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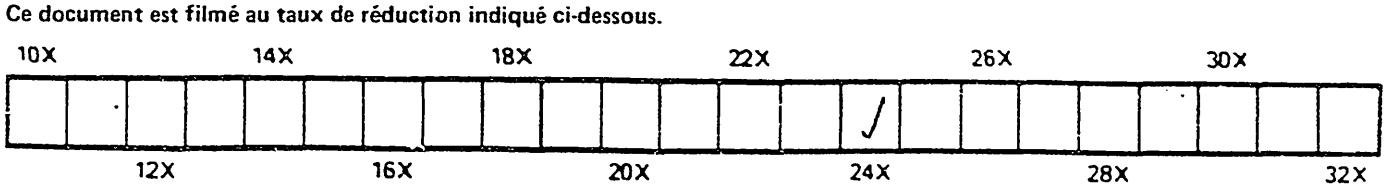

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JULIET.*

BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WEDDING IN MAY.

THERE was one person to whom the news of Cecil Travers's engagement came as a great shock, and that was Gretchen Rudenbach.

It was in a letter from Wattie that Gretchen first heard of it, for Cecil himself was too full of his new happiness to give a thought to the poor little music-teacher in Pimlico.

When Gretchen had finished reading Wattie Ellison's letter, she laid her head down upon the table-cloth, all among her poor little breakfast array, her cup of weak tea, and her untempting-looking bread-and-butter, and cried bitterly.

In the middle of these tears, in came Miss Pinkin.

Miss Pinkin wore a black front, and a tulle cap decorated with small lilac bows and tied under the chin with white gauze ribbons, and she was enveloped in a silk shawl of an old-fashioned pattern and colour, very tightly drawn around her spare figure; she had a thin, angular face, and was altogether an austere-looking woman.

"Mercy me!" exclaimed this ancient virgin, lifting up both hands in amazement at the discovery of Gretchen in her woe. "What on earth are you crying your eyes out for?" Gretchen wiped her eyes, but made no answer.

"I know very well what you are crying for," continued Miss Pinkin, glancing severely at the open letter on the table. "You are crying about a piece of news that ought to give you a great deal of pleasure, if you had a well-regulated mind. I, too, have had a letter from Miss Augusta Ellison, my old pupil, and she tells me that Mr. Cecil Travers is engaged to be married to Miss Blair of Sotherne. You ought to be very much pleased, you foolish girl, instead of crying like a waterspout, and laying your head down in your bread-and-butter plate, which isn't cleanly."

Gretchen, at this well-merited reproach, lifted her head and pushed away the bread-and-butter to a safe distance.

"Because a young gentleman, *far* above you in station, has been kind to you when you were ill and homeless, you have been so silly as to allow your thoughts to dwell upon him in an indecorous manner."

"You should not say that, Miss Pinkin."

"But I must say so, Gretchen. When you were put under my charge, I determined to do my duty by you as if you were a young relative of my own. I must tell you that it is indecorous for a female to think of the other sex at all. I have never done so myself," added Miss Pinkin, virtuously drawing herself up with conscious pride. "Throughout my life I have made it a rule to myself to avoid rather than seek the other sex; and look at me!" Gretchen did look at her, and mentally reflected that possibly the other sex had also found it more prudent to avoid than to seek that hard-featured visage. "Look at me," she continued; "honoured, respected, and esteemed by all the gentlemen; you would wish to be so too at my age, would you not, Gretchen?"

"I should wish to be loved too," said the girl in a low voice.

"Hush, hush, my dear! I am shocked at you!" cried Miss Pinkin, throwing up her hands. "A girl should never mention such a word in connection with a gentleman. Come, dry your eyes, and be thankful that it was only I that found you with such improper tears in them. What would people think to find you weeping over Mr. Cecil Travers's engagement? why, it would be shocking!"

"I am not ashamed of loving him," said Gretchen, with scarlet cheeks; he is the only person in the world who has ever shown me any kindness; but for him I should have starved and died. If I did not love him, I should be a monster of ingratitude; but you make a mistake, Miss Pinkin, in thinking that I have lifted my eyes above my station. I have never dared to do so. I was crying because if he marries I shall hardly ever see him; but I am very glad to hear good news about him, and I hope he will be very happy." The last words were spoken, for all her bravery, with a little choke in them, as Gretchen prepared herself to put on her bonnet and go out on her daily rounds. And Miss Pinkin, although she thought her words most strange and forward, and turned up her eyes in wonder at what on earth the young women of the present day were coming to, yet felt a pang of pity as she watched the girl pass out, patiently and humbly carrying her roll of music under her arm, with her sad white face bent downwards, and her eyes still swollen with tears.

Late that night, when her work was all over, and long after Miss Pinkin overhead was snoring the sonorous snores of the just, Gretchen Rudenbach sat up, by the light of her one candle, writing to the man whom she was not ashamed to own that she loved —a laborious letter, much pondered over, and all written in fine, delicate German-looking characters—the only foreign things about her were her name and her handwriting—a letter in which she invoked every good gift in heaven and earth upon her benefactor, and prayed that the good God would bless him and make him happy, as he deserved to be; and then she told him that she would never forget him, however many years she might live, but always remember him morning and evening in her prayers. She told him that she knew the woman he loved must be good and beautiful, and it made her, Gretchen, glad to think how happy and proud of his love his chosen bride must be; and lastly she told him that if ever he was sad, or sorry, or in trouble, if he would come to her, he would always find in her a devoted and faithful friend, who would at any time give her life to serve him and to comfort him.

Poor little high-flown letter; yetwith truth and earnestness breathing out from every line! it was written with so many prayers and tears, and with such simple devotion of a love that only asked to spend itself, and expected nothing in return!

And Cecil Travers read it with a smile thought first he would show it to Juliet, and then, with a better feeling, decided not to show it to anyone, but tore it to pieces and threw it into the fire, and then—forgot to answer it! Meanwhile the preparations for Juliet's wedding went on apace. As it would be only six months after poor Georgie's death, it was, of course, to be a very quiet affair, but still it was impossible, on an estate like Sotherne, to prevent a certain amount of feasting and rejoicing among the tenantry and labourers. A dinner for all classes in tents on the lawn, and a tenants' ball and fireworks in the evening, were unavoidable on such an occasion; and although Juliet herself would not be there, she had nevertheless all the settling and arranging to do beforehand.

And her trousseau was also, of course, in progress. Here she found an invaluable ally in her stepmother who was quite in her

element, and who was allowed to order silks, satins, and laces to her heart's content.

Time went on; Juliet was too busy to be unhappy; and she was too thorough a woman not to take an interest in the hundred and one details of her wedding preparations. She wrote her orders to tradesmen, her letters to friends, her list of guests—everything, in short, that was necessary to be done—with a sort of dazed, bewildered feeling of unreality running through it all. It was as if she were doing it for some one else, and not for herself. A sort of stagnation was in her heart; she was not happy, neither was she unhappy; she was simply very busy, too busy to think; and, even had she the time, there was throughout a dumb stupor in her mind, as if her feeling, thinking powers were extinct.

This lasted till four days before her wedding, and then an event happened which taught her painfully that her capacity for suffering was as keen as ever.

A box arrived for her. Is was no uncommon event, for presents from acquaintances came to her every day now. But when Higgs brought in this particular box, Juliet knew, almost before she looked at the travel-stained direction, that it came from India.

"Take it up to my room, and unfasten it, Higgs," she said calmly to the man, whilst all the time her heart beat painfully.

In a few minutes she went upstairs, and locked her door. The box, with its lid off, was in the middle of the room. She knelt down in front of it; at the very top lay a note addressed to her in a large well-known handwriting. The envelope, simply directed to "Miss Blair," and without stamp or post-mark, seemed to bring him very near to her; it was as if his hand had only just laid it there. With a miserable hopelessness she opened it and read:—

My dear Juliet,—I send you a few trifles that I have chosen for you with great care, remembering the things you used to admire. Perhaps when this reaches you, you will be Juliet Blair no longer. May every blessing, and every joy that heaven and earth can give, be yours! In all probability I shall never meet you again, and I dare say I shall not trouble you with many letters; but I shall often think of you, dear child, oftener perhaps than you would imagine it possible. You have been a little harsh to me, Juliet. I will not blame or reproach you—you were probably full of your new happiness—it was not intentional, I know—you forgot—but oh, child, you might have written me *one* line—the coldest would have been less cold than your silence.

Yours always,
HUGH FLEMING.

The letter dropped from her fingers.

What did he mean? how could she have written to him, who had never written to her? in what had she been harsh to him.

Harsh! and to *him*, her love, her heart's darling! how could such a thing have been possible?

With set white lips, and lines of painful bewilderment on her forehead, she knelt, staring blankly in front of her.

Dimly, vaguely, there dawned upon her the possibility of the existence of some horrible misunderstanding between them; he had not forgotten her, he still thought of her with affection, and yet he accused her of forgetting, and he reproached her?—for what?

Was it possible that, in spite of his silence, his coldness, his desertion of her, he loved her even now?

But of what avail? was it not too late? With a low cry of despair she buried her face in her hands. Of what use were all her vague hopes and speculations now—now that it was too late?

Presently she roused herself to look at the contents of the box; one after another she drew out richly-chased gold and silver ornaments, gorgeous-coloured cashmeres heavy with embroidery, and rare specimens of old Oriental china. All were lovely and in excellent taste—things, as he had said, that he knew she would like; yet Juliet turned away from the glittering array with positive disgust; the spicy odor of the sandal-wood shavings in which they had been packed, and which is so peculiarly Indian, made her turn sick and faint.

Why had he sent them? why had he written? Believing herself forgotten and scorned, she had been able to reconcile herself almost cheerfully to the life that was before her. But how was she to bear it, if by some dreadful, incomprehensible mistake, she was to discover that he loved her after all?

And again she puzzled and pondered, until her head ached with her thoughts, wondering what it was he meant, why he reproached her with silence and with harshness; to what did he allude? and she could

in no way understand or answer these questions to herself.

There is an old superstition, of which probably on this occasion both bride and bridegroom were unaware, that a marriage in the "Virgin's month," the month of May, is unlucky.

And, certainly, the weather, to begin with, appeared anxious to carry out the old saying.

The 20th of May, Juliet Blair's wedding-day, was ushered in with a fine cheerless drizzle which by nine o'clock had settled down into a steady downpour.

Nevertheless, at as early an hour as five in the morning, a small person, cloaked and bonneted, and bearing a waterproof, an umbrella, and a little handbag containing a parcel of roughly-cut sandwiches and some ginger-bread nuts, came creeping cautiously down the stairs of a certain house in Pimlico.

At an angle of the stairs a door suddenly flew open, and an awful apparation—Miss Pinkin in her night-gown, with a frilled nightcap, and minus the black front—stood in a threatening attitude on the landing.

"Merciful heavens! what on earth are you doing? where in the name of common-sense are you going at five o'clock in the morning, disturbing honest folk in their beds? have you lost your wits, Gretchen Rudenbach?"

"I am going out," answered that damsel humbly, yet with a sort of doggedness which quiet-mannered people often evince.

"Going out! at five o'clock! are you going to climb the lamp-posts to put out the gas-lights, pray?" which sneering display of ignorance concerning the habits of the London lamplighter caused Miss Rudenbach to smile.

"No, I am going to spend the day in the country, Miss Pinkin; don't keep me standing here—I shall lose my train."

"*Where* are you going, may I ask?" and every frill on Miss Pinkin's night-cap seemed to stand erect with outraged virtue.

"To see a friend," answered the girl defiantly.

"Humph!" snorted Miss Pinkin; "you'll come to harm, Gretchen, as sure as my name is Sarah Anne Pinkin. I wash my hands of you. A friend, indeed! as if I did not know where you were going! go your way. You'll come to harm, mark my words!" and shaking a warning finger at her refractory lodger, Miss Pinkin flounced back into the privacy of her bedroom.

Gretchen crept out alone into the deserted streets—to find a cheerless leaden sky, that harmonized well with the girl's own sad thoughts, and wet, muddy pavements, through which her ill-made boots splashed laboriously as she plodded along them. At so early an hour neither cabs nor omnibuses were stirring, and Gretchen had come out prepared to walk to the station. Her way lay across Hyde Park. The path was wet and sloppy; the wind drove the fine grey drizzle straight into her face, and blew her shabby little black bonnet half off her head; and she had a difficulty in keeping up the umbrella. As she struggled painfully along, a solitary figure, coming from the opposite direction, passed her half-way in the middle of the Park.

Passed, and then looked back at her, and with a start recognised her.

"You! Gretchen!"

"Yes, it is I," said Gretchen, shrinking a little aside as David Anderson's honest but rough face peered down under her umbrella.

"But where on earth are you going at this hour?"

"I am going to the station to catch an early train; please don't stop me, I have no time to lose," she answered irritably, and hurrying on; but David Anderson kept pace beside her.

"I cannot let you walk alone; I will go with you," he said, gently taking her bag out of her hand, and steadying the fluttering umbrella over her head with his stronger hand.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going into the country to spend the day; If I were to ask you so many questions, you would not like it. Pray, where are *you* going, and where do you come from?"

David Anderson, who, truth to tell, was coming home in the early morning from a very late and very riotous party at the lodgings of a friend, a late member of the now dispersed "Melodious Minstrels" society, found the question somewhat difficult to answer, and walked along by her side in snubbed silence.

How Gretchen hated this enforced companionship! There *was* a time when she had been almost fond of David Anderson;

but of late she had learned to regard him with aversion and disgust. She looked at him through Cecil Travers's eyes; she remembered that Cis had called him underbred, a snob and a boor, and that he had made her promise that she would never be so foolish as to throw herself away upon a man so thoroughly inferior to herself. On arriving at the Great Western Terminus, Gretchen insisted on taking her ticket herself, while she had sent David away to secure a place for her in a second-class carriage. She did not want him to know where she was bound.

Poor David lingered ruefully by the carriage door till the train went off, hoping in vain for some kind word of thanks that would repay him for his wet walk; but Gretchen only gave him a careless nod as she was carried off, and the great rough fellow turned away with a deep sigh and something very like tears in his eyes.

It was the old story of cross-purposes everywhere. Elinor is in love with Charles, who does not even know it, but is sighing out his soul for Lady Blanche, who is as far above his reach as the moon, and who, moreover, nourishes a secret affection for young Dandy in the Guards, whilst that young gentleman, cruelly careless of the girl he might have for asking, is passionately and hoplessly smitten with pretty Mrs. Lowndes, who has four children and a prosy husband, and who snubs young Dandy heartlessly, being herself bent on the fascination of some one else; and so on—the wrong man is forever pairing off with the wrong woman, till one is tempted to look upon the whole well-worn subject of love and its delights as the creation of a few high-flown and ignorant poetical gentlemen, and to ask, if it be indeed true that "marriages are made in heaven," why it is that, being confessedly for the most part such utter failures, the unconscious victims of these unsuccessful arrangements above are not allowed a readjustment of matters on earth? What a game of Puss-in-the-corner we should have, to be sure!

"Can you tell me the way to Sotherne Church, please?" asks Gretchen of the porter, as she landed shivering in the rain on the little wayside station platform, and the train that has brought her disappears slowly in the distance.

"Straight on, miss,"—when does anyone give one any other direction to find one's way than that inevitable "straight on?"—"straight on as fur as you can see, and you'll come to the church; it will be wet walking for you miss," added the man, softened, perhaps, by the pretty, gentle face and the big, sad blue eyes.

The road, of course, was anything but "straight;" it wound about like a serpent between its wet green hedges, and there were innumerable cross-roads intersecting it in every direction, so that Gretchen had to ask several times, and had some difficulty in finding her way.

Eventually, however, after about two miles' walk along the sloppiest and wettest of country lanes, she arrived at the village and at the church.

Even at this early hour—it was but nine o'clock—it was evident that some unusual event was about to happen. The place was all astir, several triumphant arches of greenery had been erected across the road, and the village carpenters were still at work tying up the last branch of lilac, and tin-tacking securely the last breadth of bunting. Flags were flying from the public houses and principal houses in the village, whilst the inhabitants in their Sunday clothes stood about in groups talking eagerly and excitedly of the coming festivities. The church doors were wide open, and Gretchen entered unmolested and took up her position in a sheltered nook close to the door, behind a stone pillar.

Some women were laying red cloth down the aisle, and presently, with a little commotion, the Vicar's bustling little wife came in with a big basket of flowers on her arm, with which she proceeded to decorate the altar.

Gretchen watched her with greedy eyes. What would she not have given to help her! she had a half-thought of going forward to offer her assistance; but shyness and prudence kept her back.

As Mrs. Dawson passed down the church again, she glanced sharply at the girl sitting alone, half-concealed behind the pillar. She knew every woman and girl in the parish of Sotherne, and in most of the parishes round, and Gretchen's face was strange to her; besides, she evidently belonged to a better class than any of the farmers' daughters about. Gretchen blushed deeply as she felt herself the object of such close scrutiny; and as she noticed the blush on the pretty,

delicate features, and the downcast blue eyes, and the bent, smooth brown head, with its poor but perfectly lady-like covering, something of the real state of the case flashed through the mind of the clergyman's wife.

"Come down from town by the first train to see Cis Travers married!" was her mental reflection. "Well, men *are* wretches, but I did think Cis Travers was too soft for that kind of thing—he is not half good enough for Juliet in any way, and now it appears he has not even been devoted to her! It all comes of his father's letting him be knocking about London so long by himself; it's a shocking bad thing for boys"—with a rapid thought of her own stalwart sons. "I shall be careful not to let Tom and Charlie be turned out in London with nothing to do. Poor girl!" added the Vicar's wife to herself pityingly, as she trudged rapidly down the churchyard path to the vicarage gate; "she looked modest and gentle enough; I dare say he has made her very unhappy—the wretch! Well, I don't think I shall say anything about it to the Vicar; he would be wanting to come out and reclaim her before breakfast, and that would make us all late; and besides, he would be sure to call her "brazen woman" or "daughter of sin," or some horribly coarse name to her face, and that would do more harm than good: good men are so hard on women! and they never have any discrimination to distinguish between the vicious and the unfortunate—no, I will say nothing about it; besides, I really know nothing, it is only my own suspicions." So saying, good little Mrs. Dawson, who, like many—alas, not most!—Christian women, had all a woman's tenderness towards a sorrowing fellow-woman, from whatever source her sorrows might come, shook off her wet cloak and stamped her muddy little toes in the vicarage porch, and went in to pour out her husband's tea, with never a word to that excellent but somewhat severe divine about the little strange girl who sat shivering in the church hard by, and who seemed to Mrs. Dawson's eyes to be the living impersonation of Cis Travers's London wickednesses—wickednesses of which you and I, my reader, know him to be guiltless.

I am not going to describe Juliet Blair's wedding. Weddings are but dismal things at best, and if anyone has a partiality for reading detailed accounts of them, of the demeanour and aspect of the "blushing bride," of the elaborate costumes of herself and her bridesmaids, and her friends' presents on the interesting occasion, they have but to study the last *Court Journal*, where such scenes are weekly set forth in far better language and with far more knowledge of the subject than I should be at all likely to display.

Juliet Blair's wedding was exactly alike anyone else's. There was the same fluttering in of well-dressed wedding guests, bustling backwards and forwards in and out of the pews to exchange whispered greetings with each other. The same gathering of prettily-dressed and moderately good-looking bridesmaids at the bottom of the church. The same awkward interval of suspense whilst the bride was anxiously awaited, during which Cis stood first on one leg, then on the other, and gnawed nervously at the ends of his straw-coloured kid gloves in the same helpless-looking way that every bridegroom invariably does, suggesting irresistibly the idea that, but for the best man—in this case a very young Oxford friend—he must inevitably turn and flee. The best man, with a big button-hole flower, looks jaunty and self-important, as if the success of the whole ceremony depended mainly upon his exertions, although a passing thought of the speech which he will have to make by-and-by sends an occasional cold shudder down his back. Then the bride comes in on Sir George Ellison's arm, for, as she has no near relative, he, as an old friend of her father's, is to give her away. And there is the same scuffle of everybody getting into their places that always happens, and the ceremony proceeds with the same sniffles and snuffles from that female portion of the spectators who are invariably affected to tears without any known cause on such occasions.

There was nothing at all peculiar or striking in Juliet Blair's wedding; but to Gretchen Rudenbach, craning forward and straining her eyes and ears to catch every sight and every sound, it was a wedding different from every other wedding.

Presently the organ burst joyfully into the Wedding March, and the bride and bridegroom came down the aisle together, the school children flung flowers down before them as they came, and Gretchen pressed

forward with the rest, Down at the bridegroom's feet there fell a little bunch of lilies of the valley that only last night had been fastened together in Covent Garden Market, and the next moment they were crushed —poor, innocent white blossoms !—beneath his heel.

And looking at his wife's face, cold, impassive, and almost despairing, Cis Travers, with a start, caught sight of a face beyond it, eager, yearning, wet with tears, and quivering with emotion, and in that moment the young bridegroom felt vaguely which it was of these two women that loved him best.

In another second Gretchen had shrunk back into her sheltering corner, and Cis was tucking his wife's white satin train into the carriage; whilst she, with her heart on the other side of the world, was saying to herself—

"It is too late now—too late! Oh, Hugh! Oh, my darling, why did you ever leave me?"

CHAPTER XIX.

FIVE YEARS AFTER.

FIVE years after! Oh blissful license of the story-teller, to whom it is allowed thus to make free with Father Time! Five years of weariness, of dullness, of disappointment! What would not some of us give to be rid of five years with as many words!

Only think of it. . . . Five hot stuffy summers, made unbearable perchance with toilings in close City rooms all day, and with harder toilings still in west-end ballrooms by night—five biting winters of nipping frosts and Christmas bills—five backward springs of drizzling rains and driving east winds! Think of all the vexations, bodily and spiritual, that five years must inevitably bring to all of us, and then say whether you would not gladly shake them off your memory like a night's bad dream, and wake to begin afresh—whether you would not joyfully wipe off old scores, old griefs, old sins, and, with new hopes and new chances, begin again to write down the story of your life upon a blank and unsullied page.

Oh Rip Van Winkle, most blessed among men, how gladly would some of us follow your example, and outsleep, since we can scarcely manage to outlive, the unloveliness of some of the years of our lives!

Well, to the story-teller it is allowed to do this wonderful feat—to say that so many years out of the lives of those he has created shall be spirited away. Never mind how many—be it five, fifteen, or fifty—he has but to say the word, and hey, presto! it is done.

So it is that I begin again with—five years after!

Five years! during which my different characters have all been toiling painfully through the dullnesses and disappointments of uneventful lives, through which I will not condemn you, my reader, to follow them.

Now let us find them all out again, and see what changes these five years have worked in them.

It is five years, then—five years since Gretchen Rudenbach sat shivering in Sotherne parish church to watch a bridal party pass in and out, and to no one have these years brought greater changes than to the little music-teacher.

Gretchen is "Mdlle. Rudenbach" now, and well known to the fashionable and musical world. She has left the little house in Pimlico, and, carrying Miss Pinkin with her as companion and chaperone, has migrated to a semi-detached villa in Victoria villas, Notting Hill.

It is highly improbable that Gretchen's musical talents, which were very considerable, and her industry, which was untiring, would alone have wrought this great improvement in her worldly prospects.

Seldom, indeed, do talent and industry, if unaccompanied by luck and interest, lead to the summit of any professional tree.

Gretchen's rise of fortune came about in this way. There was a certain Lady Caroline Skinflint, who lived in Wilton Crescent, and who was an acknowledged leader of the fashionable world. Lady Caroline was a younger daughter of the late Duke of Belgravia, which sufficiently explains the undoubtedness of her position. In her unmarried days, being unattractive in person and unpleasing in manner, she had been nobody in particular, for the maiden aunt even of a duke is not accounted of great social importance; but when, at the somewhat advanced age of thirty-eight, she escaped

at length from the maternal thraldom of the Dowager Duchess, and took unto herself her bosom's lord in the person of the Honourable Theophilus Skinflint, whose brains were even if possible smaller than his income, Lady Caroline straightway became a very important personage indeed.

To be asked or not asked to Lady Caroline's musical soirees became almost a social test of respectability, whilst bland indeed were the smiles the world vouchsafed to those blessed few who were admitted into the sacred inner circle of her *petits dîners* or *réunions intimes.*

Lady Caroline gave herself out as a patron of music; not that she in reality knew or cared much about it, but that, as she would have told you, it is always necessary to take up something, and so she took up music.

In pursuance of these views, she gave annually four musical evening parties, into which she endeavoured, and in a great measure succeeded, to cram a very large number of persons into very moderate-sized rooms at the minimum of expenditure that was possible.

It was after sending out some hundred or so of cards for one of these entertainments that Lady Caroline cast about to seek for the utmost amount of cheap musical talent that she could lay hands upon wherewith to entertain her invited guests.

Happening one day to run up into the drawing-room of her latest *protégée* and bosom friend *pro tem.*, Mrs. Harrington Spotts, whose pedigree was short, but whose purse she found conveniently long, Lady Caroline discovered, not that lady herself, but her little girl, and, what was more to the purpose, the little girl's music-mistress, who was playing over a sonata of Beethoven to her pupil.

Lady Caroline withdrew herself behind the *portière* and listened, struck by the masterly touch of the performance.

"Brava! brava!" she cried, clapping her hands and coming forward into the room as the last chords sounded. "You play very nicely, young lady—who are you?"

"She is Miss Rudenbach, my music-governess," answered the juvenile daughter of the house of Harrington Spotts, whilst Gretchen rose blushing from the piano.

"Rudenbach? a German name, eh? I am Lady Caroline Skinflint—don't be afraid, my dear;" this was added with reassuring condescension, as though the mere sound of the patrician name were calculated to strike awe into the breast of a German music-teacher; but Gretchen, who, dreadful to relate, had never heard of her ladyship, was not particularly impressed either with awe or admiration.

"What do you charge for playing at musical parties?" continued the lady, rushing at once to the point.

"I—I really don't know," stammered Gretchen, for she had never done such a thing in her life.

Lady Caroline was not blind to the chance thus presented to her.

"Ah, I see," she said; "you have never played out—ah! well, you are very young, and not of course by any means perfect in your art—that is not to be expected; but you have a good touch, and your playing pleases me. I am a patron of music, and am going to have a musical party next week, on the 14th; if you like to come and play at it for me, it would be a very good opening for you, and will probably get you several new pupils."

"Your ladyship is very kind, if you think I could play well enough," murmured Gretchen, gratefully and doubtfully.

"Well, of course, as you are not a regular professional, you must not expect me to pay you anything, but I will recommend you to all my friends; that is to say, if you play to my satisfaction,—and you will get your supper." So for her supper Gretchen was engaged. "Recollect, you are to play as often as I want you to play, and let me have a list of the things you can do best by Monday at latest, that I may get my programmes printed."

And Lady Caroline went her way, and boasted to her friends and acquaintances of the wonderful young pianiste she had secured for the fourteenth. "Quite a second Arabella Goddard, I assure you," she said, "and with more feeling; she is considered the rising light in the musical world—quite young and a perfect genius!"

By the fourteenth everybody was talking about the new star, whose performances they were to listen to in Wilton Crescent, and whom of course nobody had ever heard of before. Lady Caroline chuckled to herself with delight when she reflected upon the piece of wonderful good fortune which had enabled her to discover this brilliant

performer, and her own shrewdness in securing her services for nothing!

The evening arrived, and Gretchen, in her pearl grey merino with the soft folds of a white muslin fichu up to her throat, and a simple little white flower in her hair, looking more Quaker-like and innocent than ever among all the bare shoulders and painted cheeks and golden-dyed hair of full-dressed Belgravia, and adding, by her singularly modest appearance, considerably to the effect she produced, sat down amid a dead silence to play her first piece.

She was not at all nervous, and she played splendidly, quite surpassing even Lady Caroline's hopes of her; she felt herself upon her mettle, and was conscious that most of her future success as a musician probably depended upon how she acquitted herself on this occasion.

The result was beyond her expectations. There was a perfect storm of applause as she finished, and many people crowded round the piano to be introduced to her.

A great professional singer, whose kindness of heart is well known to be equal to her talent, and who was present "as a friend," which meant of course that she would probably volunteer to sing something for her hostess later on in the evening, spoke most kindly to our little Gretchen, and was so taken by her gentleness and simplicity that she became from that day forward one of her best and staunchest friends.

In point of fact, Gretchen's fortune was made. Engagements to play at evening parties, for which she soon learned to charge five guineas, flowed in upon her from all quarters; pupils, no longer little girls in their first stages, but grown-up young ladies, came to her in greater numbers than she could well manage to teach, and by-and-by she raised her terms to a guinea a lesson, and moved to her prettily-furnished villa at Notting Hill, where her own friends came to visit her, and Miss Pinkin no longer dared to snub her, or to prophesy evil of her.

And the best of it all for Lady Caroline Skinflint was that, remembering to whom she owed her prosperity, Gretchen Rudenbach always played at the parties of her patroness upon the same terms upon which she had on the first occasion engaged her; that is to say, for nothing—and her supper!

It was evening. Gretchen had finished her modest repast, and leaving Miss Pinkin to lock up the wine and to give sundry orders to a refractory housemaid, she had retired to her little flower-scented drawing-room.

The room was nearly dark, the windows wide open, and the white muslin curtains fluttered in the evening breeze; a bush of white lilac in the little suburban garden outside kept tapping against the panes, and filled the air with a delicious fresh scent. There was a flower-stand well filled in one corner, more flowers in vases on the mantelpiece, a general air of prettiness and comfort over the whole room. Gretchen sat at the piano in the half light, and played over some passages of the sonata that she was going to perform at a musical party that evening.

Some one came running up the steps of the house, opened the door, and, unannounced, stepped into the little drawing-room.

"Don't let me disturb you," said Cis Travers, just laying one hand for an instant on the musician's arm as he passed her, and then sinking down on to a sofa on the other side of the piano. And Gretchen, with a nod, went on with her playing.

Cis Travers has altered considerably since we last saw him on his wedding morning. He has grown much older and more manly-looking; and at the same time has lost the look of boyish frankness which was at that time a charm in his face, and which has been replaced by a peevish, discontented expression which is scarcely pleasant to behold.

Gretchen played on to the end of her andante, whilst Cis lay with his feet on the sofa, and his hands thrown back behind his yellow head. When she had finished, she twisted herself round on the music-stool.

"What have you come to me for this evening?" she asked, in her gentle voice.

"Oh, worried to death as usual! My wife has gone to the opera—we had to dine at seven o'clock; fancy that in June! and it is twice a-week at least that it happens. What is a man to do with himself, left all alone in an empty house at eight o'clock?"

"Why don't you go with Mrs. Travers, then?"

"I? my dear little girl! you know I detest it! The only music I like is yours, Gretchen," he added, stretching out his

hand to her. Probably in the half-light Gretchen did not see it, for she made no responding movement.

"Still," she continued gently, "it is a pity such a lovely woman as Mrs. Travers should always go out without her husband, alone—or with other men."

"Do not lecture me, Gretchen; I came here to be consoled, and not scolded. I am so fortunate in finding you at home, too."

"I shall not be able to stop long, I am afraid. I shall have to go and dress very soon. I am going out to a musical party. Is it nine o'clock yet?"

"Twenty minutes to—there's lots of time; don't be running away just yet. My life is very lonely, and it does me good to talk to you. Juliet has her friends and her parties; she does not care a farthing what becomes of me. She never did care in the least about me—never from the first," added Cis, with irritation.

Gretchen made no answer; the fingers of her left hand ran lightly over the keys of the piano, and her lip quivered, unseen, in the darkening twilight. It was very sad to her to hear Cis talk like that. Although she had always loved this man, with all his weaknesses and follies, to which she was by no means blind, it gave her no pleasure to hear that he was not happy, and that the love he had once felt for his beautiful wife was turned into bitterness and peevish discontent.

Gretchen had one of those pure and unselfish natures that love goodness for its own sake. She would far rather have heard that Cis was perfectly happy in his domestic relations than have had to listen to all the miserable complaints which testified to such flattering confidence in herself.

"Do you remember," continued Cis presently, "do you remember the old days when I used to meet you in Wigmore Street, and we walked together to Bloomsbury Square?"

"I remember very well," answered Gretchen, to whom every one of those interviews was as distinctly present as if they had happened only yesterday.

"I think I was a fool in those days!" said Cis with a sigh; "I imagined myself violently in love with a woman who has done nothing but scorn me all my life, and all the while there was an affectionate little heart close by which I might have had for the asking, I believe—eh, Gretchen?"

"What rubbish you are talking!" cried Gretchen, jumping up so hurriedly that she upset the music-stool, and shutting up the piano with a slam. It was a mercy that there was too little light to see how scarlet her cheeks had turned.

Cis was accustomed to give way to these little flights of sentimentalism at times; and Gretchen, who knew how little he had really cared about her in those "old days," of which he was wont now to make so much, found such speeches particularly trying to bear.

"I must go and dress," she said, striking a match and lighting the candles, lest Cis should relapse into the "twilight mood."

"Wait one minute; I have really something to ask of you," said Cis, sitting upright on the sofa.

"Well, make haste," said Gretchen, in the most practical voice; adding immediately, lest he should think her unkind, "I shall be so glad to do anything for you, as you know well."

"My wife is going to give a musical party—will you come and play at it?" said Cis.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Gretchen in sudden dismay, while her blue eyes looked at him with a sort of horror; for what woman can bear the thought of meeting face to face that other more successful woman who fills the place she has wished to occupy herself? "I cannot do that—pray don't ask me."

"Why not? It is not I who ask you—she will. She was talking of whom she should get to perform at this party to-night at dinner, and some one recommended you. I think it was Lady Caroline Skinflint."

"Lady Caroline is a very kind friend to me, but do not ask me to go to your wife's house. I—I should not like it," she said, hesitatingly.

"But I should like it so much, Gretchen," pleaded Cis, whose vanity, always a weak point with him, was flattered by her evident distress. "Do go, to please me."

"I will think it over, but I had much rather not. I do not see why you want me to go—you can always come and see me here; and now I must go—good night." She held out her hand to him for an instant, and left him, and Cis sauntered down idly to his club.

He was not exactly in love with Gretchen, but it pleased him to think that she was very fond of him. And just as in old times, from sheer idleness and insouciance,

he had slipped into a sort of semi-sentimental flirtation with her, which had meant nothing but selfish self-indulgence to himself, but which had brought a great deal of trouble to the girl whose friend he professed to be, so now he had let himself slide with the stream into much the same position with her. To be the sport of fate, the victim of circumstances, was Cecil Travers's character in everything. He had good instincts, but he was too indolent to act up to them—he could be generous and even energetic in fits and starts, but he had no strength, either moral or physical—he was neither bad nor vicious, he was simply utterly and deplorably weak.

Gretchen, to whom fortunately five years, without robbing her of any of her gentle modesty, had nevertheless brought some knowledge of the world—without ever ceasing to love and honour the man who had done so much for her when she was poor and homeless, had nevertheless lost much of the admiration and almost adoration with which she had regarded him in old days. Her idol had stepped down somewhat from his pedestal, and Gretchen's heart, which was of that essentially feminine and gentle type which loves only the more because it pities and sees failings in that which it loves, felt no contempt for Cis, only a great yearning to make him happier and better.

It was unspeakably painful to her that he should talk so openly even to herself about the unhappiness of his married life, and the want of love between himself and his wife; it was painful, it was even shocking to her, and yet it was passing sweet to think that he should turn for comfort to her in his troubles.

For of course Gretchen took his part. Of course she felt anger and hatred towards the wife whose history she did not know, and whose proud beauty she had only once beheld.

Women, generally even the best of them, are cruelly severe towards each other. They are the harshest of censors, the most unjust of judges—for they condemn unheard. Gretchen heard vaguely in the outskirts of that great world into which she herself went in such a humble manner, that Mrs. Travers was a woman of fashion, was much admired and much sought after, and she at once formed her own conclusions To her, Cecil's wife was a heartless coquette, given over to dissipation and worldliness and love of dress, who neglected her husband, and made his home wretched in order to indulge freely in her own frivolous pursuits.

To go to the house of this woman, who had not only taken Cecil irretrievably away from her, but who did not value that which she had won, seemed a very dreadful ordeal to Gretchen. Nevertheless, Cis had asked her to go—had said it would give him pleasure to hear her play at his house. To give Cis pleasure, Gretchen would have gladly walked barefoot from Notting Hill to Grosvenor Street. So it came to pass that when Mrs. Travers, in a little monogramed and perfumed note, presented her compliments to Mdlle. Rudenbach, and would be glad to know if she would be able to play for her on Thursday, the 20th inst., and what were Mdlle. Rudenbach's terms, &c.,—Gretchen in reply stated that she would be very happy to play at Mrs. Travers's evening party on the 26th, and begged to enclose her terms.

CHAPTER XX.

BENEATH A SMILING FACE.

VERY seldom indeed, in these days, did the old-fashioned iron gates at the end of the avenue at Sotherne Court open to receive their young mistress.

Mrs. Travers would not live in the home of her childhood. Now and then she would come down for a couple of days, or stop there a night, to break the journey to or from Scotland, but she could bear no permanent residence there.

Sotherne Court was a haunted house to her—haunted by ghosts of the past, which, under the present circumstances of her life, it was simply impossible for her to face.

Into the two months that Hugh Fleming had made Sotherne Court his home, had been crowded enough of associations and memories to fill every nook and corner of the old house.

There it was that he had stood as he had listened to her singing—in that chair he had been accustomed to sit in the evening—down that walk in the shrubbery it was that they had wandered together—under that tree they had sat together; there was not a

room in the house, or a path in the garden, where she could not conjure up his image. Before her marriage she had loved these memories, but now they had become absolutely hateful to her.

So the old house was left in undisturbed possession of Mrs. Blair and the servants.

This was a better state of things than Mrs. Blair had dared to hope for. Juliet had not been unkind to her stepmother, and Cis had always been favourably disposed towards her. As they did not intend to live at Sotherne themselves, there seemed no reason why Mrs. Blair should not continue to make it her home. So Mrs. Blair lived there on all the fat of the land.

She asked her own friends, French acquaintances, principally of her ante-nuptial days, to stay with her, greatly to old Higg's disgust, who was loud in his grumblings against the "dirty furrin French folk," as he insisted on calling a perfectly unobjectionable Monsieur and Madame Gambert, who were frequently guests at Sotherne.

Mrs. Blair played the country lady to these and other admiring friends, gave little dinner-parties for their entertainment, drove them out to see the show places in the neighbourhood in the ancient landau, drawn by two remarkably fat and lazy old horses, and did the honours of Sotherne Court generally, as if the whole place belonged to her.

Higgs hated Mrs. Blair and her friends; the new state of things was abhorrent to him; but, like a brave man, he stuck to his post manfully. As long as he had breath and life, Higgs declared he would stay at Sotherne to serve his dear young mistress, and to prevent the old place from going to rack and ruin in the hands of a parcel of strangers. Higgs was a thorn in Mrs. Blair's side—he was for ever doing things in direct opposition to her wishes. He often refused, respectfully but firmly, to obey her orders, stating that his duties to Mrs. Travers prevented him from doing so.

"Very sorry, Ma'am, but my conscience wouldn't allow me no peace if I were to give out that old silver tea service," was the sort of remark he was wont to make; "seeing that my mistress is away, and I left in charge, as it were, of her property—anything to oblige you, marm, I am sure, but I must do my duty *fust!*"

And Mrs. Blair might entreat, or threaten or storm, it was all of no avail. Higgs would jingle his keys as if to say "Don't you wish you might get it!" and go off to his pantry chuckling over her discomfiture.

Mrs. Blair would have given a great deal for Higgs to leave, and in pursuance of that object she made herself as ungracious and unpleasant to him as she possibly could; but unluckily Higgs saw through it, and was well determined not to give her that supreme triumph.

"She thinks as how I'll give warning," said the old man to himself; "she won't find Ebenezer Higgs so easy to move. I'll stay here till I drop sooner than go, if it's only to spite her! I ain't *her* servant and *she* can't give me the sack!" And so the only result of the feud between them was that Higgs made himself more intensely disagreeable than ever, and on hearing shortly after the dispute concerning the silver tea service that Mrs. Blair expected some friends to stay with her for Christmas, he took the opportunity of declaring that the dining-room grate was breaking to pieces, and had the whole fire-place taken out and sent off to the ironmonger's to be renewed; so that the company had to use the breakfast-room, and Mrs. Blair had to postpone a dinner-party which she had intended giving in honour of her guests.

Of course all these things were very trying; but still, on the whole, Mrs. Blair was by no means dissatisfied with her lot in life. Day after day she congratulated herself upon the successful termination of all her hopes and plans. How well everything had turned out, and how different everything would have been if she had not stopped that letter from Colonel Fleming! Of course Juliet would never have married Cis—that odious guardian would have come back, and she herself would have been turned adrift upon the world with a very small income, whereas now everything had ended for the best. She had a comfortable and luxurious home and plenty of servants, whom she neither kept nor paid to wait upon her; she had no expenses, and her position in the country as Mr. Blair's widow was everything that she could wish. And as to Juliet, she of course was perfectly happy—probably much happier than if she had been allowed to marry her Colonel; no one would ever know anything about that letter now, and Mrs. Blair felt convinced that she had done right, perfectly right, in suppressing it. After all,

the result had justified the means. All's well that ends well.

Of her nearest neighbours and connections, the Traverses of Broadley, Mrs. Blair saw but very little. Five years had not passed away without working sundry changes for them.

Mary was married to a well-to-do squire in the next county, and Flora had shot up into a tall thin wisp of a girl of sixteen, with a face like Georgie's, but with a promise of more beauty than had ever belonged to her dead sister. And between the squire and the sad past, Time had already begun to spread his cobweb veil. Slowly, but surely, Georgie's memory became—not forgotten—for when can a father ever forget his dead child?—but vaguer and more indistinct; the bitterness went out of the recollection of her, and only the sweet savour of her goodness and gentleness left its halo around her early grave.

The home gap was slowly filling up again, as all such gaps do—God forbid that they should not. However wide the breach that is made, however hopeless the blank may be, the strangeness and the agony of it does in time wear off—the wound may leave its scars, but the open sore heals up.

Squire Travers was indeed no longer the same man he used to be—he was more subdued and patient in manner, less irritable, and less given to strong language; but he no longer now gave way to fits of melancholy and depression.

He had been very pleased at his son's marriage, and that event had certainly been the first thing that had roused him from the utter prostration that had followed upon his daughter's death.

Then, although, as he had himself said, he would never again keep the hounds, yet, after two winters had passed away, the old hunting instinct had awoke again, and when the third season came round he had found himself quite unable to resist it.

When he had stood looking out of the window one afternoon in November for some time, and then had suddenly turned round and said to his wife, "I think I shall potter out on Sunbeam to-morrow morning—I hear the hounds meet at Cosby Farm," the speech had been hailed by Mrs. Travers as very good news indeed. After that he went out regularly, far or near, a little shamefacedly at first, lest anyone should think him heartless to his daughter's memory, but by-and-by with all the keenness and zest revived; besides, Wattie had set his mind at ease.

"She would have liked you to go out again, I know," he had said to him, and the Squire had silently pressed his hand.

"It would have made her miserable to think that you had given up hunting, and it does her no good, poor darling," continued Wattie; "and besides, you have Flora to think of."

Yes, there was Flora; for her sake it was desirable that her father should go out with her instead of leaving her, as had lately happened, to the care of the groom—for Flora, like Georgie, "had it in her," and no considerations could stop her from slinking off after the hounds whenever they came within reasonable distance.

There was one thing that the Squire could not be too particular about with his younger daughter, and that was in the matter of the horses she rode. No half-broken, untried animal should ever carry a daughter of his again; every horse Flora mounted was well trained and broken in for a lady's riding, and warranted free from all sorts of vices. The Squire, too, gave long prices for them.

Flora, who was quite as fearless and bold as her sister ever had been, sometimes resented this extra care that was taken of her; but one look from Wattie Ellison was generally sufficient to make her silent and submissive.

It was by no means an unhappy scene that was going on one mild winter's morning in the paddock at the back of the house. A number of hurdles had been set up at equal distances round the field, and Flora, mounted on a splendid young thoroughbred horse which her father had just bought for her, was careering round, taking the hurdles one after the other in steeple-chase fashion, whilst her father and Wattie, Davis the groom, and poor old Chanticleer, stood together in a group in the centre.

"Why, papa, you look like the showman at Astley's!" cried Flora, as with flushed cheeks she trotted up to them after her exploits. "There you stand twisting about and flourishing your whip. I ought to have on pink skirts and spangles, and then we might get up a regular circus. Fancy you jumping through a paper hoop, papa!" and Flora laughed merrily with all a younger child's sauciness and impudence.

"You would look uncommonly well in spangles, I have no doubt, Flora," said Wattie, patting her horse's neck, and looking up admiringly at her; upon which Flora made a pass at his hat with her whip, which of course she missed, and then shook her fist at him with such a happy laugh, and looking so pretty the while, that, child as she was, there seemed to be some foundation for the county gossip, which reported that Wattie Ellison was only waiting till Flora should be eighteen to transfer openly to her the affection which he had formerly given to her sister.

That this was the Squire's dearest wish cannot be denied. He was so devoted to Wattie, that his poverty and small income were as nothing to him; he had calculated that he could give Flora enough to live on comfortably, and to secure this once-despised young man as his son-in-law was now one of his greatest hopes.

So the Squire took to hunting again, and Flora became his constant companion. Her mother shook her head lugubriously, and prophesied all sorts of evil things, but in the long run she was too pleased to see her husband more like his old self again to be very much disturbed, especially as Amy's education engrossed a good deal of her time; and as that young lady showed no tendency whatever for hunting tastes, she was able to carry out all her theories about the training of young ladies in a satisfactory manner in the person of her youngest daughter.

During the course of that same third winter, when the Squire took again to his hunting, an event happened which plunged the whole family into great grief for several days. This was the death of faithful old Chanticleer.

One morning the old hound refused the bread and milk which Flora had never once forgotten to give him every day in obedience to Georgie's dying wishes, and presently he hobbled up to her, for he had become very lame and infirm, and, lying down on the corner of her dress, licked her hand once, and then turned over on his side and died without a struggle.

It was as if the last link with Georgie had been cut away—the old dog had for her sake become a general favourite, and even Mrs. Travers was upset at his sudden death. But after that, and save for that distressing incident, things altogether had fallen back into peaceful and happy grooves at Broadley House.

And Juliet—how had it fared with Juliet during these first five years of her married life?

The first year after their wedding Mr. and Mrs. Travers spent in travelling abroad, and it was during these travels, and after she had been married more than three months, that Juliet at length found courage to write to Colonel Fleming.

It was but a note, merely a few lines, thanking him for his wedding presents to her, and expressing her admiration of them; and then with a trembling hand she added:

"You have accused me of harshness and coldness towards you, and of silence. Of the two former I am certainly guiltless, and of the latter I cannot understand that *you* should accuse *me*"—words which, when he read them, puzzled and bewildered him beyond description.

After their year abroad, Mr. and Mrs. Travers came home, but not to Sotherne; they bought a large house in Upper Grosvenor Street, and there established themselves.

For her beauty, her wealth, and her talent, Mrs. Travers soon gained a reputation in the London world; no one was so well dressed, or rode such good horses—no one drove such a perfect pair of ponies in the morning, or reclined in such a well-appointed barouche in the afternoon; her dinners were faultless; her evening parties, filled with the *élite* of London society, were invariable successes; she was courted, flattered, admired, and sought after; she had everything that money, and youth, and beauty could give her, and yet—and yet the woman was miserable.

For, to begin with, Juliet was daily discovering how true her own instincts had been when she had told Cis Travers long ago that they never could be happy together—that they were totally unsuited for each other, that her life and her mind were in no way similar to his, and that she and he must for ever go along different paths.

Juliet began to realise that most painful of all positions for a wife—that her husband was inferior to herself. He was her inferior in everything—in mind, in refinement, and

in character. She had known it long ago—all her life, indeed—but she had not certainly understood until she was married to him how irksome and how unbearable such a reversal of the fitness of things would be to her.

She did not dislike her husband; far from it. She was indeed fond of him in a sort of way; but she derived no comfort or support to herself from his society.

She was forever bending down to his level, trying to enter into his thoughts and feelings, whilst he could not in the smallest degree sympathise with or understand hers.

After a time Cis became dimly conscious that things were not as they should be between them; he could not understand the cause of it, but he began vaguely to perceive the effects, and with the natural weakness of his character, instead of making the best of the unalterable, he turned it into a perpetual subject of grumbling and complaint.

He became fretful and peevish, and was for ever reproaching his wife with her coldness and want of affection, until Juliet one day, fairly exasperated, turned round upon him, and reminded him that she had told him before she married him that she did not love him, and that, having chosen to take her without affection, he had no right to reproach her for the want of it now.

After that, Cis let his wife pretty well alone, and took to going to Gretchen Rudenbach to pour out his troubles. Gretchen could understand him, he thought, with that fine vanity which always makes a man think himself understood by the woman who loves and admires him, although probably she has fifty times less comprehension of his true character than the woman who has not affection enough for him to make her blind to his faults.

And Juliet went her own way. She had now but one object in her life—to forget; and if there is one thing more unattainable than any other unattainable thing that is beyond our reach, it is that same gift of forgetfulness! Hard indeed it is to find where we may drain a draught of the waters of Lethe!

The bitter thought of what might have been, in comparison with what is, is one that it is almost impossible to shut entirely out of our minds.

To a man, hard mental work does perhaps sometimes succeed in keeping at arm's length the ghosts of past joys and the tortures of unavailing regret; but a woman can seldom hope for such a safe and wholesome discipline. To her no sort of work is open but the unending toil of pleasure; and pleasure which cannot occupy the brain has no power whatever to stifle recollection.

It was in vain that Juliet Travers plunged into a whirl of dissipation which lasted day and night, and for which she had no natural taste; in vain that she filled up every waking hour with engagement after engagement, that she surrounded herself with friends and acquaintances of the most frivolous type, who served, it is true, to amuse her, but who often disgusted her at the same time with their worldly shallowness. For a time, indeed, her thoughts might be distracted by what was going on around her; but wherever she went, and whatever she was doing, it was seldom indeed that the image of Hugh Fleming was entirely out of her mind.

She did her very best to stifle the ever-present thought of him—every feeling of honour and of duty urged her to do so; and yet the task became daily more and more impossible to her.

I am conscious that my heroine does not come out well at this period of her life; but I am not placing her before you as a perfect character, but as a woman full of faults and failings, who was tempest-tossed on a stormy sea, and who was groping her way helplessly, and not very successfully, through the darkness.

Juliet was no saint—she was very human indeed; and at this time of her life her better instincts and nobler qualities were certainly somewhat obscured.

She became very reckless—reckless of good and evil, and very bitter against her life.

Had there been anything in it to reconcile her to it, it might not have been so.

Had she had children, everything would probably have become different to her; but she had no child, and daily her husband, whom she had never loved, drifted farther and farther away from her. No one was dear to her; even the memory of her lost love, which had been so chillingly thrown back upon her, was so filled with bitter hu-

miliation and wounded pride, that it had no power to soften her.

There is not perhaps a more dangerous and soul-degrading state of things than for a woman who has naturally a warm heart and quick impulsive feelings to be thus stranded, with every natural channel dried up wherein her affections should flow.

Failing love, such a woman often seeks to fill up the blank with admiration and flattery, thus perverting all the best and highest feelings of her nature.

And failing love—the one thing she yearned for unavailingly—there was no lack of admiration and adulation for the beautiful Mrs. Travers.

She grasped at them eagerly, hungrily; without these things, empty and unsatisfying as they were, she often felt that she should die; they served to drown her longings, and to keep at bay those other miserable thoughts which were for ever assailing her.

Therefore it was that Mrs. Travers hurried restlessly from place to place—that as soon as Goodwood week had brought the London season to a close, she must needs go to Homburg or Baden for a month, then back again to spend the autumn months in large country houses filled with the acquaintances of the season, where London life was but repeated *al fresco*, then generally to Paris for Christmas time, or down into Leicestershire with her hunters for a couple of months' hunting until the time for the season came round again.

In all these arrangements Cis for the most part acquiesced. Juliet always had the upper hand, and had, moreover, been so long accustomed to be absolute mistress, that it would have required a far stronger character than his to have dictated to her in these matters.

Juliet did not drag him about unwillingly; if he liked, he could come with her—if not, he might go elsewhere, wherever he liked; it was quite immaterial to her—she had always plenty of friends to go with her. So it often happened that she was staying alone at this or that country house, whilst Cis, who neither hunted nor shot, and therefore found himself very much bored in the country, would be sauntering up and down the King's Road at Brighton by himself, or else living as a bachelor in Grosvenor Street, and spending the best part of his idle days in Gretchen Rudenbach's drawing-room.

Often in a house full of well-dressed and fashionable women, Juliet Travers would be the very life and soul of the party, the centre round which all the men staying in the house would gather. Often, after an evening, when, resplendent in costly jewels and rare laces, she had fascinated every one by her beauty and by her conversation, her host and hostess would agree that no party was complete without so gifted and talented a guest; the men would sing her praises long and loud in the smoking-room; whilst the women gathered in knots in each other's bedrooms, filled with all the spite and envy that small-minded women always feel to any one of their own sex who outshines them, would pick her mercilessly to pieces, or "damn with faint praise" the woman they had possibly parted from a minute before with clinging kisses and soft-voiced murmurs of endearing words.

And meanwhile the object of all this admiration and envy, with all her satins and diamonds flung aside, would be kneeling dishevelled by her bedside, shaken with convulsive sobs, and pressing to her lips with despairing moans a yellow faded note and a soiled and stiffened glove.

CHAPTER XXI.

AT HOME AGAIN.

IT is a breathlessly hot night in early June, the hour is midnight, the scene is the crush-room of the Covent Garden Opera-house.

It is a popular night; the last strains of Gounod's "Faust" have but lately died away; behind the scenes, according to a well-known and time-honoured tradition, the injured but forgiven Marguerite, who has just been wafted up to heaven by ingenious machinery among blue muslin clouds, together with the too fascinating Faust and the scarlet-tinted Mephistopheles, are all supposed to be sitting amicably together refreshing themselves with oysters and bottled stout, whilst in the front of the house the audience are crowding down the staircase and out into the entrance in search of their carriages. Not a very active search either.

Now and then somebody's carriage is loudly proclaimed to be "stopping the way," and one or two people rush frantically out in violent haste; but for the most part the well-dressed, bright-coloured throng stands contentedly looking about, in no hurry to be gone, nodding at distant and unget-at-able acquaintances over each other's heads, or merely staring at each other curiously or admiringly as occasion may demand.

Standing a good way back from the staircase, and very much jammed in between a fat paterfamilias with his flock behind him, and two pretty-looking well-dressed women who are chattering together in front of him, stands a man who is evidently alone and almost a stranger to the scene in which he finds himself.

He looks vaguely round upon the crowd, and sees not one familiar face, not one kindly smile, not one friendly nod. Yes, there a remembered face goes by, and stares blankly, unknowingly at him as it passes—he is forgotten!

"This is solitude—this is to be alone," he mutters to himself with a half cynical smile; "and people call this coming 'home!'" he added, and the smile died away into a sigh.

He is a striking-looking man, still in the prime of life, tall and upright, but with many hard lines which care as well as time have traced upon his bronzed and weather-beaten face. A certain superiority about the man, and a certain stamp of birth and breeding, cause the two women who are in front of him to turn round more than once to glance up at him.

"Who is that?" whispers one.

"I don't know," replies the other in the same tone; "he looks like somebody, but I don't know that I ever saw him before."

And then they forget him, and go on with their chattering aloud.

Suddenly a name spoken by one of them arrests the stranger's attention.

"Don't you know who that is? Why, that is the beautiful Mrs Travers, who is making such a sensation this season."

"Which—the dark one?"

"Yes, the tall dark woman, with the diamonds and the black Spanish lace thrown over her head."

"How lovely she is!"

"Yes, lovely enough. That little fair woman with her is Mrs. Dalmaine, her great friend. Don't you remember the scandal there was about *her* two seasons ago?"

"Oh, perfectly; you don't mean to say she is here still! Why, there was to have been a divorce."

"Oh, it was all hushed up, and she goes about under Mrs. Travers's wing now, so I suppose she is all right."

"And is that Mrs. Travers's husband who is offering her his arm?"

"Lor' no, my dear! the husband never shows. They say he is a muff, or a misanthrope, or a savant, or something of that kind," answered the other; at all events, he is never with his wife; that good-looking fellow is Lord George Mannersley—he has been dancing attendance upon her all the season; she never goes anywhere without him. It is really quite *dreadful* the way some married women go on! If you and I were to do such things, my dear, everybody would cut us; but just because she is rich and the fashion, nobody seems to think anything of it. They say Lord George is over head and ears in love with her, and gives her such splendid presents; isn't it *shocking!* And Mrs. Robertson told me the other day that she had it from Lady Walters, who is very intimate with her, that she knows for a *fact*—hush, it would never do to say it aloud, but——, and the rest of the communication was delivered in a whisper. It was probably something very spicy, for the two ladies giggled, and then shook their heads with a little sham horror over it, as if to say "Very sad, but how delightful a bit of scandal is! and even if it does take away an innocent woman's character, what does it signify, so long as it affords us a little amusement!"

And Hugh Fleming, standing behind them, an unwilling listener, heard it all.

Heard it; and then, following the direction of their eyes, saw her once again.

She was standing a little way up the staircase, leaning somewhat languidly against the wall; the woman who had been pointed out as Mrs. Dalmaine—a bright, lively little blonde, with a too straw-coloured chignon, and a suspicion of blackening about the eyebrows and eyelashes, stood chattering away merrily beside her, whilst in front of her, holding her fan, and fanning her at times with it, stood a remarkably handsome young man, with the deepest blue eyes, and the blackest of curly heads, and a long mous-

tache. He was talking, seemingly, to Mrs. Dalmaine; but his eyes were riveted on the lovely face of Mrs. Travers. She took but little part in the conversation; every now and then smiled, or put in a word or two, and at every instant she bowed her head gracefully to some one or other of her friends among the stream of people who passed along down the staircase.

She looked tired and slightly bored, and when "Mrs. Travers's carriage" was shouted from below, and her footman appeared at the doorway, she took Lord George Mannersley's arm with alacrity, as if glad to be off.

Her name was so well known as a London beauty that not a few pressed forward to look at her as she passed out, and amongst them Colonel Fleming, too, pushed to the front rank. He stood close by the door through which she went out. He saw her sweet face, with all, and more than all, its well-remembered beauty, yet with a certain gravity and a certain hardness in the lines that were new to it; he had time to note the wistful, unsatisfied look in her dark eyes, and he heard her voice as she came past him.

"Won't you come to my rooms to supper? Do!" Lord George was saying to her, entreatingly. "There is no reason why you should not. We have got Mrs. Dalmaine, and Castleton is sure to drop in to make a fourth. Don't be so cruel as to refuse."

"I am afraid I must," she answered, flushing a little at his eagerness. "I am very tired to-night; I had rather go home."

And then she passed close by him. There was a flash of the diamonds in her hair, and on her bosom; a whiff of the perfume from her bouquet; her rich black satin draperies brushed against his feet as she went by—he could have put out his hand to hold her back, she was so near—so near—and yet, alas! so very far.

Her carriage rolled away, and Hugh Fleming turned out alone into the crowded, squalid street.

It was thus that he had met her again—the woman who had been his dream and his ideal ever since he had left her! The same, yet no longer the same—no longer the girl he remembered with the light of truth and candour in her eyes, with the best and highest instincts of womanhood shining out of her ever-varying face, but a woman who already wore the mask of hardness and worldliness, whose eyes had grown cold and unloving, whose laughter as she passed by him, had sounded hollow and unreal.

And worse even than this—she was a woman whose doings had become talked and gossiped about, whose bosom friend was said to be of dubious reputation; whilst already the breath of scandal had coupled her own name with that of the worthless young profligate on whose arm he had seen her leaning.

Bitter, most bitter, were Hugh Fleming's reflections as he paced slowly along towards his club and thought on these things.

What had changed her? What had happened to her? Was this the result of the loveless marriage which he himself had urged upon her? Or was there other and deeper mischief still going on?

Still pondering on these things, Hugh Fleming stood back for an instant at a crossing in Berkeley Square, as a brougham drawn by a showy-looking pair of horses, dashed by him.

It was Mrs. Travers's carriage. By the light of the lamps as it passed, he could see that Mrs. Dalmaine was no longer there; she had probably been dropped at her own house. There were only two people in the carriage—Mrs. Travers herself, and by her side Lord George Mannersley's handsome head bending forward and talking eagerly and animatedly to her.

Colonel Fleming saw them both perfectly, and then the brougham dashed by, and left him standing alone in the darkness of the empty street.

And as he stood there, there raged at his heart, one of the original savage instincts which education and civilization have no power to destroy in a man's breast—a fierce, murderous, maddening jealousy.

Women are supposed to have a monopoly of this same vice of jealousy; but the jealousy of a woman—far more easily aroused, it is true—finds its vent in small spite, and malice, and back-biting. But for the good, strong, unadulterated flavour of the passion, commend me to the jealousy, just and excusable, of a man towards that other man who seeks to injure the fair fame of the woman whom he loves.

A man who is a prey to such a jealousy becomes, for the time, a savage or a wild beast.

As Hugh Fleming stood there, looking after Juliet's departing brougham, he could gladly, eagerly, joyfully have strangled the man who was sitting in it beside her. He would have blessed you or anyone else who would have given him the opportunity of trampling that dark clustering hair in the mud of the gutter, and of quenching forever the light in those deep blue eyes that, all unconscious of the murderous thoughts so near them, were feasting themselves on Juliet's beauty.

"And it was for this that I gave her up! My God, for this!" he muttered below his breath, as he strode on with all the fierce turmoil of bitter hatred surging within him.

Mrs. Travers's house in Upper Grosvenor Street was a *chef d'œuvre* of good taste and luxury. No money had been stinted in its furnishing and decoration; nothing had been spared that could add either to the refinement or to the comfort of every room in the house.

In Juliet Travers's drawing-room there were no masses of gilding, no heavy painted cornices, no crimson satin damask, no blaze of colour and vulgarity; no trace, in short, of the upholsterer's and the house-decorator's hand, to bewilder or to oppress you with suffocating grandeur.

Everywhere was harmony and fitness; sober colouring and fastidiousness of taste; rich dark draperies; luxurious couches; valuable pictures in Venetian frames mellowed by the glow of age, priceless old china, delicate Sèvres or quaintest Bristol and Worcester, set out by careful hands upon dark shelves and brackets; book-cases filled with every book that a lover of art or literature could desire; the piano covered with the best and highest style of music; whilst the reviews and magazines of the day found their places in a general and rather pleasant litter on tables.

Nothing indicates so well the character of a woman as the room in which she is accustomed to live. Not all the emptiness of Juliet Travers's present mode of life, not all the frivolity of most of her daily associates, could wholly obliterate that refinement of taste, that keen appreciation of all that is beautiful and improving to the mind, which a thoroughly well-educated woman, whatever may be her surroundings, retains more or less throughout her life.

Juliet's drawing-room in Grosvenor Street was like an essay on her own character—the good things were all there, but they were all left in disorder and confusion.

She is sitting at the writing-table on the morning after the opera, her pen in her hand, and a pile of invitation cards beside her, which Mrs. Dalmaine, at the corner of the table, is busy filling up, ticking the names off a long paper list as she does so, whilst Juliet leans back in her chair, and stares idly out of the window.

"How lazy you are, Juliet!" says Mrs. Dalmaine, who, we may as well charitably remark *en passant*, had never been anywhere near the precincts of the Divorce Court; although for a fast young woman with an old husband, she had certainly done as many foolish and imprudent things as had sufficed to give a certain colour to sundry slanderous and utterly untrue reports about her. "How lazy you are! Here you are, sitting staring at nothing, like a love-sick damsel, whilst I am slaving away in your service! Are the Blackwoods to be asked? What do you want a lot of old fogies filling up the rooms for? When I give a musical crush, if ever I do, I won't have a single woman over fifty in the room. What is the good of them? They are not ornamental, and they take up just the room of two ordinary people—these old women do so run to fat!"

"Nevertheless, I think I must ask the Blackwoods, Rosa," answered Juliet, with a smile; "they are old friends of my father's, and it is often difficult to show civility to old fashioned people."

"Well, certainly it is doing them off cheap, so here goes their card. By the way, have you had an answer from your professionals yet—that Miss Rudenbach?"

"Yes, here is her note—she comes. I cannot think what made Cecil of all people recommend her! he seemed quite eager about my engaging her—he hates music, you know!"

"Ah, my dear, you never can tell a man's motives!" answered Mrs. Dalmaine, with a knowing little nod, at she ran her pen through the Blackwood's name on the list in front of her. "You should never enquire too closely into a husband's fancies—you never can tell what the quietest of them are up to!"

"Nonsense!" said Juliet, rather impatiently. "Have you finished that list, Rosa? Well, here is the next—the men."

"Ah, how delightful! how I love men!" cried the little woman, applying herself with diligence to study the paper presented to her. "Dear, delicious beings! not half of them will come, you know, Juliet; they never do, even to your parties, and you get more than most people. You will only get your own lovers—about a dozen or so."

"What rubbish you do talk! I have no lovers, Rosa, I wish you would not say such things," said Juliet, frowning a little angrily.

"No? Oh, I am sorry I ed the word —what shall I call them—adn. ers—slaves —sweethearts? What do you call Lord George, for instance: a mixture of all three?"

"I am sick of Lord George!" cried Juliet, impatiently jumping up from the table and scattering her writing things on to the floor.

"And yet you would miss his attentions sorely if he withdrew them!" said Mrs. Dalmaine, who was not wanting in shrewdness. "My dear girl, don't be absurd. We all know that you don't care a farthing for Lord George, but he is the best-looking man about town, and it gives you a *prestige* to be seen about with him, and all the women are dying with rage and envy of you. Believe me," continued Mrs. Dalmaine, looking up solemnly at her friend, and speaking emphatically and slowly, as if she was laying down some grand moral maxim, "believe me, there is no finer position in life than that of a woman who has succeeded in exciting the envy and the hatred of nine out of every ten of the women of her acquaintance—it's the finest position, Juliet: think what a success among the men it implies."

Juliet could not help laughing. "What morals you have, Rosa! and the best of it is, I really think you believe in what you say."

"Why, of course I do," answered Mrs. Dalmaine, opening her eyes. "Why should I not? haven't I gone through it all, and don't I know what horrors those hateful women who never have any admirers themselves say of one, and haven't I got the whip hand of them all for ever? because I don't care one brass farthing what they say, and they know it. Don't you be a goose, Juliet; you keep your Lord George—you will find him very useful."

"Well, there he is!" said Juliet, as a hansom dashed up to the door; "so now I shall begin by making use of him to take you into the park this morning. I really cannot go, and you must both come back to luncheon. How d'ye do, Lord George? You and Mrs. Dalmaine must excuse my going out with you this morning, as I am so busy. Come back and lunch with me by-and-by, and you will find me in an idle and gossipping mood; just now I am up to my eyes in sending out invitations for my next musical."

Of course there was an outcry at the idea of Juliet's not going with them, but it ended, as such disputes always did, in Juliet's getting her own way; and her two friends went out together, Mrs. Dalmaine nothing loth to parade her handsome cavalier in the park, and Juliet was left alone.

After they had been gone about twenty minutes, however, the bright sunshine and fresh breeze looked so tempting that she remembered some trifling thing she wanted at a shop in Audley Street, and put on her bonnet to walk round to it.

Going downstairs she tapped at her husband's study door, and receiving no answer looked in. Cis lay at full length on the sofa fast asleep, with a novel open on his chest. He opened his eyes as his wife came in, and began grumbling at being awakened.

"How lazy you are, Cis!" said Juliet, with scarce-concealed contempt, for her husband often spent his mornings thus. "Get up, and put on your hat, and come out with me."

"What should I go out with you for? You have got that horrid Dalmaine woman with you. She always laughs at me."

"Don't abuse my friends, please! Besides, she is not here now. I am going out for ten minutes by myself; won't you come, Cis?" she added, in a conciliatory tone, laying her hand gently on his shoulder.

But Cis shook her off impatiently. "You don't really want me—it is all sham; you don't care a farthing about me!" and he turned sulkily away from her.

"You are enough to try the patience of a saint, Cis!" said Juliet, stamping her foot; and she slammed the door angrily behind her, and went out alone.

This was all the companionship she got out of her husband! Fretful sulks and re-

proaches whenever she made the slightest advances to him. Was it not better to go her own way, and to leave him completely alone? Some impulse, she had not known what, had impelled her to turn to him this morning; perhaps it was Mrs. Dalmaine's worldly theories, or perhaps the frequent recurrence of those visits from Lord George Mannersley; but something, some good feeling, some better instinct, had prompted her for once to seek out her husband, and this had been the result of it!

Sore at heart, wounded in her pride and in her best feelings, Juliet walked along in the bright morning sunshine, feeling very acutely what an utter mistake her whole life had been, how completely alone and unloved she was! Unavailing regrets, hopeless memories, rose bitterly in her heart. Half unconsciously, the name of Hugh Fleming escaped from her heart, and found utterance on her lips; and, as it did so, she turned the corner of the street—and met him face to face!

(*To be continued.*)

HEARTS AND EYES.

A MAID whose sunny gladness
From heart to glances flies;
A sister with a sadness
Deep-dwelling in her eyes:—
Which pleaseth you? The gladness,
Or the sadness?
The laughter, or the sighs?

If the laughing be but laughter
From a life that is a jest,
With no silent thinking after,
With no inly cherished guest
To charm away some sadness
And give gladness
To a sorrow-clouded breast;—

If the sighs be but that sighing
May such dainty sorrow show
As is heedless of heart-crying,
Or unutterable woe;—
Then this is not the gladness
Or the sadness
Of souls that I would know!

Nay,—rather give me blending
Of the smiling and the sighs,
A cheerful heart contending
With all sorrows that arise;
There's need of no mock sadness,
And true gladness
Must brighten more than eyes!

A. W. G.

Toronto.

THE AGE IN WHICH WE LIVE, AND OUR DUTY TOWARDS IT.*

BY J. H. LONG, B. A.

THE forces which are at work in stamping their impress on our age, may be reduced, I think, to the following:—First, a great and wide-spread intellectual activity; secondly, a spirit of utilitarianism; thirdly, a strong tendency towards liberalism; fourthly, a striving after consolidation. The third and fourth of these will, on consideration, be found to spring from the first; indeed, the last three may be said, in a certain sense, to be but developments of the first; but it may perhaps be better to consider the four separately. Besides these great moving principles, there are, no doubt, many others busy around us, each fulfilling its own office in the great work of building up the character of our times; yet these latter forces are either so unimportant in their results, or so closely allied in their nature to the preceding four, as fairly to be left out of consideration.

First, then, the present is an age of great and wide-spread intellectual activity. The art which Fust and Guttenberg and Schöffer, four centuries ago, inaugurated in their little printing-shop at Mainz, has grown and flourished, and has become the mighty power which it is to-day. How the world has changed in the last few centuries! Until we see with our own eyes the old parchments, we can hardly make ourselves believe that the kings and emperors and old heroes, whose marvellous exploits were the wonder of our childhood, could barely sign their names, that, in fact, they preferred in most cases, the homely and withal rather easy expedient of "Bill Sykes, his mark."

I read, a short time ago, of the death of a man somewhere in the north country, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and four years. It was quite possible, observed some editor, that this man, who died but the other day, might have been patted on the head, in his early youth, by some old man who had conversed with some of those who had taken part in the defence against the Armada. How close this bridging over of great intervals of time by linked lives brings us to the centuries that are gone! We can almost hear the loud alarm bells of London, telling to the stout city bands that the Spanish fleet is off the coast; we can almost hear the roar of the foreign guns, and the whistling of the wind through the cordage; we seem to catch the reflection in the sky of all the beacon-lights that flamed along the Kentish cliffs,—yes, even far away to the northward, "as the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle!" And yet, at that time, the man who could do more than read his English Bible or write his name, was a learned man. The cry which now arises from this and other lands, is the cry for knowledge; the subject which engrosses the minds of the greatest thinkers of the day, is the providing of suitable means of education—education not confined to the few nor to the wealthy, but finding its way into every cottage and hamlet of the land. Frequently, indeed, do we hear the statement made that, at present, there seems to be too great a "rage" for education; that everything is sacrificed to the "mania" for schools; the cultivation of moral qualities, home-training, and so forth, being subordinated to the acquisition of mere book-learning.

There may be a certain amount of truth in this statement: it may be a fact that, in many instances, scholars are pushed forward beyond their capabilities; that physical strength is sacrificed to mental acuteness; that home duties are neglected—but these results arise, not so much from over-education, as from misdirected and one-sided education. When we learn that real education

* Extracts from an Address delivered before the County of Brant Teachers' Association, October 20th, 1876.

has a wider scope than the preparation for "Intermediate" or "Teachers'" Examinations; when we are thoroughly persuaded that its aim is to make the pupil, not a mere hydraulic machine for taking in a certain amount of knowledge, and for giving the major part of this knowledge forth at periodical intervals, but, on the contrary, a lover of learning and a cultured member of society; then we shall hear fewer of these complaints.

* * * * *

This leads us to the consideration of the second great trait of the present age: its spirit of utilitarianism. The present is utilitarian in the strictest sense of the word: all things seem to be valued for what they will actually bring in the market of life; for the stamp, in fact, which they bear upon their face. This utilitarianism is seen in all departments of human knowledge and social life. It is equally discernible in learning, in the arts, in literature, in politics. In learning, this tendency displays itself in the disposition to banish, or, at least, curtail, the influence of Classics, and to substitute in their place the Natural Sciences, Modern Languages, and Mathematics, the study of which branches, the advocates of this new programme say—and among the names of those favouring the change are such men as Robert Lowe, himself a classical scholar—is more in accord with the wants and spirit of the times. No doubt in many of the great Public Schools in England, such as Eton, Harrow, Westminster, and Rugby, there has prevailed for a very long time a curriculum devoted almost entirely to Classics—a curriculum whose formation was due partly to the Middle-Age fondness for Latin, as being not only the vehicle of all intercourse among learned men, but also the language of the Church; partly to the Reformers' predilection for Greek; and partly to the insular character of the English mind. There is no one who does not rejoice to see the course of study more equally arranged; yet it is extremely difficult to understand how, unless one is destined to be an engineer or a chemist, the study of the Mathematics or the Sciences is of any more practical use than the study of any other department. In fact, leaving out of consideration the training which the mind receives from any course of study, if there be an unpractical department in the world, that department is the mathematics; for one does occasionally meet with a classical or modern foreign quotation, and he may have thereby an opportunity of airing his linguistic attainments; but do five men in a hundred ever employ, in ordinary life, any higher mathematical process than the rule for simple interest?

There is such a thing as making a University degenerate into a mere workshop, in which men are prepared technically for some particular walk of life: it behoves all lovers of real scholarship to deprecate this tendency.

The great bulk of the learning and research of the present day is directed towards scientific objects: where one savant is found poring over the dusty copy of some old chronicler, a score may be seen testing the nature of a certain mineral, or analysing the property of a newly discovered gas. Every energy of man seems bent upon the development of inventions and processes which may utilize the forces of nature; which may, in fact, yield him direct practical advantage. Have you ever visited a "Patent Office"? I think a Patent Office would make a splendid subject for a novel. You might regard it in several lights. For example, you might adopt the melancholy strain, and look upon the whole establishment as a vast mausoleum of shattered hopes and life-long ambitions, introducing graphic sketches of nights passed in vain endeavours to invent a "patent adjustable fly-trap," or a cylinder churn, worked without the slightest exertion on the part of the victim, and warranted to make butter out of each and every species of material. Or the high-soaring eloquent strain might be indulged in,—the mighty triumphs, in the past, of genius over inert matter, the anticipation of the brilliant future, when railroad trains shall be propelled through the air by electricity, introducing appropriate quotations, such as: "This is but as the dawn which speaks of the noontide yet to be," and so on; and, then, it would be the easiest thing in the world to make up a nice plot, as for instance the story with modifications related by Mark Twain, in which an inventor falls in love with a beautiful young lady; they become engaged; he displays to her wondering gaze an elaborate carpet machine, and is lovingly explaining the intricacies of it, when, lo and behold! the contrivance, from some cause

or another—it is discovered afterwards that the catastrophe was owing to the machinations of a hated rival to whom her cruel parents had promised the fair one in marriage—suddenly starts into motion; the young man's coat is entangled in the wheels; and, in the course of a few seconds, amid the shrieks of his betrothed, he comes out inextricably interwoven with the warp and woof of a fine Brussels carpet, so that the friends of the departed have to bury him by sections, as it were,—fourteen yards in one section, five yards in another, and I forget how many in a third;—and then the young lady, of course—but why pursue the painful subject further? Suffice it to say that those operations which, in the good old times of which we read, required long and tedious manual labour to accomplish, are now performed with scarcely any exertion, and in a tithe of the time. Why, only think of it! There are men now living, during whose lifetime more knowledge of nature and her laws has been amassed, a larger number of inventions have been made, and useful processes discovered, than during all the centuries from the birth of Christ to the present time!

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The fourth and last great characteristic trait of the present age is the striving after consolidation, or centralization of power. This tendency results (as has been already stated), from the prevailing spirit of utilitarianism and liberalism; it is, in fact, the mark of a progressive civilization. Men see that it is their interest to combine, that, in fine, "Union gives strength;" they form companies, therefore, or associations for the carrying out of their various schemes. Especially in political life has this centralizing of power made itself felt during the past quarter of a century. Last year, in the Teuto-Wald, where, eighteen hundred years ago, the bones of the legions of Varus lay whitening in the wind, was unveiled the great Hermann Denkbild, or memorial to Arminius—this giant figure of the old German hero, who freed the Fatherland from the incursions of the Romans, and united under his leadership the various forest tribes of Middle Europe, fittingly typifying the knitting together of all the scattered German States into a mighty Kaiserreich, stretching from the farther borders of Pomerania to where the old spire of Strasbourg, as it reaches to the clouds, looks down upon the Frankish plains.

Again, the unification of Italy is an accomplished fact: the "Lame Lion of Caprera" has lived to see his darling dream realized; one flag—the flag of a united Italy—*does* float on all her towers, from where the Alps frown o'er Como and Maggiore, and from where the Queen of the Adriatic gazes wistfully backward through the ages at the greatness that is gone, far away to where the southmost point of Sicily juts out into the blue waters of the Middle Sea.

Canada, also, has become a Dominion whose limits are the oceans which bound a continent. Great minds are even looking forward to the day when all the parts of our vast Empire—an empire like that city of the olden time "whose burghers boasted in their uncouth rhyme, that their proud, imperial city stretched its hand through every clime"—shall be united by still closer bonds, and when in truth, and not only in name, the dweller on the banks of the St. Lawrence or the Murray shall be as fully a British subject as he is whose home overlooks the Thames. Whether this scheme be practicable, or whether it be but the dream of an overwrought imagination—and if it be practicable, who can doubt that this world-wide Confederation would be but the prelude to other unions of peoples bound by ties of kindred, of language, and of faith; an earnest of that time—

> "When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled,
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world?"—

whatever be our opinion in regard to the scheme itself, the very broaching of it shows the direction in which public opinion is running.

At this moment the Servians are struggling against the Turks, not so much that they may be free from Moslem rule, as that they may gather around them the fragments, scattered as yet, of a South-Sclavonic Empire.

That this co-operation in all their undertakings is one of the great causes which enable the men of the present day to carry out such vast enterprises as are being continually brought under our notice, no one will deny; but whether this tendency towards concentration of power does not destroy that noble feeling of self-confidence and

thatind ividuality of character which are so essential to all true greatness, is an open question. Whether, for example, the various States of Germany have not lost, since their absorption into the Empire, that self-reliant spirit and that love of liberty and nationality which they before possessed; and whether this loss, if there be a loss, is compensated for by the feeling of increased strength and security, and by the consequent impetus which Art and Science have received, is a problem which time alone can solve.

This, then, is the age in which we live, the stage on which we play, for good or for evil, our little parts in the great drama of history.

It is related that a Roman Emperor and a Pope wished to change the gender of a Latin noun, but that with all the temporal and ecclesiastical force at their command, they were unable to do so; and although it may be possible for a Napoleon to mould the world of his own day almost at his will, yet to ordinary mortals, the world is as they find it, not as they would have it to be. And yet, as a general rule, how dissatisfied many (most, I might say) of us are with everything around us! Dissatisfaction, repining, covetousness, in fact, seems to me to be the sin *par excellence* of the major part of the human race; we are just like the landsman, viewing the beautiful ship as she rides upon the waters, and wishing he were one of her crew, bound for a long voyage to a distant clime, while, leaning over the vessel's side, is the sea-boy, gazing through a mist of tears at the white cottages on the shore, his heart full of complainings against the lot which is hurrying him far away. We are, in truth,

"Forever thinking joys that are sordid, dull, and full of pain;
While those that glitter from afar, hold all the pleasure, all the gain."

There are, however, fortunately, some persons who are not of this nature, who take things as they come, and are thankful for them. This class, it is a lamentable fact, are not very numerous. The world is made up chiefly of two great classes: those who unduly magnify all belonging to themselves, or with which they have to do, disparaging, of course, in equal ratio, everything in connection with everybody else; and those who, rushing into the opposite extreme, disparage all their own surroundings, the age in which they happen to live, the land of their birth, and so on, and who look with longing eyes upon just those things of which they happen not to be the possessors. We all meet daily, individuals of the former, as we all meet daily, individuals of the latter, type. As in every matter, the man of culture and truly liberal views will choose the middle path. It is quite possible to believe in the infinite capabilities of the human race, it is quite possible to be an optimist, and yet to look back with feelings of the deepest reverence upon the footsteps of our fathers; it is quite possible to say with Tennyson,

"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one unceasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns;"

and yet, while we say this, to gaze with deepest admiration upon what, without the aid of those legacies which we have inherited, the past has accomplished.

Notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, the present age is the best in which we could possibly have lived. I think this statement is true; and if so, it is very important to bear in our own minds, and to impress upon the minds of our pupils, that, up to this nineteenth century, there has been no era which, had we had our choice, we should have preferred to the present, as an era into which our lifetime might have been inserted. I presume we are all patriotic enough to extend this still further, and say that there is no land in which, had our wishes been consulted, we should have preferred to have been born. With a few exceptions, we have all the advantages possessed by any former age; we have ample access to all the stores of knowledge which preceding ages have been slowly gathering in; we are, in truth, "heirs of all the ages." Just think of this! An exhibition of Arts and Sciences, as they exist now—such an exhibition, for example, as the present ones at Philadelphia and at Brussels—is a display of the results of all the wisdom and experience of the past six thousand years. We employ in our daily life hundreds of articles and processes, the very names of which were unknown to our great grandfathers. It is a mistake to suppose that the world is retrograding, that

the race is degenerating, even physically. We are better, and wiser, and stronger than those who preceded us; just as those who follow us will be better, and wiser, and stronger than we. "The good old days," around which lingers such a halo of romance, are simply the days that are gone: days which, when they were present, were but too often full only of pain, and sorrow, and disappointment. We all know with what feelings of sadness we look back upon our school-days, as we remember that they are gone forever; yet when these very days were present, we used to count, with notches on a stick, the weeks, and sometimes even the hours, until we should be freed from "the horrid school." Why, as some review has observed, all who have seen mediæval armour could not fail to have been struck with the smallness of it: a modern British regiment could not be encased in armour from the Tower; the men are too large for it. The sword, which these doughty warriors were wont to wield, and with which, Homeric fashion, to threaten vengeance on all who might incur their displeasure, are found to be too light for modern hands. The feats of the "knights of yore," or of ancient heroes, would now be considered to be, in most cases, not at all wonderful. No old worthy ever swam like Captain Webb; no ancient athlete could stand before a modern bruiser; no soldier fought better, for no soldier could fight better, than the men of Sedan, of the Alma, or of Gettysburg. The cricket and rowing of even one hundred years ago were child's-play compared with those exercises as practised now.

These considerations are indeed matters of great congratulation; and it cannot be too deeply impressed upon the minds of the pupils of Ontario that they (as pupils) are possessed of advantages which, in all probability,—as our Inspector, Mr. Buchan, observed—no pupils do enjoy, or ever have enjoyed. But, with the possession of these advantages, comes, of course, a corresponding responsibility; and if the responsibility attached to the pupils be great, how much greater is the responsibility resting upon the teachers of Ontario! For, notwithstanding all the apparent and real prosperity of this age, notwithstanding all our enlightenment and the progress which we are making, there are dangers at hand that cannot be too carefully avoided. The forces to which I have called your attention must be held in check, if we would escape these dangers; for we well know that all tendencies, however good intrinsically, are, when allowed to go on unbridled, productive of evil results.

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What are the restraining influences, then, which are to preserve us from a like fate? I answer: religion and education in its true sense. Of religion I shall not speak. The poet says:—

"Who loves not knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail!
But on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance,
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.
Half-grown as yet, a child and vain,
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas of the brain
Of demons? Fiery hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place:
She is the second, not the first.
A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain, and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child,
For she is earthly of the mind,
But wisdom, heavenly of the soul!"

There are, I have just said, two restraining influences: religion and education in its true sense. The three public media, as it were, by which religion and education are diffused, are the Pulpit, the Press, and the School. The first of these, the Pulpit, though it has lost, perhaps, none of its actual power as the years have rolled by, yet has lost power, comparatively, that is, when viewed alongside of the two latter, viz., the Press and the School. There was a time, as we have all read, when the priesthood were almost the sole source of light to the nation; when the lamp of learning was kept burning—dimly, it is true, but still burning—only in some quiet cloister; while the printing-shop of the age was the old "Scriptorium" where were penned, with years of patient care, those quaint old missals and legendary chronicles which speak to us still, from within their curious tracery, so eloquently of the mediæval times. These days are gone forever; both the ministry and

the profession of teaching have each its clearly defined work, and it is as well that the lines separating the two callings should be distinctly drawn.

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To the schools, then, of Canada, and of the Empire at large, will the people look, if the youth of the future are to be better than the youth of the past. And schools are, it may be said, almost without qualification, what teachers make them. We are all delighted that Ontario has taken so good a stand in the educational exhibit of the world's fair; and we are all congratulating ourselves on the fact that the school system of Ontario is equal, if not superior, to that of the Great Republic, not excepting even the systems of the Quaker and old Bay States, the two strongholds of education in the Union. Yet with all our laurels to glory over, and with all the superficiality in such matters of which—and to a certain extent justly—we accuse the Americans, there are several points in which we might, with great profit, draw lessons from our cousins across the lines. If there are two characteristics of the American which are more strongly marked than any others, these are, I imagine, the following:—first, a great amount of "push" or "life;" and secondly, a constant endeavour to blend the ornamental with the practical, a neatness or "nattiness" (to use the word) in the ordinary avocations of life. Almost the highest praise which an American can bestow upon a fellow-creature, is that he is a "live man;" and if there is anything which an ordinary American detests it is slowness, sleepiness, want of "snap." Now we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that in some of the schools of our country—Common and High—a certain amount of this sleepiness, this lack of energy, this easy-going, *laissez-faire* disposition, *does* exist among both scholars and teachers. A drowsy, "Sleepy-Hollow" air seems to love to linger around too many schools; and, as we enter them, the words of Tennyson about the "Lotos-eaters," unconsciously come to our lips:—

> "In the afternoon they came unto a land,
> In which it seemed always afternoon.
> All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
> Breathing like one that hath a weary dream."

Now when such a state of things exists, there is *primâ facie* evidence that there is something radically wrong in the system of teaching; for although individual scholars are possessed of different capabilities, yet taking scholars in the aggregate, there is a considerable uniformity in the quality of the raw material.

The thing which strikes the visitor upon entering an American school—I speak chiefly of High Schools—is the spirit of practical energy, the great vitality, in fact, which seems to pervade the very atmosphere. I do not believe in scholars being worked to death. I think that, at the present time, there are very many attending our Universities, Normal, High, and Public Schools, who, through overwork and its attendant evils, are sowing seeds which will bear in after years a fatal harvest. But I do believe in real, "live," conscientious work when work is going on, whether at home or in class, whether on the part of the teacher or of the taught. Why, one great good to be gained from a thorough course of study, at school or at college, is the learning how to work, to work rapidly and thoroughly, not as mere machines, but rationally, and to the point. And yet there are thousands of pupils who remain over their books for years, but who never learn even how to study. Many teachers, moreover, seem in no mood to awaken their scholars out of this chronic state of lethargy. Is it not asserted that, even in the highest circles, there exists an alarming amount of indifference to the stern realities of life? Is it not recorded in the columns of the *Globe* that our Toronto Normal School is, in some respects, at least, not just the thing? As for our Provincial University, an undergraduate is not very long within its walls, before he discovers that a great many hours can be employed much more profitably to himself in the library or in his own study, than in the lecture-room.

If teachers can only, by their earnestness combined of course with a reasonable amount of common-sense, render study attractive, and not repulsive, they will have less cause to complain of the inertness and lack of interest on the part of pupils. "For," as Horace Mann has observed, "it is as natural for a young person to like to learn new facts and form new ideas, as it is for him to like honey;" but even honey becomes disagreeable when poured upon the top of the head, instead of being taken in by nature's own appointed way.

The second great lesson which we may

learn from American and foreign schools in general is the blending of the ornamental with the practical, the relieving of the dulness and harshness of our schools and school-system by a touch of taste; the enlargement, in fact, in certain directions, of our course of training. In his "Lectures on Architecture," John Ruskin says: "What person of sense would ever think of decorating railroad stations; or who would prefer to enter a shop with gilded cornices and frescoed walls to one perfectly plain?" But then, fortunately, John Ruskin is considered by a great many persons well qualified to judge, as being something like the sage of Chelsea, Thomas Carlyle, a strange medley of eccentricity and prejudice; and notwithstanding his voice, people *do* decorate railroad stations, and not only railroad stations but even butchers' stalls and vegetable markets, and other equally useful but equally commonplace edifices; and what is more, it is by no means difficult to find persons who actually appreciate these decorations.

We have all, I doubt not, wandered on a summer's day in and out through the never-ending labyrinth of the streets of a great city, seeing for miles and miles nothing but brick and mortar and stone, until at last, completely worn out, we have reached a little square of trees and green grass and flowers, with perhaps a fountain throwing its spray far over the sward at our feet—a little oasis, in fact, in a desert of houses—a gift which Nature has dropped from the skies amidst all the prosaic realities of cabs and organ-grinders and fruit-stands. How refreshing everything looks! How the poor toilers in the heated courts and alleys seem to drink in the beauties of the flowers and green leaves! It is wonderful what a little taste will do! It is wonderful how susceptible the rudest and worst of us are to the influence of beautiful sights and sounds and ideas! Our Canadian schools, both within and without, frequently bear the aspect of a cold, inhospitable prison. The school-houses in American and in many other foreign cities and towns, share with the public buildings, with the private houses, with the streets and parks, that measure of ornamentation which the local patriotism and liberality of the citizens supply, and which not only adds much to the appearance of their towns, but also acts as an every-day educator to the whole population.

Music is on our Educational programme; but so far as its influence goes, it may be considered a dead letter. Far from this being the case in foreign schools, in many of them the pupils are called to order, dismissed to classes, and in fact "manipulated," to the sound of music. I do not believe in what is commonly known as, "learning made easy;" but I do hold that mere book-learning is not all; that, in fine, girls and boys have other faculties to be developed besides the ability to calculate or to learn derivations. This fact, Americans and Germans and other nationalities, with their drill and their cricket-field, with their boating and their botanical excursions, their gymnasiums, their music and glee-clubs, their drawing-classes, and their decorations, seem to have discovered. What Canada needs in her educational system is, in fact, "Culture." This word, as Mr. Buchan remarked when here last, is a very hard word to define clearly and fully; and yet we have all a tolerably accurate conception of what is meant by a "cultured man." The negatives seem, in this case, to bring out the idea better than the positives. For example, no one would call a narrow-minded bigot a man of culture, however pleasing his address might be; nor would he apply the term to any one, however learned and liberal-minded, who was rude and boorish in his manners. The word "culture," then, seems to be synonymous with education, not the mere getting up of books, as we are too prone to understand it, but in its true, all-embracing sense: it means the cultivation of all the endowments of man—the mental faculties, the moral attributes, the physical powers, the finer tastes and feelings.

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This culture will act, I think, in two ways: the opening up to the mind of broad, unprejudiced views; and the producing in us of real refinement.

It has been said that the one aim of all religion, and of all education apart from religion, is to promote the virtue of Christian charity, that is, to make us unbiassed in our judgments, open to conviction, free from those unreasoning prejudices which seem to be the peculiar heritage of the vulgar and the unlearned. We cannot lay too much stress upon the necessity, yes, the

duty, of having ourselves and imparting to our scholars, broad, fair notions about men and things, that we and they may be able to estimate correctly our position in the world, and to grapple boldly with its living issues.

The tendency of the day is, as I have said, to the diffusion of broad and liberal views, and of respect for the opinions of others in place of the dogmatic assertion of our own. The Greeks and Romans, as we all know, termed those who were not of their race or their way of speaking, "barbarians"; the Spaniards (as, in Spain, in the Netherlands, and in Mexico, many an old room, with its chains and its oubliette, will testify,) were wont, during the middle ages, to exhaust their superfluous ingenuity in the invention of curious methods of torture. The English Church persecuted the Covenanters and the Dissenters in general, and the latter persecuted the Church of England, all parties, moreover, considering the unfortunate Israelites as their just and lawful prey; what is worse than all, New England —good, honest Puritans as her children were—could not resist the temptation to hang witches upon the Old Elm of Boston Common. Happily this state of affairs has passed away forever. It seems incredible, however, that in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and in a civilized land, some persons of every creed are still to be found whose intolerance in matters ecclesiastical and secular, differs from the intolerance of their mediæval ancestors only in this, that they lack opportunities to show its intensity. It is incredible for two reasons: first, because charity and self-abnegation were the great life-long lessons taught by the one Perfect Man, who was also the Prince of Peace: for are not His words, these? "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her?" and secondly, because it is as true now as when first uttered, that the "blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

But again, true culture produces a taste for the beautiful and the noble in all their varied forms, in a word, for true refinement. We in Canada do not as yet possess the means of cultivating the æsthetic faculties as do those who dwell in older and more favoured lands. It must be easy for the Italian, cradled beneath skies that smiled upon the dawn of painting and her sister arts, when these awakened from their night of ages, playing, as a boy, under the shadow of the marble which the touch of a Michael Angelo had bidden leap into life; familiar with each picture, sprung from the genius of a Raphael or a Da Vinci, in those glorious old cathedrals that lie scattered so lavishly over the length and breadth of Italy, that fairest land of all the earth; lulled to sleep by those wondrous melodies that float across her every lake and inlet, and awakened by the echo of those melodies still lingering on her mountain-peaks;—to such an one, to love and reverence painting and sculpture and music and poetry must be an easy task. But with us, living in a land round which there lingers no halo of romance caught from the days of chivalry, seeing but seldom a work of the great masters in the realm of art, the case is far different. Canada does indeed possess one treasure—a treasure not appreciated as it should be,—I mean the City of Quebec, that quaint old Gallic town which, as Lord Dufferin has said, has no compeer from Cape Horn to the Frozen Sea. A new country must of necessity be occupied chiefly with the development of forest and soil and mine. It has no time, neither has it opportunities, for the cultivation, to any great extent, of those qualities which constitute the artist, the poet, the sculptor. One great cause of the refinement of sentiment and taste (not, unfortunately, of morals), and of the extreme politeness, which cannot fail to strike a Canadian traveller as distinctive traits of the peoples of Southern Europe, is to be found in their daily surroundings; for, as has been said, "The greater part of our lives is spent in learning to use our eyes," and "our ears too" might also have been added. And yet how many people go through this beautiful world with eyes and ears only partially open! To some men, the sight of a magnificent temple, or a marvellous picture, or even a glorious landscape, calls up no feelings of admiration or enthusiasm. They are like the man of whom Wordsworth says:

> "A primrose by a river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more;"

or like the visitors at the Genoese Museum, as the story is related by Mark Twain, who, when a letter written by Columbus was shown them, exhibited no emotion

save at the badness of the chirography. And there are in the world some men who are just as prosaic and commonplace as this. On these persons education will have no effect, except in so far as it builds up a sound practical mind. In the case, however, of most men who go through life without ever having the spark of enthusiasm or imagination or love for the noble and the beautiful, kindled into a flame, however feeble, and who lose thereby one of the greatest and purest sources of pleasure which the world affords,—for man is, and was intended to be, not a mere dull, ponderous machine, but a finely organized, sentient being,—in the case of such men the defect is more in early training and surroundings, than in want of proper natural gifts.

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But even if we cannot find time to prepare, satisfactorily to ourselves, our pupils for the intermediate and other examinations; even if it be a forlorn hope to attempt to aid them in their literary and other associations; even if we find it utterly impossible to take part in their physical exercises;—and although I do not believe in the undue prominence given to physical exercises in some English schools (for we know that at Rugby or at Eton, the captain of the Eleven is quite as important a personage as the "Dux" of the school);—yet, in order to bear the strain which such a series of examinations and inspections as those to which the pupils of Ontario are now subjected, it is evident that the latter must have some more engrossing and violent exercise than a long walk; for a long walk taken, as many do take it, alone, is to most persons, not a rest for the mind, but simply an opportunity, under the guise of relaxation, of brooding over the morrow's work. Even if we cannot accomplish all or any of these things, we can at least teach our pupils, by example and by precept, to be honourable, open, and patriotic in their conduct; and gentlemanly, considerate, and kind in their bearing. We can cultivate among them an *esprit de corps* which shall make them take pride in their school, and all its belongings. We can encourage them, in fact, in deserving and in winning that noblest of all titles, a title whose lustre gains nought from the addition of the Star and Garter, or the Cross of St. Michael and St. George, that grand old English title of "gentleman." Refinement does not hurt anyone, provided it be true and not pretended refinement; for although it is quite possible that men like Jim Bludso, who "held her nozzle agen the bank till the last galoot got ashore," and "whose ghost," as a consequence, "went up alone in the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*," may be great unwashed heroes; yet we know that the men who, in the trenches of Sebastopol, fought side by side with the commonest soldiers of the line; the men who were ever at the head of their columns in the tangled woods before Coomassie: the men who now, far away in the Northern seas,

> "Where the stars in the skies, with their great wild eyes,
> Peer out through the Northern Lights;
> And the Polar Bear, with a curious stare,
> Looks down from the frozen heights,"

are pushing ever on and on, bound to nail the Union Jack to the Pole,—we know that these men are the gentlemen of Britain.

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The task, then, before the teachers of Ontario, is to train up the youth of the land, to educate them in the full sense of the word, not alone mentally, but also, to a certain degree, morally, æsthetically, physically. In this work we cannot all be Arnolds or Pestalozzis, but we can ever, as the poet says, 'rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things;" we cannot all be the master-hands fitted to adorn the frescoed ceiling or fashion the marble bust, but we can all, even the humblest of us, square and adjust the stones without which the frescoes and the marbles would not find a place.

WE THINK OF THEE, O GOD.

WE think of Thee, O God, we think of Thee,
When friendship languishes, when love expires,
And disappointment waits on our desires—
When Hope in sombre robes herself attires,
We think of Thee.

We think of Thee, O God, we think of Thee,
When dire calamities our homes invade,
When prospects erewhile bright begin to fade,
And Sympathy denies her gracious aid,
We think of Thee.

We think of Thee, O God, we think of Thee,
When listening to the mighty thunder's crash,
Or viewing with alarm the lightning's flash
As clouds with clouds antagonistic clash,
We think of Thee.

Ah, yes, 'tis even then we think of Thee,
When that Thou dost Thy mighty power display,
And storms and tempests conjure up dismay,
Veiling in gloom the brightness of the day,
'Tis then we think of Thee.

But while our pleasures and our friendships last,
And love experiences no wintry blast
To sere the green leaves of our hopeful spring;
Whilst o'er our heads a cloudless sky appears,
And nought disturbs our peace or wakes our fears,
Then gratitude and thankfulness take wing.

Let home be pleasant—plenteously supplied
With comforts, to the myriad poor denied—
Little we mind from whence those blessings flow,
But live as if life were perpetual day,
Forgetting that Time's follower is Decay,
And final destiny, sweet peace or woe.

Ottawa. WILLIAM MILLS.

THE ART ASPECTS OF THE CENTENNIAL.

BY FIDELIS.

TWO things appear to have been generally conceded respecting the art exhibit at the late Centennial Exhibition;—the first, that it fell far behind the other features of the Exposition; and the second, that, inferior as it was, it excited the interest of the "sovereign people" to an extent far greater than any one had anticipated. Go when one would, early in the morning or late in the afternoon, a steady stream of visitors was always pouring into Memorial Hall; and the halls, and especially the corridors, were filled with a surging, swaying crowd, among whom one often had just to submit to be carried along with the stream, surveying the higher pictures above the heads of the people, and awaiting a favourable chance to get near the lower ones. Of course, to any one accustomed to the abundant opportunities for leisurely contemplation which one has in the permanent galleries of Europe, this mode of picture seeing presented rather an unpleasant contrast to past experience,—but looking at it from a social point of view, it was certainly a hopeful sign of growing American culture, to see the interest and delight with which these crowds of western farmers and eastern artisans pressed in to gaze, in sincere though somewhat uncomprehending admiration, at pictures and statues, which, from the nature of their subjects, were evidently often sore puzzles to the average American mind. And although the exhibition, taken as a whole, was anything but a fair representation of the modern art of Europe at least, still it is not often that we in America have an opportunity of seeing so many fairly good and interesting pictures as were to be found there;—in the midst, it is true, of yards upon yards of something less than mediocrity.

Among the art aspects of the Centennial, especially as regarded America, Memorial Hall itself was no insignificant feature. The pale stones of which it is built, in the distance resembling marble, and its chaste Grecian architecture recall the beautiful Glyptothek and Propylæa of Munich, though perhaps the symbolical eagles at the corners suggest rather too strongly the "spread eagle" of not very pleasant associations. The massive, though somewhat severe granite figure of an American soldier, apparently standing sentry before it, harmonized very well with the building, and the two spirited bronze groups, at the corners—a fine naval group for the Lincoln monument, and Wolf's "Dead Lioness"—formed worthy accessories to the *tout ensemble*. But when one entered the building, expectation was rather damped at the outset by the grotesque colossal figure,—modelled in plaster by an Italian sculptor,—of "Washington soaring to heaven on the American eagle"—the benign father of his country apparently emerging from the back of the "bird of freedom." And it must be admitted, that, with a few exceptions, the statuary was very mediocre. These exceptions were, strangely enough, chiefly American and English, the Italian statuary, which formed the larger proportion, being mainly characterized by mere prettiness and grace—seldom indeed rising to any nobility of conception. Salomi's "Daughter of Zion," Pozzi's "Youth of Michael Angelo," Barcaglia's "Love Blinds," and Calvi's "Angelic Lover" helped to sustain the fame of the land of Canova and Michael Angelo; but, for the rest, the exhibit of sculpture chiefly consisted of figures of pretty children in all imaginable attitudes;—"First Griefs," "First Misfortunes," "Playing Cat's Cradle," and so on, *ad infinitum*, many very graceful, and all showing good technical skill. As a work of art worthy of the name, Story's "Medea," or "Semiramis," Gibson's "Aphrodite," or "California" is worth a hundred of them. Among the American statuary, Connelly's spirited group, "Honour arresting the Triumph of Death," his

"Thetis" and "Lady Clare" and "Helen of Troy," Story's "Medea," Miss Foley's "Jeremiah," and Rogers's "Ruth" and "Nydia,"* were among the most striking. Nydia, the blind flower-girl of Pompeii, in the act of listening for the sounds that foretold the coming catastrophe, is a graceful and charming figure—one of the best examples of Rogers's chisel. Gibson's "Aphrodite," and a bust of West by Chantrey, were the gems of the British collection of sculpture, which was very much smaller than her exhibit in the sister art. France and Belgium had each a respectable collection in marble and bronze, but those of Russia, Spain, Germany, and Austria were very small, while Norway and Sweden were each represented by one or two respectable statues, and one of the Australian colonies had, in the main building, a very graceful figure from Greek legend.

In the department of painting, the British collection was the only one worthy of an International Exhibition, and the American people fully appreciate the honour that Great Britain has done to their Centennial in sending so much of her best work, and nothing else. It was no small demonstration of friendliness to send across three thousand miles of stormy sea, historical pictures like Frith's "Marriage of the Princess of Wales," and Sir George Hayter's portrait of Her Majesty in her coronation robes, as well as the pictures of deceased artists, lent by the Royal Academy, which if lost could never be replaced. If other nations had followed Britain's example, the Art Gallery would have been infinitely less fatiguing and infinitely more interesting. The eight galleries —large and small—as signed to Great Britain contained a tolerably complete representation of her various schools of art, from Reynolds and Gainsborough down to the latest development of the modern Pre-Raphaelites. The visitor could study, within reasonable compass the characteristic style of each of her great painters, from the bold masive manner of Etty and Fuseli to the minute realistic finish of Wilkie and Frith and Faed, and the quaint rococo pictures of Alma Tadema. To those who had known the most recent school of English paintings only by name, it was a rare pleasure to see and judge for themselves, paintings which have been the subject of so much and such diverse criticism, as the works of the latest English painters.

Of the older English painters, the most poorly represented were, perhaps, Reynolds and Gainsborough,—the former being shown only in a portrait of himself, and the latter in a portrait of the Duchess of Richmond, which is far from being one of his best, and in a landscape which is more an average specimen of his landscape-painting. Sir Thomas Lawrence was very fairly shown in a portrait of the first Lord Ashburton, and a large painting representing the three first partners of the Baring House. Constable, Opie, and Sir Henry Raeburn were each represented by one picture, and Northcote, by a quaint and interesting painting of a Royal Baby-Marriage—that of the young Prince Richard, second son of Edward the Fourth, with the infant daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, in 1478—this being one of the pictures lent by Her Majesty the Queen. West was well shown in two large pictures, the one "Christ Blessing Little Children;" the other especially interesting to Canadians,—the "Death of General Wolfe;" and Sir David Wilkie, by two pictures showing well his power of facial expression, solidity of colour, and careful finish,—"Reading the *Gazette*," and "Boys digging for a Rat." Of more recent deceased painters, Mulready was shown, not very adequately, in a picture of "The Village Buffoon," and Mason, one of the most poetic and spirited of English painters, by a characteristic subject, "Wind on the Wolds." Leslie was represented by a picture of "May-day in the Time of Queen Elizabeth," and there were no less than five very good specimens of Sir Edwin Landseer, a portrait, two studies of lions, and two of his inimitable monkey pictures—the "Travelled Monkey" and the "Sick Monkey,"—the latter of which, with its mingled humour and pathos, and the almost human expression in the dumb creature's eyes, called forth enthusiastic admiration, and rivetted many a gazer to the spot for a much longer time than was sufficient for more pretentious pictures. The splendour of the conception and colouring of Maclise was well seen in a large painting of the "Banquet

* "Ruth" and "Nydia" are the property of a gentleman well known in Canada, Dr. James Douglas, late of Quebec, by whom they were exhibited. The "Dying Cleopatra" by Miss Edmonia Lewis deserves especial notice, the artist being the daughter of an Indian and a Negro, born in Greenbush, United States, of course in circumstances which did not seem favourable to developing genius for plastic art.

Scene from Macbeth," which is, however, a trifle theatrical in its effect: one of his minor paintings, "The Wood Ranger," gave an example of a different kind. Turner was inadequately represented by a landscape,—"Dolbadden Castle,"—a painting in his colder and heavier style; but the Loan Collection in New York contained a far more characteristic example in his later manner, the well known "Slave-ship." A landscape by Creswick and a marine painting by Stanfield completed the fine collection of deceased English masters, which would have been still more interesting had the pictures been arranged chronologically, so as to indicate progressive development.

Among the works of living artists, those of Frith, Fildes, Elmore, Leighton, Gilbert, Cole, Cope, Faed, Lewis, Calderon, Orchardson, M'Whirter, Val Prinsep, Rivière and Alma Tadema were the most interesting and conspicuous. Frith's celebrated "Railway Station," was, of course, greatly admired by the average visitor; but his "Marriage of the Prince of Wales," which is of very little interest as a work of art, was the show picture of the exhibition, and usually so surrounded by a crowd, that, in order to see it at all, one had to form part of the *queue* which was always passing before it. It was partly, of course, owing to the royal and partly to the human interest of the subject that its wonderfully painted velvet draperies, its "sheen of satin and glimmer of pearls," attracted such enthusiastic admiration from democratic Americans, who pressed the sorely vexed policeman in charge with endless questions as to the identity of the royal personages and noble lords and ladies whom it pourtrayed. A plan of the painting hung at a little distance, which was carefully studied by those who had more time at command. A striking contrast to this picture, in every respect, was Fildes's "Applicants for admission to a Casual Ward," whose stern, but pathetic presentation of a very different side of human life,—the sad waifs and strays without food or shelter from the cold, snowy night—was a powerful charity sermon in itself. "Betty,"* by the same painter, was in a different key:—a charming youthful figure, full of rural freshness, life, and motion. Cope's "Taming of the Shrew," and "Marriage of Griselda," were splendid in colouring and spirited in conception, but lacking in atmosphere and ideality. This fault, at least, none could find with the soft, exquisite landscapes of Cole, his "Noon" and his "Misty Morning," in which last, the light breaking through the early summer mists falls with a dewy freshness on the velvety verdure of English fields, over which stretch the long shadows of noble trees. Not less poetical as a marine painting, is Colin Hunter's "Trawlers waiting for the Darkness," in which we seem to stand, in the fast growing dusk, beside the rude boats and weather-beaten fishermen, and almost to hear the soft lapping of the water gleaming through the twilight, while we feel the mysterious poetic charm of the actual scene brought to bear upon us by the magic of the painter's art.

The pictures of Frederick Leighton are also marked by an ideality and poetry that seem written on the fine, thoughtful face of the painter, which looks down from a portrait by George Watts. The "Summer Moon," familiar to many beforehand through engravings, and the "Eastern Slinger," are both highly poetical in colouring and treatment; and the "Interior of a Jew's house in Damascus" is at once delicate and rich in its oriental splendour. Oriental subjects seem to be the favourite field of not a few of the modern painters. Alfred Elmore had two striking pictures from eastern life, and a weird, powerful painting of Burger's "Lenore." This last picture presented a sharp contrast to an equally striking one which hung not far off,—Rivière's "Circe," in which, in daintiest colouring, as gay as "Lenore" is dark and ghostly, we have the leering crowd of lean and sharp-nosed swine rushing with a grotesquely human expression of eager devotion to the feet of the sorceress, who regards them with a haughty, disdainful look of careless mastery. "War-time," by the same artist, represents a touching incident of the war of La Vendée,—a tiny, barefooted boy, found sitting amid the ruins of his desolate home by soldiers who, under all their military trappings, show that they have human hearts to feel for the lonely child. "Baith Faither

*This picture has been rather coarsely but spiritedly chromo-lithographed, with two commonplace lines by way of motto. It represents a milk-maid wading through the dewy grass,—her pail half filled with ox-eye daisies.

and Mither," by Thomas Faed, was worthy of the painter of "The Mitherless Bairn," and, by its exquisite beauty and truth to nature, touched the heart of every observer who had one. It represents a simple Scottish cottage interior, in which a cobbler, with the homely implements of his craft around him, and spectacles pushed up from his kind, thoughtful brow, is pulling the last mitten on to the hand of a sunny-haired, rosy-cheeked little maiden of six, who surveys the operation with great satisfaction, while the eldest girl stands behind with a little brother in each hand, all ready for school, and another chubby little fellow is giving a parting hug to his favourite puppy, the mother of which regards him and it with maternal solicitude. The absence of the human mother, of course, explains the meaning of the title. So unmistakably real and natural is the picture that one wonders how the painter ever managed to transfer it so perfectly from life to canvas.

In historical paintings by living artists, the "Battle of Naseby," and the "First Prince of Wales," by Sir John Gilbert; the "Night before Bosworth," by Roberts, and Topham's "Fall of Rienzi," were perhaps the most noteworthy; and in landscape, Brett's "Morning among the Granite Boulders," M'Whirter's "Scotch Mountains and Glens," and Moore's "Storm coming on at Sunset in Wales," were each striking in different ways. M'Whirter's disconsolate donkey, "Out in the Cold," was a general favourite, and has been chromo-lithographed over the title "No One to Love Me." "Mistress Dorothy," by George A. Storey, is a remarkably fine female head and bust, apparently a portrait of a noble-looking English girl in a riding habit. "Pamela," by Frith, is a charming picture, though the waxen paleness of the face is almost too strongly contrasted with the black and white drapery. Holman Hunt had only his own portrait. Millais was very poorly represented by one of his little girls—far from one of his best—and a life-like portrait of him by Watts. A graceful picture—"Celia's Arbour"—represented George Leslie, one of the newest academicians, and a rising artist. There were of course several specimens of the pre-Raphaelite school, easily distinguished by their stiff backgrounds, quaint costumes, and strong individual tones of colour. Wallis's "Stone-breaker" was the most exaggerated specimen of the school, and the most dismal. Poynter, Val C. Prinsep, and Alma Tadema, belong rather to what may be called the antique school. Poynter's "Golden Age," though not wanting in charm of colouring, is a very ordinary picture, disguised under a fanciful name. "Fruit-gathering" would have described it much more definitely. Val C. Prinsep's "Death of Cleopatra," is an interesting picture, but Alma Tadema's quaint rococo paintings attracted more attention than any of the new painters. His pictures are almost affectedly archaic, even when he does not choose specially ancient subjects. They are certainly clever studies from the antique or from *bric-a-brac*, but they seem to want reality as a whole, and their very daintiness of finish somewhat interferes with breadth of effect. A characteristic specimen of his is "The Mummy," representing a mummied corpse in an Egyptian dwelling, with every accessory carefully studied from Egyptian remains. Another is "The Convalescent," which appears to be a scene in an Eastern harem or zenana. A black ayah or nurse is reading from a scroll to the fair invalid, reclining among her luxurious cushions. His "History of an Honest Wife," in water-colour, is a still more curious example of his peculiar style, which appeals to the fancy much more than to the imagination.

It is hardly necessary to say that the English water-colour paintings were not less charming than the oils, for in no country has water-colour drawing been carried to so great perfection. Callow's soft, mellow, Italian Lakes and Venetian Canals; Willis's "Cattle," and Taylor's "Highland Ferry-boat," were among the most enjoyable; and two exquisite portraits, by Thorburn, of the Duchess of Manchester and Lady Constance Grosvenor, were charming pictures, seeming to do full justice to the beauty of the originals. Sir John Gilbert had an interesting picture—"Francis the First in the Workshop of Benvenuto Cellini,"—showing the same power of conception and strength of colouring which appear in his oil-paintings. He is said by a good judge, Mr. Philip Hamerton, to approach nearer to Rubens than any other English painter.

After a study of the two hundred and

fifty pictures in the British Department, the rest of the Art Exhibition need not detain us long. A hurried look at the Canadian room shewed us that our leading artists were by no means fully and fairly represented, and also reminded us that Canadian art suffers inevitably from the bare newness of the country, and the almost utter lack of the picturesque elements which the old world derives from mediæval and classic antiquity. Still, we have much of the beauty and grandeur of nature—glorious sunsets, waterfalls, lakes, rivers, and mountains—and not least, abundance of human subjects, even though they lack the picturesque setting of oriental and mediæval architecture, and the characteristic costumes of older lands. One branch of art, which has been comparatively little touched by our artists, was well represented by a spirited little picture by Mr. A. Vogt, representing a horse with his head protruded from his stable window, "Taking a Breath of Morning Air." A writer in the *Tribune* Guide thus passes judgment, in a few words, fairly enough: "Among the best, are several by Verner, and a few misty and golden autumn landscapes. Thus far, Canadian art does not keep pace with the development of the Dominion in other respects."

After Great Britain, Austria, Spain, and Germany presented the most interesting exhibitions. In the Austrian collection, the great attraction was Makart's immense canvas, representing "Venice paying Homage to Caterina Cornaro," after her presentation of the Kingdom of Cyprus to the republic. The painter seems to have caught the very spirit of the Venetian school in the massive vigour and rich and mellow colouring of his picture, which well pourtrays the mediæval splendour of the Bride of the Adriatic. Fine as the picture undoubtedly is, however, it has some faults of drawing, and is more calculated to charm the eye than to touch the heart.* Some vigorously painted Tyrolese, Swiss, and Styrian landscapes, and some native peasant pictures, were among the most noticeable. A member of the noble house of Lichtenfels sent three landscapes —all for sale—and a Viennese Countess sent her own portrait, painted by herself. On the whole, the Austrian landscapes seemed characterized by a savage sombreness, rather than the sunny warmth which one would expect from that semi-southern land.

Among the German pictures, the historical and domestic subjects, the animal pictures, and a few landscapes, as for instance, Ruth's "Argentières", Eschke's "Coast of Capri," and Gebhardt's "Lake of Constance," were among the most interesting. In the first class, Schrader's "Queen Elizabeth signing the death warrant of Mary Queen of Scots" is, perhaps, the finest picture, though some will prefer the pleasanter subject of "Lady Jane Grey's triumph over Bishop Gardiner," finely treated by Folingsby of Munich, who has well given the expression of calm, sweet dignity and trustfulness on the face of the princess, and of sullen discomfiture on that of the bishop. The "First Proof Sheet" is a suggestive picture of the infancy of printing. One of the most striking and notable pictures there was Dietrich's "Faust and Marguerite." The scene is placed in the prison, at the moment when Margaret has made her choice to remain and die, rather than yield to Faust's entreaties to escape with him through the aid of Mephistopheles, who stands grimly in the background, lantern in hand, while Faust covers his face in despair, and Margaret,—her luxuriant golden tresses thrown back,—raises her tearful eyes and her fettered hands to heaven in an ecstacy of faith and fervent prayer. There were two "Capitulations of Sedan," one of which, Count Harach's, was poetical and dramatic in treatment, but both were untrue to fact, and in bad taste for an occasion representing international good-will. Bismarck and "*Unser Fritz*" were not absent, of course, from the walls, and there were some charming pictures from German life, of which "The Gossips" by Meyer von Bremen, Boser's "Orphans," and Kretzschmer's "Buying the Cradle," were among the best. An admirable German picture, "Toning the Bell," which was shown in a "Loan Collection" in the Annexe gallery, gave a vivid representation of an interesting episode in village life. There was one Scripture subject, and only one—"Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen," by Prof. Plockhorst, of Berlin.

Spain and Sweden occupied opposite

*Two other smaller pictures of Makart's—the "Abundance of the Earth," and the "Abundance of the Sea,"—both characterised by the same broad treatment and rich colouring,—were exhibited in a small loan collection attached to the American department.

sides of one large room, and presented a striking contrast, the subjects of the one being nearly all religious, ecclesiastical, or historical, while those of the other were chiefly open air views of forest or mountain or waterfall, intermingled with a few characteristic pictures from Swedish life. Of these Bergh's and Rydberg's landscapes were the most remarkable and Nordenberg's, Herzberg's, and Miss Ribbing's pictures of rural life the most naïf and interesting. Nordenberg's "Wedding in a Swedish country Church" is a charming little picture. The simple interior of the little Lutheran church, the benignant looking pastor, the sweet-faced little bride, blushing and serious under her high gilt marriage crown, the bashful-looking bridegroom, the "old folks" and little brothers and sisters in the background, are all so naturally painted that we feel as if we were spectators of a real ceremony, and linger before the painting as we do not feel inclined to do before far more ambitious canvasses. It is worthy of note that the representation of female artists is greater in proportion from the country of Frederika Bremer than from any other, namely, twenty out of seventy-five, and that they are hardly, if at all, behind their masculine *collaborateurs* in the conception and execution of their chosen subjects. The Norwegian pictures naturally partook of the same character as the Swedish, though somewhat more hard and stern. Norwegian fjords and glaciers, very realistically delineated, predominated. The "Midnight Sun,"* by Frantz Boc, and a "Summer Day at a Mountain Tarn," were among the most poetical and pleasing. The Danish collection was very small and unimportant, which is somewhat surprising, as in ceramic art and silver, Denmark made an exceedingly good display.

The Spanish collection showed that art is not dead in the country of Murillo, of whom it had one example; though some of the Spanish painters best known in America, such as Zamacois and Madrazo,† were entirely unrepresented. The most important pictures were from the Museum of Fine Arts, Madrid, and those which deservedly attracted most attention were a very simple and impressive "Landing of the Puritans," by Gisbert (a curious subject for a Spaniard), and Vallés' "Insanity of Donna Juana de Castile." In this picture the figure of the queen, who points with finger on lip to the dead husband whom she believes to be only sleeping, is full of dignity and pathos, and the sorrowful respectful sympathy of the entering courtiers is admirably expressed. There was also a touching picture, by Maureta, of "Torquato Tasso retiring to the Monastery of San Onofrio," to which the stricken poet is welcomed with the loving and compassionate sympathy that marks every countenance, from the prior who receives him, down to the youngest monk who looks on. A "Landing of Columbus," by Puebla, was striking, but rather theatrical than strong in conception and colouring. Saints and pictures of cathedrals abounded, as was to be expected.

In the Russian collection were some interesting pictures, interesting, however, rather from their human than their artistic interest. A "Storm on the Black Sea," and a "Shower in the Crimean Mountains," both by Aivazowsky were vigorous pictures, as also was "Moonlight on the Black Sea," by the same artist. "In the Carnival," "A Sunday Tea Party" and "Blessing the Bride before Marriage," were interesting illustrations of Russian life; though in the latter the costume and accessories were very conventional and common place. The "Amulet Seller," "Peasant Girl making her Toilet," and the "Game at Morro," and "Carnival Week in the Country" were among the most noteworthy illustrations of life in a country of which we know comparatively little.

The French pictures were very disappointing, showing hardly any of the greatest names of French Art. There was not a single specimen of Cabanel or Bouguereau, or Meissonier, or Millet; nothing from Horace Vernet, or Jules Breton, or Sobrichon, who were all, however, well represented at the Loan Collection in New York. The great sensational picture was, of course, Becker's "Rizpah,"—a picture as repulsive as it was, in a certain sense, powerful. Certainly the theatrical *pose* of the infuriated and muscular woman who fights a ferocious eagle with uplifted club, is as far as possible from the conception of the sad and lonely watcher by the dead naturally suggested by one of the most pathetic of Scripture stories; while the painful realism of the dead bodies

* Recently exhibited in Toronto.

† Two portraits by Madrazo, were, however, exhibited in the small loan collection in the Annexe.

in the background is too horrible to permit of any of the pleasure-giving elements which the most tragic work of art should be capable of conveying. An equestrian portrait by Duran, of "Mademoiselle Croizette," challenged observation more from its size than from any other pre-eminence, though the lady is pretty and her figure and dress graceful and stylish. Schenck's pictures of sheep are spirited and natural, and "The Death of Julius Cæsar" by Clément, has power. For the rest, while there were some pretty and a few clever pictures, there were many indifferent ones, and none to make a lasting impression or tempt to detailed description.

Belgium and the Netherlands made hardly a more satisfactory appearance than France, indeed there were more decidedly inferior pictures, although there were also a few which attracted no little attention. Foremost among these was the "Christian Martyr" of Slingeneyer, representing a young man peacefully sleeping in a prison cell, through the open door of which is seen the crowded amphitheatre without, and a rather exaggerated ray of light falls across his recumbent figure and tranquil face. A noticeable defect which rather spoils the *vraisemblance* of an otherwise fine picture, is the tenacity with which he holds the cross on his breast, while in a slumber so profound that neither the light nor the noise awakes him, and when, consequently, the muscles would naturally be relaxed. The "Night of St. Bartholomew," by the same painter, is a vivid reminder of the scenes of that awful time. Stallaert's "Cellar of Diomede—a scene at the destruction of Pompeii—" is another painfully vivid picture which, though a little sensational, rivets the attention to the doomed group awaiting, in different attitudes of silent despair, the inevitable destruction. The locality is copied from the ruins, so that the accessories of the picture have a local accuracy. Tschaggeny's horses deserve notice, and Miss Van den Broeck's carefully painted pictures—"A Flemish House in A. D. 1600," and "The Visit" are distinguished by much ability and by the faithful realism which has generally characterised the art of the Low Countries.

Italy, the cradle of the arts, falls behind all her neighbours, and was as disappointing in Memorial Hall as in the Main Building. The weight of her old prestige seems to crush down any life she may have at present. Copies from old masters, sent by picture-dealers, chiefly abounded, and there was not a single original painting which left any vivid impression. Italian art, so far as it exists, seems to go chiefly into sculpture and mosaic. Some very large and curious mosaics and tapestries were exhibited by the Pope, but these only excite the wonder that it should be thought worth while, in the native home of painting, to expend so much labour on works, which, after incalculable trouble and time, have only the effect of a hard and crude oil-painting.

We have but little space left for the art of the United States, the representation of which, on the whole, must be considered most creditable to a new country celebrating its first Centennial. Still there was a strange mixture, and it is impossible not to wish that a little more rigidity had been exercised as to admission, unless, indeed, the bad were admitted as foils to the good. Here we have the poetic, idealized mountain landscapes of Church,—who might be called the American Turner; the bold, rugged precipices and cañons of Bierstadt, which seem almost real on the canvas; fresh breezy summer pictures of lake and woodland, or mellow, misty, autumn scenes by Shattuck, and Whittredge, and Hill, and Hart, and McEntee; Gifford's soft dreamy sunsets and twilights from the Nile and the Golden Horn, from Italian lakes and Venetian lagoons and American mountains. And, side by side with these, were such allegorical nightmares as "The New Republic," and "Influence of Electricity on Human Culture," which last, it has been truly said, was like nothing else ever exhibited. Though the art of the United States appears to excel chiefly in the direction of landscapes, as is natural, there were not a few good figure subjects also. Foremost among these were portraits by Washington Allston, Gilbert Stewart, and Anna M. Lea, and eastern subjects by F. A. Bridgeman. "The Nubian Story Teller," by this artist, is full of oriental richness of colouring, combined with spirited and graceful conception. The Nubian slave is entertaining, with her wonderful tales, the inmates of an eastern harem, from the luxurious recumbent beauties, to the children who have crept close to listen. The picture recalls one of Alma Tadema's, but it is less stiff and more natural. Eastman Johnston's "Old Kentucky Home" was

one of the finest pictures in the whole collection. The negro musician and his auditors are life itself, and every detail is given with the utmost faithfulness to nature. Rothermel's "Battle of Gettysburg," a *great* work in point of *size*, is as painful as it was misplaced on an occasion of Centennial unity and rejoicing. Among the landscapes that gave most pleasure to the observer, we recall especially Church's "Chimborazo," Bierstadt's "Western Kansas" and "California Trees," Whittredge's "Rocky Mountains," Hill's "Donner Lake," Kensett's is Lake George" and "New Hampshire "cenery," Shattuck's "White Hills," De Haas's marine paintings, and Gifford's Venetian and Egyptian pictures, and "Twilight in the Adirondacks." There can hardly be any doubt that the influence of the present exhibition will communicate a great impetus to American art, which has now had its strong and its weak points brought pointedly into comparison with those of the art of other lands. Thoughtful American artists will see and endeavour to make up for their defects, and, even as regards the comparatively uncomprehending people, some sense of what is relatively good and bad in art will begin to filter through. The exhibits of the various American art schools, particularly that of the Cincinnati Academy of Design, give good hope that sound principles of art are really beginning to mould the taste and the decorative efforts of the American people. As their nearest neighbours we must rejoice, for their influence cannot fail to affect ourselves.

Space forbids any detailed notice of the crude infantine art of Portugal, Mexico, Brazil, Chili, and the Argentine Republic, though their exhibits are ethnologically interesting, as showing how the artistic element struggles up to light amidst all the disadvantages of a predominating ecclesiasticism, conventional imitation, and the most rudimentary perception of the true harmonies of form and colour. Even Hawaii has a little landscape art, in pictures, not to be despised, of volcanoes, islands, and lagoons, to show that the Hawaiian, if not the New Zealander, is getting ready to paint the "ruins of London Bridge." And though Japan, with all her wonderful progress, has as yet no pictorial art deserving of the name, her more natural forms in porcelain painting and wood-carving, show that in the "land of the Mikado," a true stock of art is beginning to grow. China, alone, remains, in this, hopelessly stationary and conventional.

The loan exhibition of pictures—chiefly foreign ones—at New York, should have been noticed in the present connection, as it was New York's contribution to the Centennial, and contained admirable specimens of the best Spanish, French, and German painters, who were entirely unrepresented in the Philadelphia Exhibition. But limited space makes this impossible, for the present at least, though the splendid collection exhibited as the property of American citizens bears ample testimony to the fact, that there are no moregenerous and appreciative patrons of European art than are to be found in the United States.

One thing remains to be noticed in the aspect of modern art presented by the Centennial Exhibition, taken as a whole; and that is the small proportion of what is properly called "religious art," in the works of living painters. One cause of this may be that art has in a great measure ceased to be considered, as in mediæval times, the "handmaid of religion," but is looked upon rather as something belonging to quite a different sphere—a medium for representing merely the varied phases of outward life. Another cause may be that art, like every department of human thought, has been affected by the general tendency of the age to concentrate attention on the material and physical, almost to the exclusion of the higher and nobler realities of which materialism can take no cognizance. Even the lands of Giotto and Fra Angelico, of Albert Durer and Overbeck, have little to show in the way of their earlier successes. But the materialization of art, so to speak—perhapsit would be more correct to say its *paganistic* tendency—is most apparent in the French school and in that school of English art which is akin to the poetry of Swinburne and Rossetti and Morris. Even the English pre-Raphaelites are at a long remove from Fra Angelico and Perugino. There is much of material and outward beauty, with but little of the inward and spiritual shining through—much of the mere external glories of form and colour, little of the "light that never was on land or sea." Without a higher inspiration than it shows at present, our modern art can hardly pro-

duce anything worthy to live beside the pure spiritual conceptions of early painters, which, even when rude in execution and faulty in colouring, are even yet, to all receptive minds, a source of purifying and ennobling influence.

But we may hope that the pendulum has reached its limit of farthest oscillation, and that a reaction is at hand. We may trust, with a thoughtful writer on "A Living Faith," that a fuller, nobler, firmer faith than ever is to emerge from the present chaos of opinion, to be the portion of the coming age, and that "art is to receive a higher inspiration than ever before."

THE PATH OF LIFE.

BY ALICE HORTON.

AN Alpine road, bestrewn with stones and briar,
Too hard of climbing to be trodden much,
And lonelier as higher.

For he who treads must have no loves nor fears,
Save fear to swerve, and love of God's own truth,—
He must not pause for tears,

Nor turn aside for crag or precipice,
And, if the path be blurred, shrink no to carve
A footway through the ice.

And if he fail a thousand tongues will say,
"Out on the faint-heart, to attempt to climb,
And to turn back half-way!"

The very lips will flout—"Vainglorious!
He scale the holy heights!" which would have smiled
On him victorious.

And if, poor soul, despairing, failing Fame,
He seek his lower life and humbler friends,
They will not know his name.

But if he should attain, and passing by
The flower along the path, upreaching, grasp
The amaranth on high!

Then, howsoever weary with the ascent,
And howsoever faint, his soul shall know
What all the labour meant.

And the low earth with all its little themes
Shall look so low and little, he will muse
How they could vex his dreams.

For there, on the clear height,—the climbing done,—
He sees, unshrouded by the mists of earth,
The true face of the sun!

ROY CAMPBELL'S NIGHT IN A CEDAR SWAMP.

BY R. W. DOUGLAS, TORONTO.

MANY years ago a vast "cedar swamp," as it was termed in local parlance, though it was made up chiefly of pine, fir, and hemlock, with a few cedar trees, and with creepers innumerable, stretched across part of the northern portion of Ontario.

Only a mere skeleton of it now remains, yet sufficient to give the traveller some idea of what it must have been in its pristine state, before the advent of the settler. The axe certainly has made sad work with its dimensions—lopped this corner off, curtailed it yonder, until very little of it is left. Yet that little will require a more than ordinary amount of labour to reclaim it from its wildness.

Its overthrown, rotting timber; its dark boggy pools, never empty; its masses of impenetrable underbrush; will defy the enterprising farmer for many a day to come, notwithstanding the many improved inventions for clearing farms which have been constructed in the last few years.

At the time of which I write, it was, however, many miles in length and breadth, and must have covered a very large area of country; affording within its gloomy arches a home for many wild animals. The beaver had constructed his wonderful home in security and peace, the deer leisurely had wandered knowing no fear, and there bears and wolves had ranged in solitude from time immemorial. But a change had come, and the encroachments of the stronger animal, man, were slowly yet certainly driving them farther and deeper into its shades, and would infallibly, in the years to come, follow them to the last corner.

In the winter, when the bogs and the pools were frozen over, hunters would make their way for many a mile within its fastnesses, bringing therefrom very often the wherewithal to sustain their families through the dreary winter's cold. This swamp soon became known as the best hunting ground in the province, and numbers congregated every season to enjoy the sport, or perhaps supply passing needs. Very many would enter its confines who were little versed in woodcraft, seeking to emulate the backwoodsman who stalked with impunity through its devious arcades; and many are the incidents recorded where these have lost their way, and wandered till on the very verge of despair, before again striking the clearings. Indeed as raw settlers from the "old country" became more numerous, these incidents multiplied, until the swamp got to possess a certain notoriety of its own. One year it is related, a new settler—one, of course, unused to the backwoods—lost his way and became thoroughly bewildered, and although every possible effort was made by his friends to find him, he was not discovered for nearly three days; and when they came up with him he was found lying against the roots of a fallen tree, almost famished and utterly exhausted. He had lain himself down there to perish, thoroughly convinced that it was useless to try any further to extricate himself. So bewildered was he that he was unable to make a straight course, and did nothing but describe a wide circle over and over again, repassing and recognizing objects which he had already left behind him probably thrice before.

It was shortly after the occurrence of this incident that another took place, though in a different season—the summer—one in which it is ten times more difficult to thread one's way in the forest, owing to the luxuriant undergrowth of tangled shrubs, plants, and creepers of every description, and the pools of dark water and mire, to avoid which the traveller or hunter is forced to make such a zigzag way that every faculty is required to maintain anything like a direct course; and the hero in the little drama—a mere lad—will have cause to remember for

many a long day, his lonely vigil in the trackless swamp, when he knew not in what direction lay his home.

The thoughts and feelings called into sudden and violent action in a person of tender years, cannot but render the fearful moment one never to be forgotten; and although the event took place far back in the childhood of a now aged man, the horror of that time still thrills his blood when he reflects upon it, and is still so vivid in his memory, that its occurrence might have been of comparatively recent date.

Roy Campbell, a youth of sixteen years or thereabouts, resided with his parents upon a partially cleared farm near the southerly boundary of the "cedar swamp." He was a child of a sensitive and solitary disposition, little given to idling his time in the company of boisterous associates, yet singularly fond of doing it without their aid, in companionless rambles about the country, with no other aim than sight-seeing. Instead of cheerfully acquiescing in his father's demands for assistance in the life of drudgery which had to be borne until the farm was placed under cultivation, Roy submitted with a bad grace, and seized every opportunity he could obtain, to enjoy his favourite pursuit. In this he was aided and abetted by his mother, who had been ever indulgent to her only child, as mothers very frequently are when their "joys" are not too numerous; and so Roy got off more readily and oftener than he otherwise would have done.

As I have said, the paramount object of these pedestrian excursions was sight-seeing —generally to view some interesting object in the vicinity—though he was careful always to take along with him his father's musket, probably as a safe-guard against some chance encounter with bears, but more likely in emulation of the professional hunters, whose wayward and wild life Roy longed to embrace.

Roy's inquiring eyes were early turned swampward, though for a long time his mother's oft repeated and grim caution, that "he would certainly get lost and be eaten by bears and wolves if he ever went in there," had an abiding influence. But as the boy grew older and had exhausted his field of discovery, he began to cast longing glances towards the forbidden ground. It seemed to him sometimes, as he walked along its margin, that he would never be at peace until he had tracked those sombre solitudes, and seen with his own restless boy's eyes all the wonders which he had heard his father and others speak of. And then, besides, he might shoot a bear—who could tell? Would it not indeed be pleasant and comfortable to possess a bear-skin rug to lay upon the bare boards before his bed? Yes; but luxuries like this cost something. Roy thought he had the wherewithal to put down in exchange for it—daring!

One day while out upon one of his excursions, chance led him to call at his uncle's house, which was some four miles from his home, and he saw there what excited his ambition to its utmost bounds, and was the direct cause of his making the attempt to thread the devious ways of the cedar swamp.

His cousin George, a boy not much older than himself, while with his father in one of the back fields of the farm, had, under the paternal eye, shot and killed a young bear. When he saw Roy he brought the skin forth in great glee, and dangled it exultingly before his cousin's eyes, in the admiring presence of parents and brothers, and asked Roy with an air of triumph when he would accomplish anything like that. George had suddenly leaped into manhood—he had shot a bear—and as he possessed a good deal of superciliousness, for a lad, he felt inclined to look down upon Roy as from some lofty eminence built up by valour and bravery greater by far than his unfortunate cousin could ever hope to command. Roy noticed the very evident air of superiority which his cousin George affected, and though, with characteristic quietness, he submitted to it meekly, as if it entirely escaped his observation, yet none the less did it chafe him inwardly, until it resulted in a firm resolve that the boasted achievement should be at least equalled, if not surpassed, by himself before that shaggy hide was dry. This determination was rendered still more inexorable by the parting words of his cousin: "Be careful you do not meet with a bear." Roy did not answer this friendly piece of counsel, but bade him "good bye" with his accustomed cheerfulness, and wended his way home.

All the distance Roy deliberated upon the feasibility of making a bold strike into the cedar swamp. He had now another

object in his mind's eye than mere sight-seeing: he would dare Bruin in his own den and deprive him of his coveted hide, and that too with no eye but that of the wilderness bent upon him, with no hand near to succour if his own failed him; for he would show his cousin, come what would, that cowardice was not an ignoble feature in his nature. Was killing a cub in an open field, with an admiring father within safe distance in case of danger, any notable feat to brag about? Roy thought not.

Thus ruminating, and engaging in endless imaginary conflicts with the savage denizens of the swamp, which stretched away in gloomy grandeur before his sight, Roy grew so daring that, in mere wantonness of presumption, he ventured some distance within the belt of trees, and skirted it until he came opposite his father's farm. It was then very late in the afternoon, so he reluctantly returned and sought the clearings and his home, not very well content to leave his project till some future opportunity.

Some days supervened ere Roy could put his contemplated adventure into execution. Instead of this delay serving to cool down the "Dutch courage" raised in the excitement of the moment when it was first planned, as might have been expected, seeing he had plenty of time to think over the obvious dangers and difficulties which would necessarily be incurred in an expedition of the kind, the contrary was the case; and the more he thought upon them, the nobler it seemed to overcome them. Instead of their existence overbalancing his boyish ambition and his desire for glory, they made him all the more eager to be gone.

And so, when a beautiful sunny afternoon came at last, when he could devote his time to whatsoever he pleased, it found him ready to take to the woods.

Roy shouldered his father's musket, the companion of many a lonely walk, shortly after he had finished his dinner, and taking an extra supply of powder, and some heavy buckshot instead of the small grains he usually carried, started straight for the cedar swamp. At last he was actually off. Big with designs upon the life of some great, though luckless wild creature, that had its abode far from the daylight of the clearings, Roy found even the short space that lay between his home and the boundary of the cedar swamp, all too long and tiresome, and he was glad when it was at length crossed, and he found himself within the shadow of the trees. What an exultant feeling swept over him as he realized at last the yearnings of many a past hour. How it thrilled his boyish heart as he pictured his joyous return covered with hard-won glory, and lay at his mother's feet the shaggy trophy won in a battle fought far from every help. Would his cousin crow over him then? Not he; his own deed of prowess would seem so insignificant in comparison that he would certainly hide his head for very shame.

Roy tightened his grasp upon his musket, and went on, carefully picking his footsteps as the débris upon the ground increased, peering into every deeper shade that he passed. The work did not seem so difficult after all, as he had anticipated, and he made rapid progress among the tangled underbrush, fallen tree-trunks, and murky pools which beset the way at every step. Roy was fresh and nimble, and the summer's afternoon was bright and clear, and he possessed, withal, some experience in threading his way in the bush.

As he pursued his course, keeping all the while a careful look-out, the aspect of the swamp began to change, and the low cedar and hemlock trees gave place to lofty pines, with a sprinkling of lowlier trees heavily laden with dense dark foliage. Here too it began to grow darker, and the awful stillness that reigned was enhanced by the soft sighing of the summer's breeze through the tree-tops, the low hum of insects, and the chirpings of a few little birds, who seemed to be following him for very companionship sake.

Still he kept up a firm heart, and went on deeper and deeper, though at times, as the forest got blacker and more lonely, he was powerless to repress a chill or two from creeping coldly down his spine.

After some time he came to a bright bank, like an oasis in a desert, covered with moss and the "winter-green" plant. As the red berries of the latter hung temptingly before him, Roy, who was very fond of the fruit, stopped for awhile to gather some. Before starting again, he took a hasty survey of the surroundings. On every hand, dark, massive, tree-trunks shot far up towards heaven, their tops bathed in a flood of sunlight, while their bases were buried in per-

petual gloom. Pools of water gleamed here and there, though they were less frequent than before. The underbrush, very thick and tangled near the clearings, had almost entirely disappeared, leaving the forest aisles comparatively clear. It was upon the ground that confusion reigned pre-eminent. Fallen giants in every stage of decay lay rotting everywhere. Most of these had probably been blown down in some ancient storm of more than usual violence, as great trunks, half-buried in earth, lay in inextricable disorder in every position, so decayed that a touch, almost, would crumble them away, and thickly covered with variegated coloured moss and light green plants. Here and there also could be seen upon the ground a bright circular patch marked out by a stray sunbeam, which had stolen from overhead through the foliage.

Just as Roy was about to set out again, a fearful screech smote his ears and re-echoed dismally through the wilds. Heavens! what could that be? It startled him so fearfully that it was some moments ere he recovered himself. He had never heard such a weird cry before. He grasped his musket to be prepared in case of emergency, and tried to muster up some courage, for alien tremblings had seized his legs which almost bereft him of strength altogether.

He looked about him for the cause of this commotion, and was somewhat reassured by observing a large bird about fifty yards away, rise slowly from the earth with heavy flapping wings. As it cleared the tree-tops, it gave vent to another blood-curdling scream and then sailed majestically off. Roy laughed at himself when he found that it had been only a crane which had given him such a scare; nevertheless, it was some time ere he shook off the disagreeable sensation it had caused him.

When he had recovered himself, he started again into the swamp, vigilantly looking out for some sign of Bruin. There were no indications that bears were in the neighbourhood yet,—nothing more startling than the bird rewarded his keen sight. Once, however, he came upon a deer, but before he had time to level his gun, it had started off through the forest like a thought, and was soon lost to view among the trees.

Roy pursued his course until the aspect of the swamp again changed. Still he met no bear. He had travelled already a very long distance and began to get very tired. He had now more difficult work to make his way, as he had left the very tall trees and the firmer ground behind, and had come to a region of short, dense, scrubby firs, contorted into many a weird fantastic form, growing out of a cold, boggy marsh. Several times already he had lost his footing and sunk deeply into the cold slough, yet dauntedly and determinedly he still pushed forward—where?

Did it strike Roy then that he would have more difficulty than the mere obstacles which slough, and thicket, and fallen trees had presented, when striving to retrace his steps? It probably did not, or surely he would not have ventured so far—possibly he was too much taken up with one idea to think of anything else. If it did, however, he might have thought of guiding himself back by the help of the sun, which was now declining far to the westward. Still it was hard to return unsuccessful, and it would be many weeks before he could get another half-holiday—holidays were not given so plentifully in those days—and the chance of distinguishing himself would be lost for the present. He thought he would try a little further before turning back.

He went on and on, comforting himself at intervals by saying he would just go a few steps further; which, repeated over and over again, made it in reality a good stiff distance. He peered cautiously into every thicket, thinking Bruin might be lurking in some of them; he cocked his musket a hundred times as he approached as many suspicious places—but they were all vacant.

In point of fact, Bruin was strangely perverse that afternoon, and seemed to keep out of our young hunter's path purposely. At any rate, no shaggy hide appeared to Roy throughout his weary quest. But notwithstanding the absence of Bruin, a danger hung over the boy's head he had little calculated upon; and the first intimation of it was when, almost wearied to death, wet and hungry, he was about to retrace his steps homeward—unsuccessful—a long, low growl, unmistakably like thunder, ominously broke upon his ear.

When he had started early in the afternoon, the summer's day was clear, calm, and lovely; indeed, the sun was still shining; yet like many a beautiful summer's day, the beautiful might be merely usher to the ter-

rible. Again Roy heard the distant growl, more confirmed this time—a storm was certainly coming.

A great fear came into his heart as he began to realise his lonely position. Without a moment's hesitation he started swiftly to the right-about, jaded and weary as he was, and with his face directed towards home, made as rapid progress as he was capable of in that direction, But O! how infinitely slow was that progress. He felt almost a crawling snail; rotten logs, mire, thickets, impeded his steps, until it seemed as if his desperate attempts must end in utter exhaustion.

Out of breath at last he stopped a moment—but only for a moment—for before he had drawn half a dozen inspirations, his haunting fear drove him onwards again with more speed than ever.

The storm came on apace—the forest darkened—the thunder grew louder. Fitful gusts of wind began to sweep among the branches, and the tree-tops to sway and moan above him. Nightfall was near at hand, and the way grew darker every instant, yet Roy hurried desperately on, wishing with all his heart that he had been more mindful of his mother's words, and had never come hither. On, on, he flew, meeting with many mishaps, yet mindful of nothing so long as he got another step nearer home; now he would be floundering in a bog, up to his ankles in mire and water, now crashing through a thicket, heedless of his clothing, now among the fallen trees, now again splash into another bog, until the hopeless work brought the tears into his eyes.

He held on, however, though now very slowly, looking vainly for the clearings. The storm was just at hand, and Roy could see no indications that the terrific swamp grew one whit less dense—all was dark, lonely, and forbidding, as if he were still in the heart of those desolate solitudes. On, on, getting more exhausted at every step, went Roy, with a sad, despairing heart; his home and cheerful supper and, probably as much thought of as anything else, his tame rabbits, he began to fear would know him not that night.

Where was he? Surely near the clearings somewhere? He came to a dead stand. The howl of the blast through the tree-tops, and the roll of the thunder, made him the only answer. It began to dawn upon him that he was lost—that the trackless swamp, more dismal now than Bunyan's dark valley, had closed its maws upon him, and might never again open them.

And now the long threatening storm burst—burst in all its wildness and grandeur, and the rain came down in torrents as if the very flood-gates of Heaven were drained. The tree under which Roy stood afforded him no protection whatever, and he was drenched in an instant. He tried, however, to screen the lock of his gun, for if that were rendered wet and useless, he might be torn to pieces by some wild animal, if indeed he survived the horrors of the night itself. The wilderness grew dark as midnight, but it was lighted up every instant by the lurid lightning. The thunder burst at intervals, the blast roared and screamed on its wild way, and in all this frightful turmoil, half dead with loneliness, shivering with fear, and drenched to the skin, was poor, lost Roy Campbell. Mother, home, all the old, familiar, pleasant associations of his childhood, seemed vanishing away in some half forgotten past and lost to him forever. He might meet his mother in heaven! He had not thought of that.

With the thought of heaven came another also, that the beneficent Being who filled that blest abode, and the world as well, who held the storm in the hollow of His hand, and directed the elements, might stretch forth His succouring arm towards even poor, sinful, disobedient Roy, if he would ask Him.

Forthwith, the poor lad sank down upon his knees there beneath the huge tree, with the pitiless storm beating upon him, and repeated an almost forgotten prayer his mother had taught him in his infancy, and adding afterward a few words (framed with fear and trembling) of his own, for help—he hoped the good God would show him the way to his home, and keep the wild beasts away.

Brief as was this prayer for aid, it was poured forth with far more earnestness than prayers usually are—it came directly from his fearful, despairing heart. With the consciousness that he was in the keeping of a great, good Being who surely would hearken when His name was called, came a feeling which had in it some leaven of resignation. There can be no human soul, no matter what extremity it be in, so utterly

despairing, so pressed and sodden down by misery, that the outgush of heartfelt prayer will afford it no gleam of consolation. Roy felt relieved; there came to him again a strength which enabled him to look beyond the terrible present, and he felt certain there would open for him an avenue of escape ere another day closed, from what direction he knew not, nor cared, so long as it lead homeward.

Meanwhile the storm grew fiercer every moment and the wind increased almost to a hurricane. A large tree close at hand was torn up and went crashing to the ground rather uncomfortably close to Roy; crash followed crash every instant as other forest giants throughout the swamp shared a like fate; the one which towered above Roy creaked and groaned in mighty travail, but yet held firm. Oh, would the storm never end! Night had long since fallen, and he was surrounded by a darkness which could almost be felt, so intense was it rendered by the lightning.

During an unusually bright flash that seemed to quiver and burn for some instants ere it went out, Roy beheld, off to the left, what appeared to be a break in the forest in that direction. Had God answered his prayer thus quickly and unexpectedly, and were the clearings indeed so near at hand after all? Why he might have been home long ago. Filled with sudden energy he started immediately towards the spot, guiding himself by the intermittent flashes. He soon, far too soon, reached the edge of a clearing—not made by man.

Reader, have you ever beheld what is termed in the backwoods the "burn barrens?" If so, you will have a faint conception of the terrible, desolate scene here presented before Roy's bewildered sight. Terrible to view at all times, how doubly fearful must it have seemed to our young hunter, seen by the light of the vivid lightnings playing above it? Hope died within Roy's breast as his stunned senses realized the truth.

Far, far as eye could reach, the green foliaged forest was swept away. Upon the ground lay one compressed mass of half burnt trees strewed and mixed with matted brushes and briars, ten or fifteen feet in length, and which extended for miles apparently, without a break. Standing at intervals over this sea of desolation, like gaunt spectres keeping everlasting vigil beside the ruin of what they once held dear, were white blasted stems of what had once been monarchs of the forest. Alas! their stately heads were now bowed in the ruin at their feet, and the forlorn trunks, shapeless and lifeless, were turned into staring monuments.

Roy had heard his father speak of these "barrens," who had once been to their edge, but few except the professional hunter had ever ventured so far into the forest, and none had ever crossed them.

Years before Roy had been born, a fire had swept through the then unbroken forest (doubtless started by some wandering Indian hunter), and had in a few weeks of drouth burnt over an area of several miles. Successive years had afterward added their quota of brushes, and briars, and creeping plants to the already fearful confusion, until at length the whole was netted into a compact barrier which would resist the utmost efforts of the daring traveller or hunter to pierce.

This, then, was the clearing which had awakened new hope in Roy's heart? It lay outspread in all its loneliness and forbidding gloom, to add one more drop to the overflowing cup of his misery.

The storm was now, however, rapidly wearing itself out, and Roy, sick at heart, turned away from that worse desolation, and sought kindlier shelter again among the trees. What should he do next? It was useless to wander farther in the darkness. He suddenly bethought himself of a plan for passing the night. This he proceeded at once to put into execution, by groping with his hands from one tree to another, until he found one with branches sufficiently strong to bear his weight, and with a trunk too slim to afford any wandering bear an easy access to a supper. Such an one he was able soon to find, and in a few moments was comfortably seated among the branches, with his musket resting upon some limbs above him. The moment it was daylight, he thought, he would renew his efforts to reach the clearings.

The rain had now wholly ceased, and the wind had almost died away—the thunder yet rolled in the distance at intervals, and the lightning still blazed out; but the storm was passed. Silence succeeded in Roy's immediate vicinity, broken only by the fali

of the rain drops from the dripping foliage.

This sudden lull in the strife of the elements brought upon Roy an inexpressible sense of loneliness—he felt himself, for a time, to be the only living, shivering animal in a vast grave.

The silence did not continue very long, however; soon the inhabitants of the forest betook themselves from shelter, and then the varied chant which would end only with the day-dawn, began from far and near. From his perch among the branches, Roy could hear the cry of the great wood owl; the plaintive voice of the whip-poor-will calling to its mate, perchance lost as Roy was, in the storm; the deep monotone of the frogs; and, most terrible of all, the far-off howl of a pack of wolves came indistinctly through the reaches of forest.

The last remnant of the storm had been swept away, and the stars burned resplendently in the heavens, throwing a pale misty light athwart the branches. Roy could observe them through the foliage above him, sparkling clear and distinct from their far-off homes in heaven, and wondered if, when he died, he would fly away and be amongst the shining ones there. He had heard his mother say once that the good went up to heaven in their shining robes, and lived forever with God. Would he not try and be very good when he was at home once more?

But the companionship of the stars did not recompense him for the loss of his supper (which he keenly felt), nor did it appease his craving to be home. An unappeasable yearning arose for his mother's smile and caress, which he had never felt before. Home had been to him as to an innumerable multitude of others, simply the place of residence where he was always to be borne with; the acknowledged scion of affection, though feeling little of it himself; yet all the while, unconsciously, the subtle tendrils of association had been winding round his heart, until an occasion like the present cut through his impassiveness with a sharp thrust, and the luxuriance of the inner growth was laid bare for the first time. Roy felt all this, and infinitely more, as he sat listening to the lonely forest sounds, yearning sadly for home.

The night-wind arose gently as the moments went by, and soughed mournfully through the pine branches all night long, though Roy heard it not after a time. It lulled him with its sad melody into quieter thoughts, and at length into sleep. Tired nature asserted herself, and Roy slept. Wolves might howl far away in the distant fastnesses, bears might prowl beneath him, night breezes sigh their mournful requiem around him, yet all were unheeded, unheard, and unfeared. Propped securely in the branches, with his legs hanging downwards, he slept, and nothing disturbed him: he might have been in his little bed at home, for all cognizance he had of his surroundings.

The sun was glancing over the tree-tops ere he awoke (which was with a start), and came nearly falling from his perch. His limbs were numb and ached with pain—the effects of his exertions, and the wetting and the subsequent exposure he had undergone.

It did not come clearly upon him at once where he was, or, at least that he was not in his homely though comfortable room at home, and he came near sliding off his perch in the manner of sliding from underneath the quilts of his bed. But he saved himself in time, and awoke at the same moment to an acute realization of the events of the preceding day.

He remembered too he was lost—lost in the heart of a vast and trackless forest, and this did not tend to increase the exhilaration of spirits which a youth is apt to feel after a night's sleep.

However, something must be done at once. The early morning's sun was bathing the higher tree-tops in glory, and somehow Roy thought it was rising from the wrong direction. The sun was either rising from the west, or he was completely turned round with regard to the points of the compass. He decided in favour of the latter conjecture and commenced to descend from his perch. His change of position gave him a view of the ground at the foot of the tree, and at the same moment a glimpse of a shaggy skin quite unlike that which ought to belong to a tree. Roy hurriedly yet softly reascended to the spot he had vacated, and then peered down cautiously through the branches. He was not mistaken—a large brown bear was prowling underneath.

Now Roy, lost as you are, show the metal you are made of. Shrink, and you deserve your fate; and your braggart cousin possesses more real courage than you.

Roy had no intention of shrinking, however, and quickly bringing his musket forward, he poured fresh powder from the horn into the pan; then taking steady aim over a projecting branch, discharged a heavy load of buckshot full upon. Bruin's back. It would have required a grizzly to withstand that murderous onslaught; and the brown bear, weaker than his cousin of the far west, sank down dead. Roy subsequently found that his spine was broken.

Roy lost no time in descending the tree after his successful shot. The bear was quite dead when he reached it, and Roy, notwithstanding his perilous position, was so tenacious of his purpose that he resolved to skin the animal before setting out for home, and carry the hide with him. Brave Roy! Rather heavy you will find that shaggy skin ere you see your mother's familiar roof again.

Our young hunter was soon through with his task, and after tying up the skin with some cord he had in his pocket, into a roll, he encircled it with one strong arm, his gun in the other, and weak and faint as he felt, was prepared to tread the mazy forest in search of home.

Happily for Roy the day was clear, and he could guide himself by the sun, which would afford some chance for him. He had entered the swamp from the south-east. so that, if his strength held out, by walking far enough towards the sun's present position, he would emerge from the forest somewhere along its south-eastern boundary.

He felt hopeful, and the fact that he had been successful with the bear, added stimulus to his fast failing strength, and might keep him up long.

To detail at length the vicissitudes which befel Roy ere he finally emerged from the forest is unnecessary. It proved a long, long tramp to the wearied boy, and many times he was tempted to abandon the bear-skin to its fate, though always withheld by the thought of his cousin's triumph. He struggled on, heaven knew how, resting at intervals, until high noon. No trace of the clearing could yet be discerned; the same unbroken sweep of forest lay quiet and lonely in the hot summer's day. Every step he took, seemed to Roy to carry him further from the direction in which he had conceived his home to lie, and which was the very opposite to the one he had been long pursuing, yet he resolutely mastered the feeling and kept on.

About three o'clock in the afternpon his strength was rapidly giving out; he felt that he could go little further. He had now to stop and rest every half-dozen steps. Must he, indeed, give way at last? There seemed to be no help for it; his weary limbs would carry him no farther. But Oh! it was terrible to perish alone, with no human eye near to see, no human heart to pity. Tears coursed rapidly down his cheeks—boys will end their lives in tears; his past life came in distinct review before him, bringing sad memories of infinite shortcomings. Might he not have been a better boy if he only had tried? Might he not have been as obedient, as truthful, almost as virtuous as a certain character in Holy Writ, whom his mother had, time out of mind, held up to him as a worthy model? He might, but alas, the past could never be lived over again—what had gone was gone forever.

Hark! what was that breaking indistinctly upon the still air? He listened attentively. Had he been mistaken? He listened again, long and earnestly; still nothing could be heard but the pulsations of his own eager heart. He dragged on a little further and again fancied he heard the sounds; but farther listening brought no break in the dreary silence. He must have been mistaken. Hark again!—no!—yes! surely yes! Joy unspeakable, those must be the regular strokes of an axe, though far, far away in the forest. Roy's thin blood leaped in his veins—he was saved. Strength, though feeble, came with the excitement, and enabled him to push towards the glad sounds, which all the while were becoming more and more confirmed as he proceeded.

Half an hour afterward, a miserable, bedrabbled, ragged, famished spectre appeared before a farmer cutting poles just within the borders of the cedar swamp. Roy was indeed saved, and the stern lesson taught him when he was alone and lost in the wilds of nature, will not pass from him until the spark of existence goes out in the night of death.

HORACE FOR LADIES.

TO PYRRHA.

Lib. 1, Carm. 5.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ.

I.

WHAT fair Adonis, 'dewed with liquid odours,
Woos thee, my Pyrrha, in some rose-leaved grot?
For whose soft eyes you bind your tawny tresses
In classic coil, with gem adornèd not.

Alas! how oft will he bewail you fickle,
And ebbing happiness and storm-dark seas,
Who now with love's blind faith believes you constant,
Because at present clinging to his knees;
Who, ignorant of the deceitful gale,
Knows not that even now love's torch begins to pale.

The sacred walls of Neptune's shrine
Show, by the tablet hung above,
That him I worship more than wine
Or love.

Hamilton. NEMO.

II.

With what handsome swell who serves the Queen,
Are you flirting, widow, now;
And for whom does the fragrant bandoline
Hold down those braids of glossy sheen
Beside that ivory brow?

With whom do you sit in the pleasant gloom
Of your crimson opera box;
For whom by your side is there always room,
And a look of vexation you assume
When some other dandy knocks?

Poor young officer, faultless swell,
Lad with embroidered shirt,
One of these days you'll know too well
That 'tis a most unpleasant sell
To be spoons on that heartless flirt.

Hangs in my hall a hat, once gay,
Which I had not worn a month
When I ran in the rain to buy a bouquet,
That, as soon as I'd gone, she gave away
To Brooks of the Onety-oneth.

Ottawa. EMMA E.

CRIME AND ITS TREATMENT.

OF the present prevalence of Crime nothing will here be said. On this point there is, unhappily, no difference of opinion amongst intelligent persons. Nor is there any difference in the painfulness of the conviction concerning it, save what exists in the varying susceptibilities of different minds.

Neither will much be said of any former or existing methods of the Treatment of Crime. Those methods, so far as they are fit to be called methods and are practically enforced, *are all radically vicious*. Some, of course, are worse, and some not so bad. Some, at times and places, are infused with a better spirit by their administrators, when, by lucky accident, worthy administrators happen to be appointed to conduct them; and some are often administered more scandalously than the principles of the methods demand. Nor is this merely the writer's indictment of the existing systems of the Treatment of Crime. If it were, it could be expected to carry little weight. It is an indictment that, in one form or another, is now finding frequent presentment, and to whose justice multitudes of witnesses are attesting. The spectacles often witnessed in our lower Courts; the narratives of not altogether hardened and apparently truthful convicts; the glimpses occasionally caught of the interior life of prisons; the judgments of large-minded men and women who have most carefully studied the matter; the sad confessions of the most experienced and competent prison officers; and, still more, the alarming prevalence of every shade and degree of crime, all combine to show that, thus far, society has utterly failed to hit upon the true method of dealing with offenders against its peace and dignity, even if its present systems do not, as many are confident, tend to the aggravation rather than the alleviation of the difficulty.

What, then, is to be done? Despair! Far otherwise. The first thing evidently is for the wise and humane men and women—the educationists and philanthropists—of christendom to address themselves anew to the whole subject, discovering thereby wherein society has erred in this regard, and discovering also, possibly, a more excellent way open to, and inviting it. Doing this, there will quickly be recognized and profoundly felt, the necessity of instantly and utterly divorcing the whole subject of penal administration from partisan politics. Never was there a sadder mistake, and certainly there have been few more flagrant public sins, than the allowance of any connection between the treatment of crime and the triumph of any particular party, or pet political theory. Against such parties in their appropriate sphere nothing is here said. They are well enough, perhaps indispensable, there. But the abatement and reform of criminality no more belongs to their sphere than the making of a watch to a blacksmith's, or the amputation of an arm to a butcher's. As a matter of fact, moreover, wherever politics and crime have come in contact, the results have been the greater debasement of the former, and an indefinite increase of the latter. But *cela va sans dire.*

Another conclusion to which, it is believed, a new and more careful consideration of the subject would lead—and here is touched the root principle of all right-thinking and right-acting concerning it—is, that all persons are to be regarded *as the wards of society*, to whom it owes certain duties, and over whom it may exercise a certain control. This wardship the wisest and strongest do every day practically acknowledge, demanding, in one way or another, protection to life, liberty, and property. No single man can withstand a mob; nor can any set up a government of his own without anarchy. To the poor, the weak, the obtuse, society owes a more intimate and tender regard. This, too, is confessed in the many institutions and regulations for their benefit—the homes for the indigent, the hospitals for the infirm, the appointment of counsel for the accused when they are unable to procure it, and the open school-house

inviting all who will to enter and drink at the perennial fountain of knowledge. To those who will not avail themselves of the opportunities it offers, it has the right within certain limits to say, "*You shall.*" And it *uses* that right, too. It will not, and it ought not to allow one smitten with infectious disease to move freely about the streets, and in public vehicles. It compels, with well-nigh universal approval, the vaccination of every child. It orders the removal of every nuisance that threatens the public health, or the serious depreciation of private property. It will not permit the insane and irresponsible to go at large, but puts them where they can harm neither themselves nor others, and have the best chance of recovering the normal use of their faculties. And so it may, with even greater propriety than it enforces any sanitary regulation, *compel the education*—up to a certain point—of every young person under its control. Not only has society an entire right to enforce education—*i. e.*, if it have a right to maintain its own existence—but various considerations urgently demand it. To some, as to children not knowing what they need, and indisposed to seek it if they do, compulsory education may seem like unwarrantable interference with parental authority and personal freedom. But to all right-thinking persons, and especially to all who know how largely ignorance ministers to crime, there can be no question as to its rightfulness or necessity. It is involved, let it be repeated, in the right of self-protection. It is demanded by Christian benevolence. It is equally demanded by sound economy. For not merely is every educated person a possibly greater productive energy, but it is positively far cheaper to educate than to punish or restrain. School-houses and teachers are less expensive than courts and prisons.

Nor do I limit education, whether voluntary or compulsory, to an acquaintance with what is sometimes termed the three Rs—Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic. How ineffective such knowledge is, unless supplemented with somewhat far more comprehensive and influential upon character and conduct, is very apparent. True, it lies at the basis of all worthy education—is the door to the elysian fields of genuine culture and noble living. But if it stop there, or if education be restricted to the intellectual faculties, how little is done! Nay, with what a power for evil, and a power almost certain to be exercised, are those thus educated, endowed. The greatest and most successful criminals of certain classes—burglars, forgers, counterfeiters, and the like—are persons of this precise sort; of highly educated brains, of very plausible appearance, expert in various arts, familiar with all the results of modern science which can be made available for their nefarious purposes, and exhibiting ability and assiduity which, rightly directed, would have won them ample fortune and wide repute. By education I mean *the development of all the powers of human nature*—physical, intellectual, moral, affectional, religious, and any other, if other there be. And as to these, as everywhere else, the principle of gradation applies—it being the office of some to serve and of others to rule—so it is in their appropriate and natural relations that they should be developed, none usurping the function of any other, nor consenting to have its own prerogatives invaded. Only where this is done is produced the noblest type of character, self-poised, self-reliant, and self-sufficing. Be it that such education, unfolding intellect, exalting conscience, enthroning love, is, with all circumstances favoring, exceedingly difficult. Be it that, for those subjected to more untoward influences and from whom the criminal class is so largely recruited, it is at present impossible. It is still the *ideal* which every teacher, parent, community, or state is bound constantly to regard, and towards which each is equally bound to strive. If it cannot be fully reached, that is no reason why it should not be approached as nearly as human weakness will permit. In any thing else than such education, enlarging, strengthening, and uplifting the whole being, there is little hope for humanity. All therefore, who in any manner are doing aught in this direction, laboring, perchance quite unnoticed and out of sight, at the foundations of personal and social welfare, are doing a work whose usefulness and importance cannot be surpassed. I salute all such. They are deserving well of men: it is certain they are honored of God.

But spite of all educational, and reformatory, and repressive influences now operative, how large and apparently increasing is the criminal class! In spite of all such influ-

ences that can be, or that are *likely* to be brought to bear, how large is that class certain to be for a long time to come! Seldom, if ever, since the settlement of the continent, have outrages of all sorts been so frequent and so bold amongst us. Seldom, if ever, has the gallows had more victims than within the last five years; and never have jails and pentitentiaries been so crowded as at the present moment. According to the estimate of competent authorities on this subject, there are confined in the various prisons of the United States not far from 100,000 persons; or nearly one in 450 of the population. But a large part of these are petty offenders, sentenced for from thirty days to a twelvemonth; so that this great number by no means includes all who are incarcerated during the year. It would, probably, be rather an under than an overestimate to say that the sum total of these reaches 120,000 persons, or something more than one in every four hundred of the inhabitants. In the province of Ontario the ratio of criminals does not greatly differ; there having been committed during the last official year somewhat over 10,000 persons in all, of whom 6,261 were convicted of more or less heinous offences. Of these 120,000 criminals in the United States, it is safe to say that not less than 80,000 are annually discharged; while of the probable average of 7,000 or 8,000 denizens of the Ontario prisons, there were discharged last year 5,558—a few by executive clemency, but most by the expiration of their sentences.

And the question to which I have been endeavouring to lead up is, In what condition are all these convicts, enough to constitute a large city, discharged? Prepared, by the training they have received, to earn an honest livelihood, and to act a worthy part in the world? More determined wisely to control themselves, and, by help of man's charity and God's blessing, to build up a better character, and, as far as may be, retrieve an unhappy past? Alas! for our Christianity, alas! for our civilization, that the answer to these questions must be so emphatic a negative; that, as before intimated, the testimony is so concurrent as to be almost universal, that not one convict in a hundred, perhaps not one in a thousand, is in any respect bettered by his prison experience, but that the great, the overwhelming majority are still more depraved and hardened by it! To the question, "What percentage of prisoners do you think leave this institution with clearer perceptions of duty, and a stronger purpose to lead upright and useful lives?" a large-hearted and sound-minded friend of mine, who had had twenty-five years' experience as a prison contractor, after some hesitation, replied—"I wish I could think of one who has gone out of this place a better man, in my judgment, than when he came into it: but while I cannot remember one who seems to me to have done so, I can recall scores, not to say hundreds, that I am sure graduated hence more reckless and defiant than when sent here." Yet that prison is thought to compare not unfavourably with most others—is sometimes spoken of in eulogistic terms. As a rule, therefore, these thousands of criminals are annually discharged *to prey upon society* as they can or must, until they are again caught in the toils of law, and once more doomed to prison, or, it may be, to the gallows.

But why should they be thus discharged? Surely it would be far *cheaper* for the community to keep them in confinement, if that were the only or the chief consideration involved. Surely it would be better for the prisoners to be restrained from outrage by superior physical power, than, with the continuance of opportunity, to sink deeper and deeper in criminality, saying nothing of perpetuating their class, and of debauching those about them. Not thus do we deal with the intellectually insane, who, as a class, are far less dangerous to the community. Them we confine in secure asylums—*prisons*, if one chooses so to call them—under the charge of those who have made their type of disease a special study, and whose dominant characteristics best fit them to deal with such unfortunates. To discharge them until they have given to all in contact with them, and who are competent to form an opinion of their condition, the most satisfactory evidences of sanity, or harmlessness, would be considered one of the gravest offences which the authorities of such asylums could commit. Popular indignation would speedily effect their deposition from office, if it inflicted no severer penalty. But can any one tell why society should not deal with the morally insane *on the same principle?* Certainly crime, whatever view

may be taken of it, is, in a sense, moral insanity. No one, however fully responsible, can be in a *right* mind when guilty of it. The highest moral authority tells us that the sinner is not himself—that he comes to himself when he opens his eyes to his degradation, and repents of his folly. Observe, I do not ask why society should not deal with the morally insane in the *same method*, but on the *same principle*, that it employs with the mentally diseased. Methods are formal, and are ever changing—must ever change according to the exigencies in which they are to be applied. Principles are immutable and eternal. If we assume the forenamed principle, which means simply that the protection of society and the reformation of the offender are the only objects to be sought in the treatment of crime—a principle which, at this late date, can hardly need vindication—some very grave, if not revolutionary conclusions seem to follow.

Primarily, as respects both time and importance, it necessitates the acknowledgment of a principle from which many at the outset violently recoil, but which, the more it is considered, the more reasonable and vital it appears. It is the principle of *indefinite sentences, i. e.*, sentences of unfixed duration at the time they are pronounced, and whose exact limits are to be determined by the fitness or unfitness of the prisoner to be set at liberty.

But if the culprit's sentence should not be somewhat broadly determined by statute, and, in the exercise of a wise discretion, be exactly decided at the time of conviction, and by the judge before whom he is tried, when, and by whom, it may well be asked, should it be? By almost universal consent has the prerogative of annexing penalties to violated laws been assigned to legislative authority—what is sometimes called "the assembled wisdom" of the Province or State. This branch of a government, fairly embodying the civilization of a country, largely exempt from narrow prejudices, and acting in a wholly impersonal manner, is supposed to be best qualified to discharge this duty within somewhat broad boundaries; while the judicial authority, having cognizance of all the facts and circumstances extenuating or aggravating, and trained to weigh evidence, and to distinguish between incidentals and essentials, is best qualified to apportion exactly the penalty due the transgresso. And were it the object of criminal jurisprudence to inflict a punishment precisely correspondent to the general estimate of the offence—to weigh out a pound of retribution for a pound of guilt—perhaps this would be as good a way of accomplishing it as could easily be discovered. But if it be, or should be, the object of such jurisprudence to protect society and benefit the culprit, then it seems as though hardly any method more clumsy or ineffectual could well be devised.

Suppose, then, a state were to resolve on making trial of the principle suggested, viz., of treating its morally insane as it already does its mentally diseased. It would at once enact laws with indeterminate penalties, and authorize judges to pronounce sentences accordingly. It would seek out as it could, a sufficient number, say from seven to fifteen, not of intellectual weaklings, unable to detect the difference between pretence and reality, nor of moral imbeciles ready to capitulate to a snivel or a tear, but of the strongest, wisest, best men and women within its borders, or whose services it could command from elsewhere—living embodiments of culture, firmness, uprightness, and love—to constitute a Board which should have the general charge of all the unfortunates that had, from any cause, fallen under the ban of the law. To such a Board, aided by the wardens, teachers, and moral experts they would call to their aid, would be assigned the responsible and delicate duty of determining the duration of the convict's imprisonment. And that its decision would be that every criminal should be detained in custody just so long as is necessary to emancipate him, by educational and moral influences, from the domination of an evil temper, and build up in him a character that would fit him for a decent discharge of the duties of life, there can be little doubt. To discharge him one day sooner, or to detain him one day longer, would be an equal injury to the prisoner and the public.

As before intimated, however, so radical a change in our penal administration seems to many, at first blush, of more than doubtful utility. They would themselves shrink from assuming, and they would equally shrink from conferring upon others, so large and irresponsible a power over the freedom and discipline of any portion of their fellows as such a Board would be called to exercise But without pausing now to point out how

large is the discretionary power of the same sort now vested in judges and chief magistrates,—larger than would be lodged in any single person by the system suggested,—let it be asked if the same objection does not lie against the subjection of the mentally insane to a precisely similar authority? In the latter case it is authority that is, doubtless, susceptible of abuse. What human or divine institution or blessing is not? But what better way of determining a person's sanity has been discovered than to submit the question, with whatever bears upon it, to the judgment of those whose studies and experience have given them the largest knowledge of the subject. So it is conceivable that the power of determining the length of the culprit's imprisonment, entrusted to the discretion of an individual or a Board, might be abused to the disadvantage of the convict, and the injury of society. But that there would be as little danger of such abuse in the one case as in the other, and certainly far less unhappy results than come from existing methods of reaching the same end, must be apparent. Certainly, a Board composed of such men and women as have been described, and guided by wise general statutes, would be as little likely to abuse its trust as any human organization conceivable.

It may be said, also, that the adoption of the principle of indeterminate sentences, would result in leading convicted criminals to seek, not their own real improvement, but the deception of those in authority over them. It would tend, it may be feared, not to make them try to build up worthier characters, but to become more artful and arrant hypocrites. On many, doubtless, it would have this influence. Low and ignorant natures, believing the deception of any body possible, and knowing that their egress from prison was dependent upon the conviction of their guardians of their fitness for freedom, would exert every faculty to *seem* worthy of discharge rather than to *be* so. But is no tendency of this sort discoverable in the methods already in use? Do not all prison officers know that amongst the things to be most carefully guarded against, are the shams and pretences of convicts? Do not Sunday School teachers in prisons know that the alleged conversions of their pupils are, to say the least, often very suspicious? As already stated, however. the charge of criminals in prison, and the determination of their confinement there, on the system proposed, would be confided neither to vulgar-natured partisans, seeing no possibilities of good in any who have once fallen under the law's condemnation, nor to credulous, dull-witted sentimentalists, always seeing a poor, persecuted creature in every atrocious scoundrel; but to the wisest, firmest, most sharp-sighted, yet most generous and philanthropic men and women that can be found and persuaded to engage in this Christ-like work of saving the lost. Would a Board of such, some of whom would be in almost constant communication with the culprit, and all of whom would be more or less expert in judging of evidence and in reading character, be likely to be often deceived? How could it, when eyes, tones, features, gestures, combine to babble in ears that are sharp enough to hear, the secrets of the most interior being? Says Plato, "How can a man be hid?"

But supposing some, aye many, were successful in deceiving the "elect" persons placed in charge of them, and in securing their freedom before they were at all prepared to use it rightly. What would that be compared with what is now all the time going on? viz., the discharge of convicts, amounting in these two North American nations to a hundred thousand per annum, most of whom nobody pretends have one whit improved, many of whom it is confessed have greatly deteriorated during their confinement; and their discharge simply because the terms for which they were sentenced have expired. Which system—saying nothing just here of trying to benefit the offender—seems most likely to promote the welfare of society?—that which retains the criminal until there is some evidence of both purpose and ability to lead a better life; or that which asks no questions, and seems to have no care, but sends the culprit forth, if he will, to continue his depredations, and deepen his depravity. Could one choose, in which community would one cast one's lot—in that which had adopted the former method, or in that which still adhered to "the good (?) old way"?

Besides, we are now practising in a small way, the very principle commended. That is, in Canada, in the United States, and in nearly all civilized countries, it is put within the power of every convict under sentence for a long period to shorten very materially

his confinement. Obedience to prison regulations, faithful performance of assigned tasks, manifest penitence for the past and good purpose for the future are permitted, according to well understood rules, very considerably to abbreviate protracted terms of imprisonment. Thus the criminal is, at once, taught that the day of his liberation must depend largely upon himself, and inspired—*i. e.* if inspirable—with a laudable ambition to hasten its approach. It is the testimony of many prison officers that the adoption of this regulation has had a most salutary influence upon the convicts, dissipating the off-cherished ideas that society is their foe, and the prison a torture-chamber, and appealing to that strongest element of human nature—Hope—without an appeal to which no man was ever lifted in the scale of being. But if the principle urged in this essay be practicable in this small way, can any good reason be given why it is not equally practicable on a much larger scale?

It may be further objected that the theory of indeterminate sentences, making the length of the convict's imprisonment depend so largely upon himself, wholly ignores the idea of *punishment*. That it does so is not denied. It accepts the ancient word, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." It acknowledges that man cannot measure the degree of guilt involved in any transgression; and that, accordingly, he cannot measure the retribution which it deserves. For one to commit an offence often involves a vastly greater turpitude than for another to perpetrate precisely the same act. The educated, well-connected, prosperous man is not to be judged by the same standard as is the ignorant, badly-related, poverty-stricken wretch. "He that knoweth the Master's will and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes; while he that knoweth it not shall be beaten with few stripes." But while this theory makes no provision for *punishment*, it makes the most effective provision for *restraint* long enough to develop a decent character, and thus to secure society from further onslaught from the same source. Whether this shall require six months or twenty years makes little difference so far as the principle is concerned. Nay, if the entire lifetime be insufficient for this work, then on grounds alike of strictest justice and of purest mercy, it provides that the restraint shall be life-lasting.

Of course the proposed system would take from the executive authority all power, and relieve it from all importunity to pardon offenders. And what a relief would this be to governors of provinces and states, few of whom have made a careful study of the subject of crime, and scarcely any of whom can know from personal observation anything of a convict's fitness for freedom. It would vest such power in the Board of Commissioners before mentioned, embracing governor, minister of justice, and judges, as well as high officers of penal institutions, earnest reformers, and wise philanthrophists. And to such a Board, hedged about with all desirable legal restrictions, yet clothed with a large discretion, and as exempt from all improper biases as human beings can ordinarily be expected to be, might safely be entrusted the power, not of pardoning legal transgressors, but of determining when the moral patient was fit to be discharged from the Bethesda to which the mercy of the community had consigned him. For it must not be forgotten—as has all along been implied—that essential to this theory of the treatment of crime is the employment within the prison of all the curative and strengthening agencies that the wit of man has devised, and the experience of man justified. There must reign therein an *authority* that knows how to secure obedience without cruelty or tyranny, and without further impairing the criminal's self-respect. There must be a wholesome *rigor of regimen* which, while not injuring the bodily health, or offending the bodily sense, would make a sojourn therein quite undelightful to appetite. There must be *industry*, wisely regulated and strictly enforced; at once teaching the art and nourishing the taste for useful occupation. There must be *instruction*,—as, alas! in so few prisons there now is—adapted to capacity, filling the mine with new and nobler thoughts, and opening to it the whole vast domain of knowledge. There must be *inspiration*, quickening the moral sense, making ashamed of past misdemeanors, and begetting aspiration for a nobler future. And, finally, there must be tender *sympathy*, stooping to the lowest, recognizing angelic possibilities therein, and seeking to lift up and save.

While, then, there seems to be no valid

objection to the general principle advocated in this essay—viz., the treatment of criminals as morally insane, to be kept in confinement until fit for discharge—the arguments in its favor are numerous and cogent. Some of them have been hinted at as we have proceeded. To emphasize these and others, in conclusion, may be neither uninteresting nor useless.

It supersedes the law of brute force so long, and still so largely prevalent, by the law of love. It asserts that "all revenge is crime," and, in a community in full possession of all its faculties, and professedly dominated by the higher sentiments, a far more heinous crime than in the poor wretch, ignorant, passionate, and inflamed with drink which he has had ample opportunity of procuring. It declares that all restraint upon the criminal

> "must consult his good;
> Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,
> And Love look in upon his solitude."

It introduces into penal legislation and administration the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, and of the Parable of the Prodigal Son. It makes the State not merely the ruler but the protector and friend of the people; and thus commands for it both their sincere respect and hearty affection.

It removes all scruples of jurors against convicting offenders, and thus secures a greater certainty of restraint and more continuous treatment: and in all grave criminal trials—especially where their penalty is capital—the natural hesitation of humane and conscientious men constitutes one of the greatest hindrances to conviction. As the law now stands, many a murderer goes unwhipt of justice simply because there is in some illogical or quirky mind in the jury-box, the faintest possibility of his innocence of the offence charged.

It removes the question of the length of detention and treatment from the court-room and the hour of trial, where strife for victory often supersedes the endeavor for justice, and where jurors and judges are sometimes found not wholly exempt from prejudice and passion, and relegates it to a quieter apartment, and a serener hour, more favorable certainly to a correct appreciation of the culprit's motives and character. Under such circumstances, a greater success may be achieved in getting at the long antecedent causes which have led to the offence, and the exact state of mind in which it was committed; and thus in arriving at just conclusions as to the measure of guilt, and the proper treatment it requires.

It appeals for reformatory purposes to the most powerful motive of the human heart—*the love of liberty*. To secure or preserve this what, in all ages and lands, have not men been willing to do, and bear, and sacrifice? It was the universal instinct that Patrick Henry voiced when he cried, "Give me liberty, or give me death." Yet slavery or imprisonment becomes tolerable when cheered with the hope of approaching, or ultimate freedom. And how much more tolerable does it become with the assurance that one may greatly contribute to the coming of one's liberation from bondage! Give a convict such assurance, and what patience under confinement, and what animation to hasten his emancipation do you inspire! What co-oporation on his part do you secure in the difficult work of his thorough reformation and development! You have then the best of all allies in the holy work of saving a man.

If the treatment advocated succeed in its purpose of reforming the prisoner, it returns him to society at the proper moment, and under the most favorable circumstances. Before fully discharging him it tests his power of self-control by granting him a temporary and partial freedom, under a more or less vigilant surveillance. It finds for him such a place, and establishes him in such relations as will not only not weaken his good purposes, nor try him beyond his strength, but will stimulate and help him, until, finally, he is as fully qualified to mingle unrestrainedly among his fellows as the majority of men that now do so. But if need be, this system authorizes the retention of the prisoner as long as he lives; or the retention of such authority over him as protects society and the culprit himself from his ungovernable passions. And in thus retaining the hopelessly weak and the incorrigibly wicked under wise control, it is guided by equal righteousness and beneficence.

Of the practicability of the adoption of this principle in the treatment of crime there could seem to be little doubt. That it would be likely to affect favorably the unfortunate and the wicked immured in prisons may be assumed by all who admit that

kindness is mightier than its opposite—by all who deny that "one can be worse for having a father who grieves, or a mother who weeps and prays for him in his sin, rather than curses him and casts him off." The slight approaches that have been made to this system in various localities—enabling good conduct while in prison to abbreviate confinement, and, notably, "the three years' law" in Michigan, authorizing the detention of certain classes of offenders for three years, or their earlier discharge if there be sufficient grounds for supposing they will afterward do well—seem to warrant the most favorable conclusion.

Of the necessity of the adoption of this principle — that is if our prisons are ever to be reformatory, and not mere penal institutions—there could seem to be just as little question by any competent mind that has carefully studied the subject. Until this is done the first step will not be taken towards an ideal prison system; but society will continue still further to deprave and harden those who have once rendered themselves obnoxious to legal penalties.

Seeing, then, on the one hand, how sadly faulty and unsatisfactory is our present method—if method we can be said to have—of dealing with crime; that instead of really checking it, or even aiming at its extinction, it seems in some respects as though designed to promote it, outraging society by turning loose so many thousands of unreformed offenders every year; and recognising, on the other hand, that here is a method commended by some of the most profound thinkers and effective workers in the department of penal jurisprudence, which certainly can be no worse than the method it would supplant; which, unless all the acknowledged principles of human nature, and all just deductions therefrom are to go for nought, must be vastly its superior, must we not be persuaded that the time has fully come for some experiment in this direction to be tried? Can a civilized, not to say a Christian community reconcile it with its conscience, or with its conceptions of an enlightened political economy, to allow its criminal administration to go on as ours is now going? Could Parliament when it meets in Ottawa do a more humane or useful work than earnestly to take up, and conscientiously study this whole matter? Perhaps it might not—it is too much to suppose that it would—arrive at wholly satisfactory conclusions in regard to it in a single session. But it might do something. It might take the initiatory steps in a path leading to better results than most men yet dare to dream. Should any member of that body, reading this esssay, be prompted to introduce the subject to its consideration, how ample would be the compensation for writing it! M.

SUNRISE.

I SAW the shining-limbed Apollo stand,
Exultant, on the rim of Orient,
And well and mightily his bow he bent,
And unseen-swift the arrow left his hand.
Far on it sped, as did those elder ones
That long ago shed plague upon the Greek—
Far on—and pierced the side of Night, who weak
And out of breath with fright, fled to his sons,
The nether ghosts; and lo! his jewelled robe
No more did shade a sleep-encircled world;
And thereupon the faëry legions furled
The silk of silence, and the wheeling globe
Spun freer on its grand, accustomed way,
While all things living rose to hail the day.

H. D. LIGHTHALL.

Montreal.

SWIFT AND THE WOMEN WHO LOVED HIM.

II.

STELLA.

WHEN Jonathan Swift, a young man of twenty-two, fresh from Trinity College, Dublin, went to live with Sir William Temple, Esther Johnson, afterwards so widely celebrated under the name of Stella, formed part of the household at Moor Park. Mr. Forster tells us that she must then have been seven years old, but Swift always speaks of her as only six. Being delicate in her childhood, she was probably more infantine in size and manner than is usual at her age; and in spite of the real or pretended dislike to children which Swift was afterwards fond of parading, her pretty baby ways and baby talk made an indelible impression on his heart. Her position in the Temple establishment has been almost as much debated as that of her friend and tutor. Swift's account of her parentage is brief. "Her father," he says, "was the younger son of a good family in Nottinghamshire, her mother of a lower degree; and indeed she had little to boast in her birth." This account was not received altogether without question; and at one time it was imagined that she might have been the daughter of Sir William Temple. "The birth of Stella," says Sir Walter Scott, "has been carefully investigated with the hopes of discovering something that might render a mysterious and romantic history yet more remarkable; but there is no sound reason for supposing that she had other parents than her reputed father and mother." He adds that "her mother was a woman of acute and penetrating talents, the friend and companion of Lady Giffard, Temple's favourite sister, and cherished by her with particular respect and regard till the end of her life." The plain truth, however, seems to be, that Mrs. Bridget Johnson, who had been left a widow in poor circumstances, with two little girls, was "waiting gentlewoman" to Lady Giffard. Swift expressly says that she was of lower degree than her husband, but in those days, when class distinctions were much wider and more rigidly observed than now, and women of gentle birth and refined education did not conceive it any degradation to be the personal attendants of ladies of rank, such a situation would have been considered an honourable provision for a poor gentlewoman. Lady Giffard, who, after a romantic courtship, had married Sir William Giffard on his death-bed, always lived with her brother, Sir William Temple; and Esther Johnson and her younger sister were brought up at Moor Park. Temple in his will calls Esther "my sister's servant." Mr. Forster says her service could not have implied anything menial; and he could find no evidence that she ever waited on any one but herself. Temple's words, however, appear sufficiently indicative of her place in the household to excuse Macaulay and others for calling her "a waiting-maid;" though we may believe that nothing "menial" was required of her, and that she was habitually treated with that condescending indulgence which great people often show to those favourite dependents whose situation renders any assumption of equality impossible.

It is unnecessary to say much here about the vexed question of Swift's position at Moor Park. We may be very sure that he would not have submitted to be treated as a lackey for a single day; but we may be equally sure that a "raw, inexperienced youth," as he calls himself, an Irish student who had no honours of distinguished scholarship to show, poor, obscure, and without the use and habit of society, could only have been treated as a humble dependent by the high-bred and courtly Sir William Temple; till by degrees his great abilities, and the force and energy of his character, won for him some consideration and respect. John Temple's statement that Swift was never allowed to sit at table with Sir William, has been treated as a malicious falsehood, invented after the Temple family had quarrelled with him. But when it is remembered

that the great philosopher, Locke, at the age of thirty-five, when he was tutor to Lord Ashley's son, and "peculiarly esteemed," as we learn from a letter of Lady Masham's, "not only by my lord, but by all the friends of the family," sat at the side table with the chaplain, according to the custom of the time, we may be satisfied that no unpardonable insult or degradation was inflicted on Swift, a youth not much more than twenty, who had as yet done nothing to distinguish himself, if he had to take his meals at some second table, where little Esther and her mother, with Mrs. Dingley and "the little parson cousin," or whoever chanced to be chaplain at Moor Park, shared his repast.

Whatever degree of service or dependence was attached to Swift's residence at Moor Park, there is plenty of proof that it bitterly galled his haughty spirit; and after a few months he made an attempt to break from it, returning to Ireland under some pretence of being ordered by his physicians to try the effects of his native air, as a remedy for that constitutional ill-health which had begun to show itself in attacks of violent headaches, vertigo, and deafness.

In a letter, honourable to both Swift and his patron, Sir William Temple recommended him for some employment to Sir Robert Southwell, Secretary of State for Ireland, and mentions that he has "a just pretence" to a Fellowship in Trinity College. Apparently, however, he received no encouragement to remain in Ireland, for he soon returned to Moor Park, and "growing" he says, "into some confidence with Sir William, was often trusted with matters of great importance."

The next four years he continued at Moor Park, acting as Sir William Temple's secretary, amanuensis, and reader. He is said to have spent ten hours a day in writing or study, only stopping at intervals of two hours to take exercise by running up a hill half a mile from the house and back again. He wrote several poetical compositions at this time, and at the request of Sir William and Lady Temple attempted Pindaric Odes after the manner of Cowley, till his efforts to woo "the high heroic muse" were nipped in the bud by Dryden's stern verdict, "Young man, you will never be a poet!"

But in the midst of all this variety of work Swift found time to make a playfellow, pet, and pupil of little Esther Johnson. He has told us that she was sickly in her childhood, and at one time, as it seems, supposed to be dying by all but Swift, for when writing in his "Journal" of Sir Andrew Fountaine's illness, he says he does not think he will die, "because he has the seeds of life in him, which I found in poor dearest Ppt many years ago when she was ill." On hearing while he is in England that she is not well, he fancies himself watching his little favourite's sick bed at Moor Park, and repeats in the "Journal" the old caressing words with which he used to soothe the sick child's restlessness—"O poo Ppt, lay down oo head aden! Faith I do love oo!"

Pretty, intelligent, and docile, she was petted and indulged by the whole Moor Park household. "Every one," says Scott, "took an interest in the progress of her education." Swift taught her to write, and she learned to imitate perfectly the peculiarities of his bold and marked hand. He tells her in the "Journal," that Harley, on seeing the address on one of her letters, asked how long he had learned the trick of writing letters to himself,—he said he could have sworn it was Swift's hand. "Ford said the same, and others, I remember, have said so, too, formerly. I think I was little M. D.'s writing-master."

He was not only her writing-master, but the master of her heart and mind, and moulded her character as well as her handwriting. Nothing in romance is more tender, more touching, than the love between this proud, sardonic young man, and this gentle, sweet-natured, trusting child. He attached himself to her with all the strength of his deep and passionate nature, and she returned his affection with all the love of her innocent little heart—a love that was to ripen into the life-long devotion of the faithful woman. He concocted for their exclusive use "the little language," the mysteries of which are more fully revealed by Mr. Forster than they ever were before. It was partly formed out of a child's imperfect utterances, such as we may conclude Esther's were when Swift first knew her, partly out of a combination of letters employed as a cabalistic cipher for names and words; the whole making a fanciful fantastic gibberish never used except in his intercourse with Esther Johnson, and only to be found in his letters to her and her shadow, Mrs. Dingley. A few specimens of this unique language may be given here, though we shall have to recur to it again.

"A sousand melly, melly New Years to deelest michar M. D. Pay God Almighty bless oo, and send oo ever happy. I hove M. D. Ppt bettle zan ever, if possibere; hove poo Pdfr. Nite own dee litt M. D.; deelest michar Ppt. Nite poodeerichar. God bless oo ever, and hove Pdfr; poo Pdfr. Nauti nauti nauti—will oo never do it aden? No-ooo—no-ooo—well, kiss and be friends—sause see im a dood dall in odle sings."

In this "little language" they talked to each other, interchanged childish confidences, and kept up a thousand playful mysteries only known to themselves—

> "A pair of friends when she was seven,
> And he was twenty-two."

To Swift's fiery and perturbed spirit, hiding under much pretence of cold and sarcastic indifference, an intense desire for sympathy and affection; humiliated by a sense of dependence; placed, as he believed, far below his deserts; and chafing at every slight, real or imaginary, the trusting, unquestioning love and allegiance of this charming little child, with all its innocent and unconscious flattery, seems to have been the very medicine most needed—the sweetest and most healing of anodynes. It met and satisfied some of the deepest wants of his nature, and unsealed a fountain of pure tenderness which, as long as Esther Johnson lived, kept one spot in his heart fresh and green. Even her childish lispings, which her delicate health and consequent petting seem to have made her keep up longer than baby-talk is usually retained, had a charm for him which never fled; and while he was helping to sway the destinies of Europe, and writing in his "Journal" of events of wide-world importance and their actors, the "little language," with its whimsical prattle and fantastical endearments is continually intermixed. When he tells her of his project for an Academy that should improve and fix the standard of the English language, he cannot help adding—"'Faith we never will improve it as much as F.W." (Foolish Wench, one of his pet names for Esther,) "has done; sall we? No 'faith; oors is char gamgridge!" (charming language.)

After remaining four years at Moor Park, Swift committed the greatest mistake of his life, and out of a born diplomatist and politician, made a discontented, irreverent, scoffing priest—some have called him a ribald and blasphemous one—who, without Rabelais' excuse, delighted like him in bringing to the light all of weak and vile that hides in the recesses of human nature, or of the imagination. He had got nothing from King William but the offer of a troop of horse, and when that was refused, the promise of a prebend in Canterbury or Westminster. Sir William Temple had either been unable or unwilling to help his career as he had expected, and he began to look on the Church as his only resource. He thought it easier, he said, to provide for ten men in the Church than one in a civil employment. It is evident, however, from his after career, that he had other views than those of mere ecclesiastical preferment. There was not then so great a gulf between clerical and lay functions. "Important diplomatic service," says Mr. Forster, "was still rendered by churchmen; the place of secretary was often at their disposal, and a bishop held a cabinet office in the succeeding reign." Swift's daring and ambition were boundless, and he may have dreamed of one day wielding such power in the state as those great ecclesiastics whose names are famous or infamous in history, had wielded. To share the lot of "those little illiterate, contemptible hedge-parsons, sons of weavers, tailors, pedlers, or millers," would have been intolerable and impossible to him. He has described such a parson in "Baucis and Philemon," with his threadbare, dusty cassock, his shambling, awkward gait, and demure, dejected look—

> "Selling a goose at the next town,
> Decently hid beneath his gown."*

And in the "Grand Question Debated," in which he amply revenged whatever slights he had seen the Gown receive from the Sword, he makes the gallant captain say—

> "Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
> A hundred to one but it covers a clown."

The part of Chaucer's "poor parson of a town," or Goldsmith's "village pastor," was not one which Swift either would or could have filled. To be a parson at all he

* Swift's unpublished MS. of "Baucis & Philemon."

doubtless thought bad enough, to be a poor country parson was worse, but to be a poor country parson in Kilroot, that *ultima thule* of civilization to which he had been banished, was bad in the superlative degree. He did not endure his exile long, but returned to Sir William Temple, who had learned from his absence to estimate his value more correctly; and, "with better prospect of interest than before," as he wrote to Miss Waring, he took up his abode at Moor Park till the King's promised prebend should be vacant.

He found his little pupil and playfellow, Esther, grown into perfect health, and one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London; her hair blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection. "I had some share in her education," he says, "by directing what books she should read, and perpetually instructing her in the principles of honour and virtue, from which she never swerved in any one action or moment of her life." She was in truth his own creation, the living poem in which all his finest and most delicate emotions were embodied, the only work of grace and beauty he ever attempted, after Dryden's oracular voice had pronounced that he would never be a poet. He beheld her beauty, her sweetness, her attractive charms, as some enthusiastic artist beholds the *chef d'œuvre* of his life, on which he has laboured for years, touching and retouching it with loving fingers till it lives and glows into perfect beauty under his eyes. And this fair work of his was no soulless, heartless statue or picture, but a living, breathing, loving woman, who with all her pretty, piquante ways, and playful sauciness, was yet as submissive in his hands as if she had no being but what her master gave her. No wonder that she was ever to him the fairest spirit on earth, and that he never speaks of her without praise and admiration.

Moor Park was an oasis of fertility and culture surrounded by heath and furze, in a wild and lonely part of Surrey nearly forty miles from London. Here Sir William Temple had built a country mansion, and laid out the grounds and gardens in the Dutch style, then so much admired, with canals, clipped trees, formal parterres, terraces, and summer-houses. He was a great and successful cultivator of fruit, and his grapes and peaches were at that time unequalled in England. He had called the place Moor Park after an estate of that name belonging to the Duchess of Bedford (celebrated by Donne), which he had admired in his youth, and where there was then, he says "the perfectest figure of a garden he ever saw at home or abroad." Here in his old age, the philosophic statesman, whom Leigh Hunt calls "a mild Epicurean, that is to say temperate and reflecting, and fonder of his garden and the friends about him than of anything else in the world," found the rural retirement he had longed for. He seems to have thoroughly enjoyed it, and it is Temple's philosophy, not Swift's, which speaks in the lines—

> "You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
> Your garden's better worth your nobler pain."

When he died his heart, as he had directed, was buried under the sun-dial in his garden.

Swift always remembered Moor Park with affection, and he imitated its gardens on a small scale at Laracor. He remembered in his old age the great elm in the hollow ground just before the house, on which he had carved a Latin verse commending its shade to the care of Temple's descendants. No doubt he had often sat under its boughs with Esther Johnson, and perhaps on some other favorite tree he had carved her name and his own. On its formal terraces, in its quaint trim gardens, by the banks of its silvery canals, he had played and prattled with his little favorite in her childish days, and in later years walked and talked with her—still in the little language—as she grew into graceful lovely maidenhood. Day after day he had confided to her listening ear his hopes and ambitions, his disappointments and vexations, or read with her such works of historian, sage, and poet, as he thought best fitted to form her bright and sympathetic intelligence into his ideal of a perfect woman. We do not know much of the books she studied under his superintendence, but he must have had abundance to choose from in the library of Moor Park. We may be sure he taught her something of history, and gave her, through translations, some knowledge of his favorite Greek and Latin classics. It has been said that he was a great reader of

the old French romances of chivalry, and as they presented love in a high heroic light, far removed from the passions of earth, he may have permitted Esther to read them also. With the poems of Cowley she must have been familiar. Swift, who had admired his "language of the heart" in boyhood, had taken his Odes as models for his first attempts at poetry, by Sir William Temple's advice; and we may take it for granted that besides these, the "Garden," the "Wish," "The Old Man of Verona," and other pieces of mild Epicureanism, were often quoted and applauded at Moor Park. Dryden's peremptory manner of clapping an extinguisher on his poetic genius, was deeply resented by Swift; we know that he took his revenge in the "Battle of the Books," and it is likely enough that his approval of Collier's attack on the immorality of Dryden's plays was made all the stronger from his disgust at the old poet's hasty verdict: at any rate we may be tolerably certain that Dryden's works were not among the books he recommended to his young pupil. Shakspere was so little understood and appreciated then, that Dryden's coarse travesty of "The Tempest" was applauded as an immense improvement on the original, and Scott says Swift never alludes to his writings. Mr. Forster, however, shows a strong resemblance between a passage in the "Battle of the Books," on the fantastic forms of clouds, and one in Antony and Cleopatra; and there is an allusion to Fluellin in his well-known letter to Tisdall. Chaucer seems to have been a favorite of his, and closely studied. We cannot imagine him giving the girl he had brought up to look on love as a degrading and unholy thing, "Romeo and Juliet," but he may have allowed her to read "The Patient Griselda." Scott saw an edition of Milton's Poems with explanatory notes in Swift's handwriting, and inscribed—"The Gift of Dr. Jonathan Swift to Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson, May 1703." It is not supposed, however, that he confined their conversations to grave and serious themes; no doubt he mingled L'Allegro with Il Penseroso, and enlivened his lessons with the witty and humorous talk in which he delighted and excelled, with quips and cranks, and puns, and rhymes, mixed whimsically with his beloved "little language," and not without touches of that grim satire which from his earliest youth and in his gayest moments belonged to him.

"Never," wrote Swift, in his brief memorial notice of Esther Johnson, "was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation." Clever men appear to have enjoyed her society; and Swift alludes to this in one of his birthday addresses to her—

> "See at her levee crowding swains
> Whom Stella freely entertains
> With breeding, humour, wit, and sense."

In writing of her to Tisdall he says, that, though he had conversed much with persons of her sex of the first rank, he had nowhere met with a humour, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense or a truer judgment of men and things. Elsewhere he writes: "Mr. Addison, when he was in Ireland, soon found her out, and assured me that if he had not left the kingdom soon after, he would have used all endeavours to cultivate her friendship .... All of us who had the happiness of her friendship agreed unanimously that in an afternoon or evening's conversation, she never failed before we parted of delivering the best thing that was said in the company."

Yet Sir Walter Scott thought that she must have been deficient in some of the most ordinary points of information. "The marginal notes in the 'Milton' he presented to her," says Scott, "could only have been useful to persons of very indifferent education; and, as it is not likely that Swift took the trouble of writing them merely for Mrs. Dingley's illumination, the inference plainly must be that, far from a learned lady, Stella was neither well informed nor well educated."

But here Scott seems to have written a little in Macaulay's vein when he speaks of some piece of erudition as being known to every school-boy; for, even in these days of the "higher education" for women, there may possibly be young ladies of twenty to whom some of Swift's notes, referred to by Scott, would not be altogether needless. The probability, however, is that the notes were written for Esther's benefit years before, and given to her as a memorial of the days when she studied "Milton" with Swift under the elms of Moor Park. There

seems, indeed, no reason to doubt that Stella, though not a Hypatia or a Madame Dacier, was a woman of rare mental gifts, as well as of unusual personal charms.

These last years of Swift's residence at Moor Park were probably some of the happiest he ever knew. His hopes were yet nearly as high as his ambition; he was learning to know his powers, had written the "Battle of the Books," and was writing the "Tale of a Tub;" he was rising constantly in the favour of Sir William Temple, and in the consideration of those men of rank and talent who visited Moor Park, and growing more intimate with Congreve and other London wits of the day; and he had the perfect love, sympathy, and admiration of Esther Johnson to heighten the joy of every success and triumph, and to soften the pain of every defeat and disappointment. That he did not "make love" to her, as the word love is usually understood between men and women, we think certain; but by every sign of tender affection, by the subtle flattery of ceaseless care and consideration, by the mastery of his intellect and the spell of his genius, by all that could most surely win and keep a woman's heart, he won and kept the heart of Esther Johnson.

Still the dark and misanthropic humours which were born with him were often in the ascendant. Earlier than this he had called himself, in an address to his muse,

> "An abandoned wretch by hopes forsook;
> Forsook by hopes, ill fortune's last relief,
> Assigned for life to unremitting grief."

And boasted as his best defence,

> "That scorn of fools by fools mistook for pride,
> That hate, whose lash just heaven has long decreed
> Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed."

That lash was now freely used in his "Tale of a Tub," which has been characterized as "a declaration of war against half Christendom;" later he was to write "Gulliver's Travels," "an indictment against all mankind."

On the death of Sir William Temple, Swift, still in hopes of a prebendary, removed to London, and occupied himself with editing Temple's literary remains. About the same time Esther Johnson, then only eighteen, also left Moor Park, and with her friend, Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, took lodgings in the Village of Farnham. Her mother was now married to a Mr. Moses, steward to the Temple property, but, with her younger daughter, still continued to live with Lady Giffard. Sir William Temple, however, had left Esther a legacy of a thousand pounds, worth nearly three times as much then as it is now, and she was, therefore, comparatively independent. Mrs. Dingley, whose name is so closely associated with that of Stella, was one of the numerous dependents and retainers whom the Temples, after the fashion of great houses of old, had gathered round them. She was a woman of a commonplace, but highly respectable character, many years older than Esther, who had known her from infancy. She had some small property of which Swift undertook the management, as he probably did of Esther Johnson's also; and, from all that followed, we may reasonably infer that it was by his advice Esther so early took up an independent position, with Mrs. Dingley as companion and chaperon. Through this arrangement he might occasionally come down from London to see "little M. D.," and perhaps it was on his return from one of his visits to her that he took that long walk of thirty-eight miles, from Farnham to London, of which he reminds her in the "Journal." That as soon as Swift had secured some settled position in life, Esther, with her friend and duenna, should make her home near his, we believe to have been already a settled thing.

Finding the expected prebendary long in coming, Swift accepted an invitation from Lord Berkeley, then going over to Ireland as one of the Lords Justices, to accompany him as his chaplain and secretary. We know, from his writings both in prose and verse, with what contempt he regarded the position of chaplain in a great man's family. "I will be no man's chaplain!" he exclaimed, when his friend Lord Oxford tried to find out if he would condescend to accept such an office in his household. It was only for the sake of the secretaryship which would connect him with politics that he consented to take the chaplaincy. But the disappointments which followed his ambitious hopes all his life were lying in wait for him. The secretary's place was given to another person, to his great indignation, and as an atonement he was promised the first good living that should be in Lord Berkeley's gift.

But he was again disappointed. The rich deanery of Derry was given away from him on the pretence that he was too young for a dean, and he left the castle in a violent rage, answering the excuses of the earl and his secretary with—"Confound you both for a couple of scoundrels!" But a reconciliation was effected; Swift returned to the castle, and the new dean was required to resign to him the vicarage of Laracor and two other small livings united in the same benefice. He continued to reside at the castle chiefly, that he might have an opportunity of studying the politics of the time; and while recommending himself to Lord Berkeley by his political talents and knowledge of affairs, he made himself agreeable to Lady Berkeley and her two young daughters by his lively and witty conversation, and by writing ballads and verses in his own peculiar vein of humour for their amusement. We may be sure that he corresponded with Esther Johnson during his absence, and what a prize those letters would be now. But not one has been preserved. In April, 1701, he returned to England with the Berkeleys, and soon after took his first step towards political distinction by publishing his "Tract on the Dissensions in Athens and Rome."

At this time Swift openly assumed an interest in the affairs of Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley. They went over to Ireland by his desire, and in his memorial account of Esther he gives some explanation of his motives for recommending them to do so. Her small fortune, he says, was but a scanty maintenance for one of her spirit in so dear a country as England; all the necessaries of life were at half price in Ireland; money at ten per cent; and great part of her income and that of Mrs. Dingley came from annuities in the funds. Added to these reasons for the change, Sir William Temple had left Esther a leasehold farm in the County Wicklow. "Moved not only by these considerations," Swift continues, "but indeed very much for my own satisfaction, who had few friends or acquaintances in Ireland, I prevailed with her and the other lady, her dear friend and companion, to draw what money they had into Ireland. But when they came over, I happening to continue some time longer in England, they were much discouraged to live in Dublin, where they were wholly strangers. She was then nineteen years of age, and her figure was soon distinguished. The adventure looked so like a frolic, the censure held for some time, as if there were a secret history in such a removal, which, however, soon blew over by her excellent conduct." Mr. Forster accepts this as a perfectly frank, true, and explicit statement, and no doubt it is as far as it goes. That Swift never offered more than friendship to Esther Johnson we believe, but it was a friendship he had taught her to regard as much more exalted and more lasting a tie than love; a friendship to which no change could ever come; for though "time takes off the lustre of virgins in all other eyes," in his she would always be the same—the first and dearest among women. Such a friendship, offered by such a man, might well tempt a woman to give up all other hopes and wishes, and accept it as the strength and happiness of her life. But to Esther Johnson, who had loved and worshipped him from childhood, to whom his least word, his lightest wish, had always been the standard of right and duty, what other result was possible? No doubt she would have purchased his confidence and companionship at any price. But not, we may be sure, with any thought of a "Stella" or an "Astrophel" did she accept the part in life he had allotted her, (it was not till long after that Swift gave her the name of Stella); she thought only of obeying the will of her beloved though despotic master. Whether Esther's mother approved or disapproved of her thus putting herself under Swift's guardianship does not appear, but a few years after we find from the "Journal" that Swift was on friendly terms with her, though he could not go to the house of "that old beast," Lady Giffard, to see her; and also that she corresponded with Esther, and had sent her a present of plum cakes and wax candles. Esther, too, begs Swift to use his interest for "her brother Filby," the husband of her sister Anne, whom Swift had before described as a nice, modest-looking girl.

The removal of Swift's two lady friends to Dublin seems to have excited a great deal of wonder and gossip. But the most scrupulous care was taken to observe all the conventional proprieties. The ladies occupied Swift's lodgings when he was in England, and when he returned they went into lodgings of their own. The two friends went everywhere together, and were never separated for a day. Swift's visits appeared

to be paid to the one as much as to the other, and he carefully divided his attentions between them. His clerical friends seem to have accepted this eccentric union without protest or demur, and Esther's own purity of character, round which it was impossible for any evil reports to linger, soon put scandal to silence; though to the very last some mystery in his relations to this beautiful woman was surmised.

Esther Johnson's circle of acquaintances in Dublin seems to have always continued small. Her chief friends were Archdeacon Walls and his wife, and Dr. Sterne, Dean of St. Patrick's, who was unmarried. She was besides on intimate terms with some other friends of Swift's: Post-master Manley and his wife, and Alderman Stoyte, his wife and daughter. These, with Swift, Esther, and Mrs. Dingley, constituted the club so often spoken of by Swift in his "Journal" and letters, whose members met at each other's houses in the long evenings of autumn and winter, to sup and play cards. When she first came to Dublin, Esther was in the bloom of youth and beauty. Her early intercourse with ladies of rank had given refinement and distinction to her air and manner. "She had a gracefulness," says Swift, "almost more than human, in every motion, word, and action." No wonder that her figure should have been noticed; and that we do not hear of half the impulsive and susceptible young men of the city laying their hearts at her feet, says much for the prudent reserve and quiet dignity of her conduct. We only hear, however, of one son of Erin who was so daring and sanguine as to attempt to break the spell which bound her.

The Reverend William Tisdall was an old acquaintance of Swift's, and had been introduced by him to Esther and her companion. Swift seems to have treated him with that half contemptuous, half insolent tolerance, that "scorn of fools," which he was apt to show to all (except those on whom he had bestowed his affection) who could not meet him on terms of intellectual equality, or command his respect by some mental or moral superiority. "Tisdall was an honest fellow enough," Swift said afterwards, "but, unhappily, had been misled all his life by mistaking his talent, and trying to apply it to wit and literature." All we know of his courtship of Esther Johnson is to be found in Swift's answer to a letter of complaint from Tisdall, which he had received while staying in England in the spring of 1704.

It appears that Tisdall, looking on Swift as Esther's guardian, had written to tell him of his desire to marry her, and asking him to make his suit favourably known to her mother. Those who believe that Swift considered Esther Johnson bound to him for life, may imagine the wrath and indignation he must have felt at Tisdall's presumption. But though at times violently impulsive, Swift was prudent and cautious when he had time for reflection, especially where Esther was concerned. He replied that he could not make any application to Esther's mother without receiving the young lady's permission, under her own or Mrs. Dingley's hand; and also objecting that, in his opinion, Tisdall was not rich enough to make his marriage happy and easy, and it would probably be a clog to his rising in the world. To this Tisdall answered that he was sure of obtaining some good livings, which he named.

That being the case, Swift wrote to say that his objections were removed, and declared he had no other. He had already, he said, told Esther's mother, and spoken of Tisdall with all the advantage he deserved.

But by this time Tisdall seems to have found out that he had no chance of success, and he wrote to Swift accusing him of having used his influence with Esther against, instead of in favour of, his suit, reproaching him with having acted an unfriendly, unkind, and unaccountable part, and hinting that Swift had probably pretensions opposed to his own. Swift, in reply, is sarcastic on Tisdall's epithets, and the mystical strain of his letter, implying that he had found out what an attempt had been made to conceal. "I might, with good pretence enough," he continues, "talk starchly, and affect ignorance of what you would be at, but my conjecture is that you think I obstructed your inclinations to please my own, and that my intentions were the same as yours; in answer to all which, I will, upon my conscience and honour, tell you the naked truth. First, I think I have said to you before that if my fortunes and humours served me to think of that state, I should certainly among all persons on earth, make your choice, because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued

but hers; this was the utmost that ever I gave way to. And secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you. Nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune of losing so good a friend and companion as her prevail on me against her interest and settlement in the world; since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry, and that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herself whether I was not your friend in the whole concern; though the part I designed to act in it was purely passive, which is the utmost I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill consequences that may ensue in the variety of worldly accidents." But if Swift was "purely passive" how could his letters to Esther show that he was Tisdall's "friend in the whole concern." A few more words, not the least extraordinary part of the letter, have yet to be given. "Nay," writes Swift, as if eagerly anxious to exculpate himself, "I went so far to her mother, herself, and I think to you, as to think that it could not decently be broken, since I supposed the town had got it on their tongues, and it could not miscarry without some disadvantage to the lady's credit." He may indeed have said something of the kind, partly to keep up his pretence of regarding the matter from a perfectly impartial point of view, partly to punish Esther a little for having, however innocently, been the cause of the vexation the affair had given him. That she never had the slightest idea of accepting Tisdall we fully believe, and no doubt Swift knew this perfectly well. If he had for one instant suspected her of inconstancy, he would have "whistled her down the wind" at once, for Swift was a man, who, like Cæsar, would have divorced his wife, however innocent, if she had even been accused of infidelity.

Mr. Forster, who seems to claim from his readers an absolute belief in Swift's veracity, says that every one who has hitherto written of this passage in his life has attributed to him a grave disingenuousness, but from this, in Mr. Forster's belief, his letter to Tisdall ought to clear him. "Are its expressions," he asks, "capable of other construction than they suggest to an ordinary understanding?"

Yet Scott, who was only less thorough than Mr. Forster in his liking and admiration for Swift, but who was also a keen observer of character, could not help suspecting him of some duplicity or sophistication of the truth, in his conduct to Tisdall. "It requires strong faith," he says, "to put implicit credit in Swift's assertion that his feelings towards Esther Johnson never acted as an impediment to Tisdall's suit. Nor is it in nature to suppose that he could have been indifferent to the thought of one whom he loved 'better than his life a thousand million of times'* passing into the possession of another."

But it is difficult to acquit Swift of showing disingenuousness and the falsehood of suppressing the truth, if nothing worse, in other cases as well as in his letter to Tisdall. He seems to have been more or less guilty of duplicity to both Varina and Vanessa. Steele accused him of insincerity and evasion in his mode of denying his connection with the "Examiner" at the time the first attacks on Steele appeared, and Addisor certainly at first, if not afterwards, agreed with Steele. That Swift had no intention of marrying Esther Johnson we know, and as he probably made no open opposition to a suit which he knew to be fruitless, but remained, as he says, "purely passive," there was not more of what he calls "refinement," or finesse, and *suppressio veri*, in his letter to Tisdall than may be alleged against him in several other instances.

With that letter all we know of Tisdall's courtship of Stella ends. Swift still remained on apparently friendly terms with him, but he never names him without adding some sneer or slighting epithet; and when he wished to express his contempt for Steele, after their quarrel, he calls him "a Tisdall fellow."

LOUISA MURRAY.

* A frequent expression in the "Journal."

CAPTAIN VIVAINE.

AN OPERETTA.

BY F. R., BARRIE.

Dramatis Personæ.

CAPTAIN GEORGE VIVAINE, in command of the English Fort.
CAUGH-NA-WA-GA, the Indian Chief.
ROSE, the Settler's Daughter, in love with Capt. Vivaine.
EDITH, her friend.
NOTT-A-WAS-A-GA, the Indian Princess, in love with Capt. Vivaine.
Other Indians.
Time, about the period of George III.

SCENE I.—A backwood in Canada; English palisaded fort to right, distant view of lake to left. Enter EDITH, walking costume of period, carrying a letter, which she puts down during song.

EDITH, Air "Rataplan."

Oh, but it's sad for a pretty girl like me
To live in the bush where there's scarce a man to see!
Oh, but it's worse when the only man for miles,
Has half-a-dozen maidens hanging on his smiles!
Nottawasaga, the Indian maid,
And Rose, in the cottage adown the forest glade,
He loves them both; and I, all the while,
Prettier than either, may go without a smile.

Rose gives me letters to carry to her beau,
La belle sauvage is always to and fro;
Whilst I, since my little short frocks I outgrew,
Have never a chance to write a *billet-doux*.
Lie there, thou letter! Rose would turn red
If she but knew what I wrote in her stead;
He loves her; and since his bad taste won't love me,
I'll plan it to make these two lovers agree.

Exit EDITH. *Enter* Capt. VIVAINE, scarlet coat, buff facings, and black frogs, long flapped waistcoat reaching over his thighs, knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes, short sword, powdered hair in pigtail, three-cornered hat, cane, and tassel.

CAPT. VIVAINE (sol.) Air "The Vicar of Bray."

Of all the brave companions
That ever crossed the sea, sir,
To barter blows with foreign foes,
King George's men for me, sir!
Oh, some may talk of Trojan Greeks.
And some of the Crusaders,
But sure am I they all would fly
If *we* were their invaders!
Chorus—Of all the brave companions, etc.

We've thrashed the French a score of times,
We'll thrash them yet again, sir!
And Spain may sweat more gold to get,
But *ours* will be the gain, sir!
We have no fears for their grenadiers,
Though stiff as any poker;
And do but smile at the Indian style—
A simple suit of ochre.
Chorus—Of all the brave companions, etc.

And often as we've thrashed the French,
We've drank their wine right oft'ner;
We sheathe our claws, confound the wars,
Sure wine is a rare soft'ner!
And often as we've poured the wine
Adown our thirsty throttles,
We've kept good track, with a hearty smack,
And a kiss between the bottles.
Chorus—Of all the boon companions
You'd ever want to see, sir,
For early purl or a pretty girl,
King George's men give me, sir!

He picks up and reads the letter.

Enter NOTT-A-WAS-A-GA, in an embroidered blanket, eagle's feathers in her hair, necklet and bracelets of wampum and beads, fringed leggings and mocassins, a bow and arrow in her hand.

Capt. V. hides the letter.

Air "Die Lorelei."

N.—Where is the Pale-face going?
V.— I go to fish in the stream.

N.—(*Pointing rapidly to his dress and sword,*)

Lo were the fish as thick as motes in the bright sunbeam,
This would scare them away, and *that* be too short to reach;
Cannot the white men fish unless the red men teach?

Where is the Pale-face going?
V.— To shoot in the forest shade!

V.—(*Pointing again sarcastically at his accoutrements.*)

How like a crafty hunter my brother is arrayed!
Sombre are all his colours, as one at break of dawn
Seeking a lonely ambush to snare a frightened fawn!

Where is the Pale-face going?
V.— Whither you mayn ot come!

N.—(*Sadly and rapidly.*)

Ah! you go to a meeting unsummoned by fife or drum;
Listen! you must not go!
V.— And who shall say me nay?

N.—(*Mysteriously.*)

Let my brother beware of the wild-cat in his way!

Where is the Pale-face going?

V.—(*Pulling out the letter and kissing it.*)

To seek my love alone
Around my neck in silence to feel her white arms thrown.

(NOTT. makes a gesture of hatred and grasps her knife, he pushes her aside and passes by, turning as he goes.)

Let the wild-cat sharpen her claws on the cedar tree,
Little reck I if she wish to flesh her talons in me!

(NOTT. springs after him and grasps his wrist.)

N. (sol.) Air—"I'll never go roaming with you any more," or "Dublin Bay."

She'll never be waiting for you any more,
Captain, for you, for you,
There's a stain of blood on her low cottage door,
A stain of blood that is new!
And now if you're going to seek those white arms,
Won't you bid your poor red girl adieu?
Just to sweeten her dream, as she floats down the stream,
To death in her little canoe.

(Drops his hand and goes off. VIVAINE catches her by the arm.)

Air—"Die Lorelei."

V.—Where is the maiden going?
N.—(*With irony.*) To join the merry dance!
V.—There's more of grief and madness than joy within your glance!
O stay! O stay, sweet maiden! the meaning I implore
Of that dark threat you uttered of blood upon her door?

V.—Where is the maiden going?

N.—(*Bitterly.*)

To sharpen arrow heads,
And teach my foot the lightness with which the wild cat treads!

V.—(*With an air of relief.*)

Then all the threatened danger you sternly hint to me
Is only woman's vengeance?
N. Is woman's jealousy!

Exit Capt. V.

N. (sol.) *Recitative.*

Wrath and anger and denial!
Failing friends in hour of trial!
Bitter anguish and betrayal,—
All these woes thy heart assail!
Scorn that lips can never utter!
Curses full hearts scarce can mutter,
All these hatreds wait upon thee,
Lo! the Indian's curse is on thee!

When the hidden snares surround thee,
When the hunters ring around thee,
When thy hour of need is direst
Comes the aid that thou requirest,
Then thy vanity shall blind thee,
Thou shalt fling that aid behind thee,
Our great Father's curse is on thee,
And His hatred waits upon thee.

Enter CAUGH-NA-WA-GA in full war paint, blanket, rifle, tomahawk, belt and pouches, feathers in hair, feathered leggings, and beaded mocassins.

Duet.—NOTT. AND CAUGH.—Air—The Protestant Hymn from "*Les Huguenots.*"

Arm one, arm all! our foemen fall
As fall the leaves when winter's nigh!
With blood the full lakes run } *Bis.*
Beneath the morning sun }
Our shout rings out to greet the sky!

Great Spirit, frown Thy thunder down
Upon their heads whose fate is nigh!
The hungry flames outburst } *Bis.*
For blood and tears athirst, }
Our scalping shout rings out on high!

Exit CAUGH.—A war-yell is heard.

(NOTT. gradually loses the fire of her expression, and becomes more and more dejected, resting her head in her clasped hands against the trunk of a tree.)

N. (sol.)
And wilt Thou bless the merciless?
And dost Thou love to hear their cry?
To see blood upon our blade, } *Bis.*
The house in ashes laid, }
To hear our scalping shout ring high?

(She drops on her knees. Tableau. Curtain falls.)

SCENE II.—Interior of a settler's cottage. Rose in a white mob-cap, put on coquettishly, Dolly Varden top, padded skirt (rather short), clocked stockings, red high-heeled shoes with buckles, a bib and apron tied on with blue

ribbon. She arranges cups and saucers on a table. A rack of bright tin-ware against the wall.

ROSE (sol.) Air, "Heigho! when will he marry me?"

Oh! my love at the window came tapping one day,
And what was't his captainship's pleasure to say?
"Come pity a poor soldier slain by thine eyes!"
But I waved him away with an air of surprise.
Yet heigho! when will he marry me,
When will he marry me? Heigho!

Since then his tall shadow ne'er darkens my door,
His sword hilt has tapped at my window no more;
I would he were here, if 'twere only to say,
"You're blocking the light, sir; stand out of my way!"
Yet heigho! when will he marry me?
When will he marry me? Heigho!

(While she is singing EDITH enters behind her and listens.)

EDITH (sol.) Air "Io son ricco."

There were two little lovers who did not know their mind,
He thought she was a little coy, *she* thought he was unkind;
So each put a little finger-tip into a little eye,
Pulled down the corners of a mouth, and had a little cry.

She cried "When will he marry me?" but never let him know
That in her foolish little heart she loved her captain so;
He squeezed her hand, then suddenly, at his own pluck dismayed,
Went off again and flirted with a nut-brown Indian maid.

EDITH and ROSE (duet). Air "Reaper's Chorus" (Faust).

R.—Careless, thoughtless Edith, you are much to blame,
Coupling us together, linking name to name.
E.—Dearest Rose forgive me, 'twas a foolish trick!
Yes, I wrote a letter.
R. Edith, tell me quick!
E.—Dearest Rose, I wrote him,—yes and used your name,
Telling him you loved him; was I much to blame?
Trust me, that short letter will have had the power
To bring your handsome captain to your feet this hour.

(ROSE stands apart, and seems overcome with confusion).

EDITH (sol). Air "Market Chorus."—Masaniello.

Oh! what mischief you have done,
Little hand and thoughtless brain;
See, the magic has begun,
Coursing through each throbbing vein.

She's no longer wroth with me,
All her wits to love belong;
Love from her brown eyes doth see,
From her lips love bursts in song.

ROSE (sol). Air "The Cure."

The kettle sings upon the hob,
The fire is burning bright,
And all the pans upon the wall
Are laughing in its light.
Ha, ha, ha, ha! the kettle sings,
The cricket chirps for glee;
My heart too laughs, ha, ha, ha, ha!

CAPT. V. (outside).

Rose is the girl for me!

(ROSE and EDITH run off and hide.)

Enter CAPT. V., and looks round room, behind door, and under table as he sings,

My fondest Rose!—
My darling Rose!—
Come show your pretty face,—
Methought I heard your sweet, sweet voice,—
Come from your hiding place!
Rose!

(*Enter* EDITH, who goes up to him singing.)

—Isn't here; she went down town
An hour or so ago,
To visit poor old widow Brown,
Who's got the lumbago!

CAPT. V. (sol.) Air "The girl I left behind me."

Then tell her I've a task to do
That blinds my eyes to beauty;
I leave this spot, and her,—and *you*
All at the call of duty.
So I'm away at break of day
In search of wounds and glory,
My peace of mind I leave behind,
My task I set before me!

(*Exit* EDITH and enter ROSE, who runs up to him and holds him at arm's length.)

ROSE (sol.) Air "Voici le sabre."

Where goes my darling, my soldier, my darling?
Where goes my captain who stole my heart away?
Why thus deceive me, seeking to leave me?
If thou so false art found, how can a man be bound?
How trust the words he will say?

(Plaintively, unsheathing his sword.)

Thy love is bitter, like thy sword's glitter,
Cold as its sheen and sharp as its blade!

Harsh is the story, it sought not for glory,
But in this peaceful breast, seeking a peaceful rest,
Red in its sheath it is laid !

V. (Sol.) "Love's Chidings."

When I approach thee thou dost reproach me,
Sad are mine eyes that look into thine,
Vain is thy chiding, vain thy deriding,
Is not thy future linked unto mine?

This very hour, lo ! dangers lower,
Well might the boldest speak with bated breath,
When all around us threat'nings surround us,
And all the air is barbéd full of death.

(He holds out his arms and she runs towards him. At this moment an Indian arrow whistles close to her and sticks in the door. The Captain goes off, supporting Rose on one arm, while with the other he draws a pistol and fires it out of the window. A scream is heard outside. Enter NOTT., blood flowing from a wound in her neck, which she endeavours to staunch with a piece torn from her blanket.)

N. (Sol). Air "When the Swallows homeward fly."

When the hour of death is nigh
When each slow reluctant sigh
Tells of strength that's ebbing fast,
Of a love that dies at last,
O fond heart what cold disdain
Makes thee beat with throbbing pain?
Scornings from thee, love ! are woe to me,
Woundings for thee, love ! are joy to me !
(*Bis.*)

(She pulls the arrow out of the door and unrolls a scroll wrapped round it, on which some writing is visible.)

Will thy cruelty ne'er relent ?
See the warning that I sent ! (*A war-whoop is heard.*)
Hear the war-whoop of our race
As they track your hiding-place.
O cruel love, what hast thou cost?
All my sacrifice is lost !
Dying for thee, love, were joy to me.
Dying with thee, love, is joy to me. (*Bis.*)

(She sinks on the floor, and raises herself on one elbow, while she smears the lintel of the door with her blood, singing with faltering accents.)

See,—my prophecy fulfilled. * * *

(She faints—the music finishes the air tenderly, while the curtain falls.)

SCENE III.—The outside of Rose's cottage—a forest glade—a red glare tells of the burning of the fort. Indian yells heard in the distance.

Enter CAUGH. as before, with a new row of scalps at his girdle.

CAUGH. (sol.) Air "The Men of Harlech."

See the sparks in showers ascending,
Hear the yells of triumph blending,
Lo ! our glorious task is ending,
And our woods are free !
Free from plough and spade,
Free from touch of trade,
Free from oxen heavy laden,
Free from hunter, and from maiden
See the sparks, &c.

Lo ! the redd'ning spear-point flashes,
Down the glowing rafter crashes,
And the fort is laid in ashes,
Now our woods are free !
Watch him Indian maid,
Watch where he is laid,
While he sleeps nor dreams of danger,
Watch him with thy love and anger.
Till the sparks in showers ascending,
With the yells of triumph blending,
Wake him to a coward's ending,
And our woods are free !

(NOTT-A-WAS-A-GA appears at the door of the cottage).

N. and C. (duet). Air "What are the wild waves saying?"

N.—Brother, the wolf one morning
Sprang on a sickly fawn,
Came there no note of warning
Till its soft side was torn ;
The fawn its watch was keeping,
The hunters came that way,
Shall she let them spear him sleeping,
Or warn him to flee away ? } (*Bis.*)

C.—Sister, the braves at midnight
Tracked an old grizzly bear,
Under the moon and starlight,
Straight to its hidden lair ;
A maid her watch was keeping,
The bear crept out that way,
Shall she let him pass, creep, creeping,
Or turn him there to bay? } (*Bis.*)

(Duet.)
N.—No, no, no ! No, no, no ! It is nobler, greater,
C.—Yes, yes, yes ! Yes, yes, yes ! But our hate is greater,
N.—To lay down one's life for a foe ;
C.—Than the hunter bears to his foe ;
N.—'Tis the voice of our Great Creator,
C.—'Tis the voice of our Great Creator,
N.—"Thy vengeance thou shalt forego !"
C.—"Thy life for the life let go !" } (*Bis.*)

(NOTT. comes forward calmly, breaks her arrows and casts them on the ground, tears the bandage from her neck, and holds her hands up to heaven).

N. (sol.) Air "Fisherman's Chorus"—Masaniello.

Behold my life-blood slowly flowing,
And yet my pulse beats firmly still;
My soul will pass before the glowing
Of dawn shall touch yon eastern hill.
With care the stake prepare,
Heap up with brush my funeral pyre,
And ring me round with fire.
Come, summon all the tribes within your call,
And let them learn the fault for which I burn.

CAUGH. walks round her with solemn imprecatory gestures.

C. (sol.) Air "Back to our mountains"—"Il Trovatore."

Far away from the shade of the cedar,
Far away from the bush and the shore,
Into the darkness the fire shall lead her,
Lost is the maid! we shall see her no more!

Come from the scene of the struggle and slaughter;
Come from the hunting and come from the shore;
Come all ye braves to the death of our daughter!
Lost is the maid! we shall see her no more!

Exit CAUGH.

Enter Capt. VIVAINE, supporting ROSE. NOTT. motions them to be silent.

NOTT. (sol.) Air "Serenade—Madame Angot."

Have you come hither to dance at your bridal?

(*Points to fort*).

There lie your friends, cheek by jowl with the beast;
While 'mid the shouts that have blest your espousal,
List! the roused wolf growls alone at his feast!

ROSE. Air "Il segretto per esser felice."

(To CAPT. V.) George! let us cast our hopes upon her!
(To NOTT.) Oh, by the love you have borne,
Save him from death and dishonour,
Save *him* from scathing and scorn!

(VIV. to NOTT.) Maid! by the love of your mother!
By your own innocent heart,
Pity the woes of another,
Shield *her* from sorrow and smart!
Sorrow and smart. (*Bis*).

(They both repeat the first verse as a Duet.)

NOTT. (dreamily) Air from "La Grande Duchesse."

(To ROSE.) And would you save him who doth love you?
(To VIVAINE) And would you save her from disdain?
Lo, I will save you both, and prove you
Whether your love be proof to pain.

Say, will you bend your wills unto me,
And own the word I say is true?
Although that word shall prove unto ye,
A bitter sword to pierce you through?

They bow their heads in token of assent. A confused noise is heard outside, as if the Indians were approaching; they sing outside.

Into the darkness the fire shall lead her,
Lost is the maid! we shall see her no more!

As they enter, NOTT. rapidly throws her belt of wampum over CAPT. V.'s neck, and puts one of her bracelets on ROSE'S wrist, then stands fronting them, and holding the CAPTAIN'S hand in hers.

NOTT. (sol.) Air "The Russian Anthem."

Come from the tent,
Come from the boat,
That in the moonlight
Rideth afloat!
Leave all your snares,
Leave fish and lines,
Leave the dark roof of
The windy pines!
Come one and all!
Here at my side
Standeth the bridegroom,
I am the bride!

(CAPT. VIVAINE and ROSE start—and he would contradict her, but she puts her finger to his lips.)

Saved I no foe!
Saved but mine own!
See round his neck is
My wampum thrown!
Swear to me one,
Swear to me all!
That harm nor sorrow
These shall befall!
CAUGH.— Swear I for one!
Other Indians all together. } So swear we all!
Nor harm nor sorrow
These shall befall!

NOTT.—(Her voice sinking.)

Air "The Valse—Dinorah."

Then all at last is ended except one little grace,
And 'tis a very little thing to ask my lord to do,
The first time and the last time, stoop down and kiss my face. (*He stoops and kisses her.*)
And now my loved, my lost one, forgive me, and adieu! (*Dies.*)

Tableau. Curtain.

JOURNALISM IN PETROLEUM GROVE.

"YES," said the commercial traveller, "I've been in the newspaper business myself. Fact is," he continued, gazing thoughtfully at his empty tumbler, "I've been most everything in my time: tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, richman, poorman, beggarman—and all the rest. I've prospected for gold in Nevada, and had a corner in camels once in Egypt. I've weighed sugar on a wharf in Jamaica, and led an insurrection in Chili. I might have succeeded in any of these lines of business if I had stuck at it, and that's what I always felt about journalism."

"Let us hear your experience!" exclaimed several voices.

"Very well, gentlemen, as we have half-an-hour to spare, you shall. But first let's fill up these glasses: my treat—no?—well, we won't quarrel about it. Thank you—I repeat."

We sat in a country inn, a party of five benighted travellers, compelled, by a general strike of engine-drivers along the line of railway, to undertake a drive of eighty miles in midwinter in an open sleigh. We had stopped to feed and rest our horses, and warm our own chilled bodies at one of the hotels which graced "Appleby's Corners," and were seated around a red-hot stove, endeavouring to expel the cold which had invaded our persons with hot whiskey-and-water. A few rustics, the latest lingerers by the tavern fire, sat at the outskirts of our party, silent and thinking hard, after the manner of rustics. Our commercial traveller was a gentleman of Bardolphian features and middle age, who had helped to beguile the tedium of our journey with moving tales of personal adventure. He had a ceaseless flow of animal spirits, a fine sense of humour, and an astounding egoism, which, though it must have been maddening to his intimate friends, was only amusing to casual acquaintances. He was indeed an interesting and uncommon character. If half the events in which he described himself as the central figure had actually happened, his life had been more full of romantic interest than the young Pretender's: if they had not happened, he possessed an imagination which might have produced a second "Robinson Crusoe."

The glasses having been replenished, the commercial traveller, in a rich and mellow voice, proceeded with his story.

"You all know Petroleum Grove?—well no, now I think of it, the name has been changed and you know it under a different title. It was one of those mushroom towns up west, which oil had stimulated into an unhealthy growth. Fifteen years ago it was a rising place, crowded with oil speculators, politicians, editors, and rowdies. When I was just emerging from boyhood I went there to follow the practice of the law. I say "follow" advisedly, for I can't say I ever fairly got up with it. To be plain with you I never was a regular practitioner. I had spent a couple of years in an attorney's office, and, being of a restless disposition, had determined not to wait for a regular call to the bar."

("To judge from his nose," whispered a young gentleman of our party who wore an eye-glass, "I shouldn't think he ever had waited for a call to the bar.")

"I believe there are some people illiberal enough to think that preachers and lawyers, to be of any account, require a regular call, but they weren't particular about forms at the Grove. I was too conscientious for the law. I remember a farmer consulting me once about a question of drainage. I found something about drainage in a second-hand copy of the Consolidated Statutes, which, with the third volume of Blackstone's Commentaries, formed the bulk of my library, and the result of my investigations was, that I advised my client to bring an action against somebody, and he paid me three dollars and went away. About an hour after the Reeve of the township stepped in, and I learnt from him that the statute I had gone on had been repealed, and that my opinion needed reconstruction. I immediately hired a buggy, drove after my client, caught up to him, and told him the

action didn't lie. Now that was conscientious to a degree, I think; but would you believe it, the old ruffian said gruffly that if the action didn't lie the lawyers did, and actually refused to pay my horse-hire, so that my hardly-earned fee went to meet that expense.

"Well, you see, I hadn't all my time taken up with professional duties, and I thought I might as well employ my leisure with writing a little for the Press. There were three newspapers in the Grove. The organ of the Tories, who were then in power, was called *The Constitution;* the opposition paper was the *The Stiletto;* while *The Kaleidoscope*, an independent journal, professed to be a faithful reflection of public opinion. Public opinion at that time, as interpreted by the *Kaleidoscope*, had experienced a sudden change, for it had veered round from the strongest confidence in the administration, to distrust and hatred. Those people—and they are found in every community — who habitually express a cynical disbelief in purity of motives, said that the sudden withdrawal of government advertising from the *Kaleidoscope* accounted for the change.

"However that may be, for several reasons I preferred the independent organ and I determined to call upon the editor and proprietor, Mr. Hamilton Wilcox. I found him in his office pointing out, with the sorrowing air of a man who had given up hoping to get things done rightly in this imperfect world, some printer's errors in the last issue, to the small boy who did the composition and press-work.

"Mr. Wilcox was a sad, mild man, and there was no trace in his personal appearance of the ferocity which pervaded his leading articles.

"I briefly explained the purpose of my visit. I was very young, you know, and I said that I believed I might be of some little service to the general public, if I could give them the benefit of certain very earnest convictions which at that period burned in my bosom.

"The Editor shook his head sadly; he was evidently not a sanguine man. 'You had better not go into journalism,' he said, 'if you have any convictions.'

"I suggested that in a well-balanced mind policy should always govern the expression of opinion; that, to attain a final result, one would be justified in adopting means which might not be altogether to his liking; and that, in a land of free institutions, men might often be compelled to do this.

"'Rather,' said the Editor, with an absent air. Presently he concentrated his energies, and asked me what my particular line of writing was.

"I said that I had cultivated various styles. My own choice lay in favour of speculative and philosophical subjects; metaphysics, or politics in the abstract, would suit me well enough.

"'I don't think the people of this country take stock in abstract politics much,' said the Editor. 'The only man who goes in for pure abstraction in politics is the county-member, and what with contracts and Government jobs generally, he has abstracted as much from the public funds as anyone I know of.'

"'Of course,' I answered—I was young and hopeful, and not easily discouraged—'of course, I know the popular mind needs to be educated up to these things. The work must be slow and gradual; in the meantime, I could handle social and literary topics. I have an essay on Milton which I think would take.'

"'Milton was a good poet,' he replied, 'but I think Mark Twain would find a readier response in the Petrolian breast.'

"'Oh, then you think the light, the humourous, the satirical, is what is wanted. There's many a true word spoken in jest, the proverb says, and I believe an earnest man may impress his sentiments on the popular mind by means of the gay as well as the grave, the lively as well as the severe.'

"The Editor smiled. 'You are a persistent young man,' he said; 'but I think very likely, from the facility with which you modify your opinions, that you might be of some assistance to the *Kaleidoscope*. Suppose you try your hand at an article on European politics. You can see the *Times* at the Mechanics' Institute; you may get some hints there.'

"'Thank you, sir; I fancy I don't need the *Times*. I'll be happy to do what I can for you, and as to remuneration——'

"'Pray don't mention it,' said the Editor; and with this successful conclusion of the negotiations, I left.

"I wrote an article on the way Bismarck

was treating the defeated French, a subject of general interest at that time."

(It may here be observed, that as the commercial traveller was speaking of a time some fifteen years ago, there was a neglect of the unity of time, which somewhat marred his narrative. But no one interrupted him, and he went on.)

"I always take the weaker side, and I went in strong for the unfortunate Frenchmen. I said some things then about the German Chancellor which I regret. I did not allow for the difficulties of his position, nor did I sufficiently reflect on the embarrassments which are often thrown around a conscientious statesman by ill-considered criticism in the press.

"The Editor printed the article, and he must have been pleased with it, for he asked me to supply him in future with local items.

"I had been long enough at this employment to acquire a style which, I flattered myself, was about the thing required, when a great event happened in the Grove. The house of the proprietor of the *Constitution* had been destroyed by fire, and by a series of powerful articles he had induced the town council to purchase a fire-engine. They got one at a bargain from a neighbouring city, which had taken to steam fire-engines, and it was to be installed as the Palladium of Petroleum Grove, with great honour. The *Constitution* said, and subsequent incidents led me to agree with it, that this was an event of general interest, and one in which all political feeling should be cast aside. However necessary, it said, parties were to the healthy and vigorous political life of the community, there were occasions on which men of all stripes of politics should unite, and such an occasion, undoubtedly, was the introduction to our thriving town of the noble piece of mechanical art which was to protect from the ravages of the devouring fiend, the life and property of all citizens, irrespective of political convictions.

"We on the *Kaleidoscope* and *Stiletto*, though unable to deny the force of this position, looked with disfavour on the engine enterprise, our houses not having been as yet burnt down.

"Party feeling at that time ran high throughout the country, and in spite of the temperate language of the *Constitution*, there were some hot-headed partisans who were determined to make the business a party affair. So it came about that the introduction of the fire-engine was looked upon as a Tory enterprise, and I dare say that this feeling lent a colour to my report of the proceedings.

"It certainly was strongly objected to, though I cannot now recall the phrases which were considered particularly objectionable. Part of the ceremony was the christening of the engine, and I described that in something like the following terms:

'The enthusiasm reached its climax when Miss Kennethina McCrim, daughter of the justly popular McCrim, chief of the new fire brigade, was hoisted on to a platform made of three beer-barrels and a disused window-shutter, for the purpose of christening the new engine. Out of compliment to the members of the brigade, she was dressed in a bewitching costume, in which red, blue, green, and yellow, the colours of the force, were charmingly blended. In her hand she bore a bottle of the best champagne cider from Holinshed's bar, and, as she broke it over the engine, she was heard to say, in a voice of singular power and purity, 'I christen this machine *The Petroleum Grove United Empire Fire Exterminator*. Long may it squirt!' The powers of the engine (my report went on) were then tested, with the most gratifying results. A stream of water was directed to the summit of the Baptist Church steeple, and, though it failed to get over the top, it carried away the dial of the new clock, apparently without an effort. It is said that a small boy who was standing on the roof of a neighbouring shed was 'fetched' by the stream of water and landed in the next concession. As he was the only son of his mother, and she a widow, the members of the brigade have, in the most handsome manner, promised to bear the funeral expenses. We think the *United Empire Fire Exterminator* a grand success. No man need fear the loss of his house by fire, for the Exterminator will not only exterminate every appearance of the devouring element; it will exterminate the whole premises in twenty minutes.'

"There were other things in the report which, I afterwards learnt, caused the impression to get about that I treated the whole affair in a spirit of levity.

"A few days after the paper appeared I sat with the Editor in the office, when a tall man, with a low forehead and a heavy black moustache, walked in. He held in his hand the last issue of the *Kaleidoscope*, and there was a sinister gleam in his eye.

"'Do you run this concern?' he asked scornfully, pointing to the paper in his hand.

"The Editor gently admitted the soft impeachment.

"'Did you get off this?' he inquired again, and I knew by intuition that he referred to my 'local.'

"'Couldn't do it,' said the Editor, hastily. 'There's only one man in this town can write like that, and there he is.'

"I like to have my talents acknowledged, but I felt at the time that this was an unwarrantable attack upon the impersonality of journalism.

"'Oh!' exclaimed the visitor, eyeing me with contempt, 'my name's McCrim.'

"'Mr. McCrim,' said the Editor, 'I'm sorry I can't stay and talk to you; I will leave you to my sub. The fact is I promised to go down and inspect some exceptionally large pumpkins at Smith's. Good-day.'

"The Editor sneaked out and I was alone with the Chief of the Fire Brigade.

"He was not violent. He sat down quietly on the stool left vacant by my colleague, and beguiled the time by squirting tobacco-juice at various carefully-selected spots in the room. After one or two ineffectual attempts to engage him in conciliatory conversation, I picked up an exchange.

"In about a quarter of an hour he rose, and said deliberately, 'There is parties as can sling ink, but there is likewise parties as can sling water,' and having expressed his sentiments, and also all the virtue from his quid of tobacco, and transferred the latter to the empty stove, he rose and left me.

"When the Editor returned I told him I had come to the conclusion that I had no special aptitude for local reporting. In future I would confine myself to the politics of some remote country.

"I heard nothing directly from Mr. McCrim after that, but I found out that my article had created great amusement in the town, and that the laugh got up at the expense of the Conservatives and their engine, was considered as good as the gain of one seat in the county council for the opposition. I also heard that the firemen were silent and gloomy, and talked of revenge.

"At last it came. One night I was awakened from my sleep by a great hubbub outside my house—I rented the upper flat of a building on the main street as an office and lodgings—and as I collected my senses I distinctly heard the cry of 'fire.' I sprang from my bed and rushed to the window. Looking out I saw an excited crowd waving torches and shouting, and amongst them I distinguished the tall form of McCrim, who bellowed orders through a speaking trumpet. 'Where's the fire?' I shrieked from my window. The chief caught sight of me. 'Chimney — your house — get on roof,' issued from the speaking trumpet. Thoroughly alarmed, I hastily drew on my trousers, and, creeping through a back window on to a shed, clambered to the roof of the house.

"Not a trace of light or flame could I discover, except the blazing torches of the howling mob below me. I stood by the chimney in bewilderment, when—whish!—like a sky-rocket a jet of water hissed through the air and struck me with the force of a sledge-hammer. In an instant I was on my back and rolling down the roof. Fortunately the shed intervened between the eaves-trough and the ground; on this I fell with a bump, more shaken than hurt, and crawled back dripping to my bedroom. Whish!—splash!—crash!—the water was pouring through my windows, reducing every pane of glass to atoms. I made for my old gun which stood in the corner of the room, and rushing to the window aimed it directly at the ruffian McCrim. Whish!—the gun was dashed out of my hands, and I was carried off my feet again. I could do nothing against such an enemy as this: I crouched disconsolate under shelter, and waited for my foes to raise the siege.

"After everything I owned was thoroughly saturated, the bombardment ceased, and my enemies withdrew, leading away their infernal artillery with wild and hideous songs of triumph. I left Petroleum Grove the next morning. I wrote to the Editor to say that a place where people so little respected the impersonality of journalism, where a man, for honestly discharging a public duty, was made the victim of an extemporized flood, was shipwrecked, as it were, on his own hearthstone, was not a place where I could breathe with freedom. I also sent him an article in which I commented with severity on the conduct of my persecutors. It has not yet, I believe, appeared in the *Kaleidoscope*, so that I conclude the Editor cared more for his own per-

sonal security than for the cause of public morality, and the constitutional right of every man to wash only when he pleases. And that, gentlemen, is my experience as a journalist."

The story was received with applause, after which the young gentleman with the eye-glass asked the narrator to explain how he came to write in the *Kaleidoscope*, with prophetic ken, of Bismarck's treatment of the defeated French some dozen years before he had defeated them.

To which the commercial traveller replied—"Did I say Bismarck?—Oh, speaking of Bismarck, that reminds me——" when the announcement that the horses were at the door drew the general attention to a different subject, and possibly relieved him from some embarrassment.

ELLIS DALE.

RAIN, AND RAINFALL IN CANADA.

THE influence of rain on our every-day life has been much under-estimated by people generally. When we think that our commerce, our agriculture, and most of our industries, as well as life itself, depend on the equable distribution of rain, we shall begin to estimate its influence at its proper value.

The cause of rain may be briefly stated thus:—Air being heated is capable of absorbing and containing in solution, in an invisible state, a quantity of moisture. The more the air is heated the greater the quantity of vapour it contains. In accordance with a simple law of physics, the heated air being light, rises; and on reaching the upper, and consequently colder, regions, the vapour it contains is condensed and forms a cloud. Buchan says: "Whatever lowers the temperature of the air may be considered as a cause of rain." *

Clouds are continually forming and dissolving, and it is only when the air beneath is so thoroughly saturated that it will not contain any more moisture, or when the clouds are so low that the vapour cannot be absorbed in its descent, that rain falls.

The fall of rain is influenced in many ways, principally by the configuration of the country, and the amount of woodland or forest. A body of vapour-bearing air coming from the sea or over marshy ground, and reaching any hill, is forced up over it; in rising it cools, and the condensation of the moisture forms the clouds which are the cause of rain. This is especially well illustrated in India, where the air carried over a large area of swampy ground, on reaching the Himalayas is suddenly raised by the hills it encounters, and rain descends in torrents, causing a greater precipitation than in any other part of the globe; the rainfall on the Khasia hills being 600 inches annually. The lake region in England affords another example of this. In consequence of the air from the Atlantic meeting with no obstruction till it reaches the hills in Cumberland, it has to part with the greater portion of its moisture before it gets over them, thus causing a rainfall considerably over 100 inches annually, in one place as much as 224 inches. This, compared with the average fall throughout England (which is below 40 inches), affords a good illustration of the influence which the configuration of a country has on its rainfall.

As before stated, the amount of rainfall is also determined to a very large extent by forests. This question is of great interest to Canadians.

Land covered by a forest, being sheltered from the sun and having a bed of decaying leaves, is warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the surrounding country, and therefore tends to equalize the temperature of the district. In the summer, being cool, it has the same effect as a range of moun-

* Handybook of Meteorology p. 185.

tains, causing condensation and consequently rain. Examples of the drying up of rivers and streams caused by the destruction of forests, are quite numerous. Among the principal ones are the following:

"The Valley of Aragua in Venezuela is shut in on all sides, and the rivers which water it, having no outlet to the sea, unite and form Lake Tacarigua. This lake, during the last thirty years of the past century, showed a gradual drying up, for which no cause could be assigned. In the beginning of the present century the valley became the theatre of deadly feuds during the war of independence, which lasted twenty-two years. During that time, land remained uncultivated, and forests, which grow so rapidly in the tropics, soon covered a great part of the country. In 1822, Boussingault observed that the waters of the lake had risen, and that much land formerly cultivated was at that time under water. The drying up of the river Scamander in the Troad and the contracting of the Euphrates in its channel, may be referred to as illustrations of the same effect of the cutting down of forests and of diminished vegetation." *

In the Report of Henry J. Wisner, U. S. Consul at Sonneberg, to the Department of State, November, 1873, he states, "The river Elbe, between the years 1787 and 1837—a period of half a century—diminished at Altenbrücke, in Hanover, ten feet in depth, as a direct result of the cutting off of forests in the region where the tributaries have their origin."

At a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Portland, August 22nd, 1873, it was resolved to send a memorial to Congress, and to the several State Legislatures, on the importance of promoting the cultivation of timber and the preservation of forests. A committee was formed of some of the most eminent men in America, and a memorial was forwarded to Congress. In it they state: "Besides the economical value of timber for construction, fuel, and the arts, which is obvious without suggestion, and must increase with the growth of the nation, there are questions of climate that appear to have a close relation to the presence or absence of woodland shade. The drying up of rivulets which feed our mill-streams and navigable rivers, and supply our canals; the failure of the sources which supply our cities with pure water; and the growing tendency to floods and drought, resulting from the unequal distribution of the rainfalls since the cutting off of our forests, are subjects of common observation." And again: "There is great danger that, if not provided against, the fearful changes may happen to our largest rivers which have taken place on the Po and other large rivers of Italy, France, and Spain, caused by the destruction of the forests from which came their tributaries. These forests retained the water from the snows and rains of winter and spring, and supplied it gradually during the summer. Since their destruction, the rain falling in the rainy season comes down almost at once, bringing with it earth and stones, deluging the banks of the larger streams, but leaving a very insufficient provision for evaporation, and against the consequent drought of summer. Thus, when the forests about the sources of our great rivers shall be cut away, the water from the melting snows and early rains will be liable to come down in vast floods, overflowing the banks and carrying ruin and destruction in their course; while the affluent streams in summer will diminish or disappear, to the great injury of the country through which they flow."

The freshets which occur throughout this continent in the spring, and more especially in our own Dominion, on the Ottawa, —are they due to the destruction of forests? It may, perhaps, be, that the sudden opening of spring and the lack of frosts at night are the causes. It has been often stated, and indeed is well known, that the snow accumulated through the winter in our forests melts more gradually than on the open plains. There is no doubt that the absence of frosts at night would influence the strength and force of the freshets, but that this is the principal cause seems quite improbable.

The influence of weather on mortality forms the subject of an article by Alex. Buchan, M.A., and Dr. Arthur Mitchell, in the Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society for July, 1875. The materials used in the discussion are the returns in London of the deaths from the various diseases, as published in the weekly reports of the Registrar-General for England. The

* Handybook of Meteorology. Buchan. p. 88.

weekly deaths from small-pox, scarlatina, measles, and fever were taken from tables published in the annual summaries for the years from 1870 to 1873 inclusive. The figures for all other diseases were extracted from the weekly reports. The meteorological data extend over the same period (the enquiry embraces the thirty years beginning with 1845 and ending with 1874), and are taken as follows: for the ten years, 1845-54 from the Greenwich Magnetical and Meteorological observations, and for the twenty years beginning with 1855 and ending with 1874, from the weekly reports of the Registrar-General.

The period during which the maximum rainfall occurs, extending from the beginning of September to the third week of October, is characterized by moist and mild weather, and a steadily declining temperature. In the article it is said that, "It will be observed that, during this period, the temperature of the air during the night falls below the dew point to a greater extent than at any other season of the year, being the season when the heaviest dews occur. During this period 21 diseases begin to increase from the annual minimum; 9 show a rapid increase; and 9 others are considerably above the average, 3 of these being at the annual maximum. On the other hand, 6 diseases begin to decline from the maximum; 7 show a rapid decrease; and 27 are greatly under the average, 15 of these being at the annual minimum. This is considered a very healthy period, no fewer than 27 diseases being greatly under the average. In September (being the month in which the maximum rain-fall is reached) no disease but scarlatina shows a rapidly increasing death-rate.

Mr. Cator, in a paper on the mortality of London, in connection with the daily weather diagram for 1864, states that "there seems to be no peculiar features in the increase or decrease of mortality, as consequent on the rainfall week by week; but the general high mortality throughout the year seems to be to some extent consequent on the very dry year, and the great scarcity of water in the summer months. This theory is, of course, supported by the increased mortality at the end of last July, which is well known to have been remarkable for its drought."

It would be extremely interesting to work out similar results for Canada. We have the meteorological observations, but it is to be regretted that the registration of deaths has not been sufficiently accurate to arrive at any satisfactory conclusions.

It will thus be seen of what vast importance it is that we should obtain accurate results of the rainfall through the Dominion. Canada is very backward in this respect, there being not more than 100 stations in the whole Dominion where records of the rainfall are kept. In the United States almost every State has as many, and some—New York for instance—nearly twice that number.

In England there are 1700 of such stations, and in Denmark there is one observer to about every 12 miles. Nearly all these are volunteer observers. Considering the vast extent of country, the small amount of trouble connected with such observations, and the fact that the meteorological office at Toronto supplies instruments on loan from the Dominion Government, and forms for registering, with instructions how to take the observations, it is most surprising that there are so few volunteers for this service in Canada. When we see the important results and the great benefits to be derived from obtaining a series of records of the rainfall throughout the Dominion, and from determining the general laws that could be deduced from such records, we wonder still more.

It is well known that the amount of precipitation regulates the advance of storm centres. In this case it would be of immense advantage to ascertain the law of storms in this respect, as the knowledge of their advance is most necessary to the interests of the commerce of the country. It is also of great interest to farmers that accurate records should be kept and the results published, seeing how much the welfare of their crops depends upon an accurate forecast of the weather.

The total precipitation (including snow as well as rain) in Toronto, of late years, appears to have decreased somewhat from the average of the 28 years ending with 1871, which was 35·619 inches a year.*

Total precipitat'n in	1872..25·238	deficiency	10·381
"	1873...31·612	"	4·007
"	1874...24·344	"	11·275
"	1875...29·730	"	5·889

And I am informed that the deficiency in 1876 was about six inches. To what cause this falling off is due, it is hard to say, and to ascertain this it is most important that full returns should be obtained from other stations, to compare with those of Toronto, to see if there is a corresponding general deficiency throughout the country.

In England it has been shown that there is an intimate relation between the diurnal variation of the rainfall and the daily variation of the declination of the magnetic needle. The following results are obtained from the "Proceedings of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society," vol. V. No. 12, Session 1865–66 :—

	Daily Rainfall.	Daily oscillations of magnetic needle
Principal maximum	8½ a.m.	10 a.m.
Secondary "	8 p.m.	7½ p.m.
Principal minimum	2 p.m.	1 p.m.
Secondary "	1½ p.m.	8 a.m.

The observations here compared were taken for a period of only eight months. I have compared the diurnal variation of the rainfall in Toronto, taken at the hour at which the rain fell most frequently, with the daily variation of the needle as above, and find the result to be as follows:—In the series of years, 1857 to'70, the hour at which precipitation occurred most frequently was found to be 8 a.m. This coincides exactly with the maximum variation of the magnetic needle, but the minimum of rainfall occurred at 1 a.m., while the principal minimum of the variation of the needle occurs at 1 p.m., and a secondary minimum at 2 a.m.

In the article from which the above observations on the fall of rain during the different hours of the day at Castleton Moor, England, are taken, it is stated that† "no other meteorological phenomenon is at present known having diurnal variations similar to those of rainfall." In looking through the Toronto abstracts, I find that not only does the month of greatest rainfall coincide with the month of greatest pressure, but that the maximum number of hours on which rain fell in the series mentioned above, viz., 8 a.m., coincides exactly with the hour of maximum barometric pressure in the diurnal variations, and the secondary minimum of diurnal variations of pressure occurs about 2 a.m., and coincides with the secondary minimum of the oscillation of the magnetic declination, and consequently with the principal minimum of the number of hours of frequency of rainfall.

The influence of the moon, as dependent on her age, on the amount and frequency of rainfall, has attracted the attention of scientific men in England. Glaishier shows,* from a series of observations extending over a period of 60 years, that the lightest rains occur at about the beginning and end of the lunation, the heaviest from the 21st day to the 26th, and from the 5th to the 9th day. In this conclusion he is partly supported by Mr. Bloxam, who states that "the largest amounts of rainfall occur at dates when the moon gives much light to the earth, and when it is, therefore, probable that she gives heat to the upper strata of the atmosphere. The amount of rainfall increases daily from the last day of lunation to day 9, and it diminishes daily from day 18 to day 29. In the curves given it shows a slight depression about the 15th day. Mr. Glaishier states further: "With respect to the influence of the moon on the fall of rain, which is connected with her influence on the amount of cloud, Professor Loomis, of Yale College, states that, from seven years' observations at Greenwich, he found the amount of cloud to be the greatest when about 19 days old, and least when 25 (that is at the time when the heaviest showers take place and of least frequency), and increasing generally from this day to the maximum, two days before the beginning of the last quarter."

Another correspondent of the same journal (G. Dine, Esq., F.M.S.), however, after giving his reasons, says: "I am, therefore, notwithstanding a strong prejudice to the contrary, obliged to come to the conclusion expressed in my former paper, that the fall of rain is in no way influenced by the changes of the moon or the moon's age." This opinion is formed, not so much from the totals of any particular period of years, as from the very different and often contradictory results obtained from the exami-

* Abstracts and results of magnetical and meteorological observations at the Magnetic Observatory, Toronto, Canada, from 1841 to 1871, inclusive.

† No. 24, vol. III. Proceedings of the Meteorological Society.

* No. 43, vol. IV. of the Proceedings of the Meteorological Society.

nation of the rainfall for different times and different places."

It would be very interesting to investigate the results from the Toronto Observations, in order to see whether any influence appears to be exercised by the moon on rainfall here. This subject I hope to work out in a future paper.

T. H. M.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. *

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK III.

Poor Angelo.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CONFESSION.

MABEL WESTBROOK stood by the fireside perfectly motionless — a figure struck into stone by the horror of the discovery. Cold and white as marble, and with her great grey eyes fixed and glazed, it was difficult to associate this fair rigidity with the excitable woman of a few moments since. It was as though the consciousness of an awful truth had set an icy hand upon her heart and stopped it.

But the brain was very busy, and the thoughts were crowding on it thick and fast. Brian was dead, she was sure, and Angelo Salmon had killed him in his jealousy. The secret of the four days' silence was explained; it was the awful, inexorable silence of the grave, and her love for the one unselfish man whom she had ever met had brought about his death. Whatever she did was for the worst, and misery as surely followed every act of hers, as the night followed the day. It was her own rashness which had been the cause too —her own impulsive leap towards the one happiness of her life, her own wild wish to let Brian know at once that he had not loved her, and struggled in her in vain. And he was surely dead! Angelo had had no mercy; he had almost vowed revenge when she had parted with him in the valley, and he had followed Brian and struck him down. What a miserable end to three lives that might with self-respect and self-restraint have closed in fair contentment! What a darkness before everything from this day! and what a misery beyond all imagination and endurance! She should go mad presently—there was no help for it. She did not know how deeply and truly her heart was bound up with Brian's, until the awful consciousness was upon her, that he belonged no more to this life. She would be glad to follow him—she would be very glad to die—*life and life's duties seemed completely ended now that peace and happiness lay for ever beyond her reach.*

If she could give way like a child—if she could only sob and grieve and rave—it would be better for her in those terrible moments that had closed her in with triple bars of steel, but the tears would not come, and the power of moving, talking, weeping was lost. She was spell-bound, as in a dream, only it was the grim reality which had coiled round her with its serpent folds and held her there a prisoner.

If she could from the turmoil of confusion at her brain evolve some plan of action at once, and as a strong man might do—if she could look upon one dear, still

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1875.

face—if she could pray to Heaven for help and guidance in her affliction, and not stand motionless with dry, dead lips!

The door opened, was closed again, and Angelo Salmon stood a few paces from her, glaring at her as at an apparition that had come to him in his turn. He was pale and haggard also—the spectre of the man whom we first knew calm and sanguine, at the Hospital of St. Lazarus, and whom a child might have governed then.

"I did not expect to find you waiting for me," said Angelo. Then he caught sight of the steel-framed spectacles in her hands, and shuddered visibly.

"You have found them — you have guessed what has occurred," he groaned forth, as he dropped into a chair and turned his head away from her.

Mabel struggled hard to find her voice, and it came back with the mighty effort which she made.

"Yes—you have killed him!" she gasped forth, as she sank into the arm-chair by the fireside, a weak and prostrate woman. A sense of faintness stole over her, as in the hour when Adam Halfday died for joy, but it did not render her wholly insensible. There was the rushing as of a sea in her ears, and a thick mist rose before her that hid everything. She could hear Angelo's voice, she could feel hot tears and clinging kisses on her hands, but it was not till the mist cleared somewhat that she was conscious of Angelo kneeling at her feet, crouching before her, holding her hands in his nervous clasp, and kissing and crying over them.

"O! Mabel, forgive me—for Heaven's sake, forgive me," were the first words she heard him utter, "I was mad, and knew not what I did. I felt he had blighted my whole life—I *was* mad. Do pity me a little!"

"Let go my hands," Mabel shrieked forth, "you shall not touch me — stand back!"

Angelo obeyed her. He returned to the seat from which he had dashed in distress at her half-swoon, and sat there with his shaking hands clasped together and his face convulsed with grief.

"You have killed him," Mabel moaned, "you have murdered the man I loved, and for whom I would have gladly died—God forgive you, poor wretch, for I never, never can!"

"Mabel—he is not dead—*yet!*"

Mabel had sprung up with a half-stifled cry of joy, but she sank back again at the terrible last word. He saw the effect which he had produced, and was once more bending over her, and speaking very hurriedly.

"He may not die—there are those who think he will get over it, but Heaven will not be as merciful as that to him and me. I can only say, I pray he may recover," he cried, "Oh! Mabel, Mabel, think charitably of me, if you can—it was the madness in me did it. Don't judge me yet—I knew not what I was doing after I had lost you."

"He is not dead *yet* you say?" said Mabel starting to her feet, her mind fraught with a new purpose.

"Not yet," replied Angelo.

"Take me to him at once. It is the only reparation you can make me," she cried.

"It is with that object I am here."

"Why do we waste time then?" she exclaimed impatiently.

"When you are ready for the journey, you will find me waiting in the hall," said Angelo, "as I used to wait for you night after night, before he came," he added.

"Is it possible there is malice in your heart still?" asked Mabel wonderingly.

"No. I am only thinking of my loss," he answered mournfully.

"At this time!" cried Mabel indignantly, "you!"

Angelo did not answer her; he went moodily from his room to the great hall, where he sat down until she came to him, wrapped in a thick black shawl from which her white face gleamed with keen anxiety.

"This may distress and unnerve you," he murmured, "and you have never been strong."

"I am very firm," was her reply.

They went from the hotel together, and the high wind met them outside in angry gusts and shrieked at them. It was a black night without moon or stars in the dark sky; the gas lights were struggling hard to exist in the breeze, the shops were already closed, and the streets seemed devoid of human life already.

"Which way?" asked Mabel.

"This way—towards the lower part of the town."

"He is there then?"

"He is lying on board ship in the harbour," answered Angelo.

"And you have allowed the woman you professed to care for, to be absent from him all these dreadful days," she said, "you could have taken me to him, and yet you witnessed my suspense with a silence as cruel as yourself."

"I will explain as we proceed," he said, "at present you misjudge me."

Mabel glanced at him. He had altered once more; there was a certain dignity, even a firmness, in his tone, that had not been natural to his character; he looked a stronger man now—like one who had made up his mind as to his future course of action.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HARBOUR.

As they proceeded towards the lower part of the town, signs of human life were visible in the closer streets, the fishermen's voices became noisy in bar-parlours, and harsh Yorkshire "gutturals" issued from shadowy turnings and deep doorways where humanity might be cowering from the wind that came across the sea.

"Tell me all how it happened," said Mabel; "let me know the worst before I see him."

"Very well," he answered slowly, "you wish it and I have to answer you. But," he added in a strange, imploring tone, "think the best of me that you can, for I *was* mad and did not think of myself."

"Are you sorry for the harm you have done?" she asked, "would you recall him to health and strength if it were possible?"

"Yes," he replied, "Heaven knows that."

"Go on. I will think the best of you that I can, then," she said.

He murmured his thanks, and, as they descended the steep decline towards the town and the harbour—dark and dangerous at that hour—he told the story of his jealousy.

"I had been watching you all the morning," he commenced, "I had had strange dreams, in which this Brian Halfday troubled me, and I was warned of him in the waking hours which followed. I knew he was here to take you from me—it came to me suddenly, the awful consciousness that you loved this man, and had loved him months ago. Well, I watched you—I was your spy—you know!"

"Yes," said Mabel; "all this you told me in the valley, where I had hoped that better thoughts had followed your suspicions."

"For you—not for him," he replied. "When I left you, I saw him by chance on the stretch of sand beyond the Spa. He was walking fast towards the town, and I strove to intercept him. With what object I hardly knew—save to upbraid him for what I thought his treachery. He saw me—he was wearing the glasses which you had in your hand a little while ago—and he waited for me to come up with him."

"Yes—yes—go on," said Mabel impatiently.

"If I had not met him then—if we had approached each other in a different manner—what an escape from the tragedy that is upon us," he said, "and for which I am waiting."

"Waiting?"

"When he dies, I surrender as his murderer."

Mabel shuddered.

"There may be hope," she said; "do not tell me life is to close with all these horrors round us. Do not speak of what is to follow his death," she added piteously, "spare me."

Angelo continued his narrative.

"He would not listen to me when we were facing each other on the sands; the place was unsuitable, he said, and people were passing who would be attracted by my angry words. Perhaps he was right not to explain—I don't know now," he added helplessly, "I cannot see what might have been."

He hesitated for an instant, and then went on again, taking a long, deep breath first, as if the ordeal of recital were trying to him, or he was fearful of the effect upon his listener.

"There were boats on the sands, and he suggested we should row out to sea, and talk there without listeners," he continued.

"Was he not afraid, knowing———"

"Knowing I was dangerous," added Angelo; "no, it was his own suggestion. He was very calm, he was anxious to be kind, he was more than anxious to prove that his love for you was deeper and

stronger than my own, and he was full of pity for me. As if I cared for the commiseration of the man who had supplanted me," cried Angelo in a loud, fierce tone, as the scene rose up before him again, "as if it did not put murder in my thoughts to have *his* pity!"

"You are not sorry for your crime—you hate him still," said Mabel, "you look back at this with all your old vindictiveness."

"No, no, it is past," Angelo hastened to say; "I would change places with him now, for your sake, if it were possible. Don't misjudge me."

"You rowed out to sea together," repeated Mabel. "Well?"

"Where he stung me to madness again with his pity," said Angelo speaking very rapidly; "where he told me of his love for you, and thought but little of my own affection. He strove to reason me out of my passion, by telling me that time would soften my disappointment, and you and he would be my friends and counsellors; he spoke as to a child who had been baulked of a holiday, rather than to a man whose one hope of happiness he had plucked up by the roots. I told him this—I cursed him for a traitor—and he answered me at last with that biting tongue of his which stabs like a knife. We quarrelled—and we were a long way out together on this open sea, with only God to watch us!"

"What did you do?" asked Mabel breathlessly.

"I went mad," he muttered.

"Go on please, let me know the very worst," Mabel adjured.

"I told him he should not live to be happy with you," Angelo continued, "and that his life should end, as mine had, in a blank; that I hated him and meant to kill him, if I could. I sprang at him, and he fought for life with me, and presently, I know not how, he went down, like a dead man to the bottom of the boat."

"Great Heaven!" Mabel exclaimed; "and then?"

"And then I knew not what to do; the oars were missing, and I drifted with the tide and his still body, knowing I was a murderer, and had crushed you as well as him."

"Well?"

"I remember little else, until the boat was alongside a collier which was bound for Scarborough harbour. It was almost night upon the sea, and we had been drifting from the coast. We were taken on board, where Brian came round a little, and offered his own explanation to screen me, and I stood like a coward and took no blame upon myself. It had all been an accident, he said—a chance blow, and in the hurry and anxiety of finding ourselves out of our reckoning we had grown careless and clumsy. It was a poor excuse and no one believed us. Brian looked forward to returning with me to the hotel. When we reached Scarborough, however, he was lying in one of the seamen's berths, very sick and faint—a sailor had bandaged his head, but he had become too weak to move. He was conscious of his position, and very anxious to screen the villain that I had been to him. He wished to lie there for an hour or two, he said. He would recompense the captain and sailors for their trouble very handsomely if they would allow him to remain on board ship for a short time longer; and to any inquiries that might be put, if they would intimate he was one of the crew who had got a little hurt during the journey. I left him in haste, I was to return in two hours if he did not come back to the hotel—he would have no doctor sent for—he only wanted rest, he was certain."

"Oh! Why did you not tell me on that night?" cried Mabel. "Could you not see my troubles? Did he not think of me?"

"Yes, but he was afraid of alarming you, and he had a hope of being back at the 'Mastodon' that evening to tell his story in his own way. It was only a question of a few hours, he thought, and I tried hard to think so too. But he did not come back as he had promised."

"What did you do?" asked Mabel, "go on, we are approaching the worst now."

"Yes," he answered, "the very worst."

"You will keep nothing from me. You will not leave Brian to prove to me how false you are?" she said fretfully and suspiciously.

"I have acted for the best since the quarrel," replied Angelo, "do not think me a villain in cold blood, for mercy's sake."

"Well, well," said Mabel, with impatience, "you returned to the ship?"

"Yes, taking with me a friend."

"A friend!" repeated Mabel, and there stole over her a sense of deeper horror, though only a moment since it had seemed impossible that that could be.

"A friend whom I could trust, and to whom I turned in the trouble which had befallen me," Angelo continued, "and we went together to the harbour where the ship was lying."

"And Brian?"

"He was worse. He was delirious and knew us not—and he has been getting weaker since! He has remained unconscious of us all until to-day. Then," added Angelo, "he asked for you, and I promised he should see you."

"And all this time he has remained a prisoner in your hands, and you could not trust one who had the greatest right to know the truth. After all," she added scornfully, you were thinking of your own safety, not of my unhappiness."

"No, no, I was waiting to tell you all—I had no thought for myself," he answered.

"And this man—your friend whom you could trust—has he had the care of Brian, too?"

"Without him I should have been in the hands of justice," said Angelo; "he has done his best to avert the scandal, just as Brian would have wished. He has believed in Brian's getting better—he has been sure of it—and he has had the authority of the doctor for this opinion until to-day. The crew of the collier have sympathised with us and kept silence."

"Bribed by your money," added his companion.

"At all events, Mabel, I have been only silent to spare you. If Brian had recovered it would have been better to hear the truth from his lips—but sinking slowly from this life, you hear the truth from mine, as the law—I swear it—will hear it very soon."

He raised his hands above his head, as if in confirmation of his vow, but Mabel did not reply to him again. They were proceeding along the harbour side, with the dark water on either side of them, and the masts of ships and coasting vessels rising above them dimly defined against the inky blackness of the sky.

"Does he know I am coming to him?" Mabel asked after they had proceeded some distance in silence.

"Yes."

"You promised you would bring me?"

"Yes," he answered for the second time, "and you will be prepared for a great change in him and—be merciful."

"Is the doctor with him?"

"The doctor or my friend."

"Your friend—with him now—do you tell me?" cried Mabel, with astonishment.

"He has hardly left him—you do not know what interest he has shown in Brian's position and my own—and how he has struggled to do the best for all of us. You cannot imagine——"

Mabel caught him by the arm and swung him round with a strength for which he was unprepared, and she unconscious.

"Don't tell me his name is Michael Sewell," she cried.

"Certainly it is not he——"

"Or Captain Seymour. For Heaven's sake, not Captain Seymour, Angelo," she went on hurriedly.

Angelo was surprised, even dismayed.

"Yes—it is Captain Seymour. I had no other friend here. What of him? What can you possibly know against him?" he exclaimed.

"I know Brian's life is not safe with such a villain—and that if you have trusted him you have added to your crimes," cried Mabel; "for it is too late, too late, now. You have been duped, betrayed."

"No, no; you are in error," said Angelo. "All this is a delusion on your part."

"Do you know he hates Brian Halfday?"

"I cannot think so for an instant."

"That he is the husband of Brian's sister?"

"Impossible! There must be some great mistake."

"Ay, there is. And never again will the chance come of righting it," replied Mabel in despair; "for this man is more desperate and revengeful than I fancied. He has laid his plans too cunningly for us to thwart him. We shall find poor Brian dead, or the ship missing from the harbour. Here is the cruel end of it!"

"Let me beg you to calm yourself—to suspend your judgment for a few more minutes," he entreated; "and forgive a wretch like me offering you advice. A few more minutes, please. Here is the place, and here——"

He stopped, looked down into the black

void of water, and then quickly out to the dark harbour's mouth, where the sea was raging. Beyond, in the darkness, there was a red light wildly swinging to and fro, as from the mast of a vessel struggling with the might of wind and wave. Angelo gave a cry like a maniac, and ran towards the end of the pier. Mabel remained motionless, struck again with that deadly stupor which had overcome her once before that night. Here was the cruel end, indeed, and as she had prophesied!

Angelo discovered two or three men, heavily equipped against the storm, standing at the end of the pier, watching the light in the distance.

"Has anything left the harbour?" he inquired.

"Ay, they have gone, the madmen," answered one; "and if they are not at the bottom before morning, it's good luck, not gumption."

"Was it the 'Mary Gray, Sunderland'?" he asked.

"Ay, it was. If you wanted to go aboard her, its lucky eno' you've missed her," said another with a laugh.

"It's the Jock who has been about here so often, Bill," whispered a third. "There's something queer been going on with that craft, and we shall hear more on it anon."

"Brandy," said the first speaker, "or 'bacco? But bust me if they landed any of it here."

"Treachery," muttered Angelo to himself. "My poor injured Mabel was right."

CHAPTER XX.

A SURPRISE.

IT may be recorded for the better comprehension of the incidents that follow, that Michael Sewell was no arch plotter, no mechanical, soulless villain of modern melodrama. In his way, he had meant well once or twice in life, but ill-luck had been invariably against him. He had had no desire to make enemies but was always proud of securing a friend, and what he did, whether for good or evil, he did with all the energy of his nature, which was strong and strange, and difficult of analysis. He was intolerably selfish, and insufferably vain, it was evident to most people with whom Michael Sewell became acquainted; but there were moments of good feeling—even of thorough earnestness—which deceived many folk, and certainly himself amongst the number, as to his natural character. He was passionate and headstrong very often; but he was cool and calculating when the occasion seemed to warrant the full use of his reasoning powers. He would at all times have rather made a friend than an enemy; and he hated Brian because he had failed to impress him, or secure a scrap of his esteem, rather than on account of the harm Brian had done him on one particular occasion, when it would have been convenient to hide in Penton Museum for a day or two. And he had loved Dorcas Halfday in his narrow and shallow fashion. He was flattered by her faith in the deserter, and he had rewarded her constancy by making her his wife, swearing to be true and faithful to the end of time, as he thought he should be in those early days of his affection. If there had been no temptation in the world, he would have jogged along in life very smoothly; but life had been all temptation to him, and he had succumbed to it placidly. He was not twenty-two years of age yet, and there would be plenty time to sow his wild oats and sober down into a respectable member of society. At present, he considered that he had not had his "fling," and life was not worth a button without "flings." He meant no one any harm; he was full of noble aspirations; he had promised Dorcas that Mabel's money should be faithfully restored to her; he had been seized with pity for a day and a half for William Halfday's helpless condition, even, and had taken him to a home, where for ever afterwards the man had been an incumbus; but the evil weeds grew thickly and rapidly in Michael Sewell's heart, and choked every feeble little shoot of goodness which it had ever put forth. He was not going rapidly to the bad, but pitching himself headlong down at it, from the precipice on which he had stood.

Mabel Westbrook judged rightly that this man was to be feared, although he had begun his plotting with the best intentions, and with only a wish to screen Angelo from the consequences of his rash act. He had been prepared to take the case in hand unselfishly; he was not very sorry his brother-

in-law had been hammered about the head with a boat's oar; he had an idea that it served him right, and kept him quiet at a time when he might have made himself extremely obnoxious at the "*Mastodon*," and especially with charming Mrs. Disney. He believed Brian would recover; and he took into his confidence a doctor who was staying at the hotel, and who, seeing also no danger in Brian's condition, undertook the case for friendship's sake. He had spent his own money freely, as well as Angelo's, in keeping things quiet; and it was only the discovery of a paper in Brian's possession that turned him from a watch-dog to a wolf. This was the copy of a will made by Adam Halfday, of St. Lazarus, and bearing a later date than that by which Dorcas had come into possession of twenty thousand and odd pounds. The copy only—what Brian had done with the original document it was impossible to conjecture. Michael Sewell must discover in some way or other where that will was—he could not face beggary so quietly as this—at any cost he must fight for his position, which would be struck from under him at a blow if this will were proved, or Brian Halfday lived.

If Brian Halfday died, all was well again; and if, in his weakness, he would give up the will, everything might be amicably arranged, he thought; and Brian *was* very weak now!

What was really festering at the bottom of his heart Sewell hardly knew, or he would not dare to confess; but the night was thick about his thoughts, and he felt more desperate than he had ever done. Ruin was so close upon him, that it unnerved him at one moment, and hardened him the next; and it was with a sudden dash at an idea that he had lavished money upon the collier's crew to tempt them to get out of the harbour in the face of the on-coming storm. Brian was worse, and Mabel Westbrook was coming to him. They must all get away, or be implicated in the affair, Michael told the crew; if he were not afraid of the gale, surely they had no occasion to be so; let them be gone out of the clutch of the police, and talk the matter over again when they were at sea.

Hence the vessel had, in the face of danger, put out from the little harbour; and weather-wise folk had shaken their heads, and thought it would have been wiser to keep at anchor till the wind had calmed; but Michael Sewell was of a different opinion. This man had some of the right material of a soldier in him; he loved danger, at least. There was an excitement in this last adventure which had its charm for him; and the waves leaping up the sides of the ship, and breaking over him and the crew, did not damp his spirits. Here were life and action, and he enjoyed them to the uttermost. Presently he should be able to arrange his plans concerning the dying man in the berth below—there was time before him, and they were making for a foreign port. It was more than probable that Brian would come to a natural death ere they were at anchor again; but an hour or two afterwards it occurred to Michael Sewell, suddenly and unpleasantly, that he might be taken off to a better world before his brother-in-law. This he had not bargained for; he had had faith in the ship and the crew, and it remained unshaken in the face of the gale; but it had not entered into his calculations that the pangs and agonies of sea-sickness would make a premature end of him. He had not thought of sea-sickness for an instant, until it came upon him with a force that completely unnerved him, and reduced him to a log-like condition upon the grimy deck, where he clung to some ropes that were handy there.

It was an ignoble position for the "villain of the story;" and we would have passed it over in respectful silence had it not been for the incidents which hinge upon his bodily prostration.

Michael Sewell was terribly bad, and swore terribly, also, whilst he was bad, and astonished and shocked the sailors, who were great in swearing too. He would take no advice; he would not be interfered with; he would not go down stairs and rest; he would stop up there and die, and be annihilated, he said. Would he take any brandy—yes, he would take as much as he could get of that; and then he called down all the bitter curses in his vocabulary—and it was rich in curses—on the heads of the infernal, heartless devils who had poured that abominable and beastly varnish down his throat, and added still more to the torments by which he was afflicted. If the ship would only go to the bottom at once, he should be glad; they were talking of putting back rather than face the storm, of altering their course and running

for Bridlington; of doing anything rather than brave the storm; but he had not the strength to interfere. Let them do exactly as they pleased, so that he died quickly and without their troubling him. He was sure he was going to die, and the sooner it was over the better for all parties concerned. He had only one charitable wish to add to this: he hoped everybody on board would die too, and so make a neat and tidy job of it.

He was not too ill to be astonished—indeed, the sudden consternation into which he was thrown took away his sickness for a while. Was he in another world already, that a woman should steal to him, kneel down before him, and put her arms round his neck? a woman as drenched with sea-spray as he was, and with black, tangled, wet hair streaming from beneath the hood with which her head was covered. Was it all a dream? or was this really the wife he had left behind in London to take care of house and home, and a horrible father-in-law, until it pleased him to return?

"Michael," said a faint voice in his ear; "my poor Michael!"

Michael opened his eyes, and said, "the devil," at first, and then, "Dorcas."

"Yes—it is I. How ill you are! Why did you venture in this dreadful ship on such a night as this?" she asked. "What does it all mean?"

"What does it all mean? by Heaven, that's just it!" he exclaimed, sitting up in his suprise. "What *does* it mean? How on earth did you get here?"

"You are very ill," she said solicitously, and without replying to his question—possibly studiously evading it, "rest your head upon my bosom, Michael—put your arms round me, or we shall both be washed overboard with this awful sea."

"As soon as it likes. I don't care," he murmured, then he sank back, and Dorcas wept over him, until he sat up again, and scowled at her, and told her not to make that row.

"How did you get here," he added; "why don't you tell me, you fool?"

"I have been very jealous of you, Michael," she confessed, burying her head on his heaving chest—and it was heaving very uncomfortably still—"and you must forgive and scold me presently, not now. I have been driven mad by my suspicions of you—oh! my handsome husband, I have had such unworthy thoughts of you."

"Ah! that is like you women," growled the husband, who would have been handsomer at that juncture had he been less of a bright yellow—but darkness hid the deterioration of his looks from mortal eye.

"I have been following you like a spy for days and days," Dorcas continued; "I have watched your flirtations with that dreadful woman with the dyed hair—I have been truly and completely miserable."

"Serve you right," he answered, "what did you come—to this cursed place for? Oh! my head—I am going now."

"No, no, rest awhile. Don't talk."

"But I will talk," he cried; "what right have you to tell me not to talk? And in the name of everything that's infernal what brought you on board this ship?"

"I have seen you about here so often," she answered, "I thought you and she were arranging to elope together, Michael, and leave me to my desolation, and when you went down stealthily to the harbour this evening, I watched my opportunity and followed you, and hid away till now. And she is not with you, thank Heaven! She never meant to come—tell me that, Michael—please do!"

"Meant to come? I never asked her—never thought of her."

"I am so glad," said Dorcas, bursting into tears.

"Have you been sick?" asked her husband.

"No."

"I wish you had," was his unfeeling remark here; "I wish you felt as I did, for dodging after me like this. I wish——"

Then he lay full length again, and declined further conversation until he felt better.

"I should have killed her if she had stepped on board with you," hissed Dorcas in his ear; "as true as I am a living woman, Michael, I was prepared to kill her, and thrust her into the sea, stab her, if she had crossed my path to-night. But she has not come, and you are here for another purpose altogether."

"Just for a cruise," he muttered.

"In this ship?"

"Yes—but don't lean on me! What are you driving your elbows into my stomach

for? Ain't I ill enough already?" he inquired morosely.

"I am very sorry you are ill. Oh! if we could only get to shore, Michael."

Michael did not answer then. When he had recovered somewhat he sat up at last with a feeling of less nausea and despair, and looked at his wife gloomily.

"I wish you had been drowned before coming here," he said, savagely; "upon my soul I do."

"Why?"

"I don't want you. What will the crew think of us? What's to become of my character?"

"It can all be explained. And Michael," she said, "think how happy I am to be with you again, even in this awful storm. If she had come—if I had failed to kill her——"

"Bosh!" said Michael.

"If I had failed," she went on without heeding his comment, "see here."

She drew a small phial from her pocket, and he stared at it with awakened interest.

"What is that?"

"Poison," she replied.

"You would have taken poison?" he said.

"Yes; I shquld have been glad to get out of a world where I had lost all that was worth living for," she murmured.

Michael Sewell snatched the phial from the hands of his wife, and placed it carefully in his pocket.

"That stuff is safer with me," he said.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PATIENT.

THE little "Mary Grey" of Sunderland weathered the storm bravely off the Yorkshire coast, and did more justice to her builders than many craft of greater pretensions that went ashore or went down on that unlucky night. The crew of the "Mary Grey" had faith in their ship, and it did not betray them; they would have preferred the shelter of the harbour till the wind changed and the sea was calm; but having once been persuaded and bribed into departure, they had no fear of anything save the discomfort of the voyage. What was to become of their passenger, one Brian Halfday, of whom they had taken charge four days ago, they did not exactly see, and were slightly anxious concerning. They were in a "mess" as regarded that little matter; they had consented to secrecy to oblige a couple of gentlemen who were liberal with their five pound notes, but the affair had assumed ugly proportions of late, and might end in an assize case at York if they were not extremely careful. They did not want any "bother"—and they intended to keep a sharp look out in their own interests, as well as in their newly-discovered patron's. There was more mystery, too, than they had bargained for; and the sudden appearance of a woman on the scene added to the complications of these worthy but thick-headed seamen. They had kept their word, and sailed out of the harbour; but as for making for Rotterdam, or Havre, for the sake of one or two hundred pounds, it was hardly in their calculations. They would be glad to give Flamborough Head a wide berth, and run into Bridlington, and get rid of the sick man as speedily as possible, telling the whole truth, if necessary. If not absolutely necessary, they would prefer a lie, but they were not going to risk anything more, if they could help it.

Probably all might end well, though the chances within the last few hours had been *unpleasantly against the supposition.* The storm that had tossed the vessel like a cork upon the waves had rocked into sleep the man lying in the grimy berth below deck, had brushed up his faculties on waking, and given him an interest in passing things. He was very weak still, but the consciousness that had returned to him was gathering strength rapidly, and the dark eyes watched every movement of those who flitted by him in the semi-darkness. He was not so weak as in the morning, and a sailor lad who had been his constant nurse told him so with exultation.

This was in the night time, when Michael Sewell was unwell above deck, and his wife was attempting consolation, with indifferent success.

"You're better," said the lad with a grin, as he hung on to anything which was handy to keep his footing whilst he stared at Brian; "and I'm moighty glad."

Brian moved his head slowly in assent.

"I suppose I'm better," he said in a husky whisper; what has it been all about? —let me see."

"You were picked oop——"

"Ah, yes, I remember," he said, interrupting the first speaker after his old fashion. "Don't talk Let me think."

Brian considered the position before he said—

"When I was awake last, boy, Mr. Salmon—that is the man who comes here very often—promised to bring a lady to see me."

"Ay, ay," ejaculated the lad.

"How long was that ago?"

"Oh! hours ago."

"Has she been?"

"She's upstairs—on the deck—I've seed her mysen."

"I am very glad of that," said Brian to himself; and his haggard face brightened at the news.

After considering the position again, Brian beckoned to the boy—who had his foot upon the ladder, with the intention of joining the crew on deck—to come to his side again. Brian's voice was not strong yet, and the wind howled and the timber creaked noisily.

"Tell the lady I am awake now," he said, "and very anxious to see her."

"Roight sir; and the gentleman?"

"Never mind about him at present."

"All roight," said the boy.

"And—here, wait a minute," added Brian, with more crispness of accent than had been observed in him by his new friends up to the present time; "can't this place be set to rights a little?"

The boy burst into a loud laugh.

"Noa, not very loikely—in the storm," he replied.

"What storm?" asked Brian. "Is there a storm?"

"Oi--oy," he said again; and ye've got a foot o' water here already."

"Then—it's not my weak head that makes this berth and that lantern roll and pitch about me. Where are we?"

"It's not easy telling."

"In—let me see—the harbour—at Scarborough."

The boy roared with laughter again. The guesses of the invalid were exceedingly amusing.

"You're at sea," he said; "we shall roon for Bridlington if we can roond the head—I heerd the mate tell Jo so."

"Indeed. And the lady is above there in the storm," whispered Brian huskily, as his voice grew tired and faint; "and away —from me. Its strange. Tell her to come down, please. I am waiting."

The boy made his way towards the ladder which led to the upper deck and the trap which had been closed upon him, and finally forced his way into the wind and rain, and swirling waves of the sea, which came over the ship's side, and a fair proportion of which rushed down the ladder into the murky cabin the instant that the trap was opened.

Brian lay and waited for his lady-love, as a knight of old might have done for her whose pleasure it was to minister to his wounds, in the good old days when "lady-helps" were fashionable. Mabel Westbrook did not come to him so quickly as he had imagined she would; that was also very strange, he thought, if she were above there in the storm. Perhaps there was a delicacy about the matter which he had not sufficiently considered, and she was content to be near him, and yet remain at a respectful distance from him. That idea had not struck him before; but his ideas were limited at present, and the world was altogether foggy. He was better—he was sure he was coming round—he could remember all that had happened from the time he met Angelo Salmon on the sands, and went for a friendly row with him, which, however, had not ended amicably. He knew that Angelo had been repentant long since, and anxious, and almost like a brother to him; he could remember many strange dreams and disordered wakings during the last day or two, with Angelo's face gleaming through them watchfully at all hours of the day and night, and with a distress marked on it which he tried vainly to understand in the fleeting moments when there had been a chance to think.

The ship rocked terribly indeed, and there came to him a new anxiety in the consciousness of Mabel's being on board, and of her being lost with him, and through his fault. If the ship went down with them, what an end to her young life! As if he could not have waited a few more hours before asking Angelo Salmon to bring her to him.

She was coming. The hatches above

were opened quickly for a moment; a woman descended the ladder with difficulty, tottered towards him in his berth, and glared into his white face.

"It is you—Brian!" she exclaimed.

He passed his hand over his forehead with some little effort. Was he dreaming again, and was this one of those miserable transformations peculiar to his dreams? He had expected Mabel Westbrook at his side, and surely this was his sister, whom he had seen last at—ah! he could not recollect that very well at present.

"Dorcas," he murmured, "you here. Did he send for you, then? Would not Mabel come?"

Dorcas remained clinging to the side of the berth, and regarding her brother with the same astonishment.

"I was not sent for. I came on board by stealth, and in the darkness," she answered; "but you—what is the matter?"

"I have met with a little accident," said Brian cautiously; "but am getting better now. Where's Angelo?"

"Angelo Salmon is not here."

"Not on board the collier! Where is he?" said Brian.

"Did you expect any one else?" asked Dorcas anxiously.

"He promised to bring Miss Westbrook to me. I wanted to see her," he added, with a heavy sigh. "But still I am glad she has not come."

Dorcas was a prey to a host of conflicting thoughts; this new mystery was bewildering her, and setting her jealousy in the background. The appearance of her brother, sick and wounded, in the berth of this vessel was unexpected and singular. Did it account for her husband's presence on board, and was there danger to be feared? The sailor lad had delivered his message whilst Michael Sewell was half asleep, or half dead, and she had descended into the cabin to solve the riddle which perplexed her.

"Tell me what has brought you down so low as this," she urged; "for I do not understand."

"You did not expect to find me here?" her brother asked.

"I did not dream of it."

"Why are you with me?"

"I have been following Michael, as you know," she said in reply. "I thought he was going away with that woman at the hotel; and when he came on board, I watched my opportunity, and joined him. But I did him an injustice, Brian. I was very wrong. The woman is not here. He does not care for her a bit."

Brian Halfday did not appear to be moved to any great exhibition of joy at his sister's vindication of the character of her husband—was not even pleased at the fulfilment of his own prophecy as regarded Michal Sewell. He lay there very thoughtful for awhile, with his eyes fixed on the lantern swaying from the roof of the cabin.

"Your husband is here then?" he said at last.

"Yes. And, poor fellow, oh! so ill."

"I thought I had been dreaming of him more than once. And it was he, after all," Brian muttered.

"He is here to see after you, to take care of you in Mr. Salmon's absence," said Dorcas. "Yes, that is it."

"He is exceedingly attentive," replied Brian, almost in his old dry tones.

"And you, who have doubted him so long, Brian," she continued, "will do him justice at the last, as I have done."

Brian murmured something which the raging of the storm did not allow Dorcas to hear. She asked him what he had said, but he did not reply to her question; and the dancing lantern became again an object of great interest.

"Do you see any of my clothes about?" he suddenly inquired.

Dorcas looked round. At the foot of his berth there was a bundle of something, which proved to be the articles of apparel which he had worn on the day of his dispute with Angelo Salmon.

"This is your coat, I think," said Dorcas.

"Is there a pocket-book in it?"

Dorcas prosecuted her researches. Yes, there was a pocket-book.

"Open it."

Dorcas opened it at his request.

"Are there any papers there?"

"No," was the reply.

Brian did not appear surprised or vexed.

"Very likely I left them at the hotel," he said, staring once more at the lantern. "Thank you, Dorcas; that will do."

Dorcas restored the pocket-book, set the coat in its place, and regarded her brother curiously.

"You have not told me how you came to this position," she said.

"Fighting," replied Brian.

"Not—with Michael?"

"No; with Angelo Salmon. I'll tell you all about it when I get better. Meanwhile," he added, "I must rest and think; for I—am awfully—weak."

"Oh, Brian, you *are* ill," cried Dorcas, full of a woman's love and sympathy at once. "What can I do for you?"

"Keep as quiet as you can," was his last injunction before he closed his eyes, as if with the faintness that had come upon him. When he recovered himself—how long a time that was he never knew—Dorcas was at his side bending over him, and bathing his forehead, with Michael Sewell a spectator of the operation.

"How are you, old fellow?" said Michael familiarly, as Brian came back to the working world again.

"Better, thank you," answered Brian, "much better."

CHAPTER XXII.

MICHAEL OFFERS EVERY EXPLANATION.

THE brothers-in-law regarded each other attentively. They were both men on guard, for all their friendly interchange of civilities. The sight of Michael Sewell seemed to restore Brian to consciousness very rapidly, for presently he put his sister's hand aside, and said—

"Thank you, Dorcas, that will do."

"Dorcas thought you were going to die half-an-hour ago," Michael Sewell said, with a forced laugh, "but I told her you were worth half-a-hundred dead ones yet."

Brian smiled at Dorcas and replied—

"I hope so."

"And now you have come to your senses, Brian, I may as well tell you why I am here," Michael continued.

"I don't think it matters much," Brian said, a little restlessly; "I would prefer to sleep, if you will allow me."

"Just as you like—but Dorcas wishes it."

"Yes, Brian, I wish it," said Dorcas for herself.

Brian nodded to Michael by way of permission to proceed. He was chary of speech now, a man who was economizing the little strength that was left in him.

"I did not think I should be able to help to cheer you to-night, Brian, for I have been infernally ill myself—fit to die, by Jove," Michael said; "but the wind has changed and the storm is spent, the mate says, and I have come round wonderfully in the last hour or two."

"Are we near Bridlington?" asked Brian.

Michael Sewell shrugged his shoulders.

"It is hard to tell where we are at present," he replied; "the cursed ship has been blown out of its course, the devil knows where—but we shall make for port as soon as possible."

"That's well," said Brian.

"I shall be glad," said Dorcas, "for there's father to think of: I forgot him altogether when I came on board. I forgot everything."

"Oh! hang your father," said Michael unceremoniously; "don't bother us about him just now. I want to explain to Brian how it is he finds me here, if you will keep your mouth shut for a moment."

"I will not speak again," said Dorcas submissively.

"You must know, Brian, that after your skirmish with young Salmon," Michael continued, "I was taken into his confidence, although I kept myself in the background out of regard to your feelings. I know you did not like me, and I was content to do good by stealth, lest any extra excitement should cause you harm. You understand, I suppose?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, you look as if you didn't, with that confounded stare of yours," he said roughly.

Brian turned his eyes to his favourite lantern, which he regarded with attention in lieu of Michael Sewell. He had not thanked his brother-in-law for his kind thought of him, and it had not entered his head to do so, which was ungrateful, to say the least of it, Michael considered.

"We wanted—Angelo and myself," he continued, "to keep the matter dark, and we fancied you would come round in an hour or two, and thank us for the course we had adopted—or rather which we had carried out, according to your first suggestion before you went altogether off your head. So we kept it dark, and Angelo and I—we are staunch friends, I can tell you—have

taken it in turns to watch over you since."

"Where is Angelo now?" asked Brian.

It was his old question to Dorcas. He had a habit of repeating his questions until an answer was obtained, it was evident, and it was a habit to which Michael Sewell objected.

"He's not well. He could not undertake the sea voyage which the doctor recommended for you," was Michael's answer.

"Recommended for me—in this storm?"

"Yes."

"What is the maniac's name?"

"Look here, Brian, it can't possibly matter to you what his name is," Michael said in an aggrieved tone of voice, "and I can't get on if you interrupt me in this fashion. I have done my best for you—I have stood by you when nobody else would—I have undertaken this journey because you should not be left alone—I have been your best friend, when I found you floored completely."

Still Brian Halfday did not thank him, which was particularly remarkable.

"And I'll stand by you to the last, old fellow, forgetting and forgiving all the bygones," he added, laying his hand on Brian's shoulder, "for you are my wife's brother, and one of my kith and kin. You understand that?"

"Yes," responded Brian, shuddering under the friendly touch of his relative by marriage, "but I would prefer Dorcas's looking after me now she is here."

"To be sure," said Michael frankly, "she is the better nurse; I am only a clumsy hand."

"Exactly. I should like to sleep now, if you don't mind," said Brian.

"Why you have just woke up," said Michael in disgust.

"Still, I am tired," answered Brian.

"Very well—do as you like. I shall be glad to get on deck—I feel terribly queer again down here," said Michael.

Michael went above deck and into the fresh air. As he ascended the ladder, Brian felt half disposed to ask another question—the old question as to the reason for Mabel Westbrook's not coming to see him as he had wished—but he checked himself in time. He could not believe in any reply that might be given to him by such a liar as had done him the honour of taking his departure, and hence the question was unnecessary.

Dorcas turned to him after her husband's departure.

"There," she said triumphantly, "you believe in him at last. You see what his real nature is, for the first time."

"Oh, yes, I see what his nature is," replied Brian; "but I am in your hands till I get a little stronger, not his! You will remember that?"

"Yes—but how distrustful you are," she answered.

"Distrust runs in the family, I am afraid," said Brian.

"Ah! I know what you mean," cried Dorcas; "but I do not distrust him now. He has given me his word he meant no harm; it was all a silly flirtation, and more that woman's fault than his, and just because he was so handsome! And he has explained everything to you very clearly, Brian."

"Very clearly, yes," answered Brian; "now let me rest and think the best of him that I can."

"You *will* try?"

"I will try, certainly," Brian said. "Give me some water, please; you will find some in that bottle in the rack there."

He pointed to an ingenious contrivance near his berth for suspending a small water-bottle and glass without danger of spilling the contents, and Dorcas filled the glass and gave it to him. After he had drunk, he turned himself feebly on his side, and closed his eyes, and Dorcas Halfday watched him, and thought of the better times that might be coming to them all with the better understanding of each other.

Brian thought of many things, but Mabel Westbrook would stand first and foremost, and confuse matters. He wanted to reflect upon his present position so far as his weak brain would allow—why he was in that ship at sea, and with what object Michael Sewell had sailed away with him from Scarborough; but though there seemed treachery in the background, and a settled plan which he could not fathom, he preferred to think of Mabel; to wonder when he should see her, and when would be the first opportunity of his communicating with her, and telling her where he was. He should be very glad to meet the light of her full, grey eyes again; to tell her how he had longed for her presence, how unhappy, and restless, and dissatisfied he had been without her, from the first moments of his consciousness. He was

unable to account for Angelo's breach of trust towards him; surely there had been time to deliver the message and bring Mabel to the ship, unless Michael Sewell had betrayed them. That was the solution to it, he believed already; Michael had been searching in his pocket-book, and had discovered and confiscated the copy of Adam Halfday's last will, the original of which Brian had left in charge of the new curator of Penton until he should return to claim it. Was he in any real danger from Michael Sewell's hands? he thought there was nothing to alarm him in the position. The crew were friendly and sympathetic; he was on his guard, and Dorcas was there to look after him. He drifted into sleep whilst endeavouring to marshal his ideas into form, and finding them for ever being disturbed by Mabel Westbrook. What was she thinking of his silence all this while? was his last speculation before the world grew very misty, and he lost himself within it.

When he awoke again, the daylight was about him, the hatches were removed from the entrance to the cabin, and the ship rocked less violently, or else the lantern, now extinguished, had become less volatile. He felt the better and stronger for his sleep, too, and his first thought on waking was that the worst was over, and he should be himself again. Only a day or two more of this weakness and prostration, and then the new life, bright and radiant, and even Angelo Salmon glad to find him well.

He turned in his berth, and discovered Michael Sewell at his bedside as if he had never left it. Michael was examining the water bottle and glass arrangement to which we have alluded, but he faced Brian quickly as the movement of the bed-clothes assured him that the invalid was waking.

"Well," he said, "how are you by this time, Brian?"

"Better," was the reply.

"I'm glad to hear it. Stronger altogether, do you think?"

"Yes, stronger altogether," repeated Brian; "where is Dorcas? I thought she was——"

Then Brian came to a full stop, as if it were not worth while troubling his brother-in-law with the nature of his thoughts.

"Dorcas is feeling the effect of coming on board the ship," said Michael, "and is not so well as she was. How she has stood it all this time, the Lord knows; I don't. But she's sick enough now—and serve her right too," he added.

"Is she on deck?"

"Yes."

"Don't disturb her on my account," said Brian; "I do not require any attendance at present. Is the storm over?"

"Yes, and be d——, but I haven't come to talk about the storm," he replied.

"I would rather you would not talk at all," said Brian quietly; "conversation does me no good in my present state of health."

"But I want to talk to you—and seriously too," said Michael bluntly; "and we may not have another chance."

Brian regarded his sister's husband cautiously and critically; with the absence of Dorcas the manner of the man had changed, and there was a heavy shadow which was significant upon his face.

"Go on," said Brian; "let me hear what you have to say."

"There's no talking business before that foolish wife of mine," Michael Sewell continued; "and this is a serious business, or I am much mistaken. You came to Scarborough with the fixed intention of reducing me to beggary; in some way or other your spies tracked me to the 'Mastodon,' and you followed at their heels. That was not fair or straightforward, and I don't like it."

"I hadn't an idea you were in Yorkshire," Brian replied.

"It's a lie, Brian," said Michael; "and it's no use my pretending to believe what you say. I have proofs to the contrary."

"What are they?"

"When you were very bad—raving, in fact—I thought you would die, and I had better look after your effects and take possession of them before any one else interfered. I opened your pocket-book for one thing," Michael confessed.

"And took away the copy of Adam Halfday's last will," Brian concluded for him.

"I own it," said Michael, "and I will own more than that. If it had been the will itself, I should have taken it, and destroyed it."

"Well," said Brian, "it's a plain acknowledgment, I am glad I left the original behind me."

"I would have destroyed it for your sister's sake as well as my own," Michael said, "to save the misery and excitement

which the production of another will would create. For look here, Brian, I will fight your claim to the death; if I spend every penny in law to defend myself, I will dispute the genuineness of that cursed document inch by inch."

"You will have no case," said Brian calmly.

"Or I'll bolt with the money rather than you shall have it," he remarked.

"It will not be the first time you have bolted," was Brian's caustic response.

It was an unwise answer for a man so much in Michael Sewell's power as he was, and Brian felt that it was so the instant after the taunt had left his lips. He was always saying imprudent or harsh things—it was his old habit strong upon him, and a sign he was getting better, unless this was the ruling habit "strong in death!"

Michael Sewell's face deepened in colour, with the rage at his heart.

"If you weren't flat on your back I should have put you there for that speech," he burst forth; "don't say anything like it again, if we're to keep friends, or you value the little life left in you."

Brian Halfday was not dismayed by this explosion of wrath. He kept his eyes on Michael and said—

"I don't want this money for myself, and I shall not take it from you to enrich myself."

"I did not believe that rubbishing tale about restoring it to Miss Westbrook until a few days since—but if you are going to marry the Yankee girl, that's another matter," said Michael.

"Think so, if you will. It is hardly worth discussing," replied Brian.

"Oh! by Heaven, but it is," cried Michael furiously. "I am not going to be worried grey before my time by your infernal opposition. I say it is time to speak out."

"Speak out then," Brian said; "I cannot escape you, it is evident."

Michael Sewell did not respond readily to this invitation. He had failed to frighten Brian Halfday even in the weak condition in which the ex-curator was, and, with the exception of a terrible alternative, there was not much to be done.

"Look here," he said, in a low, sullen tone, "cannot we compromise this affair, without the law's interference? You would not leave me and your own sister to starve. Suppose we halve the amount of what is left, and say nothing of the new will that has turned up."

"I cannot agree to anything."

"Why not?"

"It is Miss Westbrook's money. See Miss Westbrook for yourself and make that restitution to her which your honour demands," said Brian.

"Oh! yes," said Michael ironically, "she's too fond of me—much!"

"You may trust her to be generous."

"May I?" he rejoined. "I shall not attempt so dangerous an experiment as to trust myself to any woman."

"As you please."

"That is all you have to say about this will?" Michael asked.

"Save this—that I will destroy it, if you or Dorcas will place in Mabel Westbrook's hands the money which belongs to her," said Brian.

"You mean all the money that's left?" said Michael, with a short laugh.

"Well—all that is left?"

Michael Sewell walked about for a minute or two in a state of indecision of purpose that was remarkable, then he stopped at the head of Brian's berth, and said—

"If you were to die to-day, Dorcas would be the next of kin."

"But I am not going to die," Brian replied.

"Life is uncertain, Brian," Michael replied gloomily, "and you are subject to strange relapses that even your doctors cannot understand. The crew bear testimony to that."

"I shall have no further relapse," Brian affirmed, "and I am not quite certain that I cannot leave my berth."

"And you will consent to no compromise?"

"Not for myself," was Brian's answer.

Michael stamped his foot upon the floor, muttered an oath, and said—

"Do what you will then, and all the harm that follows be on your own head."

"I am not afraid."

"Your fault—not mine. By God! not mine," Michael Sewell shouted, as he tramped heavily and fiercely up the stairs to the deck. When he was in the fresh air he came to a full stop, turned very white, and put his hands to his thick neck-cloth to loosen it, as though a sense of suffocation had suddenly come over him. Dorcas, who

seemed ever on the alert when her husband was in question, saw him from her place on deck, and rose to approach him, or resume her watch by Brian's side. He had turned, however, and descended two stairs of the cabin, as if to exchange a few more words with Brian, then he changed his mind and stepped back on deck, with so awful a look upon his face, that her own heart sank as though a mask had dropped from him and showed her what he was. She shrank back instinctively, and he did not see her as he walked to the ship's side, and he stood with his left hand clutching at the rigging, and his eyes glaring out at sea. It was a fixed, set look that nothing seemed to alter—a man struck suddenly to stone might have looked like unto it.

Had anything happened to Brian, she wondered, but she did not run and see for herself; there was that in her husband's appearance which held her spell-bound where she was. The sailor lad was diving headforemost into the cabin to inquire after the health of the man he had helped to nurse, and he would scream or cry out if Michael had killed her brother. If Michael had killed him! What a foul, wicked thought to cross her mind, when Michael was always to be trusted—and as anxious for Brian's recovery as she was!

The minutes dragged on slowly, but all was quiet in Brian's berth—the sailor boy remained below, and she fancied she could hear him laughing with her brother, whilst Michael Sewell stared out at sea, with those dead eyes of his. Suddenly his right hand wandered to his breast pocket, and, for the first time, he glanced round with a quick, nervous expression as of a man fearful of being watched at a crisis in his life. He did not see Dorcas, although she was approaching him stealthily; it was the movements of the crew in which he was interested, not his wife. He had utterly forgotten her.

She was at his side, however, and clinging to his wrist with nervous fingers the instant he had withdrawn his hand from his pocket. There was something in his hand, and she had guessed what it was, and was struggling to secure it. He uttered an oath in his surprise at being taken unawares, and endeavoured to free himself from the clutch of his wife, but in vain. She was possessed in her new phrensy of a strength stronger than his own.

"Give me that. Give it me, Michael," she cried; "I will have it!"

"Give you what," he muttered between his set teeth.

"The phial—you know it is the poison."

"Well—haven't I had enough of life?" he asked sullenly; "what will life be worth after your brother has ruined me?"

"Oh! Michael, is it that? I was afraid you—but how can he ruin you? How is it possible?"

"There is another will. It is my life or his," he said in a low whisper, "which is it to be?"

"You are mad, Michael. Give me the phial, and then I'll speak," cried Dorcas, "I cannot trust you with the phial."

He strove to free himself from her clutch again and this time with success, but the phial slipped from his grasp in the effort, and went rolling unbroken along the deck. Dorcas with a shriek that attracted the attention of the crew dashed at it and secured it. The phial was corked still, *but empty!*

Michael was close at her side.

"Be silent for God's sake—for mine," he hissed in her ears.

Dorcas recoiled from him, and went swiftly towards the cabin, and he stood still and let her go, until she reached the first step downwards, when he followed her.

"I am sorry, Dorcas—I was mad and desperate," he said, "save him—I don't want to kill him now—I am not so bad as that."

"Ha! Heaven help us—how is it to be done?" she cried.

"The water bottle—empty it," he whispered, "quick!"

Dorcas dashed down the steps to find the sailor boy at the side of Brian's berth, and Brian talking to him. There was an empty glass in Brian's hand, and he was giving it back to his rough attendant as she ran towards him.

"Have you—have you drunk the water, Brian?" Dorcas cried; "oh! for Heaven's sake, tell me!"

"Yes," replied her brother, "I have. What of it?"

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

CURRENT EVENTS.

IT would savour too much of presumption to predict that the present Session of the Ontario Legislature which was opened with blare of trumpet and salvo of artillery, will prove the dullest and most unfruitful in the roll made up of those which are past and those which are yet to be. Midway in the meeting of the assembled wisdom, as we presumably are, the Province may be fairly congratulated upon the utter barrenness, aimlessness, and vacuity which have characterized its deliberations. On neither side of the House does there appear to be any vigour of will, any assertion of principle, conscientiously enounced and enforced by strong determination or so much as earnest pleading. The House of Assembly, now sitting in Toronto, is, in fact, the best condemnation of the party system, as it now obtains. When it was foretold that the Provincial Legislatures would, in the end, turn out to be merely enlarged or exaggerated County Councils, there were people who affected indignation at the comparison; but time has proved that the Cassandras were right. After the first of July, 1867, there was a cry of nervous and almost hysterical jealousy against any connection between the Dominion and Local Governments; dual representation was looked upon as an unpardonable breach of constitutional theory; yet, after all, where does the Province of Ontario find itself now? The "dirty little bill," as it was called, of Mr. Costigan, which drove the best leaders and administrators to make their choice between the two Houses, has, in effect, emasculated the Local Legislature. The introducer of the Dominion Act, however, was not to blame for the result. If Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake, or men of their mental and moral calibre, are not in the Ontario House to day, it is not Mr. Costigan who is to blame, so much as the agitation, partisan and unreasonable, which they themselves set on foot. The "Reform" hallucination, then in vogue, appears to have been that there was an inexhaustible fund of legislative ability—not to say statesmanship—in the country, waiting investment in Parliaments and otherwhere. The experiment has now been tried, and here in Toronto, at any rate, proved to be a lamentable failure. The Ontario Legislature may not be worse than the Council of an Agricultural Association or of a County; yet, in truth, it would be an injustice to those bucolic institutions to press the analogy between them. The County Council, for example, as a general thing discharges the functions assigned to it, unassumingly and without pretence. It is a representative institution established, under a wise municipal system, for local self-government. There is no discharge of cannon when it meets in the Court-house to perform its duties in a leaky room which the farmers are too niggardly to keep in repair. The County Council seldom possesses a large surplus, and, unlike its exaggerated copy, the Local House, never attempts to make that surplus, by cooking the accounts, appear larger than it actually is. The municipal corporations have no legislative duties, in the strict sense of the term, except where a mistaken zeal for moral reform has induced Parliament to give them a quasi power over what a man may "eat, drink, or avoid." In the exercise of its legitimate functions, the County Council is usually a reputable institution, reimbursing the owners of dog-worried sheep, making good roads, in a rectangular sort of a way, with an eye to side-lines, and, generally, rendering things as comfortable as the established country maxim of parsimony, which was also Adam Smith's, enables it to do. Cities and towns are not of much account in the matter of asylums, gaols, hospitals, and pauperism; but then, again, cities and towns are liberal and can afford the stress laid upon them, especially by a government which feels at liberty to defy public opinion, and refuse simple justice to the metropolis of the Province. Feeble as Mr. Mowat's Government may be, either in ability or vigour, it has, at least, one merit —two Ministers represent one county, and hence popular opinion may be safely defied, so long as the *pagani* are satisfied. It is not

necessary at present to urge the inevitable issue too far; yet it seems clear that, sooner or later, there will be a conflict between the urban and rural populations, unfortunate enough in any case, yet one, nevertheless, which the present rulers of Ontario are doing their best to precipitate. Conscious of the immense importance of the farming interests, conscious also of the power they ought to exercise, and have a right to exercise in the Councils of the Province, it may not be amiss to warn our agriculturists that in any "struggle for existence," politically speaking, they must inevitably go to the wall. Class legislation, which is in its essence unjust and odious, invariably brings its own nemesis with it, which will ultimately punish both its authors and its unthinking supporters. Yet, since the Treasurer's defeat in West Toronto, the policy of the Government has been studiedly and contemptuously hostile to the interests of city and town. Notwithstanding the fact that the bulk of our Parliamentary intelligence is town-bred, members who owe their culture and adaptability to public business to the great urban centres, find it their interest to ignore the opinions and sentiments of those with whom they reside, and to flatter the prejudices and defer to the views, often crude and unsound, of the masses of the county population. There is no real diversity of interest which ought to cause antagonism between town and country, and where any appears to exist it is wholly factitious—the invention, in fact, of scheming and selfish politicians. The merchant or the manufacturer is as deeply concerned in the material progress of the Province as the farmer, and yet efforts are being persistently made to array them in hostile camps as the natural enemies one of another. This state of things is unnatural, and must, in the long run, prove an injury to the Province; it would never have existed had it not been that legislators have made political capital out of it. Yet no doubt there is in rural constituencies a morbid jealousy of town or city influence in public affairs, utterly unreasonable and baseless; nor is it less certain that our Provincial policy during the past few years has seriously increased and aggravated it.

Now there is not the slightest probability that the interests of the agricultural class will suffer from the inordinate power of the people in cities and towns; indeed the danger is all the other way. Constituted as Ontario is at the present time, and as it is likely to be for generations to come, the farmers must preponderate in the Legislature of the Province; and there is no reason why this should not be so, provided that urban wants and interests are fairly consulted and properly represented. But this is far from being the case under the existing *régime*. The cities are represented in the House, it is true, but not adequately. When the Premier added six members, following the lines of the Dominion Parliament, systematic injustice was done to the cities, notably to Toronto and Hamilton. So far from the country constituencies running the risk of being swamped, there is imminent danger of the mercantile and manufacturing centres being entirely lost sight of in Provincial legislation. The course and tendency of the dominant policy of the past three or four years have been in the directions of legislating for the rural class at the expense or to the neglect of the towns. The Ministry no sooner proposed to erect new departmental buildings at the seat of government, than they drew back at the first summons from the country with that timidity which has become chronic and constitutional. The expenditure, although necessary for the benefit of the entire Province, was refused because it would be laid out in Toronto, and the Treasurer was not ashamed to ask the City Council deputation to make a bid, in the nature of a bonus, either by granting a site or promising to submit to an inequitable system of tax exemptions.

Everything in the shape of reform in our representative system is refused; but on the other hand an absurd scheme to give farmers' sons votes, without requiring them to possess the ordinary qualification, found its way into the most meagre and beggarly speech ever read from the steps of the Throne. Reformers, having nothing to reform, appear to be in the enjoyment, in Ontario, of a halcyon era of idleness and ease. After an unusually long recess chiefly spent in political picnics, at which, contrary to the "well-recognised principles" of the Reform party, when out of office, the Toronto Government amused itself by meddling with Dominion politics, the House was called together to discuss the feeblest and most timid scheme of policy Ministers of any party have ventured to produce, since

Canada was first favoured with self-government. The consolidation of the statutes and the settlement of the Provincial boundaries make a great figure in the Speech, but they were not the work of Ministers, and it is easy to make a boast of other men's labours. Fortunately all the members of Mr. Mowat's party are not disposed to be content with this do-nothing policy; and yet they are met at every turn with ministerial rebukes for their activity. If experience so costly as that gained during the Lincoln scrutiny could teach a government anything, it ought surely to have stirred ours to attempt some amelioration of the election law. Yet when Mr. Hodgins saved them the trouble, by embodying in a Bill the result of his thought and experience, they would none of it, and happily were snubbed for their easy nonchalance. The debate on the Civil Service estimates was a pitiable exhibition of weakness and indecision, seeking shelter for themselves under the stale device of a fault of the printers. Everywhere are obvious the palpable signs of flaccidity and want of *verve* and energy.

The course of the Government on the Orange Incorporation Bills may appear to be an exception; yet, after all, it is one of those exceptions which prove the rule. There is, at any rate, one member of the Cabinet who knows his own mind, and has a will of his own, or a will and a mind of some one else's, whose exponent and representative he is. The Hon. Mr. Fraser, much to his personal credit, is not of the invertebrate species; his policy is clearly defined and distinctly enunciated, in season and out of season. By a masterly adaptation of means to ends, he contrived to commit Mr. Mowat and his other colleagues to two direct defiances of public opinion, first, in the matter of tax exemptions, and secondly on the subject of Orange Incorporation. Now we are by no means partial to the Association which has taken Protestantism under its immediate tutelage and protection. The plant is, at best, an exotic, and has no business here in a country where no religion is established, and none is proscribed. In Ireland, and in Scotland and England also, whither it has been transplanted, its history is not a creditable one in any respect. Even now the enemies of England are fain to couple with Bulgarian atrocities those which are justly chargeable to the Orange Society in days not beyond the memory of living men. There is no reason why Canada should be made a second Ireland. She has no strifes of race or creed which require bloodshed for their adjusting or settlement. Our fellow-subjects of French origin, although perhaps too easily managed by priestcraft, are a credit to the race from which they sprang, as well as to the British rule which first denied, and then conceded, to them the right of self-government. Nothing on the page of modern colonization is more creditable, in every sense of the term, than the course of the French population from 1759 until now. Sir George Cartier was the author of a phrase cited by Mr. Brown, perhaps as an evidence of the inherent wickedness of the French race, especially when it adheres to the old faith—*nous avons l avantage, profitons en*—a clumsy translation of that universal article in all political creeds, "to the victors belong the spoils." The Liberal party has gained in sagacity what it has lost in purity and integrity by a change of sides, and it is scarcely probable that even the Hon. George Brown would now object to a principle which has been defended year after year on its merits, in every Committee on Public Accounts of every Legislature in the Dominion. Sir George Cartier's maxim was not purely selfish, as some base and spurious imitations of it have since been. When he fought a gallant but ineffectual battle against Representation by Population, the contest was at least a respectable one. He was the champion of his race and his creed at a time when they were seriously menaced by a not over-scrupulous band of politico-religious crusaders. Whether Lower Canadians had just grounds for their apprehensions or not, they can hardly be blamed for clinging to equality in the representation to the last.

Now, however, there is no excuse for raising party or denominational issues, or claiming special representation for every creed or nationality in the Legislature or the Cabinet. In Quebec, since 1870, freedom and purity of election have been seriously jeopardized by the attempt of Ultramontanism to grasp supreme power in the State as well as in the Church; and it may be, on the other hand, that in one or two of the Maritime Provinces, full justice has been denied to

members of the Roman Catholic Church; certainly no trouble has arisen in Ontario from the one cause or the other. Yet the jealous complainings of sect or race are constantly obtruded upon public notice. Now, in sharp contrast with the course consistently pursued by Sir George Cartier, the policy of the present is purely self-seeking. It is patronage and not principle that is at stake in the never-ceasing complaints that one nation obtains more than its share of place and pelf. Eagerness for fat contracts or political influence may not be the only element of discord at work, but it is the most potent and discouraging. In a country where all are equal before the law, and where all who have taken up their domicile in the Province should be, first and above all, Canadians, these petty squabbles about origin are utterly without excuse. No national spirit can be possible in Ontario so long as the people are perpetually contending for an increased share in the councils, or at any rate in the expenditure, of the country.

The worst feature in this incessant grumbling is, that those who are least united are the most clamorous and exigent. No one can be insensible to the sterling qualities of the Irish people, and yet their intestine divisions are so radical and irreconcilable, that the claim for national recognition appears preposterous in the extreme. From 1798 until now, the Orange and Green have sometimes coalesced for the attainment of a common object, but the truce has always been a hollow and temporary one. Their vows of amity and patriotic affection have always been forgotten in a renewal of hostilities, waged with intenser hatred. Nor is this all. The feud of nationalities has broken out among the Roman Catholics themselves—the Irish are arrayed against the Scotch—and hence we have a threefold confusion in public affairs. Not only is the Irish Catholic at enmity with the Irish Protestant, but the Scotch Catholic is also at variance with his Hibernian co-religionist. Indeed, if we were disposed to go back ten years, a fourth division could be exposed.

When the Fenian distemper was at its height, and the most intelligent and conscientious of Catholic Irishmen were denounced, and, in one melancholy instance, brutally assassinated, for refusing to favour, by their names and influence, as outrageous a piece of knavery as was ever "floated" in the market of quixotic enterprise, no Scotchman, no Orangeman, was ever so heartily detested as Archbishop Conolly and Thomas D'Arcy McGee were by the rank and file of "the advanced patriots." It is no pleasure to chronicle these tendencies to quarrel amongst a generous and high-spirited people. Yet surely it will not be a vain effort to remind them that the influence to which they are properly entitled will never be acquired so long as their intelligence is frittered away in faction-fighting and complainings. The words of Archbishop Lynch, no doubt drawn from him in an undue mood of complaisance, were good and wise in themselves, but should never have been penned by a prelate occupying his position in the Church, and perhaps, it may be added, in the party politics of the day. The letter written in the new episcopal organ was unfair to one who has been a fervent friend, not always wisely, it is true, of his Church and his country; and it therefore tended to widen the breach which the Archbishop desires earnestly to heal. His action in this matter—and it is referred to here for a reason which will appear in the sequel—was in every way unfortunate. A rival newspaper, under the patronage of a Cabinet Minister, and with the *imprimatur* of an Archbishop, is not a pleasant enemy to face. It encounters one at a disadvantage; and, unhappily, the Roman Catholic editor usually surrenders, if not at discretion, at least on authoritative bidding. There is a bitterness in the knowledge that although the command is one which the Church compels him to obey, it has not come from the fountain-head of authority. "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau." It is one thing to reprove national acerbities, and quite another to throw archiepiscopal influence into the scale of one, and that the slenderest and feeblest of the disputants.

The Hon. Mr. Fraser has apparently been accepted as the mouthpiece of the hierarchy and the representative of the Catholic League. He has the ear of the Archbishop and holds the wires in the interest of his party. When the dictator, after saying and doing many foolish and absurd things in his famous ride across country on the Protestant horse, turned that faithful animal out to pasture under a sentence of superannuation, there was evidently a good opportunity of

managing public affairs in a genuine "Catholic" spirit. If the League, after the redoubtable surrender of the Reform party, had even remained, on the surface, homogeneous and concordant, all trouble would have been averted. Had Mr. Mowat been wise, he would have taken into his council an able and discreet Irish Roman Catholic; but he failed to do that, perhaps because no such man was to be found. The Commissioner of Public Works, therefore, entered the Cabinet to guard the interests of the Church. That duty he has discharged with ability and zeal, both of which appear to overweight his discretion. It is due to him to say that he has in turn overweighted his colleagues, crushing out of them all independent opinion and all power of self-assertion. His strength of will and impulse, reinforced and backed up, as it is, by powerful hierarchical influences, has proved too powerful for the invertebrate members of the Government. Wherever class or creed prejudices conflict with the public interests, as they were formerly understood by the Liberal party, they are sure to carry all before them under the existing *régime*.

To revert to the two subjects in which Mr. Fraser's influence has been conspicuously exerted, let us briefly consider the attitude of the Cabinet in each case. Our opinion of the Orange Society is on record, and it may be added here that the analogy attempted to be drawn between that Association and the various Roman Catholic institutions which have been from time to time incorporated, is obviously forced and untenable. The latter are established in connection with a Church, and find their analogues in the various Protestant societies, asylums, and the like, which they more or less closely resemble; between them and Orangeism no comparison can fairly be made. But it is not a little singular that one objection made to the incorporation of Grand Lodges applies with equal, if not greater, force to the religious institutions. It was urged that to pass the Bill would virtually be to vest all the property of the subordinate lodges in the Grand Lodge; but the same argument, if logically pressed, would tell against institutions connected with the Church. These are notoriously under the supreme control of corporations sole, such as bishops or superiors, or of close corporations ruled by the clergy; on the other hand the Provincial Orange Lodge is a representative body and could scarcely venture to abuse or pervert its trust even were it tempted to do so.

The ground of this argument, however, has been cut away by the Bills as recently introduced, which provide that the property of each subordinate lodge shall be its own. Mr. Fraser and his friends inquired why the Orange body cannot be incorporated under the general Act; and the obvious answer, given by Mr. Merrick, was that such a step would involve the expenditure of no less than fifteen thousand dollars, instead of a few hundreds. The opponents of these Bills, therefore, place themselves in a dilemma from which there is no escape. By referring Orangemen to the general Act, they admit the right to incorporation of this Society; but by refusing the necessary machinery, they virtually deny it. If it be wrong to give Orangeism a corporate character, the general Act should have been so framed as to forbid it; if it be right, then there should be no objection to its being done in the easiest and least expensive way. In either case, Mr. Fraser has left himself no *locus standi* whatever. Now it is quite possible to dislike an Association, either on account of its principles or its temper, without attempting to deny it common justice by a paltry stratagem of this kind. On the broadest ground of equity and public policy, the virtual proscription of a large body of men, who are acting strictly within their rights as British subjects, is, to say the least of it, unwise, because it is sure, in the end, to give them a factitious importance in the country much greater than is desirable. As every man living in a community is entitled to a fair, cheap, and expeditious administration of justice, so every association of men, whose objects are not immoral or illegal, has similar rights also, which it is highly impolitic to refuse. It is absurd to allege that any special recognition would be given to Orangeism merely by its incorporation. If the Legislature were presumably giving its sanction to the principles of every society it incorporates, corporations would cease to be, or perhaps never have existed at all. The right to hold property, to sue and be sued, and so forth, belongs to the individual, without regard to his religious or political views; why should a similar privilege be denied to an aggregation of individuals, whether we agree with their opinions or not?

Incorporation is a mere matter of convenience, and, if only because it places property on a securer basis, ought never to be denied merely for sentimental reasons or from ecclesiastical prejudices or enmities. Mr. Fraser has succeeded in obtaining a majority against one of the Bills in the Standing Committee; it remains to be seen whether the House will recede from the position it formerly occupied on the question. At any rate, Mr. Mowat's position must be determined, and it will be seen how far a threat from the Catholic League will terrify *soi-disant* Reformers and enable Mr. Fraser and his backers to ride rough-shod over the Government and Legislature of the Province.

The sinister influence from behind has had a palpable effect in the consideration of the exemptions question. At a political demonstration held in the early autumn, and in the Premier's presence, Mr. Fraser discharged his ecclesiastical thunderbolt in a clear sky, without, we fear, convincing his auditors as a mightier Jupiter convinced Horace. It is impossible to say whether, up to that time, the subject had been discussed at a Cabinet meeting; probably not. Judging from the meagre results of their year's vacation as displayed during the current Session, they preferred the general business of a wandering menagerie to the needs and demands of the country. If no united policy had been agreed upon, in the matter of exemptions, then, from his own point of view, Mr. Fraser achieved a success which does credit to his shrewdness, if not to his theory of ministerial responsibility. His speech at Dunnville showed that he knew that he could commit his colleagues to anything, and he certainly did not spare them in the slightest. Churches, he exclaimed, did good, and, therefore, the money they ought to pay upon the property they have locked up in mortmain, ought not to be exacted from them. How far any one of the Churches would regard another as a "good" may be matter of doubt; the followers of Hugh Latimer, John Knox, and John Wesley have a very bad opinion of "the scarlet woman," and, to do that lady justice, in spite of her sex she returns the compliment with interest. The Commissioner of Public Works, however, saw clearly, that however clerics may be disposed to fall out, they are sure to agree when the Philistines are to be spoiled. Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, and Methodist are not likely to fall out over the spoils, when the victims are the working-bees of the community. Mr. Lauder, of the Metropolitan Church, is quite as eager as Mr. Fraser, of St. Michael's, to preserve the adjacent squares—for they are near neighbours—from the sacrilegious hand of the tax-collector.

Now whatever some clergymen, trustees, deacons, and other office-bearers of churches may think, the vast majority of the laity are resolved that these inequitable exemptions shall absolutely cease and determine, and that at an early day. Perhaps, had no financial depression occurred, the issue would not have been precipitated so speedily. The people might have good-naturedly submitted to the burden the exempts have laid upon them; but they are now thoroughly aroused to the fact, that, under a specious guise, they have been induced to support State-churchism in its most odious form. Where the Government of a country, openly and above-board, takes a particular church under its protection and provides for its endowment, the position occupied is readily comprehensible. Usually rulers establish one denomination, in preference to another, because they believe in its creed or approve its form of ecclesiastical government. In Ontario, with no established church at all, years, indeed, after "all semblance of connection between Church and State" were supposed to have been done away, any single sect which has got two or three to gather together is actually endowed to the amount it ought to pay into the municipal treasury. It is the universality of the endowment which has proved, and will prove, the best refuge of the exemptionists. When there were but two or three favoured Churches, the rest aroused a storm which culminated in the secularization of the Reserves; but now that the process of "levelling up" has been adopted, it requires the indignation of the tax-burdened masses to make the upheaval effectual. Enceladus ordinarily remains passive under his Etna, but when he finds it necessary to turn over, a convulsion is impending in the neighbourhood.

When Parliament met, the real state of public opinion in the matter of exemptions was clearly expressed in the almost unanimous agreement of the municipalities. The

large number of petitions presented was entitled at least to respectful consideration at the hands of the Government; but they were contemptuously disregarded. Mr. Mowat might have made it an "open question,"—that favourite resource of a feeble administration; but the adroitness of Mr. Fraser had already committed him to the *status quo*. Unfortunately and ill-advisedly, in our opinion, Mr. Scott introduced the matter in an amendment to the address. The motion was necessarily one of want of confidence, and it could hardly be expected that thorough-going supporters of the Government, even though sincere in their professions of adherence to the equitable principle of non-exemptions, would be induced to accept it in that form. When the question was put directly to the Premier as to his intended course in regard to the question, his reply was that it was "under consideration"—a convenient side line on which inconvenient questions are always shunted. The fact is, Ministers have not made up their minds, because they have none to make up, unless Mr. Fraser's, and that was made up long since. If Mr. Hodgins's Bill on Voters' Lists was discussed "so late in the session," as to preclude its due consideration, what chance is there of any action being taken upon an important and pressing subject which is yet *en délibère*—that is, *in nubibus*.

There are four characteristics of weakness in rulers, which are all to be found in the present administration—the desire to grasp and centralize power, the tendency to multiply offices and increase patronage, the anxiety to attract the support of powerful classes in the community, and the timidity which refuses to meet popular demands where it would be inconvenient to meet them with grasp and courage. The charges of corruption and favouritism in the disposal of contracts we are accustomed to, and should sadly miss if they did not perpetually crop up. Oppositions are always severely virtuous, and if we want to find "the party of purity," it is always to be sought for, no matter who is in or out, on the left hand of Mr. Speaker. It is unnecessary to probe this heap of political garbage, which is perennially exposed to public view; it is a standing evidence of the low state into which party government has sunk the Province when the staple article in the political market is so impure and tainted. There must be something morbid in the condition of public affairs when this is the case, just as the prevalence of zymotic disease is a clear sign that the water of a town is foul, and its drainage defective.

That there is wide-spread dissatisfaction with public and municipal affairs is certain, and yet the Government has no remedy to propound, except a fancy franchise for farmers' sons, for which nobody has asked or cares for, and which has only just emerged from the process of incubation. It is becoming a serious question with many intelligent men whether our boasted representative system in Parliament and in municipalities is deserving of the eulogies so freely lavished upon it; whether, in short, it fulfils the purposes it was designed to serve; or rather if it be not a showy phantom—*tenuis sine corpore vita, cavâ sub imagine formæ*. That our electoral system is not wholly chargeable with the practical evils which beset it may be readily admitted; in fact political affairs are suffering not from one malady, but from a complication of them. Still it is not surprising that the attention of the Legislature should be invited to a number of schemes for altering the basis of the suffrage. Two of those introduced recently, refer to the municipal system and one to the Parliamentary, and there is not the slightest necessity of confusing the public mind by mixing them up as the *Globe* has attempted to do. Let us examine these separately, observing the clear distinction between the functions of the Legislature and of the municipal councils respectively.

The palpable mischief in our local corporations is an increasing recklessness in expenditure, and hence the obvious necessity of checking it by some drastic remedy. It is clear that no permanent cure can be effected by the fitful interest taken by the better class of electors, whenever trade is depressed and the rate of taxation and the burden of debt are unusually irksome. If these spasmodic efforts were really pricks of conscience reproving men for a neglect of public duty, their effects might be abiding and salutary; but they are nothing more than temporary pinchings at the pocket. No sooner is the

pain of the moment assuaged than the patient mounts his high horse and canters along the old road to extravagance and ruin, until he finds himself sooner or later in another slough of despond, and so on *ad infinitum*. The judicious and prudent in any given municipality are sure to be a minority of the electorate, and unfortunately, therefore, they are not its guides or directors. In times of prosperity they allow the demagogues to have it all their own way; personally too deeply immersed in the cares of business, too intensely disgusted with municipal politics, or it may be hopeless of any systematic reform, they let matters take their own course—that is, the course marked out for them by ward politicians, interested contractors and jobbers generally. Now it must not be lost sight of that, although municipal bodies possess some few powers of local legislation, their duties are almost wholly administrative. They have pre-eminently the power of the purse, and their chief business consists in levying taxes, erecting public buildings, constructing public works of all kinds, providing ways and means for the police and educational services, and so on. In a miniature form they grant the money of the people, because presumably they represent the people—though generally speaking, the people who spend, rather than those who contribute the money. The mass of the men who elect our Councils have no reason to check extravagance, because their share in the money expended is small, and, thanks to the ward system, which is a near connection of party politics, they are in the hands of leaders of the blind, who are by no means blind themselves.

One has only to notice the *ad captandum* appeals for work for the poor, and the rest of the rubbish with which the poor man's eyes are filled on the eve of every municipal election, to understand how the existing system works. It is, in fact, an organized and systematic attempt to spend the rich man's money ostensibly for the benefit of the poor man. In the long run it fails, because the poor and the rich are not natural antagonists; and it is only the craft of designing men which has ever made them appear so. To set class against class when there is no substantial ground of complaint, is a crime against society, and yet that is exactly what the professional demagogue is always doing in one way or other. There is no virtue in the possession of wealth, and often, the poor man is not only as good as the rich man, but a good deal better. Now, if the municipal body were other than it is—a distributing body—the pother raised over Mr. Bethune's Bill would be not only reasonable, but justifiable; but this is not true. All that the hon. member claims is simply that some change should be made in a system which places the property and often the credit of the great employers of labour in danger. It is no matter of surprise that the "organ" attempts to make a Parliamentary Franchise Bill of one which relates simply to municipalities. Experienced demagogues are well aware that it is easier to deal with the prejudices and passions of the mass—because they may be wrought into perilous action by any one who can govern "the stops and ventages"—than to appeal to the cooler reason and sagacity of the intelligent. Now Mr. Bethune's Bill, carefully and thoughtfully drawn as it has been, has nothing to do with the "national action," of which the *Globe* speaks, at all. It does not, for a moment, propose that the Parliamentary Franchise should be placed on a property basis, and that for the simple reason, that the rights, the liberties, the national status and well-being of every elector are in the power of a legislature; while the municipal council has mainly to do with the honest and judicious expenditure of local contributions exacted upon the value of property assessed. In short, the council is merely a Board, very badly constituted, for the purpose of constructing works, squandering money, and incurring debts, by a vote of the majority, out of moneys which come from the pockets of the ignored minority.

Having said thus much in favour of Mr. Bethune's Bill, however, we are by no means sanguine that it would effect its purpose. It seems clear that to give a plurality of votes to property owners in one or two wards of a city where their warehouses or manufactories are situated, would scarcely meet the needs of the case. So long as the ward system obtains, no satisfactory administration of finance is to be anticipated. It encourages sectional conflicts on the pettiest scale, directly fosters the breeding of a herd of insignificant politicians, whose interest it is to gain popular favour by bribing them

with municipal money, and who exercise a baneful influence by no means confined to the limited sphere of their action. Yet it is a step in the right direction; it would provide some check upon improvident expenditure by making it the interest of property to be its own guardian, instead of being the prey of knaves and their dupes, and, therefore, it is to be hoped that it will be calmly and rationally discussed in the House. Property has its duties, but it also possesses rights which claim some protection at the hands of the Legislature.

The other Bill on the Municipal Franchise was introduced by Dr. Clarke, of Norfolk, who proposed to extend the right of voting to women whose names are entered upon the assessment roll. It is scarcely necessary to discuss, at present, the general question involved in the Bill, because it has been summarily extinguished by a vote of the House. Although having a natural bias in favour of female suffrage, it appears to us premature to introduce the question for some time to come. The experiments hitherto tried in that direction have not proved successful; and many who advocated the measure in other days have withdrawn their support from it. Its champions have been injudicious in their attempt to establish that there is an antagonism between the sexes, or that women suffer from the one-sided legislation of men. Except within the circle of a noisy propaganda, there is no reason to suppose that the franchise is either desired or would be exercised, if it were conferred upon the female sex. Finally, the scheme proposed by Dr. Clarke was incomplete, unsatisfactory, and would, in the end, inevitably involve, had the Bill been carried, questions not to be lightly and hastily thought out. The Hon. Mr. Currie's Bill, which proposes to extend the Parliamentary suffrage, so as to embrace all adult males, not especially disqualified by law, would inevitably prove a step from bad to worse. The notion that the franchise is a right that naturally belongs to every man who has attained the age of twenty-one would probably find few supporters, after the experience of "universal" suffrage gained from the United States and from Europe. It is urged, however, that, in Canada, large classes of men have been gifted with votes who do not use them intelligently, or even honestly, and that a class is excluded which would prove a valuable counterpoise to the others. If so that would only go to prove that our test of fitness is unsatisfactory, because otherwise the first would have been denied the privilege, whilst the latter would have been endowed with it. It may possibly be that there are, in exceptional cases, men excluded from the electorate, whose names should be enrolled there; but to take the last fatal step of embracing the entire "residuum" would be no boon to them and a decided injury to the country. If it be impossible to adjust the franchise by levelling up, there is at least no necessity for our degrading it by levelling down.

The introduction of a Bill to incorporate Trinity Medical School does not of itself call for any comment, because, generally speaking, it is not open to objection. But it may not be amiss to warn legislators against the danger they incur in sanctioning any attempt to tamper with the supreme power of affiliation conferred upon the Provincial University. The Senate has, for some time, been engaged upon a statute which will place the entire subject of affiliation upon a more satisfactory basis, and it would have been much better if the extraordinary legislation desired by the Trinity School had been postponed until the scheme were promulgated. It savours too much of a renewed attempt to cripple the University of Toronto, which we see, from time to time, put forth by its rivals. Hitherto Trinity School has repudiated the connection its name would seem to imply. Its claim has always been that it is *filius nullius*, and now, strange to say, it desires the exceptional privilege, never before heard of in this country, of choosing as many "benign mothers" academical, as it sees fit. No such power was ever asked for or dreamed of in our collegiate annals, as that contained in the twelfth clause—"to affiliate with any university or universities empowered to grant degrees." Now, so far the universities are concerned, the power of affiliation is already possessed, and unless it be intended to give Trinity School unprecedented powers in this respect, either by this or a subsequent Bill, it is difficult to see what reason there is for the clause at all. No one can have the slight-

est objection to broadening the base of the Provincial University, so long as it is done in the interest of the Province and of the University; but there are many objections to making statutory artillery to be used for undermining the institution. These remarks are made with no desire to impugn the motives of the Trinity faculty, or to do it the slightest injustice; unfortunately, so many efforts are made from various quarters to injure the Toronto University, that its friends cannot be too vigilant when they are put forth in order to aid its rivals in the struggle for existence.

The appointment of Mr. Pelletier, *vice* the Hon. Mr. Letellier, calls for no special remark, and since Parliament will assemble early in the month, it would be useless to anticipate the programme for the Session. It may not be out of place, however, to express a hope that the Ottawa Government will make some *rapprochement* towards those influential interests which ask for the adoption of a national fiscal policy. There can be no reason for making light of the difficulties in the way. Besides the crystallized economical dogmas of the *doctrinaire*, pure and simple, there are sectional differences to be adjusted, and clamorous interests to be conciliated all over the Dominion. It is unfortunate also that the tariff agitation has been made too much a party one; still, when one reflects upon the fact that an Opposition always catches the popular breeze ahead of those in power, this appears to be an additional reason for carefully watching the signs of the times. Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper are the exponents of a powerful and constantly growing force of public opinion, and yet the intensity of it is by no means due to party alone. The proceedings of the Dominion Board of Trade at its recent meeting ought to convince Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Cartwright that the time must shortly arrive when it will no longer be wise to ignore so important a question. Mr. White, of Montreal, Mr. W. H. Howland, of Toronto, and Mr. John Mackenzie, of Hamilton, represent three different shades of public opinion—Conservative, National, Reform; and yet they are all united in pressing upon the Government the vital question of the hour. Mr. John Mackenzie is a new convert, as he frankly confesses, and he is only one of many to be found in the ranks of the Reform party. The deliberate opinions of men like Mr. John Macdonald and Mr. David Blain, sitting on his own side of the house, ought to convince the Premier that the policy of *laissez faire* must shortly be abandoned. In Canadian trade discussions the *doctrinaire* element, on one side or the other, has prevailed too long. It is necessary now, instead of clamouring for the theories of Mr. Carey on the one side or Mr. David Wells on the other, that reasonable men should unite irrespective of party. Free-traders in England and the Continent are patriots first and theorists after. M. Léon Say, for example, is an avowed free-trader, and yet, as French Minister of Finance, he feels compelled, for the sake of the nation, to bend theory to national interests and exigency. In this country, Sir Alexander Galt, who has no chimerical notions on the subject, has taken a similar course, and we believe that, on the lines so clearly, ably, and cautiously laid down by him, moderate men of both parties may unite in framing a policy truly and purely national.

A Bull from the Evangelical Alliance of this city on the subject of Sunday funerals, deserves closer attention than space will now permit. The Alliance has done good service in the cause of Christianity, inasmuch as it has softened the asperities of the sects, and drawn together the various branches of Protestantism in Europe and America. At the same time it is no part of its mission to sow the seeds of discord by issuing imperious mandates to Christian ministers and people, eminently Judaizing in their character. To endeavour, by external pressure, to coerce the consciences of their fellow Christians, is a direct violation of the motto of the Alliance. The directors must be fully aware that there is great diversity of opinion and greater diversity of practice amongst Christians on the subject of Sunday observance. They may call the *first* day of the week the Sabbath if they choose, and, although they would find some difficulty in adducing any authority for so doing, their opinion is entitled to all respect. But they have no right to attempt the use of moral compulsion to enforce that opinion. It is quite certain that neither St. Paul, John Calvin, nor

Martin Luther could have been members of the Alliance on any such terms. To bury the dead on Sunday can only, by the utmost strain upon popular feeling, and the utmost stretch of the theological imagination, be construed as a violation of the sanctity of of the day. No day surely can be more appropriately chosen on which to stand beside the grave of a departed friend, undistracted by the din of worldly business, with thoughts solemnized, face to face, as it were, the living with the dead. Then, when heaven and earth seem to draw near to each other, when even the sounds of nature seem to be subdued by the holy calm around, where may the heart or the conscience be touched so nearly or so impressively as on the margin of the grave? No one desires to have a continental Sunday here; yet we feel it our duty to protest against that dogmatic Judaism which caused the first dissension in the Church at Jerusalem, and is utterly alien from the spirit of true Christianity.

Having but one paragraph at our disposal for a review of foreign affairs, it is some consolation that there is not much to review. The Presidential struggle has been so far composed, that, should no future hitch occur, the difficulty may be regarded as over. Whether the Electoral Commission of fifteen be authorized by the Constitution or not, it is now *un fait accompli*. The Bill passed by overwhelming majorities in both Houses, and has received the signature of the President. All that now remains for bystanders is to await in patience the result of its labours. The Eastern question, owing to the failure of the Conference, is yet in suspense; still promising signs of a peaceful issue are apparent. It by no means follows that because Turkey has proved recalcitrant, and the foreign ambassadors have left Constantinople, that no impression has been made upon the Porte. It is evident that Midhat Pasha is bent upon doing things in his own way—perhaps he has been compelled to do so. Whether his plan of reform will effect any permanent good is more than doubtful; yet he has made liberal overtures of peace to Servia, and the attitude of Russia is decidedly peaceful. In another month or so matters will be settled by the pen, or given over to cannon and bayonet.

Jan. 30th, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A LIVING FAITH. By George S. Merriam. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.

We have here again a book by a layman, discussing questions which most closely concern the highest life of man,—questions, too, which, in this age of discussion, are ever assuming increasing prominence. The work before us contains a series of thirty-seven papers, originally contributed to the *Christian Union*, and now collected in a very tastefully bound volume. The most casual reader of it cannot fail to be struck with the charm of the style; the vividness and freshness with which important thoughts are expressed in clear, pointed language; but better still is the Catholic and loving spirit which pervades it; and the writer's hopeful and "living" faith that, out of the present chaos and conflict of opinion, a stronger, fuller, better-understood Christianity will arise, to be the portion of the future. As the writer observes in his preface —"Change of belief is in the very air; all strong and independent thinkers are more or less affected by it; books, reviews, newspapers teem with direct and indirect indications of the shifting tide of religious opinion.—The noble opportunity of the Church and of all teachers of religion is this; to so teach and administer the truth that with new intellectual conceptions shall blend those spiritual elements,—the immortal trinity of faith, hope, love—which are the soul of religion." The author does not, however, while pleading for greater liberty of Christian thought, forget to point out the important truth, that the liberty which is not

based upon and conducive to a fuller development of the higher life of the soul, can be only injurious, since, as he justly remarks, "bondage to superstition is not the worst thing; the liberty that casts off the law of God is far worse." And he goes on to say,—what cannot be too strongly borne in mind: "There is far less reason to declaim against dogma and church authority and ritualism than to supply men, from purer and fuller sources, with what these instrumentalities have imperfectly furnished. The systems that are dying did build men up, in no small number, and in no low degree, in the essential virtues of character. Our part is to see that the new generation be better and stronger men than their predecessors."

In discussing the nature and the power of "A Living Faith," the author goes over a large extent of ground, as will be seen from the titles of the chapters, among which we may mention—"Religion in the Future," "The Study of Theology," "Democracy and Religion," "The Inner Witness," "The Ever Present Spirit," "Inspiration," and "Christian Union." The paper on the "Wrath of God" is a solemn and powerful elucidation of a much misunderstood subject. The following passages from "The Inner Witness," and "The Teaching of the Spirit," we quote as especially needed in an age the tendency of which is to overrate and over-exalt the physical and material:—"Through conscience then—the sense of right and wrong—God reveals Himself, and reveals Himself more fully as the sense of right and wrong becomes clearer and stronger. But there is a faculty higher even than conscience. There is, in the soul, latent or developed, a power by which it may come into direct, conscious, joyful intercourse with its God. It may feel Him nearer than any human friend ever was. This is the loftiest and most blessed experience of human nature. Those who have felt it know that it is not imaginary or delusive, but deeper and surer than anything besides. In such moments the soul sees God face to face; it knows Him thereafter, not by the report of another, but by what it has felt and known for itself." "The New Testament teaching as to the Holy Spirit is in substance simply this; that there is a direct contact of the Divine soul with the human soul, through which light and strength and peace are given to whoever will submit himself in obedience and trust to his heavenly Father."

The whole volume is pervaded by the spirit of the often quoted text:—"If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine." This does not, however, imply that the doing of the will of God, so far as it is known, is necessarily accompanied by knowing *everything about* the doctrine, since some of the holiest men who ever lived have been subject, for a time at least, to very great delusions. And we wish that the author had made clearer the great difference which exists—whether in kind or in degree—between that Divine inspiration *towards good*, which comes to every willing heart, and by which every conquest over ill is gained, every good work wrought, and that more special *inspiration of knowledge*, which we believe has been given to but the few who have been the instruments of conveying to us through revelation, Divine Truth pure and unmixed, as it never comes through merely human channels. The author truly says that "no theory of inspiration is going to affect the value of the Holy Scriptures. They will always be prized for what they *are*." But a wrong way of looking at inspiration may lead those who have never spiritually comprehended it, to reject the "the counsel of God against themselves."

Another point which we could wish had been made clearer is, the utter inability of man to conquer the evil of his nature and do the will of God without the impartation of the Divine remedy. The book is a noble protest against the false and superficial Christianity which regards "salvation" as merely a rescue from deserved punishment, and puts intellectual belief in the place of the life of faith, which, if it be a true faith, must be "known by its fruits." But unless the *root* of "a living Faith" be implanted; unless man's natural inability for it be recognized, as well as the means for attaining it, which the great central truth of Christianity provides, the fruits worthy of the root must be looked for in vain. Even, however, where we may think the book somewhat defective, we cannot but appreciate the spirit in which it is written, and the earnestness, purity, faith, hope, and love which breathe through every page. It is a book which Christians cannot read without a deeper sense of their privileges and responsibilities, and which will show to those who may have become bewildered and confused by an arrogant scepticism, that Christianity, far from being effete, is only bracing herself up for a fuller, stronger, and nobler life. We close by quoting, with fullest endorsation, the author's words on this point;—"Out of chaos rises a new world when the Spirit of God broods on the abyss. Blind and dead of feeling must be he who does not now discern by glimpses, the presence of a Divine Spirit inspiring and uplifting the world toward a future more glorious than the past. What that future will be no man can fully tell. But this we know: hope will be ampler, faith will be brighter, and love will be greatest of all."

THOMAS WINGFOLD, CURATE. By George Macdonald, LL.D. Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto.

There is a striking sympathy of thought and tone between this book and the one we have just noticed. Indeed, it might almost be said that this one is in the sphere of fiction what the other is in that of didactic writing. Only, perhaps, as being concerned with actual concrete human lives, (for are not all true characters of fiction such?) it leads the reader to take a deeper and intenser hold of the vital spiritual problems it discusses. In this volume there is less of *story*—pure and simple—than is usual in George Macdonald's works of fiction; less, too, of the exquisite poetic description of nature, which is one of his especial charms. It would seem that he dwells less upon the harmonies of *nature*—though he does not leave them out—because he is so intensely occupied with the harmonies or discords of human souls. This book is really a battle ground between the blank, cold, negative scepticism of the day, which cannot travel beyond the positive evidence of physical science, and makes its religion of what concerns only the lower and outward life of man,—and the profound spiritual insight which recognizes the higher needs and cravings of his nature, as well as the Truth which satisfies them. The type of the first is the handsome, well-developed, self-complacent George Bascombe, of whom we are told that "the thought had never rippled the gray mass of his self-satisfied brain that perhaps there was more of him self than what he counted himself yet knew, and that possibly these matters had a consistent relation with parts unknown;" that he "had persuaded himself, and without much difficulty, that he was one of the prophets of a new order of things;" and that "the thing he *seemed* most to believe was, that he had a mission to destroy the beliefs of everybody else." The type of the other is his contrast in every possible way, the misshapen little dwarf, who, in George's opinion, had "no right to exist," yet who is one of those strange mixtures of philosophy and loving Christian sympathy that George Macdonald delights to draw, gifted with the talisman of a profoundly realised faith to meet the wants of the suffering, craving human hearts around him. How the conflict worked itself out between these two, the reader can best learn for himself; as well as how George Bascombe's self-confident, Spartan virtue stood the test of a subtle temptation.

Round the Curate, Thomas Wingfold himself, the main interest of the story clusters, from the time when he is startled out of the drowsy, unreflecting *assent* which he had supposed *belief*, by George Bascombe's blunt queries and outspoken atheism, which led him to discover, to his dismay, that he had never yet realised for himself one of the truths he preached. His honest dealing with himself and his people in these circumstances, and the guide and teacher whom he found in the dwarf aforesaid, and the great results to himself and others are vividly drawn, and must have a strong influence wherever the book is read. The sermon in which he confesses to his people his delinquency in reading other men's sermons as his own, and the others in which he taxes himself with having been but a nominal Christian, and thereby convicts his hearers of the same, are not like anything else, we think, in modern fiction, though some of George Bascombe's cynical sarcasms as to the discrepancies between the professed beliefs and the actual lives of average Christians, recall the trenchant but one-sided *brochure*, "Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism." The manner in which some of Thomas Wingfold's statements come home to the conscience of the linen-draper, Drew, is strongly suggestive. And the following warning to those who "call and count themselves Christians" is worthy of being considered by all: "I tell you, and I speak to each one of whom it is true, that you hold and present such a withered, starved, miserable, death's-head idea of Christianity; that you are yourselves such poverty-stricken believers, if believers you are at all; that the notion you present to the world as your ideal is so commonplace, so false to the grand, gracious, mighty-hearted Jesus—that *you* are the cause why the Truth hangs its head in patience and rides not forth on the white horse, conquering and to conquer. You dull its lustre in the eyes of men; you deform its fair proportions; you represent not that which it is, but that which it is not, yet call yourselves by its name; you are not the salt of the earth, but a salt that has lost its savour, for ye seek all things else first, and to that seeking the kingdom of God and His righteousness shall never be added."

Helen Lingard—our first acquaintance in the story—is not at the outset a promising character, but her dormant powers and faculties grow and develop before our eyes under the discipline of sorrow, which has led many a nature to a higher life. Occasionally, however, her later words and actions seem hardly in keeping with her type of nature and the moulding of circumstances and education. The tragedy that runs through the story and connects so strangely lives which at first seem wide enough apart, gives it a certain element of sadness, relieved, however, by the nobler experiences and higher and lasting joys attained by the loss of the lower and transitory. The book seems to come to an end, not because the story does, but because of the limits of the volume, and as George Macdonald is fond of recurring to the histories of his characters, we shall be surprised and disappointed if we do not hear more, both of Thomas Wingfold and Helen Lingard.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE MASTER. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1877.

We cannot recommend this book. That Mrs. Beecher Stowe is religious, her very name, and the recollection of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," sufficiently attest; but it does not by any means follow that she is capable of writing a purely religious work which any one of ordinary education will be capable of reading. It is not that the book is above, but that it is below, the capacity of any average Bible student innocent of the original Greek, or of any more learned commentaries than are usually contained in the notes at the far end of the Family Bible. In fact, any Sunday-school teacher could have written the best chapters it contains, *currente calamo*, and without needing to open the Testament. It is true that there is nothing dangerous in it, and that the authoress, while largely endowed with that prevenient grace of dullness which she has probably caught from associating too much with third-rate clergymen, has also got into the safe rut of Protestant orthodoxy; but, after all, the question returns upon us with redoubled force—*cui bono?* Is it the mission of religious thought in the nineteenth century to write a book, which will no doubt be largely circulated in the United States and Canada, and even possibly be reproduced in England, which is stuffed with such platitudes as these, "We are born to suffer," "We are born to perplexity," "We are born to die?" Very true, Mrs. Stowe, but we have heard these truths before, and your question of "The Hereafter, what is it?" has been answered in many ways by more eloquent and skilful pens than yours. The chief "perplexity" which assails the reviewer just now is, what audience does this book seek to address? The opening simile of the preface compares Christianity to a city hemmed in with foes, its outworks lost, and the more sensible part of the garrison, headed by Mrs. Stowe, retreating to the citadel. But surely the foes who have dared to batter at the gates of outlying dogma, will not hold their hands from the attack of the innermost shrine itself. And will this work hinder them in the slightest? Is it calculated to rally and discipline the soldiers of the Cross, to train up the younger conscripts by teaching them somewhat of the modern tactics of their enemies, or would it not rather induce them to venture forth and oppose broken reeds of argument to the victorious rush from the levelled ramparts? If so, it is a failure; and we can only compare the plan of the campaign which the authoress has laid down with the generalship of the last Napoleon, who led out his troops without map or sketch of the territory on which the battle was destined to rage.

We are not to be understood as desiring that every religious work should be controversial—far from it. Let the truly eloquent preacher, the writer who feels the divine *afflatus* stirring in his breast, let these rouse our better passions, our love, our faith, and our hopes into a flame that may consume the instincts of self like chaff—untrammelled by any thought of carping criticism. But when we have, as we have here, a narrative of facts, decked with passing comments, we look for some notice of differing views, some reconcilement of apparent difficulties, some answer to objections which are certain to be stated. Mrs. Stowe may be sure that it was on just such mental food as she has provided—assertion without argument, argument innocent of logic, and logic devoid of application—that the soft, nerveless arms were nourished to whose weakness we are indebted for the loss of some at least of the "outworks" which she mentions, and which may have some day to be won back with bloody struggles. And assuredly, a like regimen in the future will lead to the like results, if such a consummation were possible. But is it possible? May not "those very clouds we so much dread," the dark ranks of war mustering ominously round the Christian camp, contain the elements of purging fire and renovating strength that are destined to inspire the Church of the Future? They appear antagonistic now—is it all their fault, or are we to blame also? Christ comes to earth, as of old, in an unrecognised shape, and, as of old too, "there is no room for him in the inn." At Bethlehem He was crowded out by the very Priests and Levites of His own national religion, on their way to perform His service in His own Holy Temple. The Pharisee who found the sacred name round his forehead and the hem of his robe, grudged the stable room which the Babe occupied to the prejudice of the travellers' cattle. There was no room for nascent Christianity in the Jewish Church. In mediæval Europe, too, the truth came in new, strange forms. One would have thought Christ's Inn on earth, with its churches and cathedrals, its network of monasteries and its linked guilds and fraternities, could have accommodated its returning Master. But no! once more there was no room, and steel and flame were called in to convince the Wyclifs and the Husses that the Church could not away with them. Driven out of the Inn they sought a new shelter; the spread of knowledge and the invention of printing afforded them a machinery of unimagined power, and built them up a house of unsurpassed magnificence. And now, dare we flatter ourselves that these inn-doors are never to be closed again against the truth? Alas! they are shut and barred closer than ever, lest the bracing outside air of scientific truth should enter and wither some sickly exotic belief, some relic of barbarous ages, which we have fostered so carefully and so long. Therefore do we cry, "no room, no

room!" and the holders of those banished truths turn away awhile, with hearts embittered against us, to return on the morrow with louder, fiercer cries, and knockings more heart-shakingly appalling. But of this we may be sure, sooner or later, after they have been tried and proved by salutary manger-discipline, those truths will enter our caravanserai by force, and purify our temples and our hearts with whips of knotted cords.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD; a Romance. By Robert Buchanan. New York and Montreal: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Company.

Because a man writes good poetry it does not follow of necessity that he will write good prose; but it is only necessary to recall such names as Milton, Wordsworth, Scott, and Swinburne to remind us that a good poet is likely to be also a master of prose. To these names we may now add Robert Buchanan, who, having proved himself a poet of no mean order, has recently tempted fame in another sphere. Like Scott, Mr. Buchanan had earned a reputation as a poet before employing his pen in different uses, and, like Scott, he has chosen romance as the field of his new efforts. It may even be that, like Scott, his truest talent lies in this direction. But we have no intention of pressing the resemblance further, for nothing can be more unlike than the poetry and romance of Buchanan and those of Scott. Buchanan has a great deal more of the poetic gift than Scott, though his poems will never obtain the popularity of the latter's. We remember to have read some stanzas of Buchanan's on a Skylark which, though widely different in the phase of thought, approach in excellence the divine ode of Shelley's. But to the average reader Buchanan is generally unintelligible; his thoughts are of that introspective sort which pass the understanding of the superficial; and besides, his meaning, after the manner of the modern school of poets, is too often hidden in some obscure metaphor or conceit, or some quaint affectation in expression.

Quite as great is the contrast between a romance of Scott's, such as "The Talisman" or "Ivanhoe," and this story of Buchanan's. The romance of the former is a tribute to chivalry—a picture of war, with its horrors kept entirely in the background—the praise of physical strength and soldierly skill. The heroes of Scott's romances are, like Homer's heroes, knights renowned in war and glorying in the battlefield. "The Shadow of the Sword" is properly called a romance, but in many respects it is as little like what we usually look upon as a romance as can well be imagined. It is a romance, for it abounds in strange and romantic adventure; the incidents are improbable, marvellous; the hero is so idealized that we never expect to see any one like him in real life. But the scene of the story is not laid in camps and battlefields, but in a sequestered Breton village. The people whose fortunes we follow are not courtly knights and ladies, but simple and superstitious rustics. The hero is not a gallant and chivalrous soldier, but a peasant with such a passionate hatred of war that he submits to the imputation of being a coward and a *chouan*, and lives as an outcast, with a price on his head, rather than serve as a conscript under Bonaparte.

The story shows how the ambition of Napoleon influenced for infinite evil the life of a Breton peasant, of whom, or of whose quiet dwelling-place, the great Emperor had probably never heard. Rohan Gwenfern is a daring fowler, dwelling in a little hamlet in Brittany at the time when Bonaparte was spreading war and devastation over Europe. In depicting him the author indulges all the poetic passion for physical beauty; he is a lion in magnificence of form, as well as in strength and courage. But nature has given Rohan a mind above the minds of his fellows, and accident has developed his powers of reflection and the moral side of his character. The two things he most detests in the world are war and the usurper Napoleon. The former he regards with passionate and uncontrollable hatred, as the curse of civilization. He shudders at the thought of shedding human blood: when with a wild and powerful imagination he pictures to himself the horrors of a battlefield, he trembles, and is actually *afraid*. Bonaparte is to him a bloody tyrant whom no man is called upon to obey, a monster born into the world to fill it with desolation, a Cain whom any one would be justified in slaying. He therefore resolves to withstand to the death any attempt to force him to bear arms for the Emperor, and when his name appears in the list of conscripts he refuses to leave his village. Out of the imaginary struggle of this man, single-handed, against the power of the mighty Emperor, Mr. Buchanan has woven a powerful and pathetic story. To our mind, it is the most striking work of fiction, with the exception of Daniel Deronda, which has lately appeared.

ROSE IN BLOOM. By Louisa M. Alcott. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson, 1876.

It is told of an old traveller who was among the first that ever visited one of the quaint cities of Persia, strange to his foreign eyes, with its duskily rich bazaars, and its clustering minarets, pointing away from man's meannesses up to heaven's immensities, that in an open square he found an antique conduit, whence fair water issued by curious twisted leaden spouts, and

fell tinkling into a marble basin. While slaking his thirst gratefully, he noticed that considerable discontent appeared to lurk in the faces of all who came to fill their skins or long clay water jars; and, asking the reason, was informed by the spokesman of the crowd, that they had nought to complain of in the water *as* water; only they had been very much disappointed at it ever since the day when, glory be to Allah! the Caliph had made these lengths of piping run freely with wine. "So strange is it," moralizes the old voyager, "that the superfluity of to-day makes to-morrow's sufficiency appear meagre; and the spareness of Pharoah's lean kine may have only existed in the imagination of the man who had surfeited on the ribs of the beeves fattened among the lush meadows of the seven years of plenty." Which allegory, when rightly interpreted and applied to the subject in hand, means that this work is positively and absolutely good, and only fails when applied to the very high standard of excellence which Miss Alcott herself erected when she gave the reading world her "Little Women," "Good Wives," and "The Old-fashioned Girl." No doubt she knows her own capabilities best, but we would suggest to her the bracing tonic often afforded by a slight change of subject and scene.

Interesting as the characters are,—and we would specially single out for commendation that of Mac (already dear to us by the name of "the Worm")—they appear to us to lack the clear and piquant individuality of Miss Alcott's early efforts; and Uncle Alec is a trifle *too* good all through this book, as well as that to which it forms a sequel,—the only relief being an abortive attempt at matchmaking on his part, which only ends in his own confusion.

But this fault-finding is an ungrateful task, and we turn with pleasure to pay our tribute of commendation to the healthy tone of the book, and to assure our readers that they will feel the old spell which the authoress so well knows how to evoke, again thrown over them; and without finding any elaborate or cunningly devised plot, will experience a wholesome doubt as to the details of the eventual and inevitable "pairing off," up to a tolerably late period in the story.

We do not hold with those who consider the reviewer's function to be to give two extracts—one short and one long,—a sketch of the plot, and a list of the principal characters in the work which he is reviewing, with a snip of censure and a redeeming dab of praise to wind up with. Least of all do we think such a plan applicable to a notice of such a work as the one now before us: to hint at the *dénouement*, or to give the clue to the development of Charlie's or Mac's natures, would only detract from the reader's interest in the book itself. But we may mention the peculiarly tender description of Aunt Peace's empty room, with its lovingly preserved tokens of an immediate presence when no bodily occupant is there, as a proof of the delicate touch of the author, and her keen sympathy with all domestic sorrow and loss. We may smile at the way in which Rose turns the tables on her grown-up cousins, by parading them for inspection, and dismissing each with an appropriate comment. We may safely praise the clearness of Miss Alcott's diction and style, and (oh, that ever it should be a novelty to the reviewer in this age of enlightenment!) we can exult over the fact that here at least is a novelist who can rescue that well-abused word "*chaperon*," from the sloughs of misspelling in which it has been nearly overwhelmed of late. A "Rose in Bloom" may possibly reach some who will, through it, make Miss Alcott's acquaintance for the first time; and our advice to them is, get all her former works, read them diligently, and if you prefer them to the present, why be all the more grateful to this one for introducing you to them.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HAROLD: A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Toronto: James Campbell & Son. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

ROSE IN BLOOM: A Sequel to "Eight Cousins." By Louisa M. Alcott. With an Illustration. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1876.

JOAN: A Tale. By Rhoda Broughton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1876. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

ELECTRICITY: its Mode of Action upon the Human Frame; with valuable Hints respecting Diet. By J. Adams, M.D., M.C.P.S. Published by the Author. Toronto. 1876.

THE DETECTIVE AND THE SOMNAMBULIST. THE MURDERER AND THE FORTUNE TELLER. By Allan Pinkerton. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1877.

VENNOR'S ALMANAC, 1877. (Winter and Spring). Montreal: John Dougall & Son.

STUDIES IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION AND HISTORY. By A. M. Fairbairn. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co. 1877.

L'INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE AU CANADA: Precis Historique et Statistique. Par M. Chauveau, Ancien Ministre de l'Instruction Publique dans la Province de Québec. Quebec: Augustin Coté et Cie. 1876.

A MAD WORLD AND ITS INHABITANTS. By an Amateur Lunatic (Julius Chambers). Detroit: Belford Brothers, Publishers. 1876.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD: A Romance. By Robert Buchanan. New York and Montreal: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co. 1877.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. In English and French. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1876.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D., and Memoir by his Sons, the Rev. D. K. Guthrie and Charles J. W. Guthrie, M.A. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1877.

INFELICE. By Augusta J. Evans, Author of "St. Elmo." Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1877.

MADCAP VIOLET: A Novel. By William Black, Author of "A Princess of Thule." Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1877.

FINE ART.

THE TORONTO LOAN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.

EDUCATION,—that education which does not consist merely in learning how to make money, but which, as the Latin Grammar used to say, "softens man's manners and suffers them not to be uncouth,"—is carried on in various ways and by many agencies. One of the most potent of the humanizing influences under whose sway we can be brought, is the study of Art. It is true that we cannot exactly gauge its effect, but its power is, nevertheless, undeniable. What do our people know about art? How can a young country, struggling to maintain itself and push itself forward in the race for existence, bestow any of its precious time upon that which makes no show in the ledger? Just as, the more that an individual or a congregation gives for charitable purposes, the more he continues to find reason, opportunity, and means of giving, so it is usually not those who have time on their hands who spend most hours on self-culture. The man of business—if he is also a man of wisdom—always can find time for some pursuit that affords relaxation; not the repose of idleness, but the rest afforded by change of ideas, by letting the brain and eyes occupy themselves with some study that will exercise other faculties than those which the sterner business of life keeps on the stretch. Much as has been said and written in ridicule of hobby-horses, it is very desirable that every one should keep one in his own stable. And it may be doubted if there is one that is more cheaply kept, and from which more quiet pleasure can be obtained than the taste for pictures, whether it be that of a passive student or of an active worker with pencil and brush. We have always maintained that the Ontario Society of Artists deserves well of Canada, in that they not only afford to the public very great gratification each year by their Exhibition, but that they are steadily developing a taste for a better class of pictures than has heretotore prevailed among us, and are sedulously fostering a tistic talent wherever it may be found. It is ..y easy to pooh-pooh the efforts of young artists, and disparagingly compare them with what one sees in other countries. It is easy, we say, but neither wise nor kind. Though, on the other hand, it is still less wise and more unkind to lavish upon everything that a Canadian amateur may choose to produce, that fulsome and indiscriminating praise which, like thoughtless benevolence, does more harm than good. On the whole, our artists have been fairly treated by the leaders of the Press in this Province.

Situated, however, as we are, and possessing, as a people, but a limited knowledge of abstract Art, criticisms and judgments are apt to become relative rather than positive. Our standard is fixed, not so much by any principles of Art, as by comparison with other works which we have seen; and heretofore the purview of the Canadian public has necessarily been very limited. Many of our artists, as their works testify, have travelled; and travelled, too, with their eyes open; and there are among us, of course, many who have had opportunities of studying the Art of foreign countries, and some few who have the taste, as well as the means, for establishing a private collection of pictures. But a vast number have known and seen no-

thing better than the pictures annually exhibited here. "Art," says Emerson, "is nature passed through the alembic of man." In this view of the subject it is desirable that we should have an opportunity of seeing the works of many men besides those with whose peculiarities we are already so well acquainted. To introduce to the Canadian public the handiwork of foreign artists, was the intention of the Society in opening, a few weeks ago, a Loan Exhibition of pictures at their new rooms, on King Street; an Exhibition which was undoubtedly a move in the right direction, and which also was in itself, for a first attempt, very successful. Advantage was taken of the accidental presence in Toronto of several large pictures that had been purchased by Canadian gentlemen at the Philadelphia Exhibition, to form a nucleus for the display, around which were grouped contributions from the collection of the Ontario Government, and from many private houses. To Colonel Gzowski, the Treasurer of the Society, in particular, the artists and the public were indebted for a very large proportion of the pictures hung on the walls. Generous as the response was from all quarters, we can only regret that the gleaning was not made from a more extensive field. True, the available wall surface at the disposal of the Committee was but small; and as we hope that the experiment will be repeated annually, or at least biennially, it would have been a pity to have gathered all the blossoms for the first bouquet. But with a little more attention and care, a greater variety might probably have been obtained, without trespassing too much on the reserves which it may be desirable to retain for future occasions. We may mention, for instance, that, within fifty yards of the Society's rooms, there was hanging an excellent specimen of Boddington's landscapes, which we have no doubt would have been readily loaned, and would have been an immense addition to the interest of the Exhibition.

As we trust that the experiment of a Loan Exhibition may be repeated, there are just one or two suggestions which we should like to offer regarding it. In the first place it is very desirable that a catalogue of the pictures should be compiled and printed. Some of those exhibited had their names on pieces of paper, the majority had not. The absence of a catalogue is to all worrying; without it, to most people, an Exhibition is uninstructive. Then, we think that some rule should be established by which pictures which have been exhibited in Toronto within two or three years should be excluded, one object of the Exhibition being the submission to the public of pictures which are new, because, *Hibernice*, they are old, or, at least, because they are unknown. Still more obviously desirable is it that current pictures (so to speak), remaining unsold from last year's Exhibition, and which are still for sale, should not be mixed up with the Loan collection. The inner room might, on such an occasion, fairly be given up as a sale-room. We noticed, by the way, that a telling little picture by Perré was on one of the days near the close, taken from that room by the Hon. C. Brown, who showed an appreciation for what others strangely overlooked. Lastly, we venture to suggest to the Committee, that, in borrowing pictures for exhibition, the desirability of obtaining portraits, figure subjects, and historical pieces should be especially considered. Such pictures are conspicuous by their absence from the annual Exhibition. Of course it is difficult to obtain in Canada many very good specimens, but still there doubtless are several here and there. It was not two months ago that a Vandyke and several Sir Peter Lelys, heirlooms in a family residing in Western Ontario, were sent back to England for sale; and probably a little inquiry would unearth a few Old Masters, or at least some of the portraits of a hundred years ago. There is a want of something that will show people that the smug physiognomies that smirk from the flashing frames of enlarged photographs, are not the *ne plus ultra* of art. These are instances in which nature and man have combined to do something; but the product, though, frame included, it may be worth so many dollars at the market price, is not Art.

Over the general principles which should govern such an Exhibition we have lingered so long, that we have well-nigh exhausted the space at our disposal, and partly so on purpose; because, as the pictures will have been returned to their owners several days before these pages see the light, it seems a day-after-the-fair arrangement to criticize works of which only the memory can linger in the minds of our readers. We will wager that the large picture of the "Norwegian Fiord" is the best remembered of all; for with pictures, as with fat cattle, size tells with the general public. But we are far from saying anything to depreciate Mr. Allan Gilmour's purchase. The picture is more than striking,—it is really excellent. There is a clearness and limpidity, so to speak, about it, combined with a minimum of hardness, that betrays the touch of a true artist. Close by it hung two other foreign pictures, by Böe,—"Arctic Summer Midnight," and a study of flowers. From the latter our flower-painters may learn much, but, as a whole, it is unsatisfactory. Mr. Gzowski sent numerous contributions. Notable among these were two charming little nameless *genre* pictures, both of which amply repaid careful inspection. One is, we hear, attributed to Greuze; the painter of the other is unknown. There was a good specimen by Orizonti, a name little known anywhere, and probably altogether unknown in Canada; a characteristic farm scene by G. A. Williams and Herring; a charming piece of

North Wales, by Read; two water-colours, by Hardy; a capital study of English landscape, oaks, and lanes, by Weld; a fine picture, by Drummond, of the Death of Richard II.; a very clever picture of Bath, by Syer, showing what can be made out of such unpromising subjects as rows of town houses, a tall chimney, a not over-clean stream, and the usual concomitants of city life; and a very soft, quiet landscape by Bellows, which surely might have been nearer "the line." There were several Jacobis, illustrating the peculiar mannerism of that artist. His "Timber Slide" has great merit; and is less spotty than others of his works. A quiet, grey sea-piece, by Pater, was worth looking at. Mr. Allan lent two Indian subjects, by Paul Kane, with which Mr. Verner's treatment of similar subjects invites comparison. There was a careful little sepia sketch, "On the Hooghly," by Allom; a couple of Lower Canadian snow scenes, by Vogt, in the style with which Kreighoff made us so familiar, and, perhaps we may add, so tired; and many other pictures of more or less merit, into a criticism of which, for the reason given above, it is needless to enter. On the next occasion let us hope that the Loan Exhibition will remain open for, at least, three weeks or a month. Edson's "Burnham Beeches" is always pleasant to look at, and so is Mr. O'Brien's "Lords of the Forest," and we are loth to apply our time-limit to such works; but the principle of not re-exhibiting recent works will, we trust, be adopted. It is unnecessary to be so severely suppressive towards artists as Horace is towards young poets; and it might do to advise that pictures once exhibited in Toronto should *quintum premantur in annum*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

FROM the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step. At the Grand Opera House, Neilson and Shakspere were followed by the Kiralfys and modern sensation, spectacle, and ballet. The adaptation of Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days" was so fully noticed in these columns when produced here last season, that it is unnecessary to say anything respecting the play now. Its recent production was in some respects superior to the former one, in others the reverse. Some of the scenes were better, and the dancing of the soloists was much more graceful; indeed we should set down the *Première*, Mdlle Boni, from the London Alhambra, as the finest dancer ever seen in Toronto, not even excepting Mdlle Bonfanti. On the other hand the acting for the most part was inferior. The *Phileas Fogg* of Mr. Metkiff afforded another proof of the almost inevitable deterioration which a performance suffers when very frequently repeated. The exaggeration which was noticeable last season has now degenerated into absolute caricature. The *Passepartout* of Mr. Rennie, though a capital piece of acting on the whole, was not as amusing a presentation of the sharp, dapper, and self-satisfied valet as that of Mr. Lytel; and the *Miles O'Pake* of Mr. Charles had about it too much of the jovial Irishman, and too little of the smart Yankee. Miss Vandyke's *Aouda*, however, was a very agreeable performance, and a great improvement on the previous one.

In the week following, Mr. Milton Nobles appeared in a play written by himself, entitled "The Phœnix." It belongs to that species of American drama in which the stage resounds with pistol shots and glitters with bowie knives. There is the inevitable gambling scene; the equally inevitable scene in a low city "dive," into which the hero ventures, disguised, as usual; and there is also a fire scene. The dialogue, in parts, is not without cleverness, and the play, altogether, has more stuff in it than most compositions of its class, and gives opportunity to Mr. Nobles to display some natural and vigorous acting, as well as a talent for mimicry.

Toward such a play as "Brass," in which Mr. George Fawcit Rowe, its author, sustained the part of *Waifton Stray, the Cosmopolite*, for the first three nights of his week's engagement, criticism is most generous when least prodigal of epithets. After that of "amusing" has been heartily bestowed upon it, few others as favourable remain. With a pun in the name of its leading character, introducing puns innumerable in the text; with its catch-words and genial nonsense throughout, "Brass" would seem to have its ambition bounded by a laugh; and it vaults to the height of innocently creating many a one without falling "on t'other side" into dull buffoonery. Unfortunately five acts of gentle fooling will not, on any stage but the French, hang together without some connecting threads of interest; and Mr. Rowe has thought it necessary in this case to provide one that is like a black string intertwined with gay silks,—the plot being altogether too sombre and melodramatic to blend well with such caricature

sketches as the nervous *Rev. Horatio Tibbits* and the antithetically unabashed *Waifton Stray*. In the hands of its originator, Mr. Rowe, this latter is a capital bit of exaggerated character study, its humorous merit arising from its very improbability. It is artificial in manner, make-up, and conception; but its peculiarities are of a piece, and it is not easy to be consistently unnatural. The easy, leisurely swagger, the imperturbable impudence, the witty volubility of the good-humoured and self-satisfied adventurer make him enjoyable company on the stage, if they reach a height of audacity never seen off it, or which, if displayed, would result unpleasantly for him. Miss Kate Girard, of the Union Square Theatre, New York, was a pleasing and coquettish *Sybil*, a part that made very acceptable her great personal attractions; but she is not a natural or sympathetic actress, and there is conspicuous in her a continual straining after effect that counterbalances the intelligence and conscientiousness she exhibits.

Mr. Rowe repeated his vastly amusing caricature of *Micawber* in "Little Emily." It is impossible for the veriest anchorite to resist the infection of the broad humour and hearty fun which brim over in his representation of the genial oddity which Dickens created; but for all that the performance cannot be commended from an artistic standpoint. It out-Dickenses Dickens, which is saying a great deal; and very much of it is the merest buffoonery. However, it affords an evening of heartiest enjoyment, so that it is not to be wondered at if both actor and audience are well satisfied. Miss Girard's *Martha* was much inferior to her *Sybil*. The part is one which is most effective when acted with simplicity and naturalness. For these qualities Miss Girard substituted theatricalness and straining for effect, with unhappy results. From a dramatic point of view, the best performance was unquestionably the *Peggotty* of Mr. Fitzgerald, a natural, forcible, and touching piece of acting—the finest, we think, which this gentleman has yet given us. *Little Emily* is the most important part yet undertaken by Miss Wright, and she filled it satisfactorily. In the first act she looked charming, and though in the trying scene where she returns to her home, she did not rise to the level of Miss Davis's powerful acting, last season, she showed considerable force and feeling. The dialogue here, between *Little Emily* and *Rose Dartle*, ought to be curtailed, as it is so painful as to verge upon, if it does not overpass, the limits of the horrible. It is difficult to believe that such a human tigress as *Rose Dartle* ever existed, and we are strongly inclined to think that in this scene, at least, she is not intended as an embodiment of a human being, but as a personification of "Society,"—merciless and unforgiving to sinners like *Little Emily;* at least, much of the language put into her mouth is hardly intelligible except upon that supposition. Mrs. Allen deserves credit for consenting to fill so thankless a part, and in her hands it lost little or nothing of its native repulsiveness. Mr. Humphreys, as *Steerforth*, had little else to do except to look youthful and gentlemanly, and this he did to perfection. Mr. Rogers was extremely good as *Uriah Heep;* and the parts of *Mrs. Micawber* and *Ham* were excellently filled, as last season, by Mrs. Morrison and Mr. Stokes.

Among the numerous pieces produced at the Royal Opera House since our last issue, the most noteworthy are "Hamlet," with Miss Miles as the Danish prince, and "The Willow Copse," with Mr. Couldock as *Luke Fielding*. *Hamlet* is a part which we should have said beforehand no woman can fill adequately, and there was nothing in Miss Miles's representation which tended to disturb this impression. Her remarkably graceful figure and bearing enabled her to look the part admirably; and her appreciation of the text was in general intelligent and accurate. But her general conception of the character was merely conventional, and at no moment did it rise above the dead level of mediocrity. The most striking defect, however, was that which unfortunately characterizes Miss Miles's acting as a whole, and makes it less pleasing than that of many actresses greatly inferior to her in mental power—its want of colour and of warmth of feeling. It was coldly intellectual; there was an utter absence of that magnetic fire which more than any other quality tells with a miscellaneous assemblage: except for a few brief moments in the scene between *Hamlet* and his mother, she never really reached the heart of her audience. In this respect the performance of Miss Julia Seaman, who essayed the part at the Grand Opera House, last season, was much more satisfactory.

"The Willow Copse" is not a favourable specimen of Mr. Boucicault's powers as a dramatist. That it keeps a place on the stage is probably due to the fact that the role of *Luke Fielding* affords a fine opportunity for display to an actor who shines in "character" parts. The playbill set it down as Mr. Couldock's masterpiece, and probably rightly so. The characteristics of the old farmer,—his truthfulness and sense of right and duty, his bluntness, his rare exhibitions of temper, his sternness towards wrong-doing, his love for *Rose* and his grief on learning of her disgrace,—were all presented with striking realism. In the scene where he demands of *Rose* what she has done with his name, his acting was full of dignity and massive power; and the subsequent explosion of passion, culminating in insanity, was terrible in its vehemence and intensity. In minor points, the dialect for instance, the same artistic strength was observable.

LITERARY NOTES.

The first number of a new monthly review appeared in London, England, early in January, under the title of *The Cosmopolitan Critic and Controversialist.* It is intended to contain articles of a controversial character on current topics and questions of importance, to which replies are invited. The opening number contains the following articles :—1. The Utility of Controversy. 2. Is Cosmopolitanism preferable to Patriotism? 3. The Intellectual Life. 4. Modern Society. 5. Temperance Legislation. 6. Ought Museums and Literary and Scientific Institutions to be open on the Sabbath? 7. An independent review of Home Politics. Short replies are invited to articles numbered 1, 2, 4, 5, and 6. The publisher is Elliot Stock, and the price one shilling.

Another new venture in periodical literature is shortly to be made on this side of the Atlantic, in the shape of a quarterly review, to serve "the same purpose in the United States that the *Fortnightly* and *Contemporary Reviews* serve so well in England," by affording "some adequate literary vehicle for the carriage and diffusion of the most radical thought of the time." It is to be called the *Radical Review*, and the first number is expected to be issued about the 1st May next. The all-engrossing Labour question will receive special attention, and welcome will be given to "the proper presentation of all sides of all subjects pertaining to human welfare, whether social, economic, scientific, literary, æsthetic, or religious," the management being prompted "to this course by a firm faith in the omnipotence of Truth." These are brave words, and any earnest effort to make them good will have our heartiest Godspeed. Each number will contain about 200 pages. The publisher is B. R. Tucker, New Bedford, Mass., and the price five dollars a year.

Messrs. Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co., of New York, announce the following works, among others, as being in the press, and to be issued shortly :—"The Tour of the Prince of Wales in India," by Dr. Russell, illustrated by Sydney Hall, M.A.; and "Le Chien D'Or" (the Golden Dog), A Novel founded on a Legend of Quebec, by William Kirby, Niagara.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon has written a novel called "Diana, Lady Lyle." It will be issued shortly, in London.

Messrs. Osgood & Co., of Boston, have just published, by special arrangement with the author and the London publishers, an American edition of "Discoveries at Ephesus: including the Site and Remains of the great Temple of Diana;" by J. T. Wood, F.S.A. The work is parallel in importance with that of Schliemann on the supposed discovery of the Troy of Homer. It records the methods of exploration, and the results of eleven years' labour. The numerous statues, inscriptions, &c., discovered, are minutely described and fully illustrated.

A fifty cent edition of "Daniel Deronda" has just been issued by Messrs. Dawson, of Montreal; an example which has been followed by the Messrs. Harper, of New York.

A new novel by the author of the "Queen of Connaught," entitled the "Dark Colleen," has just appeared in London. An American edition is announced from the press of Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co., New York.

Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" has been translated into the German by Herr L. Abenheim, under the title of *Der Tisch-Despot.*

Miss Julia Kavanagh, the author of "Nathalie," "Adèle," and many other popular works of fiction, has just written a new novel, in three volumes, entitled "Two Lilies." No doubt it will be heartily welcomed by the numerous admirers of Miss Kavanagh's charming stories.

Mr. J. P. Mahaffy, the author of the charming volume on "Social Life in Greece," has written a companion volume, under the title "Rambles and Studies in Greece." It is published by Macmillan & Co.

The latest additions to the popular "No Name Series" of Roberts Bros., Boston, are: "Kismet; A Nile Story;" and "The Great Match and Other Matches."

The late Rev. F. W. Robertson's "Notes on Genesis" are announced for early publication by E. P. Dutton & Co., of New York.

An American edition of "The Heritage of Langdale," the latest work of Mrs. Alexander, one of the most popular novelists of the day, will be issued shortly by Holt & Co., of New York.

Mr. J. R. Lowell is said to be writing an essay in favour of giving to the people reading of the kind which they best comprehend and enjoy. It was suggested by a remark of Gen. Bartlett's upon the value of dime novels.

1809, the importation of masts, yards, bowsprits, or timber fit for naval purposes, from the British Colonies in North America into the United Kingdom, duty free.—June 22nd. Captain Humphreys, of His Majesty's ship *Leopard* (50 guns) having satisfied himself that there were three men, deserters from the *Melampus* frigate, on board the United States frigate *Chesapeake* (38 guns), sent on board that vessel a despatch from Admiral Berkeley, commanding the British fleet then at anchor off the Cape of Delaware, demanding the surrender of these three men; this demand being refused by the captain of the *Chesapeake*, the *Leopard* opened fire, when, after exchanging a few shots, the *Chesapeake* struck her colours. Captain Humphreys then obtained the men he had demanded, and the vessels returned to their respective stations, the *Chesapeake* to Hampton Roads, and the *Leopard* rejoined the fleet. The news of this event created a strong sensation throughout the United States. The President (Thomas Jefferson) immediately issued a proclamation, dated 3rd July, requiring all British armed vessels to leave United States harbours or waters; and a strong remonstrance was at once addressed to the British Government.—A proclamation, dated 12th August, was issued by His Honor Mr. President Dunn, prohibiting the exportation from Lower Canada of gunpowder, ammunition, arms, and warlike stores of every kind and description.—19th August. Lieutenant-General Sir James Henry Craig, K.C.B., appointed Captain-General and Governor in Chief of the North American Provinces. Sir James was also appointed Commander of the Forces in North America.—The Quebec *Gazette* of 20th August contains an Order in Council, forbidding the removal of gunpowder from any magazine, store, or warehouse unless by permission of the Governor or person administering the Government.—9th September. A General Order was issued by Mr. President Dunn, thanking the militia for the alacrity with which they had responded to the General Order of 20th August, directing them to hold themselves in readiness for active service, and for their general good conduct which had merited the President's warmest approbation.—On 20th September a *Te Deum* was sung "in thanksgiving for the new marks of Divine goodness to the country in inspiring its inhabitants with the most favorable dispositions for the King's service in defence of the country." A similar service was ordered in every church throughout the Province.—Lieut.-General Sir J. H. Craig, Governor in Chief, arrived at Quebec on Sunday, 18th October, in H. M. S. *Horatio*, Captain George Scott, and on 24th October issued the usual proclamation announcing his assumption of the Government.—24th November. A General Order of His Excellency, Sir J. H. Craig remits the fines imposed by the courts upon a few militiamen who had been prosecuted for acts of insubordination, and exhorts the militia generally to be vigilant at all times and ready for service on the shortes notice.—December 17th. The Quebec *Gazette* contains an official notice that His Excellency had been pleased to grant the Royal pardon to sundry persons who had been convicted of misdemeanor under the Militia Act.—October 31st. Lieut.-Governor Gore announced that His Majesty had been pleased to suspend Mr. Justice Thorpe from his office of judge in Upper Canada; and that measures would be taken for the appointment of his successor.—January 10th. Mr. Brenton Halliburton appointed an Assistant

Justice of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia in place of Hon. J. Brenton, deceased.—August 24th. The Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, in Council, issued an order prohibiting the export of provisions from Nova Scotia from the date of the Order until the 1st November.— December 3rd. The second session of the ninth General Assembly of Nova Scotia met at Halifax.—Lady Wentworth being very ill, the speech from the throne was read by Chief Justice Blowers, president of the Council.—December 11th. The Assembly voted 100 guineas for the purchase of a sword or a piece of plate, to be presented to Vice-Admiral Berkeley, as a testimonial of the respect and esteem in which he was held in the Province of Nova Scotia. Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth subsequently (on 1st February, 1808) declined giving his assent to this vote.— The House of Assembly of New Brunswick met at Fredericton on 30th January, when the session was opened by His Honor Mr. President Ludlow. The Assembly, during this session, voted £50 for the purchase of a silver trumpet, to be presented to the New Brunswick Fencible Regiment, the trumpet to have the arms of the Province engraved thereon. Sixteen Acts were passed during this session. In New Brunswick, as in the other Provinces, the possibility of war with the United States induced the Government to look to the means of defending the Province, and accordingly we find amongst the Acts above referred to "An Act for the better regulation of the Militia in this Province," and an "Act for the more effectual punishment of such persons as shall seduce soldiers to desert."

1808. The fourth session of the fourth Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was opened at York on the 20th January by His Excellency Francis Gore, Lieutenant-Governor. This session terminated on the 16th March. Sixteen Acts received the assent of the Lieutenant-Governor, amongst which was an "Act to explain, amend, and reduce to one Act of Parliament the several laws now in being for the raising and training the Militia of this Province." This Act contains forty-three sections, and appears to have been drafted with great care. Many of its provisions are embodied in the present law (1868). The other Acts of this session are chiefly in amendment of, or to continue, then existing Acts, and it is therefore unnecessary to refer to them in detail.—A proclamation, dated 21st May, was issued by Lieutenant-Governor Gore, dissolving the Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada, and directing the issue of writs, returnable on the 2nd of July, for calling a new Provincial Parliament.—July 7th. The first stone of the lighthouse at Gibraltar Point, at the entrance of York (now Toronto) harbour, was laid. The York *Gazette* of July 9th expresses the greatest satisfaction at the commencement of this important public work; the concluding words of the article express the hope that "it may in building raise to its proposed height without maim or injury to its builders, and stand as a monument to ages yet unborn."—Lieutenant-Governor Gore left York on the 15th June on a tour through the western part of Upper Canada. He proceeded as far as Sandwich, and returned to York on 23rd July.—The Hon. Peter Russell,* who, on the departure of Major-

* Mr. Russell had been in the army and still held the rank of captain (on half pay). During the Revolutionary war he had been secretary to Sir Henry Clinton, Commander-in-Chief of the army in North America. He had also held the office of

General Simcoe in 1796, became President of the Government of Upper Canada, died at York on the 30th of September.—November 18th. William Warren Baldwin appointed Registrar of the Court of Probate for Upper Canada vice Miles Macdonell resigned. —January 21st. François Vassall de Monville appointed Deputy Adjutant-General of Militia for Lower Canada, appointment to bear date 26th December, 1807.—The fourth session of the fourth Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened at Quebec by His Excellency Lieutenant-General Sir James Henry Craig, K.C.B., Governor-General, on Friday, January 29th. This session lasted until 14th April. Thirty-five Acts were passed, one of which, namely, an Act for erecting common gaols with court halls in the inferior district of Gaspé, was reserved, and received the assent of His Majesty in Council on 15th November, 1809. Of the remaining Acts, thirteen were to continue or to amend existing laws; seven were for the improvement of roads and building of bridges; one was to regulate the trial of controverted elections; another was for the better regulation of the lumber trade; an Act was also passed to regulate the currency; the rest it is unnecessary to particularise. Two other subjects of importance engaged the attention of the Assembly during this session. The first was the eligibility of persons professing the Jewish religion to sit as members of the Assembly, a question decided in the negative by a formal resolution of the House which was carried by 21 to 5, and reads as follows: "That Ezekiel Hart, Esq., professing the Jewish religion, cannot take a seat nor vote in this House." The second subject was an inquiry into the state and relations of the intercourse between Quebec and the West Indies. The importance of establishing a direct trade between Canada and the West Indies was strongly felt, and earnest efforts were made to enlist public sympathy for a movement in this direction.—February 22nd. The Hon. Henry Allcock, Chief Justice of the Province of Lower Canada, and Speaker of the Legislative Council, died at his house in St. Lewis Street, Quebec.—April 28th. A proclamation appears in the Quebec *Gazette* of this date, dissolving the Provincial Parliament of the Province of Quebec, and directing the issue of writs, returnable on the 18th June, for a new election.—June 14th. A letter was addressed by Mr. Ryland, Governor's Secretary, to Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Panet, Captain P. Bedard, Captain J. F. Taschereau, Lieutenant J. L. Borgia, and Surgeon F. Blanchet, informing them that His Excellency thought it necessary for His Majesty's service to dismiss them from their situations in the town militia. The reason for this step is said to have been because he could place no confidence in persons whom he had good ground for considering to be proprietors of a *seditious* and libellous publication. Lieutenant-Colonel Panet was succeeded in his command by Charles Pinguet.—July 19th. H.M.S. *Amelia*, Captain the Hon. F. P. Irby, arrived at Quebec from Falmouth, having on board the Lord Bishop of Quebec, and Major-General Drummond and suite.—August 6th. Samuel Phillips, Clerk of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada, died at Quebec.

Receiver-General of Upper Canada, and had been a member of the Executive and Legislative Councils of that Province. Mr. Russell was buried with military honors at York on 4th October. His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor and all the principal gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood were present. The military on duty on the occasion were commanded by Major Fuller (father of the Rev. T. B. Fuller, Archdeacon of Niagara.)

Mr. Phillips was the first Clerk of the Assembly under the new constitution. —September 8th. Jonathan Sewell, Esq., Attorney-General, appointed Chief Justice of the Province of Lower Canada, in the room of the Hon. Henry Allcock, deceased.—September 10th. Edward Bowen, Esq., appointed Attorney-General for Lower Canada — December 15th. William Lindsay, jun., Esq., appointed Clerk of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada in the room of Samuel Phillips, Esq., deceased, commission dated 7th August, 1808.—February 4th. The second session of the ninth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was closed by Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth.—February 18th. Benning Wentworth, Secretary of the Province of Nova Scotia, died at Halifax in the fifty-third year of his age. He was succeeded by Charles Marcy Wentworth, son of Sir John Wentworth, the Lieutenant-Governor.—In view of the critical state of the relations between England and the United States, three regiments of Nova Scotia militia were embodied and employed in active service, taking their share of garrison duties.—April 7th. Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost, Bart., arrived at Halifax in H.M.S. *Penelope*, having been appointed by commission, dated 15th January, 1808, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. Sir George took the oaths of office and signed the rolls on April 13th. His arrival was wholly unexpected, the official letter from the Secretary of State announcing his appointment did not reach Halifax until the 26th April. Sir George Prevost brought with him three regiments of foot, the 7th, 8th, and 23rd.—The third session of the ninth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened at Halifax on the 19th May by the new Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Prevost, who in his opening speech, recommended a revision of the militia laws.—On May 23rd the Lieutenant-Governor sent a message to the Assembly, transmitting a despatch from the Secretary of State recommending to the favourable consideration of the House some suitable provision in the way of an annnuity to the late Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Wentworth. The Assembly, after some discussion with the Council, passed an Act, granting a pension of £500 stg. a year, for life, to Sir John Wentworth. A like pension was paid to him by the British Government. The Assembly took the occasion of the passing of this Act to present Sir John with an address expressing their appreciation of his long and valuable services to Nova Scotia, to which he replied in feeling terms. 23rd June, The session closed. Sir George Prevost thanked the Assembly for having passed the militia laws.—On the 16th June, Aaron Burr,* late Vice-president

* The singular character and romantic history of Aaron Burr seem to require that at least a passing notice should be given of this remarkable man. Aaron Burr was the son of a clergyman, a native of Fairfield, in Connecticut, who was at one time president of the College of New Jersey. He was born at Newark, New Jersey, on February 6th, 1756, graduated at Princeton College in 1772, entered he army as a private, and accompanied Arnold on his expedition to Quebec. He was engaged in the defence of New York, under General Putnam, and became a lieutenant-colonel in 1777, and in 1780 he resigned his commission, and took to the study of law. Mr. Burr was Attorney-General of New York in 1789, and United States senator in 1791. He became Vice-president of the United States in 1801, and in 1804 was nominated for Governor of the State of New York. The contest was bitter, and led to a duel between him and Alexander Hamilton (on July 11th, 1804), in which Hamilton was killed. Mr. Burr's subsequent conduct led to his trial for high treason. The trial took place at Richmond, Virginia. It commenced on March 27th, and did not terminate until September 7th, when the jury brought in the following verdict, "Aaron Burr is not proved to be guilty under the indictment by any evidence submitted to us." On being set at liberty he went to Europe to prosecute his designs, and whilst in Halifax obtained a letter from Lieutenant-Gov-