, Greene & Co. And after the jewels have all been removed the setting which is left will not be pinchbeck but gold.

Without dwelling longer upon the merits of these plays, it will be enough to say, by way of summary, that they are as well worthy of Shakspeare, both in plan and execution, as they are far above the abilities of any other known author of his day. That for a century and a half after his death his title to their authorship passed unchallenged. And that of evidence against it now there is not a particle of that kind which alone could render impossible what all must admit to be so probable. Two of the *Parts* appeared in print during his lifetime, and so far as is known were never denied by him nor claimed by anybody else. The third (*Part I.*), although, like many of the best of his other plays, it was not printed until after his death, was never questioned until the middle of the eighteenth century. Surely one would think that the evidence offered to upset all this ought to be of a very convincing kind. Setting aside Greene's charge (of which we shall presently speak more particularly) it amounts in brief to this:—

The two *Parts* which were published during Shakspeare's lifetime appeared *anonymously*. When reprinted under his name they had different titles, and their texts were so changed by additions, subtractions and word-alterations that they may almost be said to have been rewritten. *The alterations are so extensive and various that the anonymous plays must have been by a different author or authors.* This is the essence of the proof as against *Parts II.* and *III.* And *Part I.* was apparently never printed during Shakspeare's lifetime, although from this allusion in the concluding chorus of *Henry V.* it would seem to have been a popular play long before the year 1600:—

*Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned King  
Of France and England, did this king succeed,  
Whose state so many had the managing  
That they lost France, and made his England bleed,  
Which aft this stage hath shown . . .*

To account for these facts we need only remember that Shakspeare appears to have been perfectly careless about his prospects of posthumous fame, and to have troubled himself but very little about the future destiny of his works after he had once placed them upon the stage. He never took the trouble to prepare an edition of them during his lifetime, and a full half of their number, including several of those which are now among the most esteemed, were apparently never printed until seven years after his death. It is no very violent supposition, that having at different times brought out three separate dramas, one upon the loss of France and two upon the Wars of the Roses, he should have afterwards revised and altered these with a view of combining them in a series, as a history of that most unfortunate of English reigns. That they have been so re-arranged is evident from the continuity of the action from *part to part*, which is so skilfully effected that one could rather imagine the whole to be one long play divided into three, than three independent plays polished into harmony with each other. A circumstance, which along with the uniformity of the style of composition, appears to us to furnish an additional and most convincing proof that the work is all by the same hand. The alterations of the folio are quite as numerous in the ordinary and narrative parts of the play, as in the most emotional scenes. Cardinal Beaufort's death scene has but fourteen new lines scattered through it; and in the long and powerfully-drawn tableau of the deaths of Rutland and his gallant father, there are only four.

Before this combination plan occurred to Shakspeare, he probably did with these just what he did with most of his other plays, *i. e.*, left them loose upon the stage without taking the trouble to assert an authorship which nobody then thought of questioning. It seems much more credible that Shakspeare should have allowed two of his plays to be printed anonymously, and a third to remain unprinted, like *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, *King John*, *Coriolanus*, *The Tempest*, and nine or ten others which were never printed during his lifetime, than that he should have gone to the works of an obscure author, or brace of authors, in search of that dramatic invention which he himself possessed in greater measure than any other writer who has ever preceded him or followed him.

As for Greene's accusation, it proves nothing except what any of us may see illustrated every day of his life,—that is, that the man who has failed in any given pursuit, is very apt to cherish hostile and vindictive feelings against those of his contemporaries who have succeeded. The "tiger's heart" line appears in the anonymous quarto as well as in the Shakespeare folio; and if the play were not really Shakspeare's own, why should Greene have quoted this expression to sneer at? The charge is evidently meant to be a *general* one, and in truth there were so many things in common between all the plays of that day, that a captious writer

might easily persuade himself that he had detected a plagiarism in the use of what was in fact common stock between all the play-writers. The peculiar literary taste of the age demanded several things, which all those who aimed at pleasing it, either upon the stage or in writing, felt themselves bound to supply. It delighted in puns and antitheses, in quaint conceits and illusions, and classical illustrations, to an extent that would now be thought ridiculous and pedantic. Accordingly, we find more or fewer of these in all the dramas of the epoch, however few other features they may possess in common. Shakspeare had to make use of this kind of writing, and in it, as in every other, he excelled his neighbours. A jealous and irritable dramatist, in examining a successful play by a rival author, could hardly fail to find some allusion to Phœbus, Mars, or Diana; or some play upon sound or sense in expression which would remind him of something of the same nature (only, of course, much better treated), in some play of his own which had failed to find patronage. If "bombaste" means language which is above the level of the subject, or superfluous to the purport of the story, *Henry VI.* certainly supports this charge as little as any other of Shakspeare's plays. But the accusation of bombaste and plagiarism was evidently meant to apply to *all* of them indifferently; and this particular play was probably quoted only because it happened to be one of those which were most popular at the time.

When the historical part of the evidence is so weak, it is hardly worth while to inquire much further; for in a question of this kind we are much worse off when we depend upon the opinions of critics than when we rely upon the testimony of facts, small though they be. But to proceed to internal evidence, thought to be furnished by the plays themselves.

In *Part I.* Henry says that in his youth, his father had spoken to him of Talbot's bravery.<sup>(a)</sup> In *Parts II.*<sup>(b)</sup> and *III.*<sup>(c)</sup> the same Henry says correctly, that when he was crowned, he was but nine months old, so that of course he could have known nothing of his father. And by a further refinement of criticism, Malone says that the line in *Part II.* is Shakspeare's and that in *Part III.* is not, so that neither Shakspeare nor the author of *Part III.* could have written *Part I.* To this it may be answered, that *Part I.* was certainly played long before the others, and that at the time of its production Shakspeare may have been ignorant of Henry's exact age at the time of his accession, and only known that he was very young. During the interval between this time and the composition or re-composition of *Parts II.* and *III.* he may have learned this fact more exactly. The three line passage in *Part I.* may be an inter-

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<sup>(a)</sup> Act iii, Scene 4    <sup>(b)</sup> Act iv, Scene 9.    <sup>(c)</sup> Act i, Scene 1.

polation. It has no connection either with what precedes or what follows, and were it removed neither the scene nor the play would be injured. But, setting these defences aside, it is one of Shakspeare's characteristics to be careless about anachronisms and even about well-known matters of fact, when they are not of any particular importance to the story which he is going to tell. An author who has given a sea-coast and a navy to Bohemia, provided Lord Thaliard at Antioch with a pistol, made a warrior quote Aristotle at the siege of Troy, and mentioned Giulio Romano the painter as contemporary with the oracle of Delphi, would hardly consider that it mattered much to his story whether Henry VI. was nine years old at his accession, or only nine months. All that he would think necessary to remember (and this he always *does* remember) is that Henry was then *very young*.

Again in *Part I.*,<sup>(a)</sup> Mortimer tells young Plantagenet, that Richard Earl of Cambridge "levied an army," the fact being as correctly stated by Shakspeare in *Henry V.* that he was "arrested" before his treason had had time to take effect. But why may not both of these statements be true? It is hardly probable that Cambridge would have ventured upon such a step as assassinating Henry V. in the midst of his courtiers, and at the head of the troops which he had assembled for the invasion of France, without having first secretly drawn together some kind of an armed force to act in his support as soon as he should give it the signal. Malone seems to forget that "armies" in those days were merely armed assemblages of the ordinary inhabitants of the country, and were much more easily levied and disbanded than they are now.

"The author" (of *Part I.*) says the critic, "evidently knew the classical pronunciation of the word Hecate.

I speak not to that railing Hecaté.—(*Act III, Scene 2.*)

"But Shakspeare in *Macbeth*, always makes Hecate a dissyllable."

Now this very play of *Macbeth*, ought to have taught Malone that Shakspeare never hesitates to alter the pronunciation of a word when by so doing he improves the sound of his verse.

Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane Hill  
Shall come against him.—(*Act IV, Scene 1.*)

Yet shortly afterwards

Great Dun'sinane he strongly fortifies.—(*Act v, Scene 2.*)

And the physician remarks,

Were I from Dun'sinane away and clear  
Profit again should hardly draw me here.—(*Act v, Scene 3.*)

The frequency of classical allusion in *Part I.* is thought by Malone to imply a doubt of its genuineness. "There are found," says he "more

(a) Act ii, Scene 5.

allusion to mythology, to ancient and modern history, and to classical authors than are found in any one play of Shakspeare's written on an English story. They are such as do not naturally rise out of the subject, and appear to be inserted merely to show the author's learning. These allusions, and many particular expressions, seem more likely to have been used by the authors already named." (Greene, Peele, Lodge, and Marlowe.)

Now if this were so, it would be a fact of very little importance seeing that a fondness for classical allusions was a marked feature of the literary tastes of the day, for which all its dramatists were accustomed to cater. One would think from this objection, that Shakspeare's plays were generally free from such allusions, whereas the fact is that they abound in them. In *Henry V.* which nobody who has read it will venture to call pedantically written, there are fifteen classical and scriptural allusions in the first four acts. In the first act of the *Taming of the Shrew* and its introductory scene there are a round dozen of classical allusions. Those in *Part I.* of *Henry VI.* are sixteen in number, of which twelve are crowded into the first act. They are neither more frequent nor less apropos than those in Shakspeare's other plays, but they attract more notice by being concentrated within narrower limits, and also because they are *less trite* than those which he generally makes use of. Mars, Bacchus and Apollo are so familiar that they slip by us as we read, without catching the attention which is at once fixed, by the mention of Julius Cæsar's star, Hannibal's fire-bearing oxen, or the labyrinth of Crete.

Again, Malone thinks that the style of the versification differs from that of other Shaksperian plays; he says that "the sense concludes or pauses at the end of almost every line," and that "there is scarcely ever a redundant syllable." These assertions are made with special reference to *Part I.*, and yet in the second scene of that play we come at once upon a single sentence delivered by Joan of Arc, which consists of fifteen lines, and in her very next speech she supplies us with a brace of redundant syllables also, in speaking of her famous sword—

The which at Touraine in St. Katharine's Church-yard  
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

It would tire the reader to point out further contradictions of these statements.

So unsuccessful is the search for confirmation of the anti-Shaksperian hypothesis, that nothing is too trifling to be picked up. Exeter in magnifying the glory of *Henry V.* at his obsequies exclaims—

What should I say! his deeds exceed all speech.

The italicized phrase, says the critic, is a favourite one with Hall, the

chronicler, but Holinshed, not Hall, was Shakspeare's favourite author, and this furnishes an additional proof that the play was not his (!)

And this is the sort of evidence upon which we are asked to find Shakspeare "not guilty" of the authorship of three plays, forming not so much a connected as a continuous whole, and bearing throughout the stamp of his genius, not merely laid lightly upon the surface in the shape of word-fitting and polishing, but pressed down deeply into the very grain of the material, in its whole plan, construction and arrangement.

The more obvious view, is surely in this case, also the more rational. It is, that Shakspeare originally threw off these dramas, one by one, at different times and without reference to each other, and in a form which he considered capable of much improvement, when he afterwards conceived the idea of completing his historical series of the reigns of York and Lancaster, from *Richard II* to *Richard III*, and that he then took them up again, retrenched them, added to them and otherwise re-fitted them, so as to form from them a harmonious whole with which to fill up the gap between *Henry V.* and *Richard III.* We know that *Henry V.* was re-written (and probably this was done for the same reason), the folio edition of that play in 1623 being greatly altered and improved from the first quarto edition published in the year 1600.

It is amusing to note how criticism, like all other forms of opinion, tends to run in conventional grooves. No sooner had Malone started his theory, upon such grounds as we have just been examining, than a host of lesser critics hastened to follow in the footsteps of so orthodox a guide. Theobald, Morgann, Campbell, Gifford, and goodness knows how many more. Morgann<sup>a</sup> calls the *first part* of *Henry VI.* "that drum-and trumpet thing, written, doubtless, or rather exhibited, long before Shakspeare was born, though afterwards repaired and furnished up by him, with *here and there, a little* sentiment and diction." He seems to forget that the play is essentially the history of a great war, and that wars can no more be conducted upon the stage than in bitter earnest, without a more or less liberal use of these objectionable instruments. Where the evidence comes from by which he so confidently establishes the antiquity of the play, does not appear, but he certainly cannot find it in the uncouthness or obscurity of the language, the artless construction of the plot, or the want of "drawing" in the characters. Campbell<sup>b</sup> says, "I am glad that we may safely reject" (his safety consists solely in the infallibility of his guide), "the *First Part of Henry VI.*, especially when I think of that infernal scene in the fifth act, the condemnation of Joan of Arc to be burned alive." This scene, though, indeed, far too coarse and horrible to be tolerated by a modern audience, was a necessary part of the story, which the

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(a) Essay on the character of Falstaff, 1777. (b) Life of Shakspeare.

poet did not go out of his way to bring in, and it would not have been found fault with upon such grounds, at the time when it was written. It must not be forgotten that the burning of a living human being, even the most atrocious of criminals, was not then the antiquated horror which it has deservedly become now. It was still a recognised legal punishment for certain offences, and at no very remote period it had been of more frequent occurrence even in England, than hanging is in our own times. When this play was first acted, there must have been many persons alive, and perhaps among the spectators, who were not only familiar with the idea but had seen the frightful reality, quite often enough to blunt their natural sense of its intolerable inhumanity. Repulsive as the scene is, it is neither misplaced nor unnaturally treated where it occurs, and we should not feel thankful to any modern and humanitarian editor who should propose to cut it out of a play which is never acted, and which people of morbidly susceptible feelings are not obliged to read. The contemporary drama abounds in scenes as bad or worse in these respects, such as the finale of Massinger's *Virgin Martyr*, and the accumulated horrors of Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, which last is indeed a very palace of Atreus—"a godless one, privy to many murderous horrors of kin upon kin, and halters, a human shamble, and a dripping floor." "But we do not think this circumstance in itself a fair ground for a sweeping condemnation, either of a single play or the whole Elizabethan Drama. Even Mr. Campbell would hardly wish that Shakspeare had never written *King Lear*, simply on account of the "infernal" scene in which Gloucester's eyes are put out. The public taste for having these dreadful scenes enacted upon the stage, probably took its bent from the earliest form of the modern drama—the Miracle Plays, in which the sufferings of our Saviour and the first martyrs were represented *en tableau*, and formed a marked feature of the spectacle. It was not until many years after Shakspeare's time that the Horatian precept, "Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet," became a canon for the English stage. As late as 1750, Johnson<sup>b</sup> thought proper to introduce the bowstring upon the stage of Drury Lane, and though the clamour of the audience compelled him to withdraw it, Rowe had done the same thing without objection, some forty years before. Gifford<sup>c</sup> speaks of the production of the *First Part of Henry VI.* as "a thing which can confer distinction upon no abilities whatever," and yet we feel quite confident that if any ordinary reader who had never perused either work before, were to have this insignificant play put into one of his hands, and the best performance of Gifford's idolized Ben Jonson into the other, Ben's work would

(a) Æschylus Agamemnon, v. 1088, &c. (b) In his "Irene."

(c) Memoirs of Ben. Jonson.

neither be the first to be read through, nor the longest to be remembered and quoted from.

Without any wish to speak ungraciously of the Shaksperian critics as a class, it may perhaps be doubted whether the world is much the wiser for most of their guidance. As a man who advances in an unknown country without other directions than those of his own common sense, is much more likely to go right than he who follows a false map, so an educated man who reads Shakspeare by his own lights and without too implicit a deference to other men's dogmas, is far more likely to form a correct idea of the poet and its productions, than he who takes all his views from a fashionable standpoint created by the arbitrary prejudices of others. The field in which the critics work, if not altogether barren, is both stiff and stony, and demands much hard labour, as well as skilful cultivation to raise any crop from it which shall be worth the harvesting. The facts which they come at, generally resemble Gratiano's reasons; they are as two grains of wheat hidden in a bushel of chaff; you may seek for them all day, and when you shall have found them they are not worth the search. As for the conclusions and hypothesis which they build upon these facts, they are for the most part enough to drive genuine readers and admirers of the poet to despair. We have already seen upon what flimsy grounds, one of the acutest and ablest of these critics has tried to upset the authenticity of the longest and far from the least able of Shakspeare's dramas, *in toto*. Another less famous authority<sup>a</sup> has laid hold of that scene of which no true reader would willingly suffer a single word to be touched, in which Dame Quickly tells us how poor prodigal old Falstaff in his last moments "*babbled of green fields,*" and proved, by reference to two or three old authorities which nobody but himself ever saw or wished to see, that the words have been altered by some subsequent editor, and that Shakspeare originally wrote, "*his nose was as sharp as a pen upon a table of green baize.*" No doubt the world of readers will honour him for the correction, and appreciate at their due value the labours by which he arrived at it. Improvements of the sort are valuable enough, but more liberty was wanted still. The ordinary means and appliances for tampering with the texts, not being found quite sufficient, Mr. Collier in 1857 brought forward a proposal for establishing a precedent, which if followed up with due diligence would in the space of a century or two alter Shakspeare's works beyond his own power of recognition, if he were to rise expressly for the purpose. Mr. Collier discovered somewhere a worthless old novel<sup>b</sup> upon the story of *Pericles*, written in a prose form when that play was popular upon the stage, and long since deservedly forgotten. Noticing the facility with

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<sup>a</sup> Anonymous in Blackwood's Magazine.

<sup>b</sup> Printed in 1608.

which some portions of its stiff prose could be tuned into still stiffer and blanker verse, and seeing plenty of room for improvement in the play, he proposed to amend the latter by the addition of liberal extracts so treated from the novel. The play itself is one of the least worthy productions that ever bore the name of a great author, and the critics for once agree that Shakspeare can be held but partially responsible for it, differing only as to the exact extent of his share in its manufacture. Its value, however, is of the same kind as that which attaches itself to the most insignificant relics of a great man, to Bonaparte's tooth brush, and to the homely old suit of clothes which William the Silent wore when assassinated—things which however worthless in themselves, become precious from their associations. For these reasons we would have the hands even of admirers carefully kept away from both it and them. We look upon this last suggestion of Mr. Collier's as the *ne plus ultra* of Shaksperian criticism, and hope that the day may be far distant when any one shall think of acting upon it.

R. C. ALLISON, M. B.

St. John, N. B.

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## HOW HAM WAS CURED.

THIS was in slave times. It was also immediately after dinner, and the gentlemen had gone to the east piazza. Mr. Smith was walking back and forth, talking somewhat excitedly for him, while Dr. Rutherford sat with his feet on the railing, thoughtfully executing the sentimental performance of cutting his nails. Dr. Rutherford was an old friend of Mr. Smith who had been studying surgery in Philadelphia, and now, on his way back to South Carolina, had tarried to make us a visit.

"You see," Mr. Smith was saying, "about a week ago one of our old negroes died under the impression that she was 'tricked' or bewitched, and the consequence has been that the entire plantation is demoralized. You never saw anything like it."

"Many a time," said Dr. Rutherford, and calmly cut his nails.

"There is not a negro on the place." continued Edward, "who does not lie down at night in terror of the Evil Eye, and go to his work in the morning paralyzed by dread of what the day may bring. Why, there is a perfect panic among them. They are falling about like a set of ten-pins. This morning I sent for Wash (best hand on the place) to see about setting out tobacco-plants, and behold Wash curled up under a hay-stack getting ready to die! It is enough to— So as soon

as you came this morning a plan entered my head for putting a stop to the thing. It will be necessary to acknowledge that two or three of them are under the spell, and it is better to select those who already fancy themselves so.—Rosalie!" I appeared at the window. "Are any of the house-servants 'witched?'"

"Mercy is," said I, "and I presume Mammy is going to be: I saw her make a curtsey to the black cat this morning."

"Well, what is your plan?" inquired Dr. Rutherford.

Mr. Smith seated himself on the piazza railing, dangling his feet thereagainst, rounding his shoulders in the most attractive and engaging manner, as you see men do, and proceeded to develop his idea. I was called off at the moment, and did not return for an hour or two. As I did so I heard Dr. Rutherford say, "All right! Blow the horn;" and the overseer down in the yard

Blew a blast as loud and shrill  
As the wild-boar heard on Temple Hill.

an event which at this unusual hour of the day produced perfect consternation among the already excited negroes. They no doubt supposed it the musical exercise set apart for the performance of the angel Gabriel on the day of judgment, and in less than ten minutes all without exception had come pell-mell, helter-skelter, running to "the house." The dairymaid left her churn, and the housemaid put down her broom; the ploughs stood still, and when the horses turned their heads to see what was the matter they found they had no driver; she also who was cooking for the hands "fled from the path of duty" (no Casabianca nonsense for *her*!), leaving the "middling" to sputter into blackness and the corn-pones to share its fate. Mothers had gathered up their children of both sexes, and grouped them in little terrified companies about the yard and around the piazza-steps.

Edward was now among them, endeavouring to subdue the excitement, and having to some extent succeeded, he made a signal to Dr. Rutherford, who came forward to address the negroes. Throwing his shoulders back and looking around with dignity, he exclaimed, "I am the great Dr. Rutherford, the witch-doctor of Boston! I was far away in the North, hundreds of miles from here, and I saw a spot on the sun, and it looked like the Evil Eye! And I found it was a great black smoke. Then I knew that witch-fires were burning in the mountains, and witches were dancing in the valleys; and the light of the Eye was red! I am the great Dr. Rutherford, the witch-doctor of Boston! I called my black cat up and told her to smell for blood, and she smelled? She smelled, and she smelled, and she smelled! And presently her hair stood up like bristles, and her eyes shot out sparks of fire, and her tail was as stiff as iron!" He threw his shoulders back-

looked imposingly around and repeated : " I am the great Dr. Rutherford, the witch-doctor of Boston ! My black cat tells me that the witch is here—that she has hung the deadly nightshade at your cabin-doors, and your blood is turned to water. You are beginning to wither away. You shiver in the sun-shine ; you don't want to eat ; your hearts are heavy and you don't feel like work ; and when you come from the field you don't take down the banjo and pat and shuffle and dance, but you sit down in the corner with your heads on your hands, and would go to sleep, but you know that as soon as you shut your eyes she will cast hers on you through the chinks in the cabin-wall."

" Dat's me !" said Mercy—" dat certny is me !"

" Gret day in de mornin', mas' witch-doctor ! How you know ! Is you been tricked ? " inquired Martha, who, having been reared on the plantation, was unacquainted with the etiquette observed at lectures.

Wash groaned heavily, and shook his head from side to side in silent commendation of the doctor's lore.

" My black cat tells me that the witch is here ; and she *is* here ! " (Immense sensation among the children of Ham.) " But," continued he with a majestic wave of the arm, " she can do you no harm, for I *also* am here, the great Dr. Rutherford, the witch-doctor of Boston ! "

" Doctor," inquired Edward in a loud voice, " can you tell who is con-jured and who is not ? "

" I cannot tell unless robed in the blandishments of plagiarism and the satellites of hygienic art as expunged by the gyrations of nebular hypothesis. Await ye ! " He and Mr. Smith went into the house.

The negroes were very much impressed. They have excessive reverence for grandiloquent language, and the less they understand of it the better they liked it.

" What dat he say, honey ? " asked old Mammy. " I can't heer like I used ter."

" He says he will be back soon, Mammy, and tell if any of you are tricked," said I ; and just then Edward and the doctor reappeared, bearing between them a pine table. On this table were arranged about forty little pyramids of whitish-looking powder, and in their midst stood a bottle containing some clear liquid, like water. Dr. Rutherford seated himself behind it, robed in the black gown he had used in the dissecting-room, and crowned by a conical head-piece about two feet high, manufactured by Edward and himself, and which they had completed by placing on the pinnacle thereof a human skull. The effect of this picturesque costume was heightened by two large red circles around the doctor's eyes—whether obtained from the juice of the pokeberry or the inkstand on Edward's desk need not be determined.

In front of the table stood the negroes, men, women and children.

There was the preacher, decked in the clerical livery of a standing collar and white cravat, but, perhaps in deference to the day of the week, these were modified by the secular apparel of a yellow cotton shirt and homespun pantaloons attached to a pair of old "galluses," which had been mended with twine, and pieced with leather, and lengthened with string, till, if any of the original remained, none could tell the colour thereof nor what they had been in the day of their youth. The effect was not harmonious. There was Mammy, with her low wrinkled forehead, and white turban, and toothless gums, and skin of shining blackness, which testified that her material wants were not neglected. There was Wash, a great, stalwart negro, who ordinarily seemed able to cope with any ten men you might meet, now looking so subdued and dispirited, and of a complexion so ashy, that he really appeared old and shrunk and weak. There was William Wirt, the ploughboy, affected by a chronic grin which not even the solemnity of this occasion could dissipate, but the character of which seemed changed by the awestruck eyes that rolled above the heavy red lips and huge white teeth. There was Apollo—in social and domestic circles known as 'Poller—there was Apollo, his hair standing about his head in little black tufts or horns wrapped with cotton cord to make it grow, one brawny black shoulder protruding from a rent in his yellow cotton shirt, his pantaloons hanging loosely around his hips, and bagging around that wonderful foot which did not suggest his name, unless his sponsors in baptism were of a very satirical turn. There were Martha, and Susan, and Minerva, and Cinderella, and Chesterfield, and Pitt, and a great many other grown ones, besides a crowd of children, the smallest among the latter being clad in the dishabille of a single garment, which reached perhaps to the knee, but had little to boast in the way of latitude.

There they all stood in little groups about the yard, looking with awe and reverence at the great Dr. Rutherford, who sat behind the table with his black gown and frightful eyes and skull-crowned cap.

"You see these little heaps of powder and this bottle of water. You will come forward one at a time and pour a few drops of the water in this bottle on one of these little heaps of powder. If the powder turns black, the person who pours on the water is 'witched. If the powder remains white, the person who pours on the water is *not* 'witched. You may all examine the powders, and see for yourselves whether there is any difference between them, and you will each pour from the same bottle."

During a silence so intense that nothing was heard save the hum of two great "bumblebees" that darted in and out among the trees and flew at erratic angles above our heads, the negroes came forward and stretched their necks over each others shoulders, peering curiously at

the little mounds of powder that lay before them, at the innocent-looking bottle that stood in their midst, and the great high priest who sat behind. They stretched their necks over each others shoulders, and each endeavoured to push his neighbour to the front ; but those in front, with due reverence for the uncanny nature of the table, were determined not to be forced too near it, and the result was a quiet struggle, a silent wrestle, an undertone of wriggle, that was irresistibly funny.

Then arose the great high priest : " Range ye ! "

Not knowing the nature of this order, the negroes scattered instanter and then collected *en masse* around Mr. Smith.

" Range ye ! range ! " repeated the doctor with dignity, and Edward proceeded to arrange them in a long, straggling row, urging upon them that there was no cause for alarm, as, even should any of them prove 'witched, the doctor had charms with him by which to cast off the spell.

" Come, Maitha," said Edward ; but Martha was dismayed, and giving her neighbour a hasty shove, exclaimed,

" You go fus', Unk' Lumfrey : you's de preacher."

Uncle Humphrey disengaged his elbow with an angry hitch : " I don't keer if I is : go 'long yose'f."

" Well, de Lord knows I'm 'feerd to go," said Martha ; " but ef I sot up for preachin', 'peers to me I wouldn't be 'feerd to sass witches nor goses, nor nuffin' else."

" I don't preach no time but Sundays, an' dis ain't Sunday," said Uncle Humphrey.

" Hy, nigger ! " exclaimed Martha in desperation, " is you gwine to go back on de Lord cos 'tain't Sunday ? How come you don't trus' on Him week-a-days ? "

" I does trus' on Him fur as enny sense in doin' uv it ; but ef I go to enny my foolishness, fus' thing I know de Lord gwine leave me to take keer uv myse'f, preacher or no preacher—same as ef He was ter say, ' Dat's all right, cap'n : ef you gwine to boss dis job, boss it ; ' an' den whar I be ? Mas' Ned tole you to go ; go on, an' lemme 'lone."

" Uncle Humphrey," said Edward, " there is nothing whatever to be afraid of, and you must set the rest an example. Come ! "

Uncle Humphrey obeyed, but as he did so he turned his head and rolled, or, as the negroes say, *walled*—his eyes at Martha in a manner which convinced her, whatever her doubts in other matters pertaining to theology, that there is such a thing as future punishment. The old fellow advanced, and under direction of the great high priest poured some of the contents of the bottle on the powder indicated to him, and it remained white.

" Thang Gord ! " he exclaimed with a fervency which left no doubt of his sincerity, and hastened away.

Two or three others followed with a similar result. Then came Mercy the housemaid, and as her trembling fingers poured the liquid forth, behold the powder changed and turned to black! The commotion was indescribable, and Mercy was about to have a nervous fit when Dr. Rutherford, fixing his eyes on her, said in a tone of command, "Be quiet—be perfectly quiet, and in two hours I will destroy the spell. Go over there and sit down."

She tottered to a seat under one of the trees.

One or two more took their turn, among them Mammy, but the powders remained white. I had entreated Edward not to pronounce her 'witched, because she was so old and I loved her so: I could not bear that she should be frightened. You should have seen her when she found that she was safe. The stiff old limbs became supple and the terrified countenance full of joy, and the dear ridiculous old thing threw her arms up in the air, and laughed and cried, and shouted and praised God, and knocked off her turban, and burst open her apron-strings, and refused to be quieted till the doctor ordered her to be removed from the scene of action. The idea of retiring to the seclusion of her cabin while all this was going on was simply preposterous, and Mammy at once exhibited the soothing effect of the suggestion; so the play proceeded.

More white powders. Then Apollo's turned black, and, poor fellow! when it did so, he might have been a god or a demon, or anything else you never saw, for his face looked little like that of no human being, giving you the impression only of wildly-rolling eyeballs, and great white teeth glistening in a ghastly, feeble, almost idiotic grin.

Edward went up to him and laid his hand on his shoulder: "That's all right, my boy. We'll have you straight in no time, and you will be the best man at the shucking to-morrow night."

More white powders. Then came Wash, great big Wash; and when his powder changed, what do you suppose he did? Well, he just fainted outright.

The remaining powders retaining their colour, and Wash having been restored to consciousness, Dr. Rutherford directed him to a clump of chinquapin bushes near the "big gate" at the entrance of the plantation. There he would find a flat stone. Beneath this stone he would find thirteen grains of moulding corn and some goat's hair. These he was to bring back with him. Under the first rail near the same gate Mercy would find a dead frog with its eyes torn out, and across the road in the hollow of a stump Apollo was to look for a muskrat's tail and a weasel's paw. They went off reluctantly, the entire *corps de plantation* following, and soon they all came scampering back, trampling down the ox-eyed daisies and jamming each other against the corners of the rail fence, for sure enough, the witch's treasures had been found, but not a soul had

dared to touch them. Dr. Rutherford sternly ordered them back, but all hands hung fire, and their countenances evinced resistance of such a stubborn character that Edward at length volunteered to go with them. Then it was all right, and presently returned the most laughable procession that was ever seen—Wash with his arms at right angles, bearing his grains of moulding grain on a burdock leaf which he held at as great a distance as the size of the leaf and the length of his arms would admit, his neck craned out and his eyes so glued to the uncanny corn that he stumbled over every stick and stone that lay in his path; Mercy next, with ludicrous solemnity, bearing her unsightly burden on the end of a corn stalk; Apollo last, his weasel's paw and muskrat's tail deposited in the toe of an old brogan which he had found by the road-side, brown and wrinkled and stiff, with a hole in the side and the ears curled back, and which he had hung by the heel to a long crooked stick. On they came, the crowd around them following at irregular distances, surging back and forth, advancing or retreating as they were urged by curiosity or repelled by fear.

It was now getting dark, so Dr. Rutherford, having had the table removed, brought forth three large plates filled with different coloured powders. On one he placed Mercy's frog, on another Wash's corn, and on the third the muskrat's tail and weasel's paw taken from Apollo's shoe. Then we all waited in silence while with his hands behind him he strode solemnly back and forth in front of the three plates. At length the bees had ceased to hum; the cattle had come home of themselves, and could be heard lowing in the distance; the many shadows had deepened into one; twilight had faded and darkness come. Then he stood still: "I am the great Dr. Rutherford, the witch-doctor of Boston! I will now set fire to these witch's eggs, and if they burn the flames will scorch her. She will scream and fly away, and it will be a hundred years before another witch appears in this part of the country.

He applied a match to Apollo's plate and immediately the whole place was illuminated by a pale blue glare which fell with ghastly effect on the awestricken countenances around, while in the distance, apparently near the "big gate," arose a succession of the most frightful shrieks ever heard or imagined. Then the torch was applied to Mercy's frog, and forthwith every nook and corner, every leaf and every blade of grass was bathed in a flood of blood-red light, while the cries grew, if possible, louder and fiercer. Then came Wash's corn, which burned with a poisonous green glare, and flashed its sickly light over the house and yard and the crowd of black faces; and hardly had this died away when from the direction of the big gate there slowly ascended what appeared to be a blood-red ball.

"There she goes!" said the great Dr. Rutherford, and we all stood

gazing up into the heavens, till at length the thing burst into flames, the sparks died away and no more was to be seen.

"Now, that is the last of her!" impressively announced the witch-doctor of Boston; "and neither she nor her sisters will dare come to this country again for the next hundred years. You can all make your minds easy about witches."

Then came triumph instead of dread, and scorn took the place of fear. There arose a succession of shouts and cheers, laughter and jeers. They patted their knees and shuffled their feet and wagged their heads in derision.

"Hyar! hyar! old gal! Done burnt up, is you? Take keer whar you lay yo' aigs arfer dis!" advised William Wirt in a loud voice.—"Go 'long, pizen sass!" said Martha. "You done lay yo' las' aig, you is!"—"Hooray tag-rag!" shouted Chesterfield.—"Histe yo' heels, ole Mrs. Satan," cried one.—"You ain't no better'n a free nigger!" said another.—"Yo' wheel done skotch for good, ole skeer-face! hyar! hyar! You better not come foolin' 'long o' Mas' Ned's niggars no mo'!"

The next night was a gala one, and a merrier set of negroes never sang at a corn-shucking, nor did a jollier leader than Wash ever tread the pile, while Mercy sat on a throne of shucks receiving Sambo's homage, and, unmolested by fear, coyly held a corncob between her teeth as she hung her head and bashfully consented that he should come next day to "ax Mas' Ned de liberty of de plantashun."

"But, Edward," said I, "why did those three powders turn black?"

"Because they were calomel, my dear, and it was lime-water that was poured on them," said Mr. Smith.

"Well, but why did not the others turn black, too?"

"Because the others were tartarized antimony."

"Where did you get what was in the plates, that made the lights, you know?"

"Rutherford had the material. He is going to settle in a small county town so he provided himself with all sorts of drugs and chemicals before he left Philadelphia."

"But, Edward," persisted I, putting my hand over his book to make him stop reading, "how came those things where they were found? and the balloon to ascend just at the proper moment? and who or what was it screamed so? Neither you nor Dr. Rutherford had left the yard except to go into the house."

"No, my dear; but you remember Dick Kirby came over just after dinner, and he would not ask any better fun than to fix all that."

"Humph!" said I, "men are not so stupid, after all."

Edward looked more amused than flattered, which shows how conceited men are.

## DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

"YE braves ! that fear no foe and laugh at death,  
 Right well I know that to your latest breath  
 You'll fight like heroes, or like heroes fall,—  
 So now on you I confidently call  
 To hurl destruction with relentless hand  
 Upon the base invaders of our land !  
 The whiteman's signal gun has failed to sound,  
 And silence broods his coward camp around—  
 He need not care—in sooth it's better so—  
 Let's dash alone upon the hated foe,  
 Grasp for ourselves bright vict'rys glorious crown,  
 And share with none the meed of high renown !"  
 Like statues round their stalwart chief they stood  
 Within the margin of the tangled wood,  
 While spake Tecumseh thus in fervent strain,  
 Though ev'ry eye flashed fire, and ev'ry brain  
 Burned with desire to raise the battle cry,  
 Rush to the field, and win the fight or die.  
 He ceased, waved high his powerful arm, and then  
 Flew onward, followed by his daring men,  
 Who, with one mighty whoop their silence broke,  
 And charged with vengeance through the fire and smoke.  
 A moment more and then the meeting came,  
 With roar of thunder and with flash of flame,  
 While piled in bloody heaps the warriors fell,  
 And filled the woods with many a dying yell,  
 Tecumseh's voice rang ever on the air,  
 And where the fight was fiercest he was there,  
 Until at last the fated bullet sped,  
 And, dying, fell he 'mong the ghastly dead.  
 With breasts by grief and bitter vengeance riven,  
 The red men raised their battle cry to heaven,  
 Closed round their chieftain's corpse, and vainly tried  
 To curb the torrent of the mighty tide,  
 That swept upon them with resistless flow,  
 And hurled them headlong with it's mighty blow.  
 But few escaped from out the carnage then  
 Of that chivalric band of desp'rate men,  
 But those that did, bore off their leader too,  
 And hid his corpse from the invaders' view,  
 Who vainly sought among the silent dead  
 For him, whose might had filled their minds with dread.

C. E. JAKEWAY, M. D.

## DISRAELI'S NOVELS.

YOU remember, of course, that lazy, idle boy whom Thackeray saw lying on a bridge, in the sun, one summer day in Rhineland reading a novel. How the dear old master loved the fellow! *Haud ignorans mali*, not ignorant of—novels, himself, he loved the novel reading propensities of others. He was a great lover of novels, as most great people in literature have been and are. Reading “Macaulay’s Life,” one is struck by the numbers of utterly worthless trash that the old Pundite appears to have devoured in his youth. He absolutely gloats in his maturity over the discovery of some idiotic fiction with which he had been pleased, with his sisters, in the old Clapham days, before life had got to be serious, and when the bloom was on the rye. But there are two great masters of fiction who do not seem to have read much fiction of others; one is Dickens, the other is Disraeli. It is not easy to say what sort of books Dickens read or loved. Even when he had made his own mark, and was on his way to fame, his library was a vain and frivolous thing, full of presentation copies and gilt-edged inutilities; later on it improved. His own great fictions seem to have been born in his teeming brain spontaneously. In like manner, Disraeli owes no man his style; no book seems to have given him hints for his creations. He, too, is *sui generis*, self sufficient, original and unrivalled. A year or two ago there was published “The Boudoir Cabal,” in which something like a near approach was made to the Disraeli manner and the Disraeli brilliancy; it was, without question, the ablest novel that has appeared in its line for many years; it can be read at least three times. But with that exception there has been no attempt made to imitate Disraeli. This is just. Disraeli imitated nobody. Contarini Fleming got together fine paper, gold pens, beautiful ink-bottles, and sat down to write—and could not write. Mr. Disraeli seems to have also gathered about him all the elegancies of amateur authorship—the regular army are contented with the regulation camp life—and sat down to write fiction—and did write it with unequalled brilliancy. Later on he determined to be a statesman, and, in spite of greater difficulties than lie in the way of writing fiction, he did become a statesman. Suppose he had tried to become a poet! But we must draw the line there. Mr. Disraeli appeals to the head and its attendant satellites of fancy, humour, wit, irony; but he does not often appeal to the heart. Cousin Swift, you would never have been a poet. And yet a good case might be made against this criticism; for the man who wrote the brilliant description of the Garden in Bethany, who followed Tanced into the mountains of the Ansarey and beheld the worship of the hidden Apollo, who was the dark teacher of the Arian Mystery and the

apologist of the Hebrew race on historic and poetic grounds, must have had something of the poet in him. But somehow, one is not convinced in even the most beautiful passages that the writer is not smiling at his own rhetoric and half saddened at the imposition of his own creations. One always suspects the presence of the spirit of Vivian Grey, that most refined and diabolic deceiver. Perhaps never before in the history of literature was any man so made the victim of his own creation; of no other man can it be said that he was at once victimised and victorious. Not even the calm good sense of the London *Times* is proof against the temptation to hint at the Arian mystery when a Guildhall speech is a little enigmatical, or to refer to the Oriental origin of the Speaker when a passage is a trifle too ornate. It is particularly amusing to notice how the Radical writers of the *Fortnightly*, whose intellectual impulses are French of the revolutionary period, and whose pilgrim steps, if they ever ventured on a pilgrimage, would lead them to Ferney, cannot resist the temptation to sneer at Mr. Disraeli's "foreign" and "un-English" mental habitudes. And yet he has so centered his destiny and controlled his intellects as to place himself at the head of the most English of the English parties, and to keep his hand upon the pulse of the people; while his critics are ostracised of the two great parties, and are notoriously not in harmony with the feeling of the British people. Notwithstanding all this, there is always the undefinable feeling that the atmosphere surrounding the great Statesman is unreal and artificial, and that he breathes best in the air of the romances which made his youth famous, his manhood interesting, and his whole career enigmatical.

Tempting as the opportunity is to sketch the society which surrounded Lady Blessington, in whose wake young Disraeli followed, it must be resisted. Genius is not a child of the attic after all; a generous nurture is as good for the mind as the body; and in the gatherings at Hollond House, the circle which revolved about Lady Blessington, and in the galaxy of glory and genius which surrounded the divine Requier at Abbaye an Bois, there were the finest representatives of the high possibilities of the human intellect that the most exacting seeker after genius could desire. As a novelist Mr. Disraeli was of the *Salon*. His experience had led him into scenes of wealth, luxury and culture; and these scenes he reproduces for his readers, tinged with the warmth of his feelings and the wealth of his fancy. His ambitions from an early period prompted him into public life, and his studies had been of a politico-historical character; consequently in his novels we find the political element predominant and political theories frequent and fanciful. Indeed, so seemingly natural were all his sarcasms, his Hebraisms, his luxuriant imaginings, his fondness for glittering surroundings, his wild dreamings of social renovation, that it is not unnatural to find them

forming the chief materials used by his critics in all estimates of his public career and his private character. "Vivian Grey" would have almost made it impossible for any other man ever to have acquired a high place in Parliament or a high reputation for political sincerity. The deep, smiling, riperous treachery so frankly and calmly described, of that extraordinary young man would have given the author a high place in literature, but it would have made for most men, any other place nearly impossible, particularly in public life. The novel is the apotheosis of social and political trickery and intrigue; the wit is the wit of Mephistopheles, and the reader who is sensitive, feels that, like Margaret, in that sneering presence he, or she, could not pray. In this novel, we find dramatic genius enough to fit out half a dozen modern play-wrights; it is a wonder that they have never dug in this mire, that interview between Vivian Grey and Mr. Felix Lorraine, when the masks of both are thrown off and the rectory remains with the stronger will and the most cunning malignity, is a wonderful specimen of dramatic writing. All his schemes, shattered by a Norman's facile hand, are tumbling about his ears, his hopes are dashed, his prospects dark, his future jeopardised, his friends involved, but amid the agony of the general disruption the young fiend has the coolness of intellect to stop on his way and wreak his vengeance on the evil woman who betrayed and ruined him. It is superb. It is unnatural of course; but that is because such characters are not common though not impossible; and when they do occur they act and talk and intrigue not like other people. We are too apt to call that unnatural which is only unfamiliar. The Eastern Sultan would not believe the Scottish Knight in the Talisman, that the rivers of the North become solid in the winter time so that an army might march across. When a man writes a book of that kind, in which the hero, who is also a species of intellectual imp, is himself, and if the book becomes popular, people are apt always to remember the characterization. And we can fancy that in political matters Mr. Disraeli has found the opinions of Vivian Grey having occasioned weight against him in his private political dealings with the heavier and less fanciful of the Tory party. In this book too, Mr. Disraeli, in addition to surrounding himself with an atmosphere of mystery and malice with the public, created for himself another and not more favourable reputation by the almost unconcealed personalities of the book. Sir Robert Peel, Southey, Lady Holland, the great Duke, Lord Brougham, Mrs. Coutts, Lady Caroline Lamb, Theodore Hook, Prince Gortschakoff, and many more were made to figure most disadvantageously in this extraordinary novel. Some of these people ought never to have forgiven him; perhaps some of their friends never have. For the personalities were not mere clumsy caricatures; they were the work of a genius, an impish

genius almost, that fixed the resemblance forever. Every species of disagreeable talent was pressed into service to make these characters fulfil their mission. Yet now and then some quick flash of tenderness and pathos amid all this cynicism and scoffing, shows us that the writer is not devoid of at least the artistic perception of necessity for some light and softness in the picture. Never, perhaps, in the whole history of fiction, was so daring and successful a venture made. There are some writers on medical subjects whose success has been indeed brilliant and permanent, but it has been secured at the expense of their practice and professional standing. But Mr. Disraeli dissected political Parties, satirised Politicians, caricatured Statesmen, shot shafts of scorn into Society, fostered the fangs of gossip and slander on more than one great name, and yet after all has conquered all in the field of Politics, has been made the master of Statesmen, and has been the pet of Society.

The same curious contrast between his opinions in fiction and his accomplishments in the field of public life may be made with reference to "Coningsby," perhaps the most brilliant of the political novels. In this we find conservatism sneered at from the Young England Standpoint by the man who became the Educator of the Conservative party, *not* on the Young England foundation or principles. "And yet," says Buckhurst, in "Coningsby," "if any fellow were to ask me what the Conservative Cause is, I should not know what to say." And then some of his friends go on to sneer at a Crown robbed of its prerogative, an Aristocracy that does not lead, and a Church that is controlled by a Parliament, and so on, in by no means a true conservative spirit. In "Coningsby" we have some delightful love-making. In dealing with love matters, Mr. Disraeli is always good, a little profuse and ornate, a little super-romantic for an age which is getting intensely practical and likes its love making done in a very plain fashion; but still mainly true to nature when nature is rich in generous impulses, and true to youth when youth is full of fervour and freshness; and always true to delicacy of feeling and the *disciplina arcani* of the tender passion. The episode of Coningsby's passion for Edith and its success at last is always charming; the declaration is made with wonderful skill; and the same refinement of cultivated knowledge of higher nurtured human nature is shewn in the Young Duke's declaration to the Lady of his love, and in Lothair's arrangement of his engagement to Corisande—"I have been in Corisande's garden, and she has given me a rose." In "Coningsby," too, the same tendency to caricature is perfectly plain. Theodore Hook turns up again, as in "Vivian Grey," but in a different character and under a new name. Mr. Rigby is supposed to be a scornful picture of that unfortunate man John Wilson Croker, whom the bitter hate of Macaulay has also pilloried of late in the *Life of Trevelyan*. The Quar-

terly's defence of Croker against Macaulay was clever, but it leaves something to be desired, and one is left to imagine that Croker's private life must have afforded at least, *some* ground for assaults from two such different writers as Disraeli and Macaulay.

In the "Young Duke" and in "Sybel," we have a very peculiar phase of Disraeli's earlier opinions on social and semi-religious subjects. In the Dacres, particularly in the most charming and delightful of his female creations, May Dacre, we have Mr. Disraeli's flattering description of Roman Catholic Society in England. In the Catholic characters in "Sybel," particularly in one wood-scene where these characters appear, we have Mr. Disraeli's testimony to the deep influence of Roman Catholic traditions and ancient institutions in England. The pictures are by no means unflattering; and must have pleased the Catholic aristocracy greatly and won for their author a kindly feeling among such people which has not been without effect on his career. If in "Lothair" he tried consciously to pay a still higher tribute to the English Church, I do not think he greatly succeeded, for after all it was not much of an ecclesiastical triumph to give Lothair to Consande and the Anglicans instead of to the other lady and the Catholics, particularly when in spite of the young gentleman's fervent protestations his heart had been really given to the latter. In the "Young Duke" we have some of Mr. Disraeli's characteristic descriptions and suggestions. Who can hint at an intrigue like Disraeli? And any one who remembers or who will read the account of the Duke's sudden infatuation with the operatic Bird of Paradise who first sang, and then supped at the new palace the Duke was building, will have remembered or read a very artistic piece of writing. In fact the "Young Duke" is a masterpiece of description; every trait is masked, every feature indicated, every passion suggested, every act described in a manner that makes the young hero of the book a perfect creation. Who can describe dress like Disraeli? The Duke's dressing is described with parented fondness. No mother writing to grandma an account of the first born's raiment can be more tenderly romantic and delightfully egotistic than Disraeli in giving us the particulars of the Duke's costume, as well as of the young ladies' in all the books. The bitter irony of Blackwood, in spite of its support of the Lazy Premier, once suggested that these descriptions read like "the gin-inspired dreams of some milliner's apprentice," but this was written by some caustic Scotchman, ignorant of trousers perhaps, and content with a plaid. There is poetry in costume; there is art in dress. Did Michael Angelo disgrace his artistic rank when he arranged the uniform of the Pope's Swiss Guard? Do the military authorities consider the Hussar's flying jacket a mere piece of millinery or an adornment, a relic and a tradition? Every button in the costume, says Darwin, has a

meaning, every strap a history. In fact the æsthetic influence and history of dress deserves to be written in other strains than those of Carlyle. Disraeli is superior to the vulgar prejudice about tailor-made men ; and so he describes dress, and his descriptions are delightful. And again, who can describe a dinner like Disraeli ? In the " Young Duke " there is a dinner described—it is long since I read it, and if the book was at hand I would stop this moment to read it again—which would have won the high approval of Brellat-Savarin. Every dish is an artistic creation. The wines are divine. The service is silent and perfect. And then the conversation is better than the dishes and the wine ; not the academic conversation, the conversation of Johnson in one age or of Macaulay in another ; but the delightful badinage, the sparkling wit, the talk with a soupçon of mischief and personality, in which Disraeli alone is master, in which all who can may join, instead of being compelled to eat grapes or finger a walnut while some great oracle bores, and prosés, and dictates and relates, garrulous, tyrannical, and dull. In the Young Duke we get almost every phase of the society of the day, dressing, dining, gambling, intriguing, dancing, politics, finance, farming and the end of all marriage. The Young Duke gambles away his fortune, or builds it away and wastes it in other fashionable extravagances ; his Catholic guardian nurses his estate for him ; his guardian's daughter—

An angel, and yet not too good  
For human nature's daily food,

teaches him to love ; he becomes imbued with fervour for Catholic emancipation ; he rushes up to London, takes his seat in the house of Lords, makes a great speech in favour of emancipation, and comes home heroic, triumphant at once in politics and love. It must be a dull head that loves not the Young Duke among other heroes of Disraeli's creation.

It is not possible or quite necessary to dwell on the wild romances of " Contarini Fleming," " The Rise of Iskonder," or the " Wondrous Tale of Alroy." They are a species of prose poem ; they are echoes of Ossian in some respects. They outrage probability ; they offend severe taste ; they insult human credulity ; yet in spite of all, no young reader of a healthy mind, and therefore fond of romance will be the worse for reading them. It is long since the present writer pored over them ; but parts of them all recur with wonderful clearness and with an undiminished charm. In the " Wondrous Tale of Alroy " there is a scene of a wild ride across the burning desert, made for life or death, in which one sorrows for the noble beast that pants and dies at last beside the spring which was wildly expected to be sweet but which turned out to be as salt as the ocean. The whole of that scene is very vividly described.

Not even Browning's marvellous ballad of "How we Brought the Good News from Shent to Arise," surpasses it in spirit, while it has none of the romance and the pathos of that wonderful ride. And in the "Rise of Iskonder," there are scenes of great spirit, passages of wonderful beauty; and when at the chase, the Greek Prince Nicias rides out of the battle wounded to death, and retires to die in sad loneliness with "Farewell to Greece, farewell to Iduna" on his lips, we pardon his weakness and his violence and declare that the book is brilliant and wonderful. But that is in our youth. Afterwards comes criticism with its scalpel, and Taste with her rules, and youth is gone, and life is robbed of half its pleasure.

In "Tancred" we have the "Asean Mystery." Tancred is a most wonderful, eloquent, fascinating, exacting and exasperating book. It is here we find the sarcastic face of the writer peeping at us, as it were, over the shoulder of every character we feel disposed to admire, out of every scene that we wish to linger over. Last year when the Suez Canal Shares were purchased, some writer in the most brilliant of all the London Weeklies, the "Spectator," made a very apt quotation from Tancred in reference to the lavish way in which Mr. Disraeli was willing to pour out the gold of England to secure the influence of the Empire over the Canal. It was that letter which SIDONIA wrote to the Jewish bankers of the East authorizing them to pay Tancred, sold in great quantities, to the full value of the golden lions and the seat of Solomon. The Canal episode caused a new interest in Disraeli's novels, for there was a touch of oriental lavishness in the scheme, which, after all, has come to be a very practical piece of business. The "Asean Mystery" came once more to the front. The *fons et origo* of the Asean Mystery is SIDONIA, and Sidonia is the most mysterious, the most powerful, the most interesting, the most learned and brilliant of all Disraeli's creations. He does not live in the book; he impends over them; he permeates them; he surrounds them. He is the friend and patron, the teacher and inspirer of Coningsby; he is the same for Tancred. He is the representative of Hebrew wealth, power, influence, learning and fascination. He aids Kings and moves cabinets in the west. He inspires the Hebrews of the East, and disturbs the peace of Eastern Princes. In Europe he is Rothschild; in the East he is a combination of Asean Mystery and Eastern Question. He shows Tancred and Coningsby the power of the Jews in Europe by promoting to the Jew at the door of every Treasure house and in the Cabinet of every Sovereign in Europe. He inspires them with the desire of visiting the East and studying its mysteries. Tancred fulfils this mission. After an education which disappoints the Duke and Duchess, his father and mother, unsettles his political connections and saps his religious teachings, he determines to

visit the Holy Land in the hope that there, in those holier scenes and in that serener air, he may win from the associations of the place, if not from the sacred Syrian skies, some more exact belief, some diviner inspiration. His adventures are wonderful. He meets with a wonderful young Arabian Chief who, *because* he is young, poor and a Prince, thinks he ought to be able to conquer the world. In the scenes with this young adventurer Mr. Disraeli exhausts his power of language to describe beauty, to exact interest in the East, to suggest high thoughts of the past and the future, to hint at the Asian Mystery. In company with the eccentric young Prince who is also Prince of liars and schemers, Tancred visits, after obtaining strange permission, the mysterious mountains of the Ansarey, where, amid inaccurable crags and surrounded by brave followers, the woman Queen worships in secret the duties of almost forgotten Olympus. In the interview with this Queen, held by Tancred and the Prince, we have some exquisitely humorous touches added by the Prime Minister of the Queen, who under a mass of polite verbiage conceals all he wishes to conceal and clouds as much as possible all that the Queen desires to communicate. After this we have a wild mountain fight and flight, given with great vividness and skill. But all the time we are conscious of the embodied sarcasm that hovers about the book. The hero himself is a Sarcasm on University Education, and Parental Anxiety. The Arabian Prince is a Sarcasm on our "allies" in the East. The worship of Apollo in the Mountains of the Ansarey is a sarcasm on the Christianity which Tancred came to seek. His growing love for the beautiful Arabian maiden whom he meets for the first time in the garden at Bethany is a sarcasm on his half budded loves at home. And last, when he is nearly committing himself, what a horrible sarcasm it is on all his wild dreams and weird fancies, his fantastic hopes and the airy palaces of his imaginative construction, to learn that My Lord and My Lady, his father and mother, proud, practical, conservative and contemptuous, have arrived at Jerusalem! And there the story ends as everything in the story ends, in a very unsatisfactory fashion.

I shall pass by some other books that should have some little attention paid them; but, on Mr. Disraeli's own *dictum*, "Woe to the man who neglects the daughters of a family," I have chosen the best to dwell with them the longest. A few sentences before closing may be devoted to some of the leading characteristics of the Disraeli novel. The first and most striking note of them all is, their regard for YOUTH. It is in youth, and by youth, that everything has been and is done. That is the lesson that Sidonia teaches Coningsby. "To be young, to be healthy, to be wealthy, to be hungry three times a day," cries old Thackeray, "what can be desired better than that?" But Disraeli

strikes a more resounding and poetic chord. To be young, to be ambitious, to be brilliant, to love mildly, to hate deeply, to move men, to be a leader, a hero, a conqueror—what fate is equal to that? In the next place, the brilliancy of the conversations is more than remarkable, it is almost unequalled. The wit, the humour, the irony, the daring, the naturalness of all the dialogues, strike the attentive reader with wonder. An ingenious dramatist might make a fortune out of Disraeli's Novels. A man who wants to make a study of good conversational models for brilliant society—have we any such?—can find nothing better than the Disraeli novels. The style too, is absolutely original; it is all the author's own. For a rhapsody, for a love scene, for an epigram, for a sarcasm, the talent of Disraeli is without rival; he handles the English language with the deadly dexterity with which a *mattre d'armes* of the Regency might have handled his rapier. I might quote largely, but I take the reader to witness that I have abstained from quotation, which is one of the weaknesses of criticism. It is Mr. Disraeli's vivid descriptions of luxury which have won for them the sneering comments of the critics on his oriental, otherwise "old clo'" origin and tastes; (he paid the critics back—"fellows who have failed in literature and art;") and indeed, he does revel with a royal revelry in scenes of splendour. What of that? An actual description of a royal drawing-room, or a ducal fertility, would, after all, not greatly surpass the paintings of Disraeli in his novels. But no one, not even his keenest critics, can say that the riches he endows his heroes with, are greater than are possessed by their equals in England. And as for the beauty with which he endows his fair heroines, I am sure that no critic of a patriotic character can wish that its splendour, were less, or its fascinations fewer. For Disraeli himself is loyal. In the moment of his highest pride, his most abounding vanity, his fullest riches, when society was at his feet, the young duke is present at a court dinner, and the author shows at once his loyalty and his skill, by showing how this young man became modest, and humble, and awed in the presence of his sovereign. In like manner, a great many novelists have won praise and popularity during the present generation; but there are few among them who should not feel inferior and less brilliant, humble and reverential, in the presence of their master, Disraeli.

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

Halifax, 1878.

## MY DAUGHTER'S ADMIRERS.

"FOUR by honours and four by cards ! ha ! ha ! Count it, Emmy dear."

"There is the door-bell," says Emmy with much interest.

"The door-bell ? You are mistaken, surely : I didn't hear it. Deal the cards, Rolf. Eight to your two, my boy : perhaps you would succeed better at dominoes. And your mamma looks quite as crest-fallen as you do. I shall not trouble myself very much with regard to your future morals, sir : you will never get on at games of chance."

"I think perhaps a little interview with Cæsar would be of great assistance to Rolf in getting on with Professor Thumbscrews to-morrow," interpolates grandmamma from her knitting.

"It is most ungenerous, grandmamma, to hit a fellow when he's down," objects Rolf reproachfully. "Now, mamma, look alive, and we'll make a stand yet."

"I was almost sure I heard the bell," says Emmy with a sigh.

"What, Emmy ! revoking ?" cries Rolf excitedly. "No, no, mademoiselle, you cannot come that sort of game on me. Just take that trump back and follow suit if you please. I am confident you have a diamond : in fact, I—I—"

"You saw it, Rolf : complete your disclosure," laughs grandmamma.

"Well, grandmamma, she holds her hand so low I cannot help seeing. Play, Emmy."

"There is a diamond," says Emmy. "Now, mamma—Ah, I knew I heard the bell," continues she triumphantly as a servant enters and hands her a card.

"This is always the way," say I in a loud voice and full of wrath : "I never sit down to a quiet game of whist but some monkey of a whip-persnapper—Who is it, Emmy ?"

She hands me with a superlatively complacent air two cards : inscribed upon one is "Regulus Lyon," and on the other, "John C. Orwell."

"Gracious goodness, Emmy ! I don't understand how you can tolerate the society of such men ! It is all very well to acknowledge them as chance acquaintances, to allow them to call occasionally in a formal way, but this sort of thing is out of the question. Upon my word, they are establishing themselves upon the footing of friends of the family : they are here two or three times every week. I wonder at their impudence," say I, swelling with ruffled dignity. "I put my veto upon it at once. I must beg you to excuse yourself : I insist that you do not see them."

"Oh, papa!" says Emmy in a frightened voice.

"My dear!" remonstrates her mamma.

"James," says grandmamma in an authoritative tone to the wide-mouthed, astonished servant, "say to the gentlemen that Miss Archer will be in the parlour in a few minutes."

"Oh, here's a go!" enthusiastically exclaims Rolf with all the delight the American small boy feels in conflicts of any description, family combats more especially.

I have no idea of rebelling against my mother's mandate—she has long commanded the forces of the entire connection, and her orders are invariably obeyed—but there is nothing to prevent me from advancing fiercely upon Rolf, who prudently accelerates his exit from the room to resume his neglected studies, only stopping for an instant at the door to observe his sister obey grandmamma's "Now, dear!" when he likewise departs.

"You are very unwise," says my mother as, much discomfitted, I resume my seat by the fire, "to have such a scene in the presence of the servant: we shall be the talk of the town. Emmy is obliged to see people who are well received by every one else. If she goes into society at all, she must do as other young ladies do; and though I myself do not admire the style of these young gentlemen, still, they have an excellent position in the best circles, and therefore cannot be ignored."

"It seems to me all the young men of the present day are vastly inferior to those of my time," I remark with growing discontent.

"The reason they seem so is that you are getting old. But were the inferiority real, and not fancied, you cannot expect a girl of Emmy's age to give up society on that account, settle down to be an old maid, and content herself with playing whist with you and Rolf in the evenings for her only entertainment. By the way, I hope this interruption will have the happy effect of causing Rolf to know his lessons to-morrow, which I am convinced is a rare event in his annals."

"The boy does well enough," I reply pettishly.

My mother and wife retire to their rooms at an early hour, and leave me the sole occupant of the library, reading the evening paper. I look at the quotations, shudder at the fall in the stocks and groan aloud over the price of cotton; but amid all my abstruse calculations I interrupt myself with doleful cogitations over my mother's words—*an old maid*.

The evening wears dismally away. The wind blows furiously and it rains in torrents, the sighing and sobbing of the disaffected elements and the gay voices from the parlour are the only sounds that break the dreary monotony, "save the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill."

"*An old maid!*" I repeat with distrustful emphasis. The sounds of elemental war are usually conducive to the enjoyment of warm fires and

bright lights, but this evening no advantageous contrasts can rescue my spirits from the powerful grasp of the "blue devils" into whose remorseless clutches they have fallen. Dismal and disconsolate I sit in my easy-chair, toast my slippered feet before the blazing fire, and refuse to be comforted.

*An old maid!* It is a dreadful thing, a shocking thing, to be an old maid: no living man or woman can contemplate that anomaly in nature without qualms of distrust and dismay. I certainly do not wish Emmy to be an old maid, but I chuckle inwardly as I remember that in all my vast experience I have never seen—I have heard of such a thing I admit, but I have found it not—a *rich* old maid. Ha! ha! But who is the girl to marry? Regulus in the parlour there? Regulus is a young man of inherited fortune and handsome exterior—very handsome indeed, it must be acknowledged. Not exactly dissipated, but—well, a little inclined to be wild. "His driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi," and his conversation is like the comment of the newspapers, the day following a grand horse-race; in short, he is of the horse-horsey; turf turfy, and dog doggy. He boasts himself an elegant shot, but has the grace to absent himself from the shooting-matches so distressingly prevalent. Ugh! the poor little pigeons! They actually shoot at swallows when pigeons are not plentiful. Now, of course I do not object to shooting birds in a sportsmanlike fashion in the open fields, giving them a fair chance for their lives, when the exercise, excitement and companionship mitigate the cruelty of the murderous intent. I remember some very delightful autumnal days of sport when I was younger and lighter. But to smother a hundred or two pacific little swallows in a box—an ornithological Black Hole of Calcutta, in which half of them die from suffocation—turning the residue out so confused and frightened by the noise that they only rise a few feet from the earth, when they are gallantly brought down by a breech-loader of the newest and most expensive style—is an amusement the charms of which I do not appreciate. However, Lyon's success in field-sports is not always equal to his ability: witness his famous exploit last fall. He set out in a beautiful new hunting-waggon, accompanied by half a dozen of his toadies, with all his imported dogs and a sufficient quantity of firearms to equip a regiment, and returned with two ducks. Emmy laughed at him for a week—called him "Bootes."

"Who's he, Miss Emmy?" said the young fellow good-naturedly as he stood before the fire in the library,

"Why, you remember," said Emmy, "a constellation—don't you know?—a mighty hunter, with his dogs Chara and Asterion, chasing the Great Bear around the pole; and although your ambition is somewhat inferior

to his, you warring on ducks and he on the Polar Bear, neither of you come up with your game. Don't you see the application?"

"Oh, that's it, is it? Thanks," graciously acknowledging the instruction. "I am glad you told me, for really I don't remember anything about it: fact is, I believe I never knew. I never read a book through in my life, Miss Emmy, and have no more idea what is inside of those bindings," pointing to the book-cases, "than your Ponto has. You see, reading would destroy all my originality, wouldn't it?"

"It would indeed," said Emmy gravely.

"Queer names for dogs, though," ponderingly—"Chara and—what?"

As to Jack Olwell, he is merely a hanger-on of Lyon, and if Lyon should lose his money to-morrow would go over instanter to the next richest man of his acquaintance. He is not a matrimonial aspirant at all, and only calls on ladies in the capacity of henchman to his chieftain, taking all jokes at his own expense with the utmost good nature, and applauding his liege lord's wit, or what does duty as wit, with servile enthusiasm.

Emmy showed me a letter the other day from another variety of the genus *beau*. Emma makes a confidant of me, and is very candid with regard to the aspirants to the honour of her hand and fortune. She and I talk them and their pretensions over with mutual frankness—with, however, one mental reservation on my part, that I never overrule any objections she makes, whether well grounded or groundless, though I sometimes cannot help chaffing when, after all my well-considered reasons have been laid before her, she assents, not reduced by the weight of my forcible arguments, but from the recollection of some little personal defect of no moment or consequence. However, if she objects, I find no fault. Mamma, grandmamma, and even Rolf, view these confidences with great disfavour, particularly grandmamma, who prophesies that by being too fastidious Emmy and I will go through the wood, and surely pick up a crooked stick at last.

"It is a very nice letter, Emmy," said I—"beautiful chirography—well chosen language, and most pleasing expressions of favour toward you. He does us proud, my dear, for which, no doubt, you are duly grateful. Now, Emmy, this man is superior to young Mr. Lyon in every respect; he is literary in his tastes and habits, a graduate of an excellent university, and a professional man—a lawyer of some years' standing—of graceful and prepossessing appearance and unexceptional morals. But, Emmy, he has no energy at all—a very weak character. I never see him at his office: he attends to no business, but spends his time idling about, reading light literature, poetry and novels, and that sort of thing. I do not suppose he makes enough to buy his own gloves: his father must support him entirely. He would not do."

"No," said Emmy, pensively : he *has* a snub nose."

As if *that* was what I was trying to tell her !

Perhaps Emmy's favourite of her many friends is young Sparkle. The chief charms of this gentleman, I am given to understand by my daughter, are his social endowments and accomplishments. I take his agreeable traits on trust, for whenever I have had the pleasure of talking with him his manner has been so constrained and nervous, and his conversation so unlike Emmy's description, that I am fain to content myself with her representations. I have, however, heard him sing, and I must say his very pretty tenor voice sounds to great advantage in German and Scotch ballads, such as "Glühwürmchen, komm und leuchte mir," and "Of all the airts the wind can blow." I am afraid his disposition is scarcely as modest and retiring as he would like me to believe, for once, upon suddenly opening the parlour door, hearing sounds of great merriment proceeding therefrom, I discovered him in the act of haranguing his audience in the character of Rev. Mr. Yawn-your-head-off, and truly I have never heard a hymn read in the style he imitated save by the worthy gentleman himself ; and I am ashamed to think that upon the next Sabbath, when I took my seat in the sacred edifice, the respected pastor seemed to be ludicrously burlesquing himself. I glanced around to observe the effect upon my youthful acquaintances, compeers of Mr. Sparkle. They were all struggling to suppress their unseemly laughter—even Emmy, who is a pious girl ; and Rolf was compelled to leave the house with much more celerity than grace. Mr. Sparkle was gravely contemplating the minister, probably with the view to future successful achievements, and afterward sang with great richness and volume and most exemplary piety,

How beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Si-ion's hill !

Mr. Sparkle is scarcely so great a favourite with the elder members of the family as with the younger. Rolf's attachment to him amounts almost to a frenzy, and he is indignant if any other gentleman is suggested as a probably successful suitor for Emmy.

Mr. Sparkle has been all over the known world, and recounts in the most delightful manner anecdotes of travel. He has written a book of travels which is generally understood to be nearly ready for the press, and which all his friends are most anxious to see published, but, somehow, it is never finished. Meanwhile, he pacifies their literary hunger by writing witty little comedies for private theatricals, which his young acquaintances act under his auspices, and in which he takes part with unrivalled success. He really plays with considerable ability, and Emmy confides to me with sundry blushes that he does the sentimental even better than the humorous ; but this *role* is reserved for very private theatricals indeed. He has most beautiful taste in poetry and light literature, and

recites graceful verses, such as "Queen and huntress chaste and fair," and "Tears, idle tears," with great effect. He publishes charming little poems and sketches, and when Emmy sees him in all the majesty and grandeur of print, I have the whole ground of my objections to go over again—to show that although he is an estimable and agreeable gentleman of doubtless most unusual accomplishments and abilities, he has no profession, no business—has been everything by turns and nothing long—a dabbler in all and proficient in none; no ambition, no industry; of so restless a disposition that he himself admitted that as soon as he landed at Liverpool he was wild to return to America, and the instant he arrived in New York he was *désolé* that he had not remained in Europe; and Emmy sadly acknowledges "a rolling stone gathers no moss."

Mr. Crichton looks down with great scorn upon Mr. Sparkle's little warblings and histrionic displays; and although he never acts himself, it is understood that if he wished he could compass—well, wonders. He is exceedingly cultivated, reads Greek tragedy in the original—so I hear, and greatly marvel thereat—as a recreation. He speaks half a dozen languages with perfect facility, draws and paints in a highly artistic manner, is a most successful and skilful sportsman, an unrivalled pedestrian, of strikingly handsome personal appearance, and his whiskers are "chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely." His style of singing is of the best; his voice a light tenor of flexible quality and excellent cultivation, and his musical performances exhibit the most refined taste and a laborious perfection of vocalization. Indeed, I know nothing more delightful in the warm summer evenings than to sit in the dimly-lighted parlours before the open windows, the curtains swaying gently back and forth, the scent of the roses and the heliotrope in the vases burdening the air, watch the varying shimmer of the moonbeams on the dark trees as the perfumed breeze rustles among their leaves, and hear, grandly rising on the stillness of the soft summer twilight, "Addio per sempre o tenera."

The dress of Mr. Crichton is a thing of beauty, and consequently a joy for ever—of the most fashionable and costly description, but, it must be allowed, a trifle *prononcé*. Sometimes his extreme solicitude with regard to his appearance is the occasion, both to himself and to others, of considerable inconvenience. I remember last summer when we were at the Lake. I had really begun to fear for Emmy's susceptibility to Greek tragedy, when his own over-anxiety touching externals rendered my forebodings vain. A plan for a little pedestrian tour was formed—an all-day affair, take-dinner-by-a-flowing-rivulet sort of idea—and I, though, Lord knows, opposed to long tramps, accepted the position of chaperone. As but few of the party boarded at the same hotel, it was necessary to appoint a rendezvous. An old oak tree at the intersection

of several roads was chosen, and thither we all repaired very early on a bright, fresh summer morning. The ladies and gentlemen were in the simplest style of dress. Even Regulus Lyon showed himself not utterly lost to good taste, having doffed the superb attire in which it is his wont to bedeck himself, and appearing in a plain linen suit, palmetto hat, buckskin gloves and stout boots—his manners, *à l'ordinaire*, pleasantly boisterous. He was most uproarious to start and leave Mr. Crichton, who had not yet made his appearance. "Confound his impudence! What does he mean by keeping a dozen people awaiting his pleasure?" demanded the impatient youth.

"I wish he would come," said Emmy. "We have been standing here for more than half an hour, and the sun is ever so warm."

Another half hour passed, and still he came not. The time was consumed by the excursionists in fretfully speculating on the probable cause of his detention, in complaining of the heat and impatiently changing their positions to avoid the excessive warmth of the sun, which poured its blistering radiance full upon them. Regulus, like the little busy bee, improved the shining hour by cutting down all the tall slender sticks in the vicinity to serve in the capacity of rustic staves to assist the tottering steps of the youthful company: these were decorated with small pieces of ribbon of various colours cut from the redundant trimmings of the ladies' hats, and were presented in form by the energetic Regulus to each pedestrian, who formally returned thanks in a set speech after the most approved fashion. When these facetious little ceremonies were concluded, Sparkle, consulting his watch, observed to Regulus that we had been waiting an hour and a half.

"It is a perfect shame!" exclaimed Regulus. "We ought to go and leave him. What can the old cove be doing?"

"Probably at his devotions," sneered Sparkle: "perhaps he recites his orisons in Greek, and then has to translate them for the benefit of—whom they may concern."

"Perhaps he is ill," said one of the young ladies.

Regulus broke out injudiciously: "I saw him last night at two o'clock playing—" he hesitated at a signal from Sparkle—"playing casino very cheerfully."

"Perhaps he *is* ill. Rolf, my boy, cannot you run back to the hotel and find out why he does not come?"

Rolf demurred—said it was too hot for him, then interrogated an unsympathetic public as to why he must be always sent on errands. No answer given, he asserted with undeniable logic that it was just as hot for him as for the others, and then sat immovable upon the grass with a countenance expressive of having sustained the deepest injury. Regulus, by way of bringing him to a better frame of mind, offered to go himself,

upon which Sparkle and Jack Olwell said with a great show of gallant alacrity they did not care for the heat—they would go with pleasure ; whereupon Rolf relented, laughed a little, said he would go himself, and they could “ never mind.” Having recovered his temper and spirits, he set off in high good-humour, going very slowly at first, but gradually increasing his speed, his hands in his pockets, his figure very stiff and much bent backward, his feet moving in measured jerks, his fat cheeks distended, emitting now and then a “ Choo ! choo ! ”—as excellent an imitation of a locomotive as it is possible, taking into account physical conformation, for a boy of eleven years to present. After half an hour's impatient waiting, during which we thought of sending some one after Rolf and proceeding without Crichton, we saw Rolf in the dim perspective advancing very slowly : as he came nearer we observed with surprise that he stopped frequently and occasionally flung both arms wildly into the air, and as he approached still nearer we perceived with dismay that his head was helplessly wobbling from side to side, his hands were tightly pressed to the pit of his stomach, and from some reason or other he could only totter a few steps at a time.

“ Good Heavens ! ” I exclaimed ; “ the boy must have had a sunstroke or a fit.”

Emmy started up with a little shriek of apprehension from the grass on which she had been sitting attentively watching the curious phenomenon of Rolf's approach, and we all ran hastily to meet him. When the little rascal saw us coming, he sat down on the side of the road and doubled himself up and unrolled himself out in an exceedingly intricate manner, highly creditable to the excellent gymnasium that has the honour of training and occasionally breaking his youthful limbs. When, breathless from heat, exertion and fear, we came up with him, he raised an almost perfectly purple countenance, down which the tears coursed with a prodigal expenditure of the raw material, considering he had not yet finished the first book of Cæsar, and his frequent misdemeanours and the punishment therefor called daily for the appearance of those wittinesses of school-boy penitence ; the little rascal was literally laughing himself sick.

“ Rolf ! Rolf ! ” said I, emphasizing each mention of his Christian name with a sounding slap on his shoulders : “ why, Rolf ! what is the matter ? Stop laughing immediately. *Why, Rolf !* ”

By this time his contagious laughter had infected the entire party, who, albeit rather fearful of his choking, were very anxious to discover the cause of his excessive merriment.

“ What is the matter, Rolf ? ” exclaimed half a dozen voices.

He raised his head, steadied himself for a moment on Regulus's supporting arm, gurgled one or two inarticulate murmurs, broke out laugh-

ing afresh, and fell down doubled up in the aforesaid complicated manner. By dint of coaxing, threatening, setting him up on his extremely limber legs, off of which he straightway fell, we managed to bring him to a proper frame of mind and body to understand if not answer the question propounded by Mr. Sparkle: "Where is Mr. Crichton?"

Upon this he burst into a roar of laughter, discarding the almost silent chuckles or sniggers in which by long practice he had perfected himself for successful secret indulgences during school hours: finding his voice, he shouted out, rolling over on the grass, "curling his whiskers with a pair of hot curling-irons—just like yours, Emmy. You ought just to see him do it!" addressing his sister with all the comicality of the small boy, at which we roared, drowning Emmy's indignant remonstrance.

Seeing the object of our laughter hastening toward us upon the dusty road, and realizing the necessity of receiving him with grave and courteous faces, we threatened Rolf with all the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition if he did not immediately suppress all traces of his untimely merriment. We found this unavailing, notwithstanding I cuffed and scolded him heartily. Emmy attempted to shake him a little, Regulus tapped him smartly on the head, Jack Olwell set him up and threatened mortal combat if he fell down again, Sparkle shamed him and declared it was very unhandsome conduct, and all the rest adjured him to "behave" himself. So we told him to run on in advance of the party, and, if he felt the fit coming on again, to take to the woods and remain there until such time as he should be presentable in decent society. As Mr. Crichton, with his whiskers in full curl, approached still nearer, young Lyon became fearful lest he should not support creditably the ordeal of meeting him, and therefore accompanied Rolf in his social exile. We heard the man and boy from time to time shouting like wild Indians in the woods, no doubt at Rolf's detailed account of the morning's adventure; and when they made their appearance at dinner with very red faces and seemingly on excellent terms with each other, Rolf's risibility was by no means under perfect control. Whenever he managed to preserve a modicum of gravity for a few moments, Mr. Crichton by an accidental movement would upset his improved deportment in an instant—caressing his handsome whiskers with one white hand, as was his graceful wont in conversing, or becoming excited and stroking his long silken moustache, which no matter how hard he pulled, never came out of curl, and Rolf, knowing the reason why, would become perfectly rigid with suppressed emotion.

Crichton and Sparkle dislike each other extremely, and when they meet in society it is quite exhilarating to hear them spar, as they lose no opportunity of displaying the feelings of mutual contempt and aver-

sion which animate them, except when they combine their forces and make common cause against Mr. Mendax, who is the natural enemy of both. To behold these brethren dwelling together in unity upon any subject or any terms whatever, is a beautiful and edifying thing in a Christian point of view.

Now, I suppose people would say my objections to Emmy's admirers are solely on account of an overwrought fancy of what is due to my daughter. However that may be, I certainly think a girl pretty, sprightly and rich deserves better of matrimonial fate than, for instance, John Doe, intolerable little prig that he is. He who was, as I may say, born and bred in the law—his father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather, his uncles, his connections to the remotest ramifications, all commonplace practitioners, and with the mental drought, pomposity, ponderous style and slow articulation of generations of stolid minds condensed in one person—to undertake the rôle of fast man after the manner of gay Lothario! I have as much dislike to him as Emmy has: she avers it sets her wild with vexation merely to hear him talk—his slow, thick, hesitating speech and his absurdly weighty compliments. But his flirting! Emmy declares it is like an elephant dancing on a tight-rope. He devotes himself principally to married ladies; indeed, he is a sad young dog!

Last week, at Mrs. Fantastico's *soirée dansante*, a grievous accident befell our hapless squire of dames which greatly entertained and amused the spectators. He had during the evening paid most devoted attention to the hostess, and as, making a profound bow, he took his seat by her side on a sofa in one corner of the refreshment-room, he awkwardly stepped upon the tightly-booted foot of Mr. Regulus Lyon, who emitting a short howl and convulsively stamping the offended member, inadvertently dropped the contents of a cup of scalding chocolate upon the closely-fitting inexpressibles of the legal dandy. A heartrending yelp of pain electrified the company.

"Confounded clumsy!" apologized Mr. Lyon to the parboiled Justinian, who sat holding what he could gather of his pantaloons as far as possible, from the afflicted portion of his legs, and moaning faintly.

"I beg pardon: I am very sorry. Did it hurt you much?" exclaimed Regulus sympathetically.

"Not—much! It—was—not—very—hot," gasped the victim, his eyes full of miserable tears, and—

"What, Emmy! have they gone at last? I thought they never would, my dear."

## THE SPECTRE GUIDE OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

THOSE who are content to visit Naples in the fashionable winter season, and leave it at the first sign of coming warmth, have no idea of the beauty of a spring evening on the Bay. The vines are just commencing to adorn themselves in their dress of bright green, the fig trees also are waking up, and the hills around are beginning to look as the winter visitors never see them. The heat of the day is over, and the sun, having done an uncommonly hard day's work, is setting over Cape Misenum, throwing his beams across the hill of Posilipo, and lighting up the higher parts of the town with his parting rays, as though after having fiercely scorched Naples all day long, he wished to make friends at last, by sending a loving kiss on the wings of sunbeams in which there was no fierceness left.

Lower sinks the sun, and further up the heights of the town steal the grateful shadows; at last the only building which remains illuminated is frowning old St. Elmo, who always receives the sun's last good bye, as though he wished to infuse a little warmth and feeling into those harsh walls. The stern old fortress blushes under his gaze, probably, feeling ashamed of the sufferings inflicted within his precincts: for it was built in the early part of the century, when the Bourbons still polluted the throne of Naples, and marked their path by blood and misery.

But our story does not relate to the Bourbons. "Then why on earth," says an impatient reader, "why on earth did you allude to them?" You are right, they had nothing to do with the subject, so we will once more look over the lovely scene. The sun is now gone and the pleasantest part of the day has commenced. The blue waters are dotted all over with pleasure boats, so tiny and graceful, that they look like fairy vessels, and their white sails like some magic gossamer. Rowing boats there are also, but these are not fairy-like, rather tub-like, having, however, the rare merit in these waters of holding several persons. Being very safe, and under a skilful hand, they go much faster than might be expected. In one of these tubs is a party of three persons, two gentlemen and a lady. They form a less vivacious party than many of those noisy Neapolitans, who are flitting about the sparkling waters, for they come from sober England. But if less noisy, they are not less happy. One of the gentlemen is Sir John Stanley, and the lovely English girl beside him is his young wife; they are on their wedding tour and see everything through a rose-coloured halo; therefore how very beautiful all this appears to them! The third is Mr. Henry Douglas, one of those Englishmen who are always travelling and know everything about everything, and therefore the newly married pair who had not travelled

much, were very glad, having met him further north, to secure his company so far as their paths lay together. And now, having come out to see the sunset, we find them in the direction of Posilipo, admiring the wonderful changes of colour—yellow and rose, deepening into amber and fierce crimson, green of the tenderest hue, blending miraculously with the full deep blue that is not yet gone, in fact a perfect kaleidoscope of colour, over which Vesuvius frowns, streaming out his liquid fires and seeming to say to that thoughtless people “Memento Mori!”

“You are fortunate,” said Douglas, “to have arrived just in time for such a fine eruption, the lava has already reached half-way down the mountain, and Pasquale here tells me that at the present rate it must reach the sea in two or three days more, the people at Portici are getting alarmed, and some are moving their things.” “How strange,” said Sir John, “that people should be so mad as to return to the same place again, after being driven out so often.” “Oh, they never think it will come again in their lifetime, and so they risk it, nowhere do their vines and olives grow so well as at the foot of Vesuvius in the pulverized lava, so directly the eruption is over they rebuild their ruined houses, and hope it will be somebody else’s turn next.”

“Well,” said Sir John, “to-morrow we will make our ascent, but must try and obtain a trustworthy guide: are you quite resolved to venture, Clara?” turning to his wife who sat beside him. “Oh, yes! you know I can walk and climb anywhere, and I could not go back without ascending that mountain, shall we be able to reach the crater?” “That depends on the state of the eruption,” replied Douglas, “If the wind blows away the smoke from the side by which we ascend, then we may be able to approach close to it, but if the smoke is sent in our face we cannot possibly go near it; but now I think it is time to return, the colours are dying out from the hills, and I know to my cost the result of being wet with the dew in this part of the world.” The others assented, so the bronzed boatmen were ordered to turn, and soon they approached the landing-place.

It was now dusk, and the ruddy glow of the distant lava on Vesuvius, began to throw its wild reflection over the bay. “How grand it looks,” said Clara. “Yes,” replied Douglas, “but wait until you see it close and hear it boiling in the chaldron, and then you will call it more than grand.” Here they touched the land, and after a few interchanges of mutual compliments between Pasquale and Douglas, on account of the latter only giving him half as much again as his fare, instead of twice as much, which he had after Neapolitan fashion demanded, they hastened to their hotel, to prepare themselves by a good night’s rest for the ascent on the morrow of Mount Vesuvius.

## CHAPTER II.

AT the time of our story there was no such arrangement as an office at which to procure guides, as there is now; and there was no Gozzolino, that prince of guides, who now takes parties up the mountain and describes it with so much intelligence and courtesy. In those days travellers were obliged to trust themselves to men who had not the check upon them which exists now.

Two hours later than the conversation described above, four of these guides were sitting together in a low public house at Portici, the village immediately at the foot of Vesuvius; they were most unprepossessing in appearance, and in fact as they sat there, drinking the sour wine of the country, it would have been difficult to have found a more choice selection of rascally faces than were assembled that evening in the "Trattoria del mondo." Three of them were talking in the usual vehement manner of the Neapolitans, but the eldest and worst-looking of the party did not join in the conversation, he was very taciturn and drank in silence, only throwing in a grunt occasionally. At last one of the others said, looking at him, "You are silent to-night, Giacomo, what is the matter? Are you not well? Or has the pretty fornarina at the corner declined a suitor so much older than herself? Or are customers not numerous enough? It seems to me that this eruption ought to put us in good humour, for it brings the scudi to our pockets, but what is the matter?" "Nothing," growled the other, "what is the fornarina to me, I look at no woman's beauty," "Per Baccho, that is a lie," exclaimed the youngest of the party, "for when I was with her last night, you looked in at the shop-door, and when she spoke shortly to you, having a younger and a better looking man by her side, you scowled like a demon, and hung about the place until I left her; so never say that woman's beauty is naught to you." "Diavolo," growled Giacomo, his eyes flashing and his shaggy brows frowning until they met, "must I be derided by a boy like you, take care Francesco, for you know my temper will not bear it." "Then I know what ails you," said the first who had spoken, "you have heard that the spectre has been seen again, and are afraid of seeing it, lest some misfortune should overtake you, as it has several of those who in years past have seen it." At these words, Giacomo started and turned pale, but replied, "How! Has that old tale revived once more, I thought none were now so imbecile as to believe it." "Believe it," said Francesco, "who can do otherwise; can we not all remember how poor Guiseppe, one of our best guides was, ten years ago, basely stabbed one night on the mountain, and brought back here to be interred; I was then a boy,

but I remember it well, how the body was found, lying close to the lava stream, which though then running rapidly had strangely turned from its course, as though to leave the body intact, showing plainly enough the power of the blessed San Gennaro, whose picture Giuseppe carried hung round his neck, although a heretic Englishman did try to prove that the stream turned aside merely because of the unevenness of the ground, but no good Catholic could believe such a wretched explanation of the miracle. I remember all these things, and how since then, he has often appeared during eruptions, how many people have seen him just as he looked in life, with his mountain staff, and I know also how several who have seen him have suffered for it. Did not one fall down the very next day and break his thigh crippling himself for life. Did not another fall down the Grande Fosse, killing himself on the spot ; and who can forget Paolo who saw him and came home after wandering two or three days on the mountain, came home mad, and died three days after accusing himself of things that made men tremble. Madonna preserve us ! Who can pretend to disbelieve these things ?” Giacomo, during this recital had grown deadly pale, and now the convulsive twitching of his mouth showed a great struggle for self-possession. At last he said, “It is two years since he was last said to have been seen, after so long a time those who pretend to have once more seen him must be fools.” “Diavolo,” cried the younger one, becoming more excited, “you call me a fool ? I tell you I saw him last night on the mountain. The moon shone full on him as he appeared standing on a ledge above me, but I crossed myself and prayed to the Madonna, and he disappeared.” “Then, according to your opinion,” sneered Giacomo, “some harm will happen to you ?” “No,” cried Francesco, “he who has a clear conscience need fear no harm, so Giacomo, the sooner thou learnest to address the Madonna, the safer thou wilt be ; I fear no spectre, for, I have never done any one harm.” “What dost thou dare to hint,” screamed Giacomo, starting up, knife in hand, “whom have I harmed ?” “That no one knows, but thyself,” said Francesco, meaningly, and he also rose, prepared for an attack, “Miserable one,” cried Giacomo, another such insult, and it is the last, my knife shall punish thee, as it !——” here he checked himself suddenly by a great effort, but Francesco, finishing the sentence for him, said with an angry laugh, “As it did whom ? out with it, hesitate not, truly a fine confession is coming ! Listen friends !” At these words, Giacomo could no longer control himself ; with a frightful oath he rushed at the other, and a fearful struggle took place, the other two guides trying to separate them, at last they succeeded, but the fight would have been immediately renewed had not a messenger come in to say that Giacomo was wanted at his own house and must come at once, so growling forth threats of future vengeance, he withdrew, and the party separated.

On arriving at home he found that his visitor was one of the waiters at the hotel where our English friends were staying. Hearing that they purposed "doing" Vesuvius he had recommended Giacomo as a guide, being a friend of his, and was now come to tell him that they would be at his house late in the afternoon of the next day, and that he must have horses ready at that time to take them up the mountain, as they wished to arrange the ascent so as to arrive at the crater just as it became dark. Having received Giacomo's assurance that they might depend on him, the waiter started homeward. It was now ten o'clock at night and Giacomo, instead of going to bed as any ordinary individual who purposed passing the next night on Vesuvius would have done, took his mountain staff, and after walking quickly a short distance up the street, dived into one of the dark by-lanes which lead towards Vesuvius. Here he hurried along, keeping carefully in the shadow of the houses, for the full moon was shining in Italian glory and would have shown his features to every passer by, but he appeared desirous of avoiding all recognition, for when a person happened to pass he turned away his head and hurried faster. Soon he emerged from the shelter of the lane into the open country and commenced toiling up the rugged sides of the mountain, which journey was then a more serious affair than it now is, for at present you may drive quite half way up on a very fair carriage road, but this was long before such a thing as a carriage up Vesuvius was thought of. Giacomo had, therefore, to use his guide's experience to take him safely over the huge blocks of lava which lie scattered about in all directions, but he knew the way well and was soon skirting the edge of the Grande Fosse, which was then a mighty chasm, nearly two hundred yards deep, extending up the side of the mountain. Scarcely any trace of that valley now remains, for it was filled up by the great lava stream which flowed out in '58, and which, after the lapse of thirteen years, *is still warm down below*, as may be ascertained by placing the hand in any crack in the surface of the ground, when the warmth is immediately felt. As Giacomo walked along the edge of this chasm he looked nervously about him, as though fearing to see the mysterious individual about whom he had quarrelled in the "Trattoria del Mondo." Certainly an imaginative mind might have observed many strange shapes amongst the wonderful lava forms as the moonlight fell on them, making grotesque shadows in endless variety. Some of the blocks looked like living beings of strange and uncouth form, some like imps, twisting serpents, rivers and waves of the sea, hardened while on the point of breaking, arrested high in the air, all these things were there represented by that wonderful substance, which has periodically from unknown remote ages been poured from the many mouths of the mountain in molten streams, leaving the marks of their

devastation and destruction far around. Turning from these wild shapes he looked down into the Grande Fosse, which was even more ghastly and threatening, its harsh crags being thrown into bold relief by the moonlight, and the shadows were black, and the bottom was lost in obscurity and seemed as though it might have reached to the centre of the earth, where the surging sea of lava ever bubbles and boils and works. What wonder, then, if amid this wild scene, made more terrible by the glare from the eruption, he looked about him nervously and walked at his quickest pace. However, he saw nothing of the dreaded spectre at which he had sneered in the Trattoria, but with regard to which he entertained very different feelings now that he was alone on Vesuvius. When he was about half way up the mountain, at a spot rather below where the Observatory now stands, he turned off to the left and soon reached the foot of Monte Lomma, which, with the adjacent peak of Vesuvius, forms a valley nearly a mile across at the bottom, completely covered with debris of lava from numberless eruptions, which it would be impossible for a stranger to cross at night without risking a sprain or fracture. Giacomo, however, by keeping close to the foot of Lomma, avoided this and continued his journey until the peak of Vesuvius was between himself and Portici. The moon was now no longer visible, for the cone of the Volcano cast a deep shadow over that part of the valley where he now stood, making the scene gloomy and awful in the extreme. All around spread jagged, black lava, the outpouring of many convulsions of nature, all was desolate and solitary. An occasional explosion from the Crater was the only sound that broke the stillness, and one would have thought that Giacomo was miles from every human being. He, however, knew better, for, after pausing a few moments, he whistled three times, it was answered from a short distance, and immediately the glimmer of a lantern was seen flickering dimly over the rough path. Meeting the man who carried the light, they proceeded some yards together until they came to a hollow in the rock, the mouth of which was filled by loose stones, leaving a place only just large enough to enter by; the place might have been easily passed, even by daylight, without being observed. Here they found seated several men, whose motley dress, numerous weapons, and general vagabond appearance, showed them to be a band of robbers who invested Vesuvius and Lomma, robbing any casual travellers, and frequently attacking large parties if they ventured far from the beaten track. On the arrival of Giacomo they all started up and welcomed him in the most effusive manner. "At last then you are come," said the one who appeared to be the chief, "I thought we were forgotten; fifteen days since Signor Giacomo has thought fit to visit his poor relations on Vesuvius; if you

had not come soon I was thinking of paying you a visit at your Palazzo at Portici." "You would never have been so mad as that, for you, Pietro Rossi, could not shew your handsome face in Portici without being recognised, and then the carabinieri would soon desire your more intimate acquaintance." "Oh! but hunger makes a man ready for a few perils," replied Pietro, "and we have been almost starving here on this black mountain." "It was no fault of mine that our last enterprise failed," said Giacomo, "I tried to decoy the party of Germans into the spot where you arranged to lie in wait, but they became tired and turned back on reaching the bottom of the lava stream, instead of going up to the crater. But to-morrow night I have a party of English, who will console you for all your disappointments. Two gentlemen and a lady, nobles, for whom you may obtain a ransom, as well as all they have, about them, so now say how will you take them?" "You bring them up to the new crater," said Pietro, "and we will lie in wait for them there, and seize both them and you, thus no suspicion will fall on you. But will they ascend so far?" "Never fear," said Giacomo, "they are so eager that they sent to engage me this evening, that all might be in readiness, they are young, and will not become fatigued and give in as those old Germans did; therefore I will lead them up along the side of the lava stream until we reach the crater, then, should the coast be clear, you can seize us the moment we arrive, but should there be any one else in the way I will offer to take them home by another path, will bring them towards this place, and you must meet and take us; but remember my share of the booty." "Then all goes well," said the chief, "and now, business being over, sit down and drink. Here is a carafa of Portici, but who knows how long we shall drink it in peace in this quiet retreat; the carabinieri seem to be waking up, and we have several times had to run away and spread ourselves over the mountain." "You have robbed so many lately," said Giacomo, "that people are getting indignant." "Well," said the chief, "let us settle this affair of the English, and for a time we will leave our haunts here until the excitement has cooled a little." One of the others now joined in, and said: "Do you know, Giacomo, that Giuseppe has once more been seen, as he was in the last eruption, two years ago, when such misfortunes happened to us?" "What! Have you also these tales of fools?" said Giacomo, "the people down there talk like that, and think that some one is sure to die from seeing him, but I thought not to find such stupidity here." But, although he called it stupidity, his face lost its colour, as it did in the Trattoria when the dead guide was mentioned. "You know that misfortune for some of us has always attended his coming," said the other, "he has an evil eye for those who injured him in life, and woe to those who look on him." "No matter," cried Giacomo, excitedly, "I never feared him living,

why should I begin to now he is a shadow?" "Why should you fear him?" said Pietro, "who should fear him more than you, did not your hand strike the fatal blow ten years ago? It were better not to brag now, but keep your courage for the time when you meet him." "Truly all are in a league to make me mad this night," cried Giacomo. "How dare you, Pietro Rossi, call me more guilty than yourself; if my hand struck the blow, your hands held him, the eye of many of these men saw it done; and who carried him down to where the advancing lava ought to have consumed him had it not turned from its course—you call me guilty, when I suffer for the deed you may all tremble; where would you be now if his tongue had not been silenced?" Having thus delivered himself with much vehemence and many oaths, Giacomo again seated himself; not however without casting furtive, nervous glances around, as though he feared to see the subject of conversation appear from some dark corner. At last they succeeded in pacifying him, and, after making further arrangements for the prosecution of their meritorious scheme on the morrow, Giacomo started homeward. But if he was nervous and watchful in coming, he was much more so in returning; the conversation just recounted having left a very unpleasant remembrance behind it.

Guiseppe had been a guide, but very different from Giacomo, brave, open and generous; having long distrusted the latter, he at length found proofs of what he suspected, and very unwisely hinted to him what he knew. The result has already been narrated,—ten years before our story he was found murdered; none ever found out by whom; but all asserted that he invariably haunted the mountain during eruptions; and as some misfortune always happened to the robbers at these times they looked upon it as a sinister omen when he appeared. Giacomo made his descent almost at a run, and it would certainly have puzzled any ghost to have accosted him with their customary dignity whilst going at such a speed. He reached home safely, and at once laid down to prepare himself for the morrow's adventure.

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### CHAPTER III.

DURING the night the weather changed, the sky became overcast and soon the rain poured down in torrents, and our friends woke to the fact that the day did not bode well for their excursion. The clouds flew across the sky impelled by the angry wind which came in gusts as fierce as an Italian temper, and the rain fell incessantly. Sir John and his wife were in despair, but Douglas consoled them, by saying that it rarely rained in Naples a whole day, especially at that time of the year,

and that it would probably clear up about twelve o'clock. "I am quite sure," he said, "that we shall be able to go, and the rain will lay the dust and purify the air, so that we shall not have quite such powerful perfumes as usual from the various dwellings on our road." He was right; at noon the clouds began to break, and although the wind was still very powerful, and the sky frequently obscured by clouds as they darted by, they were able to start on their journey. About three o'clock they left the Hotel and drove towards Portici. Sir John and his wife never having been here before fell into the common mistake of picturing Portici in their minds as a pretty little village, to which they would drive through country roads. To their surprise, however, they found that Naples extended all the way, and Naples in almost its worst aspect; the whole drive was over paved streets, between high, miserable houses, filled with human beings, hideous in dirt and misery. Still they saw much to amuse them, for Neapolitans are generally jolly and noisy under the most wretched circumstances. As they approached Portici—and the black threatening mountain rose close over them—Clara said: "What a strange mixture of feelings Vesuvius causes, it threatens and repels, and yet, at the same time, it fascinates and draws one on so that one feels impelled towards it." "Exactly so," replied Douglas, "I have always felt the same at each ascent, and at every step you take the feeling grows, and when at last you reach the foot of the Crater, you feel that you must approach still nearer, if possible, and look over the edge, and when you do so you can slightly imagine the feeling of fascination which impels people to jump over precipices into another world. Most who visit Vesuvius have something of the same feeling, excepting those happy beings who are totally devoid of feeling; I have known such go up half way and then turn back saying they had seen quite enough and thought nothing of it, but then they were the sort of people who call Macbeth a *pretty play*, and go into picture galleries and *admire the frames*." They were now entering Portici and the coachman pulled up. "Ah!" said Douglas, "he says this is the house of Giacomo, the guide, whom the waiter has engaged for us." Giacomo now came forward from his house, and Douglas, being the only one who spoke Italian well, alighted from the carriage to speak to him. After a few minutes' conversation he returned, and Sir John said: "What a villainous looking face he has." "Yes, they nearly all have," coolly replied Douglas, "there is not much to choose, although I must say this one is about the most unprepossessing I have met, both in face and manner; however, he seems thoroughly to know his business, so I do not think we must throw him over on account of the irregularity of his features," "Certainly not," they replied "but what are we to do next?" "We mount the ponies here and commence the ascent, he also rides, and a boy accompanies us to take care of

the animals on the mountain, for we only ride about halfway and climb the rest, leaving the ponies in charge of the boy." Whereupon they descended from the carriage, the miserable, broken-kneed ponies, to which they condemn travellers on Vesuvius, made their appearance, and the cavalcade started.

After proceeding along the main street of Portici, they turned sharply to the left, ascended a very steep hill and soon left the houses behind and came upon the open mountain side. They were now among the vines and olives which fringe the foot of Vesuvius, growing so luxuriantly in the decomposed lava of ancient eruptions. It was now getting late in the afternoon, the weather had partly cleared, but still the wind blew in fierce fitful gusts, and heavy clouds scudded across the sky. They rode straight across the rugged masses of hard lava which extend almost in every direction over the mountain, giving it a blasted, desolate appearance which cannot be described. Their road was not that which Giacomo took the night before, his errand then was to a different part of the mountain; their present object was to proceed to the end of the lava stream, and then ascend by its side until they arrived at its source in a newly formed crater, about half a mile from the Great Crater at the summit. They soon passed beyond the vines and olives and now the road assumed a very dreary appearance; above towered the black peak with its constant cloud of smoke, lower down was the new crater, looking like a pimple on the side of the cone, and all around was black desolation. Douglas, of course, knew the scene well, but Sir John was much impressed by the dreary grandeur, and Clara, although she spoke little, was almost overpowered by the solemnity of the scene. They still ascended, rising higher and higher up the steep ascent, and frequently stopping to rest the horses; for some time they had seen the smoking lava stream in the distance, now they approached it rapidly, and in a few moments more they stood beside the half-cooled extremity of the molten river. Here they found standing about, several idlers and beggars, who immediately began roasting chestnuts and eggs in the lava, and putting in coins and breaking off the piece which adhered to them; these things were all offered to the travellers at fabulous prices which came down after judicious bargaining to about a quarter of the price first demanded. In all this, the guide, instead of rendering the assistance which guides usually give, stood aloof, taciturn and sombre, all the time they remained here, at last, after having for several minutes cast uneasy glances upwards as though anxious to be gone, he came and said curtly to Douglas, "We must go, it grows late." So dismounting from their horses, they started to do the rest on foot, there being no bridle path further. It was now almost dusk, and the scene assumed a most awfully grand appearance. The lava now showed a lurid red, the smoke above also looked like fire

and the moon had risen, casting weird shadows on the road except when she was obscured by the passing clouds. Sir John now assisted his wife in her trying ascent, for the guide still went on in front without offering the least assistance. Clara became at every step more impressed by the gloom of the scene, and when they presently waited for her to sit down and rest, she said to her husband. "How fearful this mountain is ; it fills me with horror. I feel as though something were about to happen that would stamp this night with terror on our memories ; the blood-red fire, the smoke, and the awful shapes that seem to start into life as the moonlight falls upon the road, it is dreadful." "Why my love ! Is your courage giving way ?" said Sir John. "What should you fear ? I am here to protect you." "I know not what it is I fear," she replied, "it is the gloomy feeling with which this mountain affects my mind." "Would you like to return ?" said Sir John, "if you have the slightest wish we will turn back at once." "Oh, no," she replied, "I could not turn my back on that crater without first going close, it fascinates me like a serpent and draws me on." "Well, then dearest, we must make the best of it, and I dare say we have not much further to go, it certainly is dismal since it became dark ; here comes Douglas, I wonder if he has succeeded in conversing with our unpleasant guide."

Douglas had for some time been walking on in front with the guide, evidently to the increasing annoyance of the latter, and his replies were invariably short and sulky. He now returned to where the others were sitting, and in reply to Sir John's questions owned that he could extract no conversation from the man. "It is very strange," he said "for although these men are generally bad-looking I have never found any difficulty in getting them to talk ; but this man seems to become more bearish at every step." Then under pretence of drawing Sir John's attention to a curious piece of lava, he took him aside, and said in a low tone, "The fact is, there is something rather suspicious about this man, he is more than surly, he is constantly looking anxiously about him, he seems in a state of restrained excitement and trembles, and I am almost certain I have twice seen a man lurking in the shadow of the rocks beside the path." "What then shall we do ?" said Sir John, "do you think it best to turn back ?" "Well, no," said the other, "it seems a pity to give it up now that we shall so soon be at the end of our journey ; I hardly expect that he is up to anything dangerous, the guides are too well known for that, but if he should have any associate up here, between them they might possibly try to frighten us out of a little money. I anticipated nothing more serious than that at the worst, as your wife seems bent on finishing the ascent we had better proceed at once ; you have your pistol,—so have I,—keep yours ready in case you want it."

They then rejoined Lady Stanley and all started again, the guide going faster than ever until checked by Douglas. They now hurried on without speaking a word, the labour was too great to allow of conversation, and all three felt that excitement which the ascent causes, a nervous anxiety to reach the source of the fire, and they now knew that it could not be far off. The top was hidden from their view by the curve of the mountain, but the lava stream by the side of which they were climbing had lost its red tint, and was now a white molten fire and by the increased speed at which it ran they knew they were nearing the source. Hark ! What sound is that ? Low in the bowels of the mountain a low growl is heard like distant thunder, louder and louder it rises, until with a crash like the discharge of a mortar a stone is hurled from the old crater at the summit a mile above them ; it forms a fiery arc, and then falls on the further side of the mountain. Higher they go, and now another sound greets them, a loud bubbling, splashing sound, like no other in the world, the sound of the lava *boiling in the cauldron*,—a few steps further and the ground becomes partly level, and they stop simultaneously awed and amazed. Here is the source of the fire river, about half a mile from the summit, it was one of those small craters which open in fresh places at every eruption, it was about fifty feet high, being raised by the constant accumulation of lava as it was thrown up, the sides were very steep and rugged, and in one place the fiery contents overflowed forming the commencement of that molten stream by whose side they had been so long toiling. Well might they exclaim, “How grand ! How awful !” The moon was high in the heavens, at one moment casting a bright, pure, light, contrasting strangely with the lurid glare of the liquid lava,—the next it was obscured and the darkness around made the scene more ghastly still.

Douglas was keeping a sharp look-out on the guide and suddenly whispered to Sir John “*Cock your pistol*, there are two men prowling about, I’ll swear !” Then advancing to Giacomo who stood nearer the crater, he said, “Can we approach no nearer than this ?” The guide turned and said, sulkily, “no, we are near enough.” We are anxious to go as near as possible,” said Douglas, “but if we cannot approach nearer we may as well return, but are you sure it would be dangerous.”

“Look !” said Giacomo irritably, “can you not see the lava boiling over the edge of the crater, who is to go near that fiery shower, I advance no nearer, *my work is done and no power shall draw me on !*” “Very well,” said Douglas, conquering his inclination to knock the fellow down, “but just answer me one question, who are those men I have seen several times to-night lurking about, I saw one this moment behind that rock, who are they ?” “There are no men here,” growled Giacomo, “who should there be but ourselves ?” “Well, I tell you I know I saw them,

—why see,” he cried, suddenly seizing Giacomo by the arm,—“There is one standing close under the crater, and surely he is in great danger!” The man to whom he pointed was dressed like a guide, and was standing close to the crater leaning on his staff. The moment Douglas drew Giacomo’s attention to him, he was horrified by the change which came over the guide’s face. Even in the red glare of that gigantic fire he could see that he became deadly pale and shook all over, his knees tottered, and his eyes seemed fascinated, glued to the face of the man who stood in the fiery shower without being burnt. He made two or three ghastly attempts to speak, but his jaw fell and he could not articulate, at last he hissed out in a voice unlike any human sound, “*Guisceppe! What wantest thou here?*” And now the figure moved for the first time. Raising his right hand he distinctly beckoned to Giacomo, and slowly began to move backwards with a steady gliding motion; and his preternaturally large eyes seemed literally to blaze in the glare of the fire; slowly he beckoned, and, as he moved backwards, Giacomo dragged on by those demoniac eyes, as slowly advanced, trying, but vainly, to turn away his eyes and rid himself of the spell that was on him. Sir John and his wife, unable to understand the scene had advanced and joined them, the robbers, too, had unseen gathered around from their places of concealment, but all stood still alike spell-bound by the frightful scene enacting before them. Slowly the spectre receded, and began to glide up the side of the crater, still dragging on Giacomo by the power of his gaze; when the spectre was half-way up the rugged incline Giacomo had arrived at the bottom; again the spectre beckoned, but as the unfortunate guide raised his foot to commence the fatal ascent an agonizing cry burst from his lips, as though he then became aware of the fearful fate awaiting him. His features became distorted with terror and shriek after shriek burst from him, as fascinated, he followed to his doom. Up they went—one beckoning, the other compelled to advance. At last the spectre stood on the very brink of the crater, slowly glided back and disappeared, Giacomo, attracted more strongly than before, dashed up amidst the fiery shower that fell around him—another moment and the two stood on the brink—another moment he tottered, and with a fearful heartrending scream *he too disappeared in the abyss of fire!* All stood motionless, awed and petrified by the terrible scene; Clara had, fortunately, become insensible before the sad catastrophe. The robbers appeared unable to move although their prey was in their power, thus they all remained for several seconds, speechless; when, as though this night’s horror would never cease, a black substance appeared floating out of the crater on the lava stream and gliding rapidly onwards, the charred, shapeless *thing* which had been a few moments before Giacomo, the guide

was brought down on the river of death almost to the feet of the robber chief.

This broke the spell,—uttering a yell of terror, the whole party of robbers turned and wildly fled, leaving their intended victims—untouched !

Almost stunned with horror, Stanley and Douglas turned towards Clara, who was still insensible, and endeavoured to bring her round ; several minutes had elapsed and she had just shown signs of returning consciousness when they heard the sound of guns not far distant, then angry shouts, and soon the sound of many footsteps approaching. After waiting in painful suspense for some minutes longer, they at length saw to their great joy a party of Carabinieri approaching from the path by which the robbers had fled, conducting with them, their hands bound, all the men who had laid in wait for our friends. Rapidly advancing, they in a few moments halted close to the travellers and the officer coming forward, offered his assistance ; accordingly Clara, who was now partly recovered, was placed in a litter extemporised with poles and muskets and soon our friends very willingly turned their backs on the crater and commenced their descent.

In reply to the questions of Douglas as to the opportune arrival of the soldiers, the officer explained how they came there at so critical a moment :—

“ The night before, as a party of them were skirting the lower part of Vesuvius on their way from one village to another, they came upon a man lying on the ground in a half-insensible state ; on coming to himself he talked wildly of having seen the spectre, and said he remembered no more until they found him ; on being examined as to his business he at last confessed, finding he could not escape, that he was one of the robbers, and on condition of pardon for himself, divulged the plot for taking the English travellers. Accordingly, guided by this man, they repaired at the appointed time to the place where he said they would find the robbers, and they met them just as they were rushing headlong down the slope towards their hiding place, almost beside themselves with terror at the fearful scene they had just witnessed. Finding themselves outnumbered, and rendered almost powerless by their fears, they threw down their arms after a few harmless shots had been fired on both sides.”

On the way down Douglas heard quite enough of the fearful character of these robbers to make him very thankful for their escape, and he resolved never to trust himself again in that place with so small a party. Sir John was dreadfully shocked by the night's adventure, and Clara was completely prostrate. On their arrival at the hotel a doctor was sent for, but for three weeks she did not leave her room, the

nerves being in such a shattered state. Slowly, however, she recovered, but neither she nor her husband ever heard mention made of a volcano without a shudder at the remembrance of that fearful picture—the crater, the fire, the two dark figures slowly ascending the rugged sides, the moon shining over all, and the death-shriek that ended that human being's agony. They never cared to revisit Vesuvius, but in their own circle in England they often told the tale of that awful night to fascinated audiences ; and whilst narrating their narrow escape from capture by the robbers, they never forgot to be grateful for their rescue by THE SPECTRE GUIDE.\*

Montreal.

GIOVANNI.

## WHEN I GROW OLD.

### I.

WHEN I grow old, give me  
 Respite for music's hours,  
 Birds, song, and scent of flowers.  
 May I have sight to see  
 What of earth's beauties rare  
 My life's last days may share.  
 Fresh may my memory be  
 Of all dear forms and faces,  
 Bright days, and well loved places,  
 My heart not dry and cold,  
 When I grow old.

### II.

May none have cause to say  
 "He did us wrong, unrighted,"  
 No lives may I have blighted ;  
 Nor turned my face away  
 From manhood in the dust ;  
 Nor weakened faith and trust ;  
 Nor led a soul astray.  
 And so my life's poor ending,  
 Dear love's sweet mantle sending,  
 May God, at length, enfold,  
 When I grow old.

\* NOTE.—The remarkable occurrence of a human body re-appearing from the crater is no invention but actually occurred some years ago, when a Frenchman committed suicide by throwing himself into a small crater on Vesuvius, from which a stream of lava was running ; a few minutes after, the charred body floated out on the stream. The place was pointed out to the Author when in Naples.

## III.

And may there come to me  
 The sound of children's voices—  
 Noting old age rejoices  
 Like children's glee—  
 Their feet upon the stair,  
 Their figures by my chair,  
 And gathered round my knee,  
 With open eyes of wonder,  
 And rosy lips asunder,  
 Hearing old stories told  
 When I grow old.

## IV.

So, on the misty land—  
 Where human knowledge ceases,  
 And faith alone increases,  
 And life is shifting sand,  
 And all we have is nought,  
 And hope cannot be bought,  
 All humbly may I stand,  
 With loving forms beside me,  
 And loving hands to guide me,  
 And *wait*,—with loosened hold,  
 When I grow old.

Ottawa, 1878.

FREDERICK A. DIXON.

## LOCKE'S INFLUENCE ON CIVILIZATION.

DR. C. B. HALL.

IN the beginning of the seventeenth century, we find the earliest rising of that school of sensual philosophy, which was afterwards to establish and determine the bias and order of the human mind in the eighteenth century. Deeply learned, though freed from the prejudices of the scholastic philosophy, instructed in the higher doctrines of a pure and finished mysticism, and knowing neither doubts nor fears, the justly celebrated Locke struck out for himself a free and independent course, having but one lamp to guide his path, and that lamp was experience, and but one object to attain, and that object was truth. His most severe critic and veriest opponent says of him: "Every where he addresses himself to reason, he starts from this authority, and from this alone, and if he subsequently admits another, it is because he arrives at it by reason, so that

it is always reason that governs him, and holds in some sort the reins of his thought." Locke belongs therefore to the great family of independent philosophers, the essay on the Human Understanding is a fruit of the movement of independence in the 17th century, and it has fortified that movement. This character passed from the master into the whole school, and was therefore recommended to all the friends of human liberty, and we may add, that in Locke independence is always united to a sincere and profound respect for every thing that should be respected. Locke is a philosopher, and at the same time a Christian. The first great rule that Locke lays down for our guidance in the attainment of knowledge is method; without place or order, there can be no rapid advancement or any satisfactory conclusion—and the first great object to be obtained, is to know ourselves. "The greatest study of mankind is man." All the knowledge we can acquire, the highest as well as the lowest, rests in the last result upon the reach and value of our general faculty of knowing—you may call it what you please, spirit, mind, reason, intelligence, understanding, Locke calls it understanding—the study of the human understanding, is then above all things else, the study of philosophy—his argument is plain—what for example can logic be, that is the knowledge of the rules that should govern the human mind, without a knowledge of that which we are seeking to govern. What can morals be, the knowledge of the rules of our actions—without the knowledge of the moral agents—what of politics, the science or the art of government of social men, without a knowledge of man—in a word, man is implied in all the sciences which are in appearance the most foreign to him, the study of man is, then, the necessary introduction to every science that claims a separate existence, and whatever name we give it, it is necessary to conceive that this study, though not the whole of philosophy, is its foundation and point of departure.

Locke uses the term idea for all the parts of knowledge or acquirements we may possess, and advises them to be received in a well planned and cultivated order, that they may be laid up in regular places in the brain, like shelves in a storehouse, so that in after years if you are talking or writing of poetry, you have only to refer to one place in the mind to call up all the ideas you have gained on that particular study, if of politics, in like manner you turn to where this knowledge is stored, and so of all others, referring to and selecting any one class of studies without disturbing the remainder, denying the existence of innate ideas or any knowledge in ourselves, but simply the faculties for acquiring knowledge and holding with the poet—

" The mind untaught

Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempest howl,  
As Phœbus to the world, is science to the soul,

And reason now through numbers turn and space,  
Darts the keen lustre of his serious eye  
And learns from facts compared the laws to trace,  
Whose long progression leads to Deity."

"There are two fountains," he says, "of knowledge, from whence all the ideas we have, or can naturally have, do spring." Thus the action of our senses upon the external objects around us, produce certain impressions on our minds, and convey the ideas of colour, heat, soft, hard, bitter, sweet, and all other things we call sensible qualities. This is done by the operation of what we call the perceptive faculties, and then the action of the mind upon these ideas thus gathered by our senses of tasting, feeling, seeing, etc., bring the other means of information, and gives another kind of knowledge, such as thinking, doubting, believing, reasoning, knowing, and willing; and that of the mind by which this is attained is called the reflective faculties. Thus Newton, by his perceptive faculties, discovered an apple falling from a tree to the ground. By reflection on the idea thus conveyed to his mind, he found that the apple being inanimate and void of motion in itself, could not, without some foreign aid, pass from one place to another; hence the discovery of gravitation, and why the

"Unwieldy planets thus remain,  
Amid the flux of many thousand years,  
That oft hath swept the toiling race of man  
And all their laboured monuments away;  
Firm, unremitting, matchless in their course  
To the kind-tempered change of night and day;  
And of the season's ever-varying round  
Minutely faithful; such the all-perfect hand  
That poised, impels, and rules the steady whole."

It has been asserted, however, that we could not attain this knowledge, as we have no way of knowing ourselves how much we know. Again Locke says: "When we know our own strength, we shall the better know what to undertake with hopes of success; and when we have well surveyed the powers of our mind, and made some estimate what we may expect from them, we shall not be inclined either to sit still, and not set our thoughts on work at all, in despair of knowing anything, or on the other side doubt everything and disclaim all knowledge because some things are not to be understood. It is of great use to the sailor to know the length of his line, though he cannot with it fathom all the depth of the sea." From the time when history first traces social order and rules for governmental institutions, men ever sought for freedom, ever strove to have a voice in the directions of their own duties, a will to say and to do. There was a show of freedom when men wandered from hill to hill in search of pasture for their flocks, where each leafy grove formed a

couch, and the starry canopy a cover. History but records these halcyon days and Elysian abodes, and the next page speaks of mad lusts and vile corruption.

Greece speaks to us in chronicles of justice, freedom, and order ; we hear Demosthenes pouring the full force of his mighty eloquence to urge the Athenians to cease their fears of Phillip, and pander to great names, and to look to their own arms for the only prize worth securing, to lay aside their petty jealousies and abate their fierce contentions, and make their homes abodes of peace and prosperity, and happiness. A Solon strove with sublime dignity to secure, with firm order and prudence, a safe anchor for the state. A Lycurgus taught economy, and love of country. A Zenophon brought discipline, obedience, and kindly fellowship for one another. Socrates urged to forget selfish and worldly-minded thought, and almost turned the soul from earth for heavenly aspirations. Ionic columns rose in stately grandeur over the land, and Corinthian beauties added lustre to their ornaments. Liberty, for a season, enjoyed the sweet odour of this delicious land, then hastened away in search of a more congenial abode.

'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more. Rome ! Haughty, proud imperial Rome, once the mighty mistress of the world, supposed, in conquering all else, she could place freedom in her capitol. She really could build walled cities, turn the course of rivers, assemble all the discordant elements of strife, and erect a temple to universal idolatry. She too had her giant intellects, who could point the soul to scenes beyond licentiousness and superstition ; but she never learned that to be wholly free, the mind must be unchained, thought must run unburdened, the will must know no other bondage than obeying the statutes which Liberty herself enacts. The sweet songstress says of her,

“ Rome, Rome, thou art no more,  
 As thou hast been.  
 On thy seven hills of yore,  
 Thou satest a Queen.  
 Rome, thine imperial brow,  
 Never shall rise ;  
 What hast thou left thee now ?  
 Thou hast thy skies.”

Locke taught each man to think for himself, to weigh carefully his own actions, and to reflect on his own designs. Then it was that the co-operation of men's minds effected political and governmental changes. Then religion searched daily for the recorded truths. Then Science taught in the laboratory for the true origin of the world's atoms. Then philosophy began to seek for the great question--what is truth ? Then artisans found fault with the unsatisfactory returns of all their exer-

tions. Then labourers asked if they were doing the greatest amount of work for the least amount of toil. Then it was as the poet says,

“When straight, methought, the fair majestic power,  
Of Liberty appeared, not as of old,  
Extended in her hand the cap and rod,  
Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life;  
But her bright temples bound with British oak,  
And naval honours nodded on her brow,  
Sublime of port, loose o'er her shoulders flowed,  
Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.  
An Island Goddess now, and her high care  
The Queen of Isles, the Mistress of the Main!”

The sensualistic doctrine of Locke was soon followed by Hume, in bringing forward most prominently, the ideal and sceptical.

If the theory of the spirit or philosophy of the age can be accepted as producing its effect upon the next, we may expect to hail the dawn of the eighteenth century, with the fullest exercise of sensualism, a full development of the perceptive faculties and a keen desire for personal aggrandizement—joining in with and succeeding to this, a striving after the ideal, or a laborious effort for the attainment of knowledge—a desire to learn—a curious prying into the great secrets of nature and art—we would look for a high cultivation of the imaginative and reflective faculties, with a studied gratification of the senses. Pleasure would be sought through the exercise of external or material organs, and study would aim at the promotion of pleasure. With an awakening desire for the increase of knowledge, there would be a sordid desire for the lusts of the flesh. While feeding on the manna of intellectual nourishment, there would be mingled a remembrance of the flesh-pots of ignorance. Hence we might look for their literature to excel in fiction and poetry, alike elevating and ennobling to the soul and not wholly freed from much that was vulgar and corrupt. At the same time the general tenor of the public mind would be a union of wit and worth with the cunning and sharp. This stage would be followed by a universal scepticism, a general want of confidence in existing institutions, with an increasing and unsettled longing for change, a doubt in the explanations and developments of acknowledged events. Fortunately for mankind, there is imprinted in every mind a sense of consciousness by which it can know its limit of doubtings, for as a French philosopher says, “Let anyone doubt of everything else, yet he could not doubt that he doubts.” “In all men,” says Cousin, “consciousness is simply a natural process,” some elevate it to the height of an art, of a method, by reflection, which is in some a sort of second consciousness, a free reproduction of the first, and as consciousness gives to all men a knowledge of what passes within them, so reflection can give to the scholar a certain knowledge of everything that passes under the eye of consciousness.

The general principles of pure unfettered liberty of Locke produced in the eighteenth century the most extensive governmental changes that had ever burst upon the world. These were revolutions of the people striving for their own rights—their voice in the management of social affairs; and most characteristic of the eighteenth century was the struggle between the governing and the governed—between the class always accustomed to obey and that ever used to command—and this, too, the result of the philosophy of Locke. The difference only between Hume and Locke was in the “one thing needful,” one was a Christian, the other an Infidel; for Drs. Paley and Campbell, in their refutation of Hume’s tenets of religion, acknowledge the philosophy of Locke—and Reid and Dugald Stewart only differ in his illustrations of the perceptive faculties—in his sensualism. Hume was but a name as Voltaire was a little later, expressing the universal doubting of the age. As the human mind expanded with the increase of knowledge, it received the greater number of impressions; and as the knowledge of the truth became more generally spread, so did a doubting and unbelief in all things past. The first half of the eighteenth century “produced more men of letters, as well as men of science, than any epoch of similar extent in the literary history of England.” In about the third of this period Pope’s pure strain

“Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain.”

The most distinguished of his contemporaries adopted styles of their own. Thomson made no attempt at polished satire or pungent wit. His beautiful descriptions of nature and warm poetical feeling asserted the dignity of inspiration. Young, in his startling denunciations of death and judgment, was equally an original. Gay and Collins aimed at dazzling imagery, the antipodes of Pope. Goldsmith blended morality and philosophy with beautiful simplicity of expression. Beattie romantic and hopeful; Akenside metaphysical, and shows more of the spirit of the age. One instance is sufficient to show the sensualism and vulgar passions with which he was surrounded, as well as his refinement of thought:—

“That last best effort of thy skill,  
To form the life and rule the will,  
Propitious Power impart;  
Teach me to cool my passion’s fires,  
Make me the judge of my desires—  
The master of my heart.  
Raise me above the vulgar breath,  
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,  
And all in life that’s mean;  
Still true to reason be my plan,  
Still let my actions speak the man,  
Through every various scene.”

To these may be added Savage, Blair, the author of the “Grave,” Dr. Watts, Dr. Johnson, and extending down the series of years, the Misses

Lee, the writers of the *Canterbury Tales*, Hannah Moore, Miss Edgeworth, whose name Horace Smith rendered a household word by his pun :—

“ We every day Bards may ‘ Anonymus,’ sign,  
This refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine.  
Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,  
Must bring forth the name of the author to light.  
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth,  
The bad own the *edge* and the good own the *worth*.”

Dr. Brown, Dr. Paley, Dr. John Hunter, Sir Wm. Jones, Rev. Sidney Smith, who Punch said canonaded the Americans with the canons of St. Paul ; Steele, Addison, Bishop Berkeley, Rev. Robert Hall, Rev. Edwd. Clarke, who found a whole town in one of the sepulchres of Thebes; Southern, the first dramatic author, who, in his “*Oroonocs*” called the attention of the world to the evils of slavery. It may not be amiss to quote his touching allusion to Egyptian slavery and secreting the Great Prophet :

“ So the sad mother at the noon of night,  
From bloody Memphis stole her silent flight.  
With paper flags, a floating cradle weaves,  
And hides the smiling boy in lotus leaves ;  
Gives the white bosom to his eager lips,  
The salt tears mingling with the milk he sips ;  
Waits on the reed-crowned brink with pious guile,  
And trusts the scaly monsters of the Nile.”

These lived in the age, but not of it, others not less distinguished, such as Fielding, the author of “*Tom Jones*,” which with *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixotte* has been pronounced the first class novels ever written ; and these all contain so much that is really distasteful, they are almost becoming unknown ; much of the writings of Smollet, author of *Peregrine Pickle*, and Dr. Moore, the vile author *Zeluco*, are subject to the same censure. Sterne draws such tender and touching pictures of life, they excite universal sympathy, and yet are so often blotted with daubs and stained with impurities that they cannot be held up to public view. Gay was perhaps one of the greatest favourites of his age, and his choice production was the *Beggar's Opera*, where thieves and highwaymen were the chief attraction. Such was the state of sensualism in the early part of the century, such the delight in sensual gratification, that the coarse and vulgar of expression if only witty and pungent in design, were the favourites in the highest circles of society. The charming *Mary Montague* was not wholly free from faults of that kind, though she was unquestionably one of the most finished letter writers of her own, or any other day. I must be pardoned for these constant quotations from writers of the times, it is the only way “*Literature made vigorous shoots by the aid of former culture and soil, but manners experienced a woeful decline and the arts made*

no advance." Robertson says "in consequence of the timid but prudent policy of the Government, the martial spirit was in a manner extinguished in England. The ministers of the day were corrupt and selfish, many of them were little better than money lenders and brokers, the corrupt administration of Sir Robert Walpole, when every man's virtue was supposed to have its price, contributed still farther to dissolve the manners and principles of the nation and parliament was obliged to interpose its authority to suppress the inordinate use of spirituous liquors." Guizot says to understand thoroughly the predominant influence on the course of civilization in France, we must study in the seventeenth century the French Government, and in the eighteenth the French nation ; abroad, foreign invasion impending ; at home, the elements of government and society in a state of dissolution ; and Disraeli says : " In the eighteenth century free inquiry became universal in its character and objects. Religion, politics, pure philosophy, man and society, everything became, at once, the subject of study, doubt and system. The ancient sciences were overturned, new sciences sprung up, it was a movement which proceeded in every direction, though emanating from one and the same impulse. There never was a period in which the government of facts and external realities were so completely distinct from the government of thought. The separation of spiritual from temporal affairs, had never been real in Europe till the eighteenth century. Nothing could have shown more truly the mad ungoverned passions connected with the French Revolution than the murder of the great chemist Lavoisier. To quote again, " It showed a noble-minded and benevolent man, the victim of revolutionary rage—an intelligent, studious and retired man, obnoxious to the rabble love of ruin—a mild, generous and patriotic man, the instant prey of revolutionary government, which boasted of its superiority to the vices of kings, of its homage to intellect, and its supreme value for the virtues of private life, yet it murdered Lavoisier without a moment's hesitation or a moment's remorse." Lord Brougham says, " the lustre which the labours of Lavoisier had shed over the scientific renown of France, the valuable services which he had rendered her in so many important departments of her affairs the virtues with adorned his character and made his philosophy beloved as well as revered, were all destined to meet the reward with which the tyranny of vulgar faction is sure to recompense the good and the wise." Then with regard to the warlike spirit of the age, Professor Creasy places the battle of Valmy in his " six decisive battles of the world," and remarks " the raw artisans and tradesmen, the clumsy burghers, the base mechanic and low peasant churls, as it had been the fashion to term the middle and lower classes in France, found that they could face cannon balls, pull triggers and cross bayonets, without having been drilled

into military machines, and without having been officered from the scions of noble houses; they awoke to the consciousness of their own instinctive soldiership; they at once acquired confidence in themselves and in each other, and that confidence soon grew into a spirit of unbounded audacity and ambition." So with regard to Christianity. The general toleration which was the immediate consequence of the French revolution, gave birth to great freedom of discussion relative to religious matters; the crowds of sectaries, no longer held together by the common bond of persecution, or restrained by fear from unveiling the supposed errors of the Church, entered into a bold investigation of the sublime mysteries of Christianity; and the apostles of each sect keenly censured the tenets of all who presumed to differ from them upon any particular point. Numberless disputes were hotly agitated about doctrines of no importance to the rational Christian; the spirit of infidelity, as it always will in an enlightened age, kept pace with that of enthusiasm, as many of the wilder sectaries laid claim to divine illuminations, and in their ravings pretended to prophecy. Some men of sceptical principles endeavoured to bring into suspicion, and even to destroy, all prophecy; while others called in question the authenticity of the sacred books, both historical and prophetic. At the head of these sceptical writers, and the most dangerous because the most agreeable, may be placed Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke. To please the latter Pope wrote his semi-religious article on the order of Nature, ending with,—

"In spite of pride, in erring Reason's spite,  
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right."

Tindal, in his "Christianity as Old as the Creation," denied the necessity of the Gospel, as he affirmed it promulgates no principle or precept with which mankind was not formerly acquainted. Hume, in his "Essay on Miracles," struck directly at its foundation, by attempting to show that no *human* testimony is sufficient to establish the reality of a miracle; and an author no less able or learned than either, has written an historical deduction to prove Christianity to be of human origin. But to quote the words of a most learned and beautiful writer, "these rude attacks have only served more firmly to establish true religion, while they have given a severe check to enthusiasm." They have led divines to examine minutely into the proofs of revelation, and made them sensible of the propriety of explaining more rationally the mysteries in the Christian system.

I have thus selected one of the instances when "coming events cast their shadows before,"—instances from the earliest history of philosophy, and existing in our own day, when the philosophy of the time or spirit of the age trains men's minds for the future realities of life, so that when great developments are manifested the world is prepared to receive them.

## ROXY.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



“WIDOWERS ARE DREADFUL PARTICULAR, COLONEL.”

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE RULING ELDER INTERFERES.

MR. HIGBURY was a Presbyterian of the Western Pennsylvania stamp. Generations of training in the Calvinistic formulas and the Presbyterian forms had produced perhaps, a hereditary habit of thought. He could not see anything in any other light than that of his traditional opinions. Above all, these mushroom Methodists who did nothing decently or in order, were to be condemned. To admit that any large number of them were really Christian would be to suppose that God had chosen to convert more people through unsound doctrines tending to Pelagianism than he had through the preaching of the true doctrines of divine sovereignty and unconditional election. The fact that so

many Methodists backslid was to him evidence beyond question that they had not much of God's grace among them.

When Mrs. Highbury had told him what Miss Moore had said, Mr. Highbury felt that the time for rebuke and reproof had come. The revival of the past winter had irritated him. The large numbers that had joined the Methodists were an eye-sore; for churches of differing sects in a small town are very like rival corner grocers, each watching with jealous eye the increase of his neighbour's trade.

After debating the matter for a day or two and growing gradually warm with righteous indignation as he reflected, Mr. Highbury put on his hat on Thursday morning and walked down the street towards Lefaire's. The singing locusts were making their sweet, monotonous, drowsy din in the air; the great running rose-bushes were climbing up to the second-story windows with their arms full of white and red and yellow roses; there were faint sounds of the pastoral music of tinkling cow-bells in the distance, and on either hand the green hills grew hazy where they were touched by the blue sky flecked with light clouds. But no sound of singing locust, of faint far-away cow-bells and crowing chickens, or sight of rich rose-trees or vista of high-wooded hill, and of soft white cloud sailing through the infinite ocean of deep blue sky, touched the soul of the ruling elder. Highbury's horizon was narrow; there were no objects within it but himself, his family, his trade, and his church. All else was far away in the dim distance like the unnoted sound of the cow-bells. For there is a sky in every man's soul, and some souls are near-sighted.

On the other hand, Mr. Whittaker's sky was clear. He came out of his room at nine o'clock, walked along the porch and stood looking at the hills on the other side of the river, scanning the green apples in the young trees near at hand, and watching the white clouds, not in the sky, but floating in the under-sky which he saw below in the waters of the wide river. He heard faintly the distant crowing of the cocks—even from a mile away, across the river, he could hear them. He heard the cow-bells, and the "chook, chook," of the red-bird, the conversational "can't, can't," of the cat-bird, whose musical powers had all been exhausted by his matin song. The time for him to see Roxy again was drawing near, and his spirit was full of hope. It seemed to him that his soul was like the great wide Ohio,—it mirrored in its depths the glory of the sky above. Presently old Jacques Dupin—Twonnet's grandfather—came hobbling out of his room into the sunlight. He was a picturesque figure, with his trowsers of antiquated cut, his loose jacket, and his red yarn cap, pointed at the top and tasseled.

Full of human kindness and sympathy this morning, Whittaker hurried over to meet the octogenarian, and to inquire how he was.

“Comment-vous portez-vous aujourd’hui ?” cried the minister in the deaf old man’s ear.

“Très-bien, very well, I remercie, M’sieur.” The old man felt obliged to make an effort to speak in English, out of courtesy to Whittaker’s feeble French.

The minister assisted the old man to a seat in the large rocking-chair ; then he adjusted a stick of wood under the rockers so that the chair would not rock, for the old man could not bear the sense of insecurity which the motion of the chair gave him.

“Mr. Wittakare,” he began, in a querulous voice, as soon as his feet had been placed upon his foot-stool—“Mr. Wittakare, je ne sais quoi—I don’t know wat God A’mighty means. Mon frère—my brothare Guillaume, who was good for somet’in’, he die ; my cousin Bernard, il est mort aussi, il y a deux ans—it ees so much as two yare past, and my sœur, she aussi ees gone. Moi—I am not wort’ so much as a picayune, and moi—je leef on, on, on. Pardi, I don’t know vat God A’mighty ees about to leef te dead dree vat bears no pommes at all and to cut down all de rest. Eh ! que pensez-vous, Monsieur—vat you dink ?”

And then without waiting for Mr. Whittaker to reply, the old man went on :

“Ven I vas a boy in Suisse, I remembre dat ——”

But it was at the beginning of this reminiscence that Mr. Whittaker’s mind wandered entirely away from the old man in the red cap sitting there under the overhanging vines—wandering away from his story of boyhood in Switzerland, his garrulous memories of the Pays de Vaud and of the simple mountain life so different from that of his old age on the fertile banks of this great river. Mr. Whittaker heard him not, for all the time his mind went after his heart to the home of the shoemaker’s daughter, with its honeysuckle and morning-glory vines, and to the morning-glory herself. At last the old man had reached some sort of denouement in his polyglot tale, he tapped Whittaker’s knee with his trembling hand and burst into an old man’s hearty laugh—faint and far down in the throat like the gurgling of subterranean waters.

“Vat you dink—que pensez-vous, Monsieur ? Ees it not—ha-ha—ees it not—he-he—très drole ?”

“It is very funny, no doubt,” answered the other in some confusion. But at that moment Mr. Highbury was ushered to the porch by Twonet. After a few minutes of speech with the old man, the ruling elder took the minister’s arm and asked for an interview in private, leading his companion to the further end of the long porch, where they sat down upon a bench.

Mr. Highbury began about the Methodists, their unsoundness, their illiterate preachers and uninstructed laymen, their reception of all sorts

of people without any discrimination. Then he enlarged on the necessity for building up a more intelligent piety and one sound in doctrine and not running into wild excitement.

Mr. Whittaker assented.

But Mr. Highbury thought that Presbyterians should not associate too much with Methodists.

Mr. Whittaker did not say anything.

Mr. Highbury thought that Mr. Whittaker would do well not to visit at Adams's again, because it would make talk, and——

But just at this critical moment came Twonnet. She had already affected to have much business in the room which opened just behind the seat occupied by the two gentlemen, she had observed closely their countenances, and now she brought a tray of bright striped apples, insisting in her most winning fashion that Mr. Highbury should accept one. The ruling elder was vexed that his speech should have been broken off just when he was drawing it to a focus, but there was no help for it. And besides, he was human, and it was not in his man's nature to be displeased with such distinguished hospitality from so cheery a brunette as Twonnet. She paused after the gentlemen had taken apples to talk a minute with the half impatient Highbury, shaking her brown curls with merry laughter and chatter about nothing at all, and so filling that gentleman's head with a pleasant sense of her presence that he found it hard to resume his severity when her merry eyes were gone.

He gathered up his dispersed forces, however, and prepared to return to the charge. But at the disadvantage, now, that the enemy had had time to put himself under arms. Whittaker was slow to arouse, but while Twonnet talked, he had been busy guessing the drift of the ruling elder's speech and in growing a little indignant.

"I was saying, Mr. Whittaker—a—that——" resumed Mr. Highbury, hesitantly.

"That I ought not to go to Mr. Adams's so often," put in the minister's whose nerves were irritable from the excitement to which he had been subjected of late; "and I, on my part, insist that I have a right to go to see the man if I find his company agreeable."

Mr. Highbury was silent a moment. Who could have dreamed that a minister on three hundred dollars a year would have the pluck to speak to the richest man in his church as though they were at all equals? He would sooner have expected his store-boy to show spirit than Whittaker. What is the use of a moneyed man in a church, if he is not to control the pastor?

"But perhaps you do not know," continued the elder, "that your going there so often has started a report that you are engaged to Roxy Adams."

Mr. Whittaker was silent. He could truthfully say that he was not betrothed to Roxy. But he felt that this would be a cowardly shirking of the issue.

"Now, of course, there is no truth in this report," continued the merchant, in a tone which indicated his belief that there was; but think how much damage the idea—the very idea may do us. What a shock it is to our congregation to think of you marrying a girl who was never taught a word of the catechism, who doesn't believe in the doctrine of God's sovereignty, and the election of grace, who sings those wild Methodist songs, and prays in meeting, and even makes speeches in love-feast before a crowded audience. And then she——"

But just here, to Mr. Highbury's vexation, and the minister's relief, Twonnet came upon the stage once more, entering by way of the garden gate, with a nosegay of pinks, and roses, touch-me-nots, and Johnny-jump-ups, intermingled with some asparagus twigs, and some old-man-in-green. This she presented to the disturbed Mr. Highbury, asking pardon for interrupting the conversation and requesting him to give the bouquet to Mrs. Highbury for her. She said that she wanted to show Mrs. Highbury which had the finest pinks. Then, as she started away, she turned around to ask Mr. Highbury if he had heard about Mrs. Boone, the poor woman whose husband was a drunkard.

"Roxy Adams," she said, with entire innocency—"Roxy Adams went down there two weeks ago and nursed that poor creature for three days, without leaving her day or night, and without taking more than an hour of sleep at a time. I didn't know anything about it till Mrs. Boone's little boy came up here and brought me a note from Roxy asking for a bottle of wine to keep the old woman alive, for the fever had left her nearly dead. And then I went down to help Roxy, but the old creature wouldn't drink a spoonful of wine and water out of my hand. It was all Roxy, Roxy; and Roxy nursed her as if she'd been her own mother. That's what you might call pure religion and undefiled, isn't it, Mr. Highbury?"

"Well, yes, if it came from faith and was not self-righteousness. All *our* righteousness is as filthy rags, you know. I have no right to judge. Roxy *seems* to be a Christian."

"Doesn't the Bible say we shall know them by their fruits?" returned Twonnet. "For my part, I think if Roxy isn't saved the rest of Luzerne had better give up. Of course, though, I believe in salvation by grace—there's no chance for such as me."

And with that the girl went away, laughing, and Mr. Whittaker wondered whether some kind providence had sent her to his rescue, or whether, after all, this merciful girl had not a depth of *finesse* in her character.

Had he lived under the same roof with her so long without finding out that she was something more than a merry superficial chatterer?

Meantime Mr. Highbury now saw that he must change his tack. He could not go on assailing even the theology of Roxy Adams without bringing to an explosion the gathering indignation of the cool New England parson, whose face had been growing redder for some time.

"Certainly, what she says about Roxy Adams is true. I wish she was a Presbyterian. Then we might stand some chance of getting Mark Bonamy. Poor fellow! he is dead in love with her. And I'm afraid—you'll excuse me, Mr. Whittaker,—I'm afraid any interference on your part with Mark's prospects there might drive all his good resolutions out of his head. But I must go."

For just at that moment Mr. Highbury remembered with a pang that there was to be an "animal show" in town that very day, and that the store must even now be full of country customers. He hurriedly bade Mr. Whittaker good-bye. He hardly took time to shake hands civilly with the dreamy old man in the red cap at the other end of the porch. He left the pinks and touch-me-nots lying on the bench where he had sat, and hastened through the hall out of the door and up the street, noting, as he walked, not the scenery, but the number of waggons standing by the hitching-rails, at either side to the court-house square, and calculating how much of "bit" calico and brown sugar, how many clocks, and shoes, and nails, and clothes-lines he might sell during the day.

But the minister sat still upon the porch. The last arrow of the retreating assailant had wounded him. His life had been one of severe self-denial. For a few days, he had thought that duty and inclination lay in the same direction. Now, this awful spectre of the harm he might do to the eternal welfare of Bonamy stood in his path. In his day men believed in perdition—hell was a very real and horrible place of everlasting torture. If, now, he should be the means of toppling over poor Mark Bonamy into that abyss, and even then after all should be forgiven, what an awful thing it would be for him to think about in eternity, that he had wrought endless misery to a human soul!

The birds, the rose-bushes, the singing locusts and all the sweet and drowsy music of a summer day, and all the beauty of the hills and the placidity of the river seemed to belong to another world now. He was a truant school-boy, who had had a good time. But now he was brought back to take his flogging, and the world did not seem so pleasant any more.

Twonnet stood near him when he looked up. The droll girl had set her face into the very expression that was characteristic of Mr. Highbury.

"Don't marry a Methodist," she began, mimicking the ruling elder's

tone ; “ don’t marry any singing, shouting, shoe-maker’s daughter ; marry my niece, Caroline, now, she is good and quiet and——”

The drollery and mimicking of manner were perfect, but they jarred upon Mr. Whittaker’s present state of feeling. He was amazed at this sudden revelation of the real Twonnet ; but he was in trouble, and he wanted sympathy, not diversion.

“ Oh, Twonnet ” he cried, pathetically, reaching out his hands in sudden impulse, and seizing hers, “ don’t make fun, I am sick. I have done wrong. Think what harm I’ve done, may be, to Mr. Bonamy.”

“ Mark Bonamy ! Pshaw ! ” said Twonnet. But she went no further. For the minister’s voice in appealing thus to her, his act of confidence in taking her hands had touched her heart, and she felt again that old frightful pang of love or jealousy come back. She longed to comfort the good, troubled man. Why should she plead for Roxy ? Roxy had everybody to love her. But who loved Twonnet ?

The minister suddenly released her hands, and went to his room. But all the drollery was gone from the heart of Twonnet. She opened the gate through the fence, went down between the currant-bushes and hollyhocks to the further end of the garden. There she sat down on a little stool beneath a quince-tree. And cried. She who was so strong that she had undertaken to deliver her friends was weak now. The voice of her friend crying for help had made her helpless ; for she was a woman. And much as she declared to herself in this hour that she would never marry a sober, hesitating, severe minister, her heart still gave the lie to her thoughts as she saw, in her memory his tearful eyes upturned to her own, and heard him call her name so eagerly.

Then she grew angry and said : “ What does he ask me to help him in his love affairs for ? I’m sure I don’t know.”

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## CHAPTER XX.

### A MILLSTONE.

THE temptations of a scrupulous man like Whittaker are never gross. The

“ Fierce Anthropophagi,  
Sceptre, diaboli,  
What scared St. Anthony,  
Hobgoblins, lemures,  
Dreams of antipodes,  
Night-riding incubi  
Troubling the fantasy,”

are not for him. But it is a most unhappy thing for a man to be both scrupulous and logical. The combination is bad. The scrupulous man,

and especially the scrupulous woman, whose logic is defective, is saved from a thousand snares. On the other hand the severely logical man who is not scrupulous escapes easily. This is how it happens that the harshest creeds do little harm. One man is saved by his laziness, another by his transparent quibbles, while a third walks boldly out the front door, having but a feeble moral sense. Mark Bonamy, for instance, would not have been troubled by Whittaker's doubts. His easy-going egotism, his calm confidence that his own purposes and welfare were of the first importance would have furnished a premise from which to draw any convenient conclusion. But poor Whittaker was ground between his clear logic on the one hand, and his severe scruples on the other. He had an instinctive doubt of the security of Mark's religious life. He did not question the doctrine of final perseverance, but then he could not be sure of the genuineness of a conversion. What if he should offend one of these little ones? It were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck.

He did not dare go back to that forbidden logic which absolves itself from obligation by pushing on toward fatalism. He shuddered at Antinomianism, for that is the extinction of conscience. It was at this point that the intuitions of an honest nature put a stop to logic.

In a state of mind such as his, there is one thing stronger than reasoning. It is the persistence of ideas. Once mastered by the notion that in wedding Roxy he would be offending against one of those who were yet but babes in Christ: he could not shake it off. The awful words "millstone about his neck" re-echoed in his mind.

He tried to write a letter withdrawing his offer. He began: "My dear Roxy——" but decided that that was too cordial. Then he wrote "Dear friend——" but that would not do. "Miss Adams" was too cold. At last after tearing up several sheets of paper he resolved not to write at all. Good sense, which is not exactly either conscience or logic, but both with something added, began to revive. Why not go to Roxy without waiting for the week to expire and learn from her what was the exact state of the case? It was nonsense to decide such a question for her. Besides, the half threat of Highbury made it quite necessary that he should assert his right to do as he thought best.

When he set out to go to see Roxy, the town was full of people come to see the "animal show." The whole stagnant life of the country about was stirred by the arrival of a spectacle. Here were women standing by the hour with babies in their arms, waiting to see the outside of the box wagons as they passed along the streets. Horses were neighing to other horses all about the open square in the middle of the town, and groups of people formed and dissolved and re-formed again.

like molecules in effervescence, while everywhere, girls in new calico and lawn, and boys in cotton drilling, hurried to and fro.

When Whittaker neared Roxy's house he began to doubt again whether he was acting wisely or not. So he walked on further till he came to a gate leading into a pasture. Through this into a grass-bordered path, along the path up to the foot of the hill, he travelled mechanically; then up the rocky hill-side, through the patches of papaw, he went clambering over a stone wall into a vineyard, and over another into a road on top of the ridge. From the summit he saw the whole village at his feet, the river, the distant hills, and all the glorious landscape. He saw as in a dream, for he cared neither for river nor sky, hill-slope nor town. He stopped a moment to single out the log house in which lived the shoe-maker's daughter. Then he strode eagerly onward, at first along the open road, afterward turning whimsically into a disused waggon-track, almost overgrown now with bright May-apple plants. Out of this he turned into a blind cow-path leading into a dark ravine or "hollow." Down this he followed in the rocky bed of a dry "branch," in the shadow of beech and butternut trees, and those noble tulip-trees which they class with poplars in Indiana,—until at last he came suddenly out upon the bank of Indian Creek. He had walked two rough and rocky miles. He had meant to think when he started, but he had not thought at all. He had only a sense of having left the noisy little town behind him, and of having marched straight forward to the mouth of this dark hollow. He had not been able to walk away from his perplexities. He stood and looked at the woods; he idly traced the gigantic grape-vines up to where they were interlaced in the tree-boughs, a hundred feet or so from the ground; he stared vacantly at the stagnant creek, the sluggish current of which seemed to be drying up in the summer heat, spite of the protection of the dense forest. A solitary ugly, short-tailed, long-legged bittern flapped awkwardly past with discordant screams, and a few hoarse bullfrogs croaked in the margin of the water. Whittaker, heated and tired, with all his fiery eagerness spent, sat down on a moss-grown log, and thought again what an awful thing it was to have a mill-stone hanged about one's neck. Then, from the mere religious habit of his life, he knelt on the bed of leaves. But he did not pray; he only lay across the log and listened to the beating of his heart, and recalled images of Roxy with her background of the quaint old house and its lonely interior.

After a long time he started slowly and wearily backward to Luzerne.

Meanwhile the "animal show" at the appointed time, "took up," as the country people expressed it. It was a poor enough show. The few beasts looked very tame and dispirited, but then the visitors paused

for only a brief interview with the scrawny lion, that bore but a weak resemblance to his own portrait on the show-bills as the "king of beasts;" they did not waste much time on the small tiger, from "the jungles of India." After giving a cracker or two to the elephant, they assembled in a great crowd in front of the cage of grinning, chattering monkeys. In that steady-going age people were not conscious that there might be aught of family affection in this attraction. Monkeys then were monkeys pure and simple; one could look at them as one looks at caricatures of nobody in particular; one might laugh at them without a sense of gambolling rudely over the graves of his ancestors.

Near this cage stood Twonnet, another girl now from the Twonnet of the morning, laughing in her free childish way at the pranks of the monkeys. She had all the children with her—Cecille, Isabelle, Adolphe, Louis and little Julie, whom they called "Teet," a foreshortening of Petite. A little monkey had just pulled the tail of the big ape in the next cage, to the great delight of the children, when who should come along but Jemima. Squaring herself off where she could see, she declared that "them air monkeys was a kind of people. Only needed a little dressin' up and you'd have human critters. An' they would be no bigger than most folks. They'd do to run for the legislater, Mr. Bonamy."

This last to Mark, who made his appearance at this moment in company with Roxy.

"Can't talk well enough for that," he answered.

"Why!" said Twonnet, always ready for attack when Mark was at hand. "I didn't suppose you Methodists would attend such a place. Didn't they church Wayne Thomas for going to a circus last year?"

"Yes but that was a circus," said Roxy. "This kind of a show has nothing wrong in it. It gives a body information. I'm sure it's better than reading Goldsmith's 'Animated Nature.'"

"It's right improvin' I'm shore," said Jemima, with droll mock gravity. "Shouldn't think they'd be any use o' your goin' to Texas, now, Mr. Bonamy."

"Why?"

"Oh, the people must be so much 'improved' by catamounts and other varmint that they can see any day without pay that missionaries ain't needed. But I suppose animals—bars an' rattle-snakes and sich—haint improving to the mind till they're put in cages."

"But," said Roxy timidly, like a person caught doing something wrong, "it isn't any harm to look at these creatures. They are God's works, you know."

"Yes, but some of God's works haint calc'lated to be admired while they are running 'round loose. If Mark—Mr. Bonamy here—finds a

nasty, p'ison copperhead snake under his pillar some night, I don't 'low but what he'll up with a stick and give him a right hard knock on the head, smashing God's works all to pieces."

"That I will, Jemima, kill him first and admire him afterward," said Mark laughing in his hearty, unreserved fashion.

Slowly the people dispersed after watching the under-fed tiger devour a very tough piece of meat, and hearing the lion roar in fierce discontent over a bone that gave him little promise of a good supper. Mark and Roxy as they walked homeward together did not meditate much on God's works which they had seen. They had also the misfortune to meet Mr. Whittaker returning, hungry and fagged, from his long tramp in the woods, and disappointed at having knocked in vain at the door of Roxy's house. A sudden pain smote the girl's heart. Had he been to see her? She remembered now what sordid arguments her aunt had used in favour of Mark, and she could hardly resist a feeling that she was betraying Whittaker, and giving herself to Mark on account of Mark's worldly advantages. Indeed, this very rebellion against the aunt's advice had almost induced her to decline Mark's invitation to go to the show. And then she remembered that the time for her reply to Whittaker was but two days off, and how could she maintain a judicial frame of mind if she kept Mark's company. But he had pleaded that he needed some recreation, there was not much that was pleasant left for him. And Roxy's heart had seconded his pleading, for the more she talked to him of his plans, and pitied him in his prospective trials, so much the more she loved him. She was a romancer, like all girls of her age, only her romances had a religious colouring. If she could have felt a hearty pity for Whittaker, or painted pictures of possible self-immolations for him, she might have loved him. But he had never said a word about any sacrifices that he had made. Is it any wonder that the impulsive, romantic, self-pitying Mark should have made the deepest impression? Was there not also a latent feeling that Bonamy needed her influence? For all strong women like to feel that they are necessary to somebody, and your pitiful and philanthropic woman wants somebody to be sorry for.

Nevertheless at sight of the fagged and anxious face of the young minister, she was smitten with pain, and she lapsed into a melancholy from which Mark could not arouse her. Once or twice she answered him with just a spice of contradictoriness. Mark had meant to open his whole heart to her that very afternoon. Now he thought that he had in some way offended. He bade her good-bye at the gate, and walked slowly homeward through the long shadows of the evening, trying to guess what he had done to give offence. If Roxy could have decided the debate in her heart as most girls would have done, according to her

inclination, there would have been no more halting. But the vision of Whittaker's troubled face made her hesitate, and then the scrupulous habit of her mind made everything that was pleasant seem to be wrong. Because she loved Mark she feared that she ought not to have him. In imitation of the early Methodist saints she sought to decide this matter, not by using her judgment, but by waiting for some supernatural impulse or some outward token.

"Choose my way for me, O Lord!" she wrote in her diary that evening.

And yet with all her praying she was in a fair way to make her own choice. There is nothing so blind as love, there is nothing so given to seeing. It will get even from heaven the vision it seeks.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### A SUMMER STORM.

MR. WHITTAKER was tired, dispirited, and dinnerless, and where one is fagged, hungry and depressed, the worst seems most probable. To him it was clear that Bonamy and Roxy were as good as engaged. He was almost glad that he had not found Roxy at home when he called on his return from the woods. What Bonamy could want with a wife, or how he could support one, in his wild journey to Texas, Whittaker could not imagine. But then the whole proceeding of dispatching an impulsive young lawyer without theological training on a mission, was ridiculous enough to the well-regulated mind of a New Englander. In New England he had looked to Indiana as the fag-end of Heathendom itself, but here the Indiana people were sending a missionary into the outer darkness beyond. For himself, as yet, he was by no means sure of Bonamy's conversion. But the question of the harm he might do to Bonamy was not the only one that touched him now. Partly from scruple, partly from discouragement, partly on account of a wounded pride, and partly from a sense of injury, he determined to settle the matter once for all. To a man accustomed to act with simplicity and directness, any hesitation, any complexity and entanglement of motives, is purgatory. And a bewildered and badgered human soul will sometimes accept the most desperate alternative for the sake of escaping from perplexity. Misery, simple and absolute, is sometimes better than compound suspense.

The tavern bell was already ringing its vesper when Whittaker pushed open the white gate and walked up the gravelled walk in front of the Lefauve cottage. He æte his supper in a voracious and almost surly

silence. When Lefaire remarked that the heat was oppressive and that there were signs of a thunder-storm, Whittaker roused himself only at the close of the sentence which he dimly perceived was addressed to himself.

"What say?" he asked, using a down-east cut-off in his speech that seemed almost offensive to his friend. The host repeated his remark about the weather and Whittaker, whose attention had already lapsed, again revived himself sufficiently to answer that he believed he was and went on eating.

The letter he wrote in that sultry evening was a simple and unexplained withdrawal of his offer of marriage. Whittaker sealed it and went out. The twilight sky was already stained with a black cloud sweeping upward from the west; little puffs of dust rose here and there in fitful eddies as the sultry air anticipated the coming gust with nervous twitchings. But the young minister cared for no cloud but the one in his own heart. He hurried on through the deepening gloom past one or two of the old Swiss houses, under the shadow of a great barn-like brick dwelling popularly called the White Hall, which had been built by an overgrown merchant who had since failed. Then he mechanically crossed the open lots into the main street and did not pause until he had dropped the letter in the box. He had hardly turned toward home when there came a sudden clap of thunder. The wind and rain struck the village almost at once; the twilight was gone in an instant and it was with no little pains and stumbling that Whittaker at last found his way back through the drenching storm to his own room. The wild irregular dashing of the wind against the window, the roaring of the summer rain upon the roof, and the gurgling rush of water in the tin leaders made a strange and stormy harmony with the minister's perturbed emotions. The tired man at last slept soundly. When he awoke in the gray dawn the tempest had spent itself. There were traces of the wind in broken branches of trees here and there, the roads were submerged by pools of water and the gutters and gullies were choke full. But the air was clear and fresh and Whittaker threw open his window and watched the first beams of the sun as they turned the gray clouds to orange and yellow and blazed upon the river's ripples in a line of gold.

"It is a pleasant morning," he said to Twonnet, when she appeared in the yard below drawing water from the cistern with the old-fashioned hook. "The storm has cleared the air."

Something in his own words did him good, for indeed the storm had cleared the air. Through the dull, lingering pain which he felt, there came a grateful sense of relief and just a hope of final victory. He was thank-

ful. For once he neglected to "say his prayers." One never needs the form of devotion so little as when the spirit is spontaneously devout.

Nevertheless, there was for many a month a vague sense of suffering throughout his whole being, that depression about the nerve-centres which may come from any disappointment, but which is more aggravated in its form and persistency when the disappointment has to do with the affections. Friends of the sufferer declare the pain a most unreasonable one. Is not every disease unreasonable? One would as well argue against dyspepsia. Of what good is it to assure a disappointed lover that there are as many fish in the sea as ever were caught? Loving differs from fishing precisely in this, that in love the sea has but the one fish; the rest are all contemptible.

For weeks Whittaker's sermons were prepared in a dull way, and preached listlessly. He even lost interest in the raging battle between the old school and the new, and, for a while he cared little for the difference between partial atonement and universal. His few theological books were untouched. One symptom of his disease was a disposition to quarrel with Highbury. He took grounds in opposition to the elder's well-known opinions at every opportunity, saying exasperating things on such slight occasions, and resenting so sharply every attempt of the elder to advise him about anything that Highbury seriously debated whether he should not move for the minister's dismissal. There was one obstacle, however; that was the Board of Home Missions. It might withdraw its assistance in case of difficulty. But Whittaker did not think of the Board of Home Missions, or anything else that could shield him from the elder's wrath. He rather craved a controversy than shirked it. He even read and expounded those offensive sayings of Christ about the difficulty of entrance into the kingdom of heaven which a rich camel laden with many costly burdens is sure to encounter.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### ROXY'S DECISION.

WHITTAKER'S letter did not reach Roxy. Letters without direction cannot find their destination. In his profound agitation Whittaker had forgotten to direct it and it went wandering away to the stupid dead-letter office of that day, where, in a pile of miscarried love-letters, business notes, idle epistles and family bulletins, it was solemnly burned. Roxy never knew why Whittaker did not come to hear her yes or no, but she was glad that he did not.

She had to make her decision in her own way. Which was to fancy

that the decision was made for her. When she prayed the image of Mark Bonamy stood before her. Was not Miss Bosanquet of blessed memory guided in the same way to the choice of the saintly Fletcher of Madeley? At other times texts of scripture were strongly "suggested" to her mind. The answer of Ruth to Naomi, the passage about giving up houses and lands and father and mother, and the vocation of Paul—"Behold I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles"—all came to her mind at times when she could not track the association which brought them. Clearly they were suggestions. Why should she be disobedient to the heavenly voice?

Mark came to see her on the next evening but one after the day of the menagerie. He found her teaching Bobo. She had read somewhere or heard of the experiments then beginning to be made on the continent of Europe in the education of the feeble-minded. She had persuaded her father to make her a board with a triangular hole, a round hole and a square one. She had also three blocks made to fit the three holes. When Mark came in she was teaching the boy to set the blocks in their places and to know them by her descriptions. He was so pleased with his success in getting the three-cornered block into its place, that he was clapping his hands with delight when Mark entered. Bonamy had that sort of aversion to an invalid or imbecile which inhere in some healthy constitutions. He therefore exaggerated the self-denial of Roxy in teaching her cousin.

She blushed a little when Mark came,—she could not have told why, and begged that he would let her finish her lesson.

"Certainly, certainly," he answered.

"Certainly, certainly," cried Bobo as he lifted up and replaced the triangular block in the aperture.

"Now the square one," said Roxy.

"Now the square one," responded the boy, at the same time laying hold of the circular block.

"No," said Roxy.

"No," answered the pupil putting down the block and taking the other.

"That's the square one."

"That's the square one," he cried, trying to force it into the round hole.

"No, no! the square hole!"

"No, no! the square hole!" And then he looked at Roxy vacantly. At last, catching her meaning, he clapped the square block on the square hole. But Roxy had to take hold of his hand and turn it round until the block fitted to its place.

"Hurrah! that's it!" cried the teacher, clapping her hands in great

glee—a demonstration that was quickly imitated by the triumphant pupil.

“How slowly he must learn,” said Mark. “It will take you a week to teach him to place those blocks.”

“I’ve been at it a week already. It will take at least a month. You see the first steps are the hardest. When he has learned this lesson I shall have a lot of blocks, all one shape but of different colours. The rims of the holes will be coloured to match. When he has learned these, I shall have both shapes and colours various. I was afraid I could not teach him at all, but he has already learned to know the round block. See!”

With this Roxy took all the blocks out and put them together.

“Now, Bobo, the round one.”

“Now, Bobo, the round one,” echoed the lad, squeezing the fingers of his right hand with his left, and rocking to and fro in indecision, and knitting his brows with mental effort. At last he reached out, timidly lifted the square block, then timidly took up the round one, looked up to make sure that Roxy approved, then, after hovering awhile over the three holes, he clapped it into the right one, receiving a burst of applause and a kiss from his teacher as a reward.

“How tedious it must be!” said Mark, amazed at Roxy’s patience.

“Tedious? No. I shall make a man out of Bobo yet.”

“Make a man out of Bobo yet,” chuckled the little fellow, lifting the blocks and striving to fit them in their holes.

“I wish you were not quite so good,” said Mark in a sudden fit of humility.

Roxy did not answer. She had a desire to protest against the compliment, but the shadow of what Mark was about to say fell upon her, and she was silent. Bobo looked up in wonder and curiosity at her blushing face, then he went up and caressed her, saying, “Poor Roxy musn’t cry.”

Roxy pushed him away gently, and Bobo wandered into the yard, leaving Roxy and her lover alone.

“If you were not so good I might hope to come back some day when Texas gets to be a little better, may be, and take you out to help me. God knows I need help. I don’t feel very sure of myself without you to strengthen me.”

It was the same old cry for help. And all the more eloquent that it was utterly sincere. Was it that in this moment some doubt of Mark’s stability crossed the soul of Roxy that she rose and walked to the little book-shelf and affected to arrange the few books that she might gain time? But the cry for help opened all the fountains of her love. Whether Mark was as good as she believed him to be or as unsteady as

Twonnet thought him, she loved him with all her woman's soul. Be he good or bad, she felt now for the first time that she was his ; that some force beside her will or judgment had decided for her. It was but a feeble effort she could make in favour of calmness or thought. She returned to her chair trembling and helpless.

"What do you say, Roxy?" Mark was standing waiting. For a minute not a word passed. Roxy knew that she was floating on a stream against which all rowing was futile. A new and hitherto unsuspected force in her own nature was bearing her away. Neither praying nor struggling availed. He already possessed her but she could not tell him so. She did not debate any longer, she only floated in a dreamy, blissful state, waiting for him to understand what she dared not confess. At last he reached his hand and lifted hers which lay upon the arm of her chair. She had no sense of volition, but, as though his touch had given her a galvanic shock, she closed her hand on his and Mark understood.

Much depends on the stand-point from which a subject is viewed. Go and ask Colonel Bonamy, as he sits meditatively at his desk, his long gray locks gently fluttering in the summer wind. He will tell you that Mark is rather throwing himself away on a shoe-maker's daughter, and that the time may come when he will be sorry for it. Even the Christian virtues do not weigh in all scales alike.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### BONAMY, SENIOR.

BONAMY the elder walked up and down his office floor. It was a week after Mark's betrothal, and a hot, still, summer day, disturbed by nothing; for the drowsy sound of the distant hammering of the village smith could not be said to disturb anything. The elder Bonamy was a broad-shouldered, raw-boned man. His heavy chin was close-shaven, there was an under lip that indicated stubbornness, and a certain droop of the eyelids over his black eyes and a close-shutness of the mouth that stood for a secretiveness which knew by-ways to an end where highways were obstructed. But over the firmness and shrewdness of his character a mantle was thrown by his innate dignity. He was one of those who treat themselves with sincere reverence. Now and then he stopped in his solitary pacing to and fro to look out of the open window of the office at the brass ball on the top of the court-house. But either because the brass ball blazing in the summer's sun, did not give him the inspiration he sought, or for some other good and sufficient reason, he always

uttered between his teeth, as he turned away from the window, an ejaculation which is in the English tongue accounted profane and forbidden to be put down in books. The object of the colonel's cursing was an impersonal "it." What the "it" was which he wished to have put under malediction, an eavesdropper could not have guessed.

Colonel Bonamy was not an eloquent lawyer. It was not from him that Mark inherited his outspoken vehemence. Secretive men are good diplomatists, but a diplomatist is not often an orator. He loved the struggle of litigation as he loved a game of poker. He fought now in this way, now in that way, now by sudden and abrupt attack, and again by ambuscade, sometimes by cool and lofty assurance, sometimes by respectful considerateness, but by this or that he managed to win whenever success was within reach without compromise of his exterior dignity, which dignity was with him a make-shift for conscience. He studied the juries, their prejudices of politics or religion and their susceptibilities. He took them almost one by one, awing some, flattering others, reasoning with others. He was never brilliant, but he won his suits; defeat was the only thing in heaven or earth that he dreaded.

Those who knew his habits would have said that in the present instance he had a case in which he could not quite see his way to success. This striding up and down the floor, this staring with half-shut eyes at the ball on the belfry, this short, abrupt, half-smothered and rather uncharitable damning of the neuter pronoun, betokened a difficult case. But there were certainly no cases to perplex him until the "fall" term of the circuit court should come round. Neither had he been overthrown in his tilt at poker the night before. None the less was he wrestling with a hard problem. He had tried to "bluff" Mark and had failed. But all the more was he resolved to find some way to accomplish his purpose. Hence this striding to and fro, diagonally across the office. For do not the legs pump blood into the brain? And hence, too, this staring at the brass ball, and this swearing at some undefined "it."

The colonel had just uttered his little curse for the dozenth time, when the lank Lathers darkened, in a perpendicular way, the threshold of the open door. Some business about a subpoena was the occasion for his call. The aristocratic lawyer and the rude Lathers were a fine contrast of the patrician and the plebeian in manner and appearance. When Lathers had finished his errand, and stood again in the open door about to depart, he said:

"Mark don't come home early these nights, I 'low, Colonel."

"I don't know," answered the diplomatic lawyer.

"Seems to me, Colonel,—but then 'taint none of my business," and the sheriff passed out into the hot sunshine.

"Come back, Lathers," said Bonamy, adding to the invitation his half-smothered oath, fired in the air at nobody in particular.

"What the dickens do you mean? Has Mark been doing anything worse than going to those confounded Methodist meetings?" And the colonel took a turn toward the window, and another pull at the economical and non-committal little curse. It was a vent to nervous irritation.

"Well, I don't know what you call wuss and what you call better. Texas and preachings and girls is awfully mixed up in Mark's head—a sort of jumble, like a Fourth of July speech, or the sermon of a red-hot young exhauster and the like you know. But I reckon it'll clarify, as the old woman said of the duck-puddle when she spilled her eggs into it."

"What girls do you think of that Mark likes?"

"Oh! last summer it was that Kirtley witch; now its Tom Adam's Roxy. She's the very angel Gabriel, and the like, you know."

"Oh, well, I didn't know, but it was something worse. Every young man has to be a fool about something. You and I, we had our turn, Major." And Bonamy smiled condescendingly.

"We rekivered mighty devilish airy though, Colonel, and we haint had many relapses. Playing poker with an old hand like you is my very worst, Colonel. When I do that I'm like Samson in the lion's den." And with this the sheriff departed, smiling.

Colonel Bonamy had treated Lathers's communication with dignified indifference, but Lathers knew how to estimate this affectation. He had seen the colonel's immovable face when he lost and when he won at poker.

"He's as mad as a black bear," said Lathers to himself. And when, half an hour later, he saw the lawyer enter the shop of Adams, he was confirmed in his surmise.

"What cut is the old fellow taking?" was the question Lathers could not answer. That Bonamy meant to break off Mark's attachment to Roxy he did not doubt, but how?

"He's powerful deep, that Colonel Bonamy. He's deeper'n the Old Boy." It was thus he comforted himself for his inability to guess what was the old lawyer's line of attack.

Nevertheless, he saw his opportunity to serve his own ends. He watched for Mark and took him aside to tell him that the old man was "lookin' after his love affairs," and had been "inquirin' round" about Mark's attachment to Roxy. For his part, he disapproved of "med-dlin'" and the like, and felt bound, as an old friend of Mark's, to give him a sly hint and the like, you know, that the old man had been over to see Adams on the subject. Whereupon Mark, of course, grew red in the face. Was he not able to settle such matters for himself? It is a

way we civilized men have. We are all able to take care of ourselves in love affairs when we are young, and when we get old, we are all convinced of the inability of other folks in youth, to look out for themselves.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

## BY THE FLANK.

WHEN Lathers had left Colonel Bonamy, the old man did not look at the blazing brass ball any more but looked steadily at the floor as he resumed his pacing to and fro. He thrust his hands into the pockets of his brown linen trowsers and laughed inaudibly.

"*By—George!*" The colonel drew the first word out to its fullest length and then cut the other off short and sharp, with a faint inward chuckle at the end. It was his note of triumph. There was then a road out of this embarrassment about a son who had the misfortune to inherit a streak of moral enthusiasm from his mother. It was a favourite maxim with the old lawyer: "concede small points to carry large ones."

"I will give him his first point and gain the suit," he soliloquized. Then after awhile he came out with an appeal to some private deity of his own whom he called "Godomighty." For the colonel was rather full of such words for a man who was an ostentatious disbeliever in any god.

When he had looked at his empty Franklin stove awhile he suddenly became interested in his boots. He lifted his left foot and examined the sole carefully, then he looked at the right one, then he took his beaver hat from the mantel-piece and went out into the scorching heat of the summer afternoon. The little shop of Mr. Adams stood in the main street which ran toward the river, there were higher buildings all about it but it had held its place for more than a generation, having been a store, and the only one in the town at the beginning. It was in some sense the germ cell from which all the trade of the place had grown. The door of the old shoe-shop was wide open, the smell of leather diffused itself in the street without, and scraps and bits from the shop were scattered as far as the gutter. The meditative Adams sat doubled together, hammering vigorously upon a bit of leather. Did his trade give him his sturdy speech? Of all mechanical occupations, that of the shoemaker is the most favourable to reflection and to vehement expression. Adams hammered theories, as he did the leather on his lapstone.

By Adams's side sat little Ben Boone, an illegitimate child in a family doomed to poverty in all its generations. There are whole races of

people who have a genius for wretchedness; it comes to them as a vocation.

"Why don't you take the shoe and go?" demanded the shoemaker sternly, pausing in his hammering.

"Gran'mother says she can't pay you till——"

"Go 'long with you, and don't say another word," burst out the shoemaker.

The boy started out frightened into silence.

"Stop!" called the shoemaker, relenting. "Tell your grandmother when the shoe gives out again, to send it to me. Don't take my work over to Jim Hone's shop. Here's some leather to make a whirligig of. Go, now. Out with you!"

"Aha!" said Bonamy, as he entered the shop. "I didn't know you kept charity customers."

"Charity! pshaw! You know, Colonel, that I'm a fool to give away time and good leather to shiftless people like the Boones. And if you had the politeness that people say you have, you would not twit me with it. We all have our weaknesses."

"I don't know," said Bonamy, who was, as usual, left by the ambiguousness of Adam's tone, in a perplexing doubt as to whether he were jesting or quarrelling—a doubt which Adams was generally unable to solve himself. "I dont know about that, Mr. Adams. I have out-grown most of mine, and yours seem to be very commendable ones."

Saying this, the colonel took a seat on the vacant bench, which was occupied in busy seasons by a journeyman. He sat down on this low bench, among bits of leather, pegs, wax, lasts, hammers and what-nots, with all of his accustomed stateliness, gently lifting his coat-tails, and posing his tall figure by the side of the stooped and grizzled shoemaker, with an evident sense of his picturesqueness.

"That boot needs a few pegs in the hollow of the foot, I think."

"Widowers are dreadful particular, colonel. There's nothing much the matter with the boot."

"You forget that you're a widower, too. But the young folks are likely to beat us. They do say now that my Mark and your Roxy——"

"Are a couple of fools," cried the irascible shoemaker, stung by something in Bonamy's tone which he interpreted to mean that the house of Adams ought to feel very much flattered by its present juxtaposition, in the gossip of the village, with the house of Bonamy.

"I agree with you," said the lawyer.

"For two fools like them to be talking of going to Texas to carry the Gospel is an outrage. I think Texas 'll convert the missionary instead of the missionary converting Texas. It's bad enough for Mark to make

a fool of himself. I wish he would go to Texas and be done with it, and not turn Roxy's head."

"Do you really think they care for each other?" put in the lawyer diplomatically.

"Mark would be a fool, sir, if he didn't like Roxy. And what does he mean by all his attentions if he doesn't care for her? He ought to be shot if he doesn't care. I've half a mind to interfere and break it up. I would if I was the man I ought to be."

"Between you and me, I don't think Mark 'll go. I'm glad he likes Roxy. It will keep him at home."

"She's as crazy as he is," said Adams. "These Methodists have made loons out of both of them."

"Well, we'll see." And after a minute the old lawyer took back his boot, in which a few pegs had been tightened, drew it on and sauntered out of the shop, and thence down the street and around the corner to his office. Mark sat writing at his own desk in the same office, full of anger at what Lathers had told him.

"Mark!" said the father.

"Sir," answered the son, using the respectful word prescribed in the code of manners of Western and Southern society, but uttering it in anything but a decent tone.

"You've really made up your mind to go to Texas?"

"Of course I have."

"They tell me you've been paying attention to 'Tom Adams's Roxy."

"I think you might speak a little more respectfully of a lady that I have paid attentions to."

"Can't you answer me in a Christian spirit, young man?" said the colonel, adding a gentle blasphemy to this appeal.

"Well, I think I can attend to my own love affairs."

"I suppose you can,"

"But how in the name of the Old Boy, will you keep a wife on a hundred dollars a year, on the Brazos River?"

"I don't propose to take a wife with me."

"Then what in thunder are you making love to Tom Adams's—to Roxy Adams for?"

"I wish you would let me manage my own affairs," said Mark, scowling.

"Oh, of course! But sometimes an old man's advice is worth having, even if the old man does happen to be an infidel. A father is entitled to some respect, even from Christians, I suppose."

The young man was silent.

"Now, I believe you don't intend to go for six weeks or so. If you

must go, marry a good wife ; Tom Adams's daughter—excuse me, Miss Roxy Adams—will do."

"How can I, as you said, on a hundred a year?"

"Why, I propose, if you must go out there, to take care of you. I'll do better than the church. I'll see 'em that and go one better. Three hundred dollars is a large sum in Texas. I don't want you to go out there and die. With a wife you'll stand some chance of living. You can think it over, consult the girl and let me know." With that he took up his pen to begin writing.

Mark was full of surprise. His first thought was that this offer gave him a chance of escape from the dire necessity of leaving Roxy. His second feeling was one of shame that he had treated his father so cavalierly. He rose impulsively and said,

"I beg your pardon for speaking as I did. You are very kind." And he held out his hand.

But the elder did not look up. He uttered something about the devil, and said it was all right, of course.

Mark left the office full of cheerfulness. The gift horse was too valuable to be examined closely. Such is the case generally in the matter of gift horses, notwithstanding the bitter experience of the Trojans.

The wily old lawyer, when once the young man was gone, relaxed his face into a non-committal smile, and ejaculated the name of his heathen divinity again.

(*To be continued.*)

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## THE ELEMENTS AND GROWTH OF TALENT.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THE capacities or faculties which enable men to impress their character deeply and lastingly upon their age, country, or their own community, are generally called talents. We hear and read much of men of commanding talents, of brilliant talents, and such men are held up to our homage and admiration ; and as any taste or appetite grows by what it feeds upon, so, in many cases, such extraordinary talents grow by the very admiration and homage that they win and feed upon. But the most useful men in every community are men of ordinary talents, who have the heart to use them to their best capacity for the common good. The best, purest, happiest communities are made up of men of common talents, who employ them as did the borrowers in the Scripture parable, whom our Saviour held up to us as examples for imitation. In the brightest nights we see few planets meet our eyes, while the heavens are full of the soft and even light of common stars.

It is doubtful if the term, *talents*, was ever applied to intellectual faculties before our Saviour employed it in the parable referred to. It is a term scarcely ever understood, and used in its literal meaning. A *talent*, in Latin, Greek, or Sanskrit, means something lifted in one scale by a certain weight in the other. Materially it means a weighing of gold, silver or brass. Metaphori-

cally, it means a certain intellectual force weighed off to a person, which he is, or ought, to make the best use of for his own good and for the good of others. This talent is never weighed off to an individual alone, as a solitary allotment. There are always other things put in the same scale with it, to enable the receiver to develop it and use it to the best advantage. What these things are may be measured by parallels in what is called the physical or natural world. The phenomena of nature are always before us through the whole long year. We are all familiar with them, and they teach us by beautiful and truthful illustrations the system that obtains and rules in the moral world.

Now, when we speak of nature, we do not mean a solitary fact, or merely the existence, the size or solidity of the globe, but we speak of it as that everlasting form or force of vitality which produces the different climates and seasons ; which clothes the earth with beauty ; which fills all its veins with the pulse of happy life ; which covers it with the green glories of spring and the golden glories of summer harvests ; which perfumes it with flowers, gives it the music of birds and the music of running streams in the same key of gladness ; which gilds it with the gold of the morning dawn, and hangs it at evening with the purple drapery of the sunset clouds. All this is nature in its work on the earth we inhabit. And from beginning to end it is a work. It is the result of an infinite variety of forces brought to bear upon the surface of our globe. Without these forces this earth of ours would be as cold, barren and bald as a rock—as a desert void of any form of vegetable or animal life. There would be no such thing as nature in the sense we give to that term. But every one of these forces which give such life and beauty to our earth comes from, or is put in action by, a power ninety millions of miles distant from us. The sun is one of the thousands of God's viceroys through which and by which he governs his material universe to its minutest detail of life and motion by laws he has established to act "without variableness or shadow of turning" for ever. The earth, which we are so tempted to think the sum and substance of his creation, is only one of the smaller provinces which he has placed in the vice-regency of the sun, a solar empire called our planetary system. What we call nature, in the sense of vitality and action, is only the sun's immediate work for us. It is the sun, as God's vice-gerent in our physical world, that unfolds the leaf of every tree, tints and perfumes every flower, clothes every field with green or gold ; distils every drop of rain or dew, and gives to us every ray of light and every breath of air. In a word, our earth lives and moves and has its breath and being, under God, in the sun, just as our spiritual nature lives and moves and has its being in Him through his own almighty Son who took and wore our humanity.

Let us, then, go to this administration of what we call nature for a few plain and instructive parallels to the economy of Divine Providence in fitting every man to be useful and happy in this life, and to make him valuable to the whole community. Take, as only one example, a field of wheat, in which a million of seed-grains have been sown. Now nature has given to each particular grain a talent for growth and production. And in giving this talent it has weighed off something more than a handful of soil for its rootage. The grain must have something more than mere soil, however soft and rich it may be. And nature, mindful of this necessity, weighs off to it in her generous scales all those other things it needs in order to "put forth the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." It needs to this end a thousand varying circumstances and influences. It needs all the vital forces which the sun alone can supply. It needs light and heat in all their spring and summer gradations. It needs morning air, noon air and night air. It needs darkness as well as light in regular alternations. It needs rain and dew, gases of varying temperature, electricity, and all the chemical processes which solar heat produces in the soil beneath and in the air above it. It is the harmonious co-operation of all these elements, influences and opportunities that brings up that grain of wheat through the blade to its golden harvest. This is the way that God through nature bestows a talent for growth on every grain of

wheat, on every seed of tree, plant and flower on the face of the earth. This is the way that nature fills her scales when she weighs off her talents to all the individuals and races of her vegetable kingdom.

Now no teacher of mankind ever went so frequently to nature for analogies or parallels as Christ himself did to illustrate the laws, facts and forces of the moral and spiritual world. It was from his own lips, after referring to these analogies, that the question comes to us: "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith." We have seen how the most common grass and grain of the fields are clothed. We have seen the elaborate and careful process by which they are so clothed; the elements, forces and influences employed in procuring for every plant, tree, leaf and flower its own peculiar garments. Well might the Saviour of the world express surprise that any person who believed in him could have so little faith as to think that God had not made as ample provisions for the culture of their moral and spiritual natures as for the well-being and end of the vegetable creation. But there is reason to fear that nine in ten in every community are men and women of this little faith in the talent which God has given them, and the forces, influences and opportunities which He has given them with that talent to foster, train and develop it, and make it a power for the good of others, and for their own happiness here and hereafter. And I believe that this little faith comes mostly from fixing their eyes upon the smallness of the grain and the handful of soil which they see in the scales at the weighing of providence in their favour. Now this lack of sight and lack of faith are not only unfortunate but ungrateful in them, weakening their lives for usefulness, and depriving them of its enjoyment. Providence never weighs off a talent without those forces, influences and opportunities which it needs for its development, any more than nature weighs off to a grain of wheat a pound of soil without adding to it light and heat, rain and dew, and all the other influences it needs for its growth and fruitage.

Let us see what is implied in the question of the great Master: "How much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith? How *much* more? that is the question; wherein do the parallels fail? How does God make greater provision for the culture of the human mind and soul than for the culture of the grain and grass of the field? Here are two or three very essential differences to begin with. The grain of wheat cannot choose or change its soil. It cannot arise out of its place and plant itself on the bald rock, or in the deep, rich soil of a distant field. It cannot choose or change its companions. It must grow up by their side and feed upon their food from the blade to the full corn in the ear. How different is this from the growth of human character! When a man has received his talent he may go and bury it in the earth, or go and put it under the best influences to stimulate its development. It may not only grow by what it feeds upon, but it may create or choose its own food. In a practical sense, it may create the forces and influences necessary to its best culture. More than this; it may create its own times and seasons for growth. Thousands of men in different walks of life have done this very thing. By taking a single step to the right or left, they have put themselves on the line of new opportunities, and impulses which would not have come in their way but for that first step aside from their old track. When a young man steps out into active life, the difference between going into a drinking saloon on one hand and a reading room on the other, the choice of a comrade or the choice of a book, may shape his character for this world and the world to come. Whichever way he resolves to go, he will find the doors of opportunity open before him, one after the other, up to the very gate of heaven, or to the very dungeon of outer darkness, sin and misery.

I believe that thousands of young men make a practical failure of their lives from their littleness of faith in the talent given them for usefulness. It seems so small to them that they do as the man in the parable did; they

tie it up in a napkin or bury it in the earth. Now the author of that parable tells us that a grain of mustard seed is very small, but that it has a wonderful capacity of growth and expansion. The largest oak that ever grew came from a single acorn, says the cradle-proverb. But another misconception has been, perhaps, more detrimental still to young men when starting in life. They misapprehend the real meaning of the word *talent*. They limit it to a single faculty. They regard it as exclusively an *intellectual* force, pure and simple, an abstract mental power bestowed as a special gift upon certain number of men and women, distinguishing them from the rest of the community. Now I have frequently referred to the literal meaning of *talent*, that not one of those whom these lines may reach will ever hear or read that word without seeing before his eyes a pair of scales, and the hand that holds them and fills them for him; in short, that the word *talent* will suggest only something weighed off to him and others like him; a weighing of gold, of silver, or of any other value. A talent is any capacity which one may cultivate and use for his own good, and the good of those around him. It may be only a taste for the beautiful in nature and art. It may be only a capacity to appreciate and enjoy what is noble, pure and good in human character. It may be a single, steady thought of the heart fixed upon the attainment of some coveted object. It may be a hope that fastens its clear and sleepless eyes on some future that looks like heaven to it. It may be a faith, a will or resolute purpose. And whichever of these it may be, it may create its own intellectual force; it may open the successive doors of opportunity by violence, to use the term of our Saviour employed in regard to the kingdom of heaven. Every civilized community presents examples of this kind; examples of men and women who have made the veriest mustard-seed of intellect grow by the sheer force of will to be a great branching tree, bearing healthy foliage and fruit for the public good. Where one such example finds its way into written history, a thousand live in the memory or character of as many towns and villages in Christendom. One of these examples has made a history which will go down to all coming time. It is that of the blacksmith's apprentice of Antwerp, who fell in love with the beautiful daughter of a distinguished painter, and made her the idol of his hopes and aspirations. What man dare do he would do and dare for her. Set the standard at any height that man might reach, and he would climb to it for her. Her father, wearied with his importunate suit, set up the standard on a height which he believed the young man would never attempt to reach. He was just putting the last touch to one of his masterpieces. Pointing to the canvas, he said in pride and scorn, "Young man, when you can paint a piece to equal that, you may have my daughter." The young man took him at his word. He went back to his anvil, and from that to his garret day by day with one great, brave purpose in his soul. He had no *talent* nor genius for painting. But the great sentiment aglow in his heart by night and day created both talent and genius. It gave to his eye exquisite perceptions of form, symmetry and beauty. It gave to his hand, rough hand a touch, a sense of delicacy, which a Correggio or a Murillo might envy. Nature took him by the hand and taught him the secrets of her pencil. The love and hand of the artist's daughter were his kingdom of heaven, and the young man took it by violence. And the painting by which he won the heaven of his earthly hope and aspiration, is the proudest thing that old Antwerp has shown to the world for centuries.

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### Current Literature.

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THE Rev. H. R. Haweis enjoys a reputation in this country chiefly as the author of that most charming and original book, "Music and Morals," and those of his admirers who may have wished, perhaps, to know something

about him religiously, as well as æsthetically, must welcome his recent work, "Current Coin,"\* which shows as plainly as anything can show the author's stand in all the leading questions of the day. And it is a stand which we sincerely wish we could see taken by all clergymen. Surely a wise liberality, a judicious kindliness, and bearing at least granted to these all-important questions, social, æsthetic, scientific and spiritual, ought to characterize the so-called Ministers of the Gospel. But as Mr. Haweis puts it in his opening paragraphs on "Materialism," the clergy, like Nero of old, are playing with water-machines when they should be awake and doing, and realizing what is going on around them; that is, they are haggling over Dis-establishment, ritual, the Sunday-school system, and the state of the heathen, when they should remember that the evil of the day is not that the Church of England is falling, or that the Bible is wrongly read, but that the inspiration of the Bible is doubted and the very existence of a God disbelieved in. Infidelity, not superstition, is the deadly tendency of the day! We need some such reminder as the terse and indignant candour of Mr. Haweis to enable us to realize what the condition of all classes must shortly be in England. Here we certainly read all we can devour of Tyndall, Darwin, and Spencer, and if this second-hand communication breeds hundreds of disciples, as no one can deny, what must it be when the personal influence of these men is at hand, and when thousands are being converted from orthodoxy and bondage to a broader and purer faith through an address or lecture! Therefore it is that Mr. Haweis utters a stirring cry to all clergymen to realize the amount of mischief already done, for he believes that the pulpit must, sooner or later, take up what the people are now learning too fast, and either accept or refute it consistently and in a Christian spirit. Judging from the fact that "Current Coin" is made up of extracts from sermons and lectures delivered at intervals during a year or two, there is no danger of Mr. Haweis' advocating the steep and thorny way while he himself treads the primrose path of ease and sloth. The section which treats of the Devil is almost alarming in its positiveness, originality, and daring. We are told that it is scarcely necessary to our salvation or our general health to believe in a personal devil (although Mr. Haweis cautiously adds that viewing the singularity of all things around us *he denies nothing*), particularly as after having made him what he is, if he so exist, he might not feel quite comfortable about it. At least, it amounts to that, and if we seem to have put it lightly, listen to Mr. Haweis' "Sketch of his Life." According to him (and if what he affirms be true, all clergymen, must hold the same belief, since it is a part of regularly taught theology) the serpent that tempted Eve was not the Devil, the unfortunate apple which was made the instrument did not exist—in short, the whole well-known story is to be taken as a myth, one "embodying a universal truth," but still, only a myth, signifying original sin, carnal desires and death. Nor did there exist at this time *any* power of evil, and certainly no Lucifer, or Devil, or Arch-Fiend, but Jehovah, the "God of the Jews" was endowed with all power, he could and did provoke, harden, falsify, and generally usurp the functions at present attributed to an evil power for a number of years. However, the conscience of the Israelites began to wax tender about the book of Chronicles, and we find mention made of *Satan* as a provoker of David, instead of the Lord, as it is in Samuel; and from henceforth, Satan, who had always been a favoured emissary of the Lord, undertaking his more important missions (such as the trial of Job), and going in and out familiarly amongst mankind, begins to show signs of corruption, his character rapidly deteriorates, and as the original author phrases it, this sort of work began "to tell on him." We have then the stupendous spectacle, truly of Satan corrupted by mankind. We shall not say we believe Mr. Haweis; we shall not say we still cherish our old belief, we are cautious only, and "deny nothing." The

\* Current Coin: By the Rev. H. R. Haweis. C. Kegan, Paul & Co., London.

temptation on the Mount is disposed of as a "*Spiritual Allegory*," and the personal temptation of each of us is so cautiously dealt with that it is well nigh impossible to find out the author's meaning. The sections on crime, pauperism and drunkenness do not call for such original treatment, but it is a treatment we long to see made universal, of clemency and brotherly love, and of calm and Christian wisdom. We have not space to criticise at length the remaining sections of the book, but "Emotion" cannot fail to contain many gems of thought and reflection that a cultivated clergyman is best able to give on such a subject, and "Recreation" is dealt with, perhaps all too broadly for certain narrow sectarians and would-be prescribers for the people's good, as the drama is brought forward as perhaps the most important means of elevating and recreating, in every sense of the word, tired and dull humanity. By this work the author places himself on the same platform with the Revs. Stafford Brooke, Baldwin Brown, and other clergymen of truth and nobility who have not been careful in this matter to uphold what they know to be wrong, and feel to be uncertain for the sake of place and emolument. We do not utter a cant phrase which would, whether right or wrong, be out of place in a review, when we say that their present popularity, of itself evanescent, is but a faint reflection of the reward which will be given to those who "quit them like men and be strong."

\* READERS of scholarly literature and men of advanced thought will be glad to get, in a convenient form, this collection of strong articles by practised hands. The papers are made up from the very cream of the English Periodical Literature of the present day, and embrace articles on all the social, political, religious, and scientific problems which have engrossed the attention of cultured minds everywhere. In the booklet before us, we have no fewer than nine papers covering a wide range of thought, and betraying a wealth of research and originality at once powerfully suggestive and pertinent. Prof. Goldwin Smith's able disquisition on "The Defeat of the Liberal Party;" Prof. Clifford's notable review of "The Ethics of Religion;" the paper which Mr. Frank H. Hill wrote a few months ago on "The Duc de Broglie;" Mr. G. Osborne Morgan's fine classical note on "Virgil in English Hexameters;" Mr. Bridges' learned article on "Evolution and Positivism," besides noteworthy contributions by Emile de Laveleye, H. H. Strachan, Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, and J. Chamberlain, complete the table of contents of a little work destined to be very popular with all admirers of manly English and vigorous thought.

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## Musical.

### NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

An oration on the subject of "Joseph," by Sir Michael Costa this time, is expected to be produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival of 1879. The libretto is by the composer's former pupil, the Crown Princess of Prussia. How will it compare with Prof. Macfarren's setting?

An opera from the futile pen of Camille Saint-Saëur, "*Samson et Delila*," was lately brought out at Weimar with success.

A symphony by Hadyu, which had not previously been performed, was lately played at the annual performance of the Concert Society of the Paris Conservatoire, and was found to be a marvel of grace and freshness.

M. Offenbach is still composing, and now being completely recovered from a recent illness, is going to Nice, where he will furnish "*Madame Favart*,"

the "Conte d'Hoffmann," and an operetta written in conjunction with Paul Ferrier and M. M. Halévy, for the Bouffe Theatre.

M. Gevaert, the Principal of the Brussels Conservatoire, has returned to Belgium from his mission to Italy, to report on the ancient instruments of that country. He discovered at Herculaneum, two curious instruments, an account of which he will publish.

A somewhat famous inventor of musical instruments has recently died at Paris, M. Alexandre François Debain. He worked in the factories of Sax, Pape, Mercier, and others until he began business as a piano-forte maker on his own account. He is best known as the inventor of the Harmonium, patented in 1840, of the piano-écran, the stenographone, an instrument for producing on paper the improvisation of the pianist, and the piano mécanique—perhaps the most popular.

A Choral Society for the City of London, (Eng.), is to be organized, to consist mainly of those employed in the great city houses. Five hundred members are already enrolled and in due time a series of concerts will be given in aid of city charities.

A concert consisting of "humouristique music" was lately given in Glasgow, showing how much genuine comedy there is in music without resorting to vulgarity. Haydn's Farewell Symphony, Mozart's droll Village Symphony, the Dervish Chorus, from the "Ruins of Athens," Cherubini's "Forty Thieves" overture, and several funny things of Strauss, comprised the programme. M. Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," one of the wittiest echerzos ever written, was included in this novel selection of the conductor, Von Bülow. Another night he gave them Brahms's C minor symphony, "The Demon," and the "Danse Macabre," of St. Saëur. For three neighbouring pieces, one cannot conceive of a gloomier procession.

The London Athenæum says that the musical features of the Paris Exhibition ought to be of extraordinary interest to the musical world, the Minister of Public Instruction and of the Fine Arts having issued a decree for performances that shall exemplify art in its highest forms as respects both composition and execution, and a committee with M. Thomas, as president, having been appointed to carry the decree into effect. Gounod, Cohen, Dubois, Guilmant, Saint Saëur and Weckerlir are members of the committee, and about \$50,000 have been appropriated to meet the pecuniary exigencies of such an undertaking. Foreign composers are invited to confer with the committee as to competition, and to send compositions.

Mr. C. J. Bishenden has received complimentary letters from the Queen and the Earl of Beaconsfield for presentation copies of his book, *How to sing*.

A young English baritone singing under the name of Riccardo Della Rosa, has just made a brilliant début at Lucca, as the King in "La Favorita." His "beautiful voice, handsome person, finished and artistic style of singing," and also his exceptionally great dramatic talents foretell for him a splendid career. He is a pupil of Alary, of Paris, and Rouconi, of Milan.

M. Faure lately appeared as Hamlet in Marseilles. Anna di Belocca is again in London. Pauline Lucca lately made a successful re-appearance in Madrid. With pitiful ignorance the *Musical World* has it that in Detroit (*Canada*), was recently held a Beethoven Festival.

Madl. Materna has appeared as *Ortrud* in "Lohengrin," in Prague, and also in scenes from the *Götter dämmerung* and *Walküre*. Adeline Patti is at Naples.

At a recent Gewandhaur concert in Leipsic, Johannes Brahms played a piano concerto written by himself. The interest evinced in his playing was very great, but beyond a thorough musicianly style, he seems to have nothing.

Hans Von Bulow's Notes of Travel, in the *Leipsic Signale*, edited by Herr Seaff, and translated in the *Musical World*, are to be found in the pages of *Dwight*, and are interesting, though sometimes obscure from the weakness of the translation. About a performance of Mendelssohn's "Song of Praise," at the Crystal Palace, he says:—"The elevating performance of Mendelssohn's

cantata really deserved a 'Song of Praise' for all the instrumentalists and vocalists, including the conductor, Mr. Manns, the guide of the imposing mass, occupied a high position. Since the model performance, never to be forgotten by me, which Prof. Julius Stern got up, with his association of similar choral works in the years of my Berlin solitude, I have had to enter in the book of my thoughts no impressions in any way so pure, so undimmed, and moving harmoniously both the senses and the mind in an equal degree as this. It was a solemn "evocation" of that master, who is, at the present time, misappreciated only by unseasonably Schumannizing conservatorists, and whom Richard Wagner (in conversation, at least) was accustomed to characterize as "the greatest specifically musical genius who has appeared to the world since the time of Mozart." Granted that their genius, in the course of his development, descended to the rank of mere talent (a paradox of Herr Felix Draseke's not to be absolutely rejected); we find in the "Song of Praise," side by side with much that has grown pale and is wanting in inspiration, plenty of passages on which the seal of genius is indelibly impressed. How irresistibly does the first movement of the symphony stream forward, carrying us with it; how does it flow. How powerful is the first chorus, how dramatic the question of the tenor solo; and the affirmative reply given first by the ethereal whisperings of the soprano solo, and then by the chorus swelling up into ecstatic joy! Enough—you in Leipsic know all about it much better than I do." Surely a true and beautiful criticism of, or rather tribute to, Mendelssohn.

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#### REVIEWS.

THE series of excellent text-books published by Novello, Ewer & Co., and edited by Dr. Staines, called "Music Primers," are beautifully issued, and include fifteen of the best manuals for the voice, organ, piano, and other departments, we have yet seen in this day of text-books. We have studied two very carefully, the "Organ" by Dr. Staines, and the "Piano-forte" by Ernst Paner, who contributes in all. The first manual of Dr. Staines's includes four parts; part 1st, a short sketch of the history of the organ, tracing the gradual growth from the ancient flute or fife, through the successive inventions of air-chest, bellows, reed-pipes, key-board, manuals, pneumatic lever and harmonious stops, to the superb and well-nigh perfect instrument of the present day. Part 2nd gives a short, but cleverly arranged explanation of the construction of an organ, from key to pallet, from bellows to pipes, all clearly and concisely shown by the aid of well-drawn diagrams. The third portion of the work treats of stops and their management, with directions for combinations that cannot fail to be attractive and prove useful. Part 4th called "Practical Study," is the most important part of the work and is evidently the result of long and sometimes tiresome experience in the case of the writer. The position of the body during pedalling, is clearly explained, and many well-written exercises for scale-passages, for independent movement of the feet, for alternate toe passages, &c., are to be found in this portion of the Manual. Five short pieces by the author, an Allegretto, an Andante, a Fantasia, an Adagio, a Prelude and Tughetta form a useful appendix, to the young student, "while his teacher is selecting a course of organ pieces for him from the works of the best authors." All this for two shillings and within a hundred pages!

Herr Paner says in the preface to his Manual on the Pianoforte—"Giving the result of my long experience as a teacher, I have included in this work those phases of pianoforte playing which, occurring daily, may be considered as forming the basis of a good, solid, and correct execution. The position of the performer at the instrument—the method of producing by means of a good, distinct touch, a full and rich, yet delicate and subtle tone—the practised manner of studying and playing the scales—the execution of the shake—the chords firm and broken—the double passage—part-playing—all these

are essential constituents of an efficient and artistic performer, and to explain these different matters in a clear, yet not too elaborate manner, has been my endeavour throughout." It remains for the reviewer to state the result, and truly we have found Herr Paner's work thoroughly clear and quite elaborate enough, to repeat his own adjectives. Touch, he manages to divide into four classes after this manner, *legato*, *staccato*, *legatissimo*, and the *portamento*, the latter being a sort of compromise between the first two. There is a new division of the scales according to fingering, which perhaps would puzzle those who had been previously accustomed to the old way, but would certainly be useful to an entirely new beginner. Part-playing, which as Herr Paner expresses it, requires an individuality for each finger, is dwelt on at some length. The order in which sonatas should be studied is as follows : Emanuel, Bach, Clementi, Kuhlman, Haydn, Mozart, Clementi again, Dassek, Müller, (caprices) Hammel, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, and last to Beethoven. A short history of the pianoforte and its predecessors, by Mr. A. J. Hipkins, a vocabulary of technical terms and expressions connected with the piano, and an excellent table of all the celebrated composers for the harpsichord, clavichord and piano, arranged in chronological order under their respective countries, complete this well-written and original text-book.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

*Boston, Mass.*—"It is rather funny to read in *Dwight*, which excellent journal you get occasionally in Canada I expect, that the concerts are fewer than usual "about this time." The truth is, there are too many, and one finds it exceedingly difficult to discriminate properly, or in fact to criticise at all, in the presence of so many entertainments of such undeniable excellence, that although we Bostonians have left behind us a good deal of the spirit which used to make us say that our city could easily rival if she chose more than one European town, we still feel a pride and sense of security, musically speaking, which may safely be allowed us.

On St. Valentine's day, we had the seventh Harvard symphony concert which gave us some delightful things. Among novelties (and you know our only fault as a musical city is our too great fondness of catching hold of novelties, and having them performed whether or no we have the performers), we had a piano concerto, played by Mr. Preston, of Dorchester. Have you had the Brahms' symphony, the tenth symphony as it is called in Canada? It is a disappointing work. It is complex, it is unmelodious, it is too slow and it is too long. It seemed to me and to many others that Thomas *must* have taken the *tempo* all through incorrectly, for as the *Courier* says, "such a chain of slow movements can never have been intended by any composer." However Brahms is known to prose somewhat in other things, so that doubtless the conductor was right enough. The rendering was what Thomas's orchestra can alone give, a perfect interpretation of a work which although possessing isolated passages of much beauty, and bearing throughout the impress of earnestness and culture, is, taken altogether, obscure, ugly, morbid, and it is impossible to conceive that it will ever, as John Hullah said *untruly* of *Lohengrin*, take hold of the human soul as Beethoven alone has done. Still, there are many among our people, especially the feminine students who characterize it as "so interesting" "so full of yearning and restless emotion," "so modern," etc., etc., and also probably can not play or sing a single classical piece *intelligently*.

We have been treated to music of a far different character from the voices of those Swedish marvels of whom we never tire; their selections are always good and in some cases very quaint and interesting. Mr. Ernst Perabo got out some very curious programmes lately of piano compositions wholly by anonymous composers which created no end of conjecture. The conundrums were easily guessed in some cases and included a sonata of Schubert's and several little pieces by Rubenstein.