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"YOU ARE RESOLVED, I SUPPOSE, TO BEHAVE AS YOUR OWN MISTRESS."

BELFORD'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1877.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER V—(*Continued*).

"THEN you had no business to do anything of the sort," thundered the colonel; "things are come to a pretty pass if a dashed cadet is to take matters in his own hand as though—dash his impudence!—he were an officer of the staff."

"What course then would you have recommended us to pursue?" inquired Landon, with a twinkle of the eye which betrayed that his respectful air was not altogether genuine; and might have even aroused a suspicion, in an ill-regulated mind, that a cadet might chaff a colonel.

"Well, sir," said that officer, suddenly assuming a deadly calmness of demeanour, "I would have ventured to recommend you then, what I recommend now, namely, to go to the devil; and if ever I catch you, or any young vagabond like you, on my premises again, I'll send you there."

"Uncle, I won't have it," exclaimed the young girl, with sudden vehemence; "you are behaving with great injustice and base ingratitude"—it was curious to see the family likeness of tone and manner that came out as she thus expressed herself. "This gentleman——"

"Gentleman cadet, you mean, my dear," interposed her uncle, spitefully; "that's quite a different thing."

"I dare say it was so when you were at the Shop," said Landon, coolly; "but that must have been a long time ago."

The little colonel gave a screech, and snatched at a riding-whip that hung above him on the wall of the little entrance hall.

"If you strike him, I leave your house," exclaimed the young girl, throwing herself between them.

"You'll leave it with him, perhaps," cried the old gentleman, pointing to Landon with the whip, as he stood with folded arms upon the door-step. "A penniless beggar of a cadet!"

"I blush for you, sir, as I never thought to blush for any of my kin," answered the girl, haughtily.

"You had better keep a blush or two for yourself, Miss Ella," rejoined the old gentleman; but bitter as were his words, he laid the whip aside as he spoke them, and there was a manifest lull in the tempest of his wrath. "What is it he wants? What the devil have you brought him here for?" continued he fretfully; "you don't know what these cadets are, Ella."

"I only know, sir, that this cadet has done me a great service. I brought him here—since you put it so—that he might receive the thanks of my uncle and guardian. Instead of which you have treated him—yes—in a manner very unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

"No, no, no," replied the old fellow, in ludicrous expostulation, "nobody can ever say that of Gerald Juxon; though I may have been a little warm, may I be tried by court-martial if I ever treated man or woman that way. I am sure I am very glad to see Mr. What's-his name at Hawthorne Lodge, just once and away; and I beg to thank him—yes, sir, I beg to thank you, if you have done my niece good service, and I shall take dashed good care that you are not put to any inconvenience upon her account again."

Landon, with a good-natured smile, bowed his thanks for this handsome acknowledgment. The character of Colonel Gerald Juxon was not unknown to him, though he had never before had the privilege of his personal acquaintance. A "smart" artillery officer, and one who had served with no little distinction in the field, the colonel was yet shunned by the more respectable members of the regiment, for his fiendish temper, and reckless tongue. He had served, he was wont to say, "all the world over;" so that he must have served in Flanders, to which therefore may be attributed his inveterate use of bad language. Even in ladies' society, including that of his niece, of whom he was genuinely fond, he was unable wholly to divest himself of this bad habit. His nature was also said by some to be grasping, but this was denied by others; and certainly since Ella had come to reside with him—for whose accommodation he had left his barrack quarters and taken Hawthorne Lodge—this idiosyncrasy was not apparent. The fact was, though greedy after gain, he was lavish rather than otherwise with what he had, and especially lavish with the property of others. His private income was considerable, and that of his niece still larger, though neither

of these resources would have sufficed him if he had been fined every time he was committed for the offence known as "profane swearing."

Even now the colonel was solacing himself for his extorted civility to his visitor by a volley of expletives against gentlemen-cadets in general, and gentleman-cadet Landon in particular; and for the very purpose of discharging it, he had left the hall, and entered his little drawing-room—a striking example of the ill effects of "temper," for thereby he had given the young people an opportunity—which he would willingly have denied them—of speaking together alone.

"You must not mind what my uncle says," whispered Ella, hastily, "you will not be deterred by his rough ways from—from—letting me know how matters fare with you, and with your friend, of course. We shall be so anxious—Gracie and I—to hear about it; so apprehensive lest harm should happen to either of you through our misfortune."

"Don't think of that, Miss Mayne. But Darall, I am sure, would wish to pay his respects. Would ten o'clock to-morrow morning——?"

Ella nodded in acquiescence, at the same time lifting a warning finger, as her uncle hurried back into the hall.

"What in the name of all the devils is he waiting for?" inquired he, in what might have been meant, perhaps, as a confidential whisper to his niece, but which was distinctly audible to the subject of his inquiry. "Hi, sir! would you like a glass of wine? champagne, or anything you please? Only you had better look sharp and be off home; Sir Hercules is not in a state of mind to be trifled with, I promise you."

Landon declined the wine, and took his leave, with a clinging grasp of his young hostess's shapely hand, which she frankly held out to him.

The decision which Sir Hercules might come to as to his delinquencies, and their punishment—always a very secondary consideration with him—had by this time sunk into total insignificance beside the smile of Ella Mayne.

CHAPTER VI.

A SPARRING MATCH.

COLONEL GERALD JUXON and his niece both remained in the porch of their pretty cottage, while Landon walked down the drive and out of the gate; the colonel because he deemed it expedient to see "that fellow" off the premises with his own eyes; the lady because she wished to see the last of that gallant and very good-looking young knight, who had fought, and might have fallen, or at least come to very serious grief, for her sake. He turned at the moment and raised his cap; the colonel

mechanically replied to the salute with his forefinger; the young lady bowed and waved her hand but by no means mechanically.

"Well, upon my soul!" cried the colonel, throwing up his open palms. It was for him a very slight expression of astonishment and annoyance. He very seldom mentioned his soul without condemning it to the infernal regions for an indefinite term of penal servitude, and when excited he generally doubled his fists.

"What's the matter, Uncle Gerald?" inquired his niece, coolly.

"Matter, begad? Well, I think it matter enough, when a young woman of two-and-twenty goes and throws herself at the head of a penniless scamp like that——"

"How do you know Mr. Landon is a scamp, uncle?" inquired Ella, in a tone rather of amusement than indignation.

It is Coleridge, I think, who says that no one can have a firm conviction who cannot afford to laugh at it himself; and this was Ella's case. She felt in her heart of hearts that Landon was no scamp.

"How do I know it? Why, because everybody knows every cadet is a scamp. As to means and marriage, they may have their hands to offer, but there is never a coin in them to pay the parson for performing the service."

"Still they have their honour, and their good swords," observed Ella, gravely.

"Their honour!" shrieked the little colonel; "ye gods, think of a cadet's honour! and as to their swords, they don't happen to wear them."

Ella broke into a long musical laugh, which seemed to disconcert her uncle extremely.

"I know, my dear girl," said he, in what was for him a tone of conciliation, "that you are as obstinate as the gout in one's heel, but it is quite useless even for you to set your heart upon that young vagabond. You might just as well fall in love with a drummer boy—you might, indeed!"

"Well, and why not, uncle? Then I could be vivandière to the regiment."

"That would be a dashed pretty thing," answered the other, scornfully.

"Well, I think I *should* look rather pretty in uniform," said Ella, with an air of reflection. "With a cap with a gold band, and a charming little keg of spirits, instead of a sabretache. Then, if Mr. Landon was wounded—as he would be sure to be in the first engagement, for he is as brave as a lion—I would give him a little glass of brandy, so;" and she turned her little hand bewitchingly in the air, in illustration of this piece of ambulance practice.

"It is deuced hard to be angry with you, Ella," ejaculated the colonel; "but this is a serious matter. You have given such encouragement to this young cat-a-mountain, that I will lay five to one his conceit will lead him to come back again."

"I would lay ten to one, uncle," replied the young lady, coolly, "that his good feeling will cause him to do so—ten pairs of gloves to one odd one, that Mr. Landon will come back. I intend him to do so. I mean to see him when he does come."

"The devil you do! then I'll keep a dog warranted to fly at beggars."

"Mr. Landon is not a beggar, nor a poor man at all, uncle," answered the girl, steadily. "It would make no difference to me if he has not a penny, but, as a matter of fact, he is the only son of a rich merchant; for he told me so himself."

"I should like to have some better authority for that fact than his bare word," answered the colonel, contemptuously. "However," added he, more gravely, "if you are fixed upon this folly, I will make inquiries. You are resolved, I suppose, to behave as your own mistress in this, as in other matters."

"Most certainly I am," returned the young lady, coolly. They had passed into the drawing-room by this time; Ella was sitting on a low chair with her torn bonnet upon her knees, and her splendid hair falling in dark masses about her shoulders; the colonel was pacing the room with measured strides that seemed to ill accord with the vehemence and irregularity of his talk.

"Of course, the whole thing may come to nothing, Ella; you can't compel this young—gentleman—to make you an offer; for that is what I suppose you are driving at."

Here he stopped, for she had suddenly risen and confronted him with a burning face.

"Look you, uncle," said she, "there are some things I will not put up with even from you. The facts of the case are these: this gentleman, as he truly is, whatever you may choose to call him, has done me to-day, for nothing, as great a service as I have ever experienced from anyone for value received. The only payment he has got is a string of insults from the man whose duty it was to thank him for his generous behaviour. It angered me to see him so treated, as it would have done had he been as old as yourself, and as ill-favoured; and I strove to undo the effect of your discourtesy. That is all."

"Well, well, it may be so, Ella," replied the colonel, his wrath appearing to pale before her own like a fire under the rays of the sun; "but I know a girl's heart is as tinder to flint when any chance service is done her by any good-looking young fellow; and I wished to pu ta stop to what I thought, and still think, to be a dashed impudent thing.

You have thanked the lad, and there's an end; but, of course, if you think proper more should come of it——"

"You are cruel and unkind, uncle," interrupted the girl, with vehemence. "Your words are unjust and unjustifiable, and you know it, and I know why you use them. Yes, since you are so hard, I will be hard, too; you want to keep me and my money all to yourself. You have grudged my making any friend, except Gracie, beyond these doors, for fear I should be enticed away from you; and this conduct of yours is all of a piece with the rest of it."

Strange as a likeness would seem between a tall finely-shaped girl, as dark as a gipsy, with a gray and withered anatomy of a man, it could be seen now, as she stood face to face with her uncle, her eyes flashing, and one little foot fiercely beating the floor. The colonel fairly exploded in a sort of "bouquet" of fiery imprecations—which she bore with as much indifference as summer rain—ere he found articulate speech.

"You ungrateful minx!" "is this the reward I get for making my house your home? When you left your father's house in disgrace, I knew it was useless to expect dutifulness, but I did look for some gratitude, girl!"

"And you found it, uncle," answered she, coolly. "I assure you there was that item in addition to the four hundred pounds a-year that I agreed to pay you for my maintenance. I am obliged to you for the shelter you have afforded me, but the price I pay for it is sufficient. I will not put up with insulting insinuations such as you have just thought fit to indulge in. I had rather leave Hawthorne Lodge, and take up my quarters with Gracie, whose mother, I know, would give me welcome."

It was a very remarkable and, indeed, unparalleled circumstance that, notwithstanding the argument was still hot, and the colonel, undoubtedly, still angry, he here forbore to indulge in very strong language.

"I can't think you will be such a born fool as that, Ella," said he, quietly. "To separate yourself from the only relative, save one, you possess in the world would, in your position, be madness—that would be quarrelling with your bread-and-butter with a vengeance. You would find the commissary's quarters a bad exchange for Hawthorne Lodge, I reckon."

"They would be found capable of improvement, I have no doubt," answered Ella, coolly. "However, as you have stated with such candour, it is not my interest to quarrel with you; and, indeed, uncle—though you are not my 'bread-and-butter' exactly—I have no intention of doing anything of the sort. I think I have shown that since we have lived together. You have a temper like the rest of our family, and I make every allowance for it. I don't mind your bad words, but

I won't stand hard words. And, now, with your permission, I will retire to take off these rags and dress for dinner."

She withdrew with a sweeping courtesy, which would have shown offended pride but for the good-natured nod of the head which accompanied it.

"Did you ever see such an abominably impudent minx?" inquired the colonel, addressing her vacant chair. "Is such conduct credible in a Christian country?"

As the chair was an ordinary chair, and not a spirit-medium—as that article of furniture sometimes is—it did not so much as lift a foot in reply.

In the absence of its negative testimony the colonel was compelled, therefore, to believe the evidence of his own eyes, which he proceeded to objurgate accordingly. Then, pulling out his watch, "It wants an hour yet to dinner," said he, "So I'll just step down to the commissary's, and ask him what he thinks about it."

CHAPTER VII.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

ACTING-DEPUTY-ASSISTANT-COMMISSARY-GENERAL RAY occupied apartments in barracks, which were not more numerous, and much less magnificent than his titles. They were shabbily furnished, and the furniture, even in its best days, had not been good. The look-out of the principal rooms was upon the dusty barrack square; and the quiet of home-life was apt to be disturbed by the sudden roll of drums, the unexpected squeak of fifes, and occasionally, by the quarrels of the soldiers at the canteen. The seamy side of military life was, in short, always presented to the inmates of this establishment; they lived, as it were, inside the Punch show. Fortunately since their quarters were so limited—the family was small; consisting only of the commissary, his wife—a confirmed invalid, whom creeping paralysis at present permitted to move herself about in a patent wheel-chair, but to whom even that limited freedom of movement was soon to be denied—and their daughter, Grace, whose acquaintance we have already made.

The trio exhibited a marked contrast to one another. The head of the house was a tall, muscular Scotchman, of about sixty years of age, who bore his years, not, indeed, "lightly—like a flower"—but with that comparative convenience which comes of a strong digestion, and absence of fine feelings. He had been a good deal knocked about in his

time, but he was harder than the thing, or people that had hit him; he boasted, indeed, of being as "hard as nails," imagining that to be in a man as moral excellence, which in the rhinoceros he would have only admitted to be an accident of birth. He had at no time of his life been young; that is, he had neither felt himself to be so, nor looked like it; and hence he reaped the great advantage of not perceiving any particular change in himself, nor having it observed by others, now he was old. Everybody who saw him now, and had known him in past days, remarked that Sandy Ray looked much the same. In the cold of Canada he had not shivered, in the heat of the West Indies he had not perspired, but had defied all climates and all weathers. He had never given way to a folly nor a weakness; never experienced the temptation of an impulse of any sort; and hence, upon a very small stock of intelligence, had acquired the reputation of a long-headed fellow. He was also reputed to be wealthy, notwithstanding—or, perhaps, in consequence of—the poverty of his domestic ménage. He had held various semi-military appointments all over the world; and though the "pickings" contingent to such positions are not large, there *are* pickings, and Sandy Ray was supposed to have swept them all up into a very close-meshed net. His Christian name was Alexander, but no one had ever abbreviated that; he was not a man to have his name shortened through affection or familiarity; he was called Sandy from the tint of his hair, whereon the red bristles still contended with the gray for every inch of pate. His features were large and inexpressive, except of hardness; his gray eyes cold and slow of movement; his teeth white and strong as a wolf's. He spoke with an elaborate caution, which was never so marked as when in conversation with his fidus Achates, Colonel Juxon; whose words flowed like a torrent set with crags and rocks, and crammed with imprecations in place of foam.

What bond of union existed between these two men, in most respects so different, it is hard to tell. They had both of them "frugal minds," and it was by some suggested they had private investments in common; others, however, of a livelier fancy, did not hesitate to express their conviction that "Swearing Juxon," and "Sandy Ray," who it was notorious had known one another years ago, in outlandish quarters, shared the knowledge of some secret crime between them, which had probably filled both their pockets.

What was a much greater mystery that how the commissary had secured the Colonel's friendship, was, how he had won his wife. She must have been, when he married her, a beautiful girl; indeed, the remnants of great beauty still lingered about her feeble and shattered frame, and "what she could ever have seen in her husband," was the inquiry every women put to herself when she saw the pair together.

That Mrs. Ray had not married Sandy for his beauty was certain, from the evidence of his contemporaries; nor was it for his mental or moral attractions—because he had none; nor was it for money, since whatever private store he might now possess he had certainly not acquired in those days; it remained, therefore, since all reasonable causes were thus eliminated, that she had married him for love, which was the most extraordinary explanation of all.

It is my private belief that the unhappy lady, being of a nervous and submissive nature, had been positively frightened into wedding him, by which means, perhaps, more marriages are to be accounted for than is generally supposed. However, she *was* married to him, and was being only slowly relieved from that position by the disease which I have mentioned. Her husband was not specially unkind to her, but of gentleness he had not a grain in his composition, and the lack of it—though the doctors did not say so—had helped to bring her to her present pass. He had, it is probable, being proud of her in his way, at one time; had doubtless smiled grimly when it had come to his ears that people said, "What could she have seen in him?" But now he was only proud of the chair in which she sat. It had cost him, being a patent article, a considerable figure; and when folks said (for there are folks who will say anything) that his wife's affliction must be a great trial to him, he would reply, "not only a trial, but let me tell you, a matter of very considerable expense." Then he would point out the advantages of the chair, with her in it; indeed she was made to put it through its paces as it were, moving it hither and thither with a touch of her thin hand; and if a compliment was not paid him—though he professed to despise compliments—upon the consideration for the comfort that had caused him to invest in so expensive an article, he was more bearish than usual for the rest of the day.

What thoughts passed through poor Mrs. Ray's mind as she sat, dying so slowly in that delicate and costly piece of furniture, are too sad for me to imagine. She was not what is called "a great thinker," so let us hope things were better with her than they would have been with some who are; but sometimes in that worn and weary face could be read terrible things; across those still tender eyes flitted, I fear, the ghosts of youth and health, the piteous remembrance of long vanished joys. She had no very earnest religious feelings, and therefore without that hope which sustains so many unfortunates in this inexplicable world; of life, the poor soul had had enough; the best that she looked forward to was eternal rest. Yet no word of complaint escaped her. How strange it is that the fate of martyrs, who do not happen to be saints, should attract so little pity!

Gracie, indeed, was sorry for her mother; but with that exception,

no one seemed to consider her case a hard one. Perhaps, if she had mentioned how hard she felt it, people might have agreed with her, but as it was, they saw her pale face, lit with its sad smile, and expressed their approval of her resignation. She had not much liking for books, but was never idle, working with her needle a little for herself, and a great deal for Gracie. Perhaps the most pressing sorrow she had was the reflection that there would soon come a time when she should still be alive, and yet unable to work ; when the palsy that at present had only reached her lower limbs should attack her diligent fingers. Then, indeed, it would be melancholy to sit at that barrack window with folded hands, awaiting death's tardy stroke. The cares of managing the little household upon the scanty sum that her husband allowed for its maintenance, were, it was true, delegated to Gracie, but she shared the responsibility with her, and took all the blame—and there was often blame—upon her own shoulders. The commissary, who grudged every shilling, however necessarily spent, preferred to find fault with his wife instead of his daughter, because it made the latter cry : not that he would have been rendered the least uncomfortable by any amount of woman's tears, but because the crying made Gracie's eyes red, and deteriorated from her personal appearance ; and her beauty was precious to him, as likely to prove a marketable commodity. Thus the girl escaped a good many jobations, which she did not indeed deserve any more than her mother, but which she would have gladly borne in her mother's place. The invalid, on the contrary, was well satisfied that any consideration, no matter what, should preserve her beloved daughter from the commissary's ire.

Imagine, therefore, her distress of mind when Gracie made her appearance out of the fly upon that day of the battle of Charlton Fair, with draggled raiment and torn bonnet. In this case Mrs. Ray felt that the dear child must bear her own burden of reproach and fault-finding. And heavy enough she knew it would be ; for Gracie had worn her best attire upon the occasion of that unlucky walk with Ella Mayne, and it would take many shillings to repair its damages.

" My dear child," cried she, as soon as she had assured herself that she had received no personal hurt, " what will your father say ? It was only last week that he paid three pounds on account to Miss Furbelow."

Her head shook from side to side with nervous agitation ; she flapped her poor thin fingers as though she had been a penguin ; it was terrible to see such affliction, about so insignificant a matter, in one so stricken.

" But, dear mamma, papa will understand that it could not be helped.

If it had not been for Mr.—that is, for two young gentlemen from the College—matters might have been much worse."

Mrs. Ray gave a little sigh. She had applied that argument—or had had it applied for her—of comparative degrees of evil, much too often to derive comfort from it. Another philosophic remark that "when things are at their worst they must needs mend," was also inefficacious in her case. Perhaps it was because her powers of perception were dull.

"Change your dress as soon as you can, Gracie, dear, and then tell me all about it. If your papa comes in, and sees you in such a state, oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" and again she wrung her hands. There was a similitude in the poor lady's speech and action to those of Mr. Punch, when in dread expectation of the policeman, but "the pity of it" prevented the smile that they would have otherwise provoked. Her policeman was a reality, and she, alas! had no stick wherewith to knock him over the head, to the enjoyment of all beholders.

When Gracie, however, presently re-appeared in a dress, less splendid indeed than that which had met with such mischance, but very neat and becoming, it was plain that there was some happiness for the invalid yet. Her daughter looked so blooming that she persuaded herself. "dear Alexander," would not "have the heart" to scold her, and having laid that flattering unction to her soul, she was at liberty to take pride and pleasure in the girl's beauty. In telling her story, Gracie had this difficulty: she had to be careful not to alarm her mother by the account of her own peril, and at the same time not to underrate the services of Mr. Darall, who seemed to her a Paladin. Mrs. Ray listened to his exploits with the attention that the crippled always pay to the recital of any physical conflict. "He must be a very brave and kindhearted young man, that Mr. Darall," said she, when it was concluded, "and his friend also."

"Yes, mamma, he was most kind. It was not his fault that he didn't see us home, as the other did; but it appears that he runs great risk of getting into trouble for having been at the fair at all."

"But does not his friend run the same risk?"

"Well, no; or, at least, if he did it does not signify, because he is very rich; if he was sent away from the Academy to-morrow, it would make no difference to his prospects, it seems, while poor Mr. Darall is—poor."

Mrs. Ray sighed again: perhaps she had permitted herself to entertain the "low beginnings" of a romance for Gracie, and now they were ruthlessly trodden down. Gracie understood the sigh quite well: there was no concealment in that household as regarded such matters. She had been told a dozen times by her father that her future prospects

in life were in her own hands; that is, that they lay in her making a good marriage; and they had been discussed without reserve. She was no flirt, nor even what is called "forward," either in ideas or behaviour; yet, perhaps, no man had ever paid her any marked attention without her having reflected to herself, "perhaps this person will be my husband." It was not her fault that it was so; extreme delicacy of mind was as impossible to one in her circumstances as modesty is to the offspring of some agricultural labourer who has but one room for the accommodation of his grown-up family. What was possible to her of good the girl had acquired or retained; she possessed all its solidities, if circumstances had denied to her those graces which embellish goodness. A dissenting chapel may not have the external attractions of a cathedral, simply from want of funds, and yet be equally sacred. Up to that time, for example, Gracie had regarded the marriage question from a point of view that was, for one of her years and sex, somewhat calculating and matter-of-fact. It was, unhappily, no longer possible for her to do so, now that she had seen Hugh Darall.

For the future something would have to be given up as well as acquired; and that something, for the present, seemed immeasurably precious, not willingly to be bartered for much gold.

"What was he like—this Mr. Darall—Gracie?" continued the invalid, with gentle sadness, but with a touch of curiosity too. Even when a pretty thing is not to be got, one likes to hear all about it.

"Oh, so handsome, dear mamma, and so kind, and I am sure so good!"

Mrs. Ray's pale lips twitched with a painful smile—an accident of her infirmity, perhaps; or was she thinking of some far back time, when she had given some one credit for being "good" upon too short an acquaintance.

"That does not give one a very distinct idea of him, Gracie. Is he dark or fair?"

"Oh, fair, mamma. He has blue eyes."

"Like Captain Walters?" inquired the old lady, with affected indifference.

"Oh, not at all like Captain Walters," answered the girl, in a tone of indignation. "They are beautiful eyes, very frank and——"

"Tender," suggested the invalid, smiling.

"Yes, that is the word—tender," answered the girl, simply. "I don't think Mr Darall would hurt a fly; and yet, when one saw him waiting to meet those wicked men, they looked hard and shining, like drawn swords."

"Do you mean the men did?"

"No, no; his eyes. There were a hundred of them—I mean of the

men, of course—and yet he was not one bit afraid; nor would he have been, it is my belief, if they had been a thousand."

"I should like to have seen Mr. Darall, if it were but to thank him for what he did for you, Gracie," said her mother, after a pause; "but I suppose I never shall. They say all is for the best, and perhaps that is. I don't think your papa would like it, you see, since nothing can possibly come of it after all. Don't cry, Gracie; don't cry, my darling!" and with a dexterous movement of her chair, she brought it close to where Gracie sat at the window. The mother and child embraced without a word. Speech was unnecessary; each knew what the other would have said, and the hopelessness of saying it.

"See, there is Colonel Juxon coming across the square to have a chat with your father," said Mrs. Ray, presently, in her cheerfulest tone. "I wonder what brings him so much earlier than usual."

"He is come to talk about Mr. Landon and Ella," said Gracie, simply.

"Oh, dear, dear! I hope he won't say anything about her torn gown and things, and so set your papa thinking about yours, and wanting to see them, perhaps!"

"It is not likely that Colonel Juxon will mention Ella's gown, mamma; it is not as if it was her only one, you know."

"That's true, my dear; I had forgotten. She has only to take another gown out of her wardrobe; and if this Mr. Landon pleases her, and is agreeable, she can take him as easily. Life must be a fine thing to those that are rich—and can enjoy it," added the invalid, in lower tones.

"Dear Ella deserves all she has, mamma," said Gracie, gravely, as if in apology for her friend's prosperity. "She is not spoilt by her riches, but is generous and gracious too."

"I don't deny it, darling," answered her mother, with a little sigh that had nothing of selfishness in it. She thought, maybe, if these things came by deserving, that her Gracie might have had her share of them also.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO VETERANS.

"You are come early for your 'crack' to-day, Juxon," was the commissary's greeting to his friend, as the colonel entered the low-roofed little parlour which did duty for dining-room in Officers Quarters, letter Z. He drew up the whole six feet two of him to meet his guest—as a sentry stands at attention to salute his passing superior—and thereby touched, not indeed the stars, but the whitewashed ceiling with his sub-

lime head. This manner of salutation led some folks to aver that Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General Ray had once been a full private, from which rank he had risen to his present position; but this was an unmerited compliment.

"Early, begad! Yes, I have not even dined," answered the colonel sulkily.

"Well, you know, Juxon, we dine early," observed the other, hesitatingly, yet with sufficient distinctness, "that is the rule of our house; but we shall have 'high tea,' as my Gracie calls it; cold things and eggs——"

"Thank you, no, I have not your powers of digestion, Ray. A man who can take 'meat tea' must have the stomach of an ostrich. Dinner's dinner, and it was no light thing that fetched me from home just before feeding time, I promise you. There's the very devil to pay with my Ella, in the shape of a dashed impertinent cadet."

"A cadet!" echoed the commissary, in his slow, reluctant way; "a cadet and your Ella! You really astonish me."

"Maybe I shall astonish you more presently," answered the colonel, coldly.

"My dear sir, you mistake me. I intended to express sympathy," returned the commissary. "That a young woman so gifted by Nature and by Fortune as Miss Ella—should have—and a cadet too—— By-the-bye, you have not mentioned how far the thing has gone."

"It has gone, and shall go, no farther than I can help, sir, you may be dashed sure of that. But my niece, you know, is her own mistress, that's the difficulty."

"Difficulty indeed," said the commissary. "To be too well provided for in a girl's case is almost as bad—and much more dangerous—than not being provided for at all."

"I don't want your philosophical reflections, Ray, but your advice. If a beggarly cadet was to come courting your daughter, for example, what would you do?"

"What would I do?" repeated the commissary, slowly. "Well, the question is, rather, what would I not do?" The probability is, to begin with, that I should wring his neck."

"Quite right," observed the colonel, approvingly. "That is the idea that would first occur to every well-constituted mind; but one can't do it in these times. I can remember the day when no more was thought of what became of a cadet than of a cat, but that's all over now, and the service is going to the devil. A word or two to Sir Hercules, spoken in season, might of course get him expelled from the Academy, but then he would be loose, and so much the more dangerous."

"He wouldn't come to Officers' Quarters, letter Z, twice," observed the commissary, fingering his grizzled moustache.

"Very likely not; indeed, I should say certainly not," replied the colonel, dryly. "But he would come to Hawthorne Lodge as often as you please, and oftener."

"Not unless you gave him victuals," observed the other gravely.

"That is taking a professional view of the affair indeed, commissary," said the colonel, laughing.

"Nay, it is only in accordance with common sense; the young beggar would probably not have sixpence to bless himself. A cadet is not a self-supporting institution, you must remember, colonel."

"That is true in a general way; but I am not certain about it in this case. You make it your business to know everybody's affairs, Sandy, from the commandant's down to the last-joined cadet's—it's all nonsense to deny it, you *do*—and that is why I am come to ask your opinion. You keep your ears open for everything, and quite right too, if it is worth your while. Tut, tut, man, why shouldn't you? Nobody ever heard me say a word against it. Now, do you know anything of a young fellow up yonder"—and the colonel jerked his thumb in the direction of the Royal Military Academy—"called Landon?"

"Well, yes, I do. He is the one that keeps the beagles. An uncommon well-to-do young fellow. He is either independent, or has a fool for a father who is very rich. I never took the trouble to inquire which."

"Just so; matters had not come so near to you as to suggest that. Well, they have come very near to me. Now, put yourself in my place. If this young Landon, being his own master—or who could become so by a little persuasion—and presumably rich, were to come to you and ask for your Gracie, what course should you adopt?"

"Well, I should not put myself in a passion, my good sir; that's not the way at all in arranging preliminaries. I should say, 'Sit down, young gentleman,' or words to that effect, and endeavour to bring him to reason. I should say, 'How much money have you, or will you have when you come of age?' or, 'How much is your father prepared to give you?' as the case may be. Then if he mentioned a proper sum, I should bring out a bottle of wine and treat him, as one gentleman should treat another."

"A deal he'd understand of that," snorted the colonel, "he'd get dashed drunk, that's all."

"I should take care he did not do that till he had replied to my questions," continued the commissary calmly. 'Wine warmeth man's heart,' says the Scripture; the word 'man' is comprehensive, and includes the cadet; besides, I should take care that Gracie poured it out

for him. I should make him feel at home, and on equal terms in short, and then I should say something like this : 'You are a nice young man, as my daughter thinks, and as I for my part have no reason to doubt. But daughters, my young friend, are rather expensive articles.'"

"Ah, you would go into the question of her settlements at once, would you?" inquired the colonel.

"Not at all, Juxon, not at all," answered the other with a wave of his huge palm; "that would, of course, have to be arranged by the lawyers. What would have to be settled in the first place would be how much the young gentleman was prepared to give *me*."

"What, as commission on the transaction? By gad, that's a good idea!" cried the colonel, slapping his thigh and laughing heartily.

"Not at all, Juxon, not at all; you go too fast," pursued the commissary, gravely. "I don't think a father should take anything in that way, and I should only stand out for my rights as a father. 'Here is this young lady,' I should say, 'a prize in the matrimonial lottery, indeed, my dear young friend, but who has cost me much in the rearing. You see her in a state of perfection: a state, let me tell you, that is not attained for nothing, and up to this moment she has been entirely unremunerative to me. Before I can enter into any preliminaries, therefore, on her account, my own just expectations must be satisfied. I must have—say a thousand pounds down on the nail, to recoup me for expenses.'"

"You are a devilish sharp fellow, Sandy," said the colonel, admiringly. "Your notion is altogether good, though it smacks a little of the savage, don't it? You and I have been in places, for instance, where a young woman's father had to be recompensed with a cow or a pig, or even a string of beads, before she was allowed to change hands, eh?" and the colonel dug his companion playfully in the ribs, as though with significant reference to some particular transaction of this nature.

"Tut, tut; one may learn of everybody," said the commissary. "There's worse people than savages in this world."

"That's true, Sandy, so long as you and your likes are in it," responded the other, frankly. "So, that's what you would say to this young Landon, is it, if the matter really comes to any head—you would make it a question of compensation?"

"I would make it such a question, undoubtedly," replied the commissary. "I should be a fool to do otherwise. But I don't say that you should make it so. You have not the feelings of a father—how should you have—since you have never had his expenses? Miss Ella is but your sister's daughter——"

"Who the devil told you that?" interrupted the colonel, snappishly.

"Well, she's your niece, and her name ain't Juxon. So it's clear she must be—unless, indeed—— no, then she wouldn't have any money of her own——"

"There's a nut for you to crack, gossip; only mind you crack it by yourself," said the colonel, with a dash of ferocity in his bantering tone. "Well, whoever she is, this young fellow is after her, and it will take all I know to manage matters, if once she gets the bit between her teeth. I am sincerely obliged to you for your advice and your information, Sandy, and, in return, I will just tell you a bit of news that concerns yourself."

"News, and about myself? You don't mean to say that the master-general has hearkened at last to any word of mine—or, perhaps, to that of a good friend, such as one Colonel Juxon—and is about to remember an old and tried public servant, eh man?" and the commissary's stony face grew for a moment almost conciliatory.

"Old you are, Sandy, and tried you may have been for what I know," replied the colonel, laughing, "but as to your promotion, I have heard nothing. What I have to say is connected solely with your domestic affairs; there's a cadet after your Gracie as well as after my Ella!"

"A cadet after my Gracie!" yelled the commissary, for the moment startled out of his habitual equanimity of manner; "she dare not do it, sir; I don't believe it."

"My dear sir, she has done nothing amiss that I am aware of—nothing more than what you take so coolly in my girl's case. It seems that she and Ella were rescued by this Landon and another cadet from some scoundrels of Charlton Fair."

"Not such scoundrels as themselves, I'll warrant!" broke in the commissary bitterly. "But what was this other one's name? Not that it signifies, for they are all good for nothing alike, except perhaps your man, Landon. It's just like my luck that Gracie should have picked out the poor one."

"Nay, I don't think she picked him out," observed the colonel, with an amused air, "it seems to me that he picked her out."

"Then why didn't he pick the other out—I mean Miss Ella—it would have been all the same to him, and have left Landon to my Gracie."

"I'm sure I don't know, commissary," chuckled the colonel, "there's something of fancy perhaps in such little preferences. You are very welcome to Landon now, if you can persuade him to transfer his affections. But I am bound to say," added he, slily, "from Ella's account, that this other young fellow is a fine, handsome, soldier-like lad, such as

most men would be proud to call their son-in-law, and showed a great deal of courage."

The colonel expected an outburst, but his companion quietly answered: "There was a tolerable scrimmage then, was there?"

"Scrimmage, I believe you: you have heard of course that the cadets marched down to the fair, and took the place as it were by assault. Then afterwards there was another row, in which these two were alone concerned. To give the devil his due, this Landon seems to have fought like a wild cat, and his friend to have backed him loyally."

"That's good," said the commissary, rubbing his hands, "for from what I know of Sir Hercules, he will not easily look over a first offence, certainly not a second; so this young blackguard is safe to be expelled. He can't live on here, like a young bear, by sucking his paws, and so we shall get rid of him."

"You're a deuced grateful creature, Sandy, and that's a fact," grinned the colonel, rising and putting on his forage cap. "I only wish Miss Ella was as easy to deal with as your Gracie is like to be; but you have such a persuasive way with your women-folk."

"I never swear at them at all events," observed the commissary, drily. "Good afternoon to you." And so they parted on the very verge of a quarrel, as the worthy pair had been wont to do every other day for the last ten years. If the colonel was given to use worse language than the commissary, he had not been endowed with a worse temper. In the latter's case, there being no verbal outlet, his ire took the form of moroseness and soured the whole man. The ebullition of rage to which he had given way, when his friend had informed him of Gracie's adventure, had been but momentary, and even now, when he was left alone with that unwelcome piece of intelligence, and was considering it, a shade of yellow that mingled with the brick-dust colour of his complexion alone betrayed his annoyance. It was as sufficient an indication, however, to the members of his family that something was amiss with him, as is a flag upside down to mariners.

His wife and daughter noticed this baleful signal, as the commissary entered what he was wont to call "my drawing-room."

It was an apartment furnished entirely by his own taste, and he was doubtless jealous lest anyone else should have the credit of it. The backs of the half-dozen chairs it contained, and also of the little sofa, were all of mother-of pearl, and presented to the astonished eye, each a picture of some famous edifice. Windsor Castle, St. Paul's, and the Tower of London, were all thus portrayed, and if not quite as large as the originals, the effect of them was very striking. The back of the sofa represented Westminster Abbey by night; the windows were lit up as if by flame, so that nervous ladies with muslin gowns had sometimes declined

to sit upon it. Each picture, the commissary said, had been executed by a first-rate R.A. If it had really been so, the R.A. ought himself to have been executed immediately on the completion of his work, for anything more hideous could not have been imagined. But in this, I think, the proprietor was mistaken; the execution must have been mechanical, and had not been, perhaps, quite so expensive as he would have it believed. The colonel said—nay, swore—that it was "all oyster-shells."

"What nonsense is this, Mrs. Ray, about Gracie and some cadet?" inquired the lord of all this grandeur with stern abruptness.

"It is no nonsense, papa ——" commenced Gracie.

"You are not going to venture to tell me, I hope, that there is anything serious?" interrupted he in harsh slow tones.

"No, papa," answered the girl, trembling a little in spite of the courage she always strove to assume in her mother's presence; "I only meant to say that there was no flirtation, or anything that could be objected to. A very great service, and at great risk to themselves, was done to me and Ella by two young gentlemen—cadets—in rescuing us from some very rude people; and I do hope, papa, that you will take some notice of it—I mean in the way of thanks."

"And what is it, may I ask, that you expect me to do? Am I to go and call upon this young whipper-snapper, whose very name you have not yet given yourself the trouble to tell me? Upon my word, Mrs. Ray, I cannot congratulate you upon the manner in which your daughter has been brought up. To dictate to her father, and at the same time to keep him in ignorance of an important fact! Perhaps I am at once to send an invitation to dinner addressed to 'Blank Blank, Esq., Royal Military Academy?'"

"No, no, papa; only, if he comes to ask after me—or anything—as it is only likely he may do——"

"If who comes?" inquired the commissary, growing perceptibly more yellow. "Am I never to hear this gentleman's name?"

"Darall, papa—Hugh Darall!"

"A very fine name, with figure and face to match, no doubt. If I ever catch you asking him to this house, or giving him the least encouragement, Miss Gracie, I do assure you, you will both repent it. Not that you are in the least likely to set eyes on him again, for he is pretty certain to be expelled for this day's work at Charlton Fair."

"Oh, papa, and I shall have been partly the cause of it! How ungrateful and unkind he will think me, never to give him one word of thanks!"

"I'll be sworn you have given him that already, and perhaps a word

or two too much. Let there be no more of them, miss. I happen to know that he's a beggarly fellow, without a shilling."

"I know he has no money, papa, though he can't help that; and he has also a poor mother dependent upon him——"

Mrs. Ray closed her eyes, as it was her custom to do when expecting an outbreak of her husband's wrath, but the evident emotion of Gracie had stayed its torrent. Her father saw that she was crying bitterly, and he remembered that it would disfigure her for the evening party to which she was engaged that night.

"Don't be a fool, Gracie," he said, in a tone which he confidently believed to be a conciliatory one; "I don't want to be unreasonable. So long as it is quite understood that this young fellow is not to be encouraged, I have no objection to your being civil to him. If he calls here within the next few days, I suppose you must see him—of course, in your mother's presence—and get rid of him as well as you can. If he puts off calling to a later date, we may take it for granted that he has some prudence, or thinks nothing serious of the matter; and you will, in that case, instruct Janet to say 'Not at home.'"

"That is all I wanted, papa," sobbed Gracie, softly; "only not to seem discourteous and unkind."

"Very good! Now let us have no more tears. One system of waterworks of that sort in a house"—here he cast a contemptuous glance at the invalid—"is quite sufficient. If your eyes are red when your chaperon, Mrs. Murdock, comes to call for you, I shall be exceedingly annoyed. And mind you are civil to Captain Waters to-night; forget what I said about him the other evening. Circumstances alter cases; and I happen to know that an aunt of his died suddenly last week, and has left him a pretty penny."

Here the commissary stalked out of the room, and, as soon as he had got outside the door of it, winked to himself with great significance. This wink expressed not only general approval of his own persuasive way with womankind, but a certain particular satisfaction. "There is no fear of Mr. Hugh Darall's paying his visit in any particular hurry," he muttered, "inasmuch as I happen to know that the whole cadet corps are confined to barracks till further orders."

The commissary was justly credited with "happening to know" most things, and especially for his possession of the very latest local information.

(To be continued.)

"LA RUSE D'AMOUR."

LA RUSE D'AMOUR.

My little Birdie! I've found you at last,
Hour after hour I've sought for you vainly;
Now that I've caught you the die shall be cast—
Tell me my fortune, and tell it me plainly.

Half in the sunshine and half in the shade,
Hiding away and yet smiling to see me;
Knowing the havoc your bright eyes have made,
Disdaining to hold, nor caring to free me.

Tell me my fortune, it rests in your heart,
Make it a bright one, dear lady, to cheer me.
Sometimes I think when our souls are apart,
That heart's not so light as when I am near thee.

Ah! you are frowning—'tis always my fate;
To-morrow I go—I'm summoned by duty—
Partly resigned, for I've noticed of late,
The world holds a prize that's better than beauty.

A tear!—and for me! 'Twas only a jest,
I'd forfeit my life to save you from sorrow;
You know not the weight you have raised from my breast,
And, love, I'm not sure, I *must* leave to-morrow.

TEMPERANCE BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT—THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM.

BY HON. W. McDOUGALL, C.B., M.P.P.

IT is frequently necessary to remind well-meaning, but inexperienced legislators, that change is not always reform. The ease with which legal experts compress into one or two volumes the unrepealed Acts of half a century of legislation, proves how very few kernels of wheat are contained in whole cart-loads of legislative chaff. But if the Bills, or projects of laws, which have been introduced, printed, and discussed during the same period, and either withdrawn by their projectors, or extinguished by the negative vote of parliament, were added to the list of abortive acts, the enthusiasm of many ingenuous law-makers would be abated, and the faith of moral and social reformers in the efficacy of novel Acts of Parliament, without a corresponding change in the opinions and consciences of the people who are expected to obey them, would be seriously shaken. "Governments," says Mr. Mill, "must be made for human beings as they are, or as they are capable of speedily becoming." In other words, he who proposes new institutions or new laws for any people must be impressed, not solely with the benefits of the institution or polity proposed, but also with the capacities, moral, intellectual, and active, required for working it.

The Temperance movement is one of the great moral reforms of the 19th century. Moralists in every age had condemned excess in the use of stimulants, and individuals and societies had imposed upon themselves, as a religious duty, abstinence from intoxicating drinks. But until 1836, when "The Temperance Union" was formed in the United States, we have no example of a voluntary association organized without reference to sacerdotal or political objects, spreading itself over different countries and imposing its one rule of abstinence upon multitudes of people of every rank and class. The State of Maine, in 1851, made, as some think, an important discovery in legislation, and by the coercive prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors within the State, accomplished a great reform in the habits and morals of its citizens. Five years' experience of Neal Dow's system of legal prohibition induced the Legislature of Maine to repeal it, and re-enact the License system. The usual result followed; the *flow* of the tide was proportioned to the retrogression. "License," says Mr. Stebbins, in his Fifty Years History of the Temperance Cause, "took the place of prohibition, and in every city, town and village, there was the open bar, the

gay saloon, and the less inviting shop. Liquor was flowing everywhere in the State, and so alarming were the consequences, that the philanthropist, patriot and Christian sprang to the rescue, nor did they cease their labours until the law again triumphed in the right." There are those, however, who doubt whether the net results of the coercive system, apart from the voluntary abstinence of anti-drinkers, have vindicated its author's title to the honours of a Solon. No doubt the law has done *some* good, but if we may believe the reports of intelligent observers, and the testimony of reputable citizens, it has also done some harm. That it has entirely prevented either the sale or the use of intoxicating liquor, no one who has lived in the State will affirm. As a model of legislation the "Maine Law" may be considered a failure. Only two or three of the smaller States have adopted it in a modified form, and even Mr. Stebbins admits that "alternate success and defeat have been its history ever since." Dio Lewis, the originator of the "Women's Temperance movement," which produced such remarkable results in Ohio two or three years ago, gives his opinion of legal prohibition as follows:—"The Prohibitory Liquor Law, thoroughly enforced, would, I have never doubted, contribute more to the wealth of the State and the welfare of society than all the other of our Statutes put together. But if this law be enacted *before public sentiment is prepared to enforce it*, it must divert the attention of temperance men from the vigorous and undivided employment of those moral influences which alone can give development and power to public sentiment. *I affirm that its influence in New England has been disastrous up to this time.*" —[*Fifty Years' History of the Temperance Cause.*—p. 477.]

There is, perhaps, no country in the world where "public sentiment" is more potential in legislation, or where the means of creating and directing it are more readily available than in the United States; yet if after twenty years' experience of the system of absolute prohibition, its friends admit that it has proved "disastrous" rather than beneficial, the legislators of other countries may well hesitate to adopt it. A law which prohibits trade; which interferes with the liberty of the individual; which limits the natural right of every citizen to govern his own household, and to supply his table with such aliment, solid or fluid, as he may prefer, can only be justified on the ground: (1) That the health and safety of the community cannot otherwise be preserved; and, (2) That the exceptional law will effect the object. While it is admitted that every man has a natural right to protect himself and his family against personal assaults, against disease, against poisons, against moral pollution, by any means which he may choose to adopt, so long as he does not interfere with the correlative rights of his neighbour, so it must be admitted that communities and nations have the right to pro-

tect themselves by similar means, under similar conditions, against similar evils. But there is this difference : the individual wills, and, having chosen his means, acts. If he do not interfere with his neighbour, he is exercising a right which no one can dispute. The community or nation (if free) wills by the agreement and consent of a majority, and when the mode of action has been determined, the executive authority enforces that will, or not, according to the varying moods of "public sentiment." The minority who were outvoted in the adoption of the mode of action constitute an objecting or resisting force, which, if nearly equal to the majority, will keep alive the sentiment of opposition. Every blunder of the authorities ; every case of individual hardship ; every imprudent word or act of over-zealous partisans of the majority, and every instance of failure in the working of the obnoxious law, will strengthen and extend that sentiment until it dominates in the community, and then the law becomes a dead letter. This is the history and fate of all attempts to prescribe rules of conduct for the individual at home, or in his private or social circle, and which deprive him of his independence, or restrain his personal liberty. It may be laid down as a rule of universal application in all self-governing communities, that no law which interferes with the personal liberty of the individual will be respected, unless it be shown beyond doubt that the public good requires such interference, and it can only be enforced when, and so long as, the public sentiment,—*i.e.* the assent of a considerable majority of the people—approves and sustains it. Can it be proved that a majority in Canada, or in any of the Provinces, desire, or, if it were enacted, would sustain, a law prohibiting the importation, manufacture, and sale of wine, beer, and spirituous liquors ? Until those who approve and desire such a law can answer that question in the affirmative, they are not in a position to ask Parliament to enact it.

But the experience of all countries, especially of those inhabited by the descendants of the Goths or Teuton tribes of Northern Europe, proves that Free Trade in drink—whatever may be the benefits of Free Trade in other commodities—is neither beneficial nor safe ; that even the restricted or licensed trade is in most countries the fruitful cause of evils, which all "philanthropists, patriots, and Christians" desire to prevent, or at least to diminish. How can this be done ? The whole controversy turns on this question. The number of those who believe that nothing can or ought to be done to diminish the evils resulting from the sale and use of intoxicating liquors, is not large nor influential. Even among those engaged in the trade, there are many who deplore these evils, and, as shown in the Women's movement, can be persuaded by moral influences alone, to abandon both the use and the sale. If, then, a great majority in Canada are opposed to Free Trade in drink, as may safely be assumed

—and if a considerable majority are in favour of Legislative interference, so far as may be practicable, to lessen the evils of excess,—which we think may also be assumed—the question is narrowed to the following alternatives :—

1. The amendment, in the direction of greater stringency, of the existing license laws.

2. The direct control by government of the importation, manufacture, and sale of spirituous liquors.

We exclude from our view, at present, amendments of the criminal law, such as providing for the more speedy and certain punishment of acts or instances of intoxication ; of sales to minors, or persons already intoxicated ; of sales to habitual drunkards, &c.

We exclude also, the question of regulating the sale of beer, wine, &c., the use of which, though undoubtedly hurtful if carried to excess, does not in the opinion of most people, produce such injurious consequences as the use of ardent spirits, and therefore may be left in the category of ordinary vices. Will any practicable amendment of the license laws meet the case ?

To answer this question we must trace the history of license laws in other countries as well as our own. In Great Britain, generations of drunkards have lived and died under the license system. Many amendments, sometimes more, sometimes less, stringent than the original law, have been enacted, but with ill success. Drink is still the national crime. A temperance writer in the *Fortnightly Review* of May, 1876, says :—

" In the last three years of great commercial activity, the consumption of excisable liquors has increased 25 per cent., and the reported cases of drunkenness, more than 50 per cent. The expenditure on intoxicants already exceeds £120,000,000 ; it has increased, is increasing, and assuredly ought to be diminished. All past legislation has been ineffectual to restrain the habit of excess. Acts of Parliament intended to lessen, have notoriously augmented the evil ; and we must seek a remedy in some new direction, if we are not prepared to abandon the contest, or contentedly to watch with folded arms the gradual deterioration of the people."

The same writer produces statistics to show that Lord Aberdare's Act, restricting the hours of sale, giving magistrates greater control over licenses, and providing more stringent regulations in respect to licensed houses, " has been a conspicuous failure." One result followed Lord Aberdare's well-meant attempt to diminish drunkenness, and improve the character of public-houses in England, which should be a warning to legislators of other countries who propose to interfere with the rights of individuals under existing laws, and to correct the habits and morals of the people by Act of Parliament. The Government of

which Lord Aberdare was a member, the strongest that had directed the affairs of England for many years, fell helplessly, almost ignominiously, before the assault of indignant publicans and their sympathising customers! A Beer Parliament, as the defeated party designate it, was elected by a decisive majority. Yet it has only slightly relaxed the so-called stringent provisions of Lord Aberdare's Act. It might be argued that while one set of men lost their places, and while their successors were compelled to take a step or two backwards, by "public sentiment," yet an important advance was made, and the ground is still held. If this were true, "the philanthropists, patriots, and Christians" would not, perhaps, regret the loss of Gladstone, or the accession of Disraeli. But statistics show that the gain, in a moral point of view, is not appreciable. The stringent law, which cost the politicians so much, has not lessened drunkenness, nor the consumption of intoxicating drinks in England.

The operation of stringent license laws in the United States is but little more encouraging. That they mitigate, in some degree, the evils which Free Trade in drink, without legal recognition or restraint, would engender, can hardly be doubted. But the zealous advocates of prohibition denounce them as unsound in principle and ineffective in operation. An extract or two from Stebbin's *Fifty Years' History*, will suffice on this point:

"The life of a nation is too short for the art of suppressing the liquor traffic by license. For over two hundred years our fathers tried to perfect a 'stringent' license law, and died without the sight. Their despair may well be crowned when they behold the bungling workmanship of the wise men of to-day. During all these years more than a hundred different laws were passed with reference to licensing and regulating this branch of trade. An attentive perusal of them would constitute a complete demonstration of the inherent weakness of all such legislation."

Some allowance must be made for the zeal of partisanship, and the blindness of advocacy. The *total* prohibitionists can discover no merits in any law that stops short of their own. It must be admitted, however, that American experience has established one point,—no law will effectively prohibit the use, or regulate the sale of intoxicating drinks in any community, unless it is supported by a vigorous public opinion. The "sentiment" or conviction of the people in favour of the law, must not only precede, but follow its enactment.

The case of Sweden—until 1855 the most drunken country in Europe—may be studied with advantage by temperance reformers, as well as by legislators and governments. For some years previous to 1855 there was no license law in Sweden. We have, therefore, in modern times, and among a people of the same race—the Teutonic—as ourselves; cultivated, energetic, inspired with patriotic feeling and a strong

love of liberty; inhabiting a country with climatic conditions similar to our own, and living under a constitutional government, the result of a fair trial of Free Trade in spirituous liquors. The experience of Sweden is instructive. We quote from an article by Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., in the *Fortnightly Review* of 1st May, 1876:—

"Up to 1855 there was Free Trade in liquor in Sweden. Every person in the kingdom had the right of selling spirits in quantities of one *kan* (three-fifths of a gallon) and upwards, and every burgher was entitled to sell in any quantity, large or small. The consequences may be commended to the careful consideration of those who urge the adoption of a similar principle in this country. There existed in 1850 more than 40,000 distilleries of 'brandvin'—Swedish brandy, with 50 per cent. of alcohol—alone, and innumerable shops for the sale of this spirit, and of ale and porter. The consumption reached an average of ten gallons per annum per head of the popnlation, which may be compared with the estimated consumption of 1¼ gallons per annum per head of the population of the United Kingdom. So prevalent is still the excessive use of brandvin in Sweden, that the Swedes appear to consider the milder intoxicants unworthy of notice in their legislation for limiting the abuse of strong drinks; and houses for the sale of porter, wine, and beer only, are styled 'Temperance Houses,' in contrast to the spirit shops; but in 1855, the Diet passed a law prohibiting private distillation altogether, fixing the minimum quantity to be sold without license at 15 kans, and authorizing the communal authorities to recommend the number of licenses, if any, to be granted in their respective districts. The governor of each province was empowered to diminish, but not to increase, the number so recommended, which were then put up to auction for a term of three years. In many localities the communal authorities have availed themselves of the discretion vested in them to report against any licenses being granted, and thus the principle of the Permissive Bill has been practically put into operation."

Out of this law of 1855 "prohibiting private distillation altogether," and regulating the traffic, as to quantity and persons, by license, grew the now famous "Gothenburg system." Its success not only in the city of Gothenburg, where it originated, but in all the principal towns and cities of Sweden, and in some of the towns of Norway, has attracted the attention and evoked the admiration of many travellers and observers from other countries. The writer of this article visited Gothenburg in 1873, and having made enquiry into the origin of the system, and witnessed its operation, can corroborate many of the statements and views of Mr. Chamberlain, who has just published the results of a visit to Sweden, undertaken for the purpose of studying the Gothenburg system. Before quoting from Mr. Chamberlain, whose more recent observations give greater authority to his conclusions, it may be useful to explain the distinguishing feature—the essential principle—of the new system. In a single sentence it is this:—*No individual either as proprietor or manager of a public house, or shop, can derive any private gain from the*

sale of spirits, or have any interest whatever in extending their consumption. The shrewd and practical Swedes discovered that the spirit of gain was a more powerful motor of this car of Juggernaut than the spirit of "brandvin." They took away the propelling power, and though the car, moves still, it retains only the impetus of momentum. Those who have deliberately resolved to perish are its only victims. The history of the Gothenburg plan is thus given by Mr. Chamberlain :—

"Taking advantage of some of the provisions of the general law of 1855, a limited company, called the 'Utskanknings-aktie Bolag,'* was formed in Gothenburg in 1865, whose members bound themselves by charter to derive no profit from the trade in drink which the company was instituted to carry on, but to hand over the net proceeds, if any, to the town treasury. At the time of their incorporation there were in Gothenburg sixty-one public-house licenses granted by the Town Council for the sale of any quantity of spirits to be consumed off or on the premises, and fifty-eight retail licenses (or grocer's license, as they would be called in England), for the sale of quantities not less than half a kan, to be consumed off the premises. The latter were excluded from the provisions of the law affecting public house licenses, and in the first instances the Bolag was only able to secure a transfer of the forty public-house licenses, which were then open for removal. Of this number, they abandoned seventeen at once, and placed managers in the rest, who are paid, partly by salary, and partly by a share of the profits on the sale of beer, coffee, tea, tobacco, and food. In 1868 the Bolag completed the acquisition of the whole of the remaining twenty-one spirit shops, under the control of the Council, and of these they have subsequently abandoned three, having now forty-one in operation. In 1875, by an alteration in the law, they were enabled to obtain possession of the retail licenses also, of which there were then only twenty in existence, the others having been abandoned from time to time by the authorities. Of the twenty so obtained, the Bolag suppressed seven altogether, and transferred the remainder to private wine merchants for the sale of the higher class of spirits, not in ordinary use by the working classes."

On taking to their property, the Bolag seems to have made considerable alterations in the houses, which are now said to be plain and quiet in exterior, with none of the flashy adornment by which the proprietors of gin-palaces, in this country, seek to attract their victims. Mr. Balfour, of Liverpool, who visited Gothenburg in 1875, reports as follows on this subject:—

"We visited numbers of the public-houses, and found they were fitted up comfortably, and more resembled eating-houses than the public-houses of our own country. They were provided with a bar, on which were placed several small glasses filled with spirits. But for this, we probably should not have discovered that we were within a public-house at all ; and there was no such thing as the blazing gas, the mirrors, the brass, and the lines of bottles that so ostentatiously distinguish the gin-palaces of Eng-

* Literally—"Out-pouring Stock Company."

land. . . . We observed a striking contrast between these public-houses and our own in this respect—that at Gothenburg the people were almost all taking food, showing that the purpose steadily pursued by the Company, of transforming public-houses into eating-houses, is being largely accomplished."

Mr. Chamberlain gives a table of the results in Gothenburg, of the new system, based on the yearly cases of drunkenness from 1864 to 1875. The figures show a marked decrease, though from the greater vigilance of the police, the increase in the number of foreigners visiting the port, and of peasants from the country, who purchased in quantity, and drank their spirits in unlicensed places, the arrests for drunkenness are relatively more numerous the last two or three years of the experiment than in the preceding, or earlier part of it. Another fact must be remembered. There were nine spirit licenses granted for life, or in perpetuity, which the "Bolag" were unable to obtain, and 115 licenses for the sale of beer and porter, not within the object, or under the control, of the company. These unfettered agencies, in a sea-port town of 60,000 inhabitants, would be able to impair, very seriously, the influence of any restrictive system upon the calendar of the Police Court. The ordinary level of drunkenness was, nevertheless, reduced 40 per cent. by the operations of the "Bolag" from 1864 to 1875, which seems, under the circumstances, a strong testimony in favour of the system.

Among the causes which some observers, who expected more striking results, have suggested for the partial failure of the "Bolag," Mr. Chamberlain mentions two that deserve attention. He says:—

"It is alleged that the 'Bolag' has not been quite successful in excluding its managers from all pecuniary interest in the sale. An allowance is made to them of three per cent. for leakage and waste, and this, being in excess of the real average, leaves a margin of profit which augments with the quantity sold. Lastly—it is suggested by Bailie Lewis, of Edinburgh, who visited Sweden in 1873 in order to investigate the results of the system, that the profits derived by the town through the instrumentality of the "Bolag," (which were £10,604 in 1871, and have risen to £36,973 in 1875,) have tended to reconcile the community to the continued prosecution, and even to the extension of the traffic. We are said to have drunk ourselves out of the Abyssinian war, and in a similar way the drinkers of Gothenburg provide for many of the expenses of the community.

"This insinuation of indifference to the evil is, however, strenuously repelled by the members of the 'Bolag' and the leading inhabitants of the town, and it appears that with a view of lessening any possible temptation to the municipal authorities to encourage the sale of drink, in order to increase their revenue, the law of 1874 has given two-fifths of all net profits made in the town by the "Bolag," to the authorities of the county or province, for their benefit, and that of the agricultural society. Local opinion seems unanimously in favour of the system after ten years' experience, and similar organizations have been formed on the

model of the 'Bolag' in several Norwegian and Swedish towns, while a Committee of the Town Council of Stockholm has just recommended the adoption of the plan in the capital itself.

"The standing difficulty of the friends of temperance in these countries is the excessive cheapness of spirits, which are, even now, sold wholesale at two shillings and nine pence per gallon, and retailed by the glass at the rate of six shillings per gallon. In Christiana, where the system of letting the licenses to private individuals by auction still prevails, the number of cases of drunkenness is ten per cent. of the population, or more than double that of the worst English or Scotch town, and nearly three times the rate in Gothenburg.

"Whatever, then, may be said against the Gothenburg system, it remains an undisputed fact, that under its provisions, and in the space of ten years, the ordinary level of drunkenness has been reduced by two-fifths, and the number of houses for the sale of spirits by more than one-half. What proposition is there before the English people from which its most sanguine advocates venture to anticipate similar results within the next generation. Surely, it is worth while, in the light of this remarkable experience, to consider if it be not practicable to frame a Bill which should at least render it possible to test, on English soil, the principles which have so generally commended themselves to the Swedish people."

The article from which the above extracts are taken attracted considerable attention in England, and from the discussions that followed, Mr. Chamberlain was induced to pay a visit to Sweden, "to enquire on the spot" into the operation of the new system. The results are given in the *Fortnightly Review* of 1st December, 1876. He returned from Sweden confirmed in the belief that, with some modifications, the Gothenburg system would prove highly beneficial in his own country. A few passages from his *report*—as it may be called—are subjoined:—

"The advocates of the scheme in Sweden—and these are the whole of the educated classes, with the exception of the distillers—say that as they never were sanguine enough to expect the absolute suppression of drunkenness as the result of any practicable legislation, so this is not the test by which their success in more limited aims is to be finally judged.

"'Experience has convinced me,' said one of the ablest supporters of the Gothenburg system, 'that there is absolutely only one way by which drunkenness can be put down, and that is by the entire prohibition of the *use* of intoxicating drinks. But such a measure is utterly impracticable, and you have therefore to consider how the evils attendant on the consumption of liquor may be reduced to a minimum. This is the object which we hope we are gradually accomplishing by our plan. We have done a great deal already, we have secured the possibility of doing more; and, as our experience increases, we are continually trying to supplement and extend our previous efforts.'

"The persons who have so readily convinced themselves of the futility of the Gothenburg system are usually advocates of the Permissive Bill, and it is strange that they should have neglected the evidence, which is also afforded by Swedish experience, of the same kind of partial failure in the practical working of that measure as they trace in the results of the Goth-

enburg system. Each commune in Sweden has the right of fixing periodically the number of licenses, if any to be granted in its district. The governor of the province may reduce, but cannot increase this number. Availing themselves of this power, many country communes have refused to have any licenses; and thus in the province of Gothenburg, with a rural population of 170,000, there are only ten licensed houses. But no single *town* (and the experience is suggestive of what would happen in England) has ventured to carry restriction so far, as the feeling of the people, and especially of the working classes, will not warrant such an extreme measure."

* * * * *

"In estimating the real value of such a novelty as the one introduced by the Gothenburg Bolag, or Company, it is surely right to attach great weight to the opinions of observers on the spot, who may be supposed to have got over the first shock with which all strange experiments are received, and to be now in a position, after more than ten years' experience, to judge of the results impartially, and without the prejudice of which a casual visitor has not time to divest himself.

"Now Swedish opinion is singularly unanimous on the point. Again and again we were assured that, although there was some opposition at the commencement of the plan, it has long ceased; and the advantages of the system are now admitted by everybody except the manufacturers of liquor, whose continued hostility may be accepted as a satisfactory indication of the probable diminution of consumption, which cannot be proved in any other way, since the statistics do not give the means of accurately comparing the total sales of spirits now with the sales before the Bolag was started. But provincial governors, the clergy of all ranks, members of municipal corporations, and the press, not in Gothenburg only, but throughout the country, unite in general commendation of the system and the results which have flowed from its adoption. At the present time arrangements similar to those in Gothenburg are in force in fifty-seven other towns, including Norrkoping, Calskrona, Upsala, Jonkoping, and Lund; and in the capital itself, with a population of 140,000, the Town Council, by a majority of three to one, have determined on the adoption of the system, which is to come into force on October 1st, 1877."

* * * * *

"In walking through the streets, both by day and night, we saw no drunken persons; but probably should have had a different experience if our visit had coincided with a holiday or fête. The rules of the police are stringent, and all persons seen to be the worse for liquor are summoned, and if necessary locked up till sober. To account for the number of such cases, in spite of the regulations observed, the following reasons were given. In the first place, at least one-third of the drunkenness reported by the police is attributable to strangers and country people coming from outside. Then the food of the working class is so light, consisting chiefly of fish and milk diet, that comparatively small quantities of spirits are sufficient to turn their heads. The old race of habitual drunkards has not yet died out, and their repeated convictions, under the strict supervision adopted, account for many entries in the register of the police. It is hoped that the new generation will show fewer of these victims to a chronic disease."

* * * * *

"Besides the ordinary supervision of the police, there is a special inspector appointed by the Bolag to see that all its regulations are observed, and that there is no fraud on the part of the managers; but since the establishment of the company there has been only one case necessitating the dismissal of a manager. The profits made by the Bolag, and now devoted to public uses, are enormous, and the financial success of the undertaking has actually formed part of the indictment brought against it by the more extreme advocates of temperance. These profits, however, are due in part to the immense saving in the cost of the management effected by the large reduction in the number of separate houses, and still more to a considerable increase in the price of spirits, which has been made chiefly in the hope of restricting the consumption.

"Licenses in Sweden are put up to auction and let to the highest bidder. When the Bolag started in 1865, their tender was 60,000 kronor per annum; but on the last occasion they were driven up by the competition of a Stockholm distiller to 360,000 kronor per annum. The actual profits have been 140,000 kronor in excess of the original tender; and the total advantage of the system to the ratepayer, as compared with the former state of things, when possibly the tenders were let too low in consequence of the absence of free competition, is represented by 440,000 kronor, or nearly £25,000 per annum."

* * * * *

"Putting aside the thorough-going supporters of total prohibition, who would absolutely abolish the sale throughout the length and breadth of the country, there is no other class of temperance reformers who may not hope to gain from this system the objects they seek. Thus the friends of the Permissive Bill would secure the local right of veto, which is the cardinal principle of their measure. The Sunday Closing Association might confidently expect the closing of the houses on Sunday, a result which has invariably followed the adoption of the Gothenburg system in Sweden. A great reduction in the number of houses; the entire prevention of adulteration; the removal of all extraneous temptation, such as is now offered by the garish attractions of our gin-palaces, and by the music, the gambling, and the bad company which are permitted or winked at in so many cases; the restoration of the victualler's trade to its original intention, and the provision of alternatives and substitutes for the intoxicating drinks to which the traffic is now confined; the observance of the strictest order, and the certainty that all police regulations, now too often a dead letter, or enforced only by the employment of detectives, will be invariably obeyed—these are results which all friends of temperance are united in desiring, and which are proved to follow the adoption of the principle that the sale of strong drink is a monopoly which can only safely be entrusted to the control of the representatives and trustees of the community, and which should be carried on for the convenience and advantage of the people, and not for the private gain of individuals."

We have endeavoured by the help of Mr. Chamberlain's published statements of 1st May, and 1st December, to explain the *Swedish* plan for preventing *abuse* in the sale, and *excess* in the use of ardent spirits.

The concurrent testimony of impartial observers establishes its superiority over all other *License* systems. In a few years it has converted a drunken nation into a comparatively sober one. The writer spent a week in Gothenburg, in 1873, and only saw two drunken men. One was a sailor, probably a foreigner, and the other a commercial traveller. He visited Stockholm, and the other chief towns of Sweden, and took some pains to enquire into the habits of the common people. The evidence of a general improvement since 1855, and of a marked change as regards drink since 1865, in all towns where the Gothenburg system had been adopted, seemed to him conclusive. He saw more drinking, and more drunken men, women, and children, on his way to a missionary meeting one Saturday night in Glasgow, than he saw in all the towns he visited in Sweden during a whole month! Was this contrast owing to difference of race, or of climate, or of moral influences apart from legal? We are disposed to think the chief points of difference are referable to the local laws. At all events, like causes produce like effects, the world over, and since we cannot, in a free country, absolutely prohibit men from using the food and drink they prefer—at least until a very clear majority of the electoral body resolve not merely to *pass* the prohibitory law, but to *enforce* it—we ought, as practical philanthropists, patriots, and Christians, to do *the best we can*, by persuasion, by regulation, by official control,—to mitigate the evil we cannot wholly prevent.

A short time ago, in the city of Toronto, a poor woman was found frozen to death a few yards from a tavern door. The tavern-keeper admitted that he knew she was addicted to intemperance; that she had been treated at his bar more than once during the evening, and that he sold her a half-pint of whiskey before turning her into the street. Could anything but the spirit of *gain*, fortified by the *license* of authority, have blinded that man to the cruelty and wickedness of such an act? And, but for that license to sell to any one—to sell spirits as a lawful business—would the authorities of any civilized—not to say christian—country, permit such an act to go unpunished?

We conclude this paper with the expression of our firm conviction, that the true, the rational, the only practicable amendment of our laws regulating the traffic in spirituous liquors is, following the example of Sweden, to place the *sale* in the hands of proper persons who can make *no profit* by it. Whether these persons shall be the official representatives of the municipalities, or of the local or general governments, is a matter of detail which must be settled upon a due consideration of the constitutional relations of the respective bodies, and the adaptability of existing machinery to the object in view.

"VARIUM ET MUTABILE SEMPER FŒMINA."—VIRG.

Darkening the God of Day,
While on thy way,
Cold frowning one;
Kissing each zephyr sigh,
That flutters by,
Seeking the sun.

Wooing the howling blast,
That rushes past
Thy mobile form:
Thine eyes a flame of death,
And thy swift breath
A scourging storm.

Soothing the dying west
Upon thy breast,
Sweet blushing maiden;
Weeping for weeping's sake,
With nought at stake,
Nor sorrow laden.

Folding white mantles over
The shivering clover,
Through the cold night
Drifting thy starry graces
On dead men's faces,
Pure, peerless blight.

Weaving the moon a shroud—
O fickle cloud!
Is there aught human
As changeful as thou art?
My throbbing heart
Answers me—Woman.

BARRY DANE.

Montreal.

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY.

No. 3. HOLMES.

"HOLMES," said the Professor the next evening, as he drew down the blinds and turned up the light, "seems never to grow old. Though he is running past the sixties, and nearing the seventies, he writes as humorously and with as much freshness and vivacity as he did in '32. He is renewing his youth. It was only the other day he gave us the third of his great series, and since then a hundred delightful poems and songs have come from his pen. Nor does he write in the slow and measured style of Tom Campbell, the most musical of all poets, but his verses come like flashes of lightning, dazzling, bright, and lighting up everything around them. Campbell's songs read as if they cost him no effort, the rhythm is so even and smooth; but no poet took more pains with his work than the author of the *The Pleasures of Hope* did. His *Last Man*, one of the most beautiful poems in the language and an honour to any age, cost the bard many hours of hard labour and thought. Holmes writes with a freedom that is surprising. When the inspiration is upon him he can go on and on unchecked, at a fabulous rate of speed. He is the only poet living who can do things to order, at short notice, and do them well. If a grand dinner be given, Holmes must supply the poem. If a banquet be held, Holmes writes the song. If a festival be announced, Holmes furnishes the ode or delivers the oration. And whether it be a poem, a song, an ode or an address, the effort is a noble one, and fit to take its place beside anything which we have in our literature. He is always happy in these. His post-prandial speeches, too, are as elegant as those after-dinner talks across the walnuts and the wine, which Dickens loved so well to deliver, and Thackeray so aptly conceived and failed so often to express. Poor whole-souled Thackeray! What a relish there was to the remark he made to Dickens one evening, when on an occasion of this kind, after several failures, he sat down, not at all discomfited or uneasy, and whispered to 'Boz,' 'Dickens, I'm sorry for you.' 'What for,' said the Novelist. 'Because you have lost, just now, one of the finest speeches you ever heard in your life.' And no doubt he did, for Thackeray could conceive very fine things, even if he was bothered in the uttering of them."

"We have numerous examples in literature, of failures of this kind," said Charles, "was it not Garrick who said of Goldsmith that he wrote like an angel, and talked like poor poll?" What a strange anomaly is

here. *The Vicar of Wakefield* is a model of clear and elegant composition, yet its author could not make so small a thing as an after-dinner speech, in those grand old companies of scholars, wits and authors, which boasted of a Johnson, a Burke, a Reynolds, a Sheridan, and a Garrick."

"Perhaps Goldsmith was awed into silence on account of the brilliancy of the company he was in," said Frank. "A man would require considerable nerve to face such a gathering, and everyone snubbed Goldsmith pretty much as he pleased. He even took slights from so mean a man as Davies. Do you know I think Holmes writes very much like Goldy. The same literary sunshine seems to glow in the pages of both. The broad humanity of the one shines out in the other, and both appeal directly to the heart and common sympathy of mankind. The coarseness of Goldsmith is typical of the age in which he lived, and Holmes reminds us in his writings, of Goldsmith, with the vulgar element left out."

"The only resemblance I can see between them," said Charles, "is that both men have written charming books, as both have an inexhaustable supply of humour. Holmes is so original in himself that he is really like no one but himself. Some one has compared him to Shakspeare's ideal *Puck*, who wanted to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, and Miss Mitford again likens him to the great catholic John Dryden, or the keen-witted author of *The Dunciad.* For myself I see in him a concentration of all that is beautiful in literature. When I grow weary of trying to find good things in the new works, I turn with relief to Holmes. When old Pepys becomes tiresome, and the old books afford me no pleasure, I pick up an odd volume of *The Autocrat* or *The Professor*, and straightway the worry leaves my mind, and a comforting solace is afforded me. He has been a most careful editor of his own works, and not a line could be expunged from his pages without creating a real loss to letters. He has written three great books. Hazlitt, in his *Round Table* never uttered more felicitous things than Holmes does in these wonderful books, books which go directly to the heart, books as full of dainty things as ever Charles Lamb gave us in his *Elaine,* or Hunt printed in his elegant *Seer*, or Coleridge talked in his *Friend.*"

"I must join in your enthusiasm, Charles," said the Professor, "Holmes is more than a pleasant talker. He is a deep thinker, but when he gives utterance to his thoughts he invests them with such healthy and good, natured playfulness, that they are never dull or tedious. He has an exuberent fancy, and the philosophy which he teaches is of the speculative form. One must be healthy and strong to read Max Müller or Carlyle, but you can read Holmes at any time, on a sick-bed or in the convalescent's chair. The delicious raillery, the hundred teasing, playful fancies

the noisy fun and graceful imagery which abound all through his writings, make him a welcome visitor at all times and at all seasons. You never grow weary of Holmes as you do sometimes of Ruskin or Talfourd, agreeable as these essayists are. Holmes popularizes thought. The same easy flowing diction characterizes his work, whether the subject be literary, scientific, or social. The sermons he finds in stones are not common-place or unprofitable to listen to. He clothes everything he touches in his warm glowing style, and the more one reads of this genial author the better he understands and likes him. His sentiment is as tender as Dickens', and his wit is higher and more enduring, and of a superior mould to that of the author of *Pickwick*. As a novelist he is not as dramatic as Dickens is, nor has he as much imagination, but his characters are completer and more perfectly formed, and they grow with ten-fold more naturalness. Dickens' creations in the whole range of his literature, with a few exceptions perhaps in *Copperfield*, are exaggerations, and often caricatures, but one sees nothing of this element in Holmes. If his plots are slender, and the construction of his narratives is not as ingenious as Scott's, his story-telling is as charming, and his individuality is quite as striking. The dash which he has, and which Bulwer has not, makes us forget that Holmes lacks the strong inventive faculty so necessary in works of fiction. His *Elsie Venner* is one of the most fascinating novels of our time. It is even more entertaining as a story than *The Guardian Angel*, and it is a novel with a purpose. One cannot lay it down until he finishes it. The character-grouping is excellent, and the incidents are so intense, the dialogue so sprightly, the humour so keen—at times as grotesque as Hood's—the philosophy so evenly balanced, and the moral so healthful, that no one should miss reading it the second time. Ik Marvell's *Reveries of a Bachelor* is a book which should be read at a sitting, and *Elsie Venner* is a book of that class. It charms, delights, and instructs. It is Holmes' snake story, and much that is curious and debatable will be found in it."

"Perhaps," said Frank "there is more philosophy and depth in *Elsie Venner*, but for my own part I give *The Guardian Angel* the preference. Look at the character drawing in that story. Have you not met a score of "Gifted Hopkins," half-a-dozen "Byles Eridleys," and no end of "Myrtle Hazards." If you haven't, I have. I have mortally offended a young poetic aspirant who sent me some verses of his to read. They were addressed to that very unpoetic subject, the "Fog Horn," and *monotone* rhymed with *ozone*, and it was full of queer metres and strange comparisons. I sent the verses back to him, after keeping them a reasonable time, with the remark that they reminded me of some of "Gifted Hopkins's" efforts in the same line. He asked me who Mr. Hopkins was, and I referred him to the book. He never troubled me again,

so I presumed he discovered the doctor's poets. The book is full of vigorous writing, and Holmes's peculiar humour appears at every turn. That point is irresistible, I think, where the good old man confounds the two Scotts, Sir Walter, who wrote *Ivanhoe*, and the author of the Bible Commentary together."

"I must, notwithstanding what you say, adhere to the view I have first expressed. *Elsie Venner* is the more powerful tale. I can easily see your reason for preferring Holmes's last story. An incident drew it more near to your heart and mind. "Gifted Hopkins" and the young poet, whom you certainly treated a little ungenerously, made an impression on you, so you never think of Dr. Holmes without thinking of "Gifted Hopkins." Your judgment is influenced almost unconsciously to yourself. The influencing force is of course small, but nevertheless it is quite strong enough to change the bent of your mind. Give the two books to any one who has never read either, or to one who had undergone no experience similiar to yours, and unquestionably he would decide in favour of the snake story. That is my idea about it. Both, however, are capital stories, and illustrate well Doctor Holmes's happy method of telling a story. His breakfast series, however, are his principal works, and they are destined to live a long while."

"Yes, are they not splendid? What a wealth of enjoyable reading they contain, and what a mine of originality do they not develop. The prose is crisp, chatty, and nervous, the poetry is oriental in its magnificence and luxuriance. Though there is much in common between him and Keats in their likes and dislikes, Holmes writes nothing of a sensuous character. He does not *think* as Byron or Sheley, or the florid author of *Endymion* did. His fancies are like mettlesome steeds eager for a wild gallop across country. Keats walked timidly and listlessly along bye-paths and narrow lanes, singing softly to himself all the while. Holmes revels in wide fields, and delights in leaping oceans and foaming cascades. He stops sometimes to pick a flower, or rest by some limpid stream, or bask in some grateful sunshine, but there are oases in his journey. He loves the majestic trees of the forest, and takes delight in painting, in his own grand way, the life of the sturdy oak, the stately poplar, the many-tinted maple, and the noble elm. The trees, those giant sentinels of the wood, are to him, as they were to Irving and Garvie, objects of admiration and love, and he never tires of giving us exquisite and fanciful descriptions of them. What is more charming than his walk with the schoolmistress when they went out to look at the elms, and he talked little bits of philosophy to her, and watched the coming and going of the roses in her cheek. Or what is more delicious than that other talk of his at the breakfast-table, about oaks and elms and forest trees? I feel almost like saying that Holmes is greater in

his description of quiet nature than in his other writings; and when I think of what he has done in other walks, I must pause."

"Do you think the last of the set, *the Poet*, is equal to the first two of the series, *the Autocrat*, and *the Professor?*"

"Of course I do. *The Poet* exhibits the doctor with many of his powers wholly matured. His fancy is as rich as ever. I can see no difference. It may be because I have advanced in years, with the doctor, since *The autocrat* was written, and as his mind changed, so did mine, unknown to myself. The change comes gradually in us, and we do not perceive it ourselves. *The Poet*, to my mind, is the riper book. It is disposed to look more charitably on mankind. It dosen't notice little things, and is not so apt to criticise, as Frank, for instance, was when his friend immortalized the "Fog Horn." It is the fashion, you know, this year, to speak of the good old times, and depreciate every thing that is of late growth. There are men who cry out that *Punch* has lost its piquancy, and sigh for the days which gave us John Leech to come back again. They see no genius in Tenniel, no humour in DuMaurier even if all his women do look alike; and they miss the sparkling wit of Jerrold and the pleasantries of Mark Lemon. They want Thackeray's thumb-nail sketches again, and they wish to hear Tennyson call Bulwer the "padded man who wore the stays" once more. But who believes *Punch* has ceased to be witty? *The Autocrat* was published twenty years ago. It was the first of its kind. The idea was new, and it was so good that many people thought Holmes could never equal those bright pages again. Then *The Professor* and the story of Iris came out a few years later. Of course no one said it was inferior to *The Autocrat*. The critics were in despair. The second book was equal to the first. When *The Poet* joined his brethern the same criticism was applied, but I doubt if *The Poet* is at all behind either *The Professor* or *The Autocrat*. All of these appeared originally in *The Atlantic*."

"I remember once hearing Holmes describe the way in which the first number of that magazine was got up. He and some literary friends met together one evening in the fall of 1857, at a well-known tavern in Boston. The company was a right royal one. It included Lowell, Emerson, Hazewell, Motley, Trowbridge, Holmes, and, if I mistake not, Longfellow. *Putnam*—a once prominent New York magazine—had gone down, and there was no proper vehicle for high-class literature then in existence. Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. were prominent publishers then in Boston, and they were the publishers of *The Atlantic* for two years, when Messrs Ticknor & Fields took charge of it. These eminent literary men of Cambridge and Boston, on that eventful evening, decided to give New England a magazine of which the country should feel proud. Emerson contributed an essay and several short

poems, including "Brahma." Lowell furnished a poem; Trowbridge, an essay, I think; and Holmes, the first number of his splendid creation, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table.* It was a grand success from the beginning. That evening at the tavern was a convivial one, for I understood at the time, that one at least of the married men, after he reached home, remembered nothing next morning, except that he "had asked his wife the same question several times during the night." Holmes and the others have written for the magazine ever since, and in 1867 the year's numbers of *The Atlantic* contained *The Guardian Angel.* Notwithstanding the fact that every number of *The Autocrat* is thoroughly enjoyable, there was one number, the eleventh paper, in which Holmes even surpassed himself. That issue contained three poems which have passed into history, and which will live. Holmes has never been so entirely successful since. At least one poem has been grand; but here were three, and all of them classics, the famous One-horse Shay, Contentment, and Destination."

"I wonder why it is that so many good things have had their origin in taverns. They were wayside inns, I suppose."

"Yes. I can give no reason why the air of the tavern should draw so many literary men together; but it has been the case for many years. Johnson, and even before his time, in the age of Shakspeare, the men of letters met in taverns and talked and drank, and sometimes wrote their best things in them. But those places of refreshment were different from the taverns of our day, and our literary men have their club-rooms now to meet and talk in."

"Holmes's writings are full of quotable passages. He has uttered as many wise saws as George Eliot. A book of proverbs might easily be made from his works. It is a wonder to me he has never turned his attention to criticism. He has all the attributes of a good critic.

"Oh, he is too good-natured for a literary butcher. His mind is so delicate and his judgment so fine that very little would please him. He would see a thousand faults in a book. He dare not trust himself to criticise. He would be too severe. His ideas of the niceties are drawn very delicately, and I think he is wise not to say the cutting things he can when he likes. Leech and the satirists of the street organs have uttered nothing so bitter as this distich on *the music grinders*—

> 'Their discords string through Burns and Moore,
> Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.'

"What gems there are scattered here and there in *The Autocrat.* Listen to this:—'Our brains are seventy-four clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hands of the Angel of the Resurrection.

"'Tic—tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop

them ; they cannot stop themselves ; sleep cannot still them ; madness only makes them go faster ; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.'

How rich Holmes is in thoughts like these. His psychological study on the relations of body and mind is one of the best little treatises on this subject published. It formed the oration before the Phi-Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, in 1870. It is full of great thoughts in a condensed form, and the graceful style in which it is written gives it a hold on the reader. It is a thin volume in bulk, but a deep one in matter. Some pleasant sayings and a few entertaining anecdotes, enliven it somewhat. It contains a great amount of information in a little space. *Mechanism in Thought and Morals* is a popular hand-book of a very pleasant science."

"Yes, I have read it several times. It is a book you cannot read all at once and get the sense of it. You must study it a while, if you would read it with profit. Holmes' quaint humour is very delightful in this book. Witness his telling you to take a few whiffs of ether and cross over into the land of death for a few minutes, and come back with a return ticket, to take chloroform, he grimly adds, and perhaps get no return ticket. I think Holmes in some of these points is very like Tom Noel. The same intermingling of the pathetic with the lively frequently occurs. The grim humour of Noel's Pauper's drive to the churchyard, in the old rickety one-horse hearse, is the kind of humour we often meet in the American poet's books. One can almost fancy them using the same figures and employing the same imagery. Noel has the element of humour only, while Holmes is a wit as well as a humourist. The two qualities are not always identical. Dickens was a humourist. Douglas Jerrold was a wit. Unite the qualities, and wit loses its severity. Divide them, and we find that humour has a heart. Wit has no love for anyone. Humour has a wide, humanity ; but wit is cruel and stabs with a poignard. Some cynics have been great wits, but no cynics have ever been humourists. Swift—deliberate, cold-blooded, and calculating as a literary ice-box. His heart was cold, unfeeling, callous ; but his head was filled with the wildest, strangest, drollest fancies that ever man could have. He was a wit, but no humourist. Thackeray—warm-hearted, big-hearted Thackeray, was a humourist in its amplest sense. The dean of St. Patrick's crushed his enemies with the crudest sallies of wit. The true satirist uses a keen-edged razor. Swift employed a bludgeon. Of the two elements humour is the grandest. It rises higher than wit. We like the one. We are tricked sometimes with the other. Humour is always genial, always gentle, always human. Wit is the

thorn, humour is the rose. We must be careful lest we prick ourselves with the former. It will not bear handling. No man ever made anything by bandying words with Sam Foote, who was graceless enough to wound the feelings of his best friends to raise a laugh. Did he not reply to his mother's request for aid, when she sent him word she was in prison, with a 'dear mother so am I.' The wit respects no one. He is an Ishmael, and his hand is raised against all mankind. He is one of passions; and malice and envy, and sometimes hatred too, clatter and chatter at his heels. He likes to wander into the sunshine, for there his blade becomes brighter. But the warmth of the sun warms his intellect and his wits, but not his heart. Burton was a man of wit and humour. The two elements were united in him, and he was a man of much goodness of heart. Pope and Sydney Smith said sharp things, but they said them good-naturedly, and without malice. The quality of humour dulls the edge of wit and takes the sting out of it. Holmes' wit is genial, the only wit we can all admire, the only wit which does not injure, the wit which consorts with humour, and which forms the pungent faculty which we find in *The Autocrat*, in such large extent, and in such pleasing variety."

"I think the love which Holmes has for Italian poetry and story has had much to do with moulding his taste and shaping his verse. The language of Dante and Angelo is liquid and mellow. Greek poetry glitters like the reflection which snow sends back to the sun, but the poetry of Rome and Florence is soft, low, sweet and musical, like the magnificent peals of some sacred organ. The poetry of the Greek is classic and intellectual, the poetry of Italy is warm and comes from the breast. Homer could not have written *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, nor sung in the strain of the great Tasso. Our sweetest heart-pictures have come to us from lowly poets."

"A good many have, but not all. In support of your argument, you have Ned Farmer, who wrote the tender verses of *Little Jim;* Burns, Tannahill, Hogg, Retafi, the Magyar Hero, and some others; but Longfellow, Tennyson, Aldrich, Lowell, Bryant and many others on the other side, have written fully as many descriptions of humble homes and life as they have. What better heart-picture do you want than Holmes's splendid poem of *Bill and Joe*; it is natural and life-like. And then take his family portrait, *Dorothy Quincy*—a poem with a history. I saw the original portrait of Dorothy Q——, and the cruel hole in the hard old painting, which the soldier's bayonet made almost a century ago. Again, take another of Holmes's fine poems, *The Boys*, in illustration of my argument. You will find it in *The Professor*, at the end of the second paper. It exhibits Holmes's most playful mood, and concludes with this verse:

'Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray,
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May;
And when we have done with our life-lasting joys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, the Boys.'

"And, in the same work, Holmes writes a charming poem of the heart, which he calls, felicitously, *Under the Violets*. The sentiment of it is very beautiful, and it is one of the tenderest poems in the language, and at the same time one of the most graceful.

"Holmes's personal poems, the one to Longfellow, on his leaving for Europe, his tribute to a great man's genius, his splendid lines to Bryant, on the seventieth birthday of that poet, in 1864, are the best efforts of the kind since Ben Jonson wrote his ode to the memory of the Swan of Avon. He is always saying pleasant things about his friends, and writing charming notes to them, as full of humour as his own delightful works. He is a pleasant companion, and his splendid social qualities endear him to every one. Lowell, in a neat distich, says of Holmes:

'A Leyden-jar always full-charged, from which flit,
The electrical tingles of hit after hit.'

"Holmes's lyrical pieces are among the best of his compositions. They breathe the spirit of true minstrelsy, and are full of music. I have not touched upon his contributions to medical science. His works in this branch of literature are numerous, and his books have reached a wide sale among medical men. His Homœopathic war is remembered as a vigorous onslaught on the Hahnemanian votaries, and a total annihilation of the enemies of Allopathy. The doctor is one of the most genial among men, a delighful conversationalist, and quick in repartee. His father was an author before him, and his history of the Rebellion is one of the most exhaustive works extant on the subject. This book is very scarce now, and out of print, but in its day it enjoyed a fine reputation.

"Holmes is a fine lecturer, and a few years ago had no equal on the platform. The boldness of his style, and his happy mode of saying what he had to say, always gained on his audiences; and his popularity remained the same, till of his own accord he gave up platform speaking. Travel and exposure to night air interfered with his health, and he was forced to give up, what to him was always a favourite pursuit. His medical lectures on anatomy and surgery before the students of Harvard are not the least delightful of his literary and professional performances. His students love him, and always speak of him with words of grateful and kindly remembrance. Holmes is liberal in his religious belief. He cannot tolerate cant, deceit, and hypocrisy. He is a man of ever-enduring humanity, and true christian charity. He holds no narrow sectarian

views, and he detests revivals, and considers them the enemies of religion. He believes in no such spasmodic bursts. The revival element thrives only among the weak-minded and the ignorant. His is the elevating christianity which shines out gloriously in such teachings as these :

> ' Yes, child of suffering, thou mayest well be sure,
> He who ordained the Sabbath lóves the poor ! '

or in this,

> " You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun ;
> But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done ;
> The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
> And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all."

or in this sweet memorial hymn which he wrote for the services in memory of Abraham Lincoln,

> ' Be thou thy orphaned Israel's friend,
> Forsake thy people never,
> In One our broken Many blend,
> That none again may sever !
>
> Hear us, O Father, while we raise
> With trembling lips our song of praise,
> And bless thy name forever ! '

" Oliver Wendell Holmes' religion is contained in those lines, and his principles breathe out in all his works. He is a close reasoner."

" Do you like his style as well as you do Lowell's ? You know you are an enthusiast over the New England poet."

" I do like to read Lowell, but not more than Holmes. The two writers differ very materially from one another. One should read both, and he will then have read two of the most charming writers in the world. I think we can hardly do better than discuss Professor Lowell at our next meeting. That is, of course, if it be agreeable to the company."

" Certainly, I'm willing."

" And I too. I must read his *Courtier* over again."

GEORGE STEWART, JR.

"MR. BLUCHER, WHERE'S THE G?"

I JUMPED, as the above startling question was shouted in stentorian tones close at my ear, though not addressed to myself. I was standing by the ward-room hatchway, on the main deck of Her Majesty's ship "Tartar." The men were at quarters, cleaning guns; and, there being great rivalry among the different guns' crews, which of the iron monsters in the battery should look the smartest, they were all rubbing and polishing vigorously their respective pets. Mr. Blucher, the mate of the main deck, and a very zealous young officer, was bustling about the deck, seeing everything put to rights, preparatory to the captain's inspection at "divisions." Blucher started too, on hearing himself thus peremptorily hailed; and well he might, for it was the commander who called him. The commander of a large man-of-war, being the *working* captain, and responsible to the post-captain, who sits in state in his cabin, for the good order, cleanliness, and discipline of the ship, has to see that all the subordinate officers do their duty strictly; and this is just what the commander of the "Tartar" prided himself upon doing.

He was officially styled Commander John Donohue, Royal Navy; but we always called him "Buffles"—more irreverently, and more generally, "Old Buffles." Not to his face or in his hearing, however; had we ventured so far, we might have found it very inconvenient, very much so indeed. How or where he acquired the name of "Buffles" I never knew; but it came to the "Tartar" with him. He was the second commander of the "Tartar" and had only recently joined her. The officer first appointed was not sufficiently strict to suit our smart captain, who wanted a smart ship; so he got a broad hint to invalid and go home, and took it. Then "Buffles" was appointed, at the special request of the captain, who prided himself that the "Tartar" had now got a thoroughly smart officer for commander; so did "Buffles." A short, stout man, with a red face, of which a prominent beak was the reddest feature, a tremendous voice, and a tremendous fondness for using it. Off duty, a thoroughly good fellow; on duty, a martinet, always an irascible, often a noisy one, and sometimes, when in a towering rage, a truly comical one. I once heard him, when the hands were at sail-drill, shriek out an assurance to one of the petty officers aloft, that if he didn't do his work better "he'd bring him down out of that, and make him *sup sorrow out of a bucket!*"

Don't think, therefore, that Commander John Donohue waited calmly, or waited at all, for an answer to his peremptory and mysterious ques-

tion. As I turned my startled head, old Buffles, glaring at poor Blucher with fiery visage, shrieked again:

"Mr. Blucher, *where's the G?*"

Now Sub-lieutenant Blucher was of German parentage, and his ideas were not at all quick or imaginative; he looked both puzzled and scared. Thinking he had not heard aright, he ran up to the commander, touching his cap, and saying respectfully:

"I beg your pardon, Sir."

This made old Buffles furious. He got redder in the face, purple in fact, as he transfixed poor Blucher with his fiery little grey eyes, and cried:

"*The G!* Mr. Blucher! *Where's the G?*"

Blucher looked utterly bewildered. The question was so sharp, and the commander was evidently getting so cross over it, that he was afraid to ask for a further explanation. He looked at the deck above him, the deck beneath him; he looked aft, he looked forward, at the guns, at the men, at the commander again, who vouchsafed not a word to explain his queer question. Poor Blucher was dumb-founded. I was puzzled too, and so were all hands within ear-shot. What on earth, I said to myself, *is* old Buffles driving at? The G! What G? Is it the letter of that name, or is it something else; if so, what? I thought of the "*squee-gee*," which article is used for drying up the decks when wet; but the deck was as dry as a bone, so what in the name of fortune could he want of that? Suddenly a bright thought struck Blucher. The men were at quarters, the bugler at his post; the bugle-call "G" was the order to secure the guns and return the small arms to the rifle-racks. Seized with the inspiration, Blucher turned and ran toward the main hatch-way:

"Bugler, sound the G!"

"No! *No!* NO!" shouted the commander. "Stop, Mr. Blucher! Here! There! That, *that*, THAT G!"

It is a good while ago now, but I always laugh when I think of the scene I then beheld. The gaping men standing at their guns, the bewildered Blucher, and the irate Buffles, who now stood with uplifted finger, pointing melodramatically at *the grog-tub*. Swinging from the beams by its neat white lanyard, the hoops of burnished brass upon its side shone like rings of gold. One of the polished brass letters had fallen off (leaving a gap which caught the commander's eagle eye) from the words of the loyal toast that encircled its brim:

"THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER!"

C. C.

HAROLD.

BY A. TENNYSON.

Show-Day at Battle Abbey, 1876.

A GARDEN here—May breath and bloom of spring
The cuckoo yonder from an English elm
Crying 'with my false egg I overwhelm
The native nest:' and fancy hears the ring
Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing,
And Saxon battleaxe clang on Norman helm.
Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm:
Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slander'd king.
O Garden blossoming out of English blood!
O strange hate-healer Time! We stroll and stare
Where might made right eight hundred years ago;
Might, right? ay good, so all things make for good—
But he and he, if soul be soul, are where
Each stands full face with all he did below.

———o———

Dramatis Personæ.

KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.
STIGAND (created Archbishop of Canterbury by the Antipope Benedict).
ALDRED (Archbishop of York).
THE NORMAN BISHOP OF LONDON
HAROLD, Earl of Wessex afterwards King of England
TOSTIG, Earl of Northumbria,
GURTH, Earl of East Anglia,
LEOFWIN, Earl of Kent and Essex,
WULFNOTH,
} Sons of Godwin.
COUNT WILLIAM OF NORMANDY.
WILLIAM RUFUS.
WILLIAM MALET* (a Norman Noble).
EDWIN, Earl of Mercia
MORCAR, Earl of Northumbria after Tostig
} Sons of Alfgar of Mercia.
GAMEL (a Northumbrian Thane).
GUY (Count of Ponthieu).
ROLF (a Ponthieu Fisherman).
HUGH MARGOT (a Norman Monk).
OSGOD and ATHELRIC (Canons from Waltham).
THE QUEEN (Edward the Confessor's Wife, Daughter of Godwin).
ALDWYTH (Daughter of Alfgar and Widow of Griffyth, King of Wales).
EDITH (Ward of King Edward).
Courtiers, Earls and Thanes, Men-at-Arms, Canons of Waltham, Fishermen, &c.

* Quidam partim Normannus et Anglus Compater Heraldi.—*Guy of Amiens, 587*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. THE KING'S PALACE.

(*A comet seen through the open window.*)

ALDWYTH, GAMEL, COURTIERS (*talking together*).

FIRST COURTIER.

Lo! there once more—this is the seventh night!
Yon grimly-glaring, treble brandish'd scourge
Of England!

SECOND COURTIER.

Horrible.

FIRST COURTIER.

Look you, there's a star
That dances in it as mad with agony!

THIRD COURTIER.

Ay, like a spirit in Hell who skips and flies
To right and left, and cannot scape the flame.

SECOND COURTIER.

Steam'd upward from the undescendable Abysm.

FIRST COURTIER.

Or floated downward from the throne
Of God Almighty.

ALDWYTH.

Gamel, son of Orm,
What thinkest thou this means?

GAMEL.

War, my dear lady!

ALDWYTH.

Doth this affright thee?

GAMEL.

Mightily, my dear lady!

ALDWYTH.

Stand by me then, and look upon my face,
Not on the comet.

Enter MORCAR.

Brother! why so pale?

MORCAR.

It glares in heaven, it flares upon the Thames,
The people are as thick as bees below,
They hum like bees,—they cannot speak—for awe;
Look to the skies, then to the river, strike
Their hearts, and hold their babies up to it.
I think that they would Molochize them too,
To have the heavens clear.

ALDWYTH.

They fright not me.

Enter LEOFWIN, *after him* GURTH.

Ask thou Lord Leofwin what he thinks of this!

MORCAR.

Lord Leofwin, dost thou believe that these
Three rods of blood-red fire up yonder mean
The doom of England and the wrath of Heaven?

BISHOP OF LONDON (*passing*).

Did ye not cast with bestial violence
Our holy Norman bishops down from all
Their thrones in England? I alone remain.
Why should not Heaven be wroth?

LEOFWIN.

With us, or thee?

BISHOP OF LONDON.

Did ye not outlaw your archbishop Robert,
Robert of Jumièges—well-nigh murder him, too?
Is there no reason for the wrath of Heaven?

LEOFWIN.

Why then the wrath of Heaven hath three tails,
The devil only one.

[*Exit* BISHOP OF LONDON.

Enter ARCHBISHOP STIGAND.

Ask *our* Archbishop.
Stigand should know the purposes of Heaven.

STIGAND.

Not I. I cannot read the face of heaven,
Perhaps our vines will grow the better for it.

LEOFWIN (*laughing*).

He can but read the king's face on his coins.

STIGAND.

Ay, ay, young Lord, *there* the king's face is power.

GURTH.

O father, mock not at a public fear,
But tell us, is this pendent hell in heaven
A harm to England?

STIGAND.

Ask it of King Edward!
And he may tell thee, *I* am a harm to England.
Old uncanonical Stigand—ask of *me*
Who had my pallium from an Antipope!
Not he the man—for in our windy world
What's up is faith, what's down is heresy.
Our friends, the Normans, holp to shake his chair.
I have a Norman fever on me, son,
And cannot answer sanely . . . What it means?
Ask our broad earl.

[*Pointing to* HAROLD, *who enters.*

HAROLD (*seeing* GAMEL).

Hail, Gamel, son of Orm!
Albeit no rolling stone, my good friend Gamel,
Thou hast rounded since we met. Thy life at home
Is easier than mine here. Look! am I not
Work-wan, flesh-fallen?

GAMEL.

Art thou sick, good Earl?

HAROLD.

Sick as an autumn swallow for a voyage,
Sick for an idle week of hawk and hound
Beyond the seas—a change! When camest thou hither?

GAMEL.

To-day, good Earl!

HAROLD.

Is the North quiet, Gamel?

GAMEL.

Nay, there be murmurs, for thy brother breaks us
With over-taxing—quiet, ay, as yet—
Nothing as yet.

HAROLD.

Stand by him, mine old friend,
Thou art a great voice in Northumberland!
Advise him: speak him sweetly, he will hear thee.
He is passionate but honest. Stand thou by him!
More talk of this to-morrow, if yon weird sign
Not blast us in our dreams.—Well, father Stigand—

(*To Stigand, who advances to him.*)

STIGAND (*pointing to the comet*).

War there, my son? Is that the doom of England?

HAROLD.

Why not the doom of all the world as well?
For all the world sees it as well as England.
These meteors came and went before our day,
Not harming any: it threatens us no more
Than French or Norman. War? The worst that follows
Things that seem jerk'd out of the common rut
Of Nature is the hot religious fool,
Who, seeing war in heaven, for heaven's credit
Makes it on earth: but look, where Edward draws
A faint foot hither, leaning upon Tostig.
He hath learnt to love our Tostig much of late.

LEOFWIN.

And *he* hath learnt, despite the tiger in him,
To sleek and supple himself to the king's hand.

GURTH.

I trust the kingly touch that cures the evil
May serve to charm the tiger out of him.

LEOFWIN.

He hath as much of cat as tiger in him.
Our Tostig loves the hand and not the man.

HAROLD.

Nay! Better die than lie!

Enter KING, QUEEN *and* TOSTIG.

EDWARD.

In heaven signs!
Signs upon earth! Signs everywhere! Your priests
Gross, worldly, simoniacal, unlearn'd!
They scarce can read their Psalter; and your churches

Uncouth, unhandsome, while in Normanland
God speaks thro' abler voices, as He dwells
In statelier shrines. I say not this as being
Half Norman-blooded, nor, as some have held,
Because I love the Norman better—no,
But dreading God's revenge upon this realm
For narrowness and coldness: and I say it
For the last time perchance, before I go
To find the sweet refreshment of the Saints.
I have lived a life of utter purity:
I have builded the great church of Holy Peter:
I have wrought miracles—to God the glory—
And miracles will in my name be wrought
Hereafter. I have fought the fight and go—
I see the flashing of the gates of pearl—
And it is well with me, tho' some of you
Have scorn'd me—ay—but after I am gone
Woe, woe to England! I have had a vision;
The seven sleepers in the cave of Ephesus
Have turn'd from right to left.

HAROLD.

My most dear Master,
What matters? Let them turn from left to right
And sleep again.

TOSTIG.

Too hardy with thy king!
A life of prayer and fasting well may see
Deeper into the mysteries of heaven
Than thou, good brother.

ALDWYTH (*aside*).

Sees he into thine,
That thou wouldst have his promise for the crown?

EDWARD.

Tostig says true; my son, thou art too hard,
Not stagger'd by this ominous earth and heaven:
But heaven and earth are threads of the same loom,
Play into one another, and weave the web
That may confound thee yet.

HAROLD.

Nay, I trust not,
For I have served thee long and honestly.

EDWARD.

I know it, son; I am not thankless: thou
Hast broken all my foes, lighten'd for me
The weight of this poor crown, and left me time
And peace for prayer to gain a better one.
Twelve years of service! England loves thee for it.
Thou art the man to rule her!

ALDWYTH (*aside*).

So, not Tostig!

HAROLD.

And after those twelve years a boon, my King,
Respite, a holiday: thyself was wont
To love the chase: thy leave to set my feet
On board, and hunt and hawk beyond the seas!

EDWARD.

What, with this flaming horror overhead?

HAROLD.

Well, when it passes then.

EDWARD.

Ay, if it pass.
Go not to Normandy—go not to Normandy.

HAROLD.

And wherefore not, my king, to Normandy?
Is not my brother Wulfnoth hostage there
For my dead father's loyalty to thee?
I pray thee, let me hence and bring him home.

EDWARD.

Not thee, my son: some other messenger.

HAROLD.

And why not me, my lord, to Normandy?
Is not the Norman count thy friend and mine?

EDWARD.

I pray thee, do not go to Normandy.

HAROLD.

Because my father drove the Normans out
Of England?—That was many a summer gone—
Forgotten and forgiven by them and thee.

EDWARD.

Harold, I will not yield thee leave to go.

HAROLD.

Why, then to Flanders. I will hawk and hunt
In Flanders.

EDWARD.

Be there not fair woods and fields
In England? Wilful, wilful. Go—the Saints
Pilot and prosper all thy wandering out
And homeward. Tostig, I am faint again.
Son Harold, I will in and pray for thee.

[*Exit, leaning on* TOSTIG *and followed by* STIGAND, MORCAR *and* COURTIERS.

HAROLD.

What lies upon the mind of our good king
That he should harp this way on Normandy?

QUEEN.

Brother, the king is wiser than he seems;
And Tostig knows it; Tostig loves the king.

HAROLD

And love should know; and—be the king so wise,—
Then Tostig too were wiser than he seems.
I love the man but not his phantasies.

Re-enter TOSTIG.

Well, brother,
When didst thou hear from thy Northumbria?

TOSTIG.

When did I hear aught but this '*When*' from thee?
Leave me alone, brother, with my Northumbria:
She is *my* mistress, let *me* look to her!
The king hath made me earl; make me not fool!
Nor make the king a fool, who made me earl!

HAROLD

No, Tostig—lest I make myself a fool
Who made the king who made thee, make thee earl.

TOSTIG

Why chafe me then? Thou knowest I soon go wild.

GURTH.

Come, come! as yet thou art not gone so wild
But thou canst hear the best and wisest of us.

HAROLD.

So says old Gurth, not I; yet hear! thine earldom,
Tostig, hath been a kingdom. Their old crown
Is yet a force among them, a sun set
But leaving light enough for Alfgar's house
To strike thee down by—nay, this ghastly glare
May heat their fancies.

TOSTIG.

My most worthy brother,
That art the quietest man in all the world—
Ay, ay, and wise in peace and great in war—
Pray God the people choose thee for their king!
But all the powers of the house of Godwin
Are not enframed in thee.

HAROLD.

Thank the Saints, no!
But thou hast drain'd them shallow by thy tolls
And thou art ever here about the king:
Thine absence well may seem a want of care.
Cling to their love; for, now the sons of Godwin
Sit topmost in the field of England, envy,
Like the rough bear beneath the tree, good brother,
Waits till the man let go.

TOSTIG.

Good counsel, truly!
I heard from my Northumbria yesterday.

HAROLD.

How goes it then with thy Northumbria? Well?

TOSTIG.

And wouldst thou that it went aught else than well?

HAROLD.

I would it went as well as with mine earldom,
Leofwin's and Gurth's.

TOSTIG.

Ye govern milder men.

GURTH.

We have made them milder by just government.

TOSTIG.

Ay, ever give yourselves your own good word.

LEOFWIN.

An honest gift, by all the Saints, i giver
And taker be but honest! but they bribe
Each other, and so often, an honest world
Will not believe them.

HAROLD

I may tell thee, Tostig,
I heard from thy Northumberland to-day.

TOSTIG.

From spies of thine to spy my nakedness
In my poor North!

HAROLD.

There is a movement there,
A blind one—nothing yet.

TOSTIG.

Crush it at once
With all the power I have!—I must—I wil!—
Crush it half-born! Fool still? Or wisdom there,
My wise head-shaking Harold?

HAROLD.

Make not thou
The nothing something. Wisdom, when in power
And wisest, should not frown as Power, but smile
As Kindness, watching all, till the true *must*
Shall make her strike as Power: but when to strike—
O Tostig, O dear brother—if they prance,
Rein in, not lash them, lest they rear and run
And break both neck and axle.

TOSTIG.

Good again!
Good counsel, tho' scarce needed. Pour not water
In the full vessel running out at top
To swamp the house.

LEOFWIN.

Nor thou be a wild thing
Out of the waste, to turn and bite the hand
Would help thee from the trap.

TOSTIG.

Thou playest in tune.

LEOFWIN.

To the deaf adder thee, that wilt not dance
However wisely charm'd.

TOSTIG.

No more, no more!

GURTH.

I likewise cry 'no more.' Unwholesome talk
For Godwin's house! Leofwin, thou hast a tongue!
Tostig, thou lookst as thou would'st spring upon him.
St. Olaf, not while I am by! Come, come,
Join hands, let brethren dwell in unity;
Let kith and kin stand close as our shield-wall,
Who breaks us then? I say thou hast a tongue
And Tostig is not stout enough to bear it.
Vex him not, Leofwin.

TOSTIG.

No, I am not vext,—
Altho' ye seek to vex me, one and all.
I have to make report of my good earldom
To the good king who gave it—not to you—
Not any of you.—I am not vext at all.

HAROLD.

The king? the king is ever at his prayers;
In all that handles matter of the state
I am the king.

TOSTIG.

That shalt thou never be
If I can thwart thee.

HAROLD.

Brother, brother!

TOSTIG.

Away!
[*Exit* TOSTIG.

QUEEN.

Spite of this grisly star ye three must gall
Poor Tostig.

LEOFWIN.

Tostig, sister, galls himself,
He cannot smell a rose but pricks his nose
Against the thorn, and rails against the rose.

QUEEN.

I am the only rose of all the stock
That never thorn'd him; Edward loves him, so
Ye hate him. Harold always hated him.
Why—how they fought when boys—and, Holy Mary!
How Harold used to beat him!

HAROLD.

Why, boys will fight.
Leofwin would often fight me, and I beat him.
Even old Gurth would fight. I had much ado
To hold mine own against old Gurth. Old Gurth,
We fought like great states for grave cause; but Tostig
On a sudden—at a something—for a nothing—
The boy would fist me hard, and when we fought
I conquer'd, and he loved me none the less,
Till thou wouldst get him all apart, and tell him
That where he was but worsted, he was wrong'd.
Ah! thou hast taught the king to spoil him too;
Now the spoilt child sways both. Take heed, take heed;
Thou art the queen; ye are boy and girl no more;
Side not with Tostig in any violence,
Lest thou be sideways guilty of the violence.

QUEEN.

Come, fall not foul on me. I leave thee, brother.

HAROLD.

Nay, my good sister—
Exeunt QUEEN, HAROLD, GURTH *and* LEOFWIN.

ALDWYTH.

Gamel, son of Orm,
What thinkest thou this means? [*Pointing to the comet.*

GAMEL.

War, my dear lady.
War, waste, plague, famine, all malignities.

ALDWYTH.

It means the fall of Tostig from his earldom.

GAMEL.

That were too small a matter for a comet.

ALDWYTH.

It means the lifting of the house of Alfgar.

GAMEL.

Too small! a comet would not show for that!

ALDWYTH.

Not small for thee, if thou canst compass it.

GAMEL.

Thy love?

ALDWYTH.

As much as I can give thee, man;
This Tostig is, or like to be, a tyrant;
Stir up thy people: oust him!

GAMEL.

And thy love?

ALDWYTH.

As much as thou canst bear.

GAMEL.

I can bear all,
And not be giddy.

ALDWYTH.

No more now: to-morrow.

———o———

SCENE II.—IN THE GARDEN. THE KING'S HOUSE NEAR LONDON. SUNSET.

EDITH.

Mad for thy mate, passionate nightingale.
I love thee for it—ay, but stay a moment;
He can but stay a moment: he is going.
I fain would hear him coming!.. Near me.. near
Somewhere—to draw him nearer with a charm
Like thine to thine.

(Singing.)

Love is come with a song and a smile,
Welcome Love with a smile and a song:
Love can stay but a little while.
Why cannot he stay? They call him away
Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong:
Love will stay for a whole life long.

Enter HAROLD.

HAROLD.

The nightingales at Havering-in-the-bower
Sang out their loves so loud, that Edward's prayers
Were deafen'd and he pray'd them dumb, and thus
I dumb thee too, my wingless nightingale
[*Kissing her.*

EDITH.

Thou art my music! Would their wings were mine
To follow thee to Flanders! Must thou go?

HAROLD.

Not must, but will. It is but for one moon.

EDITH.

Leaving so many foes in Edward's hall
To league against thy weal. The lady Aldwyth
Was here to-day, and when she touched on thee
She stammer'd in her hate; I am sure she hates thee,
Pants for thy blood.

HAROLD.

Well, I have given her cause—
I fear no woman.

EDITH.

Hate not one who felt
Some pity for thy hater! I am sure
Her morning wanted sunlight, she so praised
The convent and lone life—within the pale—
Beyond the passion. Nay—she held with Edward.
At least methought she held with holy Edward,
That marriage was half sin.

HAROLD.

A lesson worth
Finger and thumb—thus *(Snaps his fingers).*
And my answer to it—
See here—an interwoven H and E!
Take thou this ring; I will demand his ward
From Edward when I come again. Ay, would she?
She to shut up my blossom in the dark!
Thou art *my* nun, thy cloister in mine arms.

EDITH *(taking the ring).*

Yea, but earl Tostig—

HAROLD.

That's a truer fear!
For if the North take fire, I should be back:
I shall be, soon enough.

EDITH.

Ay, but last night
An evil dream that ever came and went—

HAROLD.

A gnat that vext thy pillow! Had I been by,
I would have spoil'd his horn. My girl, what was it?

EDITH.

Oh! that thou wert not going!
For so methought it was our marriage-morn,
And while we stood together, a dead man
Rose from behind the altar, tore away
My marriage ring, and rent my bridal veil;
And then I turned and saw the church all fill'd
With dead men upright from their graves, and all
The dead men made at thee to murder thee,
But thou didst back thyself against a pillar,
And strike among them with thy battle-axe—
There, what a dream!

HAROLD.

Well, well—a dream—no more.

EDITH.

Did not Heaven speak to men in dreams of old.

HAROLD.

Ay—well—of old. I tell thee what, my child;
Thou hast misread this merry dream of thine,
Taken the rifted pillars of the wood
For smooth stone columns of the sanctuary,
The shadows of a hundred fat dead deer
For dead men's ghosts. True, that the battle-axe
Was out of place; it should have been the bow.
Come, thou shalt dream no more such dreams
I swear it
By mine own eyes—and these two sapphires—these
Twin rubies, that are amulets against a
The kisses of all kind of womankind
In Flanders, till the sea shall roll me back
To tumble at thy feet.

EDITH.

That would but shame me,
Rather than make me vain. The sea may roll
Sand, shingle, shore-weed, not the living rock
Which guards the land.

HAROLD.

Except it be a soft one,
And undereaten to the fall. Mine amulet. . .?
This last . . . upon thine eyelids, to shut in
A happier dream. Sleep, sleep, and thou shalt see
My greyhounds fleeting like a beam of light,
And hear my peregrine and her bells in heaven;
And other bells on earth, which yet are heaven's;
Guess what they be.

EDITH.

He cannot guess who knows.
Farewell, my King.

HAROLD.

Not yet, but then—my Queen.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ALDWYTH *from the thicket.*

ALDWYTH.

The kiss that charms thine eyelids into sleep,
Will hold mine waking. Hate him? I could love him
More, tenfold, than this fearful child can do;
Griffyth I hated: why not hate the foe
Of England? Griffyth, when I saw him flee,
Chased deer-like up his mountains, all the blood
That should have only pulsed for Griffyth, beat
For his pursuer. I love him or think I love him.
If he were King of England, I his queen,
I might be sure of it. Nay, I do love him.—
She must be cloister'd somehow, lest the king
Should yield his ward to Harold'd will. What harm?
She hath but blood enough to live, not love.—
When Harold goes and Tostig, shall I play
The craftier Tostig with him? fawn upon him?
Chime in with all? 'O thou more saint than king!'
And that were true enough. 'O blessed relics!'
'Holy Peter!' If he found me thus,
Harold might hate me; he is broad and honest,
Breathing an easy gladness. . . not like Aldwyth,
For which I strangely love him. Should not England
Love Aldwyth, if she stay the feuds that part
The sons of Godwin from the sons of Alfgar
By such a marrying? Courage, noble Aldwyth!
Let all thy people bless thee!

Our wild Tostig,
Edward hath made him earl: he would be king:—
The dog that snapt the shadow, dropt the bone,—
I trust he may do well, this Gamel, whom
I play upon, that he may play the note
Whereat the dog shall howl and run, and Harold
Hear the king's music, all alone with him,
Pronounced his heir of England.
I see the goal and half the way to it.—
Peace-lover is our Harold for the sake
Of England's wholeness—so—to shake the North
With earthquake and disruption—some division—
Then fling mine own fair person in the gap
A sacrifice to Harold, a peace-offering,
A scape-goat marriage—all the sins of both
The houses on mine head—then a fair life
And bless the queen of England.

MORCAR *(coming from the thicket).*
Art thou assured
By this, that Harold loves but Edith?

ALDWYTH.
Morcar!
Why creepest thou like a timorous beast of prey
Out of the bush by night?

MORCAR.
I follow'd thee.

ALDWYTH.
Follow my lead, and I will make thee earl.

MORCAR.
What lead then?

ALDWYTH.
Thou shalt flash it secretly
Among the good Northumbrian folk, that I—
That Harold loves me—yea, and presently
That I and Harold are betroth'd—and last—
Perchance that Harold wrongs me; tho' I would not
That it should come to that.

MORCAR.
I will both flash
And thunder for thee.

ALDWYTH.
I said 'secretly;'
It is the flash that murders, the poor thunder
Never harm'd head.

MORCAR.
But thunder may bring down
That which the flash hath stricken.

ALDWYTH.
Down with Tostig!
That first of all.—And when doth Harold go?

MORCAR.
To-morrow—first to Bosham, then to Flanders.

ALDWYTH.
Not to come back till Tostig shall have shown
And redden'd with his people's blood the teeth
That shall be broken by us—yea, and thou
Chair'd in his place. Good-night, and dream thyself
Their chosen earl. [*Exit* ALDWYTH.

MORCAR.
Earl first, and after that,
Who knows, I may not dream myself their king?

ACT II.

SCENE I.—SEASHORE. PONTHIEU. NIGHT. HAROLD *and his* Men, *wrecked.*

HAROLD.
Friends, in that last inhospitable plunge
Our boat has burst her ribs; but ours are whole;
I have but bark'd my hands.

ATTENDANT.
I dug mine into
My old fast friend, the shore, and clinging thus
Felt the remorseless outdraught of the deep
Haul like a great strong fellow at my legs,
And then I rose and ran. The blast that came
So suddenly hath fallen as suddenly—
Put thou the comet and this blast together—

HAROLD.
Put thou thyself and mother-wit together.
Be not a fool!
(*Enter* Fishermen *with torches*, HAROLD *going up to one of them*, ROLF.)
Wicked sea-will-o'-the-wisp!
Wolf of the shore! Dog, with thy lying lights
Thou has betray'd us on these rocks of thine!

ROLF.
Ah, but thou liest as loud as the black herring pond behind thee. We be fishermen, I came to see after my nets.

HAROLD.
To drag us into them. Fishermen? Devils!
Who, while ye fish for men with your false fires
Let the great Devil fish for your own souls.

ROLF.
Nay, then, we be liker the blessed Apostles; *they* were fishers of men, Father Jean says.

HAROLD.
I had liefer that the fish had swallowed me,
Like Jonah, than have known there were such devils.
What's to be done! [*To his men—goes apart with them.*

FISHERMAN.
Rolf, what fish did swallow Jonah!

ROLF.
A whale!

FISHERMAN.
Then a whale to a whelk we have swallowed the king of England. I saw him over there. Look thee, Rolf, when I was down in the fever, *she* was down with the hunger, and thou did

stand by her and give her thy crabs, and set her up again, till now, by the patient Saints, she's as crabb'd as ever.

ROLF.

And I'll give her my crabs again, when thou art down again.

FISHERMAN.

I thank thee, Rolf. Run thou to Count Guy; he is hard at hand. Tell him what hath crept into our creel, and he will fee thee as freely as he will wrench this outlander's ransom out of him—and why not? For what right had he to get himself wrecked on another man's land.

ROLF.

Thou art the human-heartedest, Christian-charitiest of all crab-catchers! Share and share alike!

[*Exit.*

HAROLD (*to* Fisherman).

Fellow, dost thou catch crabs?

FISHERMAN.

As few as I may in a wind, and less than I would in a calm. Ay!

HAROLD.

I have a mind that thou shalt catch no more.

FISHERMAN.

How?

HAROLD.

I have a mind to brain thee with mine axe.

FISHERMAN.

Ay, do, do, and our great Count-crab will make his nippers meet in thine heart; he'l sweat it out of thee, he'll sweat it out of thee. Look, he's here! He'll speak for himself Hold thine own if thou canst.

Enter GUY, COUNT OF PONTHIEU.

HAROLD.

Guy, Count of Ponthieu!

GUY.

Harold, Earl of Wessex!

HAROLD.

Thy villains with their lying lights have wrecked us.

GUY.

Art thou not earl of Wessex?

HAROLD.

In mine earldom
A man may hang gold bracelets on a bush,
And leave them for a year, and coming back
Find them again.

GUY.

Thou art a mighty man
In thine own earldom!

HAROLD.

Were such murderous liars
In Wessex—if I caught them they should hang
Cliff-gibbeted for sea marks; our sea-mew
Winging their only wail!

GUY.

Ay, but my men
Hold that the shipwreckt are accursed of God.
What hinders me to hold with mine own men?

HAROLD.

The Christian manhood of the man who reigns

GUY.

Ay, rave thy worst, but in our oubliettes
Thou shalt or rot or ransom. Hale him hence!

[*To one of his* Attendants.

Fly thou to William: tell him we have Harold.

SCENE II.—BAYEUX PALACE.

COUNT WILLIAM *and* WILLIAM MALET.

WILLIAM.

We hold our Saxon woodcock in the springe,
But he begins to flutter. As I think!
He was thine host in England when I went
To visit Edward.

MALET.

Yea, and there, my lord,
To make allowance for their rougher fashions,
I found him all a noble host should be.

WILLIAM.

Thou art his friend; thou know'st my claim on England,
Thro' Edward's promise: we have him in the toils,
And it were well, if thou shouldst let him feel,
How dense a fold of danger nets him round,
So that he bristle himself against my will.

MALET.

What would I do, my lord, if I were you?

WILLIAM.

What wouldst thou do?

MALET.

My lord, he is thy guest.

WILLIAM.

Nay, by the splendour of God, no guest of mine.
He came not to see me, had past me by
To hunt and hawk elsewhere, save for the fate
Which hunted *him* when that un-Saxon blast,
And bolts of thunder moulded in high heaven
To serve the Norman purpose, drave and crack'd
His boat on Ponthieu beach; where our friend Guy
Had wrung his ransom from him by the rack,
But that I stept between and purchased him,
Translating his capitivity from Guy
To mine own hearth at Bayeux, where he sits
My ransomed prisoner.

MALET.

Well, if not with gold,
With golden deeds and iron strokes that brought
Thy war with Brittany to a goodlier close
Then else had been, he paid his ransom back.

WILLIAM.

So that henceforth they are not like to league
With Harold against *me*.

MALET.

A marvel, how
He from the liquid sands of Coesnon
Haled thy shore-swallow'd, armour'd Normans up
To fight for thee again!

WILLIAM.

Perchance against
Their saver, save thou save him from himself.

MALET.

But I should let him home again, my lord.

WILLIAM.

Simple! Let fly the bird within the hand,
To catch the bird again within the bush!
No.
Smooth thou my way, before he clash with me;
I want his voice in England for the crown,
I want thy voice with him to bring him round,
And being brave he must be subtly cow'd,
And being truthful, wrought upon to swear
Vows that he dare not break. England our own
Thro' Harold's help, he shall be my dear friend
As well as thine, and thou thyself shalt have
Large lordship there of lands and territory.

MALET.

I knew thy purpose; he and Wulfnoth never
Have met, except in public; shall they meet
In private? I have often talked with Wulfnoth,
And stuff'd the boy with fears that these may act
On Harold when they meet.

WILLIAM.

Then let them meet!

MALET.

I can but love this noble, honest Harold.

WILLIAM.

Love him! Why not? Thine is a loving office,
I have commission'd thee to save the man;
Help the good ship, showing the sunken rock,
Or he is wreckt forever.

Enter WILLIAM RUFUS.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

Father.

WILLIAM.

Well, boy.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

They have taken away the toy thou gavest me,
The Norman knight.

WILLIAM.

Why, boy?

WILLIAM RUFUS.

Because I broke
The horse's leg—it was mine own to break;
I like to have my toys, and break them too.

WILLIAM.

Well, thou shalt have another Norman knight!

WILLIAM RUFUS.

And may I break his legs?

WILLIAM.

Yea,—get thee gone!

WILLIAM RUFUS.

I'll tell them I have had my way with thee.
[*Exit.*

MALET.

I never knew thee check thy will for ought
Save for the prattling of thy little ones.

WILLIAM.

Who shall be kings of England. I am heir
Of England by the promise of her king.

MALET.

But there the great Assembly choose their king
The choice of England is the voice of England.

WILLIAM.

I will be king of England by the laws,
The choice and voice of England.

MALET.

Can that be?

WILLIAM.

The voice of any people is the sword
That guards them, or the sword that beats them down.
Here comes the would-be what I will be, king-like,
Tho' scarce at ease; for, save our meshes break,
More king-like he than like to prove a king.

(*Enter* HAROLD, *musing, with his eyes on the ground.*

He sees me not—and yet he dreams of me.
Earl, wilt thou fly my falcons this fair day?
They are of the best, strong-wing'd against the wind.

(HAROLD, *looking up suddenly, having caught but the last words*).

Which way does it blow?

WILLIAM.

Blowing for England, ha?
Not yet. Thou hast not learnt thy quarters here.
The winds so cross and jostle among these towers.

HAROLD.

Count of the Normans, thou hast ransom'd us,
Maintain'd, and entertain'd us royally!

WILLIAM.

And thou for us hast fought as loyally,
Which binds us friendship-fast for ever!

HAROLD.

Good!
But lest we turn the scale of courtesy
By too much pressure on it, I would fain,
Since thou hast promised Wulfnoth home with us,
Be home again with Wulfnoth.

WILLIAM.

Stay—as yet
Thou hast but seen how Norman hands can strike,

But walk'd our Norman field, scarce touch'd or tasted
The splendours of our court.

HAROLD.

I am in no mood:
I should be as the shadow of a cloud
Crossing your light.

WILLIAM.

Nay, rest a week or two,
And we will fill thee full of Norman sun.
And send thee back among thine island mists
With laughter.

HAROLD.

Count, I thank thee, but had rather
Breathe the free wind from off our Saxon downs,
Tho' charged with all the wet of all the West.

WILLIAM.

Why, if thou wilt, so let it be—thou shalt.
That were a graceless hospitality
To chain the free guest to the banquet-board;
To-morrow we will ride with thee to Harfleur,
And see thee shipt, and pray in thy behalf
For happier homeward winds than that which crack'd
Thy bark at Ponthieu,—yet to us, in faith,
A happy one—whereby we came to know
Thy valour and thy value, noble Earl.
Ay, and perchance a happy one for thee,
Provided—I will go with thee to-morrow—
Nay—but there be conditions, easy ones,
So thou, fair friend, will take them easily.

Enter Page.

PAGE,

My lord, there is a post from over seas
With news for thee. [*Exit* Page.

WILLIAM.

Come, Malet, let us hear!

[*Exeunt* COUNT WILLIAM *and* MALET.

HAROLD.

Conditions? What conditions? pay him back
His ransom? 'easy'—that were easy—nay—
No money-lover he! What said the king?
'I pray you do not go to Normandy.'
And fate hath blown me hither, bound me too
With bitter obligation to the count—
Have I not fought if out? What did he mean?
There lodged a gleaming grimness in his eyes,
Gave his shorn smile the lie. The walls oppress me,
And yon huge keep that hinders half the heaven.
Free air! free field!

[*Moves to go out. A* Man-at-arms *follows him.*

HAROLD (*to the* Man-at-arms).

I need thee not. Why dost thou follow me?

MAN-AT-ARMS.

have the count's commands to follow thee.

HAROLD.

What then? Am I in danger in this court?

MAN-AT-ARMS.

I cannot tell. I have the count's commands.

HAROLD.

Stand out of earshot then, and keep me still
In eyeshot.

MAN-AT-ARMS.

Yea, lord Harold. [*Withdraws.*

HAROLD.

And arm'd men
Ever keep watch beside my chamber door,
And if I walk within the lonely wood,
There is an arm'd man ever glides behind!

(*Enter* MALET).

Why am I follow'd, haunted, harass'd, watch'd?
See yonder! [*Pointing to the* Man-at-arms.

MALET.

'Tis the good count's care for thee!
The Normans love thee not, nor thou the Normans,
Or—so they deem.

HAROLD.

But wherefore is the wind,
Which way soever the vane-arrow swing,
Not ever fair for England? Why, but now
He said (thou heardest him) that I must not hence
Save on conditions.

MALET.

So in truth he said.

HAROLD.

Malet, thy mother was an Englishwoman;
There somewhere beats an English pulse in thee!

MALET.

Well—for my mother's sake I love your England,
But for my father I love Normandy.

HAROLD.

Speak for thy mother's sake, and tell me true.

MALET.

Then for my mother's sake, and England's sake
That suffers in the daily want of thee,
Obey the count's conditions, my good friend.

HAROLD.

How, Malet, if they be not honourable!

MALET.

Seem to obey them.

HAROLD.

Better die than lie!

MALET.

Choose therefore whether thou wilt have thy conscience
White as a maiden's hand, or whether England
Be shatter'd into fragments.

HAROLD.

News from England?

MALET.

Morcar and Edwin have stirr'd up the Thanes
Against thy brother Tostig's governance;
And all the North of Humber is one storm.

HAROLD.
I should be there, Malet, I should be there!

MALET.
And Tostig in his own hall on suspicion
Hath massacred the Thane that was his guest,
Gamel, the son of Orm: and there be more
As villainously slain.

HAROLD.
The wolf! The beast!
Ill news for guests, ha, Malet! More? What more?
What do they say? Did Edward know of this?

MALET.
They say, his wife was knowing and abetting.

HAROLD.
They say, his wife!—To marry and have no husband
Makes the wife fool. My God, I should be there
I'l hack my way to the sea.

MALET.
Thou canst not, Harold;
Our duke is all between thee and the sea,
Our duke is all about thee like a God;
All passes block'd. Obey him, speak him fair,
For he is only debonair to those
That follow where he leads, but stark as death
To those that cross him.—Look thou, here is Wulfnoth!
I leave thee to thy talk with him alone;
How wan, poor lad! How sick and sad for home!
[*Exit* MALET.

HAROLD (*muttering*).
Go not to Normandy—go not to Normandy!

(*Enter* WULFNOTH).
Poor brother! Still a hostage!

WULFNOTH.
Yea, and I
Shall see the dewy kiss of dawn no more
Make blush the maiden-white of our tall cliffs,
Nor mark the sea-bird rouse himself and hover
Above the windy ripple, and fill the sky
With free sea-laughter—never—save indeed
Thou canst make yield this iron-mooded duke
To let me go.

HAROLD.
Why, brother, so he will;
But on conditions. Canst thou guess at them?

WULFNOTH.
Draw nearer,—I was in the corridor,
I saw him coming with his brother Odo
The Bayeux bishop, and I hid myself.

HAROLD.
They did thee wrong who made thee hostage; thou
Wast ever fearful.

WULFNOTH.
And he spoke—I heard him—
'This Harold is not of the royal blood,
Can have no right to the crown,' and Odo said,
'Thine is the right, for thine the might; he is here
And yonder is thy keep.'

HAROLD.
No, Wulfnoth, no.

WULFNOTH.
And William laugh'd and swore that might was right,
Far as he knew in this poor world o ours—
'Marry, the Saints must go along with us
And, brother, we will find a way,' said he—
Yea, yea, he would be king of England.

HAROLD.
Never!

WULFNOTH.
Yea, but thou must not in this way answer *him*

HAROLD.
Is it not better still to speak the truth

WULFNOTH.
Not here, or thou wilt never hence, nor I:
For in the racing toward this golden goal
He turns not right or left, but tramples flat
Whatever thwarts him; hast thou never heard
His savagery at Alençon,—the town
Hung out raw hides along their walls, and cried
'Work for the tanner.'

HAROLD.
That had anger'd *me*,
Had I been William.

WULFNOTH.
Nay, but he had prisoners,
He tore their eyes out, sliced their hands away,
And flung them streaming o'er the battlements
Upon the heads of those who walk'd within—
O speak him fair, Harold, for thine own sake.

HAROLD.
Your Welshman says, 'The Truth against the World,'
Much more the truth against myself.

WULFNOTH.
Thyself?
But for my sake, oh brother! Oh! For my sake!

HAROLD.
Poor Wulfnoth! Do they not entreat thee well?

WULFNOTH.
I see the blackness of my dungeon loom
Across their lamps of revel, and beyond
The merriest murmurs of their banquet clank
The shackles that will bind me to the wall.

HAROLD.
Too fearful still!

WULFNOTH.
Oh no, no—speak him fair!
Call it to temporize; and not to lie;
Harold, I do not counsel thee to lie.
The man that hath to foil a murderous aim
May, surely, play with words.

HAROLD.

Words are the man.
Not ev'n for thy sake, brother, would I lie.

WULFNOTH.

Then for thine Edith?

HAROLD.

There thou prickst me deep.

WULFNOTH.

And for our Mother England?

HAROLD.

Deeper still.

WULFNOTH.

And deeper still the deep-down oubliette,
Down thirty feet below the smiling day—
In blackness—dogs' food thrown upon thy head,
And over thee the suns arise and set,
And the lark sings, the sweet stars come and go,
And men are at their markets, in their fields,
And woo their loves and have forgotten thee;
And thou art upright in thy living grave,
Where there is barely room to shift thy side,
And all thine England hath forgotten thee;
And he, our lazy-pious Norman king,
With all his Normans round him once again,
Counts his old beads, and hath forgotten thee.

HAROLD.

Thou art of my blood, and so methinks, my boy,
Thy fears infect me beyond reason. Peace!

WULFNOTH.

And then our fiery Tostig, while thy hands
Are palsied here, if his Northumbrians rise
And hurl him from them,—I have heard the Normans
Count upon this confusion—may he not make
A league with William, so to bring him back?

HAROLD.

That lies within the shadow of the chance.

WULFNOTH.

And like a river in flood thro' a burst dam
Descends the ruthless Norman—our good king
Kneels mumbling some old bone—our helpless folk
Are wash'd away, wailing, in their own blood—

HAROLD.

Wailing! Not warring? Boy, thou hast forgotten
That thou art English.

WULFNOTH.

Then our modest women—
I know the Norman license—thine own Edith—

HAROLD.

No more! I will not hear thee—William comes.

WULFNOTH.

I dare not well be seen in talk with thee.
Make thou not mention that I spake with thee.
[Moves away to the back of the stage.

Enter WILLIAM, MALET *and* OFFICER.

OFFICER.

We have the man that rail'd against thy birth.

WILLIAM.

Tear out his tongue.

OFFICER.

He shall not rail again;
He said that he should see confusion fall
On thee and on thine house.

WILLIAM.

Tear out his eyes,
And plunge him into prison.

OFFICER.

It shall be done.
[Exit Officer.

WILLIAM.

Look not amazed, fair Earl! Better leave undone,
Than do by halves—tongueless and eyeless, prison'd—

HAROLD.

Better, methinks, have slain the man at once!

WILLIAM.

We have respect for man's immortal soul,
We seldom take man's life, except in war;
It frights the traitor more to maim and blind.

HAROLD.

In mine own land I should have scorn'd the man
Or lash'd his rascal back, and let him go.

WILLIAM.

And let him go? To slander thee again!
Yet in thine own land in thy father's day
They blinded my young kinsman, Alfred—ay,
Some said it was thy father's deed.

HAROLD.

They lied.

WILLIAM.

But thou and he—whom at thy word, for thou
Art known a speaker of the truth, I free
From this foul charge—

HAROLD.

Nay, nay, he freed himself
By oath and compurgation from the charge.
The king, the lords, the people cleared him of it.

WILLIAM.

But thou and he drove our good Normans out
From England, and this rankles in us yet.
Archbishop Robert hardly scaped with life.

HAROLD.

Archbishop Robert! Robert the Archbishop!
Robert of Jumièges, he that—

MALET.

Quiet! quiet!

HAROLD.

Count! If there sat within thy Norman chair
A ruler all for England—one who fill'd
All offices, all bishopricks with English—
We could not move from Dover to the Humber
Saving thro' Norman bishopricks—I say
Ye would applaud that Norman who should drive
The stranger to the fiends!

WILLIAM.

Why, that is reason!
Warrior thou art, and mighty wise withal!
Ay, ay, but many among our Norman lords
Hate thee for this, and press upon me—saying
God and the sea have given thee to our hands—
To plunge thee into life-long prison here:—
Yet I hold out against them, as I may,
Yea—would hold out, yea, tho' they should revolt—
For thou hast done the battle in my cause;
I am thy fastest friend in Normandy.

HAROLD.

I am doubly bound to thee . . . if this be so.

WILLIAM.

And I would bind thee more, and would myself
Be bounden to thee more.

HAROLD.

Then let me hence
With Wulfnoth to King Edward.

WILLIAM.

So we will.
We hear he hath not long to live.

HAROLD.

It may be.

WILLIAM.

Why then, the heir of England, who is he?

HAROLD.

The Atheling is nearest to the throne.

WILLIAM.

But sickly, slight, half-witted and a child,
Will England have him king?

HAROLD.

It may be, no.

WILLIAM.

And hath King Edward not pronounced his heir?

HAROLD.

Not that I know.

WILLIAM.

When he was here in Normandy
He loved us and we him, because we found him
A Norman of the Normans.

HAROLD.

So did we.

WILLIAM.

A gentle, gracious, pure and saintly man!
And grateful to the hand that shielded him,
He promised that if ever he were king
In England, he would give his kingly voice
To me as his successor. Knowest thou this?

HAROLD.

I learn it now.

WILLIAM.

Thou knowest I am his cousin,
And that my wife descends from Alfred?

HAROLD.

Ay.

WILLIAM.

Who hath a better claim then to the crown
So that ye will not crown the Atheling?

HAROLD.

None that I know . . . if that but hung upon
King Edward's will.

HAROLD.

None that I know . . . if that but hung upon
King Edward's will.

WILLIAM.

Wilt *thou* uphold my claim?

MALET (*aside to* HAROLD).

Be careful of thine answer, my good friend.

WULFNOTH (*aside to* HAROLD).

Oh! Harold, for my sake and for thine own!

HAROLD.

Ay . . . if the king have not revoked his promise.

WILLIAM.

But hath he done it then?

HAROLD.

Not that I know.

WILLIAM.

Good, good, and thou wilt help me to the crown.

HAROLD.

Ay . . . if the Witan will consent to this.

WILLIAM.

Thou art the mightiest voice in England, man,
Thy voice will lead the Witan—shall I have it?

WULFNOTH (*aside to* HAROLD).

Oh! Harold, if thou love thine Edith, ay.

HAROLD.

Ay, if—

MALET (*aside to* HAROLD).

Thine 'ifs' will sear thine eyes out—ay.

WILLIAM.

I ask thee, wilt thou help me to the crown?
And I will make thee my great Earl of Earls,
Foremost in England and in Normandy;
Thou shalt be verily king—all but the name—
For I shall most sojourn in Normandy;
And thou be my vice-king in England. Speak.

WULFNOTH (*aside to* HAROLD).

Ay, brother—for the sake of England—ay.

HAROLD.

My Lord—

MALET (*aside to* HAROLD).

Take heed now.

HAROLD.

Ay.

WILLIAM.

I am content,
For thou art truthful, and thy word thy bond.
To-morrow will we ride with thee to Harfleur.

[*Exit* WILLIAM.

MALET.

Harold, I am thy friend, one life with thee,
And even as I should bless thee saving mine,
I thank thee now for having saved thyself.

[*Exit* MALET.

HAROLD.

For having lost myself to save myself,
Said 'ay' when I meant 'no,' lied like a lad
That dreads the pendent scourge, said 'ay' for 'no'!
Ay! No!—He hath not bound me by an oath—
Is 'ay' an oath? Is 'ay' strong as an oath?
Or is it the same sin to break my word
As break mine oath? He call'd my word my bond!
He is a liar who knows I am a liar,
And makes believe that he believes my word—
The crime be in his head—not bounden—no.

Suddenly doors are flung open, discovering in an inner hall COUNT WILLIAM *in his state robes, seated upon his throne, between two bishops,* ODO OF BAYEUX *being one: in the centre of the hall an ark covered with cloth of gold; and on either side of it the Norman barons. Enter a* Jailor *before* WILLIAM'S *throne.*

WILLIAM (*to* Jailor).

Knave, hast thou let thy prisoner scape?

JAILOR.

Sir Count,
He had but one foot, he must have hopt away,
Yea, some familiar spirit must have help'd him.

WILLIAM.

Woe, knave, to thy familiar and to thee!
Give me thy keys. [*They fall clashing.*
Nay let them lie. Stand there and wait my will.

[*The* Jailor *stands aside.*

WILLIAM (*to* HAROLD).

Hast thou such trustless jailors in thy North?

HAROLD.

We have few prisoners in mine earldom there,
So less chance for false keepers.

WILLIAM.

We have heard
Of thy just, mild, and equal governance;
Honour to thee! Thou art perfect in all honour!
Thy naked word thy bond! Confirm it now
Before our gather'd Norman baronage,
For they will not believe thee—as I believe.

[*Descends from his throne and stands by the ark.*

Let all men here bear witness of our bond!

[*Beckons to* HAROLD *who advances. Enter* MALET *behind him.*

Lay thou thy hand upon this golden pall!
Behold the jewel of St. Pancratius
Woven into the gold. Swear thou on this!

HAROLD.

What should I swear? Why should I swear on this?

WILLIAM (*savagely*).

Swear thou to help me to the crown of England.

MALET (*whispering to* HAROLD).

My friend, thou hast gone too far to palter now.

WULFNOTH (*whispering to* HAROLD).

Swear thou to-day, to-morrow is thine own.

HAROLD.

I swear to help thee to the Crown of England—
According as King Edward promises.

WILLIAM.

Thou must swear absolutely, noble Earl.

MALET (*whispering*).

Delay is death to thee, ruin to England.

WULFNOTH (*whispering*).

Swear, dearest brother, I beseeeh thee, swear!

HAROLD (*putting his hand on the jewel*).

I swear to help thee to the crown of England.

WILLIAM.

Thanks, truthful Earl; I did not doubt thy word,
But that my barons might believe thy word,
And that the Holy Saints of Normandy
When thou art home in England, with thine own,
Might strengthen thee in keeping of thy word,
I made thee swear.—Show him by whom he hath sworn.

[*The two* Bishops *advance, and raise the cloth of gold. The bodies and bones of Saints are seen lying in the ark.*

The holy bones of all the canonised
From all the holiest shrines in Normandy!

HAROLD.

Horrible! [*They let the cloth fall again.*

WILLIAM.

Ay, for thou hast sworn an oath
Which, if not kept, would make the hard earth rive
To the very Devil's horns, the bright sky cleave
To the very feet of God, and send her hosts
Of injured Saints to scatter sparks of plague
Thro' all your cities, blast your infants, dash
The torch of war among your standing corn,
Dabble your hearths with your own blood.—Enough!
Thou wilt not break it! I, the count—the king—
Thy friend—am grateful for thine honest oath,
Not coming fiercely like a conqueror, now,
But softly as a bridegroom to his own.
For I shall rule according to your laws,
And make your ever-jarring earldoms move
To music and in order—Angle, Jute,
Dane, Saxon, Norman, help to build a throne
Out-towering hers of France. . . . The wind is fair

For England now. . . . To-night we will be merry.
To-morrow will I ride with thee to Harfleur.

[*Exeunt* WILLIAM *and all the Norman barons, &c.*

HAROLD.

To-night we will be merry—and to-morrow—
Juggler and bastard—bastard—he hates that most—
William the tanner's bastard! Would he heard me!
O God, that I were in some wide, waste field
With nothing but my battle-axe and him
To spatter his brains! Why! let earth rive, gulf in
These cursed Normans—yea and mine own self,
Cleave heaven, and send thy Saints that I may say
Ev'n to their faces, 'If ye side with William
Ye are not noble.' How their pointed fingers
Glared at me! Am I Harold, Harold, son
Of our great Godwin? Lo! I touch mine arms,
My limbs—they are not mine—they are a liar's—
I mean to be a liar—I am not bound—
Stigand shall give me absolution for it—
Did the chest move? Did it move? I am utter craven!
O Wulfnoth, Wulfnoth, brother, thou hast betray'd me!

WULFNOTH.

Forgive me, brother, I will live here and die.

Enter Page.

PAGE.

My Lord! The duke awaits thee at the banquet.

HAROLD.

Where they eat dead men's flesh, and drink their blood.

PAGE.

My Lord—

HAROLD.

I know your Norman cookery is so spiced,
It masks all this.

PAGE.

My Lord! thou art white as death.

HAROLD.

With looking on the dead. Am I so white?
Thy duke will seem the darker. Hence, I follow.

[*Exeunt*

(To be concluded next month.)

LITERARY MEN AND THEIR MANNERS.

I READ the other day, in some of the newspapers, that M. Sainte Beuve, the eminent Parisian critic, having had the honour of taking breakfast with the Emperor Napoleon III, committed three frightful mistakes in etiquette: one with his fork, one with his napkin, and the third in some other detail. The terrible event was at once noted by those who were learned in the art of Imperial breakfasting, and it has now been published as a warning to literary men whose manners are not of the first order. I am not going to quarrel with court etiquette—I am a very conservative in this, as in other matters. Etiquette is law, where it prevails, and *ignorantia juris neminem excusat.* If you insist upon going into a Masque with your muddy boots on you are rude. If it is correct to kiss the Pope's toe you are a boor if you refuse. And if M. Sainte Beuve was ashamed of being caught napping in his "form," why all I can say is, what was he doing in that galley? He had no business to be there at all, this *soi disant* Republican, who did not love the Imperial author of the Life of Cæsar in the least. But I do not mean to write an essay upon Sainte Beuve; what I intended doing was to make him and his napkin a peg on which to hang certain remarks upon literary men and their manners. There is always more or less surprise expressed when some man distinguished in the Republic of Letters is discovered to have "committed himself" against the usages of Society, or to have been imperfect in his manners; and it gives more or less of a shock to literary enthusiasts of immature age to find that their idols have not bored their way through life like Sir Charles Grandison, and have not moved in grace and dignity on the high-heels of the old *régime.* The culture which is supposed to attach itself to the literary life is culture of mind, not of manners; and though a Tennyson may tell us that "manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind," it is nevertheless matter of common learning that an enormous degree of literary ability and genius is quite compatible with the manners of Alsatia and the appearance of a boor.

The social position of literary men as a class has always been of peculiar character. In no age have literary men held such good places or been so much respected as in this age; yet even in this age there is still surrounding them a little of the atmosphere of Bohemia, and Prague is dimly imagined to be the city of their fondest recollections. The precariousness of the literary life, its general poverty, its disappointments, its quarrels, its scandals, the eccentricities of its professors, their startling

theories, their assaults on traditional customs, established usages, accepted doctrines, formulated creeds, and so on, have all tended to surround the literary guild with an atmosphere of its own, in which those who are not of the order do not breathe freely. So if the order is not so highly considered as it ought to be, it is itself a good deal to blame. When Pope published his incendiary "Dunciad" he inflicted a deep and deadly blow at his own class. Grub street was bad enough perhaps, but he painted it worse than it was; and somehow while Grub street has disappeared, with its people, the "Dunciad" remains, and the heirs of the literary labours of the men so derided, though they are very respectable people, good citizens and worthy fathers of famillies, have to bear the reflected disrepute of the lampoon. With which of the great literary men of past times, that is the times with which your and my limited knowledge is familiar, would you have liked to live? Do you think there are many of them that would have pleased you? Take the Queen Anne circle, for instance. Swift would not have been a very pleasant companion I fancy. Among all that he met and mixed with he kept but few friends. Even women, the most faithful of all, gave him up, and in his old age he felt his loneliness keenly. *His* manners were not very good. He was rude; he was savage; he was domineering; he was unscrupulous; he hated so much and so many that he must have been hated a good deal. Mr. Thackeray says that he must have been loved a good deal; but in all his life we read more of hate than of love, of ill-will and uncharitableness rather than kindness and charity. Pope's manners were not very nice. How could they have been so? He was peevish; he was a little envious and a good deal malignant, as too many deformed people are in all ages. A week in a country-house with such a man might well have cured a sensitive person of a taste for genius-worship. Would you have liked to follow Sir Richard Steele from tavern to tavern, and slept in the bed with him with his boots on? Mr. Joseph Addison's manners must have been calm and correct, and like a gentleman's, I think; but then he had a little trick of sneering, which is quite out of place in good society or in any ideal state of perfect manners. Would you have liked to sit opposite Dr. Johnson at dinner while he ate with the veins of his forehead swelling with his eager voracity? "He ate," Macaulay says, "like a man who had lived on fourpence a day." Would you have cared to walk along Fleet street with him, and have him turn back to touch a post that he had neglected in passing? Would you have cared to have that angry old man stamp and scowl at you for daring to hint a difference of opinion with him? The old giant's manners were very bad indeed; and those of his Biographer were not improved by his dancing attendance on the giant. I remember reading somewhere in the "Tour to the Hebrides" how Boswell was put by the Earl of

Errol, I think, into one of the finest bed-rooms in his Lordship's residence; and how the grumbling wretch not only writes down in his journal the annoyance he felt at the good fire, his disgust at the sea-smell of the feathers in his pillow, but publishes the whole account in the volumes which afterwards came out. I think a horsewhip would have properly rewarded such manners as this.

Later generations did not improve very much the manners of many of the literary class. Charles Lamb was a very engaging man, but a very dangerous one too. Did you ever read of how he took up a candle and wanted *to examine the bumps* of a man who at table had made some remarks he did not like? Did you ever read how he and Coleridge and Hazlett and some others, after a rather wet night of it I expect, solemnly flung their punch-glasses, full to the brim, out through the glass of the closed windows, no doubt to the terror of their neighbours? This was not the kind of conduct we would like to think of in connection with men to whom the world owes so much of pleasure and of profit. I read in the "Greville Memoirs" how Mr. Greville, the dainty, was miserable for a considerable period, because at Hallam House he was placed beside a dull, vulgar man whose manners were not perfect. By-and-by the vulgar man began to talk, and proved to be—Macaulay! The late Joseph Howe once told me that he had met Thackeray in London, and that the great author was a "detestable man." Can we blame the fashionable world, the world of refinement—to sneer at which is usually the mark either of inferiority or anger—if it sent some of the old Frazerians to Coventry? They did not conduct themselves with propriety, the Maginns and Prouts and others. The world owes nothing to a man for simply being a literary man. If a literary man gets drunk, he must be content to lie in the same gutter and be taken to the same watchhouse with his illiterate fellow-drunkard. If a literary man gets into debt he must suffer as others suffer from the same curse. If a literary man is immoral, and is discovered, he must go down like other men. If a literary man has a bad temper, bad manners, or bad habits; if he is vulgar and spiteful, he must not expect to enter into the higher and rarer regions of social life, any more than another man with similar bad habits. The world is on the whole very kind to men who live by their pens; and it would be infinitely better for the literary class, if it conformed with a tenfold greater strictness to those unwritten social laws which are so binding and so necessary to be observed. Men who move, in their books, with the noblest society in the world, with the great, the wise, the beautiful and the sainted of all ages and all nations, should "think foul scorn" of themselves to be wanting in the least propriety required by the lettered and prosaic society of these degenerate days.

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

"DO YOU SUPPOSE I DON'T KNOW THAT I AM A NUISANCE?"

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER V.

NICHOLAS and those who had been rescued with him learned, on the next morning after the disaster, that they were on board the ship "Jungfrau," from Bremen, bound for New York, with half a dozen cabin passengers and a large number of emigrants. The vessel was crowded, but everything was done that a sympathetic and helpful benevolence could devise to restore them from their nervous shock and their harsh exposure, and to make them comfortable. Nicholas and a few of the ladies found themselves suffering only from mental sadness and bodily lameness, while others, and among them Miss Larkin, rallied less readily, and were held to their berths by a low fever whose awful depressions, waking and sleeping, were haunted by dreams that made their lives a perpetual torture.

The captain of the "Jungfrau" found his vessel as sound in the hull, after her terrible collision, as she was before, and enough of her spars left standing and uninjured to insure a safe, if not a speedy, passage into port. This information he was careful to impart to his new passengers, in such English as he could command. Those among them who had lost friends held to the hope that they should find them again among those who had been rescued by the boats of the two steamers; and it was curious to witness the reactions towards joyfulness and hopefulness which took place among them. In the midst of their fears and forebodings there was many a merry laugh over the strange disguises with which their humble, borrowed clothing invested them. Mrs. McGregor, who went down with her diamond knobs in her ears, found those brilliants flashing above a rough emigrant's cloak, and laughed with the rest over the grotesque figure which she presented. A strange feeling of sisterly regard which, in some instances, rose into fondness, was developed among women who had hitherto looked upon each other with jealousy. A common calamity, a partnership in trial, brought proud hearts together in marvellous sympathy. A few minutes spent together in the presence of death wove bonds which only death could break.

It was curious, too, to witness the disposition of every woman of the rescued number to attribute her safety to Nicholas. The young, particularly, had all been saved by him,—a fact which they laid up in their

memories, to be recounted in future life, and to furnish a foundation for romantic dreams. The young man found himself, very much to his embarrassment, a hero, idolized, courted, petted, praised, thanked and overwhelmed with feminine devotion. They talked about him among themselves. They poured their acknowledgments into his impatient ear. They harassed and humiliated him with their gratitude. There were only two of the whole number who did not distress him with their praises, and they were the ones, of them all, whom he most sincerely respected.

Miss Coates, with her splendid vitality, rallied among the first, and became the ministering angel of all the sufferers of her sex. As Miss Bruce was almost equally disabled with her charge, Miss Coates became Miss Larkin's constant attendant. She was with her by day and by night, or always within call. She kept up the young woman's communications with Nicholas, and in this service, tenderly and earnestly rendered, endeavoured to embody her thanks.

The weary days wore slowly away; the convalescents, one after another, sat up in the close cabin, or appeared upon the deck, and one morning Miss Coates went to Nicholas, and invited him into the cabin. Miss Larkin wished to see him. The young man went down with a throbbing heart, and found Miss Larkin reclining in a chair. They took each other's hands without a word. It was long before either of them could speak. At length Miss Larkin said:

"I am very glad for you. You have done a great deal of good."

"Don't speak of it."

"I am not going to tell you of my gratitude for my own safety. That is of small account; but, I am grateful that you have helped to save my faith in human nature. I thought I would like to tell you that."

"Thank you. You were surprised?"

"Not at all. I believe in you."

"Thank you again. The others have treated me as if they were surprised to find that I was a man."

"Don't blame them, after their suprise at finding other men cowards."

"But it is so humiliating to be flattered and fawned upon. It makes me wild."

"There is, at least, one woman who has not flattered you, or fawned upon you; yet you have no more hearty admirer upon the ship."

"Miss Coates?"

"Yes."

"She is a true woman, worth all the rest of them put together, old and young."

"Yes, and I cannot be too grateful for being brought into her com-

pany. The life before me all looks brighter in the prospect of her friendship. She is so helpful, so cheerful, so self-forgetful, so courageous, that I look upon her with constant admiration. Her presence is always an inspiration."

"Thank you," said Nicholas.

She looked questioningly into his face.

"Why do you thank me?"

Nicholas smiled in her upturned eyes, and said:

"Because the unstinted praise of one young woman by another helps to save my faith in human nature."

Miss Larkin did not smile at his answer, for her heart was visited at the moment by an old pang that had come upon her many times during her recovery. She was thinking of Mr. Benson, and she sighed as if the pain were more than she could bear.

"I know what that sigh means," said Nicholas," and where it came from."

She was startled, and said:

"Mr. Benson?"

"Yes."

"I cannot tell you how I pity him," she responded. "I'm sure he is alive. If I could only think of him as dead, I should be strangely comforted; yet until the accident, he was always very considerate of me. I know that he is forever humiliated, and that he can never come into my presence again without pain. He has received a lesson concerning himself that must demoralize him. His pride is fatally wounded. His character is overthrown. I'm afraid he will hate me, and hate you too; for generosity is as foreign to his nature and character as love or enthusiasm."

"Well, I'm not afraid of him, at least," Nicholas responded; "and, besides, I don't pity him. Men and women must look upon such things differently. I like to see a conceited and pretentious man taken down, and placed exactly where he belongs. Let us hope that what has happened will make a better man of him."

"He will never build up again. He is too old;" and Miss Larkin shook her head.

Nicholas saw that it would be difficult for him to divert her thoughts from the unhappy channel into which they had fallen, and rose to bid her good-morning, and send Miss Coates to her. He took her hand, which he found to be cold, and, apologizing for staying so long, hurried to the deck, where Miss Coates was engaged in conversation with her mother. The former rose and left the deck at once, to attend her friend in the cabin.

Since the appeal of Mrs. Coates to Nicholas to save her daughter,

even at the cost of her own life, the vulgar little woman had appeared to him most worthy of his respect. He greeted her cordially, and sat down beside her.

Nicholas had already learned that Mrs. Coates was a member of that somewhat widely scattered sisterhood that report conversations which have never taken place. She was without culture, and had nothing to talk about but personalities of which she was the centre; and she had acquired the art, or the habit, of attributing to others the sentiments and opinions which she wished either to controvert or approve. She was, in this way, enabled to give a dramatic quality to her conversation, and to find suggestions for continuing it *ad infinitum*. Not that she intended to lie. For the moment, she supposed that what she reported had actually taken place. Nicholas, however, had learned to separate the chaff from the wheat, and to detect the lie whenever it was broached. He knew the daughter, at least, well enough to know that certain conversations which the mother reported in detail were pure fiction. Otherwise, he would have refused to listen to them.

But Mrs. Coates was good-natured, and she adored her daughter. She intended, too, that she should have all the advantages that the maternal ingenuity could devise for getting a good position in the world. Her teachers had taken care of her education, and she had determined to look after the rest. Her manœuvers, however, were very clumsy. She had conceived the most "honourable intentions" in regard to Nicholas; but the poor, well-meaning little woman was obliged to use a poker in the place of a gilt-handled, glittering scimiter, wielded so deftly and delicately by the ladies around her. Insensitive, resting upon her wealth as a sure foundation, she never hesitated for a moment, in any society, to express her sentiments, or to absorb the conversation; and she never forgot the one great object of her life—to push Jenny.

As Nicholas took a seat beside her, she said:

"Now this seems real good. I've been a-talking to Jenny about improving your examples. 'Wherever you see a shining example,' says I to Jenny, 'seize upon it. Now, there's that young man, Mr. Minturn,' says I. 'Who would have thought it was in him? But he has given us a shining example,' says I, 'and shining examples aint so thick nowdays that we can afford to make light of 'em.' I've said the same thing to Mr. Coates, often and often. 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'embrace all your opportunities to watch shining examples. Wherever you can find one, lay hold of it,' says I, 'and bring it home.' Perhaps you've noticed that Jenny is an uncommon girl, Mr. Minturn?"

"Yes, I have," replied Nicholas, uneasily stroking his whiskers.

"That's just what I told her," said Mrs Coates. "'He sees your worth,' says I. 'He's not much of a fool, to speak of, says I.' 'He

knows who has had advantages, and who hasn't had them. Hold up your head,' says I to Jenny. 'Take your example in this case from your mother, and not from your father,' says I; 'for your father's head is not a shining example, unless it is for baldness, which comes of his forever wearing his hat against my wishes,' says I. I've said the same thing to Mr. Coates. 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'you're as good as the best of them. You've got a good house and a respectable wife, if I do say it; and you've been able to give the best advantages to your offspring, and there's no living reason why you shouldn't hold up your head.' But Mr. Coates he laughs, and says he isn't good for nothing but making money, and that I may hold up my head till it snaps off of my shoulders if I want to; and Jenny and he are as much alike as two peas. I get out of all patience with her."

Nicholas bit his lip, to hide his amusement, and said:

"It seems to me that you are a little rough on the young lady."

"Well, I don't mean to be rough," said Mrs. Coates, as if the asperities of her character were a source of profound grief, but were, nevertheless, ineffacable. "I don't mean to be rough on my own offspring, but I'm made so that I can't bear to see the opportunities of young girls slip by without being embraced. 'Here is Mr. Minturn,' says I to Jenny, 'apparently attached to a young woman afflicted with what isn't a speck better than numb-palsy, if it is as good. I'm sorry for him from the bottom of my heart,' says I, and I'm sorry for her too; but she's a shining example of patience and chirkness, and I want you to take that example and make the most of it. Wherever you see an example,' says I to Jenny, 'improve it. Let nothing be lost on the way.'"

If Nicholas had not entertained the sincerest respect for the young woman, and known how offensive this kind of talk would have been to her, he would have excused himself from further conversation, and retired in disgust; but the clumsy manager amused him, and Miss Coates was out of the way, and could not be pained by her mother's talk. So, as he had nothing else to do, he was willing to hear more.

"I says to Jenny," continued Mrs. Coates, after a moment of thoughtfulness, "'Jenny,' says I, 'do you remember what Mr. Minturn said about his mother?' 'Yes,' says she, 'I noticed it.' 'Mark my words, Jenny,' says I, 'mark my words: a good son is a good husband.' How often I've said the same thing to Mr. Coates! 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'our offspring are to be husbands and wives. Let us give them all the advantage we can, and make good children of them, and then they'll be good husbands and wives. I s'pose I try Jenny a good deal. I wasn't raised as girls are now-days, but she's been an obedient child. Whatever happens to her, I shall always remember that she's been a

healthy child, too; and Mr. Coates and I have often said that if we were thankful for anything, it is that we've been able to give good constitutions to our offspring. Whatever is laid to Jenny's door, there's no numb-palsy about her."

Mrs. Coates laughed, as if she thought she had said a good thing. Nicholas laughed too, and then she was sure of it.

"'Yes,' says I to Jenny," Mrs. Coates reiterated, by way of lifting her climax, or enjoying it a little longer, "'whatever is laid to your door, numb-palsy isn't the name for it.'"

She felt now that she was making genuine progress, and went on:

"Jenny is unaccountable strange in some things. I own up that I don't see into it. I've said to her often since that night, you know," —and a painful shiver ran through her fat little person,—"'Jenny,' says I, 'have you ever thanked Mr. Minturn for what he done for you? Let us be grateful for all our mercies,' says I; 'for if we forget 'em, they may be took away from us.' All I can do and say, the only thing I can get out of her is, 'Mother,' says she, 'I've thanked God on my knees for it; but Mr. Minturn is a sensible man, and he don't want no women purring around him."

"She's right," said Nicholas.

"I don't know about that," responded Mrs. Coates, shaking her head doubtfully. "You may think I'm a strange woman,"—and Mrs. Coates paused to give Nicholas a moment for the contemplation of the profound enigma before him,—"you may think I'm a strange woman, but *I* think there *is* such a thing as numb-palsy of the heart, and that it *may* be just as bad as numb-palsy of the feet. 'Whatever is laid to your door,' says I to Jenny, 'let it not be said that you have numb-palsy of the heart, for out of the heart the mouth speaketh,' says I; 'and perhaps that's the reason you don't speak to Mr. Minturn,' says I."

She would have gone on with her talk as long as Nicholas would have listened to it, for her resources were unlimited. What she had said to Mr. Coates and Jenny, and what Mr. Coates and Jenny had said to her, constituted a circle like that defined by the revolving horses at a country show. When her nag was in motion, those which bore her husband and daughter were in motion too; and she was always in a chase after them, and they after her.

But the machine was stopped by the approach of Mrs. Ilmansee and her pretty sister, who, notwithstanding their losses, had managed to keep up a fair appearance and a jaunty air.

"O Mr. Minturn!" broke in the young married lady, utterly ignoring the presence of Mrs. Coates, "I wanted to say to you that I shall expect you, on landing, to go directly to my house. You will need to

stop in New York awhile to replenish your wardrobe, and you are to make my house your home as long as you will. Mr. Ilmansee will be delighted to see you, and to have an opportunity of thanking you for the great service you have rendered us all."

Mrs. Coates was taken aback. In her greediness to make the most of present opportunities, and to embrace the privileges of the moment, she had forgotten to offer her hospitalities; but she was equal to the emergency.

"Share and share alike," said she, interrupting Nicholas in his attempt to reply to the invitation. "How many times I've said to Mr. Coates, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'whatever you are, don't let it be laid to your door that you are greedy, and take advantage of your fellow-men. Entertain angels unawares,' says I, 'whenever you get a chance. Whatever you are, be hospitable,' says I. 'You are not required to be extravagant, and spend so much money on luxuries that you can't give the best advantages to your offspring; but you *are* required to entertain angels unawares, and furnish them the best that the market affords.' Often and often Jenny has said to me, 'Mother, you entertain more angels unawares than any woman I know of, and you are wearing yourself all out.' 'Jenny,' says I, 'I shall keep on doing so until I drop in my tracks, and open the best room to them, too. Mr. Minturn will stay with us a part of the time, of course. Share and share alike is a good rule, with all them as mean to be fair and aboveboard.'"

Mrs. Ilmansee had stood and heard this long speech in ill-concealed disgust. There was no stopping it, and no getting away from it. Miss Pelton, her hand on her sister's arm, pressed that arm a good many times in her amusement, bit her rosy lips, and appeared strangely pleased with something she had discovered far off at sea. Poor Nicholas blushed, without knowing what to say.

"I suppose Mr. Minturn is at liberty to take his choice," said Mrs. Ilmansee, spitefully.

"Yes," said Mrs. Coates, blandly, "he can go to your house first, and then he can come to mine. Turn about is fair play. How often I've said to Mr. Coates, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'stand by your own rights, but don't never let it be laid to your door that you deny the rights of others, for they have their feelings as well as you, says I."

"Moving about from house to house is such a pleasant exercise!" said Miss Pelton, pertly.

"Yes," responded Mrs. Coates, "how often I used to say that to Mr. Coates before he got to be forehanded! Why, we used to move every first of May, as regular as the year come round; and them was my happiest days. I've often said to Jenny, 'Jenny,' says I, 'you'll miss one thing in your grand house that isn't subject to a dollar of mortgage;

and that's ripping up, and carting off, and starting new.' Children that begin where their fathers and mothers leave off, lose some things;"—and Mrs. Coates sighed as if there came to her ear, across arid tracts of prosperity, the musical rumble and the refreshing vision of an overloaded furniture-wagon.

"Ah! And what is the absorbing topic of conversation this morning?"

It was the voice of Mrs. Morgan, who had entered the group with her tall and comely daughter.

If the curious reader should wonder just here, or has wondered before, why so many ladies should be together on a foreign voyage, without their acquired or natural protectors, let it not be supposed that those protectors had been separated from them by divorce or drowning. They were only journeying after the manner of many American ladies, when they undertake a European trip. It is a little bad for their husbands and homes, perhaps, but it is their pleasure. At this moment, those upon the deck of the "Jungfrau" were returning to them unexpectedly, to find their husbands at their business, probably,—possibly at the club, —possibly anywhere but where they ought to be. But that, in turn, is their husbands' pleasure, which preserves a pleasant balance in what are by courtesy denominated "the domestic relations."

Mrs. Morgan's stately inquiry was met with silence, which grew awkward at last, and then Nicholas told her that he had been kindly invited by the two ladies to be their guest while he remained in the city.

"Have you accepted their invitation?" inquired Mrs. Morgan.

"I can hardly accept them both," Nicholas replied, with a show of embarrassment.

"Then let me help you, by asking you to be my guest."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Ilmansee, sharply. "I believe I have the first claim."

"Oh! you have a claim, have you? Excuse me! I really did not know that the matter had gone so far."

And Mrs. Morgan made a bow in mock humility.

Mrs. McGregor, who had been sitting on the opposite side of the deck, but beyond hearing of the conversation, saw an excitement kindling in the group. So she, with her buxom little daughter, came over to learn what it was all about. The diamond knobs were still dancing in her ears, but the emigrant's cloak interfered somewhat with the elegance and impressiveness of her bearing.

"We are having claims here this morning!" said Mrs Morgan, in a tone that was intended to be bitterly scornful.

"Why, you are not getting ill-natured?" said Mrs. McGregor, deprecatingly.

"Not in the least! Oh, not in the least!" responded pretty Mrs. Ilmansee, turning up her nose.

"What is it all about?" inquired Mrs. McGregor, looking doubtfully from one to another.

"Oh, nothing," replied Mrs. Morgan; "next to nothing at all. I invited Mr. Minturn to be my guest after our arrival in the city, and Mrs. Ilmansee says she has a claim upon him. It's nothing, nothing at all, I assure you."

"Well if it comes to that," said Mrs McGregor, whose arm had been suggestively pinched by Miss. McGregor, "I think I can make him as comfortable as any one, and my house is quite at his disposal, now, or at any time when he may visit the city."

This was the highest bid that had been made, and the evident air of superiority with which it was made did not tend to allay the jealous feeling prevalent in the group.

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Mrs. Morgan.

"I should like to know ladies," said Mrs. Ilmansee, her black eyes sparkling with angry annoyance, "why I am treated with so little consideration? I gave the first invitation, and I think it would be proper to wait until I have my reply, before you give yours."

"I have no words to bandy with any one," said Mrs. McGregor, with dignity; but I see no reason for withdrawing my invitation."

Out of the best of kind feeling, the shower had risen quickly. It was nothing but a scud, that so often overspreads the sweetest sky, and Nicholas, getting his chance at last, and determined to stop the conversation, said:

"Ladies, you are all very kind, but you have embarrassed me, and given me no chance——"

Mrs. Coates thought matters had gone far enough, and felt as if Nicholas would make them worse. So, in the goodness of her nature, she interrupted him before he had completed what he had proposed to himself to say.

"Stop, I beg you," she said, laying her hand persuasively on the arm of the young man. "Stop, and let me pour some ile on these troubled waters. If there's any claim here this morning, I have one. Number two is my number, but I give it up cheerfully for the sake of peace. Mr. Coates has said to me, often and often, 'Mrs. Coates you are the greatest woman for pouring ile on troubled waters I ever see.' Says I, 'Mr Coates, I shall always do it. So long as the Lord lets me live, I shall make it a part of my business, whenever I see troubled waters, to pour ile on 'em. Blessed are the peace-makers, says I, 'and that's just where I want to come in; and it does seem to me that for women who have just been snatched from the jaws of destruction, we are not im

proving our judgments as we ought to. I have often said to Mr. Coates, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'let us improve our judgment as well as our privileges, for then,' says I, 'Mr. Coates, we shall stand some sort of a chance for more privileges than judgments. Never let it be laid to our door,' says I, 'that we quarrelled in the midst of our judgments and our mercies.'"

There was no resisting this homely appeal, and the hearty laugh that followed broke the spell of ill-nature that had gathered upon the group. Of course, nobody was ill-natured, or had dreamed of any such thing All were complaisant and self-sacrificing at once.

"I was just going to say," Nicholas resumed, "when Mrs. Coates interrupted me, that I am much obliged to you all, but I have a very dear friend in the city who would never forgive me if I were to accept an invitation which would take me away from him. I shall see you all many times, I hope."

The ladies knew that Nicholas was to be a crowned hero, and the younger ones particularly were desirous to have, as a guest in their houses, the young man who had saved them. He would be a nice man to talk about, and to show; but Nioholas had settled the matter, and they would be obliged to get along without him. It is possible that they were the more readily reconciled to the disappointment from the fact that the young man's friend might enlarge their circle of acquaintance. But who knows? Girls have many thoughts of which they are not more than half conscious themselves.

Just as the group was separating in the best of good humour, the Captain approached, and, touching his cap, informed them that they were not more than a hundred and fifty miles from land, and that if the wind held they would find themselves in port the next day. This gave them a united opportunity to express their thanks to him, for the humane and gallant service he had rendered them, and they quite overwhelmed the rough old fellow with their thanks.

Then they all went below, under the impression that they had immense preparations to make for the landing, which consisted, when they arrived there, of a simultaneous attempt to impart the glad intelligence to those passengers who were still in confinement.

CHAPTER VI.

It is probable that no company of passengers ever approached the much longed-for land with more solemnity than that which oppressed the returning group upon the "Jungfrau." They realized with a fresh impression, the dangers from which they had escaped. They dreaded to hear of the number who had not shared their own good fortune. They

could not doubt that the steamer which had saved so many had already reported herself from the other side, and that they had all been the objects of the most painful and sickening anxiety. After the long strain upon their nerves, and their efforts to keep up their own and each other's courage, the reaction came; and weeping groups thronged the little deck all day, and few slept during the night which separated them from their homes.

Early on the following morning, the "Jungfrau" was boarded by a pilot, who brought with him a large bundle of papers. Already the land was in sight, and lay like a dim cloud on the edge of the horizon before them: but the passengers were too much absorbed in the news from home to give it more than a single glance. The rescuing steamer had arrived at Queenstown, three or four days before, and her sad news of the collision had been spread all over the country. New York was throbbing with excitement. The full list of passengers upon the "Ariadne" was published, side by side with the list of those who had been saved by the reporting steamer, and all hearts had turned to the strange vessel that had been the cause of the mischief and had assisted in the rescue. If she had been fatally damaged, it was supposed that she would hardly have thought of anything but taking care of herself. This fact, in the abounding speculation that the papers indulged in, was regarded as favourable to the safety of such of the passengers as she had picked up. But all was uncertainty, anxiety, and foreboding.

A single item of intelligence interested Nicholas profoundly, and he made haste to communicate it to Miss Larkin. A somewhat extended paragraph was devoted to Mr. Benson who, it was stated, became hopelessly separated from his ward, a helpless invalid, during the confusion which attended the collision. The boat in which he endeavoured to secure safety for her was pushed off without her, and the probabilities were that she was lost. It was almost impossible that, in her circumstances, she could have been saved. As for Mr. Benson himself, he had been a ministering angel throughout the voyage to the sufferers, sparing neither labour nor sleep on their behalf. The English papers were full of his praise, and crowned him the hero of the whole affair. New York was proud of him, and promised him a befitting welcome whenever he should return. His self-sacrificing devotion to others, in this terrible emergency that had deprived him of one of the loved ones of his own household, had woven a becoming crown for a life of eminent integrity and conspicuous usefulness.

When Nicholas had read the paragraph to her which contained all this fulsome praise, Miss Larkin's eyes filled with tears.

"It is just as I told you," she said; "he has lied to cover his cowardice and treachery. The story of his separation from me came only from

him, and was told under the belief that it could never be contradicted.'"

"What will you do about it?" inquired Nicholas.

"Nothing. I shall never betray his falsehood; but sometime he will know, not only that he forsook me before my conscious eyes, but that I know that he lied about it. There is no point now at which he can pause. No temptation will seduce him from rectitude at which he can hesitate. I believe I would have been willing to die to save him from his irreparable loss."

This one shadow darkened all the sky for Miss Larkin. A thousand times glad to get home to her multitude of friends, she looked forward to their minute inquiries with shrinking apprehension, and to her future meeting with her guardian with unspeakable dread. Every grateful joy that sprang within her faded and fell before the breath of this monster grief. She could not lie to shield her legal protector. She must refuse to talk about him and the circumstances of her rescue. Even this thought was embittered by the belief that he had coolly calculated all the chances in the case, and had relied on her forbearance in the improbable event of her rescue.

Winds were baffling and unsteady, and the progress toward the city was slow. It was not until mid-afternoon that the "Jungfrau" reached Quarantine. A dispatch for the city had already been prepared, announcing the arrival of the ship and the names of the rescued passengers whom she had on board. Half an hour only was necessary for the dispatch of a tug-boat, with a dozen enterprising reporters, bound for the vessel. Extras were at once issued, announcing the glad event, and the universal excitement of a few days before was renewed. The friends of the rescued passengers rushed to the dock to which the tug was expected to return, and waited there for long hours, their numbers constantly augmented by idlers and by sad men and women, who clung to their last hope that at least one name had been omitted by mistake from the list of the saved.

When the tug arrived at the vessel, the reporters sprang on board note-books in hand, to glean every item from every lip that could be pressed or coaxed into conversation; and every reporter was over-loaded with the praises of Nicholas. He had saved a great number of lives, and he was followed up, looked at, questioned in regard to his home, his age, his adventures and experiences, his height, his weight, his profession, and even his relations to the young ladies on board. They penetrated the cabin, borne on the wings of their fluttering little note-books, like bees into a parterre of flowers. Mrs. Coates had half a dozen about her at once, who became the readiest and most absorbent audience she had ever enjoyed. She assured them that Nicholas had proved himself to be a perfect windfall, which in her simple mind and scant vocabulary

was equivalent to pronouncing him a providence; and she expressed a hope, with a warm thought of Jenny in her heart, that he would prove to be so in the future. Miss Larkin would say nothing, but they all took pen-portraits of her. It was a lively time for these professional news-hunters, and they made the most of their opportunities, according to their habit.

At last it was concluded to send the "Ariadne's" passengers up to the city on the tug, as the formalities connected with the reception and dismissal of the immigrants promised to be tedious. They renewed their tearful thanks to the good-natured captain for all his humane service, not forgetting the sailors who had assisted in the rescue, and then, stepping on board the tug, bade farewell to the staunch craft which had borne them so safely and comfortably back to their homes.

The scene which followed their arrival at the dock was vividly represented in the papers of the following day. Women fainted in each other's arms. Husbands and fathers embraced wives and daughters in an indescribable delirium of joy, unmindful of the curious witnesses of their transports. Nicholas was pulled from one to another, to be introduced to home friends. He was covered with praises, and overwhelmed with thanks. He found it impossible to leave until every lady was dispatched. Carriages were in readiness from every house whose returning treasures were represented among the group, and with waving of hands and handkerchiefs, and tossing of kisses, and responses to invitations, Nicholas saw them all pass off, with sadness, and almost with envy in his heart.

During all this scene, which probably lasted half an hour, there were silent witnesses around, who, after anxiously scanning every face of the returning passengers, went away one by one, in silence and bitter tears, to desolated homes. Among the members of this outside group, watching everything with keen and tearful eyes, there was a young man whom Nicholas had been too busy to see. As the latter, with a group of open-mouthed boys around him, started to leave the dock, his arm was quietly taken and pressed by some one who said in the quietest way:

"Hullo, old boy! Glad to see you!"

Nicholas stopped as suddenly as if he had been shot.

"Glezen!"

"Hush!" said Glezen. "We are observed. There is a reporter sitting on your head this instant."

"But, Glezen!" exclaimed Nicholas, endeavouring to shake off his friend, in order to give him an appropriate greeting.

His friend would not be shaken off. He pressed his arm closer, and pulled him on. He marched him straight up Cortlandt street into

Broadway. He led him up Broadway to a clothing-house, and then passed him into the hands of a clerk, with directions to dress him according to his best ability. After this process had been satisfactorily accomplished, he took his arm again and conducted him to a restaurant, where Nicholas, with a huge appetite, ate the first good meal he had seen for many days. Then he took him to his office, and throwing himself into a theatrical attitude, said :

"Dearest Nicholas, come to my embrace!"

The performance was absurd enough, but it was hearty and characteristic.

"Now sit down," said Glezen, "and let me look at you, and talk to you. I'm not going to cry"—blowing his nose and wiping his eyes—"for I don't believe in it. I've been mercifully preserved from making an ass of myself, so far, and I shall go through all right; but I want to tell you that, as a father, I am proud of you. Your life is safe and I am everlastingly glad. I'm glad, too, that you have been through all this, and found out something about yourself. I've heard all about it. You've nothing to tell. I looked on to one of those reporters while you were seeing your friends off, and he told me everything. What are you going to do now?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Nicholas.

"Will you try another voyage?"

"No—certainly not, until I feel like it. I believe I am about done with travelling under advice and directions."

"That's right. Now you talk like a man; but what are you going to do?"

"I don't know; but something."

"Then you'll find something to do."

At this moment the latch of the office door was raised, a head was thrust in whose features were instantly recognized, and the anticipated word "pop!" was uttered in a startling, guttural voice.

"Come in," said Glezen.

The one-armed pop-corn man entered. He was dressed in shabby blue, wore on his head a military cap, and in his only hand bore the basket that contained his modest merchandise. He had never come to Glezen's office before, but had evidently remembered the two young men.

"Say!" said he, "I've seen you before."

"Yes!" said Glezen, "I remember you."

"And one of you bought a paper, and the other said 'Get out,'" responded the pop-corn man; "and here, gentleman, is the last opportunity! Here you have it! Pop-corn just salt enough! Each and every individual kernel has a jewel and a drop of blood in it for you."

"Look here," said Glezen, "yon've said that before. Give us something new."

"Pop-corn, gentlemen, is a balm for wounded hearts, a stimulant to virtuous endeavour, a sweetener of domestic life, and furnishes a silver lining——"

"Old, old, old!" exclaimed Glezen.

"It adds a charm to the cheek of beauty when applied upon the inside, cures heart-burn, tan, freckles, stammering, headache, corns, and makes barks to dogs. Five cents a paper, and just salt enough! How many papers will you have, gentlemen?"

"Look here," said Glezen, with a mirthful, quizzical look in his eyes, "did you ever suspect that you are a nuisance?"

"On the contrary," said the pop-corn man, "I happen to know that I am a balm and a blessing."

"And a bomb-shell and a cotton-mill," added Glezen.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever, gentlemen. Here's your picture —a one-armed soldier with a basket of pop-corn. Look at it, gentlemen, and let it linger in your memory. How many papers did you say?"

"See here, my man," said Glezen, "do you know you can do something a great deal better than selling pop-corn, and putting yourself into places where you are not wanted?"

"Open to conviction," said the pop-corn man.

"Sell yourself for old brass," said Glezen.

The man looked up to the ceiling, while an expression of pain crossed his features.

"I suppose," said he, "that I could tell you that there was evidently no market for that article here, and hold my own, playing the blackguard with you for the rest of the evening; but I don't feel up to it. May I sit down?"

"Certainly, if you wish to."

The man set his basket upon the floor, took off his cap, disclosing a handsome forehead, laid aside his professional air, and drew up and seated himself on a chair before the young men.

"Do you suppose," said he, his dark eyes gleaming with painful earnestness, "that I don't know that I am a nuisance? Do you suppose that it is a pleasant thing for me to push my head into other people's doors, and disturb them in their work and their talk? Do you suppose I don't know and feel that it's an outrage? Do you suppose I make a clown of myself, among gentlemen and dirty boys, because I like it?"

"I didn't mean to offend you," said Glezen.

"No, I don't think you did," said the peddler; but once in a while I get tired with carrying my disgusting load, and then I want to be myself for a while. I don't know why it is, but you two fellows, sitting

so cozily here together, and looking upon the poor peddler with such contempt, make me feel as if a little of your respect for the man whom necessity compels to play a part would be pleasant. I'm having a hard life. It's devilish hard to be alone,—not to have a man that I can shake hands with, unless it be some rascal whose touch is a disgrace."

The young men were thoroughly surprised. The changed bearing of the man before them, his well-chosen language, his evident deep feeling and sincerity, impressed them with respect.

"Do you mind telling us about yourself?" inquired Nicholas, whose sympathy had been touched.

"Oh, well, there's not much to tell,—not much that is new in the world. I was afflicted, a few years ago with a disease called patriotism. It was very prevalent at the time and I took it. When I got through with it, or it got through with me, I found an arm gone. I had served my country, but lost the means of taking care of myself, and providing for my wife and children. People rejoiced in the victory I had helped to win, but they forgot me. A one-armed soldier who needed help was a nuisance. I suppose I could have begged, but I had a prejudice against that way of getting a living. I suppose I might have borrowed or hired a hurdy-gurdy, and tormented people's ears, and hung out an empty sleeve as a plea for charity, but I didn't like that. So I took up an old basket, set my wife and children to popping corn, and went to peddling. I don't know exactly how I worked into it, but my tongue was ready, and I found that I had a new way of amusing the crowd. They bought my corn, and I have been able to keep the wolf from the door. The fact is, I saved something at first, while my trick was new, though I can't get that now. It is safe enough, I suppose, but I have sadly needed it."

"Where is it? Who has it?" inquired Glezen.

"Oh, a good man, I thought he was gone once, but they say he is all right. He was on the 'Ariadne.'"

"You don't mean Mr. Benson," said Nicholas.

"Well, I do mean just that man."

"I suppose he is all right," said Glezen.

"Everybody says so," replied the peddler. "You know we poor people are all a little scarey about savings banks, and when we find a straight man who is willing to take our money and take care of it, we let him have it."

"But won't he pay it back to you?"

"He says it is invested for a term of years, and he can't get it."

"Does he pay the interest?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, he's a straight enough man, but I need the money. I'm going home now to a night of watching over two sick children,

whose medicine I was trying to earn when I came in here. I am going home to an overworked wife and a disordered home. To-morrow I shall go out again and make fun for the boys and a nuisance of myself to such fellows as you. There is a life for you, gentlemen: how do you like the looks of it?"

"Is there much of this sort of thing in New York?" inquired Nicholas."

"Much of it?" exclaimed the peddler. "Good Heaven, man! where have you lived? Why, I am a king. I have money with Benson, and the people know it. I am so rich compared with the miserable wretches around me, that I am afraid of being robbed."

You may leave all your corn here," said Nicholas. "I shall borrow money of my friend here to pay for it, for I am just out of the sea myself.

"Did you just come in in the 'Jungfrau?'" inquired the peddler.

"Yes."

"Is your name Minturn?"

"Yes."

The peddler's eyes filled with tears.

"I'm glad to see you," he said. "I'm glad to have a chance to look at you. Do you know that you are the talk of the town?"

"I hope not."

"Well, you are. Will you let me shake hands with you?"

"Certainly," and Nicholas gave him his hand.

"You can't buy any pop-corn of me to-night," said the peddler. "It isn't for sale."

"Will you give me your name and address?" inquired Nicholas.

"My name is Timothy Spencer. People call me 'Talking Tim.' My address I'm ashamed to give you. If ever you want anything of me I'll contrive to see you, but I dont want you to see where and how I live."

Then turning to Glezen, he said:

"This is your place, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Do you want a boy."

"No, I'm just starting, and haven't anything for him to do. I'm in the economical line just at present."

"I've got a boy," said the peddler, stroking his rough beard with his single hand, "who is going to the dogs. I can't take care of him. "He's in the street all day. He's picking up bad companions and bad habits, and I want to put him somewhere. He's as smart as a steel-trap, but there isn't any more reverence in him than there is in a pair of tongs. What will become of poor Bob, I don't know. I have got troubles

enough, but that is the worst one. However, you've had enough of me for once, I thank you, gentlemen. Good evening."

The pop-corn man put on his cap, lifted his basket with a sigh and bowed himself out. The two young men listened in silence as he descended the stairs, and then as he walked off, they heard a shrill cry of "pop-corn," followed by a huge laugh from a dozen voices. Each looked into the other's face inquiringly, and then Nicholas said:

"Is he genuine?"

"I don't know," Glezen answered. "I think he is."

"So do I," said Nicholas, "and I mean to see more of him. Do you know, Glezen," he went on, after a moment of reflection, "that it seems to me that a young man, situated as I am, with nothing under heaven to do, can hardly find anything better in the way of employment than in helping such fellows as these? Where I live, everybo dy is at work, and everybody seems comfortable, but how a man can enjoy his luxuries and his idleness here, where people are half-starving around him, I can't understand."

"Come down to New York, my boy. You'll have your hands full here," said Glezen, "but where you find one Talking Tim, you'll find a thousand scamps. The lies told here every day by beggars and dead beats would swamp a hundred 'Ariadnes.' If you preserve a spirit of charity here through a single season you will do better than I have done. I can look a beggar in the face now till I look him out of countenance."

"But you can't afford that, you know," said Nicholas.

"I can't afford anything else," said Glezen, laughing, "until the exchequer is a little better supplied."

Glezen closed his office, and took Nicholas home to his room, where they passed the night. The next morning, Nicholas, taking Glezen with him, made hurried calls upon his acquaintances of the "Ariadne" and the "Jungfrau," and excusing himself from the invitations that met him and his friend everywhere, started for Ottercliff and his home, to receive the welcome and the congratulations of his household and his neighbours.

The three weeks of his absence seemed like a life-time. The new relations he had established, the new motives which had been born within him, the knowledge he had gained of himself, endowed his life and his future with a new significance.

CHAPTER VII.

It is a terrible thing for a man of great self-love and self-conceit, or of a pride of character which has been nursed through long years by public

trust and public praise, to discover, either that before certain temptations he is hoplessly weak, or that the motives of his life, which he supposed were high and pure, are base and selfish. The consciousness of that one weak spot in his nature or character is at first a fearful pang, which he tries to forget and tries to hide. He naturally runs into new activities in the line of duty, reaches out for artificial aids, seeks for new indorsements, and strives to maintain his poise by busily building in other directions.

To be tried in a supreme emergency and found wanting, and thus to lose one's faith in one's self, is to suffer the greatest imaginable calamity. So long as a man believes himself worthy of the respect of others, that act is a grateful help to him; but to know that he is most unworthy of it, and still, as a matter of policy, to be willing to receive and profit by it—to welcome the hands that paint the walls and scatter flowers upon the approaches of the sepulchre, which he knows himself to be; to be willing and constantly desirous to be thought something better than he is, is to have taken a fatal step towards demoralization and darkness. The alternative is to go back and become a child. It is to pull down, and, laying better foundations, to begin to build anew. The trouble is that when the character falls, the pride is left. The frail walls may be licked clean to the dust by the consuming element that has assailed them, but the ghastly chimney around which they were built, and upon which they were dependent for light and warmth, still stands stark and unhumbled.

Mr. Benson's untiring and unsleeping devotion to the sufferers upon the rescuing steamer was something new to himself, and new to his friends. He had never been regarded as a sympathetic man. Indeed, he had, in a great measure, eschewed sympathy as a motive to action. He had not been considered a charitable man. He was known mainly as a just man, who discharged what he supposed to be his duty to those who came into business or social relation with him. What seemed to him to be his duties with regard to the instituted charities on whose lists of benefactors his name might appear with others, and in whose management he might have an official voice, he discharged with becoming self-sacrifice and appropriate dignity; but he never went out of his way, led by the hand of humanity, into any irregular benevolence. To endanger his health by watching with the sick, even of his own family, was never expected of him.

So, when his ministry to the rescued sufferers was reported to his fellow-citizens, they concluded that they had hitherto done him injustice, or had failed to render to him the full justice that was his due. It was a new and beautiful develpement of character. The just man—the man of dutiful punctillio and routine—had blossomed into a good man—a

man of spontaneous and sympathetic self-sacrifice. The praises that were showered upon him pleased him, although he knew that he was only trying to forget himself, to atone for his selfish cowardice, and to build to his reputation new beauties and new defences.

On landing at Queenstown, his first inquiry was for a returning steamer. Several days elapsed before one to which he was willing to intrust himself entered the port, but he was able to learn nothing of the party from which he had been separated in the rescue, and he sailed at last in uncertainty concerning the fate of his ward. At the moment of his embarkation, the "Jungfrau" was in sight of land, but of this he knew nothing. Day after day, and night after night, he scanned the possibilities and the probabilities of the case, and was shocked into the keenest torture to find how easily he could be reconciled to the loss of a dozen lives, if, by that loss, his own treacherous cowardice could be forever hidden from the world. His mind was in a mad, remorseful turmoil, during every waking moment. He was angry, disgusted, shamed with himself. He tried to fly from his unworthy thoughts. Sometimes he would talk with every person he met. Then he would pace the deck for hours alone, trying to bring on weariness that would insure him forgetful sleep. Those who knew his story—and all soon became familiar with it—pitied him, and tried to comfort him. His grief and distress over the probable loss of one who was not bound to him by any tie of consanguinity, was set down to his credit; and then he was angry with himself because he was pleased with a misapprehension that enhanced his reputation for humanity.

Often when he realized what an unworthy sham of a man he was, the old superstitious fear of danger came back to him. A piece of drift floating upon the waves, a distant sail, an accompanying bird, brought back all the terrors of the wreck, and he wondered if some damning fate were pursuing him, and whether another precious freight of life were to be sacrificed on his account.

On the eleventh day, land was discovered, and just as the sun was setting, he placed his foot on the solid ground. In the haste of embarkation, he had neglected to telegraph his coming, and no one met or definitely expected him. He took a carriage at once, and set off for his home. With a heart throbbing painfully, he rang the bell at his door. The servant screamed as she let him in, and his household was soon about him. His face was pale, and it seemed as if age had planted a hundred wrinkles upon it since he had gone forth from his home. He had not kissed his children for years, but then and there he kissed them all. They stood stunned and wondering around him, trying to comprehend the transformation that had taken place. Mrs. Benson sighed weakly and wept copiously, for she, poor woman, had caught a

glimpse of liberty during his absence, and learned with self-condemnation that she could have been reconciled to the loss of the man who had now returned to her.

"Grace Larkin?" he whispered inquiringly, with blanched lips.

"She is here, safe and well," Mrs. Benson replied.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, and pushing by them all, he sought her room, and closed the door behind him; an act which all understood as a command.

Entering, he prostrated himself upon his knees by her side. He took both hands in his, and covered them with kisses.

Miss Larkin was overcome.

"Don't, I beg you, Mr. Benson," she said. "You see that I am safe and well. Sometime I will tell you all about it. You are quite beside yourself. Please bring a chair and sit down by me."

"My good girl, I am not worthy to be in the room with you," he said, still grovelling at her side, and kissing her hands.

Such abjectness of humiliation disgusted her, for she knew the unworthy source of it. He was afraid of her. Her hands were being licked by a fawning dog, and she pulled them away from him, and wiped them with her handkerchief, as if the slaver had polluted them. She half rose from her cushions, pointed to the chair, and said:

"Bring that chair here, and sit down in it or leave the room until you can control yourself. This is not becoming of you or pleasant to me."

Mr. Benson rose, begged her pardon, brought the chair to her side, and took his seat as if he had been a whipped school-boy.

"Miss Larkin," he said, "I am in your power. Your foot is on my neck. You can save or ruin my reputation. I assure you that I left you in a fit of terror, entirely beyond my control. I did not intend to do it. I have been filled with shame and remorse from that awful moment to this."

"And I have pitied you from the depths of my heart," she said; "but your reputation is no more in my hands now than it has been for some months and years."

These last words were unpremeditated. They had fallen from her lips unbidden; but the man who had roused her long indignation was before her, an humble suppliant for mercy, and the sudden determination came to make thorough work with him.

He looked at her with undisguised surprise.

"What can you mean?" he said.

"Mr. Benson, I have been for a long time a member of your family. Up to the moment when, in a fit of cowardice, you forsook me, you have treated me with as much consideration as I deserve, perhaps. I have no

fault to find, at least so far as I am concerned. Yet I have learned you so well, that when you left me I was not disappointed."

Mr. Benson bit his lip, but remained silent.

"I have never intended," she went on, "to say what the circumstances of the moment have moved me to say; and if I could recall the words that make it necessary to justify myself, I would do so."

She saw the old pride kindling in his face. He had not entered the room to be lectured. He grew angry at finding himself in a position in which such a humiliation was possible; but he received as yet no assurance of safety from Miss Larkin's lips, and he could not afford to resent the affront.

"Go on," he said. "You know that I must hear you."

"You are making it hard for me," she replied, "but you compel me to say that the domestic life of this house has been anything but an honour to you, and that if the friends you have in such numbers in the outside world should know that your wife has been for many years your slave, and that your children stand in constant fear of you, their admiration would be changed to contempt. That is simply what I mean in saying that your reputation is no more in my hands now than it has been for months and years. You have looked for your rewards and solaces outside of your home, and those who have hungered for the love that was theirs by right have been kept at a cold distance and starved. You have given them a comfortable home, I know; you have clothed and fed them; you have educated your children; you have done, I have no doubt, what seemed to be your duty, but you have denied them every grace of love and affectionate communion. They have had no opinions, no liberties, no sentiments. Your will has been over everything,—over me, indeed. We have had pleasant times together, but you have never mingled in them. If you could know how even I have longed for something more than your stately courtesies and the exact fulfilment of your official duties, you would at least know how it is possible for me to say what I have said to you. If I had not possessed the best and sweetest friends God ever gave to a woman, I should long ago have been starved myself.

Mr. Benson rose and walked the room. He had received through the eyes of a woman whom he knew to be pure and true another glimpse into himself, and into his life.

"My God!" he said, "am I so bad?"

A sense of danger had abased his pride, but a reproof had stimulated it into life again. It was something new for a model man to be found fault with, especially by a member of his own household. It maddened as well as humiliated him to be obliged, by what he deemed his necessities, to stand calmly and see his life picked in pieces.

"I think you are unjust, Miss Larkin," he said, at length. "My conscience does not accuse me. I have had no time for sentiment, and you have had no idea of the exhausting nature of my duties. You are sincere, doubtless, and mean well; but you are misled, and I forgive you. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, I have not harboured a thought of resentment against you."

"Thank you. Bless you, my girl," he responded.

Still he did not stir. There were others who had witnessed his cowardly desertion of his ward.

"Has this matter been talked about?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"By Mr. Minturn and myself."

"Will he betray me?"

"I cannot answer that, but I do not think he will pain me by doing so."

"Has any one else spoken of it?"

"The others have taken the statement published in the newspapers for the true explanation, I think, and I have made no efforts to undeceive them."

Mr. Benson's pale face flushed and then became crimson. The consciousness that he had originated the falsehood, and that the young woman before him knew it, prostrated his awakening pride in a moment. He sank into his chair, covered his face with his hands, and trembled in every fibre of his frame.

"I have been terribly tempted!" he gasped, "but I have no excuse to offer. I can only ask you to pity my weakness and spare me."

Miss Larkin was overcome by the strong man's humiliation, and wept.

"This is the worst of all," she said, "but I forgive you. The sin, however, was not against me."

"Miss Larkin," said Mr. Benson, rising, "I have disappointed you, and I have disappointed myself. I am not at all the man I supposed myself to be; but I hope to retrieve my character, even with you. Be my friend, and help me. I shall trust you."

"And I shall not betray you," she responded.

Mr. Benson had received the assurance that he wanted, and even as he bade her good-evening, and turned to leave her, she caught the gleam of triumph in his eyes. He had come with one selfish object in his heart, and though he had been humbled for the moment, and grievously distressed, the selfish sense of safety sprang to life, and he left her strong and almost light-hearted. She remembered that he had not once asked her concerning the particulars of her rescue, or the effect of her exposure upon her health. He had been concerned only for his own

reputation. The thought of himself had absorbed him wholly. And then the reflection came to her that she had tied her own hands, and that his faith in her word left him free to treat her and his dependents as he had always treated them. She had, with great sacrifice of feeling, tried to serve his family, but she had given the word that made her labour fruitless.

Mr. Benson went out, where he found his family awaiting him, in the accustomed silence. He took his hat and cane, and said to his wife:

"This is the night of our weekly prayer-meeting. I shall be late, but I must go."

"It seems as if you might stay with us this evening—after so long an absence—and such an escape for yourself—and such an anxiety for us all," said Mrs. Benson, hesitatingly and pleadingly.

"My dear," said Mr. Benson, sternly, "if ever I owed a duty to the church, I owe it now. I could not take a moment of comfort at home, even to-night, with the consciousness that I was neglecting a duty."

And Mr. Benson was thoroughly sincere—or he thought he was, at least. His sense of duty was not at all that sense which springs from the love of doing right. It was just what Nicholas had once declared to be a commercial sense. He wanted prosperity. He wanted to save and to increase his good reputation. He would have liked to place God and man under obligations to him, so that they should owe him a duty. He wanted, at least, to keep even with them, and now that he realized with painful and humiliating certainty that he was not even with them, —that he was almost hopelessly in debt,—he saw before him a life of painful, and, what seemed to him, self-denying service. At the moment, he determined to devote himself to duty, wherever he should find it, and at whatever cost. It seemed to him to be the only way in which he could regain his self-respect. He determined to atone for, and pay up, his terrible debt. He had been made dimly conscious that he owed a debt to his family, and had feebly determined to pay it by new privileges and greater benefactions. But that debt could wait.

When he appeared in the prayer-meeting, all eyes were raised, and the good pastor who presided poured out his honest heart in thanksgiving to God that one of his children, who had been exposed to the perils of the great deep, had been returned to them, safe and sound, to go in and out before his brethren, a shining example of integrity and beneficence, and an illustration of the merciful Providence that follows through every danger those who put their trust in its gracious power. At the conclusion of the prayer, Mr. Benson rose, and with broken words thanked the good pastor for it. The people had never seen him so humble. The man who went out from them so self-possessed, so calm, so strong, was broken down. He spoke of himself as a miserable

offender—as much unworthy his escape from what proved to so many to be the gate of death, of his gladness to be once more in the place where prayer was wont to be made, looking again into the friendly faces of his brethren and sisters, and of his determination to devote himself to duty as he had never done before. He admonished them to redeem their time, for, at longest, it would be short, and assured them that danger thronged every path, on the land as well as on the sea.

His words were very impressive. Many wept, and when the benediction was pronounced, all felt that they had been present at one of the most solemnly impressive gatherings of their lives. They pressed around Mr. Benson to shake his hand and congratulate him on his safety, not only, but to thank him for what he had said. They all felt that he had been down into a deep and fructifying experience, and that he whom they had deemed so cold and calm had been lifted into a warmer atmosphere of feeling, and had received a new impulse in the divine life.

Mr. Benson went home wonderfully uplifted and comforted. He had confessed his sins in great humility, and prayed that they might be forgiven. It is true that he had not called those sins by name, and told his pastor and his brethren that he appeared before them a convicted coward and liar; but he had confessed that he was a grievous sinner, and that had relieved him. He had earnestly prayed for pardon, and that had comforted him. He had exhorted others to a more vigilant and zealous Christian life, and he had won from this act the comfort of a duty performed. He had received the assurance of all whom he had met that he was still held not only in the most respectful esteem, but that the feeling of the church had ripened suddenly into a warm affection. Try to humiliate himself as he would, the old self-love and the old self-gratulation came back to him with their accustomed sense of sweetness. He tried to thrust back his returning pride, as if it had been Satan himself, but it would not away. He knew that his cure was not radical, but he intended in some way to make it so.

He found his family waiting for him, contrary to their wont. He was heartily sorry that they had not retired. The words of Miss Larkin were still sounding in his ears, and when he looked upon the silent, expectant group, and realized not only how repressive he had always been to them—how repressive he was to them at that moment—and how much they longed for his love and confidence, his heart relented. He sat down and looked at them.

"I am afraid," he said, "that we have not always lived as we ought to have lived. Children, you must not think me unkind if I have failed in affection to you. I have been a busy man. My mind and time have been very much absorbed. I have tried to do my duty to you, but we

are all liable to mistakes. I think we will have family prayers to-night."

"Shall we not go into Miss Larkin's room?" inquired Mrs. Benson. "I am sure she would be glad to have us do so."

"No; to-night let us be by ourselves," said the husband and father. He knew that the form of this reply was a practical lie, and that prayer would have been impossible to him in Miss Larkin's presence. Conscious that he had stumbled again, and half in his despair, he took his Bible, and opened to the fifty-first Psalm. As he pronounced with a husky voice its passages of deep and overwhelming contrition, it seemed as if it had been written for him, and for that special occasion.

"Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

"For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me. * * * *

"Hide thy face from my sins, * * * and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit.

"Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee. * * *

"For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Covering a falsehood in his heart, glad beyond all expression that his family could not see it, almost madly regretful, yet not contrite and broken-spirited, conscious that he did not possess "truth in the inward parts," and conscious, too, that the very means he had proposed to himself for recovery were swept out of his hands by the declaration that sacrifice was not what God wanted of him, he closed the book with a sigh, and knelt down. His prayer was brief and broken, but when he rose from his knees, there was not one of his family who had not conceived a tenderer regard for him, and was not more ready than ever before to approach him with an open proffer of affection. He kissed them, one after another, as he parted with them for the night, and then went to his library to look over a batch of long-unanswered letters.

Once alone in his accustomed room, where he had so long schemed and counted his gains, he came fully to himself. He was glad to be there again,—glad to be alone, and beyond observation. There, without distraction, he could lay his plans for his future life, that had been so cruelly interrupted in its flow of complacent prosperity.

Somehow, in the presence of his account books, he found his moral purposes weakening. He questioned whether he had not made something of a fool of himself,—whether he had not aroused expectations, in his own home, at least, which would be a sort of slavery to him.

After long reflection, he came to the conclusion that he must be externally consistent with his old self. It would not do to lose his former self-assurance, his heir of superiority, and, above all, his integrity. Whatever consciousness of weakness and unworthiness might harass him must be carefully covered from sight. His struggles should be between himself and his God. With this the public had no business, and of it, it should have no knowledge.

Almost automatically he reached up and took down his blotter. Then drawing out his note-book, he charged to Miss Larkin's estate every dollar he had expended during the absence undertaken on her behalf. Then he reckoned his time, and made what he regarded as a just charge for that. He raked his memory and his note-book all over for items of expenditure that could be justly placed in the same account, even reckoning his own lost clothing that had gone down in the "Ariadne." He did it all not only without the slightest compunction of conscience, but with a sense of duty performed to himself and his family. No generous thought of sharing her loss in a common calamity so much as touched him by the brush of a garment. He felt better when the work was done.

Then he took up and read, letter after letter, the pile of missives before him. The last one of the number had been placed upon the table since his arrival, and purposely put at the bottom of the pile, so that it should in no way come between him and his business. It was in Miss Larkin's hand-writing, and was written after the interview which has been described: He opened it and read:

"DEAR MR. BENSON:—Some time, at your earliest convenience, I should like to see you alone again. There are matters of which I wish to talk with you, that concern my future and your relations with me. Do me the favour, and oblige your ward,

"GRACE."

Whatever Mr. Benson's thoughts were, there was something in them that moved him to take down his blotter again and look over the charges he had made. Then he put it back, walked his library for a while, and then, with uneasy forebodings, sought his room and his bed.

(To be continued.)

Topics of the Time.

AN UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

ONE of the utopian dreams frequently indulged in is that we shall one day have an universal language. Patriotic Englishmen generally gave the promise of universal dominion to the English tongue. There seems at first sight much to favour this view. Linguistic studies are attracting more attention than at any previous time; and English, for purposes of business and culture, is being more and more acquired by foreigners. Even the isolated culture of Frenchmen has been broken in upon by the Franco-Germanic war. The wide colonization of England and the extent and future of the American Republic were held to favour the theory. But it is directly opposed to the science of language, and notwithstanding the constant inter-communication, and the fact that among the writers of the best and purest English stand Mr. Motley and Dr. Oliver Holmes, the tendency of the spoken languages of England and of the United States is to become distinct. This tendency strikes one even during a flying visit to our neighbours ; and Mr. John Bellows, a competent authority on such a subject, and the author of one of the most complete books ever published, a French and English Pocket Dictionary, says, in discussing incidentally this question, that the language of the United States is destined to become as distinct from the language of England as Spanish is from Italian. Whoever compares French with Latin, or the English of Shakspeare with the English of Chaucer will be able to form some conception of the changes which time will work in our mother tongue. Spoken language is the living language, and never fails ultimately to lead that of the literary class. Hence the importance of the lesson Mr. Bellows would fain teach; to avoid such barbarisms as "reliable" and such meaningless expletives as "awful" and "awfully" which figure so largely in the drawing-rooms of the vulgar rich. The affix "able" cannot be used with a neuter verb. It means "that which can be." But you cannot say "that which can be" relied, as you can say that which can be allowed or which can be permitted. Allowable and permissible are therefore perfectly right, but reliable is as unjustifiable as sleepable would be. The word "reliable" is constantly used in our own press as if there were no such words as "trustworthy" or "safe." Mr. Bellows compares the part played by "awful" in the mouths of the vulgar rich to that which a contraction of the mediæval "B'yr Lady" plays in the mouths of vulgar poor. Such vulgarisms prevail in the drawing-rooms on both sides of the Atlantic, and the true tradition must be found in the simpler and more elegant forms of expression which preceded the advent of the period of slang.

MORALITY AND FINANCE.

We may be sure those qualities which command success in life are consistent with the highest morality. But the crown of successful financing has too often been come to by "bye paths and crooked ways," and perhaps it is as true of it as of the crown that it is apt to sit heavily upon the brow. The death of Commodore Vanderbilt directed attention to a career of extraordinary success. To read his will is enough to set the teeth of poor people on edge. But the greater part of his vast wealth was made by cornering and watering stock, two processes about as moral as picking pockets. The names of Drew, Fisk and Jay Gould kept Vanderbilt in countenance, while at the other side of the Atlantic we have the figure of Baron Grant. True, Baron Grant presents at the moment the edifying spectacle of a Baron who cannot force the gates of society and of a studious millionaire whom more than one Inn of Court has refused to admit to the bar. So far society has done its part. But only that the Baron's transactions were more than usually notorious and open to assault, society, we fear, would have winked at the way he came into possession of the golden keys. No success can alter the eternal distinctions between right and wrong. But when law fails to brand immoral conduct with punishment, there is a danger of a laxity of tone becoming general, and, in fact, we have not been without instances among ourselves which should make us watchful against such deterioration. The contemplation of certain financial careers would have a tendency to beget the feeling that the end justifies the means, and that, if a fortune can be made, people will not narrowly inquire into the process. It is the old story—"Make money honestly if you can, but make it." Society should, however, take care that the esteem in which rich men are held will vary considerably according as wealth has or has not been ill got. Baron Grant has perhaps often wished within recent years that he had been less grasping and more upright. Energy and thrift cannot fail of their reward; and though a fortune due alone to legitimate efforts may be smaller than that which comes of "watering" and "cornering," it should bring more respect to its possessor. Very frequently, however, your financier cares very little so he attains his end. "Law!" cried Vanderbilt, on one occasion when counselled to make his position legally unassailable, "why I have got the power already." One of the secrets of his financial success was that he inherited or early acquired the power of holding on to money. He never gave anything away, and on the eve of his marriage a friend who was not in the secret knew that "something was up" when the Commodore offered him a cigar. He did not like unsuccessful people near him; he thought their society was unlucky; and altogether he could scarcely be regarded as the model of a Christian. Nevertheless his thrift was a virtue, though his want of charity and his unscrupulousness were assuredly the reverse of virtuous.

THE SERMON AND THE SERVICE.

With what object should we go to church? is a question which has often been asked. Of course an object which includes and implies all others is

that we should be better men and women. But there are two distinct ideas in the mind of those who ask the question. Should the primary object be to hear a sermon or to join in a service of worship? There used to be little heed paid to the service and the whole talk of church and chapel-goers was about the sermon. We think we notice an improvement on this state of things not only amongst the people but amongst the ministers; and the criti cal visitor to most of our churches will at once perceive that there is a unity of purpose and feeling running throughout the whole service which shows that the man conducting it is aware how solemn is its every feature. The service of a Sunday should at once calm and elevate the mind, and above all bring it into conscious relationship with the Absolute. To do this the sermon must not be considered of first importance either by the minister or the people. The importance is not paramount but coordinate, it should bring religious truths home to men's business and bosoms. To do this the preacher must be familiar with the questions of the day; he must be abreast of its thought; else his sermons have an obsolete air and irritate the most active-minded among his hearers. He should be well-read in the Bible; he must be also well-up in the human heart; and if he is equal to the needs of service and sermon, it is morally certain unless he is an exceptional man that he will not have vital force for much else. Yet we know that unreasonable people expect to be visited as well. Several nonconformist churches in England allow their pastor an assistant, and in doing so consult their own best interests and do no more than justice to the ministers. To preach two sermons in a week is an immense drain on any man's nervous force, and where there is nervous irritation there cannot be mental calm. A congregation should, therefore, be thankful if the sermon is fresh, and the service such as lifts the mind to Heaven. They may be sure only the happiest gifts combined with energy and systematic work can produce both results, and they should be proportionately recognisant. There are many ways of showing this. But, after seeking to profit by his ministrations, there is none so important as remembering that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and that it is their duty to secure that his mind shall not be a prey to small anxieties and depressing cares.

Olla Podrida.

A CORRESPONDENT asks me how I can reconcile my condemnation of the use of foreign words and phrases in English compositions with my own choice of "Olla Podrida" as the title for these paragraphs. In reply, I can only say that my knowledge of the English language failed to suggest anything which equally well expresses my idea of the incongruous mixture of subjects intended to be dealt with in this portion of the magazine. Besides, *olla podrida* has been so far absorbed into English as to be found alphabetically arranged, in some reputable dictionaries, with the ordinary words of the lan-

guage. There is many a foreign word which has a signification or expressiveness possessed by no one word in English, and when a foreign word of that description is properly introduced, its use is perfectly justifiable. Such words become "properly introduced" when a particular writer, or a particular circumstance, familiarizes people generally with their special signification or expressiveness. The Franco-German war, for instance, popularized the word *élan*, just as Bull's Run did the American word *skeddadle*. We fear that Lord Dufferin is largely responsible for popularizing the word "bull-dozed" in Canada.

You know Finnicky? He *is* a decent little fellow, but I am afraid he has taken to drinking. Well, I was out at a hop the other night—that night the thermometer was ever so much below zero, and as I was going home who should I see reeling along but little Finnicky. Just as I was going to turn off in another direction, he lounged right into the snow-heap at the edge of the sidewalk, and lay there as if he had no intention of rising. I thought to myself it would never do to let the poor fellow be frozen to death; and then I thought of his unhappy wife, who, very probably, would be sitting up anxiously awaiting his return. So I took him in charge, and, after a good deal of trouble, I got him to his own door. There was a light within; I rang the door-bell, and his wife herself appeared.

"Mrs. Finnicky, I have brought your husband ho—."

"Yes, Mr. Goodfellow, you have brought him home after you have made a beast of him! It is you, and the like of you, who are leading my husband astray! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" Thereupon she drew Finnicky in with a jerk, and slammed the door in my face.

The stars, I remember, were shining very brightly in the firmament that night, and as I meandered pensively homeward I thought how very hard it was in this mixed world to avoid the appearance of evil.

Having had occasion, not long ago, to satisfy myself upon a point of Oriental nomenclature, I took up a book which has long been a favourite of mine—Lane's translation of the *Arabian Nights*. Having satisfied myself on the immediate point, I glanced cursorily through the pages. What an enormous number of the characters whose adventures are there described were sons of kings or daughters of kings, or, as we would say, princes and princesses. The natural inference to be deduced from the circumstance is, that there were no end of kings in those days, and that every one of them had a large family. But fiction, like history, repeats itself. Take up the modern English novel, and you will find—not princes and princesses, indeed, but—nobles and baronets, with their wives or widows, to repletion. I have often thought that if some Burke or Debrett were to take in hand the task of compiling the Peerage and Baronetage of English fiction, an ordinary library could hardly contain the volumes that would have to be written. Is it not strange that in our day, as in the days of Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, it requires rank to give piquancy to fictitious narration?

Men, as a rule, notice how a woman is dressed only when she is dressed becomingly. Having a notion that many women look chiefly to the style and

stylishness of what is worn by other women, I recently propounded this question to a lady of my acquaintance: Whether women envied most the woman who was prettier than themselves, or the woman who was more fashionably dressed. She promptly replied, that more envy was evoked by an elaborate toilet than by either a pretty face or a handsome figure. If one were to look for the corresponding weakness in the sterner sex, I suspect it would be found in that insane desire, which even men of more than average intelligence sometimes possess, to figure in what is called "society."

In the December number of this magazine, I suggested the method which would have to be adopted if ever the North Pole problem was to be solved. I see by the papers that the Russian government is about to organize a Polar Expedition on just such a plan. A "colony" is to be established at the most northern point of Nova Zembla—which is said to be some 500 miles from the Pole. From thence it is proposed to proceed by sledges *during the winter* when the ice-floes are fast. It will be remembered that the German Expedition, which tried to reach the Pole from the same point, did so *during the summer*, and it was found that the ice-floe moved southward faster than the sledges travelled upon it northward. There is an inference to be drawn from the respective experiences of the recent Arctic Expedition and of the German one which I am not aware has ever yet been pointed out in a public manner. Nares' Palæocrystic Sea is covered with ancient ice of excessive thickness, which is suggestive of its being land-locked. Not so the floes encountered to the North of Nova Zembla, and which float southward during the summer. It is highly probable, therefore, that land exists in the vicinity of the Pole, on that side of it which lies towards the Northern Ocean. The polar ice-floes of the Northern Ocean must come—judging by the rate at which they travel, and the length of time during which they move, southward—from very near the Pole itself.

I cut my hand. It was an ugly cut—in the left hand, and I had it carefully bandaged and slung in a black silk kerchief. Having a good many affairs to attend to that day, I sallied forth, never dreaming what was in store for me.

"Morning, Goodfellow! Hullo, what's the matter?" It was my friend A——, from whom I had parted late the previous evening.

It is pleasant to be sympathised with, even in a small way; so I told him all about it, with a good deal of circumstantial particularity. The next acquaintance I met was B——. I went over the story again. So with C——, although with him I cut it rather short, as the subject was getting monotonous to me. Then I met D——, and E——, and F——, in succession, and it became a positive bore to have to repeat the same story so often. I turned up a quiet street, hoping to reach home without further interrogation. There was X——, and Y—— and Z—— standing at the corner!

"What have you been doing to yourself, Goodfellow?"

"Cut my hand," I answered, shortly and sullenly, and without stopping.

"Going to cut us because you have cut your hand?" said X——, who was much addicted to making small jokes.

Reaching home, I sat down to my writing. There lay before me an un-

finished lyric poem which I had promised to write for my friend Herr Von Ollerstein, who was going to set it to music. I began where I had left off:

Sweet as love-lorn might desire,
And gentle as—as—

The d——l! A nervous irritability had taken possession of me, and work I could not. I would go down to the Club and read the magazines. But, confound the hand, wouldn't I have to run the gauntlet of innumerable questionings over again? An idea struck me; chuckling to myself, I sat down and wrote out, in small and neat, but legible, caligraphy, a full and particular account of how I had cut my hand. I again sallied forth with my hand in the sling.

"Why, here's Goodfellow again," said Y—— to Z——, at the same time stopping me. "Come now," he continued, "tell us all about this business."

Assuming the air of a martyr, I calmly lifted up the lapel of my coat; and Z—— and Y——, with a puzzled look in their faces, proceeded to read what was written on the paper which I had carefully pinned under it. A great many people perused that document, which mutely but minutely told the story of how I had cut my hand. To be asked what was the matter with that wounded member, became a source of unmitigated satisfaction to me, and should any of my readers ever be unfortunate enough to cut a finger, or get a black eye, I would advise a trial of the same plan.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Current Literature.

WE hail with great interest and pleasure a work from the pen of Alfred Russel Wallace, on the Geographical Distribution of Animals,* which bears as fully on geology and physical geography as on zoology and biology. The author is well known as the friend of Mr. Darwin, and is the joint-inventor with him of the theory of Natural Selection. He is also famous as a naturalist and zoologist, and has given to the world one of the most charming books of travel it possesses, the "Malay Archipelago." The results of his long experience in research and observation appear in the work before us, the importance and value of which cannot be overrated, and in which an enormous mass of new and interesting information is given with a clearness

* *The Geographical Distribution of Animals*, with a study of the relations of living and extinct faunas as elucidating the last changes of the earth's surface. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, author of the "Malay Archipelago," &c. In 2 vols., with maps and illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

and ease that render the book acceptable to the general reader, as well as to the student. Such a work has only recently been possible, as the present distribution of animals could not throw much light on prehistoric times, until the prehistoric times themselves had been studied. The aim of the work seems to be the tracing of the course by which the existing faunas assumed their present characters by comparison with the extinct faunas of the globe, and further to endeavour to obtain some knowledge of those ancient lands which now lie beneath the sea. It is divided into four parts, which may either be read in their natural succession, or, as the author remarks, for persons not well acquainted with zoology it will perhaps be as well to read Part IV. in connection with Part II., thus making Part III. the conclusion of the work.

Part I., treating of the general principles and phenomena of distribution, opens with a useful chapter in which the old and popular notions that the dispersion of animals is due to diversity of climate and vegetation, and that every species was originally created as they now exist in a particular spot, are rejected, inasmuch as countries exceedingly similar in climate and physical features have yet totally distinct animal population. The view now held by most naturalists is, that all animals have been produced from those which preceded them by some slow process of development, so slow a process indeed, that from the last glacial epoch to the present time, a period of at least 100,00t years, only a few of the higher animals have become modified into differenf species, one additional proof, if any be required, of the immense antiquity o the globe. The migration of animals furnishes us with a most interesting chapter. The term "migration" is applied to the periodical or irregular movements of all animals, although birds and fishes are the only true migrants. However, some mammals such as monkeys, wolves, antelopes, and the curious lemmings, which during severe winters move down in vast numbers from the mountains of Scandinavia to the sea, have annual or periodical movements of a different class. The movements of fishes are more analogous to those of birds, especially as they are connected with the process of reproduction, but they are of far less interest and importance in the present case. The migration of birds seems to be governed by certain intelligible laws which render it a singularly curious study. The passage of small birds, and larger ones as well, takes place at night, and in the case of the migratory birds of Europe, they will only cross the Mediterranean which appears to be their southern boundary, when there is a steady east or west wind, and when it is moonlight. Again, it is satisfactorily proved that the males often leave before the females, and both before the young birds, which seldom go so far as the old ones. The nightingale has been taken by Mr. Wallace as an example of a migratory bird. In the winter it inhabits the Jordan Valley, Asia Minor and part of Africa: in April it passes into Europe, delights the inhabitants of France, Britain, Denmark and Sweden with its inspired song, and then returns in August or September to the Valley of the Jordan, its breeding place.

A migration of this type points to the time when Britain, as we know, was united to the Continent, and Gibraltar, Malta and Sicily were one with Africa. The submersion of two such tracts of land would occupy some time, and no one generation of birds might ever perceive the gradual change from con-

tinuous land to marsh and lagoon, next, to a narrow channel, and finally, to an open sea. The birds of Eastern North America are pre-eminently migratory; thus in Massachusetts there are only thirty resident species, while the number of regular summer visitors reaches 106. With regard to Canada, it is a curious fact that more birds breed here than in the Southern States: the number of breeding birds for Louisiana being 130, while for Canada it is actually 160. A gradual alteration in the extent of the migration of certain birds has been observed in America; these are the Mexican swallow, the rice-bird, and a species of wren, which have gradually spread northward from Cuba, Mexico, and Ohio to Hudson's Bay and the Saskatchewan River. Passing from the migration of animals to their dispersal we find the facts no less interesting and no less graphically communicated. We know that insects have more varied means of dispersal over the globe than any other highly organized creatures. Those that are provided with wings can fly, in some cases, immense distances, locusts having been met with more than 300 miles from land. The eggs and larvæ of insects moreover so frequently have their abode in solid timber that they might survive being floated immense distances, and insects themselves have reached distant countries by means of drift-wood, cocoa nuts, floating trees, even volcanic dust and hurricanes. The dispersal of birds seems to depend greatly on winds, and one is surprised to learn that almost as many barriers to their dispersal exist as in the case of the mammalia. Indeed in the case of some of the largest mammalia, such as the elephant, rhinoceros, lion and tiger, there seems to be no limit to their power of wandering but climate and the change of vegetation consequent on climate.

Having thus attempted to summarise the enormous mass of interesting detail concerning the dispersal and migration of animals, we come to what is probably the most important chapter in the work—the distribution of animals as affected by the condition and changes of the earth's surface, the contours of continents, the heights of mountain-chains, the extent of lakes, deserts, and forests, the direction of currents, winds, and hurricanes, and the distribution of heat and cold, rain, snow and ice. All these have to be considered if we endeavour to account for and explain the puzzling and unsymmetrical way in which animals are dispersed over the globe. One point which Mr. Wallace has carefully elaborated, though not to its fullest extent, is the proportion of land and water. Taking as a starting-point the well-known fact that the mean depth of the ocean is much greater than the height of the land, he shows that in past times the amount of land surface was probably much less than it is now, and that large tracts of land were more isolated then than at present. Again, starting from Sir Charles Lyell's dictum that the shallow parts of the ocean are almost always in the vicinity of land, it follows that changes in the distribution of land and sea were more frequently brought about by modifications of pre-existing land than by the upheaval of new continents in mid-ocean. By these two principles much light is thrown on two frequently recurring groups of facts—the restriction of peculiar forms to areas not at present isolated—and the occurrence of similar or allied forms on opposite shores of the great oceans. The most recent changes in the continental areas have been the elevation of the Sahara with a contemporaneous subsidence in the Mediterranean, and during the Miocene period the existence of

a broad channel between North and South America. Such changes as these, with the great refrigeration of climate known as the glacial epoch, and the consequent intricate organic changes, have all acted and reacted in the most complex manner upon all forms of animal life. The remainder of Part I. deals mostly with the classification of animals and with the choice and nomenclature of the zoological regions or the great primary divisions of the earth as regards its animal life. This seems to have been no easy matter. Mr. Wallace having carefully examined the divisions made in turn by Mr. Andrew Murray, in 1866, by Mr. Blanford, in 1869, by Mr. Blyth, in 1871, and still later, we believe, by Mr. Allen, finally chose, with slight alterations in use of terms, the regions proposed by Mr. Sclates, Secretary of the Zoological Society, in 1857. These are six in number and have the merit of approximating as nearly as possible to the great geographical divisions of the earth. We have first the Palæarctic regions, comprising temperate Europe and Asia, with all Africa and Arabia north of the Tropic of Cancer. It is divided into four sub-regions : the European, the Mediterranean, the Siberian and the Manchurian. The second great division or the Ethiopian region comprehends all Africa south of the Tropic of Cancer, with the southern portion of Arabia and Madagascar. Its sub-divisions are four : East African, West African, South African and Malagasy. The third or Oriental region, though small, is rich and varied, and consists of India and China, the Malay Peninsula and Islands, and Formosa ;the sub-divisions being the Indian, Ceylonese, Indo-Chinese and Indo-Malayan. The Australian region may be called the insular one of the earth ; its sub-divisions are the Austro-Malayan, comprising the debateable islands between Borneo and Australia, the Australian proper, the Polynesian and that of New Zealand. The Neotropical region includes South America, the Antilles, and tropical North America, and possesses more peculiar families of vertebrates and genera of birds than any other region. It is divided into the Brazilian, Chilian, Mexican, and Antillean sub-regions. The sixth or Neartic region comprises temperate North America and Greenland ; its sub-regions, depending greatly on the physical features of the country, are the Californian, the Rocky Mountain sub-region, the Alleghanian and the Canadian. Each of these regions is accompanied by a map beautifully drawn and coloured, showing not only the various sub-divisions but also the terrestrial and marine contours, and the extent of pasture lands, forest and desert.

Part II. treats of extinct animals, and as the subject of Palæontology is so enormous and infinite, only those extinct forms which bear directly on the subject are introduced. These comprise the great fossil mammalia of the tertiary period in both hemispheres, and the study of their distribution is the keynote of the general aim and scheme of the work.

Part III. is confined to the description of the six regions already enumerated, accompanied by twenty plates illustrative of some of the more striking and characteristic forms of life, while Part IV. treats the theme from the very opposite point of view, giving in succession each family and its distribution, geographical zoology as opposed to zoological geography. It is obviously impossible to attempt in so small a space even a summary of these intensely interesting chapters ; the most that can be done is to give some of Mr. Wal-

lace's conclusions, which are, of course, partly speculative as yet, and wait for future corroboration and perhaps modification. It is certain, however, that all the evidence we can possibly gather from palæontological, geological, and physical sources, points to the immense masses of land in the Northern Hemisphere as being of great antiquity. The vertebrate forms of the Tertiary deposits in Europe, Asia, and North America include not only those types now living in that hemisphere, but include also ancestral forms of the types now characteristic of the Southern Hemisphere. The sloths of South America, the lemurs of Madagascar, the elephants of Africa, and the marsupials of Australia were all characteristic of Europe in the Tertiary epoch. The Southern Hemisphere consisted of three great land masses corresponding to those of the present time, which were all colonized, so to speak, from the great Palæarctic region of that epoch. In this way, and not through any centres of creation, Mr. Wallace explains the anomalies and bewildering distributions of the different faunas, but the work must be read carefully and appreciatively before any conception can be had of the difficulties in the way of arriving even at the broadest and simplest conclusions. The claims of Mr. Wallace on the gratitude of all classes of readers are very great, and we may safely predict that even should future research affect materially his views and convictions, the work will still remain a monument of industry, zeal, and marvellous scientific acquirements.

It may be remarked in closing, that the *genus homo* is quite ignored in the present scheme of the distribution of animals, and rightly, for as Mr. Wallace himself says, anthropology is a science by itself.

The history of the life of Marie Antoinette,* by Mr. Yonge, is the most complete account yet written of the frivolous existence, with its tragic close, of the unfortunate Queen. Unlike Mr. Morley, the Queen's College Professor is an enthusiastic admirer of a woman who has been alternately praised and condemned more than she deserved ; nor has the author that picturesque power which would enable him to make out the best case for his interesting client. Marie Antoinette's chief fault was that she was unequal to a great crisis, but it is hard indeed to withhold sympathy from one so young brought into the perilous atmosphere of the French Court of that day, united to a frigid uncongenial spouse. Her demeanour as a wife, however, especially when all the circumstances are remembered, must always challenge admiration. As wife and mother, she may be pronounced a noble woman. That she had not the political insight to see that she was sporting on a volcano can scarcely be made a reason for condemning her, though it prevents her ranking among such political women as her mother. Did we not know the end of her history—if her fate was as hidden from us as it was from her—we should not be so impatient of her frivolity. That frivolity was due in part to the fact that she was conscious of rectitude, in part to her high spirits and wilfulness. A Queen at a critical period, she was surrounded by enemies who exaggerated every fault. But this, which should have made her more careful, seemed only to make her the more determined to gratify

* *The Life of Marie Antoinette.* By C. D. Yonge. New York : Harper & Brothers. Toronto ; Willing & Williamson.

her volatile wishes. The instincts of her heart were good. She was benevolent, and her unfortunate influence on public affairs, and her turn for small intrigue, were due not to badness of character but to want of intellectual grasp. Mr. Yonge has read carefully all the memoirs relating to his heroine, and those who go through his highly interesting book will have the results of the study of a whole library, and of many volumes, we regret to say, not to be met with here in Canada. It is a highly interesting study of the time and of Marie Antoinette, and, as it could not fail to be, is eminently instructive. In our opinion, Mr. Yonge rates the Queen too highly, but he gives the reader facts, and one accustomed to hold his critical faculty free from the dominion of an author could easily form from the data supplied him a more moderate, and as we believe, a juster estimate.

Henry G. Vennor, author of the charming book entitled "Our Birds of Prey, or Eagles, Hawks and Owls of Canada,"† has long been known as a devoted and untiring attaché of the Geological Survey. His reputation has increased somewhat during the past year, owing to the remarkable knowledge displayed by him of wind and weather, which has gained for him the title of prophet, while his researches in Geology and Ornithology have been of immense value to the survey and productive of important results to the cause of science in general. The book before us can scarcely be over-praised, a remark it does not fall to the lot of a reviewer every day to make. It is a great satisfaction to take up a volume like the one under discussion, so very perfect in every particular; the matter important, interesting, and containing much new and curious information; the manner clear, graceful, and forcible; scientific dissertation passing insensibly into bits of homely description or useful anecdote. Canadian Ornithology has not yet received sufficient attention, there being particularly a great lack of well-written text-books, but this might be said likewise of Canadian Botany and Zoology; and although the present work deals with but one order of birds, and may therefore be regarded by some as only a slight contribution to our Ornithology, it is, as we have before remarked, an intense satisfaction to have even that one order so carefully and correctly put before us, and we hope that the perusal of the work may serve to awaken a keener interest concerning the birds and indeed the animal life generally of our country. The order that Mr. Vennor has taken up is that of the *Raptores*, or Birds of Prey, separated into two sub-orders, viz: True birds of prey, and carrion-eaters, and embracing three great families, the Vultures, Falcons and Owls. The work is greatly enhanced by thirty beautiful photographic illustrations by Notman, in which the plumage, form, and attitude of the different specimens are marvellously brought out. Among the Falcons, the most striking specimens are the Gyr Falcon, the rarest of all our birds of prey, only four or five of which have ever been obtained, the beautiful Pigeon Hawk, or "Little Corporal," and the Duck Hawk or Peregrine Falcon which is regarded as the most typical species of the true Falconidæ. Among the Hawks or Accipitrinæ, we have

† *Our Birds of Prey; or the Eagles, Hawks, and Owls of Canada.* By HENRY G. VENNOR, F.G.S., of the Geological Survey of Canada. With 30 photographic illustrations by Wm. Notman. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

the American Goshawk, Cooper's Hawk, comparatively rare, with a number of Buzzards and one Kite or Harrier. The Aquilæ are represented in Canada by two species exclusive of the Osprey, namely the Bald Eagle, and the wonderful Golden Eagle, one species of which to the author's knowledge attained the age of forty, dying even then in the full vigour of his powers. The Owls are represented in Canada by ten species, including the curious Horned Owl, the Barred Owl, and the beautiful Arctic visitor, the white or Snowy Owl which has its head and feet covered with soft, dense white plumage spreading sometimes in old age over the whole bird. We have gone rapidly over the ground traversed very carefully indeed by Mr. Vennor, and although he has done all that can be done in naming, classifying, and describing the birds, much has yet to be learnt respecting their nidification, and the peculiar forms attributed to *albinism*. We hope that Mr. Vennor may not be so absorbed in his chosen pursuit of geology as to neglect his ornithological studies, or rather, to neglect giving the result of them again to the public. Certainly we trust that this is to be the first of a series of works invaluable in their interest, accuracy and clearness to all classes of readers.

No one could read *"The Legend of the Roses," or "Ravlan" without seeing that we have amongst us a poet with a genuine gift of song, whose work is in no place liable to the charge of monotony. All poets who have climbed to the mountain peaks of Song, have had leisure to master by assiduous toil the mechanical part of their art, for though a poet is born not made, only by intensest labour is the mechanism of verse to be thoroughly subdued to his will, until it becomes as spontaneous as the impulse to sing. Mr. Watson has not merely the inspiration, he also has what Wordsworth calls "the accomplishment of verse," though there may be here and there signs that he has not been permitted to court the Muse with undivided attention—but they are only here and there.

In the Legend of the Roses, the author puts into verse a legend which shows how Heaven vindicated innocence, and how the most beautiful of flowers sprang up on a scene meant to be one of destruction and ghastly death. In music and beauty the whole poem running over sixty pages, is worthy of the close.

Then lo! as if the more to swell
The wonder of the miracle,
And splendour out of Death to bring,
And cause from ashes life to spring:
The burning embers, hissing warm,
  Obeying his almighty power,
Change in a moment, to a form
  Of beauty only seen that hour:
And as the shape of flowers they take,
'Tis as Red Roses they awake;
And next, the unkindled brands arise
  And a fresh miracle disclose,
Opening, the first time to the skies,
  The bosoms of the fair White Rose.

* *The Legend of the Roses*, a poem; *Ravlan*, a drama. By Samuel James Watson. Toronto Hunter, Rose & Co., 1876.

We select a few verses at random. A fine passage on miracles thus concludes :—

The one fact
That a stone speaks not, and that a man doth,
Is more a miracle than if the Sun
Changed places with the glow-worm.

The following occurs in Arion's defence of the heroine Cydna, against the charge of idolatry :—

She is pure, true daughter of her race ;
The race which, spite of all its foolishness,
Are men in worship, while the world are babes,
A race which serves not Heaven with eyes, but mind ;
Which saith not "Let me see ere I believe !"
But which, upon the eagle-wings of Faith,
Wings tested in the winter-gales of Reason—
Stands on the peak of Promise, Confident,
And at the Master's summons "Come !" strikes forth
Into death's darkness, feeling that a Hand,
Reaching from o'er the battlements of heaven,
Holds out both light and welcome.

"Ravlan" is not intended, we fancy, for the stage, Mr. Watson having hosen the dramatic form to give power to a number of lyrical passages, just s Lord Byron did in the early part of the century, and Mr. Swinburne does o-day. Yet there is a good deal of genuine characterization, and more than one scene which would be effective on the stage, as for instance, the return apparently from the grave of Marian. Mr. Watson is at times most happily ententious, thus :—

Danger that warns is never dangerous ;
But danger, when it comes unheralded,
Is but another name for destiny.

Again :—

'Tis often found
That a lie and hot haste are fervent friends.

The witch scene in weirdness and lyrical power will bear comparison with he most famous scenes of the kind, and we know that this brings Faust and Macbeth into the field.

Here is a fine piece of painting. A babe is cast away upon the

Chill and oozy sand
From which *the white tusks of the howling sea*
Were tearing ravenous mouthfuls every second.

There is evidence here and there that the file has not been sufficiently used, and one or two careless verses. For example :—

I'll crush him in his slime,
Just as a chariot-wheel would crush a snail
That dared to stop it as it thundered on.

A chariot-wheel crushing a snail may be forcible, but a chariot-wheel crushing a snail "that dared to *stop it*" is grotesque.

The following is likewise forcible, but very inelegant :—

'Gainst gold and place
Few women have been proof, and he who has them,
Were he as hideous as pock-pitted panther,
Would beat Apollo in a wooing match,
Curls face and form and all.

In these lines there is the additional fault of an amplification which adds neither colour nor force. Take away "Curls face and form and all," and the lines are much better. But such blemishes are few and far between. Both poems indicate that Mr. Watson has been a diligent student of the Elizabethan Drama, and many of his lines have something of the breadth and power which men gave to words when Marlowe and Ben Jonson sang. On the 164th page there is a dialogue between a husband and wife, referring to their days of wooing—a dialogue as beautiful as anything of its kind in the language. We wish we could quote it in full. He recalls how

> The apple blossoms fluttering o'er your head,
> Wooed by the purer whiteness of your neck,
> Flew from the parent stems that gave them birth,
> To nestle in your bosom; while the breeze,
> Borne on melodious and amorous wings,
> Toyed with your raven tresses lovingly.

The volume is a most remarkable one to have been produced in so busy a scene as Canada, and Mr. Watson's name is destined to take a permanent and a prominent place among our poets, and a living one amongst the poets of English speech. The "Legend of the Roses" is a pure and beautiful vision, which only a poet's eye could have seen.

Mr. Freeman has done well, just now, to publish these lectures delivered twenty years ago *apropos* of the Crimean War.* He contributes a preface, dealing with the Bulgarian atrocities, in which he expresses himself with great indignation against Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby. Mr. Freeman does not think the Turkish Government worthy of the name; nor even does it deserve to be called "mis-government." The Turks are simply "hordes of brigands." Of the lectures themselves, we only repeat an old verdict, when we say, they are a valuable contribution to Eastern History, though they cannot be placed on the same shelf with the author's other writings. He is much stronger on Saxons than on Saracens. The estimate of Mahomet by a writer of Mr. Freeman's power, and one hating Islam so cordially, is worthy of study (p. 45), for it hits at the root of that fallacy which believes that bad men can exercise a great influence in the world's history. In Mahomet, judged by his own principles, there is little to condemn. "As in every one else, a few crimes and errors deface a generally noble career." He substituted Monotheism for a corrupt, debasing, and sanguinary idolatry. He made of his people a nation. He abolished their most revolting practices, such as infanticide, and though he permitted polygamy, he subjected it to stringent regulations. In regard to wine, his teaching was ascetic. "To the world at large, Mahomet has been of a truth the antichrist, the false prophet, the abomination of desolation; but to the Arab of the seventh century he was the greatest of benefactors." He gave them wealth for poverty. He forbade them to bury their infant daughters alive, and, at the most, taught them better than an utterly irregular profligacy,

* *The History and Conquests of the Saracens.* By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L., LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co., Toronto: Willing & Williamson. 1876.

than to be slaves to strong drink and games of chance, than to feast on dead carcasses, and slay, with the view of robbing, their own relations.

Into the controversy whether or no Shakspeare wrote his plays and whether they were not rather written by Bacon* Mr. Thomas D. King has flung himself with great earnestness, taking the side of Shakspeare against Bacon. He goes over the evidence, which will be familiar to most Shakspearean students and to all into whose hands Mr. Holmes' book on the Authorship of Shakspeare has fallen. He also contends that there is a difference in nature between the philosophical and poetic mind. To those who would wish to go over a large, but we must add, rather barren controversy put in a small compass, this book would not be the less pleasant or useful guide because it is made up so largely of quotation.

The Progress of Science.

A SERIES of very interesting experiments has been lately carried on in Germany, with a view to ascertaining the nutritive value of animal food when administered to our domestic Herbivora.† The material selected was fish-guano, which is produced by drying and reducing to powder a Norwegian species of cod. This is admirably adapted for the purpose, for, being inodorous, it is readily eaten by sheep. Chemically, it is composed of about ten per cent. nitrogen, and 33 per cent. mineral constituents, the bulk of which is calcium phosphate (bone-earth). One cwt. of this fish-guano costs 15 shillings in Leipzig. The conclusions arrived at from the experiments are the following:—1st, that the nitrogenous constituents of the food are easily digested and absorbed; 2nd, that a diet composed of vegetable substances poor in nitrogen (*e. g.*, straw and turnips), with an admixture of the fish-guano, is more advantageous, because more easily digested, than a mass of nitrogenous vegetable material such as meadow-hay; 3rd. The mineral constituents of the food are at first absorbed in some degree, but the power of digesting them decreases, so that finally they pass off from the body little changed in their amount; 4th. This is a material advantage, as the yard manure is thus enriched with phosphoric acid.

Some recent experiments of M. Berthelot* are of immense interest from a biological point of view. Plants were formerly assumed to derive all the nitrogen in their composition from the soil, chiefly in the form of nitric acid and salts of ammonia. It is only within the last few years that it has been definitely established† that certain plants use living animal matter as a source of nitrogenous food: and now a third source, viz., the atmospheric nitrogen, which, it has always been taught, plants cannot absorb, is indicated by M.

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* *Bacon* vs. *Shakspeare*—A plea for the Defendant. By THOMAS D. KING. Montreal: Lovell, 1875

† Chem. Cent. Blatt. Nos. 47, 48, 49.
Chem. Cent. Blatt. No. 44. †Darwin. Insectivorous Plants.
Compt. Rend. V. 82. 1357.

Berthelot. He discovered that different organic substances (Benzol, *e. g.*), absorb free nitrogen at ordinary temperatures under the influence of weak electrical discharges. Most of the absorbed nitrogen remains unaltered, but part enters into combination, so that ammonia is given off on heating. The discharges which take place during a thunder storm bring about this absorption very energetically. This is not entirely without interest, because it is very probable that it is owing to such absorption, by the proximate constituents of the human body, that the curious feelings often experienced during a thunder-storm are brought about. A further series of experiments was instituted with a view to ascertaining whether the very weak discharges constantly taking place in the atmosphere, are also capable of causing the absorption. The result of these is to prove that the absorption is constantly going on, and that consequently the influence of the electrical condition of the atmosphere has never been properly appreciated. Formerly only those discharges, occurring during thunder-storms, and resulting in the formation of ammonia in the atmosphere, and in the consequent increase of nitrates, etc., in the soil, were supposed to be of use to plants. Now, the electrical condition of the atmosphere, as well as heat and light, must be taken into account when we study vegetable physiology; for, under its influence, the uninterrupted fixation of atmospheric nitrogen by the proximate constituents of plants is taking place.

A new form of electric lamp has been devised by M. Jabloschkoff,* which bids fair to supersede those at present in use, not only on account of its greater simplicity, but also on account of the greater brilliancy of the light obtained. The charcoal points, instead of being one above the other, as in the older instruments, are placed parallel, and as these are thus preserved at a constant distance, the complicated regulators usually employed are dispensed with; further, the heat of the voltaic arc, in the older instruments diffused through the atmosphere, is here made use of for volatilising a non-conducting medium which surrounds the double rod of charcoal, and which indeed burns down gradually, exposing the charcoal, just as the wax of a candle exposes its wick. A mixture of powdered glass and sand has been found effective: possibly better non-conducting media may be hit upon. This arrangement has yielded, with the same electric force, double the illuminating power furnished by a regulator.

M. Lissajous' experiments with regard to making apparent vibrations such as those of a tuning-fork in motion, have long been known, but no satisfactory method for permanently registering the tone-curves thus produced has been discovered till lately. Dr. Stein† has succeeded in doing so with the aid of photography. Prof. Vogel, author of a late volume of the *International Scientific Series*, says with reference to this subject:—"Should the problem be solved, one would be in a position to represent graphically a piece of music while being played, a speech while being spoken. This tone-photography would soon render stenography superfluous." Although Vogel's expectations seem rather sanguine, a description of Stein's method may not be out of place. A pencil of rays from a Heliostat is condensed on the end of one limb of a tuning-fork, and is of such diameter that the vibrations of

* Compt. Rend. V. 83, p. 613. † Poggendorf. Annal. No. 9, p. 142.

the tuning-fork do not carry it beyond the range of the pencil. The limb has a small hole bored through it, which permits only a minute pencil of light to pass, consisting, when the tuning-fork is at rest, only of the most central of those rays, reflected from the Heliostat. If this is conducted through a photographic camera, the result, on a sensitive plate, will be a minute white point. If the limb be vibrating on the other hand, a vertical line will result, and if the sensitive plate, instead of being at rest, be caused to pass rapidly behind the camera, a curved line, of which the elevations correspond to the vibrations, will be produced. This can be effected in a given time, say a quarter of a second, by an electro-magnetic arrangement, and thus the number of vibrations per second of any given tone can be easily reckoned. A similar arrangement can be made with a vibrating string, or with several strings at the same time, each bearing in the centre a light support for a perforated metallic plate.

England has long claimed for Harvey, as Harvey did for himself, the discovery of the circulation of the blood. There seems no doubt, however, that in 1569, Andrea Cesalpino, lecturer on medicine in the University of Pisa, gave in one of his works a very full description of the process. A monument in his honour has recently been unveiled in the University at Rome, the last sentence of the inscription on which shows the jealousy with which the Italians regard their countryman's claims—"Ill-advised was the English Harvey who, in 1626, dared to arrogate to himself the discovery of this mighty truth." There is no question that Harvey was hardly candid enough in acknowledging hints from predecessors, but it may be doubted whether he were acquainted with Cesalpinus' work. Certainly he has the credit of making the discovery generally known throughout the world, and indeed of first making it completely intelligible.

The aquarium which has been recently fitted up in New York promises to be of great benefit to scientific students and teachers in that city. The managers announce that they are anxious to promote and encourage original scientific research, and with this view have established a free library and a naturalist's workshop provided with all necessary appliances, experimental tanks, dissecting tables, microscopes, &c. Opportunities for study during the winter months will thus be afforded, which cannot fail, if properly taken advantage of, to yield important results. We hope to hear that the pecuniary success of the aquarium will be such as to allow of the carrying out of these liberal arrangements.

A young gorilla, an inhabitant of the Berlin aquarium, is attracting some attention just now from his curious habits :—"He nods and claps his hands to visitors, wakes up like a man and stretches himself ; his keeper must always be beside him, and eat with him. He eats what his keeper eats ; they share dinner and supper. The keeper must remain by him till he goes to sleep—his sleep lasting eight hours. His easy life has increased his weight in a few months from 31 to 37 lbs. For some weeks he had inflammation of the lungs, when his old friend, Dr. Falkenstein, was fetched, who treated him with quinine and Ems water, which made him better. When Dr. Hermes left the gorilla the previous Sunday, the latter showed the doctor his tongue, clapped his hands, and squeezed the hand of the doctor, as an indication, the

latter believed, of his recovery. In fact the gorilla is now one of the most popular inhabitants of the Prussian capital."

The *American Naturalist* for the current month contains an interesting and suggestive paper by the editor, Dr. A. S. Packard, jr., on the destructive locust of the west. Dr. Packard points out the causes of the migration of the locusts from their breeding places on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. The immediate cause is the unusual abundance of the species during certain years, and this is due to exceptional heat favouring the hatching of the eggs and the development of the larvæ. The secondary cause is the desire for food, carrying them across the barren plains till they reach the fertile valleys of the Missouri and Mississippi, and possibly also the search for suitable places for laying their eggs. The course of the locusts towards the east is shown to be due to the prevailing winds in July, August, and early part of September, and it is this cause also which determines the so-called return migration towards the north-west, in June, of the young hatched in the east, for it is established by meteorological data that while the prevailing winds in June are southerly and south-easterly, they are in the later months from the west and north-west. Dr. Packard insists on the importance of the study of meteorology, with respect to these insect ravages. and thinks that as meteorologists can predict exceptional seasons of heat and drought, so bad insect years may be anticipated and provided for in the preceding years of plenty. Dr. Packard calculates the annual losses sustained in the United States from the attacks of insects on plants at $200,000,000.

A great saving (30 per cent.) was effected during the past summer in watering the streets of Rouen with a solution of calcium chloride, which is obtained as a by-product in the manufacture of pyroligneous acid. The advantages claimed for this are—that the soil is kept moist for a week with one watering, that it is prevented from disintegrating, that used in public avenues, &c., it prevents the growth of weeds, and finally that it is conducive to health, containing appreciable quantities of iron chloride and tarry products.

Fuchsin, or rosanilin is one of the commonest substances used for colouring wine. Its presence can be tested in a variety of ways, the following being one of the simplest :—A small quantity of gun-cotton is heated for a few minutes in 10—20 cubic centimetres of the wine to be tested, and then washed with water. The colour then communicated to the cotton by rosanilin, if present, resembles that of archil (a dye obtained from various lichens, especially *rocella tinctoria*), which is also used to colour wines. The two colouring matters are easily distinguished, as ammonia decolourizes the rosanilin, and turns the archil violet.

Even municipal governments in Germany are alive to the interests of science. It is not long since the Hamburghers offered $25,000 for a young gorilla which they wished to secure for the Zoological Garden, of which they are justly proud, and which now occupies a large glass palace in the Berlin Aquarium in connection with the palm-house. A clipping from *Nature* with regard to the habits of this animal is not uninteresting:—"He nods and claps his hands to visitors, wakes up like a man and stretches himself; his keeper must always be beside him, and eat with him. He eats what his keeper eats: they share dinner and supper. The keeper must remain by him till he goes

to sleep—his sleep lasting eight hours. His easy life has increased his weight in a few months from 31 to 37 lbs. For some weeks he had inflammation of the lungs, when his old friend, Dr. Falkenstein, was fetched, who treated him with quinine and Ems water, which made him better. When Dr. Hermes left the gorilla the previous Sunday, the latter showed the doctor his tongue, clapped his hands, and squeezed the hand of the doctor, as an indication, the latter believed, of his recovery. In fact the gorilla is now one of the most popular inhabitants of the Prussian capital."

Notes on Education.

As an evidence of the increased interest which is taken in the subject of Education in England, it is a noticable fact that the leading Reviews and Magazines regard it as a staple topic. Every month, one or more of them contains an article on the subject, either critical or suggestive.

In looking over the *Fortnightly Review* of last year, for instance, we find Professer Fowler, in an early number, devoting twelve pages to a discussion of the subject of English *University Examinations* during the last twenty years. He makes some valuable suggestions for their improvement. In another number, Professor Max Muller extends his criticism on "The Corrupt State of the Present *Spelling of English*" to twenty-five pages. He advocates the Phonetic method.* In the following number Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth gives twenty-three pages to an historical and statistical *resume* of "some of the *Results of the Education Act and Code of 1870.*" To this distinguished baronet, who was, for many years, the able Secretary of the Privy Council Committee on Education, England is indebted for many valuable and substantial improvements in her School administration. The same number contains "a few words on the *Oxford University Bill*, by James Bryce. His object is "to show that it is impossible for [the proposed executive Commission] to proceed properly with their work until a comprehensive scheme for the reform of Universities and Colleges has been framed." And this number of the Review, under the head of "The Laws on *Compulsory Education*," devotes nearly twenty-three pages to an elaborate examination and discussion, by John White, of the principles of about twenty statutes affecting the question. The article, being local in its application, does not throw much practical light on the general question of "compulsory education." The Editor, Mr. Morley, devotes twenty pages of the November number, to an "*Address on Popular Culture.*" As aids to this culture, he regards the study of history and of the "principles of evidence and reasoning" as important; also, the making of the process of elementary and higher education less "repulsive," and "rigidly ascetic and puritanical." He suggests that we should, "as

*The *Cornhill Magazine* for June has also an elaborate and rather amusing article on *Spelling*.

followers of knowledge," avail ourselves of the "experience" and "wisdom of many generations."

The first number of the *Contemporary Review* contains a short article on "the *Present System of Public School Education*, by Sir John Lubbock. Sir John deals with the subject "with special reference to the recent regulations of the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examination Board." He refers to the Imperial Commissions of Inquiry into Education, appointed since 1861, and deplores that the returns from 120 schools show that in a large number of these schools, science is entirely ignored. A subsequent number has twelve pages on the vexed question of *Religious Training in Elementary Schools*, by Francis Peek. He is in favour of the system adopted in the English Act, (as copied from the Ontario School Law), of leaving the question of religious instruction "in the power of the School Boards," as "it rests with them to determine whether any shall be given at all, and, if given, what shall be its character—provided that every parent is allowed to withdraw his child, should he so desire, for the purpose of receiving secular instruction; and provided that no attempt is made to attach children to any religious denominations." He instances the gratifying fact (which is similar to our experience in Ontario) that in London, "out of 115,000 children, only 90 were withdrawn by their parents, during the year, from religious education; and no complaint has ever been made of any attempt to proselytize! The next number devotes fifteen pages to an elaborate article on *Our Present System of Elementary Education*, by Sir John Lubbock. He discusses "the present code," which he thinks "will, in some respects, have an unfortunate effect on elementary education" in England. From his article, we learn that there are 2,500,000 children in the elementary schools; that "the revised code of 1861 introduced an improved system of "payment by results;" but "it recognized proficiency in reading, writing and arithmetic only;" that subsequently Mr. Forster introduced a system of "payments by results" for history, geography and other branches of knowledge, "at the choice of the local boards;" that "the present code provides that the children examined in Standards II-VI shall "pass a creditable examination in grammar, history (political), geography, and plain needle-work, or in any two of these subjects." He complains that as "two subjects are thus made compulsory, all others are practically excluded," and argues strongly in favour of some of the natural sciences being included in the compulsory subjects, in preference to history, which he regards as "being little better than a list of dates and battles, enlivened by murders and other crimes, with a sprinkling of entertaining stories, most of which are now no longer regarded as authentic, and which we are first taught to believe and afterwards to disbelieve."

The last number of the *Contemporary* contains an article of twenty-two pages by J. C. Fitch, on *the Universities, and the Training of Teachers.* This article deals with a practical question which has not yet had its satisfactory solution in this Province, any more than in England. The public are pretty well agreed that for successful teaching in elementary schools, practical professional training is necessary, yet for the higher schools and those with a university degree, it is entirely unnecessary! The article deals caustically with this unphilosophical and unreal view of the necessities of the case. It also discusses

the whole question of professional training in the universities, with a good deal of earnestness and conclusiveness.

The venerable *Blackwood* and the Quarterlies also contribute their valuable quota to the current educational literature of the day. An early number of "Old Maga" contains two articles—one, of fourteen pages, on *Secondary Education in Scotland;* the other, eighteen pages, on *Eton College*. The first article discusses the condition and prospects of the "burgh schools, academies," and local "colleges"—all of which are designed to promote "secondary education." Hitherto, the writer says (and it is equally true of Ontario), "the universities have been forced to descend below their true function, and do a great deal of work which would have been better done in school." He says, "as things are now,"—notwithstanding recent legislation—"the scholastic preparation so urgently required for the universities, instead of being better, is likely to be worse provided for than before;" the secondary schools, he urges, are "without organization or arrangement. Some [as in Ontario] are *merely primary schools in disguise.* . . . In short, they are insufficient alike in number, method, and means of efficiency." The article on Eton College is a kindly and appreciative review of Mr. Lyte's *History of Eton College.*

The *Westminster Review* devotes an early number to the condition of the *Scottish Universities.* It gives a brief sketch of the four universities in Scotland, viz:—I. St. Andrews, founded in 1411 by Bishop Henry Wardlaw, and containing "the magnificent establishment (by Bishop James Kennedy in 1450), of St. Salvator's College," the College of St. Leonard, founded in 1512, the "New College of St. Mary," the combined work (in 1554) of Cardinal Beaton and Archbishop Hamilton"; II. The University of Glasgow, founded by Bishop Turnbull in 1450"; III. "The University of Aberdeen, the foundation (as King's College) of Bishop Elphinstone in 1494, including also Marischal College founded at Aberdeen in 1593 by Earl Marischal, and which for two centuries had powers as a University to confer degrees; IV. Edinburgh University, founded in 1582 under royal charter by James VI. The writer, speaking of the Scottish universities, says:—"They retain many of the defects and few of the virtues of the original foundations. The tutorial regent, *reading with* a class, has been exchanged for the formal Professor, *lecturing to* an audience. No test is applied at entrance to insure the presence of the most elementary qualification..... While examinations are subordinated to the teaching, the teacher *really*.....fixes the standard of the degree examinations, and prepares the candidates to pass it. Degrees in every faculty, except medicine, carry with them little or no significance throughout the country; and the student fails to see the use of troubling himself to obtain a distinction which, when acquired, will raise him little or no way above his brethren who are without it.* Deprived of social intercourse

* In another part of the article the writer, speaking of the highest degree in Arts, says:—"The elevation of the significance connected with the degree in Arts is another pressing want in Scotland. The badge of M. A. carries with it none of the distinction and importance it conveys in England.... Scotch M. A: degrees bears witness to as respectable attainments as those indicated by the *pass* B. A. degree at Oxford. While, however, the greater proportion of students (really deserving to be so described), at the

with his fellows, influenced little personally by the learning or the talents of his teacher,.... the *average* Scotch student may, and sometimes does, leave the University little altered from the state in which he entered it—a man with little learning, less culture, no true education. This is no exaggerated picture."

Macmillan's Magazine in a late number deals with the question of compulsory education in an article by Dr. Jack on "*The results of five years of compulsory Education* in England." The *Telegram* of this city thus sums up the results of the operations of the law in the British Isles:—

"In Scotland, since 1872, universal statutory compulsion has been enforced for children between five and thirteen, with liability to prosecution before the sheriff for neglect. In Ireland, on the other hand, no compulsory law exists. Dr. Jack thus presents the comparative results in the three countries. In Ireland, the increase of average school attendance, has in three years increased by 31,000 children or 8½ per cent., being one to every fourteen of the population. In Scotland, in the same time, the increase has been 90,000, equal to 42 per cent., or one in every eleven. In England, during five years, the average attendance has risen from 1,152,389, being 1 in 19 of the population, to 1,837,180, or 1 in 13—having risen 60 per cent. in five years, as against 8½ per cent., in Ireland in three."

A most valuable official document relating to the promotion of education and knowledge has been recently published in the U. S. It is a special Report (in two parts), on the Public Libraries in the United States of America —their History, Condition and Management." This voluminous and most interesting Report has just been issued by the indefatigable United States Commissioner of Education, General Eaton, from his Bureau at Washington. Through the courtesy of General Eaton these Reports have been sent to the Education Departments of the various Provinces, for distribution to the Colleges and Public Institutions of the Dominion.

It would be impossible in our short notice to do justice to a report on libraries so comprehensive and compact, as this one is. It embraces a discussion, statement, or illustration of almost every topic relating to libraries—their history, management, and usefulness. Its compilation does the greatest credit to the zeal, patience and ability of the Commissioner and his able coeditors, Messrs. Warren and Clark. Many of the papers are written by the editors, but several are contributed by various noted librarians in the United States. The work is divided into forty chapters, embracing among other subjects, a sketch of "libraries one hundred years ago," an account of the School, College, Theological, Medical, Law and Scientific Libraries in the United States. It contains also papers on Libraries of the General Government, Historical, Mercantile, State and Territorial Libraries; those in Asylums, Prisons and Reformatories, as well as papers on Copyright, Distribution, Exchanges; How to make Town Libraries useful; Art Museums and their connection with Public Libraries; Free Libraries and reading rooms;

English Universities take, *not the pass degree*, but the degree with honours, the Scotch student, if he thinks of a degree at all, seldom goes beyond that of the pass examination."

Library Buildings; Organization and management of Public Libraries; College Library administration; Public Libraries and the Young; Library Catalogues and Catalogizing; Book Indexes; Indexing Periodicals and miscellaneous literature; Binding and preservation of Books; Works of References for Libraries; Titles of Books; Library Bibliography; Reports and Statistics, etc. Part II contains an elaborate series of Rules for a printed "Dictionary Catalogue of Libraries," with illustrations of the method. In referring to this Province, the Editors say:—

"A brief account of the excellent school library system of Ontario will be found in chapter II. . . . . An examination of the revised catalogue published by the Department of Education shows that great care has been exercised in the choice of books, and that a judicious selection from it would form an excellent library in all departments of literature for adults as well as for pupils in the public schools."—Page 30.

An Educational Depository for the Province of Quebec, after a model of that in Ontario, has just been established by the Provincial Treasurer (Hon. Mr. Church). In his budget speech he sets down for "a depot of books, maps, globes, etc., in the Public Instruction Department, $15,000." "This," he says, "is a new grant altogether, and is intended to create a store-house, whence schools may be supplied with necessary means and apparatus of a uniform character, and at prices below the present; this is a suggestion of the Council of Public Instruction."

When the House was in Committee discussing this vote, the Hon. Mr. Beaubien, Speaker, "advocated such a depot as tending to prove highly useful to youths at school, by furnishing them with books and maps of a superior character, and cheaper than the inferior ones now distributed. He referred to the advantages which Ontario and several of the States enjoyed in this respect, as manifested at the Philadelphia Exhibition."

The Montreal *Gazette* thus refers to the establishment of this Depository: "The vote of fifteen thousand dollars to establish a book and school apparatus Depository is, if properly applied, a step in the right direction. We are aware that in Ontario there has always been a considerable section of public opinion against the book depository. With some knowledge of its working, we are satisfied that it has been a most important aid in the advancement of the school system of the Province, and we have strong hopes that the same results may follow in Quebec. As an indication of a growing interest in the question of popular education, we hail the establishment of this Depository with pleasure."

The recent discussions in the House of Assembly, Quebec, have not, on the whole, been cheering. When the item of $4,500 addition for the salaries of Inspectors of Schools was considered, 20 out of 62 voted against it, on the ground that as the grant for teachers, salaries was not increased, this grant should not be increased either. As this branch of the educational service in Quebec has always been weak and ill paid, an effort so strongly supported by a large vote in the Legislature to keep it still in its ineffective state augurs ill for the educational public sentiment in the Province. When it is remembered that on a thorough and practical system of school inspection depends so largely the efficiency and success of the teacher's labour in the schools, it was the more surprizing that an effort had not been made to still further in-

crease the stipends of these important school officers, rather than to keep them still so very low. These salaries at the present time are miserable pittances, ranging in many cases from $125 to $500 a year. In Ontario the lowest salary which can be paid to these officers is $500 or $600; while the average salary and allowances of our County Inspectors are no less than from $800 to $1200.

The principal educational grants voted by the Quebec House of Assembly are as follow :—

Superior Education	$ 78,410 00
Common Schools	155,000 00
Schools in poor Municipalities	8,000 00
Normal Schools	46,000 00
Salaries of School Inspectors	30,000 00
Books for prizes	4,000 00
Journal of Education	2,400 00
Superannuated Teachers	8,000 00
Schools for the Deaf and Dumb	12,000 00
Depository of Books, Maps, Globes, &c., in Public Instruction Department	15,000 00
Jacques Cartier Normal School	80,000 00
Three Schools of Medicine	2,250 00
Literary Institutions	2,000 00
Agricultural Schools	3,600 00
Literary School, Montreal	1,000 00

Musical.

It has lately been our good fortune to witness Miss Neilson's charming representation of "*The Lady of Lyons*," an impersonation which, in its unusual combinations of beauty, grace and dramatic force, left nothing to be desired. Apart from this lady's fine acting, however, the play is one that, after Shakspere, commands and engrosses the attention of an audience in a remarkable degree. It is not that the dialogue and situations are strikingly original, and bear the marks of great and imperishable genius; in fact there is scarcely a play put on the stage which is so deficient in speeches and soliloquies. The success which it has always met seems rather to be due to the intense spirit of romance it breathes, its essence, so to speak, which, strictly pure and elevated, is yet free from mawkish sentimentality, and Lord Lytton did wisely in clothing the beautiful story of revenge and love, which did not originate with him however, in language to be characterized as "graceful," "tender," "delicate," rather than "grand" or "sublime." It is this very quality of passionate pureness and elevated romance which would render any tampering with the play somewhat dangerous, and although we are far from cha-acter-

izing by so invidious a term the attempt made by Mr. Cowen and Mr. Henry Hersee, to turn "*The Lady of Lyons*" into an opera entitled "*Pauline*," yet until we can see the score, and judge for ourselves, we feel doubtful of the result. The scruples which would have attended us in such a case seem to have also communicated themselves to Mr. Hersee, for, in the preface to his libretto, he writes in the most apologetic strain of the eliminations and reconstructions of the play, "which have been unavoidable in the compression of a five-act play into a four-act opera, with a limited dramatis personæ," and, he adds, "the task was a delicate and difficult one." The opera has been well received, and doubtless Mr. Cowen's first dramatic work of any importance is one on which he may well be congratulated, as far as his musical ability entitles him. The part of Melnotte is assigned to a baritone, queerly enough, a contemporary thinks, and truly; the part of a "premier amoureux," seems to suit a tenor better, only it is remembered in time that Mr. Southey is the chief operatic vocalist of the Lyceum Theatre, where "*Pauline*" was produced, and therefore such a consideration was set aside. The conductor, Mr. Carl Rosa, may be regarded as the prime mover in all efforts of this kind; it is clear that he has English Opera on the brain, and that he will never rest until a long line of operas by native composers exists. In the interim, he is really doing a good work in bringing out the few English operas that are worthy of the name, in most excellent style, and with great success; while an English adaptation of "*Fidelia*," lately given under his direction, may be referred solely to his zeal and enterprise. It is not easy to tell if England is ever likely to produce even one composer of the very highest rank, the equal of Beethoven in chamber-music, or of Rossini in opera,—an originator, not an elaborator, and it therefore behoves us to take the very greatest care of whatever talent, it may be genius, exists in our midst. To return to "*Pauline*," we shall take great pleasure in reviewing, at some future date, Mr. Cowen's musical setting, and should the result be, from what we know of his songs and cantatas it very likely will be, highly pleasing and greatly creditable to his ability and industry, we may be persuaded into forgiving the ravages made on Bulwer Lytton's beautiful play.

"What are we to have this winter in the line of musical treats?" This is a question which is unfortunately only too easily answered. Whatever the reason is, there are comparatively no European or English artists visiting America this year. Having been defrauded of Mdlle. Tietjiens and Von Bulow last season, we sincerely hope that Mme. Essipoff, at present delighting the lovers of good music in the United States, will take pity on our forlorn condition. We are promised Belocca, who we have no doubt would receive a most cordial and even enthusiastic welcome here, although on the other side of the line she has not been altogether successful, owing to other attractions, and the unfortunate season selected for her debut in New York. We do not see how her singing can be characterized other than charming; her rendition of Mignon's song, "Connais tu le pays?" is particularly fine, and, in its peculiar expression of the yearning which must have filled the heart and mind of Goethe's lovely creations, unsurpassed. We are not, however, wholly dependent on foreign or American artists, having such talent, individual and organized in our midst as, we think, has not been equalled for years.

We have often heard, and mentally endorsed, the remark that there is a lack of musical vitality in Toronto, but though we admit the fact, we see no reason to be ashamed of a state of things which is necessarily begotten of the conditions under which we live. In formulated phrase, a community does not turn its eyes to the cultivation of the fine arts so long as its energies are concentrated on the improvement and perfection of its material condition. If, instead of saying, "Money before virtue," Horace had said, "Money before music," the observation would have been at least equally true. It is, however, our opinion that we of Toronto have, so to speak, turned the corner, and are giving indications of the existence in our midst of a taste for higher music, which is destined to make Toronto the musical metropolis of Canada. We would appeal for confirmation of this view to the performance of the "Messiah" by the Philharmonic Society, on the evening of the 21st ult., in Shaftesbury Hall. The day for criticising the "Messiah" itself has long gone by, and the fact that it is so familiar has the advantage of enabling the hearer to devote himself exclusively to noting the rendition. The manner in which the opening solo, "Comfort ye," was sung, had the sole merit of rendering the efforts of the subsequent soloists a cheerful surprise. One of the most satisfactory numbers in the first part was, "Rejoice greatly," which was sung by Miss Hillary with a flexibility and correctness which shew that this lady has taken no small pains to cultivate her voice. Mr. Warrington also deserves a word of praise for the conscientious manner in which he rendered the numerous solos which fell to his share, and, would he only infuse more spontaneity into his singing, he would leave little to be desired. With the exception, however, of Mrs. Bradley's "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which deservedly evoked loud applause, the rest of the solos presented little that calls for special comment. The critical and censorious spirit, which it is the duty of the critic to assume in the case of professionals, is obviously out of place in speaking of the performances of amateurs. The choruses we can praise unreservedly; they were, without exception, efficiently rendered, and without that hesitancy which arises from an imperfect acquaintance with the music, and which we have been pained to notice on previous occasions. But it is of the orchestra that we would more particularly speak, the improvement in which is most marked, and reflects the highest credit on Mr. Torrington. It is easy to see that this gentleman possesses in an eminent degree the power of placing himself *en rapport* with his orchestra, and those who understand music will be the first to assent to the proposition that the state of the band is a much better test of the ability of the conductor than that of the vocalists. The improvement of which we speak was chiefly seen in the intelligent manner in which the orchestra followed the *bâton* of their conductor, and in the fact that, unlike most amateurs, they understood the meaning of the words *crescendo*, *diminuendo* and *piano*. The Pastoral Symphony, which was played throughout *con sordini*, was really a creditable performance, on which we congratulate Mr. Torrington no less than the performers. We take leave of the subject with the hope that the next public performance will be marked by a corresponding improvement.

To show that Toronto is not the only city of our Dominion where music is

assiduously cultivated, and which possesses well-organized musical societies, we beg to submit to our readers the account of a concert recently given in Montreal, by the Mendelssohn choir, kindly sent us by a correspondent. We ourselves look back with great pleasure to a concert given by this same organization, on Mendelssohn's birthday, February 3rd, 1875, when the programme included selections from the oratorios and exquisite part songs of the great composer, all rendered in the most artistic manner, the solos being no less meritorious.

"The concert lately given in Montreal by the Mendelssohn Choir, under the direction of Mr. Gould, for the benefit of the Hospital, was a great success, both in a pecuniary and artistic sense. The Mechanics' Hall was crowded by the holders of reserved seat tickets, and the performance was in almost every respect satisfactory. The chorus, though less powerful than on former occasions, was better balanced, the basses, being weaker, did not overpower the tenors, as they frequently have done, whilst the latter, though apparently no more numerous than usual, were more efficient, and took up their points with greater firmness and precision. Mendelssohn's 'Morning Prayer,' with which the concert opened, was charmingly sung, the discords and their resolutions being well brought out, particularly by the altos. The 'Walpurgis night,' was welcome, as we so rarely have an opportunity of hearing it, but it requires a larger chorus to give it with proper effect; it lacked power, and the choir hardly seemed to know it so well as some of the other pieces. The part song, 'Three fishers.' by Malfarren, is a splendid composition, fully equal, we think, to the 'Sands of Dee,' by the same composer, which the choir sang last winter. It is, perhaps, less effective than the latter for public performance, but is a much more difficult subject for musical treatment, and anyone who has once heard it sung as the choir did on this occasion, would find it hard to forget the weird effect of the wailing of the women brought out by the sopranos and the altos, in ascending and descending passages of 3rds and 6ths, mingling with the monotonous undertone of the tenors and basses, which seemed to bring the 'moaning' of the 'harbour bar' before our eyes as well as our ears. This part song is a wonderful piece of tone-painting, and was done full justice to by the choir. Henry Smart's 'Summer Morning' is a charming composition, but more suited to a small room, and we hope the choir will give it again at one of their private soirees, that it may be more thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated.

"Of course, in a local concert of this kind, the solos, being usually taken by amateurs, are hardly open to criticism, but we must congratulate the gentleman who sang 'If with all your hearts,' on the possession of the most promising tenor voice we have heard for some time. We should recommend him to bestow some cultivation on it, for which it would amply repay him, as at present he is quite incapable of singing such a song as the one he essayed on this occasion, being evidently ignorant of the rudiments of singing.

"The instrumentalists were Messrs. Prume, violin; Jacquard, violincello; Lavallee and H. Bohrer, pianists. Mr. H. Bohrer played Bach's 'Fantasia Chromatica,' the great mechanical difficulties of which were admirably surmounted, and served to show the excellent technique of the performer; but the piece was hardly suitable for a concert, and apparently did not interest the audience. The same remark applies to the pieces played by him in the second part. 'Album leaves,' by Kirchner, and 'Romance and Scherzino,' by Schumann, all of which were well and gracefully played, but would have been listened to with greater pleasure in private than in a concert room.

"Mendelssohn's E minor trio was played in a masterly manner, by Messrs. Prume, Jacquard and Lavallee, and our thanks are due to those gentlemen for presenting a work of a class too seldom heard in our concerts. The only shortcomings worthy of note were in the andante, in which the pianoforte pas-

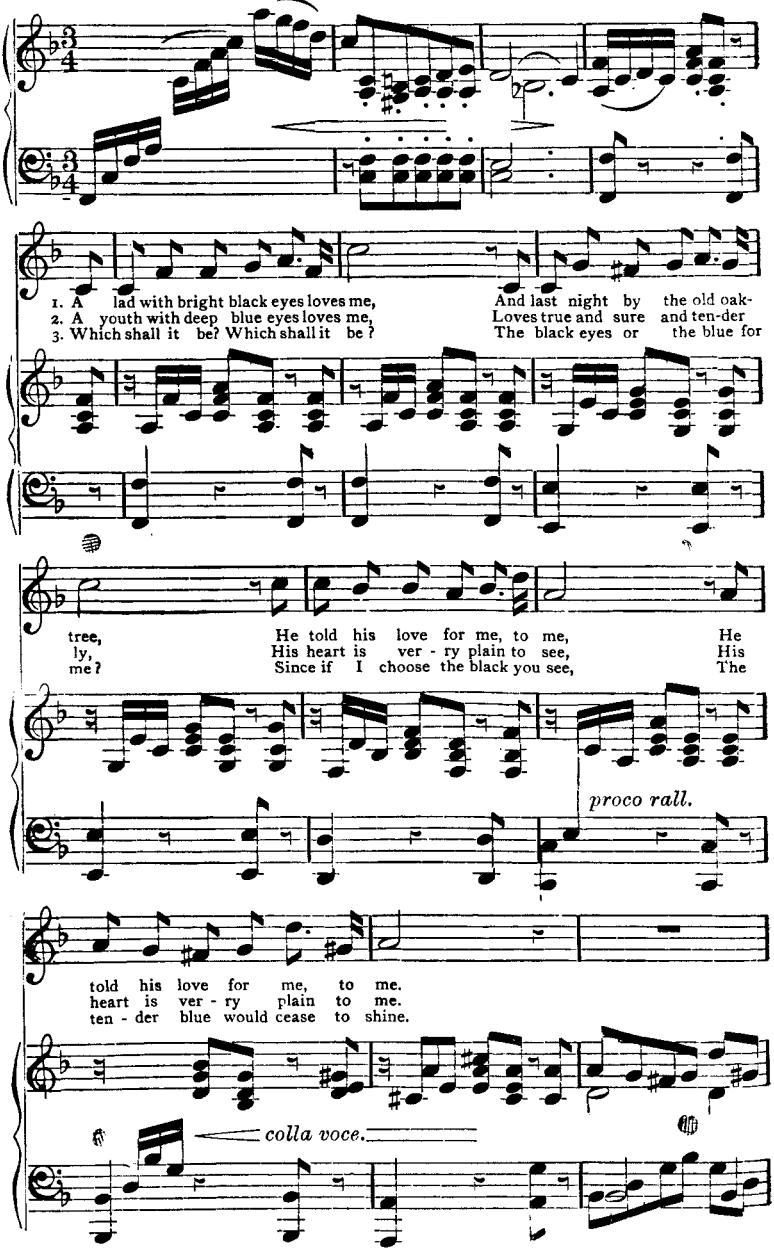
sages were not sufficiently subdued, and therefore predominated too much over the strings, a mistake by which the performer sacrificed the beautiful effect so peculiar to Mendelssohn's slow movements, of using elaborate though very delicate passages on the piano, as an accompaniment to the melody parts taken by the strings. With this exception we have nothing but praise to accord to the performance of the trio.

"A word of acknowledgment is due to Mr. Prume, who rose from a sick bed in order to play at the concert; his playing, however, showed no trace of the feebleness consequent on illness. His passages came out with that clear firmness with which we are familiar in Mr. Prume's playing, whilst his cantabile parts were as usual his strong point. There are, in fact, few, if any, violinists more capable than Mr. Prume of bringing out the peculiar wailing, speaking effect of the violin in slow and impassioned movements. The truth of this remark was amply proved by his rendering of the *andante expressivo* in the trio.

"On the whole, there was somewhat less enthusiasm shown by the audience than might have been expected. This, we think, was owing to the too great length of the concert, the decrease in power of the chorus, which interfered with the contrast of light and shade, and also to the rather monotonous character of the programme, part songs being apt to become wearisome when listened to for an entire evening, no matter how well chosen and well sung they may be. Notwithstanding this drawback, Mr. Gould is to be congratulated on the success of the concert, and the state of efficiency to which he has brought the choir, and musical people in Montreal are fortunate in possessing a conductor who unites patient perseverance with an artistic appreciation of both words and music, and has the power, not at all a common one, of impressing his ideas on those whom he directs."

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Words by J. E. W. **Music by U. C. BURNAP.**




capriccioso.
O he is bold, and brave, and gay,
Love in his eye so soft and true,
The ten-der blue would cease to shine,
With
It
And
colla voce.
voice sweet ringing all the day,
lurks and hides, and oft looks thro'
that would break this heart of mine,
And shall I dare to say him
With that shy glance so old yet
While bold black eyes can nev - er
colla voce.
a piacere.
" nay "?
new,
pine.
And shall I dare to say him "nay"?
With that shy glance so old yet new.
While bold black eyes can nev-er pine.
O
And
So
colla voce.


brave black eyes is my heart thine?
to these eyes can I give pain?
true blue eyes I'll doubt no more.
Oh! bright black eyes are you all
And shall I let them plead in
I'll love you best for ev - er-
a piacere.
allargando.
mine?
vain?
more,
Oh! bright black eyes are you all mine? are you all mine? are you all
And shall I let them plead in vain? plead all in vain? plead all in
I'll love you best for ev-er-more, for ev-er-more, for ev-er-
cresendo.
colla voce.
allargando.
sempre colla voce.
mine?
vain?
more.

Humorous Department.

BUDGE'S STORY OF THE CENTENNIAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

Oh, Toddie,—where *do* you think I've been? I've been to the Centennial! Papa woke me up when it was all dark, and we rode in railroad-cars and horse-cars before it was light; that's the way *men* do, Tod, an' it's lots of fun. My! didn't I do lots of railroad-riding before I got to the Centennial! An' all along the road I saw piles of big sticks laid crosswise ever so nice, so they looked just like the picture in the big Bible of the altar that Abraham put Isaac on, you know, and I thought they *was* altars, an' after I thought about what lots of little boys there must be going to be burned up in that country, and asked papa about it, he said they wasn't altars at all, but only just piles of railroad ties—wasn't it too bad! And I crossed the Delaware at Trenton, too, just like George Washington, but 'twasn't a bit like the pictures in the history-book that papa reads out of, and nobody there had on hats a bit like Washington's.

But I tell *you* the Centennial was nice; every little while we'd come right up to a place where they sold pop-corn balls, and they made 'em as easy—why, a little thing went down, an' a little thing came up, and there was a pop-corn ball all in a second. An' then they made people pay five cents for 'em! I think 'twas real mean; *I* work a hundred times that much for a penny when I keep my clothes clean all day.

But, oh, if you only could see the big engine in Machinery Hall! I don't see how the Lord *could* do more than *that* engine; it turns all sorts of wheels and machines, an' don't make a bit of noise about it, an' it don't ever get tired. An' the water—my! if *we* lived in Machinery Hall I guess papa wouldn't ever scold us for leaving faucets open an' wastin' water, for there's dozens of great big pipes that don't do anything but spout out water. An' there was a whole lot of locomotives, but they hadn't any men in 'em, so you could walk around 'em an' look at 'em without anybody sizzin' steam out at you.

An' do you know, papa says all the steam-engines and locomotives in the world began by a little Watts boy playing with the tea-kettle on his mamma's stove; he saw that when there got to be a lot of steam inside of the kettle, it pushed the top up, an' that little boy thought to himself, Why couldn't steam push up something that was useful? But if we was to go in the kitchen an' see what the tea-kettle could do, then Bridget would say, "Ah, go 'way an' don't ye be meddlin' wid fings." I guess the world was a nicer place for boys when that little Watts boy was alive.

I was awful disappointed at the Centennial, though; I thought there'd be

lots of colour there, cos my centennial garters is *all* colour,—red, an' white, an' blue, an' nothin' else but Inja-rubber, but the houses was most all just the colour of mud-pies, except Aggerycultural Hall, an' the top of that was only green, an' I don't think that's a very pretty colour. It was nicer inside of the houses, though ; there was one of them that papa said had more than twenty-two miles of walks in it ; I guess there was, cos we was in it more than an hour, an' *such* funny things ! You ought to see a mummy, Tod,—I guess you wouldn't ever want to die after *that*, but papa said their spirits wasn't in 'em any more,—I shouldn't think they would be, if they wanted to look nice. You know mamma's opal ring?—well, papa lifted me up and showed me the biggest opal in the world, and 'twas nearly as pretty as the inside of our big sea-shell.

I know what *you'd* have liked,—there was a picture of Goliath, an' David had chopped his head off an' he was a-holdin' it up,—I think he *ought* to have had his head chopped off if he looked as horrid as that. An' I saw Circe, and the pigs all squealing to her to turn 'em back into men again,—I really believe I *heard* 'em squeal,—an' Circe just sat there lookin' like Bridget does when she won't give us more cake. It made me feel *dreadful* to think there was men inside of those pigs.

But what bothered *me* was, every once in a while we would come to a place where they sold cakes, an' then papa would hurry right past ; I kept showing him the cakes, but he would go along, and he did just the same thing at the places where they made candy, only he stopped at one place where they was making chocolate candy, an' grindin' the chocolate all up so that it looked like mud, an' he said, "*Isn't* that disgustin'?" Well, it *didn't* look *very* nice,

There was a whole lot of things from Egypt, where Joseph and Moses lived, you know, and all around the wall was pictures of houses in Egypt. an' I asked papa which of 'em Pharaoh lived in, an' then two or three people close to us looked at me an' laughed out loud, an' I asked papa what they laughed for, an' he said he guessed it was because I talked so loud ; I *do* think little boys have an awful lot of bothers in this world, an' big people are real ugly to 'em ; but papa took me away from them, an' I got some candy at last an' I think 'twas about time.

Then we saw lots of animals, an' birds, an' fishes, only they wasn't alive, an' I was walkin' along thinkin' that I wished we could see somebody we knew, when all of a sudden I saw a turtle, just like ours. I just screamed right out, an' I liked to have cried, I was so glad. That was in the Gov'ment Building, I believe papa called it ; an' I saw all the kinds of things they kill people with in wars, an' a man on a horse that was just like papa was when he was a soldier,—I guess you wouldn't want to run up to *him* an' ask him what he'd brought you, he looked so awful. An' just outside the door of that house was a big god like the heathens make an' pray to. I should think they *would* keep him out-of-doors, he was so awful ugly—why, I wouldn't say my prayers to him if I didn't *ever* get anything. I asked papa if the god was standin' there while he made a heaven for himself, an' papa said I'd have to ask Mr. Huxley about that ; *I* don't know any Mr. Huxley, do you ?

Then we saw the Japanese things,—I knew *them* right away, cos they always look like things that you don't ever see anywhere else. One of the

things was a man sittin' on a cow, an' papa read a card hangin' on it—"Shoki, punisher of imps and bad boys," an' then he said, "You'd better behave yourself, Budge, for that old chap is looking for *you*." I didn't think he looked *shockey* a bit, an' I just told papa so, and then a lady laughed an' said I was a smart boy, as if it was anything very smart not to be afraid of a little old iron man on an iron cow!

You just ought to see how people looks inside of 'em; I saw some people that was cutted open, only they wasn't real people, but just made of mortar. You just get tired to see what lots of funny places bread an' butter an' apples have to go in us before they turn into little boy, and how there's four little boxes in our hearts that keep openin' an' shuttin' lots of times every minute without the hinges ever comin' loose an' lettin' the covers drop off, like they do in our toy-boxes.

You never saw such lots of pictures; there was rooms, an' rooms, an' rooms, an' each one of them was as lovely as Mr. Brown's barn was when the circus pictures was all over it. There was one big picture that papa said was all about a lady named Cornaro, that was stole away from her home, and the people that stole her tried to make her happy by givin' her nice things, but the picture looked so much like a lovely big rug that I wanted to get up there an' lie down an' roll on it. An' then there was the *awfullest* picture of a whole lot of little boys—not so very little, either—that was crucified to keep the Lord from bein' angry. I tell *you*, I just said a little prayer right away, an' told the Lord that I was glad *I* wasn't a little boy then, if that was the kind of things they done to 'em. I guess I know what people mean now, when they say they've got the blues, cos that dreadful picture was blue all over.

I think comin' home was about as nice as anything, though, cos boys kept coming through the cars with bananas, an' figs, an' peanuts, an' apples, an' cakes, an' papa bought me everything I wanted, an' a lovely lady sat in the seat with us an' told about a picture of Columbus's sailors kneelin' down an' beggin' him to forgive 'em for bein' so bad, just like mamma reads to us out of the history-book. An' then another lady sat in the seat with us, but she wasn't so nice, cos she said "Sontonnial,"—*I* think big folks ought to know how to talk plainer than that. An' papa said he'd go out a minute or two, an' I was thinkin' what a great traveller I was gettin' to be, an' how I knew most everything now I'd been to the Centennial, an' how I was smart enough to be a big man right away, an' what lots of things I'd do, and how I'd have everything nice I wanted to, like big men do, when all at once I got afraid we'd gone off an' left papa, an' then I got to be a little boy right away again, an' I cried, an' when papa got back I just jumped in his lap an' thought I'd rather stay a little boy.

I'm awful sorry you wasn't there, too, Tod, but papa said such a little boy as you couldn't do so much walkin'. An' I asked papa when there'd be one that you'd be big enough to go to, an' he said, "Not for a hundred years." Gracious Peter! I knew you'd be dead before then. But you'll see a centennial even if you die, cos the Lord has everything nice in heaven, an' centennials are nice, so there'll be lots of 'em there, an' you won't get tired a bit lookin' at 'em, an' I don't believe the *angels* 'll laugh at you when you say things,

an' you won't be dragged past all the cake and candy places, so I guess you'll have a good time, even if you wasn't with us.

"How can I become an adept at picture criticism?" Very easily. On entering the gallery look knowingly round the walls, with contracted brows, and observe in a sad tone of voice—that the pictures are not up to the usual mark. Designate the lower priced pictures as daubs, and wonder why such rubbish is exhibited. If any picture is much admired, you can say it is fairly painted, but not up to the artist's usual performance. Talk a good deal about subdued lights, back-grounds, prospective, tints style, and *chiaro oscuro*. Preparatory to giving an opinion on a picture, carefully observe it at different distances through the half-closed fingers of the right hand, looking all the while apparently intensely thoughtful. Be sure to say that the painters of the present are not at all to be compared to the "old masters." State your opinions in a loud confident voice, and you will be set down as "knowing a thing or two about pictures."

"Grin and bear it" is sound philosophy, yet what balm has even philosophy when in the poet's corner of your local paper, the villain printer and reader, instead of

"My Julia has a sunny glow,
A soft sweet light within her eye,"

conspire to make you say,

"My Julia is a stunning gal,
She oft gets tight, and so do I."

Old Hunks says whenever he does give anything he always gives quickly. For as to "give quickly is to give twice," he has no need to be asked for a second donation.

When a fellow says he intends to achieve some purpose by hook or by crook, there is reason to doubt whether it will be a "straight" transaction.

How easy it is to get up early in the morning—over night!

Pickles are not naturally sour. It's the vinegar.

Endless Amusements—Round games.

A Water Carrier—Milk.

Apropos of the late trouble on the Grand Trunk Railway: –

Big Boy—"I guess I'll strike here."

"Weepsey and Wopsey."

PASSAGES FROM THE POETS

"Oh Happy time, Art's early days."—Hood.

"Now is the winter of our discontent."—Shakspeare.

"This faint resemblance of thy charms,
Though strong as mortal art could give."—Byron.

"But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?"—Shakspeare.

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark."
—Byron.

"It was an Ancient Mariner—
And he stopped one of three."—Coleridge.