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FRONTPIECE, MASSEY'S MAGAZINE, MAY, 1896.

A MAY DAY IN ACADIE.

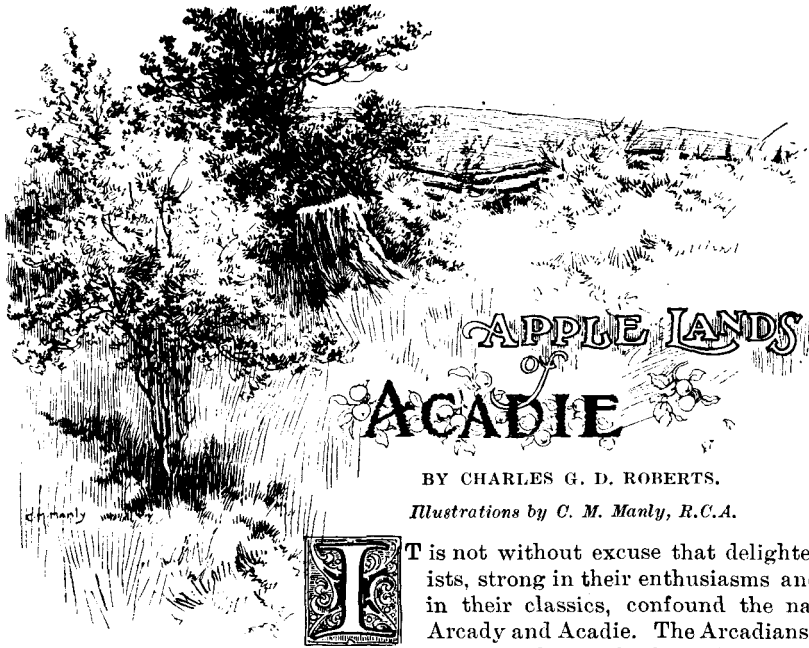
DRAWN BY O. M. MANLY, R.O.A.

MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. I.

MAY, 1896.

No. 5.



BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Illustrations by C. M. Manly, R.C.A.

IT is not without excuse that delighted tourists, strong in their enthusiasms and weak in their classics, confound the names of Arcady and Acadie. The Arcadians would, doubtless, have felt themselves at home in Acadie, where the air holds a transfiguring haze which invites to dream, and a tonic essence which stimulates to action and adventure. It is easy to believe strange myths in the atmosphere of Acadie. It is a land of peace, with its wide, sun-drenched meadows, its uplands set with orchards, its winding valleys, musical with streams. But the shores are stormed by endlessly-rocking seas, huge tides that swing fifty feet from ebb to flood. These unresting waters have bred an unresting race of men, and the sailors of Acadie push their prows to every corner of the globe. This blending of restlessness and peace, of lotus-eating and active adventure, heightens the resemblance between Arcady and Acadie.

In its products, too, the Acadian land has a picturesque and romantic incongruity. Gold, coal, iron and apples! It reads like a piece of symbolism. The symbolism of it would well bear interpretation, too, which is not the case with all symbolism. But at present my concern is with one member only of the group.

The apple lands of Acadie lie chiefly along the Annapolis and Cornwallis Valleys, between the long, protecting ramparts of North and South Mountain. The orchards about Windsor, Bridgewater and Yarmouth, also, are beginning to show an exportable surplus. The heart of the apple lands is the region over which Longfellow has cast the spell of his song; the region watered by the Gaspereau, Cornwallis, Canard, Habitant and Perean. Here soil and climate combine to nourish the apple to its

utmost perfection, and here apple-growing is studied as a science, practised as an art. Here the value of a farm is estimated by its orchards and its dyke-land. Here the upland pastures and grain fields are being rapidly converted into orchards; and it is no uncommon sight to see raw clearings, fresh from the axe, and yet littered with *débris*, set with orderly rows of young apple trees just from the nursery. In such case, the great thing is to get the young orchard under way as soon as possible. The final clearing and subjection of the land to tillage is then completed at the farmer's leisure.

There is, perhaps, no more delightful way of getting one's living from the soil than by means of apple-growing. There are few more secure investments than a young orchard approaching its prime. If one would lay up an inheritance for his children, let him plant orchards in the Acadian land—but let him make careful choice of soil and situation. The soil which is best loved by the apple tree is a deep red loam with porous sub-soil, which keeps always moist, yet never holds enough water to sour or to chill the roots of the trees. On such soil the crops are reliable, year in and year out, in rainy years and in dry; and the apples are of even quality. Next in favor is a light, sandy loam, with a hard sub-soil not too deep down for the roots to reach it in dry weather. Then comes the strong, clayey loam, which gives good results provided the drainage is well attended to. Without careful drainage it is no use trying to grow apples on a clay soil.

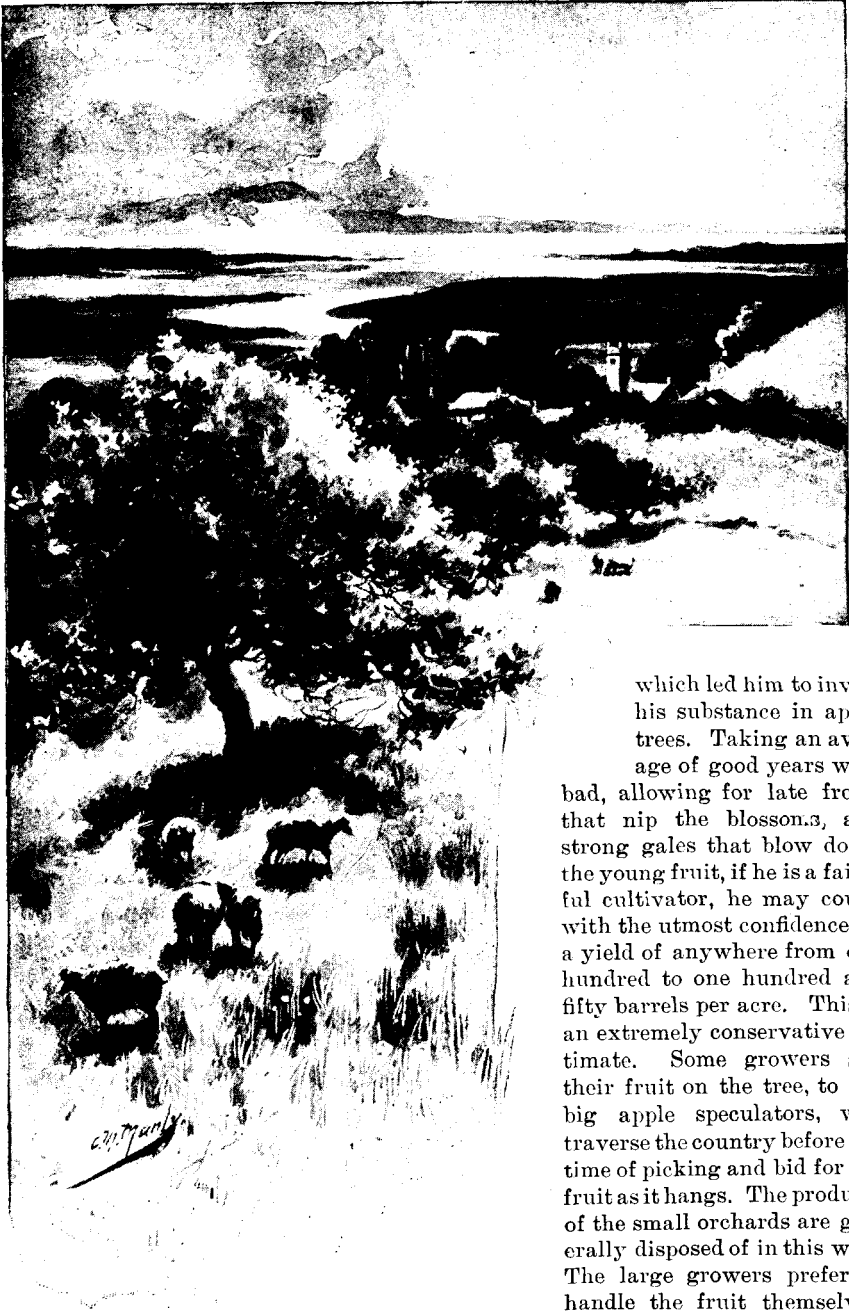
In setting out an orchard, the young trees are usually placed from thirty-three to forty feet apart—from forty to fifty trees on each acre. These are the distances for standard varieties. Some kinds of apples come into bearing very early, and never attain large growth. Such varieties are often set within twenty-five feet of each other. When an orchardist desires standard trees, yet is anxious for prompt returns, he sets the more important varieties fifty feet apart, and plants the early-bearing trees midway between. After these latter have been in bearing for a few years they are

cut out, to leave room for their slower-growing, but more profitable, neighbors.

When the young orchard is set out, then there is nothing to do but cultivate—cultivate both patience and your trees. It will be ten years before the trees begin to make you tangible returns. Then, if all has been well done, each year will bring a gratifying increase. If the soil is sandy and hot, the orchard may be expected to reach its prime in about twenty-five years from the planting. On the deeper loams, which prevail generally throughout the Cornwallis Valley, the trees mature more slowly; and in the well-drained clay loams of Windsor and Falmouth an orchard will be, perhaps, forty years old before it attains its prime. But the slow-growing orchards last the longest. On the sandy soils some of the best varieties die out before the age of eighty. On stronger soil an apple tree may go on producing for over a hundred years. Indeed, some varieties have a much longer space of usefulness than that.

There are old trees around Grand Pré, gnarled and crooked but still green and productive, which were planted by the French before the great banishment of 1755. Some of these trees were in full bearing in 1760, when English immigration began to flow in upon the depopulated fields of Minas, Grand Pré, and Annapolis. As a rule, however, an orchard is kept at its prime by the prompt substitution of young trees for those which begin to show signs of approaching decrepitude. Sometimes the stock is of a hardy, long-enduring kind, while the engrafted variety is more ephemeral. In such cases the top is cut away and some other kind is grafted in its place. It is not well to have all your eggs in one basket, but there is nothing to prevent your having all your varieties of apples on one tree. You may graft a different variety on to each limb, and in future autumns see the yellow Belle Fleur, the crimson Astrakan, the pink-and-gold Gravenstein, the sombre Greening, the brown-coated Russet, all ripening amicably on one parent stock.

When the happy Acadian sees his orchard nearing its prime, he has reason to congratulate himself on the foresight



DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY.

GRAND PRÉ AND MINAS BASIN.

which led him to invest his substance in apple trees. Taking an average of good years with bad, allowing for late frosts that nip the blossom, and strong gales that blow down the young fruit, if he is a faithful cultivator, he may count with the utmost confidence on a yield of anywhere from one hundred to one hundred and fifty barrels per acre. This is an extremely conservative estimate. Some growers sell their fruit on the tree, to the big apple speculators, who traverse the country before the time of picking and bid for the fruit as it hangs. The products of the small orchards are generally disposed of in this way. The large growers prefer to handle the fruit themselves, consigning it to fruit brokers in London, Liverpool, Glasgow or Boston. There are those who stencil their names, as well as the names of the varieties, on the heads of the bar-

rels ; and some have achieved such a reputation for good packing and conscientious selection of fruit, that their prices in the London market are a third higher than their fellows can command. Some

When the apple harvest is fairly begun, then the railways which traverse the apple districts, find their work doubled. The apple trains are heard screeching through the quiet land at all hours of the



DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY.

UP THE ORCHARD HILLSIDE.

even wrap each apple in tissue paper—and find ample reward for their thoroughness in the eager demand for their output.

night. Every little station through the Valley is sweet with pyramids of bright, new, fragrant barrels. The apples take ship at the wharves of Halifax, Annapo-



DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY.

"A PINK AND WHITE PARADISE OF APPLE BLOSSOMS."

lis, Kingsport and Port Williams, and there are steamers which devote themselves exclusively, during the season, to this attractive freight. Nova Scotia now exports from three to four hundred thousand barrels each year, and at the present rate of increase the half million must be very close at hand. These find their chief market in London, Liverpool and Glasgow, where the apples of Acadie enjoy a vast repute. About one hundred thousand barrels, however, go to the neighboring provinces of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, and to Boston.

The varieties of the apple are so numerous and so sharply differentiated that the inexperienced orchardist is apt to yield to the fascination of diversity and graft every kind into his trees. But the Acadian apple growers are tending more and more to a measure of uniformity. They find that uniformity is better for the market. They are selecting one or two reliable kinds for each season, and engrafting these to the exclusion of other varieties, perhaps equally good. To supply the home market, and that of the adjoining provinces, with early fruit, in August and September, a few trees are retained in every orchard of such varieties as Red Astrakan, Early Harvest, Early Bough and Early Transparent. Toward the end of September comes in that queen of apples, the Gravenstein, which eclipses all rivals up to the beginning of December. This apple is a favorite both at home and abroad; and when you see a man cutting his trees to make room for new grafts, you may lay ten to one that he is grafting in the Gravenstein. This is an apple that grows swiftly, bears early and freely, endures handling, and is no less well adapted for dessert than for cooking purposes. It is a delight to the eye, with its pale gold complexion, veined and flushed with red. Its smell is a haunting memory of strawberries picked in a rose garden. And when one bites its crisp, cool flesh, the piquant sub-acid flavor of it makes one cease to wonder that the apple has played so large a part in our destiny!

When, early in December, the Gravenstein begins to lose flavor and crispness, then come in the Blenheim

and Ribston Pippins, and the big, showy Kings. In January these are superseded by the standard winter apples, and as the Baldwin, the subtle-flavored Greening, the handsome Northern Spy, the huge, plain, useful Fallawater, the delicious little Golden Russet, the Ben Davis, and the Nonpareil. These are the kind that find favor abroad, and these, therefore, are supplanting such varieties as the Bishop's Pippin, whose long yellow fruit is adored in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, but utterly scorned in London.

All this is a very practical view of the apple and lands of Acadie and their products. To the artist, the poet, the romancer and the casual visitor the appeal of the orchards is not to be measured in barrels shipped or number of trees to the acre. A well-established orchard, such as those which crown the low fruitful ridge of Starr's Point and look out across the reeling tides of Minas Basin to the storied bastion of Blomindon, is a picturesque object even in winter. The trees, sturdy, wide-topped, symmetrical, take on a quaint primness of aspect by reason of the wide black belts which they wear some two or three feet from the ground. These belts are of roofing-paper, thickly smeared with a greasy black compound. This is to prevent the caterpillars from gaining lodgement in the trees. The caterpillars undergo their transformation in the soil beneath the trees, and emerge, perfect moths, when spring loosens the ground. The males fly freely wheresoever they will, but the females are wingless, and when they try to crawl up the tree to deposit their eggs on the twigs, they find the black belt an insurmountable barrier, and die there in sticky masses.

When spring has fairly taken possession, then the whole country-side is a pink-and-white paradise of apple-blossoms. The cool, pure perfume floats in even at the car windows. To wander then under the humming arcades of bloom, in that air and landscape of enchantment, is to realize the fairest fiction of poets. A little later, when the young fruit is setting, the leaves form a dense veil through which the light sifts upon the clover-blos-



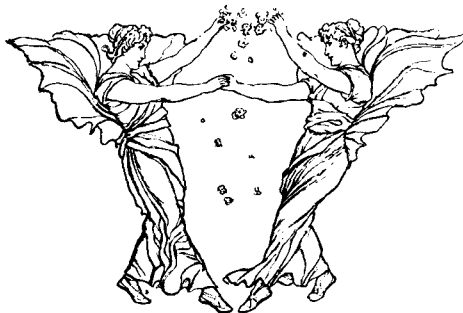
DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY.

IN A FRUIT-MEADOW.

soms below. There is no shade more delicious than that of the orchard in July. Scorching as the heat may be outside, here there are cool airs wandering fitfully through the colonnaded aisles. Then, in autumn, comes the many-colored glory of the apple-harvest, the wide branches bent to the ground with their burden of red, yellow, green, and mottled spheres. Ladders lean amid the trees, and merry young voices

laugh from the top-most branches. The picking is a festival for the boys and girls; and summer visitors, lingering for its sake, plunge into the work with enthusiasm. The city-maiden learns to climb trees and tear her frocks. She shouts and whistles among the branches, and goes home ruddy, brown-fingered, and wholesome-hearted from the carnival of the apple-picking.

Charles G. D. Roberts.





THE SONGSTER

Music, music with throb and swing,
Of a plaintive note, and long,
T'is a note no human throat could
No harp with its dulcet golden ^{sing,} string,
Nor lute, nor lyre with liquid ring -
Is sweet as the robin's song.

He sings for love of the season
When the nights grow warm and
For the beautiful God-sent ^{long,} reason,
That his breast was born for song.

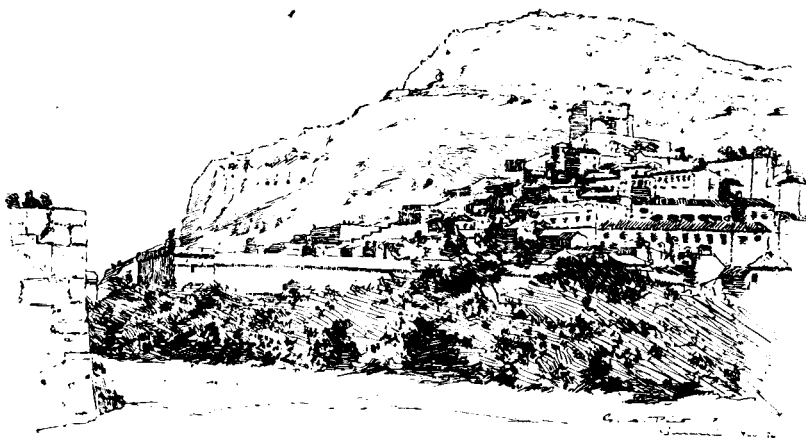


Calling, calling softest and clear
Through the song-sweet days of May,
Whistling there, and whistling here,
He swells his voice on the drinking
On the great, wide, pulsing ^{ear,} atmosphere,
Till his music drowns the day.

He sings for love of the season
When the nights grow warm and
For the beautiful God-sent ^{long,} reason,
That his breast was born for song.



E. PAULINE JOHNSON



FROM GIBRALTAR TO THE PYRENEES.

BY MARY A REID.

Illustrations by G. A. Reid, R.C.A.

IT was the last day of our journey eastward. Every one was on deck, on that side from which the Spanish coast could be seen; there was the distinguished painter, who with his family and band of students was journeying to old Madrid; there was the bishop, in leggings, breeches and black silk apron, and with that face indicating executive ability which is usually seen in the bishops of the English church; there was the typical young German, whom some one had wittily christened the *Fliegende Blätter*, from his resemblance to the caricatures in that well-known journal; there was the fair-haired little girl in complete masculine attire, whom we had dubbed Little Lord Fauntleroy, and there was the too, too evident Briton, with his theatrical looking wife, who we felt could be no other than Lord and Lady Sholto Douglass. Finally, as in every case, there was the great mass of commonplace people with nothing in particular to distinguish one from the other. Those who had glasses were using them to resolve the gleaming specks on the shore into the clusters of white houses which make up a Spanish town. We seemed to be realizing some, at least, of our castles in Spain as the

ancient Moorish town of Tarifa appeared, its old walls, towers, and Guzman castle lying smiling in the afternoon sunshine. "Do you know," said the distinguished painter, "that Tarifa gave the world a new word? I suppose that tariffs were imposed before Tarifa existed, but perhaps the severity with which they were levied there led to the adoption of the word tariff. How unconscious the old place is of all that has happened in connection with tariffs since the days when the Moors descended from their stronghold, and seized the good things as they attempted to pass. And how little it dreamed then of free-trade agitation, of Major McKinley and of 'tinkerings' with the tariff!"

We all agreed; no one wished to discuss anything, for everyone was waiting with feverish expectation for the first glimpse of the great Rock. At last, faint and blue, a shape appeared, growing momentarily more definite, and we felt with a thrill of certainty that it was Gibraltar. I have been told that it is more impressive seen from the Mediterranean and Africa than from the Atlantic, as its outline is more abrupt. But to one seeing it for the first time, the approach from the west is not lacking in

grandeur. The great mass is apparently isolated from the mainland, so low is the narrow neck connecting it with Spain; three peaks show against the sky; the town clusters at the foot and side, rising to the old Moorish castle, covered with the scars of war; at the left are the dark shapes of the coal hulks, and over the whole bay is scattered a medley of shipping. We see nothing in detail; everything is enveloped in a

unusual sights. And now comes the hurry and scurry of the half-hour before landing. How interesting is the sight of even the hotel agents, usually so commonplace, as they board the ship; dark skins and wide hats proclaiming that we have reached the south; and how sweet are the violets and narcissi which an eager vender thrusts into our faces. Rather more than the usual hub-bub takes place on landing, for there are



DRAWN BY G. A. REID.
ST. GEORGE'S HALL FROM GALLERY OPENING, GIBRALTAR.

purple haze, for the day is a misty one. But as we draw nearer, dark spots appear in the rock, which, as we have surmised, are the openings from those wonderful galleries tunnelled for purposes of defence; the gaily plastered houses begin to take definite shape, and here and there are clusters of dark green trees. Our eyes, tired of the monotony of sea and sky, eagerly take in all the

always those who have not decided upon their hotel, and these unfortunates are badly pulled about in the efforts of the various agents to secure them.

As for ourselves, we promptly put an end to all controversy concerning our destination by demanding to be escorted to "Cook's"; as far as we know to the contrary, "Cook's" may be miles away, but some one accedes to our request, and



DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

SOUTHPORT GATE, GIBRALTAR.

we set out, two men carrying our bags, a third following in the hope of possible gain, and a fourth imploring us, if we go to Tangiers in the morning, not to forget that his boat is number forty-two. Fortunately the matter of the hotel is soon settled, and we arrive at a very decent and moderate house in the quarter known as—Irish Town! Ye gods of sea and land! Have we come all these weary miles to find ourselves in Irish Town! But it is Irish in name only; not a son of Erin about, if we except the “Highland” sentry in the nearest box, who speaks with an unmistakable brogue. Nothing could be more Spanish than the sights which present themselves, or perhaps I ought to say cosmopolitan, for many nations are represented. The

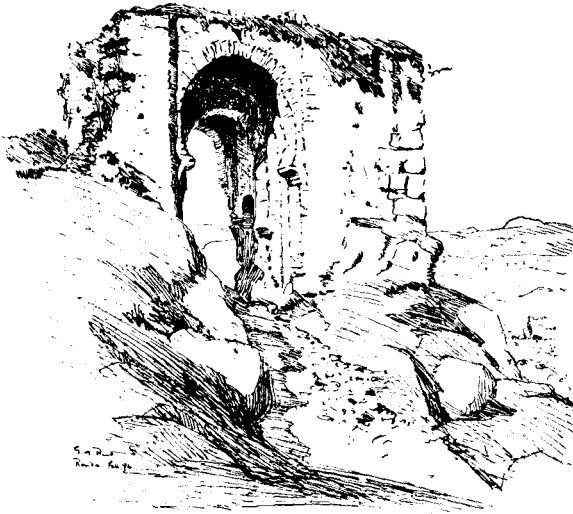
most conspicuous figures are certainly those of the British soldiers, who, with their trim, brisk, alert appearance, present the strangest contrast to the slipshod but picturesque Spaniard. That Gibraltar is a fortress can never be forgotten, for the marks of military possession are on every side. The morning and evening gun fire, the frequent sound of the bugle, the numerous sentinels, the squads of soldiers marching through the narrow streets, all proclaim that we are in a garrison town.

Out of the statistical facts connected with Gibraltar I recall three or four that may be of interest. The height of the Rock is 1430 ft.; the town has room for 10,000 people, and contains 25,000, including the garrison; 1704 was the year the British obtained possession of it; there is one English newspaper published there. The guide books unite in declaring that Gibraltar is not picturesque. *Do not believe them.* It has every element of the picturesque, a situation which is unique—the Rock itself presenting a series of wonderful pictures, a wealth of beauty in foliage and flowers, old mossy walls, gateways and tiled roofs which are a joy to the eye, narrow,



DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

GIBRALTAR FROM NEAR ALGECIRAS.



DRAWN BY C. A. REID.

MOORISH GATE, RONDA.

winding streets, or those which consist of a succession of steps upward, the Atlantic on one side, the Mediterranean on the other. What more could one have? And then the shifting street scenes; the women with their water jars or baskets of flowers; the donkeys with their picturesque burdens of oranges, lemons, onions and tender green lettuce; the herds of silky-haired goats, which early in the morning are driven through the streets, and milked at the various doors; all go to make up pictures full of color and interest.

We visited the markets, both Spanish and Moorish; at the former was everything in the way of fruits, flowers and vegetables; at the latter I saw nothing but fowls and eggs for sale; I noticed here a fair-haired little English housewife bargaining for a pair of chickens with a handsome young Moor, and I thought what a strange coming together of East and West it

was. There was a sort of temporary market or fair held one morning on one of the public squares, which I thought particularly interesting. There was for sale everything imaginable of a cheap nature; gay cotton handkerchiefs, cast-off clothing, water jars, scrap iron, broken crockery, cheap toys, old furniture, cheese (an indescribable specimen), and I noticed old engravings of the Village School and The Blind Fiddler, and a much-worn life of the Prince Consort, by Sir Somebody Something. It was as great a jumble as the sermon which resulted in the collapse of the cele-



DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

MOORISH BRIDGE, RONDA.



DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

THE GREAT BRIDGE OF RONDA.

brated Mrs. Macfadyen. These miscellaneous articles were presided over by groups of Moors, and of Spanish women with their heads covered with gay handkerchiefs, orange, red and green predominating. In the immediate foreground a sentinel, a Highlander, stood motionless, or at intervals walked his beat with measured, mechanical tread, strange contrast to the vivacious, fluttering crowd about him. Above and back of this splash of vivid color rose, pale,

gray, majestic, the Rock.

Let no one be deterred from visiting this beautiful southern peninsula on account of not knowing the language. Of course, in Gibraltar, English is spoken almost everywhere, and in other places I find that English and a little French, no matter how poor, suffice for all immediate requirements of conversation; but, that I might not be entirely without speech of the people among whom I was, I learned about four words; first *gracias*, that I might be able to thank them in their own tongue; second, *cuanto, how much*, the necessity for which is obvious; third, as I found a national tendency to procrastinate, *manana, to-morrow*, proved a useful word; but when I came to the fourth, I was in almost as great a difficulty as the favored mortal to whom the fairy god-mother has granted a limited number of wishes. However, I at last decided upon *aqua caliente, hot water*, as representing an absolutely indispensable article. With this vocabulary I found that the essential affairs of life could be transacted quite comfortably; and I congratulated myself upon not learning, before coming to Spain, any of the stilted phrases found in all the

phrase books, and never by any possibility used.

The regulations in Gibraltar concerning sketching are very strict, but upon application to the Colonial Secretary, and presentation of our passport, we received a permit, though with certain restrictions, signed by the Governor, Sir R. Biddulph, and proceeded to make as good use of it as we could, considering that the weather was very uncertain, it being mild and showery, like our April.



DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

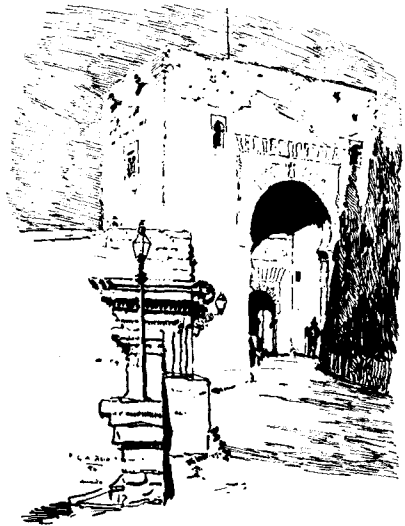
A SPANIARD OF RONDA.

We found the sentries rather troublesome as far as demanding to see the permit was concerned, but very convenient in keeping the crowd away; the Highlander on duty near me charged gallantly upon about fifteen men and boys who had gathered to watch my operations, but though he was answered by some of them in unmistakably impertinent English I found that they did not venture to return.

We walked across the neutral ground, the narrow strip which divides the Rock from the mainland, to La Linea, the Spanish town just beyond. I have been told that there are dirtier places than La Linea; I have never seen them. Workmen from here, employed in building a new dock, go into Gibraltar every day, carrying into it untold dirt and disease, and taking from it something like £3000 a month. As we returned to Gibraltar, and sat on the quay looking up at the Rock, we had the good fortune to see a number of the monkeys, which still have their habitation on the highest parts and descend to forage. They are said to belong to the Barbary apes, and to be fast becoming extinct.

We visited the galleries, or as many as they ever show to visitors; they

are composed of a wonderful series of excavations in the north side of the Rock, containing many guns of different calibre. Most of the passages between the large openings are dark and dripping with water, from both the sides and overhead. It just occurred to me, as we entered a particularly dark and damp passage, that should one of the descendants of the Barbary apes, the father of a large and presumably hungry family, suddenly confront us and demand toll, it might be awkward. A square of linen, doing duty as a handkerchief, with a few base coins which at his stage of civilization he would not appreciate, and a treasured smelling bottle were all that my pocket contained, and I felt sure that the other members of the party did not have any bread or fruit or chicken about them in sufficient quantity to satisfy a really spirited parent, should such appear. In a would-be casual fashion I asked the young gunner, who was taking us through, whether the monkeys did not sometimes come into the galleries—it would be so easy for them to enter from the outside, and I recalled with a secret thrill of apprehension their agility as we watched them from the quay. He said, however, that he had never seen any there, which was reassuring, but added a moment later



DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

THE GATE OF JUSTICE, ALHAMBRA.

that he had only been there "since last November," at which my fears arose again. Altogether I felt very much relieved to get out of the place, and positively jolly when the gunner said

prison, we visited also; especially enjoying the view from the top, a flat space about fifty feet square. This castle is one of the earliest Moorish buildings in Spain, having been erected, according to



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THE GATE OF WINE, ALHAMBRA.

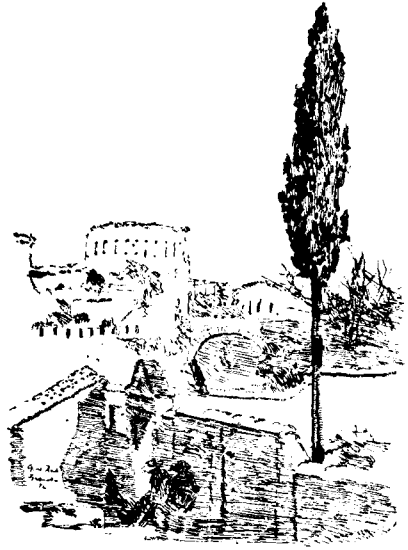
that under no consideration could we go to St. George's Hall, the largest of all the galleries, as visitors were never taken there. The fine old Moorish castle, part of which is now used as a

the Arabic inscription over one of the gates, in A.D. 725.

But our stay in Gibraltar having come to an end, we, one lovely morning, sailed across the bay to Algeciras, and found

ourselves under the Spanish flag, which always reminds me of nothing so much as Dr. Marigold's cart, which, as will be remembered, was "yaller, relieved with wermilion." Here our luggage was examined in the usual leisurely Spanish fashion, after which our train started for Ronda. We soon felt the air growing fresher, for Ronda is about 2300 ft. above the sea, and is surrounded by snowy mountains. There are a great many tunnels along the route: I think we passed through fifteen, one almost immediately after another. Ronda is uniquely situated, being built over a chasm 350 ft. in depth; at the bottom of which rushes the Guadiaro; the present bridge, uniting the two parts of the town, is comparatively recent, but there are two extremely ancient bridges at the entrance of the gorge.

Ronda was originally a Moorish stronghold, and in what is known as the Casa del Rey Moro, or Moorish palace, are the four hundred steps cut in the solid rock by Christian captives, and leading to the bottom of the chasm. When Ronda was taken by the Christians, it is said that many of the Moors escaped by this passage, swimming the torrent at the bottom. There still stands an interesting Moorish arch, originally a gateway, about half-way down from



DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

THE AQUEDUCT TO THE ALHAMBRA.

the town to the river; grass and wild flowers grow on its ruined top and from its crumbling sides; in the inner part I noticed as I passed through, that there was a little shrine, before which fresh flowers had been placed. I think it was in Ronda that I first saw the men muffled in the celebrated Spanish cloak, and very theatrical they looked: for owing to the cold the cloaks were invariably drawn up half-way across their faces, and this, in combination with the wide hat and intensely black hair and eyes, seemed all that was required for the make-up of the stage villain. I have no doubt about their being peaceable and exemplary citizens, but appearances were against them.

The houses are invariably white, with projecting windows, in which many flowers bloom, the streets well paved, and in the principal parts clean. The whole town is lighted by electricity; such are the ravages of civilization.

From Ronda, on we went to Malaga, where a few idle delightful days were spent in a climate which certainly cannot be surpassed; the air is the softest imaginable, yet with just a touch of freshness in it which prevents it from being enervating, and suggests our finest days in autumn, without those winds from which we sometimes suffer. The



DRAWN BY G. A. REID.

THE GYPSY KING OF GRANADA.

sky was perfectly clear and intensely blue, the almond trees, with their snowy blossoms, were on every side, the orange and lemon trees laden with their precious fruit. Flowers were blooming everywhere, roses, heliotrope and violets making the whole air fragrant. With the exception of the Moorish fortress, there is really nothing of artistic interest in Malaga. The cathedral is Græco-Roman, and is a clumsy and unmeaning pile; it occupies the site of a former mosque, for Malaga, like all the other cities of Southern Spain, became Moorish at the period of the Arab invasion in the eighth century. The mosque was converted into a Gothic church, one portal of which remains, its canopied saints and its foliage all the more beautiful by contrast with the cold, heavy pediments of the Renaissance. There is no picture gallery nor any private collection of importance. From Malaga a journey of about eight hours brought us to Granada, after dark unfortunately, so that it was impossible to judge of the appearance of the city on approaching. The usual confusion took place at the station until each hotel had secured what prey was possible, and we found ourselves making up a party of eight, in an omnibus designed for four, bound for the "Washington Irving." And then came a jolting journey of half-an-hour through the streets and up the steep hills which lead to that part on which the Alhambra stands; but even the stony streets of Granada have an end, and after one final hill and a rush through a gate, we stopped, and found at our hospitable inn all that was needed to make us thoroughly comfortable. We fell asleep with the soft plash of a fountain in our ears, and the blissful consciousness that the Alhambra was at our very doors. Birds awakened us, an unusual thing in Spain, on account of the scarcity of trees, and looking out, we saw the great avenues of elms which constitute what are known as the gardens of the Alhambra. From the windows of the dining room we noticed two tablets on the hotel opposite; one stated that in that house Fortuny had lived during the years 1869 and 1870; the other that Regnault had been there during 1870,

and had died at Buzenval in 1871. Brief and commonplace records enough; but sufficient to bring to mind the short and brilliant careers of these two gifted artists, the one struck down by fever, the other dying in battle.

After surprising the hotel people by asking for our coffee at such an early hour as 7.30, and being surprised in turn by getting it quickly and very good, we set out to re-conquer this new-old kingdom of the Moor. If the Alhambra was indeed at our doors, so, even at that hour, were several hangers-on, who pounced upon us as soon as we appeared. We had congratulated ourselves upon not looking like "tourist bodies"; we carried no bright red book, nor did we have field-glasses or satchels over our shoulders, but the fact that we were strangers seemed patent to every one, and we were regarded as legitimate prey. There was first the woman with fresh violets on one arm, and on the other a baby with a countenance so young that I mentally put down its age at two weeks; then a handsome young Spaniard, who aspired to act as guide; and third, the "Gipsy King," an absurd looking old creature, brown as a nut, and wearing a fantastic dress, who both wanted to sell us his photograph and to pose for us (he had noticed that we carried sketching traps). We resolutely declined all offers, and I need not say it was difficult to rid ourselves of these persistent people. Finding that the young guide spoke a little French and English, usually a bad mixture of the two, we explained to him, with as much emphasis as we could command, that we intended to sketch and did not wish to be followed by anyone; that we had no intention of taking a guide, and on no consideration could be persuaded to use the "Gipsy King" as a model. That worthy monarch, finding us firm, desisted from any positive attempts, but kept us in sight; the guide, who rejoiced in the name of Juan de Lara, felt privileged to accompany us by virtue of understanding our speech, but did not annoy us. I feel bound to add that later on in our stay we weakly did all of the things which we had refused so emphatically at the outset. I delighted the woman with

the baby by buying violets which I really did not know what to do with, we employed Juan, who indefatigably dragged us from one point to another, we sketched the old "Gipsy King," and—yes, I must confess it—we even bought his photograph. But all this was after they had ceased troubling us.

People who have not visited Granada perhaps do not realize that the name "Alhambra" is given not only to the Moorish Palace, but to a large space enclosed by walls and towers, and containing within this fortified circuit the palace proper, the Alcazaba, or fortress, a church, the unfinished palace of Charles V., and many houses and shops. It was at one time a city, and contained a population of 20,000. This elevated plain, at the foot of which is the Darro, overlooks Granada, and at its back are the Sierra Nevadas, with their snowy peaks and stretches. All of the towers are extremely simple, even severe, in exterior, giving no hint of the beautiful decoration within; in fact, from the outside you seem to have nothing but the more or less well-preserved fortifications of an old city, with rude, square towers at intervals along the walls; the group of towers and courts which form the palace of the Alhambra cannot be seen at all from the outside, as some modern buildings conceal and block it up on one side and the palace of Charles V. on the other. Of this Renaissance structure, Gautier says that if we found it in any other place we would admire it, but cannot here, as it covers ground once occupied by part of the Alhambra, which was pulled down to make room for it. I believe there were originally many entrances to the Moorish palace, but now you go in by a mean little door at the end of a lane. But how changed is everything when you enter! Slender marble columns, gleaming tiles in varied designs, walls and doorways covered with arabesques in stucco, the most delicate decorations meet you on every hand, and give you some faint idea of what it must have been in its prime. Some one has likened the Cathedral of Milan to a great christening cake, and I must confess that before seeing the Alhambra I had thought of it as a beau-

tiful toy, commanding a sort of indulgent admiration, and was surprised and delighted to find it so impressive. The Hall of Ambassadors, in particular, is very imposing, with its lofty ceiling of costly woods, its walls eight feet thick, in which are the exquisite double horse-shoe windows, from which one looks out on the city and beautiful *vega*. It was at the entrance to this hall that the fire occurred in 1891. The architecture belongs to a period of decadence, as compared with the times which produced the Mosque at Cordova; a period in which the simple living of an earlier, more war-like time had given place to the luxury which follows peace and prosperity. But in spite of the somewhat excessive ornamentation, always betokening a decline in art, there is a unity of design, and, I should say, of color also—judging from the color that remains—that is most pleasing. In the glazed tiles, we have, of course, the original colors, almost invariably rich blues and greens, but from the stucco work nearly all color has gone, leaving it an ivory white, like a carved Chinese fan. It is most interesting to linger in the halls and courts (if the guard allows you) long enough to find for yourself the parts in which traces of the original coloring remains; evidently vermilion, blue and gold predominated, and some of the restored portions are painted in these colors, giving the effect of a casket inlaid with precious stones. It is needless to say that these restorations, though beautiful in themselves, are less interesting than those portions which have not been touched.

All of the decoration is geometric except in two cases: in the celebrated Court of Lions the alabaster basin of the fountain is supported by twelve heraldic beasts, part lion, part griffin, supposed to be the work of Spanish prisoners; and in a small room at the entrance of this court is a vase, about four feet high, dating from 1320, and ornamented with two animals like llamas or camels. As the Moors were forbidden by the Koran to represent animal life, these two departures from their customs were probably the work of Christians. There is an old saying that the Moor sealed the

loom of his kingdom of Granada when he introduced the lions into the halls of the Alhambra.

On every hand are traces of the conquest. In one hall the initials F and I (Ferdinand and Isabella) are conspicuous; in another the arms of Castile and Leon, in the midst of Arabic designs. In the room converted into a chapel by Ferdinand and Isabella, who are usually called the Catholic Kings, the mixture of Arabic and Spanish styles is particularly noticeable. Over the heavy marble altar is a picture of the Adoration of the Magi, and at either side the arms of Spain. At the opposite end of the room is a heavily-carved and gilded gallery, contrasting somewhat painfully with a dado about five feet high of beautiful tiles interspersed with the arms of the kings of Granada and the often recurring inscription: "There is no conqueror but God." As for Charles V., one meets him at every turn, and begins to regard him as the Arch-Philistine; pulling down what must have been models of graceful beauty to build up hideous structures of a different period and civilization; repairing and modernizing; even in the exquisite suite of apartments which were the private baths of the sultan and royal family, we find his badge and motto on the walls, and he re-decorates the whole of one room, used by the Arabs as an oratory, painting the walls in fresco with mythological and fantastic subjects, and converts it into a *boudoir*. The isolated towers along the walls are quite as interesting as the palace proper. The exteriors are severely plain, but the rooms within have all the brilliant tile work and delicate stucco decoration seen in any of the halls of the Alhambra. One of the most interesting towers is the Gate of Judgment, a massive entrance-hall, used as an open-air court of justice. It is nearly a perfect square, and is built—as are the rest of the walls and towers—of a sort of concrete, which became very hard under the heat of the sun, and which derived its rich orange and red color from the presence in the earth used of oxide of iron. Above the outer horse-shoe arch is sculptured a hand, above the inner, a key; the first was supposed to avert the evil eye, the

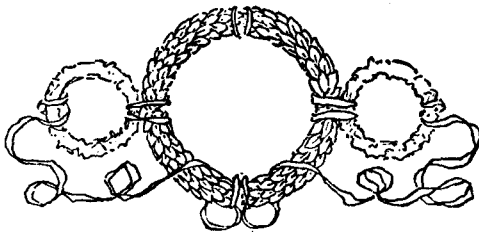
second was the symbol of power. An old legend declared that Granada would never be conquered until the hand grasped the key. At the left of the entrance the omnipresent Charles V. erected a fountain, Tuscan in style; but even it cannot destroy the beauty and simplicity of this noble gate. Passing through, and ascending a number of steps, you reach a beautiful gate, now called the Gate of the Wine, but originally a part of the mosque removed to make way for the palace of Charles V. This is rich in inscriptions and in the remains of colored tiles. Among other most interesting towers is that of the Captive, so called because it is said to have been the residence of a beautiful Christian prisoner; it contains some of the finest ornamentation of the whole Alhambra. Then there is the tower of the Moorish Princesses. I do not know whether this is the tower which tradition connects with the three princesses, two of whom, with their elderly attendant, made their escape, while the heart of the youngest failed. But, as I looked from its windows, I liked to imagine that they were the very ones from which the sisters had gazed upon the handsome Christian captives at work below, and, communicating with them by signs, had arranged their flight—not such an easy matter to arrange, for the tower is more than one hundred feet high. After some days spent in saturating ourselves with the beauty of the Moorish remains, I must confess that we turned with very mild enthusiasm to the contemplation of the Græco-Roman cathedral, down in the town, begun in 1529 and finished a century later. The interior, looked at as a whole, is simple and grand, though the choir being placed in the middle, as is usual in Spanish churches, prevents those long avenues formed by the naves which are so impressive. But looked at in detail, it is far from satisfactory; the ornamentation is all very heavy, and there is too much of it; the windows are poor, the carving of the stalls indifferent. But the beautiful Gothic arched door that leads to the Royal Chapel commands one's instant admiration. This chapel is the burial-place of Ferdinand and Isabella, whose effigies are at each extremity of the altar,

and whose sepulchres, in alabaster, occupy the centre of the chapel. There are a number of pictures in the different chapels of the cathedral, many by Ribera and Alonzo Cano, but they cannot be seen with satisfaction on account of the darkness. Indeed, I have given up all attempts to look at pictures in dark churches as a waste of time and energy and an aggravation of spirit.

Granada has the reputation of being uncomfortably cold for winter visitors; the height above the sea is considerable, and the proximity to the snowy Sierras gives frostiness to the air. But we found it delightful in the middle of February, and not too chilly for out-door sketching. Permission to paint is easily obtained, and I know of no city in Spain where an artist could spend a little time more profitably; the only serious draw-

back is that all vagabond Granada is waiting for the pilgrim and the stranger, and until you have shown them most emphatically that you will not accept their services, you will be pestered by all sorts of people. It will probably take you several days to do this, but after that will begin a period of real enjoyment; you will wander unmolested through the gardens and courts, finding out beauties which guides have never dreamed of; or, seated in some sunny corner, you will watch the people filling their water jars at the same wells which the Moors used to raise the waters of the Darro; or you will note the dark cypresses against the deep blue sky; or, looking out over the city, see Granada, like a "handful of pearls in a goblet of emerald."

Mary H. Reid.



A LYRIC OF LOVE.

LOVE! let me look in thine eyes to-day;
 Dark wells of wisdom, clear depths of delight!
 Turn to mine, waiting; turn not away—
 My heart is athirst, and my soul longs to rest
 In infinite joy on Love's warm-pulsing breast!

Love! let me live in their light alway;
 Guide-stars of duty, bright gems of Love's night!
 Beam with their splendor on Life's dreary day—
 All quenched is world-passion, made pure by their fire;
 O, turn then not from me, my soul's one desire!

Alice S. Deletombe.

THE MYSTERY OF THE RED DEEPS.

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

(Commenced in April Number.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE ADVANCE IN SHADOW.

HAD succeeded in verifying the strange vision of Nicholas Thompson. But how was I to bring that to bear upon the solution of the mystery? I might arrest Ugo and the two women, but how could I bring any evidence to bear against them? I had the words of a mad woman, whose memory was broken by her malady, and I had a scrap of paper which might have been written by anyone able to write. No, it would never do for me to risk such a move.

One thing which gave me cause for much reflection was the relationship which existed between these two women. Vittoria was moved by Margherita as a queen is moved by the hand of a master chess-player. Was it that the wife had taken this means of punishing her husband's murderess, and for her revenge was slowly torturing her with fear of exposure? I was thinking such thoughts one evening, as I was lost in one of the great chairs in the parlor. I had been listening while Miss Janet was playing. That evening she had dressed herself in an old-fashioned gown of her aunt's, had done her hair in the manner of a by-gone time and had made herself a very picture of quaintness. Mrs. Skene had not made her appearance, and this was intended as a surprise for her. Miss Vittoria seemed hugely pleased by the disguise, and took more interest in it than in anything which had occurred since my arrival. I had given way to my own thoughts for a moment, when Mrs. Skene came in. The scene had a wonderful effect upon her. As she entered, Janet turned and gave a demure courtesy; the light fell full upon her. Now, whatever she saw in that pretty figure I know not, but she turned the color of ashes, and clung to the side

of the door for support. I was about to go to her assistance when she recovered herself and tried to speak. Her voice was broken with rage. "Janet, how dare you!" she cried. "Without my permission—go to your room this instant." The poor girl was dashed by this outbreak, and as quickly as she could she passed her mother and disappeared. I saw that there was to be a scene between the sisters, so I remained quiet. I was amazed at what occurred. Mrs. Skene continued to advance slowly, without speaking, her eyes fixed upon Miss Vittoria. She approached her gradually, almost leisurely, with a sort of malevolent movement, gazing all the time as a snake transfixes its victim. She reached her at last, and laid her hand on her arm. Miss Vittoria shrank as if the touch had been hot iron. Neither of them spoke, but they began to move slowly toward the door. When they reached it Miss Vittoria gave a shriek that made me cold, but they went on slowly as before and disappeared.

I did not see Miss Vittoria again for days, but I was always on the watch for her, and always endeavoring to find her hiding place. I argued that if she was ill in the house she would have to take her meals in her room, and so I watched as carefully as I could without arousing suspicion. I could vouch that nothing had been brought into the main part of the house, and she was evidently not hidden there. Lingered, one day, in the dining-room, I saw Ugo, carrying a tray, go into Mrs. Skene's room, which was on the ground floor. I reached two conclusions at once. The stairway that I had noticed the night that I had discovered the room, led up to Mrs. Skene's chamber, and Miss Vittoria was hidden in the disused wing.

I was now thoroughly perplexed, and my confusion was complete when I found

out that Ugo had broken into my trunk and escaped with the smelting pot. I had noticed that for a day or two previously, he had appeared highly elated, and when he knew by my demeanor that I had found out his success he broke all bounds. He followed me about and mocked me, and seemed bent upon paying me what I had escaped during the interval of my supremacy. In vain I threatened him. He only put his tongue in his cheek and squinted. He evidently felt sure of his ground, and I was not certain of mine, unfortunately. I was afraid to denounce him to his mistress for fear that I might be the one dismissed, and, if I left the house, I would have small hope of entering it again. In my desperation I resolved to take a step which might lead to further developments. I traced upon a slip of paper the words that had been pencilled by the dying man. I gave it to Sarah, and told her to place it at lunch under the claret jug which stood at Mrs. Skene's right hand. I had observed that her first action at lunch was to pour out a glass of claret.

After grace, which I always pronounced, Mrs. Skene lifted the claret jug. I tried to watch her without being noticed, but her suppressed exclamation of surprise at seeing the bit of paper under the jug gave me sufficient excuse for watching her closely. Janet also looked up. Mrs. Skene drew the paper toward her and read it. I saw her face set hardly as she clenched her teeth. The effort for control was past in a moment, and she let the paper fall into her lap; but before luncheon was over she turned deadly pale, and went to the window overlooking the garden. I did not see her face again until dinner-time, and then every trace of her emotion had vanished. I was aware that she had never seen the words before, and did not know who had originally written them, but I was confident she was too shrewd not to have a suspicion that they were written by her husband. It was not to be wondered at that she should have a keen emotion, when the scene was recalled to her in this mysterious way. She did not seem to have any suspicion that I was the person who had given her the shock, but I wished her to betray her know-

ledge of the crime more plainly before I threw off my disguise and told her that she could not longer keep her sister's guilt concealed. Accordingly, the next day, I had a favorable moment with Sarah, and instructed her that as she was removing the soup plates at dinner, she should say, just as she laid the first plate upon the waiter, "My God, have pity, they have murdered my husband." She did it well, and even I was startled by the hollow sound of it. As for Mrs. Skene, she reeled in her chair, and would have fallen if I had not caught her. Janet and I assisted her to the sofa, and she gasped and looked fearfully at us, as if she was half beside herself, and it was an hour before she regained her composure. Dinner was spoiled, and Mrs. Skene had to be helped to bed. I assisted at this function, and gave the poor lady my arm, for I was keen to see the stairway which led to the disused wing. But when I reached the door, my arm was disengaged, and I was thanked for my services; at which I was mightily disappointed.

When I returned to my room I found a note from Janet. "Will Mr. Arahill come to the arbor at once? J. S."

I went and found her waiting; she was highly excited. "Did you hear what Sarah said at dinner, and see how my mother behaved? O, Mr. Arahill, something terrible is going to happen. I feel it. I know it. I have had a presentiment all my life that we were not like other people, and now I am sure of it."

I tried to calm her. "Be sure, you can trust me," I said, "no matter what happens. I will guard you with my life. There may be something behind this, and you must be brave." I took her hand, and she let me retain it. Just then I heard Ugo whistle in the garden.

"There's Ugo," she said, coming closer to me, and shivering. "How I loathe him!"

When I felt her so close to me I wanted to tell her that I loved her, but I could not do it honestly so long as I was disguised, so I kept it to myself.

"You need not fear him," I said, "he is spying upon us, but we need not care for that now. I want you to promise me to keep your room to-morrow afternoon, from five until I come for you."

She gave her promise. "Tell me," she said, breathlessly, "what is this dreadful mystery? Do you know? Can you tell?"

"I believe I know," I answered, "but at present I cannot tell. You must be patient."

"It must be something about Aunt Vittoria, for why should she hide away like this? She has done it many times since I can remember. She seems so frightened of something or somebody."

"It will all be explained," I said "—and before long."

"I hope," she said, "it will make her different, for I have always loved her so, and it has been terrible to see her suffer in this way." My heart sank with its weight of suspicion when I heard this dear girl say these words. I had not time to answer her, for Ugo's whistle sounded nearer, and she begged me to let her go, which I did reluctantly enough.

I had a restless night, and was busy with plans and forecastings, but they were all dispersed by a letter from Mrs. Skene, which I found on my dressing table when I woke. She had had time to collect herself, and to think the matter over. Presumably, her line of argument had been that, such disturbing occurrences never having happened before my advent, I must be in some way connected with them, and she accordingly dismissed me. The letter bowed me out courteously. I was alone at breakfast. Not even Janet was there. During the morning I wrote Mrs. Skene a note accepting my dismissal, and requesting an interview. I gave this to Ugo to deliver, and went into the village. I did not return for luncheon, but came back about three o'clock, commenced to pack, and made every show of departure. My plans were perfectly well formed. At five I received a note, almost insolent in its wording, denying me the requested interview, and saying that it would be advisable for me to leave at once. I finished packing, and requested Ugo to leave an order for the stage to call for my baggage, on which errand he departed with alacrity, as he no doubt thought he was doing his mistress a service. Now, I said to myself, as I descended the stairs, you and I, Mrs. Skene, in a moment will be face to face.

CHAPTER V.

THE MILL OF THE GODS.

I HAD expected to find Mrs. Skene in her own chamber, and I was prepared for a sight of the ascent to the disused wing. But I was disappointed again, for I found her seated at the window of the dining-room, which overlooked the garden. She saw me before I perceived her, and her cry for Ugo first attracted my attention.

"You must pardon my intrusion, Mrs. Skene," I said. "I have been in your house now for nearly three months, and it would ill requite your kindness were I to leave without an acknowledgment of it." She glared at me, and continued to call for Ugo. "He is delivering a message for me; in fact, ordering the stage to call this evening."

"And in his absence you come to disturb and insult me."

"Not at all—" I began, but she went on fiercely—

"You do. You talk about requiting kindness, but you have used your time in making love to my daughter, and disgracing your cloth by tampering with my servants, and by ferreting out my family history. All that I ask is that you leave me at once."

"I am sorry that I cannot comply," I answered, "for I have something to ask." She made a movement in her chair, and called for Ugo again. "I must speak plainly. When I first came to your house my mind had no suspicion. Now I have more than a suspicion. I am certain. Twenty years ago your husband died in this house; but he was murdered—poisoned."

"You lie!" she cried passionately, rising in her chair. "My husband died in his bed, as I hope to die."

"I have the death-scene before me, and I could rehearse it if I chose; but I know you have shielded the murderess for years, for your own private and diabolical revenge, and now I demand that you give her up."

"Never!" she cried. "You will pass over my dead body and the body of my man Ugo, before you reach her."

"You will neither deny the crime nor affirm it, but it is needless to play this game longer. Mrs. Skene, I am not

the Rev. Oliver Arahill. I am plain Oliver Arahill, of the detective bureau of Ainsley & Cumming. In twenty minutes the stage will bring three of my men to the door, and the house will be searched." She dropped back in her chair and made no effort to conceal her fear and rage.

"Devil—devil!" she hissed. "This is what you call requiting kindness, you spy! But Ugo will reckon with you before you have time to carry out your insult."

"I fear neither your threat nor your servant. I am simply here to do my duty, come what may." With that, I went to my room.

In a few moments I saw Ugo come down the street, and I secured my door. It was yet ten minutes from stage time, and I felt some apprehension, lest my morning's telegram had gone astray, and my expected strength would not arrive. The moments passed, and Ugo made no attempt on my door; evidently, I thought, Mrs. Skene has changed her plans. Then I heard the rattle of wheels, and, looking out, I saw my men, Smith, Apthorpe, and Newdale, in the stage. I was just on the point of opening the door when the suspicion seized me that Ugo might be in ambush. So I raised the window, and let myself drop into the garden. A moment later I rapped at Mrs. Skene's door and entered, followed by Smith. Apthorpe I had left in the garden, Newdale I had posted to watch the front of the house.

Mrs. Skene was seated in a large chair, and had summoned all her resolution to meet this trial.

"And to what am I indebted for this visit?" she said, drawing herself up, and looking a very queen.

"I must apologize," I said, "I would not have entered your room, had it not been the only entrance to the rooms above." As I spoke, I turned to where I expected to find the stairway, but it was not there. The room was wainscoted with oak, and the wood was solid and continuous on the four walls. "Smith," I said, "there must be a stairway here somewhere." And, with that, I proceeded to rap the wainscoting. One panel gave a hollow sound, but we could not move it.

"Will you tell us how to open this panel?" I said, turning to Mrs. Skene.

"You are so sure of everything, you should be sure of that," she said, deliberately. "You have made ill use of your time not to have discovered it."

"Smith, keep watch here, and I will approach from the other side."

I had formed a sudden plan of repeating my visit through the man-hole on the roof. I was taking a risk, I knew, as Ugo might face me in the dusk, but then I had everything to gain. I made my descent to the roof in the same manner as before. I had my pistol and the iron poker, in case I should have to use it in prying up the cover. It had not been fastened, however, and I found myself in the attic, where it was perfectly dark. I groped for the stairhead, and stumbled on the first step, making noise enough to arouse the Seven Sleepers, but I recovered myself and went on. When I was half way down I heard hurried steps below, and when I reached the bottom I saw Ugo ascending the secret stairs. He came up with a tumble and a rush, evidently surprised at an attack from above. I knew I had not a chance with him in strength, and, as his shoulders appeared above the floor, I fired down at him. I did not know whether I had hit him, and I had not time to fire again before he was upon me. I struck him in the face with my pistol, but he hit me somewhere in the arm and grappled with me. He had me about the waist and lifted me from the floor. All this was done from the impetus of his rush up the stairs, and I was borne back against the wall with terrific force. The breath was nearly out of my body, but I wound my hand in his hair, and tried to force his head back. At the same time I curled my leg inside his, so I was at least grappled to him, although I felt I had no power when he wanted to move. Suddenly he lifted me, and commenced to climb the stair to the attic. Every inch of the way I struggled, but I found I had no power in my right arm, and he rose step after step. I was almost across his shoulder now, like a sack of flour, and had no control over him. When he came to the ladder which led out upon the roof I pushed my leg

through and hung on, but he forced my hold there, and the only advantage it gave me was to throw me off his shoulder. I took him by the hair so suddenly and fiercely that I forced his head back for a moment, but he went on crowding me up the ladder and forcing me through the man-hole. I knew now that he intended to hurl me off the roof, and I clutched him with the strength of despair. We rose slowly until he stood clear on the roof. Then he tried to shake me free, but I had him by the hair and held on. Then he dropped me for a moment, and twisted my arm until I was compelled to let go. Then with a sudden dart he seized me by the waist and brandished me over his head. I thought it was all up with me, and shut my eyes, but suddenly there was a loud cry, and I felt that we were jerked back from the edge of the roof, and with such force that I fell in a heap. I was half dazed with the shock, but I saw Sarah towering over me, muttering and growling in her language of hatred and rage. Then she grappled with her old enemy, and with terrible strength she forced him to the edge of the roof, and shaking him free, she hurled him off. He went down with a fearful cry, but no sound followed the shock with which he struck the earth.

A moment later Smith appeared above the man-hole, and when I had recovered myself sufficiently to discover that my right arm was broken between the shoulder and the elbow, we all went down. In the dusk I found Miss Vittoria, who had been concealed in the second room of the wing; she was in a dead faint, and I left Smith to guard her and Sarah to bring her to. Descending the secret stair I found myself in Mrs. Skene's room. She was sitting by the window in the last light. She did not move as I came in, and did not answer me when I spoke to her. I thought the strain had been too great for her, and that she had fainted. I looked at her face, which seemed to gather all the light there was in the room. I started. Was that pallor natural? I reached her side and took her lax wrist. It was stone. She was dead. I soon had a lamp, and Apthorpe discovered a glass phial on the floor beneath her chair, where it had rolled from her hand.

Here was a mystery indeed. Just as I had caught the murderess, and just as I was about to succeed in forcing her sister to throw off the mask, I found her dead by her own hand. My one thought now was to prevent Miss Vittoria from slipping through my fingers in the same way. I had her brought downstairs and taken to her own room, and I put a double guard over her. Then I began to think of my arm, and, although I was wild to release Janet, and bring to her the terrible and inexplicable news of her mother's death, I was constrained to have the doctor attend to my fracture. While we were waiting for him I sent Smith to look for Ugo's body, for I was sure he was dead. He found him in a heap on the stones of the garden path, with his neck broken. While the doctor was setting my arm I learned that Sarah, seeing me disappear down the man-hole, had known my danger, and had rushed into Mrs. Skene's room, had struggled with her mistress, who had attempted to oppose her, and had finally opened the panel, the secret spring of which she well knew, and had rushed to my rescue, followed by Smith. Mrs. Skene must have taken the poison when she saw Ugo fall in a heap on the garden walk.

Janet had kept her promise, and had never left her room. Her momentary anxiety over my hurt gave me a cruel pleasure, but I went to my work without flinching. She stood the shock better than I had expected.

"Tell me, tell me, what does it all mean?" she cried.

"There is only one person who knows," I replied, "and she will soon have an opportunity of telling."

"Aunt Vittoria?"

"Yes," I said, "and you must be strong to bear what you have to learn."

CHAPTER VI.

THE WHEEL OF FIRE.

WHAT Janet had to learn was as much a revelation to me as it was to her, and we heard the story together, related in broken fragments, as the strength of the narrator permitted. Shorn of the constant

digression which she allowed herself, this is her story as she spoke it.

"My sister and myself were the only children of Tomasso Accoromboni, who kept a small print and image shop in Milan. Our mother died when we were quite young, and our father was killed in a street brawl. This left us defenceless, but we continued the shop, and added to our small income by furnishing rooms for travellers, for we had a pleasant apartment over the store. My sister managed everything; she was wonderful to me in all that she did, but she chafed at our poverty. In the winter of 1846, a gentleman by the name of Alexander Skene secured our rooms. He seemed a lonely man, without any tics. He had plenty of money, and could have had much better lodgings if he had so desired. My sister fell in love with him, and confided in me, and when I knew that her happiness depended on a return of her affection, I tried to crush out my own regard for him. But I found I had failed when he asked me to be his wife. It was a bitterness for us both, but my sister nobly refused to allow me to suffer. Her sacrifice, however, only sowed a desperate hate in her heart. So we were married.

"But," I interrupted, "Alexander Skene married Margherita?"

"Yes, and I am Margherita."

"And my mother," said Janet, falling on her knees beside the bed.

"The only condition that I made was that Vittoria should live with us, and my husband readily consented to that. So we travelled, the three of us, and Ugo, a little boy who had served in the shop, to whom Mr. Skene had taken a fancy. In Vienna you were born, my dear, and we called you after your father's mother. I think I was perfectly happy in those days, and every one seemed to be, but I know now that Vittoria was only feigning, and that she had a blackness at her heart that was to ruin us all. When I was strong and well again, Alexander proposed that we should visit Canada, where he had so long made his home, and I was eager to see the country which I had heard so much about. Our arrangements were made, and we landed in New York, having come in a vessel

from Genoa. From New York we went to Montreal, and we had only been there a week when my husband took a sudden notion to visit a country house he owned, in a place called Denham. So he wrote to have it made ready. He had shaved all the hair from his face, and was enjoying seeing the people he had known well—some of whom were his correspondents—without revealing his identity, and all the time we were in Montreal we remained unknown. On the 14th of September we started out to drive to Denham, and the journey took us two days. There was something about my sister's manner on this journey which I did not like, and my thoughts were almost presentiments. But I shook them off easily, and blamed my timid nature for something which was so ill-formed and unfounded. We arrived here on the evening of the 16th September, a little before dusk. Alberta Westwick had opened the house, lighted fires, and prepared the supper. We had brought a box of supplies with us, and from this store Vittoria insisted on extracting some macaroni, and making a dish of it for supper. Shortly after, my husband was taken strangely ill. I remember that Vittoria had not partaken of her dish, and my husband had been the only one who had eaten of it. He grew much worse so rapidly that I was fairly paralyzed with terror, and from that moment Vittoria took complete control of everything. The woman Westwick had not the keys of the linen closets, so the beds were not prepared. Vittoria had a couch quickly ready in one of the rooms of the wing. Everything was so hurried and confused that I could never remember exactly what occurred. I think we sent for the doctor, and found he was not at home. He did not come until afterwards, and I never saw him at all. I did not see Alexander alone; Ugo or Vittoria were always there.

'There must have been poison,' he said, once, but Vittoria made such an outcry and confusion that I could not hear anything more. I left the room for a moment, and when I returned he was worse. In my despair I rushed away to get something—I don't know what, now—but they called me back, and he was dead, and could not speak to me.

I don't remember anything that occurred for months. I know now Vittoria must have kept me drugged, and when I woke the world was all changed. As soon as I tried to take my place in the house, I saw the terrible trap I was in. Vittoria had usurped me; to the servants and the villagers she had announced herself as Mrs. Skene. No one knew us there. We had only been in the village a few hours, and nothing had occurred to shew Alberta Westwick plainly that I was the wife, although she must have had a suspicion, for after she went mad she always confused us, and Vittoria had her taken away to an asylum. I struggled at first, but Ugo, in my presence, swore that I had given my husband the poison, and I saw that I was in their power. At first, if I had broken away from them, I might have conquered, but I was watched night and day, and after I had an illness of years, as it seemed to me, my will gave out, and ever after that I obeyed. If I shewed any sign of rebellion I was locked up in the wing, which was constructed as a sort of prison for me, and every detail of that terrible night was brought vividly before me. One of Vittoria's fears was that some one would notice the likeness between Janet and I, and when she saw it so plainly that night when Janet had put on one of my gowns, and looked just as I did when I was a girl, her fury was visited upon me again. The night I fainted, when she sang that song, my whole life was brought back to me, and I saw the streets of Milan once more. In every way she strengthened her diabolical revenge, and in the end I did not suffer. If I had died, it would have been better, but in the end she defeated her own purpose. I became a creature who had no will, no feelings, and it was

only something like the old song, or Janet in my youthful dress, that brought back the past, and gave me pain. Then I seemed to awaken from some horrible dream, and for a day I would suffer what I can never describe. But my nerves would soon give out. I could bear no more, and I was willing again to forget. She was afraid to let one of us out of her sight, and so she determined to get a tutor for Janet, instead of sending her away to school, and so everything was found out. You were the first person from the world who had entered our life, and twice I thought of you as a deliverer; once, when I explained why I had fainted, I thought the look in your eyes was in some way a salvation for me; and again, when you played and Janet sang I seemed to feel that you would find out that all our relations had been perverted."

This was the end of her story. I was pained when I thought of how I had suspected her, but my suspicions had led to a happy result. Ugo had only received his deserts, and the woman who had a heart wicked enough, and a will strong enough to plot and carry out this fiend's work had died by her own act, being constantly ready, as I supposed, to slip away and play the coward should she ever be discovered.

Many times have I talked it over with my wife, and we tried to make amends for those years of suffering and darkness which filled her mother's life, and the Red Deeps was full of brightness and sunshine, and is yet, for that matter, for although she has passed away, our children remember her, and, not knowing her tragedy, recall her only by the affections of her broken heart, and the winning power of her gentleness.

Duncan Campbell Scott.



THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

HE knocked nervously at the door, and, without waiting for a call from within, pushed it open, entered hurriedly, and closed it. He was a little man of untidy exterior, with features of a ferret's sharpness, and his facial expression just then conveyed the idea of nervous excitement. He advanced to the centre of the office, where, seated with his back to his desk, with his legs indolently crossed, and his chair tilted back at the angle most conducive to bodily comfort, the editor of *The Miscellaneous Monthly Magazine* was gazing placidly out of the window. He was a fair-haired man of middle age, with a tired look, half natural, half cultivated, and he did not turn his head until the other coughed apologetically, when he wheeled suddenly round, and came out of his abstraction and into the world of business at the same moment.

"Well, sir?"

There was veiled impatience rather than curiosity in the tone, and it did not smooth the path for the intruder.

"I beg your pardon," said the latter, "but you are the editor, I believe, are you not?" Receiving an affirmative nod, he laid his hat on a chair, and, rummaging in his pocket, said hurriedly:

"I have a letter of introduction to you from an old friend of mine; I believe you know him; here it is; and I have brought with me a few specimens of my work in prose and poetry, which I thought might be suitable for—for—if you would care to look at them"—he broke off, his voice trailing away to indistinctness, as he realized that the other was paying no attention to what he said, being indeed occupied with the letter which had been handed to him.

"So!" he said after a pause. "Yes; John Russell is a great friend of mine. I am very glad to see you, I'm sure!" and he stretched a hand, which the little man shook warmly.

"It's a charming day, this!" resumed

the editor. "So you intend to settle down here, do you?"

"If I—if I—can make a living here, I do," said the other clutching his roll of papers significantly.

"H'm!" said the editor. "What is your line may I ask, Mr.—ah—Mr.?"

"Skeggs!" said the little man, "James Skeggs."

"Have you written previously for magazines, or for newspapers, Mr. Skeggs?"

"Well, I have not tried either so far," said the other. "You see it is only quite lately that I turned my attention to literature as a means of livelihood; formerly it had been a source of pleasure to me, but such profit as I derived was purely mental."

"Ah, I see. Quite so," said the editor. He was inclined to wish that the little man had not broken into a quiet morning's enjoyment. But the other drew encouragement from his tone. He was beginning to feel more at ease. The oppressive weight of unreasoning nervousness which had assailed him on entering the room had lifted from his heart, and his speech came more freely.

"I should be glad of any opportunity to make my way," he said eagerly. "Of course I am not looking for immediate success; that would be folly," and he smiled softly. His smile was a rather sweet one for such a common little man, and there was something innocent in it, which struck the editor as very odd.

"I have some talent, I believe," he went on, "chiefly in the short-story line, and some of my verses have received the warm commendation of my friends. I know partial plaudits don't count for much, but, really, I think there is merit in my work?"

As there seemed to be some interrogation in his tone, the editor, who had been gently lapsing again into his state of reverie, roused himself to say:

"Oh, so you are a poet, are you?"

"Hardly that," replied the other. "I should not go as far as that. No,"—and he shook his head deprecatingly—"I dabble a little in verse, you know. Light doggerel with a tuneful swing in it, which may please the public taste. I have with me a specimen or two; shall I?"—and he fumbled with the roll of paper in his hand.

The other was wide awake in an instant.

"Read them! you were going to say? No, don't!" he cried quickly. "I mean," he added with less emphasis, "that I never attend to that branch of the business. We have our regular men, you know, who are paid to suffer!" and he closed his eyes, as if at the recollection of a great agony.

The little man laughed nervously and rubbed his hands, while silence reigned between the two.

"Shall we, do you think, have rain?" he asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Mr. Skeggs, absently.

"The probabilities, I see, are for 'fair and mild,'" pursued the editor. "But these weather people are exceedingly misleading. My private opinion is that they know rather less about it than we do ourselves. What do you think?"

"I'm sure I don't know," repeated the little man—"and I'm hanged if I care," he added with visible irritation. "I did not come here to talk about the weather, sir!"

The editor raised his eyebrows inquiringly, and the ghost of a smile flitted over his face.

"No?" he said inquiringly.

"No, sir!" repeated the little man with some heat. "And I think, sir, that when I have taken the trouble to present myself to you with—with proofs of what I can do, and with a letter of introduction from an old—a mutual friend, that you might, at least, have sufficient courtesy to—to—ah, to pretend to be interested, at all events."

His wrath died down as suddenly as it had risen, and he sat dejectedly fingering his papers.

"Game old bird!" mused the editor. Aloud he said: "Seriously now, my dear sir, have I failed in courtesy? That must

be amended. Come then, this not a very busy morning for me. I am at your disposal. What do you want me to do?"

"I want to read you one of my stories," said the other; "and I want you to criticize it, if you will."

A curious smile, half sardonic, half pitiful, drooped the other's mouth as he answered.

"But you don't want me to seriously pick your work to pieces?"

"Yes, I do," said the little man. "I am not afraid of just criticism; rather I court it!" and he glared at the other, aggressively.

"All right," said the editor. "Do with me as you will!"

"You speak as if you were to be made a victim in some way," said the little man with a gleam of mirth in his tone.

"Consider," replied the editor, "that it is not so very long ago that I was compelled, whether I liked it or no, to read anything and everything which hordes of contributors thrust upon me. I have been buried beneath tons of illegible and impossible verse; I have been overwhelmed with mountains of dull and deadly prose. And I am far from strong!" he remarked pathetically.

"But if I can be of use to you," he continued, in a brisker tone, "command me. I am ready to listen, and to criticize. You wish me to, do you?"

"If you please," replied Mr. Skeggs with a grateful smile.

The editor turned away from the smile, and tapped the desk impatiently with his fingers. "In that case," he said, throwing himself back in his chair, "we can proceed. I am obliged to you for choosing the story rather than the verses. We will take them at the close. No doubt, we shall both be better prepared to take them then at their full value."

The little man looked curiously at him, as though he did not fully understand the remark, but he allowed it to pass unchallenged, and, selecting a paper from the roll he carried, coughed nervously, —and in a thin voice began.

"It was in—"

"Not 'fifty-five on a winter's night?'" said the editor. Then seeing that the author looked confused, he explained: "A popular song, you know. Go on; but,

just a moment," he added, in a voice of extreme languor. "If you could—it jars upon my nerves so—if you could manage to avoid clearing your throat frequently as you read—it would be—you don't mind my mentioning it?"

"Oh, not at all," said the little man, turning red.

"Ah, thank you, go on. May I ask you, though, what sort of a story this is going to be? Is it love, or murder, or what?"

"Well, there's certainly love in it," said the little man, "and there are two murders, now I think of it. Not ghastly ones, of course, but sufficiently thrilling.

"Ah, thanks," said the other faintly. "I am ready."

"It was in the early part of the last century that a young—"

"Not 'horseman'?" asked the editor anxiously—"surely not a 'solitary horseman, who might have been seen?'"

"D—n it, sir, I was not going to mention 'horseman'" cried the other angrily; "it's 'sportsman!'"

"Ah, much better!" said the editor, with a grateful wave of his hand. "Forgive my interruption. It was hasty, I know, but I have such a dread of—go on please!"

"—That a sportsman leaning on his trusty rifle, surveyed, with an anxious eye, the scene of desolation which surrounded him."

"I think it's as well, you know," said the little man, breaking off, "to begin slap in the middle of a thing, like that, it fixes the attention of the reader from the start?"

"Undoubtedly," said the editor. "It is a common practice among modern writers, and Cooper seldom departed from it. You have avoided dates, have you?"

"Absolutely," said the other, "except just to fix the period of the story you know."

"Ah yes. I suppose, by the bye, trusty rifles were in use at the time you speak of, were they?"

"I suppose so," said the little man dubiously. "Oh yes, I should think so," he repeated more confidently.

"All right if you're satisfied," said the other, waving to him gently to proceed.

"If you find that they were not, you can make it a trusty spear, you know, instead. That will carry you safely on from Noah's time, I fancy."

"Now, if you'll allow me to proceed," said the author, and he continued.

"—His loose dress of suntanned buckskin was less fitted to betray the artistic instincts of the wearer than to throw into strong relief against the dull background of red sky, his athletic proportions and robustness of frame."

"I am not quite sure whether the epithet 'loose,'" interrupted the editor at this point, "may not have an undesirable significance as applied to dress. Do you mean that it was not respectable?"

"Certainly not," answered the other.

"But if by 'loose' you mean 'baggy,'" objected the editor, "surely a close fitting tunic would better reveal those splendid proportions, eh?"

"Oh, well, I can easily alter that," said the little man.

"Certainly; nothing easier. I like it extremely. Pray go on."

"A brief description of our hero" resumed the author "may prove interesting to our readers.—"

"But you haven't got any readers," objected the critic.

"No, but I may have," said the little man ruefully.

"My dear sir, you must not take things for granted, especially at the point you have reached in your story. Let us just look into that last sentence. There is a gratifying modesty certainly, in the use of the word 'may'—'may prove interesting'—ha! yes; that implies also that it may not. Quite true. But I do not at all like that assumption of being read. How many works, good works too, in the present day, are never opened, never looked at! No, no, that won't do at all. Forgive me if my remarks wound, but remember that a criticism which is not searching is valueless."

"Of course, I know that!" said the little man meekly. "Thank you very much. But I can't very well scratch that out, can I?"

"How would it do," said the editor—"I offer this merely as a suggestion, mark you—to make it read 'interesting to our possible readers?' How's that?"

"I don't like that much," said the other.

"Don't you? Ah, well, go on," said the editor, with a sigh.

"His mouth," resumed the author—

"Hadn't you better begin with his hair?" asked the other. "It's at the top, you know."

"But it was hidden under his beaver cap!" retorted the little man sharply. "No," he said firmly, "I've begun with his mouth and it's much the best. His mouth was finely chiselled—"

"Ah, there again," said the editor, regretfully. "'Chiselled' is so unfortunate. Doesn't it suggest to you something of a swindle? Some rather sharp horse trade, eh? An infelicitous choice, rather!"

"It certainly suggests nothing of the sort to me," said the other. "'His mouth was a finely chiselled work of art'—"

"H'm! A professional beauty, or a waxwork model?" asked the editor, in a disparaging undertone.

"—Of art," continued the author, "'and the set of his lips, firmly compressed, as he gazed into the distance, denoted a quick sensibility combined with a remarkable decision of character.'"

"You couldn't, by any chance, let him yawn, could you?" asked the editor. "Now I come to think of it, no author has yet introduced his hero to the public in the act of yawning. It might make a hit; it would be novel, you know?"

"But you couldn't begin with a man yawning at a sunset!" exclaimed the other impatiently.

"Why not?" asked the editor, sitting up, and speaking with more animation than he had yet shown. "Why not? This man's life had been passed among such scenes as you have described. Nature's choicest colorings were no revelation to him. He was ennuyé of the whole thing; blasé to the last degree. Listen. 'As he stood there, gazing for the nine hundredth time at sunset number eight, as he cynically termed it, having in his leisure moments developed his observation of sky changes into a numerical and complete classification—as he stood there, an indefinable weariness took possession of him, and, raising his arms aloft, he gave vent to a yawn of

startling magnitude and resonance!' By jove! it's grand!"

"But you don't give 'vent' to a yawn," said the other fretfully.

"Don't you? I do pretty often," replied the editor.

"There's no sound in a yawn!"

"There was in this, though," said the editor smartly; "he was groaning too, you know!"

"Hadn't you better write this story yourself?" inquired the little man, with sarcasm.

"Tut, tut! By no means," said the other; "I merely suggest, my dear fellow. But think over that idea. It's worth it. It reminds me of Ouida at her bravest. Go ahead. Really it's getting most interesting. Is there much more?"

"We've hardly begun," said the author. "You've wasted so much time with your interruptions!"

"Suggestions, dear sir, suggestions! But continue, I beg."

"—Something of the beauty of the sunset was reflected in his face," read the author, "'and his eye glowed as he surveyed the rich purple cloud banks piled in heavy masses, tipped with gold, across the path of the descending orb, and which—"

"You said 'eye'!" remarked the editor, with interest. "Had he but one?"

"Eyes, then," returned the other angrily. "It's just the same!"

"It would make a difference to him. I think?" said the editor argumentatively.

"—Orb, and which contrasted boldly with the deep red ether fading away overhead into richest orange and palest azure."

"Good!" said the editor. "By jove! I like that. But it's pretty old, you know. It's been done before once or twice, has'n't it?"

"Not in the same way I think!" said the little author gravely.

"Ah, well, never mind. Go on."

"Suddenly a frown chased itself across his brow, and he stamped his foot impatiently—"

"Of course, you're quite right about the frown," said the editor airily, while the little man shifted about in his chair, "quite correct. But it has occurred to me before that for a frown to chase itself!

eh? When you come to think of it, it seems a highly ridiculous thing for a frown or anything else to do, doesn't it?"

"If you'll allow me," said the author, with excessive politeness, "we will waive the point."

"By all means," replied the editor. "Where were you?"

"—Stamped his foot impatiently upon the ground. Will Maud never come? he muttered eagerly, scanning the now rapidly darkening horizon. I thought I heard a bell in the distance."

"Ah, a cow?" murmured the editor.

"Sir!"

"A favorite cow, no doubt, gone astray? The bell, you know!"

"Maud is the heroine, sir," cried the little man, his voice trembling.

"Stupid of me!" said the editor. "I thought, of course, the bell—"

"It was the custom for the maids of the village," explained the other, stiffly, "to wear bells about their waists during carnival time."

"Indeed! You surprise me; I never heard of that."

"You never heard perhaps of a good many things, sir!" said the little man with bitterness.

"But I can learn, you know!" said the other.

"This bell, now—ah, no doubt the origin of the expression 'the belle of the village.' Is that possible?"

"I daresay," said the other, listlessly; "I don't know. I will go on if you will permit me."

"Do so," said the editor graciously, producing cigars, and offering one to his visitor, which was, however, refused.

"Is it possible," the author continued, "that she will fail me at the eleventh hour? Is she indeed like all the rest of her kind?"

"His experience was apparently somewhat extensive!" interjected the editor.

"—As fair and false as they?" read on the other. "'But, no, I will not doubt her. That were to do her grave injustice. I have her written promise, and he drew from his wallet a folded note and rapidly perused its contents.'"

"Ah, documentary evidence," said the editor. "Evidently an old hand at the game!"

"I daresay; I don't know," repeated the other as before.

"His eyesight was not so bad," continued the editor. "It must have been getting pretty dark up there. Hard up too, I presume?"

"I beg your pardon?" said the other stupidly.

"He was probably expecting some pecuniary assistance from the lady? Cash, you know?" inquired the editor. "Had her promise to pay?"

"Not that I am aware of," said the little man, with sudden determination, as he folded up his manuscript with a shaking hand, and took up his hat.

"What's up?" asked the editor, emitting a wreath of smoke lazily from his mouth, and watching it curl up to the ceiling. "You're not going, are you?"

"Yes, I am," replied the other in a choking voice. "I have borne with your insulting buffoonery long enough, sir. If I had known to what insolence I should subject myself by coming here—if I had thought that neither my poverty, nor an introduction given by a valued friend, would be sufficient to secure for me the courtesy which one gentleman gives to another, I would—I would—" and the little man looked vacantly around the room, stammered, hesitated, and broke down completely, sobbing on his arm, and saying over and over, half to himself: "It was a cruel thing—a cruel thing!" He was quite unstrung, and his nerves, which had been at a high tension during the interview, could not stand the strain. He sobbed aloud. The editor's nonchalant air had vanished, and he muttered something to himself about "keeping it up too long." He got up, threw away his cigar, and drew a chair round to the other's side, reverting to the simple schoolboy phrases which men employ when most deeply moved.

"Don't do that," he said quietly. "Don't give way. I wouldn't have kept it up if I had thought it was going to knock you over like this. Don't think of it any more. Look here, when I began this nonsense I had a purpose in view; I wanted to get the idea out of your head that you were fitted for journalism. It's better you should know it now, than that you should wear out your heart and soul

trying to force people to read stuff that they don't care a curse for. It's a hard lesson to learn, and some men never learn it but only one man in fifty can write, and the business is done to death at that. There is nothing but starvation in it for you. Be a man. I'll help you; but not in this way, and he pointed to the manuscript which the little man, whose sobs had ceased, but who looked a very forlorn object, was clutching tightly in his hand. "I want that story," went on the editor, "I won't publish it, but I should like to keep it. No, I don't mean keep it to laugh at," he resumed quickly, noting the flush that had risen in the other's face as he half rose from his chair. "This thing shall be a secret between us two," he continued. "Come, there are other things than spoiling paper, and

you'll smile in after years when you think of this scene."

"Never," said the other. "I shall never forget it's humiliation!"

"Bah! I mean that you shall," replied the editor. "I have a place in my mind that you can fill to-morrow, and the pay is enough to live on. Now that's settled. You shall begin work this afternoon, if you wish?" and he took the roll of manuscript from the other's unresisting hand, and laid it on the table.

"Now let's go and have some lunch together, and talk it over," he said simply, "I'm nearly famished."

"I can't," said the little man—"my clothes—I am too shabby—I—" and he stopped.

"Oh d— your clothes," gaily replied the other, "come on."

Sydney Flower.



LIFE AND EXPLORATION WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

BY LIEUT. R. E. PEARY, CIVIL ENGINEER, U.S. NAVY.

*Illustrations from Photos taken by Lieut. Peary.**

THERE probably is no more interesting Arctic locality than that known as the Smith or Whale Sound region of Greenland, comprising that portion of the western coast of North Greenland, included between Melville Bay and Kane Basin.

The interest of the locality depends upon several circumstances. It lies at one of the gateways to the Polar Sea; its westernmost cape is one of the Arctic Pillars of Hercules which stand guard across Smith Sound. It is in reality, an Arctic oasis, its abundance of vegetable and animal life being in striking contrast to the icy wastes of Melville

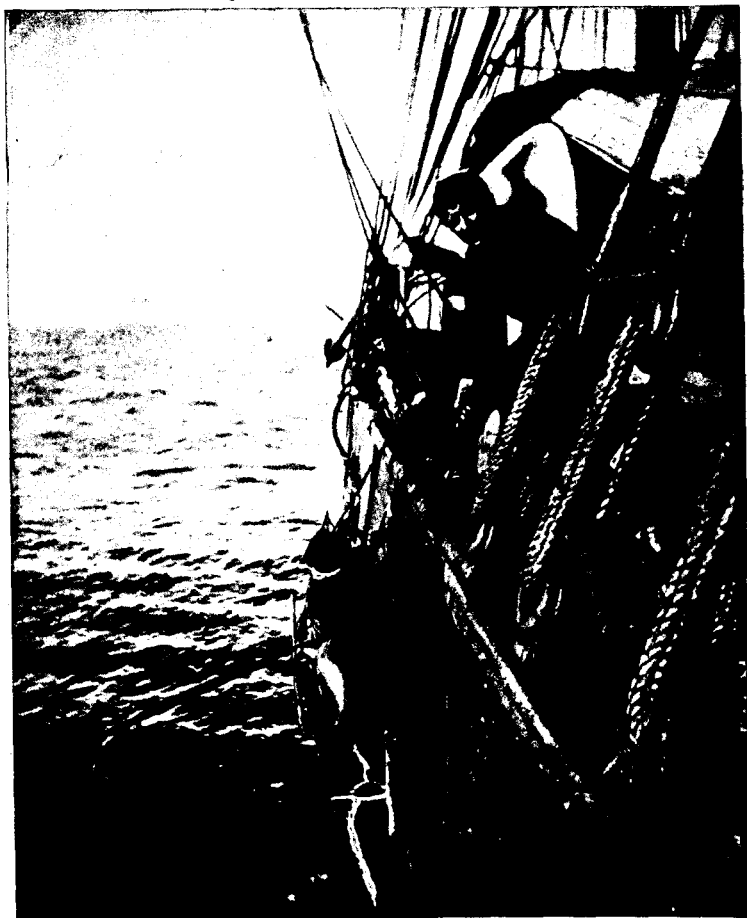
Bay and Kane Basin south and north of it, and to the desolate, barren shores of Ellesmere Land to the westward across Smith Sound. It is one of the earliest known of high Arctic regions, and for the past 100 years has been the principal focus of Arctic effort, no less than six expeditions having wintered within its limits, while almost every ship of all the expeditions which have attempted to solve the secrets of the Arctic regions of the western hemisphere, except the few that have gone north through Behring Straits, has passed along its shores; and, finally, it is the home of a little tribe of Arctic aborigines, the most northerly

* It is but right to state that eleven of the fourteen illustrations accompanying this article are published by the courtesy of the Publishers of *My Arctic Journal*, by Mrs. Peary. [Ed.]

known individuals of the human race, and in many ways the most interesting of aboriginal peoples.

Five years ago I selected this region as the basis of my work of northern exploration, and since that time I have spent something over three years in the midst of its savage, magnificent surroundings, and among its human chil-

air line. It lies 600 miles within the arctic circle, half-way between the confines and the heart of the great polar night, the Arctic circle and the north pole. It is only 235 miles in length from north to south, and a little over 100 miles in width, yet every condition in this region of rapidly assembling meridians is so different from what we are accus-



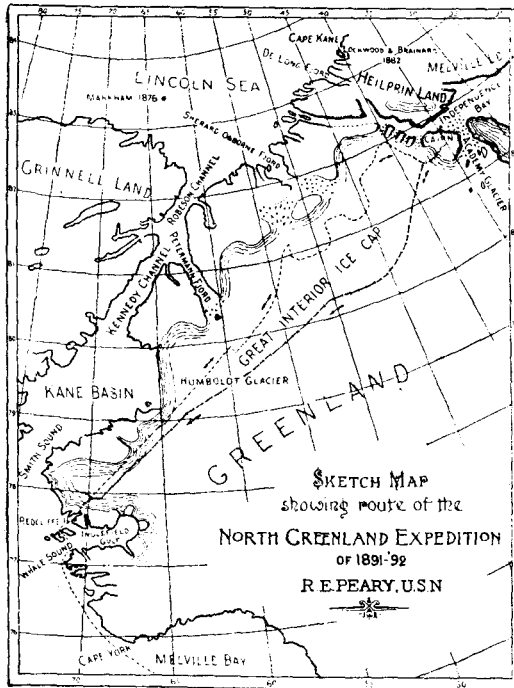
TAKING ON AN ESKIMO PILOT.

dren. The rough yet comfortable houses which have sheltered me and my parties, were both located on the northern shore of the inlet Whale Sound.

The latitude of the southern point of this Arctic oasis is $75^{\circ} 55'$ north, or, to speak in a more popular way, it is located about 3,000 miles from New York City as a steamer would go, or 2,100 miles in an

air line. It lies 600 miles within the arctic circle, half-way between the confines and the heart of the great polar night, the Arctic circle and the north pole. It is only 235 miles in length from north to south, and a little over 100 miles in width, yet every condition in this region of rapidly assembling meridians is so different from what we are accus-

tomed to, that the sun is as long in traversing this short distance as he is in passing from Halifax to New York. The average length of the arctic winter night in this land is about 110 days, and the length of the long summer day about the same; in other words, for 110 days in the summer the sun shines continuously throughout the twenty-four hours



MAP SHOWING DISTRICT BETWEEN MELVILLE BAY AND LINCOLN SEA.

[DOTTED LINE INDICATES LT. PEARY'S JOURNEY ACROSS THE GREAT ICE CAP. ED.]

on the savage grandeur of the country, and in winter for an equal number of days no rays of light, except those from the icy stars and the dead moon, fall on the silent, frozen landscape; while during the intervening periods in spring and fall there is night and day of rapidly varying proportions.

The coast presents characteristics different from those of any portion of the western coast of Greenland to the south. The nearly continuous glacier faces of Melville Bay, broken only here and there by nunataks, as well as the meshwork of narrow fjords and labyrinth of off-lying islands forming the coast from the Devil's Thumb to Cape Farewell, give place here to the bold, continuous lines of the main rock mass of the glacial continent, presenting impregnable ramparts which need no picket line of islands to break the assaults of sea and ice.

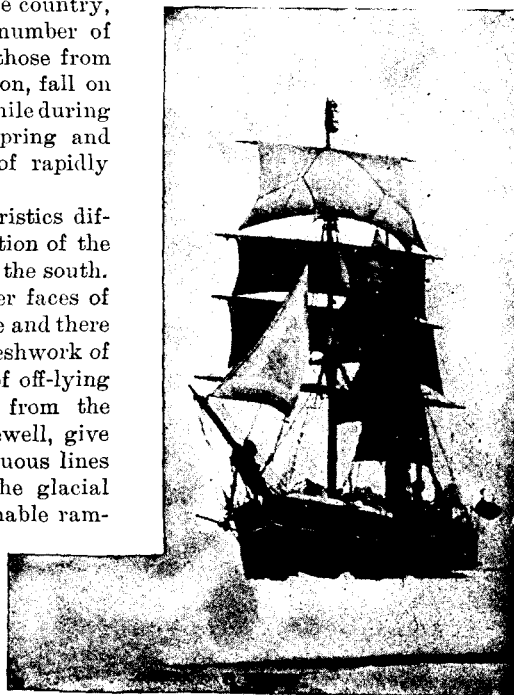
The country is really a double peninsula lying between Melville Bay and Kane Basin on the south

and north respectively, and Smith Sound and the Great Inland Ice on the west and east respectively, and cut nearly in two, near its middle latitude, by the great inlet Whale Sound.

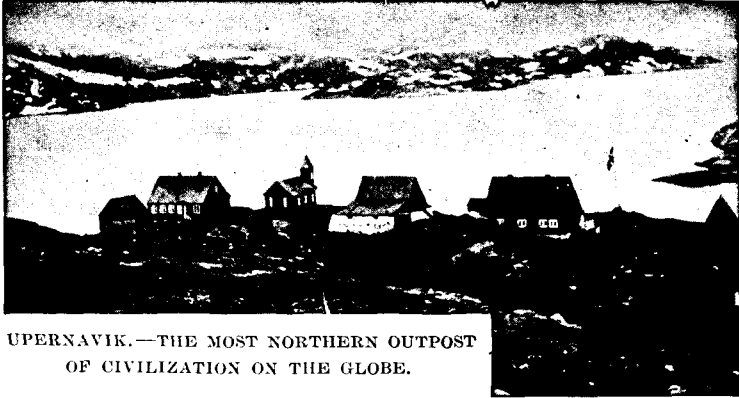
Millions of loons and little auks breed at various points along the shore, and the fertilizing effect of their presence, combined with the natural deep rock coloring, gives to the shore in the summer an unexpected warmth of color.

Whale Sound is one of the largest, most diversified, and most interesting of Arctic inlets. Divided at its mouth into two wide channels by a trio of commanding islands, it extends eastward into the land some sixty miles, presenting almost every phase of Arctic scenery, climate, and life. It is in fact a little Arctic epitome in itself.

This Sound was one of the earliest discovered localities of the



SAILING THROUGH THE PACK.



UPERNAVIK.—THE MOST NORTHERN OUTPOST
OF CIVILIZATION ON THE GLOBE.

Arctic regions of the western hemisphere, Baffin in 1616, having anchored behind "Hakluits Isle," yet its entire extent and features are now known only as a result of my expeditions.

Scattered along the shores of this region, is to be found a little tribe, or perhaps more properly speaking, family of Eskimos, for they number but 257, in all, men, women and children, maintaining their existence in complete isolation and self independence, and under the utmost stress of hostile conditions; without government, without religion, without money or any standard of value, without written language, without property except clothing and weapons; their food, nothing but meat, blood, and blubber, without salt or any substance of vegetable origin; their

clothing the skins of birds and animals; their life a continuous struggle for something to eat, and something with which to clothe themselves; with habits and conditions of life hardly above the animal, they seem at first to be very near the bottom of the scale of civilization, yet closer acquaintance shows them to be quick, intelligent, ingenious, and thoroughly human. They are in fact a race of happy human people. Want of space prevents my going into a description of their habits, customs, ways of living, methods of hunting, etc. Long experience, however, handed down from generation to generation, has taught them to make the most of every one of the few possibilities of their country, in the way of affording them sustenance, clothing, comfort or safety,



AN AUGUST MIDNIGHT IN WHALE SOUND.



PREPARED FOR WINTER.—MY SOUTH WINDOW.

and as a result they are practically independent of the varying moods of their frigid home.

By following closely their methods and using their materials, I and the members of my party gradually became as independent of the cold and savage storms, as the natives themselves. We accompanied them upon their hunting trips for walrus, bear, and deer, sleeping at times in their own houses, or, when none of these were to be found near our halting place, in temporary snow shelters, or even sleeping upon our sledges entirely without shelter. This experience

and the constant careful study of the details of their costumes, and the utilization of the same materials which long experience has taught them to be best adapted to protect them from the cold, enabled us when the time came, to face and live through, the fearful blizzards of the Great Ice Cap, where the wind, utterly unobstructed, and at an elevation of from five to eight thousand feet

above the sea level, sweeps upon the traveller at velocities of from forty to seventy miles an hour, with temperatures all the way down to minus 66° or perhaps even lower.

Naturally a life in a region like this abounds in exciting incidents, even a small part of which it would be impossible to note in the limits of this article.

For fierce animal excitement there is nothing in the Arctic regions to compare with the sport of harpooning the walrus, and the protracted struggle with the herd of the infuriated animals, which almost invariably follows the killing of



BREAKING A TRAIL FOR THE DOGS.



BOURDEIN BAY. (JULY, '95.)

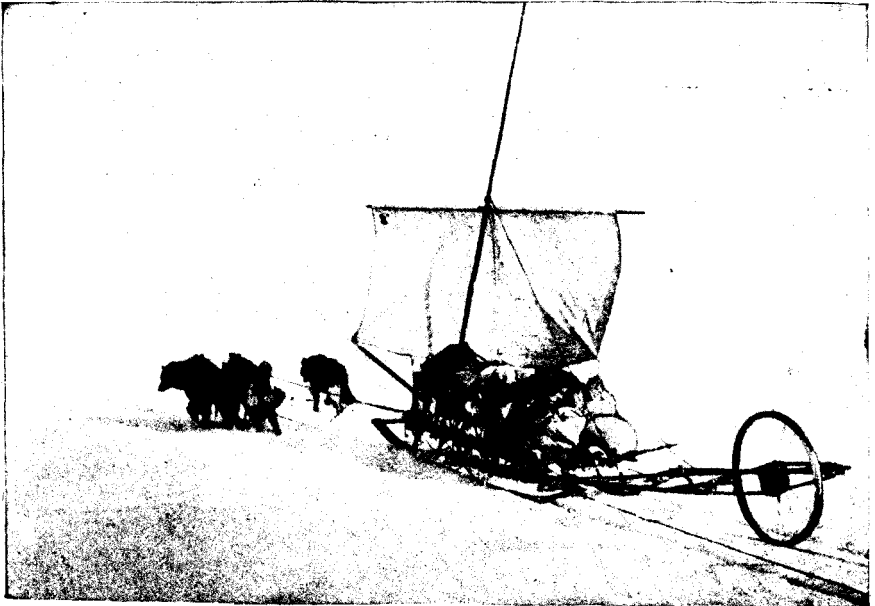
one of their number. Hunting the Polar bear is interesting, but with a team of good dogs, the sport does not give the excitement, or contain the spice of danger of the walrus hunt.

Frequently the combats with the natural conditions of the country itself call for the exhibition of the highest qualities of endurance, courage and perseverance.

I recollect how, in February, 1894, in the dawning twilight of the returning sun, brave young Lee, one of my companions who got lost in a fog upon the surface of the great ice, wandered for two or three days in the savage cold and

semi-darkness, without food and sleep, except for occasional snatches of the latter, which he obtained seated upon the snow, and finally climbing down the ragged, crevassed surface of one of the glaciers, reached the sea level, and slowly struggled home, falling exhausted on the ice-foot in front of the house, where he was seen and brought in. Had it not been for his perfectly adapted fur clothing, this experience would have been his last.

I remember distinctly, too, a spring experience of my own, when travelling upon the rapidly disintegrating sea ice, and being forced out away from the



SAILING ACROSS THE GREAT SNOW DESERT.



ARCTIC MODE OF TRAVEL.

shore by the projecting face of a great glacier, my Eskimo driver and myself struggled for an entire day across the broken cakes and disconnected floes, knowing that a change in the tide or the

wind, would carry us out into the North Water, to starve or drown.

I have vivid recollection also of another winter experience along the same savage black coast. It was in the



THE BEACH AT MCCORMICK BAY.



JOSEPHINE HEADLAND. (AUGUST, '95.)

latter part of December, in the very heart of the great Arctic night. I had been on a visit to Cape York and was now returning to the lodge. We had reached Cape Parry, the great black cliff which forms the southern portal of Whale Sound. For a mile or two off this Cape the Arctic ice driven in by Westerly winds during the previous summer had been frozen into a frightful chaos which, in the darkness that enveloped us, was almost impassable for man or dogs. Just outside of this, along the edge of the still open North Water

was a narrow ribbon of newly formed ice which, although it bent and buckled beneath our weight, presented a smooth surface and consequently was too much of a temptation to resist. Much against my driver's inclinations I directed him to keep the sledge upon this, and drive with all possible speed until we had rounded the rough ice. We were just abreast of the Cape when a sudden roar as of distant thunder came rushing towards us out of the western darkness.

My driver uttered a cry of fear, jumped from the sledge, whirled his



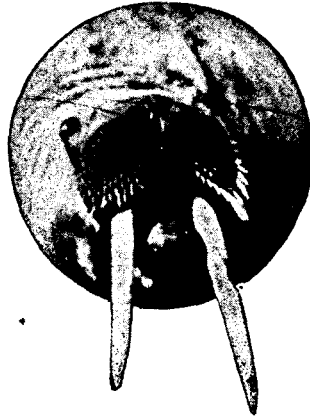
A GROUP OF ESKIMOS.

team towards the edge of the old ice, urged the dogs to their utmost with whip and voice, and with each a hand upon the upstanders, we dashed for the old ice with all possible speed. When but a few yards from it the young ice beneath our feet rose and fell, and as we jumped from it upon the old ice alongside a big berg, the young ice behind us broke into cakes between which the black water spouted in hissing sheets. The heavy ice on which we stood heaved and groaned, while cracks opened through it in every direction, the dogs

crouched at our feet, whining and trembling, and the big berg under which we stood, rocked and swayed till it seemed about to fall upon us. Then the infernal tumult passed on through the darkness towards the savage shore.

A huge berg somewhere out in the North Water had gone to pieces or cap-sized, and the great waves caused by the convulsion had narrowly escaped destroying us. When quiet was restored I looked at my watch; it was an hour past the Winter solstice, the midnight of the Arctic night.

R. E. Peary.



CUBA.

THERE first the blighting foot of Spain was placed,
 There first her crimes began;
 There first her creed in blood-red lines she traced,
 "Cruelty and wrong to man."

To-day—her brow with age and sin deep wrinkled—
 She lingers on thy shore
 Like some foul vulture—beak and claws besprinkled
 Still, hour by hour, with gore!

Reginald Gourlay.

HER TREASURE.

“ COVET her gold ”—no further I got—
 His wrath on my head so swiftly descended—
 A gay fortune-hunter, a miser, a sot,
 Were some of his terms before he had ended.



DRAWN BY FREDERIC W. FALLS.

“ You covet her gold! no man with a heart
 Would do such a thing—not were he a pauper—
 Shall she with you, then, on life's pathway start?
 No, sir, not if counsel of mine will stop her.”

“ I covet her gold, believe me,” I said,
 “ The awful truth will in no way surprise her;
 I covet the gold that grows on her head—
 Once it is mine you may call me a miser.”

Jean Blewett.

THE WORLD OF ARTS

A MASTER OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL.

BY J. W. L. FORSTER.

(Second Paper.)

MONSIEUR BOUGUEREAU is not given to quoting old saws, and there is nothing pedagogic or perfunctory about his manner. Serious always, and very much in earnest, he gives, with noticeable brevity, the salient and cardinal truths which

The same spirit directs the painting of a puzzled school-girl at her "Difficult Sum" as would make immortal "Homer's Guide." The "Birth of Venus," the "World's Medal" picture in 1878, is worth referring to as a triumph in the handling of light. This is the element that be-



FROM THE PAINTING BY W. A. BOUGUEREAU.

"CUPID AND PSYCHE."

safeguard the painter who has the wisdom to make them his own. These simple and emphatic maxims reveal to us the pathway of his own life: his long, strong wrestle with discouragement, the strength of his convictions, his high ideals and his superlative respect for mature and perfect thought.

comes the fair goddess, howsoever viewed, and M. Bouguereau has given us light with a master-touch, and without any trick or cajolery of color.

To say he never repeats himself would be a mistake; for he has repeated this figure of Venus in another composition: and seeing this one repetition is a disap-

* The first Paper appeared in the April number of this publication. [Etc.]



FROM THE PAINTING BY W. A. BOUQUEREAU.

"WHISPERS OF LOVE."

pointment that is just a little irritating. And one *banalité* might be pointed to, where a peeping figure has been allowed to destroy the pure sentiment of a group of nymphs bathing. But we believe these two sins will be forgiven if he keeps his promise never to thus offend again.

and Riches." And so the "Martyr's Triumph," the "Flagellation," "Pieta," "Adoration of the Magi," "Apotheosis of St. Vincent de Paul," and a great many more subjects of a religious spirit, give him a place of eminence in sacred art. "The Mower" and "Harvest Time"



FROM THE PAINTING BY W. A. BOUGUEREAU.

"CHARITY."

Of course, he has not limited his themes to one special line, by any means, as a perusal of the long list of his subjects will show. And if you compel him to submit to the artists' bane, classification, he may be termed a moralist only when he paints such pictures as "Covetousness" and "Hesitation between Love

reveal his interest in the life of the tillers of the fields, a life ennobled in the works of Breton and Dagnan Bouveret. But when he reverts to "Philomela and Procris," "Triumph of Venus," "Youth of Bacchus" and "Voices of Spring"—*voilà son métier*. It is here the perennial spring of mystic and wonderful



FROM THE PAINTING BY W. A. BOUGUEREAU.

"THE LITTLE SCHOLAR."



FROM THE PAINTING BY W. A. BOUQUEREAU.

"CUPID ON THE WATCH."



FROM THE PAINTING BY W. A. BOUGUEREAU.

“INNOCENCE.”

thought bubbles out with a chaste and noiseless joy.

So ever new, so delightfully unguessed is the greeting that meets the constant visitor to his studio in the quiet Rue Notre Dame des Champs. That inspiration does not fatigue the disciplined hand, must be true, for it seems each time you go a new love tumbles from the bower, a film of light or of shadow arches some new curve, or twinkles and melts in a new outlook for the soul of his dreams.

I heard an American lady say to him, "Oh, Mister Bouguereau, you do get so many lovely faces and figures; I'm just delighted with them." And so she rattled on beside the spell-silent canvasses, as though they held only pretty cheeks and knuckles and knees, oblivious of the spirit, the fantasy or the divinity that compete with each other for the fascination of those who stand before them.

His works invite and will bear a deeper study than they receive for the most part; for example take "The Garland," in the Art Gallery in Montreal. An elder sister sees only the wreath of summer flowers she places on her younger sister's head, and feels only the local impulse of it, while the younger recipient seems to look beyond into a future felt for the first time but not understood. No emotion heaves the little breast, such as a conscious possibility or ambition entering the soul would do. It is a mental awakening only, and wonderfully told. Is it possible that we are satisfied to admire Bouguereau's sweetly painted toes and perfect ankle lines and fail to read the marvels of his mind? Referring to his "Whispers of Love," exhibited for the first time in 1889. Happy cherubs

breathe to a maiden's ear those new thoughts that have come from the bower of love, somewhere; an inspiration heaves the frame, that flutters as in the presence of an imposing guest; but the presence is unseen. Expectancy looks out, but the receptive spirit feels a deeper joy, undefined, within; for the great soul that enwraps all nature asks of her a more intimate acquaintance. It is Love's whisper.

I regret to say it is only in the originals the subtle moods can be studied with most pleasure, for the camera, one-eyed and soulless, leaves them unreproduced.

But our space forbids a study of the man as he merits it, or of his pictures as they deserve.

The personal power he wields is very great, as the history of the "Salon" forcibly demonstrates. He wears the highest honors that France can bestow upon her distinguished sons. The influence of his art is of an antiseptic and corrective order: it is healthy and pure. The lesson of his life could scarcely be otherwise. Nothing of the errant, or vagrant, or Bohemian; his courtship of the muse of his song has been constant and not fickle. Fads have been born and grown and shouted and died; contending dynasties of art have clamoured and fought and fallen; fashions have made fools of both critics and magazinites; theorists have cajoled the seers into predicting epoch-making permanency in movements that disappointed ere conviction had time to form; but, like men of kindred greatness, William Adolphe Bouguereau has moved in the midst of all the hubbub unruffled by malice, untainted of envy, like a calm prophet who has had a vision.

J. W. L. Forster.



WHEN VICTORIA WAS YOUNG.

BY GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L.



THIRTY years ago the literary and gossiping public enjoyed a marked sensation. One year before, Napoleon the Third had published his *Life of Julius Cæsar*. The Emperor was not a great writer, but he ruled the destinies of nearly 38,000,000 of Frenchmen, and the hand which wrote his book was Imperial. He dealt, however, with an epoch far removed from our own time, and it remained for English Royalty to enter the lists of modern authorship, and to tell the story which was read with as much zest in the United States as in the British Isles. When it is necessary to interest the ordinary mass of humanity in a tale, it is safe to begin with such words as, "there was once a lovely Princess." The phrase brings us at once to childhood's days, when the young mind revelled in stories of kings, queens, princes, princesses, giants, dwarfs, and, of course, angry dragons. To be particularly informed as to the manner in which royal personages enter this world of ours, how they cry and laugh, cut their teeth, eat and drink and play, whether or not they are, at times, naughty like ordinary plebian children—how their loves and courtships are carried on, etc., etc.,—such information as this ought to invest any book with interest. Albert the Good was the subject of Queen Victoria's *Memoirs*, and the Hon. Charles Grey was her editor. Not a line, however, was admitted until it had passed the British Sovereign's keen supervision. It is said that to-day she edits the *Court Circular*—so dear to the eye of the average Londoner—with the same care and circumspection. Though it is understood that every mother believes, in regard to her first born at least, that "there never was such a child,"

and, though some fond *maters*, and *paters*, too, may be ready to affirm that if the biographical memoirs of their offspring were carried back as far as those of Prince Albert, to the cradle and beyond it, they could produce a record which could compare favorably with the *Royal Memoir*, bearing the sign manual, "Victoria R.," yet no person can deny that Prince Albert, in the cradle, in school, and at college was a very remarkable child, boy and youth, and that if he never got flogged, or caned, it was because he very seldom required to be treated to that *posteriori* mode of "teaching the young idea how to shoot," but was, altogether, such a model and exemplar that when we read his story, and recall our own boyish days, we find that the sad contrast has the effect of suffusing our cheeks with spontaneous blushes.

The prince's family was greatly distinguished in the reformation struggle, on behalf of which one branch of it suffered much. The most interesting of the family notices, however, refers to Prince Albert's mother, the Duchess, (Princess Louise) daughter of Augustus, last reigning duke but one of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg.

A memorandum written by the Queen in 1864, gives an account of their mother and of her melancholy fate. She is described as "very handsome, although very small, fair, and with blue eyes; and Prince Albert is said to have been extremely like her." She was, moreover, full of cleverness and talent. But the marriage was not a happy one. The duke and duchess were separated in 1824, and divorced in 1826, and the duchess died in 1831, in her 52nd year. She is always spoken of with affection and respect, and we are told that "the prince never forgot her, and spoke with much tenderness and favor of his poor mother, and was deeply affected in reading, after his marriage, the accounts of her sad and painful illness." After her death in 1831,

Duke Ernest soon married again ; but of course, under these circumstances, neither the mother nor the step-mother of the two young princes had much control over their education. They experienced, however, no lack of motherly care ; for no less than two grandmothers watched over them from their earliest years, with the most constant anxiety. Their grandmother on their father's side, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg-Saalfield, lived at only a quarter of a mile distance on one side of Coburg, at a villa called Ketschendorff, while Rosenau, the summer residence of the Duke, was but four miles on the other side. On the birth of Prince Albert, she was summoned at once to the bed side of her daughter-in-law, and we find her from there writing to announce the happy event to her own daughter, the Duchess of Kent, in England.

Why the marriage was unhappy, or why the separation took place, in consequence of which the mother never had her children afterwards, we are not told. Indeed, the name of the unhappy lady is seldom mentioned afterwards, though, as above stated, always with respect and affection. It is mentioned that one of the first gifts the prince made to the queen was a little pin he had received from his mother when he was a child, and also, that Princess Louise, the prince and queen's oldest daughter, was named after his grandmother, and resembled her,

The dowager duchess, above mentioned, occupies a prominent place in the narrative. She seems to have been more than a mother to the Princes, Ernest and Albert, and it is from letters to her daughter, the Duchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria, that most of the facts relating to Prince Albert's childhood are gathered. She appears to have been a singularly, affectionate and thoughtful old lady. Her Majesty says of her :—"The queen remembers her dear grandmother perfectly well. She was a most remarkable woman, with a most powerful, energetic, almost masculine mind, accompanied with great tenderness of heart, and extreme love for nature. The prince told the queen that she had wished earnestly that he would marry the queen, and as she died when

her grandchildren (the prince and queen) were only twelve years old, she could have little guessed what a blessing she was preparing, not only for the country, but for the world at large. She was adored by her children, particularly by her sons ; King Leopold being her great favorite. She had fine and most expressive blue eyes, with marked features and long nose, inherited by most of her children and grandchildren."

From the letters of the duchess, we learn precisely when Prince Albert was born—how the nurse, Siebold, had only been called at three, on a certain August morning, and how, at six "the little one gave his first cry in the world, and looked about like a little squirrel with a pair of large black eyes ;" only the eyes afterwards proved to be blue. Madame Siebold here mentioned, had only three months before attended the Duchess of Kent at the birth of the Princess Victoria.

On the 22nd of May, when Prince Albert was barely eight months old, his mother thus describes her children :—"Ernest est bien grand pour son âge, vif et intelligent. Ses grands yeux noirs pétillent d'esprit et de vivacité. . . . Albert est superbe—d'une beauté extraordinaire ; a de grands yeux bleus, une tout petites bouche—im joli nez—et des fossettes à chaque joue—il est grand et vif, et toujours gai. Il a trois dents, et malgré qu'il n'a que huit mois, il commence déjà à marcher."

The grandmother records more than once that Albert is not a strong child, but very beautiful. "Little Alberinchen, with his large blue eyes, and dimpled cheeks, is bewitching, forward, and quick as a weasel. Ernest is not nearly so pretty, only his intelligent brown eyes are very fine ; but he is tall, active and clever for his age." And again : "Albert is very handsome, but too slight for a boy ; lively, very funny, all good nature, and full of mischief." It also appears that the handsome, fragile boy was very subject to attacks of croup—a matter which gave the grandmother concern, when at the age of four years, Albert was removed with his brother from the care of the nurse to whom they had been hitherto entrusted, and handed over to

the tutelage of Herr Florschütz of Coburg. She remarked that he ought not to be taken from his female nurse, who slept with him; that a woman was more wakeful than a man, and that if the prince should be visited in the night with one of the attacks of croup, to which he was subject, his tutor might not discover this until it was too late—a truly womanly and maternal idea. The prince, however, was glad of the change, for we learn that “even as a child, he showed a great dislike to being in the charge of women, and rejoiced instead of sorrowing over the contemplated change.”

This tutor seems to have been a man of rare intellectual endowments, and an adept in imparting instruction; in short, the pupils and their teacher appeared to be equally happy and fortunate in each other. His recollections of the prince, whom he received at such a tender age that he was child enough to be carried up and down stairs, form a very readable part of the Memoir. Their early studies over, the young princes took a voyage through Europe, and in 1836, the first visit to England was made. They were accompanied by their father. A letter records that his first appearance was at a levee of the king's, “which was long and fatiguing, but very interesting.” A drawing-room, a grand dinner, and a brilliant ball at Kensington Palace following—not very much to the prince's delight apparently, for they brought late hours, and he could never keep awake at night. This strange sleepiness was characteristic of his earliest years, and we are informed that “manfully as he strove against it, he never entirely conquered the propensity.”

During their stay in England, the duke and his sons were lodged at Kensington, the present home of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, “and it was on this occasion that the queen saw the prince for the first time. They were both seventeen years old—the queen completing her seventeenth year during the visit, the prince three months later.”

It does not appear that the prince and his cousin Victoria had any idea *at this time*, that their union had been seriously thought of by their grandmother, before

referred to, or the queen's favorite uncle, the King of the Belgians. Such, however, was the case; the notion soon spread, and the sagacious Leopold, to divert attention from it, suggested that the prince should make a tour in Switzerland and the north of Italy. It was not, however, till after the prince's second visit, which occurred in 1839, that anything passed between the queen and her future husband on the subject. In the meantime, William IV. died, and Victoria ascended the throne. The princes were then attending the University of Bonn. From the seat of that hall of learning, Prince Albert wrote to congratulate her on the event in the following terms:—

“Bonn, 26th June, 1837.—My dearest Cousin,—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on that great change which has taken place in your life. Now you are queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven anoint you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task. I hope that your reign may be long, happy and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects. May I pray you to think likewise, sometimes, of your cousins at Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favored them with till now? Be assured that our minds are always with you. I will not be indiscreet and abuse your time. Believe me always,

“Your Majesty's most obedient and faithful subject,

“ALBERT.”

And, on the 30th of July of the same year the prince writes thus to his father:—“Uncle Leopold has written to me a great deal about England, and all that is going on there. United as all parties are, in high praise of the young queen, the more do they seem to manœuvre and intrigue with and against each other. On every side there is nothing but a network of cabals and intrigues, and parties are arranged against each other in the most inexplicable manner.”

The next thing that we hear, is the receipt by the queen of a present from the prince, in the shape of a little book of

views taken, after the fashion of that time, of the places he had visited in Switzerland and Italy. A dried rose des Alpes reached her hand from the Rigi. A scrap of Voltaire's precious handwriting was sent from that philosopher's home at Ferney. "The whole of these," writes Her Majesty, "were placed in a small album, with the dates at which each place was visited, in the prince's handwriting; and this album the queen now considers one of her greatest treasures, and never goes anywhere without it. Nothing had at that time passed between the queen and the prince, but this gift shows that the latter, in the midst of his travels, often thought of his young cousin."

This was in 1838, and we learn that it was probably in the early part of that year that the King (Leopold) in writing to the queen, first mentioned the idea of such a marriage: and this proposal must have been favorably received, for in March, 1838, the King writes to Baron Stockmar, and gives an account of the manner in which Prince Albert had received the communication which,—of course, with the queen's sanction,—he had made to him. His Majesty writes:—

"I have had a long conversation with Albert, and put the whole case honestly and kindly before him. He looks at the question from its most elevated and honorable point of view. He considers that troubles are inseparable from all human positions, and that therefore, if one must be subject to plagues and annoyances, it is better to be so for some great and worthy object than for trifles and miseries. I told him that his great youth would make it necessary to postpone the marriage for a few years. . . I found him very sensible on all these points. But, one thing he observed with truth. 'I am ready,' he said, 'to submit to this delay, if I have only some assurances to go upon. But if, after waiting, perhaps, for three years, I should find that the queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a very ridiculous position, and would, to a certain extent, ruin all the prospects of my future life.'"

Events proceeded quickly, and with them came good fortune to the devoted young lover. The queen received his

offer of marriage without any hesitation, and with every demonstration of kindness and affection. She writes in her journal: "How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made. I told him it *was* a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it." She writes to her uncle: "He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. He seems to have great tact, a very necessary thing in his position. These last few days seemed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I know hardly how to write; but I do feel very happy."

The young people, after this, saw much of each other. They discussed the future pretty much as ordinary mortals did then and do now-a-days. On the 8th of December, 1839, the official declaration of the intended marriage was made at Coburg. The day was exceptionally fine and everything went off well, the joy of the people being very great. The marriage took place on the 10th of February, 1840, at noon, at the Chapel Royal, St. James. The queen wore no diamonds on her head, but a simple wreath of orange blossoms only. Her veil did not cover her face, but hung down on each shoulder. She wore a pair of diamond earrings, a diamond necklace, and the collar of the Order of the Garter. Of course, the ceremony was grand and imposing, and the wedding breakfast at the Palace all that it should be. There was rain in the morning, but before the return of the bridal procession from the church, the sun came out in all its splendour, and queen's weather was the result. The reception the young couple received was most enthusiastic and sincere. Their first child, the Princess Royal, who became the Empress Frederick of Germany and Queen of Prussia, was born on the 21st of November, 1840. The Prince writing to his father, two days after the happy event, says: "Victoria is as well as if nothing had happened. She sleeps well, has a good appetite and is extremely quiet and cheerful. The little

one is very well and very merry. . . . I should certainly have liked better if she had been a son, as would Victoria also; but, at the same time, we must be equally satisfied and thankful as it is. . .

. . . The rejoicing in the public is universal." The christening of the babe took place on the 10th of February, 1841, the first anniversary of the queen's happy marriage. It is of this infant that a London newspaper of the time relates the following incident: "Express from Windsor,—Last evening a most diabolical, and it is to be regretted, successful attempt was made to kiss the Princess Royal. It appears that the

royal babe was taking an airing in the park, reclining in the arms of the principal nurse, and accompanied by several ladies of the court, who were amusing the noble infant by playing rattles, when a man of ferocious appearance emerged from behind some trees, walked deliberately up to the noble group, placed his hands on the nurse, and bent his head over the princess. The Hon. Miss Stanley, guessing the ruffian's intention, earnestly implored him to kiss her instead, in which request she was backed by all the ladies present."

And here we may leave the young queen and her handsome husband.

George Stewart.



AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR OF '70.

BY RAYMUND H. PHILLAMORE, M.D.

I.



It was the eve before the departure of the —th Regiment of Cuirassiers for the German frontier in September, 1870, that a ball was given at a handsome residence, situated in the Rue de Strasbourg, in the gay city of Paris. The ball-room was brilliantly illuminated, and the aroma from a hundred exotics floated through the apartment. The echoes of the last waltz had died away, and sparkling wines were being handed round to the flushed and heated dancers; dainty fans rippled and fluttered in the perfumed air; men in resplendent uniforms, their spurs clanking on a floor

that was brighter than the mirrors on the wall, hurried to and fro carrying some cooling beverage to their weary partners; soft words were whispered into the ear of many a fair damsel, and tender sighs were mingled with burning words that spoke of future glory, and of deeds of heroism that had yet to be written. And in one corner of the room, sitting apart from the rest, was a girl of exquisite beauty. A crown of golden tresses adorned her graceful brow, while her beautiful head was poised on a neck fashioned for the pencil of an artist. Her blue eyes were cast down, and her features—fairer than any of the many beautiful women present—reminded one strongly of some grand conception of the countenance of the Madonna, so perfect were they in form, in symmetry and expression. But at this moment the blue eyes were filled with tears, which Mademoiselle Antoinette vainly endeavored to restrain, and the sweet face was clothed with unspeakable sadness,

A young officer of the Cuirassiers, not much more than a boy, leaned over his companion, and said gently :

"It is sad, I know, *ma bien aimée*, to part ; but France ! our glorious France—the gayest and bravest nation upon earth—calls upon her sons to defend her !"

"But I am afraid of war—it is so dreadful," she replied ; "and you, my dear Henri—suppose—"

"Do not think of it, *ma chérie*, we shall come out of the war covered with glory, though it may be also with scars," he added, smilingly.

"Alas !" murmured the young girl, "I was not thinking of my beloved France, but of you."

"I ?" exclaimed the young officer, with boyish enthusiasm, "Ah, I shall return when the war is over with a medal on my breast, and when you see me again you will weep with joy and not with sorrow."

And saying these words he drew from his pocket a little *souvenir* in the form of two hearts united—the one enclosing a golden curl, the other a lock of his own black hair.

Then he handed the little token to Antoinette :

"After the war," he said, "when we have driven back these impudent and arrogant Prussians, our hearts will be united forever, will they not, my dearest Antoinette ? And on your wedding ring I will have inscribed that quaint old English motto :

'Happy in thee hath God made mee.'"

"My heart will follow you wherever you go," she answered, simply, in a voice quivering with emotion.

"Come, Antoinette !" he cried, cheerfully. "Courage ! courage !—but, hark ! the music has commenced again, and with it our last waltz !"

* * * * *

And now the ball is at an end. The band strikes up the spirited and martial anthem of France, and the gay gathering separates—the men to talk over their future exploits, and to dream of the clash of arms, and of the glories of war, and of the boom of a thousand guns, while the women go sadly and silently back to their apartments to pass the weary hours of the night in prayer and

solitude, and beseeching the great God of Battles to watch over their husbands, their brothers and their lovers in the bloody carnival that is to follow.

II.

The end has almost come. France—gay, proud and haughty France—lies crippled, crushed and conquered at the foot of her triumphant foe. She went forth to battle with her standards unfurled leading a myriad of her valiant sons into the field ; and she returned to her last stronghold wading through a torrent of blood that poured from the veins of her children ; and there, like a wounded Amazon, disrobed, disfigured, and defiant, with Paris as her pedestal, she planted her torn and blood-stained flag upon the tottering turrets of the Capital.

* * * * *

It was night in Paris, and the angry report of the shell, as it hissed and leaped and bounded through the blood-red skies that reflected on all sides the horrors and desolation of war, reached the wards of an improvised hospital. And this hospital was the sumptuous residence situated in the Rue de Strasbourg which was described at the beginning of the story—it was the home of Antoinette. Not a single bed was vacant, the very floors were strewn with the mangled forms of brave men who, rent and torn as they were, cared not for their suffering so long as France was freed from the invader. Happily, many of these noble spirits, which had survived a score of gory fields, passed away before France had drained the very last dregs in her cup of bitterness and sorrow.

And beside one bed knelt a young girl with auburn ringlets, gazing at a dying youth whose head was swathed in bandages, and whose dark curls were still moist with the blood that he had shed for his native land. Her face was set, and her features so rigid that they might have been carved out of marble. And she watched the countenance of the sleeper, and listened for his feeble breath. And when his eyes opened he gazed upon her languidly, longingly, lovingly.

"Ah ! *mon Dieu !* it is Antoinette," he murmured, recognizing his gentle nurse,

"We meet once more in the same room where we parted. But how different is the scene! In place of music our ears are greeted with groans—instead of life we are in the midst of death—instead of glory we find shame and dishonor! And do you remember that night—how I gave you two lovers' hearts? I had hoped to have held yours in my keeping forever—but such was not to be. God bless you, Antoinette!—for my eyes grow dim— . . . Farewell, unhappy France! . . . Farewell to her deep blue skies! . . . Antoinette and France . . . a long and last farewell! . . ."

And Death leaned over and whispered the summons in the young soldier's ear.

Then Antoinette removed the united hearts from her bosom and pinned them to the robe that covered the patriotic breast of her dead lover.

"Let my heart," she sobbed, "be buried in the grave with yours, for even Death himself shall not divide us!"

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And to-day there is a woman in France, with snow-white hair, and a worn face shrouded in melancholy. She is clothed in the sombre garb of a Sister of Mercy, and is patiently awaiting the hour when she shall once more meet the lover of her youth.

Raymund H. Phillamore.



LOVE OF MINE.

THE door of my heart flew open
 One day in my early youth,
 To a gentle, little rapping
 Of the fairy goddess Truth.

And she placed within the threshold
 Her own soul from Heaven above,
 And she bade me guard it gently;
 For she said her soul was Love.

So I kept the little stranger
 Till my youth had passed away,
 Then I found the precious cherub
 Ruling still with monarch's sway.

He had made my life most joyous,
 Beautifying all my youth
 With his gentle, loving leading;
 For the pow'r of Love is Truth.

Annie Marion MacLean.



THE LITERARY KINGDOM

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT's latest novel, "A Lady of Quality," gives us the story of an eighteenth century woman who learns what love and unselfishness mean only after a bitter experience of sin and its punishment. Clorinda is the motherless daughter of a drinking, hunting, English father of the Squire Western type, a brutal, foul-mouthed fellow, who hates his daughters because he has no son, refuses even to see them, and allows Clorinda to be brought up by grooms and servants, until she becomes as passionate, wilful, and foul-mouthed as himself. Discovering this by chance, the father takes a fancy to his daughter, makes her a kind of boon companion, dresses her in boy's clothes, takes her to the hunting-field, and, in short, does all he can to ruin her character. At the age of fifteen she abandons boy's attire and becomes a superb beauty and coquette. Proud of her power over men, she yet falls a victim to a villain, conceals her sin, marries a noble elderly man, to whom she is faithful, and after his death meets an ideal man of her age and learns what true love is. Meanwhile the villain of her early life (who then refused to marry her) pursues her with threats of exposure. In a moment of rage she strikes him with a heavy whip and kills him. She conceals his body in the cellar of her house, marries the man of her choice, and lives a life of repentance, charity and humility. Having thus summarized the story, *The Outlook* says: "The story in itself has strong dramatic possibilities. In its treatment we do not think that Mrs. Burnett is at her best. In reproducing the eighteenth century atmosphere she is not at home.

The unqualified sombreness of the story is not in keeping with the bent of her genius. The characters have not an air of naturalness. The whole tone of the story is too intense not to become strained. The fiction is often stilted, and one feels that there is too much repetition of the superlative in describing the wondrous beauty and power of Clorinda. No one can deny the originality of the plot and the strength of the situations; but from the literary point of view there is exaggeration."

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The Bookman considers the literary aspect of the work as deplorable as the theme of the story, and asserts that had the book come from some unknown source it would not have been noticed by critical readers, as its cloudy intentions and crab-like movement backward as often as forward, would limit its audience to those having more time than taste. "But coming from Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who has written one great novel, several good ones, and one of the most exquisite of juvenile classics—what shall be said? What the work seems to be is plain enough; how to take it is altogether another and more complicated matter. To accept it seriously seems to do the author an injustice, yet to suspect it of being a joke, is to doubt her discretion * * * At all events, no matter what the author may have meant, she has introduced another and fresher young person, who seems likely to direct public attention and public alarm, for a time at least, from the awful Arabella, (*vide, Jude the Obscure*) and in so far we are her debtors."

MR. ELBERT HUBBARD, writing for *The Lotos*, declares that Stephen Crane is a "genius," and says that, if pushed for a definition, he would say that genius is only woman's intuition carried one step farther; that the genius knows because he knows, and if you should ask the genius whence comes this power, he would answer you (if he knew) in the words of Cassius: "My mother gave it me." Mr. Hubbard asserts that every genius has had a splendid mother, and avers that he could name a dozen great men who were ushered into this life under about the following conditions: A finely organized, receptive, aspiring woman is thrown by fate into an unkind environment. She thirsts for knowledge, for music, for beauty, for sympathy, for attainment. She has a heart-hunger that none about her understand, perhaps even her husband does not comprehend. She prays to God, but the heavens are as brass. A child is born to her. This child is heir to all of his mother's spiritual desires, but he develops a man's strength and breaks the fetters that held her fast. The woman's prayer is answered. God heard her, after all. She goes to her long rest soothed only by the thought that she did her work as best she could. But after awhile, far away in the gay courts of great cities, the walls echo the praises of her son, and men say, "Behold a Genius!"

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HAVING defined the psychological endowment of his subject, Mr. Hubbard says: "When in 1891 Stephen Crane wrote a tale called 'Maggie of the Streets,' Mr. Howells read the story, and, after seeing its author, said, 'This man has sprung into life full-armed;' and the expression of Mr. Howells fully covers the case. I can imagine no condition of life that might entangle a man or woman within its meshes that Stephen Crane could not fully comprehend and appreciate. Men are only great as they possess sympathy. Crane knows the human heart through and through, and he sympathizes with its every pulsation. From the beggar's child, searching in ash-barrels for treasure, to the statesman playing at diplomacy with a thought for the ensuing election, Stephen Crane knows

the inmost soul of each and all. Whether he is able to translate it to you or not is quite another question; but in the forty or more short stories and sketches he has written I fail to find a single false note. He neither exaggerates nor comes tardy off. The psychologists tell us that a man can not fully comprehend a condition that he has never experienced. But theosophy explains the transcendent wisdom of genius by saying that in former incarnations the man passed through these experiences. Emerson says: 'We are bathed in an ocean of intelligence, and under right conditions the soul knows all things.' These things may be true, but the essence of Crane's masterly delineation is that he is able to project himself into the condition of others. He does not describe men and women—*he is that man*. He loses his identity, forgets self, abandons his own consciousness, and is for the moment the individual who speaks. And whether this individual is man, woman or child, makes no difference. Sex, age, condition, weigh not in the scale."

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MR. CRANE is in his twenty-fifth year, is blonde and blue-eyed, somewhat under the average height, of slender build, weighing scarcely 130 pounds, and is a fine and reckless horseman. Of his much-read book, "The Red Badge of Courage," Mr. Harold Frederic, in the *New York Times*, says: "If there were in existence any books of a similar character, one could start confidently by saying that it was the best of its kind. But it has no fellows. It is a book outside of all classification. So unlike anything else is it, that the temptation rises to deny that it is a book at all. When one searches for comparisons, they can only be found by culling out selected portions from the trunks of masterpieces, and considering these detached fragments, one by one, with reference to the 'Red Badge,' which is itself a fragment, and yet is complete. Thus one lifts the best battle pictures from Tolstoi's great 'War and Peace,' from Balzac's 'Chouans,' from Hugo's 'Les Misérables,' and the forest fight in '93,' from Prosper Merimee's assault of the redoubt, from Zola's 'La Débâcle,' and 'Attack on the Mill'

(it is strange enough that equivalents in the literature of our own language do not suggest themselves), and studies them side by side with this tremendously effective battle-painting by the unknown youngster. Positively they are cold and ineffectual beside it. The praise may sound exaggerated, but really it is inadequate. These renowned battle descriptions of the big men are made to seem all wrong. The 'Red Badge' impels the feeling that the actual truth about a battle has never been guessed before."

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THE *Saturday Review*, of London, has at last made the discovery that Mr. Crane is not a veteran of the Civil War, and it has, in consequence, very handsomely retracted its dictum that Mr. Crane's work is not that of a literary artist. In its issue of February 15th, it says: "Mr. Crane, who hails from Sullivan County, New York State, is, we have ascertained, still a very young man, about twenty-three years of age. His book was written when he was twenty-one. It was generally, and not unnaturally, supposed to be the work of a man of more than middle age, who had been under fire in the great Civil War in America, and simply recorded the vivid impressions of actual experience. As it now turns out, the book is not a mere example of admirable reporting, of deep impressions accurately registered, but a work of imagination, which, it is not too much to say, bears the hall-mark of real genius. This extraordinary instance of early maturity is another proof of the fact that the imagination can enter into and realize the actualities of life so vividly and deeply as to surpass in realism the records of experience."

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HARRY STILWELL EDWARDS, of Macon, Ga., has won the ten thousand dollar prize offered by the *Chicago Record*, for "Stories of Mystery." The *Chicago Advance* regards this capture of the prize by a southern writer as another proof that the South has come to the front in literature. It notes that in the old slave-states there has sprung up a generation of writers who have charmed the reading public, and, while admitting a variety of explanations

thereof, thinks the chief reason lies in the fact that this generation had its childhood in the most tragic period of the South's history. The *Advance* says: "Mr. Edwards was born in 1855, and in his boyhood felt the full horrors of war. Its devastations swept across his state and around his home. During the bloody battle the dark shaft of Death struck again and again into the household of his kindred and neighbors. And when the war was over, reconstruction in politics and in the labor system of the South made a revolution of life, which in itself, was almost an everyday tragedy. What was true in the case of the Macon author, was equally true respecting other writers who have achieved marked success. To them the tragedy of life was not a sentiment but a reality. It entered into the pulse of their emotions and the fibre of their thoughts. It was ingrained. Hence, when they put their thoughts into the tragedy and pathos of literature, they spoke naturally. The intensity and the tone were not in the massing or manipulation of words and phrases, but from the heart outward. The spirit was in them, and it found words suited to the pathetic strain which was in all voices around them and which had become a part of their own being.

"For the same reason these writers have excelled in the humorous. For humor is often as closely connected with the pathetic in emotion as the red and blue bars of light in a sunbeam. It is nature's suggestion as a relief to sadness, and it borrows much of its possibility and meaning from the tragical.

"Another suggestive feature of the work so successfully performed by these southern authors is the use which they have made of the simpler phrases and elements of life. They have turned to the poor and lowly, to human nature near the ground, close to first principles.

"In such a story as 'The Mountain Europa,' by Mr. Fax, which is almost matchless, the poor girl who unfolds like a lily on the bank of an unnoticed brook is as near nature's simplicity as could well be found. And so of the stories on which Mr. Edwards mounted the literary ladder; such titles as 'De Valley an' de Shadder,' 'Ole Miss an' Sweetheart,'

and the 'Gum-Swamp Debate,' indicate the elements from which they were constructed.

"While it is true that the Southern writers may have been drawn to these fields as pastures not yet tramped down by the literary host in search of subjects, or because in the humbler mood which had come over the South the minds of its authors naturally turned toward the humble aspects of life, yet it must be admitted that the selection has been of that genius-like precision which strikes the center-spot of success.

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It begins to look as though pie will soon be classed among objects of a disturbing, if not distinctly dangerous, nature. We have thrilled to the description of the Mother Goose specialty with its four-and-twenty blackbirds which sang before the king. A hard road has brought us to a knowledge of the printer's variety, and the local color it lends to the composing room. Few households escape that nervous shock occasioned by the master's invidious remarks upon the kind his mother made. And now the good people of Andover, Mass., are writhing under the charge of having had it for breakfast. In one of Matthew Arnold's recently published letters he tells of his visit to Andover, and that the morning after his lecture he breakfasted at eight o'clock with a party of professors and their wives, and had for breakfast "coffee, fruit, potatoes, fish-balls, hashed veal, mince pie, rolls and butter." Andover has read the letter and denounces Mr. Arnold's statement as "a slander more damaging to Andover professors than charges of theological unsoundness and intellectual dishonesty—" It admits the coffee, fruit and rolls, but passionately denies the pie.

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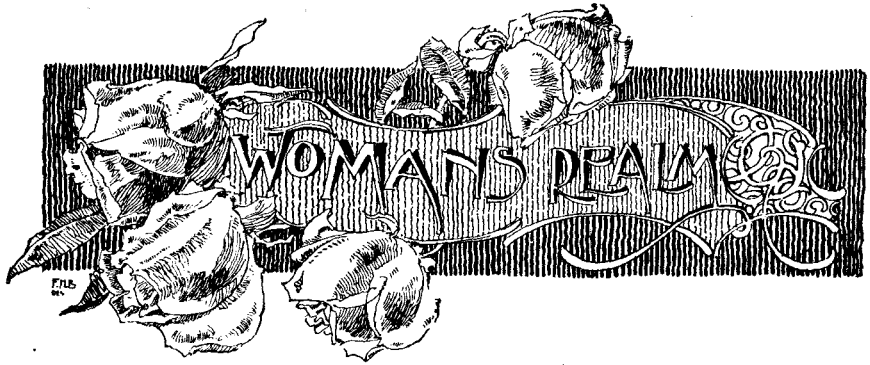
Eden Lost and Won, by Sir J. William Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., is a collection of papers which originally appeared in the *Expositor*, and have recently been published, with some additions and amendments, by the Fleming H. Revell Company, in the form of an attractive book of upwards of two hundred pages. It contains a series of studies of the early history and final des-

tiny of man as taught in nature and revelation. The venerable author of this small volume is known throughout the continent and, indeed, throughout the world as a distinguished Christian scientist, who, during the period of supposed conflict between science and religion, did excellent service for the cause of truth by claiming that there was no necessary antagonism between them. As an eminent geologist, anything Sir William Dawson writes in reference to physical science is entitled to consideration. Hence what he says about the purely scientific features of the early narratives of Genesis, is both interesting and instructive. His protest against agnostic evolution is timely; his discussion of Mosaic miracles is admirable; his treatment of the general agreement of the story of creation with the teaching of geology is worthy of all praise. But the way in which he deals with the literary and theological features of the story of the Creation and Fall of man is not so satisfactory. Critical students of the Bible will probably regard his interpretation of certain passages with some surprise, and they will doubtless regret his want of sympathy with the work of Christian criticism.

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"A Lover in Homespun and Other Stories," by Clifford Smith.

This collection of distinctively Canadian stories takes us from the quaint simplicity and pastoral quiet of the French Provinces to the pushing activity and stirring atmosphere of railroad camps in the far West. In the one we hear the tangled jar of village bells, and watch the budding of plummy lilacs, and scent the sweet, earthy smell of fresh sods banked about the roses, and touch hands with the love that hopeth all things and believeth all things. In the other we start at the shriek of the incoming train, and laugh at the minor miseries of snow-bound travellers, and pale before impending danger, and learn the awful tragedy of quick revenge. As a *raconteur*, Mr. Smith is quite delightful, and the book is in every essential a handy volume, to be taken up between times and dropped at intervals, and will prove an ideal companion on a summer outing.



BY M. I. HOSKIN.

"Come lassies and lads, get leave of your dads,
And away to the May-pole hie!
For every fair has a sweetheart there,
And the fiddler standing by."

SO ran the words of that blithe, enticing invitation of the good old days of Merrie England, when was upraised on the village-green the lofty May-pole, with its gay, flaunting ribbons—a strange relic of heathen worship—around which, in their holiday attire, gaily danced the village folk, while the squire and his dame—she, with a chip hat tied under her dimpled chin, high-heeled shoes, and flowered sacque—looked benevolently on. Here lounged Robin Hood and his merry men in their brave Lincoln green, here coquetted pretty Maid Marion, with shameless openness, there ambled jolly Friar Tuck with melancholy Little John, pausing now to spar with the hobby-horse, now edging away from the fierce dragon which prowls about their midst. There advanced the graceful Morris dancers, swaying lightly over the grass, singing as they come, how "This is it, and that is it, and this is Morris-dancing." And the mild, sweet-scented air of May echoed with the mingled sounds of horns and fiddles, songs and laughter, and all was mirth and confusion. The nut-brown ale flowed in copious draughts, kisses were stolen, whispered vows interchanged, and Cull care was, for the time being, utterly banished. Only the May Queen sat still decorously in her place of honor, crowned with flowers, and looking as "fresh as milk

and roses," acknowledged belle of this "The merriest, maddest day!" once denounced and abolished, by the sad-colored, long-visaged puritans, when, for a time, was silenced the jocund carol, telling how

"Robin Hood, and Little John, they both have gone to the fair, O,
And we will to the merry greenwood to see what they do there, O."

Even the townspeople on this day, went out into the country to revel in

"The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose."

Forgetting, for a time, wealth and station, as they sauntered along the flowering lanes, through the green meadows, plucking here and there a posey, pausing to listen to the song of the mavis and throstle, drinking in the pure air and the calm beauty of the scene, and, at sunset, seeking some thatched and gabled farmhouse, buried deep in white apple and cherry trees, that fluttered down sweet benisons on their heads as they passed to partake of curds and whey in the oak parlor, or out in the pleasant arbor. With nightfall, "they came back, garlanded, and dancing like the rest." Secretary Pepys, on his way to Westminster, saw a group of milkmaids, with pails wreathed with flowers, dancing before a fiddler in the early morn of May, while Nell Gwynn looked on from her doorway—thus, did all observe the day. One of the many beliefs attached to this day was the efficacy of bathing the face in

May-dew, for beautifying purposes. Accordingly, Mrs. Pepys journeys down to Woolwich on the preceding night, that she may "gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which, Mrs. Turner hath taught her, is the only thing in the world to wash the face with." So universal was the belief, that maids would rise before day-break, to be up and out to greet the dawning May, fair harbinger of summer. The "Bloom Month" of the Dutch, the "Flower Month" of the Danes, the "Month of Pleasure," of mediæval France, and the "Month of Happy Days" in Ireland. Everywhere, an excuse for feasting and merry-making. It is therefore of some interest to trace the origin of these jocund festivities, and how they came to be attached to this day in particular. The usual explanation is, that they are but a reminiscence of the "Judi Florales," celebrated in honor of fair Flora, or Chloris, as the Greeks called her, to which were attached many ceremonies and customs, some picturesque in the extreme.

Thus, in Sicily, on the preceding night one might have seen issue from the different dwellings, women, with dishevelled hair, bare feet, and lighted flambeaux, with which they wandered over the hills, seeking like distracted Demder, for her, who once trod upon "Sicilian grass," when "daffodils were fair to see," crying out ever and anon for "Persephone—Persephone!"

Then, the dawn, as in old Jerusalem, was ushered in with the blowing of trumpets, from the hill-tops. Every door-way in Rome was decked with green boughs, and from house to house, they bore in a chair their flower-crowned queen, demanding largess of all. Through the streets of Athens tripped little maidens clad in white, and garlanded with violets, singing hymns in praise of Flora and the sweet springtime, while fair anemones, purple irises, and pure white lillies, dropped, and unheeded, strewed all the ways.

In ancient Rhodes the young man heralded the morn with song, proclaiming lustily through the streets that—

"She has come, she has come!
The swallow that brings spring,
And the fine time of the year!"

Concluding with these suggestive lines—

"Give her some figs, wine, cheese and corn.
The swallow will not disdain them."

Space will not allow us to dilate further, to show how the leaping over bonfires, etc., belonged to the festival of the "Great God Pan," and of many other interesting facts. Very curiously, nowhere in Britain are there to be found, in inherent beliefs and customs, greater traces of the brief Roman Conquest, than on the Isle of Man. We can see this in their celebration of the May-day Fête. Thus, till very lately, the gorse on every hill-side, was set ablaze on the preceding night, wavering and glowing like great torches! At dawn the young men ascended the hills, and, blowing upon their cow-horns, announced the advent of summer! The girls chose a queen, and, decking her with ribbons, primroses, violets and buttercups, visited the various farm-houses, inquiring if anyone wished to buy a "queen's favor," a bit of her ribbon. With the money thus acquired, they afterwards had a feast. So in the Pays de Vaud, in unconscious imitation of the old Romans, their queen was carried about in a chair, by her "Mayences," or English "Mayess," in quest of the usual gifts. Every country-house and cottage in old England, had on this day fastened about their doors, blossoming branches from the despoiled trees! An habitual custom. Later on, there came to be associated the belief that fairies and evil spirits were much abroad on the eve, and mothers made haste to bring their children in early, lest they should be changed or spirited away by the "good people." The manx children strewed primroses over the window-sills, and door-ways to keep out the fairies; and crosses of rowan trigs were nailed up over the stable doors, for witches have a great horror of this wood. Strange, but long prevailing superstition, very probably lingering still in ignorant minds. The pretty May-day Fête, however, has not altogether lapsed into oblivion and neglect. It is observed, at least with regard to the May-queen, in our own country, namely, in the western town of New Westminster. And, we may be sure

that in parts of England, they still in the sweet, old-fashioned way, with each recurring year, "gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay," when

"The honey-suckle round the porch has wov'n
it's wavy bowers,
And by the meadow trenches blow the faint,
sweet cuckoo-flowers;"

with which to celebrate this gladsome day of "new-born May."

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ADELINE, Duchess of Bedford, is a name well known among London philanthropists. There, since her husband's death, she has occupied herself in much and varied charitable work, showing herself untiring in her efforts to seek and to save that which is lost, and wisely and generously distributing her wealth. Endeavoring also by means of her rank and social position to arouse society women to their responsibilities, and the needs of their poorer sisters about their doors; whose sufferings and temptations are too apt to be unheeded or forgotten by them in the constant whirl of duties and gaieties attendant upon town life. For years Her Grace has been a member of the Rescue Society in Plimlico, and the Temperance League, and her efforts will no doubt be productive of much good.

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IN St. Petersburg, of all places, there has lately been opened an institute for the purpose of training women as doctors for every country district, to attend upon women and children only. Every student receives her tuition free, and to those without relatives or homes in the city, board and lodging is also granted. The institution is under the management of a lady superintendent, who is thoroughly conversant in hydro-pathy and mineral waters as well as in medicine; the two first, forming a very especial part of the course.

The rules are as follows: That all students must be Christians and from the ages of twenty to thirty-five. That while in the institute they must wear a uniform, and render implicit obedience to the Directress. That they shall be allowed out only at stated times, and then, with the permission of the Directress.

The scheme seems an admirable one in every way, one that in its organization and benevolence reflects credit upon Russia, and is worthy of imitation. Those who have read Merriman's clever book, "The Sowers," will know how terribly needed such medical aid is, in those plague-stricken villages, where the miserable, down-trodden people, herd together, like cattle, in filthy hovels unfit for human habitation; full of loathsome diseases, caused by poor and insufficient food, neglect and want of sanitation. For, what can would-be philanthropists do, be they never so willing? One shudders as one reads, and wonders how a merciful God can permit such wrong to exist.

And from some forgotten corner in memory's "haunting realm," there came those powerful words of Carlyle, with such force, that it almost seemed as if he must have had this people in his mind, when he exclaimed with such pitying indignation: "Oh, ye poor, naked wretches! And this, then, is your inarticulate cry to Heaven, as of a poor, dumb, tortured *animal*"—note how expressive, how descriptive that word is with reference to this people—"crying from the uttermost depths of pain and debasement." And surely, as he said, though in a different manner, their cry of abject misery has been heard beyond those "dead crystalline vaults," and an answer at last is coming, in the form of this institute, to alleviate their bodily sufferings, and to elevate their mental and moral state from that slough of degradation and animalism, in which they wallow. That is, if it proves to be all that it now promises on the surface. When one thinks of all the good that these women-doctors may do in the near future, a regenerate, a broad-minded Russia does not seem an impossibility as heretofore. May not this charitable organization be the first step in the right direction, the thin edge of the wedge for better things? It really looks extremely like it, so let us be optimistic, and believe that it is; and wish, with the Russian peasant, *Na Bogou*, that is, "God-speed," to the St. Petersburg women-doctors.

I CANNOT resist the temptation to give this description of a young Mahommedan beauty, as told by an English lady; it is of such true Oriental gorgeousness and magnificence. She was met at the head of the stairs by a charming, dazzling vision with smiling lips, sparkling eyes, and a skin like a rose-leaf; on her head was a fez ornamented with six diamond butterflies and a spray of brilliants, the centre one being the size of a hazelnut. Thro' her long, floating hair were twisted strands of pearls, jewelled pendant rings dangled from her tiny ears, seven rows of magnificent pearls and a necklet of gold coins encircled her slender throat, diamond bracelets gleamed and glittered with every movement of the uncovered arms, a spray of brilliants clasped the rose-silk bodice, and real antique sequins strewed the violet velvet belt, below which came trousers of rose-silk trimmed with beautiful silk lace. And all this costly splendor this young girl wore with the utmost ease and absence of self-consciousness, that few of us could attain to, playing the hostess with the prettiest manner and animation, as befitted the only daughter of a wealthy widower, who, as such, was accustomed to attention and admiration, and to greater freedom than is generally granted to Moslem women.

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In the eyes of law husband and wife become by marriage one person, the man being, however, responsible for "all legal and equitable rights and liabilities which either of them acquires or incurs." The very being or legal existence of the wife was by common law suspended, or at least incorporated and consolidated into that of the husband, under whose guidance and will she performed everything. Modern times have, however, introduced exceptions. These do not seem to have met with the approval of a legal light, who in 1827 published a work on "Husband and Wife," in the which he descants unfavorably on the departure from the old rule, and "the inconveniences, to say the least, that have been felt

by a departure from it." What would his feelings and language be, could he see the changes that have taken place in marital rights to-day, and the consequent greater freedom and privileges of the wife? Since 1827, the changes in the status of the married woman, with regard to her control over her property, are from a man's standpoint revolutionary—though as late as 1873, a judge of the old school of thought, refused to allow a woman to claim her own furniture, which was retained by her husband, whom she had left on her own accord. He remarked thus on the Act which said "that a married woman shall hold her own property free from her husband's control or disposition." "I fear the result of this may be to deprive her of the benefit of his advice and protection, while relieving her property from his control, and may expose her to the contrivances of designing persons who may persuade her to make bargains and dispositions of her property, highly prejudicial to the joint interests of herself and husband." He had, evidently, not a high opinion of woman's ability or shrewdness. She has, we believe, now complete control over her property, and may if she so desire, refuse to maintain her husband, should she be the wage-earner as is frequently the case; but this, he may not do. So that in many ways woman to-day is much more fortunate and better-off than were her feminine ancestors, who, with marriage, lost all control of their fortunes and property, and voice even in the disposition of it. The money became irrevocably his, to do what he pleased with. To him she was responsible for what money she expended, and she, who formerly may have been an heiress, must now be content with whatever of her income he might be pleased to give her. He had the willing of it, and retained it even if a separation eventually took place. Can we not see how galling and unjust this must have been, especially if the husband proved a dissipated or a miserly man? But "*nous avons changé tout cela.*"



BY EDWARD FARRER.

THE notion that the Province of Quebec is behind the age in agriculture is not well-founded. Of course, under the seignorial tenure there was no great progress. Every farmer was a *routinier*; the routine consisted of taking all he could out of the soil and returning nothing. The land was supposed to be capable of growing wheat year after year for an indefinite period; manure was dumped upon the ice in winter and carried away at the *débâcle* in spring; rotation was unknown; potatoes were the only roots grown, and they only for the settler's use. When the wheat crop failed there was considerable suffering. The harvest of 1815 seems to have been the worst ever known since the transfer to England. In the districts of Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal only thirteen parishes had food to spare; forty had barely enough for food and seed; twenty-four were pinched, and twenty-seven were on the brink of starvation. An August frost killed the grain and potatoes. In 1827 mildew appeared, and other scourges in 1828 and 1840. Dr. Hubert La Rue, Professor of Chemistry at Laval, and an interesting writer on general subjects, was one of the first to advocate reform. In a paper published thirty years ago, he observed that the emigration of French Canadians to the States was due in great part to "our eminently vicious system of agriculture," and gave some account of his efforts to propagate a knowledge of modern methods among

pupils intended for the church. Of late the clergy have taken hold of the matter with extraordinary energy. They perceive that the only way to keep the farming population at home is to teach it how to make farming pay under existing conditions.

Father Lacasse, the famous Oblat, has particularly distinguished himself in this field. He was hurt when at College, and is slightly crippled, but that has not hindered him from traversing the Province from end to end on foot, or from writing books and delivering innumerable addresses on the new agriculture and the kindred subject of colonization. A number of *missionnaires agricoles*—clerics with a knowledge of agricultural science—have been appointed to lecture; agricultural societies and farmers' clubs have been established; the Trappists at Oka conduct a school of agriculture and model farm, and there are other schools in L'Assomption, Compton and Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, with a laboratory at St. Hyacinthe, and dairy schools elsewhere. All these institutions are aided by the Provincial Government, which publishes the *Journal d' Agriculture*, and helps in other ways through the Council of Agriculture and its departmental officers. At the end of last year there were 60 agricultural societies in the Province and 520 *cercles*, or farmers' clubs, with 60,000 members. Each club member pays a yearly subscription of a dollar. In return he gets a dollar's worth of clover seed, or something of

that sort, in the spring, has access to the library and the lectures, gets a free copy of the *Journal*, and is allowed to compete for prizes given for the encouragement of new methods. The provincial treasury spends a good deal of money on these various agencies. It gives a bounty on exported butter, but, as a rule, bounty-giving does not pan out well in Quebec, or anywhere else.

Nevertheless, the *routinier* dies hard. He will have it that his ancestors knew all about farming, and makes the most of any blunder committed by the moderns. They have made one or two. Some years ago the Government and some private capitalists undertook to transform Quebec into a sugar-beet country. As every one knows, the First Napoleon established that industry in France, so that the promoters in Quebec were able to appeal to sentiment. But the soil and climate in Quebec are not as propitious as in France, and in a few years the scheme fell through, although every now and then a Frenchman turns up with the announcement that he is going to revive it, provided he gets the necessary encouragement from the Provincial and Dominion Governments. The hard times, however, are gradually opening the eyes of the *routinier* to the fact that if he does not change his methods he must go to the wall. By an effort, he has abandoned the primitive Norman plough for a modern one and the old-fashioned scythe for a mower; but this, I fancy, is as far as he will go even for Father Lacasse. The younger men—the non-Bourbons, as they have been called—have made surprising progress. At the close of 1895 there were 1,500 cheese factories in the Province, with about 300 butter factories. Pork-raising has become quite an industry, and the Breeders' Society, of which Mr. Barnard is President, is doing something to improve cattle, horses and sheep.

The other day there was a convention at St. Hyacinthe of the members of all the farmers' clubs in that diocese. Excursion trains brought many farmers from Nicolet and other places. After church, where the bishop presided, choice seed grain, which he had blessed, was distributed, and all hands adjourned to

the market hall to hear the addresses. Farmers' wives and daughters were present in force. Every one went home a little wiser than he came. Ensilage, roots, the necessity of careful account-keeping by the farmer, the improvement of stock, dairying, etc., are the topics usually discussed at these gatherings. All are more or less managed by the clergy; in many cases the *curé* is president of the local club. I mention this to show that the work is in good hands and that the clergy are doing their utmost to check the exodus, which they liken to a plague. When the *curé* learns that some of his parishioners are preparing to go to the States, he communicates with the colonization agents and an effort is made to persuade them to move to Lake Temiscamingue, Lake St. John, or some other new region in Canada.

It is said there are two things which cannot be improved, the French-Canadian cow and the small broad-leaved, French-Canadian tobacco plant. Both have, so to speak, been evolved. The French-Canadian cow is a good milker, subsists on rough fare and is singularly free from disease. Mr. Couture, a good authority, maintains that it is better adapted to Quebec than the Ayrshire, Jersey or Holstein. Tobacco of the home variety is hardier than Havana and escapes the frost; a well-cultivated acre yields 1,500 pounds, worth ten cents a pound; the trouble is that smokers in the English provinces do not care for it. A large area is now devoted to raising hay for export. Last year there was a fine crop and immense quantities were shipped to Ontario and the United States. The flat district between Montreal and Rouse's Point is almost entirely given over to hay, and in the fall it is a sight to see whole train-loads of it being despatched from the Grand Trunk stations for New York and New England. It is a paying crop but the soil cannot stand it very long. The early settlers in New France had fine orchards, Brittany, whence many of them came, being a great apple country. But in course of time apple-growing began to be neglected, especially in the parishes on the south shore below the city of Quebec. In recent years, however, the farmers have

taken it up again. The Trappists are teaching them how to make table wines; those interested in the subject will find a paper by the monks in Rolland's *Almanach des Cercles Agricoles* for 1896.

In the Eastern Townships and Huntingdon, the English-speaking farmers are as far advanced as any in Ontario. Without doubt, as Mr. Sellar says in his history of Huntingdon, they have taught their French-Canadian neighbors a good deal.

The changes in agriculture have affected the tithe. The tithe in New France was originally one-thirteenth, then one-twentieth, then one-twenty-sixth of the yield of cereals. In the days of bumper crops and high prices the *curé* with his four bushels in every 104 had enough for his modest wants. But of late, owing to the abandonment of cereals, he has in many places had hard work to make both ends meet. In some dioceses the bishops have levied a tithe on hay; in others the farmers have paid in cash like people in the towns and villages. The parish of St. Constant has recently asked the archbishop of Montreal to make the cash tithe universal in that diocese, in other words to fix a regular stipend for the *curé*. The majority of the people object to a cash stipend; they do not begrudge it perhaps, but it is an innovation. The clergy themselves would prefer to be paid in produce; they say it would identify them more closely with their flocks; if the farmers did well they would share their good fortune, if poorly they would suffer with them. It will be necessary, of course, if the tithe is to be paid in produce, to select other articles than cereals and peas or even hay. Away back in 1664, when Laval was regulating the tithe anew, somebody started the story that he was going to tax eggs, cabbage, cord-wood and "all sorts of manufactures," to which he replied that by the law and custom of the

church the tithe was collectable only on products of the soil. But it will not be easy to arrange a tithe on cheese, if cheese be a product of the soil, or on butter, silos or butcher's cattle, and the chances are that a cash stipend will be adopted ultimately as most convenient to all concerned.

To realize the progress Quebec has made, one has only to read the accounts given of farming fifty or sixty years ago in Mr. Sellar's book or by French-Canadian writers. The *habitant* erected a rail-fence through the centre of his narrow lot; "one half he cropped for two years, then he left it and cropped the other for the same period; on the half that was not ploughed he pastured his cattle, but as he did not seed it—grass and clover being utterly unknown to him—the unfortunate animals got a sorry bite the first year, and needed all the range of half the clearance, upon which weeds were encouraged to grow to supplement the thin fringe of grass." Wheat was the only produce the farmer had to sell, but he raised peas, potatoes and buckwheat for his own use. He "regarded the fields of potatoes and turnips, hay and oats of the Scotch stranger with amused wonderment." Pork was imported from the United States and Ireland. Not one in twenty of the cattle killed by Montreal butchers came from Canadian farms. It was wheat, wheat, wheat, till the soil refused to grow it; then the farmer drifted upon another lot to begin the process over again, or, if too much in debt, slipped away to the States. As has been said, the *routinier*, guilty of this kind of farming is not yet extinct. But the mass of farmers now know better and, despite low prices and natural drawbacks, amongst which the long winter stands first, are pursuing the new agriculture with very considerable success.

Edward Farrer.



Our Silhouette Gallery of Notables.



J.W. Burroughs

FOUR POLITICIANS—WHO ARE THEY ?

CURRENT COMMENT

**EAGER FOR
ACTIVE SERVICE**

HURRAH for the Eighth Hussars! Immediately upon the announcement of the British Egyptian Expedition up the Nile, an offer was received at the Imperial Foreign Office in London from the Eighth Canadian Hussars, of St. John, New Brunswick, to furnish help in the Soudan. This offer has called forth expressions of warm appreciation from the British Ministers. The Dominion certainly feels itself a part of the world's greatest Empire. Who is it that says the Canadians are not loyal to old England? Patriotism is a tree that grows well when watered by the snows of this north country. The Allan Steamship Company agreed to have the *Parisian* ready April 18th, to carry the regiment across the Atlantic. These are the men who volunteered to go to the relief of Gordon. But disappointment is again their lot. The War Office has replied that the troops necessary for the present needs in Egypt have already been provided. The military experts, moreover, explain that the ordinary cavalry, unused to the conditions in Egypt, would be of little avail. Transportation was another obstacle. But the chance of the Eighth Canadian Hussars is coming. And when it does come, let a goodly number of the enemy tremble—for the boys of the Eighth will be like lions held back and finally let loose. All Canada feels proud of this regiment. Again, cheer for them: Hurrah for the Eighth Canadian Hussars! And a tiger!

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**ANNEXATION
AGAIN**

THEY are not all dead yet. A few weeks ago a telegram was received from Windsor saying that the Independence of Canada party is to get encouragement from Americans in New York. Mr. C. W. Gauthier, one of the party's agitators, had returned to Windsor after a week's absence in Toronto. We did not know

he was here. Mr. P. Beneteau, a distiller, who is said to be a leading "spirit" of the so-called Independence party, was in New York during the same seven days. But this was kept a profound secret. It is not likely that any difficulty was experienced in the effort. Mr. Gauthier now has on hand a quantity of literature favoring the political union of Canada and the United States. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gauthier obtained this paper at a low figure; because otherwise, owing to the demand being somewhat limited, Mr. G. may find that he has an elephant on his hands. However, if he does not keep the "literature" too long he may possibly be able to get half a cent a pound for it by careful placing. It may be remarked to the capitalists in New York, who are said to be interested in the independence of Canada, on the one condition that annexation be the ultimate result, that not only are the tactics amusingly puerile, but the names of the two gentlemen mentioned are utterly unknown to the people of Canada. There is no demand here for either independence or annexation. England is good enough for us.

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**HONOR IN HER
OWN COUNTRY**

PARIS has a new sensation! When was there a year that it hadn't? The vivacious spirits of the great French metropolis constantly demand some novelty to excite themselves about. This time their desire is realized in the shape of a very comely young prophetsess—who, if cabled descriptions are to be believed, is a girl of exceptional beauty, possessing the fascinations of a siren and the virtues of a seraph.

Paradise street was Mlle. Conesdon's appropriate address until recently. So great were the surging mobs of the superstitious and inquisitive—doctors, psychologists, artisans, priests, tradesmen—it is not recorded that any lawyers

are among her followers—that the heavenly thoroughfare, in name, was completely blocked. Consequently the police ordered the prophetess to remove to other quarters. The girl is the daughter of a prosperous Breton family. In appearance she is described as a brunette, of rare personal charms—fine features, roseate complexion, large lustrous dark eyes, figure superb. No wonder that such a Venus has many disciples.

Mlle. Conesdon modestly proclaims herself the mouthpiece of the angel Gabriel, uttering terrible forebodings to France and the world. For one of so few years she certainly is very wise. She has evidently made a careful study of the profession upon which she has entered. Her predictions are mostly general. Minute particulars would probably be beneath her oracular dignity. She prophesies that there shall be wars and rumors of wars. Now, it so happens that so far as both mythology and history go to show, there has never yet been a year since the world began when there were not either wars or rumors of wars. Such statements are quite safe for any one conducting the business of a prophet. So long as the mouthpiece confines herself to these general indications of future occurrences, she runs no risk of injuring her professional reputation. It is possible, however, that the Associated Press may prefer a charge of plagiarism against Mademoiselle, for the newspapers have been fairly faithful for over a decade in keeping us well informed of the fact that there is a large-sized hen on in Europe that is likely to hatch out several little international complications which will have a tendency to result in a revised version of the geography.

But what is to be done? Keep on grinding corn or making gunpowder—whichever is your profitable vocation. There shall be prophets and sensations, but they shall not amount to much. As to the predictions—wait. Meanwhile the world wags on.

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AFTER IT
ALL IS OVER

A FEW months ago, nearly everyone has forgotten just when, a daughter of one of

the Vanderbilts was about to be married. The family engaged special dressmakers, milliners, shoemakers, gardeners and two hustling press agents. For a short time considerable space in many newspapers was devoted to giving minute details in regard to the preparations for the occurrence. The space was generally preferred, at top of column, headings well displayed, all lines leaded, next to pure reading matter. It is impossible at present to quote rates—they vary according to paper and alleged circulation. However, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are now ensconced at Blenheim, having returned from their honeymoon. It is reported that the arrival at Woodstock, for which preparations had also been made, was marked by demonstrations of enthusiasm on the part of the townspeople, villagers, tenantry—and stockholders in the N. Y. C., and H. R. R. R. In addition to fireworks and illuminations in the evening, bunting was displayed, arches erected, bouquets presented, toasts drunk and addresses of welcome read. The young Duke replied in an extempore speech from notes on a piece of paper which he had concealed inside his hat. Both are doubtless quite satisfied, the Duke has lots of money and Miss Vanderbilt has a title. And money and titles always result in perfect bliss.

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AN
EXCEPTION

A MARRIAGE that was very notable from one point of view took place a few weeks ago in New York city. Ex-President Harrison was married to Mrs. Mary Lord Dimmick in the presence of twenty people at St. Thomas' church, which was decorated with lilacs and ascension lilies by the bride herself. The ceremony was one of simplicity and dignity. The lack of ostentation appears the more remarkable when it is remembered that the social position, wealth and popularity of the famous ex-President would have rendered it possible to have made the nuptials the occasion for one of the largest and most splendid pageants ever presented to view in America. But both bride and groom chose otherwise. Excellent taste was involved in the decision.

HOW
FAR ?

APRIL betrothals is on the way to becoming quite as current a phrase as April showers. The number of engagements referred to during the past month, both by cable and telegraph, as either announced or pending is exceptionally large. For some time it was understood that the interests which led to the consummation of royal marriages were for the most part political. But of late years these have been overcome. To-day the reasons are frequently financial. Seemingly the old order has passed away. Birth has ceased to be a bar—or a qualification. Ancestry is not the determining factor. "Attachments" are based on other considerations. The circle of eligibility, so far as some erratic rather than typical members of the nobility of several nations are concerned, has for a couple of centuries included beautiful prima donnas and very carnal music hall singers. But royalty has succeeded until recently in being strongly conservative—rarely, indeed, actually marrying any woman whose blood was not of the required shade of blue. However, it seems that even royalty has taken down a rail or two from its fence. Now every European or American girl with sufficient financial backing has a chance of becoming a princess or a queen. But there is another aspect to this question. It immediately appears that the present circumstances offer most fascinating opportunities to ambitious mothers and temporarily weak fathers. A certain inference may be drawn from the fact that parental instead of natural selection prevails among all semi-babbarous peoples. In some highly civilized countries, nevertheless, custom places the arrangement of children's marriages in the hands of the parents. The assertion has been made though, and no adequate refutation has been advanced, that this system results in much conjugal infelicity and other difficulties. There has been an unwritten law in English speaking countries, especially in Canada and the United States, that a son may be left to take care of himself in this regard, and that even a daughter, dutiful and obedient in all else, reserves the right to dispose of her own heart. Coronets and

sceptres are not to be sneezed at, but there is undoubtedly room for debate as to how far the will of a mother or father should be a law unto their offspring. Millionaires have the right to bestow their dollars as they please, but not their daughters. A title may be taken in exchange for a fortune. That is barter—and a good business transaction, provided one party manages to get the better of the other. But a woman cannot be given, in marriage or any other way, for anything of that kind. If American girls permit themselves to be purchased by the highest European bidder, they must expect to lose the respect of a large number of people, whose good opinion is well worth possessing and retaining—for the reason that it embodies the moral sentiment of the Christian world. Marriage is justified by love, not by the muttering of a formula. No doubt the exodus will soon decrease. It will perhaps, be a step in the direction of reform when the thing is called by its real name. The glitter may be expected to disappear gradually as the truth leaks out. More wholesome ideas in regard to matrimony should prevail on this continent. There are thousands of men engaged here in industrial and mercantile life whose names, without any prefix whatever, stand at once for ability and nobility.

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AFTER MANY
WOES

At last we have got out of the clutches of winter. It has been the severest winter that many of us have come through since our arrival on this terrestrial ball. We have reached, so to speak, the first base of spring—and May is at the bat. There seems to be every prospect for a good home run. It makes a man feel like appointing himself umpire of the weather and shouting: Safe! Having reached the point from which its operations begin, the game of summer will doubtless prove healthful, exciting and warm to both players and onlookers. The usual speculations will be made on the supposed tips given by blossoms and sprouts. And all kinds of money will be carried to the bank by those who labor and foresee.

A MAY-DAY FANCY.

DEEP in a light-shunned hollow,
The last of the snow-drifts lay,
Covering before spring's van-
guard,
Aghast at the voice of May.

Many a golden arrow,
Shot swift from the Sun-god's bow,
Had pierced its crystal target,
And lodged in its breast of snow.

Sullied the perfect whiteness,
All shrivelled the rounded form,
Wasting before the zephyr,
It longs for the wintry storm.

Clods of brown earth around it,
Above it a mist of green ;
Grey rocks of jutting limestone,
Swept bare of their leafy screen.

Sounds of the snow-wraith wailing,
" Would that my shroud might be
A film of feathery snowflakes,
Blown soft from yon wind-shorn lea."

Faintly the piteous pleading
Rose sobbing up the height,
To a bank of fragile bloodroots
In the sun-gleams' shimmering white.

Then, fluttering past the moss-beds,
A shower of living snow
Fell on the sullied snow-drift
In the light-shunned dell below.

The snow-wraith ceased her wailing,
But next morn the petals lay
Dead in a flood of sunshine—
'Twas the birthday of the May.
M. E. Richardson.

THE GALE.

THE wind came down on the waves
A midnight breath, [that drew
O, the wind came down, and as he
[flew
He laughed within himself and knew
The end was death!

Out darted his long, cruel arms,
Persuading sore,
He roughly kissed as the snake that
[charms,
And wakened all the wild alarms
Of sea and shore.

He whispered, hissing : " See delight,
Not far, not far !"
O, the sad waves shuddered that mid-
[night,
And shrieked and moaned at the sudden
Of the hidden bar. [might

Shrilled there a voice above the lash?
The bitter mock?
Woe! for the waves they flee and flash
In the flood of the moon till they die and
[crash
On the birth-blind rock!

G. Herbert Clarke.

INSIGHT.

IF, in the midmost silence of the night,
My soul might rise and stand beside the bed,
And look upon the low unconscious head,
And scan the form laid open to its sight,
And think some mysteries might flood with light,
And life's strange things unfold their hidden page,
So that my soul, returning to its cage,
Might know the laws and bounds that bar its flight.

For, gazing through the sightless lids of sleep,
Could it but learn its subtle bond with sense,
The knowledge might explain their endless strife,
And bring fresh weapons for the soul's defence,
And turn the keys of fleshly form that keep
The cells of thought, the secret springs of life.

Frank L. Pollock.