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CANADA FIRST.

THIS "Canada of ours" has just passed through one of her greatest political conflicts. The days of Lord Elgin, when putrid eggs flew thick and fast around his noble person, as he passed along the streets of a Canadian city, were tame in comparison. Last session the Parliament of Canada fought its greatest battle, and the people of the Dominion, through the medium of the electoral franchise, have triumphantly endorsed the verdict of the Parliament. In undertaking to record a calm and impartial opinion upon the Pacific scandal so called, and the vital Constitutional questions springing therefrom, after the smoke and heat of the battle have somewhat subsided, we are fully aware that we entertain party views, and are possibly tinged with party bias. We know the public mind is thoroughly *saturated* with the subject, and the public patience well nigh exhausted. But we enter upon the discussion of the questions involved, hoping to adjust our political lenses so as to suit the vision of every loyal-hearted Canadian—not to exult over a party triumph, nor to wail over a party defeat. Other more important and enduring considerations intrude upon the thoughtful mind, and to these we desire mainly to direct attention. Canadian institutions are representative, essentially dependent upon the popular will. Our political system—among the best in the world—begets party Government, throwing alternately the patronage of Government and the emoluments of office into the hands of the winning party. This system, honestly carried out, prevents, for any length of time, the administration of affairs becoming corrupt. It is alike an

incentive to Government and Opposition—the former to preserve at least the semblance of purity, the latter to detect any ministerial delinquency. Political Coalitions, therefore, except for temporary and extraordinary purposes, in the very nature of things, always prove disastrous to the public welfare and demoralizing to public men. They are as deadly to political purity and public morality as the blighting simoom or destroying plague to vegetable or animal life. We hate the very name of monopoly. And what, we ask, is a political coalition but a political monopoly, which means that all interests—political, commercial, social and private—must succumb to those of the monopolizers? Lord Chancellor Eldon, when asked to coalesce with Lords Grey and Granville during the Regency, refused on the ground, among other things, “that all attempts at making strong administrations upon broad bottoms, must be known to those who are practised politicians *to be frauds upon the country.*” “The great mass of the people,” he says, “hold the thing, and the men engaged in it, in utter detestation, producing absolute weakness in Government, and of course deeply affecting the interests of the Crown.”

The two great political parties of British America were sundered when the question of Confederation came before the people; and very properly so. It was a proposed change, involving new political associations of a radical nature, and divided public men, who had previously worked together, upon the general politics of the country. We are, however, strongly of the opinion, that the coalition formed to carry Confederation should have come to an end upon the consummation of that object, for the purpose which called it into life and sustained its existence had been attained. It may be replied, that the Coalition had not accomplished its object, until the whole of British North America had been brought within the pale of the British North America Act, 1867. The practical result of such a shallow argument might have imposed upon Canada a Coalition Government for the next quarter of a century. It was used before P. E. Island had entered the Dominion. Newfoundland is still shy; and to overtures of union says “no,” after the manner of a modest maiden possibly, who says “no,” when she means “yes.” New Provinces have yet to be carved out of the fertile prairies of the Great North-west; and tens of thousands of honest, industrious settlers have yet to people and cultivate these lands. But not one

of these wonderful changes and improvements requires a coalition of political parties for its accomplishment. The manner of admission or organization—a question of general politics—would be the only point at issue, as the desirability of a united British America has been affirmed by the Union Act. A different policy seemed preferable to some of our Liberal chiefs, who continued to adhere to a Conservative Government, led by that astute and wily politician, Sir John A. Macdonald. This, it seems to us, was a grave mistake—one highly injurious to the interests of the country, and lowering to the tone of Dominion politics. The general elections of 1872 gave the Government a good working majority, and the country had apparently sanctioned the coalition. In reality, the reverse was the case, for later developments brought to light such a mass of damaging facts against the Government, or at least against its leading members, all pointing to corrupt practices, that Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues were driven from office. The practical value of political coalitions, and their patriotic regard for the public welfare, were consistently displayed by the conduct of the Canadian Coalition when a hostile House of Commons compelled them to relinquish the seals of office. Two of their number betook themselves to the ease and dignity of Provincial Governorships; one has settled himself on the seat of justice, beneath the Judge's ermine; two have dropped into private life, one through judicious choice, the other through defeat; while others have succeeded again in obtaining Seats in Parliament, mournfully to reflect upon "what might have been."

The famous resolutions of the Hon. Mr. Huntington, moved in the House of Commons on the 2nd day of April 1873, are lengthy, and have long been before the public, so that it is not necessary to reproduce them in this article. They boldly charged Ministers with corrupt practices—of selling to Sir Hugh Allan undue concessions in the Pacific Railway, for which Sir Hugh agreed to, and did in fact, advance large sums of money to aid Ministers and their friends in the General Elections of 1872. Mr. Huntington's resolutions were defeated by thirty-five of a majority, only to be followed, on the eighth of the same month, by a resolution of Sir John A. Macdonald, for the appointment of a committee of five to investigate and report upon the charges. The Hon. Messrs. John Hilyard Cameron, Dorion, Blake, James McDonald and Blanchet, were appointed such committee. A Bill enabling the

committee to examine witnesses under oath was introduced, passed, and forwarded for the sanction of Her Gracious Majesty. On the 25th of May the House adjourned to meet again on the 13th of August to receive the report of the committee. An *extra* of the *Canada Gazette*, issued on the 1st of July, announced the disallowance of the Oath's Bill by Her Majesty. The Committee of Enquiry met at Montreal on the 2nd day of July to investigate the charges, but the disallowance of the Oath's Bill prevented it from examining witnesses under oath, as ordered by the House of Commons, and its object, for the time being, was defeated. Public feeling ran high, and the apparent failure of investigation, through the disallowance of a Canadian Act of Parliament, in no way affecting Imperial interests, upon a technical objection, fanned the flame of public indignation. The *Montreal Herald*, on the 4th of July, published the first instalment of the McMullen correspondence, which called forth lengthy explanations from Sir Hugh Allan, Mr. McMullen, and other "guns" of lesser bore. Pursuant to adjournment, Parliament met on the 13th of August; but its deliberations, by the exercise of the Prerogative, were speedily closed amid considerable indignation and confusion, before the Committee of Enquiry had even an opportunity to report. His Excellency the Governor General, on dismissing his "trustworthy and well beloved" Senators and Commoners, stated that "he thought it expedient, in the interests of good government, to appoint Royal Commissioners to investigate and report upon the charges connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway." A Commission, dated the 14th of August, was accordingly issued, and published in the *Canada Gazette* on the 23rd of that month, directing and authorizing the Commissioners named therein—the Hon. Messrs. Day, Polette and Gowan, Judges of Inferior Courts—to investigate and report upon the charges of Mr. Huntington, "as well as any opinion they might think fit to express therein." The Commissioners met at Ottawa, examined witnesses under oath, and made up their report, abstaining, however, from the expression of any opinion of their own. Parliament was called together in October following; a long and hot debate arose on the Pacific scandal, resulting in the downfall of the Macdonald Administration, whose resignation was announced to the House on the 5th of November by Sir John A. Macdonald. The foregoing is but a summary of facts, meagre in outline, but sufficiently full,

we trust, to enable our readers to comprehend the scope of the questions involved.

It is almost needless to state, that the publication of the correspondence, and the evidence, even before the Commission, produced a profound and painful sensation throughout Canada and the English-speaking world.

We need not tarry to discuss the advisability of the disallowance of the Oath's Bill, nor the exercise of the Prerogative in proroguing Parliament. We admit the right of the Governor General, as the representative of Her Majesty, to prorogue Parliament at pleasure. It is an absolute right, but one which must, after all, be exercised in the interests of good government. The haste with which Black Rod knocked at the door of the Commons, immediately upon the Speaker taking the chair, and summoned the members to the Senate Chamber, to use mild terms, savors strongly of prorogations in the days of James the First and Charles the First. But, it is said, Parliament was only to meet in August *pro forma*, to receive the report of the committee, and then adjourn. If so, why was not opportunity afforded the committee to report? Why such indecent haste? When Parliament adjourned in May, it was not known the Oath's Bill would be disallowed. The Commons fully expected a report from the Committee in August. They could not possibly have agreed to immediate prorogation after the reception of the report. That report might be adverse to Ministers. The evidence elicited before the committee might fully sustain the charges, and stamp the Government guilty. An immediate prorogation would, in that case, leave men in office, during the recess, "steeped to the lips in corruption," and richly deserving impeachment. The facts and the circumstances are against the idea of any such arrangement, notwithstanding Sir John A. Macdonald's statement to the contrary, corroborated though it be, by an honorable member's famous letter, now embalmed in a State paper of the Governor General to the Colonial office.

These points, however, are not to our purpose in this connection, and we cheerfully pass them by. The two main questions which present themselves for our consideration are: First, The constitutionality of the Royal Commission; and secondly, The evidence produced before it.

The legality of the Royal Commission rests upon an Act of the Canadian Parliament, 31st Victoria, ch. 38, 1868. It says:—

"Whenever the Governor in Council deems it expedient to cause enquiry to be made into and concerning *any matter connected with the good government of Canada, or the conduct of any part of the public business thereof, and such enquiry is not regulated by any special law*, the Governor, etc." may appoint Commissioners to take the matter into consideration, etc.

It never was intended by that Act to disturb the functions of Parliament, as sanctioned by usage and precedent. The Act says expressly, it is to apply only when the "enquiry is not regulated by any special law, etc." Assuredly, under Responsible Government, ministerial responsibility is to the House alone. The issuing of the Royal Commission was a usurpation of the rights and privileges of Parliament, preserved and handed down to us after painful sacrifices on the part of our forefathers. If the British House of Commons has been jealous of any encroachment, it has been upon its rights and privileges. The Commons in 1678 impeached the Earl of Danby. He pleaded the King's pardon as a bar to the proceedings. Great stress was laid upon the fact that the power to pardon rested with the Sovereign. So jealous were the Commons of any encroachment, that they enacted 12 and 13, Wm. 3rd, c. 2, "that no pardon under the Great Seal can be pleaded in bar to an impeachment by the House of Commons." Also by the Bill of Rights, "That the freedom of speech, and debates, and proceedings in Parliament, ought not to be impeached or questioned in any Court or place out of Parliament." De Lolme, in his edition of the British Constitution of 1796, page 93, writing of proceedings by impeachment for ministerial misconduct, says: "It is against the Administration itself that the impeachment is carried on; *it should therefore by no means interfere*; the King can neither stop nor suspend its course, but is forced to behold, as an inactive spectator, the discovery of the share which he may himself have had in the illegal proceedings of his servants, and to hear his own sentence in the condemnation of his Ministers." In January 1692, upon a question from the Lords, the House of Commons replied, "They thought it a strange and foreign supposition that a great and guilty Minister, finding himself liable to an impeachment in the next session of Parliament, should, by his power, procure himself to be tried and acquitted by an inquest of persons appointed on purpose; and then, by a plea of *autrefois acquit*, prevent a second and true examination of his crimes in Parliament.

There is no example of this kind; and if such an *unheard* of proceeding should happen, it is left to consideration whether a Parliament *would not vindicate the kingdom against so gross and fraudulent a contrivance.*" And finally they declare, "Therefore the Commons of England would insist upon the old ways; would keep the balance of the constitution as they found it; *and not change the laws and customs of England* which hath been hitherto used and approved to the benefit of the kingdom." Hales, J., has said: "The Court of Parliament is the highest Court, and hath more privilege than any other Court of the Realm." And the same learned jurist further says: "It is *lex et consuetudo Parliamenti* that all weighty matters in any Parliament *ought to be discussed, determined and adjudged by the course of Parliament, and not by any other law used in any inferior Court, which was so declared to be secundum legem et consuetudinem Parliamenti.*" Mr. Todd, the Librarian at Ottawa, in a work recently published (Vol. 2, p. 348), referring to Royal Commissions, remarks: "It would be *unconstitutional to refer to a Royal Commission subjects which are connected with the elementary duties of the Executive Government, and with its relations to Parliament; or to appoint a Commission with a view to evade the responsibility of Ministers in any matter, or to do the work of existing departments of State, etc. Neither should a Commission be appointed unless the Government are prepared to give definite instructions to the Commissioners.*" From the quotations we have made, it is clear there exists a *special law and usage* to meet the case of Ministers' conduct in the Pacific scandal matter—a law and usage consecrated by the sanction of nearly two centuries. The Act of 1868 never was intended to apply to such a case as the Pacific scandal. The issuing of the Royal Commission was, therefore, a gross violation of the privileges of Parliament—a usurpation of ministerial power, that should be frowned upon by those who wish to preserve intact full ministerial responsibility and unfettered Parliamentary action. The accused being allowed to appoint his own judge, is a principle abhorrent to every feeling of British justice. The evidence produced before the Commissioners is well worthy of careful perusal. We shall not dwell at length upon it. The facts, as brought to light by the evidence, throw great discredit upon leading members of the late Government. It confirms, beyond doubt, that Sir John A.

Macdonald, Sir George Cartier and Mr. Langevin felt that desperate efforts would have to be made in the elections of 1872 to maintain their ascendancy in Ontario and Quebec, especially in the former Province.

Sir Hugh Allan then appears upon the stage. These Ministers require large sums of money to carry the constituencies; Sir Hugh, upon request of Ministers, advances the money required. Sir Hugh Allan is a hard-fisted public contractor; he has his eye on the Canada Pacific Railway. He asks Government for the Presidency of the Company about to be organized to build the road. The request is granted, and he becomes President. These are stubborn facts, and the reader is left to fill up the missing links in this chain of facts as his good sense may dictate. In this connection, we are free to confess that the New Brunswick members of the Cabinet "have clean hands." There is no evidence to show that they were cognizant of what was going on between their colleagues and Sir Hugh Allan. We are only sorry they did not feel it to be their duty to resign as soon as the disclosures were made. By remaining in the Cabinet afterwards, and by their presence sanctioning the Royal Commission, they became constitutionally responsible upon all the counts in the indictment. Such is the theory and practice of Responsible Government, and we believe it is sound policy. When these charges fell like a thunderbolt upon the late Ministry, several courses were open for them to adopt. They could have courted immediate investigation, resigned, or re-constructed the Cabinet. Indeed, it is said among those who are supposed to be of the "inner circle," that the last course was attempted, but failed. Sir John A. Macdonald and the Hon. Mr. Langevin were the political Jonahs ostensibly to be thrown overboard to save the ship. The Hon. Mr. Tilley, with Dr. Tupper as second in command, was to be called upon to lead the re-constructed, white-washed Cabinet. The attempt was abandoned when the Ministry faced a House of Commons, determined to vindicate their privileges at all hazards. It was the best possible course, however, they could have adopted. Mr. Tilley was not charged with having any hand personally in the Allan negotiations: he was popular with all parties, and had had much experience as a leader in his own Province. But the country was not in a temper to stand such a change. Although overboard, Sir John and his Quebec *confre*, it was believed, would have

lines thrown to them, by means of which, after the storm calmed somewhat, they would force themselves on board and regain command. We must congratulate the House of Commons and the Dominion of Canada upon the energy displayed in dealing with the Pacific scandal matter. Our country is young and growing. We have always prided ourselves upon our political purity, especially in comparison with our Republican neighbours. The recent developments gave a sharp shock to our political and moral nerves, and with energy we set about applying the needed remedy.

The moral effect of this Railway scandal will be detrimental to Canada in the money markets of the world. The tendency of capital is to flow from old to new countries where higher rates of interest and larger profits prevail. Once let the impression go abroad among foreign capitalists, that Canadian statesmen are venal and corrupt, public confidence is destroyed, and capital driven from the country. This would prove disastrous to our national development, as we want foreign capital to build our railways, enlarge and extend our canals, and open up our noble country. We do not look upon Mr. Mackenzie's accession to power as a mere party triumph. It is Canada's triumph; and the motto of every loyal Canadian should be "Canada First, party afterwards." When public men are more wedded to party than to country, patriotism is sacrificed at the shrine of selfishness; and jobbery in its meanest forms supplants honest dealing. Canadian politics should be conducted on a higher plane. Bitter personal feeling should be eliminated, and public men should feel that they are only separated on account of differences of opinion, honestly entertained, as to the conduct of public affairs. This course would elevate Canadian statesmanship, give confidence among foreign capitalists in the purity and stability of our institutions, and implant in the people's affections a regard for their country's welfare stronger than party ties and keep them ever on the alert to detect and punish venality and corruption.

WHERE ?

I.

THE highway leads through fields of green,
 And valleys odourous with flowers :
 Above our heads the willows lean,
 And birds with song beguile the hours :
 The highway leads through scenes most fair,
 But, Pilgrim, canst thou tell me, WHERE ?

II.

The highway leads by rock and glen,
 Through mountain gorge and desert wild,
 By deep morass and tangled fen,
 O'er crag on crag stupendous piled,
 Till weary, sinking in despair,
 With clasped hands, we question, WHERE ?

III.

The highway leads unto the Sea,
 The Sea that man hath ne'er re-cross :
 And here it ends ! ah me, ah me,
 For days of sunshine, wasted, lost !
 Oh Sea, our barques in safety bear
 O'er thy expanse ! but where, oh WHERE ?

H. L. S.

BY THE SOMME.

* * * Veraces cecinisse, Parcæ,
 Quod semel dictum est, stabilisque rerum
 Terminus servat.

TWO women were talking ;—a fact at once singular and suggestive. Both women were young, both good-looking, their dress and surroundings indicating that the development of æsthetic tastes had not been stunted by lack of gold.

What the women said here follows.

“ You think there can be no real friendship between two people

unless there exists the bond of a mutual unreserved and sympathetic confidence! from the basis of your actual knowledge that the charm of girls friendships lies in the secrets, you reason by analogy to your general conclusion. Your logic may not be sound, but your apology for an illy concealed desire to know something of my past life is clever and deserving of a practical acknowledgment.'

"You have given my generalizations a personal application, Eleanor, that is hardly fair. But we are to be friends as well as sisters-in-law. Certainly it is much easier to be friends with persons whom one knows all about—then there is no danger of offending their prejudices, or hurting their feelings, or in any way treading on the corns of their sensibilities, you understand. Besides, in our immediate world, there are only three—you and Ralph and I, and a left out feeling is so distressingly hard to bear. Now, don't you think the lonely vista of this evening stretching out so drearily before us might be appropriately filled by a story—your story?"

"Perhaps it is but right that I should try to make up to you for the storm-stayed guests whom to-morrow will bring to us; perhaps, on this, the anniversary of the most eventful night of my life, I am moved to tell you of much that is very sorrowful, with little that is pleasant. Be that as it may, Lily, you shall have my story. Some people's lives I think are made up of trivial troubles, paltry pleasures, so that, looking back, not one event cuts sharply the mist curtain ever hanging between the present and the past; others have their grand flashes of extravagant pleasures and extraordinary pain, with long, monotonous, dull valleys between the mountains of existence; my life has been one of these, the last. The first of what I am about to tell you is not so much what I myself remember as what my maid Fenton has told me.

"You have never been at the little village of Ste. Cécile, in the department of the Somme. You may go there with Ralph and me next year. Such a beautiful, rapid stream the Somme is, there, or at least I think so; but then people so often exalt into the region of the beautiful any physical feature that is pleasantly or tenderly connected with themselves. The early, beautiful part of my life was all spent with mamma, literally on the banks of the Somme, for, on the meadow sloping downward from the Auberge Ste. Cécile, she taught me, and played with me, and lived for me.

"The Auberge itself was a low, two storied stone house, with a

paved courtyard opening on the highroad. The main part of the building projected, and on each side extended low wings. The squares between the wings and the main house, Dame Lucille, the wife of the Aubergiste, had fairly covered with boxes of sweet-smelling, bright-tinted flowers; mignonette, geraniums, phlox and fuschias grew side by side in hardy profusion; and to the rough stones and mullioned windows of the left wing clung the tough tendrils of the northern grape, whilst, over the right wing, trailed ivy and scarlet runners. Then behind, were the straggling orchard and the long sweep of green fields.

“One bright day, bright that is for the late November, I, a child of six years, tripped up the narrow path leading from the river to the Auberge. I had gathered the last flaming poppies, and golden goats-beard, and tender marguerites, and woven a glowing wreath for mamma. Springing over Lucille’s flower boxes, already stripped of their splendor, I stopped a moment, peeping round the sharp angle for some one to surprise. I noticed that old Francis Bourgoigne sat on the long stone bench that ran across the court under the eaves; that Baptiste and Cèleste leant against the door-posts, neither looking at the other. Presently, Cèleste’s shrill accents rang out—‘A great gust blows handfuls of green leaves from the old chestnut; it is a bad sign when the leaves fall before their time. Ste. Cécile protect chère madame and pauvre mignonne.’

“‘Liens! chatterer,’ says Francis, ‘that the wind whirls off the green leaves tells a tale of a frost that is gone, a storm that comes.’

“Children, I think, are instantaneously struck with surprise on seeing their friends diverge from their usual manner of acting; that was what kept me peeping; but then children only wonder, they never connect or conclude, so, as Francis ceased, I danced out of my hiding place into the arms of M. the Dr. Le Brun.

“‘Where art thou going, my little one?’ questioned he.

“‘To mamma, of course, with my flowers,’ and shouting merrily at the question, I bounded past him up to my mother’s room.

“Our room was a very large one, with low ceiling and dark wood walls. Almost the whole of one side was occupied with the large chimney and fire-place, and the polished hearthstones were bare. The rest of the room mamma had carpeted, and the furniture and nick-nacks were beautiful. You can fancy what a strange

mixture of modern and antique it was. As I ran in, I saw mamma lying on the bed with her back towards me; I saw Fenton, mamma's maid, the same sharp-featured, pale, undemonstrative woman she is to-day, sitting on one side of the fire-place, and she held out her arms to me; I saw Lucille weeping passionately; I thought of M. Le Brun, of the words of Céleste; I sprang upon the bed, and, oh, Lily! I pity the child who feels what I did when I threw my burning poppies on her shining hair, and clasped her cold white neck and cried despairingly, incredulously, 'Wake up! mamma, mamma!'

"Long afterwards, I learned from Fenton, that I had been out about an hour on that afternoon, when mamma, who had been sewing, rose, saying she would go for me; she walked towards her wardrobe, which stood near the bed, and there fell, crying, 'Oh, Fenton, I am dying.' Monsieur Le Brun was sent for, all restoratives applied, but unavailingly. My mother died of disease of the heart.

"When I had sobbed myself to sleep, Fenton found in mamma's escritoire an unfinished letter, evidently intended for her. Mamma must have had some knowledge of her danger, for she wrote, that in case of anything happening to her, Fenton was immediately to proceed with me to her lawyers in London. The last sentences of her letter I will give you, word for word:—'If I should die here, Fenton, I would like you to bury me without communicating with any one outside the village. After that, *he* may claim Eleanor. As it is through his indifference she is with me, if that indifference should continue, I charge you, Fenton, by your love for me, to try and take my place with her. Of the cause of my separation from my husband, you, perhaps, know more than any living being. Yet, even to you, I have not been able, resolutely, to put aside that passionate pride through which I erred so gravely, from the taint of which I pray you, Fenton, to guard my daughter; even to you I could not stoop to deny, or to show the positive proofs of my innocence of that mad accusation of his. For my child—in case I should not live till she is old enough to be told all—I have written the bare facts, and have placed them in the case with those jewels which were partly the cause of such unhappiness ———.' Here the writer had apparently been interrupted, and the letter forever remained unfinished. Fenton's first care was to look in every possible place for the jewel-case:

all search was vain, and she at last desisted, concluding that mamma's lawyers must have them in their possession.

"From the time of my realization of mamma's death, I only remember my utter desolation, till one day Fenton and I walked down the pier at Calais towards the steamer. Fenton had told me we were going to England: we were going to papa. The first idea made me wretched—mamma had not loved England; the second angered me—only once had mamma spoken to me of my father, when, in answer to a childish question of mine, she said he had not been kind to her, and it was better not to speak of him. I determined to resist Fenton; the water flashed and sparkled before me. Fenton says she saw a flash in the air—heard a splash in the water: then she screamed. Immediately there was a rush along the pier, a polyglot cry. Then another splash—a loud cheer from the motley crowd, as a fair head appeared above water, and a young boy was seen striking out for a boat, holding before him a dark-haired, pale-faced girl. The boy was only about sixteen. When he stood up in the boat, he shook himself like a huge water-dog, and laughed like a big, brave English boy, then, very like a Frenchman, he bowed to the shrieking crowd, saying, in French, 'Oh, that is nothing; at least for an Englishman.' I only know that, thoroughly frightened and drenched, I looked into his blue eyes, so like mamma's, and, as he carried me to Fenton, wondered if he, too, were going to England. He went to England; he parted from us in London; he told me to call him Ralph; he took our lawyer's address; he promised merrily to look me up, and come and see me often: that, distinctly, he never did. Next comes up before me a long interview with two old gentlemen, who questioned me closely about mamma's jewel case, evidently bent on making me contradict my concise statement that I knew nothing about it. Then another interview with the two old gentlemen, and a third, small, dark, bright-eyed, whom they told me to call papa. I looked at him from behind the screen of my fingers. I saw expressed in his face what even made me shrink from him; what I can now define as cruel, contemptuous indifference. That look helps me to understand how exasperated a proud, sensitive, reticent woman like my mother must have been before she could submit to him and condescend to leave him. The remembrance of that cutting, exasperating expression of my father's face has all my life been to me—him. From first to last

he took no notice of me. He kept up a conversation with Fenton, who once stood up and said excitedly, that she thought his wife's death would have softened him; and as for proofs, he was the last man who should ask for them—he, from whom she had suffered everything, for whom she had done everything. Quietly, he inquired if Mrs. Charters had ever denied anything to her—had ever shown her the much talked of jewels—the proofs? Fenton did not know how to answer this, and then sat down again. At that meeting my future was arranged.

“If every-one's lives, from the mysterious first to the unfathomable last, is a tragedy, then, I suppose, the days that go to make up the life are lines of the whole. But no one ever reads or hears a tragedy without wishing that the author or actor had studied the public taste so critically as to know that dozens of the lines might have been omitted and the interest enhanced. To do this is the story-teller's privilege; therefore, Lily, you will not object to leave Eleanor Charters, the child, in a lawyer's office and find her after twelve years, again in France speeding on. Well, if I had been asked, whither bound? I would have answered—Paris.

“In the intervening years I had never seen my father. Fenton and I had lived quietly, a short distance from Southampton, upon my mother's fortune which was settled upon me. The mystery of my parents' separation was to me almost as great as ever. Fenton had told me all she knew. She had entered my mother's service shortly before her marriage. My mother was the orphan daughter of a captain of a merchantman, who had married a Cuban lady, and after accumulating a large fortune, settled in London. My mother offended her father's few relatives by marrying Creswell Charters, whom they considered a penniless fortune-hunter, and in that they were not far wrong. After their marriage he wasted as much of mamma's money as he could lay hands on, and at length became positively neglectful and unkind to her. One evening mamma was in her private sitting-room with a gentleman whom she had received several times. Papa, who had been away, came home unexpectedly, and when the stranger went away a dreadful scene ensued, in which papa was bitter and sarcastic, and mamma hot and passionate, as a proud woman, with Spanish blood in her veins, can be. Fenton, from the next room, heard him accuse mamma of giving away her beautiful jewels which her father had gathered for her in all

quarters of the globe—of giving them for some purpose to the man who had just left her, and then followed an imputation which mamma did not deny. That happened when I was barely two years old. That very day mamma, with Fenton and me, left her husband's house. For about a year we travelled about the Continent, then settled down at Ste. Cécile.

“Often, as Fenton repeated this story to me, she would finish with a sigh, a wish that that jewel case, searched for in vain, could be found, and an adjuration to me never to think any ill of my mother. That I never did, but, notwithstanding Fenton's fidelity, the sight of that jewel case and the letter it contained would have given her greater pleasure than anything on earth; and of late years I, too, had thought much and pondered deeply over the trouble that had some way cut me off from all sympathy or communication with the world, till at last it seemed that for me there could be no happiness till that jewel case was found and my mother's truth and honor vindicated. So you can easily imagine what filled my thoughts as the train whirled me on towards the man who was near to me, as my father, but by no other tie, except that he was ill, perhaps dying. It was Christmas Eve, just such a night as to-night, wildly stormy. Only the day before there had come to me, at Southampton, a telegram from him, saying he was ill, and would like to see me, asking me particularly not to bring Fenton, whom he had always disliked.

“Perhaps the days and years, bringing nothing but ordinary duties and the filling of them, were wearying me; perhaps I had a hope that I might influence my father to acknowledge his wicked injustice, or—at this supposition my heart beat more quickly—might *he* not have found the lost jewels, and might he not be merely using his illness as an excuse.

“Much against Fenton's will, I took my travelling bag and shawl, and left in the first train for Dover. I crossed to Calais, where the night train for Paris connected. On the first demand for my ticket, I passed it for inspection.

“*Ees et* that Mlle. knows not that her ticket is for Paris; that this train goes only to Amiens, and there connects with the train for Valenciennes, for the north?”

“I had taken the wrong train. Yes, here in France, where every one classes misfortunes of that kind under the head impossibilities, I had managed it, and easily enough, too. The two trains left

the Calais depôt at the same hour; the passengers for both were in the same waiting-room; I was excited by the novelty of the situation — was less occupied with the distinction of trains than with the remembrance of the happiness that had filled my childhood, and the sorrow that had withered it in this pleasant land of France. But, when one is in a depôt, with a journey in prospective, one must think of nothing but getting into one's compartment. As it happened, most unusually, the tickets had not been inspected before the train left, and my first intimation was the polite English-French query of M. Le Conducteur (the politeness was the French, you understand; the wording, English). I felt myself wronged. What right had the train to go to Amiens, when my through ticket was for Paris? What protection was there for the travelling public, if conductors lingered at the depôt café, where I certainly had seen this one drinking, and flirting with a waiting-girl? How, and when, was I to get to Paris on an errand where life and death might be concerned? French is almost my native tongue; Fenton and I always speak it; my questions were pointed and energetic. In answer to the first two, a polite bow, a non-committal '*Ah! mere, ne sais pas.*' To the last a suggestion that I should stop at Ste. Cécile, where there was a good inn, and where I could soonest take a train for Paris. Of course the 'Fates had uttered' it, and the 'fixed destiny of things confirmed it.' That night, instead of being in Paris with my father, I was at Ste. Cécile with my dead mother. I stood before a blazing fire in the low, many cornered kitchen. I was drying my clothes, wet through by the rain through which I, accompanied by the Aubergiste, had walked from the depôt. The old life all came back to me the moment we entered the court-yard; I saw it in the smooth round stones, the old chestnut, the withered grape-vines. An almost irresistible inclination seized me to run out by the orchard, down the bank, and look for the moss and ferns I had left by the Somme so long ago. The waves of memory, surging stronger and stronger, dragged up in a tangled mass scene upon scene of a life which I seemed to have lived ages ago, with the wonder at the changes. Where was Francis? where Dame Lucille? Surely that little, thin, middle-aged man was the same Baptiste who had carried Mignonne on his shoulders. Surely the rosy-cheeked woman, who had gone to prepare my room, was the saucy Céleste. And I so changed, they did not know me. All had changed; all

but my love for mamma. Now she was nearer than ever to me; now all the old associations crowding round me, made me feel more keenly than ever what I had lost. When one feels so much, one must express it or die, and if there ever was any one to whom you could tell your trouble, that person you will always call for when trouble comes again. Now, I could no more help calling out mamma! mamma! than I can help feeling what I am now relating. As if in answer to my cry, came from the opposite side of the fire-place the question, 'Is Mlle. in want of anything?' Looking up, I was somewhat startled to see a brown, sharp-eyed man whom I had noticed first at the pier, afterwards at the *dépôt* in Calais. On both occasions, as now, his glittering brown eyes had been fastened intently on me. His clothes were dripping wet, and it was evident that he must have followed Baptiste and me from the train without my perceiving him. He made me feel uncomfortable, and I was glad when Céleste came into the room saying, 'Mlle.'s room is ready; she will pardon the discomfort; it is only to-day the carpet is taken up.' I thought I would try the effect of my name on Céleste, so I said: 'I missed the train for Paris, where I will go by to-morrow's train. I am English—my name is Eleanor Charters.' As I held the lantern close to my face and said Eleanor, Céleste looked up abruptly, but she shook her head at the Charters, and only said: 'Will Mlle. Charters,' hesitating at the Mlle., 'permit that I show her to her room? I have much to do. It is not often in winter that we have three guests at Ste. Cécile.'

"I did not know till afterwards, that during my mother's residence at Ste. Cécile, she had re-assumed her maiden name. I was disappointed in Céleste, it seemed so hard that she should have so completely forgotten me. As she led the way up the stairs I knew so well, I looked back into the kitchen, so sombre in the flickering firelight. In one of the many corners I saw indistinctly a man's head and hands resting on a table; the face was fair, with fair moustache and pointed beard, and as I turning caught the intense gaze of a pair of full blue eyes, again I almost cried aloud to my mother, for the eyes were so like hers, but I checked the impulse, thinking, it is one of the villagers whom I have known when I lived here, and ere the stairs were mounted I doubted whether the face was not a mere delusion of my fevered imagination. There was the room, the same as ever except that the

whole floor was bare, and the furniture, which mamma had bequeathed to Dame Lucille, had lost its freshness.

"I had been thinking over my father's telegram; I had decided there could be no hope of his having found those wretched jewels. And I could not, here in the room where my mother had died, bear to think of going to him who either believed or pretended to believe that she had been guilty of any wrong. Had she not said that there was explanation and proof in that jewel case? Again I was overwhelmed with the desire to find it, with the feeling that I *must* find it. I had read a good many romances; I was naturally imaginative. What would have been Céleste's astonishment if she could have seen her guest walking round and round her wainscoted room, tapping the panels, and peering eagerly about the corners, as if she expected to discover some treasure hidden behind the oaken panels or in the gloomy angles. So, perhaps, I did expect it, forgetting that there was not much possibility of my discovering, in that illusionary manner, what practised detectives had searched for in vain. Utterly miserable, I threw myself upon the bed, and thought it over and over again, till I persuaded myself that my manifest destiny was to find those jewels here in the Auberge Ste. Cécile. Impetuously, I sprang from the bed and struck the bare floor with the sharp heel of my boot. Recollect that all my senses were on the alert; what at another time I might never have noticed, I now was acutely conscious of. The board yielded to my foot, and looking down, I saw it had given way about a quarter of an inch. I don't believe in inspirations, but a mind filled with one idea grasps at trivialities. In a moment I was on my knees trying to pull up the board. My fingers would have worn to the joints, but the board would not have come up. Sooner than I can tell, my knife and scissors were busily prying. After what seemed interminable labour, the board loosened, yielded. I partly inserted my hand and drew out a square Russia leather box with gold mountings—my mother's jewel case.

"That sounds sensational. I have come to think that sensations are only gleanings from the few exceptional lives, that sound to the ordinary multitude exaggerated. I slipped back the board, and, sitting down in front of the fire, with a small key that had hung at my mother's chain, and still hung at mine, unfastened the casket. I scarcely noticed the sparkling collection of gems with

which your eyes are so dazzled; I was looking for something of much greater interest. I drew out the first slide, and laid it on the hearth; underneath I found a letter addressed, 'To my dear daughter, Eleanor Charters,' and a small paper packet.

"In my mother's letter, the unfortunate story of her married life was told, not much more fully than Fenton had narrated it. But the immediate cause of their separation she detailed minutely, continually trying to shield her husband and throw all blame on herself. It appeared that he had bet heavily at the Derby and lost. He expected his wife to pay his debts of honour, and she refused. He left her in a passion. Then she repented, and began to devise means for paying all. Wishing to do it secretly, and not caring to enlighten her own lawyers on her domestic affairs, she called a lawyer who was poor, who had once been a lover of hers, and whom she knew she could trust implicitly. You and I see plainly the mistake, and she herself saw it when it was too late. My father's extravagance had already considerably affected her fortune; she lived up to her income; she had no ready money to pay off these enormous debts; she dreaded the scandal and talk that might ensue from attempting to raise money openly; she determined secretly to raise the money on her jewels. The lawyer was to discover, if possible, the people to whom the money was owing, to pay it himself, obtain receipts, and have duplicates sent to my father, without my mother's name appearing in the transaction. Here again she erred gravely, as we see; but she was proud and passionate. She had told her husband she would not help him, and now she was breaking her word, and concealing from him what he, as her husband, had a right to know. After the quarrel, the husband and wife had not met; he had, as he frequently did, left London for a season. The lawyer worked indefatigably. By dint of scouring among half the betting people in the country, he found where the money was owing, and arranged the payments on condition that no effort should be made to discover the source of payment. Of course, he had necessarily been with her several times, and their last interview, happening in the evening, was prolonged into the night. He told her that in a day or two at farthest, one set of receipts would be in her hands, another in my father's, who, as she had directed, would be led to suppose that a wealthy cousin was his benefactor. Against this persistent secrecy her legal adviser cautioned her, and strongly

counselled a different course; but she remained obstinate. On the occasion of this last interview, she gave him a small diamond pin as a slight token of her appreciation of his unwearying services. This he put in his cravat. As he left her, and went down the stairway, face to face he met my father, returned by a late train. Immediately the husband recognized the former lover; but of him he took no notice, for, as he afterwards told his wife, he considered the man too mean to be noticed by a gentleman. He learned from the servants that, during his absence, this man had been in his house several times; he went direct to my mother's boudoir, and there ensued the scene that Fenton had partly overheard. On my father's part a cool accusation against my mother to the effect that she who would not help her husband to redeem his honour, had received in his house her former lover; had, as he knew, given him one jewel; perhaps, had lavished on him all those jewels which, in themselves, would have set her husband right with the world; and oh! Lily, how can men be so blind, so wicked? then followed an insinuation that my mother was purchasing silence concerning some former secrets between the two; and a defiance of her to refute the charge by showing him the jewels!

"He did not know the impossibility he had suggested; but she, who knew it only too well, who knew what she had done for him, who felt that of all his insults this was the last and greatest, without answering, walked from the room, and that very day left his house.

"In the correspondence that followed, he never modified nor retracted what he had said; on the contrary, he stated that, with the aid of expert detectives, he had discovered that she had raised large sums of money on her jewels; that the man who conducted the negotiation was identified with her former lover; and that unless this transaction was satisfactorily explained by her, he could only account for her silence in one way. It angers me still, Lily, to think of the blindness and stupidity of the man. He consented without demur to my mother's keeping her child, and indignantly refused to accept a part of her income. Of that I was always glad, although his lofty spirit may have been saved from an ignominious fall by the death of his cousin and the bequest of a fortune. By living economically at Ste. Cécile, my mother, in a few years, redeemed her jewels. After that she had

no farther communication with the lawyer, who, though not knowing the real cause of my parents' separation, frequently begged her to permit him to reveal the secret. Once having got the jewels in her possession, my mother seems to have superstitiously dreaded parting with them, or even letting any one know that she had them about her. The rest of her letter contained little of interest to you. At the end she said that there were reports of robbers in the neighbourhood, and she, fearing an attack on the Auberge, must hide them in a place that would be at once convenient and safe. In the other packet were the duplicate receipts.

"Why my mother hit upon such a singular expedient, and why she did not tell Fenton, I have never been able to determine. Now that I knew all about the wretched affair, now that I knew what a slight thing had so helped to put two people apart, and had so long preyed upon my own mind, it seemed to me but fitting that so slight an accident should be the means of developing the truth.

"I put the precious papers back in the casket, and sat dreaming before the bright wood firelight that blazed upon the gleaming jewels, till the whole dark room seemed flooded with their radiance. A hand was laid on my shoulder, another, knotted and brown and skinny, upon the jewel case. A low voice hissed, 'At last the Desmerets' jewels are found; Mlle. Laintaine is my prisoner.' I looked up at the man who had followed me from Calais. I comprehended the situation; I was arrested on charge of stealing the celebrated Desmerets' jewels, that for weeks past had been advertised in all the papers of the kingdom. I had read the advertisement so often that instantly I remembered that my mother's jewels answered almost exactly to the description, and that my mirror had often reflected a woman very like the suspected Mlle. Laintaine. If the detective had before had any doubt of my identity with Mlle. Laintaine, I think it was banished by the cool way in which I threw off his hand and said, 'Monsieur is entirely mistaken as he will find when we reach Paris to-morrow. His bright eyes glittered and his seamed hand closed over the jewels, 'Paris—To-morrow—That depends.' Much lies behind a Frenchman's 'That depends.' I had not thought of being detained by this absurd mistake, but it was assuming a serious aspect.

“Depends upon what, Monsieur?”

“Upon the celerity with which M. the Préfet of Ste. Cécile accomplishes the preliminary examination of Mlle.’

“Maintenant, I will keep the jewels.’

“Maintenant, I will keep the jewels.’ That said to me, Maintenant, I will keep your letter and your papers. That said to me, when the Préfet sees your papers, your property will be restored to you, you will be exonerated from all suspicion, but your family trouble and your mother’s name will ere long be the basis of numberless sensational paragraphs in journals, French and English. That said to me, finally, ‘During the day of your detention, Creswell Charters may die—die ignorant as ever of his wife’s sacrifice.’

“But, Monsieur,’ I cried, ‘You cannot, you dare not detain me, I am an English girl. Those jewels are my property.’

“An English girl with the French face, and the French accent! Justice dares all things, Mlle.’

“There was no good hoping for mercy from this brown, sneering atom. With his low bow, and eternal ‘Mademoiselle,’ he would have passed from the room, but I pushed him aside and ran towards the stairway. I thought, Céleste and Baptiste will remember me, will swear to me, if I recall some little event of the past. Better that they two, who had known my mother, should know the sadness of her life, than that her name should be dragged up to be criticised by the world.

“I ran down stairs and into the room so impetuously, that three persons, sitting in front of the fire, started and looked round at me. They were Céleste, Baptiste, and a young man, probably the third guest of whom Céleste had spoken; certainly the owner of the fair face and hair, that I had before seen indistinctly in the subdued light. He stood up and offered me his chair; I looked irresolutely from him to the two French people. I had supposed there were only two people to whom I could apply for help; now the choice was extended to three. Now, I don’t believe in any nonsense about the instantaneous recognition of all that is virtuous, or all that is vile, in persons’ characters by merely looking at *their* faces; I hold that courage or cowardice, tenderness or brutality, fidelity or treachery, are qualities distributed quite irrespective of muscle, or colour, or nationality; but there is one thing I have faith in, and that is the strength and reliability

of a well-trained intellect; and where there is mind, and where there is cultivation, the combination cannot fail to show itself in the countenance and actions of the possessor. This time that theory aided my decision. I put aside the consideration of the old link that bound me to the two ignorant French peasants. I thought, if this man can help me, he will do so without any explanations. I said to him in English, 'You are an Englishman, I an Englishwoman. I am in trouble. Will you help me, even if you do not quite understand why your help is needed? My name is Eleanor Charters.'

"I am most ready to give you any help that may be in my power, Miss Charters," he answered.

"I had not made a mistake. He, without a glance expressive of surprise, with a delightfully well-bred ignoring of any necessity for detail, would help me, would exert all the intellect that gave the clear, steady light to his deep blue eyes, all the refinement that toned his voice and manner to help me. Not a word of that to him, of course, merely: 'Thank you, I was on the way to Paris and took the wrong train most stupidly. That man, who has just come into the room, and is looking at me talking, has followed me from Paris to my room up-stairs. He has seized a casket containing a number of valuable jewels and, what is of more consequence, some important papers. My jewels he identifies with the notorious Desmerets' collection, me with Mlle. Laintaine. I know that the moment my papers are read by the Préfet, I will be acquitted; but to prevent the opening of those papers, which merely refer to painful family matters, I would sacrifice anything. A great part of my childhood was spent here in this very inn, and I feel certain that I could soon make Céleste and Baptiste recognise me. I was about appealing to them when I saw you. I have spoken to you because I know that all they might say would have but little effect, whereas with you it may be different; besides, I wish to avoid, if possible, unnecessary explanations. That I should reach Paris to-morrow, that I should take my papers with me, is a matter of more than life or death. Remember, my jewels are almost identical with Mme. Desmerets, that I might easily pass for Mlle. Laintaine, and then help me, if you will, if you can.'

"While I spoke in English, he, the Englishman, listened attentively; Céleste and Baptiste stared politely at the fire; the detective never once took his eyes from us; but they were not of

much service, for the low, rapid English baffled his ears. As I finished, the Englishman assumed an expression of extreme scorn. I was startled, but his words reassured me.

“Miss Charters, you and your jewels and papers shall be in Paris to-morrow night, if I fight the whole of Louis Napoleon’s police force. You have trusted yourself to me; please follow my directions. Turn so that M. the detective may see your face plainly, and then be kind enough to look intensely enraged at me, and make that apparent. Afterwards, order Céleste to bring you something to your room, and wait there quietly till you hear from me again.”

“I did not understand this, it seemed so childish; but I had ventured a great deal, and would desperately carry out any plan proposed. I think I simulated indignation successfully, judging from the innocent surprise expressed in the countenances of Céleste and Baptiste. I swept from the kitchen as superbly as my short water-proof dress would admit of.

“Once in my own room, I wondered blankly, and waited and walked up and down excitedly for two hours. At the end of that time there was a knock at the door; I opened it. The Englishman stood before me with the jewel case in his hand. Naturally, my first question was, ‘How did you get it?’”

“‘Monsieur Deme,’ he said, ‘is now sound asleep—thanks to a slight anæsthetic administered by me; but if M. should wake up before eight to-morrow morning, he would miss his prize, and there is just a possibility of farther trouble and detention. To avoid that, I am ready to drive you to the depôt of Ramière, ten miles from here, on the central line, and passed by a train for Paris in about an hour and a half. By taking this train, you will reach Paris almost as soon as if there had been no detention.’”

“Fortunately, I can decide quickly. I reviewed the situation in which I, and I alone, had placed myself. To refuse this offer would be unfair—would show distrust of him whose confidence I had sought; besides, there were hours to be gained—hours, when minutes were precious. Unhesitatingly I answered, ‘You are very kind to me, a stranger. I do not know how to thank you. I will go.’”

“Involuntarily I put out my hand—that for a moment rested in his. The expression of that momentary touching of the hand silenced the vague fear that was troubling me.”

“Then, Miss Charters, wrap yourself up well. I will explain to Baptiste, and in a few moments will be ready.”

“The night was blacker than any poet ever pictured Erebus. A bitter, cruel wind, blowing from every quarter of heaven, brought in irregular, unexpected gusts, sheets of rain, cold as distilled icebergs, flooding road and field. A pair of English bays, harnessed to an English drag, pushed steadily, pluckily, over the smooth, white turnpike between Ste. Cécile and Ramière. Through that hour’s embarrassing drive, conversation, even when the wind would have permitted us to expend breath on that, was limited, on his part, to short enquiries about my comfort; on my side, even when my teeth were chattering, too, ‘Thank you, the cold is nothing;’ even when I was soaked to the bones, too, ‘Thank you, I do not mind the rain.’ Under great physical discomfort, people don’t think much; so, in this situation, I only felt numbly, uncomfortably, that I had put myself under a boundless obligation to a man whose name even I did not know, and was too shy, or too awkward to ask; for you may not know it, but deliberately to ask a man his name is—well—is awkward. What he thought, or whether he thought at all, I never discovered. Perhaps it is well, for only under very particular circumstances can a woman judge of a man’s thoughts of her by his actions. Like stars through a rift in the clouds—like a ship’s lamps through the mist at sea, as we turned the road, twinkled out the coloured lights from the station of Ramière. We had scarcely alighted when the express train whirled in.

“You do not know what it is to have had always before you one seemingly, unattainable desire, at last to dream that its fulfilment is possible; to have this vision crushed, and yet again most unexpectedly to see the ideal longing about to become a reality. You have never experienced this, and stood cold, and wet, and exhausted before a person to whom you owe everything—everything, remember—knowing that you ought to thank him, yet longing for the poorest of the glowing words with which heroines would gracefully have murmured themselves out of the difficulty. If you ever are in such a predicament, try to be a heroine; don’t, as I did, put out your two hands, flushing and stammering, ‘Good bye. I cannot thank you.’

“There again, in the dingy station, as in the gloomy Auberge kitchen, I saw in his blue eyes flashing, that somewhere in the old

life with mamma they had so flashed on me before. He answered quite gravely, almost contemptuously, 'Men do not care for thanks. You are not done with me yet. I am going to Paris.'

"'Going to Paris!' I blushed at the gladness that warmed me, and excused the blush in every way but the right one—a perfect relief at not being thrown again on my own resources. Oh, we women, what a long time we fight even with ourselves before we look a thing straight in the face and own up to the truth!

"Between Ramière and Paris we were almost as silent as between Ste. Cécile and Ramière. That name bothered me so; my tongue absolutely refused to form one intelligible sentence without it. Only once, simply because he must be told something about me without the slightest preface, I burst out: 'I have never been in Paris; I am going to my father, who is dying in the Hotel de Sargnac, Rue Ste. Honoré. I must see him, and he must see the papers that were in my jewel case. You see that, if it had not been for you, I might never have got there—and—so—I never—can—forget——.' Here, again, words and courage forsook me. There was a terrible pause imminent, which he filled up with a few words about my great exaggeration of a slight service which any man would have rendered to any woman, and then told me how he had managed our escapade.

"When he saw the detective watching us so closely—when he heard my story, and knew that my wish was to be helped, but helped quietly, he formed his design. To attempt to reason a French detective out of a real or imaginary clue to a mystery, would be useless; therefore, it was necessary to impress Monsieur with the idea that we two did not agree. The ruse was successful. I had scarcely left the room when Monsieur accosted him, and soon, from the discussion of weather and travelling, Monsieur adroitly introduced me. Monsieur slyly hinted that my nationality was English, but this supposition my friend laughed at as an absurdity, assuring Monsieur that I was French; more, that I had tried to pass myself off on him as an Englishwoman, in order to awaken his sympathy for some wrong. In ordinary circumstances, he, my friend, would not have refused assistance to any lady; but, upon my attempting such an imposture, he had accused me of it, therefore we had parted, not pleasantly, as Monsieur had seen. I had talked something about a jewel case, which he had heeded little.

This remark thrown out to Monsieur had not the desired effect—he merely knotted his fingers together, as if tightening his hold on the jewels already locked in his portmanteau, and said nothing. The Englishman proposed a glass of wine; Monsieur accepted. Soon Monsieur's tongue was loosened. Soon the Englishman was in the possession of the whole story, from the time that Monsieur received a telegram from Dover, saying that a woman answering the description of Mlle. Laintaine was crossing to Calais, with the details of my sharpness in taking a ticket for Paris, then turning aside to Ste. Cécile, and his dogging of me till, looking through the key-hole of my room door, he saw me sitting with the jewels before me. Together they laughed over my discomfiture. The Englishman complimented Monsieur on his professional ability. The judicious flattery, delicately administered, worked charmingly. Monsieur's doubts of the Englishman's truth were overthrown, and at last they withdrew to my friend's room, there to discuss another bottle of wine and inspect the Desmerets' jewels. To drug wine is not difficult. Ere long, Monsieur was sound asleep, and likely to remain so till the dawn had banished the darkness.

"In my strategist's own words, the plan he adopted may seem melo-dramatic, but if you look at it fairly you will see that it was at once the quietest and the quickest way to manage the business. 'Of course,' he said, 'it does not display much vanity to say that I could have knocked the man down and taken your property by force, but that would have entailed explanations, whereas, now Céleste and Baptiste know only that I have gone to Paris with you, an English lady, and that Monsieur will occupy my room for the night. Monsieur himself sleeps tranquilly in my arm-chair, all unconscious of a trust betrayed, and you will be at the Hotel de Sargnac long before any telegram he may send can stop us.'

"We rushed into Paris in a golden mist. That is why Paris is to me the most beautiful of cities, ever linked with the golden haze, the pale, faint blue sky, the suspicion of rose tinged-cloud in the east, with all that is lovely and pure in the fresh beauty of the morning.

"At last I was at the Hotel de Sargnac. At last, at last, he who had so wronged mamma, would with tears and bitter sorrow, acknowledge to me, her daughter, the great injustice he had done

her. I forgot my English friend. I sprang to the hotel steps. All ignorant of travelling and the ways of travellers, I cried impetuously to the first man I met.

“M. Charters est il cheylui? I must see him!”

“The man elevated his eyebrows and shoulders—‘Monsieur Chartairs! Ah! Monsieur is dead an hour ago!’

“‘Dead!’ I cried. ‘Dead! Are you sure?’

“‘Ah! yes, Mlle., without doubt.’

“Bitter disappointment, crushed hope, does not kill or I should have dropped dead there on the cold marble steps. All I had hoped for, all I had prayed for, ended, irretrievably ended—

“‘Take me to him! I must see him! Oh God, it cannot be!’

“But they did not take me to him; I never saw him.

“After that I can remember long weeks of tossing restlessly, and of raving wildly. One afternoon I woke, or seemed to wake, from a long sleep. Looking about a large strange room, my eye could find nothing familiar to rest upon. Wearily wondering, I turned painfully, and I looked upon the rays of the western sun brightening Fenton’s steel gray hair. All the past came back to me.

“Disappointment, cruel, cutting, gives fevers no more than it kills, but it hastens what a thorough drenching and intense excitement has courted. On the marble steps I had dropped; then they carried me to the room, where for weeks I lay between life and death.

“A week had elapsed since my first awakening, still Fenton and I talked only of the present and future. I could not mention the past; she did not ask it of me.

“I sat at the window, looking out into the street, staring vacantly down, when out from the surging throng, up the marble stairs, there came the blue-eyed, fair-haired Englishman, so inseparably connected with me, forever and ever.

“‘Fenton,’ I said, ‘there is that English gentleman. You know him. I wish to see him immediately.’

“Poor Fenton was delighted; it was the first time I had spoken quickly, or shown any interest in anything. She left the room, and in a few moments they returned together. Before he could speak, I cried—

“‘Now tell me what your name is. You have been of more service to me than any one ever was—than any one ever can be again, even if it was all in vain.’

"In answer, he opened his watch case, and showed me a small, glossy black curl:

"Do you remember anything about that?"

"No. I know your eyes, but your six feet of height and your moustache, I do not know. Now, tell me your name quickly. I hate mysteries."

"Then, do you remember a December bath in *la manche* twelve years ago, and—Ralph Trestylellin?"

"Who never came to see me," I interrupted quickly.

"If that was a fault, for it you will not have to blame me in future. Forgive it on the plea, that a 'boy's will is the wind's will.' I knew you when you told Céleste your name at Ste. Cécile, where I had run up from Paris for a few days, resting and shooting. I did not make myself known to you, for sometimes people forget, and sometimes they dislike any intrusion of the past. So, you see, my accepting your refutation of the Desmerets' robbery had nothing at all risky about it after all."

"I had been composing a little speech:

"I have sent for you to-day," I said, "to try and express coherently all I feel of your kindness to me; now my task is even more difficult. Once you saved my life; once you did all in your power to help me achieve the dearest desire of my heart. What that was, is too painful a subject for me to mention. I know that you have cared for me, and that you must have sent for Fenton. I cannot yet think of my terrible disappointment without wishing I had died, there where that man told me. I hate this land of France. I am weary of my life. I am going home."

"We went home—back to the gentle, drowsy Southampton home. After that, Lily, I did not have to complain that Ralph Trestylellin never came to see me. Yet months passed, and the honey-suckle and dog-roses were blooming before I got back my old health, and began to forget the weariness of my life. It was in that time that Ralph heard most of what I have told you to-night. It was in that time that he amused me by telling me of poor Monsieur's consternation when he awoke last Christmas morning, and found friend, jewels, prisoner, all vanished; of his mortification when, on telegraphing to Paris to stop us, he received as answer, the news that Mlle. Laintaine, who had never left Paris, having quarrelled with her associates, had that very day delivered herself up to the authorities, and the jewels were already in Mme. Desmerets' possession.

"How my old life ended, and the new one began, I need not tell you. Now you cannot wonder why, at times, I am so sad, so distraught, for in one year one cannot blot out from the mind what has filled it for so many years, even if one has grown wiser and sees the foolishness of setting the heart so intently on one thing. And often, when I am looking out on the quiet English meadow at the long lines of green hill and gray cloud, I am wandering again on the bright banks of the Somme with my mother, or I am mentally back in the Auberge Ste. Cécile, looking at the long lost jewels, and I wonder at the joy that filled me, thinking I had attained to that which was never mine."

SONNET.

A QUIANT inscription of the olden time,
 In letters rudely carved and choked with moss,—
 "Our Feares are pueryle—our Hopes sublyme—
 Lyfe ys not Gayne, and Death, yt ys not Losse!"
 Above the sleeper bloomed the fern and rose,
 As if kind Nature would such trust repay;
 And there at morn, at noon, at evening's close,
 The birds sang many a sweet and soothing lay:
 And there, we fondly thought, the orb of day,
 The moon, the stars, looked down with kindest ray.
 Oh, heart at rest, beyond the reach of Ill!
 Oh, slumber blest, and peace without annoy!
 Not vain thy quest to reach the Heavenly Hill,
 The Sunlit Land, the Emerald fields of Joy.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME AMERICAN AUTHORS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

BY SYPHAXIS.

A TALL, handsome man, slightly stooped in his gait, with moustache and beard very full, very white and very patriarchal, broad ample forehead, locks of glittering silver, sparkling lustrous eyes, complexion somewhat dark and browned by Time, a good, kind thoughtful face—such was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, in the declining autumn days of 1869. I had spent profitably and pleasantly a couple of interesting hours at the Unity Hall in Middlesex street, with Mr. Williams the Manager of the Institution, and Edward E. Hale the curious author of that wonderful *brochure*, “The man without a Country,” and arose to take my leave, when Mr. Hale asked me if I would not like to meet Professor Longfellow. I had long felt a desire to see and know the possessor of the kindly generous heart which had dictated so many living gems of poesy and delicate bits of verse, and no time was lost in making up my mind, I therefore signified my willingness at once. Mr. Hale then wrote me a letter of introduction to the poet, and after a few directions from him, we parted.

Cambridge! how my heart fluttered as the street-car shambled leisurely along the smooth road. Over the bridge we passed, and the broad shining river Charles sped on its way beneath the iron wheels of the railway carriage. Boston was gliding slowly by, and grand Old Cambridge, with its Colleges and Halls of Learning and Faculties of Law, Medicine and the Arts, came within reach of our vision. The umbrageous foliage, and tall, graceful trees and handsome houses, and stately edifices, and the elegant University Press Establishment, from within whose walls so many beautifully printed books are annually issued, panoramically appeared on the scene. On sped the street-car, leaving far behind the noise and bustle of the city as we plunged into the quiet solitude of a Cambridge avenue. Here the horses slackened their speed, and we had time to breathe in the pure air and look upon the elastic

landscape before us. Soon our driver drew rein; we alighted, and stood for a moment by the way-side,

"The leaves were brown with autumn tints
And golden-hued was the corn."

And all' around were seen evidences of the autumn time. The old trees were gaunt and gray, and their leaves were crimson, brown and yellow. A calm south wind was blowing at the time, and the air was soft and balmy. It was a sleepy, half warm, half cool day, and it put one in a sort of dreamy, lounging mood. It was just such a day as one would take for a trip to the river's edge, and on the bank sit alone, half hidden from the sun, with Moore's *Lalla Rookh* for a companion, to idle the idle hours away. I turned from the seeming drowsy mood into which the associations had partly put me, and walked up a prettily laid-out gravel path which lead from the road to the door of a large, old-fashioned dwelling with a door-bell on the right hand side, and an enormous brass knocker in the centre. On either side were lawns tastefully arranged, and gracious trees sheltered cosy nooks and rough arm-chairs from the scorching rays of the sun. The house is roomy and comfortable. On entering the hall, at the right side appears the door leading to the Library and Art Gallery. This is the house of the Poet, and these two latter rooms are his home. Here nestle choice *morceaux* of the antiquary. Curiosities in literature and in art, exhibitants of vast learning and research, types of strange character, articles of *vertu*, rare mosaics, and specimens of sculpture are contained in these apartments. Very many of these were picked up in the gilded *salons* of Paris, the musty shelves of impecunious rubbish-venders of Italy, and the suburban retreats of Florence and Geneva. Some of the books and MSS. are encased in costly bindings, while others, chiefly of the German school, are paper-covered pamphlets, *brochures* and booklets, with yellow-tinged pages and leviathan margins. A good many of the modern works are autograph copies given to Mr. Longfellow by celebrated personages whom he met while on the continent of Europe. The collection is a quaint and interesting one, and the pictures which hang on the walls or rest beneath the covers of portfolios, from the large and elegant oil paintings of rare old masters to the small cheap wood engravings of unknown artists, are exponents of various types of art, emblems of its progress and

career. And we are led from a past age, when art was in its incipency, down through all the gradations to the present era, where pace is kept with the spirit of the age, and the artist is looked upon as a public benefactor who helps to mould character and produce an appreciation, in every mind, of æsthetic subjects, whether it be in the choice of a lady's dress or in the more humble sphere, though not less necessary one of the selection of a pattern for a bed-room wall paper. The associations which these art studies have, give to them a greater value and leave a more lasting impression on the mind. Mr. Longfellow's statuettes and models, some of them from the chisels of Italy's famed sculptors, are also epitomes of the growth of art in Southern Europe. These are all finely executed, and the works of noted artists, men who love and venerate their profession, and place their calling on the topmost bough. The collection of the various editions of Mr. Longfellow's poems, is a unique and grim one. There are over thirty-nine distinct and separate issues, and two-thirds of these are pirated editions, from whose sale the bard has not received any pecuniary remuneration whatever. It is, therefore, with melancholy-humorous reflections that these volumes are looked into by the man who inspired and gave them to the world.

When I saw the graceful author of *Evangeline* first, he was walking homeward, and as he lifted the latch of the little old gate, and slowly moved up the gravelly pathway, I thought he looked a little careworn and anxious. He seemed fatigued, and age appeared to hover over his movements. And yet, when he turned his honest, lustrous eyes towards me, he looked less old than before, and a mild, kindly smile played about his mouth, and he took my arm within his and we sauntered along to his quiet home. There, for hours, we sat in that quaint library. He sat in the east in his full, wide arm-chair. He talked of his recent travels in England and in Europe. He spoke admiringly of Britain's Laureate, and of the musical "Idyls of the King," *Morte D'Arthur* pleased him best. He ranked Mr. Tennyson as one of the old world's greatest poets, and he spoke of his genial, kindly, whole-souled nature, and then he touched upon Byron. It will be remembered that but two months had elapsed since Mrs. Stowe's "True Story" of Lady Byron's Life had been published. Mr. Longfellow felt this act of Mrs. Stowe's as an indiscreet one. It could serve no good purpose in bringing to light a half-forgotten

scandal about the dead poet, and it only renewed a heart-burning conflict that years had partly healed. It was a mistake on Mrs. Stowe's part. He liked her writings and admired her as a woman, but felt sorry she had ever written her "True Story." He recounted some anecdotes of Lord Byron, and spoke of the marvellous influence his poetry had upon the youth of America thirty and forty years ago. *Then* every one read, and admired and loved Byron, and "Childe Harold" and the "Prisoner of Chillon" were quoted and re-quoted throughout the length and breadth of the land. He had read the nobleman-poet much, and accorded him a high and enduring place in English literature. Then Mr. Longfellow sat back in his chair on that dull, heavy day in autumn, and measuredly recited that pictorial and natural poem of the Concord philosopher—Emerson,—“The Snow Storm.” And while he repeated the glowing lines, his eyes unconsciously closed, and in clear, melodious tones he murmured the exquisite lines, so musical in expression and so rich in thought. And when he concluded, the smile passed from his face, and a ray of bright sunshine darted in, and then we talked of other matters.

He spoke of his own noble poem of *Evangeline*, which describes so accurately, and so glowingly depicts, Nova Scotia scenery. He said, and here are his precise words: “I have never been in Nova Scotia in my life, and never saw the village of Grand Pré. How I came to write the poem happened in this wise. A friend one day told me the story, and related the incident on which my verses are founded. He described the land so minutely that I at once became deeply interested, and somewhat impressed. Taking a pencil and some paper from my desk, I bade him stand with his face towards the west and tell me what he saw. He did so, and I took down the words as they fell from his lips. It was some time after this that I wrote the story of *Evangeline*, and often I have thought of the pleasure a visit to the old scene would give me. How strange it must be now to view the old place. Locomotives and rail-cars glide over what was once an open prairie of tall grass. Some day I hope to see Grand Pré. This is the origin of the poem.”

It was afternoon now; the morning had worn off pleasantly, and after lunch it was proposed that we should take a walk about the grounds and watch the clouds lazily floating in the sky. Our feet pressed the yielding, velvety lawn as we passed on our way towards

the river. Far off the tillers of the soil were gathering in the golden fruits of their toil, and the proud maple and buoyant ash swayed to and fro in the air, their weather-tinged leaves, and the robins chirped their tiny lays as they sprang from branch to branch. And all Nature paid homage to him who never ceased to chant her charms in tones of undying minstrelsy. A calm serenity prevailed on either side. Before his house weary travellers and foot-sore pedestrians passed daily, and the street-cars ran noisily on the iron tracks before him. His home is a grand, noble one, and here rests the poet, in the bosom of his family, surrounded by loving hearts and kindly friends. I felt, as I left him on that autumn afternoon, that I had, indeed, breathed the air of a purer atmosphere, and had lived for a time in no mythical Eden. He spoke so kindly of every one, and seemed so desirous of doing good in a thousand different ways. Of him, like of poor, dear Oliver Goldsmith's pastor, can it be said:

"A man he was to all the country dear."

Mr. Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, on the 27th of February 1807, and following the example of Cowley, Pope and Byron, began writing poetry at a very early age. He was still at college when he had reached the age of nineteen, and had already produced several excellent bits of verse, distinguished chiefly for a noble sentimentality. The youthful poet, unlike Keats, did not soar above himself; he did not claim too lofty a power, nor did he arrogate to himself too exclusive an initiative. His poetry, in his earlier days, evinced the same doubt and uncertainty which Arthur Hugh Clough, of England, had in his songs, and Matthew Arnold felt in many of his shorter poems. He seemed to struggle with a mental wrestling which, while it imparted a singular intellectual charm to his writings, was too volatile to become a marked and distinctive feature. As Mr. Longfellow grew older, his poetry became more robust, his mind evinced a greater completeness, and his ideas were fuller and his thoughts were more musically and beautifully expressed. The rhythm is very even, almost like Thomas Campbell's, though the *Moravian Nuns' Hymn* at Bethlehem, on the occasion of the consecration of Pulaski's Banner, is the feebler in this respect than anything which Longfellow has yet written. His "Autumn" is a well-rounded poem, replete with fine similes. Those of Mr. Longfellow's pieces which seem destined to outlive their fellows are, perhaps, the oft-quoted

“Psalm of Life,” “Evangeline,” and “Hiawatha.” The “Building of the Ship” is a brilliant effort, Sir Humphrey Gilbert has passed into history, and the courtship of the grim puritan captain, Miles Standish, will long be remembered. “The Village Blacksmith,” written somewhere about the year 1842, is another pretty thing, with just the slightest touch of Tom Hood in its echo, in his more serious vein.

Professor Longfellow has attained eminence as a translator, and his works are usually literally correct. His Danté takes high rank, and fills the same position which Bryant, and Derby, and Pope give to Homer, the great lyric singer, and which Bayard Taylor accords to Faust. Mr. Longfellow is most minute as regards detail, throughout his great works, never sacrificing the man who descended into Hell, for the sake of a well rounded sentence of his own, though the *desire* of the translator to soar upward at times, is apparent not unfrequently throughout the three large and handsome volumes of Danté. His shorter pieces (Translations) are clever efforts, though they rather betray a weakness. Translations seldom convey to the reader the beauties and sublimities of the originals. The music, the *feeling*, the neat versification are all lost. The skeleton of the idea, crudely expressed, is alone brought to the surface. The word-painting is warped, and the colours are not warm and glowing. The brush is stiff, there is no elasticity of touch—all is cold, dull and insipid. I remember some years ago, picking up at a railroad book-stall, a small volume of Poems by Petofi, the hero-poet of Magyar. It was a translation by Sir John Bowring, who died a few months ago, of some of the weird things and wild fancies which this prolific Hungarian patriot had thrown from his muse. I read and re-read these trifles as we dashed along through the open space of the railway line, stopping at times to gaze out on the green fields and contemplating some of the verses I had just read. The *idea* seemed there, but much of the fire and vim had departed. The daring impetuosity of the warm-blooded Hungarian was lost in the cool, deliberate English verse. The same can be said, with truth, of the delicate fancies of Lamartine, and of Alfred DeMusset; the nervous life has fled, and those pretty little sonnets and poems have lost all the beauty they ever possessed, when read in the mangled form of translation. Bowring was, and Longfellow is, a good Translator: but for the sake of the Translated, let us say with Shakspeare, “Something too.

much of this." While these remarks apply more particularly to the shorter poems of foreign authors, they may be taken in connection with the more ponderous and lengthy works of ancient and modern classic bards, such as Homer, Horace, Danté, and the like, with some grains of allowance. Although they lose in the translation much power and force, yet they often serve as tolerably good "crimps" to the Latin, Greek and Italian student, in the manner provided at many of our leading schools, academies and colleges, now-a-days.

Mr. Longfellow cannot be said to have excelled as a Dramatist. He has written some few dramas: but none of them have ever been put upon the stage. They all lack the essential element of motive power, and none of them will ever find place in the Green Room of the modern Theatre, or be mouthed over by indifferent actors and barn-stormers in country Music Halls. Longfellow will thus be spared a fate, under whose galling yoke the departed shades of Shakspeare, Massinger and Ford, might well wince. A good deal of clever character drawing is thrown into the *dramatis personæ*, and the lines which are spoken are excellently worded and gloriously conceived, still they are not of such calibre as would "draw"—to use a stage term. The "Spanish Student" is the best of these things which Mr. Longfellow has produced, and there is really much merit in it. There are some eighteen persons in the play, and it is Shakspearian in its conception, and in the mode of treatment, we are reminded of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the older dramatists of the Elizabethan age. The wit is often ancient, though sparkling at times, and several quaint and amusing proverbs peculiar to the land of intolerance, superstition, bigotry and romance, are now and again introduced. These aphorisms, which are very deftly worked in, add a zest and piquancy to the drama, which otherwise would be tame and vapid enough. It is a *learned* play, rather than a good play; one which is more amusing to read than to see represented; though no fear on that score need be apprehended. No manager in these days would have the temerity to place the "Spanish Student" on the "boards" of his Theatre, unless he courted bankruptcy and its direst consequences. A word or two may be said about some of the figures. Chispa, Victorian's servant, possesses a quiet Shakspearian humor, a subtle wit, a sort of cross between crafty Launcelot Gobbo and saucy Touchstone. He is full of wise saws,

quips and cranks, and his sayings and maxims remind us of the dry drollery of Hamlet's grave-digger. Victorian and Hypolite have no marked peculiarities, the Count of Zara is the conventional villain of the Drama, and Preciosa is the beautiful heroine—a gipsy girl. The plot is a very old one: but it is so prettily told that its perusal is not at all tiresome or tedious. At every page a new thought is awakened, and striking semblances to other authors arrest the mind at every stop. In this beautiful passage, our thoughts revert to poor Alexander Smith's touching "Life Drama"—

"She lies asleep,

And, from her parted lips, her gentle breath
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers,
Her tender limbs are still, and on her breast,
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,
Rises and falls with the safe tide of dreams,
Like a light barge safe moored."

And then a little further on a poet of the same school seems portrayed, gentle William Wordsworth. Throughout, there are some fine soliloquys, a good deal of sprightly rapid dialogue, and a sonata or two which do duty as serenades. A Spanish play without a serenade would never do. In Spain we always listen for the notes of the guitar and the sound of some sweet love song breaking the stillness of the evening breeze.

Chispa's keen wit at times ends too abruptly, and appears too incomplete. The play itself, appropriately of the last century, is mercurial in its conception. A want is felt. The idyls are pretty, the bucolics are natural and vivacious, and the descriptive passages are inimitably told. The similes, too, are sublimely grand and ennobling.

That remarkable French Divine and Preacher Jacques Bridaine, whose sermons drove his congregation into fits of terror and dismay, is the author of a sentence which afforded the subject of a poem by Mr. Longfellow. It occurred in Bridaine's celebrated sermon on Eternity, preached at St. Sulpice, in Paris, about 1754. He compared Eternity to the pendulum of a clock, which swayed ceaselessly, forever, murmuring: "Toujours! Jamais! Jamais! Toujours!" Forever never, never, forever. Mr. Longfellow's poem—The "Old Clock on the Stairs"—with this melancholy

refrain, grew out of the Preacher's disquisition, and this same sermon had a great influence in its day.

" Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And Death, and Time shall disappear,
Forever there, but never here !
The horologe of Eternity—
Sayeth this incessantly,—
' Forever—Never !
Never—Forever ! ' "

Mr. Longfellow excels rather in pastoral poesy, though his love idyls are much admired. His poetry, more than that of any other American poet, appeals to the heart. There is fire in his lines—a subdued, holy fire—not a sudden, impetuous burst of passionate vigour. His vitality is not lively. He does nothing in a hurry. His inspiration comes with a slow, well-measured tread, and every word is weighed and pondered over, and digested before it is committed to paper, and long before it reaches the public eye. The poet is a great student, not only of Nature in its myriad forms, but of books. His researches have led him far beyond the ken of ordinary minds. He is a delightful conversationalist, an excellent, good-voiced reader, an able expounder, and a genial, whole-souled man. In the midst of his family his kindly heart throbs for those around him. His study is his favourite room, and here, and in his library with *recherché* works, gems from the sculptor's chisel, rare mosaics, curious bronzes and ancient books, scattered all around him, the poet sits and reads and writes and talks. He is temperate in his habits and stately in his carriage. Some four years ago he was enrolled an LL.D. of Cambridge and a D.C.L. of Oxford Colleges, England.

These latter years of his life, Mr. Longfellow has indulged his taste for a higher and perhaps more noble grade of poetry, the precursor of these flights being "The Golden Legend." Since then, we have had the New England Tragedies, and the concluding volume came out a little over a year ago, bearing the title of "The Divine Tragedy." Christ and the Atonement, the Cross, etc., are the subjects under discussion, and we feel constrained to say that Mr. Longfellow, in the capacity of a Theologic, or perhaps we might call him Christian-poet, in the more wide and general sense of course, has added nothing to his fame or reputation. Very many fine passages occur scattered through the series; but they

are by no means frequent. Very much commonplace matter has been, through some reason or other, introduced, and it far outweighs the sublime. We deplore this, and almost feel sorry that the New England and the Divine Tragedies should have been written.

SONNET.

[From the Italiane of Michael Angelo.]

My life has run its course; my shatter'd bark
 Has stem'd at length the stormy ocean's flood;
 And now I reach the common port, the mark,
 Where all give dread account of bad or good.
Now, that fond love which made enchanting art
 My sov'reign and my idol, well I know
 Was error, fatal error, in my heart;
 It led to evil, and it leads to woe.
 Its witching charms—how trifling now, how poor!
Two Deaths I view, and both approaching near;
 Th' *eternal* threatening, and the *mortal*, sure.
 Painting and Sculpture! can you help me here?
 Oh Love Divine! my soul must turn to Thee!
 Inviting on the Cross, Thine open arms I see.

J. S.

“POOR SILVER-HAIR.”

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

I HAVE a friend in Belgravia, whose quiver is so full of arrows that she frequently and plaintively declares she is like the old woman who lived in a shoe.

My friend says she has been a model mother; I agree with her, for had she been else the nine props of her widowhood would have been consumed in the furnace of her just indignation long ago: for of all the noisy, tricky, lawless, mischievous, never-know-when-you-have-them children, poor Mrs. Sandingham's have been quoted as the worst.

Knowing the peculiarities of those interesting little plagues, I used to keep a costume expressly for visiting Mrs. Colonel Sandingham. It was weather, water and fire proof, and impervious to such casualties as often met me from the upper landing during my running the blockade to the drawing-room: viz. tempests of old shoes, shower-baths of ink, and burning matches.

It was like the rude elements at play.

But these were the dark ages of the Sandinghams.

One red-letter day, I was admitted in unprecedented peace—ushered through the lofty hall unchallenged, passed under the perilous landing undrenched, and convoyed to the drawing-room door quite unharmed, save by palpitation of the heart.

No little striped legs were visible behind the bannisters; no fuzzy girl-heads, with goblin grimaces; no Lilliputian top-boots: no nothing, dancing with derision, any where!

And there was a great calm.

“Are the children *all* out, William?” I asked the civil usher.

“They’re all in, Miss,” smiled William, opening the door.

I expected to find the enemy in ambush behind the piano and couches; but saw only my friend, luxuriously reclining among cushions, and reading “Good-bye, Sweetheart.”

Mrs. Sandingham welcomed me with unusual complacency, I thought.

“Where are the cherubims?” was my first question.

“You may well ask!” responded she with plaintive joy; “I feel as if I were newly married—the house is so sweetly still! She is just the right person in the right place!”

My friend is prone to ellipsis; the result of shooting her utterances between the vocal exercises of the “tuneful nine.”

“Who?” asked I, losing the thread somewhat.

“The nursery-governess, my dear. Oh! such a relief! The quiet! The repose of mind!”

“You have got another governess?”

In my heart I ejaculated “Poor martyr!” remembering predecessors.

“—And a Treasure! Such admirable command! Quite capable to subdue Regie and to tone down Violette’s high spirits!”

Regie—or, more accurately speaking, *Ragie*—once set fire to the glorious frizzled poll of a governess, to the lasting destruction of that young person’s chief beauty; and Violette, during an attack

of high spirits, pushed another governess down stairs backward and broke her arm.

"New brooms sweep clean!" quoted I, doubtfully.

"Oh, but she has been here a week, and I assure you the house has been like a little heaven below! To be sure, there was a battle-royal the first day—poor little fellow! Hastings, you know,—so like his high-spirited papa,—to think of him trying to hang himself by his belt in the shoe-closet, rather than submit! And Lucilla! she is so dignified—locked herself into her bedroom and refused to be introduced! But I left Miss Lee to fight it out herself. I went out and spent the day with the Reveres: the wisest plan, I assure you! When I came home, all was over."

"She must have a wonderful gift of command."

"Oh, extraordinary! and my children are not easily managed: they were born to rule, not to obey. Quite intuitive, too, it must be; at least, she says she never taught before. From the country, you see: left alone in the world, and that sort of thing. Unexceptionable references, however, from the clergyman of Stokington, where she comes from."

Before I departed I requested permission to visit the school-room, and see the wonderful nursery-governess at work.

Up I went alone—Mrs. Sandingham plaintively assuring me that the Evil One always possessed the children at sight of her—and softly turned the silver handle of the door lest I should disturb the lessons.

But everybody was too engrossed to pay the least heed to me, I found.

The governess sat with her back to me addressing a breathless flock of children, who were nestling in all attitudes about her.

Hastings, the pseudo-suicide, leaned against the table in front of her; Violette, the romp, sat on a footstool at her feet; Lucilla, the haughty, knelt on the carpet, and held her hand; Regie, the tempestuous, lay on the floor, with his little round face between his hands; Vincent, the sulky, hung over the back of her chair, balanced on the other side by Retta, the insensible; Getty, the selfish, and Doty, the jealous, shared the same footstool, with their arms interlaced; and Tootsy, the insatiable, sat in her lap, with her little flaxen curls on her arm. And every eye was fastened beamingly upon that face which I could not see.

And I saw at a glance the secret of the new governess's success

with those heretofore unmanageables. Little hearts are never so close that they cannot be entered; nor little heads so hard that they cannot receive impressions from a beautiful mind: and love was the only magic wand I saw.

Since no one paid any heed to me, I stood at the door and looked at the governess. A mass of silvery white hair was coiled in great plenty round her head, and she was clothed in heavy crape. The voice was low and sweet like that of a young girl, but the white hair spoke of years of sorrow, and perhaps of wrong.

But, insensibly, I found myself listening to the tale which seemed so entrancing to the children.

—“And Hal, being so brave and fearless, determined to go down into the mine himself, since everybody else was afraid, and to search the vaults for the poor fellows in spite of the danger. Just think what it was for a boy like him—only sixteen—to go alone through those dreadful dark passages, all choked with the masses of salt that had fallen, through the night, expecting every moment to be crushed to pieces! But down he went in spite of everybody, and ran wherever he thought the men might be, blowing his whistle, and shouting so that the folks at the mouth of the pit could hear him quite plainly. And at last he found them walled up behind a mountain of salt, and so weak with suffocation that they could do nothing; and he set to work with his pick like a giant, they all said afterwards, and pierced a passage for them, and brought them out, every soul alive! And they say, such crying and cheering never was heard among the miners as when the poor captives came up one by one, like pillars of salt out of the pit, without hair, or eyebrows, or beard, or anything, the crumbling salt had got into their flesh so. But they were all rescued—all but poor Hal.”

“Was he killed?” asked the children, awe stricken.

“Not quite;” responded the governess in a sweeter voice than before, though it trembled greatly; “Just as he was going to step into the bucket and be swung up, a great rock of salt fell upon him and crushed him. They got him out and sent him home, still breathing, to die, his sister hanging over him.”

“Oh—oh!” Regie rolled on the carpet, with a wail of grief.

“And he was so dear and good,” continued the sweet voice, “that although he was all she had in the world, she could not grudge him to God; and he made her promise to meet him in

Heaven—and—and so he died—in her arms—dear—noble Hal!”

Down went the silver head upon the thin hands, and the governess sobbed aloud.

For an instant the children eyed her in consternation, and then, with a cry of sorrow, they surrounded her.

“Was he *your* brother?” cried Vincent, clasping her hand.

“Yes—yes!” sighed Miss Lee.

“Oh—oh! Gallant Hal! Poor—poor Silver-hair!” sobbed the children, and she was hidden from my view by her comforters.

My swimming eyes would suffer me to see no more, so I slipped out and took refuge in an empty room, where I could calm myself undisturbed.

But so strongly did I yearn towards “Poor Silver-hair,” that I found myself, an hour after, back in the school-room suing the ex-furies for an introduction to their favourite.

They received me amicably, and shouted my name in nine-fold accents to Miss Lee, and at last I held her hand in mine, gazing upon her with no common interest.

It was the sweet, sweet face of a girl in her prime—not that of a care-worn woman, which confronted me!

Oh, deep, sad eyes—truly ye were “Homes of silent prayer!” Oh, pale and gentle face, how eloquently you spoke of Heaventaught resignation!

Dear, patient Mary Lee, with your silver hair a “Crown of Sorrow,” and your sweet young face! how you knit yourself to me in that first silent meeting, when we stood hand in hand, with the tears streaming from my eyes!

Yes, we became friends, and before long she told me all her poor little tale; and I found that a lost love had made her what she was.

* * * * *

When the London streets were grey with ice, and Santa Claus was rife in the frosty air, I sallied forth on Christmas Eve to visit Mrs. Sandingham.

My arms were full of shapeless paper parcels, destined to dangle from a certain Christmas tree, and to fill many little stockings; and I was beginning to wish I had taken a hack, considering the rather ticklish walking, when, within a short distance of my goal, I found myself upon a steep, icy pavement, and from creeping took

to sliding—sliding down, with my load of breakables slipping from my grasp.

Regie's watch hung perilously by a string, and Tootsy's china dishes clinked warningly against Doty's tin kitchen, while a French horn and Lucilla's wax doll went down the hill disastrously *a la* Jack and Jill.

"Help me!" I gasped to the British public at large, as I gyrated wildly along after the manner of the Flying Dutchman.

"Heave to!" cried a ringing voice, and immediately thereafter somebody caught me by the arm and held me fast.

"Tha—anks!" muttered I, looking up into the ruddy face of a young man of sea-faring aspects.

"Hold hard, Miss," said my deliverer, diving after Miss Dollie and her companion in adversity, and in a trice my precious load was gathered out of my arms.

"Now give us yer flipper, Miss," said the young man cheerily, "and I'll tow ye all right out of them nasty breakers."

"Oh, thank you!" responded I, and suffered myself to be almost carried out of the "breakers," thankful indeed that they had not broken my back, and the hearts of my little acquaintances as well.

"I am so grateful!" said I, taking root upon a grating and holding out my hands for my parcels.

"Hev ye fur to go, Miss?" asked the sailor, looking down the long, glistening hill, all seamed with frozen veins from bursting gurgoyles.

"To the house at the bottom of this street."

"Then I'll pilot ye safe into port," said my new friend, coolly stowing my valuables in his outside pockets. "Dashed if I can see any craft in petticoats scudding before a storm without lendin' my help to bring her to!"

I scanned his honest face with some interest, for these were fine words to come from a roving sailor, and I thought I could read in the deep, earnest eye and the firm mouth, the traces of a hard battle with a world lying in wickedness,—ay, and a battle in which Right had won the day.

"I've just come home from foreign parts," said he by and by in an apologetic tone, as we encountered the curious gaze of Belgravia's foot passengers; "and I can't see one of my country women in a fix, without wishing for to do her a sarvice—bless 'em all!"

"Such a feeling does credit both to head and heart," murmured I.

"Ye see, Miss," continued he in a queer, choked voice, "I had a sweetheart once in this country, and I can't find her nowhere—and I *know* she's in trouble—and *hope* she's true to me—and so—and so—I look at every woman as if she were my poor girl! For they told her lies on me long ago, and so we parted, God forgive 'em!"

"How long have you been parted?"

"Ten years," he answered sadly.

"Poor fellow! I hope you will find her yet!"

"If it's God's will, I'll do that!" said he touching his cap.

By this time we had reached Mrs. Sandingham's vestibule, and I rang the bell.

While the civil, but astonished William held the door open, my friend dived into his deep pockets, and fished out my parcels.

"Here's the cargo all taut and in good order;" said he, "Wouldn't I like to see the little chap as is to blow this trumpet, when first he claps claws on it! Ho! ho!"

Then taking his cap off, and disclosing a beautiful open brow, surmounted by crisp black curls, he bade me good-night, and bolted off in the midst of my thanks.

Down the shallow stairs like a whirlwind came Poor Silver-hair, before I had well entered the hall, and seized me impetuously by the arm.

How her pale face glowed! How her soft eyes burned!

And while I stood marvelling what manner of greeting this might be from quiet Mary Lee, she pointed to the door, and gasped out—

"*That voice! That voice!*"

I don't know how it was; but in a flash I comprehended all, and was back on the icy street, running like mad after the man; and I remember how the stars seemed to wink with surprise, and the people that I passed all stared at me with the same expression; and I thought I would never overtake the sailor-figure, rolling along in front so unconsciously.

But I caught him at last, and on the very spot where he had saved me from a fall ten minutes before.

"Avast there!" he sung out indignantly, as I clutched him, and then recognizing me—

“By the blazes—it’s the young lady again!” he ejaculated under his breath.

“Come—come back!” gasped I, struggling for breath and composure.

“What’s amiss?” asked he, beginning to ransack his pockets. “Hev I forgot any of the playthings?”

“No—not that;” and I steadied my voice. “Are you Edward Morris?”

“I’m that chap, Miss!” he answered gravely.

At that I began to cry, and to drag him back impetuously.

“What in thunder’s up?” soliloquised my companion, politely helping me over the ice.

“You had better prepare for—for something pleasant!” precluded I.

“Thank ye kindly, Miss.”

“You know to-morrow is Christmas day, and—and you remember my wish?” faltered I.

“You wished I’d find my sweetheart, Miss.”

“And what if you did, *to-night*?”

He stopped short on the pavement, and bent down to scan my face.

“That’s queer lingo!” said he very soberly, while his dark face grew pale.

“Is her name *Mary Lee*?” I exclaimed.

“By thunder! you’ve hit it!”

The next minute I had him into Mrs. Sandingham’s vestibule, and was pointing up into the hall, through the open door, at the governess, who stood exactly where I had left her, under the gas lustre, rooted to the carpet like a person in a dream.

And with one spring he had reached her, and had snatched her to his breast, and had bent his face down upon hers with such a cry of love, and grief, and dismay as I never shall forget: for what, with the years that had parted them, and her white hair, and her black garments, and how he had doubted her, I wonder the poor fellow’s heart did not break on the spot!

Though, thank God, love is so royal, that it can “throw a halo round the dear one’s head,” even when that dear one has lost every charm but a faithful heart—and so immortal, that once kindled, it cannot die—

"For the heart that once truly loves, never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close;
 As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets,
 The same look which she turned when he rose!"

They left me to describe the situation to Mrs. Sandingham, whereat she sighed and quoted Keats on the "Dear Gazelle;" but handsomely added afterwards, that "what was her loss was the sailor's gain:" and as one good turn deserves another, she delegated me to break to the juveniles that their Poor Silver-hair was going to leave them for a home of her own.

At which, such a howl of woe arose, that I was fain to try how a premature display of Christmas-boxes would do to repair the ravages grief made in their affectionate little hearts; but was taught, to my confusion, that many toys cannot quench love, unless accompanied by Poor Silver-hair.

So, finding that tin kitchens, dolls, tea-dishes, whistles, watches, horns and drums were of no avail, I tried reasoning with them; I reminded them of the many tears their dear governess had shed over the dead and lost—tears that I told them they had often wiped away——; and how lonely she must have been in spite of their uniform goodness and obedience; and how her white hair had turned so, grieving for her love; and how joyful had been their meeting at last; and how all that was wanting to her happiness was that they would give her up cheerfully, and try to be as good after she was gone as they had been when she was with them: and when I had reached that point, all of them down to Tootsy, dried their tears, and heroically consigned her to the handsome mate, with a blessing, and munificent offers of all their savings out of the copper bank on the mantel-piece.

So she is "Poor Silver-hair" no more; but happy Mary Morris, with a home like a pretty nest, and a husband who is absolutely bewitched about her, and who declares that Windsor Castle itself would be none too good for his Mary.

When I wish my heart expanded and filled to overflowing with loving sympathy, I join these happy people at their bright fire-side, and listen to Mary's story and Edward's wonderful tale of "The Thanks-offering" which his poor lost love dedicated to God, and which God put into his hands, to change his heart.

And I do not know but that I spend a pleasanter and more profitable hour at their little round tea-table, with Love the feast

and Hope the adornment, than I do in the grand saloons of some Belgravian mansions, being helped to Mocha out of old china and off gold salvers, by waiters crystal-backed and white-gloved, with an oriental traveller on one side of me, and a "daughter of a hundred Earls" on the other: but this I do know, that the sailor and his silver-haired wife have "laid up treasures in Heaven," and that while they sojourn here below, "God is their Sun and Shield."

BY THE SEA.

THE stars looked down on an angry sea,
 The grey clouds scudded across the moon,
 And the roar of the surf came sullenly
 Like the bass to some monotonous tune,—
 At the landing stage behind the pier
 Dirk Deadeye's fishing boat lapped and rocked,—
 When a sea-ghost rose up, weedy and blear,
 And came to the door and knocked.

Three solemn knocks on the lintel-post,
 And then in voice, with an eldritch screech
 And sobbing tone, spoke the sad sea-ghost:
 "The wreck to-night drifts in on the beach,—
 Sailors are drowning,—and never a sail
 Will reach the harbour,—nor hull nor spar";—
 Then the voice drew out to an eerie wail
 That died away on the bar.

"Wak'st, good wife? Hist!" fisher Dirk did say,
 "Did'st thou hear some water-thing come and knock
 To warn that Willie is cast away?
 And,—I'll take my 'davy,—on Purcell's rock;—
 Thou better had'st say a prayer or two
 If 'twas aught but my fears begat it,
 But if 'twas some rascal of Jolkin's crew,
 I'd like to catch him at it!"

All that night on the sands of the bay,
 Castaway, drowned, on a drifting boom
 That rolled and tumbled as if in play
 In the wash of churning froth and spume,

And tangled all in the salt sea-ware
 That back and forth in the breakers ran,
 There floated the boy with the curly hair
 That sailed in the Mary Ann. HUNTER DUVAR.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

II.

MY readers may remember our captain, to whom they were introduced on board the *Sunbury*. This fiery little man had evaded the coast guard service; and as Longfellow and Strongfellow had been in my company so much since our departure from St. John, he waxed jealous of our intimacy. Every attempt made to get the vessel to sea failed. Being in general conversation one day on board of this craft, I remarked that the *Sunbury* might be run out safely, if the captain would employ a certain pilot in question. The skipper's little eyes flashed savagely, and his tongue wagged eloquently. He anathematized everything; myself particularly. I am almost ashamed to state that I sought this quarrel.

"Shall I beat to quarters?" I asked of him in a touching way.

"What!" yelled the little cur.

"Shall we hand up shot and open the magazine?" I resumed, laughing loudly.

Thoroughly exasperated, he flung a tackle-block at my head which I dodged, and lifting a keg of thin coal tar, I threw its viscid contents in his face, and—to use a nautical phrase—he flew round the deck "like a pig on a wind." His physiognomy presented a worse appearance than mine—the day he disfigured my nasal organ on our way down the Bay of Fundy. A Southern lieutenant witnessed the fracas, and told the vanquished captain, that if he dared to visit the fort, he would have to leave in a "wooden suit"—meaning a coffin. Such was the animosity entertained towards me by this skipper, that on one occasion he attempted to shoot me. With the sanction of Longfellow,

shortly after this row, I sent the "noble" commander's "donkey" and traps on shore, he being discharged or turned out *sans cérémonie*.

A month or so from his dismissal, he died of swamp fever: thus ending the life of the greatest tyrant I ever met, either on sea or land. For eight months or more, the *Sunbury* rode at anchor in this river. Thousands of barnacles fastened themselves to her bottom, which, in various places, was honeycombed with the destructive worms of these Southern waters. Longfellow, Strongfellow and I held *carte blanche* to travel the country at will; yet there remained on board—imprisoned as it were—four men, who, during all this time, were not permitted to effect a landing on South Carolina soil. These were negroes—the crew we had shipped at Baltimore. They had signed articles for a voyage to Cuba, little suspecting our real destination; and when they found themselves entering this Confederate port, their wool rose like ostrich feathers, and I fancied they turned a sickly pale colour. These poor men were expecting, from day to day, to become contrabands; but the provost marshal had not examined our ship's papers, and the blacks were supposed to be British subjects.

One of the four was named by us "Old Tom." He had always behaved himself in a most excellent manner during weary months of starvation and suspense. He was rather a poor sailor, however, and had spent most of his life fishing in the Chesapeake bay in summer, and making a trip or two to Philadelphia or New York during the winter. He had a wife and family in Baltimore, and the other darkeys reported him quite well-to-do, being the owner of two small brick houses, and other property. Old Tom kissed his wife and little ones good-bye on leaving the city of his abode, expecting to embrace them again in a month; but what were his feelings to find himself, in less than a week, in the country of his most bitter enemies! To say he fretted, were to do him injustice. He was often seen on his knees, praying to God to lead him out of the lion's den; and with tears in his eyes, he implored me to exert my influence with Longfellow to have him sent on board of a Yankee gunboat. Longfellow was under heavy bonds, that these men should not go on shore—it being forbidden by law that free negroes should pollute this sacred soil with their unholy feet. Old Tom was a very pious man. He had been instrumental in saving me from drowning, one dark night, in the river. I had

fallen out of a boat, with a line round my leg, attached to which was a large kedge anchor. It bore me to the bottom with a rapid plunge; but Old Tom, who was a powerful fellow, instantly, with the strength of a giant, hauled up the anchor, and pulled me on board nearly lifeless. Only for this negro, reader, you would not be perusing my story. I can scarcely ask you to call it a story: it is merely the diary of a young man who left his home to find a fortune, or a Yankee prison—the former preferred. Longfellow was informed that the provost marshal would board the *Sunbury* in a few days, and look over her papers. He now decided to free these unfortunate men as soon as practicable. Strongfellow, who was under obligations to Longfellow, sought my aid in clearing his friend of the responsibility of these negroes. At this time I was not given to much reflection, being young, rash, and fearless of consequences. With no one to care particularly for me, and anxious to perform some act to “astonish the world,” I volunteered to lead the blacks forth to liberty, little dreaming that by doing so I would be placing my slender body between the tiger’s jaws, as it were. The most efficient boat was made ready. I, to avoid suspicion, placed in her five deck buckets, pretending we were going to the mouth of the river for oysters. The crew manned the oars with a will, and pulled nine miles down stream. We passed several signal points, at all of which we were challenged by a sentry. Giving a satisfactory account of ourselves, we were allowed to proceed. On gaining a long, marshy dykeland, I gave directions, and the boat was grounded. In view was a Yankee fleet, about a mile off shore. Having guided these men nearly out of the reach of a Southern rifle, I cautioned them, saying—

“Now, boys, remember that if you are captured, you will be shot on the spot; but do not inform on me.”

Old Tom grasped my hands, and with tears flowing down his honest cheeks, spoke in a low voice: “You have saved me; my prayers to the Almighty have been heard; Heaven will prosper you for this act, and as long as *they live*—my wife and children, God bless them—shall pray for you.” He then knelt on the wet ground, and offered up a silent expression of gratitude to his Master on High, and after fervently kissing my hand, bade me a sudden farewell. The boat was propelled swiftly away, favored by a strong ebbing tide. I stood almost motionless until I saw the refugees gain the side of a Yankee frigate, and then I sat

down on the cold moist dyke, and pondered over what I had done. I well knew the dreadful penalty of aiding or abetting negroes in their escape. Cold chills darted through my frame. I perspired freely, and finally, fell into a fearful reverie. In this way I continued until the flood tide set in, and now I found that I must hurry back to the main land, as this marsh overflowed at high water. After an hour's laborious walk through deep black mud and long rank grass, I sprang into the turbid waters of a narrow creek, and was soon on the highlands. Opposite me, two miles away over the river, was Fort Stanley. I perceived that my actions had been keenly observed, from the movement of the soldiers who stood in crowds along the breastworks. I signalled for help, my side of the Inlet being a vast wilderness. About thirty men came over in a large launch. I noticed that they were in great wrath. I met them, stating that my negroes had deserted. Of course this was a thorough falsehood, but my conscience told me I had acted rightly. Many of these fellows wore a bloodthirsty countenance, and a more ferocious looking band could scarcely have disgraced the mountains of Spain. They showered thousands of bitter curses on my soul, and styled me a *spy, thief* and *two-faced, half-bred rascally English coward*. I became savage and stubborn. I stoutly refused to answer any questions until brought before their superior officers. One miserable little wretch struck me a blow with the barrel of his rifle, that almost broke my back. Another *cut-throat* pointed his bayonet near my side. I very wisely kept my tongue quiet, and heeded them not; my feelings were so galled, that just then I scorned the power of Jeff Davis himself. Thanks to the sergeant in command, I received no further bodily ill-treatment from his unruly gang.

I soon found myself before Captain McDonald and his staff. Night approached, dark and dismal, and the mournful screams of loon-divers and hoot-owls seemed to portend my death-knell. I was placed under guard, and the affair in which I was implicated underwent a most scrutinizing investigation. I was then court-martialed. Strong evidence was brought to bear against me; but Strongfellow, who, bye the bye, was as deeply involved as myself, though unsuspected, stepped forward and pleaded my case with considerable eloquence. He held forth that I was a true blooded Briton, and a youth of almost tender age; that I was a

thorough sympathiser with the South; and that my father owned a magazine in the Bahamas, in which was stored the powder that would shortly blow into sudden obscurity thousands of Yankee invaders of their beloved country. This oration caused some speculation; for, be it remembered, that these coast guards, as a body, were exceedingly ignorant, as also were many of the officers: hence, perhaps, the more danger for me. Longfellow likewise stepped forward (a third person guilty); for if I had "blowed" on Strongfellow, and he in return had "let out" on Longfellow, *all three of us would have been shot down like dogs.*

"I feel," cried Longfellow, "much sorrow in being compelled to humbly thrust myself before this highly intelligent tribunal, in defence of my countryman, young Johnny. I feel assured, in my mind, that he is accused wrongfully. I am convinced, Captain McDonald and gentlemen, that the prisoner before you is not guilty. Allow me to explain this simple fact. *What could he have gained* in being accessory to the crime charged against him? Was not my most valuable boat taken? thus leaving me with only a light skiff; and you are all aware that I cannot replace the loss here, as you have nothing in that line to spare but pine canoes. Did not the runaways steal my spy-glass, and disarm Johnny of his revolver? Gentlemen, I assure you that the prisoner is entirely blameless in this matter, and I sincerely trust that he will be immediately acquitted *communi consensu.*"

After this investigation was over, I was still kept under guard. Next day the captain of a blockade-running steamer visited me. He had just arrived from Nassau: his ship was at Wilmington. Being acquainted with my father—on learning of my bad fortune—he called on me as a *friend*, so he stated.

"I reckon you will be shot!" he whispered. "I was raised in these yer parts, and know the men you have to deal with. What shall I tell your father when I see him?"

"Anything you choose!" I gruffly answered; my feelings being wounded at his opinion, which savored not a morsel of sympathy or pity. I ordered him to leave me. He did so, stammering out apologies that only added insult to injury. I was in despair for a short time. I would hardly converse with any of my friends, and I determined that, if found guilty, I would die game, with my eyes unbandaged, and pointing the finger of scorn at the rifle-party that would be set apart to deal me the *coup de grace.*

Captain McDonald would occasionally cast piercing glances at me, and pass by without a word. This treatment I felt very keenly, and more particularly as I had always been on the very best terms with this gentleman. I had learned not only to respect but to admire him, for his cool bravery and humanity. Though somewhat stern, he was kind to those under his command, and Yankee prisoners sometimes remarked that "they felt quite at home in his society." He would thank them, replying that they were welcome.

On one occasion we were about to have a slight skirmish with a launch full of Yankees. We were hidden from their view among sand hills, and they were leisurely approaching within forty yards of our muskets. Several coast guards urged the captain to allow them to "pick off" the officers. "No!" stoutly refused their leader. "I came here to make prisoners of those people, not to murder them." We captured the entire party.

Much to my delight, a few days brought me the intelligence that I was at liberty to proceed at will on my own account, and that I had better depart from Little River Inlet as soon as convenient for me to do so.

I at once visited the *Sunbury* for the purpose of packing up my clothes. It was night, and though thankful of my escape, I was in somewhat of a sorrowful mood. I had lost cast with nearly all the jovial coast guards. I was in deep soliloquy, when the loud notes of the bugle startled me. I rushed on deck and found it was the call, *Aux armes*. Almost instantly after this warning, a sharp firing began from a strong body of Yankees, who had made a sudden and determined advance, for the purpose of destroying salt works and vessels. I could easily distinguish the loud reports proceeding from the muskets of the coast guards from the shrill crack of the enemy's rifles, and common reason told me that the grey-coats were falling back before an unequal force. A large schooner, laden with cotton and turpentine, lay at anchor just above the fort, and was almost in the hands of the besiegers. I was ordered to board this craft and set her on fire. On my way I met a boat containing a number of gentlemen, most of whom were merchants from Wilmington. They had just left this vessel, and had been seeking a passage in her out of the country. One of their number was a Nova Scotia captain. A shower of balls flew over us, and this skipper nearly fainted from fear. He cried and

begged to be removed out of danger. I soon gained the side of the deserted schooner, and sprang to her deck, where I cut asunder a bale of cotton and burst a barrel of turpentine over it. At this moment I was accosted by a comely young man of sandy complexion, having a revolver in his hand.

“What are you about, young man?” he demanded.

I informed him that Captain McDonald had ordered me to burn the vessel. He advised a delay for a little time, stating that he was captain of the craft.

“The cowardly passengers have cleared out,” said he, “and left me without the means of escape, taking away the boat while I rushed down the companion-way for some money I had in my trunk.”

We became quite friendly, agreeing to touch the match the moment we discovered the Yankee boats through the darkness. Volley after volley of musketry was exchanged, the Southerners using buckshot cartridges. Many balls flew in our direction, and being desirous of witnessing the conflict, if possible, we made a dash up the main-rigging, and took shelter in the gaff-topsail, which we unfurled at the cross-trees. On several occasions, the flashes of the Yankees' rifles displayed for an instant their forms, and we could plainly observe several men lying down, as if dead or desperately wounded. The screams, howls, and cheers from the coast guards were almost terrifying. The Yankees at last retreated, not, however, without landing and thrashing the grey-jackets out of the fort, when they set fire to the log-buildings, captured a pet game-cock, and upset a pot of shelled clams, thus depriving their enemies of their next morning's breakfast.

In the engagement, Captain McDonald was struck by a spent ball directly over the heart. It felled him to the ground with great force. It had first struck a pine tree, and glancing off upset the captain, doing him no serious injury. Many of the coast guards were wounded, but none killed. They fought mostly in comparative safety behind stout pine trees. I had now become very friendly with the young skipper whose vessel I had attempted to burn, and this soon grew to intimacy which lasted many bright days, as the reader will find, if he continues to follow me through this simple narrative. He was not over twenty-two years of age, and had been an accountant in a shipping house in Glasgow. I found him a most gentlemanly fellow. He was

a Roman Catholic Highland Scotchman: Donald Kailbrose, I shall style him.

The South had become too "hot" for me. I longed to get from under the *stars and bars*. This region of mosquitoes and sandflies had lost its charms. A mule team was chartered under government to proceed towards Charleston, after a load of unhulled rice. I secured a passage, announcing my intended departure to the neighbours in the vicinity. "Friends are proved by adversity," it is said, and so I concluded, for just as I was about to embark, up stepped the mother of Oanus, pressing her *generous* offer of \$3000 and the young stud, if I would go to Richmond as a substitute for her boy. I informed her that already I considered myself in the frying-pan, and that I had no desire to get into the fire. Bidding her farewell, I remarked that she was a *canny* old lady, and that her proposition was very *braw*.

She held forth that I had a "right smart" journey ahead of me, and she "reckoned" I had better retract and go to Richmond. I suddenly left her, calling out that I valued my life more than her \$3000—and *kintra cooser* to boot. Oanus was slain in battle soon after this.

"There's nothing like a roving life,
To make the heart feel free;
With little cash and little wants,
Oh! that's the life for me."

After my settlement with Longfellow, I found myself in possession of his draft on New York for \$400, six months after date. I shall not dwell on this mule voyage—suffice it to say that when night overtook us, we turned the mongrel quadrupeds loose, and slept under the cart. In this way we travelled a long distance down the coast, over heavy sandy roads, and often on the sea beach, there being no other highway. We jogged on very slowly. I found it exceedingly wearisome. After four days, we arrived at Murrel's Inlet. This plantation village is about three miles from the sea. A narrow winding river flows along its marshy banks. Conspicuous to the eye, was the slave-holders' extensive mansion, environed by the little log-houses of their bondsmen, that were built regardless of style, or uniformity of construction. At a plantation, several miles from this seaport, I witnessed a novel scene. On a rough fence, in front of the manor-house were sitting gaping at us, a host of children; perhaps three dozen, ranging

from five to fifteen years of age. In colour they varied from the Octoroon to a dark walnut hue. I was informed that these offsprings of many *Europas* owed their existence to the *Jupiter* of the estate, who was their lord and master. At Murrel's Inlet were anchored a number of blockade runners. I endeavored to obtain a passage out in one of these vessels, but failed in my undertaking. I began to suspect myself of being unfortunate *Ab incunabulis*.

I gazed sorrowfully at the blue ocean and longed to be tossed again on its rolling billows.

Not unexpectedly, I was arrested by a cavalry officer and marched off many miles to camp. My passport was demanded. I had none. I was informed that I would immediately be conveyed to Charleston along with other stragglers. I told them that nothing would please me more, as I *had intended* going to that city of ruins. "Well," muttered one of the cavaliers, "he ain't no Yank." "Reckon you may go," spoke their captain, and bowing politely, I walked away, thankful to get off so easily. I met a body of their men on my way; they were mounted on handsome black horses and dashed by me in a cloud of dust. While at this village the Yankees bombarded the place, sinking one vessel and badly damaging others. Many of the houses also suffered severely. At another time they advanced up river in barges; but received a checking fire from a masked battery of light artillery. Finding that I could not escape from the country in this direction, I determined to retrace my steps to Little River Inlet. I "footed it" nearly all the way. A Tennessee regiment kept me company part of the journey. They were tall and fierce in appearance, with high cheek bones and glossy hair, which was coarse and very dark. It hung in thick clusters over their shoulders, giving them a decidedly romantic look. Those that I conversed with, stated that they had never beheld a vessel or steamer in their lives till a day or two previously, and several of these men had seen fifty years. Again I entered the village of Little River, much fatigued and discouraged, and as the Southern darkey expresses it, almost "done gone."

I was agreeably disappointed on arriving at the scene of my recent troubles, and was welcomed back by many old friends. I did not, however, seek the society of the coast guards. I was contented to remain a few days among the villagers; and killed time chatting to old folks, wounded soldiers, and young maidens.

One evening I found myself a guest at a party given by the mother of Oanus. About thirty couples were present, the gentlemen of course being coast guards, on short leave of absence. Dancing after *their* fashion was indefatigably indulged in. The ladies present were from ordinary in appearance to handsome. One of these last named, was "modest," mischievous, and mirthful. She "reckoned she could tote the biggest feller in the room." Songs were sung in a sighing manner, many of them containing about eighteen verses. Supper was announced at midnight. I led a buxom little widow to the well-filled table, which was covered with *the things* that tend to render Southern life pleasant, viz: bread made of peas, corn rolls, sweet potato-cake, sweet potato-pies, rice buns, and clam pot-pie. Corn coffee and sassafras tea, were neatly served around by little slave girls about twelve years of age. Their aprons were white as new linen.

After discussing the good things, dancing was renewed. The music consisted of banjo, violin, guitar, and tambourine. The last "light fantastic" was their great reel and promenade walk-round, called "Run, nigger run, befo' de brok ob day." The hostess, as a "wind-up" *ad finem*, summoned an old woolly-headed negro man. At her bidding, he performed a most ludicrous overture on the jaw-bone of a horse. With a polished spike he artistically touched the teeth, causing them to rattle in their bony sockets; and a sound was created that could only please the vile ear of the African god Obeah. The little waiter-girls danced and clapped their hands wildly to this villainous din, singing curious melodies in praise of their mistress. The company then separated.

Again bidding farewell to Longfellow and Strongfellow, I left Little River one Sabbath evening just as the sun was lowering behind the western forests. His rays of gold and crimson glared brightly on the windows of the village cottages, proclaiming a peaceful good-night. I was alone, and on foot, with a journey of seventy odd miles to perform.

"I'm adrift! I'm adrift! among woods and swamp lands,
With the cold world before me, no friend but my hands;
Should I meet sweet *Fortuna's* bright smile on the way,
And I ask her to wed me, gods! what would she say;
She might bid me stride onward to many new scenes,
My steps all uncertain, my prospects vain dreams;
But should I find *luck*, and with him persevere,
The goddess might join me through life's brief career."

THE WAY-SIDE INN.

HERE is the old Inn, much the same,
 With creaking sign and gables quaint,
 With water-trough all green with age,
 And weather-boards a foe to paint.
 Though now through broader, fairer ways
 The shifting tides of travel range,
 I find the ancient Way-Side Inn
 Unchanged amid a world of change.

Here is the mouldering porch, where oft
 I stood and watched the mail-coach sweep
 With clattering gear and winding horn
 Around the hill-side sharp and steep;
 Or listened to the gossips old,
 Throned in their well-worn chairs, relate
 Old anecdotes of days gone by
 And pointless stories out of date.

The oaken pump above the trough
 Shows signs 'tis true, of sure decay,
 But still the cool sweet waters gush
 As I the creaking handle sway,
 And though the lofty sign-board pole
 Begins to droop and lean with age,
 The gallant rooster at its peak
 Defies the world with noble rage.

But still I miss some vital links,
 With which the chain were else complete;
 I miss the smile of faces dear,
 The sound of well-remembered feet.
 I miss the landlord, hale and stout,
 Whose presence filled the tap-room door,
 I miss his buxom wife, who kept
 So neat and fresh the sanded floor.

And many a neighbour's form I miss
 That stood of old about the place:
 But most I miss the landlord's niece,
 Of dainty form and winsome face.

Indoors and out she was the life
 And joy of all who came and went ;
 Her presence to the dim old house
 A summer sunshine always lent.

I know not whither they have gone—
 They cannot tell me at the bar ;
 They went away when trade fell off,
 And dead and gone to me they are.
 But little Bessie haunts me yet,
 Such smiles as hers are hard to win ;
 And still I linger wrapt in thought
 About the ancient Way-Side Inn.

THE WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. ZSCHOKKE.

(Concluded.)

RESCUE.

AS the Red-coat said these words, it appeared to me as if his bright garment glowed around him like a flame, and a greenish light shot up out of the earth around us ; but it was only the trees. Colours blended strangely with one another before my eyes. At last all was extinguished. I lay in a fainting-fit. I was no longer conscious. Something had come over me.

Then I felt a dim return of consciousness ; a far-off sound was in my ears, and before my eyes broke a twilight of glimmering rays. As thought, sound, and vision became more vivid, I thought over my condition, but I could not make out what was the matter with me.

“ I am either fainting, or losing my senses, or dying”—thought I. “ Is the soul tearing herself away from the nerves, the spirit from the body ; what then remains ? A world is departing with my senses ; and the spirit, as a dependent power, is resolved into the ocean of all power. Then is man only a foam-bubble, thrown up from the ever-moving, ever-changing surface of the ocean of the All, reflecting in itself the green islands and the infinity of heaven. And the reflected islands and heaven vanish away, as the bubble

returns whence it came.—No, no,” cried I to myself, “that is the way I became a criminal, because I lost all faith in God and in myself, and had given myself up to the brain-spun threads of a one-sided sophistry. The great world-spirit is no dead sea, and man’s soul no bubble.”

So I thought, and opened my eyes, and over me hovered the old man, as if resting on clouds, with a friendly seriousness. I saw no longer the cold, stern features, but a mild expression in his transfigured mien; but the light dazzled me, and I soon shut my eyes again, and dreamed on: I could not stir a limb.

“What is the matter with me, or what is going to take place?” thought I; for it seemed to me that I heard the hum of cities and villages go by, and the noise of waving woods; and then again the rushing of streams and the roar of breakers; and then the tinkling of sheepfolds and the songs of shepherds. “What has happened to me? whither am I going?” sighed I, softly, with a great effort.

Still over me hung the form of the old man, and his eye rested tenderly upon me. “I save you,” said he at last, in a tone unspeakably gentle: “Fear no more. Thou hast seen thy life, and thy death. Thou weak one, be a man. A second time I cannot save you.”

Thereupon there was a glimmering before my eyes, and methought I lay in a rocky cavern, in which the daylight shone through a narrow cleft. But the old man still hung over me as he said: “Now thou art saved, and I leave thee. I have fulfilled thy wishes.”

“But,” sighed I, “my Fanny, my children! Give them to me in this desert.”

The old man answered: “They are thine already.”

“Blot out the remembrance of my guilt for ever, if thou canst.”

The old man spoke: “I will blot it out; it will trouble thee no more.”

As he said this, he dissolved away over me like a mist, and I gazed at the gray rocks above me, and understood nothing of what had happened. But I was filled with an unspeakable peace. And yet it was all like a fairy tale.

Whilst I still gazed at the rocks above me, the lips of an unseen being were pressed to mine. I felt a warm kiss.

A NEW WORLD.

That kiss brought me back to earth. I thought my eyes were

open, but I found that they were shut; for I heard light footsteps around me, and yet saw no one in the cave.

There came a soft breath upon my cheek, and two sweet lips once more touched mine.

The feeling of life again returned to my outward senses. I heard the whispering of children's voices. Dream and reality were mingled confusedly together; but they soon began to be parted the one from the other more distinctly, until I came fully to myself, and perceived clearly what was round me. I became aware that I was lying in a stiff uncomfortable posture. It seemed to me as if I were on the sofa in my summer-house. I opened my eyes, and my Fanny hung over me. It was her kisses that had awakened me. Our children clapped their hands for joy when they saw me awakening, and clambered up on the sofa upon me, crying one after the other, "Papa! papa! good morning!"—And my dear little wife locked me in her arms, and with eyes filled with tears, chid me for having slept all night in the cold summer-house; and had not Christopher, our man-servant, come back but a quarter of an hour before from the post-house, and told the maids in the kitchen of my arrival, not a soul would have known that I had come.

But the heavy Walpurgis-dream had affected me to such a degree, that I lay still for some time, not venturing to trust my eyes or my ears. I looked around for the fantastic cave in the desert, but still I was in the summer-house. There lay still the drums, whips, and playthings on the floor. Upon the table still stood Fanny's work-basket—all just as I had found it, when I had chosen my night's lodging there.

"And Christopher has but just returned from the post-house!" asked I. "Has he slept there all night?"

"To be sure, you strange creature!" said Fanny, and patted my cheek. "He says, too, that you yourself told him to do so.—Why have you passed the night on this sofa, which is as hard as a rock? Why did you not rout us out of our beds? How gladly would we all have been prepared for your reception!"

I started with delight. "You have slept, then, safely and quietly all night?" asked I.

"Only too soundly," said Fanny. "Could I have guessed that you were here in the summer-house,—there would have been an end of all sleep. I would have slipped out to you, like a ghost.

Do you know, too that it is Walpurgis-night, in which the witches and hobgoblins play their tricks?"

"I know it only too well!" said I, and rubbed my eyes and smiled joyfully at finding that all my crimes were a dream: that neither post-house nor city were burnt; that neither the Red-coat from Prague, nor the long since forgotten Julia had made me a visit.

I clasped the lovely Fanny more fondly to my heart; and with her and the children upon my lap, I felt now more vividly than ever, the peace of a good heart and pure conscience.

A new world bloomed around me; and more than once I was doubtful whether it were a dream or not. I looked often towards the pleasant roofs of our town to convince myself that I had thrown no candle into the hay.

Never in my life had I had a more connected, vivid, and definite dream; only at the last, when it blended itself with my waking moments, had it become wild and fantastic.

We went in triumph through the beautiful garden to the pleasant dwelling-house, where all my household welcomed me most heartily. After I had altered my dress a little, I went loaded with all sorts of playthings for my boys, into Fanny's room to breakfast. There sat the young mother with the merry little ones. At each look of love, a new rapture streamed through my heart. I sank silently on Fanny's breast, and with tears of joy presented to her the little tokens which I had bought for her in Prague, saying, "Fanny, to-day is thy birth-day."

"Never have I celebrated it more delightfully than now!" said she. "I have you again. I have invited some of our friends to pass the day with us, to welcome you home. I hope it does not displease you?—But now sit down by us, and tell me all about yourself."

But my remarkable dream stood too vividly before my eyes. I thought it would be a relief to relate it. Fanny listened, and became very serious. "Truly," said she at last, "one ought to believe in the witchery of the Walpurgis-night. Thou hast dreamed quite a sermon. Be yet more pious, my pious one, for surely thy good angel has spoken with thee. Write down thy dream. Such a dream is more remarkable than many a life. I rely, you know, much upon dreams. They do not tell us of the future, but they tell us of ourselves. They are sometimes the clearest looking-glasses of the soul."

THE TEMPTER, AND THE TEMPTATION.

A remarkable, although not indeed extraordinary, coincidence occurred on the day following my Walpurgis dream. My wife had invited some friends from the city, to a little family festival. On account of the beauty of the day, we dined in the upper roomy saloon of the summer-house. The Walpurgis dream was almost blotted out from my memory by bright and pleasant realities.

My servant announced a strange gentleman, who wished to speak with me, a Baron MANDEVILLE, from Drostow.

Fanny saw that I was startled. "You will not surely," said she, "tremble before the tempter if he does not bring the temptation with him, and not even before the temptation, while you are at my side."

I went down. There, seated on the very sofa where I had slept the night before, appeared the real, living Red-coat from Prague. He arose, greeted me like an old friend, and said "You see I keep my promise. I must now see your lovely Fanny, with whom I have become quite accidentally acquainted, through your confidential letters. Are you not jealous? And"—he continued pointing out into the garden—"I have brought a couple of guests with me, my brother and his wife. But my sister-in-law already knows you. We unexpectedly met in Dresden, and now travel in company."

I expressed my pleasure at seeing him. Just then a thick, stout man entered the room where we were speaking, and at his side was a lady, in a travelling-dress. Imagine my astonishment—it was Julia, the wife of the count.

Julia was less embarrassed than I, although she changed colour. After the first civilities, I carried my guests into the saloon above. I introduced them to my Fanny. The tempter, turned visitor, said the most flattering things to her.

"I have," said he, "already quite adored you in Prague, where, without the knowledge of your husband, I got to know all the little family secrets which you communicated to him."

"I know all," said Fanny to him; "you paid fourteen hundred dollars for those secrets. But you are, after all, a very bad man, for you have caused my Robert a restless night."

"We have not done with that yet, Fanny," said I, "for see, here is the lovely temptation," and then—I introduced her to the count's wife—"Julia."

Women never suffer long from embarrassment. Fanny embraced

Julia as a sister, and placed the tempter on one side of her, and the temptation on the other. "As far as possible from you!" cried she, in a tone of roguish warning.

Fanny and Julia, although they had never seen each other before, soon became true heart-sisters, and had a great deal to say to each other, making me the butt of their raillery. For my part, it was peculiarly delightful to see these two together: both lovely—but Julia only a beautiful woman, Fanny an angel.

Julia, as I learned from her during a walk in the garden, was perfectly happy. She was truly attached to her husband, on account of the nobleness of his character; but for her brother-in-law, the Red-coat, she had the tender affection of a child. He had spent much of his life, as she told me, in travelling, and now resided on an estate in Poland, near her husband's, dividing his time between books, and agricultural labours, and offices of benevolence. She spoke of him with animation, and insisted that a nobler man did not exist on earth. I gathered from all she told me a practical reflection, that one must not trust too much to physiognomy.

"Why did you put that mysterious question to me at Prague," said I, after a while, to the worthy Red-coat: "*Do you not now know who I am, and what I want of you?*" For it was these words that struck me so at Prague, and had afterwards sounded again so distinctly in my dream.

"It is plain enough what I meant," cried he. "I wanted to tell you, as I brought back your pocket-book, what I wished with you, and wanted also to let you know that I was the finder; that you should put confidence in me, and give me some proofs of your loss. You continued to be as reserved, as if I were a suspicious person, and yet I saw your disquiet, and could not doubt that the right man stood before me."

I now related to him my dream. "Sir," cried he, "long live the Walpurgis-spirits! The dream deserves to be a chapter in moral philosophy and psychology. If you do not carefully write it down, I will do it myself, and send it to you in print. There are right golden lessons in it. I am glad, however, that I have the honour to shine at last as an angel of light, otherwise I would not listen to a word more of your Walpurgis-night Adventure."

We spent a happy day together: I with the truly excellent Mandeville, and Fanny with Julia.

When we parted at evening, and accompanied our good friends to the inn, Fanny said to me, when we reached the door, "Here we will bid good-bye, and not accompany the beautiful temptation a step further. Your Walpurgis dream contains a good lesson for me too. Do you not know me, sir, and what your Fanny wants with you?"

THE CURL.

BY MARY BARRY.

I.

"THIS tiny curl you will never miss,
Give me this curl," he said,
And he touched my brow with a sudden kiss,
As he clipt it from my head.
"It shall lie right here on my heart by day,
A talisman fair and bright,
And for every golden thread I'll say
A prayer for my love by night."

II.

O crimson flush of the sunset sky,
O gold of the shore and sea!
Did you catch from my heart your radiant dye?
Did you borrow your light from me?

III.

He stood next morn at the vessel's prow,
Dark drawn 'gainst an opal sky,
And I watched full long, as I'm watching now,
While the white-winged ship went by!
The sea-gull screamed as she circled past,
And dipt her wing in the spray,
And her shadow flitted athwart the mast—
'Twas an omen dark they say.

IV.

I am watching still, but I know 'tis vain,
All vain is this weary quest,
For he lies low down 'neath the seething main,
With my ringlet on his breast.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THOSE who have been observant of events have for some time clearly discerned that a religious war of great magnitude was about to take place. Pope Pius IX., since his exile in Gaeta, has been pursuing a systematic course of aggression upon science, liberalism and the state, which culminated in the declaration of infallibility, and the adoption of the syllabus. The opposition to these decrees was of no avail. The vote of the assembled bishops was not permitted. The first act of his infallibility was to decree himself infallible. Since that act there has been much strife. "The Old Catholic" church has been established, and a war between it and the new—as it may be called—has been initiated. Meanwhile, Prussia has become a great power, and uses its might in behalf of Protestantism—of a Protestant Church, rather, in subordination to the State: the very opposite idea of the Catholic one, which is that of the State subordinate to the Church. The negation of Theocracy is with Prussia a fundamental point. The Prussian recognizes that each man belongs to the State which forms him, drills him, and regulates him at pleasure. Prussians, whether liberal or rationalist, see in Ultramontanism an enemy to the human race, and that it must be combatted in the interest of posterity. For this purpose it is sought to attach the Catholic part of the new Empire to Protestantism. It is not sufficiently observed that the bond which binds the Catholic to Rome is everything. Admitting that the source of divine grace is in the hand of the Supreme Pontiff, from whom it flows through the entire Church, it is clear that he who is not in connexion with the hierarchical streams must die of atrophy. It would seem as though those who direct affairs in Prussia do not understand this. They think that patriotism, which sees that great evil has come to Germany from the action of Popery, should lead its devotees to give it up for country. True Catholics, even while they admit the evils which their country has suffered from the way in which the Papacy has acted, cannot separate from the Church which is to them the repository of all grace. Prussia and the Church are thus in direct opposition, and the strife must go forward till victory declare on one side or other. Both the Pope and Prussia have attained the height of their glory. The infallibility of the

one, and the grand military superiority of the other, make them giants in this war.

There are a few professors and other thinkers of the Catholics in Germany who opposed, and still oppose, the pretensions of the Pope; and who form the "Old Catholic" party. The ideas of these are in accord with the views of Prussia. The Imperial Government took them under its protection, and formed high hopes of the future of the new Church. The new Church placed itself gladly in dependence on the State, and avowed its pure German character at the risk of compromising its position as part of the Catholic Church. But, in order to throw its protecting shield over the new body, a reform in the existing law relative to sects had to be made. The Prussian law did not admit that any of its citizens could be beyond the pale of one or other of the recognized religions. Every one, in all important acts of civil life, was dependent on his clergy. When one abandoned his church without entering another, he could neither marry nor give to his children a regular status. An excommunication pronounced by the Bishop had the gravest consequences. It really outlawed him. The appearance of the new Catholic Church required a modification of this law. The course which should have been taken was, 1st. To secularize all the acts of civil life, so that a change of religion should make no difference to the position of the dissentient; 2nd. To secularize the school which was under the clergy; and 3rd. To give to the new Church entire liberty of worship, and to give them their due share of the goods enjoyed previously in common with the others. But such course was not adopted. The reasoning pursued was like that of Louis the 14th. "Protestantism," said he, "destroys the unity of my State. Protestants are not completely my subjects. They have relations with foreigners, and may put themselves in opposition to my Government. It is necessary to suppress them." The term Protestant being changed for Catholic, we have the reason of Bismarck expressed, and the course indicated towards the Ultramontanes. The laws of 1873 govern the bishop in the choice of his priests; impose rules which the Church knows nothing of; thus taking power, as the Scotch say, *circa sacra*; and setting at nought the principle of the transmission of the sacramental graces, which is the very basis of Catholicism. Now the Catholics have the right to conform their practice to their faith. The priests

whom the State instals will be nothing to the faithful. Their service is sacrilege—to demand absolution of them would be another sin. Should the State compel a Catholic to use the ministry of such priests? The ministry of a priesthood instituted by the State will be deserted. The faithful fly from it—unbelievers do not want it. It is strange that those who have the direction of affairs in Prussia should not have seen that the course pursued is contrary to true liberty.

What may be the result? The bishops will not yield. The true course for Prussia to pursue would be to separate entirely the Church and State. It is not likely that Prussia will do that. The death of Pope Pius would not much change the situation. The decree of infallibility and the syllabus will live. Prussia may try to get a Pope who will be more pliant: but to go back upon the decrees of a council would be to declare the death of the Papacy.

The true procedure of the State towards sects is to leave them to their own affairs. It is no part of its duty to deliver the consciences of its citizens from the bondage of any sect. Every one should be at liberty to quit his communion or his religious order; but the State has no mission to take any man out of his communion. The State must renounce the task of converting from a hurtful religion; of deciding what doctrines are true; or of determining what are the relations which should subsist between a man and his God.

In counselling liberty, we do not think we give advice contrary to the spirit of the age. We believe that the spirit of the modern day will triumph, and that the natural course of events will bring superstition to an end much better than all penal measures. It is a false idea that persecution will bring down Ultramontaniam. It will fortify it. Liberty—true liberty—which only protects from persecution, will be the destruction of the Catholic unity in that which is in it of danger. The Catholic unity reposes only on the civil power. It is the fruit of Concordats which the Pope has been the first to renounce. Because Catholicism has followed the policy of repression, that is no reason why a Protestant State should follow the example. Let every one—the Jesuit, the Protestant, the old Catholic, the new Catholic—be free to think and to act. The State has no business to regulate opinions. It is no Doctor of Theology. Persuasion is the only mode of conversion.

To try to inculcate liberal ideas by means of power is a contradiction in terms. Nothing is gained to opinion but what is voluntary and free. Liberty will do more in dissolving dangerous combinations than any direct measures of opposition. That which Catholicism formerly attempted, and would still attempt, is to crush, by its massive force, rival opinions which have not been able to find any common bond of unity. Let States refuse to give effect to any such attempt; let all be protected in whatever religion they have chosen, and the old Church will be powerless for harm, and may even become useful.

The country of modern times is not like that of Sparta or Rome, where the State was the parent and every one a member of the family, having the same God, the same education, the same worship. Modern States are too much mixed for that. Of different races, languages and religion, they are yet combined for the common purposes of secular citizenship. The country of modern times most loved, most sought, will be that which leaves its members least disturbed by State interference. In this country, and in the United States, and we may say, with the slight exception of a State Church, England, this principle of non-interference is most fully carried out, and we trust that old European countries will know how more and more to avoid all measures which have even the aspect of compulsion or persecution on account of any opinions which the people thereof may possess or be led, by new evidence, to adopt.

ON the twenty-sixth January, the Queen dissolved the Parliament of Great Britain. The Premier subsequently issued an address to the electors of Greenwich, in which he defended his former policy, and outlined his future course, if sustained by the voice of the country. He had purchased the Electric Telegraph for £9,000,000, reduced the national debt £20,000,000, lowered taxes beyond the amounts imposed £12,500,000, paid the Alabama indemnity, and provided for the expenses of the Ashantee war, while a balance was probable on the year of £5,000,000. With this latter sum he proposed to liquidate the income tax. But as the sum on hand would not be quite sufficient, an adjustment of some other taxes would be needed—a phrase which means evidently an increase though not probably a very great one, sufficient, however, to produce say from £500,000 to £1,000,000. Then

the late Premier indicated an extension of the household suffrage as enjoyed by the boroughs to the counties. The laws of transfer and descent, and game, etc., were to receive attention. Disraeli criticised his address in his manifest to his constituents, remarking on the impolicy of the Ashantee war, affirming that the disturbance of the franchise for the counties was impolitic, that the Conservatives had been opposed to the continuance of the income tax, and that though Gladstone had not spoken of a local parliament for any portion of the kingdom, it was unfortunate that some of his followers and supporters were pledged to such a measure.

The elections have resulted in the defeat of the Liberal party, and in giving a majority to the Conservatives of some fifty over the Liberals and Home Rulers. Disraeli is now in power, and Gladstone leads the Opposition.

THE Ashantee war has been happily concluded; and peace again reigns in West Africa.

MARSHAL MCMAHON still continues the interim ruler of France. He gives balls in the Elysee, and has had his salary increased, but not out of proportion to his duties and expenses. Prince Napoleon has written a letter to contradict a rumour that he was favourable to Imperialism, which has dissatisfied the Democracy and Imperialists alike. The former disbelieve his professions and the latter are offended that he does not uphold the interests of his house. The young Napoleon has attained his majority, and has no doubt views upon the crown of France.

THE marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh to Her Imperial Highness, the Grand Duchess of Russia, has been the topic of the month. Its political significance may not be great at present, but in future ages the union may largely affect the destinies of the two great countries to which the bride and bridegroom respectively belong. It is to be hoped that the alliance may tend to preserve peace and amity between Britain and Russia. It may have more effect on the Czar than a deputation of the Peace Society to St. Petersburg.

THE proposed suspension of the usual formalities in the election of a Pope as successor to the present one, in the event of his death, has given rise to some alarm. It has been suggested that should

the election take place out of Rome it might be difficult for his future Holiness to regain his place in that Ancient See. Cardinal Antonelli is opposed to the suspension of the usual forms, and says he has always opposed the Pope's leaving Rome. Five powers claim the right of veto—France, Austria, Portugal, Spain and Naples; but Portugal is the only one whose right of veto has never been questioned on any side. Since the first Concordat under the first Napoleon that of France is not implicitly recognized. The Emperor of Austria has that right by virtue of descent from the Roman Kings of the Holy German Empire. But that Empire has ceased to exist in its old shape, and the question whether the Emperor of Austria has still the right of veto may be raised. As for Spain, which since the new Ecclesiastical organization has been considered in Rome as almost out of the pale of the Catholic Church, she can scarcely claim a word in a matter so weighty as the election of the Supreme Pontiff. Naples, which has ceased to exist as a State, can scarcely come into the account, so the only unquestioned right is that of Portugal. It is likely that all the forms will be observed, and that the election will take place in Rome as usual.

Claims having been put forth by Archbishop Manning that the Roman Church is a supreme power among men, the sole interpreter of the faith, having within the sphere of its communion a right to legislate with authority, and to bind the consciences of all baptized Christians, Earl Russell took measures some time ago to have a demonstration of public opinion on the subject. Russell declared that this "was not liberty, civil or religious," that it was "to bow the knee to a despotic and fallible priesthood," and added: "The very same principles which bind me to ask equal freedom for the Roman Catholic, the Protestant Dissenter and the Jew, bind me to protest against a conspiracy which aims at confining the German Empire in chains." The principal resolution declared that the meeting unreservedly acknowledges it to be the duty and right of nations to uphold civil and religious liberty, and therefore deeply sympathizes with the people of Germany in their determination to resist the policy of the Ultramontane portion of the Church of Rome. Whether Prussia has just pursued the wisest course in this matter we have considered in the previous portion of this article.

ONE of the greatest of American Statesmen, Sumner, has departed. His fame as an orator has reached all countries. He was one of the uncompromising opponents of slavery. After a great speech, in which he dealt hardly but justly with Southern slaveholders, he was stricken down by Brooks, and his life was for some time despaired of. It is said, and it is no doubt true, that he never fully recovered from the blow. He outlived the assassin, however, and had the satisfaction of witnessing the triumph of the cause for which he battled and bled. He was well acquainted with the laws of nations, and saw that Mason and Slidell were illegally captured. He eloquently expounded the Alabama claims, and his influence was great in bringing Great Britain to acknowledge liability in the matter. America has great reason to honour his memory.

THE fate of Presidents of the United States is strange. They emerge from obscurity, fill a large space in the world's view for four or eight years, and then, as a rule, sink back into their original nothingness. Like Cincinnatus, when the battle of opinion which called them from the plough is over, they return to their original occupation. No one knows anything of them, or cares. They cannot hope again to occupy the White House. Other aspirants emerge to public notice, laudation, or detestation, while they are condemned to solitude—not daring further to aspire. They must live on the memories of past triumphs. Several of these, ineligible to kingship, may exist at the same time. At present, only Johnson lives.

Scrapiana.

AMONG recent deaths, that of Adam Black, Edinburgh, is chronicled. In 1830, Adam and Charles Black became the publishers of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*—in 1851 a revised edition was issued, which contained many articles written by Adam Black himself. The same year they purchased the unexpired copyrights of the *Waverley Novels*, and have retained the monopoly of supply to this day by keeping good and cheap editions

continually in print. "The Bookseller" says: "In Mr. Black, Edinburgh loses one of her most honoured sons—an honest, upright, God-fearing man: one who, without ostentatious parade, endeavoured to make the divine commands his daily rule of conduct, both in business and private life." His age was eighty-nine years.

UNDER the impression that some facts and figures with regard to Mr. JOHN BOYD'S Lectures and Readings, will be of no less interest to the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY than himself, the Editor indulges in the following review: Mr. Boyd's first public address was to the Young Men's Temperance Association, in the Mechanics' Institute, in 1847, at the close of which, many now numbered among our leading business men, became members of the Society. His second lecture was on "The Claims of Seamen for Homes Ashore," which was followed, from year to year, by other lectures in the courses of the Mechanics' Institute, Y. M. C. A., etc. For many years Mr. Boyd presided at the weekly meetings of the Young Men's Early Closing Association, which were enlivened by debates, mock trials, etc., and which are held in happy remembrance by many of our citizens.

At the request of an old school-fellow, Hon. S. N. Stockwell, Editor of the Boston *Journal*, Mr. Boyd wrote for that paper, from 1850 to 1863, a series of letters from abroad, embracing his impressions of men and things in Europe, which were widely copied and evoked much comment. In 1857 he contributed several papers on "Emigration to New Brunswick" to the Glasgow *Examiner*, then under the editorship of Dr. Smith, and in 1858 an article from his pen on "Railways in New Brunswick," pointing out the necessity of, and mode of connections westward and northward, was unanimously adopted by the Chamber of Commerce, and five thousand copies in pamphlet form, were published by the Council for general circulation.

Mr. Boyd was appointed a delegate to the International Board of Trade, which held its meetings at Detroit in 1867, and was one of the three Colonists designated to speak before that body—Hon. Joseph Howe on the Fisheries, Hon. Mr. Skead on Intercommunication, and Mr. Boyd on the Maritime Interests of British North America. Mr. Howe was the first to speak, and the impression made being most favourable, Mr. Skead and Mr. Boyd urged the Committee to take the vote without further remark.

In 1871, he was appointed Arbitrator by the Dominion Government to settle matters in dispute between the Dominion and the Province of Nova Scotia, which duty, in conjunction with Mr. Jas. Duffus of N. S. and Mr. Wm. Heard of P. E. I., was performed in such a manner as to receive the cordial approbation of both Governments.

Mr. Boyd has persistently declined all overtures to enter upon public political life, and refused offers of appointment to the Legislative Council of this Province, and the Dominion Senate, preferring to work outside and with the people. He took an active part by speech and pen in effecting the great political changes of the past few years, and has always been a writer and speaker on most of the public questions of the time. Though most widely known as a speaker, aside from the papers we have enumerated, Mr. Boyd has written several short poems of considerable merit, among which our readers may remember "The Death of Argyle," "That they all may be One," "Love Unchangeable," "Nellie's Wedding," "True Pleasures," "Potatoes," and several political squibs in rhyme, which were felt long after their publication by those whom they fitted.

Mr. Boyd's Lectures have been delivered in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, some parts of the United States, and England, and in no case for a pecuniary consideration; they have been delivered for the benefit of Literary and Educational Institutions, Libraries, Churches, public and private charities, and their titles and proceeds are:

The Claims of our Seamen for homes Ashore,.....	\$ 57
A Right Knowledge of Character,	86
What the World Worships,.....	110
The Russian War—its Cause and Probable Consequences,.....	225
The Men who Make a Country,.....	240
The Social and Moral Evils of Strikes,.....	210
The Old World and the New—a Contrast,.....	260
Great Britain—the Hope of the World,	327
What the Wild Waves are Saying,.....	750
Go it While You're Young,.....	2,200
The Peasant Poet—His Life and its Lessons,.....	800
A New Lesson for the Day,.....	270
The British Pulpit,.....	650
A Night in the British House of Commons,.....	1,800
From London to Paris in '63,.....	680
George Stephenson,.....	815
An Unwritten Page of History,.....	700

Our Old Home in '69,.....	510
Seeking One's Fortune,	1,560
The Crop That Never Fails,.....	620
They That go Down to the Sea (1874),.....	180
Who Giveth This Woman (1874),.....	250
	<hr/>
	13,300
160 Addresses at Public Meetings, Tea Soirees, etc.,.....	4,000
150 Public Readings—some of these from \$100 to \$130 each,.....	9,000
	<hr/>
	\$26,300

We do not include in the above, several readings given by Mr. Boyd at sea, one of which, on the "Scotia," in conjunction with Mrs. Scott Siddons, when he was returning last from England, yielded \$300 for the Seamen's Orphan Asylum, Liverpool.

It cannot be amiss to say that in all his public acts Mr. Boyd has cast every personal consideration behind him. He has not sought renown, he has not grasped for the spoils which party success sometimes places within the reach of its leaders. In political matters he has devoted time and energy to that which in his mind seemed right; and to every deserving charity and enterprise of local interest, he has given such substantial aid with mind and pen as the generation will not willingly forget.

Mr. Boyd's business life began at the age of eleven, in the house where he is now a partner, when hours were longer than now—from 6 a. m. till 9 p. m., and often till past midnight. His lectures and contributions to the press have been written in the midst of a business which has ever claimed his closest attention—a business of which he is now the manager, and one of the largest and most successful in the Dominion.

MISS KATE STANTON'S LECTURE ("The Loves of Great Men") is crude, unfeminine and common-place. Her manner is neither dramatic nor attractive. So long as houses can be filled by puffs printed for a consideration, and audiences will submit to her inflictions without marked disapproval, she will doubtless continue to degrade the platform. It should be remembered that *Mrs. Cady Stanton* and *Miss Kate Stanton* are individuals of an entirely different caste and character.

DURING the past year three Prime Ministers have been engaged in translating or elucidating Homer—Earl Derby, Earl Russell, and Mr. Gladstone.

Now make way for the coming poet :

Alone she sat 'neath the maple tree,
On a pleasant Sabbath morn,
The leaves were brown with autumn
tints,
And golden-hued was the corn.

Her cheeks were soft as the mellow
peach;
And her eyes like diamonds were,
Her shimmering locks toyed with the
wind,
As it fanned her forehead fair.

Alone she sat 'neath that maple tall,
That pleasant Sabbath day,
The birdlings sang above her head,
And the brooklet purred its lay.

In fleecy folds th' encircling clouds
Were girdled by the sun,
St. John, N. B.

And the ripened haycocks sang in the
west—

The harvest's work was done.
* * * * *

Alone she sat 'neath the maple's shade,
In the eve of that autumn day,
And the stars shot down from the arch
above.
And played with the moonbeam's ray.

The years roll round, and naught is heard
Save the passing wind's sad moan,
Still a maiden sits 'neath the maple proud,
Reading her book alone.

Alone she sits as in early days,
In shade of the bright sun's dart,
And a nimble cat purrs soft in her lap,
The dirge of a wasted heart.

NONAD.

"Nonad," having achieved immortality, should rest on his laurels. But if the "poetry" will "break out," we respectfully suggest that he send his effusions to the *Madagascar Gazette* or *Hong Kong Times*, either of which will probably be glad to give him place in type—for a consideration.

THE disbursements for Congressional printing (U. S.) last year, amounted to \$1,911,535.

THE following is related as a specimen of Dutch imperturbability. A bill was before the Pennsylvania legislature; the members were thoroughly canvassed by the promoter, and its passage was apparently secured, but when the vote was taken, much to his chagrin, it was defeated by the defection of a single member. To find the traitor was an easy task when the following colloquy ensued :

"Sir, you pledged yourself to vote for my bill!"

"Vell, what if I did?"

"What if you did? You voted against it!"

"Vell, what if I did?"

"What if you did? You proved yourself a liar and scoundrel, chucklehead!"

"Vell, what if I did?" was the icy response. Another sample. A resident of one of the interior counties was disturbed by the green-eyed monster. Returning one day somewhat unexpectedly to his *goot vrow*, he found the "destroyer of his peace" cosily ensconced in the chimney corner. Seizing an axe and whirling it round his

head like a tomahawk, Hans exclaimed, "Mein Gott in Himmel!" The "visitor" continued his conversation "mit Katrine," apparently unconscious of the presence of the infuriated husband. Again the axe was brandished in dangerous proximity to the intruder's nose, and again Hans shouted, "Mein Gott in Himmel!" Apparently noticing him for the first time, the "friend" straightened himself up, and mildly queried "Mein Gott in Himmel, vat?" Hans was non-plussed. Hanging his axe on its accustomed peg, he rejoined, "*Mein Gott in Himmel! You say noting and I say noting!*"

GRIEF expresses itself in a variety of ways. *Vide* the following epitaphs commemorative of similar bereavements:

Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
Death came; with friendly care
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

*Here slumbers with the silent dead
Our darling little curly head;
And this is how it came to pass—
HE DIED OF EATING APPLE-SASS!*

THAT excellent and widely read newspaper, *The Scottish American Journal* (New York), says: "THE MARITIME MONTHLY under its new management has become a sprightly and instructive periodical. Its contents betoken careful Editorial supervision. A vigorous effort has been made to deserve success, and by perseverance this will undoubtedly be secured beyond peradventure."

AND here comes our friend of the "kilt," who sings "ryghte pleasantlie" of

OUR WEE LASSIE WEAN:

Ilka Parish has a bairnie, guid aboon the lave,
And to her loving bosom each mither clasps it fain;
Sae our dearest joy o' life, on the near side o' the grave,
Is our peerless pink o' innocence, our wee lassie wean.
Our ain lassie wean, our bonny lassie wean,
Our family gem will ever be, our wee lassie wean.

A wee bewitching fairy, if there's sic a thing ava,
And ilka body roun' about wad like her for their ain;
Sae knacky and sae gleefu', nae creature ever saw
Sic a love-provoking antic, as our wee lassie wean.
Our ain lassie wean, etc.

Her plump dimpled cheekie, and her laughing soft blue e'e,
Aye beaming fu' o' roguish wiles, wad warm a heart o' stane;
The music o' her mellow voice when dancing roun' in glee,
Inspires our very souls to love, our wee lassie wean.
Our ain lassie wean, etc.

Wi' rumble-tumble up and down, the bairn's aye asteer,
 Aye joukin out and jenkin in, be't sunshine or rain;
 Ah! wae fa' the mither wha canna but forbear,
 To see the funny pranks, o' our wee lassie wean.
 Our ain lassie wean, etc.

We sit wi' our peers, and rehearse a' our woes,
 About this ill, and that ill, till Nature fain wad grane;
 Then we turn on our elbow and bless a' our foes,
 Wi' shouter-shaking laughter, at our wee lassie wean.
 Our ain lassie wean, etc.

Awa wi' a' your siller, your grandeur and your gowd,
 A grandsire and grannie hae ither joys to gain,
 Than baubles to glower at, tho' ever sae proud,
 They hae the dear caresses, o' their wee lassie wean.
 Our ain lassie wean, etc.

But God guideth a' things, and weel do they fare
 Wha ha' Him for a guardian 'gainst sorrow, sin and pain,
 And lang may His breath o' love commingle wi' the air
 That feeds the tiny nostrils, o' our wee lassie wean.
 Our ain lassie wean, our bonny lassie wean,
 Our family gem will ever be, our bonny lassie wean.

WM. MURDOCH.

THERE was once a giantess who had a daughter; and this child saw a husbandman ploughing in the field. She ran and picked him up with her finger and thumb, and put him and his plough and his oxen into her apron, and carried him to her mother. "Mother," said she, "what sort of a beetle is this I have found wriggling on the land?" But the mother said, "Child, go put it on the place where thou hast found it. We must be gone out of this land, for these little people will dwell in it." The late Prince Consort happily versified this little fable under the title of

THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

The giant's daughter once came forth the castle gate before,
 And played with all a child's delight beside her father's door;
 Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl would gladly go,
 To see, perchance, how matters went in the little world below.
 And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scenes around,
 She saw a peasant at her feet a-tilling of the ground.
 "O pretty plaything," cried the child, "I'll take thee home with me."
 Then with her infant hand she spread her kerchief on her knee,
 And cradling man and horse and plough so gently on her arm,
 She bore them home quite cautiously, afraid to do them harm.
 "See, father! dearest father! what a plaything I have found!
 I never saw so fair a thing on all our mountain ground!"
 But the father looked quite seriously, and shaking slow his head,
 "What hast thou brought me here, my girl? This is no toy," he said.
 "Go take it to the vale again, and put it down below;
 The peasant is no plaything, child! how could'st thou think him so?
 So go, without a sigh or sob, and do my will," he said;
 "For know, without the peasant, child, we none of us had bread.
 'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of giants are—
 The peasant is no plaything, girl; and God forbid he were!"

AN ECCENTRIC SCOTCH M. D.

ONE of the most notable and eccentric characters in the West of Scotland, during the early part of the present century, was Dr. Wm. McNeil, of Old Kilpatrick, Dumbartonshire. He was held to be a sort of modern Solomon for the universality of his knowledge, and has been celebrated by Tannahill in one of his best poems, an elegy, entitled "Kind Will McNeil":

" He ne'er had greed to gather gear,
 Yet rigid kept his credit clear ;
 He ever was to misery dear,
 Her loss she'll feel ;
 She aye got saxpence, or a tear,
 Frae Will McNeil."

The father of our hero was a gardener with Mr. Spiers, of Elderslie, and proprietor of a small cottage situated at the Thorn, near Johnstone, in which humble domicile the subject of our present sketch was born. After mastering the usual preliminaries of creeping, he came to be a "stumpie stoucie" wee laddie, toddling about his mother's kail yard, and working all sorts of mischief. In childhood he was considered somewhat remarkable for the sharpness of his wit in giving gleg answers to those with whom he was acquainted, but rather shame-faced or sheepish when among strangers. One day in midsummer, when he was only about nine years of age, he was busily engaged "spinning his top," when his mother made her appearance at the cottage door and ordered him inside. The little rogue, however, was too busily engaged at the time to pay attention to the command. The order was repeated a second and third time, but still proving remiss to maternal authority his mother lost temper and seizing the *taws* made towards him, when he nimbly picked up his top, at the same time removed the scourge from its willow handle and stuck the latter in the ground, remarking as he did so "That will grow a big tree, and the pyets will build on it." No attention was at the time paid to the child's remark. The sprig remained where it had been so suddenly planted, till by and by it took root, and in the course of a few years assumed the form and proportions of a tree. The recollection of his remark now attracted the attention of the good folks in the neighbourhood to his scourge, which continued to grow and prosper till latterly it became a stately willow, and, as assuredly

as it had been planted, did the pyets ultimately build upon it. It continued to wave its branches over the cottage of his nativity till the time when the Glasgow and Ayr Railway was built, when both became sacrifices to the march of modern improvements. It was always known by the cognomen of "Will McNeil's Scourge." Passing over his early school career we next find him a lad of some seventeen or eighteen years, endeavouring to learn the occupation of a weaver, for which business his father had destined him. Being however exceedingly near-sighted, and having a much stronger desire to read books and ramble about the "Newton woods," now made classical by his friend Tannahill, with a set of bagpipes under his arm, awaking the echoes of wood and glen by a stirring pibroch, than making the shuttle jink to and fro, he never came to any proficiency in the trade. About this time, according to our authority, Mr. Matthew Tannahill, brother to the poet, he was "a big, saft, bashfu' callant, wi' the biggest head ever seen on shouthers." So extraordinary indeed was he in this respect that he never could get a hat ready-made to fit him, the largest he could find always stood on the top, as if, prompted by conceit, he had purposely "cocked it on three hairs." The common saying has it "a big head and little wit." The aphoristic philosopher, however, though often correct, is rather at fault in this instance, as the Doctor's head was in quality equal to its quantity, and he had at all times on hand a store of genuine humour ready to discharge on every fitting opportunity. Never liking the loom, he went, when yet a young man, to the Bridge-of-Wier, where he started a school to teach reading and writing, but not succeeding to his expectation he removed to Barrhead, where he taught reading, writing, arithmetic and land surveying. At Barrhead he remained for some years, in the course of which, to use the words of the above named authority, "he taught a' the farmers in the neighbourhood to measure their ain middens and tatie-pits."

From his boyhood he had always a strong desire to be a doctor. Fortunately for himself, but, as will be seen in the sequel, unfortunately for some members of the faculty, he, about this time, got the loan of £5 sterling from a friend, a Mr. Alex. McNaught of Paisley, with which small sum he ventured to enter the Glasgow College.

With his scanty thread-bare clothing, and his awkward manners, he cut rather a sorry figure among so many young scions of the

aristocracy. Nothing pleased the sparks better than to play all sorts of tricks upon him. Indeed, to such an extent did they carry out their rigs, that the Professors, seeing he was an intellectual young man, although poor, interfered in his defence, and afterwards protected and respected him. While at College he supported himself by working on the loom at some coarse description of work, and pursued his studies in the night time. He was often so hurried to get to the class-room in time, that the cotton threads were streaming from all parts of his clothes, and proved a source of much merriment to his more affluent class-mates. Every Saturday night he walked home to his father's house at the Thorn, to be supplied with a clean shirt, and, being too poor to pay for a conveyance, he again footed it back to Glasgow on Monday morning. On one occasion he started as usual for auld Sanct Mungo's. It was a cold bitter morning, and rained so heavily upon him all the way, that by the time he reached the College his clothes were thoroughly drenched and himself shivering with cold. On opening the door of one of the halls he observed a fire blazing and crackling in the grate. The temptation proved too strong to be resisted, so in he went, and had just succeeded in getting himself enveloped in a cloud of steam, when the door again opened, and to his dismay, who should glide into the hall but one of the Professors. An instantaneous retreat on the part of the "poor scholar" was the result, in effecting which, his shoes being rather the worse for wear, he left the marks of his toes with every footprint. His confusion was much increased on observing that the cause of his flight took notice of the newly made impressions on the sanded floor of the hall. The Professor said nothing, however, but it was observed that the prints of his toes were never seen on the floor afterwards, he was also better clothed, and all the Professors dropped their fees. Thus, by dint of perseverance, industry and starvation, he succeeded in driving himself through the College, and in good time received his diploma. He had now reached the summit of his ambition, but had neither a box of pills nor a sheet of sticking-plaster with which he could commence business. It has been said, that "a friend in need, is a friend indeed," and such the Professors at this crisis proved themselves to our honest and kind-hearted friend. They, it is said, knowing his poverty, very generously set him up in business in the town of Old Kilpatrick, and afterwards favoured him with their patronage.

During the period of his sojourn in Kilpatrick, not fewer than five sons of Esculapius alternately raised the standard of the "Three Blue Bottles" in opposition to his sway, all of whom, after a very brief period, had to shoulder their arms and march "somewhere else to seek their dinner." The system he pursued, and which proved so injurious to the interests of all opposition, was this: When called on, he was always ready and willing to attend, be the patient peer or peasant. To make a charge was, with the Doctor, quite out of the question. If people pleased to pay him, he took it; if not, he never asked it. He was as well satisfied with "a dram" as with a shilling, and quite as well pleased with a shilling as with a boll of meal. Kilpatrick being a country locality, his *aumery* was generally pretty well stored with cheese, meal, etc., which he received from the farmers in exchange for salts, senna, and sage advices in the hour of danger. Unfortunately, however, he loved the juice of barley otherwise than when boiled with beef and vegetables. This the change-wives were not slow in observing, and, like the farmers, being more willing to barter their goods than to part with hard cash, they were always ready to give the Doctor "a wee drap out o' their ain bottle." As the tailor craft were not inclined to be so liberal as either the farmers or change-wives, his wardrobe was very scanty, and rather thread-bare and unfashionable for the wear of a thorough-bred *medical gentleman*. How he was treated by the *gentle craft* is not recorded; but for the honour of old Crispin, let us hope they did their duty. The upshot of this system was, to use his own words in reply to the enquiry how he was getting along in the world, "Oh, fine; just as weel as I could desire. Since first I came to Kilpatrick, five doctors have set up against me; but I have already starved out four, and the fifth is noo on his last legs; he'll soon be gaun tae."

The Doctor was an enthusiastic admirer of nature in all its "wildest grandeur," and for the gratification of that enthusiasm made many a long pilgrimage into the Highlands. He was one of Tannahill's earliest and most talented friends and critics. To him the poet submitted his manuscripts for review, before R. A. Smith or the world knew that such a being as Scotland's second songster existed. A brother of his informs us that he had a very rough appearance, with "the ploukiest face he ever saw." McNeil himself asserted that every time he was shaved he suffered as much

pain as a man does when getting his leg cut off. He was a kind-hearted, generous-minded man, and was beloved by everybody who knew him. He was likewise a man of profound knowledge, and had much pleasure in communicating that knowledge to others. He was married to a Miss Walker, belonging to Paisley, but never had any family. He died somewhere about the year 1827 or '28, and was buried in the church-yard of old Kilpatrick. *

It was not a Dutch but an Irish Justice, who having by an oversight summoned a delinquent for trial at a certain date, which fell on Sunday, opened Court and announced an adjournment till the following Wednesday; then, to provide against the possibility of another *faux pas*, turned to the Constable and said: "*Constable, look at the almanac and see if next Wednesday comes on Sunday.*"

THOSE who have heard Mr. Punshon's lecture, "Florence and its Memories," do not need to be told that Florence is a place of beauty and interest. Its climate is temperate; living is comparatively inexpensive; it is delightfully situated in a fertile district; it is the fashionable and literary headquarters of Italy; its only successful rival as an artistic capital is Rome. Among the illustrious men it has produced are Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Galileo, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo da Vinci. Among its treasures of art, the most valuable and celebrated are to be found in the Royal Gallery, open without price to the public. The room of rooms is called the Tribune. Here is a group of five famous pieces of statuary: the world-celebrated Venus de Medici; the Satyr; the young Apollo; the Grinder; and the Wrestlers. In an adjoining room may be seen, among other paintings, the following noted originals; Raphael's Madonna with the Goldfinch; Titian's dangerously beautiful Venus; and the Head of John the Baptist, by Correggio. Another room is devoted to the masterly group of Niobe and her slain and expiring children—seven sons and seven daughters (slain by Apollo and Diana). It requires no apprenticeship in art to see beauty in this famous work.

Yesterday morning several of us drove (it costs here for carriage hire about five cents per hour for each person) to the beautiful English cemetery in the suburbs. Among the flower-guarded graves we saw that of Theodore Parker, the well-known American preacher, and that of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the English poetess. Theodore Parker's place of repose is marked by a plain gray slab; on the white marble over the grave of the poetess is this inscription only:

E. B. B. 1861.

Many English and Americans lie in this sweet place. We next visited the house once occupied by Michael Angelo: and after-

wards the Church of St. Croce, where his remains are buried. In this church are monuments to Dante, Alfieri, Machiavelli and Galileo. The latter holds in his hand the round world. "It moves, nevertheless," said Galileo. In front of this church, in a square, stands the colossal statue of Dante, which it will be remembered was six years ago inaugurated with great ceremony on the 600th anniversary of the birth of the poet.—*Cameron's Impressions of a Canadian in Europe.*

"THE Wild North Land" is the title given by Capt. Butler to a record of his journey from Fort Garry on Red River, via Lake Athabasca to Quesnelle station on Frazer River, four hundred miles north of Victoria. The journey was commenced in October 1872, and ended 3rd of June following. Capt. Butler describes the country through which he travels with a graphic pen—in fact, after reading his book, one seems almost to have been the companion of his wanderings. The work supplies a vast amount of information concerning this hitherto unexplored region, interspersed with anecdotes and sketches of adventure, told in such a style that the reader finds it difficult to lay it aside until he has devoured its entire contents. We quote:

"It has prairies, forests, mountains, barren wastes, and rivers; rivers whose single lengths roll through twice a thousand miles of shore-land; prairies over which a rider can steer for months without resting his gaze on aught save the dim verge of the ever-shifting horizon; mountains rent by rivers, ice-topped, glacier-seared, impassable; forests whose sombre pines darken a region half as large as Europe; sterile, treeless wilds whose four hundred thousand square miles lie spread in awful desolation.

"In summer, a land of sound, a land echoing with the voices of birds, the ripple of running water, the mournful music of the waving pine-branch; in winter, a land of silence, a land hushed to its inmost depths by the weight of ice, the thick-falling snow, the intense rigour of a merciless cold—its great rivers glimmering in the moonlight, wrapped in their shrouds of ice; its still forests rising weird and spectral against the Aurora-lighted horizon; its notes of bird or brook hushed as if in death; its nights so still that the moving streamers across the northern skies seem to carry to the ear a sense of sound, so motionless around, above, below, lies all other visible nature."

And here comes a sketch of Indian integrity:

"The moose that walks, arrived at Hudson's Hope early in the spring. He was sorely in want of gunpowder and shot, for it was the season when the beaver leave their winter houses, and when it

is easy to shoot them. So he carried his thirty marten-skins to the fort, to barter them for shot, powder, and tobacco.

"There was no person at the Hope. The dwelling-house was closed, the store shut up, the man in charge had not yet come up from St. John's; now what was to be done? Inside that wooden house lay piles and piles of all that the walking moose most needed; there was a whole keg of powder; there were bags of shot and tobacco—there was as much as the moose could smoke in his whole life.

"Through a rent in the parchment window the moose looked at all these wonderful things, and at the red flannel shirts, and at the four flint guns, and the spotted cotton handkerchiefs, each worth a sable skin at one end of the fur trade, half a sixpence at the other. There was tea, too—tea, that magic medicine before which life's cares vanished like snow in spring sunshine.

"The moose sat down to think about all these things, but thinking only made matters worse. He was short of ammunition, therefore he had no food, and to think of food when one is very hungry is an unsatisfactory business. It is true that 'the moose that walks' had only to walk in through the parchment window, and help himself till he was tired. But no, that would not do.

"'Ah!' my Christian friend will exclaim, 'Ah! yes, the poor Indian had known the good missionary, and had learnt the lesson of honesty and respect for his neighbour's property.'

"Yes; he had learnt the lesson of honesty, but his teacher, my friend, had been other than human. The good missionary had 'never reached the Hope of Hudson, nor improved the morals of the moose that walks.'

"But let us go on.

"After waiting two days he determined to set off for St. John's, two full days' travel. He set out, but his heart failed him, and he turned back again.

"At last, on the fourth day he entered the parchment window, leaving outside his comrade, to whom he jealously denied admittance. Then he took from the cask of powder three skins' worth, from the tobacco four skins' worth, from the shot the same; and sticking the requisite number of martens in the powder-barrel and the shot-bag and the tobacco-case, he hung his remaining skins on a nail to the credit of his account, and departed from this El-Dorado, this Bank of England of the Red man in the wilderness, this Hunt and Roskell of Peace River.

"And when it was all over he went his way, thinking he had done a very reprehensible act, and one by no means to be proud of. Poor moose that walks! in this trade for skins you are but a small item!

"Society muffles itself in your toil-won sables in distant cities, while you starve and die out in the wilderness.

"The credit of your twenty skins, hung to the rafter of Hudson's

Hope, is not a large one; but surely there is a Hope somewhere else, where your account is kept in golden letters, even though nothing but the clouds had baptized you, no missionary had cast water on your head, and God only knows who taught you to be honest."

The book is handsomely printed and illustrated, and will doubtless have a large circle of readers.

A MONODY.

FOR A WIFE DEPARTED.

"And they twain shall be one flesh."

I.

To die, and yet to live;
 To lose all conscious power,
 Yet conscious be of death
 And its stern attributes;—
 The sightless eyes, deaf ears,
 Mute lips, still heart; and worse,
 The cold, sad ceremonies,
 And solemn ceremony
 Of burial; and then,
 Decay, interment; earth
 To earth; the final sod,
 The solitary sleep!

II.

But nay, my bleeding heart,
 Flesh is not *all*; nor blood
 Thine only element!
 Hold to thy warm embrace
 The *Spirit*, fled to light;
 And wait the hast'ning hour,
 When so thine own, let loose,
 Shall flee to hers, and with it
 Blend; as *flesh* of twain could,
 Never.

†

HOW I LOST MY INTENDED.

I AM not a rich man—I never was, and very much fear I never shall be; for, notwithstanding my having courted and wooed Fortune, that fickle goddess has persistently turned her back upon me. I have often asked myself the question—"What have I done to deserve this treatment?" and have always come to the conclusion that I am the innocent victim of circumstances—still, I *am* a victim, and find but little consolation in being an innocent one. In proof of this assertion, I will relate how I lost my intended.

Some few years back, it was my chance to be invited to a large croquet party. Of course I went, and being a first-rate player, soon became an object of interest to the fair players, and one of envy to those of the sterner sex. Amongst the former was a Miss Sophia Wrenton—a fine handsome girl of about eighteen. She played croquet admirably—almost as well as I did—and was dressed exquisitely. It was a perfect sight to see her walk across the lawn: her golden hair, glittering in the sunshine, escaped in heavy masses from beneath her pretty little hat; her blue satin dress, looped up just high enough to show an exquisite ankle and

tiny foot, incased in the daintiest of shoes, that drove one nearly wild, and made me envy the ball she placed it on—(we did not play loose croquet then, but did the old-fashioned way of holding one ball tight with the foot). I played so that she might croquet me each time; therefore, I need not say that I lost the game—but I was rewarded with a glance that was worth all the games ever known. I led her to a seat—I procured refreshments—I strolled with her round the garden—I made love to her. She listened, and at last informed me that she always took a walk in Hyde Park at 11 a. m. Soon after this the party broke up, and we bade farewell to each other with a gentle pressure of the hand, and a glance that said as plainly as could be—“We part to meet again.”

Every morning at eleven o'clock, a tall handsome man, with an extremely long moustache and an aristocratic air, might be seen wending his way beneath the branches of the noble trees that, verdant with foliage, shed their shadows over that most celebrated equestrian way, ycleped Rotten Row.

Gentle reader, *I* was that man.

At the same hour, approaching from the opposite direction, a tall handsome girl of about eighteen summers could be observed. Her step had that peculiar elasticity which shows anxiety to reach the beloved object of her search. A gentle flush spread over her peach-like cheeks as she drew near the gentleman before mentioned. That sweet girl was Sophia. We meet, and——But no; I cannot describe the rapture of our meeting!

Things went on in this way for a couple of months. I found Sophia all that I could wish, and I was all that she desired. She scorned wealth: I was poor, and therefore escaped her scorn. She doted on mysteries: I was a complete one—therefore she doted on me. She loved romance: I had a particular reason for romancing. What two people in the world could be more suited to each other?

During our walks I discovered that Sophia hated anything common-place or low. Thus she would have had no objection to my poverty forcing me to abstain from dinners for a week or a fortnight; but she would have hated me had I dared to mention that I was unromantically hungry, or expressed Mr. Pickwick's desire for “chops and tomato sauce.” I also found that I had a rival, but, luckily, a rich one—therefore Sophia scorned him, but at the

same time used him to make me jealous and our situation more romantic. I muttered his name—(which, by-the-way, was Jenkins)—in deep sepulchral tones that made Sophia tremble. I allowed my hair to grow, loosened my necktie, pulled down the ends of my moustache, and sighed like an American goat-sucker.

Sophia had, on her part, learned my address—indeed, I had made no secret of that, for it was a good one—being Bernard Street, Russell Square. She thought I had the drawing-rooms: I *knew* I had the back attic, but felt it would not be kind to undeceive her.

It so happened that I had to go to Reading on a small matter of business during the week the races were held at that town. Let not the gentle reader of this sad history imagine that I am a betting man. Banish the thought! And yet if I *do* indulge a little in matters connected with the turf, noble lords and dukes have done the same, therefore I need not be ashamed, and—well, no matter—let it pass.

My journey to Reading had proved unfortunate, and I returned home to my apartments—(I always put the “s” in: it sounds better)—a sad, if not a wiser, man: my heart full of care—my pockets void of money. Lighting a candle, which I found placed ready for me on the umbrella-stand, I crept slowly upstairs to bed, hoping to forget my troubles in sleep. Placing the candle on a chest of drawers which served as a toilet-table, I gazed in the glass at my haggard face. The sight was too much for me, and I turned away to find consolation in a flask of spirits that I always kept concealed in a hat-box. In doing so my eyes fell upon a pretty pink note that had been placed on my table during my absence. I seized it instantly, and tearing it open, found that it was from Sophia, inviting me to dine at her father’s. Yes! the dear girl had persuaded her father to allow her to ask me to a dinner party. I have no doubt it cost her some little violation of the truth; but she had succeeded, and I should see her surrounded with that wealth and luxury that belonged to her, and which I devoutly hoped would soon belong to me. Overcome with pleasure, I blew out the candle, sprang into bed, and dreamed of white favours, carriages and horses, a balance at my banker’s, and Sophia!

The next morning I arose and dressed at the same time, indulging in a light breakfast, composed of weak coffee and one

of those small fish for which Yarmouth is so famous, and ruminating over the state of my affairs. They stood thus: I was without money. Sophia's dinner party came off on that very evening, and my necessity had compelled me to lend my dress suit to a suppositious uncle. What was I to do? It was true I had a gold watch and chain, but Sophia had admired them, and I did not like to appear before her without them. I sat down and pondered over the situation, and came to the conclusion that there was but one way, and that was to take out my dress suit, leaving my repeater in its place. I would wear the chain, and no one need know I was *minus* a watch.

The evening arrived; I had completed my toilet, and stood before the glass admiring the fit of my coat, and giving a few final touches to my white cravat. Taking my latch-key, I fastened it to the end of my chain, instead of my watch, and fixed it in my waistcoat pocket; I then gathered up the few miscellaneous articles which I had removed from the pockets of my walking suit, and distributed them about my person, taking care that no pocket should bulge out to spoil the perfect set of my clothes, and in a few moments was driving rapidly towards the home of my dear Sophia.

I cannot describe the luxury of old Wrenton's mansion—it was tremendous. The very street-door had a rich appearance about it, having two brass knockers on it; the hall was completely furnished; the stair-carpets were so thick that I felt as if I were walking on a hat-brush. The drawing-room was all glass and gold, the curtains of lace, the chairs and sofas covered with blue silk. I was nearly overpowered with the wealth displayed; but plucking up courage, I entered the room with a graceful bow and a firm eye, that already looked upon this magnificence as partly mine. I did all in my power to ingratiate myself with Sophia's father—a short, fat, pimply, purple man, who breathed heavily through a brilliant nose—and flatter myself that I succeeded, for when the servant announced that dinner was served, Mr. Wrenton desired me to take Sophia downstairs. I saw my rival's look of envy, for he was handed over to a fat old dowager; nevertheless, the wretch managed to be seated next to Sophia, and persisted in joining in our conversation.

The party was a large one, the dinner excellent, and the wines superb. The conversation was general, and turned on travelling;

and I was loud in condemning the English railways, comparing them to those of the continent, of which I had a large experience, having had at different times to seek in foreign lands that protection denied me by my own country.

"It may be as you say," said my rival, the horrid Jenkins, "but for my part I prefer the English lines. You get more attention and civility from the officials."

"I am sorry to say that I do not agree with you," I replied, "and I am sure you would own I am right had you been with me when I was going to Marseilles; or even more so had you travelled with me to Baden-Baden."

As I spoke I saw Sophia glance at me with pride.

"Things may have altered," said Jenkins, "but I travelled both France and Germany for ten years, when I was junior partner to Print, Caliceo & Co., but I never had any civility that I had not to pay heavily for."

I placed my eye-glass in my eye, and surveyed Mr. Jenkins with a look of contempt, at the same time observing that *I* travelled for pleasure, not business.

"I didn't," replied Jenkins; "I travelled for the firm, and very well it paid me. One thing you must own: our men are quicker and more correct."

"Not at all," said I, triumphantly. "Only last week I had to go to Reading, and on leaving the train I entered the refreshment-room and had a cup of coffee; after which I left the station, forgetting to give up my ticket, as no one asked me for it."

"You must excuse my scarcely crediting that, sir," said Mr. Jenkins. "Are you sure you did not give up the ticket before entering the refreshment-room?"

"I am positive of that," I replied, "and to prove what I said is correct I will show you the ticket, which by chance I have with me."

As I spoke I cast a glance of scorn at Jenkins; then turning disdainfully from him, I took the ticket from my pocket, and gave it to Sophia to pass to him.

Sophia glanced at it and screamed, and that brute Jenkins at once snatched it from her hand!

"What's this?" he exclaimed. "This is not a railway ticket, but a pawnbroker's one for a gold watch, £3 10s., Ernest de Vere, 30 Bernard street, Russell Square, dated to-day!"

A titter ran round the room, and I felt sinking through the floor! It was but too true. In mistake I had given him that horrid ticket in memory of my repeater, instead of the railway one! I tried to laugh it off, but it would not do. My disguise was seen through, and I was undone!

A week afterwards I read in the newspapers that Sophia had become Mrs. Jenkins—*sic transit gloria mundi*.

N. B.—I still have that fatal ticket, but will willingly part with it for a trifle.

ALFRED R. PHILLIPS.

YE EXPLANATION OF TRUE CHIVALRIE.

One summer eve, upon the grass reclining,
I lay and thought—and this thought puzzled me;
“What is this beacon which, so brightly shining,
Men follow after, and call Chivalry?”

I thought upon the valiant old Crusaders,
Who vow'd the Sepulchre to render free;
Although high-minded, they were still invaders,
And yet they're called the stars of Chivalry.

I ponder'd on the glorious Middle Ages,
Their heralds clothed with gorgeous blazonry,
Unletter'd knights and unenlighten'd pages
Are here set forth as types of Chivalry.

And while I hesitated thus uncertain,
I saw, or in my fancy seem'd to see,
The clouds, unfolding like a purple curtain,
Disclose the Goddess of pure Chivalry.

And thus she spoke: “O, much-bewilder'd mortal,
Forsake uncertainty, and learn from me;
Enter my temple,—open stands the portal,—
And see therein the truth of Chivalry.”

I enter'd; and, in letters bright and golden,
Beheld this legend, clear and fair to see
In burnish'd characters, strange-shaped and olden
“Ye explanation of true Chivalrie.”

“To live, to love, to have no thought of evil;
To hold to right, though hard the task may be;
To wrestle with suggestions of the devil;—
This is the creed of purest Chivalrie.”

—Belgravia.

A MOST characteristic note of Boswell's is that which records his idol's hearty encomiums on a tavern, while dining at one in London. Both the man and the place then combined to realize the perfection of the idea, for that dim and multitudinous city invites to secluded conviviality; and that irritable, dogmatic, yet epicurean sage required the liberty of speech, an absolute

deference, and the solid physical comforts so easily obtained at a London tavern. There he could make "inarticulate, animal noises over his food" without restraint; there he could bring only such companions as would bear to be contradicted, and there he could refresh body and mind without fear of intrusion from a printer's devil or needy author. Bores and duns away, a good listener by, surrounded with pleasant viands and a cheerful blaze, a man so organized and situated might, without extravagance, call a tavern-chair the throne of human felicity, and quote Shenstone's praise of inns with rapture. Beneath this jovial appreciation, however, there lurks a sad inference; it argues a homeless lot, for lonely or ungenial must be the residence, contrast with which renders an inn so attractive; and we must bear in mind that the winsome aspect they wear in English literature is based on their casual and temporary enjoyment; it is as recreative, not abiding places, that they are usually introduced; and, in an imaginative point of view, our sense of the appropriate is gratified by these landmarks of our precarious destiny, for we are but "pilgrims and sojourners on the earth." Jeremy Taylor compared human life to an inn, and Archbishop Leighton used to say he would prefer to die in one.

THAT is but a vulgar idea of authorship which estimates its worth by the caprices of fashion or the prestige of immediate success. Like art, its value is intrinsic. There are books, as there are pictures, which do not catch the thoughtless eye; and yet are the gems of the virtuoso, the oracles of the philosopher, and the consolations of the poet. We love authors, as we love individuals, according to our latent affinities; and the extent of the popular appreciation is no more a standard to us than the world's estimate of our friend, whose nature we have tested by faithful companionship and sympathetic intercourse. He who has not the mental independence to be loyal to his own intellectual benefactors is as much a heathen as one who repudiates his natural kin. Indeed, an honest soul clings more tenaciously to neglected merit in authors as in men; there is a chivalry of taste as of manners. Doubtless Lamb's zest for the old English dramatists, Addison's admiration of Milton's poetry, and Carlyle's devotion to German favourites, were all the more earnest and keen because they were ignored by their neighbours. In the library, an original mind is conscious of special and comparatively obscure friends; as the lover of nature has his pet flower, and the lover of art his favourite old master. It is well to obey these decided idiosyncrasies. They point, like the divining-rod, to hidden streams peculiarly adapted to our refreshment. I knew an old merchant that read no book except Boswell's *Johnson*, and a black and hump-backed cook whose only imaginative feast was the *Arabian Nights*.

“WHEN I look upon the tombs of the great,” says Addison, “every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.” Thus perpetual is the hymn of death, thus ubiquitous its memorials—attesting not only an inevitable destiny, but a universal sentiment; under whatever name,—God’s Acre, Pantheon, Campo Santo, Valhalla, Potter’s Field, Greenwood, or Mount Auburn,—the last resting-place of the body, the last earthly shrine of human love, fame, and sorrow, claims—by the pious instinct which originates, the holy rites which consecrate, the blessed hopes which glorify it—respect, protection, and sanctity.

OBIIT,

MONTREALE, DIE TERTIO ANTE NONAS MARTIAS

Alexander Rae Garvie.

VIR ERAT INGENIO EXCULTO,

ET “MARITIMI MENSTRUI” PAGINIS

SCRIPTOR ADMIRATUS.