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THE RAVAGES OF PEACE.

BY W. W.

THIRTY years ago. The Old Fort, old even then, was filled with troops; the port-holes frowned over the Richelieu and the green "common" land forming the Government Reserve; every tower had its sentry, and soldiers were coming and going in every direction; the interior of the fort was a mystery to the great majority of the rising generation, for admittance was strictly denied to all save the privileged military and such well-known civilians as the guard was specially authorised by the commandant to admit. It is therefore not surprising that Fort Chambly was a prolific source of story and legend, commonplace enough, no doubt, to the general public, but of thrilling and intense interest to the boys of the village. Here was the great elm against which, so one universally credited but as I now believe apocryphal story related, three rebels were placed and summarily shot during the great Rebellion; nearer to the fort was the old burying-ground, where a weather-beaten headboard or two

marked the spot where years and years before some more distinguished soldier had been laid to rest among the men he formerly commanded; but who he was, or how long he had lain there, the oldest man in the village could not say. "That old board! Oh! it was just the same when I was a boy; blackened and bare as you see it now." The paint had worn away, but the solid oak sturdily refused to succumb to time, wind or weather. And when a good-natured sentry was on duty, and we were allowed to approach the outer wall of the fort, we could see on the western side the place where the less time-worn masonry indicated the spot through which the guns of the Americans had knocked a hole when they took the place during the war of 1812. But all inside was a mystery; we knew that a great many soldiers lived within those walls, but what the inside was like we could only guess. At last fortune and a commandant's pass admitted me to the interior; the approach was

over a drawbridge, which crossed a small dry moat, and when drawn up fitted into and closed the doorway. The doors were of oak, studded thickly with iron bolts, and when these were opened the visitor found himself inside a bomb-proof vaulted passage leading into a square court-yard, all round which were barrack-rooms, gun sheds, stables, and prison cells. Into the three former our pass admitted us, under the guidance of a soldier who took us in charge at the gate, but no one was suffered to explore the vaults used for places of confinement. However, there was plenty to be seen without them. Even in the rooms where the troops were quartered the guns were mounted ready for use, and the thick walls of primitive masonry were pierced at regular intervals with perpendicular narrow openings through which the defenders might discharge their muskets in case of need, and, walking through the bare and scantily furnished rooms, it needed no great exertion of the imagination to fancy that an immediate attack was imminent, although the most complete peace and quietness prevailed throughout the land.

Passing through a dark vaulted passage rather than room, intended, as the soldier told us to put women and children into when the place was besieged, we ascended a narrow stairway to the north-east angle of the building, where the flag-staff was. Here we looked over into the turbid water at the foot of the rapids of the Richelieu, which flow close to the foundation, and were glad to get safely away from the rather giddy height.

A year or two afterwards neither a soldier nor a gun remained. Windows and openings of all kinds were closed, some with shutters and others with strong planking nailed over them. Admittance was as sternly refused as ever, for the magazines still contained a good deal of ammunition, and there was then no intention of allowing the old place to go to decay. But as time went on, and the vigilance of the one non-commissioned officer left in charge became less zealous, more than one active boy scaled the old walls and startled the bats, who were now the only occupants of the fast mouldering building. Finally, when the Ordnance property passed into the hands of the Provincial Government, even the semblance of caretaking passed away, and gradually but surely ruin marked the place for its own.

A few days since I stood once more in the old court-yard. Of the wooden part of the building hardly a vestige remained. Landward the walls still held their own, for the old French masonry was well put together. Out towards the river the ruin was complete. Bastion, curtain, magazine and vault, all lay in one confused heap of stone, and, exposed by the fall of the flag-staff bastion, were the vaulted prison cells so jealously guarded in bygone days. But there was one thing in the neighbourhood still unchanged. An old oaken headstone in the old military burying-ground still stood guarding the soldier's grave as I had seen it thirty years before.

ESSAY ON OLD MAIDS.

SKETCHES OF SPINSTER LIFE IN ENGLAND.

BY KATHARINE VAN DRAECKEN.

AN Old Maid! To how many does this name call up a spectral vision, sometimes associated with dislike and unpleasant remembrances, but more frequently with memories of kindness, benevolence and affection. Recollections of childhood may bring before us the maiden aunt, suggesting to an indulgent parent stronger measures of coercion; setting before the wild hoyden the decorous impeccability of her own far-off girlhood; or volunteering to her godson unwelcome sermons, enforced by a gift of good little books instead of the expected "tip." Peradventure we can even recall a day of grief and fear when, torn from home and parents, we were committed to the care of some perpendicular being who ruled over a "Young Ladies' Seminary," or "Preparatory School for Young Gentlemen;" exercising unlimited despotism over mind and body. But have none a thought of the village spinster whose cupboard was a widow's cruse of cake, jam, and ginger-wine; whose modest dwelling, and garden unrivalled in the neighbourhood for flowers and fruits, were the scene of many a welcome holiday and joyous tea-party enlivening the dreary school half-year?

By maidens yet buoyant with youth and hope, the spinster is regarded as an awful warning; an upright finger-post pointing out the way they should *not* go. Her solitude, with its consequent oddities of dress and manner, her defiance of fashion and scorn of hoop or bustle, drive girls of the period to more determined pursuit of a better future—a future bright with dreams of gaiety and pin-money. She excites in them

too a more personal hostility, by didactics and ejaculations on dress, dissipation and flirting. The waltz she holds in abomination; the all-fascinating polka or german she regards as but accelerated whirls down the same awful maelstrom.

But must the Old Maid be looked on solely as a creature incapable of sympathy with youthful feelings; as an excrescence on the face of society? Is she indeed one who has no vocation to fulfil, no consolations in her loneliness, and none to mourn her decease save the ancient tabby who is ever associated with her name and shares the odium attached to it? Let me attempt to delineate the natural history, habits, and uses of the genus by sketching specimens of some species; and I venture to say that few there are who have known intimately the early history and present life of their spinster acquaintance, but can call to mind parallels to these examples. On analysing the spinster heart, I trust to show that it may have beaten as rapidly, may enshrine memories as cherished as that of the sentimental damsel who scoffs at a tranquil apathy which is often but the slumber, not the death of feeling; the calm decay of plants crushed down to earth before they could be crowned with blossom or fruit.

Enter then this small house, whose narrow front has a single window by the side of the door. It is undistinguished from its fellows in the melancholy Paradise Row of a dull suburb save by the clean white curtains, bordered with knitted lace or netted fringe; by a cat curled in fat luxurious ease against the sunny window-pane, and a canary sus-

pended in conscious security high over her head. Look through the area rails, you will see a neat little kitchen, long since cleared from all traces of the early dinner, and with its fire economically pinched up in the movable grate. A tidy, pretty maid, sitting at the window, is surreptitiously pinning forbidden flowers to the bonnet she intends to slip on next Sunday, when "Missus" cannot see her, and avail herself of evening church time to walk with the yet more strictly prohibited "follower." After this irreligious exercise she will take care to learn from a neighbour the text, which will be called for as a proof that her hours have been more piously employed. She is the daughter of some poor cottager, and has received that best of charity, the being fed, clothed, and educated from childhood, as a respectable servant, at the cost of infinite worry and trouble to her particular and orderly mistress.

Let us peep carefully through the opening made by puss at the parlour blind. Behold a small room whose wall-paper is covered with bunches of gay flowers, and its furniture of the most humble and antiquated style. The carpet is brushed threadbare, where not covered by the spotless brown linen crumb-cloth. Chairs and sofa are of that shining black horsehair on which it is impossible to sit in comfort, and reclining seems a degree of luxury never contemplated by the inventor—never dreamed of by the present possessor. The little mirror, a round convex one, has its gilt frame protected from the flies by yellow muslin. Nor is defence alone relied on; a diversion from it is made by a mysterious-looking invention, of pink and blue cut paper, suspended from the ceiling, called a fly-cage. Its object is to centralize the movements of those nomadic hosts, who come no one knows whence and go no one knows whither—into apparent "niliation," as it was expressed by the maid below when this difficult question was under discussion. Little muslin bags also

protect sundry ornaments, and the handles of worsted-work bell-pulls. Opposite the fire-place is a cabinet, the guardian of indescribable small curiosities—coins, shells, nicknacks of fancy-work, keepsakes, all hallowed by some memory of past years; and underneath this, an old china jar of pot-pourri communicates to the whole room a characteristic fragrance. On the table a small black teapot, one cup and saucer, a plate of toast, and a plain home-made cake, indicate that the lonely inmate is about to take that early tea which her sisterhood invariably "enjoy more than my dinner." A small bright copper kettle sings on a cottage grate, placed with its handful of fire inside the polished steel bars of the parlour fire-place; standing ready on the mantelpiece is its attendant, the kettle-holder, worked in cross-stitch by a juvenile niece, and bearing on a field gules the silhouette of a kettle sable, with the legend, "Mind it boils." One arm-chair stands conspicuous among its black brethren for promise of comfort, and contains the mistress of this abode, the monarch of all she surveys.

She is angular in form, dried up and apathetic in appearance; seemingly absorbed in her personal comfort, and in attention to the neatness of her surroundings; with no present thought beyond the knitting needles plied by her busy fingers for the benefit of a bazaar, or a missionary basket whose contents will be devoted to the conversion of the Jews. When the solitary tea is finished, when puss has lazily descended to receive her evening saucer of milk, and coiled herself up in a lined and cushioned basket, a neighbour of the same habits, belonging also to the sisterhood, drops in and enlivens her solitude by unwearying details concerning every trifling gossip the town affords. Busily the knitting progresses, reinforced by the production from her friend's reticule of another small square similar to her own. Their united labours, with those of other spinsters and widows, are destined to aggregate into

quilt, whose cost in cotton alone would more than suffice for the purchase of one equally serviceable. Meantime they discuss the merits and demerits of Mrs. A.'s new bonnet, and Mrs. B.'s last tea-party; launch forth into a philippic on the way Mrs. C. brings up her children; and in the midst of an ecstatic analysis of the Reverend Mr. D.'s last discourse, rush to observe the cook next door going out for the evening with a boa and flounces. The rest of the visit is occupied by horrific narratives, denunciations, and prophesies of her past, present and future conduct. When 10 o'clock strikes, and the mistress has read prayers, with her maid as fellow-worshipper, she rakes out the fires, rolls up the rug, and walks round to examine every door and window before withdrawing to her chamber. Here she looks under the bed, locks the door, reads a chapter in the Bible, and, before retiring to rest, stands gazing on a small ill-painted miniature of a gentleman, the faded colours and old-fashioned costume of which show how long ago are the days it recalls, and of which it is a precious relic. With a softer expression stealing over her thin features, she gazes on it and presses her withered lips to the cold, hard glass. Could you search some secret receptacle of the room you might discover a box of treasure more precious to her than gold or jewels. Tied up with blue ribbon is a packet of old letters, folded as in the days when envelopes were not, and worn through at the creases; their faded ink being blotted by tears. Withered flowers are there, brown and scentless, meet emblems of herself, and of those happy days when they were plucked. And among the letters, though not in the same handwriting, is one that she never dares to read. It is the one which blighted all her prospects, and told her that he who should have claimed her hand was dead—that her young, bright life, with its joy and hope, was to be suddenly changed for despair and suffering from which there would be no relief but in that seared

apathy of feeling which has nothing more to hope or fear—which has exhausted the bitter spring of grief. Yes! Once the withered lips which form so ludicrous a contrast to the young joyous face of the picture on which they are pressed, were rosy and smiling; the rayless eyes "looked love to eyes which looked again," shining with the light of happiness; and those pale, faded cheeks, blushed and dimpled with every emotion of her beating heart. But all was blighted; she passed through the valley of the shadow of death into a cold grey twilight, without sunshine or shade, and was thankful when, after the tempest which crushed every youthful charm and feeling, a sufficient degree of apathy crept over her mind to allow of its energies being directed to trivial objects of interest. Her home, her heart, are not on earth, but she is chained to it for many joyless years. She must do what good she can in her progress through life, and find pleasure in such pale scentless flowers as bloom where the sun shines not. She wears the dress of long past years, for it is that of her happier time, that in which *he* admired her. Of love she will not read or speak; there was a time when she dared not, and it still brings the painful thought that such was not for her. She seeks the most faithful of all affection—that of the lower animals—for she is *alone*.

Here is another mansion, showing no marks of poverty; not having even the solitary look and excessive neatness of an old maid's dwelling. Behold young girls, and the appurtenances of education; you might fancy it a family school-room. But their voices are somewhat hushed, their laughter moderated in the presence of her who reclines near the fire. She wears, indeed, the dress of other mortals, with careful attention both to neatness and elegance, but her face and figure present to a common observer every orthodox characteristic of spinsterhood, in their length, tenuity, and pinched rigid expression. But look on her closely

and with a retrospective eye, you behold evident traces of former beauty in the delicate, well-formed features, the clear blue eye and slender form. Her complexion, indeed, is faded, her features are drawn and prominent, and the light of her glances has departed; but you see that wasting sickness has been there, and the finger of long-continued suffering has drawn those harsh lines which give apparent sourness to her expression.

Margaret was the motherless daughter of a prosperous man in "a large way" of business, and in her youth children were compelled more frequently than at present to sacrifice their happiness at the will of grasping or ambitious parents. She beheld her only sister obliged to break off an engagement of affection, and driven into marriage with an unprincipled man, titled, and apparently wealthy. Margaret is a woman of education and strong mind; a similar fate was pressed upon her, but as she not only disliked the proposed match, but was deeply attached to one whose circumstances would never permit them to marry with her father's consent, every importunity and threat, every kind of domestic persecution, was unavailing against her resistance. After she had nursed her father through some years of sickness, and endured his fretful temper during his slow progress to the grave, he left her co-heiress to his fortune. Margaret thus found herself, while yet untouched by age, rich, unfettered, and still beautiful, though faded and already in feeble health. Her money, independently of other attractions, was in itself an all-powerful magnet to the lords of creation, and many soon sighed at her feet. But she found none who could efface the memory of her former attachment, though its object had long since consoled himself with another bride, and settled in some distant county. Meanwhile her sister's husband soon squandered his wife's fortune as well as his own, in gambling and profligacy; and being at last obliged to fly the

country, left his unhappy wife to die in her sister's arms, worn out with sorrow, and her children to be fondly and carefully educated by their maiden aunt.

Who comes here—fat, smiling, and looking the picture of comfort and good humour?

"O, Miss Tabitha, how glad I am to see you! You're just in time to drop in and take a quiet cup-o'-tea in my snuggerly!"

Surely no tempest has scathed that round, squat form, no blighting sorrow has impressed its sign on that ever-cheerful, homely face! She is long past the prime of life, but the tranquil years have traced few furrows. Sheltered in peaceful insignificance from the storms of life, this lowly evergreen has flourished on unmarked, while many a fair flower and noble tree drooped or perished around it. Her sandy hair, without a line of silver, rises in tiers of small stiff curls; and, scorning the matronly cap, is crowned with a comb on its summit, after the fashion of other days. Her years have glided on without epochs to mark their flight; no children growing up around reminded her that she was of a passing generation. She perceives no decay in her bodily powers; she is still the Miss Marigold of former years, thinking herself young because she feels just the same as in the days of girlhood. In those days her life was much what it now is. Always plain and unattractive, admiration, flirting, love, were words that struck no chord thrilling with sweet memories. Perhaps in early youth a few buds of romance and hope had ventured forth, but they were soon nipped by the cold neglect of mankind, and the kindly soil, instead of remaining barren or bringing forth weeds, was thenceforth devoted to homely and useful purposes. She saw others gay and happy in their glittering present and joyous anticipations, but their happiness was a golden apple for which she sighed not, having never tasted its sweets; she acquiesced in the evident fact that it hung beyond her reach, and cherished no idl

dreams or vain aspirations. And in the course of time those gay butterflies had fluttered through their short day of brilliancy. She saw one, grasped by a rude hand, falling crushed and disfigured to earth; another wandering from flower to flower, leaving on each some of its bright colours, till with languid flight and faded wing it passed into obscurity. Winter came to all; and when the beauty's cheek was wrinkled, the voice of the singer grown harsh, and the favourite of ball-rooms pined unnoticed as a wall-flower, our quiet, neglected old maid, knew no change. Her pleasures were undiminished, her piety and benevolence increased. Still the years glided peacefully with their round of duties; she had no bright past to weep over—no gloomy future to dread.

From early youth circumstances had obliged her to act and think for others more than for herself; and when she had educated her younger sisters, and chaperoned them till they stood at the altar; when for many a year she had been the one ever appealed to by her family to nurse the sick, comfort the sorrowing, and be a companion to the aged; when, after long years of harrassing attendance, she had closed the eyes of infirm, querulous parents, she devoted her untiring energies to the poor, the sick, and the young of her neighbourhood. Her village school is a model of order, supplying the country round with well-trained servants; and it is one of the simple festivals of her life to preside at school teas, where, radiant with smiles, she curtsies and chatters to the guests, proudly exhibiting the writing and hemming of her first class, and distributes tea, buns, and little penny books in gay paper covers to her young flock. In the coldest days of winter may our heroine be seen bustling about, with fussy walk and very red snub nose, clattering on pattens if it be muddy, the little basket ever on her arm from whose exhaustless store she supplies food, clothing, wine, or medicine to the poor, while her untiring tongue advises, exhorts,

reproves, rebukes. Thus will she go on till health shall fail, and the grave receive one whose peaceful life was spent in constant, self-denying benevolence which became a habit and a pleasure. She leaves no mourning husband or motherless children to weep over her tomb; among her acquaintance the Old Maid's name is dismissed with a light word of commonplace regret, and no gap is seen where she passed away. But by the poor she is long remembered and painfully missed; many a blessing attends her ascending spirit, bearing witness before the Judge that "when he was hungry she gave him meat—naked, she clothed him—sick, she visited him."

There is a certain type of old maidenhood as firmly fixed in the popular imagination as the conviction that Satan is a black figure, with horns, hoofs, and tail, bearing within himself a furnace of fire and brimstone. The caricaturists and second-rate writers of fiction—even some who, like Dickens, should have been above this conventionality—make themselves, from time immemorial, exponents of this idea of the typical spinster, and help to engrave it on the public mind. From the pages of *Punch* down to those of the *Phunny Phellow*, or any other painfully "humorous" publication; from the minor novelists, the magazines, and weekly literary papers, we may collect innumerable portraits bearing so close a resemblance to each other that there is as little difficulty in forming an abstract general idea of the type, as there was originality in the concrete representations. As in the various species of the feline genus, though there are some variations, the general character, physical and mental, with its external manifestations, is nearly the same in all. The face of this spinster for the million is of preternatural ugliness enhanced by the sourest expression, unless she be represented in ghastly attempts to attract masculine attentions, when the features are contorted into a repulsive smirk. Her hair, if not false, is pretty much like

that of the typical Yankee woman in middle life, immortalized by Fanny Fern—six hairs tied in a knot on the top of the head—or it hangs in ringlets of whose tenuity the cork-screw is almost a literal representation. Skeleton shoulders rise almost to her ears, inside a plain dress if the prim variety be depicted, or out of an elaborately trimmed one if we have before us the ancient maiden still absorbed in vanities, and simulating youth. The figure is quite flat; the rigid waist, resisting an evident attempt at compression, remains nearly as broad as the bust. Skirts scanty and unadorned, or flounced in exaggerated fashion, overhang large flat feet.

Such is the conventional old maid physically; in moral manifestations both classes are nearly alike. Both regard with spiteful envy the young and fair; both indulge in detraction of these especially, though not sparing their neighbours generally. But while the Prudences or Tabithas reprobate their innocent amusements, and look with snarling disgust on all that savours of love or matrimony, the would-be evergreen tries to hold the ground from which she has been crowded out by another generation: talks of "us girls," and spreads her nets for men in exaggerated fashion, attacking them with a boldness born of despair. Should she have money, success often crowns her efforts to attain what is popularly supposed to be the highest aim of womanhood, the capture of some man—no matter what he may be. And no fortune-hunting rascality, no degree of false, sickening love-making before marriage, or brutality and rapacity afterwards on the part of the man, is thought unnatural, or greatly condemned. It is all fair that the young spendthrift should deceive her with false pretences. He wanted money for his selfish gratifications; she wanted—that affection and companionship which the young girl is encouraged to angle for, and to regard as the chief end of her existence. And to the pursuit of this object is not the old maid stimulated by the finger of scorn pointed at

her; the mocking jeers which accompany her progress through that stage of life in which the more cultivated intellect, the sobered feelings and accumulated experience, should naturally command respect.

Now, I have known many spinsters: I have studied them for years where they most abound, and are to be found in the highest stage of development, a quiet English cathedral town. There, in the class representing Society, or the Upper Ten, single blessedness was rather the rule in families of girls, and matrimony the exception. I have been at a dancing party where there was danger that seven girls might indeed take hold of one young man, to secure him as a partner. But I have never seen an original for these numberless pictures of pen and pencil, nor anything that came at all near to them. Some points of resemblance might be found in individuals. I have known a few who were soured, a few—many perhaps—who were prim, and naturally some who were plain and angular. But I think a nearer resemblance to the above portraiture in many respects might be discovered among matrons, and especially if we search those ranks where family and household cares press more heavily than in the wealthier classes. Here you will frequently find the dried-up, bony form, and too often the bitterly spiteful tongue. Their burdens are heavy in too many cases; and an existence of constant striving and bustle, with the tumult of family life, knowing no quiet or privacy, withers all youthful freshness and brightness out of mind and body far sooner than is the case generally with the unmarried. The once lively tongue of the girl has scolded and fretted at husband, children and servants, till it is become painfully sharp, and the very tones have grown harsh or querulous. The trivial details of domestic life have absorbed her attention, to the exclusion of more intellectual pursuits, till she has lost interest in all but domestic and social questions. Among such

then it is that we find most strongly marked the addiction to gossip, to envenomed commentary on their neighbours' affairs, and to the undermining of characters. Tell the average Mrs. A. of some excellence or beauty in Mrs. B.'s children; of some point in which Mrs. C.'s establishment eclipses her own, and you will be not unlikely to evoke an amount of acerbity, envious spite, and detraction quite beyond what this same Mrs. A. might have been capable of if left to the pursuits of her girlhood, and unsoured by family cares and family tempers.

Let us, however, take an example who comes nearest to the conventional Old Maid, and add one more portrait to our collection.

Marah was plain and commonplace. Her face had no redeeming feature, not even oddity or piquancy; it was hopelessly common and homely. Nor was this compensated by sparkle, originality, or special intelligence, as I remember to have seen in the case of a little swarthy girl whose tongue attracted those whom her snub-nosed, irregular face would have repelled. Marah had two handsome and accomplished sisters, a circumstance which cast her yet more into the background. Consequently she grew up under the shadow of her natural deficiencies, and from childhood these were imputed to her almost as a crime. To be occasionally told that "handsome is who handsome does," or sermonized on the superiority of mental and spiritual gifts to beauty, goes but a little way towards neutralizing the practical teaching of daily life in such cases. Although her parents were good people, and not especially worldly, their natural preference for the more attractive daughters could not be disguised, and by the external world this preference was shown quite undisguisedly. Marah thus grew up with an exaggerated idea of the value of beauty, and of her own shortcomings. Observations more or less plain-spoken were made on the latter, especially in those seasons of objurgation

when the little politeness kept up among relations is apt to be merged in personalities.

When she entered society her position became yet more trying. She went to her first ball with all a girl's bright anticipations; for at that age the thought of a ball is a vision of felicity almost as perfect as earth can afford. Extremely fond of dancing, and excelling in it, she had the pleasant hope of winning approbation by showing that she could do at least one thing well. The first ball-dress, the delicate satin shoes, and carefully dressed hair adorned with flowers, gave a sense of being set off to the best advantage, and of looking different from the homely figure of her every-day life. When the music struck up for the first dance it thrilled her as the trumpet excites a war-horse: her eager feet tapped the floor in time to the measure, as she watched the couples gathering to their places, and waited her turn. Alas for human anticipations! that turn came not at all. The quadrille began and closed, and still Marah sat on that bench, with her mother on one side, while from the other an elderly chaperone talked small gossip across her. Then came a yet greater trial; the inspiring strains of a waltz sounded, which exercise a peculiar fascination over the lover of dancing. Again the smiling couples passed to their places; again she waited and watched her masculine acquaintance seeking other partners. Though overlooked in the first dance, she had indulged hopes of a chance to join in the next. At her first ball, it seems to a girl a matter of course that she will dance: no experience has yet come to her of the loneliness there may be in a joyous crowd, or of the ignominious expectancy in which a wall-flower has to sit until some masculine individual deigns to offer his arm. There is perhaps no position so lowering to womanhood as this, when not only the evening's enjoyment, but the standing in social estimation of some good and perhaps intelligent girl, depends on the degree to which

she can attract the notice of men. Any conceited youth fresh from college, whose personality and opinions are of no particular value to any one at other times, has his estimate of himself immensely enhanced by the power he possesses in a ball-room. Here he may confer his favours on any disengaged girl he fancies : if the bright particular stars be beyond his reach, he can give to or withhold from many others the privilege of exchanging solitude among the dowagers for that joy of dancing incomprehensible to some people, but with others almost a passion. Marah knew not that for a waltz the favourite partners are usually selected ; men prefer for their duty-dances the quadrille, which itself has something in its nature of a duty and a bore, having as a dance little life or opportunity for good execution, and being, as an opportunity for flirtation, almost valueless. So she again sat solitary ; and the whirling dresses flew almost over her as the dancers swept swiftly by to those strains which stir the heart of a dancer, and make it so difficult to keep still.

At last some gentleman connected with the family asked her hand for the next quadrille. The shyness frequent in youth, and inseparable from a sense of natural deficiencies, was aggravated by her novel position, as she crossed the floor to her place, with (as she thought) the eyes of seven other couples fixed on her. With flushed cheek, downcast eyes, and trembling hand, scarcely could she follow the simple figures, usually so familiar. As for conversation, hers was never very brilliant, and she was at the bread-and-butter age when girls alternate between "Yes" and "No" in society, and a flood of small chatter among themselves. Her partner consequently found it up-hill work ; the more so as, with the painful self-consciousness of shyness, she was too frightened to think of anything but her supposed position as the observed of all observers, and of her fears lest she should

blunder in the figures. When the very doubtful pleasure of the dance was over, one circuit of the room on her partner's arm sufficed for him, and gladly did he place her again under the maternal wing. Now, to her ordinary sense of being deficient in charms, was superadded an annoying consciousness of stupidity, and of having made a failure in her first appearance. Even the dancing had been a failure, for the quadrille gives a dancer no chance to do anything but dawdle through a series of figures ; and even this, she knew, had not been done well or gracefully—on which point, moreover, her own convictions were corroborated by some distinctly expressed opinions from her mother. After this, dance followed dance ; lively polkas, inspiring galops rang out from the orchestra, and still she sat wearily, with ever-sinking hopes and growing despondency as to herself and her future : not much cheered by the occasional enquiry of some matron, "Why are you not dancing, my dear ?" Once more indeed was she led out, and this time for a waltz, by a youth whom the girls were in the habit of snubbing and avoiding for his personal and mental defects. His dancing was quite independent of the measure, as a musical ear was one of the advantages denied him by Nature ; it had also that peculiar sprawling movement of bad waltzers with which no girl can keep her steps in accord. So again was her dancing quite neutralized, and the conversation was a laboured interchange of the very smallest talk, pumped out in detached sentences. Under these bright auspices was she led to supper, and soon after the signal for departure was given by the elders, and her happier sisters torn reluctantly from the joyous after-supper dances. So ended the first ball, which had given birth to such dreams of bliss, and for which so much anxious preparation had been made.

It was only a foretaste of Marah's social career. Asked to a dinner party only as a

stop-gap, she was in the evening left to associate with the slowest among men, or with her peers in social gifts among her own sex ; while others, attracting by their beauty or sprightly *badinage*, carried on flirtations, or were eagerly sought by ready talkers. Time, and experience in society, gave her somewhat more self-possession and conversational power, but she remained always dull, always in the background, and painfully conscious of it. And as to flirtations and love-affairs, which are the dominant ideas among girls in their intercourse with society, her life was like that first ball—simply a blank, a failure, a disappointment. Girls usually enter on their career with a notion that these flirtations and offers are the common lot of woman—a matter of course in her life ; and their solicitude is mostly as to their choice, and how such affairs shall be conducted. *Marah* naturally had her dreams like others : like her compeers, she discussed the wedding dress, the bridesmaids and their dresses, and set forth her ideal of a hero for her life's romance. But the dreams had ever an hour of lonely waking,—if her life had any romance it was a sad one. Hidden while it lived from the sneers of the world, at its death it was buried out of sight, without mourners save that lonely one who must suffer no tear to flow ; who, on pain of incurring the laughter and scorn of society, must face it without a sign that she has shared the affections common to womanhood. In romances only the attractive have a right to love : the loves of the homely are generally introduced as subjects of ridicule, or motives for plotting evil against their fairer and happier sisters.

While such is the life of the unattractive—while they see others petted during childhood, reigning over hearts in youth ; by whom they themselves are ever cast into the shade, and by whom perhaps are won the affections of those dearer than aught else on earth, is it any wonder if the departure of youth sometimes leaves them as it left *Ma-*

rah, soured and jealous ? In that class precluded from active employment there is no aim in life but social successes, unless they have exceptionally intellectual tastes, or are happy enough to have found duties and consolations in the higher life of religion. The homely servant has her routine of work, her opportunities of usefulness. The girl of society must fritter away her days in fancy-work, in music or drawing, too mild to give pleasure except to one or two very partial relatives ; in visits where the same people are met, the same topics discussed, the same old jokes and stories listened to. As years drag on, all that gave life and stimulus to society has long died out for such as cannot shine in it. Conversation, unless highly spiced with gossip and scandal, is a bore : when old enough for admission among the heavy fathers and turbaned matrons, the weary whist-table may be their portion. They have no hopes, no aspirations : all they can do is to draw farther and farther back out of the sunshine, and see others, once children whom they may have patronized, taking their places, and doing their best to deepen the gloom amid which the homely old maid must travel through many years of loneliness. The men who were her contemporaries are yet young when she is *passée* : they feel themselves no longer called upon to be bored by attentions to her whose place is scarcely with the young, though she has no claim to one among matrons. At the dance, the Christmas party, or the pic-nic, younger and fairer faces win them ; and those objects of scarcely concealed ridicule, who are left to look on in neglect due only to a lack of attractions, for which they are not responsible, may be pardoned if they do not always bridle a certain acerbity of tongue. For young girls have seldom learnt charity and appreciation of the feelings of others : they are very unscrupulous in scoffing at those whom nature or time have relegated to obscurity, and in casting them out from their ranks. Can the Old Maid then be so se-

verely blamed if she reciprocate this by something like hostility to that youth and beauty which has appropriated all the brightness of life, leaving to herself only its darker and duller corners? What fault had she in the matter, but that attractions so longed for were beyond her reach? This is the reflection which embitters her spirit.

There is yet another group of spinsters who should be briefly described, as they are by no means uncommon; are a natural outgrowth of the single life under certain conditions, affecting certain individualities; and have the privilege of being much more popular and respected than their sisters. These are the strong-minded—but not in the usual sense of that abused word (which has undeservedly become a term of reproach)—and single women whose surrounding circumstances have resembled rather the ordinary course of masculine than of feminine existence. I remember two very characteristic specimens; the one verged on masculinity in externals chiefly—the other united strength of mind and character above the average feminine standard, to a woman's kindly heart.

Minerva Lascelies, the first mentioned, was in most respects quite unlike the conventional old maid. In youth her beauty must have been considerable: when I knew her she was yet handsome, though of rather pronounced style: her finely-cut, high-bred features, aquiline nose, and full figure, suggested rather the aristocratic matron of picture and story. Why she never became such I know not: at all events it was not, I imagine, from lack of admiring suitors. Born in the higher ranks of life, she had contracted something like a disgust for the conventionalities and restraints which had fettered her from infancy. This feeling, and action consequent on it, is not uncommon among her class when the trammels of girlhood have fallen from them, and they are not bound afresh with the worldliness, the state, and the social duties of fashionable

matronhood. Such feelings were expressed by a spinster of the same set as Minerva, but very different in style—delicate and feminine as well as gifted—in some mournful verses beginning—

“I'm weary of this hollow world,
This loud, dull masquerade.”

Minerva, though possessing considerable talent, had not great mental force, and her emancipation of herself took the form rather of eccentricity. Masculine attire had not then been so far adopted by ladies as now; and Minerva, with her broad felt hat and feather, her cloth jacket (approximating to a coat), and rather formidable walking-stick, was in advance of her generation. Her hair also was worn as many American girls now wear it, but no ordinary Englishwoman then did; cut short, and brushed into careless curls. No wonder, then, that “whene'er she took her walks abroad,” if in a strange place, she excited much observation, and occasional speculation as to her sex, among the country people. ‘Tis a ‘ooman, aint it?’ I have heard muttered behind her. In other respects she had shaken off much of orthodox feminine manners; and could do all this when a woman of lower status would have been afraid of compromising her gentility; her antecedents and place in society being so unexceptionable that “poor dear Minerva’s” peculiarities by no means excluded her from it. She came as a relief from the prevailing conventionality, the uniformity of external life among the “upper ten;” and was, besides, lively and accomplished above the average. Thus her loud voice, somewhat aggressive and domineering tone, as well as her strong-minded costume, were not only tolerated but rather welcomed in country-house life: she was a bit of flowery rockwork on a smooth lawn.

Miss Treherne, of Treherne—no one would have thought of mentioning her by her Christian name any more than they would have called her father Jack Treherne in the days when he was the Squire, as she

was now—Miss Treherne in social position stood much on a par with Minerva. She was less favoured as to the feminine qualities of beauty and accomplishments, but her post of duty being among the lords of creation—in so far as the limitations they have imposed on her sex as yet permit,—so she was gifted with a mind rather of masculine character, further developed by the training of circumstances. It could not have been true of her either that she was single from want of chances, for such opportunities are never lacking to a lady of considerable property : and though not handsome, nor of the style attractive to men, she was not disagreeably plain. Tall, and by no means slender, though not portly, her frame and features were somewhat masculine ; as also was a voice far removed from the soft drawl and feminine tones cultivated by ladies of her class. In dress she copied nothing from the other sex, while equally removed from the frivolities of her own. A simple black costume of handsome material gave her that exemption from the taking thought how she should be clothed enjoyed by her fellow-squires, while it attained that perfection of style which consists in attracting no attention.

Perhaps her opportunities for choosing a partner or life may not have been as good as she wished ; for women of Miss Treherne's mental power and somewhat caustic wit are not altogether popular as wives. Men are afraid that the clinging vine they would plant in their homes may assume the substantial proportions of Jack's beanstalk, dwarfing and overshadowing themselves. It is of little use for a lord of creation to assert his supremacy when his lady can overrule him in argument, overpower him by force of character, and scathe him with wit against which he is unshielded and unarmed : especially if she look quite competent to claim liberty and equality by right of physical force. A woman of Miss Treherne's character was little likely to marry for the sake

of getting married. She loved independence too well ; was impervious to sneers ; and as unlikely to drag on an obscure, petty, gossiping existence, as any of those whose peer she was everywhere but on the magistrates' bench and similar official positions. Nor was she a woman to sacrifice lightly her responsibilities, as a landlord and a guardian of the poor, in favour of one who might not care so well for her dependents. So she not only led a spinster's useful life, unhindered by domestic cares, but was an honoured member of the county society, and well liked by her own sex. Her house was a pleasant resort ; her society had the vigorous, enlivening tone found among intelligent men, while it could be enjoyed by women without restraint or misconstruction. And for the sick or suffering she had all a woman's gentle kindness, without being fussy or tedious : her lively wit, and freedom from pettiness or frivolity, came like a breath of invigorating air into the weariness and gloom of their lives.

It seems a common axiom in the world that a spinster is so, in all cases, because she has had no opportunity of becoming a matron. That this is often true no one will attempt to deny ; but it is by no means an universal rule. The lords of creation in their pride like to think that no woman voluntarily chooses single blessedness ; yet instances of this are not uncommon, and would be much more frequent but for the prejudice cherished in society against old-maidism, rendering the very name a bugbear to all girls—a word of reproach in all classes. It is more convenient to a family that its daughters should be "settled," and the education of girls from very childhood is intended to guide them blindfold into matrimony. Those of domestic tastes are influenced by prospects of an establishment, and fears of a solitary age. To the gay and ambitious glittering pictures are held up of fashionable life, and of a higher position in society. The sentimental damsel is fed

with literature in which many a standard metaphor expresses the desolation of loneliness and of a loveless existence, such as commonplaces concerning the clinging ivy and the oak, or the unsupported vine trailing the earth. How frequently will a fair coquette, whose vanity has been pampered with admiration till it has become a necessary of life, when startled by the first grey hair, or warned by a diminution of her wonted power to attract, seize the first hand stretched forth to save her from that Slough of Despond—a single life. And though positive coercion on the part of parents is now happily become obsolete, at least in countries of Anglo-Saxon origin, there are many ways of pressing an unwelcome marriage. A portionless daughter in a large family, well knowing that the main solicitude of her parents concerning her destiny is how to free themselves from a burdensome charge as soon as possible, dares not refuse any offer, however unwelcome or unsuitable in age, mind, or habits, provided only there be a sufficiency of means. Her marriage will leave one mouth less at the family table, one less of those allowances for dress, the united amount of which presses heavily on a small income. The sisters can be brought out more, and their chances will be improved: the brother-in-law's house giving them an additional market for their attractions as well as a pleasant place of resort. Thus parents, sisters and relatives, unite in urging her to that step from which there is no going back, and on which depends all the happiness of her future life. And few girls brought up with the views of duty generally inculcated in such cases have courage and firmness to withstand the system of persecution incurred by a refusal. Relations will speak of her as one who has trampled on her own interests and the duty she owes to her family: one on whom parental care and the expenses of education have been lavished in vain. Society will point at her folly with wondering disappro-

bation. She will feel that even the necessities of life are grudgingly yielded. At length, by open vituperation, indirect invective, and petty annoyances, the poor girl is driven from the parental roof, being made to feel that any home of her own will be a haven of rest from the rude waves of such life in a large family.

Now, there can be no doubt that the holy state of matrimony, when entered on with a right view of its duties, and with strong affection to brighten its many dark days, is what God intended it should be—a source of happiness higher than any the old maid can know. It is the more perfect state of existence, and in general it “is not good for man to be alone,” or woman either. I have seen very happy marriages, the result of real and long-tried affection, though it must be confessed that these are rare instances. In unions such as these, joys are doubled and sorrows lightened by sympathy, and every thought is in the community of unrestrained confidence. Such married life invests with a charm the common round of little daily duties and cares which are undertaken with or for the one beloved. The everyday words, so flat, so monotonous in common life, become music in the tones of love; and if there be imperfections on either side, the eye of affection glances lightly over them, even after the blindness of love has passed. A hasty word of anger or bitterness is quickly blotted out or forgotten, when the happiness of each depends on that of the other. Many other marriages there are, of a less perfect kind, which, nevertheless, may greatly have the advantage over a lonely existence, especially to those who have been unaccustomed to solitude, and dislike it; though in such unions there is not so much sunshine to gild the common ills of life, and mellow its acerbities into sweetness.

But if girls, before rushing blindly into matrimony, will call up to their minds the many cases which come within the range of

every one's observation, in which care and sorrow, anxiety and unrest, have transformed a bright-looking girl into a weary, haggard woman, broken in health and spirits: if they will recollect the husbands of such wives—evil-tempered, selfish, prodigal, or vicious—for whom the peaceful home-life has been given up, sacrificed lightly, without even perhaps the excuse of affection, for the sake of an establishment, and to escape the reproach of old-maidism; with these pictures in their minds, I think they will concede that a spinster's quiet parlour may be a haven of rest and safety. How many of those who have made such marriages, possibly on slight acquaintance, would so regard it, when "the evil days come, and the years draw nigh when they say, 'I have no pleasure in them.'"

If I can persuade one woman to hesitate before throwing away the good she has for the evil she knows not of, lest "she might not have a better offer," I may have saved one life from bitter experiences. Nor shall I have written in vain if now and then some one can be brought to look kindly on the spinster who sits lonely and neglected: if a woman more happily situated will cheer her with occasional sociability, or add some little comfort to her often straitened life; or a man will seek out her corner, and brighten her eye with kindly attentions. May I have induced some to look through the withered rind to the heart within; not to turn carelessly away, but to ponder what frosts may have shrivelled the once fair fruit, and dried up its sweetness.

THE ANGEL OF ENDURANCE.

BY ALICE HORTON.

A fair, dumb angel roamed from Heaven earthwards
 A while ago;
 His mission not to bind the broken-hearted,
 But let them know
 How after-peace will consummate the bearing
 Of grief below.

He hushed no moan, I saw him dry no tear,
 He let them flow;
 He knew that, surely as the sparks fly upward,
 It must be so;
 Only he weighed Eternity and glory
 With Time and Woe.

He had no voice nor language to make answer,
 When men asked why
 To their lips, of all others, came the cup
 Of agony ?
 No voice, no word, no language, but a sign
 For all reply.

With upward-pointing hand in storm he stood
 Passion and pain—
 Both in the storm and after, when the sun
 Shone on again ;
 And they who looked in any after-anguish
 Did not complain.

For the quiet heavens seemed to say, consoling,
 "Only endure !
 They shall see God who, bearing and believing,
 Keep their hearts pure ;
 Some stony steps, and yet a little climbing—
 The Rest is sure."

O Angel of Endurance, great in calm
 Of pain suppressed !
 More than all words thy silent consolation
 For man distressed ;
 Uplooking he can bear to starve on earth
 To be Heaven's guest !

OTTAWA.

WHAT A WOMAN WILL DO.

From the French of M. Lucien Biart.

[The following tale is, we must own, of a somewhat sensational character. But it must be taken for what the writer intends it to be—a picture of Mexican life.—ED. C. M.]

CHAPTER I.

ANOTHER flash of lightning, more vivid, more intense than any of the preceding ones, for a moment dissipated the surrounding obscurity. I bent my head and involuntarily closed my eyes, while the eight mules attached to the stage-coach reared and pranced simultaneously; one, seemingly more excitable than her companions, uttered the harsh and peculiar cry which approaching danger occasionally wrings from the horse family, while the groom's dog howled dismally. At this doleful signal the mules struggled furiously, shook the pole to which they were attached, and ended by getting entangled in the traces. Two imperious voices endeavoured to calm the restive animals, but their sound was soon overpowered by the rolling thunder; another streak of forked lightning darted from the clouds, and the rain, as if anxious to accomplish its share in the storm, redoubled in fury and impetuosity.

"Good Heavens, Doctor!" exclaimed the terrified postmaster, "this is assuredly the end of the world."

"Never fear," I replied, turning towards the speaker, who was hidden from my sight by the darkness; "however fragile and slight may be the surface of the globe which we inhabit, nothing that is going on now can damage it. A storm is a struggle between the constituent parts of the atmosphere, and it will require far greater force than this to move our vast though temporary prison.

Electricity, Maître Terribio, according to the as yet but little understood laws of nature, sets together by the ears all the principles of science and the elements, *i. e.*, water, air, fire, and——"

The uproar caused by the terrific peals of thunder here became so great that the fractious mules required all Terribio's attention, and prevented him from hearing me. The flashes of lightning came in rapid succession, tracing on the sky fitful gleams of red and purple, and illuminating the vast plain in the midst of which we were waiting. My hat bore no longer any recognizable shape; the cloak in which I was enveloped was soaked like a sponge, and weighed at least twenty pounds on my shoulders; and the road, on the edge of which I stood, resembled a torrent.

The hurricane ran its regular course, commencing at the Atlantic Ocean and proceeding towards the Pacific. By degrees the wild play of the elements became less fierce; the rain no longer poured down with such violence, and the squalls became less frequent, when a flash of lightning revealed to us the *diligence* in the distance. Five minutes later the team, all dripping and steaming, drew up in front of us. On the top of the lumbering vehicle were perched two travellers, wrapped in cloaks and shivering with cold; on the box sat the coachman, clothed in bathing drawers and thick gloves; and beside him, with a palm-leaf hat for all his costume, the dark-skinned *zaguil*, who leaped nimbly to the ground.

"Four hours behind time, Juan," I called to the driver; "what has happened to you?"

"I am carrying double weight, all the streams are overflowed, and the mules have refused at least twenty times to continue their journey—that is what has happened to me—and I wish that the devil, who is at the bottom of all the mischief, would upset the *diligence* on the back of all inquisitive parties!"

That Juan, the lively and merry-hearted, should now address me in such independent tones, proved to my satisfaction the accuracy of the conclusion at which I had mentally arrived concerning the effects of a drenching on the temper of animals in general.

"Pshaw!" I replied, "three hours hence we shall be in Orizava, and a good glass of anisette will dry you from head to foot."

"Merciful patience, Doctor, is it you?" exclaimed the driver, bending towards me, and vainly endeavouring to raise his dripping hat.

"It is indeed I, my good friend."

"Then, pray excuse my answer, as I did not recognize you in this heretical weather."

"I hope you will pardon me likewise, Doctor," said Terribo, "but in this heretical weather, as Juan has so aptly named it, good Christians may surely be excused for feeling impatient. I totally forgot that it was for my sake, or rather for my wife's, that you have been exposed to the rain for four mortal hours."

"Do not mention it, my dear Terribo; but what, I pray you, have heretics to do with thunder and lightning?"

"Take your seat, Doctor," interposed Juan, "I am catching cold."

The mules snorted, I entered the *diligence*, and the door was scarcely closed ere the team started at full speed.

I know of no more convincing proof of the solidity of the human frame than a journey by stage-coach on a Mexican highway; the vehicle, tossing at random among the

quagmires, ascends, descends, inclines to the right, falls to the left, stops abruptly, sets out again suddenly; and the patient, I mean the traveller, unable to foresee any of these fluctuations, has, like the earth, to sustain a twofold motion, which places every portion of his being alternately in contact with the projections of the conveyance in which he is imprisoned. One arrives, however, unquestionably bruised and aching, but still alive.

Rats, who are justly renowned for the intense vitality of their nervous system, could scarcely survive such a proceeding, and I think I can with safety call to witness all those who have ever seen a rat-trap shaken. When I had succeeded in seating myself, by seizing a strap and wedging myself into a corner, I began to breathe. I believed myself alone, but a movement in the corner opposite mine, and the light of a cigar to my left, informed me that I had two companions; we three, having at our disposal the entire space usually allotted to twelve people, I stretched myself at ease. Looking through the door I beheld only shadows on the road, which the mules followed by instinct; the *diligence* bounded in a manner which in the eyes of a spectator in the plain must have made it resemble a sloop tossed by the billows.

"Do you know, señor, how far we are from Orizava?" inquired a voice whose foreign accent struck me forcibly.

"About twelve leagues," I replied.

"Is the road safe?"

"It has been so hitherto; at least in the valley which we are just about reaching."

"For the love of Heaven, señor," said the smoker, "have compassion on a woman, and, whatever may happen, do not resort to arms."

By degrees I had become accustomed to the darkness, and on searching for the woman spoken of, I perceived that she and the smoker were one and the same person.

"Notwithstanding my willingness to prove

agreeable to you, señora," replied the stranger drily, "I shall certainly not allow myself to be passively plundered by your fellow-countrymen."

I reassured the smoker, whose accent and cigar came directly from the neighbourhood of Tampico. Since my residence in Mexico the *diligence* had never been robbed on this side of the Cumbres; besides which the storm, and the delay it had occasioned, completely screened us from any accident of this nature.

Tecamaluca was our last stopping-place, and the road here being better, we had eight horses harnessed to the conveyance, which soon proceeded at full speed. The rain had ceased, but the sky was very cloudy and the darkness intense. Shaken by the jolts of the *diligence*, and deafened by the noise of the wheels, I gave free vent to my imagination. Three weeks previously I had forwarded my "Essay on the Causes of Earthquakes" to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, and I longed to set to work again. Should I, as my next subject of study, select the coffee-tree caterpillar, or should I busy myself with the anatomy of lake leeches? These two subjects, however alluring they may be, attracted me less than the greatly calumniated *mygale*. The time seemed to have arrived in which to reveal the thousand and one peculiarities of this interesting little insect, and to do justice to the absurd stories which represent it as a frightful blood-sucker. My thoughts were interrupted by loud shouting on the road. I heard Juan replying angrily and cracking his whip; the *diligence* redoubled its speed; a shot resounded; we only proceeded by starts; the horses neighed, and the *zagal* shouted to quiet them. I thought one of the traces must have broken, and leant out of the door.

"Are you tired of life?" inquired a voice of Juan; "did you not hear me order you to stop?"

"I did not know you were my master," muttered Juana angrily; "what do you want?"

"I want the gold ounces which you are carrying, comrade. How many travellers have you got?"

"Five."

"Are they armed?"

"Those on the outside are not; the others are."

Juan's questioner was on horseback. I could vaguely see him approaching the edge of the thicket we were traversing, and keeping his nag in motion to avoid a ball. "Hallo, there," he exclaimed; "alight and lie down at the roadside."

I knew this manœuvre, and, quite stupefied by being attacked at the very gates of Orizava, alighted mechanically.

"Lie down!" shouted another voice.

I seated myself, and it was well I did so, for a ball whizzed past my eyes. My travelling companion had fired a shot; several discharges answered. Three times the bullets passed close to my ears, and I found it advisable to follow the advice given me in the first place, and lie full length on the ground. Soon the bandits were the only ones who fired, and seeing there were no answering shots, one of them ordered the *zagal*, who was holding the horses, to approach the *diligence*.

"The Christian is dead," said the Indian.

"His blood be on his own head," exclaimed one of the brigands; "I call God to witness that I did not wish to take life."

"Must I search the travellers?" inquired the *zagal*, stepping closer to me.

"Not for your life," replied the brigand; "we are not beggars."

I had again assumed a sitting posture; the darkness prevented my seeing what was going on, as the lanterns attached to the coach only lit up the team; one of our horses was killed, and his companions were sniffing anxiously with ears erect. Four sacks were passed from the seat of the *diligence* to the pack-saddle of a mule. I heard galloping to the right and left of the road,

succeeded by a silence which informed us that we were alone.

"Are you safe and sound, Doctor?" queried Juan.

"All right!" I replied; "and you?"

"There is nothing wrong with me; but what do you think of this end to the storm?"

"Let us think first of your travellers," said I to the coachman; "I fear that some accident has happened to them."

The *zagal* lit one of the rosin torches with which Mexican coaches are always provided, and I approached the carriage. A man of robust appearance, his face covered with a thick black beard, was lying across the seats; he had been struck by a ball in the forehead, and was still clutching his now useless weapon. All I could do was to certify to his death. The two outside passengers, wet and benumbed with cold as well as fear, could with difficulty descend from their airy seat; they were Neapolitans, servants of the deceased, Count Allegrini, a retired Piedmontese officer; the smoker, a mulatto, had fortunately only fainted, and soon recovered. The two Neapolitans, stunned and stupefied, looked at us with terror depicted in their countenances, and seemed almost to take us for their master's murderers.

"Did you recognize any one, Doctor?" asked Juan, while I assisted him in getting his horses ready to start once more.

"The man who spoke to me wore a mask," I replied, "and from their manner of proceeding I took them for novices."

"You are not mistaken there, Doctor; by daylight on this road I would have set their horses at defiance."

"Did the money which they took belong to the officer?"

"No; they were ounces of gold which I was bringing from Puebla to the banker Lopez. This Italian was a clever marksman, and thought he could defend himself; but you see, Doctor, a soldier's profession is, after all, a dangerous one, for sooner or later he

is sure to remain on the field." Juan was a philosopher; besides, during the ten years he had plied on this road, he had been stopped perhaps about a thousand times, and consequently looked upon the affair with the eyes of a connoisseur.

The dead horse was dragged to the side of the road, the harness re-fastened and put in order. Juan mounted the box, and I once more took my place beside the smoker, who was now reciting her prayers quite audibly. The sky was clear at last, and now illumined the summit of the mountains with the feeble light of its stars. A solemn calm had succeeded to the fury of the storm. The poor Piedmontese, whose lifeless body rocked about between the two servants, had actually been shipwrecked in port, for, as I had truly said, the *diligence* had never within twenty years been robbed on this side of Tecamaluca. While entering the city I pondered sadly that a mother, a sister, a wife and child, would henceforth await in vain the coming of this dearly loved one, doomed never again to revisit his native country. He must be laid to rest in foreign soil.

CHAPTER II.

THE following day I did not pay a single visit without being compelled to relate all the details of the robbery and the sad catastrophe which had resulted from it. More than one of my fair patients sent for me on pretext of *migraine*, but, judging by the multiplicity of their questions, it was very evident that nothing was amiss with their tongues, and their maladies turned out to be, as I expected, a fever—of curiosity.

Count Allegrini's death caused great consternation throughout the city; the poor officer, an indefatigable tourist, was on the eve of setting out for his own country after having accomplished a journey round the world. The stolen money seemed to occupy a very secondary place in the public mind; it was

but as a drop of water to old Lopez, who nevertheless seemed seriously affected by the loss. He also claimed my services, and also, as it appeared, with an ulterior motive. After cross-questioning me about these bandits, who must perforce be inhabitants of Orizava, he continued :

"I am well aware, Doctor, that you are not the kind of man to divulge secrets which your profession naturally often makes you the depositary of ; help me but to recover two-thirds of the sum which I have lost, and I give you my word of honour as a gentleman not to seek the guilty parties."

It was with difficulty I could convince my eager questioner that I knew nothing of the robbers. When finally, wearying of the interview, I proposed to feel my patient's pulse and look at his tongue, he assured me that my presence had sufficed to dispel his indisposition, and I accordingly took my leave.

I was retracing my steps to the *faubourg de Pichocalco* when a Mexican half-breed, recognizable by her embroidered skirt and the manner in which she draped herself in her national scarf, accosted me.

"I have been looking for you since this morning, señor," said the beautiful girl ; "Ambrosio requires the services of your excellency."

"Which Ambrosio?" I inquired.

"Ambrosio Tájéda ; he says you know him well."

"So I do. Is he ill?"

"No, he is wounded."

"Well ! well !" I exclaimed involuntarily.

The half-breed walked quickly before me without heeding my exclamation.

Ambrosio Tájéda was what in Mexico is styled a trainer ; a term which in that country comprehends horse-jockey, guerilla chieftain, guide or highwayman. He never by any chance carried on operations in his native district, where he was both loved and esteemed. Ambrosio was a faithful, true and generous friend, and although hardly able to read, and wanting in European refine-

ment and culture, his word was as good as an oath. Whatever peccadilloes he might be accused of had always been committed at a distance from Orizava, and on this he prided himself. Still two thousand ounces of gold might quiet even his scruples of conscience.

Ambrosio was stretched on a camp-bed ; on examination I found that a ball had lodged in his thigh, and after extracting it I dressed the wound with the assistance of the pretty half-breed. She had laid aside her scarf, and was now caressing the young man with gentle hand.

"There, now you will do," said I, when the last bandage was adjusted ; "all you want is rest and careful diet, and in less than a week you will be about again."

"He will not walk lame, Doctor?" anxiously inquired the young woman.

"Certainly not, my child ; but how did this accident occur?"

"By my foolishly dropping my rifle," replied the wounded man, looking towards the weapon ; "did Léoncia not tell you about it?"

"Was it on the road to Técamaluca?" I inquired with a smile.

"On my honour it was not," replied Ambrosio ; "if what we hear is true, they made a good haul yonder,—two thousand ounces of gold ! In all my life I never had such a windfall as that."

"The criminal judge is inquisitive," I continued ; "he will probably require your opinion on this affair, and the wound which obliges you to keep your bed will puzzle him considerably."

"Pray do not make any mystery of it, Doctor ; I have witnesses of my accident. I don't pretend to be any better than I am ; and had I known that the *diligence* carried two thousand ounces of gold I might have gone to meet it, and the fellows at Técamaluca would have found the birds flown—not, to mention, Doctor, that I would have a wound the less."

"Or one the more," I replied; "for one of the passengers took the defensive."

"I have often told you before, Doctor, and now repeat, that it is always folly to try to defend oneself. A stage-coach in the middle of the highway is a target which experienced hands cannot fail to reach. In these brawls I have seen as many as twenty travellers killed or wounded, while I have never lost more than a single apprentice, who, being a little too hasty, allowed his brains to be blown out by one of your countrymen."

"Come, come, it is high time that I left you. Remember to be quiet. *Au revoir* until to-morrow."

"God guard your honour! By the way, Doctor, although in this affair of Técama-luca I recognize neither the *Huero* nor the *Zopilote* manner of procedure, still, should you have occasion to go out of town, put a red thistle in your button-hole; you can find them on every road-side."

"A red thistle," repeated the pretty Léoncia, as she accompanied me to the gate, and showed me a similar flower placed among her own raven tresses.

Ambrosio was not the man to dissemble with me, and yet his last injunction gave rise to strange doubts within my mind. On my return home I found a summons from the criminal judge. Repairing to the court of justice, I there met Juan, his *zagal* and the two Italians, who had been summoned in order to give their evidence. Their testimony differed from mine in one respect only, as to the number of the bandits. Juan declared he had seen five, the *zagal* three, I two; the Italians, being a people of lively imagination, insisted that they had counted eight from their seat on the outside of the coach. The judge reasoned that two men would scarcely have risked their lives in such an enterprise, and I agreed with him; still, as it was my duty to say how many I had seen, not to reason on probabilities, I maintained my declaration.

When my companions in adventure had been dismissed, the judge entered into conversation with me and continued his questions; presently mentioning Ambrosio's wound, he asked to see the bullet I had extracted from the unfortunate man's thigh, and appeared annoyed on my telling him that I had left it in Ambrosio's possession. It was quite dark when I reached home, and now I was told that Don Manuel Mendez had sent for me. For one day I had had enough of inquisitive patients, and thinking that the haughty Doña Sélénia's case was probably one of that nature, I resolved to defer my visit to the following morning, and by way of repose betook myself to my favourite studies.

At a late hour I was once more interrupted by my housekeeper, who informed me that a night watchman had come to request my immediate attendance at the house of Don Manuel Mendez. Hastily seizing my hat and cane I issued forth, preceded, lantern in hand, by the watchman. While traversing the streets I had ample time for reflection, which, it must be confessed, savoured considerably of self-reproach. I could not have been sent for at such an hour from mere curiosity, and I did not like to think myself guilty of neglected duty and leaving a fellow-being in need of my services.

Don Manuel Mendez belonged to one of the oldest families in the province of Vera Cruz, and was noted for his singular success in business matters; three years before he had married the beautiful Sélénia Argumedo—a real love-match. In society Doña Sélénia was by no means a favourite, partly on account of her great and surpassing beauty, partly owing to her pride, which she inherited from a long line of ancestors belonging to the house of old Castille. Men were awed by the lady's haughty disdain, while the women were provoked and rendered jealous not only by her regular features and regal carriage, but also by her magnificent dress, her jewels and her horses—for she was

a graceful and fearless rider. Don Manuel found it impossible to deny anything to his patrician bride, and the evil tongues in the town—that is to say, ugly women and those on the shady side of forty—did not hesitate to affirm that the extravagant fancies of Doña Sélénia would end in the ruin of her husband. Generally speaking, the couple enjoyed excellent health, so that my acquaintance with them was of a purely unprofessional nature.

They were evidently watching for my arrival, for scarcely had I reached the door when the chains which fastened it fell noisily. I was shown into a drawing-room adorned with a degree of luxury and taste such as is rarely seen in Mexico. The rich furniture and hangings, antique vases and statuary, costly lamps and rare old china, betrayed an expenditure of money then unknown outside the capital. I was scarcely seated ere Doña Sélénia appeared.

On seeing me she stopped, her large black eyes closed for a moment, and throwing back her head, the young woman pressed her hand upon her bosom as if trying to subdue emotion.

“Is it you who are suffering?” I inquired.

“No, Doctor; would to Heaven it were I!”

Letting herself sink into an arm-chair, she covered her face with her hands, and the long blue-black braids of her hair twisted and twined like serpents upon her white robe.

“Calm yourself, señora; what is the matter? The sufferings of the mind are too closely allied to those of the body for me to be indifferent to them. Tell me what has happened to you. Why have you sent for me? Where is Don Manuel?”

Doña Sélénia looked up and fixed her tearful eyes upon me, while her bosom heaved convulsively. “He is mad—he is raving—you must not mind what he says.”

“Your husband is ill then; what is wrong with him? Will you not allow me to see him?”

Doña Sélénia approached a stand, swallowed a few mouthfuls of water, and appeared to breathe more freely. “Pardon me, señor,” said she, in her ordinary tones; “you must excuse this emotion, which proves that a woman is after all but a great baby; it is over now,” she continued, passing before me with head erect. “Have the goodness to follow me, Doctor; my husband requires your assistance; he is wounded.”

I could not restrain an involuntary exclamation. “Wounded!”

Doña Sélénia turned, and, bending her dark brows, looked at me scrutinizingly. “Yes, wounded,” she repeated; “yesterday, on his return from the *hacienda*, his revolver fell, and one of the barrels was discharged.”

“And the ball lodged in his thigh?”

“No, in his arm; but how did you know?”

“It is an accident of such common occurrence,” I hastened to explain, “that it did not surprise me.” I thought of Ambrosio, and cannot tell what foolish ideas rushed through my brain as I followed the young woman through a large *salon* lit by a single lamp; beneath this lamp was the image of the paron saint of the house, which Doña Sélénia saluted in passing.

“You have come at last,” said Don Manuel, in a voice of evident suffering, as I entered his room; “I have been expecting you since morning.”

The wounded man lay, pale and feverish, upon a folding bed.

“My arm is broken; I cannot move my fingers; if it requires to be amputated, Doctor, you know that I would rather die.”

“That is something that neither your wife nor I would agree to,” I replied, “for what is a limb more or less in comparison with life, above all a happy life? But there is no such hurry; let me first see the extent of the harm done.”

Immediately after the accident, Don Manuel had, according to the custom of his

countrymen, tightly bandaged his forearm so as to stop the circulation, and by this means had avoided all danger of hemorrhage. He bore the painful dressing of the wound very bravely.

"All this is for me, for my sake!" said Doña Sélénia, winding her magnificent arms round the patient, on whom she gazed with passionate tenderness.

"Do not be unhappy; he will be quite restored after a few weeks' careful nursing."

With a quick movement Doña Sélénia seized my hand and kissed it; then, straining her husband to her breast, she laid him gently back upon the pillows.

I was presently startled by hearing a dull, moaning sound proceeding from Doña Sélénia's chamber, and turning towards the door of communication I looked inquiringly at the young wife; she did not lower her eyes, but I fancied she turned pale. "My maid must be dreaming," she said with an evident effort. She disappeared, and another groan, distinct as the preceding one, reached my ears. "Upon my life," I exclaimed, approaching the wounded man, "that does not sound like the cry of a sleeping woman."

Don Manuel endeavoured to sit up.

"You are an honourable man," he began.

"Do not listen to him," exclaimed Doña Sélénia, entering abruptly; "I conjure you by the memory of your mother, señor, do not listen to him! Do you wish me to die?" she continued, addressing her husband; "if so, speak; but I swear to you that I will lie dead ere you have finished."

The beautiful creature stood erect, with dilated nostrils and flashing eyes; she had removed the folds of her wrapper and placed on her bosom the sharp point of a small dagger. "Stop! Stop her, Doctor!" cried Don Manuel, endeavouring to rise; "she will do what she threatens."

His sudden movement disarranged the bandage I had adjusted, and saturated it with blood; at the sight the young wife cast aside her weapon and threw herself at her

husband's feet. "Forgive me," she exclaimed passionately, "this is for me; it is on my account," she repeated, pointing to the blood stained bandages. So soon as the evil was repaired I gravely ordered the most absolute quiet, and Doña Sélénia accompanied me back to the great *salon*.

"Is the master going to die?" inquired two or three Indians who were assembled under the gateway.

"No, he will not even be maimed."

"And the other?"

"The other?" I replied inquiringly.

"Good night, Doctor, we will see you tomorrow," said the voice of Doña Sélénia, who just then reappeared. I bowed, and the heavy door was closed behind me.

Once more at home I tried in vain to return to work; my thoughts wandered in spite of all I could do, and I constantly saw passing before me in procession the pale faces I had lately seen—Count Allegrini, Ambrosio, Don Manuel, Doña Sélénia, and then I heard the stifled groan of that mysterious "other one." Upwards of an hour I sought a solution of the strange occurrences which had taken place during the last two days. Concerning the poor Italian and the banker Lopez I knew at least something—but as for Don Manuel After vainly racking my brains and tormenting myself to no purpose, I did what, under the circumstances, proved the wisest course—fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

THE following day both my patients, Ambrosio and Don Manuel, were better, but during my evening visit to the latter, Doña Sélénia's anxiety was even more visible than on the preceding day. Twice she entered her room, and, hesitating and thoughtful, stopped upon the threshold; while accompanying me to the door she seized my arm and gave it a convulsive grasp. I had tranquilized her concerning

her husband's condition, but she still gazed at me with those large liquid black eyes—eyes that an artist would have dreamed about.

"You are in trouble—you have some secret grief," I said; "will you not confide it to me? The children in town are grievously mistaken in thinking me wholly taken up with my 'beasts' as they call them; nothing which concerns my fellow-creatures is a matter of indifference to me. Speak, then, Doña, that, if it be possible, I may help you." But the young wife was evidently not prepared to make any confidences—she merely bowed, and added "Good night, Doctor, I shall see you to-morrow."

Five days after the affair of Técamaluca I was surprised to find Ambrosio's door guarded by an *alguazil*, and I was only allowed access to my patient after stating my name. Léoncia was, as usual, in attendance. "You see I am placed under *surveillance*, Doctor," said the wounded man with a smile; "I have had visits from judge, clerk, and constable. They maintain that I was concerned in the attack upon the *diligence*, and their examination lasted upwards of an hour."

"You were very rash to return to town! Did you not know that I would come at your first call, no matter where you had taken refuge?"

"But, Doctor, I have nothing either to conceal or to fear."

"People are apt to think that," I replied; "particularly you, who possess so many qualities in common with the *mygale*—fearlessness, coolness, and confidence in your strength."

"And innocence. No matter, Doctor, when the time comes, I defy them to condemn me."

"Are you then willing to go to prison?"

"Quite willing, but I must have forty-eight hours' delay. Do you think you can procure me so long a reprieve?"

"In order to escape?"

"No, you may safely pledge your word as to that. Ambrosio Téjéda will never cause you to break yours by betraying his own. I have business matters to arrange."

"I will go to the judge then, and I have no doubt of your obtaining the time you require."

"Thanks, Doctor, I told Léoncia that we might rely upon your good offices."

I took leave of my patient and hastened to the judge's residence, where, as it appeared, my visit was by no means unexpected. As Ambrosio's dwelling was carefully guarded, I easily obtained the short extension of time in his favour. When the necessary order had been signed the judge invited me into his study and begged me to be seated. Count Allegrini's death had made a great stir in the country, and the members of the diplomatic corps, headed by the Piedmontese Ambassador, had demanded a vigorous prosecution of the bandits from the President of the Republic. The police of the State of Puebla was on the alert, but there was every reason to believe that the culprits were concealed in the district of Orizava. A victim was required to satisfy the foreign ministers, as several of their countrymen had been robbed and murdered, and all guilty parties were to be sent to Mexico, where capital punishment awaited them. The judge questioned me anew, and I could but repeat what I had previously told him. I was preparing to retire when he begged me, rather mysteriously, to grant him a few minutes' further conversation.

"Don Manuel Mendez is wounded," said he abruptly; "how does he account for his wound?"

"In the most natural manner possible. It was the result of an accident."

"Similar to that of Ambrosio?"

"Exactly so."

"Does not this strike you as being rather strange? Do you know, Doctor, that two communications have been sent to me

(anonymously it is true), indicating Don Manuel as the perpetrator of the outrage which resulted so fatally to Count Allegrini?"

"Don Manuel is an honourable man, señor," I replied; "besides, he is the richest proprietor in the town."

"Tell me frankly, Doctor, for you owe me a statement of the truth, have you noticed nothing peculiar during your visits at his house?"

"Nothing that could justify your suspicions."

"I beg you to remember that they are not my suspicions. These accusations appear fully as despicable to me as to you; on the other hand, neither the Government nor the city would pardon a false step which would be an insult to one of the first men of the Province. Where is it, pray, that Don Manuel claims to have received this wound?"

"On the road to his *hacienda*; accordingly in an entirely different direction to Técama-luca."

"Was he alone?"

"I really do not know."

"You have visited Silverio Dominguez; where is he hiding?"

"I do not understand to what you are alluding."

"Since the day on which the *diligence* was robbed, Silverio Dominguez, whom a *ranchero* believes to have seen in the company of Don Manuel, has not reappeared at his dwelling."

"All this is news to me," I exclaimed. "But is Silverio also accused of this crime? Let us talk common sense, señor. Silverio is a wild fellow, always in search of adventures; and I have frequently prophesied that he will come to grief in some fandango; but when it comes to his being accused, in company with Don Manuel, of robbing the mail-coach—why no one is safe, and I do not see how you and I escape suspicion,—more especially I."

"That is what makes the matter so dis-

treassing to me," exclaimed the judge. "Ah, Doctor, in your country a magistrate is fortunately not obliged to hunt up criminals; they are brought before him, and his duty is merely to judge. Here it is quite a different matter. Still, how can I search the house of your patient, who last year was our mayor; or, still worse, subject Doña Sélénia to a painful and humiliating examination? On the other hand, there is my duty, the President's orders, and the diplomatic corps, who unanimously demand either the guilty party or their passports."

"Let them have their passports by all means," I laughingly replied.

"Easy enough to say, Doctor, but pray where would the treaties be in such a case? However, we will not talk politics. I can see but one way out of my difficulty, and in that I require your assistance. I know of no one else who can inform Don Manuel with all necessary precaution of the accusations brought against him, which it must be an easy matter for him to refute. His wound is causing much talk. If I do not at once act in the matter, the people will accuse me of partiality, if I take a false step, this same people will be just as ready to mob me, for daring to lay hands on one of its idols, for Don Manuel belongs to the opposition. Will you put yourself in my place, Doctor?"

"What are you driving at?"

"I wish you to acquaint Don Manuel, or, in case his state of health does not admit it, Doña Sélénia, of the accusations brought against him—prepare them for a visit from me and my clerk—a friendly one, of course. This mode of procedure will at all events show them that I am not wanting in respect."

I reflected for a moment. Silverio's disappearance recalled to me Doña Sélénia's reticence, her violent threat of stabbing herself, and the moans of that "other one." Something strange was evidently taking place at my patient's house, and he must be grateful if I gave him notice of a visit which he

was far from expecting. I was to see Don Manuel at five o'clock, and it was arranged that the judge should make his appearance at six.

CHAPTER IV.

THE old clock on the parish church was striking half-past five when I entered Don Manuel's house. I found him reclining in an easy chair, Doña Sélénia by his side. The countenance of the latter bore traces of fatigue; her eyes seemed to close involuntarily, and the rich crimson of her lips had paled. I found that she had insisted upon sitting up at night, and lectured her, as in duty bound to do. Quite regardless of my lecture, she rose to offer me her chair, and, with the peculiar grace of her countrywomen, seated herself on the matting between her husband and myself. It was then that the task imposed upon me by the judge assumed its most perplexing aspect. No mortal who has not attempted it can imagine how difficult a thing it is to tell an honourable man that he is suspected of being a scoundrel. After the usual professional questions, the result of which was not altogether satisfactory, I launched forth, from sheer embarrassment, into dissertations on the weather; thence I digressed to my researches in natural history. When I went so far as to draw a comparison between the neck of my favourite spider and that of Doña Sélénia, the young beauty could not restrain her merriment, and I immediately profited by her momentary gaiety to broach the subject with which I was specially charged.

I had scarcely uttered the first word when Don Manuel drew himself up, and Doña Sélénia's eyes grew larger than usual. In order to prove to my listeners how utterly ridiculous the accusations appeared to me, I spoke as lightly as possible of the demands of the diplomatic corps and Silverio's disappearance, concerning which Don Manuel was to be examined in a friendly manner,

since, according to the information laid before the magistrate, he had been seen talking to this scatterbrain. I was still speaking when the judge was announced. His suspicions were probably more serious than he had allowed me to perceive, for he entered the room followed by his clerk, and in the corridor I could hear the sword of the *alguazil* resounding on the marble pavement.

I stood up—Doña Sélénia hastily approached a table, on which she leaned for support, while Don Manuel endeavoured to rise, but was restrained by me.

"What is your pleasure?" he enquired of the judge, without returning his salutation.

"First of all, to ask your pardon for the painful step to which I am forced, señor," courteously responded the magistrate. And seeing that Don Manuel accorded him merely an angry stare, he continued—"And to examine you, as a matter of form merely, concerning your wound, your absence from the city during the attack upon the *diligence*, and the disappearance of Silverio Dominguez."

"And should I refuse to reply?"

"Then, señor, to my great regret, I shall be obliged to proceed in the name of the law, and shall hold an investigation, with the single aim of satisfying public opinion, as I am convinced of your innocence."

Don Manuel became livid. He looked about furiously, until he encountered his wife's gaze fixed upon him; then the expression of his countenance changed, and turning towards the judge he said: "You are mistaken, señor, in thinking me innocent; I attacked the *diligence*, and killed Count Allegrini."

At this declaration, Doña Sélénia fairly bounded towards the magistrate; her magnificent hair had become loosened, and framed her countenance in its blue-black waves.

"It is false!" she said in short, dry tones, and, raising her hand as if about to take an oath, "you must see that he is speaking a

lie." The judge's small eyes blinked; he was stupefied like myself, and did not reply.

"Be silent!" exclaimed the young wife, approaching her husband. "Be silent! for I shall speak, though I be choked with shame. He has spoken a falsehood, señores; listen."

Doña Sélénia's eyes had assumed a wild, almost savage expression; she looked like a lioness who sees danger threaten her young, and prepares to spring. "He would perjure himself," she repeated with raised voice; "he is ready to die and give himself to the executioner. They will kill you!" she exclaimed in despairing accents, throwing herself before the wounded man, and straining him passionately to her breast. "Did you not hear what the doctor said? They will kill you! It must not be; you shall live, live for me."

The judge's eyes never wandered from the beautiful creature; she walked restlessly up and down the room, when the door opened and revealed the *alguazil* surrounded by five or six other officers; then she confronted the magistrate.

"He loves me," continued she—"he is suffering, and is willing to die. Yesterday . . . no, the day before yesterday . . . Thursday. Can you not help me?" she said, angrily turning to me—"you know well enough when it was—that cursed day."

Touched with compassion, I took her burning hand: "Calm yourself," I said; "wait a little." . . .

"Until they have taken him away and killed him," exclaimed she violently, pushing me away.

"No, I shall not wait. Listen; you must be a witness. Be silent," added she to her husband, beside whom she knelt down once more—then hastily rising, she walked towards the judge, stammered a few incoherent words, and raising her hand to her breast with an expression of agony, she said in hollow, heart-rending tones: "I cannot! my God, I cannot!"

I had felt the presence of mystery in the house, but nothing so terrible, so painfully touching as the scene I was now called upon to witness. Doña Sélénia had wound her arms round her husband, and the unfortunate man, whose wound she was unconsciously bruising, fainted away. The syncope was not attended with any danger, and the young wife, distressed and half mad as she was, did not even perceive what had happened. Suddenly she turned towards the door of her room, which she threw open.

"There!" she said, through her clenched teeth; "there lies my lover. Don Manuel returned home unexpectedly and surprised us—me and that man who is about to die. . . . They fought. Can you understand now why he accuses himself of robbery and murder—why he offers his head to the executioner?"

In her rage, with sparkling eyes, dilated nostril, and trembling from head to foot, Doña Sélénia was magnificent. Step by step, backwards, without even downcast eyes, she returned to her husband's arm-chair, then sinking down at the feet of the still senseless body, covered her face and remained silent.

In her room, whither I now hastened, there was frightful disorder—a broken mirror, furniture upset, and on the bed, with a bullet through his breast, lay Silverio dying.

"What a tragedy!" said the judge, who had followed me. Our old proverb always holds good, Doctor: "you seek the man and find the woman." Who would have believed that this proud daughter of Hidalgos . . . But how is all this to be kept secret?"

That was no business of mine. I was already attending to the dying man, having summoned a servant to bring linen and warm water. The judge commenced questioning the woman.

"Mercy, señor!" exclaimed she, "we have scarcely been able to live here these four days past. The señor was going to kill himself, so was the señora. God be praised, you are going to put matters right!"—

When we returned to the room where we had left Don Manuel, we found Doña Sélénia anxiously watching her husband, with one hand resting upon his shoulder. He had regained consciousness, and breathing gently with half-closed eyes, he appeared to be sleeping.

The judge bowed gravely and crossed the room. I followed his example, and Doña Sélénia accompanied us.

"Are you satisfied?" enquired the young wife bitterly of the magistrate—"do you require to know anything further?"

"I wish I could be silent," replied he; "but the death of Don Silverio, which the doctor says is imminent, will force me, even in Don Manuel's interest, to state the cause of his death."

"I have sacrificed my honour," said the Doña, whose eyes were filled with tears. "I have now but one wish left—to compel my husband to live."

The judge took his departure. When Doña Sélénia heard the heavy door close, she approached the little image of her patron saint, and prostrated herself in silent prayer before it.

Yielding to her wishes, I returned to spend the night with the dying man, who breathed his last towards four o'clock in the morning. When I cautiously communicated the fact to Doña Sélénia, she became ghastly pale, but with great self-command came and knelt down for a moment by the victim's bedside; then she returned to Don Manuel, whose state of stupor began to be alarming. Towards ten in the morning, magistrate and clerk came to make their official report. In the evening Silverio's body was removed. As Doña Sélénia accompanied me to the door I found Léoncia awaiting me outside. Ambrosio had just been taken off to prison. The grief of the beautiful girl as she clung to me seemed deeply to distress Don Manuel's wife, who insisted on making her enter to be comforted.

Great misfortunes bear with them this that

is good and salutary : they humble our pride, and remind us that we are dependent one upon another.

CHAPTER V.

ONCE more the curiosity of the female portion of the inhabitants of Orizava was fully aroused, but this time it was directed into a new channel. My fair patients were again attacked with a multiplicity of little maladies, and sent for me under pretext of prescribing for their ailments, but in reality to extract from me particulars of the grand scene of which I had been an unwilling witness. To the honour of the town of Orizava be it spoken, that Doña Sélénia's case was the first of the kind which had occurred for the space of fifty years, in the class of society to which she belonged; for in spite of their beauty and coquetry, the daughters of "the Valley of Waters" are excellent mothers and faithful wives; consequently the robbery of the *diligence* and Count Allegrini's death were considered very secondary crimes in comparison with that of Doña Sélénia.

Don Manuel, after passing through a terrible crisis, was once more convalescent. During the three weeks he was in danger his wife never left his bedside a single instant; in vain I urged her to take care of herself. She lavished no end of tenderness on the patient; no spoilt and wilful child was ever treated with so much self-denial by an over-indulgent mother. Every one was surprised to hear me speak in terms of admiration of Doña Sélénia: it seems indeed as if a woman who fails in her conjugal duties must be utterly incapable of fulfilling any others. The fair sex are not by any means lenient in their judgment of one another. Occasionally I met Léoncia at Don Manuel's; the beautiful girl seemed to have become attached to Doña Sélénia, whose beauty was of a type somewhat similar to her own. The judge still continued his interrogations and official

reports; he wished to know, see and comment upon everything, and could speak only of the robbery. I was often struck by his ardour and the sagacity of his deductions, and could not help thinking what a pity it was a mind like his had not been devoted to science, and for a time had serious thoughts of inducing him to become my auxiliary and share my researches; but I soon saw how futile such a plan must be, as he was too much wrapped up in the affair of the *diligence* even to become interested for more than a moment in the wonderful *mygale*.

Ambrosio, now almost entirely recovered, complained but little of his confinement; he was well treated, and as Mexican prison fare was very scant, he received a visit twice every day from Léoncia, who brought him supplies of food. One morning I met the judge in radiant spirits.

"I hold the guilty party at last," he exclaimed, gleefully rubbing his hands, "and I assure you, Doctor, it has cost me not a little trouble. I thought at one time I should lose my senses in endeavouring to unravel this mysterious business."

"Had it not been for your research, the honour of Doña Sélénia and her husband would be still intact," I sadly replied; "take care that you do not make another mistake."

"A mistake, Doctor! that is surely a most undeserved reproach. You forget that sooner or later Don Manuel would have been forced to explain Silverio's death; besides, you know that I acted entirely without malice in that affair. If Don Manuel did not kill Count Allegrini, he killed another man, and deserved to be punished. Do you consider one month's confinement too much for such a misdeed?"

"Do you count his lost honour as nothing?"

"Whose fault is that? Would you believe it, Doctor, that until yesterday I actually thought that Don Manuel might, after all, have been implicated in that attack on

the stage-coach; his business matters are embarrassed, and there was certainly more than one discrepancy in the statement of his servants. It might have been on his return from that nocturnal expedition, instead of from his *hacienda*, that the Don interrupted the *tête-à-tête* which ended so fatally for the gallant. Now, however, I know the truth; and, pardon my saying so, had I listened to you, the murderer might be far enough by this time."

"Of whom can you be speaking?"

"Of Ambrosio Téjeda."

"Ambrosio guilty! Have a care, señor; a man's life is at stake."

"He admits his guilt himself."

"Ambrosio confesses to having attacked the *diligence*! Am I still at liberty to visit the prison?"

"Certainly, but I must tell you he is to start for Mexico to-night. I would not have the responsibility of guarding such a fellow. I will follow him speedily," continued the judge, "for I expect this will secure me promotion."

Leaving the magistrate I directed my steps towards the prison.

"I expected you, Doctor," said Ambrosio; "have you come to buy my body for dissection?"

"I am in no jesting humour," said I; "neither can I look upon you as a murderer. Count Allegrini was killed while defending himself. Do you know that you are to be taken away to-night?"

"Yes, and all my preparations are made."

"Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing; unless, indeed, to put a red thistle in your button-hole until further orders."

"How could you have been foolish enough to remain here after the news which came from Mexico?"

"The fox is cunning, Doctor; yet he is caught some time."

I shook hands warmly with the poor fellow; the emotion which I could ill disguise

seemed to touch him deeply, and both his hands returned the pressure of mine. Towards evening I saw Ambrosio pass my house, bound on a mule, and escorted by a guard of twenty persons; he greeted me, and I felt obliged to plunge into my studies to distract my thoughts. So deeply did I become interested in the subject under contemplation, that it was striking three o'clock when I was roused by the trampling of horses. Putting my head out of the window, I inquired of the night-watchman "Who are those men galloping along at this hour?"

"They are the fugitives from the escort of Ambrosio Téjéda, señor."

"The fugitives?"

"Yes; the escort was attacked in the pass of the Cumbres, and Ambrosio was set free."

I burst out laughing, not because the judge had lost his expected promotion; still less on account of the discomfiture of the diplomatic corps; but I was pleased that Ambrosio had escaped the horrible torture of being garrotted.

CHAPTER VI.

TIME, the great restorer of things animate and inanimate—Time, the helpmeet of nature in all her gigantic works, possesses the sovereign power of assuaging grief, lulling hatred, calming the passions, and bringing oblivion of all sorrows. One year after the events recorded in the preceding pages, even the diplomatic corps remembered no longer the murder of Count Allegrini, and the relations of Mexico with foreign powers had never been better. No one knew what had become of Ambrosio, and probably no one thought of him except myself, when fastening in my button-hole the red thistle which had been so becoming to the dark beauty of Léoncia. Don Manuel's own dwelling had been assigned

to him as a prison for the space of one month; and Silverio, having no relatives, was already forgotten—for Mexican justice is naturally indulgent. Doña Sélénia had been put under the ban of the town; all doors were closed against her, and even the Municipal Council considered it their duty to exclude her from their official fêtes. The young wife struggled in no manner against this social ostracism, but was seen more than ever on the promenade, at bull-fights and at church, crushing her rivals by the elegance of her toilette, her beauty and haughty carriage. 'Tis true that wherever she went a vacant space was left around her, and only the young men—to whom Silverio's death should have been a warning, proving that Don Manuel was not to be trifled with—were attentive to the beautiful delinquent. In vain did I attempt occasionally to say a word in favour of Doña Sélénia; the women only smiled sarcastically, and bade me return to my studies instead of defending her. When, driven to my last resources, I mentioned her rare beauty as exposing her to admiration and temptations unknown to other women, my fair patients shook their heads, and, appealing to my memory, reminded me that they also had been beautiful (in the case of one or two this statement was doubtless correct), and yet morality had not been the loser by their charms. Nevertheless, without attempting to justify the past, with which I was only too familiar, or defending the present, of which I knew but little, I could not do otherwise than relate the praiseworthy devotion and touching care which Doña Sélénia had shown at the sick bed of her husband. The latter had forgiven her, but public opinion, a greater royalist even than the king, accused him of weakness on account of his forgiveness.

One day husband and wife had invited me to dine with them, and literally overpowered me with kind attentions. After dinner, while we were enjoying a cup of coffee, my host asked me to inform him of

the result of my studies concerning the *mygale*. At first I begged to be excused, as the subject appeared to me rather a serious one to discuss before a lady. However, when Doña Sélénia herself asked me to accede to her husband's request, I could no longer refuse. In order to give my auditors a better idea of the subject, I accorded a passing notice to those natural historians who had made spiders their especial study, and Cuvier, Tréveranus, Savigny, Dufour, Meckel, de Serres, Walkenaer, de Géer, had each the honour of being discussed; finally I mentioned Lamarck, who was the first to separate arachnoids from insects, and this brought me at last to my own particular studies about the *mygale*.

Dona Sélénia, who at first appeared rather inattentive, now became visibly interested; she allowed herself to glide from the sofa until she was seated on the matting which covered the floor; then, leaning her head against her husband's knee, she listened eagerly. When I came to the little episode of having surprised two *mygales* in their nest, one of whom, lamed and mutilated from a recent combat, had essayed to flee while her companion advanced threateningly towards me in order to protect the wounded one, Dona Sélénia raised her head slightly and fixed her beautiful dark eyes upon me. Intent on my recital, I related how, after having taken the two arachnoids prisoners, I perceived that the female had sacrificed herself in order to defend the male—a touching example of conjugal love. As I uttered this last sentence Dona Sélénia covered her face and sobbed aloud; Don Manuel turned pale, and gazed at me with a bewildered air. I hastened to take leave, when Dona Sélénia stood up, and, although she did not try to detain me, held out her little hands and gave mine a friendly pressure as if to grant a tacit pardon, which I could not implore without putting the finishing touch to the awkwardness I had already been guilty of.

Doña Sélénia had always been a fearless

rider, and now she devoted herself more than ever to her favourite pursuit of horsemanship. I often saw her pass my windows, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by her husband or a servant. One afternoon she halted in front of my residence, and came into my study. I rose eagerly to greet her and offer her a seat.

"Never mind," she said; "I want to see your spider—the one whose history you related to us."

She stepped back on seeing the size of the arachnoid, and gave a little cry; by degrees, however, she approached again, and accepted the magnifying glass I offered her.

"Can these animals think?" she inquired, after a long silence.

"They have at least the organ which fulfils this function—that is to say, a two-lobed brain."

"And have they feeling?"

"They defend their young with their life."

"And their husbands!"

I hastily changed the conversation by making my visitor observe some of the peculiarities which render the *mygale* worthy of the attention of one learned—but she took leave hurriedly.

Several times, and at long intervals, she revisited me, and although ever haughty and ironical at the commencement of our conversation, she soon became gentle, affable and kind. One evening, as I was returning from the *hacienda de la Perle*, I stopped my horse on the summit of the vast amphitheatre formed at this point by the valley of Orizava. My back was towards the volcano; the sun was slowly disappearing behind the ancient pine trees which crown the mountain crests, and the Escamela rose like a pyramid in the centre of the green valley; at its foot lay the city, fair and white, with its fourteen Moorish turrets dividing it into regular squares, while the sky, tinged with a soft crimson glow, and spotted as it were with the eagles and kites that hover continually over the summits of the Cordilleras,

lent to the river flowing beneath a beautiful, rosy tint. A slight noise caused me to turn, and I beheld Dona Sélénia advancing.

It was a long time since I had seen the young wife, and I was struck with the change in her appearance; she looked pale and worn, and her dress was very simple.

"You also are admiring the valley," said I.

"No," was her calm rejoinder, "I admire nothing."

"You would be less than woman if the wondrous spectacle lying before our eyes did not waken some responsive chord in your soul, heart or mind. See, the sun is folding all around us in a purple mantle, and these beautiful tints will linger a minute or two after he has set. It is already dark behind Mount Escamela, and the eagles are lowering their flight. How still it is! It seems almost as if all nature kept silence to listen to the tones of a mighty voice."

"You are a poet, Doctor."

"Occasionally, like every one else," I replied. "Now we have twilight and shadow, the nightingale's soft note is still heard, the air becomes fresher, and the perfume of the plain is borne to us on the breeze. Hark! once more the same mighty voice," I continued, as from the distance the sound of the Angelus bells came floating to our ears.

"I do not admire," replied my companion in trembling tones. "That city despises me," she added, stretching forth her arm; "well, we are even, for I return its scorn."

I looked at the young wife; large tears were rolling down her cheeks. What could I say? How could I comfort her? She relieved my embarrassment by asking me to assist her to mount; then silently we walked our horses down into the valley, and by degrees lost sight of the city amid the trees. As we reached the ford of the river, Dona Sélénia halted; the sky was still ablaze, but night was coming on apace, and the warbling of the birds was dying away.

"You are right, Doctor," she said; "the

works of God are beautiful; but tell me, do you also despise me?"

"No," I replied, for I understood her secret wound; "have I not seen you for a whole month devoted, attentive, at Don Manuel's bedside?"

"What does that avail in comparison to one hour's forgetfulness? One single hour, and, no matter what has gone before—what one may do henceforth—life is blighted for ever! Is this justice?"

My heart was too full for utterance. Dona Sélénia held out her hand, and at first I did not perceive her gesture. "It is loyal," she pursued; "for that reason I offered it to you;" then, without giving me time to reply, she put spurs to her horse and was soon out of sight.

Very soon I was called upon to attend her; she was seized with slow fever, and failed visibly. The cause of her illness was a purely mental one; in spite of her pride and haughty bearing, the young wife could not bear without grief the reproach resting on her. I dared not speak plainly on this subject, lest I should awaken painful reminiscences in Don Manuel, but I urged him to take his wife away from Orizava without delay. My entreaties, however, added to those of her husband, were of no avail with Dona Sélénia; she would not consent to leave the city in which she had been born, where her father and mother slept their last sleep—the city which had proved so pitiless for her fault, and whose harshness was killing her. Don Manuel was constantly by her side, and, in despair at not being able to distract her thoughts from distressing subjects, his strength seemed to be failing likewise. My presence, care, and conversation seemed to comfort her, and, perceiving this, I devoted to her the hours which I had formerly given to study. In my long career, which has obliged me to see human suffering and misery under every aspect, there is one thing I have never yet learned to look upon unmoved—when Death lays his iron hand on

the young and fair, who seem formed only for happiness. The young wife had not left her easy-chair for a long time; she spoke but little, and never complained. Often she would rest her head upon her husband's shoulder and look upon us with a tender smile; then, closing her eyes, sleep peacefully as a little child. One evening she fell asleep—but this time it proved the "sleep that knows no waking."

I thought Don Manuel would have committed suicide, and placed him in charge of one of the monks of St. Francis. Dona Sélénia's death did not absolve her in the eyes of her compatriots, and I alone walked behind her coffin, which the custom of the country forbade her husband from following. When the remains of her who had been the beautiful and proud Dona Sélénia had been consigned to their last resting place, I returned to Don Manuel. I found him gloomy and haggard, like a person deprived of reason; the following morning he had disappeared, and I, as well as the whole town, thought he had sought death in one of the many precipices surrounding Orizava.

This afternoon, July 16th, 1849, a lay brother from the monastery of St. Joseph came to my house and placed in my hands a voluminous package, which I opened with

deep emotion as I recognized the handwriting of Don Manuel.

Am I dreaming? Don Manuel is in a monastery, whose threshold he will never cross again, and has made me his executor. I am to divide the whole of his fortune between the banker Lopez and the heirs of Count Allegrini. Dona Sélénia was innocent; she sacrificed her good name to save the life and honour of her husband, who, in company with Silvério, had robbed the mail-coach to repair his shattered fortunes. Dona Sélénia, aided by Léoncia, more completely to baffle suspicion had prevailed upon Ambrosio to confess himself guilty. What a revelation! And to think that I had divined nothing of all this! The truth overpowers me, and I must proclaim it.

At the peaceful hour of sunset, when the heavens are clothed in rosy tints and soft purple clouds sail along the sky—when the eagles, kites and vultures hover over the valley, I was at the grave of the heroic and sublime young wife. And when the careless multitudes now thronging this great city shall know the truth, they too will come with one accord to prostrate themselves before her tomb, and pronounce with admiration the name of her whom they disowned, now deaf alike to censure or to praise.

I am wandering! Dona Sélénia is not in the shadow beneath that marble slab—she sits above, in Everlasting Light.

THE IROQUOIS.*

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

WHERE the fiery tribes through the wilderness fled,
The Iroquois fell like a thunderbolt dread ;
What the rush of the torrent, the sweep of the waves,
Compared to that terrible army of Braves !

Like the track of the pestilence slaying at noon,
Like the wake of the tempest that darkens the moon,
Like the wail of the forest when crackling with flame,
Was the fate of the tribes when the Iroquois came.

Like the lean, haggard wolf, when with hunger pressed sore,
Their rage must be sated with slaughter and gore ;
Like the spring of the tiger, the grip of the bear,
Or the swoop of the eagle careering in air.

Dread scourge of the forest ! Swift Angel of Death !
The winds at thy coming paused, trembling for breath ;
And the stately Algonquin, long feared in the fight,
Hurled his tribesmen in vain 'gainst the Iroquois' might.

Let us pause for a moment and muse on the past,
Amid scenes where Tradition its sunlight has cast :
On yon beautiful isle, on these waters so clear,
The arrowy tempest rolled fitful and drear.

When the sun, like the shield of some warrior god,
Flung his magic pulsations of glory abroad,
Like the yell of a fiend, like a demon of scorn,
The whoop of the Iroquois startled the morn.

And down on the warlike Algonquins they sweep
Like hail on the flowers ; with laughter and leap ;
With shout of defiance, with blow meeting blow,
The intrepid Algonquins advance on the foe.

* From the new (MS.) Edition of "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay."

Like the conflict of icebergs on wide polar seas,
One impelled by the current, one urged by the breeze,
So rolled up the welkin, like Fate meeting Fate,
The crash of the onset, the hate of their hate.

And through the wild uplands, through island and glade,
The gleam of the tomahawk reddened the shade ;
Swift arrowy showers, Brave pressing on Brave—
Such courage as theirs was not born with the slave.

Now break the Algonquins, now rally again,
Round some resolute chieftain who burns with disdain ;
Like the herd round the stag when he standeth at bay,
So reliant and stately they fronted the fray.

Down sudden as lightning the Iroquois came,
And enveloped the foe with the heat of a flame ;
Back rolled the Algonquins, as rolleth the tide,
To return at the flow in its fulness of pride.

Thick fly the swift arrows ; for vengeance they call ;
Like ripe leaves in autumn the stricken ones fall ;
But each warrior chief, with the scorn of his race,
Dreads the carnage no more than the toils of the chase.

Every sweep of the tomahawk, reeking and red,
Like the stroke of a fate swells the ranks of the dead ;
And the resolute tribes, with their wild battle-cry,
Press full on the slaughter, disdain to fly.

Some gloomy Algonquin stands firmly alone ;
His companions have died without murmur or groan ;
As the sea, lashed to fury, rolls loud in its might,
He leaps on the foe with a frantic delight.

O pride of the forest ! all vainly they strive ;
The Iroquois, swarming like bees from the hive,
Pour down their swift arrows as thick as the rays
That stream from the sun on the bright summer days.

Dispersed through the woodlands, dispersed o'er the stream,
The scattered Algonquins revengefully dream ;
While far in their wake, in defiance and scorn,
The whoop of the Iroquois startles the morn.

COWPER.

IT may be doubted whether Cowper has ever been placed historically quite in his right place, or duly appreciated as a moulder of social sentiment. M. Taine's account of him is certainly defective in this point of view. His influence is like that of the shower which has sunk into the ground, and is seen in flowers and verdure, but is itself little remembered. Only those who study the history of literature as a portion of general history are aware how important a part was played by Cowper.

Literary analogies are apt to be fanciful. There is not much sense in calling Racine the French Shakspeare, or Klopstock the German Milton, or Carlyle the English Jean Paul. But we should point to a real analogy, and one important to the literary historian, in calling Cowper the English Rousseau. The influence of Cowper was only national, while that of Rousseau was European. But in other respects the resemblance was strong. Not only had both the same sensitive and febrile nature, the same silver voice, the expression of a feminine tenderness of mind, but they came into collision with the same phase of society and attacked it with very similar weapons. Both, besides being eminent as literary artists, were moral and social innovators — Rousseau on a greater, Cowper on a smaller scale. Not that Cowper was a revolutionist. His politics, if he could be said to have any, were those of the orthodox Whig family from which he sprang. He was opposed to the Test Act; he was opposed to the Rotten Boroughs; but he welcomed with loyal verses the restoration of George III. to health and misgovernment; he regarded the French Revolution coldly and with mistrust, though he rejoiced as a philanthropist at the fall of the

Bastille; and his political sentiments are summed up in the well-known line:

“England, with all thy faults I love thee still!”

He differed from Rousseau also in being an earnest Christian, though the sentiments which Rousseau has put into the mouth of his Savoyard pastor are not far removed from the milder and less dogmatic forms of Christianity. But, like Rousseau, Cowper was to a hard age the apostle of feeling; to an artificial age the apostle of nature. Both opened beneath the arid surface of a polished but soulless society fountains of sentiment which had long ceased to flow. Those which burst forth beneath the wand of Cowper became the source of a rill which fertilized the thirsty fields; those which burst forth beneath the wand of Rousseau were the fountains of the great deep, and swelled into a flood which drowned the old French world.

We must call up the picture of the age into which Cowper was born. It was the age which in France ushered in the Revolution—which in England would have ushered in a revolution but for our comparative freedom in Church and State, and did usher in the great changes, political, social, and religious, which are still running their course. It was the age in England of religious scepticism widely pervading the wealthy and educated classes, perhaps even the clergy themselves on one hand, of dry Establishmentarianism on the other, of pastors who were too often Parson Trullibers in the country parishes and heathen moralists in the city pulpits; the age in which we are told, the forms of State religion being still decorously preserved, the strong-minded Queen Caroline, while she was dressing, had prayers duly said by the Court chaplain in

an adjoining room ; the age in which Sterne was near being made a bishop for having written *Tristram Shandy*, and in which prelates with florid faces and cauliflower wigs went to Court to cringe for richer preferment, and came away again to denounce reformers like John Wesley as disturbers of the sleep of the Church. It was the age painted by Hogarth, full of gilded debauchery among the upper classes, of debauchery unglided, but scarcely less coarse, among the lower, with its "Marriage à la Mode," "Rake's Progress," and "March to Finchley." It was the age of Chesterfield, with his manners of a dancing-master and morals of a prostitute, teaching his own son to cultivate a fashionable reputation for adultery ; of Wilkes and Sandwich, Medmenham Abbey and the Hell-fire Club. It was the age of slavery and the slave trade, in which an action was brought in a British court of justice to recover from an Insurance Company the value of some 200 slaves, alleged by the plaintiff to be merchandise lost by the perils of the sea, they having been thrown overboard for fear the vessel should run short of water, though she reached her port before her water was exhausted. It was the age of the old criminal law and the hanging judges, in which Lazarus was put to death for stealing under the pressure of famine the property of Dives to the value of half-a-crown, and seven bishops voted in the House of Lords against the repeal of that Christian law, while at the same time Dives gave himself a plenary dispensation for duelling, gambling, seduction, the commission of outrages in the streets at night, and all the other peccadilloes of a gentleman. It was the age of the old prison system, of the old lunatic system, and of the old educational system with its *propria quæ maribus*, its fagging and bullying, and its compendious substitution of the rod for all the more laborious processes of instruction. It was the age of Walpole and Newcastle, of rotten boroughs, of political corruption, of party without principle, and

rancorous in proportion to the want of it ; when in one of the fierce faction fights which preceded the fall of Walpole, an Opposition member, to prevent a Government member from voting, crossed the House and told him that his son had been lost at sea. It was the age the foremost man of which, Chatham, formally avowed himself a lover of honourable war.

The salt of that world had lost its savour.

"The nurse sleeps sweetly, hired to watch the sick,
Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he,
Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour
To sleep within the carriage more secure,
His legs depending at the open door.
Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,
The tedious rector drawling o'er his head,
And sweet the clerk below."

No wonder then that the general body of society was corrupt.

"Pass where we may, through city or through town,
Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggar'd, every twentieth pace
Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes
That Law has licensed, as makes Temperance reel."

And sights that bespoke cruelty and hardness of heart, bull-rings, cock-pits, stocks and whipping-posts, were quite as common as the fumes that bespoke intemperance.

Very typical of that age is the account given us by its congenial chronicler, Horace Walpole, of the execution of Lord Ferrers for the murder of his servant. Lord Ferrers sets out from the Tower to Tyburn in the Sheriff's carriage and four, the horses adorned with ribbons, the other Sheriff's carriage following behind. Compliments pass between the Sheriff and my lord ; the Sheriff is politely distressed at having to attend my lord on so melancholy an occasion ; my lord is sure that the Sheriff's kind and courteous presence will secure the utmost attention to his feelings, and the utmost care in the use of the dreadful apparatus. Opposite to my lord is the Chaplain, who vainly endeavours to get my lord to preserve the

religious decencies by joining in prayer. Prayer is not fashionable in my lord's circle; but he consents at last that the Chaplain should say the Lord's Prayer, which is not much tainted with superstition, or very objectionable to a person of quality. A soldier, one of the escort, gets his horse's leg in the carriage wheel and is thrown; my lord inquires after him with graceful condescension. My lord wishes, at a certain point of his route, to have a parting interview, not with my lady, but with another lady who has taken my lady's place; but it is suggested by the Sheriff that the interview might unnerve him, and so he contents himself with sending the lady a keepsake. He wants to stop at a tavern and take a glass of wine, but the Sheriff has to inform him that, to his great regret, he cannot comply with his lordship's wish, an Act of Parliament having recently been passed to forbid Tyburn processions stopping at taverns, in consequence of criminals having frequently arrived at the gallows drunk. The drop gallows, in place of the old-fashioned cart, had been invented specially for the benefit of Lord Ferrers, and was now to be tried for the first time; the first trial was not successful, and a hideous scene of butchery ensued; after which the Sheriffs and their party mount upon the scaffold, open a hamper, and enjoy a cold collation. As one reads Horace Walpole or Chesterfield, and as one turns over the prints of Hogarth, one feels that nothing can purify this atmosphere but a tremendous storm. In France the storm came; in England, happily, milder ministers of heaven did the work.

The literature of the eighteenth century, like the literature of all periods, reflected the heart of society, or rather in this case its want of heart. At its head were Gibbon and Hume, and Chesterfield and Horace Walpole, and crowning all, the hard artificial brilliancy of Pope—Pope, who, as Bishop Warburton, the great critical authority of the age, thought,

had by his unapproachable excellence shut the door against all poets for the future—rendering a Cowper, a Burns, a Byron, a Wordsworth, a Shelley, a Tennyson, impossible, or dooming them to be mere satellites of the Popian sun.

Beneath all this, however, still lay the heart and intellect of England. Wesley came to revive religion, and to organize, with a statesmanship equal to his Christian enthusiasm, the spiritual life of the poor; Johnson, to improve the tone of society; Wilberforce and Clarkson, to abolish the slave trade; Howard, to reform prisons; Burke, and Pitt in his better hour, to restore the higher principles of statesmanship, and redeem the character of public men; Cowper, to regenerate poetry, to Christianize it, to elevate it, to fill it again with feeling and with truth. He made, if not the ballads of the nation, the favourite poetry of an important section of it; and the poetry was a not less powerful reformer than the laws. In Scotland, Burns did make the ballads of the nation and he wrought with Cowper as a regenerator of literature; and though they could hardly be expected to recognize each other, Cowper, across the vast gulf of circumstance and association which separated them, just dimly discerned the genius of Burns.

Burns was a peasant. Cowper was a scion of the younger branch of a noble family which owed its honours to success at the bar. His direct ancestor was that Spenser Cowper whose name appears amidst the fierce faction fights of the reign of William III., and who, by the fury of the opposite party, was actually indicted for the murder of a young lady who had undoubtedly drowned herself from unrequited love of him.

At the birth of the poet presided a benignant power, which bestowed on him a large measure of the gifts of genius, and another power not so benignant, which bestowed on him a still larger measure of its sensibility. Blow softly, breezes of heaven, on this tender plant, so frail and delicate, but so

precious to humanity! Be kind and gentle, all influences and surroundings of his childhood! The breezes did blow softly, the influences and surroundings of childhood were kind and gentle, till the boy lost his mother, whose child, more than his father's, he, when analysing his own character in later years, rightly judged himself to be. But his mother died when he was six years old. Fifty-three years afterwards her portrait was given him by her niece. "The world," he says, "could not have furnished you with a present so acceptable as the picture which you have kindly sent me. I received it the night before last, and viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to what I should have felt had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it and hung it where it is the last object which I see at night, and the first on which I open my eyes in the morning." Young as he was when he lost her, old as he is now, he remembers her well, and can attest of his own knowledge the truth of the resemblance. His verses on the picture were written, he says, and we can well believe him, not without tears.

"My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er the sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
 But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
 What ardently I wish'd I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
 By expectation every day beguiled,
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
 I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot."

He remembered, no doubt, only too well. For now the winds ceased to blow softly, the influences were no longer kind. We have no reason to believe that Cowper's father was otherwise than a good father; but he did not understand the child; perhaps not many fathers do. He saw that it was a clever child; probably was ambitious for it; thought it might be, like its ancestors, a successful barrister and a judge; proceeded to do his duty to it by giving it a good education. The little mass of nervous sensibility was taken from the house of a female oculist, with whom he had been placed on account of a weakness in his eyes, and sent, of all places in the world, to Westminster School. The report of the Public Schools Commission, the other day, revealed the existence in Westminster of a system of organized cruelty of the most revolting kind, with a regular nomenclature to correspond. It was pleaded by the authorities of the school that the actual barbarities had ceased to be practised, though the forms and names remained. We hope and partly believe that it was so; but in Cowper's time the system must have been in force; and we can imagine how he must have suffered under it. The recollection of his own experiences, no doubt, gave birth to *Tirocinium*, and we can appreciate his allusion to

"The indented stick that loses day by day
 Notch after notch, till all are smoothed away;
 A witness long ere his dismissal come,
 With what intense desire he wants his home."

He says that he regarded one of the senior boys with such awe that he never dared to lift his eyes above his knees, and knew him better by his shoe-buckles than by any other part of his dress. No doubt, too, he bitterly felt that inseparable evil of the boarding-

school system—that second weaning, as he calls it—too often an irretrievable weaning from home affections and everything in the character that depends on them. He seems, however, in the end to have grown stronger, and to have enjoyed school sports with a relish which would be rendered keener by the sense of emancipation from previous weakness.

The education at Westminster was wholly classical. Cowper became an adept in writing Latin verses, and in after life was fond, as many a classical scholar of sterner mould—Lord Wellesley for instance—has been, of practising this schoolboy art. His master was Vincent Bourne, who, as his pupil says, was the best of the Latinists, and seemed to wish to be the last, so little attention did he pay to the exercises of his boys. He was a sloven in person, and altogether a perfect specimen of the public school usher of those days—a personage who, when the history of the school teacher is written, will fill an amusing page. Latin versification is going out of fashion as an instrument of general instruction, and will soon fall into its proper place as a mere exercise of finished scholars. But it led to a close study of the ancient poets, and enforced attention to form, of which Cowper was a perfect master, so that in him consummate art seems to his reader nature. One of the chiefs of the London press has been heard to say that the only journalists within his experience who had written in good form from the first, were those who had been famous at college for their Greek or Latin.

At eighteen Cowper left Westminster and the classics for an attorney's office, having been devoted to the profession of the law by his judicious parent, who might just as well have devoted the most delicate of his female relatives to the calling of a porter. Three years he spent in the attorney's office; then he took chambers in the Temple to commence his studies for the bar. He need not have told us, as he has repeatedly done, that he did

not read law either in the attorney's office or in Temple Chambers. He wrote clandestine verses and contributed contraband essays to the *Connoisseur*. To the cursory readers of his life it would appear as though he were unique in the history of letters—a poet whose genius had bloomed at fifty. But the fact is, that he had learned his art before he was thirty, and retained it, so as to be able to call it at once into play when a life of sad experience had given him material enough. There is a similar interval between the early writings of Milton and *Paradise Lost*; and we owe to that interval the solid greatness of the man which in *Paradise Lost* underlies the greatness of the poet.

Critics of the sterner cast censure Cowper for his want of energy in his professional studies, for what they call his listless, selfish life. He ought to have devoted himself vigorously, like a conscientious law student and a man of sense, to Coke upon Lyttelton, and to Ferne on Contingent Remainders—that flowery field on which a learned serjeant once said that he could not trust himself to enter lest he should be tempted to expatiate on it too long. But what would have become of *The Task*? Some men Nature intends for lawyers, some she intends for poets. This man she intended for a poet. Paternal ambition and want of insight had set him to the wrong work; he could not do it; nature ought not to let him do it; the veriest pack-horse in the attorney's office could have done it better than he. Through great suffering he escaped from it, and got back to the work which he was born to do. His idleness affords no excuse to other law students, unless, like him, they can write *The Task*.

So with regard to the love affair with Theodora, which belongs to this period of Cowper's life. Why, ask critics of the same school, did he not surmount all the difficulties, thrust aside all the opposition, make Theodora his wife, and enter with her on a course of prosperous industry and domestic

happiness? Because he had not strength for it, and must have felt that he had not strength for it, that he could not breast for his partner the swift current, or support her up the steep hill. Because, in short, he was a poet. In poets, probably, sensibility is always stronger than passion. But there is no reason for doubting that Cowper's feelings towards Theodora were sincere. She, at all events, did not doubt it. She remained attached to him to the end of her life. That he does not mention her in his poems is no proof whatever that he did not remain equally attached to her.

Weakness is never good, always evil. But this man's weakness, like that of Shelley or Keats, was almost inseparable from poetic power of a peculiar kind; and it was aggravated by the misdirection of his course in life, which was the fault of others, not his own.

Now the dark shadow falls on Cowper's life. Some have ascribed his madness to his unhappy love affair, which may perhaps have helped to bring on the crisis. There are traditions also of youthful dissipation: and Cowper had companions in these years—Lloyd, Colman, Bonnell Thornton, Thurlow—who were not likely to lead him into the path of austere virtue. A common belief is that Religion was the demon which filled Cowper's soul with darkness. The study of his life and letters leaves us persuaded that though his madness took a religious, or we should rather say, a theological, form—religion was not the cause. Certain dark and irrational doctrines may perhaps have had a bad effect; we are inclined to think they had. Otherwise it will appear that Religion was far indeed from being a demon to this afflicted mind. But why search for mysterious causes? Look at that face, marked in every feature and every line with quivering sensibility, which only happy surroundings and congenial work could have saved from self-torture and despondency. Then think of the lonely life in Temple Chambers, the uncon-

genial calling, the dingy room, the yellow parchments, the rows of law books bound in law calf—this year after year, with no prospect beyond. What but depression, and at last derangement, could result? The crisis came, when sympathizing friends who had great interest got for the shy and melancholy dreamer what they deemed a hermit's place with a good salary, in the form of an almost sinecure office—the Clerkship of the Journals in the House of Lords. Unluckily, an accident compelled the attendance of the clerk at the bar of the House. At the thought of such publicity, Cowper's mind finally gave way. His friends, gathering in his chamber, saw the sad truth, and he was removed to the house of a physician,—Dr. Cotton.

Hideous records remain in Cowper's works, as well as in the history of his life, of his dreadful malady, and of the propensity to self-destruction by which it was attended. Of these we can only say that madness is mad, and that afflicted human nature is pitiable.

The kind society of the good physician, in whose care the patient was placed did, perhaps, at least as much as his art to effect a temporary cure.

Discharged from Dr. Cotton's house, Cowper went to take up his abode at the secluded town of Huntingdon, to be near his brother, who was a fellow of a College at Cambridge. But solitude at Huntingdon would have been only some degrees less injurious than solitude in the Temple. What this patient wanted was, above all things, a happy home, and next to that a congenial occupation. Luckily he had a talisman which opened a happy home to him. It was said of Burke that you could not have stood under a doorway with him to take shelter from the rain without finding out that he was great. It seems that you could not meet Cowper in the church walk without finding out that he was charming. Young Mr. Unwin, the son of a clergyman resident

in the place, was at once attracted to the stranger, and introduced him to his father and mother, with whom Cowper thenceforth found a home. It was a very religious home. In one sense it was much too religious. Breakfast between eight and nine—reading the Bible or sermons till eleven—then church—dinner at three—then religious conversation and hymns—in summer an evening walk—then religious exercises again—such a round of existence is ecstasy and asceticism, not spiritual life. But let those who have carefully followed the traces of Cowper's religion in his poems and letters say whether it was not, on the whole, a happy influence, and one that brought him sunshine and peace of soul. It was so when he was in health; when he was diseased his disease tinged his religion. But it was not the religion that produced the disease. Cowper's religion was what we call Evangelical, making the love of Christ all in all. It had an affinity to the mysticism of Madame Guion, some of whose writings Cowper translated. But there was nothing in it, when the man was sane, of terror or gloom, though there was always in it a certain pensiveness, as of one who had barely escaped from the wreck of the soul.

“I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since: with many an arrow deep infixed
My panting side was charged when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One who had Himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side He bore,
And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live.”

Distinctly Evangelical the religion of Cowper was. The Olney Hymns would not suit a High Churchman or a philosopher; but it would be strange if any one could read them and think that religion was the source of the writer's hypochondria.

Thus Cowper writes of himself:

“The deceitfulness of the natural heart is inconceivable; I know well that I passed

upon my friends for a person at least religiously inclined, if not actually religious; and what is more wonderful, I thought myself a Christian when I had no faith in Christ; when I saw no beauty in him that I should desire him; in short, when I had neither faith nor love nor any Christian grace whatever, but a thousand seeds of rebellion instead, evermore springing up in enmity against him. But, blessed be God, even the God who is become my salvation! the hail of affliction and rebuke for sin has swept away the refuge of lies. It pleased the Almighty in great mercy to set all my misdeeds before me. At length, the storm being passed, a quiet and peaceful serenity of soul succeeded, such as ever attends the gift of lively faith in the all-sufficient Atonement, and the sweet sense of mercy and pardon purchased by the blood of Christ. Thus did He break me and bind me up; thus did He wound me, and His hands made me whole. My dear cousin, I make no apology for entertaining you with the history of my conversion, because I know you to be a Christian in the sterling import of the appellation.”

This language is peculiar, of course; some would say irrational; though it seems difficult to show why there may not be a beginning of spiritual as there is of animal and moral life. But who can see, in this quiet and peaceful serenity of soul which succeeds the storm, the source of melancholy madness?

Cowper's religion was not one of good works, but it was one which produced good works; perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that his love of Christ produced works of Christian love. Now and through life he was active among the poor, both in religious ministrations and in works of charity.

Of course, religion in so sensitive a breast was itself sensitive; it was apt to lead to excessive self-inspection and self-reproach. Cowper gives young Unwin a letter of intro-

duction to his relative, Mr. Cowper, of the Park House, Hertford—a very natural proceeding. But afterwards he discovers, or fancies he discovers, that pride and vain-glory lay at the bottom of the act, and that his secret object had been to show Unwin that “the fellow Cowper,” as some Philistines at Huntingdon, in ignorance of his history, presumed to call him, had relatives among people of quality. This he confesses to his cousin in a letter which is a moral curiosity, and both by its weakness and its gracefulness strongly reminds us of Rousseau. But, as has been already noted, a comparison of the lives of Cowper and Rousseau will show what Christianity did for Cowper. Rousseau’s religion was a religion of good works; it was that or nothing. And what were the good works of Rousseau? Sending his own children to the Foundling Hospital.

Cowper had not been very long settled with the Unwins when Mr. Unwin was killed by a fall from his horse. And now arises the great historical question, whether Cowper intended to marry the widow. Evidence apparently strong has lately been produced to show that there was an engagement, which was broken off by the recurrence of Cowper’s malady. To one of his letters he appends the postscript—“N.B. I am not married;” as though he meant altogether to deny the report. Mrs. Unwin was ten years older than himself. But we need not trouble ourselves with the discussion of an unfulfilled contingency. The recurrence of the malady barred all such thoughts, if they had been ever entertained. What resulted in effect was a tie singular as the circumstances which gave birth to it. Mrs. Unwin henceforth was everything to the gifted and afflicted being whom the course of events had consigned to her care: and he was, if possible, more than everything to her. Scandal must have been famishing if it could have found food in such a connection. Mrs. Unwin’s self-devotion, like all self-devotion,

was no doubt its own reward: but we all owe her a deep debt of gratitude.

“The Poet’s lyre, to fix his fame,
Should be the Poet’s heart;
Affection lights a brighter flame
Than ever blazed by art.”

So wrote—so, no doubt, intensely felt Cowper. Probably it is true generally that genius is most inspired when surrounded, not by intellect, but by affection. But assuredly this was the case with the genius of Cowper. Lloyd, Bonnell Thornton, Colman, Thurlow, were men of powerful intellect, and in their society Cowper became a maniac and a castaway. Mrs. Unwin was a woman of ordinary intellect; but in her society, with hardly any other companion, Cowper became a poet, and one whose name is blessed for ever.

The pair removed from Huntingdon to Olney, where Cowper enjoyed what he deemed a great privilege in the religious friendship of Mr. Newton; though for him Mr. Newton was not the most desirable of religious friends, being somewhat austere, somewhat dogmatic and technical, somewhat over-occupied with questions about legality and conversion. It is not, however, I am persuaded, to intercourse with Mr. Newton, or any other religious influence, that we are to ascribe the recurrence of Cowper’s disease. It is rightly described as a disease, whatever may have been its origin, whether physical or mental. For five years Mrs. Unwin, his sole companion, nurse and comforter, went through a trial far severer than that of attendance on any ordinary sick bed. At last her self-sacrifice was rewarded: light dawned again upon Cowper’s darkness, and, in spite of some passing clouds, never ceased to shine till she who was its earthly source was herself shrouded in night.

Hitherto Cowper had been without an occupation, in the absence of which it was impossible that he should not brood over his own state and his own sorrows; that re-

ligion itself should not contract in him something of the morbidness of a mind naturally active but unemployed. In a propitious hour it was suggested to him that he should take up his pen again ; though past fifty, he found, when he touched the strings, that they still responded to his touch ; he was a poet and a happy man. With the sense of power in writing came the desire of publishing—of fame ; and with the desire of fame came religious qualms as to the lawfulness of seeking it. These qualms are laid bare in a letter to Lady Hesketh ; he generally chooses lady confessors. He ends, however, with—"Set me down, therefore, my dear, for an industrious rhymer, so long as I shall have the ability ; for in this only way is it possible for me, so far as I can see, either to honour God or to serve man, or even to serve myself."

To publish was to be criticized ; and much adverse criticism Cowper could hardly have borne. A little seems to have thrown him into a fit of despondency, from which he was revived by a report, seasonably sent him, of the approbation of Benjamin Franklin. But he was living in such seclusion that the voice of praise or censure must have come to him almost from an alien shore. He had no fear of seeing a hostile review reflected in the faces of those around him. Mrs. Unwin was no critic ; and the rustics of Olney and Weston just knew enough about his authorship to do him the honour of asking him to write the verses at the foot of the parish bill of mortality, which he did with perfect readiness for several successive years. Fancy the same request preferred to Tennyson !

Cowper's first considerable work was the *Table Talk*, which had not much success at the time, and which it is difficult to read now. Its chief charm lies perhaps in its being written not merely for the sake of writing, but with a moral purpose—with a real desire to make society better and more Christian :

"Me poetry (or rather notes that aim
Feebly and vainly at poetic fame)
Employs, shut out from more important views,
Fast by the banks of the slow-winding Ouse ;
Content if, thus sequestered, I may raise
A monitor's, though not a poet's, praise,
And while I teach an art too little known,
To close life wisely, may not waste my own.

"Thus have I sought to grace a serious lay
With many a wild, indeed, but flowery spray,
In hopes to gain, what else I must have lost,
The attention pleasure has so much engross'd.
But if unhappily deceived I dream,
And prove too weak for so divine a theme,
Let Charity forgive me a mistake
That zeal, not vanity, has chanced to make,
And spare the poet for his subject's sake."

In the censorious parts of the poem there is too much tartness, as Cowper was told, and as he acknowledged at the time ; but there is no malignity. Those who care to renew their acquaintance with *Table Talk* may be recommended to note the passage on the Fox-hunter, that on the Retired Statesman, and the paraphrase of the Gospel narrative of the two disciples going to Emmaus. The last is an instance of vivid realization without anything repugnant to good taste.

After *Table Talk* came *Tirocinium*, or a *Review of Schools*. Much of *Tirocinium* is applicable, happily, only to the coarse, hard, cruel and vicious public schools of those days. But the passages on the general ill effects of boarding schools in estranging the boy's heart from home and home affections, on the dangers of the prize system, and on the narrowness of mere grammar learning, and the expediency of blending with it some knowledge of the universe, may be still read with practical interest. In general it may be said that the teachings of the poem were new and needful in that day, while they have become the accepted creed and the commonplace of ours.

Tirocinium was followed by *The Task*, Cowper's great work, and the one on which his fame mainly rests. *The Task* was written under a more powerful inspiration than that

of Mrs. Unwin. A visitor from a different sphere came to Olney, in the person of the bright and charming Lady Austen, who was as much delighted with Cowper as he was with her, and whose presence and conversation wrought like a talisman upon his fancy. *The Task* was not only undertaken at her gentle bidding, but produced under her influence. She urged him to try his hand at blank verse, and on his pleading want of a subject told him to write on her *Sofa*. *Fitz surculus arbor*, the motto of the original edition, denotes the growth of a great poem in his quickened and stimulated fancy out of that trifling germ. *The Task* has heavy passages; dissertations that interest us little; and as a whole it would be very misleading if taken as a philosophy of life. But it was the thing needed at the time. It broke through the hard crust of convention, touched the heart once more, awakened feelings of tenderness which had slumbered through an Augustan age, attracted to purer pleasures, to the enjoyment of the country and the fireside; it reconciled literature with religion. Its influence sank deep, though gently as dew, into the national character; and our English love of home and fireside enjoyments has probably received a real and lasting impulse from *The Task*. What is it that lends such a charm to the well-known passages in the "Winter Evening" and the "Winter Morning's Walk"—the justness of the sentiment, the beauty of the language; the music of the verse? Is it not rather the genuine and intense enjoyment which the poet himself feels in all that he describes, and which pervades every description? The snug parlour, with its close-drawn curtains shutting out the stormy winter night, the blazing fire, the steaming tea-urn, the happy home circle, the book read aloud, the newspaper through which we glance from blest retirement into the unquiet world and hear undisturbed the roar of the great Babel, are all realized by the writer with an intensity of heartfelt delight which infects the reader. It is the same with

all the sights, sounds, sensations of home and of the country. Rousseau took the artificial society of French salons by storm with his preaching of Nature; Cowper in a milder way invaded Almack's and Ranelagh with his preaching of home, retirement, and rural life.

Read the first part of the *Winter Evening*, and consider it not with regard to its poetical merit, but with regard to its place in the history of sentiment; compare it, not with anything that has come after, but with Pope, Dryden, Prior, anything that had gone before; you will see at once how new was the chord it touched, and how great the effect has been.

We are now accustomed to the minute and loving truthfulness in painting Nature which marks Turner and the pre-Raphaelites in painting, Tennyson and his school in poetry, Ruskin in poetic prose. But when Cowper wrote, Nature had been forgotten and fashionable poets had substituted something which they found, or fancied they found, in the classics, and which was really as false and worthless as, according to Ruskin, is the landscape of Claude. Thomson was better; but even he had Virgil's *Georgics* at least as much as English country life and the sights of an English landscape in his mind.

"And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth
And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire—
Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.
Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjured up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene!
Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His labouring team that swerved not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy!
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain

Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
 Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
 Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
 Stand, never overlook'd, our favourite elms,
 That screen the herdsman's solitary hut ;
 While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
 That, as with molten glass inlays the vale,
 The sloping land recedes into the clouds ;
 Displaying on its varied side the grace
 Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
 Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
 Just undulates upon the listening ear,
 Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.
 Scenes must be beautiful which, daily view'd,
 Please daily, and whose novelty survives
 Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years—
 Praise justly due to those that I describe."

Here is the hand of a true and loving painter. We stand with him and Mr. Unwin on yon eminence in the ruffling wind, scarcely conscious that it blows, and with them feed admiration at the eye on the details so vividly presented of the English rich champaign which spreads below. From the sight of the country the poet passes to the sounds :

" Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
 Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
 The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds
 That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
 Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
 The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
 And lull the spirit while they fill the mind ;
 Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
 And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
 Nor less composure waits upon the roar
 Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
 Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
 Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
 Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
 In matted grass, that with a livelier green
 Betrays the secret of their silent course.
 Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
 But animated nature sweeter still,
 To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
 Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
 The livelong night : nor these alone, whose notes
 Nice-fingered Art must emulate in vain,
 But cawing rooks and kites that swim sublime
 In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
 The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
 That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.

Sounds inharmonious in themselves, and harsh,
 Yet, heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
 And only there, please highly for their sake."

In this affection for the humbler and less comely, as well as for the grander and more beautiful parts of nature—for the cawing rook and for the boding owl, as well as for the mighty winds that sweep the skirt of the far-spreading wood—do we not recognize the spirit of Wordsworth? How unlike anything in the poetry of what we call the Augustan age !

Here, in contrast with Cowper's landscape, is one by Pope. It is a description of a scene not without special beauties—Windsor Forest :

" Here waving groves a checkered scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day,
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress ;
 There interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
 The trees arise that share each other's shades ;
 There in full light the russet plains extend,
 There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend :
 E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
 And midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
 That, crowned with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn."

Evidently Pope wrote this, not on an eminence in the ruffling wind, his eye feeding itself upon the landscape, but in his study, with his back to the window, and the *Georgics* or some translation of them before him. With his face to the window he could not have seen the low Berkshire hills wrapt in clouds on a sunny day, or a sable desert in the neighbourhood of Windsor, or fruitful fields arising in it, and crowned with tufted trees and springing corn. All this was evoked out of the inner consciousness of the Augustan Pope.

We have said that *The Task* would be misleading if it were taken as a philosophy of life. It speaks of the pleasures of retirement, not of the duties of action. It tends to epicureanism, pure and beautiful, but still epicureanism. We close our shutters and

draw our curtains, and shut out a world to which, nevertheless, a recluse owes everything that makes retirement enjoyable or even civilized. That newspaper through which we peep so self-complacently into the great Babel, with all its turmoil and all its wickedness, is written and printed in the great Babel, and brought—at least it was brought in Cowper's time—by the postman with "spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks," to us who are sitting snugly by our fireside. That fragrant lymph which is poured for us by the fair in the cups which cheer but do not inebriate, is borne over the sea by the trader, who must encounter all the moral risks of a trader's life as well as the perils of the stormy wave. It is delivered at our door by—

"The waggoner, who bears
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes and puckered cheeks and teeth
Presented bare against the storm,"

and whose callousness and coarseness are the inevitable consequences of a hard calling which ministers to our ease and refinement. If God made the country and man made the town, the country without the town would be munching acorns; and whence but from the town came all the mental culture, the knowledge of humanity, the stores of thought, that made Cowper's retirement interesting and fruitful? However, Cowper, we must remember, was a worker; and writing good poetry we may be sure is not easy work. His sympathies ranged beyond his hermitage, and, as we have said, he was always active among the poor. No mere intellectual voluptuary can take advantage of his example.

As the author of *The Task*, Cowper deserves a place among the restorers of Christianity by the side of Wilberforce, Wesley—whose labours among the Cornish miners he blesses in the *Table Talk*—and John Thornton, who was his friend and supplied him with the means of almsgiving, and

we should in justice add Mrs. Hannah More. His poetry also ministered to all the Christian movements and reforms of the time,—the reform of education, the abolition of the slave trade, the repression of debauchery, gambling and brutal sports, the condemnation of war, though on this last subject his conventional patriotism rather interferes with his teachings as a philanthropist and a Christian. He protests too against the misgovernment of India, while he yields to the claim of old friendship in saying a good word for Warren Hastings.

The happiness, intensified by the sensibility of Cowper's nature and by his former sufferings, with which friendship and poetry had filled his heart, played like a fountain of light over all the incidents and surroundings of his life. Mrs. Throckmorton's bullfinch, Mrs. Montague's feather hangings, an ink-glass, a flock of sheep frightened by the noise of the hounds, a halibut served up at dinner, the finding of the heel of an old shoe, the killing of a snake in the garden, a cat accidentally shut up in a drawer, a flatting mill, the arrival of a friend wet after a journey, are sufficient to elicit a little jet of delight which takes the form of one of those charming minor poems of which we find many in every good collection of our lyric poetry, especially in the best of all collections, Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," and which perhaps will live longer than the more elaborate works. The most joyous of all the minor poems and a real addition to the world's hilarity, is John Gilpin, which marks the culmination, the flood-tide of Cowper's happiness, when he was being inspired by Lady Austen. She told him one evening the story of John Gilpin. Next morning he came down and said that laughter had prevented his sleeping, and that he had turned the story into a ballad.

The source of melancholy, however, was still there, and sometimes with the sparkling tide of joy mingles something from "the darker urn." The piece called *The Shrub-*

bery, for instance, is one of the proofs of Shelley's saying, in the divinest of his own poems, that "our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought." It bears the heading, "Written in a Time of Affliction :"

"Oh, happy shades—to me unblest ;
Friendly to peace but not to me !
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree !

This grassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders, quivering to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if anything could please.

But fix'd, unalterable Care,
Foregoes not what she feels within,
Shows the same sadness everywhere,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleased in wood or lawn,
While peace possessed these silent bowers,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Has lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tread
This moss-grown alley musing, slow ;
They seek like me the secret shade,
But not like me to nourish woe !

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste,
Alike admonish not to roam ;
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrows yet to come."

In a poem quoted before we seemed to hear the voice of Wordsworth ; in this we seem to hear the better of the two voices of Byron.

The elixir which produced *The Task* and *John Gilpin* was withdrawn. Something passed or some state of feeling arose—so it seems—between Lady Austen and Mrs. Unwin, which made Cowper feel it necessary to write Lady Austen a letter of farewell. The letter has not been preserved, and therefore the mystery which hangs over the affair is undisputed. Undisputed, so far as we are concerned, it may remain. Take the most uncharitable hypothesis. Suppose, to put it plainly, that Mrs. Unwin was jealous of Lady Austen. Consider the nature of the tie between Mrs. Unwin and Cowper ;

what she had done for him—what, as a natural consequence, he had become to her, and the sentence upon her will hardly be severe.

Exhausted, no doubt, by original composition, Cowper sought relief in the comparatively easy work of a translator, and spent some years in his translation of Homer. The work is now seldom taken from the shelf by any one but a professional critic. It has its merits : it is correct, dignified, in good taste, shows command of language ; bears, in fact, about the same relation to Homer which Carey's translation bears to Dante. But it is not Homer. No translation is Homer. No skill in versification or mastery of language will ever reproduce in any other tongue and metre those billows of Homeric song, rolling free and sunlit, like the waves of the Ægean in a fresh gale under a bright sky. Lord Derby's translation is highly creditable to the scholarship of a statesman, as well as a pleasant proof of the interest which public men in England retain in classical studies ; but, if the truth must be told, it resembles Homer much as his lordship's family chariot might resemble the chariot of Achilles. Cowper, however, sees the true law of translation. He sees that it must be free ; that it will not do to copy the original, as a picture is copied in embroidery ; that the poet's thoughts must be received into the mind of the translator, and reproduced by him in a poetic form. This Coleridge has done in that most excellent work of its kind, his translation of Wallenstein. In no other way is it possible to produce a real equivalent of a great poem.

"All this time Cowper was writing his letters to various correspondents. They are the most charming letters, the very best specimens of epistolary composition in the English language. Perhaps they have few rivals in any. They range over all subjects, grave and trivial, sad and gay, reflecting the whole life ; expressing at once, with transparent clearness and with perfect grace, all

the emotions of the writer. All the little incidents of his secluded life are recorded there, and, slight as they are, they are made interesting by the manner in which they are told. The letters are, in fact, another set of minor poems, without the restraints of verse: but all is nature and simplicity, far unlike the studied compositions of Horace Walpole and the stilted epistles of Pope. One cannot produce specimens, like the brilliant and no doubt carefully studied letter of Madame de Sevigné on the Orleans marriage, because the excellence of Cowper does not lie in the brilliancy of single letters, but is diffused in artless and unforced beauty over them all.

From Olney, Cowper and Mrs. Unwin had removed to Weston, where they had for a time the society of the Throckmortons, who lived in the great house near their cottage. But otherwise their life remained one of complete seclusion, their joint existence being bounded by their tea-table and their walks, Cowper's by his books and his correspondence. In the great world without the eventful years roll on; the French Revolution advances with thunder tread; throughout Europe the old régime is arming against the new era; but none of this touches Cowper's life. His letters are dated 1788, 1789, 1791, 1793, the year of the Terror; but there is hardly a reference to the social earthquake which was laying thrones and churches in the dust, and filling English society with panic. There is just a passing expression of joy at the fall of the Bastille. In a letter written in the critical year 1790, however, Cowper has a few lines which, compared with the frenzy of Tom Payne on one side and of Burke on the other, show that a poet need not be always wanting in balance and sense:

"The French, who, like all lively folks, are extreme in everything, are such in their zeal for freedom, and if it were possible to make so noble a cause ridiculous, their manner of promoting it could not fail to do so. Princes

and peers reduced to plain gentlemanship, and gentles reduced to a level with their own lacqueys, are excesses of which they will repent hereafter. Differences of rank and subordination are, I believe, of God's appointment, and consequently essential to the well-being of society; but what we mean by fanaticism in religion is precisely that which animates their politics, and unless time should sober them, they will, after all, be an unhappy people. Perhaps it deserves not much to be wondered at, that at their first escape from tyrannic shackles they should act extravagantly and treat their kings as they had sometimes treated their idols. To these, however, they are reconciled in due time again, but their respect for monarchy is at an end. They want nothing but a little English sobriety, and that they want extremely. I heartily wish them some wit in their anger, for it were great pity that so many millions should be miserable for want of it."

There is a strong aristocratic tinge in one sentence; but otherwise it would not be easy, in the light of subsequent experience, to find fault with any part of this estimate of a situation which some of the strongest heads of that day fatally failed to understand.

But the sand of the hour-glass had now run. Returning one day from a walk, Cowper was met by a friend whose face bespoke ill news. Mrs. Unwin had been struck down by paralysis. She recovered partially, Cowper hanging over her in her illness as she had hung over him; and they went together to pay a visit to the poet Hayley, at Earham, in Sussex. The journey took them three days; and Cowper had with the greatest difficulty nerved himself for this unwonted and tremendous enterprise. He was very happy with Hayley; but he soon felt a desire to shrink back again into his hermitage. The extensive view at Earham gave him great pleasure at first; but soon he began to find it oppressive; and probably people disposed to melancholy

will do well to choose a home view and shun a distant one. So Weston received him again. But now the light of his life grew pale, and flickered on the verge of extinction. Mrs. Unwin was sinking into imbecility. And as she sank, the fiend whom her affection had held at bay began to wave his dark wing closer over her unhappy friend. There are few things in literature like the *Lines to Mary Unwin*, and the poem called the *Castaway*. Art is an intellectual process which can hardly go on in the same mind and at the same time with strong emotion. So that what we have in poetry is generally not the expression of emotion actually felt at the time, but of emotion remembered or imagined, and then wrought upon by the poetic intellect. The very dates will show that this is the case with the emotion depicted in Tennyson's "In Memoriam." But in Cowper's *Lines to Mary* we have the direct outpouring of anguish; in his *Castaway* we have the direct outpouring of despair. The art in each case is nothing; the emotion is all, though emotion has taken the form of perfect art. It is surprising that Mr. Palgrave should not have admitted the *Castaway* into the *Golden Treasury*; the *Lines to Mary* are there.

Even the gentle pedantry and pomposity of Hayley cannot spoil the pathos of the closing scene. The suffering pair had been removed from Weston to a residence in Norfolk, where they were more under the care of friends. On the morning of Mrs. Unwin's death, Cowper, now himself sunk in mental depression so as hardly to take notice of anything that was going on about him, said to the servant who opened the window of his chamber, "Sally, is there life above stairs?" He saw Mrs. Unwin in the afternoon, half an hour before her death. In the evening he went out, with the friend in whose care he was, to see the corpse, looked at it for a few moments, started suddenly

away, says Hayley, with a vehement but unfinished sentence of passionate sorrow, and never spoke of her more.

He lived more than three years after Mrs. Unwin's death in a night of dejection, which, however, was broken by a few twilight intervals of comparative health and even of literary activity. The *Castaway* was the last poem which he wrote, and there is a strangeness which may be almost called awful in the artistic beauty of this terrible *De Profundis*. In one of the Olney Hymns there is an apologue of a drowning sailor—but there it is an apologue of mercy: in the *Castaway* it is an apologue of despair.

"I therefore purpose not nor dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

"No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone;
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he."

These are the last words of one of the gentlest, purest, most pious souls of that time.

It is needless to say that Cowper's despair was mere physical depression; that at all events it could have nothing to do with his moral state, or with his position in the eye of God. If many poets have possessed higher gifts, few have made a better use of the gifts which they possessed. English poetry has no purer name. Equal in purity is the name of Wordsworth. The virtue of both was somewhat fugitive and cloistered, to use Milton's expression, and owed its spotlessness to a seclusion from humanity which in both cases narrowed the range of poetry. But both names are written in light.

OLD LETTERS.

(From "London Lyrics," by FREDERICK LOCKER.)

OLD letters ! Wipe' away the tear
 For vows and hopes so vainly worded ;
 A pilgrim finds his journal here
 Since first his youthful loins were girded.

Yes, here are wails from Clapham Grove ;
 How could Philosophy expect us
 To live with Dr. Wise, and love
 Rice pudding and the Greek Delectus ?

How strange to commune with the Dead !
 Dead joys, dead loves ;—and wishes thwarted ;
 Here's cruel proof of friendships fled,
 And, sad enough, of friends departed.

Yes, here's the offer that I wrote
 In '33 to Lucy Diver ;
 And here John Wylie's begging note,—
 He never paid me back a stiver.

Here's news from Paternoster Row ;
 How mad I was when first I learnt it !
 They would not take my Book—and now
 I only wish that I had burnt it.

A ghastly bill ! "*I disapprove.*"
 And yet She helped me to defray it :
 What tokens of a mother's love !
 O, bitter thought ! I can't repay it.

And here's a score of notes at last,
 With "love" and "dove," and "sever" "never,"—
 Though hope, though passion may be past,
 Their perfume seems as sweet as ever.

A human heart should beat for two,
 Despite the taunt of single scorers ;
 And all the hearths I ever knew
 Had got a pair of chimney corners.

See here a double violet—
 Two locks of hair—a deal of scandal ;
 I'll burn what only brings regret—
 Go, Kitty, fetch a lighted candle.

LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

By LOUISA MURRAY, *Author of "Carmina," &c.*

CHAPTER XII.

KATHARINE KIRWAN.

CAPTAIN MANSELL was a retired naval officer, who had been obliged to leave the service from chronic ill-health, the result of fever contracted on the African coast. Having heard much of the mildness and salubrity of Wicklow, he had lately purchased Fairy Lodge, and come to reside there that he might try the effect of united sea and mountain air. There was a Mrs. Mansell, who had been a beauty, and was still a pretty woman, gentle and amiable, and very much attached to her husband, but she, too, was an invalid. They had no children, with busy little feet and merry little voices, to waken joyful echoes in the house; and their lives were singularly devoid of any healthful interest in the world about them, and of all rational amusements or occupations. From the time Captain Mansell got up in the morning till he went to bed at night (and he rose late and retired early), his chief end and aim seemed to be to shorten the day. He had no taste for art, science, or literature; cared little about politics, and less about agriculture or gardening; and his state of health would have precluded him from fishing, shooting, or other country sports, if he had had any liking for them, which he had not. Breakfast, the daily paper, a short saunter about the lawn to give him an appetite for luncheon; after lunch a drive with Mrs. Mansell, and a nap till dinner; tea immediately after dinner, and another nap till bed-time, filled up his days. Mrs. Mansell's life was just as

inane and purposeless. She had a house-keeper who took all domestic concerns off her hands; her delicate health did not permit her to go into society, except so far as to pay and receive an occasional morning visit; and her greatest enjoyment seemed to be to lie on the sofa in her dressing-room, and look at her maid making up dresses which she seldom wore, or altering them to suit the changing fashions of the seasons.

Suddenly into this dull and stagnant atmosphere came Katharine Kirwan, like summer sunshine and fresh breezes into a room from which light and air had been long excluded. Her father and mother had been suddenly summoned to the sick bed of their youngest son, at school in Germany, and as his recovery was likely to be slow, and the physicians had decided that he could not be moved for some time, it had been arranged that while they remained with him Katharine should stay with her Uncle and Aunt Mansell. Neither Captain nor Mrs. Mansell had seen her since she was a child, and self-absorbed as they were, they rather dreaded her coming, lest she should, as they said, put them out of their ways. But her bright beauty, her gay sweet nature, won their hearts at once, and wrought upon their dull spirits like some magic elixir. Ere long she contrived to make her uncle take some interest in his flowers and fruit trees, and in the splendid Black Spanish fowls which had been the pride of the late owner, but had been utterly neglected since they came into Captain Mansell's possession. She coaxed her aunt into the broad terraced walk, by the red brick garden wall, where

the tall flowering hollyhocks grew, and the stately peacocks sat in the sun till they caught sight of Katharine, when they came fearlessly forward to eat bread crumbs out of her hand. She even induced Mrs. Mansell to make some attempt at arranging the flowers she gathered in the handsome vases hitherto left empty, though she was generally called on to complete the work—for Katharine, Mrs. Mansell said, could always make her bouquets look like a picture; and then, lying back with a sigh of satisfaction, as if she had well earned the privilege of rest, she contentedly watched her niece's deft fingers, by a few light touches, bringing out such grace and harmony of colour and form as would have delighted the most fastidious of flower-painters. Captain Mansell soon found immense pleasure in the mild excitement of limping after Kavanagh, his gardener, and occasionally giving directions, and suggesting alterations which his ignorance of such matters usually made quite impracticable; but Kavanagh, a good-tempered, knowing Irishman, very soon, in his own phrase, "took the length of the Captain's foot," and while he pretended to obey his master's commands, or made some wily excuse for not doing so, always managed to have his own way. And a little talk with Kavanagh about vegetables, the best kinds to have, and the best manner of raising them, to say nothing of a little harmless gossip about people and things in general, which Kavanagh judiciously administered, made the good Captain's days much less wearisome, for Nature *ought to be*, and Man, as we know *is*, "perennially interesting to man." Mrs. Mansell, who but for her indolence would have been really charitable, was inspired by Katharine's spontaneous sympathy with all who were in need, to do many kind acts to her poor neighbours, which she had never thought of doing before; sending something nice to tempt the appetite of the old and sick, or giving a frock or jacket to some ragged little one.

And after a while, with Captain Mansell's willing consent, she exerted herself so far as to give little garden parties and carpet dances to the young people who had called upon Katharine—entertainments without any pretension, and requiring little trouble or expense, but apparently giving great enjoyment to all who shared in them, and much satisfaction to Captain Mansell and herself. And thus, through the scarcely conscious influence of one bright spirit, the narrow and closed-up sphere of their thoughts and feelings opened and expanded, and something of that zest and flavour of existence which indolence and selfishness can never know, and which had long vanished from their lives, returned once more.

Many of her young acquaintances chose to pity Katharine for being obliged to share the dull life of her uncle and aunt, even for a short time. But Katharine was never dull—did not know what dullness was. She found interest and amusement in all Nature, and the longest summer day was not long enough to weary out her active mind and fertile fancy. She had friendship and fellow-feeling for all animals, wild birds, and even tiny insects. Wild flowers and weeds, as well as the wealth of the garden, had exhaustless charms for her. She did not stop to meditate and philosophise on their uses or moral teachings, like the melancholy Jacques; life was yet in the spring and play-time of the year with her. She had been happy all her life, having scarcely known a cloud on the sunshine of her days, except that which her young brother's illness had cast, and which the assurance that his recovery was only a matter of time had quickly dispelled: her simple wisdom and spontaneous goodness sprang from no stern teachings, but wholly from the true and loving instincts of her heart. To all her fellow-creatures she showed a sunny, genial, sweet nature, but above all to the poor and humble; for them she had always warm sympathy and active kindness, and by them

she was always adored. She could not pass the beggar at the gate, the dirty little child at the cabin door, without a friendly word and pleasant smile. And, with all her brightness and joyousness, Katharine could be grave and thoughtful. She was a passionate lover of music, poetry and song, and often, in the soft evening twilight, when alone or with some privileged listener, sang mournful ballads; or played some passionate "song without words," with a deep pathetic power that might have moved the sternest to tears, and that told how deeply and truly her heart could feel the sorrow that is in life, not for herself only, but for others.

But just now sorrow seemed very far away from her; a pale, shadowy phantom, whose cold icy breath could not enter that region of radiant warmth, and light, and bliss, into which her life had of late been raised.

The only intimate friends the Mansells had in the neighbourhood were the Wingfields, whose fine old place, Dunran, was about a mile from Fairy Lodge. They belonged to a very old county family, much respected for high and honourable conduct, liberal spirit, and enlarged philanthropy; and all the good qualities of the race seemed to have culminated in Dr. Wingfield, the present head of the house, and his son and heir, Frank. He was an LL.D. of Oxford, a learned linguist and archæologist, a man of simple tastes and rare benevolence. His wife had died soon after the birth of her first child, and he had never married again, his sister, Miss Dicy, having kept house for him, and given a mother's care to little Frank. She was now sixty years old, simple and unaffected as a child, a true Sister of Charity among the poor, idolizing Frank, whom she regarded as absolutely perfect, and fully persuaded that her brother was the most learned man in the world. Of the most serene, happy, contented disposition, she yet considered that her baptismal appellation had been a misnomer, and always ignored it if she possibly could. Certainly

all who knew her would have said that some simple household name, homely and familiar, yet not without sweet and sacred associations, such as Mary or Elizabeth, ought to have been hers; and the godmother who had been allowed to choose the baby's name was certainly not gifted with prevision when she gave her the classical one of Eurydice. Miss Dicy had no sympathy with Greeks or Romans, or any other heathens, as she herself would have said, and nothing less classical than her round little face and figure could well have been imagined. From her earliest childhood she disclaimed her incongruous appellation, and ignoring it even more completely than the victim of ambitious nomenclature in the *Spectator*—who never ventured to sign more than the initial P. of Ptolemy—did his, she would acknowledge no name but the humble pet one into which *Eurydike*, with all its grand and pathetic associations had been degraded. As time passed, very few people remembered that she had ever had any other prenomens than Dicy (the c, of course, being soft, as in those days the classical pronunciation of Eurydike would have been thought barbarous), and by this odd name she was known and beloved by all who came near her.

The only other member of the family at Dunran was Frank, to whom the reader has already been introduced, and who, if not altogether perfect, as his aunt believed, was sufficiently handsome, clever and good, to excuse her very pardonable partiality. He was nearly seven-and-twenty, and as he was the only hope of the house, his father had long wished him to marry, but he had never seen any one whom he had for an instant thought of making his wife, till he met with Katharine Kirwan. With her he at once fell deeply in love, and, as we have seen, not in vain. The same evening that his *tête-à-tête* with Katharine had been interrupted by Maurice Byrne and the Fenian organizer McCann, and again by some of her young friends, he contrived to find ano-

ther opportunity of speaking to her alone before he left Fairy Lodge, and then won from her a confession that she returned his love. And forthwith both entered into veritable Fairyland! Not a cloud was in the distance to darken their bright horizon. Though Frank thought himself as little worthy such a pearl beyond price as Katharine, as Katharine believed herself unworthy Frank's transcendent merits, there was little doubt that her father and mother would give a willing consent to their marriage; for besides his wide influence and large property in the county, his high character and able management of his father's affairs had long been publicly acknowledged. Captain and Mrs. Mansell thought him the wonder of his time; Captain Mansell "wished he could see him first Lord of the Admiralty, as he had a far better judgment as to what the service required than the present blundering head of naval affairs, who understood them no better than a marine;" and Mrs. Mansell thought "if the Government knew what it was about, it would make him Lord-Lieutenant at once, as then Ireland would at last have a ruler who would know how to keep down the lawless spirit of the people, and do justice to all men without fear or favour." As for Dr. Wingfield and Miss Dicy, they were almost as much in love with Katharine as Frank himself. The Doctor told his sister that she was the most charming girl he had met with for years, and would make a perfect wife for Frank.

"Dear brother, if I had said that you would have called me a matchmaker," said Miss Dicy, with a well pleased smile, "but I am glad you think so, for it is exactly my own opinion."

"But don't go and tell him so," said the Doctor, "men don't like to be dictated to in such matters."

"I don't mean even to hint at such a thing," said Miss Dicy, "though I don't think Frank would mind *me*."

No, Frank would not have minded her,

nor anybody else. No stratagems or manœuvres, well meant or otherwise, could have made him think more, or less, of Katharine. He was not a man to be moved by other people's opinions, and his love for Katharine was not of that languid kind which required the breath of opposition to blow it into a flame. He could not have loved her better if their course of true love had had as many obstacles to encounter as that of Romeo and Juliet.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT MALACHY BRIDE FOUND IN BLACK TOM'S CELLARS.

IN a pretty room lighted by two windows, through which tall crimson roses peeped—one window fronting the first rays of the morning sun, the other catching the last gleams of sunset—in a little French bed, Katharine lay wrapped in a light morning slumber, and dreaming, as it seemed, sweet dreams. There were bright bits of colour in the room, a pink-bordered paper on the walls, a toilet service of pink and white china, books bound in blue and gold on the table, and a flower-stand filled with scarlet geraniums; but all the draperies of the bed were of snowy whiteness, and threw out more vividly the raven tresses of hair twisted round Katharine's head, the long black lashes resting on her soft clear cheeks, faintly flushed with sleep, and the rosy lips round which a happy smile flickered. The sun, not long risen, peeped in through the open window, partly shaded by white muslin curtains and the climbing red roses; and as a ray of light touched Katharine's pillow, and then wandered to her cheek and brow, she smiled more brightly and slightly stirred. At the same moment a strain of music was heard beneath, at first soft and low, but presently rising into louder and clearer

notes, growing gradually wild and thrilling. It was peculiar music, somewhat like a flute or flageolet, but different, and as Katharine, roused by the half sad, half inspiriting strains of Cathal's *Farewell to the Rye*, sat up and listened, she recognized the serenader and his instrument at once. Putting on her dressing-gown, she went to the window, and, drawing back the curtain, looked out.

Seated half-way up a huge ash tree, which grew not far from Katharine's window, with his legs crossed comfortably under him, was a small, slight boy, who might have been any age from ten to fifteen, playing with his lips on an ivy leaf. He was as brown as a gipsy, with black hair and eyes, and a wild, restless, somewhat elfish cast of face, but there was shrewdness, too, and plenty of fun in it. This boy, who was known by the name of Malachy Bride, had first appeared in the neighbourhood three or four years before. No one knew who he was, or whence he had come, and his account of himself was mysterious enough. He had never had father or mother that he knew of, he said; an old woman whose Christian name was Bride, and who was never called by any other, had brought him up. She lived in a little hollow in the glen of Imale, on the side of Ceadeen mountain, and made out a miserable living by selling crystals, pieces of mineral ore, magnets, and sometimes a garnet or beryl stone, which she found among the rocks, to tourists. She was good enough to him, he said, but he believed she was very old, and at last she grew too feeble to climb the rocks and search for their treasures. Then she took Malachy by the hand and crawled to the nearest farm house.

"Get out your horse and cart, good man," she said to the farmer, "and for the love of the dear God send us to the poor-house—bad scran to it! I'm going to die, but if it wasn't for the child I'd never darken the dirty doors of it, but lie down among the stones and heather and die in peace!"

Poor old Bride's death soon followed her admittance into the poor-house, and then Malachy, who had pined like a caged wild bird, ran away. Avoiding the houses of gentlemen and rich farmers, lest he should be sent back to the dreaded poor-house, he fearlessly entered the cabins, where he was always welcome to a share of their potatoes and milk. At night he slept under a rock or a haystack, or in any snug spot he could find, and in this way wandered from one mountain and glen to another, till he reached the fertile valleys stretching down to the sea. It was then the middle of harvest, and, as he was singularly quick and handy, he soon learned to rake and bind, and found plenty of work among the farmers. But though far from being an idiot, his brain was wandering and unsettled, and his temper whimsical and capricious; he was soon tired of steady work, and never stayed long in one place, taking long fits of idleness after brief spells of work. Often he did not enter a house for weeks, sleeping in some heathy hollow, living on the trout he caught in the streams with a rod, line and hook of his own manufacture, a wood quest* which he sometimes knocked down with a stick from her seat in some thickly branched tree in the very heart of the wood, and wild berries; or, if these failed him, he could put up with a snared blackbird or thrush, a raw turnip, or, as he said himself, *anything*, till he tired at last of cold and starvation, and went back to work again. Wild and unmanageable as he was, every one was good to him. The women pitied him for his forlorn and friendless condition, and were charmed with his memory for old tunes, and marvellous gift of drawing music from an ivy leaf; the men liked him for his merry humour, his quickness and handiness; while his wayward, restless, wandering disposition made him looked upon as half-witted, and gained for him that compassion and indulgence which the Irish

* Wood pigeon.

peasants always show to such hapless unfortunates. He might have had constant employment and kind treatment at Dunran, but Miss Dicy having insisted on his letting her teach him to read, he fled from the house, and could not be induced to return. Similar capricious ways sorely tried his best friends, and made some of the old believers in fairy superstitions shake their heads, and declare that he looked and acted more like a changeling than one of God's innocents.

He was occasionally employed by Captain Mansell's gardener to help in the garden, a sort of work he used to say he liked as well as "diversion," and since Katharine came he had been hired to take care of the pony her uncle had given her, and attend her in the solitary rides through the lonely glens which she so much enjoyed. And now at last Malachy was perfectly happy. He found intense delight in grooming and feeding the pony, and in accompanying Katharine in her daily excursions. Swift-footed as a deer, it was easy for him to keep up with "Pheoka," as the pony was called, and he was always ready to hold the reins while Katharine climbed the rocks to gather some wild flowers, or find some new point of view. From the first moment he had been employed in her service he had attached himself to her with something of the devotion of a dog, and like a dog, he seemed to desire nothing so much as some opportunity of pleasing her.

The moment Katharine appeared, Malachy jumped down from the tree and came under the window.

"Miss Katharine, come down, if you please," he said entreatingly; "I've got something to show you. It's not pebbles or moss, or flowers, or anything of that sort. I have it hid in the old ivy tree, and I don't want any one to see it but you."

"Very well, Malachy," said Katharine, "wait for me, and I'll come down as soon as I can."

While he waited, Malachy amused himself by holding on to a bough of the tree in

which he had been sitting, and turning under and over it with the agility of a squirrel again and again. He was stopped in his amusement by a hand rather roughly catching hold of his jacket, and giving him a jerk which brought him to the ground. But he alighted on his feet, and twisting himself round like an eel, slipped out of his jacket, which Kavanagh still held, and darted up the tree again, springing from branch to branch till he got safely out of reach, when he paused and looked triumphantly down at the gardener, who shook his fist at him, half laughing, and half angry.

"Come down out of that, you little limb," cried Kavanagh. "What are you doing here, swinging in the trees like a monkey, instead of being at your work? Come down this very minute, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!"

"I'm waiting for Miss Katharine," said Malachy. "I am, indeed; she wants me, and here she is!" he exclaimed, turning a summersault over the branch on which he had been standing with reckless rapidity.

"Malachy! come down this instant!" exclaimed Katharine, "you'll fall and break your neck."

"Send *him* away, and then I'll come down," said the boy. "I'm afraid of my life to come down while he is there. He'll kill me if I do," and he began to whimper.

"Nonsense, you naughty boy! You know very well he wouldn't hurt you."

"Oh, yes, he would, or may be I'd hurt him; for if he went to beat me I'd bite him; I'd bite like a tiger! and then I'd be put in jail. Send him away, Miss Katharine; and I'll do just what you bid me!"

"I'd better go away, Miss Katharine," said Kavanagh, good-humouredly, "if any one can get him out of his crazy fits, it's you."

Kavanagh walked off accordingly, and Malachy, after watching him disappear through the door in the red brick wall which

opened on the garden, swung himself down from a drooping branch, and was beside Katharine in a minute.

"I was not a bit afraid of him, Miss Katharine," said the boy with an elfish grimace; "I only just wanted to get rid of him, for I wouldn't have him see what I've got for an ocean of gold. Come now, Miss Katharine; come before he's back again."

Katharine followed him to an old ivy covered tree, well screened from both the house and the road by shrubs. The trunk was a mere shell, and kneeling down and putting his hand into the hollow, Malachy drew out the identical parcel of Fenian literature which had been given to Matty the Mouse at the fair of Kilcool.

"You see, Miss Katharine," he said, "last night was a fine starlight night, and I had a restless fit on me, so instead of going to the hayloft—for I never sleep in a bed, nor wouldn't for any money, it would smother me—I went wandering about the country till I came to Black Tom's cellars. Do you know what Black Tom's cellars are, Miss Katharine?"

"Yes," said Katharine; "they're the ruins of an old castle."

"There's elegant places for sleeping there," said Malachy; "and ferns that make a bed soft enough for you yourself to sleep on, Miss Katharine. And sure enough, I slept sound on them till the moon got up, when the night wasn't half over, and came shining down so bright on my face that she woke me. The whole place was as light as day; and I began looking about among the stones, and wondering if Black Tom ever hid any gold there, and just as I was wishing I could get sight of a Leprechaun,—for I'll be bound if I did I'd never take my eye off him till he showed me where the gold was,—I found this," and he carefully opened the parcel and displayed its contents.

"There's books in it and pictures, Miss Katharine; beautiful pictures! Look at this one," and he held up to her the picture of

Erin, striking her harp on the wild seashore—"isn't that a beauty!" Reading Dr. Drennan's well-known lines underneath, and glancing over some of the other papers in the parcel, Katharine soon comprehended their character, and became immediately anxious that Frank should see them.

"Miss Katharine," said Malachy, as he watched her face, and saw that it had grown serious, "do you think they've been there since Black Tom's time? Maybe he put them under some enchantment, that kept them hid till now. I hope it's not unlucky to find them. They say he was a black tyrant, and cruel bad to the poor people."

"You needn't be afraid, Malachy," said Katharine, "he was a bad man, but he was no enchanter, and he had nothing to do with these papers. They were put where you found them quite lately; see, they are not a bit damp or discoloured. I am very glad you brought them to me, Malachy, instead of any one else. Now go and saddle Pheoka, while I get my hat and habit, and then you shall come with me to Dunran, and we'll show them to Dr. Wingfield, and you must tell him exactly where and how you found them."

"I can't tell him any more than I told you, Miss Katharine, and I'd rather stay outside and mind the pony. If I go in, maybe Miss Dicy will ask me to say a lesson, and I'd rather be hanged."

"Why, how stupid that is, Malachy; Didn't you wish when you found these papers that you could read them, and know what they were about?"

"I don't know, Miss Katharine. I think reading kills all the fun there is in the world. I hear people say sometimes that I ought to learn to read, for that would tame me; but I don't want to be tamed; I like to be wild. Wild things are twice as free, and spirited and frolicsome, as tame ones. Wouldn't you rather be a wild bird in the woods than a tame one in a cage?"

"I believe I would," said Katharine smiling.

"And then," resumed Malachy, setting his face fiercely, "one reason why I hate reading, is because they wanted to teach it to me at the poor-house, and when I wouldn't learn they beat me, and shut me up in a dark room with nothing to eat. Oh, how I hated them! If I hadn't made up my mind to run away when poor old Bride was dead, I'd have put a knife in the master, or may be a rope round my own neck, and hanged myself, the way old Darby Brennan did while I was there."

"Malachy!" said Katharine, "it makes me very unhappy to hear you say such wicked things."

But as she spoke she sighed at the thought of all the suffering, all the sorrow and sin caused in such places, especially among the young, by ignorance and mistaken ideas of duty in those who are set in authority over them—to say nothing of the insolence of office, obtuseness of feeling, and brutal and tyrannical tempers. How thankful she was to know that Frank felt as she did, and was determined to do all one man could do to redress such a frightful wrong.

"Are you angry with me, Miss Katharine?" asked Malachy, looking up into her sweet grave face.

"No, Malachy, I am not angry; I am very sorry for all you have suffered, but you have kind friends now; you say you are happy; and a happy boy ought to be a good boy. Some time or other perhaps you will learn to read to please me."

"Maybe I will," said Malachy, "but not to-day, Miss Katharine—not to-day."

"Very well," said Katharine, "not to-day. Now run and bring Pheoka round to the gate."

When Katharine returned to the house she found that the servants were not stirring yet. Opening a window that looked out on the garden where Kavanagh was at work, she told him to let her uncle know that she had gone to Dunran and taken Malachy with her. Then she dressed herself in her pretty

Royal Blue jacket and riding skirt, and her soft grey riding hat with its blue plume, and as she stepped out on the lawn, gathering her long train about her, and showing her "buskined" little feet, she looked like a young Diana. Lightly she sprang into the saddle, and, with a word and a touch of the rein, her spirited little pony was soon cantering on the road to Dunran, Malachy following at as brisk a pace. He looked a somewhat wild attendant for a "ladye of high degree;" his trowsers tucked up, his legs and feet bare, for he could not run in shoes and stockings, his straw hat, stuck comically on one side of his head, rather the worse for the wear, and his black curls tangled and unkempt; altogether such an uncivilized specimen of a young lady's groom as could scarcely be met with any where except in Ireland, that country of glaring incongruities and strange anomalies. But no such thoughts troubled Katharine; she was perfectly satisfied with her wild page, and rode on in the highest spirits. She always delighted in these early morning rides, but to-day there was the additional zest of surprising Frank by her unexpected appearance, besides the excitement of the packet she had to show him, the mystery of which she was sure he would be anxious to unravel. It had been arranged that Frank was to come to Fairy Lodge at noon, (when her uncle and aunt's breakfast, at which she always liked to be present, would be over) to take her for a long ride—and now as she cantered along, she pictured to herself that brightening of his grave face when anything especially pleased him, which she knew so well, and which her happy heart told her would beam out when he first caught sight of her. As for Dr. Wingfield and Miss Dicy, she was quite sure that, come when she would, they would give her the warmest of welcomes. The fresh mountain breeze fanned the delicate roses on her cheeks into a bright damask hue, her joyous excitement and perfect happiness made her dark eyes radiant,

as if with excess of light, and she looked as beautiful and blooming as the lovely morning shining around her.

She soon entered the long avenue of beeches leading through Dunran Park to the house. The park was laid out partly in rich pasture land, in which herds of high-bred cattle were feeding, partly in a pleasure ground of shrubs and flowers. The house was a picturesque old mansion, built of grey granite with red stone copings, and clustered chimneys; a stable-yard and outbuildings at the back, and at one side a walled-in garden, hot-houses and conservatories. At the other side a mountain of granite and quartz rose so abruptly that, from the windows in one of the wings you might step out on the rocks, and in a few seconds bury yourself amidst glens of the wildest beauty and solitude, where, in autumn, masses of glittering white quartz and lichen-stained granite rose from thickets of green and bronzed ferns, yellow, brown, and purple heath, with here and there the red berries of the mountain ash,—a perfect glory of exquisite colour.

As Katharine rode up to the hall-door Frank came round from the stables, and on seeing her his steel-blue eyes sparkled with pleasure, his firm mouth relaxed into a glad smile, and he looked as much delighted as even Katharine could have wished, as he sprang forward to help her off her pony.

“But you don’t seem as much surprised as I thought you would be?” said Katharine.

“Surprised? No!” said Frank; “it seems so right and natural that you should be here! You know how delighted my father and Aunt Dicy are when they can coax you over to breakfast—I won’t say anything about myself.”

But his looks, as he smiled up at Katharine’s glowing face, said enough.

“I dare say; I came chiefly because I liked to come and take you by surprise,” said Katharine, ingenuously, “for, after all, perhaps, I need not have been in such a hurry.

But there was really another reason—something that may be serious, and which I thought you and Dr. Wingfield ought to know at once. Give the parcel to Mr. Wingfield, Malachy.”

Malachy handed the parcel to Frank, and Katharine continued:

“Malachy found it last night in the ruins at Coolruss. It’s a parcel of Fenian songs, pictures, and addresses to the people. Tell Mr. Wingfield how you found it in Black Tom’s cellars, Malachy.”

Malachy told his story as he had told it to Katharine, and adhered to it steadily through Frank’s cross-examination.

“You did a very wise thing in giving it to Miss Katharine,” said Frank at last. “Mind you don’t say a word about it to any one else. Take the pony and put him in the stable, and then go into the kitchen—the doctor may like to see you,—and I’ll give orders that you are to have breakfast.”

“And will Miss Dicy not ask me to say a lesson?” asked Malachy. “Miss Katharine promised me that she wouldn’t.”

“Oh, if Miss Katharine promised, you may be sure she won’t,” said Frank, laughing; “we must all do as Miss Katharine says.”

Putting Katharine’s arm in his, he led her up the steps, and then into the breakfast-room, where they found Miss Dicy. She was a sweet-looking little old woman, with silver hair, and a pretty pink and white complexion like a girl’s. She was dressed in a bright lavender-coloured dress, and a cap with ribbons of the same colour, for though she had as little personal vanity as a woman who liked to please could have, she liked bright colours, as she liked all pretty things, and saw no virtue in dulness or dinginess of hue. She received Katharine rapturously, kissing her and petting her with true Irish warmth and demonstrativeness; and Dr. Wingfield, coming in immediately after, greeted her almost as warmly.

Meantime Frank had been turning over

the contents of the Fenian parcel, and he now showed them to his father, and told him where it had been found. Dr. Wingfield looked rather serious over it, and so did Frank. As for Miss Dicy, she regarded it with horror and dismay.

"God help the poor people!" she exclaimed, "I hope they are not going to be deluded into another rebellion like that of Ninety-eight."

"No, no," said the doctor, "there's no danger; their leaders are all too careful of their necks. They're quite a different class of men from those of Ninety-eight; *they* were noble-hearted enthusiasts, but these men have neither sincerity nor honesty; and make a mere trade of patriotism. They know very well that any outbreak would only lead to such a fiasco as Smith O'Brien's escapade in the cabbage garden. But who could have hidden these things in Black Tom's cellars, Frank?"

"I am certain that it was that man Johnson I told you about, father, or some of his emissaries. Katharine, if you have no objection, we will ride to Roebawn after breakfast, and you can go in and see Mrs. Byrne, who will be sure to entertain you with all sorts of legends about the O'Byrnes, while I try to find out from Maurice what he really knows about the fellow. I know you like legendary lore, and besides Roebawn is a pretty old place and worth seeing."

"I should like to go very much," said Katharine.

"Maurice himself may be a Fenian," said Dr. Wingfield, "the Byrnes were always rebels."

"I cannot believe it," said Frank, "but if he is, there is the more reason for me to see him, and do what I can to save him from ruining himself. If *he* is a rebel, he is at least an honest one, and I can perfectly understand how he may believe it his duty to join them."

"It is impossible not to sympathise with those who risk every thing for a cause or a principle, even if it be a false one," said Katharine. "They are at least greater than those whose souls never rise beyond or outside of themselves."

"That may apply to the ideal revolutionist," said the Doctor, "the real one, as we know, is too often quite as selfish and narrow as the most ignorant old Tory. But you are a bit of a rebel, Donna Catarina! Any one would know that who heard you sing 'Let Erin Remember the Days of Old,' or 'The Minstrel Boy;' and, to say the truth, I am a rebel myself while I listen to you."

"You see how irresistible you are, Katharine," said Frank. "You can even make a rebel of an Oxford LL.D."

"It is not I," said Katharine, "it is 'music married to immortal verse.'"

"Well," said the Doctor, laughing, "I believe the great Arch Rebel inspires the best poetry as well as the best tunes! See what stuff laureate odes are—though we must make some exception in favour of Tennyson, while patriotic songs and hymns have generally the true afflatus, from Tyræus down to Theodore Kerner and Thomas Davis. Certainly, in Ireland the loyal Orange muse shows but a poor inspiration compared with the fervid and passionate outbursts of the rebel Green—always with a dash of genuine poetry in them. Poor Ireland! If she had less genius and more common sense it would be happier for her."

"I can tell you my father is as proud of all the good rebel songs as if he were a Fenian," said Frank, laughing, "and so am I."

"Yes, especially when Katharine sings them," said Dr. Wingfield. "But there is Aunt Dicy waiting for us to go to breakfast."

(To be continued.)

CURRENT EVENTS.

WE again approach, with a full sense of the responsibility weighing on all public writers at the present juncture, the consideration of the Pacific Railway affair, which is fast deepening and expanding into a struggle for the political life of a young nation against Corruption. That in so doing we can pretend to no immunity from error, is proved by our persistent rejection of the charges against the Prime Minister as utterly incredible till overwhelming disclosures enforced our reluctant belief. But we can sincerely assert that we are free from party bias. That we owe no allegiance to the party the organ of which is the leading Grit journal, is shown by the conductors of that journal in a manner as marked as it is ridiculous. We desired a change of system, believing, as we have often said, that party government was unsuited to this country, and must lead to calamities such as have now actually occurred. But a change of Government without a change of system we did not desire. We did not see that much practical good could result to the country from the accession to office of new administrators without new principles of administration, and slaves to the same exigencies of faction. Least of all did we wish to see the nation placed under the narrow and ungovernable sway of the managers of the Grit party in Ontario. There were special reasons connected with the recent origin of our Dominion and its imperfect state of consolidation, which seemed, under existing circumstances, to render the stability of our Government an object of unusual importance, and to warrant us in sacrificing something of efficiency and even of purity on that account. We were glad, at the last election, to see the Opposition strengthened, because, while party government exists,

a strong Opposition will always be indispensable; but we did not care to see the Ministry overturned. With regard to the Prime Minister himself, what we have said has been marked by a strong sense of the evils of party government, as exemplified in the means by which he maintained himself in power, as well as of the unseemliness of his own demeanour upon certain occasions; but it has been free, we believe, from any trace of hostility or aversion. It has seemed so, at least, to his own friends. We have felt, moreover, in reference to the present charges, that Sir John Macdonald, whatever his merits or demerits as a ruler, had in fact been the elective head of the nation for many years: that the national honour had become, to a certain extent, identified with his; and that patriotism conspired with justice in bidding us decline to accept any but decisive evidence of his guilt. We can truly say that the recent disclosures filled us, as Canadians, with sorrow and humiliation, though they seemed to us to leave no shadow of doubt as to the duty of public writers or of public men.

We are therefore in a position to speak, though not with the authority which attends the utterances of more powerful journals, at least without the suspicion which taints the advice of partisans, to those who have hitherto been supporters of the Government, and who may now be wavering between their allegiance to their party and their allegiance to their country. It is, of course, hard to disengage oneself even for a moment from old ties; to turn, as it seems, against old friends; and it is hardest of all to do this with the loud exultations of old enemies ringing in your ears. But every party man, who has not ceased to be a man of honour and a good citizen, must know

that the occasion for such a sacrifice may come, and that when it does come the sacrifice must be made. Lord Melville fell by the votes of English Tories who, before they were Tories, were Englishmen and men of honour. If the country succumbs to Corruption now, it succumbs for many a day. Our political morality, already shaken by the practices which have prevailed at Ottawa, and by the rapid spread of electoral corruption, will finally collapse, and, in sympathy with it, our social and commercial morality will be loosened, down to the very bottom of the social and commercial scale. The civil servant in his office, the clerk in the bank, will think himself licensed to do that which is done by his superiors in high places, and he will ape them in deriding the puritanism which preaches that objects of cupidity or ambition are to be sought only by the narrow path of virtue. Nor, though political demoralization might serve the purposes of the Conservatives at the present moment, is it doubtful to whose benefit it must, in the end, enure. When the principles of Tammany prevail, the foot of Tammany is on the steps of power. There is nothing, we repeat, to be conserved here but morality and honour. Such waifs as have come over to us of the old Conservative institutions of Europe—our nominative Senate, with its ostensible property qualification and its feeble powers—the slight remaining restrictions on the franchise—the existence among us of half a dozen persons bearing monarchical titles of honour, hereditary or otherwise—the retention of the principle of clerical influence over education in a few separate schools—will not avail to control the great democratic forces of the new world. If demagogism and the other evils of unbridled democracy are to be repressed, it must be by maintaining in the popular mind the ascendancy of principle over passion. The Conservative party, hitherto, if it has not had credit for special enlightenment, has had credit for special

fidelity to honour; it has professed to be the party of gentlemen and the great antagonist of all that is characteristically low and profligate in the politics of the United States. If it ratifies, by its present course, acts of the turpitude of which, so far as we are aware, has hardly been equalled in the United States, (for when was an American President detected in drawing from a competitor for a public contract money to be spent in elections?) a severe, and probably an irreparable blow will be dealt to public morality in this country.

Canada has resolutely and nobly foregone the advantages which she would gain by a commercial union with the rest of the continent—a union which she has reason to believe would at once send a tide of prosperity coursing through all her veins—for the sake of the higher benefits and the more enduring prosperity promised by sounder institutions and a healthier state of public morality. She is threatened with a loss at once of wealth and that for which she has renounced it. It is unnecessary to appeal to high principle or chivalrous sentiment. The bad effects of such scandals as the present are material as well as moral. The Pacific guarantee is poor payment for the damage done by these disclosures to our position among nations, our commercial character, our credit. The fortunes of every Canadian youth who is setting forth in the world are prejudiced by the injury done to a reputation which has hitherto been, even in the United States, a passport to confidential employment, by such acts as those of Sir Hugh Allan and Sir John Macdonald.

We cannot express too strongly our regret that the cause of the nation should be mixed up with that of party, and that the accents of party vindictiveness should mar the dignity of the national cry for justice. This cannot be helped, the political world being organized as it is. But if honest men will combine on patriotic grounds, the national resistance to wrong will be divested of a

factions character. Had the sounder part of the Ministerial party declared at once that it could not act against the country, the necessary amount of change might possibly have been effected without a struggle, and a reconstruction of the Government on a broader and better basis, rather than a mere transfer of power to the hands of the opposite faction, might have been the result.

The case both against Sir Hugh Allan and against the Ministers remains unchanged, except that the widening circle of the scandal has drawn in two or three more reputations, among them that of the member for Cardwell, the Ministerial chairman of the Committee of Inquiry, who is charged with having received for the purposes of electoral corruption a portion of the fund into the origin and employment of which he undertook, on behalf of the nation, to inquire. Mr. McMullen has brought an action for libel against the Ministerial journal; but nobody has brought an action against Mr. McMullen.

The only defence as yet attempted on behalf of the Government, beyond the general denial, which our previous experience of other denials of the same kind unfortunately deprives of weight, is one which must be described as little better than a controversial stratagem. To understand its nature it is necessary to refer to the series of documents published by Mr. McMullen, which is so short, and of so much importance to the formation of a right judgment at every stage of the controversy, that we reprint it entire.

"MONTREAL, Aug. 24, 1872.

"DEAR MR. ABBOTT,—In the absence of Sir Hugh Allan, I shall be obliged by your supplying the Central Committee with a further sum of twenty thousand dollars, upon the same conditions as the amount written by me at the foot of my letter to Sir Hugh Allan, of the 30th ultimo.

"GEORGE E. CARTIER.

"P. S.—Please also send Sir John A. Macdonald ten thousand dollars more on the same terms."

"Received from Sir Hugh Allan, by the hands of Mr. Abbott, twenty thousand dollars for general election purposes, to be arranged hereafter according to the terms of the letter of Sir George E. Cartier, of date the 30th of July, and in accordance with the request contained in his letter of the 24th instant.

"MONTREAL, 26th Aug., 1872.

(Signed) "J. L. BEAUDRY,
" "HENRY STARNES,
"L. BÉTOURNAY. P. S. MURPHY."

"TORONTO, AUG. 26, 1872.

"To the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, St. Anne's.

"Immediate, private.

"I must have another ten thousand—will be the last time of calling. Do not fail me; answer to-day.

"JOHN A. MACDONALD."

"MONTREAL, 29th Aug., 1872.

"Sir John A. Macdonald, Toronto.

"Draw on me for ten thousand.

"J. J. C. ABBOTT."

"TORONTO, 26th Aug. 1872.

"At sight pay to my order, at the Merchants' Bank, the sum of ten thousand dollars for value received.

"JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Endorsed

"Pay to the order of the Merchants' Bank of Canada.

"JOHN A. MACDONALD."

The advocates of the Minister wish to represent the whole question as turning on the contents of the letter of Sir George Cartier to Sir Hugh Allan, to which reference is made in the first note and its postscript. They would have the public suppose that the incriminating character ascribed to the series of documents rests entirely on the assumption that this letter relates to the Pacific Railway, and that if that basis were withdrawn there would be no other foundation for the belief that the transaction was corrupt. Accordingly they have, with considerable pomp and circumstance, published the following:

“(To the Editor of the Gazette.)

“SIR,—Seeing your editorial of yesterday, in which reference is made to a letter from Sir George E. Cartier to Sir Hugh Allan, dated 30th July last—which letter is referred to in the letter of Sir George E. Cartier, of date 24th August, published by Mr. McMullen.—we feel bound to state that we have seen the first mentioned letter, and that your editorial statement that it has no reference whatever to the Pacific Railway Company, or to the Pacific Railway contract, is perfectly correct.

“J. L. BEAUDRY,

“HY. STARNES,

“P. S. MURPHY.

“July 22, 1873.”

We remark at once, first, that the three attesting witnesses are the same persons who signed the receipt for \$20,000, which stands second in the series of documents; and secondly that the letter is not produced, as we can hardly doubt that it would have been if its contents had been innocent. But upon these points it is unnecessary to dwell. The testimony, however credible, would be unavailing. If the letter had been found to contain a reference to the Pacific Railway contract or company, this would of course have added to the strength of the case. But the case is strong enough without any such addition. The genuineness of the documents being undisputed, the corrupt and criminal character of the transaction is plainly inferred from the relations between the parties and the circumstances under which the documents were written. Sir John Macdonald and Sir George Cartier, as Ministers, were entrusted with the public duty of awarding the Pacific Railway contract. Sir Hugh Allan was a competitor for that contract. At the height of a general election the two Ministers drew from Sir Hugh Allan, through his agent, large sums of money to be spent, as is explicitly stated, on the elections. This would be enough. Even if Sir Hugh Allan's motives for disbursing the money had been political, the Ministers would manifestly have been guilty of the gravest breach of duty in

accepting money from him at all while the question of the contract was pending, or even when the contract had been recently awarded. But we know positively that Sir Hugh Allan's motive for disbursing the money was not political. We learn from his letters that he looked upon both the “factions,” so far as their political principles were concerned, with the same indifference, and that he took “a calm view of the situation,” for the purpose of ascertaining whom, among the political leaders, it would best serve his commercial object to corrupt. One conceivable consideration for his disbursements alone remains; and that consideration is the Pacific Railway contract. The exact manner in which the consideration operated will probably never come to light, nor is it any way material that it should. That there was a written compact of corruption is of course unlikely, notwithstanding the extraordinary moral callousness of all concerned. But a reference to those portions of Sir Hugh Allan's letters which concern his previous dealings with Sir George Cartier suffices to prove, if proof were needed, that the parties to this transaction must have understood each other perfectly well.

The testimony of Senator Foster remains unimpugned: so far as we have seen, it has not been touched by any writer on the Ministerial side.

The money advanced by Sir Hugh Allan, as it was to be repaid in some form at the public expense, might just as well have been taken out of the public treasury. Indeed the loss to the public was probably, as is usual in cases of indirect depredation, far greater than would have been incurred by a simple theft. We can see no moral difference between such a transaction and cases of malversation which would fall under the cognizance of public justice, except that in the present case there was a breach of a far higher trust.

That the money was to be spent in electoral corruption is not denied. But elec-

toral corruption, we are told, is a venial offence, or rather a thing of which, if skilfully done, a politician may be proud. To break down a poor man's self-respect, by bribing him to vote against his conscience, is a venial offence in no case; it is a vile act, and the man who commits it, not thoughtlessly, as many do, but deliberately, would commit other vile acts under similar temptation. But when a Minister, and the Minister of Public Justice, resists a reform of the election law, and keeps the law in an ineffective state, in order that with money obtained from a competitor for a public contract he may debauch great masses of the people, we are constrained to ask whether he can be decently entrusted with the infliction of penalties for any violation of the law?

There is another most painful feature about this affair. It has been said that the strong respect for veracity is a peculiarly English feeling. There may be something national, but there is also something noble in the intensity of horror with which every English gentleman shrinks from the imputation of having wilfully departed from the truth. The Prime Minister of Canada stood up in his place in Parliament, and, with the name of God upon his lips, declared that there was no ground whatever for Mr. Huntington's proposed inquiry, and that the whole proceeding was founded on a mistake. It must have been by some similar declaration that he induced honourable men to support him in the attempt to quash inquiry by a silent vote. We would fain believe that statements, so much at variance with subsequent disclosures, presented themselves to his mind at the time as true.

There appears to be a doctrine floating about, which we fear has found its way into high places, that honour is required in England, but that "shrewdness" will do for Canada. We can only say, if this doctrine is accepted let the benefit of it be extended equally to all, to the poor and sorely tempted

as well as to those who have less excuse. Let us open the doors of our prisons. Their inmates at all events have not betrayed a high public trust.

We have now unhappily to advert to what appears to us to be the most signal violation of the constitutional rights of a British community that has occurred for several generations, and at the same time an example, pregnant with calamity, of high-handed violence committed under the forms of law. Parliament, to which the duty of instituting such inquiries on behalf of the nation undoubtedly belongs, and whose performance of that duty is the sole guarantee against the abuses of Government, had appointed a committee to investigate the conduct of Ministers with regard to the Pacific Railway contract. The Committee having encountered a legal obstacle, "Parliament," to use Mr. Gladstone's words, "had again to consider what course it would take." It met with that intention, and with its grounds for prosecuting the inquiry very greatly increased by the disclosures which had occurred since its last sitting. But upon its proceeding to do its duty the prerogative of prorogation was placed by the Governor-General in the hands of the accused Minister, who was permitted to evade the impending stroke of national justice by turning the representatives of the nation out of doors and forcibly transferring the inquiry from the Commons to a Royal Commission appointed under his own advice. Members of Parliament under the influence of the Government had stayed away by collusion with the Minister; the independent members having attended in their places, as it was their duty to do, were dismissed with contumely amidst a burst of dense exultation from the members of the Government and their friends. A nation willing to acquiesce in such proceedings as this would be better without the forms of Parliamentary government, which merely impose upon its rulers the periodical necessity of spending large sums of money in

demoralizing the people by electoral corruption.

As the Governor-General here comes upon the scene, and as extraordinary doctrines respecting his position and his relations to Her Majesty have been broached by those who find it convenient to effect their own purposes under the cover of his name, we must venture to state what, according to ordinary constitutional principles, the position of the Governor of a Colony really is. Far from wishing to abridge the reverence for authority in this community, we heartily wish it were considerably increased, provided the characters of those who wield authority could always be such as the people ought to revere. But the doctrine that the Sovereign can do no wrong, which we all loyally accept as applied to the acts of Her Majesty, is applicable to the acts of Her Majesty alone. All her officers, from the Prime Minister of the Empire downwards, and Governors of Colonies among the rest, are responsible for their use of their powers, amenable to the censorship of public opinion, and in the last resort liable to removal from their offices for maladministration. The rule by which the acts of the Governor-General of Canada are to be criticized was distinctly laid down when it was resolved, as a fundamental principle of Confederation, that his and all other powers should be exercised in accordance with the "well understood principles of the British Constitution," one of the best understood of which is the right of Parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of Ministers. That the policy of Governors of Colonies should sometime give occasion for remark and even for remonstrance is inevitable. A Governor is not a passionless abstraction, or a crown upon a cushion. He is the nominee of a party leader, taken from the ranks of the party, and commissioned to carry its policy into effect in the colony, so far as his influence extends, especially in all cases where the affairs of the colony have a special bearing

on the measures of the Home Government. It cannot be doubted that Lord Dufferin came here disposed to support the Minister to whose co-operation the Gladstone Ministry, of which his Lordship was a member, deemed that it owed the acceptance of the Washington Treaty and the compromise of the Fenian Claim. In one of the Australian Colonies a Governor, the other day, acted not against the letter but against the spirit of the constitution in a question relating to his choice of Ministers. On the protest of the colonists he was recalled; and nobody, in England at least, taxed the colonists with want of loyalty for having criticized his conduct. To have identified the Queen with that misconduct and given it the shelter of her name, would scarcely have been a proof of loyalty or the way to promote loyalty among the Australian people.

We say this the more freely because it fortunately happens that on the present occasion we are not called upon to tread on any debateable ground. The reasons given by Lord Dufferin to the ninety-six members of Parliament who protested against prorogation, are of course submitted by his own act to the judgment of the people. A temperate examination of them can imply no want of respect for his office, no lack of appreciation of the personal qualities which have rendered him deservedly popular among us, no unwillingness to believe that he has done what he thought best.

The address begins by combating at considerable length a somewhat shadowy charge of interposing delays to the action of the Parliamentary Committee. His Excellency at all events stands entirely clear of any such imputation. A vague rumour has been afloat that the disallowance of the Oaths Bill was in the Governor-General's hands before the rising of Parliament, and that it was withheld from the knowledge of the House; but this rumour has nowhere, so far as we are aware, assumed a form that calls for any sort of notice. The only thing connected with this

part of the matter that could justify any misgivings as to his Lordship's conduct, was the use which he permitted his Ministers to make of his name in tendering a Royal Commission to the Committee of the House of Commons. The merest tyro in Parliamentary business, or in any business at all, must have known that the Committee could not possibly accept new powers or instructions without the authority of the House. Subsequent events have justified us in believing what we could not help suspecting at the time, that the offer was a stratagem on the part of the Minister, who thus appeared to court the inquiry which it was his real object to evade. His Lordship, however, declares that no one can regret more than he does the "unfortunate delays" interposed to the action of the Committee, and we expect, but expect in vain, his reasons for thinking it desirable that they shall be prolonged for some months more.

He then proceeds to give his reason for prorogation, which is in brief that prorogation is recommended by his Cabinet, and that he cannot constitutionally reject the advice of Ministers who have a majority in Parliament. But His Excellency must know what is the motive of the Ministers in tendering such advice; he must know that if they believed themselves able to command a majority they would most willingly meet Parliament; and, consequently, that in recommending prorogation they in fact register a vote of no-confidence against themselves. His Excellency is carried round in a strange circle. He cannot reject the advice of Ministers who have the confidence of Parliament: whether his Ministers have the confidence of Parliament can be decided only by suffering Parliament to meet: but he cannot suffer Parliament to meet because by so doing he would be rejecting the advice of Ministers who have the confidence of Parliament. The case is rendered stronger by the fact that the present House of Commons was elected under the auspices

of these very Ministers, who not only used all the influence of Government, but as the Governor-General can hardly doubt, actually bought a considerable number of elections.

Lord Dufferin apprehends that in refusing to prorogue, and requiring his Ministers at once to meet Parliament, he would have been supposed to proclaim their guilt not only to Canada, but to America and Europe. Their refusal to meet Parliament proclaims their guilt and the guilt of their confederates, with a loud voice, to the whole world. But that by allowing them to go before that which no one can deny is the natural tribunal His Excellency would have been proclaiming his belief in their guilt, is surely a fallacy which he might have felt confident would be at once rejected by every unperverted mind.

Not that we, for our part, should have thought that there was anything harsh or improper in a course which would have involved an immediate change of government. Quite the reverse. We hold that it was a case in which the Governor-General might most properly have put to his Ministers the very simple questions which the published evidence suggested, and in default of a perfectly satisfactory answer have told them that he could no longer incur the responsibility of retaining them as the advisers of the Crown. Such, we incline to believe, would have been the decision of men of the character of Pitt, Castlereagh, Canning, Wellington, Grey, or Peel. This is not a trial for larceny or an action of ejectment. It is a moral, not a legal question. It is a question whether, in view of certain disclosures, the persons now in power are morally fit to remain heads of the nation and advisers of the Crown. Lord Melville, on the strength of far less damaging disclosures, was removed from office and struck off the Privy Council before the commencement of the judicial impeachment which, through the leniency of the Court, ended in his acquittal.

Generally speaking, a Governor-General is of course required by the constitution to be guided by the advice of his Ministers ; but we must demur to the assumption, latent in this part of Lord Dufferin's speech, that he can be warranted in doing what is wrong towards the nation merely because the Ministers advise him, in their own interest, to do it. There is one class of questions with regard to which his Ministers are manifestly incapacitated for tendering him advice, and if they attempted to tender it, would at once prove themselves unworthy of his confidence—the class of which the present is an example, inasmuch as it affects the personal conduct and integrity of the Ministers themselves. On such questions he must be guided by his own sense of right and by the paramount interest of the nation. He is a constitutional ruler, but he remains responsible for his own honour and for the personal character, though not for the Parliamentary action, of the members of his Council. If he is to be a mere seal of state, and to allow himself mechanically to be affixed to any instrument, whether of right or wrong—whether of honour or of dishonour—by any hand that may happen for the moment to have got hold of him, we respectfully submit that such an instrument might be furnished to the public at a far less cost, and that we might at the same time avoid the moral snare of having a pure name attached to proceedings which are the reverse of pure. Advice which no man of honour can give no man of honour in any position can receive ; and no man of honour can give official advice in any matter concerning his own interest, least of all in a matter concerning his own guilt or innocence, interference in which is *ipso facto* a proof of guilt.

The next plea advanced by His Excellency is one which has appeared in Ministerial journals, but which we must confess we expected to see nowhere else. It is that the House was not full. "Were it possible," says

Lord Dufferin "at the present time to make a call of the House and place myself in direct communication with the Parliament of the Dominion, my present embarrassment would disappear, but this is a physical impossibility ;" and he proceeds to state, on the authority of his Ministers, that "a considerable number of the members are dispersed in various directions." What was there to prevent a short adjournment or a suspension of the Pacific Railway question by consent till the absent members could arrive? But more—we had almost said worse—than this. Can Lord Dufferin possibly have been ignorant of the fact that the absence of the Ministerial members was the result of collusion with the Ministers? Had he not seen the signals held out in the Ministerial organs ever since the disclosures? Might he not, weeks before, have apprised his Cabinet that his duty would not suffer him to permit the proceedings of Parliament to be invalidated by such means, and thereby have effectually secured a full attendance of both parties? The trick of invalidating the proceedings of Parliament by collusive non-attendance appears to have been originally practised by King John—at least there is a clause specially providing against it in the Great Charter. But it seems that frauds, like fallacies, live for ever.

Lord Dufferin accepts the statement of his Minister to the effect that the House of Commons had agreed that the August meeting should be immediately followed by prorogation. The Minister's statement is contradicted by the Opposition, and is absurd upon the face of it. The object of the August meeting was to receive the report of a Committee on the conduct of Ministers in connection with the Pacific Railway contract, which report, if adverse, would have clearly called for immediate action. It is surely incredible that the House should have been knowingly guilty of any thing so fatuous as to agree, in that case, at once to separate without taking any action, and to leave

the guilty Minister in undisturbed possession of power for the next six months. That the Minister tried to entangle the House in such an agreement is certain, and it is one of the symptoms of his conscious guilt; that he succeeded, no words in a newspaper report, without the general testimony of members, would induce us to believe. But suppose it had been so. Whose duty or whose interest was it to hold the House to the agreement when the circumstances of the case were changed? The disclosures manifestly called, as loudly as any national emergency could, for the immediate intervention of the Legislature. Besides, the charge against the Ministers, which, if true, obviously rendered it necessary that the powers of the State should at once be transferred to untainted hands, the Pacific Railway contract, with all its attendant influence, was in the hands of men who had avowed themselves guilty of the most profligate corruption. A meeting of Parliament having been already appointed, though at the time for a limited object, what forbade the Governor-General to avail himself of it for the purpose of dealing with the exigency that had subsequently arisen, in concert with that assembly in the wisdom and infallibility of which he in his Halifax speech professed his unshaken confidence? What but the avowal of his Ministers that their conduct would not bear the inspection of Parliament, and needed the cloak of a tribunal nominated by themselves?

It is in this part of his speech that Lord Dufferin makes an effort to break the force of the evidence against his Minister. He suggests that the documents which prove the receipt of money from Sir Hugh Allan derive their "questionable" character only from being "appended" to Sir Hugh's letters and read "in juxtaposition" with them. This seems to imply that wholesale bribery, which is disclosed on the face of the documents themselves, though committed by the Minister of Public Justice, is not criminal in the eyes of His Excellency, who, however, had

not the advantage of seeing his Minister actively engaged in the work of the campaign with his troop of congenial agents hovering round him. But the fact is that the documents are not appended to Sir Hugh Allan's letters; they are appended to the narrative of Mr. McMullen. Nor is any juxtaposition with those letters needed to give them a criminal complexion; they have that complexion in themselves, as proofs of the receipt of money by Ministers in the midst of a general election from a competitor for a public contract. Read with reference to the relations between the parties and to the circumstances of the time, they constitute, as we have said before, a complete case against the Minister. The letters show distinctly that Sir Hugh Allan's motive was not political but commercial. In this respect they materially assist our interpretation of documents; in other respects their aid is immaterial. Of Senator Foster's testimony Lord Dufferin takes no notice.

We now come to what all have felt to be the most startling part of the address. When Charles I. entered the House of Commons to arrest the five members, he at least showed by his manner and language that he was conscious of having done an unusual thing. Lord Dufferin can hardly fail to be aware that, in forcibly transferring an inquiry into the conduct of a Minister from the Commons to a Commission appointed by the advice of the Minister himself, he is setting aside one of the leading principles of the British constitution, and breaking a fundamental law of every community which speaks the English tongue. Yet from the way in which he announces his intention of taking this step, no one would imagine that he supposed himself to be doing anything out of the ordinary course of government. He offers no justification of it beyond the naked statement that his own opinion coincides with the advice of his Ministers. He does not seem even to perceive the connection between

the two parts of his own action, the turning out of Parliament and the transfer of the inquiry to a Government Commission, or the character which, when the two are combined, is impressed on the transaction as a whole. He does not appear to be aware that one of the reasons why his Minister pressed on him prorogation rather than adjournment, was that prorogation quashed the committee of the Commons, and enabled the Minister to thrust into its place a mock tribunal of his own appointment. There is another point upon which Lord Dufferin appears to have been kept entirely in the dark. He promises that "immediately the Commission shall have concluded their labours" Parliament shall reassemble; and he assumes that this will be in two months, or at the most in ten weeks. Not a suspicion of any possible opposition to the Commission appears to have crossed his mind. His Minister knows better. His Minister knows that the Commons must and will stand upon their rights and those of the nation. The Parliamentary movers of the impeachment will probably decline to appear before any tribunal but that which is already seized of the case; and the Commission will be put to the exercise of its compulsory powers. There will be further embarrassments and more delay. Meanwhile all the agencies of corruption, including the Pacific Railway contract, will be in the hands of the Minister and his supporters. The "questionable" documents are at least sufficient to convince the Governor-General that these agencies will be unsparingly and unscrupulously used.

In the Commission the proceeding is founded on the disallowance of the Oaths Bill "whereby one of the objects desired by the House of Commons cannot be attained." It is for the House of Commons, when its committee has reported, to say whether its objects can be attained, and to address the Crown, if it thinks proper, for a Royal Commission.

Upon a general view of Lord Dufferin's address, we are inclined to suspect that he has been drawn, under influences of which he is not conscious, into a situation the gravity of which he does not fully comprehend. He has probably been induced by partial and skilfully measured disclosures in advance of the public revelations, to commit himself beforehand to a lenient view of the Ministers' irregularities, and by analogous artifices trained to pledge himself in anticipation of events to measures forming parts of a scheme the character and consequences of which as a whole were not disclosed. If it be so, his error is perfectly excusable, and will be more than sufficiently punished by the damage done to his own political reputation. The little courts of governors are like the great courts of kings; truth seldom finds an entrance there.

As an appeal to the convictions of the Governor-General, the remonstrance of the ninety-six members was obviously hopeless; his Halifax speech, notwithstanding its playfulness, had shown to every discerning eye that he was in his Ministers' hands. But as a demonstration the remonstrance was successful. For the future the less parleying, we presume to think, the better. The question between the Government and the nation must be fought out; with all due respect and courtesy towards the Governor-General, of course—but it must be fought out. If a mind is under influence, if the oracle is dumb in the breast, the influence which is always present is sure to prevail, notwithstanding momentary impressions, and parleying only serves to compromise one side and to convey delusive appearances of condonation to the other.

The appearance of Black Rod, to cut short the inquiry into the conduct of Ministers, was the signal for a display of feeling among the members which was irregular and had better have been omitted, but for which, if Canada were disposed to blush for her

representatives, abundant precedents might be found in the history of the noblest and most august assemblies of Englishmen that ever maintained against the arbitrary use of prerogative the cause of legal government and ordered freedom. But we need not go back to the days of Eliot, Pym, and Hampden. The sudden dissolution of the British Parliament in 1831 produced scenes, both in the House of Lords and in the House of Commons, at least as tumultuous as that of which we are told that we ought to be so much ashamed. In the House Sir Robert Peel was on his legs, and was speaking in a tone of great excitement when Black Rod knocked at the door, and he continued, say historians, to speak for some minutes longer in the same excited tone as before, though the noise and confusion prevented his remarks from being heard. Sir Robert Peel could hardly be described as having owed the name of gentleman only to the courtesy of his place, nor would the Conservatives of England, who cheered him on, be fitly designated as banditti. But offensive as this vituperation is, and disagreeably as it reminds us of certain productions of the Premier, more offensive is the cant uttered by those who are abusing the prerogative in their own interest. It is as though Colonel Blood, when he was running off with the regalia, had accused a loyal citizen who tried to rescue them from his grasp, of irreverently laying hands upon the crown.

Of the two modes of inquiry, a Committee of the House of Commons and a Royal Commission, we avow our decided preference for the latter, supposing that it can be invested with sufficient powers,† and

† This, we must own, the progress of the discussion has rendered doubtful. Attention has been called to a clause of the law respecting Royal Commissions enacting that no witness shall be compelled to answer any question, if, by doing so, he would render himself liable to a criminal prosecution, which seems to stand fatally in the way of an effective cross-examination.

provided that it be appointed "with the full consent of Parliament,"—to use the words of Mr. Gladstone with reference to the Royal Commission recently appointed to inquire into the subject brought before the Legislature by Mr. Plimsoll. In England matters which have come before Parliament are often referred with its assent to Royal Commissions for the purpose of preliminary investigation, though we believe no English Minister ever dreamed of forcibly taking out of the hands of Parliament a matter of which it had once laid hold—above all anything in the nature of an impeachment. Another obvious condition is that, in any case affecting the personal conduct of Ministers, the Commissioners shall be nominated not by the accused, but by the Governor-General himself, with such disinterested advice as he may be able to obtain. If the legal action of Privy Councillors in this or any other matter is required, there are Privy Councillors who are not Ministers; and a Minister of Justice refusing to put the seal to a commission of inquiry into his own conduct, on the ground that he had not been allowed to pack the board, would render all inquiry superfluous. But it is no longer a question as to the comparative advantages of different modes of inquiry. The question now is whether a Minister shall be permitted to trample under foot the fundamental laws of the British empire, for the purpose of taking out of the hands of Parliament an inquiry which it has commenced into his own conduct, and transferring the inquiry to a tribunal appointed by himself. This is the issue between the Government and the nation.

That the accused shall not be permitted to appoint his own judge is a rule not of any particular constitution, but of common justice. It has been palpably violated on the present occasion. We need not impugn the motives of the gentlemen who have consented to serve on the Commission; we need not even criticize the appoint-

ments individually. It is enough that the Court as a whole is manifestly packed in the interest of the accused Minister, and incapable of doing justice between him and the nation. It has been alleged that the function of the Commission is only to take the evidence, not to pronounce sentence. Supposing this to be true, the sentence would still be in great measure determined by the manner in which the evidence was taken. But it is not true; the Commissioners are distinctly empowered to express their opinions in their report.

The position of Mr. Huntington is now one of great difficulty, as the Minister and his confederates no doubt exultingly perceive. His best prompters will be the strong mind and character which have led him, instead of flinging about irresponsible libels in the newspapers or on the hustings, to bring a definite charge before a regular tribunal, and to stake his own character on the truth of his allegations. All that we undertake to say is that in refusing to carry an impeachment, commenced in the Commons, before a board appointed by the Minister in his own interest, he would be amply justified by the constitutional principles of which circumstances have made him the guardian and trustee. By refusal he would, of course, leave to the Minister the advantages on which he calculates—a packed tribunal as the organ of his defence, or, if he prefers it, an excuse for indefinite delay. But this cannot be helped since the Governor-General has deemed it his constitutional duty to place the prerogative in the Minister's hands. The situation of the country under such a government, and the local confederates and agents of such a government, will be bad enough; but the situation of the Governor-General, with a cabinet so tainted, will scarcely be more satisfactory. Nor is it impossible that some help may come from England. The crisis in our affairs has, it is true, attracted much less attention there than the difference

with the Ashantees; if leading journals noticed it, they did so in the most careless manner, and evidently less from any interest which they felt in the concerns of the Colony than because the Canadian scandal seemed to furnish weapons for the faction fight at home. Still the constitutional question which has arisen, and which stands quite apart from any Colonial details, is just one of those which the English people can understand; and the Government, enfeebled as it is and on the brink of a general election, can hardly afford to defy the opinion of its supporters. The people here are less instructed and less sensitive on constitutional questions than those at home; yet the palpable fact that the Commission has been appointed by the accused Minister and packed in his interest, cannot fail forcibly to strike their minds and to offend their sense of justice. Mr. McMullen's libel suit, if it comes to an early trial, may possibly be the means of checking in some degree the report of the Commission, by the verdict of a jury and by evidence taken before a regular court of law.

What will be the end? We cannot ask ourselves that question without the deepest anxiety or without much misgiving. Everything depends, in fact, on the moral stamina of the people; and we hardly know what estimate of their moral stamina would be formed by an observer taking—like Sir Hugh Allan, though with a different object—a calm view of the situation. A long period of government by corruption has not failed to produce in the political quarter a criminal population which looks forward to another escape of its favorite hero from "a tight place," just as the community of Seven Dials would have looked forward to another escape of Jack Sheppard from the "Stone Jug." The language held by these people is the precise counterpart of the language held by the followers of Tweed and Butler in defence of their respective chiefs. The flunkey element is also, we fear, consider-

able; thanks, in no small measure, to the fatal hypocrisy of Liberal journals, which in their anxiety, apparently, to purge themselves of some dreaded imputation, receive the representatives of the Home Government not with seemly respect and genuine cordiality, but with a strain of flattery of which, when employed towards a royal personage in former days, the loyal but manly old Dr. Johnson said, that "it was wonderful that any man that knew the meaning of his own words could use it without self-detestation." The Governor-General, in his speech at Halifax, jocosely described the relations between himself and the people under his rule as similar to those between an idol and its unreasoning worshippers; and we are afraid that there is, in very deed, no small amount of justification for the metaphor. When called upon to display true loyalty, by defending the great principles of constitutional government, some Canadians would quail beneath the taint of disloyalty levelled at them by men whose "loyalty" is the label on a bale of goods. But apart from these points of special weakness the perceptions of the whole nation have been confused, and its moral judgment has been deadened, by the incessant interchange of party calumny and vituperation; so that the clearest evidence of a really heinous offence now makes a comparatively feeble impression on the popular mind. There is also the inevitable and ingrained belief that every appeal is made in the interest of a faction, which renders it almost impossible to gain the public ear on behalf of the nation. Besides, if the struggle is protracted we can hardly expect a busy and money-making people to keep up the lively interest or the moral tension necessary for the support of their champions to the end. Another and perhaps still more formidable source of misgiving is the corruption of Parliament, which has opened a terrible abyss beneath the foundations of our free institutions. It is not impossible that for

the present the nation may succumb, and that it may be left for some youth who is now watching the triumph of iniquity with a swelling heart, to rise hereafter and beat away the vultures which are preying on the vitals of his country. But the patriotic conduct of the fourteen Ministerialists who joined in the remonstrance against the prorogation is a hopeful omen—and in the political sphere a gallant effort is never made in vain.

The Pacific Railway Scandal adds one more dark cloud to those which were already gathering round the setting sun of the Gladstone Government. The English elections still go against Ministers; while the success of a great brewer in Staffordshire, and of a great distiller in Greenwich, marks the ascendancy of the powerful interest which, incensed by the new Licensing Act, has carried its force into the Anti-Ministerial camp. Many desire to see England under the sway of Conservative principles, perhaps even under the sway of wealth; but few would deliberately desire to see her under the sway of drink.

The Ministry has been greatly modified, in the hope, no doubt, of averting the stroke of fate. Mr. Lowe, whose misadventure in the Zanzibar contract affair might have been fatal to his government had it occurred at a less languid period of the session, has been transferred from the Exchequer to the Home Office, where, however, his unique power of getting into quarrels will have at least as much scope as it had in the Exchequer. Mr. Bruce, the special object of the liquor-vendors' ire, but also a failure as Home Secretary, is to be consigned to the House of Lords, which might share with Westminster Abbey the title of "the great temple of silence and reconciliation." Mr. Ayrton, according to one report, retires with a load of odium, due rather to the defects of his temper than to want of vigour in his administration. But these shifting

and changes at the last moment will hardly have much effect; nor will the accession of Mr. Bright's name, in the sick man's office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, act like the accession of the great tribune in his prime.

A brilliant French historian has described England as a colossal Carthage. She is more than that; she is a land of intellect, science, art, which we have no reason to suppose that Carthage was. But the power of wealth in her, politically speaking, is overwhelming; wealth is naturally Conservative; and it is now alarmed by the disturbances attending the labour movement in England, and by the unquiet and menacing waves of the European Revolution.

Amidst the decrepitude of his government, a certain dignity still sits on the careworn brow of the Prime Minister, whose course has, at all events, not been that of the mere political tactician, but one of immense and genuine labour in the service of the State. His fate is the harder because it is brought upon him in no small measure by his own achievements; the removal of the Church and Land grievances in Ireland, the revival of Irish prosperity, and the flourishing state of the Exchequer being, in fact, among the principal sources of the state of national feeling which has led to the Conservative reaction. But his assumption of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, the most laborious of all the offices, in addition to the Premiership, under the burden of which he was already breaking down, is an instance of one of the weak points in his character as a statesman. His only way of setting right anything that is amiss in his government is to take the work into his own hands. He has never acquired the gift, possessed in so eminent a degree by his master, Peel, of selecting and using subordinates. He engrosses far too much both of the labour of administration; and of the speaking in the House. It is true that the choice of subordinates is not so large as it

was in Peel's time. The late Speaker used to say that when the present leaders had left the scene, he did not know where the country was to look for statesmen, so great was the dearth of rising talent. Almost all the seats in the House of Commons are now occupied by mere representatives of wealth, landed or commercial, who regard the House very much as a club, seldom work hard, and if they did, being elderly men without political culture, are not the stuff out of which Chathams, Burkes and Cannings are to be made. We are told that there is a remarkable falling off in the interest once taken in Parliamentary debates; and no wonder. Mr. Allsopp was frankly commended to the constituency of Staffordshire as a man who could not speak, but would vote straight; and he is the type of the present House of Commons.

The Liberal chief, however, has played his card. We use the phrase deliberately; and we beg our readers to observe how, under party government even in its native land, the greatest questions are decided, not by the growth of reasonable conviction, but by the strategical exigencies of party. In the debate on Mr. Trevelyan's motion for extending household suffrage to the counties, Mr. Forster delivered a message from Mr. Gladstone, who was absent from ill-health, to the effect that the Premier approved the object of the motion. The unusual form of the announcement, which was compared in the House to a Presidential message, made it the more marked, and the flag of County Household Suffrage has at once been hoisted by the party. As Mr. Disraeli has placed the Conservatives in a position in which logical resistance is impossible and practical opposition very awkward, we may expect soon to see the suffrage in the hands of the English peasantry. The electoral qualification having been once reduced to a uniform level, the distinction between county and borough will cease to have much to justify it: representation ac-

ording to population with equal electoral districts will be the ultimate result.

How will the peasantry use their votes? It is a question at once most momentous and most difficult to answer. Had the enterprising purveyor of social novelties who penetrated "Casual Wards" put on again his cloak of darkness and spent a few evenings among the circle that gathers, as much for the sake of warmth and light as of beer, round the fire in a country alehouse, something might have been known as to Hodge's sentiments, and his enfranchisement might not have been, as it now is, a second "leap in the dark." That the peasantry have been a suffering class is too certain; how they could subsist with such wages as over large districts they received, has literally been a rystery; their children, it is to be feared, often perished from want of sufficient food and clothing; to save money was impossible even to the most industrious of them; and their general end has been the workhouse. Seeing themselves stationary in misery while society generally was in a state of happy progress, and contrasting their own lot with the wealth and luxury displayed around them, they might well deem themselves oppressed; and their attitude towards the classes above them has been one, commonly speaking, of alienation and dull suspicion, though they may have ducked and doffed their hats to the squire. Their great strike, however, while it has revealed in them an unexpected power of combination, has been conducted on the whole with surprising moderation. The instances of violence have been few, and by no means all upon the peasants' side. Those who infer, as we suspect Mr. Disraeli and some of his followers do from the political conduct of the French peasantry, that the English peasant, when enfranchised, will be Conservative, seem to us to overlook three important points. In the first place, the French peasant, though he is, or was till yesterday, an Imperialist, or rather an adherent of the Bonapartes, with whose dynasty

he imagined the tenure of his land to be connected, is not a supporter of aristocracy; on the contrary, his hatred of aristocracy is perhaps the strongest of his political sentiments, and is apt to manifest itself in very unpleasant ways towards any persons of rank and fortune who take up their residence in a rural district. This is partly the result, no doubt, of special circumstances connected with the social history of France; but, at all events, such is the fact. In the second place, whereas the English peasant is a day labourer without a hope of ever becoming a proprietor, the French peasant is a proprietor, and as such an enemy of communism and of everything that can lead to it. In the third place, the French peasant is a member of the Established Church, and his wife at any rate is under the influence of its clergy; whereas the English peasant, though he may be brought to the parish church under social pressure, is at heart, if anything, a Methodist, and is much more likely to vote under the influence of the Dissenting preacher than under that of the rector of the parish, whom he regards as belonging in every sense to a different class. What is pretty certain is that the peasant will vote against the farmer, whose heavy hand he daily feels, though the screw is really applied from above, through rack rent and tenancy-at-will.

The odious controversy about the dotation of Prince Alfred illustrates what we said the other day as to the existence in England of a good deal of feeling against the Court, in spite of the weakness of the republican party properly so called. There is a notion, moreover, among the people, that by the economy of the Prince Consort and of the Queen great private wealth has been accumulated in the Royal Family; and this is probably the fact; but it is also probable that there have been heavy drains. The claim of the members of the Royal Family to dotation seems to us irresistible, so long as the Royal Marriage Act exists.

If they were at liberty to marry whom they please, they might marry the richest heiresses in England. That the great controversy between different forms of government which is agitating Europe should in England, teeming as she is with wealth, present itself in the shape of an issue so paltry and sordid, would give us reason to be ashamed of our race, were it not that in spite of all the wealth, great suffering prevails among the masses of the people. Let the hard-working and underpaid come to Canada, and royal dotations will grieve their souls no more.

In the politics of the United States there is a dead calm, with only a ground swell caused by the assiduous but as yet abortive attempts to resuscitate the old Opposition party, or create a new one. It is probably for literary purposes that the *New York Herald* is getting up the alarm of "Cæsarism," the incipient usurper being of course General Grant, a very Yankee Cæsar. The style of the *Herald* is, as usual, full-bodied. "Where John Adams prophesied that we would be celebrating the fourth of July in fireworks for ever, we are menaced with Cæsar before a hundred years have passed, not in the impalpable ghostly form that startled Brutus on the eve of Philippi, but with strong devil-fish arms that may call forth an effort which Victor Hugo might imagine, but the nation does not realize." We may smile at the splendour of the diction. But though General Grant is not a devil-fish, nor likely to meditate a *coup d'état*, there are two things which threaten the substance, if not the form, of American liberty. The first is the immense body of office-holders under the patronage and control of the President. The second is military government at the South, which cannot fail to affect the habits of the government generally, and the political character of the nation.

There is, however, a more pressing danger

than that of Cæsarism. At Philadelphia they have discovered a great series of fraudulent land sales, in which the public registrar of deeds was an accomplice. Unfortunately Canada is not exempt from contagion. On our side of the line a great Post-Office robbery has been detected; and we are not surprised to be told that, in this case, as in most cases of public robbery in the United States, the patronage of the office which has suffered is a perquisite of the local politicians. Society on this continent will some day have to defend the fruits of its industry with vigour against the fraternity of Tweed.

"More kings than thrones for them," as Thiers said, is the difficulty of the ruling party in France. This is so clear that a determined attempt has once more been made to diminish the untoward plurality by effecting a fusion between the elder and the younger branch of the house of Bourbon. It was reported that the attempt had been successful; but again the hopes of the fusionists have been wrecked upon the old rock of the difference about the national flag. The heir of Louis XVI. hoisting the ensign of Egalité would indeed be strange heraldry; but the anomaly would not be one of heraldry alone. The white flag of the elder branch means despotism and clerical ascendancy; the tricolor of the house of Orleans means a liberal monarchy, with the State supreme over the priesthood and secular education. The white flag means the Past without compromise; the Orleans tricolor means a compromise between the Past and the Future. The Count de Chambord could not hoist the tricolor without apostasy; the Count de Paris could not hoist the white flag without arousing against himself and his house the anti-ecclesiastical sentiment which, notwithstanding the reaction, is still formidably strong in France, and has all the forces of intellect on its side. Meantime the Bonapartists look on chuckling, and expect the ball to roll at last into

their hands. They boast that they alone possess the true secret for settling the religious question; a curious fact, if it is so, considering that none of the Bonapartes have ever believed in anything but their star.

To protect society against communism appears to be the special function claimed by the Duke de Broglie for his ministry. A monarchist he avows himself; but between the three dynastic pretenders of whose followers his motley party is made up he appears to profess neutrality, though it is impossible that his heart should not be with the house of Orleans. He is represented as looking upon the three candidates as three racers, and regarding himself as only authorized to see that the start is fair. Unluckily a race between competitors for a crown takes the form of a civil war. It seems not impossible that Marshal MacMahon, whom we take not to be an enthusiastic politician, finding his situation pleasant and the cookery good, may arrive at the conclusion that, all things considered, France might go further and fare worse than she is faring with an eminently Conservative republic under President MacMahon.

The Government is said to be very strong; all Governments in France are till they suddenly perish. They all try to secure themselves in the same way, by terrorism and press-gagging. The supremely liberal Duke de Broglie is suppressing opposition newspapers by the score; and, in addition to the vindictive prosecution of M. Ranc he has executed the sentence, justly as well as prudently suspended by M. Thiers, against Rochefort, a hot-headed and venomous agitator, but one who did the country some service by his influence among the working class during the siege of Paris by the Germans, and who was so far from being concerned in the worst excesses of the Commune that his Communist fellow-convicts have actually tried to lynch him as a traitor to the cause. It is extraordinary that

experience so terrible and so often repeated has not yet taught French statesmen that public sentiment, when compressed by the censor, only becomes more explosive, and that terrorism breeds terrorism without end.

The great danger of the Government arises from the violence and insolence of its clerical supporters. One clerical organ says, with reference to the edict respecting the hours of civil burials: "There seems a special fitness in arranging that the corpses of freethinkers shall be disposed of at an hour when the streets are being cleansed of rubbish and offal." Those to whom such language is addressed by a party in power must feel the knife of the St. Bartholomew at their throats. The Government in vain endeavours to clear itself of the offensive taint. "We are religious not clerical" cry the Orleanists. "You are clerical not religious," retorts Gambetta. The descendants of Philippe Egalité have been much misunderstood if there is not truth in the retort.

There appears to be no foundation for the report that Bismarck's power is on the wane. He has difficulties, no doubt, with his old Conservative Emperor, and with colleagues whose brain is not so large and whose will is not so strong as his own. But he reigns, and probably will continue to reign, as long as any mortal mind and body can endure the strain which must be laid on his. With such examples as those of Bismarck and Von Moltke before us it can hardly be said that the human race is falling off in its power of enduring toil.

Bismarck has been represented by clerical organs, to the horror of the faithful, as saying "that he would put the State in the place of God." The report is now officially contradicted for the comfort of those who need an official assurance that a man of Bismarck's sense has not been talking intolerable nonsense. But after all the report is merely the clerical version of Bismarck's real policy. He is the great antagonist of theocracy—the

Anti-Hildebrand of our time. As Hildebrand in his day asserted the supremacy of the priesthood over the State, so Bismarck in his day is asserting the supremacy of the State over the priesthood. That the clergy were a sacred caste above the nation and the law was the theory of Hildebrand; that the clergy of all denominations are citizens, owing allegiance to the nation and subject to the law, is the theory of Bismarck. The struggle between him and the Papacy is internecine. Experience has shown that two powers cannot be supreme; that the authority claimed by the Popes as spiritual extends really over all human actions, and if conceded would make the priest absolute master of humanity. No less is in fact involved in the Pope's encyclicals, which apply to the political and intellectual as well as to the religious sphere, calling upon mankind in all alike to renounce modern civilization. For the first time perhaps in history the Papal theory is met by one equally thoroughgoing, and enforced with equal boldness on the other side.

Macaulay, in a well-known passage, has described the peculiar state of European sentiment during the great struggle of the sixteenth century, when nationality was superseded by religious party, and the French Huguenot was for the time more the fellow countryman of the Englishman than of the French Catholic. The sixteenth century is in this respect being reproduced at the present day. The journals of the Reaction in France complain of the want of patriotism betrayed by French Liberals who, they say, and no doubt with truth, are becoming partisans of Bismarck. A country which buries dissidents "like rubbish and offal," must be expected, like a country which massacres them for their Protestantism, in some measure to lose its hold on their affections.

Whatever may be thought of Bismarck's theories of society, there can be no doubt that the man himself is one of the most ex-

traordinary of the personal forces of history. Marvellously has his character been moulded by destiny to be the hinge on which the fortunes of the world might turn. The Liberal and the military element are generally opposed to each other; and in Prussia they were so in a marked manner, the "Junkers" being at once the Conservative and military party, while the first object of the Liberals was to reduce the army. Yet German progress was to be defended against the forces of the Reactionary French Empire, and of Reaction generally, only by the union of the two. In Bismarck they were united: he was intensely military and at the same time intensely Liberal, so far as regards those questions which lie at the root of the whole controversy between Progress and Reaction. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he was military first and Liberal afterwards. At all events, he at first maintained against the Liberals, by very arbitrary measures, in conjunction with feudalists like Von Roon, a vast military system; and with the army thus maintained he has won victories for the Liberal cause far greater than any which it had gained since Gustavus fell upon the field of Lützen. We may name Lützen in conjunction with Sadowa and Sedan; for the European movement, the vast and complex developments of which we are witnessing, now in the cell of the student, now amidst the thunder of the battle-field, is the Reformation recommencing its march with a wider range, with deeper significance, and reinforced by the mighty accession of modern science. It is natural to suppose that Bismarck's policy has in some degree been modified as he advanced, and that it has taken its mould to some extent from the obstacles which it has successively encountered. We can hardly imagine that in the midst of the revolutions of 1848, and afterwards, when by his arbitrary measures he actually provoked the attempt of a fanatical revolutionist on his life, he foresaw that he should stand

where he now stands, the head of the party of Progress, and the chief mark for all the anathemas of Reaction. But on any hypothesis the workings of his brain during the last quarter of a century, if they could be revealed to us, would be a marvellous subject for mental science.

We may be well assured that Bismarck's eye is on Spain, and that he watches, as intently as in the days of the Hohenzollern candidature, the fortunes of the battle in that part of the field. The stock metaphor of a ship on fire driving over a stormy sea might be applied with more than usual appropriateness to the case of the national Government of Spain, which is struggling at once to defend its territory against the inroads of Carlism from the north, and to quench the flames of anarchic insurrection in the great cities within its nominal dominion. Anarchic insurrection appears to have been successfully put down, after a desperate struggle, in all the cities except Carthagena, the respectable citizens of all parties no doubt supporting the Republican Government as the only power of order in the land. Carlism in the meantime wins petty victories, sometimes counterbalanced by defeats on the same scale. It receives supplies of money and arms from the Papal and Reactionist party in other countries, but it hardly advances beyond the territory, as limited as the Scottish Highlands compared with Great Britain, which has always been its stronghold, nor does it make any apparent progress towards political ascendancy. A Carlist mob appears to have mingled with an International mob in firing Seville and committing other anarchic atrocities, but nothing like a general movement in favour of the Pretender has taken place; though no doubt his health is being drunk at Salamanca as that of Prince Charlie was at Oxford. On the whole, the National Government gains ground. It has got something like an army on foot again, and

Salmeron, whom it has now at its head, is about the best of the political chiefs.

The state of the country is not so bad as might be supposed. As the *Globe*, which has had two or three articles of unusual merit on the Spanish Revolution, truly says, Spain is less sensitively organized than England. In England itself, in ruder times, civil wars went on without much interfering with the ordinary course of trade or of life. The amount of disturbance caused by the wars of the Roses, or even by the great Rebellion, was wonderfully small. Horace Walpole has a story of a gentleman going out with his hounds across the battlefield on the morning of Edgehill.

The Spanish nation, last, or nearly so, of all the nations of Europe, is struggling to throw off the grave-clothes of the past, and to enter upon its share of the heritage of modern civilization. The process is not unattended with difficulty and disturbance in this any more than in other cases. The Reformation won its way through terrible wars, civil and international, and was disgraced by the follies and excesses of the Anabaptists. The English Revolution of the seventeenth century, though it ended in the settlement of 1688, and though we owe to it that we are not as the Spain of the old regime, came in like manner in the form of fifty years of civil strife, and was in like manner disgraced by the follies and excesses of Fifth Monarchy men and Levellers. It is needless to recall the crimes, absurdities and horrors, which marked the exodus of France from the medieval into the modern state of society. Compared with the French Revolution that of Spain may be said so far to have been "made with rose water." At such junctures all the pent-up forces of disorder break forth, and the dangerous classes of society are for the time invested with formidable power. Those who have studied the history of revolutions need no reporter to tell them what is going on in the hall of the Cortes: they can easily divine the pas-

sions, the chimeras, the factions, the selfish ambitions which are contending and raging there, and estimate the stress laid upon such leaders as retain their self-command, and are striving to work out the salvation of the country. The Spanish Revolution may end in disaster; history affords no guarantee against its doing so; but it may be the new birth of a nation; and it demands at any rate not cynical derision, but the serious attention due to every great effort and movement of humanity.

The remarks which we have from time to time made upon the taxation of personal property by municipalities have just received a signal illustration. The City Council of Toronto has laid upon the capital of the owners of bank stock (and stock of all kinds seems equally threatened) an impost which, taking the ordinary rate of interest at five per cent., which is that of our national securities, is equivalent to an income-tax of thirty per cent. on the income of citizens whose money is invested in such stock. It may safely be said that this has no parallel in the fiscal system of the most oppressive government in the world. To find anything analogous to it in modern times we must resort to the annals, not of regular taxation, but of military requisition. And the Council, if they please, may double the amount. A power, in fact, of unlimited confiscation is placed in the hands, it may be, of ward politicians. It is

needless to say that, if the threatened impost is levied, capital will at once take flight into the Lower Province or over the line. We are always inviting the possessors of capital in England to come and invest here. Do we suppose that they will be so kind as to walk into what is proclaimed to be a fiscal slaughter-house? The very threat of such confiscation has probably, by alarming the sensitive nerves of commerce, done more harm to Toronto than will be easily repaired. Editorials have been written, and resolutions have been framed against the collection of the tax; but the true point we venture to think has hardly been hit. Municipalities render certain services (or, as regards a considerable part of Toronto, fail to render them) to certain descriptions of property; and upon these descriptions of property they are entitled to levy rates accordingly. But they render no services to bank stock or stock of any kind, and, therefore, they are not fairly entitled to levy rates on it. In framing canons of taxation economists have been apt to forget that the first canon of all, in the case of a tax as in the case of any other measure of government, is that it should be just. But, we repeat, municipal government is one of the great problems of this continent, and people will have to rouse themselves and attend to it, if they wish to enjoy the fruits of their industry and frugality in peace.

The last event, at the time of our going to press, is Mr. Huntington's letter declining to be a party to the removal of the impeachment from the jurisdiction of Parliament to that of the Royal Commission. The letter appears to us to be plainly in accordance with the principles of constitutional right, of the common law, and of common justice; and to entitle its writer, as the defender of these principles against a misuse of the prerogative by the officers of the Crown, to the sympathy and support of the nation.

The form of the summons addressed by the Commissioners to Mr. Huntington appears to exhibit in a marked manner the

questionable relations of the present Commission to the ordinary tribunals and the Common Law.

It is difficult to say what the next step will be. The Commission is not a branch of the judiciary having its own rules of action clearly marked out by the law; it is merely a temporary branch of the Executive, looking for guidance in doubtful cases to the authority under which it acts. We presume that the Commissioners will deem it necessary to take the pleasure of the Governor-General, who is at present absent on his yachting excursion, before entering on a direct conflict with the Commons.

SELECTIONS.

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.*

WHEN Lady Holland, the wife of the eminent physician and natural philosopher, undertook the biography of her father, she applied to me and others for any reminiscences we might happen to have retained of his familiar life and conversation. The greater part of the material I supplied to her is incorporated in her admirable and accessible volumes, and I am unwilling to repeat it here. But something remains which I do not think has been given to the public, and there are aspects of the character of my old friend and social companion which have not been made as prominent as they deserve.

As a Yorkshireman I had heard much of the inspiring effects of his wit and gaiety in provincial life, and his residences among the breezy wolds of the East Riding are still pointed out with respectful interest. In that country, which still retains its pastoral character, and where the simple habits of a sparse and scattered population offer a striking contrast to the fume and tumult of their Western neighbours, there had been erected during the last and former centuries, by a strange accident of aristocratic possession, and at a cost which the difficulties of transport and the facility of labour at the time of their construction must have rendered enormous, some of the noblest and most decorated of English mansions. The inhabitants of these isolated palaces, of which Castle Howard is the most notable, welcomed with delight the unexpected vicinage of a mighty Edinburgh Reviewer in the disguise of a village parson, and competed for his society with the not distant city of York, over the church of which Archbishop Harcourt, the last

of the Cardinal Prelates of our Establishment, so long presided.

This intercourse not only relieved what would have been a sad change from the genial hospitalities and frequent festivities of his former city life, but increased that familiar and friendly association with the representatives of a higher station in society which alone made it agreeable, or even tolerable, to his independent nature. He demanded equality, at least, in every company he entered, and generally got something more.

I have heard that it took some time for his professional brethren to accommodate themselves to what would have been indeed a startling apparition in their retired and monotonous existence, but that his active interest in parochial matters, however insignificant, his entire simplicity of demeanour, his cheerful endurance and ingenious remedies in all the little discomforts of his position, quite won their hearts, and that he became as popular with them as ever he was among his cognate wits and intellectual fellows. He willingly assisted his neighbours in their clerical duties, and an anecdote of one of these occasions is still current in the district, for the authenticity of which I will not vouch, but which seems to me good enough to be true. He dined with the incumbent on the preceding Saturday, and the evening passed in great hilarity, the squire, by name Kershaw, being conspicuous for his loud enjoyment of the stranger's jokes. "I am very glad that I have amused you," said Mr. Sydney Smith at parting, "but you must not laugh at my sermon to-morrow." "I should hope I know the difference between being here and at church," remarked the gentleman with some sharpness. "I am not so sure of that," replied the visitor; "I'll bet you a guinea on it," said the squire. "Take you," replied the divine. The preacher ascended the steps of the pulpit apparently suffering from a severe cold, with his handkerchief to his face, and at once *sneezed* out the

* From "Monographs Personal and Social." By Lord Houghton. London: John Murray, Publisher.

[We are also indebted to this interesting volume for the selection entitled "Harriet Lady Ashburton," which appeared in our August number, and credit for which was accidentally omitted.

—[Ed. C. M.]

name "Ker-shaw" several times in various intonations. This ingenious assumption of the readiness with which a man would recognise his own name in sounds imperceptible to the ears of others, proved accurate. The poor gentleman burst into a guffaw, to the scandal of the congregation; and the minister, after looking at him with stern reproach, proceeded with his discourse and won the bet.

Though in appearance less brilliant and important, I suspect that this must have been the happiest period of Mr. Sydney Smith's career. He had full health, talents employed, domestic comforts, great hopes of eminence in his profession, and abundant amusement without the inevitable frivolities that wait on large companies of men, or the moral and intellectual condescensions which great popularity in the social, as well as in the political, world demands.

The luxurious Somersetshire rectory to which he was soon transferred had many superior attractions to his rough Yorkshire home, but he never ceased to regret the fresh atmosphere and shrewd energy of the north. "What with the long torpor of the cider, and the heated air of the west," he said, "they all become boozy, the squires grow blind, the labourers come drunk to work, and the maids pin their mistresses' gowns awry." In his own phrase he "eviscerated" the house and made it most commodious, and every wall glistened with books. But the great merit of Combe Florey was that, as he said, "It bound up so well with London;" and when, on Lord Grey's accession to power, he was appointed to a Canonry of St. Paul's, he was able to oscillate agreeably between the two functions, and to get the most out of Town and Country. It was a great delight to him to induce his London friends to visit him, and Lady Holland's work abounds with his devices and mystifications for their diversion.

But his love of London it is impossible to overrate. The old Marquis who never approached the town without the ejaculation, "Those blessed lamps!" was far outstripped by his eloquent fancy. I remember his vision of an immense Square with the trees flowering with flambeaux, with gas for grass, and every window illuminated by countless chandeliers, and voices reiterating for ever and for ever, "Mr. Sydney Smith coming up stairs!" The

parallelogram between Hyde Park and Regent Street, Oxford Street and Piccadilly, within which he dwelt, contained, in his belief, more wisdom, wit, and wealth, than all the rest of the inhabited globe. It was to him a magazine and repository of what was deepest and most real in human life. "If a messenger from heaven," he used to say, "were on a sudden to annihilate the love of power, the love of wealth, the love of esteem, in the hearts of men, the streets of London would be as empty and silent at noon as they are now in the middle of the night." His nature demanded for its satisfaction the fresh interests of every hour; he defined the country—"a place with only one post a day." The little expectations and trivial disappointments, the notes and the responses, the news and the contradictions, the gossip and the refutation, were to him sources of infinite amusement; and the immense social popularity which made his presence at a dinner-table a household event, was satisfactory to his pleasure-loving and pleasure-giving temperament, even if it sometimes annoyed him in its indiscriminating exigency. The very diversity, and it may be, the frequent inferiority of the company in which he found himself, was not distasteful to him, for while his cheerfulness made his own portion of the entertainment its own satisfaction, he had acquired, when I knew him, the habit of direction and mastery in almost every society where he found himself. He would allow, what indeed he could not prevent, the brilliant monologue of Mr. Macaulay, and was content to avenge himself with the pleasantry, "That he not only overflowed with learning, but stood in the slop." He yielded to the philosophy and erudition of such men as Dean Milman, and Mr. Grote, with an occasional deprecatory comment, but he admitted no competition or encounter in his own field. On this point he was strangely unjust. When some enterprising entertainer brought him and Mr. Theodore Hook together, the failure was complete; Mr. Sydney Smith could see nothing but buffoonery in the gay, dramatic faculty and wonderful extempore invention of the novelist, just as he either could, or would not, see any merit in those masterpieces of comic verse, the works of one of his own fellow-administrators of the cathedral of St. Paul's, the "Ingoldsby Legends."

Not that, in the common phrase, he monopolised the conversation; it rather monopolised him, as was expressed by the young lady, who responded by a fit of laughter to his grace after dinner, exclaiming: "You are always so amusing."

He has written depreciatingly of all playing upon words, but his rapid apprehension could not altogether exclude a kind of wit which in its best forms takes fast hold of the memory, besides the momentary amusement it excites. His objection to the superiority of a City feast: "I cannot wholly value a dinner by the test you do;"—his proposal to settle the question of wood pavement round St. Paul's: "Let the Canons once lay their heads together, and the thing will be done;"—his pretty compliment to his friends, Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Cuffe: "Ah! there you are: the cuff that every one would wear, the tie that no one would loose"—may be cited as perfect in their way. His salutation to a friend who had grown stouter, "I did not half see you when you were in town last year," is perhaps rather a play on thoughts than on words.

The irrepressible humour sometimes forced its way in a singular manner through serious observations. He was speaking of the accusations of nepotism brought against a statesman to whom he was much attached, and which he thought supremely unjust: "Such a disposition of patronage was one of the legitimate inducements to a man of high rank and large fortune to abandon the comforts of private life for the turmoils and disappointments of a political career. Nor did the country suffer by it; on the contrary, a man was much more likely to be able to judge of the real competence of his relatives whom he knew well for any office than he could from secondhand or documentary information;—indeed, he felt this so strongly that, if by any inconceivable freak of fortune he himself were placed in the position, he should think himself not only authorized, but compelled, to give a competent post to every man of his own name in the country." Again, in the course of an argument on the subject of the interference of this country in foreign wars and the necessity of keeping up our national *prestige* on the Continent, after some sound reasoning he concluded: "I have spent enough and fought enough for other nations.

I must think a little of myself—I want to sit under my own bramble and sloe-tree with my own great-coat and umbrella. No war for me short of Piccadilly; there, indeed, in front of Grange's shop, I will meet Luttrell, and Rogers, and Willmot and other knights; I will combat to the death for Fortnum and Mason's next door, and fall in defence of the sauces of my country."

I have mentioned the independence of character which secured him from moral injury in a society where the natural arrogance of aristocracy is fostered and encouraged by continual pressure and intrusion from without. He always showed the consciousness that he full repaid any courtesy or condescension that he might receive by raising the coarser frivolity of high life to a level of something like intellectual enjoyment. Yet he could not altogether conceal his sense of the inevitable defects of idleness, and rank without personal merit. I remember complaining to him one day of the insolence of some fine lady, and receiving a smart reproof for caring about such nonsense: "You should remember that they are poodles fed upon cream and muffins, and the wonder is that they retain either temper or digestion." For the active pursuit of wealth he had a far different estimate; he thought no man could be better employed than in making honest money: he said "he felt warmed by the very contact of such men as the great bankers and merchants of his time." He liked to bring home this satisfaction to his own personal position. "What a blessing to have been born in this country, where three men, like my brothers and myself, starting from the common level of life, could, by the mere exercise of their own talents and industry, be what we are, with every material comfort and every requisite consideration." Speaking of one of these, Mr. Robert Smith, the fine classic and distinguished Indian official, he burst forth: "What a glorious possession for England that India is! My brother Bobus comes to me one morning when I am in bed, and says he is going there, and wishes me good-bye. I turn round, go to sleep for some time, and when I wake, there he is again, standing by me, hardly at all altered, with a huge fortune." His brother Courteney also returned from India with great wealth; Sydney also spoke of him as a man of at least

equal ability with himself. There was a current story that when some one alluded to the magnificent administration of Lord Hastings in India, he responded: "Magnificent you mean."

I am inclined to dwell somewhat on the clerical position of Mr. Sydney Smith, from the misapprehension concerning it that existed, and still exists, in the judgments of many estimable men. There can be no greater anachronism than to confound the estimates of the sacerdotal character as it has come to be regarded by public opinion in the first half of the nineteenth century, with the ancient standard that prevailed up to that period. The ministers of the Church of England, taken as a whole, were serious, not austere—pious, not devout—literary, not learned. Its prelates were, many of them, good scholars rather than theologians, and they rose to the Bench as often by an edition of a Greek play as by a commentary on the Scriptures. It is related by one, by no means the least eminent, that he dismissed his candidates for ordination with the injunction "to improve their Greek, and not waste their time in visiting the poor." His profession Mr. Sydney Smith went into young, without any notion of special aptitude, without any pretence of a spiritual vocation. He undertook to perform its duties in the different spheres in which they might be presented to him, to form his life on a certain basis of belief, to submit to its recognised restrictions, and to defer to its constituted authorities. If, besides these negative functions, he adorned the profession with learning or wit, if he strengthened its political constitution or advanced its intellectual interests, if, in a word, besides being a respectable clergyman, he became a man of mark in literature or science, in social development or philanthropic work, he demanded that he should have his share of the dignities and wealth of the corporation to which he belonged, and rise, if favoured by fortune and sanctioned by desert, to the highest conditions of the realm. In this view of the ecclesiastical life there was nothing strange or new; in fact, it was strange and new to think otherwise. The Church of England, as the Church of Rome before it, participated in all the intellectual as well as spiritual movements of mankind, and did not shrink from rights of interference in the government and policy of the State. It thought

it no derogation to be a valuable branch of the civil service, to guard the morality and guide the education of the people. Its most earnest philanthropists were men of the world, and its reformers aimed at gradual and reasonable changes not incongruous with the wealth and dignity that made it attractive to men of high birth and costly education. Nor did it attempt to divest itself of political objects and party bias. It prided itself on its judicial attitude amid the passions of religious controversy, and if it had ejected the Nonconformists it had cut itself off from the Nonjurors. But in pure politics it was essentially Tory, and ecclesiastical advocates of change and novelty were few and far between. Mr. Sydney Smith is therefore fully justified in asserting the entire disinterestedness with which he joined the liberal camp, and in saying that "it would be indeed absurd to suppose that, in doing so, he had any thought or prospect of promotion in his profession." But when, after many years of work and success in the advocacy of those opinions, and intimate connection with its political leaders, his party became predominant in the State, the apparent neglect of his services was at once a private wound and a public injury.

It was a natural feeling on the part of the daughter to represent her father as treating the neglect with dignified indifference, but neither his conduct nor his language have left me with that impression. Lord Brougham, indeed, told me that when the Whig Government was formed, Mr. Sydney Smith wrote to him to the effect that, as for a Bishopric, it would not suit his friends to give it him or him to receive it, but that he should be glad of any other preferment,—and that he (Lord Brougham) had answered him that "in those expressions he had shown, as usual, his complete common sense," adding: "Leave the fastnesses of the Church to others; keep the snugnesses for yourself." I have no doubt Lord Brougham reported his own words correctly; I am not so sure about those of Sydney Smith.

It is probable, however, that his own feelings on the matter swayed and changed with the temper of the moment. There were times, no doubt, when the sense of the comfort of the modest duties allotted to him was agreeable, as I remember in his salutation to a young Archdeacon, now perhaps the foremost Prelate in

the Church: "You have got your first honour in your profession—the first drippings of the coming shower. I have everything I want, a Canonry with excellent pasture, a charming parish and residence, and—what I will tell you privately, but it must not go any farther—an excellent living I never see." This was Halliburton, near Exeter, which had been attached to his stall at Bristol. In the same state of mind he once expressed to me his feelings respecting the death of his eldest son at Oxford, in the full promise of the highest distinction: "It was terrible at the time, but it has been best for me since; it has been bad enough in life to have been ambitious for myself, it would have been dreadful to have been ambitious for another."

The subject of his exclusion rarely occurs in his letters, but in one to Mrs. Grote (Dec. 1840), announcing the news of a batch of baronets, he anticipates the honour for Mr. Grote (who, by the by, afterwards refused a peerage), and adds: "If he is not, I will: the Ministers who would not make me a bishop can't refuse to make me a baronet." But the real proof of the depth of injury inflicted by this deprivation of the great privileges and powers of his profession was his continual allusion, and sharp, though not malignant, satire against the Order. So many instances crowd on the memory that selection is not easy. I will mention those that first recur to me, which are not already included in Lady Holland's "Life."

"I delight in a stage-coach and four, and how could I have gone by one as a Bishop?" I might have found myself alone with a young lad: of strong dissenting principles, who would have called for help, to disgrace the Church, or with an Atheist, who told me what he had said in his heart, and when I had taken refuge on the outside, I might have found an Unitarian in the basket, or, if I got on the box, the coachman might have told me 'he was once one of those rascally parsons, but had now taken to a better and an honest trade.'

"Why don't the thieves dress with aprons—so convenient for storing any stolen goods? You would see the Archbishop of York taken off at every race-course, and not a prize-fight without an archdeacon in the paws of the police."

"The Bishop of St. David's has been studying Welsh all the summer; it is a difficult lan-

guage, and I hope he will be careful—it is so easy for him to take up the Funeral-Service, and read it over the next wedding-party, or to make a mistake in a tense in a Confirmation, and the children will have renounced their god-fathers and godmothers, and got nothing in their place."

"They now speak of the peculiar difficulties and restrictions of the Episcopal Office. I only read in Scripture of two inhibitions—boxing and polygamy."

He was not likely to have much sympathy for the novel demand for the extension of Episcopacy in the colonies, which he called "Colonial mitrophilism." "There soon will not be a rock in the sea on which a cormorant can perch, but they will put a Bishop beside it. Heligoland is already nominated."

It will of course appear to many that the levity with which he would thus treat the dignitaries of his profession would of itself have unfitted him for its highest offices, and certainly with the present emotional and historical development of religious feeling in the Church, there would be much truth in the opinion. But this was not, and could not have been, his aspect of a hierarchy in which Swift had been a Dean and Sterne a Canon, not only without scandal but with popular admiration and national pride, and the objections to his elevation really apply quite as strongly to his status as a minister of the Church at all. The question may fairly be asked, why should he not have made quite as good a Bishop as he was a parish Priest and Canon of St. Paul's. The temperament which, in his own words, "made him always live in the Present and the Future, and look on the Past as so much dirty linen," was eminently favourable to his fit understanding and full accomplishment of whatever work he had to do. There has been no word of adverse criticism on his parochial administration, and he has left the best recollections of the diligence and scrupulous care with which he fulfilled his duties in connection with the Cathedral of St. Paul's.

He often spoke with much bitterness of the growing belief in three Sexes of Humanity—Men, Women, and Clergymen; "but, for his part, he would not surrender his rightful share of interference in all great human interests of his time." Had he attained a seat on the Bench

of Bishops, he would assuredly have been considerate to the clergy, intelligent and active in all works of beneficence, eminent in the work of education, and, what is so rare in his profession, an excellent man of business in all the temporal affairs of his diocese. To the House of Lords, his union of lively perception and vigorous judgment would have been very acceptable, and he would have arrested that current of prejudiced opinion which would confine the influence and interference of the members of that Assembly, who have especially won their way to its distinctions by their own various abilities, to the discussion of purely professional topics.

But the development, as our century advanced, of an ideal of the Church of England, in which first the imaginative and spiritual elements, and later the mystically-historical, came to supersede the old moral, intellectual, and political order, not only has tended to the exclusion from the hierarchy of the very men who in the former time would have been selected for its offices, but, during the later years of Mr. Sydney Smith's life, had so far taken hold of the public mind that it was not uncommon to hear, even from fair-judging men, a regret that he had selected the clerical profession at all, and a secret repugnance to the fusion between what seemed to them the sacred and profane in his thoughts and language. The exclusion of the clergy from the ordinary amusements of English life was already gradually tending to their rarer appearance in general society, and the frequent presence of one of the body as a brilliant diner-out was becoming something anomalous. The constant growth of this feeling to the present time renders it difficult to many to understand how modern it was, and how rapid the change from the old-fashioned estimate of the manners and proprieties of clerical life. When Mr. Sydney Smith came to Yorkshire, he must still have found the sporting parson—a character now only lingering in the far west of England—in full vigour; but it seems to have been distasteful to him, for when asked by Archbishop Harcourt (who had himself considerable sympathy with those diversions) whether he objected to seeing the clergy on horseback? he answered: "Certainly not, provided they turn out their toes." It is not uncharitable to attribute this special rigour in

some degree to the entire absence of the sporting instinct in himself, which led him to regard "being kicked up and down Pall Mall as a more reasonable exercise than riding a high-trotting horse," and to confess that "when he took a gun in hand he was sure that the safest position the pheasant could assume was just opposite its muzzle."

It needs no argument to prove that susceptibilities on the score of irreverence increase in proportion to the prevalence of doubt and scepticism. When essential facts cease to be incontrovertible they are no longer safe from the humour of contrasts and analogies. It is thus that the secular use of scriptural allusion was more frequent in the days of simple belief in inspiration than in our times of linguistic and historical criticism. Phrases and figures were then taken as freely out of sacred as out of classical literature, and even characters as gross and ludicrous as some of Fielding's clergy were not looked upon as satire against the Church. Thus, when Sydney Smith illustrated his objections to always living in the country by saying that "he was in the position of the personage who, when he entered a village, straightway he found an ass,"—or described the future condition of Mr. Croker as "disputing with the Recording Angel as to the dates of his sins,"—or drew a picture of Sir George Cornwall Lewis in Hades, "for ever and ever book-less, essay-less, pamphlet-less, grammar-less, in vain imploring the Bishop of London, seated aloft, for one little treatise on the Greek article—one smallest dissertation on the verb in *uz*,"—it never occurred to him that he was doing anything more than taking the most vivid and familiar images as vehicles of his humour. How little imprudence he could have attached to these playfulnesses, is evident from a striking passage in the "Essay on Wit," which formed part of the series of Lectures he delivered at the Royal Institution, and which he was fond of describing "as the most successful swindle of the season."

"It is a beautiful thing to observe the boundaries which Nature has affixed to the ridiculous, and to notice how soon it is swallowed up by the more illustrious feelings of our nature;" and after various powerful illustrations of this impression, he thus concludes:—"Who ever thinks of turning into ridicule our great and ardent hope of a world to come? Whenever the

man of humour meddles with these things, he is astonished to find that in all the great feelings of their nature the mass of mankind always think and act alike; that they are ready enough to laugh, but that they are quite as ready to drive away with indignation and contempt the light fool who comes with the feather of wit to crumble the bulwarks of truth and to beat down the temples of God."

There was another cause which at that time contributed to liberty on such points among serious men—the absence of all religious controversy or discussion in good society. When, in the decline of his life, Mr. Luttrell took a tour of country-houses, he told his friends on his return that he had found himself quite put out by the theological talk that prevailed in every house he had visited—except in that perfect gentleman's, the Bishop of ———, where the subject never occurred. This was in truth no great exaggeration of the change that had taken place in the public use of such topics, and would of itself explain how Mr. Sydney Smith might to some have appeared irreverent, while in fact the irreverence must to him have appeared all on the other side. One of the main repugnances of the churchmen of the early part of our century to what they called "Methodism"—that is, the great development of evangelical sentiment in English religion—was the introduction into the open air of the world of an order of thought and feeling which custom had relegated to certain times and places, and which it was neither good taste nor good sense to make general and familiar. It was the boast and tradition of the Church of England to take a "*Via Media*" in manner as in doctrine, which should keep clear of lightness and of solemnity, of preciseness and of passion. "How beautiful it is," I heard Sydney Smith preach at Combe Florey, "to see the good man wearing the mantle of piety over the dress of daily life—walking gaily among men, the secret servant of God." In this chance expression, it seemed to me, lay his main theory of religion. In one of his admirable sermons ("On the Character and Genius of the Christian Religion"), he says emphatically: "The Gospel has no enthusiasm—it pursues always the same calm tenor of language, and the same practical view, in what it enjoins There is no other faith which is not degraded

by its ceremonies, its fables, its sensuality, or its violence; the Gospel only is natural, simple, correct, and mild." Another discourse has for its title, "The Pleasures of Religion," on which he dilates with an earnest conviction that it is not only possible to make the best of both worlds, but that it is rather for the daily contentment than for the extraordinary solaces of life that Christianity has been given to mankind.

There is no doubt that his secular repute diminished to some extent the consideration that his powers as a preacher would otherwise have obtained. Though perhaps less carefully composed than his other writings, his Sermons abound with what is so rare in that form of literature—real interest; and while the subject matter is level with an educated intelligence, the form adapts them to any mixed audience not solicitous for emotion or surprise. They are, perhaps, the foremost in that class of discourses, so difficult to find, which are suitable for a body of hearers neither private nor public enough for vivid appeals to the feelings or subtle demands on the understanding. His delivery was animated without being dramatic, and would recall to those familiar with his writings the sharp animadversion in one of his earliest productions—the small volumes printed in 1801, on the monotonous and conventional treatment of sacred subjects in the pulpit, but which, somehow or other, has had no place in his collected works—how undeservedly the following extracts would suffice to show:

"Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? No man expresses warm and animated feelings anywhere else with his mouth close, but with his whole body; he articulates with every limb, and talks from head to foot with a thousand voices. Why this *holoplexia* on sacred occasions alone? Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is it a rule of oratory to balance the style against the subject, and to handle the most sublime truths in the dullest language and the driest manner? Is sin to be taken from men, as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber? . . . We have cherished contempt for centuries, and persevered in dignified tameness so long, that while we are freezing common sense for large salaries in stately churches, a midst whole acres and furlongs of empty pews, the crowd are feasting on ungrammatical fervour and illiterate

animation in the crumbling hovels of the Methodists."

In considering the relation of Mr. Sydney Smith's other works to his living reputation, it seems difficult for the one to sustain and continue the other unless by some combination of interest in their subjects and their forms, and on this point he shares the destiny and the difficulties of the most eminent names in the history of British letters. Should, indeed, a complete English education ever become an object of serious study in this country, a great advantage and facility will be recognised in the circumstance that our best writers are more or less political. I do not allude to professed historians, or even to those who describe, attack, or defend the public affairs in which they have been personally engaged—such as Bacon, Milton, Clarendon, or Bolingbroke—but to the specially literary classes—the novelists and the divines—who have not been content to deal either with abstractions or theories, but have come down among their fellow-citizens to contend for any common cause that is agitating the nation. Hence there often seems a ludicrous disproportion between what seems the importance of the defence or attack and the weight of the defender or assailant. We might gladly commit the apology of the House of Hanover to the pellucid English of Addison's "Freeholder," or the less important party struggles of the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford to the rhetoric of the long mysterious Junius; but we grudge the gigantic satire of Swift evoked by Wood's copper half-pence, and even the time of Walter Scott, devoted to the one-pound note

of his country. But whether this be a waste of power or not, it seems to be so necessary a product of our character and our institutions, that when any powerful writer has the taste and temperament of a politician, it is a wonder if he be anything else. Thus it is fortunate that the questions in which Mr. Sidney Smith lavished his wit were not only the topics of the day, but had their roots in serious and permanent interests.

The Irish Church, which he so boldly satirised, is abolished; the Ballot, which he ridiculed, is established; the Ecclesiastical Commission, which he was ready to oppose "even to the loss of a portion of his own income and the whole of Dr. Spry's," is now the sole depository of the temporalities of the Church; the "Colonial" freedom he so early advocated is complete; and if the Game-laws be still on the statute-book, it is not from want of criticism or objection. Thus, whether his advocacy succeeded or failed, it must not be forgotten that these were matters which deeply agitated the public mind of the England in which he lived, and full account should be taken of the influence which such a statesman of the study, armed with so rare and well-tempered a glaive of wit, must have exercised. But besides, and beyond this marvellous faculty, let no one despise the admirable vehicle of language in which it is conveyed, or decline to join in the adjuration he solemnly uttered: "God preserve us the purity of style which from our earliest days we have endeavoured to gather in the great schools of ancient learning."

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

ACCORDING to the "Scientific Press," of San Francisco, hot-air stoves or furnaces for heating dwellings are very unwholesome, if they are constructed of cast-iron, but are not deleterious when they are made of wrought-iron. Cast-iron—the material generally employed—has the unfortunate peculiarity that the gases of combustion, namely,

carbonic acid and carbonic oxide, readily permeate it when hot, and are thus distributed through the dwelling, greatly deteriorating the air, and injuring the health of the inmates. On the other hand, wrought-iron, such as boiler iron, does not allow a trace of those highly injurious gases to escape, and it ought, therefore, to be adopted, in spite of its greater

expense. In cold countries, especially, this matter, as a sanitary question, becomes one of great importance, and is well worthy the attention of those who are sufficiently well educated to properly appreciate the necessity of having pure and uncontaminated air to breathe.

It is well known that Dr. Bastian, the author of the "Beginnings of Life," believed himself to have shown experimentally that living organisms can be generated spontaneously. His chief and most important experiments in proof of this were undertaken with a specially prepared infusion of turnip; and he showed that when this infusion was heated to the boiling point under conditions absolutely precluding the introduction of living matter from without, living organisms, nevertheless, made their appearance in it after a few days. The entire point of these experiments clearly lay in the assumption that the temperature of boiling is sufficient to kill all living matter that might exist in the fluid to begin with. Dr. Burdon Sanderson, an observer of unquestionable authority, has, however, recently shown that the above assumption is erroneous, and that these experiments are, therefore, no proof at all of the occurrence of spontaneous generation. He has shown, namely, that similar liquids, placed under similar conditions, though they always become the home of living beings if only heated to the boiling point, never exhibit any traces of life if heated to a somewhat higher temperature. Dr. Bastian's experiments, therefore, simply prove that the germs of the lower forms of life are not destroyed by being subjected to a temperature equal to the boiling point of water.

Owing to the recent scarcity of rags, paper makers have been driven to look out for new substitutes for the substances hitherto employed in the manufacture of paper. In France, hopstalks have been used with success, and in England jute has been tried with satisfactory results. Things have so far progressed that newspapers have been printed on jute paper, and it seems possible that this substance may be successfully introduced into general use for all but the finer kinds of paper.

The series of observations made by the U. S. Signal Corps has now been extended to include a daily record of the temperature of the surface and bottom of the rivers and harbours upon which the several stations of the service are situated. This is not only a matter of scientific interest, but also has important practical bearings, especially in connection with the subject of introducing useful fishes into the lakes and rivers of this country; since it is well known that certain fishes, such as salmon, will not thrive except in waters of a particular temperature, a temperature which varies with each species.

M. Lebœuf, a large cultivator of asparagus and strawberries, of Argentueil, France, has recently shewn that peat ashes possess a very considerable value as a fertiliser. Plants will even grow well in peat ashes without any soil at all. He filled three pots with peat ashes, without any foreign admixture, and planted in one oats, in another wheat, and in a third strawberry plants. Leaving them through the winter without any attention, germination took place; the wheat and oats sprouted, and grew vigorously, ultimately producing large and heavy ears; the stalks of the former attaining a height of four-and-a-half-feet, and those of the latter three-and-a-half feet. The strawberries also were unusually vigorous. These experiments have been repeated several times by M. Lebœuf, with uniform success.

The "London Grocer" publishes a description of a new kind of "artificial butter," which it editorially declares to be of really excellent quality. This substance does not contain any butter at all, but consists simply of suet with a small quantity of salt. Perfectly fresh beef-suet is taken, and is subjected to the influence of a very high temperature derived from steam, whereby all objectionable impurities are said to be removed. The editor of the "Grocer" has tried it, and likes it, especially on taste; but he can hardly be said to be recommending it strongly to the general public when he says that it tastes like "pure fat." It might, perhaps, be with advantage exported for the use of the Esquimaux.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The appointment of Professor McCandless as head of the Agricultural College and Model Farm of this Province does great credit to the Government. The Professor brings the highest testimonials of knowledge and ability, and he is regarded by those who know him as possessing an abundant measure of the energy which puts life into a new institution. We may fairly expect that both the science and the practice of agriculture among us will receive a new impulse from this appointment.

We welcome with pleasure the announcement of a work by Professor Hind, entitled "The Dominion of Canada," which promises to give a picture at once minute and comprehensive of all the Provinces of our Dominion, with their physical features, inhabitants, industries and institutions. Professor Hind's name is enough to lead us to hope that the promise will be well fulfilled. The work is announced by Mr. John Lovell, and is to be published in twenty-five parts.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Ladies' Educational Association of Toronto has been organized by the ladies, who have now fairly taken it into their own hands, on a more solid basis, and is likely to enter on its fifth session with increased vigour. The lecturers will be Dr. Nicholson, on *Physical Geography in special relation to Geology*; Dr. Wilson, on *Modern European History*; Professor Young, on *Mental and Moral Philosophy*; and Mr. James Loudon, M. A., on *Light*. We would earnestly commend the institution to the favourable consideration of the ladies of Toronto. There is, of course, no use in putting the case too high; there is no use in pretending that attendance on four courses of lectures, however good, will do for any one that which is done by years of laborious study. But attendance on four good courses of lectures will do a great deal in proportion to the expenditure of time and labour. It will kindle intellectual interests, and afford stimulus, encouragement and guidance to private reading. Many persons thus have opened to them sources of intellectual profit and pleasure to which they would otherwise never have had access. The brilliant attendance at the lectures of the Royal Institution in London shows the public appreciation of this fact. The age teems with problems and discoveries in all departments—moral and physical—of the most transcendent interest and importance. To be able

in any measure to follow the course of thought, and to understand its results when presented as they now are on every hand, in itself lends a new enjoyment and dignity to life. That a little knowledge is a dangerous thing is true only when you attempt to teach or criticize; for the purpose of appreciation a little knowledge may go a long way and be very useful. To advise a lady, especially one much occupied in household cares, to sit down by herself and commence a difficult course of study is hopeless; but with the assistance of a good lecturer the difficulty will disappear. To ladies intending to make education their profession, these courses offer the best available opportunity of qualifying themselves in studies some knowledge of which is now generally required of instructors; and in this point of view the institution appeals strongly to the benevolent feelings of all ladies towards those of their own sex who have to earn their bread, as well as to the interests of mothers who wish to have good teachers for their children. The more subscribers there are, the better and more varied, of course, the instruction will be.

The sister institution at Montreal is now an assured success, and affords a gratifying proof both of the energy and skill of the promoters, and of the liberality and the intellectual tastes which are associated with the wealth of the great commercial city. "We trust," say the Committee, "that the object of this Association is becoming better understood and its advantages more appreciated each year. Courses of study are provided for students, who, having received the ordinary school instruction, are now prepared to take an active rather than a passive part in their own education. The knowledge imparted through the lectures with the help of text-books becomes the possession of the mind, and is given forth in the examinations, not by the mere effort of the memory, but by real understanding of the matter, in the language and style of each individual student." The inaugural lecture will be given on October 3, by Professor Coldwin Smith, who also lectures on *the History of England* (James I. to William III.) The other lecturers are Professor Wright, M.D., on *Physiology*, Professor J. Clark Murray, LL.D., on *Mental Philosophy*, Principal Dawson, LL.D., on *Historical Geology*.

In *Macmillan* we have an article on *Wordsworth*, by Sir John Coleridge, the Attorney-General who

used to be before us daily in the Tichborne case. Sir John is an enthusiastic admirer of the poet, whose gentle shade may rejoice at receiving homage from the last quarter from which he would have expected to receive it. Sir John places Wordsworth next after Shakspeare and Milton. But that on which he mainly insists is that "for busy men, men hard at work, men plunged up to the throat in the labours of life, the study of Wordsworth is as healthy, as refreshing, as invigorating a study as literature can supply." The life of Wordsworth is itself a study and a model for every working man; he carried conscience into his work; he set himself a great task, that of bringing poetry back to simplicity and truth, and completely accomplished it; and he did this in noble works, in works which will never die, which are as delightful and refreshing as they are wise and good. He shows us, as no other man has done, the glory, the beauty, the holiness of nature, he spiritualizes for us the outward world; and that with no weak and sentimental but with a thoroughly manly feeling. Reading him after a hard day's work is like walking out among the fields and hills, but that he steeps them in an ideal light, and makes us feel that wonderful connection between nature and the soul of man, which is indeed mysterious, but which those who have felt it cannot deny and those who believe that the same Almighty God created both will not be inclined to doubt. These positions are illustrated by copious quotations. "No man," says Sir John, "has so steadily asserted the dignity of virtue, of simplicity, of independence wherever found, and quite apart from all external ornaments. He has chosen a pedlar for the chief character of his largest poem and invested him quite naturally with

a greatness of mind and character." Sir John concludes by again strongly insisting on the practical value of poetry in general and of Wordsworth in particular.

"It is said that Wolfe, when just about to scale the Heights of Abraham and win the battle which has immortalized his name, quoted, with deep feeling and glowing eulogy, some of the stanzas of Gray's *Elegy*. Stories implying the same sort of mind are told of that noble soldier Sir John Moore. In such minds as theirs the practical and the imaginative could both find room, and they were none the worse, perhaps they were the better soldiers, because they were men of cultivated intellects. And this is really what I maintain; that in sense and reason each study has its place and its function. I do not underrate science, nor decry invention, because I advocate the study of a great and high-minded writer, any more than because I insist upon the study of Wordsworth I forget that Homer and Virgil, and Dante and Shakspeare, and Milton, are yet greater than he, and yet more worthy study.

"All I say is, that I have found Wordsworth do me good; and I have tried to explain why, and to suggest that other men might find him do them good also. A book is a friend, and ought to be so regarded. Those are to be pitied who have bad friends, and who pass their lives in bad company. Those are to be envied who have good friends, and who can value them according to the measure of their desert, and use them as they ought. And what is true of living friends is true in yet higher measure of those dead and silent friends, our books. I am very sure that you will find Wordsworth a good friend, if you try him; that the more you know him the better you will love him; the longer you live the stronger will be the ties which bind you to his side. He is like one of his own mountains, in whose shadow you may sit, and whose heights you may scale, sure that you will always return therefrom strengthened in mind and purified in heart."

BOOK REVIEWS.

LOVELL'S GAZETTEER OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. Montreal: John Lovell, Publisher. Rouse's Point: John Lovell & Sons.

It is astonishing how little most of us know about the country in which we live. Let the extent of our topographical information be tested, as it is occasionally by inquiring friends, or let us endeavour to borrow knowledge from them, and the scantiness of the common stock becomes at once apparent. Any one curious on the subject should gather half a dozen of these dreary columns of Canadian items

which appear in the papers, and turn each of them into an examination paper. We have listened to a discussion tripartite—the question being whether a certain village, let us call it Smithville, was (1) not far from Lake Erie, (2) thirty miles south of Owen Sound, or (3) back of Peterboro'. As for the other provinces, always excepting the prominent places on the great highways of travel, all is chaos. There are no guides except the school geographies, and grown men cannot satisfy themselves with the crumbs which fall from the children's table. What we want is a compendious and trustworthy Gazetteer, which

we can consult on topography, as we have recourse to a lexicon for a word about which there is a doubt. The provinces forming the Dominion are politically united by the Confederation Act; but the first step to a thorough identification of aim and feeling will be gained when we acquire some information about those who are henceforth to be of one family with us. Every accession to the roll of provinces has thus made the need more pressing of a carefully prepared work which may constitute the adults' Canadian geography of reference. There is only one publisher in the Dominion, from whose energy and public spirit Canadians had some right to expect such an undertaking; we are pleased to learn that he has almost completed the task. The specimen pages of Mr. Lovell's *Gazetteer of British North America*, now before us, are eminently satisfactory. When the volume is published it must prove of permanent utility, if an intelligent appreciation of the end in view, combined with laborious research and conscientious accuracy, can make it so. Some idea of the work of the editor, Mr. Crossby, may be gleaned from the preface:—"The nature and extent of the labour involved in the *Gazetteer* may be inferred from the fact that there are 6,000 cities, towns and villages, within the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland; that each of the 6,000 had to be classed in alphabetical order; the geographical position described; the railway or steamboat connections, postal or telegraphic facilities, distances from important centres; also the manufacturing, mining, agricultural, shipbuilding and fishing industries; and the population, as far as it could possibly be ascertained. Also the locality and extent of over 1,500 lakes and rivers had to be described." In the pages issued are concise and yet most complete descriptions of British Columbia, Manitoba, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton and Newfoundland. Each of the provinces, each of the counties, and each of the cities, towns, villages and geographical points, are separately treated—the lakes and rivers being arranged by themselves—all in alphabetical order. In addition to this there is a table of routes and distances,—24 lines of railway with 26 branches—distinguished by letters of the alphabet; 51 steamboat routes numbered, with 54 others simply referred to; and all the stage connections throughout the country. Moreover every locality in the work afterwards finds a place in an index showing the nearest point from which it can be reached, the county in which it is situated, and the letter or figure indicating the line of railway or steamboat to be taken. How all the valuable information regarding even the smallest village as well as the most distant province has been gathered

together, it seems difficult to conjecture. That such a complete and satisfactory *Gazetteer* should be published at all is a matter of congratulation; that it is also a model of typographical neatness and not more expensive than an ordinary city directory, we owe to the energy and enterprise of Mr. John Lovell, the pioneer publisher of Canada.

CRITIQUES AND ADDRESSES. By Thomas Henry Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1873.

The articles in this powerfully written volume are not new, but consist of essays and reviews which appeared originally in various English periodicals, together with two or three addresses delivered to public bodies. Any single article would require for its adequate criticism more space than can here be devoted to the entire work, and it will, therefore, be sufficient to indicate briefly the subjects treated of in the different essays. The writer's name is of itself a sufficient guarantee that every subject touched upon is handled with vigour and freshness.

The opening article is entitled "Administrative Nihilism," and is essentially political in its nature, if we use this term in its higher sense. It treats of the functions of the State, and is essentially a powerful appeal for the intervention of the State in education. The next two articles are also concerned with education, and treat respectively of the English School-boards and of Medical education. The fourth essay appeared first in the *Contemporary Review* under the title of "Yeast," and gained a very considerable notoriety. This it owed not only to the great erudition displayed in it, but also to the very vigorous attack upon Dr. Hutchison Stirling with which it closes. Those, however, who are familiar with the controversy anent Protoplasm, by which this attack was called forth, will probably conclude that the victory remains on the whole with Dr. Stirling. The next four lectures treat of the Formation of Coal, of Coral and Coral Reefs, of the Methods and Results of Ethnology, and of some fixed points in British Ethnology. All of these possess points of interest, but we cannot discuss them now.

The ninth article is the well-known anniversary address delivered to the Geological Society of London, and entitled "Palæontology and the Doctrine of Evolution." Though many biologists will find themselves unable to agree with the conclusions herein arrived at, it must be conceded that this essay forms a most valuable contribution to Palæontological science. The remaining three articles, like the preceding, treat of the Darwinian theory or of the doctrine of evolution. One of them, entitled

"Mr. Darwin's Critics," is an elaborate discussion of the arguments which have been urged against the Darwinian hypothesis by Mr. Wallace, Mr. Mivart, and an anonymous writer in the *Quarterly Review*, now known to be really Mr. Mivart himself. As regards Wallace's arguments, we think Prof. Huxley's counter-blast is wholly inoperative; but Mr. Mivart fares worse at the hands of his opponent, who is admittedly one of the most accomplished and formidable of intellectual athletes. The article, however, contains much theological matter which will hardly interest the general public; since it "goes without saying" that the Jesuits are not Evolutionists, in spite of all that Mr. Mivart—himself a Roman Catholic—may say upon the subject.

The essay upon the "Genealogy of Animals" professes to be a review of Dr. Ernst Hæckel's "Natural History of Creation," and appeared first in the *Academy*. It is ultra-evolutionist in its tone, and will consequently be displeasing to men of more moderate views. Lastly we have a remarkable article upon the "Metaphysics of Sensation," and especially upon Bishop Berkeley's views on this subject. Upon the whole, it may safely be said that few books contain in such small compass so much of independent thought, original suggestion, and vigorous argument.

THE UNITY OF NATURAL PHENOMENA. From the French of Emile Saigey, with an Introduction and Notes by Thomas Freeman Moses, A.M., M.D., Professor of Natural Science in Urbana University. Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1873.

M. Saigey's work is intended as a popular introduction to the study of the Forces of Nature, and especially as a generally intelligible exposition of that cardinal doctrine of modern science which is usually called the "Correlation of Forces." It is based to a great extent upon a series of articles which appeared in the first place in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and its style possesses all the freshness and clearness which so pre-eminently distinguish French writers; at the same time that it cannot be said to contain anything absolutely new.

By the term "correlation of forces," or as it is often called, "transformation of energy," is understood the now universally admitted fact that one physical force can be converted into another, that when any force seems to disappear it is really invariably by its transformation into another force, and that a given amount of one force will always give rise to a given and perfectly definite amount of another force. When the sledge-hammer, wielded by the brawny arm of the blacksmith, falls upon the anvil, the force which it possessed the moment before its fall seems to disappear at once. The energy it derived from the

muscles of its user vanishes to all appearance the instant it comes to rest. But this apparent disappearance of force is purely illusory, and we know now that the mechanical energy of the hammer is, on striking the anvil, converted into a definite amount of heat, in all cases proportionate to the weight of the hammer, the height from which it falls, and the velocity of its movement. In a reverse manner the heat produced by the combustion of coal is converted into the mechanical energy of the steam-engine. Not only are heat and mechanical force or motion thus mutually interchangeable, but both can be converted into chemical affinity, light, electricity, or magnetism, and these in turn can be transformed one into another. Hence has arisen the doctrine which constitutes—simple as it appears to us now—the greatest achievement of modern science—the doctrine, namely, that all the physical forces are mutually convertible, or, in other words, are merely manifestations of one primeval force.

As we have already said, M. Saigey's work is intended to serve as a popular introduction to the study of this fundamental doctrine; and it may, upon the whole, be regarded as a very fair and readable one. It may be questioned if it would be intelligible in many places to anyone entirely destitute of any previous knowledge of physical science; but it is so clearly written that it constitutes a good epitome of the subject for the use of students.

The author is not particularly happy in his attempt to prove that there is no real conflict between the two fundamental generalisations—that all matter is inert, and that the same matter, nevertheless, is at the same time the seat of gravity. It cannot be said also that our present knowledge is in any way sufficient to warrant any strong advocacy of the evolutionist view that the forces of the living organism are merely correlates of the physical forces. In other respects little fault can be found. The work of translation has been well executed, and the manner in which the book is printed is most creditable to the publishers.

FOODS. By Edward Smith, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1873.

This is the third volume of the "International Scientific Series," and is decidedly superior to its predecessors; since Tyndall's book was mostly made up of old material, and Mr. Bagehot dealt with a theoretical subject upon which very little is known certainly one way or the other. Dr. Smith's work has the advantage not only of treating of a subject of interest and importance to the entire community, but also of being most eminently practical in its character. It would be impossible in the limits at our disposal to

even indicate the vast range of subjects treated of in this interesting work. It is sufficient to say that all sorts and kinds of foods are discussed both from a gastronomic and a physiological point of view; and that the subject is to be completed by a supplementary volume on Diets and Dietarics. There are also important chapters upon the various fluids employed

by men as drinks, and upon atmospheric air and ventilation. Dr. Smith is acknowledged to be one of the highest living authorities upon the subject of Foods, and his work is one which should be read carefully by every medical practitioner, whilst there is much in it which cannot fail to be both interesting and profitable to the general reader.

LITERARY NOTES.

Erckmann-Chatriau are writing a new story—"Une Campagne en Kabylie, racontée par un Chasseur d'Afrique."

Farjeon's "Blade o' Grass" has been translated into French, and is about to be issued in Paris.

The University of Oxford has just conferred the degree of D.C.L., its highest honour, upon Prof. James Russell Lowell.

Longmans announce "The Chronology of the Bible and Historical Synchronisms," by M. Ernest de Bunsen.

A new part of the quarto "Transactions of the Zoological Society," just issued, contains three papers by Professor Owen.

Mr. Anthony Trollope's new story, "Plineias Redux," commenced in the *Graphic* recently.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is engaged, with special sanction of the Empress Eugénie, on "The Life and Times of Napoleon III." The first part is expected about Christmas.

Mr. J. Kington Oliphant is about to publish, through Messrs. Macmillan, a book called "On the Origin of Standard English."

The death is announced of Dr. Brandis, private secretary to the German Empress, and well known to the learned world as a meteorologist.

Theodore Tilton is said to be writing a novel. His last book, we believe, was a biography of Victoria Woodhull.

Bret Harte's Sketches have been translated into German by W. Hertzberg, under the title of "Californische Novellen."

"Kaiser Wilhelm and his Contemporaries," is the title of Louise Muhlbach's new historical romance. The first part, consisting of four volumes, has appeared, and many more are to follow.

Joaquin Miller's "Life Among the Modocs," is about ready in London. He styles it "Unwritten History." The book is a defence of the Indians. Bentley & Son bring it out in an octavo volume at 14 shillings.

Messrs. Grant & Co. have the first of a series of new and original books of English humour in the press, by one of our cleverest artists, to follow their American work, "Merry Maple Leaves." The first of the new series will be ready in August. It is by William Brunton and Robin Goodfellow.

The Hygienic Tract Society has been started, having for its object the printing and distribution of tracts and leaflets on sanitary subjects, written by qualified men.

The Spanish novelist, Senor Perez Galdós, has in the press an original historical novel, entitled, "La Corte de Carlos IV." ("The Court of Charles the

Fourth.") It is said that the personages who influenced Spanish politics at that period, 1788 to 1808, are drawn with historical accuracy, and with a masterly hand.—*Athenæum*.

Miss Ingelow has nearly completed her second novel. She is writing it with great care, wisely avoiding the error of many writers, whom a first success blinds to the danger of writing too rapidly and publishing too often.

The *Arcadian* says that Mr. George Routledge returned to England taking with him at least one trophy, in the shape of a new volume of poems, mostly MS., by Mr. Longfellow. The title of the book is the "Amaranth," and it will be published about the same time in London and New York. Mr. Routledge, it is said, paid a good price for it, as he did for a former work by the same author, "Three Books of Song," the consideration for which was £1,000.

The German Empress, on the occasion of the Vienna Exhibition, has offered two prizes, of 2,000 Th. each, for the two following Treatises:—1, The best handbook of practical war surgery; 2, the best work on the Geneva Convention. The prize treatises may be written in French, German, or English, and must be handed in by the 15th of May, 1874. The prizes will be awarded on the 14th of October, 1874. The Empress has also given two thousand thalers to be used for prizes and the purchase of practical appliances for the sanitary service in the field.

Forest and Stream is a new weekly journal devoted to Field and Aquatic Sports, Practical Natural History, Fish Culture, the Protection of Game, Preservation of Forests, and the inculcation in men and women of a healthy interest in Out-Door Recreation and Study. Edited by Charles Halluck, and published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, at 103, Fulton Street, New York; terms, \$5 per annum.

The *Belfast Morning News* has noticed on more than one occasion Mr. Barnett's letters to the *Jewish Chronicle* in aid of his theory that large numbers of Jews settled in Ireland, that Jeremiah is identical with the Ollam Fola, and the Irish Coronation Stone in Westminster Abbey is really Jacob's Stone. The *Belfast Morning News* adds that an English lady, of rare learning and attainments, Mrs. Wilkes, has in the press a learned and curious work, urging the affinity of the Hebrew and Celtic races. The journal adds that there is no doubt as to an affinity between the old Irish language and alphabet and some of the Chaldean languages and alphabets, Hebrew or Phœnician.—*Jewish Chronicle*.