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ROSE-BELFORD'S  
CANADIAN MONTHLY  
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

*In Memoriam.*

THOMAS MOSS,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF ONTARIO.

*Died Jan. 5, 1881, et. 44.*

**F**ACILE *princeps* from thine infancy,  
Winning new honours with increasing days,  
Yet wearing lightly all thy well-earned bays;  
The crowning grace of natures pure and high—  
Thy *gentleness*—disarmed all jealousy!  
About thee in our memory there plays  
A light not mingled with the lurid rays  
Of lust of gain, or power, or victory!  
Thy one ambition—that thy work were done  
As best to keep the trust thy country gave.  
In years when life but half its course hath run,  
*Thine* is complete; for *thee* no higher wave  
Could lift to higher place, more nobly won;  
But *we* can only mourn thine early grave!

Ill can thy country spare a son like thee!  
We fain had kept thee many a happy year.  
Thy grace of speech, thy judgment quick and clear,  
Thy love of truth,—thy firm integrity,  
Unquestioned gave the foremost rank to thee  
With foremost honour,—never gained by fear  
Or hope of favour. Never hostile sneer  
Or rumour dared to invade thy purity!

And so we close thy record,—wondering much  
 Why some we least can spare the earliest go !  
 Ah ! is there not a place and work for such,  
 In that far nobler life whereof we know  
 So little, save that *now* its light can touch  
 Our earthly life with its celestial glow !

The nation mourns the upright judge, but long  
 Will some lament the friend whose heart they knew,  
 So tender, gentle,—faithful,—loyal,—true,  
 And yet at need so resolute and strong,  
 With no faint-hearted tolerance of wrong !  
 Little they thought when bidding thee adieu  
 Looking to greet thee back with strength made new  
 By the soft, balmy airs that breathe among  
 The orange groves of that far southern shore,—  
 Little they knew that here thy work was done,  
 That home returnings here for thee were o'er ;  
 Yet what although so soon thy race is run,  
 If length of days is thine for evermore,  
 We may not murmur that thy goal is won !

—FIDELIS.

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## THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.

### AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

BY J. G. BOURINOT, B. A.

*The Clerk of the House of Commons, Canada.*

#### CHAPTER III.

##### JOURNALISM.

**I**N the development of Canadian intel-  
 lect the newspaper press has  
 had a very large influence during the  
 past half-century and more. What  
 the pulpit has done for the moral  
 education of the people, the press has  
 accomplished for their general culture  
 when schools were few and very infe-

rior, and books were rarely seen  
 throughout the country. When the  
 political rights of the people were the  
 subject of earnest controversy in the  
 Legislatures of the Provinces the press  
 enabled all classes to discuss public  
 questions with more or less know-  
 ledge, and gave a decided intellectual  
 stimulus, which had a valuable effect  
 in a young isolated country like  
 Canada. In the days of the French  
*régime* there was not a single printing

press in Canada, though the *News Letter* was published in Boston as early as 1704.\* It is generally claimed that the first newspaper in Canada, was the *Quebec Gazette*, which was published in 1764, by Brown & Gil-mour, formerly Philadelphia printers, with a subscription list of only one hundred and fifty names. The first issue appeared on the 21st June, printed on four folio pages of 18 by 12 inches, each containing two columns of small type. The first article was the prospectus in larger type, in which the promoters promised to pay particular attention 'to the refined amusements of literature and the pleasant veins of well-pointed wit; interspersed with chosen pieces of curious essays, extracted from the most celebrated authors, blending philosophy with politics, history, &c.' The conductors also pledged themselves to give no place in the paper to 'party prejudices and private scandal'—a pledge better kept than such promises are generally. There was a very slender allowance of news from Riga, St. Petersburg, London, New York and Philadelphia; but there was one ominous item, that Parliament was about imposing taxes on the Colonies, though they were without representation in that Parliament. The latest English news was to the 11th April; the latest American to the 7th May. Only two advertisements appeared—one of a general store, of dry goods, groceries, hardware, all the *olla podrida* necessary in those days; the other from the Honourable Commissioner of Customs, warning the public against making compositions for duties under the Imperial Act. This sheet, for some years, had no influence on public opinion;

for it continued to be a mere bald summary of news, without comments on political events. Indeed, when it was first issued the time was unfavourable for political discussion, as Quebec had only just become an English possession, and the whole country was lying torpid under the military administration of General Murray. It seems, however, from a notice in the old public documents of Nova Scotia, † that there was a small sheet published in British America, called the *Halifax Gazette*, some ten years before the appearance of the Quebec paper. Be that as it may, from 1769 we commence to find regular mention of the *Nova Scotia Gazette and Weekly Chronicle*, published on Sackville Street by A. Fleury, who also printed the first Almanac in Canada, in 1774. The next newspaper published in the Maritime Provinces was the *Royal Gazette and New Brunswick Advertiser*, which appeared in 1785 in St. John, just founded by the American Loyalists. The first paper appeared in Upper Canada on the establishment of Parliamentary Government, and was published by Louis Roy, at Newark, on the 18th April, 1763, under the title of *The Upper Canada Gazette, or the American Oracle*. The sheet was in folio, 15 by 9½ inches, of coarse, but durable paper—not a characteristic, certainly, of our great newspapers now-a-days, of which the material is very flimsy; the impression was fairly executed; the price was three dollars a year. In 1794, the form was changed to a quarto, and one Tiffany had become the proprietor. When the *Gazette* was removed to York, in 1800, with all the Government offices, the

\* The first printing press in America was set up at Cambridge, in the ninth year of the Charter Government (1639); the first document printed was the 'Freeman's Oath,' then an almanack, and next the Psalms.—2 Palgrave, 45. In 1740, there were no less than eleven journals—only of foolscap size, however—published in the English Colonies.

† In a letter of Secretary Cotterell, written in 1754, to Captain Floyer, at Piziquid (Windsor), he refers to M. Dandin, a priest in one of the Acadian settlements: 'If he chooses to play the *bel esprit* in the *Halifax Gazette*, he may communicate his matter to the printer as soon as he pleases, as he will not print it without showing it to me.'—See Murdoch's 'History of Nova Scotia,' vol. 2, p. 234.

Messrs. Tiffany started the *Constellation*, which, Dr. Scadding tells us, illustrated the jealousy which the people of the Niagara district felt at seeing York suddenly assume so much importance; for one of the writers ironically proposes a 'Stump Act' for the ambitious, though muddy, unkempt little town, 'so that the people in the space of a few months, may relapse into intoxication with impunity, and stagger home at any hour of the night without encountering the dreadful apprehension of broken necks.'

The *Constellation* only lived a year or two, and then gave way to the *Herald* and other papers at subsequent dates; and it is an interesting fact, mentioned by the learned antiquarian of Toronto, that the imposing stone used by Mr. Tiffany, was in use up to 1870, when the old *Niagara Mail*, long edited by Mr. W. Kirby, at last ceased publication. The *Gazette* and *Oracle* continued to be published at York by different printers, and, like other journals in America, often appeared in variegated colours—blue being the favourite—in consequence of the scarcity of white paper. The title, *American Oracle*, was dropped from the heading when Dr. Horne became the publisher, in 1817; it continued to publish official notices, besides meagre summaries of general news, and some miscellaneous reading matter.

The second paper in Upper Canada was the *Upper Canada Guardian* or *Freeman's Journal*, which was edited and printed by Joseph Willcox, who fell under the ban of the Lieutenant-Governor, for his Liberal opinions. It was printed in 1807, and exercised much influence for a time as an organ of the struggling Liberal party. Like others, in those days of political bitterness, its editor was imprisoned, ostensibly for a breach of parliamentary privilege, though in reality as a punishment for presuming to differ from the governing party; but, able man as he undoubtedly was, he marred his career

by an infamous desertion to the Americans during the war of 1812, before the expiration of which he was killed. The first newspaper in Kingston, the third in the province, was the *Gazette*, founded in 1810, by Stephen Miles, who afterward became a minister of the Methodist denomination, and who also printed the *Grenville Gazette*, the first journal in the old town of Prescott.\* The first daily paper published in British North America, appears to have been the *Daily Advertiser*, which appeared in Montreal, in May, 1833—the *Herald* and *Gazette* being tri-weekly papers at the time. The *Daily Advertiser* was issued in the interests of the Liberals, under the management of the Hon. H. S. Chapman, subsequently a judge in New Zealand. One of the chief inducements held out to subscribers was the regular publication of full prices current and other commercial information. The *British Whig*, of Kingston, was the first newspaper that attempted the experiment of a daily issue in Upper Canada.

It is a noteworthy fact, which can be best mentioned here, that the first newspaper in Three Rivers was the *Gazette*, published by one Stobbs, in 1832, more than two centuries after the settlement of that town, which has always been in the midst of the most thickly settled district of Lower Canada. At that time, newspapers were rapidly gaining ground in Upper Canada—districts not so old by months or weeks even as Three Rivers had years, and with a more scattered population not exceeding one-fifth of that of the Three Rivers district, could boast of, at least, one newspaper.†

In 1827, Mr. Jotham Blanchard, the ancestor of a well-known family of Liberals in the Lower Provinces, established the first newspaper outside of Halifax, the *Colonial Patriot*,

\*Morgan's 'Bibliotheca Canadensis,' Art. Miles.

† Quebec *Mercury*, 1832.

at Pictou, a flourishing town on the Straits of Northumberland, chiefly settled by the Scotch.

In 1839, Mr. G. Fenety—now 'Queen's Printer' at Fredericton—established the *Commercial News*, at St. John, New Brunswick, the first tri-weekly and penny paper in the Maritime Provinces, which he conducted for a quarter of a century, until he disposed of it to Mr. Edward Willis, under whose editorial supervision it has always exercised considerable influence in the public affairs of the province. The first daily paper published in the Province of Nova Scotia, was the *Halifax Morning Post*, appearing in 1845, edited by John H. Crosskill, but it had a brief existence, and tri-weeklies continued to be published for many years—the old *Colonist* representing the Conservatives, and the *Chronicle* the Liberals of the province. The senior of the press, in the Lower Provinces, however, is the *Acadian Recorder*, the first number of which appeared in 1813.

The only mention I have been able to find of a newspaper in the brief histories of Prince Edward Island, is of the appearance, in 1823, of the *Register*, printed and edited by J. D. Hazard, who 'distinguished himself at the outset of his career by a libel on one of the Courts before which he was summoned with legal promptitude—just as printers are now-a-days in Manitoba—and dismissed with a solemn reprimand, on condition of revealing the authors of the libel. The remarks of the Chancellor (who appears to have been also the Governor of the Island), in dismissing the culprit, are quite unique in their way. 'I compassionate your youth and inexperience; did I not do so, I would lay you by the heels long enough for you to remember it. You have delivered your evidence fairly, plainly and clearly, and as became a man; but I caution you, when you publish anything again, keep clear Sir, of a Chancellor. Beware, Sir,

of a Chancellor.'‡ Many other papers were published in later years; the most prominent being the *Islander*, which appeared in 1842, and continued in existence for forty-two years. This paper along with the *Examiner*, edited by the Hon. Edward Whelan, a man of brilliant parts, now dead, had much influence over political affairs in the little colony.

The history of the newspaper press of British Columbia does not go beyond twenty-two years. The first attempt at journalistic enterprise was the *Victoria Gazette*, a daily published in 1858, by two Americans, who, however, stopped the issue in the following year. The next paper was the *Courier de la Nouvelle Caledonie* printed by one Thornton, an Anglo-Frenchman, who had travelled all over the world. The somewhat notorious Marriott, of the St. Francisco *News-Letter*, also, in 1859, published the *Vancouver Island Gazette*, but only for a while. It is a noteworthy fact, that the *Cariboo Sentinel*—now no longer in existence—was printed on a press sent out to Mgr. Demers, by the Roman Catholics of Paris. Even the little settlement of Emory has had its newspaper, the *Inland Sentinel*. The best known newspaper in the Pacific Province has been always, since 1858, the *British Colonist*, owned and edited originally by Hon. Amor de Cosmos, for some time Premier, and now a well known member of the House of Commons, who made his paper a power in the little colony by his enterprise and forcible expression of opinion. The *Standard* is also another paper of political influence, and is published daily like the *Colonist*. Two papers are printed in New Westminster, and one in Nanaimo; the total number in the province being five.

In the previous paragraphs, I have confined myself to the mention of a few facts in the early history of journalism in each of the Provinces of

‡ Campbell's Hist. of P. E. I.

Canada. Proceeding now to a more extended review, we find that a few papers exercised from the outset a very decided influence in political affairs, and it is to these I propose now to refer especially, before coming down to later times of extended political rights and consequent expansion of newspaper enterprise. The oldest newspaper now in Canada is the *Montreal Gazette*, which was first published as far back as 1787, by one Mesplet, in the French language. It ceased publication for a time, but reappeared about 1794, with Lewis Roy as printer. On the death of the latter, the establishment was assumed by E. Edwards, at No. 135 St. Paul Street, then the fashionable thoroughfare of the town. It was only a little affair, about the size of a large foolscap sheet, printed in small type in the two languages, and containing eight broad columns. In 1805, the *Quebec Mercury* was founded by Thomas Cary, a Nova Scotian lawyer, as an organ of the British inhabitants, who, at that time, formed a small but comparatively wealthy and influential section of the community. Mr. Cary was a man of scholarly attainments and a writer of considerable force. The *Mercury* had hardly been a year in existence, when its editor experienced the difficulty of writing freely in those troublous times, as he had to apologize for a too bold censure of the action of the dominant party in the Legislature. But this *contretemps* did not prevent him continuing in that vein of sarcasm of which he was a master, and evoking, consequently, the ire of the leading Liberals of those days—Stuart, Vanfelson, Papineau, Viger, and others; and one of the results of his excessive freedom of speech was an attempt to punish him for a breach of privilege; but he remained concealed in his own house, where, like the conspirators of old times, he had a secret recess made for such purposes, and where he continued hurling his philippics against his adversaries with all

that power of invective which would be used by a conscientious though uncompromising old Tory of those days, when party excitement ran so high. The *Quebec Gazette* was at that time, as in its first years, hardly more than a mere *résumé* of news.\* Hon. John Neilson assumed its editorship in 1796, and continued more or less to influence its columns whilst he remained in the Lower Canada Legislature. In 1808, Mr. Neilson enlarged the size of his paper, and published it twice a week, in order to meet the growing demand for political intelligence. The *Gazette* was trammelled for years by the fact that it was semi-official, and the vehicle of public notifications, but when, subsequently,† this difficulty no longer existed, the paper, either under his own or his son's management, was independent, and, on the whole, moderate in tone, whenever it expressed opinions on leading public questions. Mr. Neilson, from 1818, when he became a member of the Legislature, exercised a marked influence in the political discussions of his time, and any review of his career as journalist and politician would be necessarily a review of the political history of half a century. A constant friend of the French Canadians, a firm defender of British connection, never a violent, uncompromising partisan, but a man of cool judgment, he was generally able to perform good service to his party and country. As a public writer he was concise and argumentative, and influential, through the belief that men had in his sincerity and honesty of purpose.

\* From 1783 to 1792, the paper scarcely published a political 'leader,' and so fearful were printers of offending men in power, that the *Montreal Gazette*, so late as 1790, would not even indicate the locality in which a famous political banquet was held, on the occasion of the formation of a Constitutional Club, the principal object of which was to spread political knowledge throughout the country. See Garneau II. 197 and 206.

† In 1823, an Official Gazette was published by Dr. Fisher, Queen's Printer. 'Canadian Magazine,' p. 470.

In 1806, there appeared in Quebec a new organ of public opinion, which has continued to the present day to exercise much influence on the politics of Lower Canada. This was the *Canadien*, which was established in the fall of that year, chiefly through the exertions of Pierre Bédard, who was for a long while the leader of the French party in the Legislature, and at the same time chief editor of the new journal, which at once assumed a strong position as the exponent of the principles with which its French Canadian conductors were so long identified. It waged a bitter war against its adversaries, and no doubt had an important share in shaping the opinions and educating the public mind of the majority in the province. If it too frequently appealed to national prejudices, and assumed an uncompromising attitude when counsels of conciliation and moderation would have been wiser, we must make allowance for the hot temper of those times, and the hostile antagonism of races and parties, which the leaders on both sides were too often ready to foment. The editor of the *Canadien* was also punished by imprisonment for months, and the issue of the paper was stopped for a while on the order of Chief Justice Sewell, in the exciting times of that most arbitrary of military governors, Sir James Craig. The action of the authorities in this matter is now admitted to have been tyrannical and unconstitutional, and it is certainly an illustration of human frailty that this same M. Bédard, who suffered not a little from the injustice of his political enemies, should have shown such weakness—or, shall we say, Christian forbearance—in accepting, not long afterwards, a judgeship from the same Government which he had always so violently opposed, and from which he had suffered so much.

Whilst the *Canadien*, *Gazette*, and *Mercury* were, in Lower Canada, ably advocating their respective views on the questions of the day, the Press of

Upper Canada was also exhibiting evidences of new vigour. The *Observer* was established at York, in 1820, and the *Canadian Freeman* in 1825, the latter, an Opposition paper, well printed, and edited by Francis Collins, who had also suffered at the hands of the ruling powers. An anecdote is related of the commencement of the journalistic career of this newspaper man of old times, which is somewhat characteristic of the feelings which animated the ruling powers of the day with respect to the mass of people who were not within the sacred pale. When Dr. Horne gave up the publication of the *Gazette*, in whose office Collins had been for some time a compositor, the latter applied for the position, and was informed that 'the office would be given to none but a gentleman.'

This little incident recalls the quiet satire which Goldsmith levels in 'The Good-natured Man,' against just such absurd sensitiveness as Collins had to submit to:—

FIRST FELLOW—The Squire has got spunk in him.

SECOND FELLOW—I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's low.

THIRD FELLOW—O, damn anything that's low; I cannot bear it.

FOURTH FELLOW—The genteel thing is the genteel thing any time, if so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

THIRD FELLOW—I likes the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What, though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison, if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelst of tunes—'Water Parted,' or 'The Minuet in Ariadne.'

No doubt this little episode made the disappointed applicant inveterate against the Government, for he commenced, soon afterwards, the publication of an Opposition paper, in which he exhibited the rude ability of an unpolished and half-educated man.\*

Mr. W. Lyon Mackenzie appeared as a journalist for the first time in 1824, at Queenstown, where he published the *Colonial Advocate*, on the

\* C. Lindsey's 'Life of W. Lyon Mackenzie,' Vol. I., p. 112, note.

model of Cobbett's *Register*, containing 32 pages, a form afterwards changed to the broad sheet. From the first it illustrated the original and eccentric talent of its independent founder. Italics and capitals, index hands and other typographic symbols were scattered about with remarkable profusion, to give additional force and notoriety to the editorial remarks which were found on every page, according as the whim and inspiration of the editor dictated. The establishment of the paper was undoubtedly a bold attempt at a time when the province was but sparsely settled, and the circulation necessarily limited by the rarity of post-offices even in the more thickly-populated districts, and by the exorbitant rates of postage which amounted to eight hundred dollars a-year on a thousand copies. More than that, any independent expression of opinion was sure to evoke the ire of the orthodox in politics and religion, which in those days were somewhat closely connected. The *Advocate* was soon removed to York, and became from that time a political power, which ever and anon excited the wrath of the leaders of the opposite party, who induced some of their followers at last to throw the press and type of the obnoxious journal into the Bay, while they themselves, following the famous Wilkes' precedent, expelled Mackenzie from the legislature, and in defiance of constitutional law, declared him time and again ineligible to sit in the Assembly. The despotic acts of the reigning party, however, had the effect of awakening the masses to the necessity of supporting Mr. Mackenzie, and made him eventually a prominent figure in the politics of those disturbed times. The *Advocate* changed its name, a short time previous to 1837, to the *Constitution*, and then disappeared in the troublous days that ended with the flight of its indiscreet though honest editor. Contemporaneous with the *Advocate* were the *Loyalist*, the

*Courier*, and the *Patriot* — the latter having first appeared at York in 1833. These three journals were Conservative, or rather Tory organs, and were controlled by Mr. Fothergill, Mr. Gurnett, and Mr. Dalton. Mr. Gurnett was for years, after the Union, the Police Magistrate of Toronto, while his old antagonist was a member of the Legislature, and the editor of the *Message*, a curiosity in political literature. Mr. Thomas Dalton was a very zealous advocate of British connection and was one of the first Colonial writers to urge a Confederation of the Provinces; and if his zeal frequently carried him into the intemperate discussion of public questions the ardour of the times must be for him, as for his able, unselfish opponent, Mr. Mackenzie, the best apology.

Mrs. Jameson, who was by no means inclined to view Canadian affairs with a favourable eye, informs us that in 1836 there were some forty papers published in Upper Canada; of these, three were religious, namely, the *Christian Guardian*, the *Wesleyan Advocate*, and the *Church*. A paper in the German language was published at Berlin, in the Gore Settlement, for the use of the German settlers. Lower Canadian and American newspapers were also circulated in great numbers. She deprecates the abusive, narrow tone of the local papers, but at the same admits—a valuable admission from one far from prepossessed in favour of Canadians—that, on the whole, the press did good in the absence and scarcity of books. In some of the provincial papers she 'had seen articles written with considerable talent; among other things, 'a series of letters signed Evans, on the subject of an education fitted for an agricultural people, and written with infinite good sense and kindly feeling.' At this time the number of newspapers circulated through the post-office in Upper Canada, and paying postage, was: Pro-

vincial papers, 178,065; United States and other foreign papers, 149,502. Adding 100,000 papers stamped, or free, there were some 427,567 papers circulated yearly among a population of 370,000, 'of whom perhaps one in fifty could read.' The narrow-mindedness of the country journals generally would probably strike an English *litterateur* like Mrs. Jameson with much force; little else was to be expected in a country, situated as Canada was then, with a small population, no generally diffused education, and imperfect facilities of communication with the great world beyond. In this comparatively isolated position, journalists might too often mistake

'The rustic murmur of their burgh  
For the great wave that echoes round  
the world.'

Yet despite its defects, the journalism of Upper Canada was confessedly doing an important work in those backward days of Canadian development. The intelligence of the country would have been at a much lower ebb, without the dissemination of the press throughout the rural districts.

Whilst the journalists named above were contending in Upper Canada with fierce zeal for their respective parties, new names had appeared in the press of the other provinces. The *Canadien* was edited for years by Mr. Etienne Parent, except during its temporary suspension from 1825 to 1831. His bold expression of opinion on the questions that forced a small party of his countrymen into an ill-advised rebellion sent him at last to prison; but, like others of his contemporaries, he eventually in more peaceful times received a recompense for his services by appointments in the public service, and died at last of a ripe old age a few months after his retirement from the Assistant-Secretaryship of State for the Dominion. In his hands the *Canadien* continued to wield great power among his compatriots, who have never failed to respect him as one of the ablest

journalists their country has produced. His writings have not a little historical value, having been, in all cases where his feelings were not too deeply involved, characterized by breadth of view and critical acumen.

Whilst Cary, Neilson, Mackenzie, Parent, Dalton and Gurnett were the prominent journalists of the larger provinces, where politics were always at a fever heat, a young journalist first appeared in the Maritime Colonies, who was thenceforth to be a very prominent figure in the political contests of his native Province. In 1827 Joseph Howe, whose family came of that sturdy, intelligent New England stock which has produced many men and women of great intellectual vigour, and who had been from an early age, like Franklin, brought up within the precincts of a printing office, bought out the *Weekly Chronicle*, of Halifax, and, changing its name to the *Acadian*, commenced his career as a public writer. Referring to the file of the *Acadian*, we see little to indicate unusual talent. It contains some lively sketches of natural scenery, some indifferent poetry, and a few commonplace editorial contributions. A few months later he severed his connection with the *Acadian* and purchased the *Nova Scotian* from Mr. G. R. Young, the brother of the present Chief Justice, a man of large knowledge and fine intellect. It was a courageous undertaking for so young a man, as he was only 24 years of age when he assumed the control of so prominent a paper; but the rulers of the dominant official party soon found in him a vigorous opponent and a zealous advocate of Liberal opinions. It is a noteworthy fact that Mr. Howe, like Mr. Mackenzie in Upper Canada, made himself famous at the outset of his career by pleading on his own behalf in a case of libel. Mr. Mackenzie had been prosecuted for an alleged libel circulated during a political contest with Mr. Small, and defended his own cause so successfully that the jury

gave him a verdict ; and they are even said, according to Mr. Lindsey's ' Life of Mr. Mackenzie,' to have debated among themselves whether it was not competent for them to award damages to the defendant for the annoyance of a frivolous prosecution. Mr. Howe's debut as an advocate was in connection with a matter of much graver importance. He had the courage, at a time when there existed many abuses apparently without hope of redress, to attack the Halifax Bench of Magistrates, little autocrats in their way, a sort of Venetian Council, and the consequence was a criminal indictment for libel. He determined to get up his own case, and, after several days' close study of authorities, he went to the jury in the Old Court Room, now turned into the Legislative Library, and succeeded in obtaining a glorious acquittal and no small amount of popular applause for his moral courage on this memorable occasion. The subsequent history of his career justified the confidence which his friends thenceforth reposed in him. His indefatigable industry, added to his great love of the masters of English literature, soon gave vigour and grace to his style, whilst his natural independence of spirit that could little brook control in any shape, and his innate hatred of political despotism, soon led him to attack boldly the political abuses of the day. The history of Joseph Howe from that day was a history of the triumph of Liberal principles and of responsible government in Nova Scotia. As a versatile writer, he has had no superior in Canada, for he brought to the political controversies of his time the aid of powerful invective and cutting satire ; whilst, on those occasions when party strife was hushed, he could exhibit all the evidences of his cultivated intellect and sprightly humour.

The new era of Canadian journalism commenced with the settlement of the political difficulties which so long disturbed the provinces, and with the concession of responsible government,

which gave a wider range to the intellect of public writers. The leading papers, in 1840, were the *Montreal Gazette*, the *Montreal Herald*, the *Canadien*, the *Quebec Gazette*, the *Quebec Mercury*, in Lower Canada ; the *British Colonist*, *British Whig*, and *Examiner*, in Upper Canada ; the *Nova Scotian* and *Acadian Recorder*, in Nova Scotia ; the *News*, in New Brunswick. The *Colonist* was founded at Toronto, in 1838, by Hugh Scobie, under the name of the *Scotsman*—changed to the former title in the third number—and from the outset took a high position as an independent organ of the Conservative party. The copy of the first number, before me, is quite an improvement on the *Gazette* and *Mercury* of Quebec, as published in the early part of the century. It contains some twenty-four columns, on a sheet about as large as the *Ottawa Free Press*. It contains several short editorials, a resumé of news, and terse legislative reports. Among the advertisements is one of the *New York Albion*, which, for so many years, afforded an intellectual treat to the people of all the provinces ; for it was in its columns they were able to read the best productions of Marryatt and other English authors, not easily procurable in those early times ; besides being annually presented with engravings of merit—a decided improvement on the modern chromo—from the paintings of eminent artists ; engravings which are still to be seen in thousands of Canadian homes, and which, in their way, helped to cultivate taste among the masses, by whom good pictures of that class could not be easily procured.

The *Examiner* was started at Toronto, on the appointment of Lord Durham, to the Government of Canada, as an organ of the Liberal party, by Mr. Francis Hincks, a young Irishman, who, from his first arrival in Canada, attracted attention as a financier and a journalist. The *Examiner*, however, had not a long existence, for Sir Francis Hincks—we

give him his later title, won after years of useful public service as journalist and statesman—proceeded, in 1843, to Montreal, where he established the *Pilot*, which had much influence as an organ of the party led by Baldwin and Lafontaine. In 1844, a young Scotchman, Mr. George Brown, began to be a power in the politics of the Canadian Provinces. He was first connected with *The Banner*, founded in the interest of the Free Church party; but the Liberals found it necessary to have a special organ, and the result was the establishment, in 1844, of the *Toronto Globe*, at first a weekly, then a tri-weekly, and eventually the most widely circulated and influential daily paper in British North America. During the thirty-five years Mr. Brown remained connected with that journal it invariably bore the impress of his powerful intellect. The *Globe* and George Brown were always synonymous in the public mind, and the influence he exercised over his party—no doubt a tyrannical influence at times—proved the power that a man of indomitable will and tenacity of purpose can exercise in the control of a political organ. From 1844 to the present time the newspaper press made progress equal to the growth of the provinces in population, wealth and intelligence. The rapid improvement in the internal communications of the country, the increase of post-offices and the cheapness of postage, together with the remarkable development of public education, especially in Upper Canada, naturally gave a great impulse to newspaper enterprise in all the large cities and towns. *Le Journal de Quebec* was established in 1842 by the Hon Joseph Cauchon, from that time a force in political life. Another journal, the *Minerve*, of Montreal, which had been founded in 1827 by M. Morin, but had ceased publication during the troubles of 1837–8, re-appeared again in 1842, and assumed that influential position as an exponent of the Bleus which it has con-

tinued to occupy to the present. *Le Pays*, *la Patrie*, and *L'Avenir* were other Canadian papers, supporting the Rouges—the latter having been established in 1848, and edited by *l'enfant terrible*, M. J. B. Eric Dorion, a brother of Sir Antoine Dorion. In Upper Canada, Mr. R. Reid Smiley established, during 1846, the *Hamilton Spectator*, as a tri-weekly, which was changed to a daily issue in 1852. In 1848, Mr. W. Macdougall appeared for the first time as a journalist, in connection with the *Canada Farmer*; but when that journal was merged into the *Canada Agriculturist*, he founded the *North American*, which exerted no small influence as a trenchant, vigorous exponent of Reform principles, until it was amalgamated, in 1857, with the *Globe*. In 1852 the *Leader* was established, at Toronto, by Mr. James Beaty—the old *Patriot* becoming its weekly issue—and during the years it remained under the editorial management of Mr. Charles Lindsey—a careful, graceful writer of large knowledge—it exercised much influence as an exponent of the views of the Liberal Conservative party; but soon after his retirement it lost its position, and died at last from pure inanition and incapacity to keep up with the progressive demands of modern journalism. In 1857, Mr. McGee made his appearance in Canada as the editor of the *Montreal New Era*, in which he illustrated for some years the brilliancy of his style and his varied attainments. The history of journalism, indeed, from 1840 to 1867, brings before us a number of able writers, whose names are remembered with pride by all who were connected with them and had opportunities, not merely of reading their literary contributions, but of personally associating with men of such varied accomplishments and knowledge of the Canadian world. Morrison, Sheppard, Penny, Chamberlin, Brown, Lindsey, Macdougall, Hogan, McGee, Whelan, P. S. Hamilton, T. White, Derome, Cauchon,

Joseph Doutre, were the most distinguished writers of an epoch which was famous for its political and industrial progress. But of all that brilliant phalanx, Mr. White alone contributes, with more or less regularity, to the press, whilst all the others are either dead or engaged in other occupations.\*

Since 1867, the *Mail*, established in 1873 as the chief organ of the Liberal Conservatives, has come to the front rank in journalism, and is a powerful rival of the *Globe*, while the *Colonist*, *Leader*, and other papers which once played an important part in the political drama, are forgotten, like most political instruments that have done their service and are no longer available. Several of the old journals so long associated with the history of political and intellectual activity in this country, however, still exist as influential organs. The *Quebec Gazette* was, some years ago, merged into another Quebec

paper—having become long before a memorial of the past in its appearance and dulness, a sort of Rip Van Winkle in the newspaper world. The *Canadien* has always had its troubles; but, nevertheless, it continues to have influence in the Quebec district, and the same may be said of the *Journal de Quebec*, though the writer who first gave it power in politics is now keeping petty state in the infant Province of the West. The *Quebec Mercury* still exists, though on a very small scale of late. The *Montreal Gazette* (now the oldest paper in Canada), the *Montreal Herald*, the *Minerve*, the *Hamilton Spectator*, and the *Brockville Recorder* (established in 1820), are still exercising political influence as of old. The *St. John News* and the *Halifax Acadian Recorder* are still vigorously carried on. The *Halifax Chronicle* remains the leading Liberal organ in Nova Scotia, though the journalist whose name was so long associated with it in the early days of its influence died a few years ago in the old Government House, within whose sacred walls he was not permitted to enter in the days of his fierce controversy with Lord Falkland. In its later days, the Hon. William Annand, lately in the employment of the Dominion Government in London, was nominally the Editor-in-Chief, but the Hon. Jonathan McCully, Hiram Blanchard, and William Garvie were among those who contributed largely to its editorial columns—able political writers not long since dead. The public journals of this country are now so numerous that it would take several pages to enumerate them; hardly a village of importance throughout Canada but has one or more weeklies. In 1840 there were, as accurately as I have been able to ascertain, only 65 papers in all Canada, including the Maritime Provinces. In 1857, there were 243 in all; in 1862 some 320, and in 1870 the number had increased to 432, of which Ontario alone owned 255. The number has not much increased since then—the probable num-

\* Mr. McGee was assassinated in 1868. The circumstances of the death of John Sheridan Hogan, in 1859, were not known till years afterwards, when one of the infamous Don Gang revealed the story of his wretched end. Then we have the great journalist and leader of the Liberal party in Upper Canada also dying from the effects of a pistol-wound at the hands of a drunken reprobate. Hon. Edward Whelan, of Charlottetown, died years ago. Mr. Morrison died whilst editor of the *Toronto Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Sheppard was, when last heard of, in New York, in connection with the press. Mr. Lindsey is Registrar of Toronto. Hon. Joseph Cauchon is Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. Mr. Chamberlin is Queen's Printer at Ottawa, and his partner on the *Gazette*, Mr. Lowe, is also in the Civil service. Mr. Dercme died only a few weeks ago. Mr. Penny is a Senator. Mr. McDougall is a member of the Commons, and lives in Ottawa. Mr. Doutre is at the head of his profession in Quebec. Mr. Belford, of the *Mail*, died a few weeks ago at Ottawa. Besides those older journalists mentioned in the text, younger men, like Mr. Descelles and Mr. Dansereau, of the *Minerve*, and Mr. Patteson, of the *Mail*, have also received positions recently in the public service. Mr. Edward McDonald, who founded, with Mr. Garvie, the *Halifax Citizen*, in opposition to the *Reporter*, of which the present writer was editor, died Collector of the Port. Mr. Bowell, of the *Belleville Intelligencer*, is now Minister of Customs. The list might be extended indefinitely.

ber being now 465, of which 56, at least, appear daily.\* The Post Office statistics show in 1879, that 4,085,454 lbs. of newspapers, at one cent per lb. passed through the post offices of the Dominion, and 5,610,000 copies were posted otherwise. Nearly three millions and a half of papers were delivered under the free delivery system in the cities of Halifax, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, St. John, and Toronto. Another estimate gives some 30,000,000 of papers passing through the Post Office in the course of a year, of which probably two thirds, or 20,000,000, are Canadian. These figures do not, however, represent anything like the actual circulation of the Canadian papers, as the larger proportion are immediately delivered to subscribers by carriers in the cities and towns. The census of 1870 in the United States showed the total annual circulation of the 5,871 newspapers in that country to be, 1,508,548,250, or an average of forty for each person in the Republic, or one for every inhabitant in the world. Taking the same basis for our calculation, we may estimate there are upwards of 160,000,000 copies of newspapers annually distributed to our probable population of four millions of people. The influence which the newspaper press must exercise upon the intelligence of the masses is consequently obvious.

The names of the journals that take the front rank, from the enterprise and ability with which they are conducted, will occur to every one *au courant* with public affairs: the *Globe*

and *Mail*, in Toronto; the *Gazette* and *Herald*, in Montreal; the *Chronicle* (in its 34th year) and *Mercury*, in Quebec; the *Spectator* and *Times*, in Hamilton; the *Free Press* and *Advertiser*, in London; the *British Whig* (in its 46th year) and *Daily News*, in Kingston; *Citizen* and *Free Press*, in Ottawa; *News*, *Globe*, *Telegraph*, and *Sun*, in St. John, N.B.; *Herald* and *Chronicle*, in Halifax; the *Examiner* and *Patriot*, in Prince Edward Island, are the chief exponents of the principles of the Conservative and Liberal party. Besides these political organs, the *Montreal Star* and *Witness*, and the *Toronto Telegram* have a large circulation, and are more or less independent in their opinions. Among the French papers, besides those referred to above, we have the *Courrier de Montreal* (1877), *Nouveau Monde* (1867), *L'Evenement* (1867), *Courrier d'Ottawa*, now *le Canada* (1879), *Franco Canadien* (1857), which enjoy more or less influence in the Province of Quebec. Perhaps no fact illustrates more strikingly the material and mental activity of the Dominion than the number of newspapers now published in the new Province of the North-West. The first paper in that region appeared in 1859, when Messrs. Buckingham & Coldwell conveyed to Fort Garry their press and materials in an ox cart, and established the little *Nor' Wester* immediately under the walls of the fort. Now there are three dailies published in the City of Winnipeg alone—all of them well printed and fairly edited—and at least sixteen papers in all appear periodically through the North-West. The country press—that is to say, the press published outside the great centres of industrial and political activity—has remarkably improved in vigour within a few years; and the metropolitan papers are constantly receiving from its ranks new and valuable accessions, whilst there remain connected with it, steadily labouring with enthusiasm in many cases, though the pecuniary

\* The data for 1840 are taken from Martin's 'Colonial Empire,' and Mrs. Jameson's account. The figures for 1857 are taken from Lovell's 'Canada Directory'; the figures for 1880 from the lists in Commons and Senate Reading Rooms. The last census returns for the four old Provinces give only 308 printing establishments, employing 3,400 hands, paying \$1,200,000 in wages, and producing articles to the worth of \$3,420,202. Although not stated, these figures probably include job as well as newspaper offices—both being generally combined—and newspapers where no job work is done are obviously left out.

rewards are small, an indefatigable band of terse, well-informed writers, who exercise no mean influence within the respective spheres of their operations. The *Sarnia Observer*, *Sherbrooke Gazette*, *Stratford Beacon*, *Perth Courier* (1834), *Guelph Mercury* (1845), *Yarmouth Herald*, *Peterborough Review*, *Paris Star*, *St. Thomas Journal*, *News of St. Johns (Q)*, *Courrier de St. Hyacinthe*, *Carleton Sentinel*, *Maritime Farmer*, are among the many journals which display no little vigour in their editorials and skill in the selection of news and literary matter. During the thirteen years that have elapsed since Confederation new names have been inscribed on the long roll of Canadian journalists. Mr. Gordon Brown still remains in the editorial chair of the *Globe*, one of the few examples we find in the history of Canadian journalism of men who have not been carried away by the excitement of politics or the attraction of a soft place in the public service. The names of White, McCulloch, Farrar, Rattray, G. Stewart, jr., M. J. Griffin, Carroll Ryan, Stewart (*Montreal Herald*), Stewart (*Halifax Herald*), Sumichrast, Fielding, Elder, Geo. Johnson, Blackburn (*London Free Press*), Cameron (*London Advertiser*), Davin, Dymond, Pirie, Mackintosh, Macready, Livingstone, Ellis, Houde, Vallée, Desjardins, Tarte, Faucher de St. Maurice, Fabre, Tassé, L'O. David, are among the prominent writers on the most widely circulated English and French Canadian papers.

In the necessarily limited review I have been forced to give of the progress of journalism in Canada, I have made no mention of the religious press which has been established, in the large cities principally, as the exponent of the views of particular sects. The Methodist body has been particularly successful in this line of business, in comparison with other denominations. The *Christian Guardian*, established at Toronto in 1829, under the editorial supervision of Rev.

Egerton Ryerson, continues to exhibit its pristine vigour under the editorship of the Rev. Mr. Dewart. The organ of the same body in the Maritime Provinces is the *Wesleyan*, edited by Rev. T. Watson Smith, and is fully equal in appearance and ability to its Western contemporary. The Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopal Methodists and Congregationalists, have also exponents of their particular views. The Church of England has made many attempts to establish denominational organs on a successful basis, but very few of them have ever come up to the expectations of their promoters in point of circulation—the old *Church* having been, on the whole, the most ably-conducted. At present there are three papers in the west, representing different sections of the Church. The Roman Catholics have also their organs, not so much religious as political—the *St. John Freeman*, edited by the Hon. Mr. Anglin, is the most remarkable for the ability and vigour with which it has been conducted as a supporter of the views of the Liberal party in the Dominion, as well as of the interests of the Roman Catholic body. In all there are some thirty papers published in the Dominion, professing to have the interests of certain sects particularly at heart.\*

The *Canadian Illustrated News* and *L'Opinion Publique*, which owe their establishment to the enterprise of Mr. Desbarats, a gentleman of culture, formerly at the head of the old Government Printing Office, are among the examples of the new vigour and ability that have characterized Canadian journalistic enterprise of recent years. The illustrations in the *News* are, on the whole, well executed, and were it possible to print them on the superior tinted

\* It is noteworthy that the Canadian religious press has never attained the popularity of the American Denominational Journals, which are said to have an aggregate circulation of nearly half of the secular press.

paper of the *Graphic*, and it would be possible if the people were willing to pay the expense, they would compare more favourably than they do with the impressions of the older papers published in New York and London. In its prints of native scenery, and portraits of deceased Canadians of merit, the *News* is a valuable and interesting addition to journalism in this country, and will be found most useful to the future generations who will people the Dominion. Nor does Canada now lack an imitator of *Punch*, in the humorous line. It is noteworthy that whilst America has produced humorists like 'Sam Slick,' Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and others, no American rival to *Punch* has yet appeared in Boston or New York. The attempts that have heretofore been made have been generally coarse caricatures—for example, the political cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*, which are never characterized by those keen artistic touches that make *Punch* so famous. Previous efforts in this field of political and social satire in Canada have always failed for want of support, as well as from the absence of legitimate humour. The oldest satirical sheet was *Le Fantastique*, published at Quebec by N. Aubin, who was a very bitter partisan, and was sent to gaol in 1838 for the expression of his opinions. The *Grumbler* was a more creditable effort made in Toronto some quarter of a century ago, to illustrate and hit off the political and social foibles of the day in Canada. But it has been left for Mr. Bengough in these times to rise in *Grip* far above all previous attempts in the same direction, and 'to show up' very successfully, and generally with much humour, certain salient features of our contemporary history.

The influence of the press, during the century, must be measured by the political intelligence and activity of the people. Only in the United States are the masses as well informed on the

public questions of the day as are the majority of Canadians, and this fact must be attributed, in a large measure, to the efforts of journalists to educate the people and stimulate their mental faculties. When education was at a low ebb indeed, when the leading and wealthier class was by no means too anxious to increase the knowledge of the people, the press was the best vehicle of public instruction. No doubt it often abused its trust, and forgot the responsibilities devolving on it; no doubt its conductors were too frequently animated by purely selfish motives, yet taking the good with the evil, the former was predominant as a rule. It is only necessary to consider the number of journalists who have played an important part in Parliament, to estimate the influence journalism must have exerted on the political fortunes of Canada. The names of Neilson, Bédard, W. L. Mackenzie, Hincks, Howe, Brown, and Macdougall, will recall remarkable epochs in our history. But it is not only as a political engine that the press has had a decided beneficial effect upon the public intelligence; it has generally been alive to the social and moral questions of the hour, and exposed religious charlatanry, and arrested the progress of dangerous social innovations, with the same fearlessness and vigour which it has shown in the case of political abuses. Political controversy, no doubt, has too often degenerated into licentiousness, and public men have been too often maligned, simply because they were political opponents—an evil which weakens the influence of journalism to an incalculable degree, because the people begin at last to attach little or no importance to charges levelled recklessly against public men. But it is not too much to say that the press of all parties is commencing to recognise its responsibilities to a degree that would not have been possible a few years ago. It is true the ineffable meanness of old times of partisan controversy will crop out

constantly in certain quarters, and political writers are not always the safest guides in times of party excitement. But there is a healthier tone in public discussion, and the people are better able to eliminate the truth and come to a correct conclusion. Personalities are being gradually discouraged, and appeals more frequently made to the reason rather than to the passion and prejudice of party—a fact in itself some evidence of the progress of the readers in culture. The great change in the business basis on which the leading newspapers are now-a-days conducted, of itself must tend to modify political acrimony, and make them safer public guides. A great newspaper now-a-days must be conducted on the same principles on which any other business is carried on. The expenses of a daily journal are now so great that it requires the outlay of large capital to keep it up to the requirements of the time; in fact, it can best be done by joint stock companies, rather than by individual effort. Slavish dependence on a Government or party, as in the old times of journalism, can never make a newspaper successful as a financial speculation, nor give it that circulation on which its influence in a large measure depends. The journal of the present day is a compilation of telegraphic despatches from all parts of the world, and of reports of all matters of local and provincial importance, with one or more columns of concise editorial comment on public topics of general interest; and the success with which this is done is the measure of its circulation and influence. Both the *Globe* and *Mail* illustrate this fact very forcibly; both journals being good newspapers, in every sense of the term, read by Conservatives and Liberals, irrespective of political opinions, although naturally depending for their chief support on a particular party. In no better way can we illustrate the great change that has taken place within less than half a century in the newspaper

enterprise of this country than by comparing a copy of a journal of 1839 with one of 1880. Taking, in the first place, the issue of the Toronto *British Colonist*, for the 23rd October, 1839, we have before us a sheet, as previously stated, of twenty-four columns, twelve of which are advertisements and eight of extracts, chiefly from New York papers. Not a single editorial appeared in this number, though prominence was given to a communication describing certain riotous proceedings, in which prominent 'blues' took part, on the occasion of a public meeting attempted to be held at a Mr. Davis's house on Yonge Street, for the purpose of considering important changes about to take place in the political Constitution of the Canadas. Mr. Poulett Thompson had arrived in the St. Lawrence on the 16th, but the *Colonist* was only able to announce the fact on the 23rd of the month. New York papers took four days to reach Toronto—a decided improvement, however, on old times—and these afforded Canadian editors the most convenient means of culling foreign news. Only five lawyers advertised their places of business; Mr. and Mrs. Crombie announced the opening of their well-known schools. McGill College, at last, advertised that it was open to students—an important event in the educational history of Canada, which, however, received no editorial comment in the paper. We come upon a brief advertisement from Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, the well-known booksellers; but the only book they announced was that work so familiar to old-time students, 'Walkinghame's Arithmetic.' Another literary announcement was the publication of a work, by the Rev. R. Murray, of Oakville, on the 'Tendency and Errors of Temperance Societies'—then in the infancy of their progress in Upper Canada. One of the most encouraging notices was that of the Montreal Type Foundry, which was beginning to compete with Ameri-

can establishments, also advertised in the same issue—an evidence of the rapid progress of printing in Canada. Only one steamer was advertised, the *Gore*, which ran between Toronto and Hamilton; she was described as ‘new, splendid, fast-sailing, and elegantly fitted up,’ and no doubt she was, compared with the old batteaux and schooners which, not long before, had kept up communication with other parts of the Province. On the whole, this issue illustrated the fact that Toronto was making steady progress, and Upper Canada was no longer a mere wilderness. Many of my readers will recall those days, for I am writing of times within the memory of many Upper Canadians.

Now take an ordinary issue of the *Mail*, printed on the same day, in the same city, only forty-one years later. We see a handsome paper of eight closely-printed pages—each larger than a page of the *Colonist*—and fifty-six columns, sixteen of which are devoted to advertisements illustrative of the commercial growth, not only of Toronto, but of Ontario at large—advertisements of Banking, Insurance and Loan Companies, representing many millions of capital; of Railway and Steamship Lines, connecting Toronto daily with all parts of America and Europe; of various classes of manufactures, which have grown up in a quarter of a century or so. No less than five notices of theatrical and other amusements appear; these entertainments take place in spacious, elegant halls and opera houses, instead of the little, confined rooms which satisfied the citizens of Toronto only a few years ago. Some forty barristers and attorneys, physicians and surgeons—no, not all gentlemen, but one a lady—advertise their respective offices, and yet these are only representative of the large number of persons practising these professions in the same city. Leaving the advertisements and reviewing the reading matter, we find eleven columns de-

voted to telegraphic intelligence from all parts of the world where any event of interest has occurred a day or two before. Several columns are given up to religious news, including a lengthy report of the proceedings of the Baptist Union, meeting, for the first time, under an Act of Parliament of 1880—an Association intended for the promotion of missions, *literature*, and church work, into which famous John Bunyan would have heartily thrown himself, no longer in fear of being cast into prison. Four columns are taken up with sports and pastimes, such as lacrosse, the rifle, rowing, cricket, curling, foot-ball, hunting—illustrative of the growing taste among all classes of young men for such healthy recreation. Perhaps no feature of the paper gives more conclusive evidence of the growth of the city and province than the seven columns specially set apart to finance, commerce and marine intelligence, and giving the latest and fullest intelligence of prices in all places with which Canada has commercial transactions. Nearly one column of the smallest type is necessary to announce the arrivals and departures of the steam-tugs, propellers, schooners and other craft which make up the large inland fleet of the Western Province. We find reports of proceedings in the Courts in Toronto and elsewhere, besides many items of local interest. Five columns are made up of editorials and editorial briefs, the latter an interesting feature of modern journalism. The ‘leader’ is a column in length, and is a sarcastic commentary on the ‘fallacious hopes’ of the Opposition; the next article is an answer to one in the London *Economist*, devoted to the vexed question of protective duties in the Colonies; another refers to modern ‘literary criticism,’ one of the strangest literary products of this busy age of intellectual development. In all we have thirty-six columns of reading matter, remarkable for literary execution and careful

editing, as well as for the moderate tone of its political criticism. It will be seen that there is only one advertisement of books in the columns of this issue, but the reason is that it is the custom only to advertise new works on Saturday, when the paper generally contains twelve pages, or eighty-four columns. On the whole, the issue of a very prominent Canadian paper illustrates not only the material development of Ontario in its commercial and advertising columns, but also the mental progress of the people, who demand so large an amount of reading matter at the cost of so much money and mental labour.

As the country increases in wealth and population, the Press must become undoubtedly still more a profession to which men of the highest ability and learning will attach themselves permanently, instead of being too

often attracted, as heretofore, by the greater pecuniary rewards offered by other pursuits in life. Horace Greeley, Dana, Curtis, Whitelaw Reid and Bryant are among the many illustrious examples that the neighbouring States afford of men to whom journalism has been a profession, valued not simply for the temporary influence and popularity it gives, but as a great and powerful organ of public education on all the live questions of the day. The journals whose conductors are known to be above the allurements of political favour, even while they consistently sustain the general policy of a party, are those which most obviously become the true exponents of a sound public opinion, and the successful competitor for public favour in this, as in all other countries enjoying a popular system of government.

(To be continued.)

## L I F E.

BY ESPERANCE

**L**IGHTLY from the childish brow  
Blows the curling golden hair,  
Tossed upon the sportive wind  
Here and there and everywhere.

Lightly dance the hazel eyes,  
Telling forth the childish glee—  
O how blessed to be young!  
O how glorious to be free!

Dreaming not of care or grief,  
Knowing not what life can give,  
Feeling only in her glee  
What a joy it is to live!

\* \* \* \*

Lightly from the girlish brow  
Blows the curling golden hair,  
Tossed upon the sportive wind  
Here and there and everywhere.

Brightly beam the hazel eyes,  
Outlets of a happy heart!  
Brightly glows the lovely face,  
Eyes alight and lips apart!

Dreaming not of coming pain,  
Knowing but what love can give,  
Feeling only in her joy  
What a joy it is to live!

\* \* \* \*

Smoothly on the patient brow  
Lies the waving golden hair,  
Smoothly on the faded brow  
Grief hath made less smooth and fair.

Something in the hazel eyes  
Telling of a weary heart,  
Something on the pallid cheek  
And the lips with pain apart!

Knowing now the depths of pain,  
Knowing now what life can give!  
Feeling in her bitter woe  
What a blank it is to live!

\* \* \* \*

Thinly on the marble brow  
Lies the waving snow-white hair;  
Earth hath lost itself in Heaven,  
Here is merged in over there!

Pulseless o'er the sightless eyes  
Lie the marble lids at rest,—  
After many years of pain,  
Now in death supremely blest!

Dead to earthly joy or pain,  
Knowing now what Heaven can give,  
Knowing now, as ne'er before,  
What it is indeed to live!

\* \* \* \*

Childhood, girlhood—both are glad  
Womanhood must learn of pain;  
Age has this: to prove indeed  
All earth's joys and pleasures vain.

Earth hath promises of joy,  
Heaven alone hath power to give!  
But in Heaven the heart can know,  
What it is indeed to live!

## MACHIAVELLI AND MACHIAVELLISM.

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO MACHIAVELLI  
IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE, IN FLORENCE.

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TIME is truly a great vindicator, and men and things, despite the deceptiveness of their appearance, get their dues in the long run, and succeed in establishing their worth. Our age, moreover, is particularly ready to make amends for the unjust prejudices of our predecessors, and favours any effort at throwing new light upon old subjects, especially where those subjects are so intimately connected with its present movements, as is the memory of the great Florentine secretary, whose century-long influence over the Italian people may be said to have contributed in no small degree towards the final independence of that nation. After ages of struggle, ever against wind and tide, striving after freedom; after ages of suffering, borne with such patience as a people quivering with indignation under injustice and oppression may bear, Italy, at last, made good the prophecy of its Petrarch :

Vertù contra furore  
Prenderà l'arme : e fia 'l combatter corto ;  
Chè l'antico valore,  
Negl' italici cor non è ancor morto.\*

Liberated from foreign and papal oppression, Italy at last may show the world what its chivalrous king meant by *l'Italia fara da sé*. Charles-Albert in these few words expressed the principles of action which Machiavelli had

endeavoured so long in vain to inculcate on the minds of his countrymen : 'Do your own work, and depend no longer on foreign advice or aid.'

It would almost seem as if, in anticipation of its present achievements, and whilst feeling its way towards them, Italy, in erecting this monument to the great statesman, was already and instinctively beginning to render homage to the sagacious patriotism that indicated the means thereto.

This monument was erected by Leopold, Grand-Duke of Tuscany, and stands beside the tombs of Dante, Galileo and Michael Angelo. It represents the muse of history, holding in one hand the symbols of her work, and resting the other on a medallion-bust of Machiavelli. Below, on the body of the cenotaph, may be read the following inscription : *Tanto nomini nullum par elogium* ; a tribute of praise which of itself would seem sufficient rehabilitation.

Nor is this the only instance of affectionate regard paid to the long neglected memory. In 1869, a commemorative inscription in gold letters was placed above the house where Machiavelli had lived and died, via de Guicciardini : *Casa ove visse Nic. Mac. e vi mori 22 giugno 1527, di anni 58, mesi 8, e giorni 19.*

— *A Nic. Machiavelli dell' unità nazionale, precoritore audace e indivino e d'armi proprie e non adventitie primo institutore e maestro Italia una ed ar-*

\* Virtue against fury shall take arms : and the struggle shall be short ; for ancient valour in the Italian heart is not yet dead.

*mata, pose il 3 maggio 1869, quarto di lui centenario.\**

Amidst the mass of opinions that have crowded around this name—praise and blame from the highest quarters—the only way to form an impartial judgment is to turn to the man himself, or, what is left of him—his works. *Le style c'est l'homme*, said M. de Bonald, and in the Florentine secretary's earnest, simple, straightforward style we find the earnest, simple, straightforward patriot. Confident in the truth of the divine saying that 'a bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit, or a good tree bad fruit,' we must find even in the 'Principe' a reason exonerating its author and motiving the purport of the work.

Another certain indication of the real worth of a man, is surely his life. It may, therefore, not be irrelevant here to trace a brief outline of that eventful life, the more so as it is a subject not often looked into by the generality of readers. Machiavelli and Machiavellism have, by traditional abuse, become so synonymous with all that is iniquitous and marked by treachery, that they have well nigh lost all interest for the inquiring mind, except as they may be brought in to illustrate villainy of any kind.

Niccolo Machiavelli was born in Florence, the 3rd of May, 1469, of Bernardo di Niccolo Machiavelli and Bartolommea di Stefano Nelli, widow of Niccolo Benizi. The family is one of great antiquity on both male and female sides. The Machiavelli form a long line of marquises back to Marquis Ugo, who flourished in the year 850, and who was the head of the noble lords who exercised supreme dominion over the whole of that part

of Italy around Florence known as Val di Greve and Val di Pesa.

The Nelli were equally distinguished, descending from the ancient Counts di Borgonovo di Fucecchio, who had always held high public offices in Florence. Both families were Guelphs, and shared, of course, the good and ill fortunes of that party—now exiled, now recalled.

Little is known of the early education of Niccolo, except that he was under the guidance of a highly-gifted mother, a lady who had acquired some fame in literary attainments, notably in poetry, and that he had a rare teacher in Marcello Virgilio, a distinguished Greek and Latin scholar and chancellor of the republic. At the age of twenty-nine he began his public career. He was elected, over a number of competitors, to the second chancellorship *dei Signori*, and, a month later, to the higher office of *Segretario dei Dieci*, by which title he is generally known—namely, the Florentine Secretary.

The Government of Florence was at that time composed of the *Signori* or *Priori*, and the *Collegi*. The first, usually fifty-three in number, formed, with their head, the *Gonfaloniere di Giustizia* (a dignity corresponding to that of Doge), the supreme magistracy of the city. The *Collegi* were composed of seven heads of the militia, *Gonfalonieri delle Compagnie*, and of twelve citizens, called *Buonomini*; and all state affairs came under the joint jurisdiction of these two powers.

During the fifteen years that Machiavelli exercised the functions of his office (which were extremely onerous and complicated, including the domestic and foreign correspondence of the republic, the registering of all its affairs, its counsels and deliberations, the legalizing of all public acts transacted with Italian and foreign princes), he was, besides, employed in various difficult embassies: to the King of France, the Emperor of Germany, the Court of Rome, the Duke of Milan,

\* House where Nic. Machiavelli lived and where he died 22 June 1527, 58 years, 8 months, and 19 days old.—To Nic. Machiavelli, of the national union, the bold and prophetic forerunner, who first taught Italy to dispense with mercenary troops, and use her own; the country united and armed, this dedicates on his anniversary, 3 May, 1869.

the smaller Italian republics—Siena, Piombina, Furlì, and Perugia. His extraordinary aptness for the managing of public affairs caused him, moreover, to be intrusted with a number of military commissions—enrolment of troops, erection of forts, notably during the war of Florence with Pisa; in short, wherever and whenever important state business came into question. When, through the manoeuvring of Julius II., the Medicis returned to Florence and usurped supreme power, Machiavelli's influence and usefulness sank with the republic he had served and defended. His patriotism proved the cause of his ruin. Under pretext that he was implicated in the Boscoli and Capponi conspiracy against the Cardinal of Medicis, he was imprisoned and sentenced to the torture—*rigorosum examen*. The extreme penalty still awaited him, when this Cardinal against whom he was accused to have plotted ascended the pontifical chair, under the name of Leo X. The new Pope, in order not to stain his elevation to papal power by a sentence of death, commuted the punishment into exile. 'An exile,' says Baldelli, 'which he bore like Aristides, taking with him after such long and faithful services, a heart free from reproach and a noble poverty.'

A few years later, being pardoned, he returned to Florence, and after fruitless endeavours to obtain a situation under the new Government, he withdrew from the arena of politics, and devoted himself to literature.

The social milieu in which he found himself was particularly favourable to this new career. A welcome guest, *quasi* an oracle at the *Orti Oricellarii* (a sort of literary club, composed of the best minds of Florence—passionate Platonists, and full of the future of their country), he had before him human nature in all its wealth of differences and capabilities, and needed but to copy it truly to write well. His successes in this direction compensated him, in some respects, for

what Fortune had denied him in the more active fields of political life. They were even such as to finally dispel the aversion which the Medicis entertained towards him, and to win for him the favour of Clement VII. He reëntered public life, and laboured zealously, in the narrow circle within which tyranny allowed at that time the Republican party to move and work. Clement VII. employed him on various occasions of minor importance; and that Machiavelli was a truly public-minded man, and of singular humility of spirit, is sufficiently shown by his ready acceptance of these minor offices of trust. Guicciardini, writing to him on the occasion of his deputation to the *Frati Minori* at Carpi—a commission bearing on some trifling church matters—and comparing him to Lysander, who, after so many triumphs, was finally employed in distributing meat to the very soldiers he had so often led to victory, he replied cheerily, saying that he had found in the constitution of that little republic of sandals\* much that was instructive, and which could be turned to practical use.

The last public service he rendered the State was the supervision of the new fortifications which the Government had voted for the defence of Florence. He was taken ill on his way back to the city, and died from what is generally believed to have been the effects of an overdose of medicine.

The letter of his son, announcing the event to a relative, shows that he died in utter poverty. He had certainly not grown rich in the service of his country. The details of some of the privations he had to endure are really painful—the very necessities of life he often wanted—and the patience with which he bore these privations, shows in no small degree the finely tempered quality of his mind. In regard to his religious sentiments, there has been much diversity of opinion. It

\* 'Repubblica degli zoccoli.'

is evident that he was an enemy to the papacy, and to the corrupt priesthood of his time. On the other hand, he was a disciple of Savonarola.

From his correspondence, we can gather enough about his domestic relations to conclude that these were very creditable to him. He was evidently an indulgent husband and a kind father. Whilst all his energies seemed wholly devoted to the welfare of his country, he gives sufficient evidence, in a number of cases, of tender solicitude about his children's education and their future sphere of usefulness.

His works, which cover a wide range of the most varied subjects, reveal a universality of genius of which there is scarcely another example. Although chiefly devoted to political interests, they comprise enough of the polite literature of his day to give him an enviable place among the highest dramatists and poets. Macaulay, speaking of his comedies, notably of that entitled 'Mandragola,' does not hesitate to say that 'it is the work of a man who, if he had devoted himself to the drama, would probably have attained the highest eminence, and produced a permanent and salutary effect on the national taste.' His writings on military science, seven books on the 'Art of War,' are to this day, notwithstanding the wholly different tactics of modern warfare, such a fountain of practical wisdom, that our present tacticians still resort to them with confessed advantage.

Here, then, is a life exhibiting, in all its particulars, purity of motive, self-sacrifice, diligence, fidelity, and perseverance—a life which, where it sinned, sinned from excess of patriotism, and which has fallen a victim to the general condemnation of a large portion of mankind. Public opinion is certainly against Machiavelli, but public opinion, at its best, partakes largely of the *moutons de Panurge* propensity. Let one cross the stream and all will cross it. Bleating is contagious. There

was, moreover, a dangerous object in sight, well calculated to inspire the timorously good with fear. The 'Principe,' at first sight and reading, looked indeed very much like the Evil One in person.

When Machiavelli returned from exile he was utterly destitute. All the gates of public office were shut against him. He was a patriot—a heinous offence in Medicean eyes. His past services, all so many proofs of self-sacrifice and devotion to his country, only aroused tyrannic suspicion, and barred his way to success. It was then he conceived a work which, in conciliating the enemy, might again open to him a road to usefulness. What he craves above all is to serve his country. In a letter to a friend he explains the purpose and scope of this work: 'Io ho composto un opuscolo De Principatibus, dove io mi profondo quanto io posso nelle cogitazioni di questo subietto, disputando che cosa é principato, di quali spezie sono, come e' s'acquistano, come e' si mantengono, perché e' si perdono.\*' He, the experienced statesman, wishes to explain to his ruler what Princeship means; what it entails upon itself; how much duplicity, treachery, cruelty, perfidy is necessary to acquire and maintain dominion, and, finally, what mistakes a sovereign must avoid making if his ambition is to be a complete prince. The little book proved a very fire-brand in the so-called moral and intellectual world. Cardinal Polus, the great opponent of Henry VIII., was the first to hold up the work to the animadversion of Christendom by declaring that it was written with the fingers of Satan—'*Satane digitis.*' Catarino Politi, Archbishop of Conza, banished it from all Christian literature: '*de libris a christiano detestandis et e christianismo*

\* I have written a pamphlet, *De Principatibus*, wherein I investigate as much as I can this subject, discussing what princeship is, of what different kinds, how it is acquired, how maintained, and why lost.

*penitus eliminandis.*' In 1559, the Jesuits of Ingolstadt burned Machiavelli in effigy, and a whole ecclesiastical league, headed by Paul IV., is formed against the *Principe*, which is forthwith brought under the *index prohibitory*, the Council of Trent, in 1564, solemnly confirming the sentence. Bocalini next condemns its author to the pains eternal: '*Il Machiavelli con la sua arrabiata e disperata politica merito di essere dannato alle pene eterne.*'† The most interesting of these attacks, and one which perhaps excited the greatest attention, owing no doubt to the source from which it came, was the Anti-Machiavell of the King of Prussia, Frederic the Great. It would almost seem as if this unscrupulous conqueror had refuted the '*Principe*' only to follow its instructions with the greater impunity. The correspondence which passed between him and Voltaire on the subject is quite characteristic. It appears, moreover, that the King, in the course of the composition, got so entangled in his own criticisms, that he had to call upon Voltaire to extricate him.

The disputes and invectives to which the work, meanwhile, gave rise, were sometimes not without their ludicrous side. A certain Jesuit, for example, Father Luchesini, adding his mite of protest to the general condemnation, entitled his brochure: '*Specimen of absurdities discovered in the works of Machiavelli.*' The publishers, to abridge so long a title, guilelessly published it under that of '*Absurdities of Father Luchesini.*'

On the other hand, no lesser personages than Sextus V., Charles V., Henry III., undertook to protect the work, and became its advocates. The sultans Amurath IV., and Mustapha III., caused it to be translated into Turkish, and it has been gravely observed

that since that time the Turkish princes were 'more than ever addicted to strangling their brothers.' Coringius translated it into Latin, and in his preface, makes a vigorous defence of the author; Scioppius likewise. Amelot de la Houssaye, French ambassador at Venice, translated it into French, with the same approbation. Rousseau also takes up the subject, and in his '*Contrat Social*,' declares Machiavelli '*un honnête homme et un bon citoyen. En feignant de donner des leçons aux rois il en a donné de grandes aux peuples. Le Prince de Machiavel est le livre des republicains.*'

The '*Principe*' surely never deserved all the praise and blame its commentators heaped upon it. It virtually meant nothing more than: I have given everything to the State and am left destitute. Here is a bundle of lessons for princes—the result of a life-long experience and study of men: give me bread for it! Bread or work! for what to him is more unendurable even than hunger, is the lying inactive of powers that have been of such eminent service to his country. What he dreads above all, is to have his brain, as he expresses it in a letter to a friend, 'moulder away in inaction.'

The pathetic appeal, which runs through the whole of the dedication of the little volume, would seem to justify such an explanation.

That Machiavelli was very poor is evident; and that his poverty cannot be attributed to habits of prodigality is equally evident. The State of Florence gave little chance to its servants to play the spendthrift. We know what it allowed its ambassadors by way of salary: ten lire per day, or about two dollars.

The theories laid down in the *Principe*, taken in their literal sense, are inadmissible to an honest mind, and must necessarily shock the moralist; but it is in this, as in many other cases, that the spirit of the work determines its value.

A clear sense of right and wrong is

† Machiavelli, with his furious and desperate politics, deserves to be condemned to eternal punishment.

a blessing; surely; but who, in his circumscribed sphere of action, can decide with certainty what is absolutely right or absolutely wrong, for another? The decision must rest with every one's own conscience. Human events, moreover, assume such subtle and equivocal phases, that to pretend to determine their exact meaning is sheer fool-hardiness. 'He alone,' says Macaulay, 'reads history aright, who, observing how powerfully circumstances influence the feelings and opinions of men, how often vices pass into virtues, and paradoxes into axioms, learns to distinguish what is accidental and transitory in human nature from what is essential and immutable.'

It is not Machiavelli who poisoned with his theories the age of Henry VIII., of the Medicis and Guises, but rather the age that, with its peculiar accidents, poisoned the mind of Machiavelli—if indeed a great soul can be poisoned. Machiavellism existed long before Machiavelli; it is as old as the world; the Bible is full of it. The cunning stratagems of the Israelites to overreach the surrounding heathen nations, and which their heaven-appointed leaders and prophets invented for them; the parable of the unjust steward, what else are they but Machiavellism? The discriminating mind will readily discern between the machinations of a Reinecke Fuchs, bent solely on mischief, and measures of prudence imposed on a soul by the force of inexorable circumstances.

Nor can Machiavelli's theory, if theory it may be called, be judged from isolated quotations. Harlequin, trying to sell his house, and carrying a brick around by way of sample, never found a purchaser. This theory is imbedded in a most intricate network of human events: the whole history of Italy is wrapped up in it. It represents a time of exceptional warfare; a time when skill was everything and moral suasion nothing; when hate, treachery, dissimulation, and perfidy, had to be met with adequate weapons;

when every muscle of the visage became an arm of defence. The author of the *Principe* distinctly tells his reader that he writes '*cosa utile à chi l'intende*.\*' The unprejudiced reader will easily see the sources from which flow the principles it advocates. Machiavelli from his youth up had fed on the ancients; the old Romans were his *beau idéal*; they were the ideal of the whole Guelph party. The Ghibellines craved the restoration of the Roman Empire, and the Guelphs the restoration of the Roman Republic; and it was the striving after these ideals, these ill-timed and impracticable forms of government that plunged the Italian republics into such nameless misery. The three methods Machiavelli lays down in his *Principe* as the only means by which a conqueror may retain conquered lands, are those of the ancient Romans. The error he fell into was that of his time and of his country—the error namely of dragging ancient philosophy into Christianity and trying to harmonize the two. Early Renaissance was a mixture of Paganism and Christianity—its best minds were Platonists. But Platonism is not Christianity, notwithstanding the few points of resemblance the two may have to each other; and to apply the principles of the one to the other can only work confusion. The philosophy of the ancients was a favourite ground to plant advanced ideas in, and a number of thinkers followed in Machiavelli's track—Vico, Montesquieu, Gibbon. Vico's 'New Science' is but the old science of the ancient Romans; Montesquieu's treatise on 'The Greatness of the Romans' is but a clever amplification of the 'Discourses of the Florentine Secretary,' and Gibbon, in his 'History,' does nothing more than combine the principles of both—the Italian and the Frenchman.

To fairly judge Machiavelli, one

\* Useful things to him who understands them.

should, besides the facts above stated, bear in mind two things—his passionate, fanatical love for his country, and the estimate he put upon mankind in general.

The constitution of his mind was intensely practical and positive. 'Let a man contend to the uttermost for his life's set prize, be it what it will,' was his theory. What he most deprecates is 'the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin.' He looked upon man, not as he might or should be, but as he actually is—it is his imperfections he keeps in view, not his possible perfections. His policy deals with facts, and with facts alone, not with preconceived theories or utopias. He is thoroughly possessed with the reality of things, and admits of no other mode of knowing them than by observation and experience. Close observation marks all his movements; experience is the basis of all his instructions. Life in his eyes is a vast gaming table, where Fortune blindly distributes the cards, but favours the best player. 'Do the best with the hand she gives thee,' is his injunction. 'Don't show it to your neighbour: be wary; no mistakes; no blundering; no bungling.' To him there is no circumstance so adverse but that it can be made to yield some advantage; no opportunity so small but should be seized upon. His falcon-eye perceives in the most trifling event the hidden link that connects it with great causes and results, and, like a skilful engineer, he turns it into the channel where it will act to the best purpose. The perfidies set forth in the 'Principe' as the necessary wire-pulling in certain political transactions; the cruel, harrowing mode of warfare described in it, analyzed, commented on, are in fact nothing else than the monstrous machinery by which Princeship can alone maintain itself. The author, a staunch republican himself, looks at it with all the interest and ardour with which a naturalist looks at a rattle-snake, or a physician at a complicated surgical in-

strument. He examines the hidden springs of the horrible thing, studies their action, notes their relations, with the eagerness of the anatomist, and discusses the crimes it works with the coolness of the machinist: the perfection of the crime proving the excellence of the machinery employed to perpetrate it. Caesar Borgia, in the eyes of Machiavelli, was nothing more than the genius of tyranny.

The honest and impartial investigator of the works of the Florentine Secretary will readily see their drift and meaning. Frederick the Great could not see them, because of his Tartuffe-morality; nor could the Turkish Sultans, who extolled them and made them their principles of action, see them, because they were literally tyrants and nothing more, and could not see anything beyond literal tyranny. These works, moreover, whilst they are replete with truths applicable to all times and all nations, were written in the especial interests of a particular time and a particular people; a time and a people which we cannot weigh and measure with our present weights and measures. The unaccountable contrasts that abound in the history of that period set our subtlest modes of judging at defiance. Was it heartlessness or cold reasonableness that determined the actions of some of the principal actors in the great drama of the Middle Ages? Can patriotism be an excuse for sacrificing a whole family to party-feeling; or can religious enthusiasm excuse some of the incendiary sermons of Savonarola, sermons inciting the people to the most unlawful of means—to treason, assassination, revolt? Shall we say that the moral sense of these problematical heroes became blunted by the horrors of the extraordinary events amid which they were born and bred? Or was there in their time any morality at all? Yet what can we call the staunch honesty, the heroic self-sacrifice, the sublime endurance of some of the worst characters of that epoch?

Previous to committing one of the most atrocious murders, one of the conspirators of the Pazzi conspiracy goes and pays all his debts; another, ferocious, even to fiendishness, in his political vengeance, leaves after him the gentlest of records: tenderness of heart for all manner of suffering; thoughtful charitableness towards the poor; generosity in almsgiving; the most laudable spontaneity in the exercise of Christian virtues.

It is well, in the study of such times and characters, as well as in that of our own contemporaries, not to lose sight of the fact that human nature pivots on contraries. It is the key to many anomalies otherwise incomprehensible.

But, to return to the subject on hand. That which stands out most clearly, and of which there can be no doubt, in the life of the Florentine secretary, is the unselfishness of his endeavours. He lived for his country and that alone. His heart was not 'set on things which no man ought to suffer to be necessary to his happiness, on things which can often be obtained only by the sacrifice of integrity and honour;\*' it is not the *seals* he was after, but the liberty of Italy.

His enemies who impute to him as a crime his wonderful faculty of bending to the exigencies of his times, of going over to tyranny as readily as to liberty, forget that to make the best of unavoidable calamities, as well as of singular good fortunes, is one of his life's principles; one of his prime maxims. It is in all sincerity of heart that here commends to turn *non dove si perde, ma dove si vince*.† His all-absorbing love of country overrides with him everything, even his political convictions. He craves above all usefulness, and offers his services to tyranny that he might still be allowed to serve his native town. Would it have been

nobler or more profitable to his country if he had proudly wrapped himself in idle discontent? No! he will serve Florence at any cost. He lets the sinking republic go, and tries to get hold of the rudder of the new power, that he might still, if possible, further the interests of his native town. At the second expulsion of the Medicis, he abandons them with the same readiness, and hails, with joy, the new chance for the restoration of the republic, and notably that new form of republic which Savonarola introduced, and which declared Christ for its head.\*

A most curious and noteworthy feature in the life of the Florentine secretary, is his adherence to Savonarola. He was one of the few condemned to pay a fine, when the preaching of the stern Dominican, giving umbrage to the *Priori*, they sentenced his disciples to fines and exile. Machiavelli's opinion of the reformer changed, however, with the time and circumstances. His keen, practical sense soon saw the weak side of Savonarola's religious efforts. To hold a mirror to the corrupt Florentines, and preach repentance, was undoubtedly a salutary movement; but to enforce this preaching, as was subsequently the case, with wild prophecies, angry vituperations, and absurd threats, was a mistake, and savoured too much of the very evil he was combating, to insure a lasting confidence.† It was this feature of the

\* During Savonarola's religious revivals, a curious scene took place in the assembly hall of the Great Council. The *Gonfaloniere* of the Republic, an adherent of the reformer, read to the assembled members a sermon of the stern Dominican which so affected all present that they fell on their knees crying for mercy, and on the spur of the moment, it was solemnly decreed that the Republic should henceforth recognise no other head but Christ. The inscription which, on this occasion, was put on the principal gate of the palace, still bears witness to this fact; it reads as follows:

*Christo Regi suo Dominantium Liberatori*

*Dio Summo Opt. May:*

*Marieque Virginæ Reginæ dicavit*

An. S. MDXXVII. S. P. Q. F.

† See Sermons on the Psalms, the xxvith, where Savonarola openly preaches pillage, confiscation, assassination.

\* Macaulay, 'Lord Bacon,' *Edinburgh Review*, 1837.

† Not to where there is failure, but to where there is victory.

reformer's career, which Machiavelli afterwards criticised, and which caused him to say that 'prophets that have no army at their back always end badly.'

If Machiavelli had done nothing more for his country than to liberate it from the ruinous custom of employing mercenary troops in time of war, a custom to which might be ascribed most of its misfortunes, he would have been entitled to the gratitude of his countrymen, and the admiration of posterity. It was solely to his strenuous and persistent efforts that the nuisance was done away with, and replaced by a national militia. One must read in detail the distracting events of these turbulent and desperate times, to realize the greatness of the service he thereby rendered the State.

But the Italy of to-day, free and united, is recognising the fact, and is paying now the long debt of gratitude due to the memory of that eminent patriot. The *Italianissimi*\* see in the Florentine secretary the first advocate of their principles, and every day new honours are rendered to the '*Sovran pensatore*' who so laboriously studied out the destinies of their country, and paved the way to its freedom.

The cenotaph erected to his memory, and placed beside Dante's, is doubly significant, and the two monuments, standing side by side, may be said to have been erected to the genius of Synthesis, and to the genius of Analysis.

Whether Machiavelli understood the freedom of Italy in the same sense as did Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, or Garibaldi, may be questioned. He wanted first of all to free the country from foreign oppression.

Foreign rulers and foreign troops, together with papacy and a corrupt priesthood, were, in his eyes, the moral tyrants Italy had, and it was chiefly towards the expulsion of foreign power

that he wished to bend the mind of Lorenzo. That this was his principal aim, the conclusion of the '*Principe*' plainly indicates. The 'mournful earnestness' of this conclusion shows, moreover, how profoundly Machiavelli felt for the people, and how diligently he endeavoured to further its interests.

What he obviously wished to establish, as may be surmised from his writing, was a strongly organized hegemony—a government which would act as safeguard to all the other separate governments of Italy—a confederation of states rather than a united monarchy; and it would seem to any one who amid the entanglements and intricacies of Italian affairs, can keep in view the leading thread that they are slowly but surely winding that way. Enough, however, has so far been said to show the injustice done to a character entitled, if not to our special regard or admiration, at least to a more intelligent appreciation of the many valuable services he rendered to his country, and his devotion to a cause which, in the eyes of a large portion of the thinking world, represents political and social progress.

Innocent Gentillet, a French Protestant, was the first to make use of the word *machiavelliste*. Bayle subsequently coined from it Machiavellism and made it synonymous with 'tyrannic rule.' Although the use of the term is a purely nominal one, and independent of the merits or demerits of the man himself, yet would it seem that in the interest of progressive ideas, so antiquated a definition were laid aside, the more so as it stands in such evident contradiction to the emphatic testimonies of respect modern Italy pays to the memory of a man 'whose genius' as Macaulay so bravely declares, 'illuminated all the dark places of policy,' and who will be 'contemplated with reverence by all who can distinguish the virtues of a great mind through the corruptions of a degenerate age.'

\* A favourite term adopted to-day to express the more fervent in the cause of liberty.

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## THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XII.—*Continued.*

LADY LORING'S carriage was waiting at the entrance of the street, with all the children in the neighbourhood assembled to admire it. She impulsively forestalled the servant in opening the carriage door. 'Come in!' she cried 'Oh, Stella, you don't know how you have frightened me! Good Heavens, you look frightened yourself! From what wretches have I rescued you? Take my smelling bottle and tell me all about it.'

The fresh air, and the reassuring presence of her old friend, revived Stella. She was able to describe her interview with the General's family, and to answer the inevitable inquiries which the narrative called forth. Lady Loring's last question was the most important of the series:—'What are you going to do about Romaine?'

'I am going to write to him, the moment we get home.'

The answer seemed to alarm Lady Loring. 'You won't betray me?' she said.

'What do you mean?'

'You won't let Romaine discover that I have told you about the duel?'

'Certainly not. You shall see my letter before I send it to be forwarded.'

Tranquillized so far, Lady Loring thought herself of Major Hynd. 'Can we tell him what you have done?' her ladyship asked.

'Of course we can tell him,' Stella replied. 'I shall conceal nothing from Lord Loring; and I shall beg your

good husband to write to the Major. He need only say that I have made the necessary inquiries, after being informed of the circumstances by you—and that I have communicated the favourable result to Mr. Romaine.'

'It's easy enough to write the letter, my dear. But it's not so easy to say what Major Hynd may think of you.'

'Does it matter to me what Major Hynd thinks?'

Lady Loring looked at Stella with a malicious smile. 'Are you equally indifferent,' she said, 'to what Romaine's opinion of your conduct may be?'

Stella's colour rose. 'Try to be serious, Adelaide, when you speak to me of Romaine,' she answered gravely. 'His good opinion of me is the breath of my life.'

An hour later the all-important letter to Romaine was written. Stella scrupulously informed him of all that had happened—with two necessary omissions. In the first place, nothing was said of the widow's reference to her son's death, and of the effect produced by it on his younger brother. The boy was simply described as being of weak intellect, and as requiring to be kept under competent control. In the second place, Romaine was left to infer that ordinary motives of benevolence were the only motives, on his part, known to Miss Eyrecourt.

The letter ended in these lines:

'If I have taken an undue liberty in venturing, unasked, to appear as your representative, I can only plead

that I meant well. It seemed to me to be hard on these poor people, and not just to you in your absence, to interpose any needless delays in carrying out those kind intentions of yours, which had no doubt been properly considered beforehand. In forming your opinion of my conduct, pray remember that I have been careful not to compromise you in any way. You are only known to Madame Marillac as a compassionate person who offers to help her, and who wishes to give that help anonymously. If, notwithstanding this, you disapprove of what I have done, I must not conceal that it will grieve and humiliate me—I have been so eager to be of use to you, when others appear to hesitate. I must find my consolation in remembering that I have become acquainted with one of the sweetest and noblest of women, and that I have helped to preserve her afflicted son from dangers in the future, which I cannot presume to estimate. You will complete what I have only begun. Be forbearing and kind to me, if I have innocently offended in this matter—and I shall gratefully remember the day when I took it on myself to be Mr. Romayne's almoner.'

Lady Loring read these concluding sentences twice over.

'I think the end of your letter will have its effect on him,' she said,

'If it brings me a kind letter in reply,' Stella answered, 'it will have all the effect I hope for.'

'If it does anything,' Lady Loring rejoined, 'it will do more than that.'

'What more can it do.'

'My dear, it can bring him back to you.'

Those hopeful words seemed rather to startle Stella than to encourage her.

'Bring him back to me?' she repeated. 'Oh, Adelaide, I wish I could think as you do!'

'Send the letter to the post,' said Lady Loring, 'and we shall see.'

## CHAPTER XIII.

### FATHER BENWELL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

#### I.

*Arthur Penrose to Father Benwell.*

'REVEREND and dear Father,—  
When I last had the honour of seeing you, I received your instructions to report, by letter, the result of my conversations on religion with Mr. Romayne.

'As events have turned out, it is needless to occupy your time by dwelling at any length on this subject, in writing. Mr. Romayne has been strongly impressed by the excellent books which I have introduced to his notice. He raises certain objections, which I have done my best to meet; and he promises to consider my arguments with his closest attention, in the time to come. I am happier in the hope of restoring his mental tranquillity—in other and worthier words, of effecting his conversion—than I can tell you in any words of mine. I respect and admire, I may almost say I love, Mr. Romayne.

'The details which are wanting in this brief report of progress, I shall have the privilege of personally relating to you. Mr. Romayne no longer desires to conceal himself from his friends. He received a letter this morning, which has changed all his plans, and has decided him on immediately returning to London. I am not acquainted with the contents of the letter, or with the name of the writer—but I am pleased, for Mr. Romayne's sake, to see that the reading of it has made him happy.

'By to-morrow evening, I hope to present my respects to you.'

#### II.

*Mr. Bitrake to Father Benwell.*

'Sir,—The inquiries which I have

instituted, at your request, have proved successful in one respect.

'I am in a position to tell you, that events in Mr. Winterfield's life have unquestionably connected him with the young lady, named Miss Stella Eyrecourt.

'The attendant circumstances, however, are not so easy to discover. Judging by the careful report of the person whom I employ, there must have been serious reasons, in this case, for keeping facts secret and witnesses out of the way. I mention this, not to discourage you, but to prepare you for delays that may occur on our way to discovery.

'Be pleased to preserve your confidence in me, and to give me time—and I answer for the rest.'

#### THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

## Book the Second.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE PICNIC DANCE.

A FINE spring, after a winter of unusual severity, promised well for the prospects of the London season.

Among the social entertainments of the time, general curiosity was excited, in the little sphere which absurdly describes itself under the big name of Society, by the announcement of a party to be given by Lady Loring, bearing the quaint title of a Pic Nic Dance. The invitations were issued for an unusually early hour; and it was understood that nothing so solid and so commonplace as the customary supper was to be offered to the guests. In a word, Lady Loring's ball was designed as a bold protest against late hours and heavy midnight meals. The younger people were all in favour of the proposed reform. Their elders declined to give an opinion beforehand.

In the small inner circle of Lady Loring's most intimate friends, it was whispered that an innovation in the matter of refreshments was contemplated, which would put the tolerant principles of the guests to a severe test. Miss Notman, the housekeeper, politely threatening retirement on a small annuity, since the memorable affair of the oyster omelette, decided on carrying out her design, when she heard that there was to be no supper. 'My attachment to the family can bear a great deal,' she said. 'But when Lady Loring deliberately gives a ball, without a supper, I must hide my head somewhere—and it had better be out of the house!' Taking Miss Notman as representative of a class, the reception of the coming experiment looked, to say the least of it, doubtful.

On the appointed evening, the guests made one agreeable discovery when they entered the reception rooms. They were left perfectly free to amuse themselves as they liked.

The drawing-rooms were given up to dancing; the picture-gallery was devoted to chamber music. Chess-players and card-players found remote and quiet rooms especially prepared for them. People who cared for nothing but talking were accommodated to perfection, in a sphere of their own. And lovers (in earnest or not in earnest) discovered, in a dimly-lit conservatory with many recesses, that ideal of discreet retirement, which combines solitude and society under one roof.

But the ordering of the refreshments failed, as had been foreseen, to share in the approval conferred on the arrangement of the rooms. The first impression was unfavourable. Lady Loring, however, knew enough of human nature to leave results to two potent allies—experience and time.

Excepting the conservatory, the astonished guests could go nowhere without discovering tables prettily decorated with flowers, and bearing hundreds of little pure white china plates, loaded with nothing but sandwiches. All

varieties of opinion were consulted. People of ordinary tastes, who liked to know what they were eating, could choose conventional beef or ham, encased in thin slices of bread of a delicate flavour quite new to them. Other persons less easily pleased, were tempted by sandwiches of *pâté de foie gras*, and by exquisite combinations of chicken and truffles, reduced to a creamy pulp which clung to the bread like butter. Foreigners, making experiments, and not averse to garlic, discovered the finest sausages of Germany and Italy transformed into English sandwiches. Anchovies and sardines appealed, in the same unexpected way, to men who desired to create an artificial thirst—after having first ascertained that the champagne was something to be fondly remembered and regretted, at other parties, to the end of the season. The hospitable profusion of the refreshments was all-pervading and inexhaustible. Wherever the guests might be, or however they were amusing themselves, there were the pretty little white plates perpetually tempting them. People ate as they had never eaten before, and even the inveterate English prejudice against anything new was conquered at last. Universal opinion declared the Picnic Dance to be an admirable idea, perfectly carried out.

Many of the guests paid their hostess the compliment of arriving at the early hour mentioned in the invitations. One of them was Major Hynd. Lady Loring took her first opportunity of speaking to him apart.

'I hear you were a little angry,' she said, 'when you were told that Miss Eyrecourt had taken your inquiries out of your hands.'

'I thought it rather a bold proceeding, Lady Loring,' the Major replied. 'But as the General's widow turned out to be a lady, in the best sense of the word, Miss Eyrecourt's romantic adventure has justified itself. I wouldn't recommend her to run the same risk a second time.'

'I suppose you know what Romayne thinks of it?'

'Not yet. I have been too busy to call on him, since I have been in town. Pardon me, Lady Loring, who is that beautiful creature in the pale yellow dress? Surely, I have seen her somewhere before?'

'That beautiful creature, Major, is the bold young lady of whose conduct you don't approve.'

'Miss Eyrecourt?' 'Yes.'

'I retract everything I said!' cried the Major, quite shamelessly. 'Such a woman as that may do anything. She is looking this way. Pray introduce me.'

The Major was introduced, and Lady Loring returned to her guests.

'I think we have met before, Major Hynd,' said Stella.

Her voice supplied the missing link in the Major's memory of events. Remembering how she had looked at Romayne, on the deck of the steamboat, he began dimly to understand Miss Eyrecourt's otherwise incomprehensible anxiety to be of use to the General's family. 'I remember perfectly,' he answered. 'It was on the passage from Boulogne to Folkestone—and my friend was with me. You and he have no doubt met since that time?' He put the question as a mere formality. The unexpressed thought in him was, 'Another of them in love with Romayne! and nothing, as usual, likely to come of it.'

'I hope you have forgiven me for going to Camp's Hill in your place,' said Stella.

'I ought to be grateful to you,' the Major rejoined. 'No time has been lost in relieving these poor people—and your powers of persuasion have succeeded, where mine might have failed. Has Romayne been to see them himself since his return to London?'

'No. He desires to remain unknown; and he is kindly content, for the present, to be represented by me.'

'For the present?' Major Hind repeated.

A faint flush passed over her delicate complexion. 'I have succeeded,' she resumed, 'in inducing Madame Marillac to accept the help, offered through me, to her son. The poor creature is safe, under kind superintendence, in a private asylum. So far, I can do no more.'

'Will the mother accept nothing?'

'Nothing, either for herself or her daughter, so long as they can work. I cannot tell you how patiently and beautifully she speaks of her hard lot. But her health may give way—and it is possible, before long, that I may leave London.' She paused; the flush deepened on her face. 'The failure of the mother's health may happen in my absence,' she continued; 'and Mr. Romaine will ask you to look after the family, from time to time, while I am away.'

'I will do it with pleasure, Miss Eyrecourt. Is Romaine likely to be here to-night?'

She smiled brightly, and looked away. The Major's curiosity was excited—he looked in the same direction. There was Romaine, entering the room, to answer for himself.

What was the attraction which drew the unsocial student to an evening party? Major Hynd's eyes were on the watch. When Romaine and Stella shook hands, the attraction stood self-revealed to him, in Miss Eyrecourt. Recalling the momentary confusion which she had betrayed when she spoke of possibly leaving London, and of Romaine's plans for supplying her place as his almoner, the Major, with military impatience of delays, jumped to a conclusion. 'I was wrong,' he thought; 'my impenetrable friend is touched in the right place at last. When the splendid creature in yellow leaves London, the name on her luggage will be Mrs. Romaine.'

'You are looking quite another man, Romaine!' he said, mischievously. 'since we met last,'

Stella gently moved away, leaving

them to talk freely. Romaine took no advantage of the circumstance to admit his old friend to his confidence. Whatever relations might really exist between Miss Eyrecourt and himself were evidently kept secret thus far. 'My health has been a little better lately,' was the only reply he made.

The Major dropped his voice to a whisper. 'Have you not had any return——?' he began.

Romaine stopped him there. 'I don't want my infirmities made public,' he whispered back irritably. 'Look at the people all round us! When I tell you I have been better lately, you ought to know what it means.'

'Any discoverable reason for the improvement?' persisted the Major, still bent on getting evidence in support of his own private conclusion.

'None!' Romaine answered sharply.

But Major Hynd was not to be discouraged by sharp replies. 'Miss Eyrecourt and I have been recalling our first meeting on board the steamboat,' he went on. 'Do you remember how indifferent you were to that beautiful person when I asked you if you knew her? I'm glad to see that you show better taste to-night. I wish I knew her well enough to shake hands as you did.'

'Hynd! When a young man talks nonsense, his youth is his excuse. At your time of life, you have passed the excusable age—even in the estimation of your friends.'

With those words Romaine turned away. The incorrigible Major instantly met the reproof inflicted on him with a smart answer. 'Remember,' he said, 'that I was the first of your friends to wish you happiness!' He, too, turned away—in the direction of the champagne and sandwiches.

Meanwhile, Stella had discovered Penrose, lost in the brilliant assemblage of guests, standing alone in a corner. It was enough for her that Romaine's secretary was also Romaine's friend. Passing by titled and cele-

brated personages, all anxious to speak to her, she joined the shy, nervous, sad-looking little man, and did all she could to set him at his ease.

'I am afraid, Mr. Penrose, this is not a very attractive scene to you.' Having said those kind words, she paused. Penrose was looking at her confusedly, but with an expression of interest which was new to her experience of him. 'Has Romayne told him?' she wondered inwardly.

'It is a very beautiful scene, Miss Eyrecourt,' he said, in his low, quiet tones.

'Did you come here with Mr. Romayne?' she asked.

'Yes. It was by his advice that I accepted the invitation with which Lady Loring has honoured me. I am sadly out of place, in such an assembly as this—but I would make far greater sacrifices to please Mr. Romayne.'

She smiled kindly. Attachment so artlessly devoted to the man she loved pleased and touched her. In her anxiety to discover a subject which might interest him, she overcame her antipathy to the spiritual director of the household. 'Is Father Benwell coming to us to-night?' she inquired.

'He will certainly be here, Miss Eyrecourt, if he can get back to London in time.'

'Has he been long away?'

'Nearly a week.'

Not knowing what else to say, she still paid Penrose the compliment of feigning an interest in Father Benwell.

'Has he a long journey to make in returning to London?' she asked.

'Yes—all the way from Devonshire.'

'From South Devonshire?'

'No. North Devonshire—Clovelly.'

The smile suddenly left her face. She proceeded composedly, but without quite concealing the effort that it cost her, or the anxiety with which she waited for the reply to her next question.

'I know something of the neighbourhood of Clovelly,' she said. 'I wonder whether Father Benwell is

visiting any friends of mine there?'

'I am not able to say, Miss Eyrecourt. The reverend father's letters are forwarded to the hotel—I know no more than that.'

With a gentle inclination of her head, she turned towards other guests—looked back—and, with a last little courteous attention offered to him, said, 'If you like music, Mr. Penrose, I advise you to go to the picture gallery. They are going to play a Quartette by Mozart.'

Penrose thanked her, noticing that her voice and manner had become strangely subdued. She made her way back to the room in which the hostess received her guests. Lady Loring was for the moment alone resting on a sofa. Stella stooped over her, and spoke in cautiously lowered tones.

'If Father Benwell comes here to-night,' she said, 'try to find out what he has been doing at Clovelly.'

'Clovelly?' Lady Loring repeated. 'Is that the village near Winterfield's house?'

'Yes.'

## CHAPTER II.

### THE QUESTION OF MARRIAGE.

AS Stella answered Lady Loring, she was smartly tapped on the shoulder by an eager guest with a fan.

The guest was a very little woman, with twinkling eyes and a perpetual smile. Nature, corrected by powder and paint, was liberally displayed in her arms, her bosom, and the upper part of her back. Such clothes as she wore, defective perhaps in quantity, were in quality absolutely perfect. More adorable colour, shape and workmanship never appeared, even in a milliner's picture-book. Her light hair was dressed with a fringe and ringlets, on the pattern which the portraits of the time of Charles the Second have made familiar to us. There was nothing exactly young or exactly

old about her, except her voice—which betrayed a faint hoarseness, attributable possibly to exhaustion produced by untold years of incessant talking. It might be added that she was as active as a squirrel, and as playful as a kitten. But the lady must be treated with a certain forbearance of tone, for this good reason—she was Stella's mother.

Stella turned quickly at the tap of the fan. 'Mamma!' she exclaimed, 'how you startle me!'

'My dear child,' said Mrs. Eyrecourt, 'you are constitutionally indolent, and you want startling. Go into the next room directly. Mr. Romaine is looking for you.'

Stella drew back a step, and eyed her mother in blank surprise. 'Is it possible that you know him?' she asked.

'Mr. Romaine doesn't go into society, or we should have met long since,' Mrs. Eyrecourt replied. 'He is a striking person—and I noticed him when he shook hands with you. That was quite enough for *me*. I have just introduced myself to him, as your mother. He was a little stately and stiff, but most charming when he knew who I was. I volunteered to find you. He was quite astonished. I think he took me for your elder sister. Not the least like each other—are we, Lady Loring? She takes after her poor dear father. *He* was constitutionally indolent. My sweet child, rouse yourself. You have drawn a prize in the great lottery at last. If ever a man was in love, Mr. Romaine is that man. I am a physiognomist, Lady Loring, and I see the passions in the face. Oh, Stella, what a property. Vange Abbey. I once drove that way when I was visiting in the neighbourhood. Superb. And another fortune (eight thousand a year and a villa at Highgate) since the death of his aunt. And my daughter may be mistress of this, if she only plays her cards properly. What a compensation, after all that we suffered through that monster, Winterfield!'

'Mamma! Pray don't——!'

'Stella I will *not* be interrupted, when I am speaking to you for your own good. I don't know a more provoking person, Lady Loring, than my daughter—on certain occasions. And yet I love her. I would go through fire and water for my beautiful child. Only last week, I was at a wedding; and I thought of Stella. The church crammed to the doors. A hundred at the wedding-breakfast. The bride's lace—there! no language can describe it. Ten bridesmaids in blue and silver. Reminded me of the ten virgins. Only the proportion of foolish ones, this time, was certainly more than five. However, they looked well. The Archbishop proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. So sweetly pathetic. Some of us cried. I thought of my daughter. Oh, if I could live to see Stella the central attraction, so to speak, of such a wedding as that. Only I would have twelve bridesmaids at least—and beat the blue and silver with green and gold. Trying to the complexion, you will say. But there are artificial improvements. At least, I am told so. What a house this would be—a broad hint, isn't it, dear Lady Loring?—what a house for a wedding, with the drawing-room to assemble in, and the picture-gallery for the breakfast. I know the Archbishop. My darling, he shall marry you. Why *don't* you go into the next room? Ah, that constitutional indolence. If you had only my energy, as I used to say to your poor father. *Will* you go? Yes, dear Lady Loring, I should like a glass of champagne, and another of those delicious chicken sandwiches. If you don't go, Stella, I shall forget every consideration of propriety, and big as you are, I shall push you out.'

Stella yielded to necessity. 'Keep her quiet, if you can,' she whispered to Lady Loring, in the moment of silence that followed. Even Mrs. Eyrecourt was not able to talk while she was drinking champagne.

In the next room, Stella found Romaine. He looked care-worn and ir-

ritable—but brightened directly, when she approached him.

‘My mother has been speaking to you,’ she said, ‘I am afraid——’

He stopped her there. ‘She is your mother,’ he interposed kindly. ‘Don’t think that I am ungrateful enough to forget that.’

She took his arm, and looked at him with all her heart in her eyes. ‘Come into a quieter room,’ she whispered.

Romayne led her away. Neither of them noticed Penrose as they left the room.

He had not moved since Stella had spoken to him. There he remained in his corner, absorbed in thought—and not in happy thought, as his face would have plainly betrayed to any one who had cared to look at him. His eyes sadly followed the retiring figures of Stella and Romayne. The colour rose on his haggard face. Like most men who are accustomed to live alone, he had the habit, when he was strongly excited, of speaking to himself. ‘No,’ he said, as the unacknowledged lovers disappeared through the door, ‘it is an insult to ask me to do it!’ He turned the other way; escaped Lady Loring’s notice in the reception-room; and left the house.

Romayne and Stella passed through the card room and the chess-room, turned into a corridor, and entered the conservatory.

For the first time the place was a solitude. The air of a newly-invented dance, faintly audible through the open windows of the ball-room above, had proved an irresistible temptation. Those who knew the dance were eager to exhibit themselves. Those who had only heard of it were equally anxious to look on and learn. Even towards the latter end of the nineteenth century, the youths and maidens of society can still be in earnest—when the object in view is a new dance.

What would Major Hynd have said if he had seen Romayne turn into one of the recesses of the conservatory, in which there was a seat which just held

two? But the Major had forgotten his years and his family; and he too was one of the spectators in the ball-room.

‘I wonder,’ said Stella, ‘whether you know how I feel those kind words of yours, when you spoke of my mother. Shall I tell you?’

She put her arm round his neck and kissed him. He was a man new to love, in the nobler sense of the word. The exquisite softness in the touch of her lips, the delicious fragrance of her breath, intoxicated him. Again and again he returned the kiss. She drew back; she recovered her self-possession and with a suddenness and a certainty incomprehensible to a man. From the depths of tenderness she passed to shallows of frivolity. In her own defence she was almost as superficial as her mother, in less than a moment.

‘What would Mr. Penrose say if he saw you?’ she whispered.

‘Why do you speak of Penrose! Have you seen him to-night?’

‘Yes—looking sadly out of his element, poor man. I did my best to set him at his ease—because I know *you* like him.’

‘Dear Stella!’

‘No, not again! I am speaking seriously now. Mr. Penrose looked at me with a strange kind of interest—I can’t describe it. Have you taken him into our confidence?’

‘He is so devoted—he has such a true interest in me,’ said Romayne—‘I really felt ashamed to treat him like a stranger. On our journey to London, I did own that it was your charming letter which had decided me on returning. I did say, “I must tell her myself how well she has understood me, and how deeply I feel her kindness.” Penrose took my hand in his gentle considerate way. “I understand you, too,” he said—and that was all that passed between us.’

‘Nothing more, since that time?’

‘Nothing.’

‘Not a word of what we said to each

other, when we were alone last week in the picture gallery?'

'Not a word. I am self-tormentor enough to distrust myself, even now. God knows I have concealed nothing from you; and yet—Am I not selfishly thinking of my own happiness, Stella, when I ought to be thinking only of You? You know, my angel, with what a life you must associate yourself, if you marry me. Are you really sure that you have love enough and courage enough to be my wife?'

She rested her head caressingly on his shoulder, and looked up at him with her charming smile.

'How many times must I say it,' she asked, 'before you will believe me? Once more—I have love enough and courage enough to be your wife; and I knew it, Lewis, the first time I saw you! Will *that* confession satisfy your scruples? And will you promise never again to doubt yourself, or me?'

Romayne promised, and sealed the promise—unresisted this time—with a kiss. 'When are we to be married?' he whispered.

She lifted her head from his shoulder with a sigh. 'If I am to answer you honestly,' she replied, 'I must speak of my mother, before I speak of myself.'

Romayne submitted to the duties of his new position, as well as he understood them. 'Do you mean that you have told your mother of our engagement?' he said. 'In that case, is it my duty or yours—I am very ignorant in these matters—to consult her wishes? My own idea is, that I ought to ask her, if she approves of me as her son-in-law, and that you might then speak to her of the marriage.'

Stella thought of Romayne's tastes, all in favour of modest retirement, and of her mother's tastes, all in favour of ostentation and display. She frankly owned the result produced in her own mind. 'I am afraid to consult my mother about our marriage,' she said.

Romayne looked astonished. 'Do you think Mrs. Eyrecourt will disapprove of it?' he asked.

Stella was equally astonished on her side. 'Disapprove of it?' she repeated. 'I know for certain that my mother will be delighted?'

'Then where is the difficulty?'

There was but one way of definitely answering that question. Stella boldly described her mother's idea of a wedding—including the Archbishop, the twelve bridesmaids in green and gold, and the hundred guests at breakfast in Lord Loring's picture-gallery. Romayne's consternation literally deprived him, for the moment, of the power of speech. To say that he looked at Stella, as a prisoner in 'the condemned cell' might have looked at the sheriff, announcing the morning of his execution, would be to do injustice to the prisoner. He receives *his* shock without flinching; and, in proof of his composure, celebrates his wedding with the galleys by a breakfast which he will not live to digest.

'If you think as your mother does,' Romayne began, as soon as he had recovered his self-possession, 'no opinion of mine shall stand in the way——' He could get no further. His vivid imagination saw the Archbishop and the bridesmaids, heard the hundred guests and their dreadful speeches: his voice faltered, in spite of himself.

Stella eagerly relieved him. 'My darling, I don't think as my mother does,' she interposed tenderly. 'I am sorry to say, we have very few sympathies in common. Marriages, as I think, ought to be celebrated as privately as possible—the near and dear relations present, and no one else. If there must be rejoicings and banquets, and hundreds of invitations, let them come when the wedded pair are at home after the honeymoon, beginning life in earnest. These are odd ideas for a woman to have—but they *are* my ideas, for all that.'

Romayne's face brightened. 'How few women possess your fine sense and your delicacy of feeling!' he exclaimed. 'Surely your mother must give way, when she hears we are both

of one mind about our marriage?’

Stella knew her mother too well to share the opinion thus expressed. Mrs. Eyrecourt's capacity for holding to her own little ideas, and for persisting (where her social interests were concerned) in trying to insinuate those ideas into the minds of other persons, was a capacity which no resistance, short of absolute brutality, could overcome. She was perfectly capable of worrying Romaine (as well as her daughter) to the utmost limits of human endurance; in the firm conviction that she was bound to convert all heretics, of their way of thinking, to the orthodox faith in the matter of weddings. Putting this view of the case with all possible delicacy, in speaking of her mother, Stella expressed herself plainly enough, nevertheless, to enlighten Romaine.

He made another suggestion. ‘Can we marry privately,’ he said, ‘and tell Mrs. Eyrecourt of it afterwards.’

This essentially masculine solution of the difficulty was at once rejected. Stella was too good a daughter to suffer her mother to be treated with even the appearance of disrespect. ‘Oh,’ she said, ‘think how mortified and distressed my mother would be! She *must* be present at the marriage.’

An idea of a compromise occurred to Romaine. ‘What do you say,’ he proposed, ‘to arrange for the marriage privately—and then telling Mrs. Eyrecourt only a day or two before-hand, when it would be too late to send out invitations? If your mother would be disappointed —’

‘She would be angry,’ Stella interposed.

‘Very well—lay all the blame on me. Besides, there might be two other persons present, whom I am sure Mrs. Eyrecourt is always glad to meet. You don't object to Lord and Lady Loring?’

‘Object? I wouldn't be without them, at my wedding, for the whole world.’

‘Anyone else, Stella?’

‘Any one, Lewis, whom you like.’

‘Then I say—no one else. My own love! When may it be? My lawyers can get the settlements ready in a fortnight, or less. Will you say in a fortnight?’

His arm was round her waist; his lips were touching her lovely neck. She was not a woman to take refuge in the commonplace coquetteries of the sex. ‘Yes,’ she said softly, ‘if you wish it.’ She rose, and withdrew herself from him. ‘For my sake, we must not be here together any longer, Lewis.’ As she spoke, the music in the ball-room ceased. Stella ran out of the conservatory.

The first person she encountered on returning to the reception room, was Father Benwell.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE END OF THE BALL.

THE priest's long journey did not appear to have fatigued him. He was as cheerful and as polite as ever—and so paternally attentive to Stella that it was quite impossible for her to pass him with a formal bow.

‘I have come all the way from Devonshire,’ he said. ‘The train has been behind time as usual, and I am one of the late arrivals in consequence. I miss some familiar faces at this delightful party. Mr. Romaine, for instance. Perhaps he is not one of the guests?’

‘Oh, yes.’

‘Has he gone away?’

‘Not that I know of.’

The tone of her replies warned Father Benwell to let Romaine be. He tried another name. ‘And Arthur Penrose?’ he inquired next.

‘I think Mr. Penrose has left us.’

As she answered she looked towards Lady Loring. The hostess was the centre of a circle of ladies and gentlemen. Before she was at liberty, Father Benwell might take his departure.

Stella resolved to make the attempt for herself which she had asked Lady Loring to make for her. It was better to try and be defeated than not to try at all.

'I asked Mr. Penrose what part of Devonshire you were visiting,' she resumed, assuming her more gracious manner. 'I know something myself of the north coast, especially the neighbourhood of Clovelly.'

Not the faintest change passed over the priest's face; his fatherly smile had never been in a better state of preservation.

'Isn't it a charming place?' he said, with enthusiasm. 'Clovelly is the most remarkable and most beautiful village in England. I have so enjoyed my little holiday—excursions by sea and excursions by land—do you know I feel quite young again!'

He lifted his eyebrows playfully, and rubbed his plump hands one over the other with such an intolerably innocent air of enjoyment that Stella positively hated him. She felt her capacity for self-restraint failing her. Under the influence of strong emotion, her thoughts lost their customary discipline. In attempting to fathom Father Benwell, she was conscious of having undertaken a task which required more pliable moral qualities than she possessed. To her own unutterable annoyance, she was at a loss what to say next. At that critical moment her mother appeared—eager for news of the conquest of Romayne.

'My dear child, how pale you look!' said Mrs. Eyrecourt. 'Come with me directly—you must have a glass of wine.'

This dexterous device for entrapping Stella into a private conversation failed. 'Not now, Mamma, thank you,' she said.

Father Benwell, on the point of discreetly withdrawing, stopped, and looked at Mrs. Eyrecourt with an appearance of respectful interest. 'Your mother?' he said to Stella. 'I should feel honoured if you will introduce me.'

Having (not very willingly) performed the ceremony of presentation, Stella drew back a little. She had no desire to take any part in the conversation that might follow; but she had her own reasons for waiting near enough to hear it.

In the meantime, Mrs. Eyrecourt turned on her inexhaustible flow of small-talk, with her customary facility. No distinction of persons troubled her; no convictions of any sort stood in her way. She was equally ready (provided she met him in good society) to make herself agreeable to a Puritan or a Papist.

'Delighted to make your acquaintance, Father Benwell. Surely I met you at that delightful evening at the Duke's? I mean when we welcomed the Cardinal back from Rome. Dear old man—if one may speak so familiarly of a Prince of the Church. How charmingly he bears his new honours. Such patriarchal simplicity, as every one remarked. Have you seen him lately?'

The idea of the Order to which he belonged feeling any special interest in a Cardinal (except when they made him of some use to them) privately amused Father Benwell. 'How wise the Church was,' he thought, 'in inventing a spiritual aristocracy. Even this fool of a woman is impressed by it.' His spoken reply was true to his assumed character as one of the inferior clergy. 'Poor priests like me, madam, see but little of Princes of the Church in the houses of Dukes.' Saying this with the most becoming humility, he turned the talk in a more productive direction, before Mrs. Eyrecourt could proceed with her recollections of 'the evening at the Duke's.'

'Your charming daughter and I have been talking about Clovelly,' he continued. 'I have just been spending a little holiday in that delightful place. It was a surprise to me, Mrs. Eyrecourt, to see so many really beautiful country seats in the neighbourhood. I was particularly struck—you know it,

of course? — by Beaupark House.'

Mrs. Eyrecourt's little twinkling eyes suddenly became still and steady. It was only for a moment. But even that trifling change boded ill for the purpose which the priest had in view.

Having the opportunity of turning Stella's mother into a valuable source of information actually placed in his hands, Father Benwell reasoned with himself, as he had reasoned at Miss Notman's tea table. A frivolous person was a person easily persuaded to gossip, and not likely to be reticent in keeping secrets. In drawing this conclusion, the reverend Father was justified by every wise man's experience of human nature—but he forgot to make allowance for the modifying influence of circumstances. Even the wits of a fool can be quickened by contact with the world. For many years Mrs. Eyrecourt had held her place in society; acting under an intensely selfish sense of her own interests, fortified by those cunning instincts which grow best in a barren intellect. Perfectly unworthy of being trusted with secrets which only concerned other people, this frivolous creature could be the unassailable guardian of secrets which concerned herself. The instant the priest referred indirectly to Winterfield, by speaking of Beaupark House, her instincts warned her, as if in words:— 'Be careful for Stella's sake!'

'Oh, yes!' said Mrs. Eyrecourt, 'I know Beaupark House; but—May I make a confession?' she added with her sweetest smile.

Father Benwell caught her tone, with his customary tact. 'A confession at a ball is a novelty; even in my experience,' he answered, with *his* sweetest smile.

'How good of you to encourage me!' proceeded Mrs. Eyrecourt. 'No, thank you, I don't want to sit down. My confession won't take long—and I really must give that poor pale daughter of mine a glass of wine. A student of human nature like you—they say

all priests are students of human nature; accustomed of course to be consulted in difficulties, and to hear *real* confessions—must know that we poor women are sadly subject to whims and caprices. We can't resist them as men do; and the dear good men generally make allowances for us. Well, do you know, that place of Mr. Winterfield's is one of my caprices. Oh, dear, I speak carelessly; I ought to have said, the place *represents* one of my caprices. In short, Father Benwell, Beaupark House is perfectly odious to me; and I think Clovelly the most over-rated place in the world. I haven't the least reason to give, but so it is. Excessively foolish of me. It's like hysterics, I can't help it. I'm sure you will forgive me. There isn't a place on the habitable globe that I am not ready to feel interested in, except detestable Devonshire. I am so sorry you went there. The next time you have a holiday, take my advice. Try the Continent.'

'I should like it of all things,' said Father Benwell. 'Only I don't speak French. Allow me to get Mrs. Eyrecourt a glass of wine.'

He spoke with the most perfect temper and tranquillity. Having paid his little attention to Stella, and having relieved her of the empty glass, he took his leave, with a parting request thoroughly characteristic of the man.

'Are you staying in town, Mrs. Eyrecourt?' he asked.

'Oh, of course, at the height of the season!'

'May I have the honour of calling on you—and talking a little more about the Continent?'

If he had said it in so many words, he could hardly have informed Mrs. Eyrecourt more plainly that he thoroughly understood her, and that he meant to try again. Strong in the worldly training of half a lifetime, she at once informed him of her address, with the complimentary phrases proper to the occasion. 'Five o'clock tea

on Wednesdays, Father Benwell. Don't forget!

The moment he was gone, she drew her daughter into a quiet corner. 'Don't be frightened, Stella. That sly old person has some interest in trying to find out about Winterfield. Do you know why?'

'Indeed I don't, Mamma. I hate him!'

'Oh, hush! hush! Hate him as much as you like; but always be civil to him. Tell me——have you been in the conservatory with Romaine?'

'Yes.'

'All going on well?'

'Yes.'

'My sweet child! Dear, dear me, the wine has done you no good; you're as pale as ever. Is it that priest? Oh, pooh, pooh, leave Father Benwell to me.'

## CHAPTER IV.

### IN THE SMALL HOURS.

WHEN Stella left the conservatory, the attraction of the ball for Romaine was at an end. He went back to his rooms at the hotel.

Penrose was waiting to speak to him. Romaine noticed signs of suppressed agitation in his secretary's face. 'Has anything happened?' he inquired.

'Nothing of any importance,' Penrose answered, in sad, subdued tones, 'I only wanted to ask you for leave of absence.'

'Certainly. Is it for a long time?'

Penrose hesitated. 'You have a new life opening before you,' he said. 'If your experience of that life is—as I hope and pray it may be—a happy one, you will need me no longer; we may not meet again.' His voice began to tremble; he could say no more.

'Not meet again?' Romaine repeated. 'My dear Penrose, if you forget how many happy days I owe to your companionship, my memory is to

be trusted. Do you really know what my new life is to be? Shall I tell you what I have said to Stella to-night?'

Penrose lifted his hand with a gesture of entreaty.

'Not a word!' he said eagerly. 'Do me one more kindness—leave me to be prepared (as I am prepared) for the change that is to come, without any confidence on your part to enlighten me further. Don't think me ungrateful. I have reasons for saying what I have just said—I cannot mention what they are—I can only tell you they are serious reasons. You have spoken of my devotion to you. If you wish to reward me a hundred-fold more than I deserve, bear in mind our conversations on religion; and keep the books I asked you to read, as gifts from a friend who loves you with his whole heart. No new duties that you can undertake are incompatible with the higher interests of your soul. Think of me sometimes. When I leave you I go back to a lonely life. My poor heart is full of your brotherly kindness, at this last moment when I may be saying good-bye for ever. And what is my one consolation? What helps me to bear my hard lot? The Faith that I hold! Remember that, Romaine. If there comes a time of sorrow in the future, remember that.'

Romaine was more than surprised, he was shocked. 'Why must you leave me?' he asked.

'It is best for you and for *her*,' said Penrose, 'that I should withdraw myself from your new life.'

He held out his hand. Romaine refused to let him go. 'Penrose!' he said, 'I can't match your resignation. Give me something to look forward to. I must and will see you again.'

Penrose smiled sadly. 'You know that my career in life depends wholly on my superiors,' he answered. 'But if I am still in England—and if (which God forbid!) you have sorrows in the future that I can share and alleviate—only let me know it. There is nothing within the compass of my power

which I will not do for your sake, God bless and prosper you! Good bye!

In spite of his fortitude, the tears rose in his eyes. He hurried out of the room.

Romayne sat down at his writing table and hid his face in his hands. He had entered the room with the bright image of Stella in his mind. The image had faded from it now—the grief that was in him, not even the beloved woman could share. His thoughts were wholly with the brave and patient Christian who had left him—the true man, whose spotless integrity no evil influence could corrupt. By what inscrutable fatality do some men find their way into spheres that are unworthy of them? Oh, Penrose, if the priests of your Order were all like you, how easily I should be converted! These were Romayne's thoughts, in the stillness of the first hours of the morning. The books of which his lost friend had spoken were close by him on the table. He opened one of them, and turned to a page marked by pencil lines. His sensitive nature was troubled to its inmost depths. The confession of that Faith which had upheld Penrose was before him in words. The impulse was strong in him to read those words, and think over them, again.

He trimmed his lamp, and bent his mind on his book. While he was still reading, the ball at Lady Loring's house came to its end. Stella and Lady Loring were alone together talking of him, before they retired to their rooms.

'Forgive me for owning it plainly,' said Lady Loring—'I think you and your mother are a little too ready to suspect Father Benwell without any discoverable cause. Thousands of people go to Clovelly; and Beaupark House is one of the show-places in the neighbourhood. Is there a little Protestant prejudice in this new idea of yours?'

Stella made no reply; she seemed to be lost in her own thoughts.

Lady Loring went on.

'I am open to conviction, my dear. If you will only tell me what interest Father Benwell can have in knowing about you and Winterfield——'

Stella suddenly looked up. 'Let us speak of another person,' she said; 'I own I don't like Father Benwell. As you know, Romayne has concealed nothing from me. Ought I to have any concealments from *him*? Ought I not to tell him about Winterfield?'

Lady Loring started. 'You astonish me,' she said. 'What right has Romayne to know it?'

'What right have I to keep it a secret from him?'

'My dear Stella! if you had been in any way to blame in that miserable matter, I should be the last person in the world to advise you to keep it a secret. But you are innocent of all blame. No man—not even the man who is soon to be your husband—has a right to know what you have so unjustly suffered. Think of the humiliation of even speaking of it to Romayne!'

'I daren't think of it,' cried Stella, passionately. 'But if it is my duty—'

'It is your duty to consider the consequences,' Lady Loring interposed. 'You don't know how such things sometimes rankle in a man's mind. He may be perfectly willing to do you justice—and yet, there may be moments when he would doubt if you had told him the whole truth. I speak with the experience of a married woman. Don't place yourself in *that* position towards your husband if you wish for a happy married life.'

Stella was not quite convinced yet. 'Suppose Romayne finds it out?' she said.

'He can't possibly find it out. I detest Winterfield, but let us do him justice. He is no fool. He has his position in the world to keep up—and that is enough of itself to close his lips. And as for others, there are

only three people now in England who *could* betray you. I suppose you can trust your mother, and Lord Loring and me ?'

It was needless to answer such a question as that. Before Stella could speak again Lord Loring's voice was audible outside the door. 'What ! talking still,' he exclaimed. 'Not in bed yet ?'

'Come in !' cried his wife. 'Let us hear what my husband thinks,' she said to Stella.

Lord Loring listened with the closest attention while the subject under discussion was communicated to him. When the time came to give his opinion, he sided unhesitatingly with his wife.

'If the fault was yours, even in the slightest degree,' he said to Stella, 'Romayne would have a right to be taken into your confidence. But, my dear child, we, who know the truth, know you to be a pure and innocent woman. You go to Romayne in every way worthy of him, and you know that he loves you. If you did tell him that miserable story, he could only pity you. Do you want to be pitied ?'

Those last unanswerable words brought the debate to an end. From that moment the subject was dropped.

There was still one other person among the guests at the ball who was waking in the small hours of the morning. Father Benwell, wrapped comfortably in his dressing gown, was too hard at work on his correspondence to think of his bed.

With one exception, all the letters that he had written thus far were closed, directed, and stamped for the post. The letter that he kept open he was now engaged in reconsidering and correcting. It was addressed, as usual, to the Secretary of the Order at Rome ; and, when it had undergone the final revision, it contained these lines :—

'My last letter informed you of

Romayne's return to London and to Miss Eyrecourt. Let me entreat our reverend brethren to preserve perfect tranquillity of mind, in spite of this circumstance. The owner of Vange Abbey is not married yet. If patience and perseverance on my part win their fair reward, Miss Eyrecourt shall never be his wife.

'But let me not conceal the truth. In the uncertain future that lies before us, I have no one to depend on but myself. Penrose is no longer to be trusted ; and the exertions of the agent to whom I committed my inquiries are exertions that have failed.

'I will dispose of the case of Penrose first.

'The zeal with which this young man has undertaken the work of conversion entrusted to him has, I regret to say, not been fired by devotion to the interests of the Church, but by a dog-like affection for Romayne. Without waiting for my permission, Penrose has revealed himself in his true character as a priest. And, more than this, he has not only refused to observe the proceedings of Romayne and Miss Eyrecourt—he has deliberately closed his ears to the confidence which Romayne wished to repose in him, on the ground that I might have ordered him to repeat that confidence to me.

'To what use can we put this man's ungovernable sense of honour and gratitude ? For the present he has left London to assist in the spiritual care of a country district. It will be a question for the future whether we may not turn his enthusiasm to good account, in a mission to foreign parts. But, as it is always possible that his influence may still be of use to us, I venture to suggest keeping him within our reach, until Romayne's conversion has actually taken place.

'I may now proceed to the failure of my agent, and to the course of action that I have adopted in consequence.

'The investigations appear to have definitely broken down at the seaside

village of Clovelly, in the neighbourhood of Mr. Winterfield's country seat. Knowing that I could depend upon the information which associated this gentleman with Miss Eyrecourt, under compromising circumstances of some sort, I decided on seeing Mr. Winterfield, and judging for myself.

'The agent's report informed me that the person who had finally baffled his inquiries was an aged Catholic priest, long resident at Clovelly. His name is Newbliss, and he is much respected among the Catholic gentry in that part of Devonshire. After due consideration, I obtained a letter of introduction to my reverend colleague, and travelled to Clovelly—telling my friends here that I was taking a little holiday, in the interests of my health.

'I found Father Newbliss a venerable and reticent son of the Church—with one weak point, however, to work on, which was entirely beyond the reach of the otherwise astute person charged with my inquiries. My reverend friend is a scholar, and is inordinately proud of his learning. I am a scholar too. In that capacity I first found my way to his sympathies, and then gently encouraged his pride. The result will appear in certain discoveries, which I number as follows:—

'1. The events which connect Mr. Winterfield with Miss Eyrecourt happened about two years since, and had their beginning at Beaupark House.

'2. At this period, Miss Eyrecourt and her mother were staying at Beaupark House. The general impression in the neighbourhood was, that Mr. Winterfield and Miss Eyrecourt were engaged to be married.

'3. Not long afterwards, Miss Eyrecourt and her mother surprised the neighbourhood by suddenly leaving Beaupark House. Their destination was supposed to be London.

'4. Mr. Winterfield himself next left his country seat for the Continent. His exact destination was not mentioned to any one. The steward, soon afterwards, dismissed all the servants;

and the house was left empty for more than a year.

'5. At the end of that time, Mr. Winterfield returned alone to Beaupark House, and told nobody how, or where, he had passed the long interval of his absence.

'6. Mr. Winterfield remains, to the present day, an unmarried man.

'Having arrived at these preliminary discoveries, it was time to try what I could make of Mr. Winterfield next.

'Among the other good things which this gentleman has inherited, is a magnificent library, collected by his father. That one learned man should take another learned man to see the books, was a perfectly natural proceeding. My introduction to the master of the house followed my introduction to the library, almost as a matter of course.

'I am about to surprise you, as I was myself surprised. In all my long experience, Mr. Winterfield is, I think, the most fascinating person I ever met with. Genial, unassuming manners, a prepossessing personal appearance, a sweet temper, a quaint humour delightfully accompanied by natural refinement—such are the characteristic qualities of the man, from whom I myself saw Miss Eyrecourt (accidentally meeting him in public) recoil with dismay and disgust! It is absolutely impossible to look at him, and to believe him to be capable of a cruel or dishonourable action. I never was so puzzled in my life.

'You may be inclined to think that I am misled by a false impression, derived from the gratifying welcome that I received as a friend of Father Newbliss. I will not appeal to my knowledge of human nature—I will refer to the unanswerable evidence of Mr. Winterfield's poorer neighbours. Wherever I went, in the village or out of it, if I mentioned his name, I produced a universal outburst of admiration and gratitude. "There never was such a friend to poor people, and there never can be such another to the

end of the world." Such was a fisherman's description of him; and the one cry of all the men and women near us answered, "That's the truth."

'And yet there is something wrong—for this plain reason, that there is a secret to keep, in the past lives of Mr. Winterfield and Miss Eyrecourt.

'Under these perplexing circumstances, what use have I made of my opportunities? I am going to surprise you again—I have mentioned Romaine's name to Mr. Winterfield; and I have ascertained that they are, so far, perfect strangers to one another—and that is all.

'The little incident of mentioning Romaine arose out of my examination of the library. I discovered certain old volumes, which may one day be of use to him, if he continues his contemplated work on the Origin of Religions. Hearing me express myself to this effect, Mr. Winterfield replied with the readiest kindness.

"I can't compare myself to my excellent father," he said; "but I have at least inherited his respect for the writers of books. My library is a treasure which I had in trust for the interests of literature. Pray say so, from me to your friend, Mr. Romaine."

'And what does this amount to?—you will ask. My reverend friend, it offers me an opportunity, in the future, of bringing Romaine and Winterfield together. Do you see the complications which may ensue? If I can put no other difficulty in Miss Eyrecourt's way, I think there is fruitful promise of a scandal of some kind arising out of the introduction to each other of those two men. You will agree with me, that a scandal may prove a valuable obstacle in the way of a marriage.

'Mr. Winterfield has kindly invited me to call on him, when he is next in London. I may then have opportunities of putting questions which I could not venture to ask on a short acquaintance.

'In the meantime, I have obtained

another introduction since my return to town. I have been presented to Miss Eyrecourt's mother; and I am invited to drink tea with her on Wednesday. My next letter may tell you—what Penrose ought to have discovered—whether Romaine has been already entrapped into a marriage engagement, or not.

'Farewell for the present. Remind the Reverend Fathers, with my respects, that I possess one of the valuable qualities of an Englishman—I never know when I am beaten.'

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

## Book the Third.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE HONEYMOON.

**M**ORE than six weeks had passed. The wedded lovers were still enjoying their honeymoon at Vange Abbey.

Some offence had been given, not only to Mrs. Eyrecourt, but to friends of her way of thinking, by the strictly private manner in which the marriage had been celebrated. The event took everybody by surprise when the customary advertisement appeared in the newspapers. Foreseeing the unfavourable impression that might be produced in some quarters, Stella had pleaded for a timely retreat to the seclusion of Romaine's country house. The will of the bride being, as usual, the bridegroom's law, to Vange they retired accordingly.

On one lovely moonlight night, early in July, Mrs. Romaine left her husband on the Belvidere, described in Major Hynd's narrative, to give the housekeeper certain instructions relating to the affairs of the household. Half-an-hour later, as she was about to ascend again to the top of the house, one of the servants informed her that

'the master had just left the Belvidere, and had gone into his study.'

Crossing the inner hall, on her way to the study, Stella noticed an unopened letter, addressed to Romaine, lying on a table in a corner. He had probably laid it aside and forgotten it. She entered his room with the letter in her hand.

The only light was a reading lamp, with the shade so lowered that the corners of the study were left in obscurity. In one of these corners Romaine was dimly visible, sitting with his head sunk on his breast. He never moved when Stella opened the door. At first she thought he might be asleep.

'Do I disturb you, Lewis?' she asked softly.

'No, my dear.'

There was a change in the tone of his voice, which his wife's quick ear detected. 'I am afraid you are not well,' she said anxiously.

'I am a little tired after our long ride to-day. Do you want to go back to the Belvidere?'

'Not without you. Shall I leave you to rest here?'

He seemed not to hear the question. There he sat, with his head hanging down, the shadowy counterfeited of an old man. In her anxiety, Stella approached him, and put her hand caressingly on his head. It was burning hot. 'Oh!' she cried, 'you are ill, and you are trying to hide it from me.'

For a moment, he was still silent; taking out his handkerchief, and passing it rapidly over his face. 'Nothing is the matter with me,' he said, with an uneasy laugh. He put his arm round her waist, and made her sit on his knee. 'What have you got in your hand?' he asked. 'A letter?'

'Yes. Addressed to you, and not opened yet.'

He took it out of her hand, and threw it carelessly on a sofa near him. 'Never mind that now! Let us talk.' He paused, and kissed her, before he went on. 'My darling, I think you

must be getting tired of Vange?

'Oh, no! I can be happy anywhere with you—and especially at Vange. You don't know how this noble old house interests me, and how I admire the glorious country all around it.'

He was not convinced. 'Vange is very dull,' he said obstinately; 'and your friends will be wanting to see you. Have you heard from your mother lately?'

'No. I am surprised she has not written.'

'She has not forgiven us for getting married so quietly,' he went on. 'We had better go back to London and make our peace with her. Don't you want to see the house my aunt left me at Highgate?'

Stella sighed. The society of the man she loved was society enough for her. Was he getting tired of his wife already? 'I will go with you wherever you like.' She said those words in tones of sad submission, and gently got up from his knee.

He rose also, and took from the sofa the letter which he had thrown on it. 'Let us see what our friends say,' he resumed. 'The address is in Loring's handwriting.'

As he approached the table on which the lamp was burning, she noticed that he moved with a languor that was new in her experience of him. He sat down and opened the letter. She watched him with an anxiety which had now become intensified to suspicion. The shade of the lamp still prevented her from seeing his face plainly. 'Just what I told you,' he said; 'the Loring's want to know when they are to see us in London; and your mother says she "feels like that character in Shakespeare who was cut by his own daughters." Read it.'

He handed her the letter. In taking it, she contrived to touch the lamp shade, as if by accident, and tilted it so, that the full flow of the light fell on him. He started back—but not before she had seen the ghastly

pallor on his face. She had not only heard it from Lady Loring, she knew from his own unreserved confession to her what that startling change really meant. In an instant she was on her knees at his feet. 'Oh, my darling,' she cried, 'it was cruel to keep *that* secret from your wife! You have heard it again!'

She was too irresistibly beautiful, at that moment, to be reproved. He gently raised her from the floor—and owned the truth.

'Yes,' he said; 'I heard it after you left me on the Belvidere—just as I heard it on another moonlight night, when Major Hynd was here with me. Our return to this house is perhaps the cause. I don't complain; I have had a long release.'

She threw her arms round his neck. 'We will leave Vange to-morrow,' she said.

It was firmly spoken. But her heart sank as the words passed her lips. Vange Abbey had been the scene of the most unalloyed happiness in her life. What destiny was waiting for her when she returned to London?

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## CHAPTER II.

### EVENTS AT TEN ACRES.

THERE was no obstacle to the speedy departure of Romaine and his wife from Vange Abbey. The villa at Highgate—called Ten Acres Lodge, in allusion to the measurement of the grounds surrounding the house—had been kept in perfect order by the servants of the late Lady Berrick, now in the employment of her nephew.

On the morning after their arrival at the villa, Stella sent a note to her mother. The same afternoon, Mrs. Eyrecourt arrived at Ten Acres—on her way to a garden party. Finding the house, to her great relief, a modern building, supplied with all the

newest comforts and luxuries, she at once began to plan a grand party, in celebration of the return of the bride and bridegroom.

'I don't wish to praise myself,' Mrs. Eyrecourt said, 'but if ever there was a forgiving woman, I am that person. We will say no more, Stella, about your truly contemptible wedding—five people altogether, including ourselves and the Lorings! A grand ball will set you right with Society, and that is the one thing needed. Tea and coffee, my dear Romaine, in your study; Coote's quadrille band; the supper from Gunter's; the grounds illuminated with coloured lamps; Tyrolese singers among the trees, relieved by military music—and, if there *are* any African or other savages now in London, there is room enough in these charming grounds, for encampments, dances, squaws, scalps, and all the rest of it, to end in a blaze of fireworks.'

A sudden fit of coughing seized her, and stopped the further enumeration of attractions at the contemplated ball. Stella had observed that her mother looked unusually worn and haggard, through the disguise of paint and powder. This was not an uncommon result of Mrs. Eyrecourt's devotion to the demands of Society; but the cough was something new, as a symptom of exhaustion.

'I am afraid, Mamma, you have been over-exerting yourself,' said Stella. 'You go to too many parties.'

'Nothing of the sort, my dear; I am as strong as a horse. The other night, I was waiting for the carriage in a draught (one of the most perfect private concerts of the season, ending with a delightful naughty little French play)—and I caught a slight cold. A glass of water is all I want. Thank you. Romaine, you are looking shockingly serious and severe; our ball will cheer you. If you would only make a bonfire of all those horrid books, you don't know how it would improve your spirits. Dearest Stella,

I will come and lunch here to-morrow—you are within such a nice easy drive from town—and I'll bring my visiting-book, and settle about the invitations and the day. Oh, dear me, how late it is. I have nearly an hour's drive before I get to my garden party. Good-bye, my turtle-doves, good-bye.'

She was stopped, on the way to her carriage, by another fit of coughing. But she still persisted in making light of it. 'I'm as strong as a horse,' she repeated, as soon as she could speak—and skipped into the carriage like a young girl.

'Your mother is killing herself,' said Romaine.

'If I could persuade her to stay with us a little while,' Stella suggested, 'the rest and quiet might do wonders for her. Would you object to it, Lewis?'

'My darling, I object to nothing, except giving a ball and burning my books. If your mother will yield on those two points, my house is entirely at her disposal.'

He spoke playfully—he looked his best, since he had separated himself from the painful associations that were now connected with Vange Abbey. Had 'the torment of the Voice' been left far away in Yorkshire? Stella shrank from approaching the subject in her husband's presence; but she was bold enough to hope. To her surprise, Romaine himself referred to the General's family.

'I have written to Hynd,' he began. 'Do you mind his dining with us to-day?'

'Of course not!'

'I want to hear if he has anything to tell me—about those French ladies. He undertook to see them, in your absence, and to ascertain—' He was unable to overcome his reluctance to pronounce the next words. Stella was quick to understand what he meant. She finished the sentence for him.

'Yes,' he said, 'I wanted to hear how the boy is getting on, and if there

is any hope of curing him. Is it—' he trembled as he put the question—'Is it hereditary madness?'

Feeling the serious importance of concealing the truth, Stella only replied that she had hesitated to ask if there was a taint of madness in the family. 'I suppose,' she added, 'you would not like to see the boy, and judge of his chances of recovery for yourself?'

'You suppose?' he burst out, with sudden anger. 'You might be sure. The bare idea of seeing him turns me cold. Oh, when shall I forget! when shall I forget! Who spoke of him first?' he said, with renewed irritability, after a moment of silence. 'You or I?'

'It was my fault, love—he is so harmless and so gentle, and he has such a sweet face—I thought it might soothe you to see him. Forgive me; we will never speak of him again. Have you any notes for me to copy? You know, Lewis, I am your secretary now.'

So she led Romaine away to his study and his books. When Major Hynd arrived, she contrived to be the first to see him. 'Say as little as possible about the General's widow and her son,' she whispered.

The Major understood her. 'Don't be uneasy, Mrs. Romaine,' he answered. 'I know your husband well enough to know what you mean. Besides, the news I bring is good news.'

Romaine came in before he could speak more particularly. When the servants had left the room, after dinner, the Major made his report.

'I am going to agreeably surprise you,' he began. 'All responsibility towards the General's family is taken off our hands. The ladies are on their way back to France.'

Stella was instantly reminded of one of the melancholy incidents associated with her visit to Camp's Hill. 'Madame Marillac spoke of a brother of her's who disapproved of the mar-

riage,' she said. 'Has he forgiven her?'

'That is exactly what he has done, Mrs. Romayne. Naturally enough, he felt the disgrace of his sister's marriage to such a man as the General. Only the other day he heard for the first time that she was a widow—and he at once travelled to England. I bade them good-bye yesterday—most happily re-united—on their journey home again. Ah, I thought you would be glad, Mrs. Romayne, to hear that the poor widow's troubles are over. Her brother is rich enough to place them all in easy circumstances—he is as good a fellow as ever lived.'

'Have you seen him?' Stella asked eagerly.

'I have been with him to the asylum.'

'Does the boy go back to France?'

'No. We took the place by surprise, and saw for ourselves how well-conducted it was. The boy has taken a strong liking to the proprietor—a bright, cheerful old man, who is teaching him some of our English games, and has given him a pony to ride on. He burst out crying, poor creature, at the idea of going away—and his mother burst out crying at the idea of leaving him. It was a melancholy scene. You know what a good mother is—no sacrifice is too great for her. The boy stays at the asylum, on the chance that his healthier and happier life there may help to cure him. By-the-way, Romayne, his uncle desires me to thank you—'

'Hynd, you didn't tell the uncle my name?'

'Don't alarm yourself. He is a gentleman, and when I told him I was pledged to secrecy he made but one inquiry—he asked if you were a rich man. I told him you had eighteen thousand a year.'

'Well?'

'Well, he set that matter right between us with perfect taste. He said, "I cannot presume to offer repayment to a person so wealthy. We gratefully accept our obligation to our kind un-

known friend. For the future, however, my nephew's expenses must be paid from my purse." Of course, I could only agree to that. From time to time the mother is to hear, and I am to hear, how the boy goes on. Or, if you like, Romayne—now that the General's family have left England—I don't see why the proprietor might not make his report directly to yourself.'

'No!' Romayne rejoined, positively. 'Let things remain as they are.'

'Very well. The asylum is close by, at Hampstead—that was what made me think of it. Will you give us some music, Mrs. Romayne? Not to-night? Then let us go to the billiard-room; and as I am the worst of bad players, I will ask you to help me to beat your accomplished husband.'

On the afternoon of the next day, Mrs. Eyrecourt's maid arrived at Ten Acres with a note from her mistress.

'Dearest Stella, — Matilda must bring you my excuse for to-day. I don't in the least understand it, but I seem to have turned lazy. It is most ridiculous—I really cannot get out of bed. Perhaps I did do just a little too much yesterday. The opera after the garden party, and a ball after the opera, and this tiresome cough all night after the ball. Quite a series, isn't it? Make my apologies to our dear dismal Romayne—and if you drive out this afternoon, come and have a chat with me. Your affectionate mother, Emily Eyrecourt. P.S.—You know what a fidget Matilda is. If she talks about me don't believe a word she says to you.'

Stella turned to the maid with a sinking heart. 'Is my mother very ill?' she asked.

'So ill, ma'am, that I begged and prayed her to let me send for the doctor. You know what my mistress is; she wouldn't hear of it. If you would please to use your influence—'

'I will order the carriage instantly, and take you back with me.'

Before she dressed to go out, Stella showed the letter to her husband. He spoke with perfect kindness and sympathy, but he did not conceal that he shared his wife's apprehensions. 'Go at once,' were his last words to her; 'and, if I can be of any use, send for me.'

It was late in the evening before Stella returned. She brought sad news.

The physician consulted told her plainly that the neglected cough, and the constant fatigue, had together made the case a serious one. He declined to say that there was any absolute danger as yet, or any necessity for her remaining with her mother at night. The experience of the next twenty-four hours, at most, would enable him to speak positively. In the meantime the patient insisted that Stella should return to her husband. Even under the influence of opiates, Mrs. Eyrecourt was still drowsily equal to herself. 'You are a fidget, my dear, and Matilda is a fidget—I can't have two of you at my bedside. Good night.' Stella stooped over her and kissed her. She whispered, 'Three weeks' notice, remember, for the party!'

By the next evening the malady had assumed so formidable an aspect, that the doctor had his doubts of the patient's chance of recovery. With her husband's full approval, Stella remained night and day at her mother's bedside.

Thus, in little more than a month from the day of his marriage, Romaine was, for the time, a lonely man again.

The illness of Mrs. Eyrecourt was unexpectedly prolonged. There were intervals during which her vigorous constitution rallied, and resisted the progress of the disease. On these occasions Stella was able to return to her husband for a few hours—subject always to a message which recalled her to her mother, when the chances of life or death appeared to be equally

balanced. Romaine's one resource was in his books and his pen. For the first time since his union with Stella, he opened the portfolios in which Penrose had collected the first introductory chapters of his historical work. Almost at every page, the familiar handwriting of his secretary and friend met his view. It was a new trial to his resolution to be working alone; never had he felt the absence of Penrose as he felt it now. He missed the familiar face, the quiet, pleasant voice, and, more than both, the ever-welcome sympathy with his work. Stella had done all that a wife could do to fill the vacant place; and her husband's fondness had accepted the effort as adding another charm to the lovely creature who had opened a new life to him. But where is the woman who can intimately associate herself with the hard brain-work of a man, devoted to an absorbing intellectual pursuit? She can love him, admire him, serve him, believe in him beyond all other men—but (in spite of exceptions which only prove the rule) she is out of her place when she enters the study while the pen is in his hand. More than once, when he was at work, Romaine closed the page bitterly; the sad thought came to him, 'Oh, if I only had Penrose here!' Even other friends were not available as a resource in the solitary evening hours. Lord Loring was absorbed in social and political engagements. And Major Hynd—true to the principle of getting away as often as possible from his disagreeable wife and his ugly children—had once more left London.

One day, while Mrs. Eyrecourt still lay between life and death, Romaine found his historical labours suspended by the want of a certain volume which it was absolutely necessary to consult. He had mislaid the references written for him by Penrose, and he was at a loss to remember whether the book was in the British Museum, in the Bodleian Library, or in the Bibliothèque at Paris. In this emergency,

a letter to his former secretary would furnish him with the information that he required. But he was ignorant of Penrose's present address. The Loring's might possibly know it—so to the Loring's he resolved to apply.

### CHAPTER III.

#### FATHER BENWELL AND THE BOOK.

ROMAYNE'S first errand in London was to see his wife, and to make inquiries at Mrs. Eyrecourt's house. The report was more favourable than usual. Stella whispered, as she kissed him, 'I shall soon come back to you, I hope!'

Leaving the horses to rest for awhile, he proceeded to Lord Loring's residence on foot. As he crossed a street in the neighbourhood, he was nearly run over by a cab, carrying a gentleman and his luggage. The gentleman was Mr. Winterfield on his way to Derwent's Hotel.

Lady Loring very kindly searched her card basket, as the readiest means of assisting Romayne. Penrose had left his card, on his departure from London; but no address was written on it. Lord Loring, unable himself to give the required information, suggested the right person to consult.

'Father Benwell will be here later in the day,' he said. 'If you will write to Penrose at once, he will add the address. Are you sure, before the letter goes, that the book you want is not in my library?'

'I think not,' Romayne answered; 'but I will write down the title, and leave it here with my letter.'

The same evening he received a polite note from Father Benwell; informing him that the letter was forwarded, and that the book he wanted was not in Lord Loring's library. 'If there should be any delay or difficulty in obtaining this rare volume,' the

priest added, 'I only wait the expression of your wishes, to borrow it from the library of a friend of mine, residing in the country.'

By return of post the answer, affectionately and gratefully written, arrived from Penrose. He regretted that he was not able to assist Romayne personally. But it was out of his power (in plain words, he had been expressly forbidden by Father Benwell) to leave the service on which he was then engaged. In reference to the book that was wanted, it was quite likely that a search in the catalogues of the British Museum might discover it. He had only met with it himself, in the National Library at Paris.

This information led Romayne to London again, immediately. For the first time he called at Father Benwell's lodgings. The priest was at home, expecting the visit. His welcome was the perfection of unassuming politeness. He asked for the last news of 'poor Mrs. Eyrecourt's health,' with the sympathy of a true friend.

'I had the honour of drinking tea with Mrs. Eyrecourt, some little time since,' he said. 'Her flow of conversation was never more delightful—it seemed impossible to associate the idea of illness with so bright a creature. And how well she kept the secret of your contemplated marriage! May I offer my humble congratulations and good wishes?'

Romayne thought it needless to say that Mrs. Eyrecourt had not been trusted with the secret, until the wedding day was close at hand. 'My wife and I agreed in wishing to be married as quietly as possible,' he answered, after making the customary acknowledgments.

'And Mrs. Romayne?' pursued Father Benwell. 'This is a sad trial for her. She is in attendance on her mother, I suppose?'

'In constant attendance; I am quite alone now. To change the subject, may I ask you to look at the reply

which I have received from Penrose? It is my excuse for troubling you with this visit.'

Father Benwell read the letter with the closest attention. In spite of his habitual self-control, his vigilant eyes brightened as he handed it back.

The priest's well-planned scheme (like Mr. Bitrake's clever inquiries) had failed. He had not even entrapped Mrs. Eyrecourt into revealing the marriage engagement. Her unconquerable small-talk had foiled him at every point. Even when he had deliberately kept his seat after the other guests at the tea-table had taken their departure, she rose with the most imperturbable coolness, and left him. 'I have a dinner and two parties to-night; and this is just the time when I take my little restorative nap. Forgive me—and do come again!' When he sent the fatal announcement of the marriage to Rome, he had been obliged to confess that he was indebted for the discovery to the newspaper. He had accepted the humiliation; he had accepted the defeat—but he was not beaten yet. 'I counted on Romayne's weakness, and Miss Eyrecourt counted on Romayne's weakness; and Miss Eyrecourt has won. So let it be. My turn will come.' In that manner he had reconciled himself to his position, and now—he knew it when he handed back the letter to Romayne—his turn had come!

'You can hardly go to Paris to consult the book,' he said, 'in the present state of Mrs. Eyrecourt's health.'

'Certainly not!'

'Perhaps you will send somebody to search the catalogue at the British Museum?'

'I should have done that already, Father Benwell—but for the very kind allusion in your note to your friend in the country. Even if the book is in the Museum Library, I shall be obliged to go to the Reading Room to get my information. It would be far more convenient to me to have the volume at home to consult,

if you think your friend will trust me with it.'

'I am certain he will trust you with it. My friend is Mr. Winterfield, of Beaupark House, North Devon. Perhaps you may have heard of him?'

'No; the name is quite new to me.'

'Then come and see the man himself. He is now in London—and I am entirely at your service.'

In half-an-hour more, Romayne was presented to a well-bred, amiable gentleman, in the prime of life; smoking, and reading the newspaper. The bowl of his long pipe rested on the floor, on one side of him, and a handsome red and white spaniel reposed on the other. Before his visitors had been two minutes in the room, he understood the motive which had brought them to consult him, and sent for a telegraphic form.

'My steward will find the book and forward it to your address by passenger train this afternoon,' he said. 'I will tell him to put my printed catalogue of the library into the parcel, in case I have any other books which may be of use to you.'

With those words, he despatched the telegram to the office. Romayne attempted to make his acknowledgments. Mr. Winterfield would hear no acknowledgments.

'My dear sir,' he said, with a smile that brightened his whole face, 'you are engaged in writing a great historical work; and I am an obscure country gentleman, who is lucky enough to associate himself with the production of a new book. How do you know that I am not looking forward to a complimentary line in the preface? I am the obliged person, not you. Pray, consider me as a handy little boy who runs on errands for the *Muse of History*. Do you smoke?'

Not even tobacco would soothe Romayne's wasted and irritable nerves. Father Benwell—'all things to all men'—cheerfully accepted a cigar from a box on the table.

'Father Benwell possesses all the

social virtues,' Mr. Winterfield ran on. 'He shall have his coffee, and the largest sugar-basin that the hotel can produce. I can quite understand that your literary labours have tried your nerves,' he said to Romaine, when he had ordered the coffee. 'The mere title of your work overwhelms an idle man like me. "The Origin of Religions"—what an immense subject! How far must we look back, to find out the first worshippers of the human family? Where are the hieroglyphics, Mr. Romaine, that will give you the earliest information? In the unknown centre of Africa, or among the ruined cities of Yucatan? My own ideas, as an ignorant man, is that the first of all forms of worship must have been the worship of the sun. Don't be shocked, Father Benwell—I confess I have a certain sympathy with sun-worship. In the East especially, the rising of the sun is surely the grandest of all objects—the visible symbol of a beneficent Deity, who gives life, warmth, and light to the world of his creation.'

'Very grand, no doubt,' remarked Father Benwell, sweetening his coffee, 'but not to be compared with the noble sight at Rome, when the Pope blesses the Christian world from the balcony of St. Peter's.'

'So much for professional feeling,' said Mr. Winterfield. 'But, surely, something depends on what sort of man the Pope is. If we had lived in the time of Alexander the Sixth, would you have called *him* a noble sight?'

'Certainly—at a proper distance,' Father Benwell briskly replied. 'Ah, you heretics only know the worst side of that most unhappy pontiff! Mr. Winterfield, we have every reason to believe that he felt (privately) the truest remorse.'

'I should require very good evidence to persuade me of it.'

This touched Romaine on a sad side of his own personal experience. 'Perhaps,' he said, 'you don't believe in remorse?'

'Pardon me,' Mr. Winterfield rejoined, 'I only distinguish between false and true remorse. We will say no more of Alexander the Sixth, Father Benwell. If we want an illustration, I will supply it, and give no offence. True remorse depends, to my mind, on a man's accurate knowledge of his own motives—by no means a common knowledge, in my experience. Say, for instance, that I have committed some serious offence—'

Romaine could not resist interrupting him. 'Say you have killed one of your fellow creatures,' he suggested.

'Very well. If I know that I really meant to kill him for some vile purpose of my own; and if (which by no means always follows) I am really capable of feeling the enormity of my own crime—that is, as I think, true remorse. Murderer as I am, I have, in that case, some moral worth still left in me. But, if I did *not* mean to kill the man—if his death was my misfortune as well as his—and if (as frequently happens) I am nevertheless troubled by remorse, the true cause lies in my own inability fairly to realize my own motives—before I look to results. I am the ignorant victim of false remorse; and if I will only ask myself boldly what has blinded me to the true state of the case, I shall find the mischief due to that misdirected appreciation of my own importance, which is nothing but egotism in disguise.'

'I entirely agree with you,' said Father Benwell, 'I have had occasion to say the same thing in the confessional.'

Mr. Winterfield looked at his dog, and changed the subject. 'Do you like dogs, Mr. Romaine?' he asked. 'I see my spaniel's eyes saying that he likes you, and his tail begging you to take some notice of him.'

Romaine caressed the dog rather absently.

His new friend had unconsciously presented to him a new view of the

darker aspect of his own life. Winterfield's refined pleasant manners, his generous readiness in placing the treasures of his library at a stranger's disposal, had already appealed irresistibly to Romayne's sensitive nature. The favourable impression was now greatly strengthened by the brief, bold treatment which he had just heard of a subject in which he was seriously interested. 'I must see more of this man,' was his thought, as he patted the companionable spaniel.

Father Benwell's trained observation followed the vivid changes of expression on Romayne's face, and marked the eager look in his eyes, as he lifted his head from the dog to the dog's master. The priest saw his opportunity, and took it.

'Do you remain long at Ten Acres Lodge?' he said to Romayne.

'I hardly know as yet. We have no other plans at present.'

'You inherit the place, I think, from your late aunt, Lady Berrick?'

'Yes.'

The tone of the reply was not encouraging; Romayne felt no interest

in talking of Ten Acres Lodge. Father Benwell persisted.

'I was told by Mrs. Eyrecourt,' he went on, 'that Lady Berrick had some fine pictures. Are they still at the Lodge?'

'Certainly. I couldn't live in a house without pictures.'

Father Benwell looked at Winterfield. 'Another taste in common between you and Mr. Romayne,' he said, 'besides your liking for dogs.'

This at once produced the desired result. Romayne eagerly invited Winterfield to see his pictures. 'There are not many of them,' he said. 'But they are really worth looking at. When will you come?'

'The sooner the better,' Winterfield answered, cordially. 'Will to-morrow do—by the noon day light?'

'Whenever you please. Your time is mine.'

Among his other accomplishments, Father Benwell was a chess player. If his thoughts at that moment had been expressed in language, they would have said, 'Check to the queen.'

*(To be continued.)*

## SONNET.

BY J. R. NEWELL, WOODSTOCK.

'THERE'S a divinity that shapes our ends,  
 Rough-hew them how we may.' The man of men  
 Thus sagely wrote, with that prophetic ken  
 Peering into the mystery that bends  
 Time and Eternity—life—death—and sends  
 Creative fire thro' worlds of chaos, when  
 Confusion in wild anarchy again  
 Is reigning, and where Hope no meteor lends,  
 Unseen a Master Hand directs and guides  
 The winding course of life's mysterious flight  
 Through shades unholy and abiding night,  
 Where solemn darkness hovers and abides.  
 There's a Divinity? Ah! doubt it not,—  
 A mystery revealed—a God of thought.

## INTELLECTUAL TENDENCIES AND TRAINING.

BY DAVID TUCKER, B. A., PICKERING.

THAT the present is an era of intellectual activity there can be no doubt. But how shall we characterize it in relation to that activity? The reply will be given in accordance with the pursuits and associations of the respondent. Though the universe may be infinite, we all live in a microcosm. Our view of surrounding vastness is eclipsed by the shade of our daily avocations. Author, scholar, and bibliophile will tell you that the pre-eminence of the age is in literature. The man whose dealings are with divinity, will say that it is distinguished by religious enquiry and speculation. You will learn in turn that it is an era of mechanical invention, of geographical discovery, of commercial development, of social progress, of philosophical research, of artistic culture, of extensive colonization, of manufacturing activity, and of agricultural advancement. The above characteristics, and others not mentioned, may be justly attributed to the present time. More books are now printed and read than at any previous period of the world's history. The momentous questions of 'whence, wherefore, and whither,' which sages at all times have put in vain and failed to answer, now occupy more than ever the thoughts of man. The relation of humanity to a Prime Cause, the existence of moral and physical evil, the origin of the universe, and of the 'constitution and course of nature,' if an origin is admitted, are themes which are every day discussed. Even the

secular press has taken up the controversy. Similarly, we might write of the other objects and pursuits above enumerated. The truth is, that the human race is improving both mentally and corporeally. His nervous energy, husbanded and strengthened, is making man a greater power than formerly. He knows more about himself than ever he did. Sanitary science and physiology, which used to be sealed books, save to the favoured few, teach him how to make the most of his capabilities. He understands better than ever the natural laws of his being, and shrinks from violating them, lest he should become degenerate. The subject is popularized, and cheap literature supplies the knowledge that is necessary, a want of which has, ere now, doomed thousands to years of suffering and to early graves. The personal duties connected with diet, dress, and exercise, and the mutual influences of mind on body, and of body on mind, are now pretty well understood. It is only of late years that the pernicious effects of overwork, premature exertion, undue excitement and dietetic surfeiting have been properly investigated. Supplied with correct information on these subjects, and enjoying the modern appliances for the despatch of business and the transmission of intelligence, as well as numerous opportunities of attaining physical development by athletic practices, the man of the present day possesses more efficiency than formerly. With the capacity for in-

creased activity, the desire for it has increased. The princely heritage derived from the wisdom of preceding ages has been accumulating at a compound rate; and the intellectual energies of the present day busy themselves with all the objects of interest presented in the wide domain of human knowledge.

But the question as to the peculiar and pre-eminent characteristic of the age remains as yet unanswered. The tendencies seem to be towards science as applied to material improvements. If a close and candid observer of men and things could isolate himself from associations, and from the magnifying effects of proximity, this would most likely be the verdict given. Although much of modern scientific investigation has for its object the acquisition of knowledge, simply for its own sake, as in the departments of natural history and astronomy, yet we see everywhere a desire to utilise the results of such research and employ them in responding to the demands of civilization. This is particularly noticeable in connection with meteorological, electric, and mechanical science, a cultivation of which has provided protection to life, rapid communication, superior light, improved manufactures and accelerated locomotion. Attention to general chemistry has also worked wonders in advancing the arts of peace, and, in combination with improvements in mechanics, those of war. The production of aniline dyes, the discovery of the comparatively inexpensive process of converting iron into steel, and the mechanical triumphs connected with the construction and arming of our war vessels, demonstrate some of the practical and economic results of scientific study. Those features which distinguish the present time will be more marked in the future; and the most striking reason that we have for believing this, is, that already the demands of practical science are revolutionizing the long-established theories

of education. A training which is merely literary, or one embracing ancient languages, logic, ethics, and metaphysics, with a modicum of what is called pure, or unapplied science, is no longer suited to the times. If the revolutionary feeling pervades the young, it is sure to be intensified. For centuries, the higher branches of knowledge have been taught in institutions of a semi-monastic character, and the systems of instruction pursued by these have not always kept pace with the demands of the hour. They were admirably adapted to be a preparation for a life of learned and solitary leisure, or for the enjoyment of congenial society in cases where inherited wealth removed all necessity for exertion and all anxiety for the future. But it has long since been discovered that for those who have to elbow their way and make their mark among the competing millions of a wide-awake world, these establishments have failed to be a suitable training-ground. They did not put their *alumni* abreast of the times. This fact was perceived by many practical men of influence, among the rest by that shrewd and indefatigable reformer, Lord Brougham, more than fifty years ago. In those days the youth of England depended for their more advanced education on the two aristocratic universities of Oxford and Cambridge. But it was only a select few who could avail themselves of such advantages as these seats of learning afforded. Residence was necessary, and the consequent expenses high, these being increased by reason of social usages and considerations. The march of reform was very slow in these establishments. Dissenters had no business there, unless they chose to ignore their religious scruples and attach their signatures to the thirty-nine articles of the National Church. The chief studies at Oxford were the classics, some divinity, and a little philosophy. Mathematical science did not occupy a prominent place. At

Cambridge, on the other hand, more attention was given to the last named branch ; but the scientific training was considered by competent judges not to be of a character sufficiently practical, not being rendered useful by its application to economic purposes. Brougham perceived that a university which would supply the requirements of the middle classes of England, and those whose consciences would not permit them to declare their adherence to the doctrines of the Establishment, was called for by the necessities of the times. He also saw the inadequacy or unwillingness of the existing learned corporations to provide such an education as the intellectual and material progress of the country demanded, and the result was that he became the moving spirit in the founding of the London University. This institution was a noble protest against the narrow and incomplete system of education which, under the supervision of ecclesiastics, had for so many generations been provided for the youth of England. It was established to supply first-class instruction, and it realized all the expectations that were formed concerning it. The ablest professors available were secured, and no important branch of education was overlooked. Its examinations were not solemn farces. No degrees were bestowed *per gratiam specialem* to noble dunces, but every man had to work honestly for his standing. The result has been that the honours conferred by the London University are highly prized, and he who takes a degree under its auspices may hold his head as high as the graduate of any university in the world. In the course of years, the example of this institution did not fail to have its effect on the older seats of learning. Gradually other branches of knowledge besides classics and mathematics assumed in these an important position ; and after a time it was discovered that the compulsory recognition of the doctrines of a particular church was not indispensable to

the attainment of a superior education. Since the abolition of the religious tests, both of these ancient corporations have made further advances in liberality and efficiency, so that the work they are now doing for male and female, resident and non-resident students, is, in the highest degree, praiseworthy.

In educational affairs the scientific and practical tendencies of the age have, in a marked manner, affected classical study. A reaction has taken place as regards the value formerly placed upon it. There is no doubt of the fact that undue importance has long been given it, but the reaction has been so decided that there is now a danger of the study falling into undeserved and impolitic desuetude. That this reaction is the result of a higher estimation of practically scientific pursuits seems pretty evident from several causes, but chiefly from the fact that it is, for the most part, men distinguished in some branch of science, theoretical or practical, who are decrying the study of the classics. This movement can be traced back to the time of Dr. Priestley, who, in his day, occupied a position somewhat similar to that held in later times by Faraday and Tyndall. Being a liberal in religion he was the more ready to assail the system of education patronized and conducted by the clerics. In his day natural science had not raised its head so high as at present, and the war was chiefly in favour of modern languages as against ancient ones. Just now Professor Huxley is, in England, one of the most prominent advocates of the absolute neglect of classics, and while still devoting much attention to science, would substitute for these some modern languages, particularly German. Although his usual rôle is that of a naturalist and comparative anatomist, yet he is very fond of delivering addresses on the subject of education. He appears to be so constituted that he is apparently incapable of deriving any pleasure from

classical study ; and he, consequently, is not sparing in his condemnation of it. The verifying of facts by observation, and the pursuit of analogies by comparison, seem to delight him more than realizing the treasures and graces of literature. And yet he admits the impropriety of giving only a purely scientific education, but protests against the study of any languages save the modern ones. As a writer of English, in clearness, brevity, and force of expression, he is surpassed by few ; and the educated reader of his works can scarcely divest himself of the idea that those who prescribed for him a course of study had not omitted from it that branch for which he now professes so much contempt. Not long since he was invited to deliver an inaugural address at the opening of the Mason Scientific College, at Birmingham, and on that occasion he declared he was glad that 'mere literary education and instruction were shut out from the curriculum' of the college, and this because he feared that 'their inclusion would lead to the introduction of the ordinary smattering of Latin and Greek.' But he rejoiced that instruction in English, French, and German was provided, for he thought that an exclusively scientific education would bring about a 'mental twist.' In our own country, also, views of a similar character have been publicly advanced by Mr. Sandford Fleming, Chancellor of Queen's University, Kingston, whose pursuits and studies are of a practically scientific nature. The prevalence of such sentiments in the community has, of course, had an influence on places of education ; and now in many colleges and universities a choice of subjects is allowed, so that a general and even a professional education may in some places be obtained without the student troubling himself much about classical learning. There can be no doubt of there having been formerly much time wasted in the minute and elaborate study of the classics. Many youths have spent six or eight years

in the public schools preparing for a university career, and a great deal of that time has been devoted to niceties more curious than profitable for those who were afterwards to be thrown into the competitive arena of professional life. An intimate acquaintance with the prosody of the ancient languages, and an ability to imitate, *haud passibus æquis*, the productions of the poets of Rome or Athens might, in after life, be a becoming accomplishment for a college don, or a source of amusement to a literary nobleman, but would not be of much service to the working barrister or physician who had to earn his bread by his wits. Education, properly understood, is a training for actual life ; and we must confess that if we spend years in attaining to that which we shall never require, provided the process of acquiring it does not as a discipline insure its own reward, we have culpably wasted those years in the pursuit of trifles. But when a reaction occurs there is always a probability of our closing our eyes against all the merits of what the popular voice is interdicting ; and this is the peril which is now threatening in the matter of classical study. In attempting to rid ourselves of the abuses which for years have been connected with it, we should grievously err were we to condemn it to the fate of the spurious arts of the alchemist and the astrologer. Such vandalism might for a season cast it into the shade, and mankind might thereby be the loser, but there would be good hopes that another reaction would be the result, and that finally it would emerge from the load of indignities heaped upon it, and become the object of reasonable attention and regard. The benefits that have accrued to the human intellect, and the refining effects that have resulted from the study of the ancient classics, as well as the pleasure it has afforded to certain classes of minds, will ensure its eventual survival. Its advantages are both practical and æsthetic. All who recognise its prac-

tical benefit may not be able to appreciate it as a matter of taste and gratification. It is not every one who can feel with the poet Gray, who, if I remember rightly, was the author so enamoured of the Mantuan bard that he often spent more time over his productions than he thought was right; and being reproved by his sense of duty would sometimes fling the volume to the other side of the room, exclaiming, 'that book has got a devil in it!' But the practical advantages to be derived from classical study are quite sufficient to save it from contempt. Suppose a man of enquiring mind, with tastes similar to those of Max Müller, wished to enter on the philosophical study of language in general, what better foundation could he lay for such a purpose than by attaining a critical knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues? Or what sort of a linguistic philosopher would any one suppose such a man to be who knew nothing of these? The flexibility of the former language with its onomatopoeic expressiveness, and the accurate distinctiveness of its shades of meaning, renders it an invaluable object for examination to the linguistic expert and the philologist. The variations of sense incident to the existence of its dual number, to that of its middle voice, and to its rich abundance of tenses, make it suitable for the student of language in general to engage himself with in the early stage of his labours. In common with it the Latin also possesses such a variety of terminations which so mark the independence and government of the words that both tongues thoroughly demonstrate the general principles of linguistic structure. Many persons who have studied English grammar have really never comprehended the effects of verbs and prepositions upon nouns, pronouns and adjectives, until they have become acquainted with the grammar of the Latin tongue, and understood the reasons of the changes in terminations which occur in that

language. Another advantage which the classical scholar possesses is that he is seldom at a loss for the meaning of any English word which he meets with in his reading. He can usually trace it to its root. This ability is particularly useful in the case of scientific study. In botany, zoology, conchology, and other sciences, the distinguishing terms are chiefly derived from what are called the learned languages, and refer to some peculiarity of the specimen under observation, which immediately impresses itself on the memory in consequence of the reference made to it in the nomenclature. In these languages the variety of terminations allows a latitude as to the order of words so that although the reader may understand the meaning of any of these separately which may present themselves in a sentence, yet it often requires thought and application to arrive at the sense of the passage. This necessity for the concentration of the attention, and the exercise of ingenuity and judgment, renders such study a most salutary intellectual gymnasium. The public recitations required of students in schools and colleges, when translating the prescribed author, are an excellent drill in the art of expressing ideas. Even if private study is conscientiously carried out, and the best known equivalent given in English for every word, a great gain is realized. The practice of selecting the most appropriate term in translating will soon enable the pupil to choose appropriate language when expressing his own ideas. It may be said that the same benefits may be derived from the study of modern languages; but these are often learned by means of colloquial and common phrases which at once suggest the only available English word. The study of the classics has also a chastening effect on a writer's style. The diligent student of Sallust, Horace, or Tacitus will soon learn to repress his verbosity and prune down his luxuriance. As

regards Latin, there are several languages that take their origin from it, and a knowledge of it is one of the best introductions you can get to the Spanish, Italian, French, Portuguese, and perhaps we may add the *Lingua Franca*,\* specimens of which are extant. But, to proceed with the practical advantages of classical study, suppose a person who has a taste for antiquarian research to be set down in Rome, and to be desirous of indulging in his favourite occupation, how unsatisfactory must be his examination of pillars, arches and catacombs if he could merely guess at the meanings of the inscriptions! Or suppose he were acting as *cicerone* to intelligent ladies amongst the monumental records of Westminster Abbey, and were unable to reply to their queries concerning the epitaphs. Professor Huxley is credited with having uttered a very extraordinary sentiment at the Mason Scientific College at Birmingham, to the effect, that 'for those who meant to make science their serious occupation, or who intended to follow the profession of medicine, or who had to enter early on the business of life—for all these, in his opinion, classical education was a mistake.' Now it would appear that if any professional man require a knowledge of the learned languages, it is the physician, particularly as that term is understood in England, where he ranks higher, professionally, than the general practitioner. In the first place, all the anatomical terms which he has to learn are Greek or Latin words, or compounds of words in these languages, or words assimilated to them in form. The same may be said of the names of diseases and the technical terms of the collateral sciences which he has to study. Physicians who attain to the highest eminence in England are generally grad-

uates in arts, and many of them have been distinguished scholars. A liberal university education prepares the mind for the serious duties which await the physician, involving the daily necessity of impartially balancing facts and coming to a rapid decision. The man who has to minister by the couch of the most cultivated in the land ought, undoubtedly, to be himself cultivated; and if he can enter into pleasant intercourse with the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop, or the Prime Minister, when such are ailing, his professional acceptability and chances of success in his art will be increased. But if the doctor, when in company with his learned patients, could not join with them in general conversation, if he were obliged to look blank when a classical allusion was made, if those whom he visited read his prescriptions and discovered that they were ungrammatical, and if they found he could talk nothing but 'shop,' his prospects of usefulness and prosperity would not be so great as otherwise they might have been. As yet in the British Islands a liberal education means a classical one, and the most prominent and respected medical teachers are there perpetually impressing upon the students the necessity of obtaining this. In making medical appointments, too, in the Queen's service, the authorities have long given the preference to candidates who have graduated in arts. If such a course of study *emollit mores* then of all professional men the medical practitioner ought to obtain it, so that he may be gentle with the afflicted, and live on terms of courtesy with his brethren. Too frequently in this, as well as in other countries, a want of culture manifests itself in the conduct of some medical men who give way to petty jealousies, indulge in ungentlemanly rivalries, and descend to low and deceitful trickery. But, to resume the subject of classical study, the training of a barrister also would be very incomplete without it. Gentlemen in

\* The writer, of course, does not treat the *Lingua Franca* as a living language, but mentions it here as coming in the way of the Linguistic student.

the profession of the law find their upward progress expedited if, in addition to a fair stock of legal lore, they possess the charm of an eloquent tongue. We have seen how the study of the ancient classics improves the style of a person's language. The most finished and successful orators of modern times have generally been superior classics. Such were Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, Talfourd, Curran, Plunkett, Bushe, Peel, Macaulay and Butt; and such is Gladstone. Many other names in this connection will suggest themselves to the reader. A pleader in the courts, if ignorant of classics, will be likely, sooner or later, to expose his ignorance and get ridiculed, as was the gentleman who, on a certain occasion in Westminster Hall, respectfully asked the Bench if it would please their lordships to grant him two *mandami*. Lawyers, too, have often very intricate cases to study, and the sense of a brief is sometimes hard to get at. The barrister who has had early training at the work of interpreting the difficult passages of Euripides or Thucydides, will find that the bracing of the mind necessary for this exercise has prepared him for a portion of the task that is before him. A clergyman who has had the advantage of classical study will perceive the habit of concentration very useful when examining some intricate or disputed passage in Scripture, or improving his mind by the perusal of such elaborately argumentative works as the 'Analogy' and 'Sermons' of Bishop Butler. It would be quite out of place for a clergyman to repudiate classics. Even to a layman it is a great comfort to be able to read his Greek Testament; and if a professional interpreter of the Divine Will places himself in point of exegetical knowledge and Biblical criticism on a lower plane than one of his flock, he will be sure to suffer in self-respect and usefulness. He may excuse his indolence by asserting that the Bible has already been translated by the ablest of

linguists, and he can profit by their labours; but had Dean Stanley and Professor Angus and Archdeacon Lee, and the other ripe scholars who are engaged on the new version of the Scriptures, reasoned in that way thirty or forty years ago, where would now have been the hope we indulge of possessing the most correct copy of the Bible that has ever yet been published? To the scholarship of these accomplished men, who have devoted themselves so unsparingly to the examination of ancient manuscripts, the English-speaking population of the world, to say the least, will for centuries be indebted, as we have been indebted to their predecessors in similar work, who have made use of the Greek of the Septuagint and the Latin of the Vulgate in interpreting Divine Revelation to their less learned brethren. Classical studies afford to the minister of the Gospel advantages similar to those which the lawyer derives from them in relation to public speaking, nor do they detract from the usefulness of the most pious preachers. John Wesley is known to have been an excellent classical scholar, as his writings and his standing in Oxford testify; and Dr. Adam Clarke, one of the best and most useful of men, delighted in the literature of the ancients. What shall we say also about the study of Patristic literature? In what tongues did the Fathers write? And who will regard himself as an efficient exponent of the tenets and usages of the Early Church who cannot refer to the text of their valuable productions?

But leaving incomplete, from want of space, the argument in favour of the study of the classics as a practical aid in the business of life, another and a very powerful plea can be offered from æsthetic considerations. This is a plea which they can best understand who possess the power of appreciating those masterpieces of human composition, a power which is obtained in a way similar to that by which the ca-

capacity of appreciating a work of art is obtained—namely, as a gift of nature improved by education. We know that there are many who can form no idea of the delight which music can afford to others differently constituted from themselves, and who regard those as infatuated who go in crowds to listen to the triumphs of a great artist. The former will yawn with weariness while hearkening to strains which throw their neighbours into raptures, and it is useless for the lovers of music, and adepts in the art, to argue with the scorers. Thus it is also with persons who have no æsthetic perception as regards painting, statuary, or architecture. These will survey the noblest specimens of excellence unmoved, and, perhaps, make at the same time stolid and senseless remarks which disgust their more appreciative and enthusiastic friends. People who similarly regard the monuments of literary excellence may be dead to the perception of everything grand; or, their tastes lying in another direction, they may be in the condition of that renowned Englishman who, having examined an exquisite poem, returned it to the friend who had brought it under his notice with the remark, 'I have read it, but it proves nothing.' A youth who possesses the true taste for literature will, by acquiring classical knowledge, lay up for himself a fund of enjoyment for after years. The English literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries contains many classical allusions and many quotations from the ancient authors. It is grievous to a young man of spirit to be compelled to pass these over in ignorance, and, if he be of the right stamp, he will often set to work of his own accord to attain the elementary knowledge necessary for the prosecution of classical studies, should the *res angusta domi*, or parental apathy, have denied him a liberal education. And in most cases such industry has brought with it its own exceeding great reward. Mr. Bright is welcome

to boast that he can obtain all the intellectual wealth of the ancients from translations, for that everything worthy of translation has already been translated well. But there may be something in the ancient tongues yet discovered well worthy of turning into modern languages. The lost books of Livy may yet turn up, and if every one at all times had been of Mr. Bright's way of thinking on this point, that gentleman would have had to forego the pleasure of reading even a 'counterfeit presentment' of the standard works of antiquity. He may be satisfied with this, but others who have tasted of the genuine Pierian spring will wish to drink deeper. In the most of cases the beauties of a good writer are lost by rendering them in another language. The elegance of diction, the conciseness of expression, the wit, the alliteration, and, in poetry, the rhythm, the cadence, and the melody, cannot be transferred. Moore has done wonders with Anacreon, but there is still something wanting in his version. A translation of Cicero reads like a dull lecture. A rendering of Virgil or Horace, whose words are set like mosaic stones, resembles an attempted resetting of the *dissecta membra* of the mosaic by a hand that has lost its cunning. There are harmonies and conceits, the *molle atque facetum* of the Roman critic-poet, which in witty authors become evaporated in the decanting. Any one conversant with Goldsmith, Moore, Cowper and Hood, can understand this. Let us take one or two coarse but well marked illustrations of the fact from the writings of Saxe, the American versifier and punster, which will serve our purpose as well as an extract from a writer who has more claim to the divine afflatus;

And here I am willing to own,  
 After soberly thinking upon it;  
 I'd very much rather be known  
 For a beautiful son than a sonnet.

And again :

'To charm the fish he never spoke,  
Although his voice was fine;  
He found the most convenient way  
Was just to drop a line!'

Could Beranger or Hugo preserve the fun in attempting a version of these stanzas? So much for the *face um*; but as regards the *molle*, who could hope to reproduce in another language the charm, say of Shakespeare's lines on 'the quality of mercy,' or of Moore's Meeting of the Waters? Right justly does Professor Huxley laud our English literature; but he should not forget the sources which have enriched it. He told the Birmingham people that 'if an Englishman could not get literary culture out of his Bible, his Shakespeare, his Milton, neither in his belief would the profoundest study of Homer and Sophocles, Virgil and Horace give it to him.' Somebody should remind him that the Bible was not written in English, but translated by classical scholars. He ought also to remember whence English writers have derived their inspiration and the materials for their work. Had no person for a thousand years learned Latin, would Shakespeare have ever written Julius Cæsar—his Antony and Cleopatra or his Coriolanus? Are not the foundations of his Timon of Athens and of his Troilus and Cressida to be found in Grecian literature? Had Milton never read the Greek tragedians would Samson Agonistes ever have been known? Would the stately march of his immortal epic have ever thrilled the ears of Bright and Huxley, had the music of the Iliad and the Æneid never been heard and felt by the British bard? No one can thoroughly appreciate or enjoy the works of Milton who is not familiar with their prototypes. One of the most agreeable experiences of the classical reader of his works is to recall those parts of the writings of the ancients which have prompted passages, almost as grand, in the pages of the modern poet, and to admire the won-

derful adaptation of diction and phraseology which he employs wherewith to describe scenes, enounce sentiments, and portray characters analogous to those which have a place in the works of the older authors. Mr. Huxley would substitute modern languages for ancient ones, and the 'German' he considers 'absolutely indispensable to those who desired full knowledge in any department of science.' The study of German, no doubt, would be useful, particularly if metaphysical works were read in that language, in strengthening the habit of concentration, but it will be long before it will take the place of 'the living language of learned men;' and it would appear likely that in these days of commercial enterprise any German scientific treatise of value would soon appear in an English dress; nor, such being a detail of certain technical descriptions, terms and processes, would it be likely to lose much in the course of translation, as would be the case in a purely literary composition.

The name of scholar has for ages been a name of honour. It is one of the pillars which support the great tripod most expressive of human worth. The threefold union of Christian, scholar and gentleman, forms a character which stands higher in the estimation of the wise and good than the possessor of wealth and power and rank who has no claim to any one of these designations. But what constitutes a scholar? Is a person entitled to the name who is ignorant of the modes of thought, the usages, the languages, the worship, the jurisprudence, the literature, the military tactics, the history, the government and the traditions of the ancient civilizations, through the records of which the accumulated wisdom of remote ages has descended to us? A scholar ought to be a symmetrical figure. He ought to be well-balanced, and must not indulge in a pabulum that will inordinately nourish one portion of

his intellect while the remainder suffers from inanition. Let the student have science in abundance if his idiosyncrasy allows him to assimilate it, but let him not forget that 'the perfect man' is 'thoroughly furnished,' and that there is another culture besides that which involves the mere accumulation of facts. Let the student who is immoderately attached to classical learning remember that expression and polish are not everything, and that it would be hard to find a study more grand or one more profitable to the soul of man than that of the order and operations of Nature, and the perfections of her Author as therein exemplified. Science is triumphing, and deservedly so: It is the handmaid of material prosperity and the great abettor of civilization. But a love of science need not move us to banish the amenities of classical

culture from our halls of learning, and rank it with the puerilities and superstitions of the Middle Ages. The reaction now setting in seeks to do so. Sentiments have lately been promulgated at a festive celebration in one of our most distinguished universities which render this fact evident. They were uttered in the presence of many learned men who probably disapproved of them, but the courtesy due on the occasion forbade that any of these should express dissent. From what is known of the character and attainments of the respected head of that institution, we have reason, however, to hope that while all due prominence is given to scientific study under his experienced supervision, he will never consent to allow 'the badge of scholarship' to be flung with contumely from the gates of his university.

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## THE POET'S HOUR.

BY GOWAN LEA.

SEE where the Twilight draweth nigh,  
 Enswathing in the fold  
 Of her capacious mantle grey,  
 The woodland, stream, and wold !

Still deeper grows the silence, while,  
 In tenderest embrace,  
 She hides the nodding Bluebell, and  
 The Daisy's modest face.

With mystic rite of unseen hands  
 She weaveth of her spell ;  
 Dull earth obscured, alone awhile  
 With Fancy now we dwell ;

And tread her airy halls of light,  
 Taste her ideal bliss,  
 Behold on high a cloudless sky—  
 The Poet's hour is this !

## MY LIFE.

BY ESPERANCE, YORKVILLE.

HE had bright, golden curls clustering over the forehead, and blue eyes, neither dark nor light, but to me the sweetest colour that I knew, and with a world of fun and mischief in their laughing depths. I was only eighteen then and he twenty-three; but he was the first man I had ever seen whom I considered worthy of a woman's love and homage, and the whole fresh love of my young heart went out to him in one great burst that left it, when, after a few happy months, I found that the return love which I had cherished as a priceless thing was no longer my own, as empty and void as space itself, save only for its misery and despair.

It was about nine o'clock on a glorious moonlight night in the latter part of June that we reached the large hotel at the gay seaside resort at which we (my father and mother, my brother Elmund, and myself) were to spend the summer. The hotel was illuminated from the first to the third and last storey, for it was the night of the weekly 'hop,' when all the boarders at the private houses within half a mile or more came up to the hotel to dance away the long hours of the beautiful summer night, in the long crowded room reserved for that purpose.

On this night of our arrival the French windows were thrown wide open to admit the slight breeze that stirred the two large poplars which overhung the house, and out on the balmy evening air floated the quick strains of a waltz, whilst through the open window I caught a passing glance

of some dozen couples floating and whirling to the music. But by far the greater number of the people were down upon the shore or out on the water, from which came the glad sounds of song and laughter that rose and died upon the breeze. We entered the great hall and were passing up the broad staircase when I heard a voice from the lawn call:

'Will!'

'Coming!'

And looking down to see who it was that answered, for the voice was so musical and withal so gay and careless, that it attracted my attention, I caught the glimmer of golden hair, and the sound of a quick, light tread as he passed through the open door and ran down the steps which led from the veranda on to the lawn. I thought no more of it or him, but followed my parents to our rooms, and for that night considered only the quickest way of undressing, so weary was I after the long journey of the by-gone day. Everything seemed different in the clear light the next morning to what it had under the softening influence of gas and moonlight the evening before. I could hardly believe as I passed it on my way to the lawn with papa, that that long bare room was the same which had looked so bright and cheerful the night before, or that the dull waves, overhung with gray clouds which threatened soon to add their contents to the waters beneath, were the same that had shone and sparkled in the moonlight. But notwithstanding the cloudy sky, the morning was close and sultry, and the dim golden

haze which every now and then showed that the sun was still in existence, though hidden, was more trying to one's eyes, than the full glare of noon day could have been. It was after breakfast that papa and I sought the lawn on our way to the beach, where almost all the people were assembled. Ned had been up since break of day, and was off I knew not whither, mamma was tired and wished to rest, so papa and I were alone. We reached the beach, and for a long time I needed no other amusement than to watch the dull gray waves come splashing up over the sands, and then sullenly retire, only to renew their vain efforts to break bounds the minute after. I was still absorbed in this contemplation of the water when I heard Ned's voice exclaiming, 'Why, Aileen, all alone? where's papa?' I looked up and immediately recognised the golden curls and the tall manly figure I had caught a glimpse of on the previous evening, but now the face was towards me, and I almost wondered at its faultlessness and the laughing beauty of the blue eyes looking down at me. I remember wondering who he was, and how Edmund came to know him, but I sprang up and laughed, as turning to look at the spot where papa had thrown himself. I saw that he was fast locked in the arms of Morpheus. Dear papa! But now Ned turned and introduced the object of my speculations to me as, 'Mr. Wm. Douglas.' You have heard me speak of him, Lena! and then I remembered that I had, but I had never seen him before; as, despite several invitations Ned had given him for the summer and Christmas holidays, he had always declined—either from obligation or inclination. So this was Edmund's handsome and 'jolly' friend. I mentally ratified all my brother's praises of him, as I gave him my hand. My broad-brimmed hat was lying on the ground, where I had thrown it, and he stooped, picked it up, and handed it to me. I thanked him, and, put-

ting it on, tied the blue ribbons under the hair, which was rather the worse for its battle with the breeze from the water. In those days I was called pretty. Looking back now, I see a tall, slight girl, with thick, light brown hair, and darker eyes, a girl ever ready for anything that promised fun, and happy as the day was long. A careless, light-hearted maiden, whose identity with the weary, care worn woman of to day I can scarcely realize. I wore my hair then low upon my neck, in a loose coil, which was constantly asserting its right to freedom, by shedding the hairpins, and falling down over my shoulders; but I cared not. I doubt if, up to this time, I had given one thought to my personal appearance; it was the bitter experience of after-days that gave me my first lessons in vanity. On this June morning I tied on my hat, and thought no more of my disordered hair, though afterwards I found that several refractory ringlets (for it was very curly) were lying in graceful, or, perhaps, I should say ungraceful, disarray upon my shoulders. We left papa where he was, well assured that he would sleep until our return, and took our way along the sands, past the many loungers and pleasure-seekers, round the low headland that formed a half bay on the left side, and there seated ourselves in a rocky retreat, which I had never visited before, though this was our second summer at R—. My brother, struck with the beauty of the spot, took out his sketch-book and pencil, and began to sketch, but Mr. Douglas, first providing a seat for me, threw himself on the ground, and pillowing his head on his arms, and the latter on a grey boulder behind him, looked the personification of languid ease and elegance. He looked up at me from under the shady hat he wore, which now lay half off his head, back upon the rock, and laughingly asked, 'how I liked his favourite spot?' 'Very much,' I answered, 'how do you employ your time when here?'

'Capitally!' he replied, 'doing nothing!'

'Doing nothing? You are right—that is capital—a capital *crime*, it *should* be! Do you never read? How many empty corners of your mind you might fill in the hours you must idle away here. Or, if drawing is your taste, why draw. But perhaps you do neither?'

'Very rarely,' he replied, nonchalantly, gazing lazily out over the water, 'but pray how do you know that I *have* any empty corners in my mind?'

'You are more fortunate than most people,' I answered, laughing, 'if you have not. Don't you have headaches pretty often from such an over-pressure? Pray be generous enough to impart a little of the surplus stock to me, I shall be grateful, *my* empty corners are *many*. Will you begin now? I am listening;' and I gravely folded my hands on my lap, and looked soberly at the ground until, under the conviction that he was looking at me, I turned, and our eyes met, his with a look of comical amusement in them, that won an answering smile from mine, and the next instant we both burst into a hearty laugh, which started poor Ned from his artist-like oblivion of our proximity, and induced him to ask (most politely) 'what *ever* we two were laughing at?' As I write, my spirits take the tone of those by-gone days, and I am again the light-hearted girl who loved and laughed, and flirted on the yellow sands at R—, only the delusion soon passes away, the reality of the present conquers the memory of the past, and I realize how wide the difference between myself of twenty years ago and now. Edmund finished his sketch, and then we all three turned towards the house, Mr. Douglas lazily swinging, by their respective strings, both my hat and his own until we reached the hotel, when he said, as he relinquished me mine, at the veranda steps—

'Ned and I intend going out for a

row this evening, will you join us, Miss Grant?'

'For a row? This is the first I have heard of it! I say, Will., who told you I was going?'

'Experience, my dear boy—of course you'll go; haven't I said you will? May I hope for the pleasure, Miss Grant?' and he turned confidently from Edmund to me. I was highly amused at this take-it-for-granted way of managing my brother, but I learnt in time that it was very rarely he did not get his own way, if he made up his mind to it—now, I gave a glad assent to his question, for I was very fond of boating. 'Only,' I said, 'you will not upset me?'

'I never make promises,' he answered, with mock gravity. 'I may, for the pleasure of picking you up,' he added, in a lower tone, but with his ever-ready mischievous smile.

'Then you shall certainly *not have* the pleasure,' I retorted, instantly, though at the same time a quick flush, that was, perhaps, not all anger, made my cheeks burn for an instant. He was so boyish and mischievous, with all his full-grown manhood, that I could not be really angry with him, though I hated these hackneyed, empty compliments, if so they can be called. I had always felt indignant at the bare thought of any man's deeming me willing to receive and believe them, and now it was half anger with myself for feeling, in this case, the slightest tinge of pleasure in his last words, that brought the hot blood a second time up into my cheeks, so that I turned quickly from him, and, running up the steps, just remembered, as I reached the top, that we had forgotten papa, who might even then be searching for me, not knowing what mischance had carried me off. But I was soon relieved of all anxiety on his account, by the sight of him coming up the sands, at an easy pace, which showed that he had either forgotten all about me, or deemed me capable of taking care of myself. Perhaps I had

shown him that I was. I ran down the steps again to go and meet him, but as I passed Mr. Douglas, I heard, 'Miss Grant——'

'Yes, I know,' I answered quickly, turning my head, but not pausing in my walk—'but,—I "never make promises,"' and on I went. When I returned with papa, to whom I had administered a gentle scolding for his indifference or forgetfulness whichever it was, the two had gone. After tea, all who were neither lazy nor tired repaired to the beach. The moon was at its full, and, the clouds having rolled themselves away, the sky was unusually blue, whilst the water scarcely stirred by the apology for a breeze shone and sparkled in the moonlight. Papa was sitting with mamma, who belonged to the category of tired ones, and so I waited for Edmund to take me out upon the sand, which looked so bright and tempting. Presently, I heard his steps in the upper hall, and as I sprang up to meet him he entered with: 'Are you ready, Lena?' 'Ready? Of course I am! Haven't I been waiting this half-hour for you to come! Look at that beach and tell me if it is not enough to make one dance to be there!'

'Well, come then, Douglas is waiting!'

'For whom?'

'For us, of course? I helped him with the boat and then came up for you.'

'To go for a row? I am not going,' I said. 'Going, of course you are! Don't be foolish, Lena!'

'Don't you be impudent, sir! and I am not going unless ——; but I *am* going down to the beach, so come!'

We reached the beach, and there found Mr. Douglas venting his impatience by trying to make some pebbles skim the surface of the water. He flung his handful down as he saw us, and advancing attempted to take my shawl from me, at the same time saying (whilst a smile, the meaning of which I guessed, played about his

mouth). 'We are late—almost all are out before us!'

'I did not say I was going,' I said quietly.

'No, I remember you did not—at last, but you did at first, and first thoughts are always the best. May I take your shawl?' for I had laid my hand upon it to prevent his doing so before.

'Nevertheless, I am not going,' I answered, ignoring his last question, 'unless—will you promise not to upset me?'

'Will you not go unless I do?'

'I have no desire to die just yet.'

'You make me break my rule,' he said mock-reproachfully, 'I promise.' I gave him up my shawl, then whilst I could hardly repress a laugh, and whilst Edmund took the seat in the bow, he handed me into that in the stern, and jumping in himself we were off. O, what a glorious row we had that evening! Dozens of boats, large and small were skimming the water in every direction, leaving each a rippling track behind them as they sped along. We went slowly, and for a time quietly listening to the merry laughter that reached us from every side, and the mingled songs that rose together in a medley, which was nevertheless very sweet to listen to. Sometimes after a minute's silence one boat-load would commence a song, another would take it up, and so on until at last every voice was joining in the music. Those nearest rising clear and strong, and those further off sounding like a far-away echo of the strain, until one after another, the boats came gliding up nearer to the principal throng, and the music rose upon the air in one full, clear burst of song, and then died away in lingering cadences, and all was silence. The last notes of 'Star of the Evening,' were still lingering in my ears, and I felt quieted by the music, and the perfect stillness of the evening when my abstraction was broken in upon by a voice saying:

'Isn't this a peerless night, Miss Grant?'

'Peerless! It is beyond expression lovely, Mr. Douglas!'

'Are you not glad that you came?'

'I intended to come,' I replied, now thoroughly aroused, 'when you had given the promise I required. How do you feel after the experiment?'

'What experiment?'

'In making promises.'

'Tempted to renew it,' he replied, in that low yet half-mischievous tone, 'if it will bring me as full a reward as it has to-night.'

It was impossible to mistake his meaning—it was neither the water nor the music that he alluded to—and again I felt angry; for, 'It was not likely,' I thought, 'that this man who, no doubt, had laughed, and joked, and flirted with a hundred girls, and lost his heart to none—it was not likely that he, in a few short hours, had found that in me which made his ready compliments more truthful than was their wont.' So, forcing back the blush which I felt rising to my cheeks, I answered, calmly as possible:

'You are indeed repaid if music and moonlight can accomplish it.'

'I could have had both those without making any promise,' in the same, to me, tantalizing tone; so that I answered, impatiently:

'Then I cannot see what reward your promise has brought you. But don't you think it is time to return?'

'What! and lose my reward so soon?'

I grew desperate.

'You are eloquent on the subject of rewards, Mr. Douglas. Do you require payment for everything you do?'

But he was not to be daunted.

'Always,' he replied. 'Don't you think it is a good plan? But you spoke of returning—are you anxious to? It is not late. It is glorious out here. But if you command me, why, what can I do but obey?'

'Then I do command you,' I answered, laughing, though feeling still half vexed with him for his pertinacity of a few moments ago.

He turned the boat, but it was a very lazy oar that took us home. One by one the other boats came up with us, and then a clear soprano voice began that sweetest of all hymns for the water, 'Pull for the Shore.' Clearly and sweetly was sung the first verse, then, in the chorus, every voice joined in soprano, tenor, bass and alto, almost every voice in the vocal category blending in the sweetest burst of song I have ever heard. Perhaps it was the exquisite beauty of the evening, with the moonlit water rippling and sparkling before, behind and on either side of us, with the deep-blue star-spangled sky above us, and the bright sands glistening in the distance; perhaps it was the influence of all this, and the kindred feeling which moonlight music and beauty lend to bind all mankind together as one, or it might have been the first prompting of that new and wonderful joy which for me was so soon changed to sorrow, but I felt, as the glad notes rose upon the air, and when, as the last lingering echo died away and the throng of boats grounded on the shore, we all sprang to land, the merriest, happiest company the moon had ever looked down upon, as if we were all one family, and I the happiest of the whole.

I have never forgotten that evening—there is no fear I shall forget it when the memory of it, and others like it, are all I have to feed upon when I grow hungry for a word or look of love from one whom I worshipped as my life, my light, my all! God knows I recognised not my idolatry then, but I see it now, and acknowledge His infinite wisdom in taking from me that which took His place in my heart. On that June evening of long ago, I felt that a new era of existence had opened up before me, and I trod its paths with as light a step as ever maiden knew. I must not linger over those happy days at R—, nor enter into details—I will only tell of one, when on just such a night as that I have written of, I

found myself again on the water with him, but this time we were alone. Mamma, papa, and Edmund were in another boat, and there was a mile of water between us. We had rowed silently for a long time, but I think each knew how like his or her thoughts were to those of the other. Whatever the reason was, there was certainly a constraint upon us. Almost always either papa or Edmund had been in the boat with me, but to-night mamma wished a row, the boat would not hold five, so we separated, only deciding to keep together, 'For,' said papa, 'the more the merrier!' But I saw that in Mr. Douglas's eye which vetoed this plan, and when we were once upon the water I found I was right. Very cleverly, indeed, he managed to be unavoidably (!) wedged in among the throng of boats, and when at last he chose to extricate himself there was, as I have said, a mile of water between us.

'Aileen!'

I started, for this was the first time he had ever ventured to address me by my Christian name. I had always hated it until he spoke it—for when I was a child my schoolmates ever persisted in shortening it to Lene, and Edmund always called me Lena—but now I would not change it for the sweetest name on earth, for until death it is sanctified to me because his lips have used it. No one calls me Aileen now, and no one ever shall again. But on this night of long ago I started, for it was such an unaccustomed sound, and from *him!*

'Aileen, I am *very* glad we are alone to-night, for I have something to tell you. Do you know what it is, dear? I have tried to show you since the day I first saw you. Need I speak more plainly, Aileen?'

I know my eyes were full of half-frightened surprise as I raised them quickly to his—surprise, even though I had long expected this.

'Have I been so abrupt? Forgive me! I had hoped you would have

anticipated my question and be ready with an answer. I love you, Aileen! Have loved you ever since that first day I saw you. You will go from me to-morrow—but ere you go—to-night, Aileen, I want to know whether the hopes I have entertained have been all in vain. What is your answer, dear? Is it yes or no? Do you love me, Aileen, as I love you? I will give you time; but a man does not like waiting long when he loves as I do. *Must* I wait, Aileen? Which is it, Yes or No?'

'What to?' I faltered.

'What to? O yes, I know I have confused things somewhat. I asked you if you loved me. *Now* which is it, dear? Yes or No?'

What *could* it be? when under heaven there was nothing else I loved as I did him! Ah, much I fear there was nothing *in* Heaven either—God forgive me for my sin! What could it be but Yes? The oars fell idly in the water then, as two strong hands clasped both my weaker ones in a close firm grasp, and I felt the warm, passionate kiss he printed on them. He, who had reigned a king among men and women—courted, sought after and admired—had sought with all love's sweet humility for one little Yes from me, and now was more than grateful because I had given it to him. If I had loved him before, I worshipped him now—'for' thought I, 'what can I give him in return equal to his great love for me save love equal to his own!' So I gave it to him, and would at any hour from then to now have died for him. He told my parents that evening, and asked their consent, which was freely given. 'Only', papa said, 'we must not marry for at least two years to come. I was too young to think of such a thing then.' I think they were all pleased at my engagement, for when mamma bent over that evening to kiss and bid me good-night, she said: 'I would not give my daughter up to every one, but I *think* he is good and noble, and *worthy* of you,

dear,' and when Ned met me next morning, he shook my hand heartily and said :

'So you went and gave yourself away last night? Well, you certainly deserve congratulation! You have won the best catch and the jolliest fellow in the world.'

I gave him a good kiss for his praise, and ran away, laughing, to complete the packing of my trunk, in which occupation I had been interrupted by the breakfast bell. We were to leave by the eleven o'clock train, but at nine o'clock I put on my hat and ran down the stairs and out on to the veranda, wheresat Mr. Douglas talking to several young ladies, but I know he was at the same time watching for me, for as I appeared he jumped up, exclaiming: 'Ah! Good morning, Miss Grant! going down to the beach? I have not been yet—May I have the pleasure?' and offering some laughing apology to the group in general, he ran after me down the steps, at the bottom of which I had halted, and together we walked quickly down to the shore. Then he led the way to the same quiet nook he had taken Edmund and I to on that first day after our arrival. 'Aileen,' he said, 'I have brought you here to say good-bye. You will be so engrossed at the hotel, and the station is too public. There is still an hour and a half ere we need return. Sit here!' and he pointed to a broad flat stone, and then threw himself on the sand at my feet. We laughed and talked—now gravely, now merrily—until at last, looking at his watch he exclaimed: 'Time is up,' and rising, he took both my hands in his as I stood before him, and said:—

'Now—bid me good-bye, Aileen!'  
'Good bye,' I said.

'Is that all?' He asked in a tone of disappointment.

'What else?' I questioned wonderingly.

'Say, Good-bye Will—am I still Mr. Douglas to you, Aileen? It should not be so!'

'Good-bye, Willie,' I said, as I raised

my eyes steadily up to his, '*God bless you.*'

The last words sprang unconsciously to my lips, but he bent and kissed me for them, and then we retraced our steps to the hotel where we found that we had not many minutes to spare, ere starting for the station, to which Willie walked with us. He was to leave for college the next day. He was two years younger than Edmund, and had not finished his scholastic career yet. I returned to my city home filled with new resolutions, to read and study hard in order to make myself worthy of my handsome, talented lover. For talented he was, and deeply-read, though too nonchalant and indolent, either to exhibit his knowledge or make use of it, whilst I, although I was supposed to have finished school, felt myself terribly ignorant in comparison with him. Time passed away more quickly than I had expected, what with reading, studying and other things. Willie spent Christmas Day with us, and all his Christmas holidays, and O, what happy days we enjoyed together! skating, riding, walking and sleighing. But these must all be passed by that I may hasten on to the summer following, when again we went to R—. Quietly, but very happily, the days passed by until one evening there was the bustle of a new arrival. It was rather late in the season, and arrivals had ceased for some time. The next morning half the young men at the hotel were raving about the 'houri' who had arrived last night. Willie had not seen her yet, and was laughing at their vehement demonstrations of admiration—to which I heard a voice retorting:

'It's all very well for you, Douglas! You have neither eyes nor ears for any one but Miss Grant!'

Willie turned upon his heel laughing as he said:

'Jealous? Eh, Fisher?'

'They did not know I was within earshot or anywhere near. I must confess I was anxious to see this beau-

tiful arrival, and when I *did* see her, I did not wonder that she had turned so many heads already. I held my breath in admiration. Her tall, queenly figure was surmounted by the most exquisitely turned head I have ever seen, about which was coiled a rippling mass of golden hair, falling in waves over her forehead. A pair of wondrously beautiful violet eyes were shaded and darkened by long, curling gold-brown lashes, that lay almost back upon the finely-pencilled brows, when the wondrous eyes lifted in their quick, sudden way to her companions, as her clear silvery peals of laughter rippled between lips that seemed only framed for smiles and kisses. She was the veriest flirt and coquette I have ever seen. She laughed and joked and flirted, had every man in the place at her beck and call, and used them all as her slaves smiling on them one day, and frowning the next, laughing if they got angry, and patronizing when they sought forgiveness. I did not care how many hearts she gained as long as she left me my one—which surely she might have done! But she smiled and laughed and flattered poor Willie, I thought more than she did any of the rest. He was more handsome than any there, and she knew it. It worried him at first, and I was glad—he wanted to be left alone with me. But at last this homage from one who had all the world at her feet, and yet spoke to none as she did to him, flattered his youthful vanity, and by degrees she gained the triumph she desired. Very slowly the change progressed. At first Willie was penitent when I reproached him with his waning attention, then he grew petulant, and at last in a fit of impatience, one day he said :

‘Then you had better give me up, Aileen! I never please you now!’

I stood like one petrified for a moment, and then I thought the lump in my throat would surely choke me, but instead there came only a half-gasping

sob from between my parched lips—and then a numb despair seized me, and I said very quietly, but I think my voice must have sounded hollow and hoarse: ‘Then I *do* give you up, Willie. May God forgive you for your sin!’

He sprang after me as I turned to go, but I dragged my arm from his grasp and fled along not knowing whither I went. O that I could fly from my misery and despair! I have no doubt my parents had noticed Willie’s deflection—how could they help to do so?—for when I said I was tired of R—— and begged them to go home they yielded at once, and on the second day from that we left for the city. I had not spoken to Willie since that day we broke our engagement; but when he met us in the hall on our way to the cab at the door, he started as he saw the travelling valise in papa’s hand, and as I followed after my parents he half-sprang forward with a wondering look on his face; then as I hurried on to avoid him he turned on his heel and went off whistling as if to show me his utter nonchalance. Ah Willie! it was pride that kept us apart then! pride on your part and pride on mine.

I know it was out of pure pity for me that my father proposed going to England. He *must* have seen how restless I was at home! All the Canadian world had gone across the ocean, and by the first of September we were following in their wake. We spent that winter in England, but by the end of May we were at home again; and then five weary years passed away—I know not how. I heard that Willie had gone to England the same year that we had, and from there had gone to India as a soldier. This surprised me, for I knew such had not been his intention. Edmund had married and settled in the town of D—— as a doctor. This was the town where Willie’s parents lived—but Willie was in India! One morning

whilst sitting at breakfast a telegram came to my parents. It was from Edmund.

'Willie Douglas returned. Dangerously ill. Tell A. to come directly, he wants to see her.'

By ten o'clock my father and I were on our way to D——, for go I would when he called for me! We drove from the station at D—— to Edmund's house, and he took me over to The Maples. 'Willie was sleeping,' his mother said, as she kissed me affectionately, and thanked me for coming at her son's request, 'but he would soon awake and be sure to ask for me directly.' So I went with her to his sick bed, and sat beside him as he slept. *What a change!* The long, golden lashes lay wearily on cheeks no longer sunburnt but white as death and O so thin! The one hand that lay upon the coverlet was white and emaciated. Not the Willie of five years ago had come back to me—I saw that even as he slept! he was older in looks as well as in years. Slowly at last he opened his eyes, but when he saw me he looked fixedly at me for a moment and then exclaimed, but in almost a whisper:

'Aileen!'

'Yes, Willie, I am here;' and I forgot then that he had ever wronged me. He was *Willie!* whom I had loved and never ceased to love—Willie weak and suffering! and all of indignation I had ever known had fled away from my heart never to return.

'How good of you to come,' he said, in broken syllables, for he was so weak that he could not speak much. I would not let him say more then, but he laid one of his hands in mine, and smiling at me, closed his eyes again, with a look of satisfaction that more than repaid me for coming. I watched beside him during all his illness. He did not suffer much, but nature had been too much exhausted by the enervating effect of the hot Indian climate to which he was unaccustomed to allow him a chance of recovery from

the severe wound he had received, and which had been the cause of his being sent home. Oh, how I prayed that he might be spared to me! Sometimes I thought he would, he seemed so much brighter and more cheerful, but then again the fleeting strength vanished, and I feared every minute to see him sink away. On one of his best days, he told me all he had done and where he had been since that summer, both his and my last at R——.

'I was mad, blind, foolish!' he said, 'lured on by gratified vanity. She smiled upon and flattered me—did her best to win me so well that I forgot everything—forgot what a boy I was in comparison to her, for what is a man of twenty-four to a woman of twenty-seven? But the time of disenchantment came at last. One of the best fellows there, a Mr. Drew, three years her senior, and as genial and hearty a fellow as one could wish to meet, fascinated by her smiles and witching way as I had been, made her an offer. She laughed in his face as if it were all sport, and declined. Several others shared his fate, and then I saw what she was drawing me on too—for it was not likely she would serve me better than she had the rest! Human hearts were to her but so many toys to play with and cast away when she tired of them. She had no heart herself, or if she had it was not made of flesh. Thoroughly disgusted, I almost made up my mind to renounce womankind altogether; but then I thought of you, how unlike you were to her in every way, and bitterly, bitterly I rued throwing from me the one true heart I had won! I hastened after you to L——, and found you had gone to England. I had nothing to do—my college career over, and my time as yet my own—I took passage in the next steamer and crossed after you, but useless was my search, for just as I thought I had got a clue to your whereabouts, I read this paragraph in the morning

papers, among the list of marriages: "Aileen Grant to Henry Seton, Esq." Who could I think it was but you? It was hardly likely to occur to me that there were two persons of the same name. But Edmund tells me it was your father's step-sister, after whom you were named. I gave up the search then. Soldiers were wanted in the service of England, and I bought a commission and went to India. There, as you know, I stayed for five long years. Then I got this wound, and was sent home. I did not expect to find Edmund here—my mother never mentioned your names, for she knew of my engagement to you, and then of its reversal, but she did not know how bitterly I had repented of my conduct. Therefore, I suppose, she thought it best not to mention your names at all in her letters. Oh, if she had how much misery and regret it would have saved me! But, as I said, I came home, and found Edmund here, and he told me that you were not married and never had been. You may imagine how bitterly I regretted taking it for granted that it was your name I had seen in the papers. But now my longing to see you was redoubled. I asked Ned to beg you to come to me—I could hardly expect this, but I hoped you would. I do not know what he said, I only know you came, and that now it is my wish, my duty, to beg your forgiveness for my shameful conduct towards you. It could not have been that my love for you had died out—it was but an infatuation which she exercised, not only over me, but over every man she met. Once the spell was broken my first thought was of you. Will you, can you, forgive me, Aileen? I have not long to live, and it would make me happier before I die to hear you say you forgive. Can you say it, Aileen?

Need I say how I took his dear hands in my own, and passionately kissed them; whilst, at the same time, the tears I could not repress fell fast on his couch.

'Forgive you, Willie?' I said, 'I have nothing to forgive! It was she, not you, that was to blame. But if it will make you happier, I forgive it all, dear, and now do not speak any more, for you *must* get well, to forget, in the happy future, the miserable past.'

'Thank you, thank you, darling; ' was all he said, but I saw he did not share my hopes for his recovery. Slowly, slowly, day by day, I saw my darling going from me, yet I fought the conviction that I must lose him with all the energy of despair. So long I had drunk of the cup of misery, and now, just when that of happiness was raised to my lips, to have it dashed away again seemed cruel. But the dark day came, when all that remained of him I had loved so well was the clay-cold form, beautiful even in death. I sat beside him at the last. He had been sleeping or dozing, I scarce knew which, but suddenly he opened his eyes, and called, 'Aileen!'

I bent over him.

'Yes, Willie, I am here.'

'I am going, dear—kiss me.'

He took that kiss with him as a memorial of me, to the home on high; for, as I pressed it on his forehead, he passed away from life, and Willie was no more. I cut a lock of the golden hair I had loved so well, and laid it carefully away—the most precious treasure that I own on earth. We laid him in the loveliest spot in the pretty churchyard at D—, and then I went home. I did not weep—my sorrow was too keen for that, and tears refused to come—but a deep calm settled over me which time has never since disturbed. A year after, my mother died, and papa and I were left alone. It is twenty years ago now that all this happened. I am no longer a girl, but a grey-haired, weary-hearted woman. But I have never forgotten him, and never *shall*. I have since had many offers, but refused them all. I gave all my heart to Willie—I had none left for any other. God had His

own wise purpose, no doubt, in making my life what it has been, and I have learnt to say, 'Thy will be done.' One thing I am thankful for. Five weary years I watched and waited, hardly hoping for a happy termination

to my troubles, but God was better than my fears, and gave me more than my faith deserved—He took my lover from me for a time, but He gave him back to me at last!

## THE HAPLESS MOTHER.

HER bearing shows a mother's grace,  
 And in her sad, beseeching face  
 We read her grief.  
 She formed a love too deep and wild,  
 To lavish on the tender child  
 Whose time was brief.

She welcomed all the pain and care,  
 She shrank not as she thought to bear  
 A thing so dear.  
 Her days with peace and love were fraught,  
 She gloried often as she thought  
 A child to rear.

She tried to stretch her feeble arm  
 (As if to shield the child from harm)  
 She spoke a name.  
 'Twere needless thus to murmur low,  
 For flutt'ring life, alas! did go  
 The while it came.

And now with sorrow by her side,  
 From which she tries in vain to hide,  
 She stands apart.  
 A saddened longing fills her soul,  
 And waves of dismal feelings roll  
 Upon her heart.

If she could see the dimples rare,  
 Smooth softly back the sunny hair,  
 She'd cease to weep.  
 But baby's soul is with its God,  
 Its eyes are closed beneath the sod,  
 In lasting sleep.

O tender love, O needless pain,  
 O empty arms that long in vain,  
 O hapless breast.  
 We marvel not that ev'ry day,  
 She longeth more to flee away  
 And be at rest.

## THE CRIMINAL OF CREATION.

BY LEWIS RAY.

IN a remarkable book, entitled 'Chronos: Mother Earth's Biography,' published some years ago, the above appellation is given to the serpent as the most malignant and destructive of earth's creatures, and this odious pre-eminence is attributed to the long course of hatred and persecution which, owing to causes apparently not now discoverable, it has had for ages to undergo.

Yet we learn from Mr. Fergusson's great work on 'Tree and Serpent Worship,' that the cult of the serpent is the oldest, and was at one time the most prevalent of all those forms of devotion through which man has attempted to approach and propitiate the unknown and invisible powers which rule his being. This oldest of cults is supposed to have had its birth among the Turanian races, but its origin is wrapped in mystery. It was not as a spirit of evil to be deprecated and appeased that the serpent was then worshipped, but as the emblem, if not the embodiment, of supernatural wisdom and knowledge. Turanian kings, heroes, and gods, honoured as the pioneers and promoters of mining, agriculture, and other useful arts, adopted it as a sacred symbol, and were believed to assume its form. The fruits of the earth, precious stones and gems, gold and all metals, and all hidden treasures, were supposed to be under its guardianship. Its gliding, noiseless movements and glittering eyes were regarded as symbols of prudence, subtlety and intellect, and when coiled

in a circle it was adopted as the emblem of eternity. The renewal every spring of its worn-out covering was deemed a sign of ever-renewed life and vitality; it was, therefore, the special emblem of the healing-god Æsculapius, who was worshipped in serpent-form as late as the time of Pausanius. It was also connected with Hygeia, and she is represented with a serpent in her arms, and feeding it from a cup which she holds in her hand. When the Israelites in the desert were bitten by fiery serpents, Moses made a brazen serpent and raised it on a pole, and all who looked at it were healed. At Delphi and other oracular shrines it was honoured as the 'Athago Daemon,' the bringer of health and good fortune, and the foreteller of future events. Agamemnon bore a serpent on his shield, and Alexander the Great, Scipio Africanus, and the Emperors Augustus and Nero, were supposed to have received protection from serpents and to be under their influence and care. Hadrian placed a serpent in the temple he built for Jupiter Olympus. The significant tradition that Ophion (the serpent) ruled in Olympus till he was driven thence by Saturn must not be forgotten; though there is no space to dilate on the subject here, or do more than allude to a very few of the ancient serpent creeds and traditions. Even now the great five-clawed dragon is adored in China as the symbol of the Emperor and the protecting deity of the empire; and there is a temple in Peking dedicated

to his worship. 'The old dragon,' says a Chinese missionary, 'has coiled himself round the Emperor of China, and has thus contrived to get himself worshipped by one-third of the human race.' There is still serpent worship in many parts of Africa and India. Gold or brazen images of seven-headed snakes are enshrined in Jain and Hindu temples, and living cobras and other poisonous serpents are fed and tended by their priests. A serpent is one of the emblems of Buddha, and is often seen in conjunction with the mystic wheel and tree of knowledge beside his image. In some Hindu families serpents are honoured as the Lares of the house. There is also a widely-extended belief that in Northern India there is a race of beings half serpent, half human, with which the strange wild Naga tribes have probably some connection.

In opposition to the foregoing and many similar legends and myths, there are others as numerous in which the serpent is regarded as an object of fear and abhorrence—a monster of malignity and destructiveness, and the actual embodiment of the principle of evil. It is the great destroying snake which Indra conquered in India, Horus in Egypt, Feridun in Persia; the Hydra overcome by Hercules, the Python slain by Apollo; the Dragon of the Assyrian Creation Legends; the Black Serpent with Seven Heads, the evil serpent, conquered by the god Marduk; the great Dragon of the Bible, conquered and cast out of Heaven by Michael, the archangel; that old serpent called the Devil, and Satan, who seduced Eve and brought sin and death into the world. Thus there were two sets of serpent traditions directly opposed to each other. In the one, serpents were regarded as objects of veneration and worship, bringing health and good fortune to man; in the other, as objects of hatred and fear, bringing only evil. But in all times and places they were and are associated with magical rites and super-

stitious prejudices. The magicians of Egypt had serpent rods, and Moses had one of greater power which devoured all theirs. With these we may connect the serpent-rod of Hermes and the divining rods which revealed the presence of the precious metals over which serpents were supposed to keep guard. Even among Christian sects the worship of the serpent crept in. It was adored by the Ophites because it had given the knowledge of good and evil to mankind. A concealed serpent was always present when the Eucharist was offered, and if it came out and sat on the consecrated bread it was a sign that the sacrifice was accepted. In later days traces of serpent-worship may be found in the peculiar ideas about Satan which some heterodox Christians held. They believed that he was the victim of the envy and jealousy of the rival Archangel Michael, who had treacherously obtained power to cast him out of Heaven, and to change the glorious beauty which had been his when he was Lucifer, Son of the Morning, into the form of a snake, with macerated body and stultified mind. They called him the injured one, the wronged one, the friend and not the enemy of mankind, as his gift of the knowledge of good and evil proved. He would also, they said, have bestowed on them the fruit of the tree of life had not one who was mightier than he prevented him. They looked upon him as the great fore-type and symbol of all the wronged and suffering multitude on earth; and they believed that he would one day triumph over his enemy and become all-powerful, when he would release from bondage and toil all the souls now labouring in sorrow and pain, and raise them with him to greatness and glory. Of this heresy the Lollards, the Hussites, and other sects were accused. Shelley has poetized it in his description of the fight between the snake and eagle in the 'Revolt of Islam.' There the snake, the spirit of good, though vanquished.

for a time, and changed by his enemy,

'From starry shape, beauteous and mild,  
To a dire snake with man and beast unreconcil'd,'

even wages unequal war with the victorious eagle, the spirit of evil, the usurper of his place and name.

In many serpent legends these creatures are especially associated with groves and gardens. It was a dragon or serpent which protected the golden apples of the Hesperides. In Assyrian and Babylonian traditions, a serpent is connected with a sacred tree, and is called 'The Oracle of the Garden.' One form of this tradition is familiar to us in the book of Genesis. Eve meets the serpent in the Garden of Eden, and he gives her fruit from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. The serpent in Genesis, though possessed of subtle and mysterious powers, is not represented as a deity or object of worship, but as a rebel warring against God and deceiving man, and punished for his crime by being degraded from his upright form, and forced to crawl upon the ground and 'eat dust.' This mysterious legend or myth is the theme of Milton's great epic, including the war in heaven between Michael and his angels, and Satan and his angels, the creation of man, his temptation and fall. He describes the serpent, inspired by Satan, as wise, eloquent, and fair enough in looks to win Eve's attention without exciting in her fear or disgust. Not then compelled to hide

'— In horrid shade, or dismal den,  
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb  
Fearless, unfeard he slept.  
Pleasing was his shape,  
And lovely.'

But stricken by the curse, he becomes a loathsome and noxious creature, loses his fair and upright form, and sinks grovelling on the ground. At the same moment, Satan, the instigator of his crime, with the whole crew of fallen angels, are transformed into hideous reptile forms :

'Scorpion and asp, and amphisbaena dire,  
Cerastes horn'd, hydra and elops drear,  
And dipsa, python, and dragon,'

and are doomed for a certain period, yearly to undergo the same horrid metamorphosis. In this way Milton has supplemented tradition, and supplied the links between the serpent and this evil principle with which it is so closely associated in the superstitions legends of popular Christianity—legends of which the germs are to be found in the earliest records we possess of human belief.

The learned in the sciences of language and comparative mythology tell us that all these serpent myths, legends and traditions, have had their origin in metaphors, signifying the strife between day and night, light or darkness, sunshine or cloud. The Indian myth of Indra, the firmament, and Vritra, the cloud-enemy he conquered, was the great type of all the other myths. The Iranians transformed it into a strife between good and evil deities; Ormuzd, the spirit of light and goodness, and Ahriman the spirit of darkness and evil, each with attendant angels and demons. Thus arose Persian dualism, and through Jewish influence, Christian demonology, a belief whose evil consequences to mankind it would be impossible to exaggerate.

The author of 'Chronos,' supposes that serpents once had limbs and upright forms, but having become universally dreaded, hated, and hunted down, for causes now hidden in the depths of antiquity, they were compelled to seek refuge in caves and holes of the earth. In process of time their bodies became adapted to their environment. Their limbs wasted away till they disappeared altogether, and their creeping attitudes as they dragged themselves into their narrow hiding-places, gradually produced the reptile form. Their foul abodes, far from sunlight and pure air, and the filth on which they were forced to feed, poisoned their blood, and their sharp fangs and lithe, wriggling bodies be-

came powerful weapons with which they were able to retaliate on their persecutors, poisoning them with swift and sudden bites, or strangling, and crushing them to death in horrible embrace. Thus the condition of the serpent became utterly degraded and noxious. Vile, odious and mischievous, every living thing fears and avoids it; it has become the hated and hateful criminal of creation.

In this latest serpent-myth is symbolized a truth, which for ages was only discerned at rare intervals, and by rare souls, and which is now with difficulty and through many obstructions, forcing its way to recognition, through the dark mists of ignorance and superstition: the truth that degradation and vice are the natural results of punishment and pain; that evil has its birth in ignorance, want and woe; and that wickedness is only anguish and despair in a hardened and concentrated form. Torture by long continuance becomes intensified and condensed, as an extract is condensed from the vapours of the still, and it is this cruel and poisonous spiritual essence, this agonized product of supreme suffering and misery, which men call vice. To inflict more pain, more suffering, under the name of punishment, retribution, or so-called justice, only increases the evil which it professes to cure, deepens the degradation, and adds to the sum of woe and wickedness, which oppresses the world. Milton, with that unconscious insight which so often makes great poets utter truths whose import in the future lies far beyond their prevision at the time, tells us that when Lucifer and the fallen angels were consigned to the dread abode of torture prepared for them, they were at once transformed into fiends. Evil became their good, and to make others suffer as they were suffering, their chief desire.

It is easy to conceive how, in the early ages of the world, men, ignorant and helpless, trembled with superstitions dread before the unknown and

uncontrollable powers of nature. The phenomena of floods and whirlwinds, earthquakes and volcanoes, the fierce extremes of heat and cold, the destroying flash of the lightning, the horrors of pestilence and famine, the mysterious agents of death and destruction which they could neither comprehend nor avert, were naturally attributed to invisible but powerful beings who wielded their awful forces at their will. Thus, out of long and terrible endurance of pain, horror and fear, emerged the long roll of fierce, cruel and vindictive deities before whom unhappy mortals, leading precarious lives of suffering and vicissitude, bowed down as the rulers of their fate. Temples in honour of these terrible incarnations of the dreams and imaginations of ignorant and barbarous men were erected, in which their images were enshrined; priests were set apart to glorify their power and deprecate their wrath. Holocausts of victims were slaughtered in their name, and for their cause, and every variety of self-sacrifice and self-torture enjoined upon their worshippers to appease their vengeful anger and propitiate their favour. Nor was it on earth only that these terrible deities were supposed to punish the mistakes and misdeeds of men. Coeval with the belief in another state of existence after death, arose the dogma that the sins committed in this world would be punished by the most frightful torments in the next. Of all the horrors created by dark and ferocious imaginations this was the climax. Even the bright and beautiful Greek mind could not wholly escape this phantom of terror, with its

‘Monstrous forms and effigies of pain.’

But the worst hell of all is that described by the Christian Fathers, graven in images of fear and horror on Dante’s sculpturesque page, and painted for all time in the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo. These were the imaginations of devout Catholics,

and in one respect, at least, Protestantism has thrown over them a more intense darkness and despair. The Greeks had their Lethe in which, after a thousand years of penal anguish, the sufferers in Tartarus might drink and forget their pain. The Catholics have their Purgatory, from whose cleansing fires all but the worst sinners pass into Paradise. But the hell of the Protestants admits no such gleam of hope; it allows no merciful oblivion, no hope of escape for any; not even a drop of water to cool for a second the tongues for ever tormented in its burning flames. This hell is thus described in the mighty lines of the great Puritan poet:—

'A dungeon horrible on all sides round  
As one great furnace flamed.  
Yet from these flames  
No light, but rather darkness, visible  
Served only to discover sights of woe.  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where  
    peace  
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes  
That comes to all, but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery deluge fed  
With sulphur unconsumed.'

Imagine for one moment this fearful dungeon filled with an innumerable company of lost human beings, besides Satan and his fallen angels, groaning and writhing amidst the tortures of the worm that dieth not, and the fire that never can be quenched, while the Creator and Ruler of the universe, the God who has made them and consigned them to this dreadful doom, seated on his throne in Heaven, and surrounded by saints and angels singing his praises in perpetual hallelujahs, looks down on their misery as they lie weeping and wailing in the pit of fire whence the smoke of their torment is forever ascending, not only with indifference, but with joy and exultation, as a proof of his sovereign power, and a manifestation of his glory. Is the picture of Nero, with his parasites and flatterers driving their chariots through rows of Christian victims, who, in flaming tunics of pitch, lighted his gardens as

human torches, more horrible or revolting? Yet, Christian theologians require us to believe this. The Christian 'Father' Tertullian tells us that the sufferings of the damned in hell will afford the redeemed in heaven the same pleasure and amusement that the games of the great Roman amphitheatre afforded the heathen spectators, except that it will be as much greater, as the spectacles will be on so much more magnificent and grand a scale. He dwells on the theme with a truly fiend-like satisfaction: 'With what admiration, what laughter, what glee, what triumph shall I behold so many mighty monarchs, who have been reputed to be received into the skies, moaning in unfathomable gloom; persecutors of Christians liquefying amid shooting spires of flames. Then may we admire the charioteer glowing all over in his car of torture, and watch the wrestlers struggling, not in the gymnasium, but with flames. What prætor or consul can purchase you by his munificence a game of triumph like this!'

Tertullian wrote in the second Christian century, but his triumphant contemplation of hell as a place of torture and punishment for the enemies of God and his people might be paralleled, if not in the letter, in the spirit, in much later times. There is no dogma more firmly held by orthodox Christians than that of eternal punishment for the wicked after death; to give it up they believe would be to give up all the moral strength of Christianity.

It was only natural that men, savage and ignorant, in whom fear and awe of the resistless, relentless forces of nature from which they continually and helplessly suffered, were the strongest feelings excited during their miserable and precarious lives, should personify these dreaded and destructive forces, or the unknown powers that guided them, as cruel, ferocious and malignant tyrants. It was also natural that the minds of

the early Christians, rendered dark and morbid by the persecutions they endured, should be filled with images of pain and horror—with phantoms of evil spirits, Satan and all his legions, haunting their footsteps and besetting them with terrors and temptations; with visions of a hell of everlasting torture in which all their wicked tyrants and persecutors should suffer punishment hereafter for the cruelties and crimes which seem to meet with no retribution on earth. Just as the sufferings endured by the Scottish Covenanters in later days, and the gloomy lives they led, hiding among lonely glens and in mountain caves, 'with darkness and with dangers compassed round,' helped to give their demoniac theology a vivid prominence in their distorted imaginations, and made its darkest legends the solemn realities of their lives.

How all these horrible conceptions and beliefs, born of weakness, fear and the ignorant imaginations of uninformed and undeveloped humanity, operated in the government of the world, the records of history have told. To these conceptions we owe the long and frightful list of ecclesiastical persecutions, massacres, and martyrdoms; to them we are indebted for the permitted tyrannies and cruelties of kings and lawgivers, and all who are dressed in a little brief authority, and armed with the terrors of the dungeon, the rack, the lash, the gibbet, all those countless instruments of penal torture which for ages have made the whole creation resound with weeping and wailing and woe. All these dark inventions of cruelty were employed in the service of God, and under the sanction of his supposed laws; and every atrocity to which fear and revenge could prompt, committed in the injured names of justice and piety. Once—and not so very long ago—fear was the only governing agent recognised; fear of hell was to make people religious; fear of the lash and the gibbet to make them honest. The

strong tyranny of the spiritual power on one hand, and of the temporal on the other, held men's souls and bodies in stringent thralldom. In the hymns written by the saintly Dr. Watts for little children, hell and the devil are at least as prominent as God and heaven. Imagine the probable effect on infant minds of such food as the following verse contains:—

'There is a dreadful hell,  
Of everlasting pains,  
Where sinners must with devils dwell  
In darkness, fire, and chains.'

No wonder the sweet buds of pity and mercy found it hard to bloom when such poison was made 'stuff o' the conscience.' For men to show mercy to their erring fellow-creatures was to be on the side of Satan; to punish their sins with inexorable severity was to be on the side of God. The cruelties of the English penal code a generation or two ago seem hardly credible now;—though frightful survivals in strange places still crop up now and then. Jails, which were horrible mockeries of the fabled pandemonium, were perpetually filled to overflowing, and numbers died there from bad air, bad food, filthy surroundings, and the terrible jail fever. Death was inflicted for the most trivial offences; a young woman was hanged for stealing a piece of calico, and two boys for cutting sticks in a gentleman's plantation. Wretched criminals were executed in batches of ten, twenty, or more, and many unfortunate ones suffered for breaking laws which have since been repealed and condemned by more enlightened opinion as grossly unjust and tyrannical. To these 'atrocities,' as they may justly be termed, must be added the savage use of the lash in the army and navy, the cruel treatment of the insane, and the brutal discipline thought necessary for children. The height to which this brutality was carried in schools would scarcely be credited if some of the finer spirits of the world had not uttered their pro-

test against it.\* In families, too, 'the pernicious and damnable theory of the rod,' as the world philosopher called it, was strictly enforced. The maxim of 'spare the rod and spoil the child' was devoutly believed and conscientiously acted up to. Christ's tender and beautiful saying about little children, 'of such are the kingdom of heaven,' was wholly ignored, and the inborn corruption of human nature was supposed to require constant physical correction from the earliest infancy.

But from time to time loving and large-hearted souls caught glimpses of the divine truth that kindness, mercy, and love are stronger powers than anger, punishment, and hate. Even the fiery Elijah saw a gleam of this truth when he found that the Lord he sought was not in the earthquake, not in the whirlwind, but in the still small voice. Buddha taught such boundless charity to all living creatures that his disciples embodied it in the myth that he fed with his own flesh and blood a tigress too weak from want of food to suckle her young. And what was the teaching of the Master whom all Christendom professes to obey. 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, that you may be the children of your Father in Heaven who is kind to the unthankful and the evil, and maketh his sun to rise on the evil as well as the good, and sends rain upon the just and the unjust.' And Christ's practice corresponds with his teaching. Pure as his life was, he shrank not austere from sinners; he condemned not the woman taken in adultery; he accepted the penitence of the Magdalen; he

taught the world the lesson of pardoning love in the Prodigal Son; he promised the thief on the cross that he should that day be with him in Paradise. Yet during all the years that have gone by since Christ's words were spoken, among all who have received them as the voice of God, how few have given them practical application?

Undoubtedly, of late years, there has been much softening of those dreadful doctrines of eternal retribution and punishment to which Christians have so tenaciously clung as the most important and essential part of God's testament to men. Many now profess to interpret the worm that dieth not and the fire that never shall be quenched as only signifying the everlasting shame and anguish when their eyes are opened to the hopeless state of moral degradation to which their sins have brought them. Others again cautiously express a hope that there will be a limit to their punishment.

A little while ago Dr. Maclagan, Bishop of Lichfield, in his charge to the clergy, told them that the Greek word translated 'eternal or everlasting' in reference to the penalties of a future life did not literally mean endless but very long, and he advised them not to dwell too prominently on the darker teaching of Scripture on this subject. And many parallels to Pope's soft Dean who 'never mentioned hell to ears polite' may now be found. And just as these doctrines of a barbarous age have been softened and modified, so have the laws and habits of public and social life grown milder and less tyrannical. Happier circumstances and surroundings have developed the gentler and more sympathetic qualities of human nature, and as knowledge and enlightenment have increased and spread, truer and juster views of man's duty towards his fellow-man have begun to prevail.

But much improvement is still needed, and a firmer grasp and more practical use of the great central truth

\* Erasmus, Montaigne, Cowper, Shelley, Charles Lamb. Dr. Brock, of Bloomsbury Chapel, London, whose life has lately been published, says of a school to which he was sent when very young. 'If I made a mistake in my lessons, there was no mercy. Sometimes it was "strip, sir, that you may be birched;" at other times there was a fierce seizure of both my ears, or a savage grip at my throat, with violent dragging up and down the room.'

that love is the fulfilling of the law ; the seed and fructifier of all growth and goodness on earth. There are yet many people who will tell you that there is something higher, nobler, more god-like in the stern, rigorous, inexorable vindictiveness of Dante's teaching than in the loving, sympathetic spirit of Shakspeare which pardoned all things, even the baseness of Oliver, hypocrisy of Angelo, and consigned no one to perdition, but gave to all scope for repentance. These people believe in the efficacy of the lash as a means of discipline for soldiers and education for street arabs. For—

' Custom maketh blind and obdurate  
The loftiest hearts—,'

blind to the truth that punishment, which acts only on the low and selfish instincts of human nature, which engages where it fails to subdue, and where it does subdue degrades, is not only impotent as a reforming agent, but invariably more or less injurious in its effects.

It used to be considered the religious duty of every mother to correct the faults of her little children by whipping them with a rod, or slapping them with her hand, till their tender flesh smarted and tingled with pain, and their little hearts were still more cruelly wounded. This brutal and barbarous practice, which, in days to come, will surely be looked upon as a remnant of savage customs, of which even the dawn of civilization might well be ashamed, is still defended by many pious parents, in much the same superstitious spirit as that which taught the worshippers of Moloch to pass their children through the fire. There can be little doubt that the natures of children subjected to this shameful violation of their finer feelings, and the irritation of all the lower emotions, must often be irretrievably injured. See how the child of a year old, when slapped by its mother, will try to slap her in return, and if prevented from doing so, will slap its doll, or anything

else it can get hold of. And as it gets older, and continues to receive such corrections, watch how it will try to inflict similar punishments on its play-mates, on the cat, the dog, on its toys, whenever it is vexed with them, or chooses to call them naughty ; thereby learning to exercise feelings of anger, revenge, and cruelty, which all the lessons and precepts of future years can never wholly eradicate. In the higher and more refined classes, this brutal method of treating children is now almost, if not wholly, unknown, but among the ignorant and uncultivated masses it is still the rule. Instances of the privilege of the rod being cruelly used by brutal parents frequently appear in the newspapers, and sometimes, with a strange perversity, those whose special duty it is to protect the helpless victims take the part of the tyrant and oppressor instead. Not long ago, a case was reported in an English paper, where the presiding magistrate refused to punish a brutal father, who had beaten his child, *eighteen months old*, with a stick, leaving its poor little head and cheek all bruised and swollen. It was a father's right and duty to correct his child, the magistrate said, and he could not begin too early. No doubt, the magistrate acknowledged, the man had struck too hard, but this was done unintentionally, and so the case was dismissed.

It seems to the present writer that the weight of all the other sins which help to make the burden and pain of the world so heavy, would be light in the balance if weighed against the sins that are committed against helpless little children. And owing to the still too-prevalent belief that constant correction, chastisement, and the use of the rod, are good for the young, the cruelties they often undergo from savage parents, or the heartless tyrants of some charity school or orphan asylum, if they do not injure life or limbs, seldom meet with the odium and reprobation they merit. Wife-beating is no longer allowed ; when will child

beating—a far more brutal and barbarous crime—be made an offence against law, as it is against human nature? The proper method of train-

ing and educating children will never be widely extended till its substitute, the rod, is absolutely banished by law, and by public opinion.

## EDUCATION AND NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

BY K. SEYMOUR MACLEAN, KINGSTON.

TO a thoughtful observer, the latter half of the decade just completed has witnessed a degree of progress in regard to subjects of general discussion and enquiry which is both encouraging and noteworthy. Looking back over the pages of our magazine literature, and through the columns of those journals which contain the speeches and the written thought most significant of the times we live in, one is forcibly struck with the large and important character of the themes therein treated, as compared with those which served the purpose of literary recreation to writers and readers of ten years ago.

In these days, the affairs of nations—the comparison of differing forms of government—the settlement of the question of the future of Canada, and kindred subjects are those which occupy the thoughts and speech, not only of the man of leisure, the statesman, or the writer on current events, but of the masses. Many, and some apparently opposite, causes have doubtless contributed to this result. A young and vigorous country—peopled with a hardy and robust yeomanry, which has wrested with its own strong right arm a noble inheritance of smiling fields and gracious plenty from the

rude elemental forces of nature—just awakened to the grand possibilities which lie before it, and feeling a healthful and abounding life in every limb—is not likely to take hold of great national questions with a feeble or uncertain grasp.

To the fathers of our commonwealth, in whose memories the 'old land' still dwells, surrounded by all the fond and sacred associations which belong to home, it is not wonderful that the name of Briton should hold the highest place, and the far-off island beyond the seas which gave them birth, should be regarded as the rightful object of the most loyal and reverential affection. But with the fact revealed by the census of 1870, that more than eighty per cent. of our population are now Canadian by birth, identified, in all senses of the term, with the soil and prosperity of the country, it is surely time to look for the beginning of a national sentiment, in which Canada shall hold the first and highest place, and for a people who are, before everything else, Canadians.

It is, perhaps, repeating a universally acknowledged truism to say that, next to religion, to which it has seemed in every age to bear a very close relation, there is no sentiment so exalted

as that of a pure and lofty patriotism. And it is also true that in every manly and generous nature it seems to have a native lodgment, like a divine instinct, lying dormant and unsuspected until called forth by some great national peril or emergency, and then, who has not felt the electric fire thrilling through his own veins, and filling his whole being with a high enthusiasm, in which to die for the rights or the liberties of his country would not seem too great an act of self-devotion !

In a country whose population is so largely made up, as ours is, by the influx of yearly immigration from all the countries of the Old World, the strongest necessity exists for some potent influence which shall unite this vast mass of differing, and often conflicting, social and civil forces, and render them coherent and orderly elements of the body politic. That there can be no stronger assimilating power than that of a universal and controlling national sentiment is strikingly seen in the example of the neighbouring Republic. For, notwithstanding the extreme latitude of the elective franchise, and the absence of many of those limitations which in other countries are considered necessary safeguards against popular risings and outbreaks, added to an immigration amounting each year to hundreds of thousands, comprising some of the most ignorant and stolid, as well as the most dangerous and inflammable materials known to European society, the Republic has thus far not simply governed and controlled this portion of her population, but, by a wonderfully rapid process of transformation and absorption, has harmonized and rendered homogeneous the crude mass, and strengthened herself by its incorporation into the body of the commonwealth. The ignorant and brutalized have been aroused to some sense of manhood and responsibility, where each is made to feel himself a citizen, and the revolutionary fanatic, and the social terrorist, find

themselves disarmed and weaponless, where there are no starving lower orders rendered desperate by want.

There are few observers of American institutions from abroad who have failed to remark as the one thing about them most striking and phenomenal, this everywhere present and even offensively obtrusive national feeling. He who looks deeper than the surface will discover that this is the element, the irresistible force of which has, with such incredible rapidity, built up and peopled the continent, and converted what was but two centuries ago a mere band of religious reformers, flying from persecution, into a strong and prosperous and law-abiding nation.

There are those who assert that this sentiment can only exist among a people who have conquered for themselves, amid the horrors of revolutionary warfare, the rights belonging to freedom and independence. But let it first be seen that there is no easier and more peaceful alternative. We, who live under a free and enlightened government, with no civil, religious, or social wrongs to redress, will be apt to conclude that there may be too high a price for even this inestimable possession. Is it true that patriotism is a plant which will flourish only on the soil of battle-grounds, whose root must be nourished by the blood and tears of the brave, and whose fair white flower unfolds only in the lurid air of cannon smoke, fanned by the breath of dying heroes? Or is its source, in the emotional and spiritual part of man's nature, less open to the influences which are at once the developing and training agencies in the education of the other moral faculties? These are questions to which, thus far, neither theoretical nor practical solutions have been given us. But whatever answer may be returned to the former, it is surely time that the latter question, in some experimental form, were engaging the attention of those who to-day are shaping

the intellects and training the morals of the Canadian statesmen and citizens of the future.

While far from presuming to criticise the choice of Educational Text Books in use in our Public and High Schools, the writer has often noticed with surprise the fact that, multiplied and varied as they are, they one and all contain next to nothing which is calculated to impress the youthful learner with a sense of the importance of his own country, to awaken in his breast emotions of affection and pride in his native land, or of veneration for the memory of those brave men who, in the face of difficulties and dangers almost unparalleled, opened to Europe the ice-bound gates of this Western New World. We look in vain in the pages of Canadian School Histories for stirring passages which fire the imagination with the living speech and actions of our great forefathers, and fix in the memory the record of events which shaped out for us the course of Empire. And yet the history of the discovery and early settlement of the two Canadas is full of dramatic adventure, of incidents of personal courage and daring, contempt of danger, and fortitude under hardship and suffering, along with such gallant achievements by 'flood and field' as may well mantle the cheek of youth with the flush of honest pride to count such heroes among his ancestors, and to claim for his own the fair land which they have transmitted to him at such a cost. The silent witnesses of their indomitable spirit, their iron resolution, and the hardihood which refused to recognise either calamity or defeat, are all about us to-day. But year by year we behold them receding before the ever-encroaching ploughshare of civilization farther and farther into the yet unexplored wilderness, and the vague legends of a generation passing away. Let us not be compelled to reproach ourselves with the injustice of having failed to preserve the sacred memories of the great found-

ders of our country and thus to defraud posterity of a patrimony so precious.

But it is not to history and biography alone that we are to look for examples and incitements to patriotic feeling. Why should not our National School Readers, whose very words will remain imprinted indelibly upon the memories of our children long after they have ceased to be the taught and have themselves become the teachers and the actors, why should not these pages be made the vehicle—instead of such stray scraps of science and of a literature less pure and perfect than these—of exalted and noble sentiments, of the most eloquent utterances of the prophets of freedom, the orators and the poets of all lands; the Burkes, the Sheridans, the Patrick Henrys, the Pitts, the Shakespeares and Miltons, whose immortal words have invested Liberty, and Right, and Love of Country with a beauty surpassing all other? And may we not add to these great names those of our own Cartier and Lafontaine, of William Lyon Mackenzie and Thomas D'Arcy McGee, of Robert Baldwin and George Brown, of Edward Blake and Sir John Macdonald, each of whom has lent some lustre of eloquence to our age and country, and by so much made the world the richer.

It has been said by a thoughtful writer in the CANADIAN MONTHLY, whose words command the respect inspired by sincere conviction, that enthusiasm is dying out in our times, and that the manifestation of ardour in the pursuit of merely moral or humanitarian reforms, is accounted as little better than mental weakness or fanaticism. In short—'to be willing to spend and be spent in a cause, apart from all hope of personal gain, is folly only worthy of a Nihilist. To conceive the possibility of any great social changes, such as might perhaps strike at the roots of crime and poverty, is a dangerous symptom for any man to show. Men have ceased to believe in

the possibility of great reforms ; their whole interest in public affairs is confined to the pitch and toss of political parties ; and as to the parties no one expects anything from them but gigantic efforts to keep office or to seize it.'

But what great things were ever yet accomplished either by nations or individuals without enthusiasm, and without much abnegation of private and personal interests? We might well despair of the social and moral progress of the race, did not an occasional bright example of the sweet humanities yet moving at the heart of things remind us that, on the whole, the world does move forward and not backward, and that we have not yet left the age of heroism behind us.

It was but yesterday in a Canadian city which is gravely debating the offer of its freedom to the champion oarsman, that three brave men were found to risk a frightful death amid flames and blinding smoke to save the lives of helpless women and babes ; and on our stormy Atlantic coast, an obscure seaman plunged into the sea to free a shipwrecked vessel from the cruel rocks and froze to death in the effort to save his comrades from a similar fate ; and yet another gallant seaman, in one of the late dreadful tempests in mid-ocean, manned the life-boat and rescued the crew of a water-logged and sinking vessel at the imminent deadly peril of the rescuers. What heart did not stand still as it followed on the dangerous path that staunch boat's crew to and from the doomed ship, or failed to echo the ringing cheer which hailed at last the accomplishment of their brave task ! But the mass of heroic deeds goes unrecorded. If we could lift the veil from private life we should find, even in the homes of the poorest, examples of a self devotion which could only be inspired by a high though silent enthusiasm, none the less real because wearing the simple name of duty.

A former Canadian teacher, now resident in California, writes of the

Annual Teachers' Institute he lately attended :—'The end and aim of the schools of the United States seems a little new to me ; putting first what has been but slightly touched upon, or left out of our curriculum altogether : here the great aim is to make *intelligent citizens* ; and each teacher seems to feel himself directly responsible to the Republic for the fulfilment of this duty.'

Perhaps this part of education may there be disproportionately insisted on, but it is surely consonant with reason and sound sense that they, who in a few years will have in their hands and upon their shoulders the affairs and responsibilities of citizenship, should be trained to an intelligent perception of what those responsibilities imply.

The prejudices which arise in early life through ignorance, or the false and distorting mediums through which information is sought to be conveyed, are the most difficult to be overcome—nay, the most impossible ; and their narrowing influence remains to be a trammel and a hindrance to the growth of large and liberal views, or of any moral progress, except that inert and unwilling advance which moves perforce with the age of which it is a part.

That much more of the blind rancour of partizan warfare arises from this cause than from any inherent differences of right or wrong, politic or impolitic, in the questions over which political parties are divided, is indisputable. Nor can the question fail to arise in the mind of any serious looker-on at the spectacle of these wordy tournaments—these faction fights which seem to swallow up the best energies of the nation—cannot some worthier object be found for the combination of these unquestionably great powers, and cannot important measures be carried, and the government of the State be maintained, without the demoralization of the individual? Primarily requisite to the solution of

these and like questions, it would seem that our countrymen need to recognise and to prize their relation to the country as Canadians; and that to this *first* national sentiment all party interests should be subordinate. That the foundation for this unifying and patriotic feeling must be laid, before the strong prejudices of active partizanship and of compromising self-identifications have yet been allowed to entangle the judgment, seems equally evident. Unquestionably, the change to be wrought must begin in the school and in the home, in the nursery, and at the mother's knee. And it is surely a not unworthy ambition for woman, both as mother and as teacher, that she should see in the

widening sphere of her intelligence, and the broader scope thus given to her highest powers, her purest sympathies—a work fitted to employ them all, in the training, mainly left in her hands, of the young citizens of the Dominion.

'There is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;  
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
And milder moons emparadise the night;  
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

'Where shall that land, that spot of earth  
be found?  
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;  
Oh, thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps  
roam,  
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy*  
home.'

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### THE WEARY WATCHER.

THE sun has set all golden and red,  
The lights now twinkle at sea,  
The tide comes in with a stealthy tread,  
Yet I am waiting for thee.

Though I've waited many a year,  
Yet at sunset for thee I look,  
I think of the day you left the pier,  
As I stand in my lonely nook.

Ye little waves that lap at my feet,  
Oh! where did you play round his head,  
Ye little stones, oh! where did you meet,  
To make him a sailor's bed?

How can you dash up on the shore?  
Why are you so glad, bright wave?  
While I stand gazing for evermore,  
Out over my lover's grave.

P. J. MAC.

## MR. MALLOCK: A RETROSPECT.

BY R. W. BOODLE, B. A., MONTREAL.

'Gather up the fragments that remain.'

THE popularity of Mr. Mallock's book must have been a disappointment to the critics. In the original course of publication in the monthlies, as well as in its later form as a volume, 'Is Life Worth Living' has been fair game for critics of every shade of opinion. But, as in the similar case of Buckle's *History of Civilization*, the verdict of professed critics has been reversed by the general appreciation of the public. In the present paper I propose to say something about the writer himself and his literary antecedents, as well as about his universally read book—specially with a view to the lessons the work designs to teach.

The University of Oxford has always taken a leading part in the moral changes that have passed over the English race. Whether before, or as often behind, the times, this institution has never failed to count as an important element in the movements that have convulsed the great land in whose centre it stands. Wicklif and Wesley were its alumni, and only in less honour than these must be held the names of Colet, Tilby, Grocyn and Linacre—the Oxford Reformers of the sixteenth century—of Newman, Keble and Pusey, who guided the beginning of the Oxford movement of the present century. It is with peculiar fitness that the Martyrs' Memorial stands in her streets. A true estimate of her importance is conveyed by some old verses, that have been preserved by tradition—

Chronica si penses, quum pugna per Oxonienses,  
Post paucos menses volat ira per Angligen-  
ses.

The sense of which is well enough given in the couplet quoted by Green—

When Oxford draws the knife,  
England's soon at strife.

Such is in truth the position of the University of Oxford in the page of English History. It is this rather than scholarly attainments, strictly speaking, this sensitiveness to public movements, that marks the Dark Blue as distinct from her Light Blue sister. In recognition of this fact, it was customary with poets to call Cambridge Thebes and Oxford Athens. To quote the words of Dryden, himself a Cambridge man—

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,  
Than his own mother university.  
Thebes did his green, unknowing youth en-  
gage;  
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

Nothing can really be more misleading than the distinction that is usually drawn between the sisters. Cambridge, it is true, has always excelled in those branches of study called Mathematics; but it is no less true that she bears the palm now as ever in classics also. On the other hand, to Oxford belongs the acknowledged superiority in Philosophy, History and Theology—studies which have fitted her sons to become the great statesmen, practical thinkers, and preachers of England.

Now, Mr. Mallock is an Oxford man,

and his writings show him to have been very susceptible to the influences of late potent there. Prominent among these is the original and vigorous personality of Ruskin, who was elected Slade Professor of Fine Art in 1879, and who has since then been conscientiously lecturing upon Religion, Political Economy, and the numerous subjects which he considers to fall within his legitimate domain. Now Mr. Ruskin is a determined foe of what many people believe to be the corollaries of the Gospel of Evolution, and to him Mr. Mallock very properly dedicated his volume, since it is but the logical statement of his prophet-like utterances. Mr. Mallock was one of the many disciples of this good man, and might doubtless eight years ago have been observed wending his way past the Hincksey ferry—carrying spade, pick-axe and shovel, with the intention of re-making a road, the badness of which had attracted the notice of the Professor on his rambles. Such was one of the schemes projected by Mr. Ruskin for delivering the undergraduates from their ruling passions of boating and cricket. He succeeded not only in making the fortunes of a neighbouring public-house, but in drawing after him a devoted band of about forty fellows, who were neither good oars nor good bats, and who were calculated to make worse labourers. So that, when the writer bade adieu to Oxford, the rough old road at Hincksey had become a quagmire.

But though Mr. Ruskin's definite schemes of reform have not proved successful, the tone of thought with which he is, to some extent identified, and which his follower has represented in the person of Herbert in the 'New Republic,' had years ago become common in the microcosm of the Oxford University. An instance of this occurs in a sermon to which the writer remembers listening as far back as November, 1874. The preacher was a Broad Churchman, Dr. Brad-

ley, Master of University College, and worthy predecessor of Dr. Farrar as head-master of Marlborough College, and he was addressing the University from the pulpit of St. Mary's Church. A short extract will suffice :

'The one enduring and eternal factor in the universe, we are told, is that material portion of it with which our senses, aided or unaided, can deal. . . . And all the rest . . . are but as the passing effervescence thrown up by the shifting combinations of molecules of matter that are in themselves eternal and indestructible. And our noisy or our quiet lives, and all the past and all the future anguish, and joy, and desires, and aims of the whole human race, that is, and that has been, and that shall be, are in a sadder sense than the poet meant but "moments in the being of the eternal silence." And in proportion as these aims and these desires rise above the lowest life, if rising it can be fairly called, turn that is to objects other than things which we can see, and touch, and taste, and handle, they become in that very proportion more unmeaning, more delusive and deluded, more surely doomed to bafflement and mockery. And as they wander out towards the region in which faith moves, and strive to fasten on those unseen things or persons, which seem sometimes to draw them with an absorbing force, they require to be scourged back from that unknown to this known, from disease to health,' and so on. The tone of this sermon, which was considered striking at the time, as well as somewhat reactionary, is very much the same as that of the earlier chapters of 'Is Life Worth Living,' though the preacher, a man of masculine common sense, did not, it need hardly be said, propose to take his hearers back to Rome, as a means of escaping the difficulties besetting Lambeth and Westminster.

Thus, in writing as he did, Mr. Mallock was simply giving expression to a tone of thought of late years very

prevalent in the University; while the success of the book, and the notice it attracted in England and elsewhere, are conclusive as to the fact that, now as heretofore, Oxford has proved herself no mean criterion of the state of feeling among English-speaking people. A few words as to the antecedents of the author will be interesting.

The world first heard of William Hurrell Mallock, Commoner of Balliol College, Oxford, as author of the Newdigate Prize Poem for 1871. As a rule, these poems are more distinguished for sound than sense, for rhetorical platitude than for originality, and the subject for this year's poem, 'The Isthmus of Suez,' would seem to be no very promising subject for the young poet. Nor is it maintained that our author's poem was an exception to the ordinary rule, though in concluding he strikes the note that was destined to bring his name before the general public. Looking at the several waters of the Mediterranean and the Red Seas, he writes:—

The Sundered twain have met and mixed  
again;  
Yea, they have kissed and met. But when  
will ye,  
Ye warring spirits of the bond and free?  
What power or knowledge is there, to unite  
The never-mingled seas of faith and right?  
When shall such come? Or must we ever  
more,  
Standing midway, on either desolate shore,  
Hear the deploring waters of each flood  
Mourn to themselves in alien neighbourhood,  
Nor ever mingle in silence till the day  
When all faiths fail, and knowledge fades  
away?

After this success he undertook to produce a *vade mecum* for would-be poets—a little satirical work entitled 'Every Man His Own Poet: or, The Inspired Singer's Recipe Book.' The introduction indicates that his mind was still running in the same train of thought, viz., theology and its difficulties, for he takes occasion to write—'We live in times of progress. The mystery of yesterday is the common-place of to-day; the Bible, which was Newton's oracle, is Professor

Huxley's jest-book; and students at the University now lose a class for not being familiar with opinions which but twenty years ago they would have been expelled for dreaming of.'

The recipes are amusing, and as the reader may not have been fortunate enough to meet with the pamphlet, he will be interested in hearing—

'How to write a *Patriotic Poem* like Mr. Swinburne. Take one blaspheming patriot, who has been hung or buried for some time, together with the oppressed country belonging to him. Soak these in a quantity of rotten sentiment, till they are completely sodden; and in the meanwhile get ready an indefinite number of Christian kings and priests. Kick these till they are nearly dead; add copiously broken fragments of the Catholic Church, and mix all together thoroughly. Place them in a heap upon the oppressed country; season plentifully with very coarse expressions; and on the top carefully arrange your patriot, garnished with laurel or with parsley: surround with artificial hopes for the future, which are never meant to be tasted. This kind of poem is cooked in verbiage, flavoured with Liberty, the taste of which is much heightened by the introduction of a few high gods, and the game of Fortune. The amount of verbiage which Liberty is capable of flavouring is practically infinite.'

In the work of the schools, Mr. Mallock obtained small success, failing to take higher honours than Third-class in Classical Moderations and Second-class in the final Classical and Philosophical School; but we may charitably suppose that his time was taken up by the outside studies of which the world has been favoured from time to time with the results. First came 'The New Republic,' which attracted such general attention at the time of its appearance that it will be unnecessary to say more than that therein the conflicting views of Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Jowett, Pater, Leslie Stephen, Huxley and Tyndall

are set off against one another—the author apparently himself inclining to the melancholy despair of Herbert (Ruskin). Next came the book entitled ‘The New Paul and Virginia, or (naming the definite system of which it is an attempted *Reductio ad Absurdum*) Positivism on an Island.’ It is enough to say of this work that it did no more for Positivism than could be done for Christianity or any other system taken at its inception; that it was rather a vulgar performance, not very original or very witty. The exact style of the fun had been anticipated before, as for instance, Dr. Johnson, in the eighteenth chapter of ‘*Rasselas*’—devoted to the ridicule of the ‘wise and happy man.’ This work was first published in the *Contemporary Review* and was followed here and elsewhere by the different articles which subsequently appeared under the title of ‘Is Life Worth Living?’

Such were the steps by which Mr. Mallock was led to question so emphatically the value of life. He began by recognising the difficulties that beset the reconciliation of Religion and Science, or Faith and Sight; then the different theories of the day were set a tilt at one another; next Positivism was singled out as his special foe, and attacked with the light weapons of Ridicule. In his latest work ridicule and argument are combined to prove the system absurd, impossible of realization, and, even if realized, a system under which virtue would be virtue no longer, while life would be robbed of its happiness. Virtue would exist no longer, and vice cease to be a pleasure, because it would lose the savour of forbidden fruit. Such, in short, is the purport of the volume and the writer’s aim—therefore let us all turn Catholics as a means of preserving those theological sanctions which make virtue to be virtue, and vice to be a pleasure.

Stated thus shortly but correctly, the whole thing looks too absurd to claim a moment’s thought. It is only

when we take it in detail, when the feelings and state of mind that inspired it are taken into consideration, and when we remember that such feelings are merely typical of those of many others who have not spoken, that the work becomes worthy of attention.

As it is not the purpose of the present paper to enter the lists of Dialectics against Mr. Mallock by an answer in detail to his long indictment against Positivism and the Positive mode of thought, it will be unnecessary to spend time in an elaborate outline of his argument. It may be supposed that most readers are sufficiently familiar with the thoughts of a work confessedly so pertinent to our present needs and questionings. Such will gladly spare the details of the contention (reminding old Oxford men of associations connected with the Schools and Logic Lane) in the course of which, after showing that Positivism must postulate some definite end as the prize of life, and scouting the notion of its being contained in Sociology or the good of the many, the writer concludes by finding it in Goodness as its own reward. This highest good is a purely subjective state of heart and a moral end, the main characteristics of which are, that its essence is inward; that its value is incalculable, and its attainment the only true happiness for us; that its standard is something absolute. Nor will it be necessary to enumerate the arguments by which he seeks to show that these characteristics are explained by Supernatural Religion, by this alone; and how, as a consequence, the Positivists who hope to attain all this by their Positivism are more superstitious and visionary than their rivals the Orthodox believers.

The picture presented to Mr. Mallock’s mind of the future of the Positivists will be best gathered from an amusing passage in ridicule of their Utopia. ‘Every one would be waiting at the door, and saying to every one

else, "After you." But all these practical considerations are entirely forgotten by the Positivists. They live in a world of their own imagining, in which all the rules of this world are turned upside down. There, the defeated candidate in an election would be radiant at his rival's victory. When a will was read, the anxiety of each relative would be that he or she should be excluded in favour of others; or more probably still, that they should be all excluded in favour of a hospital. Two rivals, in love with the same woman, would be each anxious that his own suit might be thwarted. And a man would gladly involve himself in any ludicrous misfortune, because he knew that the sight of his catastrophe would rejoice his whole circle of friends. The course of human progress, in fact, would be one gigantic donkey-race, in which those were the winners who were furthest off from the prize.\* As the object of the present paper is not so much to criticise Mr. Mallock, as to endeavour to learn what we can from his book, and to ascertain its bearing with regard to ourselves, his arguments have been omitted. Nothing would be easier than to show his inconsistencies, his shortcomings and unfairness to Positivists. He is apparently blind to the fact that the concessions demanded in favour of Revelation through the Church, serve equally to rehabilitate the Revelations of the New Faith. Indeed, upon this point, Mr. Mallock gave us what appear to be second thoughts, in a Dialogue upon Happiness, that appeared sometime ago in the *Nineteenth Century*. And to the articles that appeared in that magazine, written by a lady, Miss Bevington, readers should turn if they want an answer point to point to Mr. Mallock. As far as mere argument goes, he found a formidable opponent; but religious belief is not a mere matter of argument. Resting at all

times more upon the promptings of the heart than the conclusions of the intellect, it eludes the grasp of the reason with a vital inconsistency. 'Is Life Worth Living' may be vulnerable as a train of reasoning or may not; its validity on this side at present concerns us very little. But looked at from another point of view, as a revelation of feeling, it is in the highest degree valuable. Let us for a moment consider what this feeling amounts to.

The last quarter of a century, as Justin McCarthy very properly pointed out, has been a period of controversy, 'which may be set down as memorable in the history of the world.' Scientific doctrines and beliefs have noisily made their way from the lecture room to the pulpit. Views that half a century ago would have been regarded with suspicion by advanced thinkers, have forced at least a respectful recognition from the leaders of religious thought. It is no wonder that it should be so, for the conclusions of modern science come to us based upon a mass of fact and corroborative evidence, and what is no small matter,—and its opponents have been the first to allow it,—vouched for by men eminently respectable from a social and moral point of view. Nor is it possible for those who recognise facts to call in question these views and conclusions in their broadest aspect. The theory of Evolution has inevitably taken the place for us of the theory of Creation. It was once quite possible for Robert South to say of modern intellect—'All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the reliques of an intellect defaced with sin and time. . . . Certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely, when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. *An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.*' Coming from the pulpit

\* As an answer to this cf. Herbert Spencer's 'Data of Ethics,' ch. 14, § 97.

now, these words would sound unmeaning and ridiculous, so surely has the belief in the Survival of the Fittest taken the place of the Doctrine of the Fall.

Thus the change in our point of view is radical; and, as was natural, great displacements have been effected in our moral atmosphere by the changes in the scientific, while the weaker brethren, of whose dismay Mr. Mallock made himself so effectual an exponent, fear still greater displacements. We have an instance in the imperative of conscience, the threatened catalepsy of which is foreshadowed with coarse, but rather effective, wit, by Mr. Mallock. 'The power of conscience resides not in what we hear it to be, but in what we believe it to be. A housemaid may be deterred from going to meet her lover in the garden, because a howling ghost is believed to haunt the laurels: but she will go to him fast enough when she discovers that the sounds that alarmed her were not a soul in torture, but the cat in love. The case of conscience is exactly analogous to this.' To those who argue in this way, it would be useless to urge the propriety of taking, in an extended sense, the words of Christ, 'if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.' To such reasoners, conscience is at best a product of Nature, and Nature 'red in tooth and claw with ravin,' a poor voucher to those who require the higher testimony of Revelation.

Thus Mr. Mallock's book is instructive upon this point of the imperative of conscience. Read by the light of Herbert Spencer's thoughtful preface to his 'Data of Ethics,' it helps us to appreciate the true nature of the times we live in. In moral and religious, as well as in political, history, these divisions are clearly marked in all revolutionary periods—Anarchy, Dormant Anarchy, and Settlement. First comes the thunder clap when the Revolution breaks out, and things good and bad

seem to be going down before it, Anarchy apparently ruling the day. But 'the human mind has at no period accepted a moral chaos.' The Revolution is summarily hushed up, and old methods and ways are reverted to. But it has done its work, the past cannot be restored, and the period of Dormant Anarchy ensues. This continues till, by compromise, a Settlement is effected, which becomes a basis for a new order of things. In the religious and moral revolution which we are at present considering, we may take the year 1874, the year of Professor Tyndall's celebrated Belfast address, the so-called 'high water-mark of Materialism,' as the crisis of the Revolution, and we are now in the period of Dormant Anarchy, or, to use the expression of Mr. Goldwin Smith, in the midst of 'a moral interregnum.' This fact is clearly apprehended by Herbert Spencer, when he insists upon the necessity for some regulative system of morals. 'Between the extreme opponents,' those who reject and those who defend the current creed, 'there is a certain community. The one hold that the gap left by disappearance of the code of supernatural ethics, need not be filled by a code of natural ethics; and the others hold that it cannot be so filled. Both contemplate a vacuum, which the one wishes and the other fears. As the change which promises or threatens to bring about this state, desired or dreaded, is rapidly progressing, those who believe that the vacuum can be filled, and that it must be filled, are called on to do something in pursuance of their belief.' Mr. Mallock is only wrong in so far as he believes that this transitional state will be the normal one, when Positivism has got itself acknowledged. What more philosophical thinkers regard as merely temporary, he believes to be chronic. The dire perplexity of the ordinary mind, and the helplessness of Protestant Christianity, in the midst of the storm of opinion that is beating about it, is

forcibly brought home to us by Mr. Mallock's vision of the Christ—'The words and the countenance, once so sure and steadfast, now change, as we look at and listen to them, into new accents and aspects; and the more earnestly we gaze and listen, the less can we distinguish clearly what we hear or see. "What shall we do to be saved?" men are again crying. And the lips that were once oracular now merely seem to murmur back confusedly, "Alas! what shall you do?" Such and so helpless, even now, is natural theism showing itself; and in the dim and momentous changes that are coming over things, in the vast flux of opinion that is preparing, in the earthquake that is rocking the moral ground under us, overturning and engulfing the former land marks, and re-opening the graves of the buried lusts of paganism, it will show itself very soon more helpless still. Its feet are on the earth only. The earth trembles, and it trembles: it is in the same case as we are. It stretches in vain its imploring hands to heaven. But the heaven takes no heed of it. No divine hand reaches down to it to uphold and guide it.' This, then, is one of the points, where we feel that Mr. Mallock touched solid ground. The gap has been generally felt, and many are the attempts that have been made to fill it. We have had, and have, a variety of gospels to choose from. Materialism and Spiritualism, Pessimism and Evolution, Buddhism and Neo-Paganism. Mr. Mallock advocates a return to Rome. Matthew Arnold believes in culture and conduct; Mr. Pater and his followers in Art. Mr. Furnivall proclaims himself the apostle of one whom they call 'Shakspeare,' and others have equal faith in Shelley. Such a variety of ingredients are seething in the Medea cauldron, from which the Faith of the Future is to spring invigorated.

Of one thing at least we may feel sure. 'By faith the children of Is-

rael passed through the Red Sea as by dry land, which the Egyptians essaying to do were drowned.' It is the absolute want of steady faith in anything, even in self, that leads to the tone of thought of which 'Is Life Worth Living' is the logic. Mr. Mallock has since played upon the old chords in semi-artistic dialogues, appearing at intervals in the *Nineteenth Century*. And who are the characters that take part in these morbidly self-conscious revelations of soul? Their names tell a tale—a group of fashionables at Monaco, 'the popular' Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Lady Di, Mrs. Crane, 'the beauty' and Lord Surbiton. We may reasonably ask whether these are fair types of the workaday world, and whether the sceptical listlessness engendered by fashion and idleness is likely to take the place of the more practical tone which incessant contact with business necessitates. The fact is that the majority of mankind have, and will continue to have, faith of some kind, and, most necessary of all, faith in themselves. Their faith may not be a very high one, but it will be enough to satisfy them; and to this majority of mankind, the revolution of thought through which we are passing will be like any other political change, about which Dr. Johnson very justly remarks—'It is evident that these bursts of universal distress are more dreaded than felt: thousands and tens of thousands flourish in youth, and wither in age, without the knowledge of any other than domestic evils, and share the same pleasures and vexations, whether the armies of their country pursue their enemies or retreat before them.' As for the minority—the few who have the time and ability to indulge in the luxury of moralising—their fate does not concern us very nearly. Lady Di may vex her soul about the pernicious effects that the new revolution will have upon the morals of a world of which she knows little. We may safely leave the world to its bread-

winning toil, and Lady Di to her reflections.

But there is still a class left whose sufferings deserve more consideration—those to whom the query, 'Is Life Worth Living,' assumes a practical aspect. These are not mere debauchees who have outworn their capacities for enjoyment, but a class unhappily common enough at the present day, 'ower bad for blessing, and ower gude for banning,' who have made a moral failure of life and yet are too highly strung to be able to sink into one of mere self-enjoyment; who, 'without any veritable religion, have a pale shadow of religiosity;' who have neither strength of will to enter upon the task of reformation, nor sufficient dulness of moral perception to rest contented without it. To such a class suicide presents itself as the fitting close of a misspent life. And, if we recognise facts, we cannot see what consideration the New Faith has to offer to deter them from carrying these opinions into practice. Looked at from another point of view, what has the Positive System to give corresponding to the sense of freedom and strength enjoyed by the pardoned soul through remission of sins. In the ordinary Theistic system, the effects of sin upon others, and its traces upon the sinner's soul, are effaced by a higher power, whose good offices can be secured by prayer. No such interference from above is recognised by the New Faith. 'I have a conscience,' says Leigh,\* and I can treat it in two ways only. I can either stifle it altogether, or else listen to and be troubled by it. But if I stifle it, I shall have no wish to act rightly; and if I listen to it I shall have no heart to do so—I mean, supposing your philosophy to be true. Where can you tell us to look for any remission of sins? How can the soul be again reconciled to itself? And if I must always have to consider myself a sinner, why should

I try to become a saint?' The Old Faith had its answer, the New Faith has not. This is one of these points which it is the purpose of the present paper to recognise. It does not, however, follow because Positivism cannot supply a ready answer to all the questionings of human nature that the system is altogether wrong, or that we must at once give in our adhesion to the old system, which it is modifying. It only shows how incomplete, how purely tentative, the Religion of Positivism at present is.

And this is the conclusion to which we have come from the study of the book. Its author has failed in his attempt—contrary to the movement of the time spirit, in opposition to science and history—to lead Protestants back to the faith of the past. But in his criticism of the future 'so rigorously and vigorously' laid down for us by advanced Positivists he is successful enough. The Faith of the Future, we may take it for granted, will contain in it all that is worth preserving of the old—its noblest aspirations, its truest wisdom, its widest sympathies. We can all see the shortcomings of some of the earlier Positivists—such for instance as their aspect with regard to the worship of sorrow. 'All dignity is painful;' Carlyle writes, 'a life of ease is not for any man, nor for any god. The life of all gods figures itself to us as a sublime sadness,—earnestness of infinite battle against infinite labour. Our highest religion is named the "Worship of Sorrow." For the son of man there is no noble crown, well worn, or even ill worn, but is a crown of thorns?' We feel the truth of this. Yet Harriet Martineau was led so far in her rebellion against the Worship of Sorrow, and in her dislike of what she calls the 'morbid conditions of human life,' as to quote with approbation in her autobiography, the following unnatural remarks upon old age, contained in the Atkinson Letters; 'Age is a sad affair. If men went out of

\* 'Atheism and Repentance,' by W. H. Mallock.—*Nineteenth Century*, July, 1880.

life in the very fulness of their powers, in a flash of lightning, one might imagine them transferred to heaven : but when the fruit fails, and then the flower and leaf, and branch after branch rots by our side while we yet live, we can hardly wish for a better thing than early death.' As if the New Faith were to expurgate sorrow and suffering from the world of the future, and to fill it with a race of jocund, light-hearted beings.

So we may confidently believe, that in many matters the more modern teachers of Positivism had made a false start ; that the world of the future will not be in reality a contrast with the world of the past, but merely a development of it. The staple of life will be the same—sorrow and joy, virtue and vice. But the centre upon which its system will turn, the point from which its good and ill are viewed, will be different. The relative importance of the intellectual and moral elements of religion has changed. The enthusiasm of humanity is taking the place of the theology of the unknown. With the heightened importance attaching to 'the still, sad music of humanity,' and to the moral side of religion, Philanthropy, or what Posi-

tivist writers call Altruism, has been on the increase. More has been done to alleviate the suffering and the afflicted, and a higher morality is expected of States in their international dealings. The world should be going from bad to worse, but, as if to disprove the theories of alarmists, the main current is setting the other way.

As a further result, then, of the consideration of Mr. Mallock's book, we may say that having had the gloomiest forebodings with regard to the future put before us, we carry away from the work feelings of greater hope for that future. We are told that the progress of science has reduced man and the world on which we live to insignificance. We find that, along with greater consideration for the brute creation, the needs of mankind are more carefully studied, and that, by means of education, literature, and art, larger room for the development of man's nature is being afforded. We feel that if Positivism be visionary, it is so on the right side ; that if it be so, it shares this fault with Christianity, and with all the great attempts that have co-operated in making this a better and a happier world.

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GEORGE ELIOT.

*Ob. Dec. 22, 1880.*

**D**EATH, at the close of the year, took from modern literature one of its most central figures, and quenched in night an intellect which, in its range and power, has scarcely had an equal since Shakespeare. 'George Eliot' had almost all the gifts with which the human mind has been dowered, and

no writer, of her sex at least, can be said to approach her in the many-sidedness and profundity of a mind whose creations are as unrivalled as they are diverse. What a wealth of portraiture she has bequeathed to the English-speaking world those who have followed her creations from Adam Bede

to Middlemarch best know. But richer than these treasures are the revelations into, and sympathy with, a human nature which few have better understood, in all its variety, depth, and richness, and which none have depicted with greater power or with more fidelity to life. Her loss to English letters is simply irreparable, and in her Literature mourns one of the rarest minds and loftiest natures which, perhaps, the Divine has ever put into human clay. No new creation of her pen will hold us again in its spell, but as her place is now among the immortals of English literature, so will what she has written pass into the mind and spirit of that thinking, reasoning humanity which she did so much to elevate and ennoble. But hush! 'her own words best honour her, not ours!'

A uniform edition of George Eliot's

works has just been completed by her publishers, the Messrs. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, to which we trust they will now add a collection of the contributions from her pen to the *Westminster Review*, and anything of her yet unpublished writings worthy of her mature powers. We append a list of her works, in the order of their appearing, which may be useful to our readers for future reference. Translations of Strauss's 'Life of Jesus,' 1864, and of Feuerbach's 'Essence of Christianity,' 1853; 'Scenes in a Clerical Life,' 1857 (?); 'Adam Bede,' 1859; 'The Mill on the Floss,' 1860; 'Silas Marner,' 1861; 'Romola,' 1863; 'Felix Holt,' 1866; 'Middlemarch,' 1871-2; 'The Spanish Gypsy,' 1873; 'The Legend of Jubal,' 1874; 'Daniel Deronda,' 1876; and 'The Impressions of Theophrastus Such,' 1879. She died at the age of 60.

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## IN MEMORY OF EDWARD IRVING.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

[This man was appointed to be a Christian Priest, and this he strove with the whole force that was in him to be.—THOMAS CARLYLE.]

**E**AGLE of God! among the blinking owls  
 Whose nests are in the shrines of Faith decayed,  
 Dark haunts of all obscene and foolish fowls—  
 Thou gazing on the sun wert undismayed!  
 Or from vast London's reek of smoke-wrought shade,  
 How oft looked homeward those imperial eyes  
 To their own eyrie mid the hills afar,  
 Where the untrodden steep no footmarks mar,  
 Where to the torrent's voice the storm replies,—  
 O noblest heart, O voice of Prophet tone  
 Uplifted still in love to all mankind,  
 By men unprized in life, in death maligned,  
 To other skies we do not grieve thee flown,  
 The victor wings at rest, the Peace supreme thine own.

## SELECTIONS.

## NOTES ON ENDYMION.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

A FRENCH senator and academician remarked on the accession of Mr. Gladstone to power that England had only just given the hands of one artist into those of another, and seemed to have given up her natural rulers altogether. Who those natural rulers will be when the reign of these artists is over it is not easy to discern; but as long as we have them we must make the best of their dominion. Among its advantages we have not only the amusement afforded by the activities, surprises, and originalities of their work in office, but by their continued energies in what used to be the repose, if not the torpor, of ministerial retreat. The redundancy and variety of Mr. Gladstone's effusions are in every one's recollection, combining an opposition by pamphlets with such fields of literature and speculation that their gleanings fill a book-row, and now within six months the author of *Lothair* is ready with a novel of politics and society which requires a continuation to give it meaning and unity.

*Endymion* has not the serious intentions of *Lothair*. The conversion of a young nobleman of immense wealth to the Roman Catholic Church, following that of other important British families, was a subject of statesmanlike and patriotic consideration appropriate to ingenious fiction, and the book was especially valuable from its exclusive treatment of the Romish Church as a social and political institution. But there is no special interest discernible in these volumes beyond the diversion of writer and reader. When, indeed, Lord Beaconsfield selects a hero who starts as a Treasury clerk and ends in Prime Minister, the world will insist on seeing simultaneously the artist in fiction and in practice, and however little of his own life the comrades and observers of his career may find in the picture, the public

will seek out all kinds of autobiographic secrets, and will insist on the personages and relatives being as rich as those of Mr. Justin M'Carthy's history. One motive, so to say, of the story is so apparent that it would be direct effrontery not to give it recognition, for it is honourable, and as the song goes, "tender and true." Endymion trusts to his strong determination, persistent purpose, and seizure of opportunity to win his way to success in life, but he owes the crown and consummation to the love of woman.

The first volume opens with the death of Mr. Canning, another artist who has won the race against privilege and virtue, and perished at the goal, no less an exception of the conditions and penalties of our political life than Lord Beaconsfield himself, and closes with the election of 1837, thus giving to the preliminary portion a purely historical character. The principal sketch of the Lord Ferrars, the elder placeman, the unacknowledged son of an important statesman, the useful subordinate of Pitt and Granville in the Treasury, perfectly contented with the inferior station, and marrying late into high life; the younger, starting from that strong position and entering Parliament as soon as age permitted, well equipped with the accomplishments which were then sufficient for all the responsibilities of statesmanship; Lord Castle-rieh's Lord of the Treasury. Lord Liverpool's Under-Secretary of State rising to membership of the Cabinet, when the last intrenchment of the Tories fell before the success of the Reform Bill—the secret pauper and the final suicide—confirms an impression which the student of Mr. Disraeli's earlier works may have often felt, that the frequent combination of poetry and fiction as cited, is a check on a genius, which, if left free to work out its own imaginings, would have left works more permanent and real than those which must depend for their repute and sympathy in a great degree on the accidents

and figures of the day. Nor need the success of the writer of romance have excluded the talents that might be found in the lines of Boixeau or M. Simon; and presented in some other form as subtle characters of Society, the Change, and the State. There is in truth in this form of composition an artistic difficulty almost impossible to surmount. The figure with whom the characters ought to cluster is either exaggerated in proportion or dwindles into a mere medium of communication. Even in such a work as *Wilhelm Meister* there is the same that all this scenery of thoughts and fancy demands a more important critical object, but when almost every other person has an original with whom the reader identifies him, it requires a singular facility of impersonation to give importance and actuality to the fictitious hero. In no one of Lord Beaconsfield's works is this defect so apparent as in *Endymion*, and the author so assiduously keeps him in the background that he is a nullity through the first and second volumes, with a mission to be something very great in the third. The son and grandson of Privy Councillors, with friends of influence and position and just that kind of misfortune that has an interest to youth, he really required no mission at all to give him a successful career, and the talents with which he is credited are just those that are adapted to public life, and the wondrous accident of his sister's marriage—first with a Foreign Minister, and then with a King—is quite out of proportion to this effect. He has no originality to offend, and no particular principles to obstruct; in fact, he is without any one of the attributes which might have been expected to belong to a political hero. Is this defective art or irony?

He early becomes private secretary to a Minister, which affords an opportunity for an allusion to the expression of that pliant relation of which we have lately had so remarkable a recognition.

'The relations between a Minister and his secretary are, or at least should be, among the finest that can subsist between two individuals. Except the married state, there is none in which so great a degree of confidence is involved, in which more forbearance ought to be exercised, or more sympathy ought to exist. There is usually in the relation an identity of interest and that of the highest kind; and the perpetual difficulties, the alternations of triumph and defeat, develop devotion. A

youthful secretary will naturally feel some degree of enthusiasm for his chief, and a wise Minister will never stint his regard for one in whose intelligence and honour he finds he can place confidence.'

He afterwards obtains a seat in Parliament by a combination of borough-mongers in his favour, and an anonymous gift of twenty thousand pounds, transmitted to him in a form which it has exercised the civic mind to understand. At the instigation of his former master, soon out of office, he puts a crafty question that calls up the Minister, and follows it up by moving for papers that provoke an important debate. With all these favourable circumstances, he walks down to the House in the hope that the exercise may improve his languid circulation, but in vain; but when his name is called and he has to rise, his hands and feet were like ice. This may very possibly have been a personal experience, for a nervous organization was not very compatible with oratorical power, but ever to have a subtle connection with it, just as the most rigid physical courage occurs to assist in the conquest of the sense of apprehension by the force of will. I heard Colonel Gurwood say that he never went into action without positive fear, and that when he led a forlorn hope the preliminary terror was agony. It is not so clear that this would be the constitution serviceable for that process of debate which after all, is the trial of strength in our parliamentary life, and which requires as an absolute condition of success the combination of the great play of intellect with the readiness of repose. *Endymion's* recovery is finally described:—

'He had a kind audience, and an interested one. When he opened his mouth he forgot his first sentence, which he had long prepared. In trying to recall it and failing, he was for a moment confused. But it was only for a moment; the unpremeditated came to his aid, and his voice, at first tremulous, was recognised as distinct and rich. There was a murmur of sympathy, and not merely from his own side. Suddenly, both physically and intellectually, he was quite himself. His arrested circulation flowed, and fed his stagnant brain. His statement was lucid, his arguments were difficult to encounter, and his manner was modest. He sat down amid general applause, and though he was then conscious that he had omitted more than one point on which he had relied, he was on the whole satisfied, and recollected that he might use them in reply, a privilege to which he now looked forward with feelings of comfort and confidence.'

There is no member of the House who has taken such full advantage of this privilege as the author of *Endymion*, or shown himself so great a master of the art. We have little more of his parliamentary experience, and we are specially told that he never opened his lips during the Anti-Corn-law session that broke up the Conservative party. Lord Beaconsfield leaves that turning-point of his own fortunes to history, and that judgment will rest very much on the estimate of the nature of the contest between himself and Sir Robert Peel. If the action was purely political, the matter of opposition was malicious, and the personality inexcusable; but if as a personal encounter between a great Minister and a member of his party, whose fair claims he had persistently ignored, and who must either give up the game of politics altogether, or rise into favour by means of his discomfiture, there can be small reproach that the assailant used every device of parliamentary art, and every weapon of political warfare. It is even possible that he never respected his opponent more than in the moment of his defeat, and the historian of later times may trace in the policy that dictated the adoption of the Household Suffrage an imperfect imitation of that of the repeal of the Corn Laws, conducted, however, with a more adroit party manipulation, and to a more successful issue. There is, however, an echo of the old strife in the words that here revert to that event:—‘The great Bill was carried, but the just hour of retribution at length arrived. The Ministry, though sanguine to the last of success, and not without cause, were completely and ignominiously defeated.’ It is curious just now to remember that they fell by a combination of Liberals and ultra-Tories against a Peace Preservation Bill for Ireland.

On the formation of the Whig Government, the Foreign Secretary naturally instantly confers the Under-Secretaryship on his brother-in-law; and his success in office is complete, and he retains it after the death of his chief till the time of the Papal aggression and Lord John Russell’s Durham Letter, which it is here assumed was not communicated to the Cabinet, and which was read out by Lord John Russell himself. And when Lord Palmerston remarked that it is a very good letter, but he hoped it had been headed ‘Confidential.’ ‘Not exactly,’ replied the writer,

‘I have sent it to the *Times*.’ When the Irish Secretary took it with some anxiety to the Lord-Lieutenant, the astute Lord Clarendon remarked that he was surprised he should be taken in by the House, though the style was well imitated. The importance, however, of the whole event in its bearings on the decline of the Whig Ministry seems here to be overrated. The defections from the party were unimportant; and no Government ever loses in England by an appeal to the No Popery sentiment—inrooted in the heart of the people, and as strong at this moment, when we are giving asylum to the monastic orders of Catholic France, as in the days of Lord George Gordon—Sothorn and Mr. Dale notwithstanding. The country would have supported the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill as a reality of intolerance, instead of a phantasmal protest. It was from a variety of other causes that the change of administration came about, here described with vivacity, truth, and with an interesting personal application:—

‘The Whigs tottered on for a year after rude assault of Cardinal Penruddock, but they were doomed, and the Protectionists were called upon to form an administration. As they had no one in their ranks who had ever been in office except their chief, who was in the House of Lords, the affair seemed impossible. The attempt, however, could not be avoided. A dozen men, without the slightest experience of official life, had to be sworn in as privy councillors, before even they could receive the seals and insignia of their intended offices. On their knees, according to the constitutional custom, a dozen men, all in the act of genuflection at the same moment, and headed, too, by one of the most powerful peers in the country, the Lord of Alnwick Castle himself, humbled themselves before a female sovereign, who looked serene and imperturbable before a spectacle never seen before, and which, in all probability, will never be seen again.

‘One of this band, a gentleman without any official experience whatever, was not only placed in the Cabinet, but was absolutely required to become the leader of the House of Commons, which had never occurred before, except in the instance of Mr. Pitt in 1782. It has been said that it was unwise in the Protectionists assuming office when, on this occasion and on subsequent ones, they were far from being certain of a majority in the House of Commons. It should, however, be remembered, that unless they had dared these ventures they never could have found a body of men competent, from their official experience and their practice in debate, to form a Ministry. The result has rather proved that they were right. Had they continued to refrain from incurring responsibility, they must have

broken up and merged in different connections, which, for a party numerically so strong as the Protectionists, would have been a sorry business, and probably have led to disastrous results.'

Before this crisis, however, the great event of this romance occurred, to which allusion has been made already. Endymion's sister marries the Fairy Prince of the story, mainly to gratify rather her ambition for him than his own; and when she has done so, calls on him to fulfil her wish by an alliance of a not dissimilar character with the greatest commercial heiress of the day. And she urges her point in these remarkable words:—

'Your present position, if you persist in it, is one most perilous. You have no root in the country; but for an accident you could not maintain the public position you have nobly gained. As for the great crowning consummation of your life, which we dreamed over at unhappy Hurstley, which I have sometimes dared to prophesy, that must be surrendered. The country at the best will look upon you only as a reputable adventurer to be endured, even trusted and supported, in some secondary post, but nothing more.'

At the instant he skinks from the effort of consent, as by the wand of the sorcerer the door opens, and the death of the husband of the lady who is at once the object of his long and earnest affection is announced; and she is so rich and powerful that it is just as good a match as the other.

It has been pleasantly said that the English aristocracy would have gone the way of their order all over the world but for the two M's—Marriage and Minerals. *Endymion* is certainly an illustration of half this apologue; there never was a work with so many proposals of marriage—marriages and remarriages—and it includes, if not especially, Mr. Mill's 'unearned increment'—yet its meaning—an accession of wealth. Nor let any one look on the importance of this element in the fabrication of any man's political picture as in the least exaggerated. Mr. Canning is known to have said that the life of a poor man in the House of Commons was a torment of continual suspicion. And, in fact, it might be so, and ought to be so. It was, especially where competition is keen, and ambition is open, pecuniary independence is the first requisite for consideration, and there might be every barrier against unworthy motives and venal

desires. There must be the clearest possible line between the adventurer and the politician. Instances may be cited of men who have made capital out of their purity, as Robespierre did out of his incorruption; but that is only where the individual has been tried and tested by long experience, and found to be as proud as he is poor.

The political 'féerie' winds up very quiet. Endymion becomes Foreign Minister by his own talents and the charms and wealth of his wife, and passes naturally from the most important office in the Cabinet to the highest.

What Endymion did after he became Premier lies in the undiscovered work between fiction and history. He probably acted on the suggestion made to him that the popularity and greatness of a Ministry does not depend on vigorous finance, but on a successful stroke of foreign policy. If he carried this out with sufficient adroitness and courage, to prevent a disastrous war between a people whom England was bound to protect by tradition and interest, and a gigantic neighbour animated by the instincts and appetencies of Attili, whatever may have been the immediate effect on the character of his own Government, he has not the gratitude of Europe and humanity; if not, even peace with honour for England alone falls short of a successful administration, and is a poor compensation for the world.

The commixture of real and ideal personages of itself possesses a phantasmagoric effect which is heightened by the fictitious character of that social atmosphere which is here described as 'the world of all those dazzling people whose sayings and doings give the taste and supply the conversation and leaven the existence of admiring and wondering millions,' a world of which a Prime Minister of England has, by a strange taste, made himself the historian. 'I know we are not clever,' said a member of one of the great families he had described 'but surely we are not so foolish as he makes us.' And it is impossible to throw off the impression of 'secret' satire pervading all the complimentary phraseology and brilliant colouring. He is conscious enough of this insincerity when he contrasts the occasional pleasures of the occupied with the constant amusements of the idle and gay. 'Banquets are not rare, nor choice guests, nor gracious hosts, but when do we ever see a person

enjoying anything? But these gay children of wit and brain, and successful labour and happy speculation, some of them very rich and some of them without a sou, see need only to think of the future hour and all its joys. Neither wealth nor poverty heighten their cares. Every face sparkled, every word seemed witty, and every sound seemed sweet.' He can, too, find pleasure in picturing the rapture of high life by his adventuresses (in the honest sense of the word), of whom we should like to know more than their personal charms and astonishing marriages. One of them might almost have been suggested by that curious adventure in the life of William Hazlitt, which he has introduced in that delightful book, the *Liber Amoris*, the story of the widow's servant girl who drove him mad by the dignity that petrified her beauty and froze the passion it inflamed. But when he gets beyond the outward circumstances, and touches the inner and mental life of another side of society, he either will not or cannot get beyond the satirical purpose. In the character of Job Thornberry he delineates those middle-class aspirations which, with a contemptuous humour, he calls 'democratic opinions,' and while crediting him with the highest faculty of speech—a voice than which 'there is nothing clearer than his meaning,'—a power of statement 'with pellucid art'—'facts marshalled with such vivid simplicity, and inferences so natural and spontaneous and irresistible that they seemed as if were borrowed from his audience, though none of that audience had arrived at them before'—and landing him in the Cabinet, presents him as an example of what becomes of a political reformer when he rises into the higher spheres of office and religion. His son cares for nothing but law, and his wife is a Ritualist. A very good pair—but not quite a statesman's proof that the Radical was wrong.

But it is eminently in the treatment of the literary character that the exclusive and partial observation of Lord Beaconsfield is most apparent. Pled in a house of letters, it is not unnatural that the pursuit should have been distasteful to him; but as in his writings he fully availed himself of its advantages, and from his early youth mingled, so to say, in the profession, though decidedly with other besides literary purposes, there is no reason that when he had achieved both

literary and political distinction he should have dissociated himself completely from the class from which he sprang. He had the opportunity of a delightful exercise of patronage, that seemed rather to desire equality than to ask for that gratitude which intellectual men are so shy to acknowledge, and which might be made to flatter in the very benefits it conferred. In the speech of Lord Beaconsfield on the only occasion of late years when he has come forward to forward any object in the interest or to the honour of literature—the meeting for the erection of a statue to Lord Byron, to which the public so coldly responded—he accompanied his homage to that poet by derogatory remarks on the contemporaries and followers of his fame. And there is no reason to suppose that with him the subtler intellectual emotions respond to the call of language and thought so as to find in literature the charm of life. Nor should it be forgotten that the rough sinews of political action, while the exercise warms the faculties, and while a Parliament is every day summoning the intelligence to stand and deliver, can hardly be expected to remain wealthy and full. Yet, if for such reasons literature would hardly expect to find in these social dramas very genial or dignified representatives, that is no reason why it should be made ridiculous and offensive. The caricature here exhibited with a monotonous repetition of words and actions unworthy of the crisis, and with no relation to the incidents or purpose of the story, indicates either a malicious personal object or a general satire on the susceptibilities of the literary character. The critics have generally assumed the former; and if it is intended to be a representation of the author of *Vanity Fair*, the execution is at once fine and feeble. Mr. Thackeray was a member of a family that had contributed important men to every walk of life, and possessed an adequate patrimony for any profession. He spent most of it imprudently in youth, and then had a harder fight in life than was agreeable to his luxurious tastes and most active habits. He was of too kindly a nature for the differences of wealth and position with which he came in contact to engender malice or even envy, but he let his sense of it be felt in humorous comparisons and exaggerated distinctions, and at times, when the great gloom of his existence fell too heavy on

him he did not entirely conquer a morbid discontent at the happier fortune and easy circumstances of those he justly thought no better in the main than himself. But his good education at a high-class school, which gave to his writings a classical flavour that distinguishes them so prominently from those of his great competitor in fiction, and his association at Cambridge with all the best of past and present authors, would have saved him from any similitude to the impersonation of bad taste and temper which disfigure these volumes.

There is a character shadowed within this book to which it is well that some justice should be done. Mr. Vigo, the great Jewish tailor, becomes the impersonation of the marvellous development of the railway interest, which all England now accepts as an incident of nature, with little or no sense of obligation to the men who produced it. The original of this figure is George Hudson, the owner and manager of the great central shop, its pile to which the whole country resorted to buy everything, from blankets to lace. There must have been some strange ability about this shopman for him to find himself associated with the elder Stephenson in the enterprise of the great railway system of England. Yet so it was, and the great northern county has not forgotten the banquet of honour to his genius and enterprise at which Lord George Bentinck, the Tory leader, sat by the chairman, and which brought together the whole nobility and gentry of the north. In this 'féelee' the ability and worth of this man in the middle-class of life, of perennial speech and plain manners, but of most cordial and generous disposition, is depicted as successful and as winning its full reward. In the real struggle of commercial life it was otherwise: George Hudson—who said 'they took me from behind the counter and gave me to administer a larger revenue than even Mr. Pitt undertook during the great war. I had one secret within to manage—and I may have made some mistakes in it'—which said 'that men who have lost by me are hounding me to death; but where are those who have made thousands by me?'—died in poverty and obscurity, only supported by a scanty subscription from the land-owners whom he had fabulously enriched, and without assistance from the country whose resources of agriculture and commerce he had devel-

oped to an unparalleled extent of prosperity. He was ruined by the sanguine disposition which induced him to believe that the branch lines opening up a country would be the feeder of the main channels. That was his sole great miscalculation. They exhausted when he believed they would supply, but if he could have worked he would have found all his previous calculations justified, and year by year every main line is throwing out productive branches, and the anticipations that ruined poor George Hudson have become the wealth and comfort of Great Britain.

The social and political characters which are intentionally recognizable are drawn with no less force and with more delicacy than in the preceding words. The invention of Aidsaic is toned down to the surrounding life—not without splendour—of the shrewd city banker, his charming wife who abjures even the semblance of wealth, and the great heiress who will be married for herself alone. Zenobia, who in her pithy days, as the courtier of Queen Caroline, and as such was stigmatized by Theodore Hook in *John Bull*:—

'The Countess of Jersey  
Who ought to wear kersey,  
If we all had our dues here below,'

and who became the Queen of the Tories that repudiated Bishop and Palmerston, is here faithfully drawn by a hand perfectly justified in his impartiality by his own benefits to the family, in all her combination of current good nature with feeling bitterness, of natural vivacity and eye to the main chance. The comic touch of her conviction that she will dictate political events according to her caprice is given with the irony which pervades all the writer's descriptions of that feminine influence in politics which he admits with a condescension by no means flattering to the serious claims of the advocates of the equality of the sexes, but hardly compatible with a respectful and equal affection.

The delineation of Lord Palmerston is 'the man from whose continued force and flexibility of character the country has confidence, that in all their councils there must be no lack of courage, though tempered with adroit discretion;' in private life 'playful and good-tempered, as if he could not say a cross word or do a wicked act, yet a very saue man in

harness.' His conversation, 'a medley of graceful whims, interspersed now and then with a very short anecdote of a very famous person or some deeply interesting reminiscence of some critical events,' is accurate, but he would not have gone to Newmarket in the midst of an European crisis, though he would not have scrupled to talk about it. He is here made to say there is no gambling like politics, and he may have said it; but never was there gambler to whom the game was so valued for its own sake, irrespective of loss or gain. Even the weight of responsibility was unfelt. He would say, when a man has done his best, why should he care about results that are not of his making?

In the *Lives of the Strangfords*, from which, perhaps, the name of Endymion was taken, there is a tragic story of the youth of George Smythe, which should give more interest to his name than all he can get from his place in *Coningsby*, or by the idealization in these pages of what might have been his career had he lived. His literary productions had nothing in them that could last, and the sincerity of paradoxical opinions which is attributed to him is very frail. With the key to his real life, as given in the pitiable letters and from those from others about him, this development of his character, though by no means amiable, is clearly drawn in the light of an old affection and modified by happy re-

miniscences. But, however little pleasure or honour Lord Beaconsfield might have derived from the prolonged career of this member of Young England, it is well that he should return some affection for that accidental connection with a transitory form of political thought, for it has given him the most faithful associate of his political life in a minister, who, in continuous Tory Governments, has been the best representative of the honesty and sincerity of the aristocratic condition in its combination with every growth and human sympathy.

Everybody would be glad to see more of Baron Sergius. There are members of the House of Commons still living who remember their terror, but some are sure to get up and ask whether it was true that a German gentleman lived in his own rooms in Buckingham Palace, came in next without notice, dined without being named in the lowest circular, was scarcely seen by the household, had private interviews with the highest personages, and intimate relations with the representatives of foreign courts. And it was true, and we have since had the confirmation of all this in Maurice, that somehow or other it may be given enforced omission, have just failed of being of permanent interest, but from which the annalist of our times will derive valuable material with regard to the English Court and European diplomacy. — *Fortnightly Review*.

## ROUND THE TABLE.

### THE GAMBLING SPIRIT.

There seems but little use in raising one's voice against any visible tendency of the age; and yet, unless we are to be utterly fatalistic, we must say what we think of what is going on under our eyes, and throw our influence, be it little or much, on the side of our convictions. To any one who attaches importance to the old-fashioned virtues of patience, perseverance and integrity, and who believes that upon these alone can any

true success in life be built, the prevalent tone of society must be little short of distressing. We are surrounded now-a-days by young men who have had modern "educational advantages," and who, we must suppose, represent the spirit of the time. But has education given purpose to their lives or coherence to their thoughts? Has it led them to recognise law within and without them? Has it furnished them with ideals of conduct, and made *men* of them in an intellectual and moral sense? The truth is that

these questions must in general be answered in the negative : the prevalent idea to-day is that life is more or less a game of chance, that trusting to steady work or to a rational use of *means* for the accomplishment of a purpose, is a slow and unsatisfactory business, and that the way to succeed is to try your luck. Hence the mania for betting, and for everything that brings chance into prominence. As the habit of betting becomes more common, the stakes increase in amount ; and sometimes the money of others is risked in these demoralizing ventures. Sport, however, is not enough for those whom the spirit of gambling has possessed ; they cluster round the card table, and they begin to haunt the stock-market. They confess their utter ignorance of the tides and currents and eddies of that dangerous region ; and yet they say with the simplicity of babes, "Why should not we make money as well as anybody else ?" They do not ask : "Why should we not lose money as well as anybody else ?" though the instances of loss amongst those who have dabbled in what they did not understand are five times as numerous as the instances of gain. The misery is that the infection gains men whom one would have pronounced superior to such folly,—men of sense, with capacity for intellectual interests, but who perhaps, just because they know they have some ability, are tempted to think that their chances of success ought to be good. To be sure every now and again some unfortunate does stagger home from the devils' dance of the Stock or Corn exchange and puts a pistol to his head or a razor to his throat, but what is that to the others ? Does the scorched moth serve as a warning to his fellows who are rushing to destruction ? Little more do the blasted lives of those who have risked and lost all in mad speculation deter the fluttering crowds whose one desire is to reach the golden flame. In cases even where a staggering and all but fatal blow has brought a man to his senses, there will be a gnawing desire for one more venture, one more grapple with the foes who have worsted him. And how this desire may haunt a man who has met with heavy losses of honestly-earned, but madly-risked, money, few who have not experienced it, can realize. There must be in our present civilization deep-seated causes of this widespread restlessness accompanied, as it is, by a

willingness to run desperate risks for very uncertain gains. The magnitude of a few individual fortunes is no doubt one of the proximate causes of the disturbance we see. Gould and Vanderbilt—these be thy gods, O American people ! To be able to buy railways—that is the highest ambition of all. To be able to *bull* the weakest stocks and to *bear* the strongest—that is something worth dreaming of. "Yet," as a poet says, "is there better than this," though few believe it.

W. D. L.

#### GRAMMATICAL PURISTS IN THE PULPIT.

There is a species of affectation indulged in by some clergymen in the pulpit which has often offended me, and which, I think, deserves reprobation. It is the habit some of these men have of deliberately misreading the Scriptures in order to show off their superior knowledge of nineteenth century rules of grammar. For instance, in our Bibles we find it written : "Behold the Lamb of God *which* taketh away the sin of the world." One of these highly-cultured persons reading from the book will in cold blood substitute *who* for *which*. Or if he chance to be reading the chapter in which the Lord's Prayer is given, instead of taking the words as he finds them, "Our Father *which* art in Heaven," he will read "Our Father *who* art in Heaven." And in reading the beautiful twenty-third Psalm where the words occur, "Thy rod and thy staff *they* comfort me," he will with open eyes leave out the word "*they*." And you will hear him say *its* for *his*, as if the latter word was unjustifiably metaphorical. Now I do not think I am an exceptionally irritable person, but I do confess that whenever I hear this sort of thing, my gorge rises at it. What right has any man thus to murder our grand old translation of the Bible ? It will be all very well for these gentry when the new translation comes out, adapted to modern modes of speech, but so long as the book remains in its present form no man should tamper with its sturdy masculine English merely to please his own fastidious ear or to conform to the arbitrary rules of Murray or Lennie. Would a man opening Shakespeare and finding the sentence, "This

is the *most unkindest* cut of all," dare to read : "This is the *most unkind* cut of all"? If he did, he would deserve to be choked. In all our old writers expressions and phrases will be found which modern syntax disallows to modern writers, but that would be no justification for ignoring the text and reading it as it would now be written. I dislike, and indeed I may say I abhor, grammatical solecisms from the mouth of a preacher delivering his own compositions, but he ought in reading Scripture to pay respect to the venerable translators and take the Word just as it is.

AGRICOLA.

### PRIDE AND VANITY.

Much has been written on the difference between pride and vanity, but the relations of the two have nowhere (in the opinion of the present writer) been so well established as in the works of Auguste Comte. That great philosopher, whose fame fifty years hence will be far beyond what it is now, ranges both pride and vanity under the head of ambition, making pride ambition in its temporal aspect, as a desire for individual power, and vanity ambition in (what he calls) its spiritual aspect, as a desire for approbation. Vanity draws a man to his fellows ; for, desiring their approbation he must seek to earn it by some kind of consideration for their wishes and interests. Pride separates a man from his fellows ; for, as it is power that he desires he will not be too familiar with them, nor will he take any pleasure in the thought of co-operation with them. The vain man hates not to stand well in other's eyes ; the proud man hates to lose for one moment, even in imagination, his separate identity and individuality. The thought that he is one of many, and indistinguishable from the crowd, fills him with rage and anguish. He hates public gatherings unless he can occupy some commanding position. Even when power is far removed from him, he will sometimes clutch his hands

in the desire for it, or in the fancied possession of it ; and he will gloat over the careers of those who have trampled multitudes in the dust. The vain man on the contrary is seen everywhere ; for he easily persuades himself that others admire him, and he likes to give them a chance to exercise that pleasurable emotion on so worthy an object as himself. He is laughed at sometimes ; but upon the whole, he makes things so pleasant for others in his desire for the sunshine of their smiles that he is generally regarded with good will. His idea of paradise would be a world where everybody was smiling on him ; the proud man's would be a world which he could darken with a frown and shake with a nod. The vain man is not opposed to organization or association ; on the contrary he rather favours whatever tends to regularize life, for, the more smoothly things work, the more opportunities he will have for establishing those relations between himself and others in which his soul delights. The proud man, on the contrary, hates organization, seeing that any work that is done by a system leaves so much less for arbitrary will to accomplish. Comte speaks of those who 'cling to anarchy because it favours their self-importance,' and many a man who hates systems and philosophies, without well knowing why, may find the reason revealed in these words. 'Pride,' Comte again says, 'from the impossibility of satisfying it divides men more than self-interest.' Self-interest often unites men, seeing that in many ways all our interests agree ; but pride is the great monopolist the great Tyrannus upon whose throne there is no room for an assessor. The vain man may be happy in his vanity ; the proud man can never be happy in his pride. If he is ever happy it is when better feelings triumph ; when, under genial influences, the lust of power is lulled to sleep, and the natural sympathies which bind man to man assert themselves. Then we see what the man is without his pride and we deplore the fate that bound him to so unsocial a passion.

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

*A History of Our Own Times.* By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. Vol. II. New York : Harper & Bros.; Toronto : James Campbell & Son.

This attractive volume covers the quarter century between the Chinese war of 1856 and the general election of 1880,—thus literally bringing the narrative down to our own times, even though we should be yet in our cradles. There is a charming frankness in Mr. McCarthy's treatment of contemporary men and questions. In the elder time it was a rare privilege for a public man to read his own obituary ; but the new history and the new journalism have changed all that ; and, while robbing death of some of its terrors, they have also, alas ! withdrawn many of its attractions. Lord Cranbrook (Mr. Gathorne Hardy) will read with interest (p. 305) that he ' was a man of ingrained Tory instincts rather than convictions. He was a powerful speaker of the rattling declamatory kind ; fluent as the sand in an hour-glass is fluent ; stirring as the roll of the drum is stirring ; sometimes as dry as the sand and empty as the drum.' Oh, it may be said, the Radical historian cannot forgive Mr. Hardy for having wrested Oxford University from Mr. Gladstone ! But let us hear his appraisal of Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Gladstone's Commissioner of Works (p. 502) : ' He was blessed with the gift of offence. If a thing could be done either civilly or rudely, Mr. Ayrton was sure to do it rudely. He was impatient with dull people, and did not always remember that those unhappy persons not only have their feelings, but sometimes have their votes. He quarrelled with officials ; he quarrelled with the newspapers ; he seemed to think a civil tongue gave evidence of a feeble intellect. He pushed his way along, trampling on people's prejudices with about as much consideration as a steam roller shows for the gravel it crushes. Even when Mr. Ayrton was in the right, he had a wrong

way of showing it.' There may be judicial impartiality in all this, but surely Rhadamanthus is in the judgment seat. We are drifting away from the discussion of public questions to mere personal attributes and to an inquisition on sins done in the body. In these estimates of contemporaries, the influence of Mr. Frank Hill's *Political Portraits* is discernible. The success of those brilliant contributions to the *Daily News* was so decided, that the literary art of etching with corrosive acids has since been greatly cultivated, and necessarily with a large sacrifice of accuracy.

We regret to observe that Mr. McCarthy tries to extenuate lawlessness wherever possession of the soil is in question. For other forms of lawlessness he has less tenderness. He boldly confronts the outrages of trades-unions, but the outrages of Land Leaguers he regards with an averted eye. This historical squint produces an inevitable distortion of view. Are mutilations and murders more virtuous when used to lower the rent of land than when used to raise the wages of industry ? The struggle for life is the plea in each case, and this justification may be used to cover every assault on ownership that has ever been committed. In Mr. McCarthy's political economy, land has some occult properties that take it out of the ordinary laws of supply and demand, and the moral law follows it is new economy. The ordinary commandments must not, it seems, be applied to Irish tenants. A change of farm occupants is not in Ireland a commercial transaction ; it is construed as a Saxon usurpation. It would be obviously inconvenient to apply these principles to the rather numerous cases in the United States where Irish backwoodsmen take their holdings from the aborigines, and serve a perpetual injunction on the evicted Indian by means of a well-directed bullet. During the recent candidature of Mr. English for the Vice-Presidency whole newspapers were filled

with catalogues of his sheriff's sales and evictions, but we have not yet heard of any remonstrance from European powers. Dennis Kearney tried logically to apply to the United States what our historian calls 'Irish ideas.' Kearney must now be hopelessly 'bothered' to find out why he reached the seclusion of a Californian gaol, while Parnell 'is having a fine time entirely.'

Mr. McCarthy has been so long justifying agrarian outrage in Ireland, that his moral sense has become impaired in cases that suggest even the most remote semblance to the political situation of his native land. Even Nana Sahib is more than half covered by Mr. McCarthy's shield, because he is conceived to represent the nemesis of an invaded soil. Most of us can recall only too well the story of that awful summer evening at Cawnpore when Nana Sahib's butchers outraged and hewed to pieces a large household of defenceless and tenderly-reared English gentlewomen. Even after this writer's unwarranted deductions from the atrocities, his story should make any well-constituted mind recoil with horror. So far as he dare presume on the patience of English readers, Mr. McCarthy apologizes for the conduct of the vile miscreant who directed this massacre, and he conjectures it 'to have occurred to the Nana, or to have been suggested to him that it would be inconvenient to have his English captives recaptured by the enemy, their countrymen.'

Some of our Indian heroes fare but ill at this historian's tribunal. For the summary execution of the Princes of Delhi he casts unworthy aspersions on the memory of Hodson, the gallant cavalry officer who did so much to recover India. At the same time Mr. McCarthy takes under his especial patronage Lord Canning, the Governor-General. He contrasts his forbearance, and takes frequent refreshment from a foolish nickname 'Clemency Canning.' Now all this is grossly inaccurate and most flagrantly unjust. Lord Canning did generally exercise admirable self-control and forbearance; but in the particular case of Delhi he telegraphed to his Commander-in-Chief these exact words: 'No amount of severity can be too great; I will support you in any degree of it.' Hodson was acting under these instructions, and his superior offi-

cer, General Wilson, modified them by the single reservation that the life of the aged King of Delhi be spared. Hodson by an audacious *coup* captured the whole royal litter, and he carried out his official instructions in their obvious significance.

Though in places, our author makes an unsafe pilot, he always makes a delightful companion. His style is limpid, and carries the narrative pleasantly along. As we float in the sunshine we often catch from afar the delightful breath of the early English literature, which has given so many writers their charm and strength. Mr. McCarthy finds time for a brief notice of our intellectual growth in Canada, and draws upon the papers contributed to this magazine, referring by name to those of Mr. Bourinot.

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*From Death unto Life, or, Twenty Years of My Ministry*, by REV. W. HASLAM.  
New York: D. Appleton & Co.: Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

The writer of this work is or was a clergyman of the Church of England who having been unexpectedly raised from a bed of sickness determined to devote his restored health and strength to an earnest religious life. The book contains an account of the manner in which he was led on to greater spirituality. His parochial labours were chiefly confined to Cornwall, England, where the demonstrative character of the religious Cornishmen, found a warm sympathizer in Mr. Haslam, who in his religious schemes assigned great importance to the emotional part of our nature and to the need of a conscious conversion of the heart. His success in the conversion of souls led to his being asked to conduct 'missions' in other parts of England; and though at that early period there was a very common prejudice against these revival services, yet, he was the means of rousing many parishes to a more earnest spiritual life, till at last these special services were taken up in all parts of the country and, divested of their noisy and unseemly character, were recognised as a valuable means of supplementing the ordinary services and work of the parish.

## THE DRAMA.

## SALVINI AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

THANKS to the enterprise of Mr. Pitou, a Toronto audience, at the Grand Opera House, on the 21st ult., had the gratification of witnessing Signor Salvini in Othello, one of the greatest of his Shakespearean personations, and a representation which, to the full, bore out the high reputation which had preceded the great Italian tragedian, and gave the most unqualified delight to the intelligent and critical audience assembled to greet him. His rendering of the part was emphatically his own, and though at times the critic might be disposed to carp at innovations and, indeed, to join issue with the actor in his conception of the whole character, the interpretation was nevertheless marked by undoubted genius, aided by a close, critical study of all that the critics and commentators have written upon the play. Nature has done much physically for Salvini, and the rôle receives additional intensity from the nobleness of his bearing and the grace and restraint of his gestures, as well as by a declamation which, in tone, timbre and rhythm, was in admirable accord with the character portrayed. From an American contemporary we quote the following detailed criticism of the representation which few will forget who had the good fortune to see it :

• In *Othello* Signor Salvini won his greatest triumph, and the criticisms offered were generally upon his treatment of the text. But whether Signor Salvini should follow Shakespeare in the final act, and stab himself, or follow his own promptings and cut his throat with a scimitar because stabbing was never the custom of Oriental nations, is a minor matter and detracts nothing from the grandeur of his art. *Othello* in Signor Salvini's hands becomes a barbarian. The high civilization that surrounds him just manifests itself, like perfume upon a handkerchief, and no more. It does not colour his methods, his nature or his manner. His treatment of *Desdemona* is throughout a magnificent depicting of untamed, barbaric love. He is very gentle, like a tiger to her whelps, he is manly in an abundant wealth of tenderness, the flaming jewels of his dress are not richer in their glow than is the warmth of his affection. He does not make love as the Venetians made it, his passion is not colourless as theirs, in him is the difference between their pale faces and the

rich flush of his own red-brown cheek. For a moment, won from himself by danger to Venice, he answers the Venetian Senate with a ringing promise to accept the challenge of the foe. A second later, his glance reverts to *Desdemona*, and his duty is forgotten; all is forgotten, even the magnificoes in whose presence he stands, he sees only the woman who is to him his life. And then, as at all times, he does not give himself to *Desdemona* by halves; he does not reserve his deepest feeling for another affection or ambition; he recognises the patriot's duty, but all else is hers. The temptation scene again showed Signor Salvini to be a great artist. The play of expression, the uneasiness, depicted as subtly as a dance of shadows upon a wall, that grows into gaunt grief, the intent to possess himself of *Iago's* mind, and yet fearful of what he may read there, the supreme effort to hide from *Iago* the effect of his innuendo, and yet more and more betraying the working of the poison in his veins—could not have been more artistically truthful. It was profoundly affecting, because profoundly natural. And later the whole house was swept along by the intense and splendidly graduated passion of the outburst: "Villain be sure you prove," when, winding his fingers within *Iago's* hair and shaking him as a lion might shake a hyena, he finishes by flinging him to the earth and raises his foot to trample on the wretch for his maddening words. Then comes the revulsion of feeling, like a breeze upon a wave. *Othello* shudders, the brutality of the deed rises before him, the Moor masters the madman, he recoils from the face of murder, and with mingled contrition and disgust stretches forth a hand to raise the villain up. Musically perfect in its tempo and intonation, dramatically perfect in gesture and expression, the delivery of this passage was unmistakably tremendous—the fire of rage palpably waxing at every word, the whole being vibrating, the face aflame, the voice becoming more and more terrible and yet so perfectly held in control as never to degenerate into a scream—it was terrific. So on to the end. The great madman is possessed of a vengeance more sacred to him than life. It converts him into an incarnate yet never forgetting fury. His rudeness to *Emilia* when offering her the purse, not caring to conceal the volcano within him as he flings it at her retreating feet, was again a display of the marvellous in the actor's art. The climax—reached at the bedside of *Desdemona*, when after a great, heart-broken, passionate cry on learning of *Desdemona's* innocence, *Othello* is recalled to himself by the mention of *Iago's* name—was supreme. Turning like a wild beast, he fastens upon *Iago* a look that no hate, no passion, no fury ever made more awful. It was the whole hell within shining through his flaming eyes! A moment later, and quivering in the death throes of a strong madman, he falls at the altar of his sacrifice and follows *Iago* into the unknown!

## LITERARY NOTES.

'Christian Institutions' is the title of Dean Stanley's recent collected essays on ecclesiastical subjects. A reprint has appeared in New York.

The third and fourth volumes of the 'Metternich Memoirs'—1815-48—are now ready. They treat of the Congresses of Laybach, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Verona; the Eastern War of 1829; and the Revolutionary Period of 1848.

Ouida's new story, entitled 'A Village Commune,' has just appeared. Its moral tone is said to be 'above reproach!' Its subject is the sufferings of the Italian peasantry under the municipal tyranny and local bureaucracy of *fair* Italy.

We learn that Messrs. Houghton and Co., of Boston, have arranged with the English publishers of the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly' Reviews to place on the American and Canadian book markets a *fac-simile* edition of these old flag-ships of the English Whig and Tory parties,—the re-issue to be printed from the original plates, and sold at a cost of \$4 each per annum.

The American magazine invasion of England, and the instant favour accorded to the transatlantic editions of 'Harper' and 'Scribner,' have incited some London publishers to enter the lists with two new serial publications, entitled 'The Burlington' and 'The Grosvenor.' 'The Kensington' magazine, recently started, is, however, to be withdrawn. Only large capital lavishly expended will give these ventures success. The enterprise of our American cousins has been a new revelation to English publishers as to the mode of conducting magazines.

Mr. Lawrence Oliphant has been on a philo-semitic errand to Palestine to spy out the character and capabilities of the country on the further side of the Jordan. The result is a book, entitled 'The Land of Gilead, with Excursions in the Lebanon,' in which the author records his conviction that there are tracts of land in Palestine of the fairest promise, which might be turned to commercial account and made to yield 'fabu-

lous interest' to any company colonizing and settling them—a land veritably 'flowing with milk and honey.' True, the predatory Bedouin Arab is in possession of this paradise, but a monopoly syndicate would quickly dispossess him of his fee-simple. The book is a curious and entertaining one.

The Blackwoods, the Edinburgh Tory publishers, have been making a great hit with a book recently issued from their press, bearing the title of 'Gleanings from Gladstone.' The work seems to be a travesty upon Mr. Gladstone's recent collected writings, and we learn that 80,000 copies of the book were quickly disposed of, and a new work, entitled 'More Gleanings,' has been put upon the market. Ingenuity of caricature and felicity of misapplied quotations are the features of interest in the books which have ensured them so rapid a sale.

We are in receipt of the following pamphlets, &c. :—'Brain Lesions and Functional Results;' a thoughtful paper from the *American Journal of Insanity*, by Dr. Daniel Clark, of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane; 'Proceedings of the Sixth Biennial Convention of the American Association of Instructors of the Blind,' held at Louisville, Ky., in August last, containing an account of the invention of Principal J. Howard Hunter, of Brantford, for facilitating reading by the blind; a second and revised edition of 'Ingersoll in Canada: a reply to Hon. Mr. Wending, Archbishop Lynch, "By-stander," and others,' by Mr. Allen Pringle, of Selby, Ont.; 'La Révue Canadienne,' new series, for Jan., 1881, containing some interesting papers on literary, religious, and political topics, by writers of the Sister Province of Quebec; 'England and Ireland:' a lecture by the Rev. A. J. Bray—a vigorous and historical treatment of the subject; and 'Moses Oates' Weather Book for 1881,' containing useful and instructive information concerning the climate of Canada, with a statistical *résumé* of the weather of the past year and meteorological forecasts for 1881.

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

## THE DEAD MOON.

*From the Cincinnati Gazette.*

The moon is, in a state of decrepitude—a  
d ad world.—[Proctor's Lectures.]

The moon is dead, defunct, played out ;  
So says a very learned doctor ;  
She looketh well, beyond a doubt ;  
Perhaps she's in a trance, dear Proctor.

At any rate, she's most entrancing  
For one of such decrepit age ;  
And on her radiant beauties glancing,  
She charms the eye of youth and sage.

And so the man upon her's perished !  
He lived in doleful isolation ;  
Poor wretch ! No wife his bosom cherished,  
No children squalled his consolation.

Yet she's adored by all the gypsies,  
Whose lovers sigh beneath her beams,  
She aids the steps of staggering tipsies,  
And silvers o'er romantic streams.

And once she caught Endymion sleeping,  
And stooped to kiss him in a grove,  
Upon him very slyly creeping ;  
He was her first and only love.

But that's a very ancient story,  
And was a youthful indiscretion,  
When she was in her primal glory  
Ere scandal schools had held a session.

Dear, darling moon ! I dote upon her,  
I watch her nightly in the sky ;  
But oh ! upon my word of honour,  
I'd rather she were dead than I.

A countryman was solicited to buy a  
Cyclopædia the other day, and he re-  
plied that he would certainly buy one if  
he was sure he could ever learn to ride it.

Old lady asks neighbour to look at  
picture by her son : 'Come awa' ben,  
Mrs. Smith, and see the new pentin' din  
by our Jeems. It's a scene in Arran wi'  
a horse an' kairt in't, an' it's sae weel  
pentet that ye canna' tell the yin frae the  
tither.'

A doctor, passing a stonemason's shop,  
called out, 'Good morning, Mr. D., hard  
at work ? I see you finish your grave-  
stones as far as "In the memory of," and  
then wait, I suppose, to see who wants  
a monument next ?' 'Why, yes,' re-  
plied the old man—'unless somebody's  
ill and you are doctoring him ; then I  
keep straight on.'

She sighed for the wings of a dove,  
but had no idea that the legs were much  
better eating.

The best and most thoughtful editors  
now allow contributors to the waste-bas-  
ket to write on both sides of the paper.

The minister asked the Sunday-school :  
'With what remarkable weapon did  
Samson at one time slay a number of  
Philistines ?' For a while there was no  
answer, and the minister, to assist the  
children, began tapping his jaw with the  
tip of his finger, at the same time say-  
ing, 'What's this—this ?' Quick as  
thought a little fellow quite innocently  
replied : 'The jaw-bone of an ass, sir.'

## THE ICE.

*From the Boston Transcript.*

Now the men are on the ice—  
Crystal ice—  
And they'll fill up all their houses in a trice.  
How they giggle, giggle, giggle,  
In the frozen air of day !  
While the mercury runs lower  
And their saws go never slower,  
But up and down alway,  
Like the stocks, stocks, stocks,  
Or like Jacky-in-the box,  
Through the crystal congelation that hides the  
ponds so nice

With the ice, ice, ice, ice,  
Ice, ice, ice.  
Through the frozen aqua pura, through the ice.

In the summer, oh, how nice,  
Cooling ice !  
On the table what a blessing is a slice,  
In the heated air of noon,  
When the butter sinks in swoon  
And the water is luke warm  
And hard to drink,  
And the flies about you swarm  
Like the chickens on the newly plant-  
ed farm !  
Oh, to think,  
As you hear the sound so nice  
Of the cart all drip, drip, dripping with the  
ice,

Once or twice  
That the price  
Does not pinch you like a vice,  
A dollar for a slice  
No thicker than the liquor  
Of the ice, ice, ice,  
Of the ice, ice, ice, ice,  
Ice, ice, ice !  
Oh, the ice cream ! oh, the cobbler ! oh, the  
ice !