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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

APRIL, 1879.

LAURENCE STERNE.

BY WALTER TOWNSEND.

'Be to his virtues very kind,
And to his faults a little blind.'

OPINIONS differ as to whether the nineteenth century is distinguished above the eighteenth for a more earnest and widely diffused religious spirit. There can however be no doubt that the ministers and exponents of religion in our day are infinitely more worthy of the cause they represent than were their predecessors of a hundred years ago. It is fortunately no longer possible for a clergyman's sermons to owe their success to the fact that their author was also the author of *Tristram Shandy*. The clergy of the present day, whether in England or the Colonies, never forget the purpose to which they have dedicated their lives; they are ministers of religion, and nothing else, and as a class they nobly uphold their calling by the example they set of private virtue and heroic self-sacrifice to duty. But in Sterne's time things were very different; pluralism and simony were rampant, and in most cases self-interest rather than any inward prompting determined a man in choosing the Church as a profession. Parsons of the eighteenth century may be broadly divided into three classes. First, the fox-hunting, port wine drinking, farming parson; the 'Squire-rector,' who would perhaps have made a worthy country gentleman, but that he happened, as ill luck had it, to be a younger son, and was, therefore, driven to take the family-living. He would read a marriage or funeral service with his surplice thrown over his hunting costume, and after a jovial dinner with his brother the Squire, would subside under the table in common with the majority of the guests, without exciting either surprise or censure. Secondly, there was the poor, humbly-born curate, without friends or interest, whom love of learning had drawn from his country grammar school to the University, and who had taken orders as the only means of providing himself with bread. Of this class

Fielding has given us an immortal type in his Parson Adams; "His virtue, and his other qualifications, as they rendered him equal to his office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable companion, and had so much endeared and well recommended him to a bishop, that at the age of fifty he was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year; which, however, he could not make any great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children." Thirdly, there was the dilettante parson, fond of books, pictures and music; whose elegant tastes made him despise his fox-hunting brethren, and whose polished wit, and dimly comprehended sarcasms made them tremble before him at the periodical 'visitations' of the diocesan clergy. To this last class Laurence Sterne belonged. Fielding has bequeathed to us, in fiction, a faithful portrait of the reverend drudge, and in real life, Sterne affords an example no less complete of the reverend trifler. Parson Adams was housed and clad hardly better than a labourer, and was ignorant of the ways and usages of society, but in heart, and mind, and soul he was a gentleman. Sterne was a man of the world; he had a competence, educated tastes, an intellect transcendently superior to that of even a scholar such as Parson Adams, and a tender and feeling heart. But he abused these bounteous gifts of Nature and Fortune, and although we may feel great affection for him, we cannot accord to him the name of gentleman, in its highest sense, as unhesitatingly as we do to Fielding's half-starved and threadbare parson.

Laurence Sterne, the son of a lieutenant in the army, was born on the 24th of November, 1713, a day as he says 'ominous to my poor father, who was,' on that day, 'with many other brave officers, broke, and sent adrift into the wide world.' In less than a year, however, the exigencies of war caused the regiment to be again enrolled, and Sterne's father, accompanied by his wife and children, followed its fortunes in various quarters of the globe, until his death in Jamaica, in 1731. Lawrence Sterne, however, fortunately for himself, had been separated from his parents, after sharing their wanderings for ten years. In the year 1723, his father placed him at school at Halifax, where he stayed until, to quote his own words, 'by God's care of me, my cousin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to me, and sent me to the University, etc., etc.' Upon leaving the University, he obtained the living of Sutton from his uncle, who was 'Prebendary of Durham, Canon Residentiary, Precentor and Prebendary of York, Rector of Rise, and Rector of Hornsey cum Riston,' a formidable example of the pluralism which was then sapping the foundations of the Church. In 1741, Sterne married a young lady of York, the match being entirely one of affection on both sides. It may be remarked, parenthetically, that men of Sterne's stamp of character invariably marry for love, and almost as invariably make their wives miserable. Through his wife's connections, he got the living of Stillington, which he says had been promised her 'if she married a clergyman in Yorkshire,' and his uncle soon after his marriage bestowed on him the Prebendary of York. He lived for nearly twenty years at Sutton, doing duty both there and at Stillington, and his own account of his life during this long period, although brief, is eminently characteristic. 'I had then,' he says, 'very good health. Books, painting, fiddling, and shooting were my amusements.' In 1760, he went up to London to superintend the publication of the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, which had been issued from the York press in the previous year. He left his wife and daughter behind him, in a hired house at York, and this was the first outward separation between husband and wife.

Their inward life up to this period, passed in the quiet country parsonage, may or may not have been happy : we know little of the circumstances attending it, and still less of the character, tastes and disposition of Mrs. Sterne, so that we are hardly qualified to say whether she was likely to make Sterne happy. It is rarely, however, that such estrangements take place late in life, without being led up to by long years of mutual want of sympathy and dwindling of affection, although they may be precipitated, and apparently caused by subsequent acts of folly on one side or the other. Sterne's brilliant reception in London society rendered intolerable to him the resumption of his former quiet life, but it cannot have changed his nature; and it is but too likely that during the twenty years of his life at Sutton, he had given his wife abundant cause for complaint. Be this as it may, it is certain that from this time his conduct to her was selfish and heartless ; he chose in his actions not only to ignore the fact that he was a clergyman, but also the fact that he was a husband. But it must not be forgotten that the adulation which was so freely bestowed on the author of *Tristram Shandy* might well have turned a stronger head than Yorick's. Gray, writing in June, 1760, says : 'Tristram Shandy is still a greater object of admiration—the man as well as the book. One is invited to dinner, when he dines, a fortnight before.' Boswell records that Johnson, illustrating the hospitality of London, said : 'Nay, sir, any man who has a name or has the power of pleasing, will be generally invited in London. The man Sterne, I am told, has engagements for three months.' The Earl of Falconberg testified his gratitude to the man whose writings had made his lordship laugh, by presenting Sterne to the living of Coxwould, which was situated in convenient proximity to Sutton. Such was the reception accorded to him by the great; flattered and fawned upon on all sides, he plunged eagerly into the vortex of dissipation and pleasure. He remained in London until the summer of 1761, totally oblivious of his wife, his letters abounding in descriptions of court and fashionable life. Among his published letters, written during this year, there are none to his wife, but in a letter to his friend, Mr. Croft, we meet with this passage: 'Mrs. Sterne says her purse is light: will you, dear sir, be so good as to pay her ten guineas? and I will reckon with you when I shall have the pleasure of meeting you,' and in a postscript to another letter, 'Pray, when you have read this, send the news to Mrs. Sterne.' The correspondence between husband and wife can hardly, therefore, have been frequent. In the latter half of 1761, Sterne, as we have said, left London, and went to reside at his new living of Coxwould, which in his memoirs he calls 'a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton.' His real feelings with regard to any retirement 'in comparison of London,' are feelingly expressed in the following extract from a letter written towards the end of 1761: 'I rejoice you are in London. Rest you there in peace; here 'tis the devil. You was a good prophet. I wish myself back again, as you told me I should. * * * * Oh Lord ! now are you going to Ranelagh to-night, and I am sitting sorrowful as the prophet was, when the voice cried out to him and said, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"' His wife and daughter resided with him here, and in a letter written almost at the same time as the one from which we have just quoted, and whose sincerity we rather doubt, it being evidently designed to impress the recipient with the idea of rural felicity and perfect contentment, he says: 'My Lydia helps to copy for me, and my wife knits, and listens as I read her chapters.' Their life at Coxwould can hardly have been of this idyllic nature, and a passage in

one of Sterne's letters foreshadows the growing desire to live apart from him, which led his wife to seize the first reasonable opportunity of separation. 'Else,' he says, 'she declares herself happier without me; but not in any anger is this declaration made, but in pure, sober, good sense, built on sound experience. She hopes you will be able to strike a bargain for me before this time twelve-month, to lead a bear round Europe; and from this hope from you, I verily believe that you are so high in her favour at present.' From this it would appear probable, that Sterne's journey to France, in the following year (1762), was brought about as much at his wife's instigation as by his own desire, and it is even possible that Mrs. Sterne prompted it, with the design of carrying out the separation she evidently wished for. Sterne preceded his family to Paris, arriving there himself in January, 1762, and remaining alone until July, in which month his wife and daughter joined him. The letters written by Sterne to his wife from Paris, having reference to her journey there, are moderately, if not warmly, affectionate, and it is evident that there was, as yet, no open breach between them. Indeed his wife seems throughout, to have acted with great forbearance and good sense; she lived with him until she found an opportunity of escape without scandal, but the opportunity once found, she showed great determination in not letting it slip. It is not even ascertained that there was ever any actual quarrel between them; it is only certain that Sterne pressed her to return to England with him, but on one pretext or another she refused, and remained to superintend the education of her daughter in a French convent. It cannot be said that Sterne objected very strenuously to this arrangement; he of course shared his wife's desire to avoid scandal, and he had, moreover, a genuine wish for his daughter to live with him, but upon the whole, it is but too probable that he was rather rejoiced than grieved to be rid of his wife. In his letters he thus refers to the separation: 'My wife returns to Toulouse, and purposes to spend the summer at Bagnières. I, on the contrary, go and visit my wife, the church in Yorkshire. We all live the longer, at least the happier, for having things our own way. This is my conjugal maxim.' And again: 'I told Mrs. Sterne that I should set out for England very soon; but as she chooses to remain in France for two or three years, I have no objection, except that I wish my girl in England.' Doubtless, Sterne in his heart did not feel any great sorrow at the removal of a restraint which left him free to indulge to the full his predilections for sentimental intrigues, and Platonic friendships. It is melancholy to reflect on such an end to a union which had lasted more than twenty years, and which was inspired at the outset by true affection on both sides. As we have said hardly enough is known of Sterne's earlier married life to apportion accurately the blame of this unhappy estrangement; but from what we do know of his later life, it is tolerably certain that Thackeray summed up the case justly when he said: 'Whether husband or wife had most of the *patience d'un ange* may be uncertain; but there can be little doubt which needed it most.'

The world has always been lenient to sinners of Sterne's type. The man who is described as 'no man's enemy except his own,' generally contrives to be the most deadly enemy to all who love or trust him, but he almost universally meets with pity and sympathy rather than with aversion. It is only when a man dares, like Shelley, to sin in a thoroughly unconventional and unfashionable manner, that the world discovers that his sin is of so deep a dye as to be past all forgiveness. Sterne's faults and follies were eminently fashionable; they were regarded in his own day as hardly

blameworthy, and have since met with uncompromising condemnation from few critics. Thackeray, however, is terribly severe to his brother humourist, so severe indeed that his judgment loses much of its force; he errs in excessive harshness as much as other critics in excessive leniency. To call the creator of Uncle Toby 'a feeble wretch,' 'a coward,' 'a leering satyr,' is to pass far beyond the bounds, not only of generous, but of just, criticism. It was Thackeray's mission, however, to lash fashionable vice, and in his desire to avoid all appearance of condoning the particular class of sin of which Sterne was guilty, he abandoned something of that tender-hearted and compassionate charity, which should be uppermost in the mind of one who passes judgment on a fellow-man. More touching than all Thackeray's hard words is the unconscious condemnation contained in a remark of La Fleur, Sterne's valet, concerning the *fille-de-chambre*, mentioned in *The Sentimental Journey*. 'It was certainly a pity,' said La Fleur, 'she was so pretty and so *petite*.' This little speech, implying as it does all the consequences of such acts of wicked folly, would have made its way to the sensitive heart of Sterne himself more surely than the most bitter denunciations of severe moralists. When an offender such as Sterne is brought to the bar to receive the judgment of posterity, he is entitled to the utmost clemency and mercy which it is within the power of the court to bestow. He brings, indeed, his recommendations to mercy with him. Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, the dying lieutenant and the desolate Maria, all plead for him—nay, even the imprisoned starling beats his wings against his cage to soften the hearts of Sterne's judges. One who by innocent mirth has lightened countless weary hours, and by tender pathos caused many a delicious tear to flow, has a right to be judged in the spirit of the most comprehensive charity. His frank and open plea of guilty, and the confiding manner in which he casts himself upon the mercy of the Court, should also count something in his favour. Let us then, in judging Laurence Sterne, give the utmost weight to all there was in him of good, and if we must finally condemn, let us condemn with pitying and affectionate sorrow, and not with harsh reviling and unrelenting scorn.

Sentimentalism (neither sentiment nor sentimentality would exactly express my meaning) has a considerable and, at the same time, a very curious influence upon the feelings and actions of mankind. It makes men sometimes absurd, often illogical, and still more often unjust. The man whose eyes are as dry as the Desert of Sahara to the real griefs and troubles of life, will shed a tear over the sorrows of the heroine of a rubbishing novel; the man whose horizon is bounded by his office counter, and whose heart is as hard as the nether millstone to the misery he meets with every day of his life, feels himself great with heroic aspirations, and glowing with generous impulses, as he witnesses the performance of some second-rate actor. A startling murder committed in the next street, or an accident near home, involving a comparatively small loss of life, excites deeper pity and commiseration than a distant battle in which the slain are counted by thousands, or a still more distant famine whose victims are computed by millions. All this is doubtless illogical and weak, but it is human nature; and the sentimentalism which is at the bottom of these incongruous emotions and disproportionate sympathies, is foremost among the traits in human character which render life better worth living. Sterne possessed this sentimentalism in an exaggerated degree. It has been made a subject of severe censure upon him, that he could weep in public over an imprisoned starling or a dead ass, but could not regulate his private life so as to avoid giving

pain to those who were dearest to him. Such censure, if not ungenerous, is at least beside the question. Sterne's feelings and emotions were genuine, and that he was capable of them should rather lessen than increase the blame that attaches to his faults. Thackeray treats this side of Sterne's character as though it merely applied to his artistic conceptions, telling the following story in illustration of it :—'Some time since I was in the company of a French actor, who began after dinner, and at his own request, to sing French songs of the sort called *des chansons grivoises*, and which he performed admirably and to the satisfaction of most persons present. Having finished these, he commenced a sentimental ballad: it was so charmingly sung, that it touched all persons present, and especially the singer himself, whose voice trembled, whose eyes filled with emotion, and who was snivelling and weeping quite genuine tears by the time his own ditty was over. I suppose Sterne had this artistical sensibility !' All this is undeniably true so far as it goes; Sterne's sensibility *was* of this sort; but Thackeray's description of it falls so short of the whole truth, that it is perhaps more misleading than falsehood. Sterne's sensibility was not merely, nor even chiefly, 'artistical.' It displayed itself not alone in his writings but in his actions; it resulted from his tender emotional nature, which could not witness or think of distress or suffering, without a reflex being shed—transient perhaps, but still undoubtedly sincere—on his own heart. Thackeray would possibly have called the sensibility displayed in Sterne's affecting account of the forlorn Maria, merely 'artistical.' Let us see how La Fleur, who witnessed the actual transaction, related it, as quoted by Sir Walter Scott. '"When we came up to her,' said La Fleur, 'she was grovelling in the road like an infant, and throwing the dust upon her head—and yet few were more lovely. Upon Sterne's accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself, and resumed some composure—told him her tale of misery and wept upon his breast. My master sobbed aloud. I saw her gently disengage herself from his arms, and she sung him the service of the Virgin; my poor master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the cottage where she lived; there he talked earnestly to the old woman. Every day while we stayed there I carried them meat and drink from the hotel, and when we departed from Moulines, my master left his blessings and some money with the mother. How much I know not—he always gave more than he could afford.' Such actions as these are prompted by something higher than 'artistical sensibility.' Yet another testimony from La Fleur to Sterne's softness of heart, and overwhelming desire to relieve distress. His remittances were frequently irregular, owing to war, and he had not calculated for the frequent demands upon his charity. 'At many of our stages my master has turned to me with tears in his eyes—"These poor people oppress me, La Fleur; how shall I relieve them?"' It is often the case that those who can least bear to witness the sufferings of others, are themselves among the weakest in resisting temptation. Extreme sensibility almost implies weakness, and Sterne was by no means an exception to the rule. He has himself confided to us, with a candour we cannot commend, some of his flagrant derelictions from the paths of decency and morality. To his criminality in this direction it is not necessary to make any further reference, beyond saying that nothing we have written must be considered as attempting to palliate or soften down the heartlessness and folly of such acts. When we consider his age, his profession, and his family ties, we find it hard, in reading certain passages in *The Sentimental Journey*,

to avoid feeling both disgust and contempt. But acts of confessed criminality should be separated from acts in which nothing beyond folly is proven. One of the heaviest indictments against Sterne, and the one which is the most frequently urged against him, is based upon his relations with Mrs. Eliza Draper. This lady who was the wife of Daniel Draper, a gentleman holding an important position in Bombay, had been compelled to leave India on account of her health, and during her stay in England she accidentally made the acquaintance of Sterne. One of those ridiculous sentimental friendships, to which elderly men of Sterne's type are so prone, sprang up between them. Little is known of the facts of the case, and almost the whole of the evidence against Sterne consists in his own letters to the lady. These are sufficiently foolish and contemptible, but they certainly do not by any means prove that the intercourse ever proceeded beyond the verge of folly. Maudlin sentimentality, with an admixture of pretended piety can never form pleasant reading, and these letters are sufficiently offensive without making them worse by presuming guilt. Sterne's acquaintance with Mrs. Draper was short; she rejoined her husband in India, and most of the published letters to her have reference to their approaching separation. It has been severely commented upon, that Sterne, at precisely the same time as he was engaged in this precious correspondence, wrote the most charming and simply affectionate letters to his daughter Lydia. Certainly the elderly Lothario, and the tenderly solicitous father are not characters that harmonize well, when placed in such close juxtaposition. Defenders of Sterne have urged that a vain and silly woman, such as Mrs. Draper undoubtedly was, will often attach herself to a famous man like Sterne, and force him to share her folly. The letters do not bear out this view; the writer evidently entered *con amore* into the ridiculous intrigue, and was probably much more genuinely interested in it than Mrs. Draper herself, who soon forgot her 'loving Brahmin,' and proved by her subsequent life that, as she grew older, she improved neither in morals nor in wisdom.

It is refreshing to turn from the perusal of these, and other perhaps still more odious letters, and read Sterne's correspondence with his daughter Lydia. Here the genuinely affectionate man is invariably seen at his best. When his thoughts turned to the one being on earth whom he loved with a pure and passionate tenderness, he cast off from his heart the crust of selfishness and self-indulgence, and was, for the time at least, a simple, true, and loving father. 'You have enough to do,' he says, 'for I have also sent you a guitar; and as you have no genius for drawing, (though you never could be made to believe it), pray waste not your time about it. Remember to write to me as to a friend—in short, whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural.' In a letter to a friend, he says, 'I have great offers too in Ireland—the Bishops of C—— and R—— are both my friends; but I have rejected every proposal unless Mrs. S. and my Lydia could accompany me thither. I live for the sake of my girl, and with her sweet, light burthen in my arms, I could get up fast the hill of preferment, if I choose it; but without my Lydia, if a mitre was offered me, it would sit uneasy upon my brow.' Even Thackeray admits that all his letters to his daughter are 'artless, kind, affectionate and *not* sentimental,' and there are among his letters to the friends to whom he was really attached, many concerning which the same might be said. It was in the summer of 1764 that Sterne returned from his journey to France, leaving his wife and daughter behind him. Amidst all the pleasures and excitement of his life, he never

abandoned the desire to regain his daughter for a companion for his declining years. In 1766 his health was so precarious that he was compelled to try the effect of the climate of Italy. Upon his return, in the same year, he visited his wife and daughter, and tried to persuade them to accompany him to England. His mention of this meeting with his wife is very characteristic of their relations: 'Poor woman! she was very cordial, etc., and begs to stay another year or so.' Of his daughter he says, 'My Lydia pleases me much; I found her greatly improved in everything I wished her.' He was unsuccessful in his endeavours to bring them back with him, but in October, 1767, his wife yielded to his solicitations, and the pair joined him at Coxwould. It would appear from Sterne's letters, that his wife distinctly gave him to understand, that this was merely a visit, and not a permanent resumption of their relations as man and wife. In writing of Lydia, he says: 'She is all Heaven could give me in a daughter, but like other blessings not given, but lent; for her mother loves France, and this dear part of me must be torn from my arms to follow her mother.' Perhaps if Mrs. Sterne had known how short a time remained to the unhappy Yorick, during which the ministrations of either wife or daughter could avail, she would have been less unrelenting. We should feel more inclined to blame her persistency, however, if we did not know that six months had barely elapsed since Sterne had closed his correspondence with Mrs. Draper. It must have been shortly after their arrival, that Sterne wrote the short and incomplete memoir of his life, to which he appended the remark—'I have set down these particulars relating to my family and self, for my Lydia, in case hereafter she might have a curiosity, or a kinder motive to know them.' The desire to leave this record of himself for his daughter was perhaps prompted by something like a prophetic instinct of his approaching end; and this renders it the more melancholy that he makes no affectionate reference to his wife, in what he designed to be his last words to his daughter. He concludes thus: 'She and yourself are at length come, and I have had the inexpressible joy of seeing my girl everything I wished her.' It was impossible, however, for him to praise the daughter so highly without at the same time passing an unconscious encomium upon the mother whose training had made her what she was.

In the last week of 1767, Sterne went up to London to watch *The Sentimental Journey* through the press. He was even then in a very feeble state of health, having just recovered from an illness which, as he says, 'had worn him to a shadow;' indeed, writing in the last week of December, he says the fever had only just left him, but that he purposes starting for London almost directly. A journey undertaken at such a time, by a man whose constitution, never very robust, had been seriously undermined by gaiety and excitement, could only have been rendered innocuous by the utmost precaution. Sterne—true to his careless, unthinking nature—when once he found himself in his beloved London, went about and visited as though he had been in the best of health. The inevitable consequence ensued. On the 20th February, within a month of his death, in a simple, loving letter to his daughter, he says:—'This vile influenza—be not alarmed, I think I shall get the better of it, and shall be with you both the first of May; and if I escape, 'twill not be for a long period, my child, unless a quiet retreat and peace of mind can restore me.' He was then almost within sight of a quieter retreat than any this world can offer. His hopes of recovery proved delusive, and he rapidly grew worse; but the near approach of death did not unman him, nor render him forgetful

of his idolized daughter. Ten days before his death he wrote to his friend Mrs. James, a letter which shows at once courageous resignation with regard to his own fate, and anxious solicitude for his daughter's future. 'Perhaps I have not many days or hours to live. . . . . My spirits are fled—'tis a bad omen. Do not weep, my dear lady, your tears are too precious to shed for me. . . . If I die, cherish the remembrance of me and forget the follies which you so often condemned—which my heart, not my head, betrayed me into,' and then, in simple language, he commends his daughter to her care, should she ever be left parentless. He had expressed a wish to die in an inn, and have the last offices performed for him by strangers, who would be paid for their services, and the irony of fate fulfilled his desire to the very letter. During his illness he had received the casual visits of friends and acquaintances; in his last letter to his daughter he pathetically says:—'I am never alone. The kindness of my friends is ever the same. *I wish, though, I had thee to nurse me; but I am denied that.*' But his death-bed was solitary;—in a room of a London lodging-house, with no gentle hand to smooth his pillow, no pitying ear to catch his dying words, with no one to watch or tend him save a sordid hired woman,

> 'With lack of woman's nursing, and dearth of woman's tears,'

the man of many friends, the creator of Uncle Toby, breathed his last. In one sad sense his death was not premature; he might have said with Macbeth:—

> 'I have liv'd long enough; my way of life
> Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf;
> And that which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have.'

Sterne's character was a medley in which the good was so inextricably mingled with the evil that it is hardly possible to separate them, and pass a rigid and exact judgment on the man. His tender-hearted charity was no unmixed good; it led him into extravagance; he was generous first and just afterwards, and he gave away money half to relieve the personal distress which the sight of misery caused him, and half from a higher and holier motive. The open-handed generosity which caused him, in perfect truth, to say that while he had a shilling in the world, ninepence of it was for those he loved, itself led him into error. The sums which he expended on himself and others would, in many cases, have been better employed to provide for the widow and daughter whom his prodigality left destitute and dependent on strangers. The exquisite sensibility and tenderness, which produced the story of Le Fevre, degenerated too frequently, in his actual life, into mawkish sentimentality; and he abused his affectionate and loving disposition by making it the excuse for criminalities for which his weakness alone was answerable. It is true that he always had a pitying tear for misfortune, but it is also true that his tears lay so near the surface, that the subject of them was often forgotten before they were dry upon his cheek. Sterne can lay no claim to the character of a perfect knight and Christian gentleman, but his faults were faults of weakness, not of baseness; and if we must visit him with censure, not unmixed with contempt, we can still regard him certainly without repulsion, and perhaps even with affection.

Before discussing *Tristram Shandy* and *The Sentimental Journey*, it may be well briefly to refer to the charge of plagiarism, which has been made and fully sustained, against their author. There is hardly in the whole of literature an instance of such daring and wholesale robbery as Sterne practised, certainly nothing approaching to it on the part of any other writer of equal genius and fame. He stole from

French as well as English sources, from Bishop Hall, Dr. Downe, but above all from Burton. Sometimes he would convert the quaint old phraseology of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* into a thoroughly Shandean form, but more often he would not even be at this trouble. He filched whole passages, merely inverting the words, or slightly altering or adding to them. Most of the curious erudition displayed in *Tristram Shandy*, is the result of Sterne's indefatigable exploration of neglected or forgotten authors, and is reproduced from them at second hand. It is evident that the chief use of robbery of this kind would be to furnish him merely with the 'padding,' or with the embellishment of his works, and if he had had the honesty to make some sort of acknowledgment of his indebtedness to others, his plagiarism in this respect, would be no serious disparagement to his reputation. But a far more serious charge is, that the whole plan and outward shape of his great work is a direct imitation of Rabelais. The manifold digressions. the whimsical and abrupt transitions, the droll use of pedantic learning, are all copied from the great humourist : in one or two instances even, Sterne goes so far as to adopt the peculiarly Rabelaisian manner of making ludicrous catalogues—as for instance, the list of shoes in the nineteenth chapter of the sixth volume of *Tristram Shandy*. This is the more unfortunate, as in its broader aspects the humour of Sterne was akin to that of Rabelais, and if he had not attempted any imitation, if indeed he had never read a line of Rabelais, there must still have been a considerable resemblance between them. Southey shrewdly says in *The Doctor*, that every man has something of the 'Pantagruelian' spirit, and that it is only a question of degree and of difference in the manner of displaying it. Certainly, no man ever possessed it to such an abundant extent as Sterne ; the misfortune is that he should have chosen to display it by imitating the great master and creator of Pantagruelism, instead of allowing it to find a natural and original vent. Sterno has further been charged with imitating Cervantes, but here the resemblance is natural, and neither forced nor acquired. In all the finer touches of his humour, Sterne was without effort, and, without any necessity of imitation, the counterpart of Cervantes. He quotes freely from Don Quixote, a fact which, judging by his rule in cases where he undoubtedly borrowed, would go far to prove that he was not conscious of any attempt at imitation, and he invokes 'the gentle spirit of sweetest humour, who erst didst sit upon the easy pen of his beloved Cervantes.' It is more than possible that the chivalrous, and childishly eccentric Uncle Toby was suggested to him by Don Quixote, and Corporal Trim by Sancho Panza (although the last suspicion savours of insult to the memory of the worthy Corporal); but even if this be so, it would not detract a whit from their originality. The charges against Sterne may then be briefly summarized as follows : He stole from innumerable authors ; he imitated Rabelais and he resembled Cervantes. To these accusations his most ardent advocate would be compelled to plead guilty, and would rely for his defence upon the fact that where Sterne stole he is weakest ; where he is original he is strongest. If the philosophical reflections and curious lore which he appropriated from others were removed from his works, the really valuable part of him would not only be left intact, but would be strengthened and improved. Sterne's real genius and power lay in the Shakespearean instinct which he applied to the delineation of character ; and the extent to which he plays upon our emotions, or excites our laughter, is determined by this, and not by either his thefts or his imitations. He seized upon a broad fact, but one that was hardly suspected

before, viz.: that every man, consciously or unconsciously, has a humourous side to his nature, and he illustrated this by the actions and speeches of characters, few in number certainly, but which, in consistency, charm and lifelike reality, need not yield the palm to the creations of even the greatest masters of fiction. He sometimes used what he stole, as in the case of the elder Shandy, as a help in illustrating peculiarities of character; but this does not seriously affect the originality of his creations in their entirety. Even Sterne's most exquisitely pathetic and affecting passages are evolved from, or have a direct bearing upon, the humorous or eccentric element in human nature. His intense appreciation of this, and the marvellous manner in which he communicated it to others, make Sterne a great and *absolutely original* humourist; his tenderly sensitive spirit and wide range of sympathies render him a great and *absolutely original* master of pathos. If this be conceded, Sterne's plagiarism can only reflect upon his honesty as a man, and not upon his fame as a writer.*

Sterne is one of the very few great writers who reached middle age without making any attempt at authorship. Up to his forty sixth year he published nothing except two sermons, and then he suddenly surprised the world and gained fame at one bound, with *Tristram Shandy*. The genesis of this work, and the accident which first revealed to Sterne himself his great and peculiar powers, are traceable to a controversial pamphlet written by him, on behalf of a brother clergyman, in 1758, the year before the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy* were published. Into the facts of this long forgotten ecclesiastical dispute, it is unnecessary to enter; Sterne's satire so terrified those against whom it was directed, that they conceded the whole matter in dispute on the sole stipulation that the pamphlet should not be made public. Accordingly for twenty years it remained in obscurity, and it would never have been unearthed, had it not possessed an interest as the germ from which sprung works which have delighted successive generations. *Tristram Shandy* occupied Sterne for eight years, and there is nothing in the plan of the work which would have prevented it from occupying him for as many more, had he lived, and had the public interest in *Tristram* continued unabated. It is very doubtful, however, whether Sterne would have prolonged it to any great extent, as the last volume, although written with undiminished vigour and charm, had produced unmistakable signs of weariness from critics and readers. A work, designed with so little real plan, can scarcely be called incomplete or fragmentary, although it may stop short of the end originally designed for it by its author; and it is in any case fortunate, that *Tristram Shandy* was brought to a close before Sterne had lost his original zest for the subject.

The well-known coarseness and indelicacy of many parts of *Tristram Shandy* have always militated against its popularity, and have in our own day rendered it *tabu* to all but those in whom genuine love of wit and humour conquer prudery, and who feel that they are strong enough to touch pitch without being defiled. Of course the universal excuse for the indecency of writers of the seventeenth, and early part of the eighteenth, centuries, applies to Sterne, viz., that the custom of the age allowed a degree of license incomprehensible to us. We have already quoted one of Sterne's letters, in which he describes himself as reading the manuscript of *Tristram Shandy* to

* Into the question of the morality of Sterne's plagiarism we have not entered; but it should be remembered in extenuation that he, a born writer and producer, had been for twenty years reading incessantly and writing not at all, so that he filled his head with other men's ideas, without at the same time acquiring that habit of separating them from his own, which can only come from early and constant practice as a writer. This excuse does not, of course, cover the whole ground, but it may partially account for the extent and apparent shamelessness of Sterne's depredations.

his wife, and using his daughter as his amanuensis, and he discusses the work freely in many other letters to female friends. These facts alone would show that, during his lifetime at least, neither he nor his readers thought that he had seriously transgressed what were then the canons of literary propriety. Although these considerations may prevent us from blaming Sterne too severely, they are obviously beside the question of the fitness or unfitness of *Tristram Shandy* for reading in the nineteenth century. We need something more than the mere knowledge that a hundred years ago such things were tolerated, to induce us to tolerate them. Our forefathers may have been used to pick the jewels of wit from the mire of grossness, but the trenchant question for us to decide is, whether the jewels are of such exceeding brilliancy and value that it is worth our while to risk contact with the mire to obtain them. In Sterne's case this question may be unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative. Coarseness in wit is only tolerable where the humour of the situation is rendered so intense, as to completely dwarf and overpower any offensive sense of indelicacy, and although Sterne does not invariably attain to this standard, he *almost* invariably does. Some of his improprieties are wearisomely long, and are so dwelt upon that the ever-present humour, which alone could justify them, fails somewhat in its effect; and —worst sin of all—he too often gloats over indecency. On the other hand, he is rarely prurient (in *Tristram Shandy* at least), and he never attempts to raise a laugh at nastiness without humour. It is curious to compare the effect produced upon the mind by Fielding's coarseness and Sterne's. Fielding is by far the more daringly improper of the two, but there is a healthy, manly tone about him, which carries off the indecency, and renders it almost harmless. Sterne, on the other hand, deals more in obscure allusions, and pretends to a far greater degree of modesty than Fielding, but he strikes us as more really objectionable, because more really impure, than the author of *Tom Jones.* It is not to be expected that *Tristram Shandy* will ever again be widely read. Those humourists who can read and enjoy the works of Sterne or Congreve, or such a book as *Les Contes Drolatiques*, with such deep and innocent enjoyment as to banish all thoughts of their indecency, are few and far between. And the world has tacitly admitted this, by excluding this class of literature from its catalogue of 'proper' books. That this is the inevitable result of a higher and purer form of outward social life, is undeniable, but, if in the cause the world is a gainer, in its effect it must be in some sort a loser. From the days of Aristophanes to those of Scarron, many of the best jokes, and much of the most genuine fun of mankind, have been tinged with what we rightly call impropriety. And yet when we, in our modern purity, discard all this, what an immense fund of harmless, unalloyed mirth we destroy! Who can read, without inextinguishable laughter, Uncle Toby's unrepeatable answer to Yorick, when he told him that the great Lipsius composed a book the day he was born? All such jests as these, are however, out of accord with our civilization and refinement, and the world will have no more of them. Truly our morality may be greater, but our laughter must be less.

The foundation upon which the superstructure of *Tristram Shandy* mainly rests, is the contrast between the characters of the elder Shandy and his brother Toby. The one, learned, acute, and critical; the other, slow of apprehension, innocent of all book-learning, and never dogmatic except when mounted on his military hobby-horse; the one, petulant, sarcastic, and impatient of contradiction; the other, mild, straightforward and blunt; the one, dealing alternately in quaintly

learned discourses and biting innuendoes; the other homely in speech and too tender to wound with his tongue even if he had possessed the power; the one, superstitious and yet sceptical; the other, humbly trustful and blindly believing; both generous, both tender hearted, both loving, both high-minded gentlemen, to know whom is a delight and 'to love them a liberal education.' Utterly dissimilar as they are in all their leading characteristics, we yet recognize it as the most natural thing in the world that they should be brothers. The contact of these two natures, each alternately serving as a foil to the other, eccentricity on the one hand and extreme simplicity on the other, serves to illustrate Sterne's belief that every man has his humourous side. But to the elder Shandy, Sterne has provided another and more powerful foil in Mrs. Shandy, thereby still further emphasizing what we have assumed to be his theory. The union of two such opposites could not fail to elicit the humourous qualities of both, and Sterne has managed to display these with admirable genius. 'It was a consuming vexation to my father, that my mother never asked the meaning of a thing she did not understand. That she is not a woman of science, my father would say, is her misfortune; but she might ask a question—My mother never did. In short, she went out of the world at last, without knowing whether it *turned round* or stood still. My father had officiously told her, above a thousand times, which way it was; but she always forgot.' The discussion between the pair on the momentous subject of Tristram's first breeches, is so eminently characteristic, that we give it in full:—

'We should begin,' said my father, turning himself round in bed, and shifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened the debate, 'we should begin to think, Mrs. Shandy, of putting this boy into breeches.'

'We should so,' said my mother.

'We defer it, my dear,' quoth my father, 'shamefully.'

'I think we do, Mr. Shandy,' said my mother.

'Not but the child looks extremely well,' said my father, 'in his vests and tunics.'

'He does look very well in them,' replied my mother.

'And for that reason it would be almost a sin,' added my father 'to take him out of 'em.'

'It would so,' said my mother.

'But indeed he is growing a very tall lad,' rejoined my father.

'He is very tall for his age, indeed,' said my mother.

'I can-not (making two syllables of it) imagine,' quoth my father, 'who the deuce he takes after.'

'I cannot conceive, for my life,' said my mother.

'Humph!' said my father.

(The dialogue ceased for a moment.)

'I am very short myself,' continued my father gravely.

'You are very short, Mr. Shandy,' said my mother.

'Humph!' said my father to himself, a second time; in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little farther from my mother's, and, turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

'When he gets those breeches made,' cried my father in a higher tone, 'he'll look like a beast in 'em.'

'He will be very awkward in them at first,' replied my mother.

'And 'twill be lucky if that's the worst on't,' added my father.

'It will be very lucky,' answered my mother.

'I suppose,' replied my father—making some pause first—'he'll be exactly like other people's children.'

'Exactly,' said my mother.

'Though I shall be sorry for that,' added my father, and so the debate stopped again.

'They should be of leather,' said my father, turning himself about again.

'They will last him the longest,' said my mother.

'But he can have no linings to 'em,' replied my father.

'He cannot,' said my mother.

''Twere better to have them of fustian,' quoth my father.

'Nothing can be better,' quoth my mother.

'Except dimity,' replied my father.

''Tis best of all,' replied my mother.

'One must not give him his death, however,' interrupted my father.

'By no means,' said my mother; and so the dialogue stood still again.

'I am resolved, however,' quoth my father, breaking silence a fourth time, 'he shall have no pockets in them.'

'There is no occasion for any,' said my mother.

'I mean in his coat and waistcoat,' cried my father.

'I mean so, too,' replied my mother.

'Though, if he gets a gig or a top, —Poor souls! it is a crown and a sceptre to them—they should have where to secure it.'

'Order it as you please, Mr. Shandy,' replied my mother.

'But don't you think it right?' added my father, pressing the point home to her.

'Perfectly,' said my mother; 'if it pleases you, Mr. Shandy.'

'There's for you!' cried my father, losing temper. 'Pleases me!'

'You never will distinguish, Mrs. Shandy, nor shall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleasure and a point of convenience. This was on the Sunday night: and further this chapter sayeth not.'

The humour in which Dr. Slop is depicted is too broad and too much in the same vein to be always enjoyable. Such pleasantry, when carried to excess, is more fitted for the dissecting room than for the library. Nevertheless some of the scenes in which Dr Slop and Susanna figure, show that at times Sterne was as capable of rollicking fun, as he was of elaborate wit and pungent humour. They may be regarded as forming the farcical element in the story, without which it would certainly lack something of completeness. Humourists are often induced, by the ephemeral laughter they provoke, to give us an overdose of their broadly comic characters, and this may have tempted Sterne to find in Dr. Slop, a vent for nearly all that is really offensive in his coarseness. Yorick, the indolently sarcastic parson, is, we need hardly say, a tolerably faithful portrait of the external individuality of Sterne himself. Sterne, as he appeared to those whom he knew and loved, easy, polished, generous and kind, ready of repartee and careless of its consequence, lives again in his own pages. 'And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet, at the same time, as he seldom shunned, occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony—he had but too many temptations in life of scattering his wit and his humour, his gibes and his jests, about him.'

This is not a picture of the Sterne of later days; it is the man as yet unspoilt by success, who enjoyed the reputation of being no respecter of persons, and of possessing the wittiest and sharpest tongue of any parson in the diocese.

We have as yet hardly touched upon Sterne's greatest creations, Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim. Sterne has depicted these two, the gallant, child-like soldier and his comrade-valet, with a loving hand; they have, in return, conferred upon him everlasting fame. We have already hinted that Sterne may have been indebted to Cervantes for the suggestion of Uncle Toby; and, if this be so, Sterne used the suggestion well, for Uncle Toby is not surpassed by even Don Quixote himself as the type of a chivalrous

gentleman. Like Don Quixote he possessed in so abnormal a degree courage, purity and simplicity, that he, too, might at times have met with 'the scorn of fools,' had not Sterne been kinder to his hero than was Cervantes. Uncle Toby was allowed to ride his hobby horse undisturbed by sneers or ridicule; he never came in contact with natures so coarse and vulgar as the duke and duchess who made a butt of Don Quixote's noble weakness. Even the sarcastic, petulant moods of his brother melted into love and tenderness under his sweet and artless nature, as incapable of taking as of giving offence. Upon the memorable occasion when Mr. Shandy declared that he would not have his 'brains so full of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, palisadoes, ravelins, half-moons, and such trumpery to be proprietor of Namur, and of all the towns in Flanders with it,' Uncle Toby, without the least emotion, 'looked up into my father's face with a countenance spread over with so much good-nature—so placid—so fraternal—so inexpressibly tender towards him; it penetrated my father to his heart. He rose up hastily from his chair, and seizing hold of both my Uncle Toby's hands as he spoke, "Brother Toby," said he, "I beg thy pardon—forgive, I pray thee, this rash humour which my mother gave me." "My dear, dear brother," answered my Uncle Toby, rising up by my father's help, "say no more about it; you are heartily welcome, had it been ten times as much, brother. . . ." "But it is ungenerous, replied my father, to hurt any man; a brother, worse; but to hurt a brother of such gentle manners, so unprovoking and so unresenting—'tis base; by heaven! 'tis cowardly. . . ." "You are heartily welcome, brother," quoth my Uncle Toby, "had it been fifty times as much."'

Sterne possessed a Shakespearean faculty of making exceedingly exceptional beings so life-like that we accept them without question as perfectly natural, and recognize that their every action, no matter how extraordinary, results inevitably from their surroundings and the composition of their characters. That Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim should conduct with grave earnestness battles and sieges without number upon Uncle Toby's bowling green, hardly strikes us as even eccentric; laughable, of course, it is, but the laughter rarely, if ever, proceeds from a sense of the abstract absurdity of their proceedings. This shews that Sterne possessed the rare faculty of making the ideal and fanciful absolutely real, and of investing unreal characters with flesh and blood and a living personality. Dickens alone, among our great writers of fiction, was gifted in as great a degree as Sterne with the same power, but he sometimes abused, and almost nullified it, with too rank absurdities and incongruities. It is very difficult to define the qualities in a writer, which must be combined to produce this result: we may call their sum total genius, but that is simply begging the question. It is a significant fact, however, that writers who possess this power, are generally men with a vivid sense of their own individuality—men with vast personal capabilities of feeling, enjoying and suffering—men who, for want of a better word, the world calls egotists. Every scene in which Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim appear, is replete with humour or with tender pathos; and we lament the more that so many should be disfigured with gross allusions or indecent incidents. The history of Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman, admirable as it is, becomes at times almost offensive. The dilation upon even another's sensuality, in relation to a character of such childlike purity and spotlessness, has something of the same effect upon us, as though we heard a tale which connected impurity with the idea of a guileless, unsuspecting child. Corporal Trim is

in some respects the shadow of his master. He is depicted with much of the same simplicity and tenderness of heart, but with greater shrewdness and a turn of native humour, which differed from his master's, in that it was sometimes conscious, while Uncle Toby's was invariably unconscious. We laugh *at* Uncle Toby, always with kindly, loving laughter, but we laugh *with* Corporal Trim, when he returns such a ready repartee as that to Doctor Slop, who jeeringly asked him how he obtained his knowledge of women? 'By falling in love with a Popish clergywoman, said Trim.' Sterne emphasizes in the following apostrophe his own sense of Trim's wit and excellence: 'Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius, for he was your kinsman; weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness, for he was your brother.' The only portion of *Tristram Shandy* which is universally known now-a-days, is the story of Le Fevre; and fortunately this illustrates well the characters of, and the relations between, master and servant. The affection of Uncle Toby for his old comrade was as unspoilt by any air of patronage as was Trim's devoted loyalty by any forgetfulness of his true position: '"But I would have thee never fear, Trim," replied my Uncle Toby; "and therefore," continued my Uncle Toby, throwing down his crutch, and getting up upon his legs as he said the word *therefore*— "in recompense, Trim, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy heart, I have had such proof of— whilst thy master is worth a shilling, thou shalt never ask elsewhere, Trim, for a penny." Trim attempted to thank my Uncle Toby, but had not power; tears trickled down his cheeks faster than he could wipe them off. He laid his hand upon his breast, made a bow to the ground, and shut the door.' There is no more exquisitely humourous scene in fiction than that which records the advance of these two heroes upon the residence of Widow Wadman, when Uncle Toby determined to attack that by no means impregnable fortress. 'The Corporal had arrayed himself in poor Le Fevre's regimental coat; and with his hair tucked up under his Montero cap, which he had furbished up for the occasion, marched three paces distant from his master: a whiff of military pride had puffed out his shirt at the wrist; and upon that, in a black leather thong clipped into a tassel beyond the knot, hung the Corporal's stick—my Uncle Toby carried his cane like a pike. "It looks well, at least," quoth my father to himself.' Then ensued the long discussion between the pair within twenty paces of Mrs. Wadman's door, in the course of which Trim told the story of his brother's courtship, and they wandered of into such abstruse speculations as the following:

'"A negro has a soul an' please your Honour?" said the Corporal (doubtingly). "I am not not much versed, Corporal," quoth my Uncle Toby, "in things of that kind; but, I suppose, God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me."

'"It would be putting one sadly over the head of another," quoth the Corporal. "It would so," said my Uncle Toby.'

Well might Mr. Shandy exclaim, as he watched their manœuvres: 'Now, what can their two noddles be about?'

Such a scene as this shows Sterne's skill in the dramatic contrast of character. There is wit enough of this kind in *Tristram Shandy* to richly furnish half-a-dozen comedies.

Every time that Sterne touches upon Uncle Toby or Corporal Trim, all that was good in his own character seems to be uppermost, and to shine and glow in his pages with genuine light and warmth. Nor can those who study these admirable creations of genius, do so without exciting the tenderest emotions and arousing the noblest desires. Deep in the heart of every man lies a buried longing to be

once more as a little child; and the thought of such a being as Uncle Toby, with the heart of a perfect man, and the soul of a perfect child, brings back from its grave, for one fleeting moment the ghost of this sacred longing. So brave, that 'he would march up to a cannon's mouth though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole,' and yet with 'a heart as soft as a child for other people;' honourable, simple, loving, forgiving, trusting in his God, and believing in his fellow men—where in life or in fiction, shall we find another Uncle Toby? We can, in truth, echo *Tristram Shandy's* lament, as in fancy he sees his father grieving over Toby's grave:

'When I see him cast in the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ear, O Toby! in what corner of the world shall I seek thy fellow?'

The Sentimental Journey is more generally known than *Tristram Shandy*, by reason of the excerpts, such as the incident of Maria, of the Starling, of the dead Ass, and others, which have been made from it. It is not to be compared, however, with Sterne's great work, either for humour or pathos, although there is in it a far greater proportion of the latter element than in *Tristram Shandy*. In the *Sentimental Journey*, Sterne made something of an effort to be entirely original, but it was at a period of his life when whatever there was of genuine simplicity in his character, had been almost entirely destroyed by his success, and by his own follies. For this reason, there is an air of insincerity, of writing for effect, which is not observable even in the latest portions of *Tristram Shandy*. The imitative faculty, and the art of adapting himself to his surroundings, were always strong in Sterne, and so far overpowered him, that in his later years he was not only sometimes an actor, but always an actor. It would perhaps be difficult to lay a finger upon precise passages in the *Sentimental Journey* conveying this impression, but the work as a whole undoubtedly does so. The wit is still brilliant, the sentiment tender, but whilst reading it we have an irresistible feeling that we are beginning to find the author out. In spite of Sterne's loudly expressed contempt for critics, he showed himself in some degree subservient to them, by abandoning in his latest work much of the coarseness for which he had been so severely blamed. But he substituted for it an unhealthy, sickly, semi-sensual sentiment, which is far more unpleasant, and infinitely more pernicious than the outspoken grossness of *Tristram Shandy*. Those who can understand the allusions in *Tristram Shandy* are not likely to get much harm from them; but the most innocent and ignorant could comprehend and be sullied by, some portions of the *Sentimental Journey*. Sterne was an acute observer of such things as lay upon the surface, and a lively narrator of the incidents of travel; and the account of his journey is interesting, as giving an idea of what France a hundred years ago appeared to be to a superficial observer. Although within twenty years of the great Revolution, there is not a sign or hint in Sterne's pages, of anything unusual either in the condition or feeling of the people. He mentions distress and destitution, but not as existing in any very extraordinary degree, and he makes no attempt to inquire into their cause or probable effect. He saw French life through the spectacles of the aristocracy, who were as yet utterly unconscious of the seething volcano beneath whose shadow they dwelt. The *Sentimental Journey* is more carefully, as well as more artificially, written than *Tristram Shandy*, and it contains some passages, such as the tale of Maria, which as examples of pathetic prose, are not surpassed in our language. Judged chiefly by its style, it fully sustained Sterne's reputation for sensibility and charm, but it can add little to the enduring fame

as one of the greatest of English humourists, which belongs to him by right of *Tristram Shandy*.

Sterne published six volumes of sermons, which have hardly received full justice either during his lifetime, or since his death. The dictum of the poet Gray, that Sterne's sermons showed 'a strong imagination and a sensible head, but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience,' has been too readily accepted, as saying all that is to be said on Sterne's merits as a preacher. Gray's criticism is obviously true, so far as it goes; Sterne now and then tried the experiment of putting the Yorick of *Tristram Shandy* into the pulpit; as for instance when he compares the wanderings of the Prodigal Son to a youth making the grand tour of Europe, accompanied by a 'bear-leader.' But on the other hand, there is much more to be said for his sermons, than that they shew imagination and sense. They are infused with a spirit of charity and benevolence, and are expressed in polished, scholarly language; they preach morality rather than dogma, and—rarest quality of all—they are eminently readable. As might be expected from Sterne's character and from the age in which he lived, his sermons are lacking in the most essential quality; viz., earnestness proceeding from deep conviction. The deism of Addison and Pope soon developed in the clergy into an indifferentism which permeated the Church of England until the revival in the early part of the nineteenth century, and Sterne is an instance of this indifferentism in its earlier phase. There is, however, in every one of Sterne's sermons, an evident desire that men should be better and happier, and an outspoken condemnation of the vices of men and the faults of society, which, if we could forget much of Sterne's own life and some of his writings, would largely atone for his want of earnestness as a preacher.

In dealing with Sterne as a man, and as a writer, I have, without palliating his faults, tried to avoid speaking of them harshly, or in a Pharisaical spirit; I have endeavoured, chiefly by means of quotations, to show something of his humour and his pathos; and if, in so doing, I have been fortunate enough to communicate to my readers enough of my own ardent admiration for his genius, to induce them to take down *Tristram Shandy* from the bookshelf and judge for themselves, I shall be well content.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER VI.

O RUFUS DINGWELL, it is such a rainy day! And the London street which I look out on from my hotel window presents such a dirty and such a miserable view! Do you know, I hardly feel like the same Amelius who promised to write to you, when you left the steamer at Queenstown. My spirits are sinking; I begin to feel old. Am I in the right state of mind to tell you what are my first impressions of London? Perhaps I may alter my opinion. At present (this is between ourselves), I don't like London or London people—excepting two ladies, who, in very different ways, have interested and charmed me.

Who are the ladies? I must tell you what I heard about them from Mr. Hethcote, before I present them to you on my own responsibility.

After you left us, I found the last day of the voyage to Liverpool dull enough. Mr. Hethcote did not seem to feel it in the same way: on the contrary, he grew more familiar and confidential in his talk with me. He has some of the English stiffness, you see—and your American pace was a little too fast for him. On our last night on board, we had some more conversation about the Farnabys. You were not interested enough in the subject to attend to what he said about them while you were with us—but if you are to be introduced to the ladies, you must be interested now. Let me first inform you that Mr. and Mrs. Farnaby have no children; and let me add that they have adopted the daughter, and orphan child, of Mrs. Farnaby's sister. This sister, it seems, died many years ago, surviving her husband for a few months only. To complete the story of the past, death has also taken old Mr. Ronald, the founder of the stationer's business, and his wife, Mr. Farnaby's mother. Dry facts these, I don't deny it—but there is something more interesting to follow. I have next to tell you how Mr. Hethcote first became acquainted with Mrs. Farnaby. Now, Rufus, we are coming to something romantic at last!

It is some time since Mr. Hethcote ceased to perform his clerical duties; owing to a malady in the throat which made it painful for him to take his place in the reading-desk or the pulpit. His last curacy attached him to a church at the west end of London; and here, one Sunday evening, after he had preached the sermon, a lady in trouble came to him in the vestry, for spiritual advice and consolation. She was a regular attendant at the church, and something which he had said in that evening's sermon had deeply affected her. Mr. Hethcote spoke with her afterwards, on many occasions, at home. He felt a sincere interest in her, but he disliked her husband; and, when he gave up his curacy, he ceased to pay visits to the house. As to what Mrs. Farnaby's troubles were, I can tell you nothing. Mr. Hethcote spoke very gravely and sadly, when he told me that the subject of his conversations with her must be kept a secret. 'I doubt whether you and Mr. Farnaby

will get on well together,' he said to me. 'But I shall be astonished if you are not favourably impressed by his wife and her niece.'

This was all I knew when I presented my letter of introduction to Mr. Farnaby, at his place of business.

It was a grand stone building, with great plate-glass windows—all renewed and improved, as they told me, since old Mr. Ronald's time. My letter and my card went into an office at the back; and I followed them, after a while. A lean hard middle-sized man, buttoned up tight in a black frock coat, received me, holding my written introduction open in his hand. He had a ruddy complexion, not commonly seen in Londoners, so far as my experience goes. His iron-gray hair and whiskers (especially the whiskers) were in wonderfully fine order: as carefully oiled and combed as if he had just come out of a barber's shop. I had been in the morning to the Zoological Gardens; his eyes, when he lifted them from the letter to me, reminded me of the eyes of the eagles—glassy and cruel. I have a fault that I can't cure myself of. I like people or dislike them, at first sight, without knowing in either case whether they deserve it or not. In the one moment when our eyes first met, I felt the devil in me. In plain English, I hated Mr. Farnaby!

'Good morning, sir,' he began, in a loud, harsh, rasping voice. 'The letter you bring me takes me by surprise.'

'I thought the writer was an old friend of yours,' I said.

'An old friend of mine,' Mr. Farnaby answered, 'whose errors I deplore. When he joined your Community, I looked upon him as a lost man. I am surprised at his writing to me.'

It is quite likely I was wrong; knowing nothing of the usages of society in England. I thought this reception of me downright rude. I had laid my hat on a chair—I took it up in my hand again, and delivered a parting-shot at the brute with the oily whiskers.

'If I had known what you now tell me,' I said, 'I should not have troubled you by presenting that letter. Good-morning.'

This didn't in the least offend him; a curious smile broke out on his face: it widened his eyes, and it twitched up his mouth at one corner. He held out his hand to stop me. I waited, in case he felt bound to make an apology. He did nothing of the sort—he only made a remark.

'You are young and hasty,' he said. 'I may lament my friend's extravagances, without failing on that account in what is due to an old friendship. You are probably not aware that we have no sympathy in England with Socialists.'

I hit him back again. 'In that case, sir, a little Socialism in England would do you no harm. We consider it a part of our duty as Christians to feel sympathy with all men who are honest in their convictions—no matter how mistaken (in our opinion) the convictions may be.' I rather thought I had him there; and I took up my hat again, to get off with the honours of victory while I had the chance.

I am sincerely ashamed of myself, Rufus, in telling you all this. I ought to have given him back 'the soft answer that turneth away wrath'—my conduct was a disgrace to my Community. What evil influence was at work in me? Was it the air of London? or was it a possession of the devil?

He stopped me for the second time—not in the least disconcerted by what I had said to him. His inbred conviction of his own superiority to a young adventurer like me was really something magnificent to witness. He did me justice—the Philistine-Pharisee did me justice! Will you believe it? He made his remarks next on my good points, as if I had been a young bull at a prize-cattle-show.

'Excuse me for noticing it,' he said.

'Your manners are perfectly gentlemanlike, and you speak English without any accent. And yet, you have been brought up in America. What does it mean?'

I grew worse and worse—I got downright sulky now.

'I suppose it means,' I answered, 'that some of us, in America, cultivate ourselves as well as our land. We have our books and music, though you seem to think we only have our axes and spades. Englishmen don't claim a monopoly of good manners at Tadmor. We see no difference between an American gentleman and an English gentleman. And, as for speaking English with an accent, the Americans accuse *us* of doing that.'

He smiled again. 'How very absurd!' he said, with a superb compassion for the benighted Americans. By this time, I suspect he began to feel that he had had enough of me. He got rid of me with an invitation.

'I shall be glad to receive you at my private residence, and introduce you to my wife and her niece—our adopted daughter. There is the address. We have a few friends to dinner on Saturday next, at seven. Will you give us the pleasure of your company?'

We are all aware that there is a distinction between civility and cordiality; but I myself never knew how wide that distinction was, until Mr. Farnaby invited me to dinner. If I had not been curious (after what Mr. Hethcote had told me) to see Mrs. Farnaby and her niece, I should certainly have slipped out of the engagement. As it was, I promised to dine with Oily-Whiskers.

He put his hand into mine at parting. It felt as moistly cold as a dead fish. After getting out again into the street, I turned into the first tavern I passed, and ordered a drink. Shall I tell you what else I did? I went into the lavatory, and washed Mr. Farnaby off my hand. (N.B.—If I had behaved in this way at Tadmor, I should have been punished with the lighter penalty—taking my meals by myself, and being forbidden to enter the Common Room for eight-and-forty hours.) I feel I am getting wickeder and wickeder in London—I have half a mind, Rufus, to join you in Ireland. What does Tom Moore say of his countrymen—he ought to know, I suppose? 'For though they love woman and golden store: Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more!' They must have been all Socialists in Tom Moore's time. Just the place for me.

I have been obliged to wait a little. A dense fog has descended on us by way of variety. With a stinking coal fire, with the gas lit and the curtains drawn at half-past eleven in the forenoon, I feel that I am in my own country again at last. Patience, my friend—patience! I am coming to the ladies.

Entering Mr. Farnaby's private residence, on the appointed day, I became acquainted with one or more of the innumerable insincerities of modern English life. When a man asks you to dine with him at seven o'clock, in other countries, he means what he says. In England, he means half-past seven, and sometimes a quarter to eight. At seven o'clock, I was the only person in Mr. Farnaby's drawing-room. At ten minutes past seven, Mr. Farnaby made his appearance. I had a good mind to take his place in the middle of the hearth-rug, and say, 'Farnaby, I am glad to see you.' But I looked at his whiskers; and *they* said to me, as plainly as words could speak, 'Better not!'

In five minutes more, Mrs. Farnaby joined us.

I wish I was a practised author—or, no, I would rather, for the moment, be a competent portrait-painter, and send you Mrs. Farnaby's likeness enclosed. How I am to describe her in words I really don't know. My dear

fellow, she almost frightened me. I never before saw such a woman; I never expect to see such a woman again. There was nothing in her figure, or in her way of moving, that produced this impression on me—she is little and fat, and walks with a firm heavy step, like the step of a man. Her face is what I want to make you see as plainly as I saw it myself: it was her face that startled me.

So far as I can pretend to judge, she must have been pretty, in a plump and healthy way, when she was young. I declare I hardly know whether she is not pretty now. She certainly has no marks or wrinkles; her hair either has no gray in it, or is too light to show the gray. She has preserved her fair complexion; perhaps with art to assist it—I can't say. As for her lips—I am not speaking disrespectfully, I am only describing them truly, when I say that they invite kisses in spite of her. In two words, though she has been married (as I know from what one of the guests told me after dinner) for sixteen years, she would be still an irresistible little woman, but for the one startling drawback of her eyes. Don't mistake me. In themselves, they are large, well-opened blue eyes, and may at one time have been the chief attraction in her face. But, now, there is an expression of suffering in them—long unsolaced suffering, as I believe—so despairing and so dreadful, that she really made my heart ache when I looked at her. I will swear to it, that woman lives in some secret hell of her own making; and longs for the release of death; and is so inveterately full of bodily life and strength, that she may carry her burden with her to the utmost verge of life. I am digging the pen into the paper, I feel this so strongly, and I am so wretchedly incompetent to express my feeling. Can you imagine a diseased mind, imprisoned in a healthy body? I don't care what doctors or books may say—it is that, and nothing else. Nothing else will solve the mystery of the smooth face, the fleshy figure, the firm step, the muscular grip of her hand when she gives it to you—and the soul in torment that looks at you all the while out of her eyes. It is useless to tell me that such a contradiction as this cannot exist. I have seen the woman: and she does exist.

O, yes! I can fancy you grinning over my letter—I can hear you saying to yourself, 'Where did he pick up his experience, I wonder?' I have no experience—I only have something that serves me instead of it, and I don't know what. The Elder Brother, at Tadmor, used to say it was sympathy. But *he* is a sentimentalist.

Well, Mr. Farnaby presented me to his wife—and then walked away as if he was sick of us both, and looked out of the window.

For some reason or other, Mrs. Farnaby seemed to be surprised, for the moment, by my personal appearance. Her husband had, very likely, not told her how young I was. She got over her momentary astonishment, and, signing to me to sit by her on the sofa, said the necessary words of welcome—evidently thinking of something else all the time. The strange miserable eyes looked over my shoulder, instead of looking at me.

'Mr. Farnaby tells me you have been living in America.'

The tone in which she spoke was curiously quiet and monotonous. I have heard such tones, in the far West, from lonely settlers without a neighbouring soul to speak to. Has Mrs. Farnaby no neighbouring soul to speak to, except at dinner-parties?

'You are an Englishman, are you not?' she went on.

I said Yes, and cast about in my mind for something to say to her. She saved me the trouble by making me the victim of a complete series of questions. This, as I afterwards discovered, was *her* way of finding conversation for strangers. Have you ever met with absent-minded people to whom it

is a relief to ask questions mechanically, without feeling the slightest interest in the answers?

She began. 'Where did you live in America?'

'At Tadmor, in the State of Illinois.'

'What sort of place is Tadmor?'

I described the place as well as I could, under the circumstances.

'What made you go to Tadmor?'

It was impossible to reply to this, without speaking of the Community. Feeling that the subject was not in the least likely to interest her, I spoke as briefly as I could. To my astonishment, I evidently began to interest her from that moment. The series of questions went on—but, now, she not only listened, she was eager for the answers.

'Are there any women among you?'

'Nearly as many women as men.'

Another change! Over the weary misery of her eyes there flashed a bright look of interest which completely transfigured them. Her articulation even quickened when she put her next question.

'Are any of the women friendless creatures, who came to you from England?'

'Yes, some of them.'

I thought of Mellicent as I spoke. Was this new interest that I had so innocently aroused, an interest in Mellicent? Her next question only added to my perplexity. Her next question proved that my guess had completely failed to hit the mark.

'Are there any *young* women among them?'

Mr. Farnaby, standing with his back to us thus far, suddenly turned and looked at her, when she inquired if there were 'young' women among us.

'O, yes,' I said. 'Mere girls.'

She pressed so near to me that her knees touched mine. 'How old?' she asked eagerly.

Mr. Farnaby left the window, walked close up to the sofa, and deliberately interrupted us.

'Nasty, muggy weather, isn't it,' he said. 'I suppose the climate of America—'

Mrs. Farnaby deliberately interrupted her husband. 'How old?' she repeated, in a louder tone.

I was bound of course to answer the lady of the house. 'Some girls from eighteen to twenty. And some younger.'

'How much younger?'

'O, from sixteen to seventeen.'

She grew more and more excited; she positively laid her hand on my arm in her eagerness to secure my attention all to herself. 'American girls or English?' she resumed, her fat firm fingers closing on me like a vice.

'Shall you be in town in November?' said Mr. Farnaby, purposely interrupting us again. 'If you would like to see the Lord Mayor's Show—'

Mrs. Farnaby impatiently shook me by the arm. 'American girls or English?' she reiterated, more obstinately than ever.

Mr. Farnaby gave her one look. If he could have put her on the blazing fire and have burnt her up in an instant by an effort of will, I believe he would have made the effort. He saw that I was observing him, and turned quickly from his wife to me. His ruddy face was pale with suppressed rage as he spoke to me. 'Come and see my pictures,' he said.

His wife still held me fast. Whether he liked it or not, I had again no choice but to answer her. 'Some American girls, and some English,' I said.

Her eyes opened wider and wider in unutterable expectation. She suddenly advanced her face so close to mine that I felt her hot breath on my cheeks as the next words burst their way through her lips.

'Born in England?'

'No. Born at Tadmor.'

She dropped my arm. The light died out of her eyes in an instant;

they wandered away again as if my very presence in the room had ceased to impress itself on her mind. In some inconceivable way, I had utterly destroyed some secret expectation that she had fixed on me. She actually left me on the sofa, and took a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace. Mr. Farnaby, turning paler and paler, stepped up to her as she changed her place. I rose to look at the pictures on the wall nearest to me. You remarked the extraordinary keenness of my sense of hearing while we were fellow-passengers on the steamship. When he stooped over her, and whispered in her ear, I heard him—though nearly the whole breadth of the room was between us. 'You hell-cat!'—that was what Mr. Farnaby said to his wife.

The clock on the mantelpiece struck the half hour after seven. In quick succession, the guests at the dinner now entered the room.

I was so staggered by the extraordinary scene of married life which I had just witnessed, that the guests produced only a very faint impression upon me. My mind was absorbed in trying to find the true meaning of what I had seen and heard. Was Mrs. Farnaby a little mad? I dismissed that idea as soon as it occurred to me; nothing that I had observed in her justified it. The truer conclusion appeared to be, that she was deeply interested in some absent (and possibly lost) young creature); whose age, judging by actions and tones which had sufficiently revealed that part of the secret to me, could not be more than sixteen or seventeen years. How long had she cherished the hope of seeing the girl, or hearing of her? It must have been anyhow a hope very deeply rooted—for she had been perfectly incapable of controlling herself when I had accidentally roused it. As for her husband, there could be no doubt that the subject was not merely distasteful to him, but so absolutely infuriating that he could not even keep his temper, in the presence of a third person invited to his house. Had he injured the girl in any way? Was he responsible for her disappearance? Did his wife know it, or only suspect it? Who *was* the girl? What was the secret of Mrs. Farnaby's extraordinary interest in her—Mrs. Farnaby, whose marriage was childless; whose interest one would have thought should be naturally concentrated on her adopted daughter, her sister's orphan child? In conjectures such as these, I completely lost myself. Let me hear what your ingenuity can make of the puzzle; and let me return to Mr. Farnaby's dinner, waiting on Mr. Farnaby's table.

The servant threw open the drawing-room door, and the most honoured guest present led Mrs. Farnaby to the dining-room. I roused myself to some observation of what was going on about me. No ladies had been invited; and the men were all of a certain age. I looked in vain for the charming niece. Was she not well enough to appear at the dinner party? I ventured on putting the question to Mr. Farnaby.

'You will find her at the tea-table, when we return to the drawing-room. Girls are out of place at dinner-parties.' So he answered me—not very graciously.

As I stepped out on the landing, I looked up; I don't know why, unless I was the unconscious object of magnetic attraction. Anyhow, I had my reward. A bright young face peeped over the balusters of the upper staircase, and modestly withdrew itself again in a violent hurry. Everybody but Mr. Farnaby and myself had disappeared in the dining-room. Was she having a peep at the young Socialist?

(*To be continued.*)

NIAGARA.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

HUSHED is the world of sound, the universe
Of waters! But 'neath the contorted splendour
Of fossilized tumult flows the river
Passionate for the sea, and moving thwart
The scene—like a moon in northern heavens,
More palpable, more beautiful than all
The stars that bicker coldly round their queen—
I see that figure over which my heart
Is drawn till there's no room, no coign of shelter
For the smallest winged affection, come
From whence it may ; I see 'i' the mind's eye,'
That essence of symmetry to which the whole
Landscape is for me but one great background
Of wild sublimity ; nothing bright is there
But the strong sweet face and those chaste eyes that shame
The reflected sunshine of diamond spray
Or frosty spar, and shine within my soul
For ever, making it more pure, more noble
For the sweet sake of mirroring them.

Where—where is the wild passionate plunge,
When all the sky was summer, and glad birds
Sang, skimming the while the creamy foam,
And jewelled drops sparkling mounting heavenward—
Where the continent-shaking roar, the hiss
As of infinite ruin—the watery avalanche ?
Is all this passionate life dead ? Not so.
Necessity has laid his iron hand
Upon the river's neck and violent chained
It into sullen slavery—dire bondage
Which is only not despair. Listen, and you
Will hear the protesting murmur. Look, and you
Will see the image of its power in calm
Sufferance. So the proud heart's cry
Is hushed. It scarcely murmurs, but within
Deep is the unchanging love, the unfaltering purpose,
The persistent movement towards the distant goal.
High hopes that burned like stars sublime go down
With the changing hours of our small life, too long
For suffering and too short for love. But with
The recurring season come the stars. Sweet hope
Likewise returns. The birds now silent will
Again fling wide their melodies. Yes, life

Is in the frozen bough, and life and power
In those dead waters, frost embalmed, as for
An eternal idolatry. With the vernal hour
The hoary bandages will snap, the giant
Toss his arms and leap into the abyss,
And shout with mighty joy. When comes the hour
When the Niagara in my breast may speak ?

The gods are cruel, filling bosoms small
With infinite desires ; the eagle's heart
And eye—and circumstance's narrow cage.
We are the fools of fate in all we aim
At, and in all we are. We love the star
But cannot scale the sky ; a woman fair
As our first mother when she plucked the fruit,
To find our fondest vows are held at naught ;
And the one form which might have made our life
All that an eager boyhood fondly dreamed
Of nobleness, of purity, of greatness,
Of ample usefulness crowned by an age
Of honour, solaced meanwhile by the heart's
Dear guerdon of a responsive heart, through years
Of mutual tendence, woman's sympathy—
Diviner than all worship—met by worship
Bathing her in the vast tenderness
Of an all circling love stronger than death,—
That form becomes a ghost that glimmers thro'
The darkening years.

Tears ! 'tis time to close
This reverie. The stern world is round
Me ; gain, intrigue, treachery, low desire,
Plot and counterplot. Now my heart is steeled ;
My brow is calm once more. Into the battle
Like a man : surely not less strong, because
Near thee for ever more—like the twin gods
Who, calm where all was turmoil, ruled the fight
By Lake Regillus—is the divinity
Of dayland and of dreamland : now as in
That hall where first thy pulse took fire, and now
As in that only hour when the eye seemed
To melt into a softer tone, if melt
It did, and thy fond heart was not the fool
Of its own yearning ; last, mid nature in
Her grandest mood—the icy river's back,
The wan white waste of all involving snow,
The frozen mimicry of Titanic towers,
In ruin of arch and column meant to scale
The heavens and menace Jove.

ADDISON.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

THE civil wars had expended themselves. 'The right divine of kings to govern wrong' had been set aside. Cromwell had shown how kings should reign and princes decree justice. The second Charles had restored court rule, court intrigue, and court profligacy. William of Orange had inaugurated constitutional government, and himself set the noblest example of self-sacrifice and heroic patriotism. The reign of Queen Anne was like a mild evening after a stormy sunset, not without its delusive star-lights, deceitful meteors, and frequent disturbances in the political heavens. They were altogether tranquiller times, however. Men could breathe more calmly, they could think more quietly. Life returned to, or found, its natural channel. It was not the artificial times of the Plantagenets and the Tudors; it was not the tumultuous years of the Stuarts, or the Revolutionary period. The Lord and the Squire could enjoy their estates, and be the centre of a beneficent influence to the neighbourhood around. It may be questioned if a Roger De Coverley would have been possible in a former age, and among all the characters of Shakespeare we do not know of anything like Will Wimble. It was in these times that Addison emerged on the horizon of literature. Addison is unique in literature. Among all our classics, if we would select one name that would be more representative than another of the literary character, it would be Addison's. He has not the towering genius of Shakespeare, nor the grandeur or sublimity of Milton, nor the intellectual vigour, perhaps, of Dryden, nor the polished and discursive muse of Pope—but as an essayist, and in his peculiar view of wit and humour, he is unrivalled. There were essayists before his time, as Dryden, and Cowley, and Sir Wm. Temple; Swift was a pamphleteer rather than an essayist. There have been essayists since his time, as Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Charles Lamb, and Leigh Hunt, and De Quincey. But Addison stands out among them all, and above them all, in felicity of style, in serene breadth and majesty of intellect, in genial and acute observation of character, and delicate and quiet touches of humour. Charles Lamb's humour was quite different from Addison's. It partakes more of the character of badinage or jocularity; he says nothing but with a double entendre; he is sportive when he is most serious. Addison's humour is more humane; it plays with the foibles and peccadilloes of mankind; it is a gentle hand laid upon the faults and failings of humanity. Swift's humour is saturnine; it is broad and farcical rather than airy and trenchant. Johnson was a moralist and nothing else—of how sturdy a character and in what rotund periods, every one knows. Our more recent essayists had not the same purpose as Steele and Addison. They deal more with matters of taste and vertu, and nothing could be more charming than some of Leigh Hunt's brief essays. Steele and Addison wrote to improve society, to correct the prejudices of the age, to castigate its vices, and to induce a more generous and genial tone of thought and manners. It is on the

papers of the *Spectator* and *Tatler* and *Guardian* that Addison's fame chiefly rests. It was altogether an original vein that was struck out in these papers. Even Steele differs from Addison, as his papers are of a harder grain or texture, have not the grace or felicity of Addison's, are more matter of fact; there are more breaks and impediments in their course, while the current of Addison's thought flows in an uninterrupted stream, and compasses every turn and humour of the mind.

The modern essayist has a great advantage over the essayist of the times of Addison and Steele. Both science and literature have taken immense strides since their time. There is a fertile field of suggestion in the very subject matter of literature and science; a writer now can borrow analogies from sources that were unknown in a former age. A great impulse too has been given of late years to the imaginative element in literature. We have now often as fine poetry in prose as in poetry itself, if we may be allowed the paradox. There is a play of mind too in modern writings that was unknown to any former period of literature—as in the essays of Elia—in the 'Seer' of Leigh Hunt or the 'Dreamthorpe' of Alexander Smith. The play of mind in Addison and Steele is either in the way of humour or irony—seldom satire—and is not for its own sake, but for the sake of some ulterior purpose, whether of moral or social improvement. We have a fine instance in point in the papers containing the sketch of Sir Roger De Coverley. There is exquisite humour, for example, in the circumstance of Sir Roger having as his chaplain a gentleman, not without the reputation of a scholar, but especially selected on the ground that he would not be likely to insult his patron with Greek or Latin at his own table, and who withal was a man of sociable temper, good sense, and understood a little of back-gammon. Sir Roger exhibits as much good humour as originality in the plan which he adopted with the Sunday ministrations of his clerical friend and companion. 'At his first settling with me,' said Sir Roger, 'I made him a present of all the good sermons that have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally and make a continued system of practical divinity.' The *Spectator's* reference to this plan of Sir Roger follows in this wise: 'As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us, and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.' The *Spectator* continues: 'I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.' Something of this practice, not so systematically pursued, is not uncommon, we

believe, in many of the parishes of England at the present day. There was some honesty, certainly, in the practice as followed by Sir Roger, and approved by his friend the *Spectator*. Sir Roger's relations with the perverse widow form another instance in point, and are exceedingly amusing. The humour is racy and the wit harmless. The widow was too much, it would seem, for the simple-minded baronet, and was altogether too clever and accomplished to succumb at once to the advances of one who was speechless in the lady's presence, and thus reminds you of another Roger, in Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd,' who was equally at a loss in pleading his cause with his gentle inamorata.

'And what would Roger say, if he could speak?'

The hand of this beautiful widow seems to have made a particular impression on the imagination of Sir Roger. 'She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world.' Poor Sir Roger did not obtain this lady's hand, and hence his customary mode of reference to widows ever after. 'You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow,' whispers Sir Roger in the play-house, when listening to the 'distressed mother,' adapted from Racine's 'Andromaque,' on the occasion of the obstinate refusal of the great Hector's widow to the importunities of Pyrrhus. The elder Mr. Weller advises his son to beware of 'Vidders.' Sir Roger's quarrel with the class did not proceed exactly from the same cause, but there is very much of the same kindly humour in the allusions of both parties regarding them.

We have already made reference to the character of Will Wimble. The terms on which he seems to have been with Sir Roger De Coverley, and his whole mode of acting as observed by the *Spectator*, are finely touched, and the subject is thus improved by the latter in a paper dictated from Sir Roger's residence in the country.

'Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but consider with a great deal of concern, how so good a heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications.'

The *Spectator* further moralises.

'Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at Divinity, Law, or Physic, and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions.'

The character of Will Wimble is the type of many a younger scion of noble or wealthy houses, a consequence in some degree of the laws of primogeniture, which prevail in other countries; though it is questionable if more good would not be sacrificed than gained by the abolition of these laws. Perhaps the correction of the

particular evil is not in the abolition, but in the modification, to some extent, of the laws in question, so that the younger members of great and noble houses may not be left altogether unprovided for, while yet the prestige of family, descending from generation to generation, with its sanitary influence upon society and the body politic, may be preserved entire.

Addison's peculiar humour is seen in all the subjects of his papers, that partake of this character. The peculiarities of his times no doubt afforded him these, as every age has its own peculiarities. Those of our age are well shown up in Punch, Dickens and Thackeray. It is from a higher elevation, however, that Addison looks down upon the follies of his time. He was better qualified, perhaps, than most men for being the censor of abuses, and the corrector of manners. He could afford to be indulgent, while he was most severe; he condones even while he condemns. His pen is not dipt in gall. He has not the scowl of the cynic, or the grin of the satirist. He does not wield the lash of the executioner, nor the birch of the pedagogue. He looks with kindly eye upon the very follies which he chastises, while his moral instincts lead him to recoil from all that is base in purpose and unworthy in conduct. Addison himself lived in a pure air and breathed a serene atmosphere. He reminds one of the picture of Neptune, as drawn by Virgil, lifting his head above the waves, and calming them with his trident.

. . . . . . alto
Prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit unda.

Addison was a good man. He did not affect the arrogance of disowning his maker, and repudiating his worship. He did not find his honour, like some of our modern literary chiefs, in seeing no God beneath law, or at most some unknown power, which was yet undefinable, except as a power that existed behind all law and all phenomena. Addison, no doubt, recognized as clearly as any others the mystery of an infinite being who was yet a personality, but he preferred that mystery to owning to, or confessing, a power that was no personality, that had no origin or source of being either in itself, or anything else, and wrought for definite intentions, yet without any purposes of intelligence. Addison bowed before the mystery of an uncreated and eternal existence, who created all things, that gave law to the universe, and yet endowed man with an intelligence of his own, and with a power of choosing and willing and acting like Himself, and side by side with Himself in the very universe He had created. Addison believed also in the distinctive doctrines of the Gospel. He was engaged in writing a defence of Christianity when death prematurely put an end to his career. His hymns breathe the spirit of true piety and humble faith in the divine merits of the Saviour. Any expressions that seem to have another meaning or tendency, are quite capable of an evangelical interpretation. Many of his papers in the *Spectator* are designed to commend religion, or at least serious thought, to the attention and acceptance of those who were not accessible to works of a more professedly religious character.

It has been alleged that Addison, in his private intercourse, exhibited not the most amiable disposition towards his friends, while he was characterized by envy and jealousy, it would seem, towards his rivals. He even quarrelled, it is said, with Steele; and Pope and Swift both shared his animosity. There is surely, however, some mistake in all this. Steele's friendship continued to the last; and the cordiality, and even enthusiasm, with which he uniformly spoke of him, is inconsistent with such a view. A different course of political conduct occasioned, not an estrangement, but a certain distance between the friends;

but this was only for a time, and when they met, as they still met, their intercourse was quite unreserved, and they talked of all matters with all the confidence and freedom of former years. Addison's wiser course of action obtained for him political promotion, while Steele, by his imprudence, shut himself out from that. Addison had himself some patronage to bestow, and he conferred it upon Tickell. Steele may have felt aggrieved, but this was very different from final alienation and estrangement. Addison was incapable of cherishing animosity against a human being. His character was of too singular an elevation for this, and he was too free from all acerbity of temper. He, of all men, had no reason for envy, and there is not the slightest trace of such a disposition in his writings. These are remarkable, on the contrary, for their superiority to all littleness of feeling, and evince the largest and most generous sympathies. He early noticed Pope's merits as an author, but in his reference to the 'Essay on Criticism' he regretted that so excellent a writer should allow himself to descend to personalities. This was an offence which Pope could not forgive, and with some other offences, more imaginary than real, which have not been proved, but, on the contrary, have been shown to have been impossible, created that breach between the two great magnates of literature which is handed down to posterity in the most classic stanzas of all Pope's most classic compositions. It was politics also that divided Swift and Addison. It was no personal quarrel. It were strange, indeed, if the Addison of the *Spectator* could be the Addison that could not live in friendship with his fellow-beings, and carried in his bosom a rankling antipathy to all rivals. We were greatly relieved in regard to the particular allegation to which we have referred, when we read these generous words in Macaulay :—

'To Addison we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey. Some blemishes may undoubtedly be detected in his character; but the more carefully it is examined, the more will it appear, to use the phrase of the old anatomists, sound in the noble parts, free from all taint of perfidy, of cowardice, of cruelty, of ingratitude, of envy. Men may easily be named, in whom some particular good disposition has been more conspicuous than Addison. But the just harmony of qualities, the exact temper between the stern and the humane virtues, the habitual observance of every law, not only of moral rectitude, but of moral grace and dignity, distinguished him from all men who have been tried by equally strong temptations, and about whose conduct we possess equally full information.'

This is enough, but all that we knew of Addison before, and the general impression made on us by his writings would have been his ample vindication. We could not allow ourselves to think of Addison otherwise than as he has drawn himself in the character of the *Spectator*, and as he consistently exhibits himself in that character. The *Spectator* is Addison's own idea, and as he is the original of the sketch, the character is worthy of the place which it holds in literature, and of the club which it has immortalized with his name.

The peculiar wit and humour of the *Spectator* are seen in such papers as these: 'On Fashions,' 'On Country Manners,' 'On Patches,' 'On Gossip,' and 'Tittle Tattle,' 'On Polite Conversation,' 'On Mystery and Innuendo,' 'On Practical Jokes,' &c.

It was an ingenious way which Addison took in the latter of these papers, viz., as a correspondent of the *Spectator*, to rebuke certain habits prevailing in his time, and common enough at all times, without giving direct offence to

any who might be conscious of the particular vice or practice. We cannot forbear making the following quotation:

After giving an account of certain whims—practical jokes—put in practice by one of the wits of the previous age, the correspondent goes on to say;

'Now, sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no moral in these jests, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of unluckiness than wit. However, as it is natural for one man to refine upon the thought of another, and impossible for any single person, how great soever his parts may be, to invent an art and bring it to its utmost perfection, I shall here give you an account of an honest gentleman of my acquaintance, who, upon hearing the character of the wit above mentioned, has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind. He invited half a dozen of his friends one day to dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting certain redundant phrases in their discourse, as 'D'ye hear me,' 'D'ye see,' 'That is,' 'And so, sir.' Each of the guests making frequent use of his particular elegance appeared so ridiculous to his neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the company; by this means, before they had sat long together, every one talking with the greatest circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite expletive, the conversation was cleared of its redundancies, and had a greater quantity of sense though less of sound in it.

'The same well-meaning gentleman took occasion at another time to bring together such of his friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual custom of swearing. In order to show them the absurdity of the practice, he had recourse to the invention above mentioned, having placed an amanuensis in a private part of the room. After the second bottle, when men open their minds without reserve, my honest friend began to take notice of the many sonorous but unnecessary words that had passed in his house since their sitting down at table, and how much good conversation they had lost by giving way to such superfluous phrases. 'What a tax,' says he, 'would they have raised for the poor, had we put the laws in execution upon one another.' Every one took the gentle reproof in good part upon which he told them that knowing their conversation would have no secrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in writing, and for the humour's sake would read it to them, if they pleased. There were ten sheets of it which might have been reduced to two, had there not been those abominable interpolations I have before mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold blood, it looked rather like a conference of fiends than of men. In short, every one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly what he pronounced amidst the heat and inadvertency of discourse.'

The papers on 'Imagination,' by Addison, are characterized by great ingenuity and originality of view, anticipating in many cases the views of Uvedale Price, Burke, and Alison, in their several works on kindred subjects. Not that we charge these authors with want of originality themselves, or with appropriation from Addison; but they must have seen Addison's papers, and approving, as they could not fail to do, of his views generally, these became part of the texture of their own minds, and came out very much of the same pattern, or in the same line of thought. So identical often are the opinions and criticisms of the latter with those which Addison has expressed or embodied in his essay. We are not sure but Akenside has been indebted to the same source for many of the thoughts that made his poem such a repertory of philosophic criticism, as it is an example itself of exquisite imagination. Akenside has taken the very divisions

of his subject from Addison, although these are followed up with the enthusiasm of the poet rather than the nicer discrimination of the essayist.

Addison considers imagination singly in its action with reference to the external world, borrowing its images from the objects of sight, and deriving all its pleasure from that source; it is not the higher kind of imagination, creating analogies from worlds which sight has never reached, out of the depths of the unconscious (to use a phrase of Carlyle's), and in the sovereignty of its own prerogative. Addison never thinks it necessary to define imagination, and furnishes no account of the way in which it acts and imparts such pleasure to its subject. Imagination all the while is rather the mind itself, and it is the action of the mind on things great, or novel, or beautiful, which constitutes that power. The susceptibility of receiving impressions from great, novel, or beautiful objects is imagination. Greatness, novelty, and beauty, are constituents of the faculty which is said to receive pleasure from these sources. Imagination also rather creates beauty, and it seems to be a misplacing of things to say that it derives pleasure from that which it creates. Is this not like saying that it creates its own pleasure? There seems some confusion, also, or mixing of things, to make nature and art reciprocally the magazine from which each draws its power over the imagination, while it is the imagination, in great measure, which puts its power into either. Imagination does not derive any pleasure from nature or art which it does not first put into it, by investing it with what power it possesses. Had Addison's theme been the influence of nature and art over the mind through imagination it would have been more intelligible, and more consistent; and his observations would then have had all the merit which we recognize in them, abating the particular confusion which we have taken exception to. The observations, notwithstanding any exceptions, are often very ingenious, and very subtle, and expressed in language appropriate and felicitous. Nothing could exceed the harmony and beauty and simple grace often of the sentences. We linger over them and say, 'How exquisite! how beautiful!' We could wish to make quotations, but we would hardly know where to stop, and we might be tempted to multiply selections beyond the limits of an article, or the space at command.

Addison's criticism of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' has been justly admired. It was the first pronounced criticism on Milton. It was so heartily done—at such length—with such elaborateness. It was so learned—drawing its own principles from Aristotle's 'Poetics,' showing such a familiarity with Homer and Virgil—these princes of song—and putting you almost upon the same terms of intimacy with the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the Æneid, as with the 'Paradise Lost' itself. Very suggestive hints also are taken from the 'De Arte Poetica,' of Horace, Quintilian, and Longinus—so that one way and another you feel on the most learned terms with the great Epic poet, while every opinion of the critic is guarded and fortified by a reference to one or other of these classic authorities. There is enough, however, of Addison's own, in the way of subtle observation, and refined criticism, to stamp the papers with much originality and value. To apply the principles, to detect their application, was almost as much as to lay down the principles originally himself. One has the happiness, as he reads, of seeing his own selected or favourite passages pointed out by the critic, their peculiar excellencies dwelt upon, and not seldom the same blemishes fastened upon for animadversion which had drawn forth his own unfavourable judgment. Altogether Addison's papers on Milton occupy twenty-one numbers of the *Spectator*, published on the Saturdays to afford Sunday reading to the great literary public to

which the *Spectator* appealed. The great London public and gentry of England in their country seats, many a Sir Roger De Coverley, and others, no doubt, with more competent minds, might be worse occupied than in reading these papers. Shelley once said that but for Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' Christianity would have had a fair chance of being forgotten at some future, and, I suppose, no very distant day. Well, at all events, if there was much to repel from the Bible there was much to attract in these criticisms, while they served to break down the great poem for more incapable readers. The high spiced matter of the poem itself was somewhat diluted for the ordinary palate; and it was one thing to accept the views as expressed by the poet, and quite another to see them in the criticism of so amiable an authority, and so moderate a judge of theological questions, as Addison. The beauties of Milton are finely pointed out, and are almost enhanced by the setting which Addison gives them. They are like chosen pictures culled from a portfolio, and you can contemplate them at your leisure, and scan them without fatigue; for the strain is considerable to read Milton, and few indeed have the courage to undertake the task, and may even break down in the effort.

Both the papers on 'Imagination' and the criticism of Milton give an intrinsic value to the *Spectator* above the more fugitive pieces; and yet these very fugitive pieces, perhaps, exercised a more salutary influence socially at the time. We have no doubt they contributed much to that amenity of manners which succeeded the period of the Charleses and the Revolution. Addison even moulded the English language to its present simpler and more idiomatic form. His style became a model for future ages, and the same felicity and delicacy of expression have been handed down to our own day. Gray and Goldsmith were formed upon Addison, and there is nothing we are more familiar with in the writings of our time than the sentences of Addison. Many of our present essayists have the command of a style equally pure, sententious and happy. That does not detract from the merit of Addison, and we recur to the fountain head, not exactly 'the pure well of English undefiled,' but the simple idiomatic English which Addison introduced, with the same pleasure as ever, and as if he had not a successor.

The papers of the *Tatler* and *Guardian*, and, we may add, the *Freeholder*, bear the stamp and character of the essays of the *Spectator*. They bear unmistakably the signature of Addison's genius. There is the same inimitable humour, the same graceful innuendo, the same amiable play of wit, the same power of ridicule, though that is never wielded to wound, but to correct and improve. The *Freeholder*, as its name would indicate, has more of a political aim or object. It was written mainly in opposition to the designs of those who sought the restoration of the Stuart dynasty, in the interest, therefore, of the Protestant succession, and against a Popish ascendancy. There is accordingly, perhaps, greater nerve in the style of its papers, more point and pungency; and the sentences have more of the rounded and periodic character than the easy and simple grace that so eminently distinguished the *Spectator*. 'The Political Creed of a Tory Malcontent,' and 'The Character and Conversation of a Tory Fox-hunter' could not be surpassed in effective sarcasm and delicate irony.

Addison's poetry does not take the same rank with his prose; he is the essayist rather than the poet. There is elegance and harmony in his heroic couplets—fine thoughts finely expressed—especially in his 'Letter from Italy to Charles, Lord Halifax,' and his 'Lines addressed to Sir Godfrey Kneller.' His 'Campaign' also has fine stanzas. But there is little

imagination in the highest sense of the term. We fail to see those ingenious analogies which Macaulay detected. There is fine sentiment, but nothing of that fine play of emotion in which true poetry consists. It is different, however, with his sacred poems. There Addison possessed the very emotion essential to the composition; his hymns are finely devout, and there are in every verse those graceful turns of thought which constitute such an element of excellence in his essays. Nothing could well be finer than the hymn commencing:

'How are Thy servants blessed, O Lord!'

Or, again, that hymn which is committed to memory in every pious household:

'When all Thy mercies, O my God,' &c.

The little ode,

'The spacious firmament on high,' &c.,

is about perfect in its structure and thought as a hymn of praise to the Creator. How is it associated with the finest reminiscences of one's early days!

There is a fine lyrical flow in 'Rosamond;' there is more fancy than in his other compositions, but the piece contains some false rhymes. It is loose in its structure, and altogether it is more like the composition of a youth in his first attempts at poetry than a serious effort of the essayist of the *Spectator*. It shows, however, the versatility of the author's mind.

The comedy of the 'Drummer' has a poor plot; the wit is good, and the situations are amusing, but there is more indelicacy of allusion than we would expect from Addison. It may be on that account that some critics have doubted whether it was really Addison's production. But Macaulay thinks it bears internal evidence of having been Addison's. He thinks it contains passages which no other author known to him could have produced.

The 'Cato' is declamation rather than poetry. It is too stilted; it wants the freedom and the action of the true drama. The utterances of Cato and Portius are like the studied periods of the Stoic philosopher declaiming to his disciples, rather than the natural language of ordinary dialogue. How different from the lightning flashes of Shakespeare, occurring just in the ordinary speech of the 'dramatis personæ,' yet laying open the deep crevasses of providence, and letting in unexpected light on its darkest mysteries! Compare the soliloquy of Cato with that of Hamlet! Lucia and Marcia discourse love in a most decorous spirit, and the former finds in the death of Marcus only an opportune occasion forgiving free vent to her love for Portius, which she had resolved to stifle as long as Marcus lived. Roman ladies, however, are not to be judged by ordinary rules; and we could admire the self-denial of Lucia if we could believe it consistent with the strong passion she expresses for Portius. The drama, however, had most signal success when brought out on the stage, the declamations about liberty suiting the temper of the times, and the Tories and Whigs respectively determined not to be outdone, the one by the other, in the applause with which they greeted the sentiments of the drama.

It would extend our article to an undue length to dwell upon Addison's character, which was the purest. Never perhaps was there a purer mind; his amiableness, which was evidenced by the long friendship with Steele; with but slight interruption from political causes; his religious sentiments which he never concealed, and which had expression in some of the most classic compositions in our hymnology; his political career which was unstained by servility, and never stooped to venality; the particulars of his life; his tour on the continent; his shrewd and often ingenious observations on the different countries through which

his route lay; his treatise on medals, with other compositions which it would be useless to particularize. Addison is too much identified with the *Spectator* and the other serial essays, to be anything else, at least so far as the literary world cares; and we have little, therefore, to detain us beyond what he was in these daily or weekly sheets, to invite remark or to call for panegyric. We think of him chiefly as Addison of the *Spectator*, and anything else is almost an impertinence at all events even the drama we have named, although it obtained considerable praise from contemporary critics, and was enacted with applause amid the conflicting interests of Whig and Tory, before a theatre packed with these rival parties, little disturbs the one idea under which he is contemplated, and by which his fame will be handed down to all succeeding ages.

SONNETS,

BY JOHN READE.

I.

POOR is the virtue that must be cajoled
By pulpit promises of vague delight,
Of gates of pearls and streets of glassy gold,
And all that can beguile taste, ear or sight.
It matters not on which side of the tomb
The bribe be set, a bribe it still remains.
Choose virtue, though with poverty and chains,
Whate'er in this world or the next thy doom.
Why with conditions cumber thus the choice
On which true life and blessedness depend?
Why mar the message of the Heavenly Voice,
Making a vulgar means the glorious end?
Religion's true philosophy lies stored
In this: Do right; therein find thy reward.

II.

Dost think it was by covetous eagerness
Saint John from Patmos saw the glorious scene
Of God's own city? Or, would he the less
Have faced the death of torture, had there been
No heaven save the love that was between
Him and the Master on whose breast he lay
On the sad eve of that most awful day
When the offended sun withdrew his sheen
From an ungrateful world? Nay; such reward
Comes not to those who make reward their aim.
Saint John loved Christ when bowed with pain and shame,
And on his love to Heaven with Him soared.
Thus only is the Blissful Vision given—
For God is Love and Love is God and Heaven.

HALIFAX.

BY JAMES WHITMAN, B.A.

THE early settlement of the British American colonies was effected by the most liberal assistance from the Home Government. The first settlement of Halifax consisted of emigrants to the number of 2,576 souls, embarked in thirteen transports under charge of the Honourable Edward Cornwallis, who succeeded Mascarene as Governor of Nova Scotia, and arrived at Chebucto (as the present site of Halifax was then called) on the 22nd June, 1749. To these, and all who desired to emigrate to Nova Scotia, the British Government of that day offered the following exceedingly liberal inducements:—A free passage, and subsistence during the voyage, as well as for twelve months after their arrival; also arms and ammunition for defence, with proper implements for husbandry, fishing and the erection of houses. The lands were to be granted in fee simple, free from the payment of any quit rent or taxes for ten years, at the expiration of which no person was to pay more than one shilling sterling for every fifty acres so granted. To military men especial privileges seem to have been granted, for every private soldier or seaman was to receive fifty acres of land, with an additional allowance of ten acres for every member of his family. Every officer, under the rank of an ensign in the land service, and that of a lieutenant in the sea service, was to receive eighty acres, with fifteen added for every person belonging to his family. Ensigns were allowed two hundred acres, lieutenants three hundred, captains four hundred, and officers of higher rank six hundred acres, with thirty acres to each member of their families. Such liberal terms, if offered now-a-days for the settlement of the great North-West, would soon add immensely to its population. And if, as Lord Derby advises, in a speech he has recently made on the present depression in Britain, the subject of emigration is taken up by the British Government on any large scale, it is to be hoped that the Government of the Dominion will strive to turn as much as they can of it to the fertile fields of our north-western territory.

On the arrival of Cornwallis, the present site of the city, which he called after the Earl of Halifax, at that time President of the Board of Trade and Plantations, and at whose instigation the city was founded, was without a solitary habitation, and covered with trees to the water's edge. The capital of Nova Scotia was then at Annapolis, where Colonel Mascarene, the Governor, had his headquarters; and it seems odd, to those knowing the country now, to read of the manner in which communication was had with Annapolis by Governor Cornwallis, as he writes, by 'sending a Frenchman who knows the country overland by Minas, a distance of 25 leagues, where there is a path that the French have made by driving their cattle.' Disease and the Indians played sad havoc with the early settlers, but the town continued to grow, and the destruction of Louisburg, with Wolfe's victory at Quebec, for which expeditions Halifax was

the base of operations, gave a security to the rising settlement by which it soon grew into fame.

But, perhaps, of all the events which brought Halifax more into notice than any other, was the arrival and residence there, as Commander-in-Chief, of Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent, the father of our present Queen. The Prince arrived at Halifax in the month of May, 1794, the town was illuminated in his honour, and the indispensable accompaniment of addresses presented. He resided chiefly at 'The Lodge,' on Bedford Basin, a few miles from Halifax. The main building has now entirely disappeared, but the writer remembers it as in the following graphic account given by Sam Slick, the late Judge Haliburton :—'As I approached the house I noticed the windows were broken, or shut up with rough boards to exclude the rain and snow ; the door supported by wooden props instead of hinges, which hung loosely on the panels, and that long luxuriant clover grew on the eaves, which had been originally designed to conduct the water from the roof, but becoming choked with dust and decayed leaves, had afforded sufficient food for the nourishment of coarse grasses. The portico, like the house, had been formed of wood, and the flat surface of its top imbibing and retaining moisture, presented a mass of vegetable matter, from which had sprung up a young and vigorous birch tree, where strength and freshness seemed to mock the helpless weakness that nourished it. I had no desire to enter the apartments, and, indeed, the aged ranger whose occupation was to watch over its decay, and to prevent its premature destruction by the plunder of the fixtures and more desirable materials, informed me that the floors were unsafe. Altogether the scene was one of a most depressing kind. A small brook, which, by a skilful hand, had been led over several precipitous descents, performed its feats alone and unobserved, and seemed to murmur out its complaints, as it hurried over its rocky channel to mingle with the sea, while the weird sighing through the umbrageous wood, appeared to assume a louder and more melancholy wail, as it swept through the long vacant passages and deserted saloons, and escaped in plaintive tones from the broken casements. The offices and ornamental buildings had shared the same fate as the house. The roofs of all had fallen in, and mouldered into dust, the doors, sashes and floors had disappeared, and the walls, which were only in part built of stone, remained to attest their existence and use. The grounds exhibited similar effects of neglect, in a climate where the living wood grows so rapidly, and decays so soon as in Nova Scotia. An arbour, which had been constructed of lattice work, for the support of a flowering vine, had fallen and was covered with vegetation, while its roof alone remained, supported aloft by limbs of trees that, growing up near it, had become entangled in its net work. A Chinese temple, once a favourite retreat of its owner, as in conscious pride of its preference, had offered a more successful resistance to the weather, and appeared in tolerable preservation, while one small surviving bell, of the numerous ones that once ornamented it, gave out its solitary and melancholy tinkling as it waved in the wind. How sad was its mimic knell over pleasures that were fled for ever.'

In some representations of Halifax, given by late illustrated papers, there appears one of the so-called 'Round House,' about one hundred yards from the site of 'The Lodge,' that is still kept in a state of tolerable preservation. Here the military bands discoursed music to the gay circles at the lodge, now all, alas, with it mouldering in decay.

Much has been said of the stern and even harsh character of the Duke as a military man, but probably the

most reliable description of His Royal Highness may be found in that given by Sir Brenton Halliburton (not the author of Sam Slick), late Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, who then, as a military man, served under the Duke at Halifax. Sir Brenton writes, in reply to a letter addressed to him by Sir John Harvey, Governor of Nova Scotia, in 1849, requesting information respecting the general character of the Duke of Kent. The Chief Justice's reply, published at length in Campbell's History of Nova Scotia, seems to present about the following summary:—'His Royal Highness' discipline was strict, almost to severity. I am sure he acted from principle, but I think he was somewhat mistaken in supposing such undeviating exactitude essential to good order. Off parade he was an affable prince and polished gentleman. At his table every one felt at ease, but while it was evidently his object to make them so, his dignified manner precluded the possibility of any liberty being taken by the most forward.

'I cannot close without mentioning his benevolence to the distressed. A tale of woe always interested him deeply, and nothing but gross misconduct could ever induce him to abandon any whom he had once befriended.'

Perhaps a clearer insight into the Duke's character may be obtained by a perusal of his correspondence with the de Salaberry family, extending from 1791 to 1814, and published by the late Dr. W. J. Anderson, an ex-President of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, in 1870.

Mr. Campbell, in his History referred to, says :—'Louis Ignace de Salaberry was the son of Michael de Salaberry, who arrived in Quebec in 1735, in command of the French frigate *L'Anglesea*, and who, in the cession of Canada, transferred his allegiance to Great Britain. Captain de Salaberry brought up his son Louis to the military profession. The latter accordingly entered the British service, and took an active part in the American war, having been wounded several times in bravely discharging his duty as an officer. On the conclusion of the war, de Salaberry retired on a pension, and, on the arrival of the Duke of Kent, by some mutual affinity, they became more than ordinarily attached friends. De Salaberry was married, and had children in whose society the Duke took great delight. Subsequently, as the boys grew up, his influence was directed in advancing them in the military profession, and the voluminous correspondence between the Duke and the father of the family is highly creditable to the head and heart of His Royal Highness.'

The Duke left Halifax in the autumn of 1799, and on the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, without issue, married the widow of the Prince Leinengen, sister of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, mother of the Queen, and grandmother of the Royal Consort of His Excellency the Governor General of Canada—facts which we offer as an excuse for our lengthened reference to His Royal Highness.

To its magnificent harbour, sheltered by McNab's Island at its mouth, Halifax principally owes its past and present fame, and will in the future owe its undoubted greatness which is to be. Already connected by the Intercolonial Railway, it has become the winter port of the Dominion, and from its docks a dozen lines of ocean steamers radiate in connection with all parts of the world. After the harbour, the most striking object in the landscape is its famous Citadel, founded on the summit of a hill which, rising gradually from the water's edge, crowns the city with its battlements, strengthened by all the resources of engineering science and military art, and, after Quebec and Gibraltar, may be said to be the third strongest fortress in the world. From this standpoint the picturesque stretch of scenery is perhaps unequalled even by the celebrated

rivals referred to. On the east, the shores of Dartmouth and its stretching plains lie fading away into distance; on the west, a most lovely country, with the public gardens and slopes of undulating verdure, silvered by sparkling views of the waters of the north-west arm, present a charming contrast to the broad expanse of Bedford Basin, on the north, and the unbounded vision of the mighty ocean stretching beyond the Park at Point Pleasant, to the south—mountain, valley, island, lake and sea, all combining to form a panorama of surpassing beauty. Should it be summer, and the fleet in port, the Naval Yard below adds a lively and graphic interest to the scene, recalling, with the bugle notes constantly swelling in the air, that grand metaphor of Webster's, when, referring to Britain's greatness, he spoke of her as 'a power whose morning drum-beat, rising with the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircled the whole world with the martial strains of England.'

On first landing, the appearance of the city is not prepossessing, but a short stretch into its interior reveals, in Hollis, Granville and other principal streets, shops and buildings which would do credit to European cities. The chief public buildings are the House of Assembly, the new Post Office and Intercolonial Railway Station, Government House, the Admiralty House, the Wellington Barracks, the military Hospital, Dalhousie College, the Masonic Hall, the Club, the Asylums for the insane, (on the Dartmouth side), deaf and dumb, the blind, the City Hospital, and other structures which would be deserving of special mention were a detailed account to be given.

The City of Halifax, for a population of some 30,000 or 40,000 souls, is not behind in churches, possessing some thirty such ecclesiastical edifices, several of which, as St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral, St. Andrew's, Presbyterian, the Methodist and others, would be creditable to any similarly sized city. The Anglican Bishopric is probably the oldest see of that Church in the Dominion, and the late Dr. Inglis, the first Bishop of the Province is one of the most revered names of the Church in Nova Scotia, ranking among the heroes of Christian warfare as his son, the late Sir Harry Inglis, one of the heroes of Lucknow, ranks among the warriors of the nation.

Adjoining St. Mary's Cathedral is the Glebe House, the residence of former bishops and archbishops of that church. The building, fronting on the most prominent corner of Barrington street, is, although a wooden structure remodelled, not without striking external points of attractiveness, while within it is a gem of refinement and taste—if not of artistic luxury. Under the late Archbishop its lavish hospitality became proverbial, even throughout the Dominion, and the many who have had the good fortune to partake of his unstinted bounty, will not soon forget the racy brogue, the genial smile, the sparkling wit, and the unbounded charity, of Thomas Connolly, to whom more than any other Priest or Bishop, the Irish Roman Catholics of Halifax, as indeed of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, are mainly indebted for their present proud and influential position.

Under successive Governors and Admirals, their respective official residences re-echo most interesting reminiscences of hospitable enjoyment alternated with sadness at their departed and departing participants. In connection with the former, the memory of the late Honourable Joseph Howe has woven an interest of melancholy romance for the whole Dominion. Howe was a household name in Nova Scotia, which even his many and bitter enemies in his lifetime could not gainsay. He it was who, in Halifax, first established the liberty of the Press, and subsequently Responsible

and Constitutional Government throughout Nova Scotia. He was a statesman whose eloquent pen, and yet more eloquent tongue, commanded universal respect where it did not command admiration. His action in Dominion affairs is too recent and well known for mention; and now that he has gone over to 'the great majority,' his bitterest opponents should remember the magnanimous sentiment of the Latin poet, '*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*'

The Admiralty House, which stands on a commanding eminence overlooking the naval yard, the harbour, the magnificent basin, and a large tract of adjoining country, is as celebrated for the number of the distinguished Admirals who have occupied it, as for the gaiety of its many brilliant balls and festive dinners.

Here, in his youthful days, Prince William, the sailor king, won all hearts by his frank and cordial bearing, and wove the web of many professional pleasures, the texture of which outlasted the advancement of years and the splendours of the throne. Many yet remember, at this mansion, the tall and commanding figure of that gallant sailor, better known as the invincible Cochrane, then bearing his title as Earl Dundonald, of which, and of his naval rank, he had been for a time unjustly deprived; and it is a satisfaction to know, though only recently, that tardy justice has been done to his heirs by the restitution of the legitimate prize-money withheld from the veteran hero in his lifetime. Here, the gallant and jovial Sir Houston Stewart hoisted his flag, and inaugurated a round of merriment that never flagged, while he presided at the Admiralty House. Sir Alexander Milne, late First Lord of the Admiralty, displayed, at this station, his wonderful tact and capacity as an Admiral, by the judicious manner in which he steered the British naval and other interests clear of many complications during the late disastrous civil war in the United States. While Admiral Milne was in command at Halifax the visit of the Prince of Wales to the Continent of America was inaugurated with a splendour and *éclat* such as those who witnessed will never forget, to which the display of the navy under his command chiefly contributed. Later, the frigate St. George, having Prince Alfred as a midshipman on board, was attached to his squadron at Halifax, where it is probable that His Royal Highness will soon take up his residence, himself as Admiral. The officers of the navy have always been great favourites at Halifax, especially among the ladies, and justly so, for, in getting up a pic-nic, a dance on board ship, or other female delights, they are wonderful adepts. Halifax is justly celebrated for its pic-nics, the numerous beautiful and romantic spots around the basin, and on McNab's Island, offering unrivalled facilities for such kind of enjoyment; while the delightful season of summer is just cool enough to make excitement a pleasure, and sufficiently warm to permit every latitude in repose. It is no wonder, in consequence, that matrimonial dies have been cast in which the *anchor* of hope has bound so many Halifax belles to the destinies of those whose profession it is to uphold the supremacy of Britain on the sea. Nor, in this regard, do the sons of Mars lag cowardly in the rear of cupid's darts, which, though less visible than those of the Maori or the Kaffir, are none the less effective when they strike. Match-making mammas are not wanting; and if the Book of the Peerage is the Bible to English mothers, the Army and Navy List is the creed of St. Jerome to Halifax matrons. Many a brilliant Colonial life, in sombre broadcloth, which can have no higher aspirations than a seat on the Bench, the Episcopal Mitre, or the temporary Gubernatorial chair, is wilted by the uniform of the dazzling scarlet, or the gold and blue, which, possibly may,

and sometimes does, find its wearer a seat in the fleet.

The great Webster, when he disgorged that simile about England's martial music, could not have heard of kettle drums, for the world's metropolis had not then organized such lyric melo-dramas, though Cowper had long before graphically described the "hissing urn." Now, these London accompaniments, though there going out of fashion, are found flourishing in Halifax. They are, however, an improvement on "Jamaica hot," the favourite tipple before, and at the time of the advent of Prince Edward, whose disciplinarian regulations largely abolished that species of entertainment.

There is perhaps no city on the continent or elsewhere, of its size, that can boast of better, or a greater number of charitable institutions than Halifax. Its far famed Asylum for the Insane, on the Dartmouth shore, is an object of commanding interest and aspect, not only upon entering the harbour, but from almost any elevated portion of the city; and its extent, though it may not augur well for the proportionate sanity of so sparsely populated a Province, speaks volumes for the charity which provides a home so munificent for such unfortunates. The institution is worthy of an article itself, but of course the space of our present paper precludes more than a passing reference. So it may be said of the Asylum for the Poor, and the other numerous houses of refuge, of which, I understand, there are some twenty of different kinds, each accomplishing a vast amount of good in the silent God-like manner of charity, called, truly, the greatest of all Christian graces.

From its commanding site and growing efficiency, after a long period of torpor, Dalhousie College, founded chiefly by the munificence of the Earl of Dalhousie, one of the former Governors of Nova Scotia, would demand more than a passing notice could the necessary limits of this paper allow. To the present Chief Justice, Sir William Young, much of its present prominence and usefulness can be fairly attributed. Together with Joseph Howe, Sir William fought its battles in earlier years against the attacks of the advocates and supporters of purely sectarian institutions of learning, and he is now reaping, in his autumn years, the fruits of victory in witnessing the eminent success of Dalhousie, fast attaining, if it has not already reached, a position of the highest honour among similar institutions in the Dominion. The high standing of its professorial staff would almost of itself give it a prominent place in any country. Among its professors, we may mention such names as DeMille and Lyall. Professor DeMille is well and favourably known throughout Canada and the United States as the author of a number of most entertaining works, among which may be cited *The Dodge Club*, *The Cryptogram*, *Cord and Creese*, and a series of clever boys' books—*The Adventures of the B. O. W. C.* Professor Lyall is the author of a standard volume on *The Emotions, The Intellect and the Moral Nature*, and is well known to the readers of this Magazine through his scholarly and able estimates of English literary men. Under such minds Dalhousie cannot fail to reproduce like celebrities in the walks of literature, logic, and philosophy, and an alumni that will contest pre-eminence, with those of the older, or rather longer established, seminaries of learning in the Province.

The other principal Colleges in Nova Scotia are St. Mary's, at Halifax, King's College, at Windsor, and Acadia College, at Horton; the former organized by the adherents of the Church of Rome, the latter by those of the Church of England and the Baptists respectively, though none of them are, I believe, exclusive as to the reception of pupils of any religious faith. The academies at Pic-

tou and Truro also hold a high position as public schools, and have produced some very eminent men in the literary, scientific and professional walks of life. If we mistake not, Principal Dawson of McGill College, Montreal, is a pupil of Pictou Academy, as is also the Hon. James Macdonald, present Dominion Minister of Justice. Truro turned out, among others, such a very eminent man as Blowers Archibald, Judge of the Court of Vice Admiralty at Halifax, who possessed a political and professional reputation second to none in British America. Chief Justice Ritchie, of the Supreme Court of Appeal at Ottawa, is a *protegé* of the old Academy at Annapolis Royal. Judge Haliburton, the author of *Sam Slick*, as he delighted to be called, Judge Blowers, Judge Bliss, and Chief Justice Sir Brenton Halliburton, were graduates of King's. Professor DeMille and Dr. Tupper, with many eminent ministers of the Baptist persuasion, studied at Acadia. But of course these are only a few of the prominent names which such respective institutions have produced.

Among other leaders of political or professional pre-eminence in Nova Scotia were the late Judges Johnston and Uniacke, and the late Honourables Messrs. James Boyle Uniacke, Huntingdon, George R. Young, brother of the Chief Justice and son of the celebrated author of the letters of Agricola. To the army and navy also Nova Scotia can point with pardonable pride as to the status of many of her sons who made a career of those professions. In the former, among others, we find such distinguished heroes as General Sir Fenwick Williams, of Kars, Sir Harry Inglis, of Lucknow, and those gallant soldiers, Major Welsford, and Captain Parker who, in the Crimea, led the attack upon the Redan and fell in the service of their country. In naval annals, Captain Sir Edward Belcher, in his peculiar department, is a name second only to that of Sir John Franklin. So that in science and literature, as in the professions of Law, Divinity, and Arms, Nova Scotia has produced a roll of names which may justly awaken a reasonable pride in the breasts of their fellow-countrymen.

The trade of Halifax, as is well-known, in articles of export, such as lumber, oils, and fish of various descriptions and modes of preservation, is principally with the West Indies, and the United States of America, though sometimes extending to Great Britain, the Mediterranean and the Brazils. Its imports are also chiefly drawn from Great Britain, the United States and the West Indies in such articles of commerce as is common to the consumption of the population of Canada. As a shipping port, in comparison with others, Halifax possesses one drawback in having no navigable river leading into a back producing country to which she must be the necessary outlet. And even if she possessed such advantages, they would be of limited extent from the natural geographical outline of the peninsula of Nova Scotia, which affords almost every productive inland region a short and easy access to the numerous good harbours along her coast upon the ocean, so that Pictou, Antigonish, Pugwash, Guysborough, Lunenburg, Shelburne, Yarmouth, Digby, Annapolis, and, by the rivers and Bay of Fundy, even such inland towns as Windsor, Horton, Truro, and Cornwallis, are all ports of shipment in themselves, and, to a very great measure, entirely independent of Halifax in their exports, and even, to a considerable degree, of their imports; especially such as they obtain or require from the United States. It is as if a farmer in Lindsay or other inland town of Ontario, could build his vessel and ship his produce to Liverpool, Boston, New York, or Jamaica, bringing back therefrom his supplies, without troubling the merchants, bankers, or brokers of Toronto, or Montreal, to handle his commissions. These natural

results of her unique position will always militate against Halifax as the monopolizing business centre of the Province, or of the Dominion, but they equally benefit the outlying portions of Nova Scotia, on the prosperity of which, as a whole, that of Halifax, to a large extent, is also dependent.

Another present drawback, a matter which, though it may be expensive and difficult to obviate, is not irremediable, is the want of proper shipping facilities at Halifax as the winter port of the Dominion.

Until she can derive the full advantages of such a desirable position, the cars of the Intercolonial must be able to run alongside of the steamships at the docks, and she must have elevators with the necessary facilities for receipt, storage and shipment of grain. But these wants have been so clearly pointed out by Sir Hugh Allan that it is unnecessary to refer to them further than to regret the want of foresight which has allowed them to be unprovided for, and the want of enterprise which still permits them to continue so. There is sufficient capital lying idle in Halifax to complete all such necessary works, which would doubtless yield a remunerative return on the outlay. As Doctor Johnson said of old Scotchmen, 'they like everything about Scotland except the way back to it,' so it is with most Nova Scotians who have acquired fame or fortune. The Williamses, Inglises, Cunards, Collinses, Murdochs, and others, prefer comparative obscurity in London, or other parts of England, to prominent pre-eminence in their native land. Such want of patriotism is fortunately more rare in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and will also, probably, decrease in Nova Scotia; especially when the Duke of Edinburgh takes up his residence there as Admiral of the station, and the Princess Louise shall occupy, in summer, Mr. Cunard's splendid mansion on the north-west arm.

Another want at Halifax, often noticed by strangers, is that of a public library at all worthy of the literary culture and social reputation of its citizens. Surely some dead men's wills have been improperly drawn. Has the spirit of Sir William Brown, of Liverpool; of Bates, of Peabody, of Astor, and other book-benefactors of humanity, no aspirants to sympathetic fame in that Canadian city by the sea? But let us hope that patriotism will revive, that the 'hard times' (dismal word) will soon be over, and picture to our minds the 'good times coming,' when over the Canada Pacific Railway shall pass, on to the Intercolonial, rich freighted cars of teas, and silks, and other precious merchandise from China and Japan, borne along the quays to the steamer's side at Halifax, and thence onward to the world's centre of commerce in the common home of the Dominion, and of the UNITED BRITISH EMPIRE; when the fertile plains of the Red River valley, the Saskatchewan, and other thickly-settled portions of the great North-West, shall supply wheat enough to feed all the British millions, and keep it ever moving onward, night and day, along its thousands of miles of completed railway toward the sea, whose ports will afford ample accommodation for all possible quantities of shipment or storage.

When these times come, as come they will in the life time of living men, Haligonians will look back with wonder at that want of faith in the future of Canada which had so long delayed the accomplishment of such stupendous results by neglecting to prepare for their earlier reception. With her fisheries, her mineral wealth, her water powers, her climate, her harbours and unrivalled site upon the sea, Nova Scotia must necessarily become a great and prosperous country, and Halifax, in spite of itself, a city of corresponding magnitude.

THE CHARMS OF COUNTRY LIFE.

AN IMITATION.

BY DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

> Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
> Ut priscor gens mortalium,
> Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
> Solutus omni fenore.
> —*Horace, Epode II.*

'HOO canty he, as free frae care an' fash
O' shop an' trade, as Adam in his prime,
Wha yokes his cattle on his ain bit farm,
An' o' the three months' bills ne'er coonts the time.
Nae sodger he, stirred up by pibroch wild,
Nor tarry sailor, facin' roarin' wave,
He steers awa' fra croon o' causey clash
An' seeks nae saucy flunkey's snash tae brave.

'He maistly dauners roon' his weel bunched grapes,
Or keeks at Crummy as she loots tae graze,
Or wi' bricht jockteleg the bushes prunes,
An' sticks a graft on sappy, growin' days.
Or frae the skeps he taks the hinny fine,
Or wi' his shears he clips the weel fleeced ewes,
Or, when the misty days o' hairst are on,
Pu's russets, greenings, or the crisp fameuse.

''Tis gran' tae gaither pears o' ane's ain graft,
An' grapes that ye hae watched wi' unco' skill,
To sen' your freen's and neebours when they're ripe,
In token o' kin' wishes an' gude will.
'Tis blythe, tal lie in gloamin' o' the glen,
Or on the gerse tae beeck when sun's alowe,
When birds are whistlin' like the mavis sweet,
An' dream, while burn soughs joukin' roon' the knowe.

'When winter roars wi' mony an angry thud,
An' weet fa's plash, or snaw keeps dingin' doon,
He wi' his gun gangs oot tae look for sport,
Tae drive the moose deer wi' his weel horned croon;
Or aifter paitricks reenges faur an' wide,
Or the bit hare knocks tapsleteerie ower,
Or howlet, wi' its dazed an' bleerie e'en;
My troth! he lauchs tae see the crettur glower.

'But gin he brags a sonsy Scotch gude-wife,
Tae mak' the hoose look bright wi' winsome smile,
Wha hauds the weans fu' trig, the stove ne'er toom,
Wife, weans and cheer will sune his toils beguile.
For in the byre the bonnie brockit kye
Are stripp'd till no' ae drap o' aifterins bide,
An' then, ae gless o' toddy, het an' strong,
Afore his pow the red Kilmarnock hide.

'I'd suner far hae that, than unco' vivers,
Sic like as oysters frae famed Caraquet,
Or lobsters frae wild Nova Scotia's coast,
Or salmon loupin' frae dark Saguenay's net.
Nae prairie-hen, nor sappy bubbly-jock
Wad gust my gab, nor pleasure mair my hause,
Than weel boiled parritch frae my ain gude aits,
That boo'd in hairst e'er tichtly bun' in raws.

'A braxy, boiled wi' neeps, or cured in hams,
Or a bit beastie fattened for a mairt,
Tastes unco' weel, an' gaucy barn door hen
Is nae that ill tae warm a body's heart.
It's fine when a' the stubble's been turned ower,
Tae see the owsen pechin' noo nae mair,
An' the braw chiels sit roon the kitchen stove
An' wi' the lave cast aff their carkin care.'

John Thamson, frae the big shop i' the toon,
Had a' thae thochts gaun bizzin' thro' his brain.
He advertised he'd sell oot a' his wares,
An' on the lan' wad try tae mak' his ain.
But, bide awee ! he'd barely got twa offers,
Frae Robin an' frae Sandy for his stock,
Than he took tent, an' thocht he'd draw mair cash
By mindin' woo' in hanks, than on the flock.

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

Authors of 'Ready Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER XL.

'Now the nights are all passed over
Of our dreaming, dreams that hover
In a mist of fair, false things,
Nights afloat on wide wan wings.'

THE day before the wedding.

In his two-roomed cottage, Alan awoke with the feeling of gratitude that he should only have one more night in that uncomfortable lean-to. The house which he had decided on occupying contained four rooms, and they were larger.

It was meant as a surprise for Alma: the furniture was ordered and ready, waiting to be sent down: it was the furniture of the Future: it came from an establishment recently started by two young ladies, one of whom was a distinguished *alumnus* of Girton. They had solemn eyes and touzly hair, and dressed to match their green and grey papers.

'I want furniture,' said Alan, a little overwhelmed at being received by two figures which looked as if they had stepped straight down from the walls of the Grosvenor; 'I want cottage furniture, which shall be beautiful as well as fit for its purpose.'

'Furniture,' suggested one, 'which shall be a model and a lesson.'

'Furniture,' echoed the other lady-upholsterer, 'which shall be in harmony, not in contrast, with woodland nature.'

'And it ought to be cheap,' said Alan, 'if it is to represent the ideal cottage furniture.'

This suggestion, however, met with no response. The two-pair solemn eyes glared coldly upon the purchaser at the mention of cheapness.

'We will furnish your cottage for you,' said one, with severity. 'When our designs are completed we will let you know. Good-morning.'

Alan left the presence of these Parnassian cabinet-makers with humbled heart.

What a lovely cottage they would have made, but for circumstances which caused the dispersion of the things they had got together! It would have been divinely beautiful. The windows were to have diamond panes, in *grisaille*, to open on hinges: the rooms, each with a dado, were to be prepared and painted in grey and green: Dutch tiles were to adorn the stoves, and the fenders were of brass: no carpets, of course, but matting in wonderful designs: cabinets for the inexpensive blue and white china: chairs in black wood and rush, with tables to correspond.

That cottage, for reasons to be detailed, was never furnished. The two touzly-haired, solemn-eyed prophetesses of domestic art were obliged to content themselves with sending in their bill. This document caused Alan's strong frame to shiver and tremble as shivers the mighty oak under the cold breath that comes before a tempest.

Early in the morning Alan paid a visit to his betrothed. He came bearing gifts. They were plain and sub-

stantial things, such as the girl could not be expected to like—books, strong stuff for frocks, everything but what she wanted, a laugh and a kiss, and the promise that she should be a lady.

As for laughing—if the bridegroom was so solemn, what, in Heaven's name, would be the husband?

'Alma,' he began, after a frigid touch of the fingers, and in sepulchral tones, 'tell me, are you in the least degree distrustful of what you are going to do?'

'Oh! no,' she replied with a little laugh, which jarred upon him. She was thinking, indeed, of something else that she was going to do. 'Not at all.'

'It is not an easy part that you have undertaken. Sometimes, my poor child, I think it is too heavy a task for you.'

'I shall manage it,' she said, still thinking of the other task.

'We will at once re-open the Public Laundry, the Public Kitchen, the Public Baths, the Good Liquor Bar, and the Co-operative Store; we will start, on a new plan, the Village Parliament, and we will improve the Library and the Picture Gallery. Next winter we will have the weekly dances begun again, and we will make another attempt at a theatre.'

'Yes,' she said, with a curious smile, 'all that will be very pleasant.'

'Your duty,' he went on, 'will place you always in the company of the wives and girls.'

'To be sure,' said Alma, 'if they like to follow my example, they can.' An example, she thought, which would be one not entirely contemplated by her lover.

'We will have,' he went on, 'a quiet fortnight together by the seaside, just to mature our plans and formulate our line of action.'

'Yes,' said Alma, wondering what on earth he meant by formulating a line of action. However, it would not matter.

He gave her, before he went away, a final *résumé* of his theories on social economy, which lasted for two hours. And then, to her great delight, he departed, promising to return in the evening.

I regret to state that as he closed the door, Alma so far retraced her steps in civilisation as to spring to her feet and . . . make a face at him. Quite like a vulgar Sunday-school girl.

Alan was anxious now to have the thing over, and to begin the new life on which he staked so much. As for marriage, he confessed to himself that he was marrying the wrong woman. But the only right woman was Miranda, and she could not be expected to live as Alma was going to live. The thing to do was to drown selfish regrets and inclinations, and to persuade his wife to act her part boldly and hopefully. Would Alma do that?

When he was gone, other visitors came.

First it was Tom Caledon. He had returned from town by the earliest train, and was more than commonly cheerful.

'All is going well, Alma,' he said. 'Are we quite alone here?'

'Yes; Miss Miranda leaves me here to talk to Mr. Dunlop.'

'Then . . . are you quite sure you can keep a secret?'

'Girls,' said Alma, with a little toss of her pretty head, 'keep their own secrets. It's other people's they tell.'

This remark will be found, on investigation, to contain the whole of feminine philosophy.

'Then, my dear child, you look really much too pretty for Harry Cardew——'

'Oh! Mr. Caledon . . . don't.'

'I will tell you what you are to do. Get up and be dressed by six. Come downstairs—you will find the back door open for you—at the garden-gate Harry will be waiting for you, and I shall have the cart in the road. You are sure you understnd?'

'Quite sure,' said Alma, repeating the lesson.

'One of the ladies of the Abbey'—here Tom turned very red—'will be with me. She is going too.'

'Not the lady they call Desdemona? I should like her to go.'

'No. Not Sister Desdemona. In fact it is . . . it is Miss Despard.'

'I know Miss Nelly,' said Alma. 'I like her better than Miss Miranda. And I've seen her cry once.'

What she meant was, that this little touch of human weakness seemed to bring Nelly nearer to herself. The queenly Miranda, she thought, *could* not cry.

'Oh! Mr. Caledon,' Alma went on excitedly, 'now it is coming, I don't know how I feel. And to think of Mr. Dunlop's long face when he hears of it—and father's rage when *he* hears. He! he! he!'

'Yes,' said Tom, with a queer smile, 'there is plenty to think about. However, you think of your own triumph, Alma. Think of the people gaping when you get down—you and Harry arm in arm; and when the vicar asks for the bride, and you will say, "Thank you, Mr. Corrington, you are an hour too late."'

'And shall we?' Alma asked, with eager eyes and parted lips. 'Shall we?'

'To be sure we shall. Good-bye till to-morrow, Alma.'

And then her mother came to see her.

'Bostock,' she said, with the calmness of despair, 'is blind drunk. He was drunk last night off brandy, and he's drunk this afternoon off hot gin-and-water a top of beer. What I shall do with Bostock now you are gone is more than I can tell. Dreadful, he carries on. Says he won't be safe till to-morrow. Cries when the drink's in him. What's the man got to be safe about?'

'I suppose, mother,' said Alma the astute, 'that he's got into a mess with his accounts. You know father never can keep his accounts the same as other people.'

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This was a kindly way of putting the fact that Père Bostock, not for the first time, had been cheating.

'And to think, Alma,' her mother went on, 'to think that you are going to marry the Squire. Where's your wedding-dress, girl?'

'Miss Dalmeny gave it me,' said Alma, jumping up. 'Come to my bed-room, mother, and see me try it on.' She led the way with a little softening of her eyes as she thought of Harry, and a twinkle as she thought of Mr. Dunlop. 'Won't Black Bess be in a rage to-morrow!'

Then there was putting on and discussion of the wedding dress, which was a present from Miranda. And then, after judicious criticism from the ex-lady's-maid, Alma resumed her morning frock, and Mrs. Bostock, seating herself in the easy-chair, while her daughter sat upon the bed, commenced a lecture on the duties of a married woman.

I am very sorry that there is no room for this masterly discourse. It was marked by the solid good sense and by the practical experience which distinguished Mrs. Bostock. The conclusion was as follows:

'As for his notions about living in a cottage and setting an example, and that, don't put up your face against them at the beginning. Say that you are setting an example. Then you sit down and bide. When he's satisfied that no good will come of an example—haven't *I* been setting one for two and twenty years?—he'll give it up. Only you bide, and you'll live at Weyland Court like a lady. *Like* a lady,' she repeated with dignified sadness, 'because a real lady you never can be.'

'Nor don't want,' said Alma, swinging her feet, as she sat on the edge of the bed, in a manner that went to her mother's heart.

'But you must try, so as not to make people laugh at you.'

Here Alma was seized with a fit of irrepressible laughing. It went on so long that it nearly became hysterical.

'I can't help it, mother,' she said at last, partially recovering herself, 'I can't help it, not if I was in church I couldn't. Lord! how everybody will look to-morrow!'

'Well, they know what to look for.'

'Oh! no, they don't,' cried Alma, laughing again. And I really do think that if her mother had pressed her, Alma would there and then have disclosed the whole plot and ruined everything. Because the thing which tickled her was the thought of Alan's solemn face and the consternation of her father.

Then her mother left her, promising to be in good time at the church, and, above all, to see that Bostock did not 'take' anything before the ceremony. She herself, she said, had bought a new gown, and her husband a new suit complete, for the occasion. The former she described at length, and was proceeding to describe her husband's coat, when Alma again burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughing, insomuch that her mother was fain to give her a glass of cold water, undo her stays, and pat her on the back.

At luncheon there was no one but Miranda, before whom the girl was generally afraid to talk, and when she did, talked in bursts and talked too much, as is the way with shy people. But this morning Alma felt a little less afraid. She was conscious that in a very few hours Miss Dalmeny would regard her with changed, perhaps grateful feelings. This made her bold in speech.

'Do you think, Miss Dalmeny, that I am fitter to be a gentleman's wife than I was three weeks ago?'

Miranda hesitated.

'But I know you don't,' Alma went on, 'and you believe that Mr, Dunlop's gone and made a mistake.'

'That depends on yourself, Alma,' said Miranda.

The bride elect shook her head.

'No, it all depends on him. He asked me. I didn't want to marry him. And I never did fancy him. As for his caring about me, why he thinks more of your glove than of all me put together.'

'But it is too late, Alma, to talk like that,' said poor Miranda, with a blush. 'You must think of nothing now but your husband's happiness.'

Alma tossed her head and laughed. Thinking of Alan's long face on the morrow, she very nearly had another hysterical fit.

In the afternoon Desdemona drove over from the Abbey, ostensibly to see Alma's wedding dress.

'I know all about it, my dear,' murmured Desdemona, in her sympathetic way, taking both the girl's hands in her own. 'Tom Caledon has told me all about it. You will drive over to Athelston early and be married. And then you will drive back, under Harry Cardew's protection.'

'Will you be there to see?' cried Alma, her eyes flashing.

'Surely I will. I always intended to be there to see. Now, my dear, don't oversleep yourself. You are to get up at six and be quite ready.'

'I must put on my wedding frock,' said Alma, eagerly.

'Of course, and here'—Desdemona opened a bundle and took out a long grey cloak—'here is something to put over it. I have thought that perhaps you might be met on your way by people coming from Athelston and recognised. That would not do. So I have brought you a thick veil; mind you wear it in double folds until you are inside the church. And now, my dear, I think there is nothing else that I wanted to say, except'—here she produced a little box in white paper—'except these earrings, which I hope you will wear to be married in, from myself, and this necklace from Miss Despard. And oh! my dear child'—Desdemona's large eyes grew soft, and her voice, oh! so sympathetic—'I do so hope you will be

happy, with the real man, the real man, of your own choice.'

Alma was left before the glass trying on cloak, hood, necklace, and eardrops. She looked, she thought, too pretty to be a game-keeper's wife. But what was being a lady, a rich, luxurious, and do-nothing fine lady, compared with living down in the village, doing your own washing, talking unintelligible sermons all the evening, and never, never to be out of the way of that grave face and those solemn searching eyes, always looking for the fruits of wisdom which Alma's little brain could never produce.

In the evening Alan came again, sat with her for two hours, and prosed to so awful an extent that the girl, whose nerves were for the time none of the strongest, had great difficulty in restraining the hereditary temper. It was fortunate that she overcame the temptation to spring to her feet, box her lover's ears, and tell him the whole story.

She did not, and was rewarded on his departure by his present of a gold watch and chain. She was so exasperated by his pictures of their coming felicity among the village wash-tubs that she hardly thanked him for it.

Finally, at ten o'clock Alma was able to go to her own room, and make her arrangements for the morning.

These were simple. She laid out her wedding dress, put the trinkets and watch on the table so that she should not forget them, and laid her head upon the pillow in happy anticipation of the morrow.

In the conservatory of the Abbey stood Tom and Nelly. There might have been other pairs in that extensive and beautiful house of flowers, but this couple were apart apparently examining a splendid palm. But they held each other by the hand in a manner quite unbecoming the dignity of botany.

'To-morrow morning, Nelly,' murmured Tom, looking more foolish than one would have believed possible in any man.

'To-morrow morning, Tom,' murmured Nelly, raising her lustrous eyes to meet his, and looking softly, sweetly and sympathetically beautiful. Why under these circumstances does man always look like an ass, and woman like an angel? I know of nothing to make a bridegroom assume the expression of a fool, or a bride that of a superior being.

Then Nelly produced a letter.

'See, Tom,' she said, her eyes brimming with *malice* and yet her lips a little trembling; 'this letter came this morning. And think that, as Desdemona would say, it looks like improving the situation. Listen.'

'"Dear Eleanour"—I suppose you hardly knew, you ignorant Tom, that my real name is Eleanour. Papa always called me Nelly, though—"I can hardly tell you how greatly I have been shocked by a discovery made yesterday evening. I am only astonished that you with your opportunities did not find it out before. I at once wrote a letter to you enjoining immediate return home, but it was then too late for the evening post"—what luck, Tom! "My discovery was that this Mr. Roger Exton is ACTUALLY a married man. A more heartless case of deliberate deception I have never known. He has been everywhere supposed to be unmarried; he has been taken to meet dozens of girls; he was called the Assam Nabob; he was received with the consideration due to a man who is at once rich and comparatively young and unmarried. Your Aunt Mildred"—she has daughters, too, Tom—"discovered it, and immediately communicated the news to me. He is married to a half-caste, not a Ranee, a Begum, or an Indian person covered with diamonds, whom one would be proud to take out in the evening, but of quite common mercantile extraction, probably a Heathen. Wickedness and selfishness of

this kind make one despair of human nature. And this very morning, the villain had the effrontery to call upon me. I hope and believe"—think upon this, Tom—"that I behaved as an offended English mother should. I do not *think* he will venture here again. Meantime, through this impostor's arts, you have lost the whole of the summer, and I am afraid got yourself talked about"—I am afraid I shall be, Tom, if I have not already. "I am, however, going to Hastings, and shall take Weyland Court on my way there. You can be ready to leave that place, which I am very sorry you ever saw, on Saturday. I shall stop at Athelston, and drive over to take you away." Only just in time, Tom.'

'Plenty of time,' said Tom.

'Poor mamma! I am sorry for her; and she was so ambitious for me too, Tom. I wonder what she will say. Are you afraid? Papa once said, after he lost money at Newmarket, that there were moments when she was scathing in her wrath.'

Last scene of this anxious day.

It is eleven o'clock. Tom has stolen away from the Abbey, and has sought Alan in his cottage.

He found him restless and anxious, pacing the narrow limits of his little room.

'I came—I came,' Tom stammered, 'to wish you happiness.'

'Thank you,' said Alan, shortly, and continued his promenade.

'I wonder if you feel happy,' Tom went on.

'No, I do not,' said Alan, more shortly.

'Do you think that you have made a mistake? Alan, perhaps it is not too late even now.'

'I cannot discuss it, Tom. Mistake or not, it is made. Too late now for anything.'

'I am sorry,' said Tom. And if it were not too late, Alan?'

CHAPTER XLI.

'Go, waken Juliet; go and trim her up:
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already.'

THE first person to rise at Dalmeny Hall on the wedding morning was the bride. Alma Bostock sprang from her bed rosy-fingered as Aurora, while the clock was striking five. She had one short hour for the most important toilette she would ever make. She was accustomed to rapidity in these things, however, and it wanted yet a quarter to six when she stood before the cheval glass—of which she will ever after retain a longing memory—complete in all her bridal glories, attired for the greatest event in a woman's life, and ejaculating with a gasp something like Jack Horner, 'Oh! what a pretty girl I am!'

Her dress was a pearl-grey muslin costume, a real lady's dress, with trimmings such as she had only heretofore seen in the drapers' shops at Athelston. A few red ribbons Alma thought would have improved the dress, but doubtless her mother knew best, and she had decided against them. To be sure Alma had a fine rosy cheek of her own, and could dispense with more colour. Round her neck was a white lace *fichu*, real lace, also part of a proper lady's dress. Her bonnet was of white silk, a marvel and a wonder of a bonnet, the like of which Alma had never even dreamed of; her gloves, of pale lavender, had five buttons on each wrist, and each additional button went straight to Alma's heart. She had on the earrings which Desdemona gave her, and the necklace which Miss Despard gave her, and the watch and chain which Mr. Dunlop gave her—the last were superfluous, but Alma could hardly be expected to know that. So attired, she stood before the glass and cried aloud, 'What a pretty girl I am!'

Outside, the morning sunshine of August lay upon the garden and the park, and had already dried up the morning dew; below her window the gardener's boy sharpened his scythe musically, and then began again his low and gentle sh—sh—sh over the lawn; in the woods and coppice behind the garden there was the late song of the blackbird, the carol of the thrush, the melancholy coo of the woodpigeon; as she opened the window there poured in a breeze laden with all kinds of perfumes from the garden. These things were habitual to her; she noticed none of them, just as the Oreads and Dryads, the wood-nymphs, Fountain-nymphs, and Mountain-nymphs, who lived habitually amid the most beautiful scenery, took no notice of it. At least we may suppose so, because they have passed away without so much as a line of poetry to indicate their joy in flowers, leaves, springtide and summer.

The gracious influences of the morning air, the recollection of Miranda's kindness, the thought of Alan Dunlop's pain, the knowledge of her father's reliance in their marriage to suit his own purpose, had no weight with Alma. She took no heed of them. She thought only that she loved Harry, who was a real man; that her father's discomfiture would be a sight to see, and Mr. Dunlop's long face a most comical and surprising thing to witness; and oh! to get away from that grave face; to be no longer haunted with unintelligible sermons. At any cost, she thought, even at the cost of marrying a poor man. But Harry Cardew had money saved, and as Harry said, they could go to Canada, buy a piece of land, and farm it for themselves. She would be no poorer than she had been, and as for her father's nonsense about his being a gamekeeper, everybody respected Harry far more, she knew very well, than they respected Stephen Bostock. Alma did not look very far ahead. Had she desired what Chaucer thought women love most—power—she would have taken Alan. For she could have ruled him by a terrible weapon which she possessed, whose force she did not know, her coarse and violent temper. Scenes which to her meant nothing would have been death to him. He would have conceded anything to escape torture of ear and eye, while Alma would be merely enjoying the freedom of her tongue.

But in marrying Harry she was marrying her master. This she knew in some vague way. She feared Mr. Dunlop because he was a gentleman; she feared Harry—only in this case the fear was not a terrible but a delightful thing—because he was strong, and because he was masterful.

It was six o'clock. Alma took one final lingering gaze of admiration in the glass, huddled on the long cloak, tied the blue veil in many folds over her bonnet *à l'Américaine*, and thus disguised, opened the door cautiously.

Not a soul was stirring in the house. She slid down the stairs as noiselessly as Godiva, stepped cautiously to the garden door, in which, according to promise, she found the key, opened it, and so out into the garden.

Her heart was beating fast now. She was actually carrying her dream of revenge into effect. As she closed the door behind her it seemed as if she was cutting off the last chance of reconsideration. She thought with a little sinking of the heart of what might have been, Welland Court, ladyhood, carriages, endless frocks. But then—that grave and solemn man; and no Welland Court at all certain, but only misery in a labourer's cottage. She set her lips with determination, and ran down the steps.

On the lawn the under-gardener Robert looked up and grinned surprise.

'Good-morning, Robert,' said Alma with great sweetness. 'If you see Miss Dalmeny, will you tell her that I have gone to see my mother?'

'I'll tell her,' said Robert.

'And you are going to the wedding, Robert?'

He was—everybody was going there; all the world was going, Robert among them. She laughed lightly, and ran down the garden walk. Outside the little gate she found Harry Cardew waiting for her, and looked up in his face laughing for fun.

Men are so different from women. There was no mirth at all in his face, but a grave sadness, which disappointed her. But he took her in his arms and kissed her through the veil. She noticed, too, that he was smartened up; had on what appeared to be an entirely new suit, in which he did not appear at ease.

'I am sorry,' he said—'I'm main sorry for Master Alan. It seems a poor return for all these years, and me to have gone about in the woods with him when we was both boys and all.'

'Perhaps,' said Alma, 'I'd better go back and wait in my room till ten o'clock.'

'No,' said Harry grimly. 'I've got you this time, Master Alan or not; and I'll keep you. Come along, Alma. There's only one who loves you that truly as dare all to have you.'

Masterfulness such as this takes a girl's breath away. However, Alma came out that fine morning on purpose to be run away with.

From the garden-gate to the road was a matter of a hundred yards or so. Alma looked back a dozen times, pretending fear of pursuit. Harry marched on, disdainful. It would have been a strong band of pursuers to balk him of his bride when he had got so far.

Then they crossed the stile and were in the road.

'Mr. Tom said he'd meet us hereabouts," said Harry, 'at six.'

It was not the high-road from Weyland to Athelston, but a winding little by-way, once a bridle-road for pack horses, cattle and pedestrians, before the days of high-roads and coaches—a by-way arched over and shaded with trees—a way on which there was little chance of meeting any of the Weyland people.

As Harry spoke, Tom came driving along the road.

He was in a dog-cart. Beside him, dressed in simple morning hat and summer jacket, was Miss Despard.

Nelly jumped and ran down to greet Alma, kissing her on both cheeks, to to her great wonder.

'My dear child,' she said, 'we are both in exactly the same case.' What *did* she mean? 'Jump up quick, lest they run after us and catch us. No'—For Alma was about to mount behind—'you sit in the front beside Tom, and for heaven's sake keep your veil down. It would never do for you to be recognized.'

This arrangement effected, they drove on, and Alma observed that Mr. Caledon was as grave and subdued as her Harry—a very remarkable circumstance. Tom, indeed, spoke hardly at all during the drive; only he said to Alma once, in jerks:

'I saw Mr. Dunlop last night. Did not tell him what was going to happen. Very good thing we stopped it.'

'Father wanted it,' said Alma, who was now horribly frightened.

Harry, behind, did not volunteer one single word to Nelly. Probably he was afraid of ladies. Alma was much the more finely dressed of the two, and yet, somehow, he had no fear of her. Fine feathers, he reflected, being a naturalist, make fine birds, but they do not make lady-birds.

It was half-past seven when they drove through the streets of Athelston, clattering over the cobbled stones of the quiet old cathedral town, which was beginning to get itself awakened. But the shops were not open, and only the servants were at the street doors.

Tom drove to the stable yard of the hotel, and handed over the trap to a boy.

'Now, Harry,' he said, 'Miss Despard and I are going to do exactly the same thing as you and Alma. Let us make our way to the church.'

Not one of the little party spoke as they walked along the empty streets. Both the girls were inclined to cry, and the men looked as if they were marching to battle.

The church was a great solitude: nobody in it but the verger and an old woman, one of those ancient dames who are to be found attached to every church all over the world, who never grow any older and were certainly never young. They pass their days in the church; they regard it as a private place of residence, subject only to periodical invasion from the outside world. Some of them, I dare say, sleep in the church as well.

Alma stopped to untie her veil and throw off her cloak. Then she took Harry's arm and walked after Tom and Nelly as proudly in her splendid dress as if she was under a thousand eyes. As they reached the altar a clergyman came out of the vestry, the clerk got within the rails, the verger stood in readiness to give away the bride, and the marriage ritual began. In Nelly's cheeks was a spot of burning red: her eyes were downcast, and she trembled. Alma's eyes glittered bright and hard; she did not tremble, but she thought of the awful row that was going to happen, she pictured Alan waiting for her at the altar of Weyland Church, grave and solemn, and she almost began to giggle again, when she ought to have been listening to the words of the service.

'For better, for worse.' Their hands were joined, their union consecrated, their marriage actually accomplished.

It was all over, then. Tom and Harry Cardew were now, as the Prayer-book reminded them at the close of the service, like Peter the Apostle, who was 'himself a married man.'

They went into the vestry and signed the registers. Thomas Aubrey Caledon, bachelor, and Eleanour Despard, spinster. Harry Cardew, bachelor, and Alma Bostock, spinster. It took ten minutes to get these formalities, the two brides looked furtively at each other, wondering if it was really true, and feeling the ring upon their fingers.

'Now,' said Tom, distributing largesse quite beyond his income to all the minor actors in the drama, 'Now, my dear wife'—Nelly started and gasped—'and Alma, as, I suppose, we have none of us had any breakfast, and we have got a good deal to get through this morning, let us go back to the hotel.'

Here they presently found a royal breakfast, though I fear scant justice was done to it by the brides. And when Tom poured out the champagne and drank to his wife and to Alma, and when Harry, the shamefaced Harry, raised his glass to his wife and said, 'Your health, Alma, my dear, and my true service to you, Mrs. Caledon,' Nelly fairly broke down and burst into tears. She was joined by Alma, partly for sympathy and partly because she, too, was agitated by the mingled emotions of joy, terror and misgiving.

CHAPTER XLII.

'Next morn, betimes, the bride was missing;
The mother screamed, the father chid,
"Where can this idle wench be hid"'

DESDEMONA, on the fateful morning, invited herself to breakfast at the Hall. When she arrived at nine, Miranda was already in the breakfast-room. Alma, needless to say, had not yet appeared.

'She is naturally a long time dressing,' said Miranda.

'Quite naturally,' said Desdemona, unblushingly.

At a quarter-past nine Miranda went in search of her. There was no Alma in her room at all. Perhaps she was in the garden.

On inquiry, under-gardener Robert deposed that at six o'clock or thereabouts, Miss Alma came into the garden and said she was going to her mother.

'It shows a very proper feeling,' said Miranda.

'It does,' said Desdemona. By this time she was quite hardened.

Alan was coming for his bride at ten, and at half-past ten the wedding was to take place. There was, therefore, no time to be lost. Miranda sent a pony-carriage to bring her back immediately. Then Alan came, before his time. He was pale and nervous ; his look was heavy and grave. Miranda's eyes filled with involuntary tears as she met him.

And then began the wedding-bells, clashing and pealing. They heard them, too, the runaways, driving back to Weyland, on the road just outside Athelston—clang, clash, clang. Joy bells to greet the brides. Clang, clash—and every bell striking upon Alan's nerves like the hammer of a torturer. Clang, clash. Desdemona shrank into the recess of the oriel window, thinking of what had happened. The bells made her tremble lest the grand *coup* should have failed. Clang, clash—and at the Abbey the Monks of Thelema looked mournfully at each other, to think of such a wilful throwing away of a man, and the Sisters shed tears, and Lord Alwynne rose hastily from the breakfast table and sought solitude, for his faith in Desdemona was sorely tried.

Clang, clash, clang, and all the village and the people from the countryside, rich and poor, gentle and simple, are gathering in the church and crowding in the churchyard. Among them are Black Bess and that other girl who assisted at the judgment of Paris, their hearts bursting with jealousy at the great fortune that had befallen her who carried off the golden apple.

The Abbey of Thelema was not without representatives. All the Sisters arrived soon after this, accompanied by some of the Monks. They sent their band, which was stationed on the village green, outside the churchyard, to discourse triumphal music. They provided bunting and Venetian masts to make the village gay. Also, they had erected a vast marquee, in which all the villagers were to be regaled with beef and pies and beer at noon, and again at nine, at the charges of the Abbey. In the evening there were to be fireworks. All was joy save in the village Library, where the librarian, little, thin, pale-faced Prudence, sat in a corner quite alone among her books, weeping for the future of her Prophet, the best and noblest of all prophets.

The church was full and the churchyard overflowing and the village green thronged, when, at about twenty minutes past ten, the father of the bride made his appearance. It was the proudest moment of his life. He was accompanied, of course, by Mrs. Bostock. Alma, it was understood, would be brought to the church—a departure from ordinary rule—by the bridegroom and Miss Dalmeny, who would act as bridesmaid. Mr. Caledon, it was also whispered, would be best man. Harry Cardew, said Black Bess, showed his good sense by staying away. Mrs. Bostock wore her new dress, looking rather ashamed of her prominent position. Her husband, on the other hand, attired in a large brown coat with a fancy waistcoat, the garb, he considered, of the well-to-do farmer, bore himself bravely. He had studied his expression before a looking-glass. It conveyed, though he did not mean all of it, a curious mixture of pride, cunning, humility, and self-satisfaction. He wished his expression to say, as clearly as waggling head,

half-closed eye, and projecting chin could speak, 'Behold in me, ladies and gentlemen, a man whom merit alone has raised to this dizzy height of greatness.'

Then the bells clashed and clanged their loudest: and the band on the village green played in emulation of the bells: and everybody began to look at the clock and to expect the bride.

Half-past ten. The vicar was already in the vestry, attired in his robes: they had made a lane in the churchyard, along which the bridal procession should pass: children were there with baskets full of roses to strew before the feet of the bride.

A quarter to eleven. Why did they not come?

Ten minutes to eleven. There was a sound of wheels outside: the bells suddenly stopped: the band was silent: and then there was a great shout: and everybody stood up: and the vicar came from the vestry and passed within the altar rails.

Well! why did they not come into the church?

The reason was, that although the bride was there, she had not come with the bridegroom, nor in the manner expected.

Another shout, and then the people in the church who were nearest the door began to slip out: they were followed by those nearest to them, and so on, until the church was finally deserted except by Mr. and Mrs. Bostock and the vicar. Outside there was a great clamour, with laughing and shouting.

'Whatever can have happened, Stephen?' whispered his wife.

'Nothing can't have happened,' said her husband, sitting down doggedly.

Then Mrs. Bostock saw Mr. Caledon walking rapidly up the aisle, and she knew that something had happened.

Tom went first to the vicar, to whom he whispered a few words, which had the effect of inducing his reverence to retire immediately to the vestry. Then Tom turned to the Bailiff.

'Whatever has happened, Mr. Caledon?' cried the poor wife, in dire apprehension.

'Nothing, I tell you,' interrupted her husband, with a pallid face. 'Nothing can't have happened. They've all gone outside to see my beautiful little gell. That's what has happened. You and your happening!'

'Your daughter, Mr. Bostock,' said Tom gravely, 'is already married!'

Mrs. Bostock knew instantly to whom. Her husband gazed stupidly. He did not comprehend at all.

'She was married this morning at Athelston. I was present. She was married to Harry Cardew, the gamekeeper.'

Tom felt pity for the man. He knew—everybody knew—that Bostock was a vulgar cheat who had intended to *exploiter* Alan as much as he could. Yet no one could behold the look of livid despair which fell upon the Bailiff's face, without pity. No matter what his deserts were, his sufferings at that moment were too great for him to bear.

It was well that Alma did not witness the despair which she had brought upon her father.

He did not speak: he did not swear: he only sat down and gasped, his eyes staring wide, his mouth open, his red cheeks grew suddenly pale.

'Go away, Mr. Caledon,' said his wife gently. 'Keep her out of her father's sight. Go away. Don't stay here.'

Tom left them.

'Come, Stephen,' she said, 'let us go out by the vestry and get home.'

He only moaned.

'Stephen, come!'

He made no reply. She sat beside him, patient, expectant. Half an hour passed. Then he shivered and pulled himself together.

'Ruin,' he said, 'ruin and disgrace That's what it means.' He wiped his

clammy brow, and rose up, his hands shaking as he stood.

'I shall go home.'

He marched straight down the aisle, followed by his wife. Outside, the villagers and their friends were all on the green and in the street, talking and laughing. Their laughter was hushed as they made their way for the stricken man, who walked heavily leaning on his stick, and the shamefaced woman who walked beside her husband.

When he reached home, he put the pony in his light cart, went into the room which he used as an office, collected all the farm books and placed them in the cart.

'I shall not be home to-night,' he said, 'but I'll write you a letter.'

He drove away, and Mrs. Bostock, left alone and fearful, sat down and cried.

The Bailiff drove to Athelston, visited the bank, and drew out all the money then standing to his name, belonging partly to himself and partly to the farm. He then took the next train to London.

Two letters arrived from him the next day. That addressed to the Squire began with condolences. He pitied, he said, the misfortune which had befallen him, and lamented the wickedness to which he had fallen a victim. As regarded his daughter's husband, he supposed that Mr. Dunlop could do nothing less than instantly deprive the villain of his post and drive him from the estate; and he expressed a fervent hope that the joint career of bride and bridegroom would shortly end in a ditch by death from inanition. For himself he begged a holiday of a month or so, to recruit his shattered nerves. He had taken with him, he went on to say, the farm books, so as not to be idle during this vacation, and in order to present them on his return that accurate as he could wish to see. To his wife he wrote simply that he didn't intend to return for a spell.

He has not yet returned; nor have the books been sent back; nor does any one know why all the money was taken from the bank.

Alma's *coup* was so far a failure, that she did not see her father's face. But it was magnificent to stand on the village green beside her Harry, dressed as she was, with all her fine presents glittering upon her, and to watch in the crowd, as envious as she could wish, Black Bess herself and that other girl. It was great grandeur, too, that beside her stood her sister-bride, the newly-made Mrs. Caledon.

If she had married a gamekeeper, she had jilted a squire; it was done under the protection and wing of one of the ladies of the Abbey; and as no one yet knew that Miss Despard had also that morning 'changed her condition,' all the sympathy, all the glory was for herself.

Then Tom came out of Church; they mounted into their places again, and drove away through the Venetian masts and among the waving flags, while the band struck up a wedding march, and all the people shouted and laughed and waved their caps.

This time to Dalmeny Hall.

Alma was again disappointed. Mr. Caledon invited Harry and herself to wait in one of the morning-rooms, while he sought Alan.

He found him with Miranda and Desdemona. They were waiting: Something must have happened, because the bells, which had ceased for a while, had again burst forth in maddening peals.

'Alan,' he said, with hesitation—'Alan, I wonder if you will forgive me.'

'What is it, Tom?' cried Miranda, springing to her feet. Desdemona only smiled.

'I told you last night, Alan, that I was sorry that you thought it too late to break off your engagement. I am here this morning to tell you that it is too late now for you to marry Alma.'

'Why is it too late?' asked Alan.

'Because she is already married,' replied Tom. 'She was married this morning—I was present—to Harry Cardew.'

'My gamekeeper?'

'And her former lover'

'Her former lover? Could not some one have told me?' he asked.

'I could,' said Desdemona boldly, 'or Tom. But Harry insisted that we should not. We devised, Tom and I between us, this means of rescuing you and the girl from sorrow and misery. No one else knew.'

'Yes,' said Nelly, who had joined them, 'I knew. Tom told me last night.'

'Why did not Alma tell me?'

'Because she was afraid of you,' said Tom: 'because her father was mad to have the match for his own ends; because——'

'Well,' said Alan, 'never mind the reasons. Where are they?'

'They are in the breakfast-room.'

'I should not like to see them,' said Alan. 'I think it would be better not. Go, Tom, and tell Harry—and Alma too—that had I known the truth, this . . . this confusion would have been avoided. Tell him, too, that I desire he will take a month's holiday away from the place.'

'Will you forgive us, Alan?' asked Desdemona.

He looked round him with a strange air of relief. And as he stood there, trying to realise what had befallen him, he smiled as a thought struck him.

'It is too ridiculous,' he said, taking her proffered hand. 'I suppose I ought to be the best laughed-at man in all England. Tom, the people were to have a big feed to-day. Do not let that be stopped. Send word that they are to drink the health of the bride and bridegroom, Alma and Harry Cardew.'

'Then we are forgiven?' said Desdemona, again.

There was no time for Alan to reply, for the door opened—

'Mrs. Despard and Lord Alwyne Fontaine.'

'I rejoice,' said Mrs. Despard—she was a tall lady of resolute figure, Roman nose, long chin, and manly bearing—not the least like Nelly—'I rejoice—kiss me, my dear;' this was to Nelly, who dutifully greeted her parent, and then retired, trembling, to the contiguity of Tom—'that I arrive at a moment when we ought to rejoice. I have just heard, Mr. Dunlop, that your un-Christian design has been frustrated.'

'Yes,' said Alan, simply.

'How do you do, Miranda?' Mrs. Despard ignored Desdemona and Tom altogether. 'I think, however, that one example in the—so-called—Abbey is enough. I am come to take my daughter away. Are you ready, Eleanour?'

At any other time Nelly would have replied that she was quite ready, even though nothing at all had been packed. Now she fell back, literally, upon Tom, who, with his arm round her waist, stepped to the front.

'Nelly is not ready, Mrs. Despard.'

'What, sir?'

'You come a couple of hours too late. We were married this morning, Nelly and I, at eight o'clock, in the parish church of Athelston.'

They were all startled, especially Desdemona, who really had known nothing of this.

'Eleanour,' cried Mrs. Despard, turning very red, 'is this true?'

'Quite true, mamma,' said Nelly, trembling.

'You knew of this, Miranda?'

'No, indeed,' said Miranda; 'this is the first I have heard of it.'

Tom looked to be 'scathed,' like the late lamented Colonel. Nothing of the kind. Mrs. Despard was not equal to an emergency of such magnitude. She only dropped her head for a few moments into her handkerchief, as if she were in church, and then lifting it, mildly remarked:

'I have been much to blame. I

might have known that a place with no regular chaperon'—she turned an icy glance upon Desdemona—'where the owner of the house was disgracing himself by an engagement with a milkmaid'—she was warming up, Nelly thought—'where he set the example of living in a smock-frock on cold boiled pork——'

'No,' said Alan, smiling; 'I deny the cold boiled pork.'

'Where one of the guests—I will not call them Brothers, after the blasphemous fashion of the place—was a married man pretending to be a bachelor; when another was . . . was'—here her eyes met those of Tom, and her language assumed greater elevation—'the penniless and unprincipled adventurer who once before endeavoured to shipwreck my daughter's happiness . . . . . considering, I say, these things, I have principally myself to blame. Eleanour, when I can forgive you I will write to you. Lord Alwyne, would you kindly take me to my carriage?'

Well, they were all a little scathed—from Desdemona to Nelly. But Miranda rushed for her, so to speak, and the kissing and the hand-shaking, and the good wishes went far to dry poor Nelly's tears, and make her look forward with a cheerful hope to the day of forgiveness.

This day was materially accelerated by Lord Alwyne.

'Your attitude, my dear madam,' he said with much show of sympathy, on the stairs, 'is entirely what we should have expected of you. Indeed, I would not, if I may advise, be too ready to forgive my dear little friend, your daughter. Disobedience to parents is greatly prevalent among us. Think of my son Alan.'

'It is, Lord Alwyne,' she said, with a sob, 'it is; but after all my plans for her success! But you knew her father. She inherits the Colonel's yielding disposition.'

'Too true,' moaned Lord Alwyne—they were now at the carriage door. 'Meanwhile, my dear madam, I may tell you that Tom Caledon, your son-in-law, has this day conferred a service on the Fontaines which it will be difficult to repay. He has kept the dairymaid out of the family. If there is any one single post left in the country which a minister can give away, and for which there is no competitive examination, I shall ask for that post for him. I write to-day to the Duke, my brother, telling him all.'

'Position and income,' said Mrs. Despard, visibly softening, 'can ill replace a daughter's confidence and trust. You know not, Lord Alwyne, a mother's feelings.'

The influence of the head of the House of Fontaine, when the Conservatives are in, is very great. They did say that the appointment of Tom Caledon to that Commissionership was a job. I do not know. As no one ever proposed that I should have the place for myself, I am prepared to believe that Tom is quite as able to discharge the duties as any of the hundred men who wanted it. At all events he is there, and I am sure that the official twelve hundred a year added to his own modest income will go a long way towards reconciling his mother-in-law with her daughter.

There was a beautiful scene in the marquee: Tom Caledon, without Nelly, stood at the head of the table, glass in hand. At his right, Alma, in her wedding-dress; beside her, her husband, shamefaced; behind her, murmuring sympathy and support, Desdemona; all the village at the tables, whereon are the remnants of the pies. Men and women, boys and girls, all are there—the young man they call Will-i-am, old Methuselah Parr, the cobbler, the schoolmaster, Black Bess, and Prudence Driver, looking happy again. In the doorways, some of the ladies of the Abbey; the vicar and his daughters; Lord Alwyne, and strangers.

'Health!' shouts Tom Caledon;

'health and happiness to Harry Cardew and his wife!'

'Tell me, Miranda,' said Alan, when they were left alone, 'are you as pleased as the rest with the finish of my engagement?'

'Yes, Alan,' she replied frankly.

'I must not make a mistake a second time,' he said; 'Fortune never forgives a second blunder.'

'No,' said Miranda, smiling, and not immediately seeing the drift of this observation.

'But,' he said, holding out both his hands, 'there is only one way of preventing that folly, Miranda, will you help me?'

Who after this could ever say that Miranda was cold, or Alan frigid?

I should like to explain that Alma, so far, has been a model wife. To be sure she is horribly afraid of her husband, who, now that he has given up gamekeeping and taken Bostock's farm, is more masterful than ever. Her mother lives with her; and her mother's counsels, seeing that Harry is so steady a husband, make in the direction of obedience. Harry, perhaps, remembers Desdemona's advice.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

'Cras amet qui nunquam amavit,
Quique amavit, cras amet.'

THAT evening, while the villagers rejoiced in unlimited beer, and danced after their fashion upon the village green; and while the unwonted rocket brought the flush of rapture to the village beauty's cheek; while Black Bess, with the other who had missed the apple, consoled themselves with the thought that after all *she*, meaning Alma, had only married a gamekeeper, there was high revelling at the Abbey. Here Desdemona improvised what she called a Farewell Chapter. The nature of the ceremonies which attended a Function of the Order has already been indicated, This, however, surpassed all previous ceremonies. After the opening rites with the organ, Sister Desdemona presented to the Abbess, Brother Lancelot and Sister Rosalind, as two members of the Order about to quit the convent on entering into the holy state of wedlock—a case, she pointed out, already provided for by the Founder. Then Desdemona read in the Great Book of Ritual the following passage:—

'"Wherefore, should the time come when any Brother of the Abbey has a mind to go out of it, he may carry with him one of the Sisters, namely, her who has already accepted him as her servant, and they shall be married together. And let all the world know that if they have formerly lived in the Abbey in devotion and amity, still more shall they continue that love in marriage; and they shall love each other to the end of their days as much as on the first day of their wedding."

'It is in reliance on this rule, my Lady,' said Desdemona, ignoring the fact that Tom and Nelly were already, and secretly married, 'that our Brother and our Sister seek the permission of the Order to leave the Abbey.'

Miranda, with great dignity, asked if any Brother or Sister had reason to allege why this permission should not be granted.

After an interval, she deputed the Public Orator to speak for her.

Brother Hamlet, who spoke with great hesitation, which was naturally attributed to the *contretemps* of the morning, pronounced the farewell oration prescribed, he said, though no one had ever heard of it before, by the rules of the Order of Thelema. I can only find room for the peroration:

'Lastly, Brother Lancelot, and Sister Rosalind, you have heard the gracious words of our Founder. Go forth from the Abbey with the con-

gratulations and wishes of those to whom you have been indeed brother and sister; may your love continue and grow: forget not ever the Abbey of Thelema: remember in the outer world the teaching of the Order: teach those who come after that to gentlehood and courtesy, there is no law but one, "*Fay ce que vouldras.*" Do what honour bids.'

He ceased. Sister Desdemona stepped from her desk and solemnly received from the pair, who stood before the Lady Abbess, the hood, the gown, and the crimson cord of the Fraternity. Two of the Sisters, as Nelly resigned these monastic badges, robed her from head to foot in a bridal veil.

Then the band began a low prelude, and the choir sang the Farewell Song:

'You, who have learned and understood
The master's rules that bind us,
And chosen as the chiefest good,
The end that he designed us;
'Who hand in-hand before us stand
In sober guise, not fiction:
Take, ere you part, from heart to heart,
This Chapter's benediction.

'Think, Brother, whom our Sister chose
Her servant in devotion,
Love's service never flags but grows
Deep as the deepest ocean.
To thee we trust her, taught we know,
In this, the Master's College,
Still to obey her lord, while thou
Shalt still thy Queen acknowledge.

'With tears we greet thee, Sister sweet,
Lady of grace and beauty,
To whom love draws by nature's laws,
Whose service is but duty.
'Be thine to make the wedded life,
As thine our cloister sunny,
Be mistress still as well as wife,
Be every moon of honey.

'So fond farewells; thy vacant cells
Await a fit successor,
For Rosalind needs must we find
No meaner and no lesser.

'Farewell, farewell; go forth in peace
To sweet and happy living;
Let flowers grow your feet below;
Your path be bright with hope and light;
Let sunshine stay beside your way—
Your years one long thanksgiving.'

The choir ceased. Then, as the last bars pealed and echoed among the black rafters of the roof, the Public Orator took Nelly by the hand and led her to the throne of the Abbess. Miranda raised the bridal veil, and gave her Sister the farewell kiss. Tears stood in her eyes, and Nelly was crying quite freely and naturally. Each of the Sisters in turn kissed the bride, and the brothers kissed her hand. Then a similar ceremony—*mutatis mutandis*—was undergone by Tom, Brother Lancelot no longer. Then they waited a moment while a procession formed, and then the organ struck up the wedding march, and the Chapter was finished. First marched the stewards and clerks of the Order, followed by the choir. Then followed, two by two, the Fraternity of Thelema. Then came pages bearing on crimson cushions the gifts of the Monks and Sisters to the bride —the notice was so short that they could give her nothing more than jewels and trinkets, but these made a pretty show. The wedded pair walked next; and last, followed only by the pages who bore her train, came Miranda, led by Alan.

As they passed the bust of the Master, the limelight fell full upon the kindly features and the wise smile, and on his lips seemed to play the words which were written in gold below:

'FAY CE QUE VOULDRAS.'

The dinner which followed was graced by as many guests as could be got together at a short notice. Tom sat next to Miranda, beside him his bride; next to him, Lord Alwyne, in great contentment, looking, as he told everybody himself, ten years younger. Alan sat next to Miranda; opposite her, Desdemona. As for Nelly, she had left off crying, and was now, so far from being cast down by the maternal wrath, shyly but radiantly happy. It was a quiet banquet; the band played wedding music selected by Cecilia, the boys sang four-part songs which bore upon love's triumphs; yet all the Brothers looked constrained. There were only two exceptions. Tom, whose honest face betokened gratification of the liveliest kind, and Alan, who was transformed.

Yes: the heavy pained look was

gone from his brow; his deep eyes were lit with a new and strange light; his face was wreathed with smiles.

'Daddy Graveairs,' said his father, after gazing furtively at him, 'is reflecting that he is well-rid of the dairymaid. I think we shall not see much more of the smock-frock. Gad! the fellow is only five-and-twenty or so yet. What an age! And what a rollicking youngster he will be at fifty!'

It was Lord Alwyne who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. He surpassed himself.

Then came Desdemona's turn. It seemed as if nobody could be so happy as Desdemona looked. Her portly form as well as her comely face seemed, to use a bold figure, wreathed in smiles. In fact she had a communication to make of such uncommon interest that she might be excused for feeling happy.

She arose, when the time came, and begged to be allowed to say something.

She had long felt an inward satisfaction, she said, in marking the rise, progress, and development, of those warmer feelings which such an atmosphere as that of the Abbey was certain to generate. In this case, she had observed with peculiar gratification that the interests she was watching advanced with a smoothness only possible in the calm retirement of a monastery. Also that there were no discords, no harsh notes to clash with the general harmony; no one was jealous or envious of another; each with each, damoiseau with damoiselle, was free, unhindered, to advance his own suit. 'And now,' said Desdemona expansively, 'these suits have all been advanced, they have all prospered'—here there was a general sensation—'and I am enabled to announce that this Abbey of Thelema will before long cease to exist because the end proposed by its original Founder has been already attained.

'My friends, Brother Bayard is engaged to Sister Cecilia.'

Here there was great cheering.

'Brother Benedict is engaged to Sister Audrey.'

At each name there was a loud burst of applause.

They were all engaged, every one. And though there was one Sister beside Desdemona for whom there would be no Monk of the Order in consequence of the expulsion of Brother Peregrine and the defection of Paul Rondelet, yet even that loss, which might have caused a discord, was met by an engagement with one of the outer world. There yet remained, however, Miranda.

'And lastly, dear Sisters and friends,' said Desdemona, 'before I make my final announcement, let us drop a tear together over the Abbey we have loved so well. The highest happiness, as our Founder thought, is to be bound by no rules but those of gentlehood; to own no obligations but those which spring of culture, good breeding and sweet dispositions; to do what we will for a space within these walls; to be an example to one another of sympathy, thought for others, and good temper. Alas! my friends, the Abbey is no more. We have held our last Function; we must now dissolve.

> '"Brief as the lightning in the collyed night,
> And ere a man hath power to say, Behold!
> The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
> So quick bright things come to conclusion."

But now for my last announcement. Brother Hamlet, my Brothers and Sisters'—everybody looked at Alan—'is Brother Hamlet no more; that Brother whom we loved, but whose erratic courses we deplored, must have changed his name had the Abbey continued. What name could he have taken but—Brother Ferdinand?'—here Miranda blushed very sweetly. 'But he is Alan still, and he has found, O my Sisters, he has found the only woman in the world who is fit to mate with him.

> "For several virtues
> Have I liked several women: never any
> With so full soul, but some defect in her
> Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
> And put it to the foil: but she—O she!—
> So perfect and so peerless, is created
> Of every creature's best—"

The actress ceased to act; she loved all the Sisters, but she loved Miranda most; her voice broke, and she sat down burying her face in her hands.

It was at eleven o'clock that they all sallied forth to bid godspeed to the bride and bridegroom. They were to ride to the quiet place, fifteen miles away, where they were to spend their honeymoon. Tom lifts his bride into the saddle, springs into his own, and with a storm of cheers and good wishes, they clatter together down the avenue of the Abbey, two black figures against the bright moonlight, and disappear in the dark shadows of the trees.

THE END.

TO CORA.

BY R. MARVIN SEATON.

THE field and the forest were clad in a hue
That caught the sweet pearls of the gem-dropping dew
But brighter the tear-drop that stole from your eye
To the rose-paling cheek, when you whispered 'good bye.'

Methought that the stars shed a far sadder light
Than your eyes when we met in that midsummer night;
But, oh, when we parted, I blessed the bright tear
That told me remembrance would still hold me dear.

Oh, say was it pity, alone, in your heart,
That spoke through the eye, when we met but to part?
Or was there a feeling, more warm and more true,
For one who is dreaming forever of you?

Forgive me the hope that I cherish, for what
Could embitter life more if I deemed there was not?
Let me cling to it then, as the vine to the tree,—
The world will be better, and brighter to me.

ONE MORE WORD ABOUT KEATS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

A RECENT writer in one of our best known magazines has permitted his enthusiasm to quite blind his critical sense regarding the amount of honour due even so charming and dulcet-voiced a singer as John Keats. To declare that the *Eve of St. Agnes* is 'the most perfect poem in the world,' must be called a somewhat extraordinary way of putting things. The place which Keats holds in the literature of his land is one distinctly settled and widely admitted. To suddenly inform the world that its admiration has thus far been set altogether in a wrong key is a species of image-breaking that will not rouse very general sympathy. A few sceptics might obstinately put in an objecting word or two if it were affirmed that Milton was after all, an idyllic poet, or that Coleridge possessed no turn for weirdness.

There can be slight doubt that what we have grown to term 'word-painting' has been mercilessly abused of past years. The most ambitious reporter for the public press aspires to furnish our breakfast-tables with something in this way, at least creditably forcible if not notably new. Prose is disfigured with ill-timed attempts in such direction; the average magazine story is often a weariness because of it; perspicuity is often dulled and perspicacity fatally amplified; it would seem as if a spade were thought to suffer injustice by being called one; sometimes hideous words are formed, awful to philology, by desperate delineators of the commonplace; maltreated lovers of chaste

English feel, in this age of spiritualism, like consulting the classic shade of Addison, and requesting it to say what epoch of luxurious vitiation threatens the language.

Meanwhile there exists a class of writers who possess this mastery of mere words, who constantly treat them as the artist treats colours, and yet who never degrade their gift by falsity and extravagance of method. Perhaps the father of this literary school was none other than John Keats, a poet whose tomb near the Porta San Paolo in Rome, when it claims to rise above 'one whose name was writ in water,' conforms with the proverbial untrustworthiness of epitaphs; for it is a certainty that since the death of Keats in 1821, there has been steadily growing up toward him that kind of reverential regard which, sooner or later, generally is attained by one who has originated a new poetic school. That Keats accomplished this great work—or rather that his genius, following its own delightful intuitions, achieved much absolutely new in the world of letters—there can now be no question. And yet, looking at these poems to-day, and considering how thoroughly their beauties were interspersed with youthful faults, while much that was most charming required a critic untrammelled by conventionalism and prompt to recognize genius in its newest guise, one cannot but feel that considerable vituperative injustice has been heaped upon the murderers of Keats' immediate reputation. The subsequent attack upon *Endymion* appears far less

pardonable; and yet it is easy to imagine that a taste which had fed upon the fiery diet of that poetical day must have been surprised and disturbed, if not innately ill-pleased, by the calm childishness and unique preraphaelitism of this novel poetry. It was a poem in which the forgotten rhythms of Chaucer were constantly suggested; in which quaintness of rhyme sometimes assumed forms of the wildest affectation; in which delicate originality of fancy now and then lapsed among realms of unpardonable grotesqueness, and in which laborious ornamentation sometimes appeared to such weighty excess that its presence became mere cloying unpleasantness. We are told that Shelley and Byron and Leigh Hunt were early and warm admirers of Keats' poetry, and nothing can seem more probable than that men of their acute literary discernment should have easily separated, with such a poem as *Endymion*, the gold from the glitter. At the same time, it must be conceded that to an ordinary eye *Endymion* is a work in which the glitter has a trick of rather frequently blinding us to the gold. It is, moreover, a poem of considerable narrative tediousness; this the most devout admirer of Keats can scarcely deny. It is in four rather bulky books, and it tells a simply mythologic, woodland story that might be told with much more artistic effect in perhaps fifty lines. Exquisitely enough, and in verses some of which will probably last as long as the language, Keats himself says, at the beginning of the poem:

'Therefore 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys: so I will begin,
Now while the early budders are just new
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write
Before the daisies, vermeil-rimmed and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finish'd: but let autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now at once, adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed.'

Charmingly *naïf* as now seems to us this gentle exultation on the part of the young poet, this innocent statement of how he means to pass the coming summer, this juvenile candour with which he shows his own blithesome self-satisfaction to the reader, it is not difficult, on the other hand, to conceive that a critic trained in schools of resonant rhetoric and polished classicism, should have found among these and similar passages the excuse for witty raillery and merciless disdain. It was an age when a kind of smart sententiousness and verboseness was the usual order of things in poetry. Byron's and Shelley's faults in this respect are now seen to be only too obvious, and even Coleridge, much more restrained, occasionally shows how sentimentality and pomposity were in the literary air of that particular epoch. But what were only faults more or less grave among these men of genius, constituted the stock-in-trade of ordinary writers. The pure voice of Keats, amid such a self-satisfied clamour, must have sounded strangely enough. Had it been stronger and more aware of its own strength, the effect might have proved far different. It is Victor Hugo who somewhere says that a Lycurgus misunderstood appears a Tiberius; and if this be true, equally probable is it that misunderstood simplicity very often appears like the most abject triviality. For that simplicity was the absolute bone and sinew of Keats' poetry, and that its charming tricks of colour and adornment would ultimately have become spiritualized, so to speak, into a delicious discrimination between different words, such as all the surging power of *Childe Harold* and the *Re-*

volt of Islam never gave us, there is now hardly reason to doubt. Lacking that airier intellectuality which belongs to Wordsworth's best lines, the poetry of Keats is sensuous only from a supreme innate perception of what lovely kaleidoscopic changes might be wrought with mere language alone. Language was at first a kind of beautiful bugbear to him. He was divinely plagued by its picturesque possibilities. He was like a child who has lost his way amid a garden teeming with the most tropic luxuriance of blooms; it was not enough that he had already gathered an armful of roses; he must yet reach out insatiably among the tiger-lilies and peonies.

Perpetually, when considering the attitude of young Keats toward the poetry and criticism of his time, are we reminded of a child dealing with its elders. True, he was a child of glorious precociousness, but his step fell feebly where others walked firmly—and sometimes strutted, by the way, more than they themselves suspected. The very meekness of the rôle which he played had a certain irritating audacity, no doubt, to many minds of that epoch. It was a time, let us remember, when passionate gentlemen, preferring to wear their collars very low in the throat, had morbid tendencies to leave posterity a name linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes; when to believe a woman or an epitaph were marks of pitiable folly among the youth of England, and when, throughout this same important body of citizens, existed a secret yearning that some sort of amateur piracy could be reputably included among the elegant accomplishments. It was an age of great literary bigotry, of insufferable social snobbery, and of a morality in London circles by no means laudable. Surely, then, it was too late for this new Theocritus, with his simple reed-pipe and thyme-crowned locks, to leave his native fields, no matter how sweet was the fragrance that he bore with him. The influence of Pope's stilted pastorals had not passed away; maudlin swains and simpering shepherdesses, about as natural and living as their Dresden china similitudes, yet lorded it over the province of idyllic song. It might almost be said of Keats that he came like a bare-footed Greek shepherd among a bevy of operatic rustics with red heels and quilted petticoats, with silk tights and beribboned crooks.

It is rarely the fate of one who founds a new school of poetry to gain more than a brief glimpse, at best, of his own laurels. Wordsworth was, it is true, a marked exception in this respect, to the general rule of greatly original singers. Tennyson may hardly be called such; for the genius of the present English Laureate, shining as it now does like a large limpid star, rose slowly before an expectant body of gazers. The literary heir of a grand poetic past was needed in England, and the hour produced the man. Tennyson broke through traditions, suited himself with a marvellous tact to the spirit of the age for which he sang; and wears with a most majestic dignity the purple worn by immortal predecessors. He is like a great actor with a certain family-resemblance to others, near of kin, who have also been great actors in their time, and whose noble teachings have sunk deeply within his soul. In the case of Keats all this was wholly different. He had, so to speak, no immediate poetic predecessor; he sprang, a new bloom, from an old soil. There is something Chaucerian about his way of telling a story; he is Spencerian in his love for luscious language; but had he possessed no positive and dominating element of originality outside of these mere resemblances, the fact of having attempted to revive the manner of such remote poets would in itself have seemed, at a time like that time, remarkably audacious. As it was, he united an intense strangeness in the way of method with an intense novelty of thought. The great popu-

lar poet of the hour was, as we all know, Byron. A kind of haughty verbal extravagance ; a rather theatrical treatment of nature ; a jaded style of moralizing that half-reminded one of some clever club-man of the day in the clutches of indigestion, and half of a wounded demi-god crying out with wild sweetness against the tyrannies of fate ; a wit that sang like an arrow as it leapt to its mark ; occasional hideous vulgarities of style ; occasional passages of supreme eloquence ; occasional interludes of exceedingly bald sentimentality, and here and there a scrap of rank indecency—these, it might be asserted, were the more prominent details of what in its totality constituted the genius of Lord Byron —a man who perhaps made more immediate and visible mark upon the age in which he lived than any poet of any time. With Keats extravagance was also a fault, but it was extravagance of a wholly different sort. What in Byron was excess of cheap tinsel, was in Keats a rich redundance, like the odorous foliage of some tropic land. Into this exuberance of beauty which everywhere marked *Endymion*, the scythe of art might well have entered, even though it would only have levelled aromatic grasses and blossoming vines.

As we now contemplate the unfinished work of Keats, viewing it from the advantageous stand-point of general metrical advancement, we are struck with one most noteworthy truth. It would seem as if this boy had been specially designed to appear and vanish, in the stately walks of English letters, not that he might leave any enduring souvenirs there of his own greatness, but rather that his work, filled so full of crudeness and incompleteness, might carry a sort of glorious hint to the poets of succeeding ages. Mr. Robert Browning has touched this idea in one of the lyrics of his 'Men and Women,' under the title, *Popularity*. Though perhaps unpleasantly familiar to many readers whom other noble pages of this same volume have delighted, a few stanzas of *Popularity* might now pardonably be quoted, in all their erratic grotesqueness :—

> 'Who has not heard how Tyrian shells
> Enclosed the blue, that dye of dyes
> Whereof one drop worked miracles,
> And coloured like Astarte's eyes
> Raw silk the merchant sells ?
>
> 'And each bystander of them all
> Could criticise, and quote tradition ;
> How depths of blue sublimed some pall,
> To get which, pricked a king's ambition,
> Worth sceptre, crown and ball.
>
> 'Yet there's the dye—in that rough mesh,
> The sea has only just o'erwhispered !
> Live whelks, the lip's-beard dripping fresh,
> As if they still the water's lisp heard
> Through foam the rock-weeds thresh.
>
> 'Enough to furnish Solomon
> Such hangings for his cedar-house,
> That when gold-robed he took the throne
> In that abyss of blue, the spouse
> Might swear his presence shone
>
> 'Most like the centre-spike of gold
> Which burns deep in the blue-bell's womb,
> What time, with ardours manifold,
> The bee goes singing to her groom,
> Drunken and overbold.
>
> 'Mere conchs ! not fit for warp or woof !
> Till art comes—comes to pound and squeeze
> And clarify—refines to proof
> The liquor filtered by degrees,
> While the world stands aloof.
>
> 'And there's the extract, flasked and fine,
> And priced, and salable at last !
> And Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes and Nokes combine
> To paint the future from the past,
> Put blue into their line.
>
> 'Hobbs hints blue—straight he turtle eats,
> Nobbs prints blue—claret crowns his cup.
> Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats,—
> Both gorge. Who fished the murex up ?
> What porridge had John Keats ?

Mr. Browning refrains until the last from explaining the exact meaning of his apologue, but when, armed with its final scrap of enlightenment, we re-read the poem by its aid, we are forced to admit that nearly everything in these curious verses which fails as poetry possesses at least the solid advantage of being strict truth. Who Hobbs, Nobbs, Nokes and Stokes are, Mr. Browning doubtless knows very well, and for the sake of peace let us be very far from either inquiring or speculating ; but apart from any attempt to drag forth ambushed personalities, may we not find something

superlatively applicable in the rugged stanza about pounding, squeezing, clarification and filtration ? The reigning poet of our own time is unquestionably Alfred Tennyson. Byron's popularity grew up in England like some splendid great leaved plant that a single month will broaden into majestic fulness. Tennyson's has grown slowly, years having gone to the making of almost every separate branch, but it has struck its roots deep into the love and gratitude of two continents, and has often coiled them about the bare stone of unlettered disfavour. Between Tennyson and the three poets, Byron, Shelley and Coleridge there is but slight resemblance, we must all agree, unless it be asserted that he has indirectly profited by all that is most meritorious in each. But few will deny that Wordsworth and Keats have been for Tennyson the two chief poetic models. Without them he would still have charmed his age, no doubt, but he would have charmed it in a very different way. What that way would have been it is almost idle to speculate, for the development of English poetry, had neither Keats nor Wordsworth ever existed, might have suffered from some injurious retardment or else have been thrown into wholly different channels.

Especially in the earlier poems of Tennyson are the results of this dual influence most noticeable ; and for the reason that in these poems the author alike of 'Arabian Nights and the 'Ode to Memory' shows himself more dependent upon previous models and less able to manage that consummate art and irresistible grace which have since so fascinatingly marked his verse. The 'Ode to Memory,' both in form and treatment, suggests England's preceding laureate, while in the 'Arabian Nights' we have something of the same passionate revelling in colour and in word-effects which belongs to many a line in *Endymion*, *Hyperion* or *Lamia*. As his genius strengthened more and more, Tennyson began to show an admirable skill in laying on the same colours which Keats had once used with such artless lavishness ; as, for example, in the passage of *Œnone*, where Aphrodite is described as one who—

> 'With rosy slender fingers backward drew
> From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
> Ambrosial, golden round the lucid throat
> And shoulder.'

Or, again, in the *Palace of Art*, where we meet such a picture as—

> '. . . The deep-set windows, stained and traced,
> Would seem slow-flaming crimson fires
> From shadowed grots of arches interlaced
> And tipt with frost-like spires.'

Or, again, where, in the same poem, it is said of the superb chambers in this palace of art, that—

> 'Some were hung with arras, green and blue,
> Showing a gaudy summer morn,
> Where, with puffed cheeks, the belted hunter blew
> His wreathed bugle horn.

Or, in the *Dream of Fair Women :*

> 'I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
> One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled :
> A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
> Brow-bound with burning gold.'

In this same poem Tennyson's beautiful lines,

> 'The maiden splendours of the morning star
> Shook in the steadfast blue,'

suggest those in *The Eve of St. Agnes*,

> 'Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
> Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose.'

But it is useless, no doubt, to quote examples of this sort, since every reader at all familiar with the two poets under discussion knows how much one is indebted to the other in a general way, although it is doubtful whether a single instance may be found where two passages taken from either poet would hint of an imitation, howsoever vaguely. Keats is like some strange Gothic structure belonging to no special period, loaded with massive carvings as ill-placed as they are rich and costly. Tennyson is like the 'lordly pleasure-house' of which he sings so enchantingly, that—

> 'From level meadow-bases of deep grass
> Suddenly scaled the light.'

He is less astonishing than Keats, because more harmonious; on the other hand he is, for the same reason, a deep intellectual delight where Keats sometimes becomes an over-luscious æsthetic surfeit. We always read Tennyson with an active and vital sympathy; we very often read whole pages of Keats with a kind of melancholy curiosity. Which poet possessed the greatest real genius may be a contested question in future times. It now seems to us extremely evident that Keats could have given us nothing at all comparable with *Guinevere*, or *Godiva*, or the *Princess*, for grace, finish, culture, self-repression, and all the other cardinal literary virtues. 'But,' might here cry the unknown writer of a certain well-known 'Spiteful Letter,' 'shall we presume to say that Tennyson, born when John Keats was born, could have written the eloquent *Ode to a Nightingale*, the throbbing *Ode to a Grecian Urn*, or th drowsily plaintive *Ode to Melancholy?'* Time alone must answer such cavilling questions, for time is the one just and merciless critic. Much that we admire in Tennyson to-day may possibly take upon itself an inevitable tarnish; many of what now seem his loveliest colours may have faded for future eyes; here and there succeeding years may discover beauties in lines that we now hold somewhat lightly. But, on the other hand, it is quite different with John Keats. He has secured his niche for all succeeding time. His work has been weighed and has not been found wanting. There seems almost insolence, now, in speculation as to what he might have done for English poetry had death spared him beyond the youthful age of four-and-twenty; since, in this glorious direction, he already accomplished so much, and since his memory is so unfadingly laurelled as the symbol of lofty aspiration wedded to sweet and durable accomplishment.

SONNET

BY MARY BARRY SMITH

IN the deep silence, to mine ear attuned,
There comes strange sound, like to the stir of wings,
Like to the wail of weak, half-stifled things,
Like to the world's cry for the old, old wound.
The Past is dead, she must not be impugned ;—
No weak lament for her the Present brings ;
These are no feeble lullabies she sings,
No nursery ditties in the darkness crooned,—
These are the voices of her utmost need.
Help ! help ! On every side I hear the call.
Confused I turn, all prayers I fain would heed ;
All life hath loss, I fain would succour all.
All eyes have tears, but through *my* tears I read
Of One who watches when the sparrows fall.

A PRESSING PROBLEM.

BY FIDELIS.

THERE are comparatively few people, among the classes which furnish magazine readers, at least, who have ever known by experience what it is to rise on a cold winter morning, foodless and fireless, and not knowing whence either fuel or food is to be procured. And it is, perhaps, because we have not this actual experience, that we do not feel more for those with whom, in this hard winter, such a state of things is a common occurrence. Nothing is truer than that—

> 'Few, save the poor feel for the poor,
> They little know how hard
> It is to be of needful food
> And needful rest debarred!'

And yet it would be unjust to say that people are generally hard-hearted towards the poor. After a somewhat vague and unimaginative fashion, it is true, but still sincerely enough, most of us, who though we may not be *rich*—may even be in 'embarrassed' or 'straitened' circumstances—are yet still surrounded by the ordinary comforts of life, do feel for those less fortunate, to whom the 'struggle for existence' is a literal and daily fact. While we all, doubtless, know instances of callous selfishness, where sums are wasted on the merest caprices—a little of which would be grudged to the starving and shivering poor—yet these instances are happily exceptional, and we gladly recognize a very large proportion of genuine benevolence and sincere desire to ameliorate the condition of the suffering poor, not always, however, judiciously carried out. Indeed, it is a tolerably safe assertion to make, that if all the money annually given in this country towards the relief of the poor in some form or other, could be collected and applied with strict judgment and economy, there would not only be sufficient to meet all cases of real distress in *ordinary* years, but also, pauperism, pure and simple, would rapidly diminish. For there is, it is self-evident, no surer and more prolific feeder of pauperism than the indolent and indiscriminate alms which is so often misnamed 'charity.' Not that it would be desirable to prevent the exercise of *individual* benevolence. It were well if, on the contrary, all our distress from poverty could be relieved through the kindly, sympathetic individual dealing of man with man, which is the simplest and most natural plan, as well as the one most fitted to call forth individual gratitude, and develop the best feelings in both giver and receiver. But, to make individual alms-giving a good rather than an evil, self-denying, painstaking effort and enquiry are absolutely necessary, in addition to the mere benevolent desire to relieve suffering. How many of our average alms-givers are willing to give this self-denying effort, in order to make sure that they are really relieving distress rather than encouraging vicious imposture? How does the case usually stand? Are not the following pictures nearer the truth?

To a kindly disposed, but busy *materfamilias*, engrossed with the concerns of her own household—enter Bridget. 'A poor woman wants to see you, ma'am.'

Materfamilias—'Ask her what she

wants, Bridget, I'm too busy to see her.'

Bridget returns with a sufficiently pitiable tale of privation of food and clothing. The good *materfamilias* feels impelled by kindness and conscience to do something in the matter, and as the easiest solution, in the circumstances, sends out a five or ten cent piece, which, it is altogether likely, will, before night, be reposing in a tavern-keeper's till, only too familiar with such charitable coins. Or, it may be, our *materfamilias does* take the time from her sewing or planning, to go out and hear the applicant's story for herself. The tale seems sad enough —half-a-dozen starving children ; no food ; no clothes ; no fuel ! The lady wonders what the charitable societies can be about to allow such distress to be unrelieved ; never dreaming that perhaps two or three charitable societies are only too well acquainted with this particular 'case.' She cannot let the woman go unaided, but as for taking down her address and making a domiciliary visit—such an idea never occurs to her—in fact, she 'would not have time.' So the poor woman's basket is filled with a bountiful contribution of cold provisions and cast-off clothing, and she speedily departs, invoking profuse blessings on her bene factress. The clothing is speedily disposed of, and its proceeds invested in a new supply of whiskey, and next day, in precisely the same destitution of clothes and food, the inveterate beggar makes a descent upon some other promising house, to repeat the same operation—being absolutely *maintained* in her wretched career of degradation and vice, by the easy credulity of kindly ladies, who will give freely, but will not 'take trouble.'

But it is not only the 'softer sex' which is thus imposed upon. On some bitterly cold evening, when *paterfamilias* is enjoying his fireside comfort, tired with business, and luxurious in dressing-gown and slippers—a loud ring announces a 'tramp,' who has just arrived, a stranger in a strange place—has walked an incredible distance, looking for work, has no money to buy food or a night's lodging. What can *paterfamilias* do? He cannot receive the stranger into his own house, 'and spread the couch of rest.' Even if he were disposed to do so himself, for obvious reasons it would be impossible. He cannot send the man away, penniless and homeless, while he sits down again at his comfortable fireside. So bread and money are bestowed, and *paterfamilias* returns with a good conscience to his newspaper. *Perhaps* the case *was* a case of real distress, and the charity true charity. But more probably, the bread was scornfully thrown away outside, and the money pocketed, while the object of charity, with as lamentable a story as before, goes to repeat his game so long as doors will open to receive his appeal. This, it may be added, is no fancy picture ; it is drawn from actual observation.

Now it is not asserted that there should be *no* individual giving, especially in cases of immediate urgency. People cannot, happily, harden their hearts against the direct appeal which, if it is not that of real distress, looks so very much like it ; and, especially in times of exceptional hardship like the present, most people would rather risk imposition by any number of impostors, than turn away unaided one case of genuine need. But what is meant to be pressed is this, that giving without enquiry is a thing so hazardous that it should be by all means avoided in every case where this is possible, without the risk of permitting real suffering to go unrelieved. And nothing can be more thoughtlessly irrational than the conduct of those who refuse to give to societies organized for the purpose of enquiring into and relieving real need, on the ground that they give 'so much at the door ;' in other words, that they do their best to keep up the abject and vicious pauperism which it is the very object of or-

ganized societies to restrain and reduce!

To all such people we should most heartily recommend, if they would but read it, a small volume published in London by Wm. Hunt & Co., entitled 'Confessions of an Old Almsgiver,' a book no less entertaining in a literary point of view than instructive in a moral one, wherein the writer unfolds, in racy Saxon and fearless plainness of speech, the evils of which to his own knowledge, indiscriminate and unorganized charity has been the too prolific parent, heartily endorsing the 'excellent saying of the witty, worthy, wise Whately, Archbishop, "I will not on a dying pillow have to reproach myself with having ever relieved a street beggar."'

Having, from sad experience, arrived at the conclusion that without strict and watchful organization—'almsgivers, whether banded together, or acting apart, may soon grow to be more wholesale corrupters of their species than they which be evil-doers by profession,' the author of this little book made what we may safely call a truly philanthropic resolution, 'Having no secular calling, I determined to devote myself systematically to efforts among the poor in the way, not of a mere amiable relaxation to be used like a flute or a novel, but of a downright vocation whereunto I should give myself as unreservedly as though I were bound by a contract, and in receipt of a salary. I resolved that I would personally visit and personally watch all cases seeking my help, seeing everything with my own eyes, of whose powers of penetration I entertained, if I mistake not, the usually high opinion which we are prone to cherish in favour of any faculty which happens to be part of oneself.'

In order to carry out this most excellent resolve, our author hired—in the district which he chose as his field of operations—a room which came to be called his 'office,' and engaged enquiry agents who in process of time came to be called his 'ferrets.' Neither personal tale nor plausible testimonials would he trust, but rigidly applied a sifting test of close personal investigation to all and every case. How many cases of imposture encouraged by indiscriminate giving, were unearthed by this process, the reader can find for himself duly recorded in the volume aforesaid. To give even one in detail would occupy too much space here. Yet of one, we must give the closing scene in the witness' own words:

'Yet a little while, and the mother was in her coffin, dead of the effects, as neighbours thought and said, of a drunken brawl in which her collar-bone got broken. Over her grave should have been inscribed, though I fear it was not:

SLAIN BY ALMSGIVERS.

Many beside me had helped to murder her. I say advisedly that almsgiving slew her, soul and body too, if I err not. For if in earlier years, ere the influence of an evil bias had deepened into dominion, the fatal facility with which alms are to be had for the asking had not seduced and enabled her to abandon almost wholly honest labour, how different might have been her way and her end! But is it in human nature to resist those facilities, those deadly facilities which allow of a plausible petitioner raising, in the shape of a so-called charity, more in a house to house visitation of three or four hours than honest toil can compass by the sweat of its brow in twice the number of days?

Yes I repeat it (denounce my verdict who may): she was slain by almsgiving! But was not Charity responsible as well for her legacies as her career? She, dying, bequeathed to her country's existing stock of pauperism, five duodecimo editions of herself, who, but for the training which Charity's activity in their mother's behalf had secured for them, might at

least have had a chance of becoming decent and respectable members of the working class.'

How this contagion of this pauperisation by indiscriminate almsgiving spreads till it infects whole districts, our author vividly describes in his chapter on 'Almsgiving as an Inoculator,' from which the following extract is taken and warmly commended to indiscriminate givers. The author gives it as the experience of a deceased city missionary :

'In a small court on his missionary district there once lived several hard-working, and on the whole sober, families. A room in it at length fell vacant, which was let to a dissolute couple who lived on the charitable chiefly by means of begging letters. They of course lived far better than the rest of the court, indeed as the phrase goes, like "fighting cocks." Two maiden ladies visited them, and often relieved them. By degrees one after another of the remaining families got discontented with their condition and thought they might as well try and get a slice of these ladies' bounty. The usual dodges were adopted, including pledging their things and cultivating rags and wretchedness. They succeeded but too well. In vain the city missionary tried to waylay these ladies in order to give them a private caution.

They came and went like shadows —no, not went like them, for shadows leave nothing behind them : they left moral desolation in their wake. No band of locusts could have done their work more effectually ; for the fruit of their labours was that not an undemoralized household remained in that luckless court. Idleness, drink, vice in various forms, with rejection of missionary visitation once welcomed or at least accepted, at length took the place of the opposite habits previously cherished. Once more had that kind, self-denying, conscientious evil doer, unorganized Charity, been sowing by mistake a curse for a blessing. This is of course an extreme example, but precisely the same effect, on a smaller scale, ensues in unnumbered cases, in which some son of labour is made to see that Charity's *protegés* arrive at more sumptuous fare, *via* lying and alms, than he can attain by industry and hard work.'

If, then, the dangers attending the dispensation of charity are so great, are we to stop dispensing charity altogether? In the face of the real want and suffering that force themselves upon us, humanity answers,—a thousand times, no! And Christianity presses home the duty, which all religions from earliest antiquity have enforced, of those who have, to give to them who have not. But, if experience in this matter teaches any lesson whatever, it is that he or she who would relieve distress in such a way as to do good and not harm, must be willing to give, not only material aid, but thought and time. The best authority on the subject tells us that 'blessed is he that *considereth* the poor,' as if the *consideration* were the main thing, and implied all else that was needful. And so it does. They who take the trouble of *considering* the poor are not likely to leave the case they have 'considered' unrelieved—that is, if it is a case which ought to be relieved; but they are likely to relieve it in a way which does not leave a permanent injury ; and their benefactions will—unlike much of so-called charity—bless him that takes as well as him that gives. '*Visit, consider, relieve,*' were the three watchwords given by an eminent Toronto clergyman in a recent Thanksgiving Day sermon, as containing the substance of Scripture exhortation in this matter. And as we have seen, this is the teaching of common sense and experience also. But *they must go together ;* for even visiting and relieving are, we see, not to be trusted in company, without *considering* as a vigilance officer to watch their ways and keep them from reckless transgressions of all sound principles of

political economy. If we could only secure the careful *consideration* of the poor, on the part of all almsgivers, and the united and organized action which alone can ensure against imposture, we should have done much towards the satisfactory solution of the problem how we are to keep the rapidly growing pauperism among ourselves from ever developing into the chronic disease which it has become in Britain. That it *has* been developing into rather alarming proportions during the last few years of depression will not be disputed by any one, at least, connected with societies for charitable relief, and the ignoble army of 'tramps,' detachments of which are to be found everywhere, is only too palpable evidence of the fact. That even the return of more prosperous times will reduce this body of pauperism to its former limits, is too much to hope. '*Facilis descensus:*'—the *ascent* is by no means so easy. It is worthy of the most serious consideration of all patriotic men and women how we may eradicate in time from the system of our young country a growing ulcer, which must otherwise surely sap and impair its natural vigour and vitality.

In Canada there are three factors, the combination of which brings 'want as an armed man' to confront and well nigh baffle the best efforts of benevolence to vanquish him. These three factors are—improvidence, intemperance, and the great scarcity of work for ordinary labourers in winter. The first two of these factors are the main causes of poverty everywhere. The third is more especially felt in Canada, and is the great barrier to what might might otherwise be the comfort of our large class of day-labourers. A simple calculation will show how difficult it must be for them, even with the utmost forethought and prudence, to 'make both ends meet.' There are only seven months of the year, in most parts of Canada, during which day labourers can be tolerably sure of daily employment, and in severe winters, the time during which work is plentiful is still further abridged. Taking it, however, at seven months, daily employment at a dollar a day will give for the working days of these seven months $168, on which the labourer and his family must mainly depend during the whole year. The smallest and poorest house large enough for a good sized family will cost at least three, and probably four, dollars a month. At the latter price necessary to provide anything like a comfortable abode for his family, $48 must go for rent, leaving only $120, or little more than two dollars a week, to provide fuel, food and clothing for a family of six or eight or ten persons during the whole year. Of course, however, in ordinary years, a steady and persevering man will usually secure a day's work now and then at cutting wood, snow shovelling, or some other chance employment, which will supplement slightly this scanty provision. Yet, even in the most favourable circumstances, anyone can see that it would require a very much more accomplished manager than the ordinary labourer's wife to maintain a family in any degree of comfort on such a slender pittance. To be sure there are exceptional times when even the common labourer can double his dollar a day, but such times are, to most, few and far between. And when we remember that this class of people, uneducated, undeveloped—many of them emigrants, with the pauperized habits of their old world life still clinging to them—are very much like children in their lack of forethought and self control, it is not to be wondered at if there is a very strong tendency to 'take no thought for the morrow,' in the literal sense, but to live generously while the money is plentiful, and let the coming winter take care of itself. Even severe experience of cold and hunger does not cure this tendency to lavishness while there is money to spend. The writer has known families, specimens of the

low London poor, which had been suffering severely from privation of fuel and food during the winter, and assisted from charitable funds, feasting on early vegetables and strawberries, and indulging largely in butcher-meat in summer, with a sublime forgetfulness that another winter is to come. The winter, of course, finds them penniless, and obliged to beg and go into debt for the necessaries of life. In spring the man starts loaded with debt, which, if he can pay out of his summer earnings and maintain his family as well, he cannot certainly be expected to do more. Another winter finds him again destitute as before—his family and himself the despair of the philanthropic agencies which try to grapple with this problem, and would fain, if they could, assist him to the more satisfactory and self-respecting position of maintaining his family independently of charity at all.

But there is a lower depth still. When intemperance adds its destroying influence to improvidence and insufficient employment, the case of the labouring man's family is pitiable indeed. To see the hard-earned money which should have provided food and warmth absorbed into the tavern-keepers' till in exchange for the poison which makes the husband and father a tyrant and a terror in his own house, is the bitter lot of many a labourer's wife; so bitter, indeed, that it not seldom drives them to the same fatal refuge from pressing misery. For it must be remembered that it *is* a refuge—temporary and wretched refuge though it be. The fact that there is so much more intemperance amongst our lowest or labouring classes than among our respectable mechanics and artizans is not to be explained wholly on the ground that intemperance keeps the lowest class from rising—true though this statement may be. An eminent physician, in a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, has shown that men take to alcohol as a *sedative* rather than a stimulant, in other words, as a *soother* of physical or mental suffering. The labouring man, encountering all extremes and discomforts of weather, living, usually in a wretchedly uncomfortable house, often on unpalatable food, a hand-to-mouth existence, in which temporary abundance alternates with pinching want, does not resort to his dram merely for the momentary indulgence of appetite—as we are rather hastily apt to conclude. He finds in it far more than this, a temporary but complete oblivion of the ills of life, insensibility to hunger, discomfort and the latent discontent and despair of a life of struggle and privation which seems to afford no hope of anything better. And too often he lacks the trust in God and the hope of a blessed future, which nerves many a sufferer to carry hopefully and heartily the burden of life. He—

> 'Cannot look beyond the tomb
> And cannot hope for rest before.'

What wonder, then, if, losing hope and heart, he seeks to drown present misery in the cup that seems to offer so ready an anæsthetic, though it sink him still lower in degradation, and poison the springs of his physical, mental and spiritual life. And his wife only too readily follows his example; not unfrequently indeed she sets the example, and then, humanly speaking, the fate of the children is sealed. Unless special influences for good intervene, the family perpetuates to future generations the drunken pauperism into which it has sunk. Even now, in some of our cities, intemperate pauper families are the lineal representatives of intemperate pauper families of two generations past.

It is little wonder if, looking at the immense proportion of poverty which is caused by intemperance, and the tax which the incubus of intemperate pauperism imposes on the benevolent public, whether through the drunkard's failure to maintain his family during his life, or to the premature

death which so often leaves them a burden on the community, there should be many who feel that the hardships thus imposed on the better class of the community, through the free sale of liquor, are so great as to warrant strong legislative action to restrict it. It may be said that the families of drunkards should not be aided, but left to suffer for the sins of the parent —a species of vicarious punishment that no society would permit to be carried out to its natural consequences. Public opinion, represented, at least, by some grudging-givers, may assert loudly that no charitable society should assist a drunkard's family; but let there occur one instance of any member of such a family being left to starve or freeze to death, and public opinion, better than its own theory, will immediately turn round and demand what the charitable societies were about to allow such things to happen in a Christian country! And however willing we may be to allow the drunkard to feel the full consequences of his own evil-doing, it is almost if not quite impossible for the most ordinary humanity to see his helpless children suffering from cold and hunger, without stretching out the hand of help.

The 'Old Almsgiver' quoted already has certain vigorous remarks respecting the source of this miserable drain upon the scanty earnings of the poor, and through them, upon the benevolent class of society, from which the following extracts are given, as worth considering. 'Taking them,' he says, the palpable connection—palpable in many other ways beside the above—between the public-houses and pauperism, is there no ground for asking that some reasonable restraint should be put on them, and I desire not to make out the strong-drink party worse than they are! I have myself known licensed victuallers who were most respectable and worthy men, willing to forego larger profits for the sake of more sobriety. But if I understand matters aright, the public house party will bate no jot or tittle of their vested interests in the temporal and eternal perdition of their customers. But are there no vested interests save theirs? Have their customers none in their own social and everlasting well-being? Which are of the longer duration;—the interests of the drink-merchants? Surely not—they are but life-interests at longest. And hence for the Legislature to study the drink interest at the expense of their victims, what is it but to give a tenant-at-will all, and the free-holder no, consideration—to make the greater right of less account than the less?

'But and if the Legislature say, "Ah, but if people like to drink and ——, they must have the opportunity: 'tis one of the prerogatives of civil liberty with which we may not interfere." Be it so. But how about the *jus tertii?*'

'I am no teetotaller any more than the Bible. But neither am I a drink-totaller, and I cannot for my life see why the latter class are to have it all their way, and claim a vested right to demoralize in this world, to say nothing of damning in the next, whole masses of their fellow-countrymen *at my expense.* I say at my expense, for who, in the long run, have to pay the piper but the ratepayer and the charitable? Why the Bungs of England, any more than the Thugs of India should be thus favoured, I cannot divine. If either have the better claim, surely the Thugs have it, for the Thug only kills the body and seizes the watch and purse, and after that hath no more that he can do, but the Bung, in hosts of cases, is a murderer of soul, body and estate. The present system, indeed, seems to stand simply thus. The drink producers and sellers get all the profit, the drink consumers all the delight, such as it is, of getting drunk, and the ratepayers and the charitable pay the piper, being mulcted in the resulting yclept pauperism. But cheer up, my reader. Relief may be nearer at hand than thou thinkest.

As *quoad* a large percentage of pauperism, the publican and pauper are related as parent and child, and such pauper and the ratepayer as plunderer and victim, to sacrifice holocaust-wise the ratepayer to the public-house party on the altar of their so-called "vested rights" is surely a course to which even the nineteenth century, with all its disposition to outstrip its predecessors in everything which can disgrace and discredit humanity's boasted civilization, can hardly be prepared to pledge itself.'

It is not, however, the purpose of this article to discuss prohibition, though it is not possible to consider the subject before us without adverting to one of the strongest pleas in its favour. It is a safe assertion to make, that if prohibition could be carried, and enforced so as really to prevent the ordinary retail traffic at least, any inconvenience or privation which might result to moderate drinkers would be far more than counterbalanced by the removal of the sufferings caused in so many ways by intemperance, and the corresponding relief to the purses and the feelings of all who care for their fellow-creatures at all!

However, as we cannot have prohibition at present, it is wise to remember that there are things which may be done by voluntary philanthropic effort to diminish the ravages of intemperance and, as a consequence, the pauperism resulting therefrom. When we bear in mind that the labouring man is usually driven to the fatal dram by the desire to escape for a time, at least, from the pressure of a hard and hopeless lot, the discomforts of a wretched home, and the absence of any other influence to cheer and enliven him, it is obvious that one way, at least, of meeting the evil is the endeavour to provide something better. To do this we must take into consideration that the poor man finds in the tavern the distraction from present troubles that you, dear reader, usually find in your newspapers, in society, in your concerts, in the entertaining volume that beguiles your leisure—things which are not within the reach of his purse, and, if they were, are beyond the range of his power to enjoy. But there is no reason why, having after all a mind and rudimentary tastes of a higher kind, he should not be led to enjoy something better than a drunken carouse. And, just as the attention of philanthropists and temperance men and women is being turned towards providing coffee-houses to supplant taverns for physical refreshment, so we might have something of the nature of reading-rooms established in the more sunken districts of cities, to which the intemperate might be beguiled by a warm, attractive room, where volunteer readers might read interesting items of news and short attractive stories, where the young fellows who infest street corners and 'loaf' around taverns might find good illustrated papers to beguile them into a taste for reading, and *innocent* indoor games, to supplant nocturnal 'larks,' and where occasional penny concerts might be given by benevolent amateurs, in which songs of an elevating though simple character, and spirited religious hymns should be the principal feature. Such places of innocent recreation could be maintained at very slight expense, compared with the good and ultimate saving to charitable resources which their results might be expected to accomplish, and in time might prepare the way for such simple courses of scientific lectures as might materially enlarge the mental horizon of the hearers, and afford some better and safer diversion from the tedium of their treadmill lives than that which they formerly found only at the tavern. In suggesting such attempts as these, we do not wish to seem for a moment to ignore the more purely religious means which, after all, must be our chief reliance in combatting intem-

perance as well as any other evil, since we believe that the victims of this enslaving habit cannot gain their freedom without that Divine aid which is promised to all who ask for it. But man is a composite being, and needs, especially when he lives amid degrading and squalid surroundings, help that touches him at *all* points of his organization. And there can be no doubt that the good effects of many a religious service and fervent appeal are frequently neutralised by the opposite influences into which men are drawn during the week by the natural and irresistible craving for recreation of *some* kind. Such recreation-rooms as have been here suggested would do much to meet a need that must be most urgent in blank and dreary lives, and with the addition of inexpensive *gymnasia*, might do very much for the younger generation, by inducing them to expend their superabundant vitality in invigorating exercise, instead of the street 'rowdyism' which qualifies them so early for the police court and the gaol.

Another means of at least abridging the temptations to intemperance, is suggested by Dr. Brunton, one of the medical writers on the 'Alcohol Question' in the *Contemporary Review.* He remarks that unsatisfactory and unpalatable meals induce an indefinite craving, which 'is very likely to lead the person who feels it to take spirits, and I believe does so very frequently. The remedy for this, would of course, be to diffuse a knowledge of cookery as widely as possible amongst the wives of working men.' To accomplish this desirable end, cooking classes for working men's wives have been instituted in many places in the United Kingdom, and we may hope that they may become general in Canada also. They will, however, require much personal effort in inducing the women for whom they are intended, to attend the classes and profit by the instruction given, in order to make them of the desired use; since there are no stauncher conservatives than the degraded poor, in all that appertains to their squalid and wasteful ways.

Dr. Brunton adds: 'We may indeed say generally that all hygienic and other measures which tend to maintain or restore health and strength, will tend to restrict the use of alcohol, by preventing the low spirits and feelings of depression, weakness, and incapacity for work which are such strong temptations to alcoholic indulgence. So far, therefore, as we can ameliorate the condition and brighten the surroundings of our working men, we diminish the tendency towards by far the most fertile feeder of pauperism, and save our pockets in the end. And there is no way in which the condition of the working man more urgently demands amelioration than in the condition of his abode. When one sees the damp cellars, or, more commonly, in this country, the wretched rickety board hovels whose cracks afford almost unimpeded entrance to frost and snow, places in which, as has been truly said, a humane man would hardly like to leave a horse, but which are the best that the poor man can get for his three or four dollars a month, the visitor from a warm and well furnished house can hardly help a pang of self-reproach mingling with the wonder how, with the scanty supply of fuel at the command of the poor, winter, in such circumstances, can be endured at all! Little wonder, indeed, if self-respect and decency take flight—if life becomes a mere animal hand-to-mouth struggle for existence, and a too easy escape from the pressure of intolerable misery is sought in the temporary oblivion of the intoxicating glass! Why, amidst the abundance of our joint stock companies, there should not be companies formed by intelligent and large-minded men for the building of decent and comfortable abodes for our working men, it is not easy to see. We surely have capital enough in Canada to house all our poorer classes comfortably, instead of

squalidly, at the present moderate prices of material and labour. Such enterprises in all our towns would be a double and permanent benefit, in both a hygienic and a moral point of view, and would at the same time secure a moderate return for the funds invested, thus blessing the receiver and not robbing the giver, while the present wretched apologies for houses, not half so comfortable as many an African hut, would find their best use in being broken up and given to the poor as winter fuel. Our needs in this respect are not yet on too gigantic a scale to be overtaken. If they were overtaken *now*, our country might be permanently delivered from the incubus of squalid nests in which vice and degradation find a natural harbour and breeding place for a noisome progeny of evils, physical not less than moral.

Having thus suggested ways and means by which the factor of intemperance might be eminently diminished, it remains to consider the other two factors of pauperism among us. Improvidence, which is responsible for no small amount of distress, can be met only by kindly personal influence. Some of the methods already suggested for counteracting tendencies to intemperance, such as more comfortable houses and a better knowledge of cookery—might help us against improvidence also. But as its remedy lies chiefly with the wife and mother, we can expect to make little impression upon it except by the gradual influence of kindly and interested but *not officious* lady visitors, who will have tact enough to *suggest*, not *dictate*. Not a little might be done, also, by the formation of 'Provident Savings' Clubs,' which we have seen tried with at least a fair measure of success. For these it is necessary to have a treasurer self-denying enough to undertake the somewhat troublesome task of disposing of the money and calculating the interest on petty sums for irregular periods, and collectors male or female, willing to go every week to take up the ten or twenty cents promised and enter the same regularly in their collecting books. Our Young Men's Christian Associations might undertake the charge of such Provident Savings' Clubs, and it would be work not thrown away, for no amount of exhortation will impress a man so vividly with the use of providence as his receiving, in the time of his winter need, the few dollars which, given little by little, in summer, he never missed. The chief difficulty in the way is, that when people have once become pauperized in spirit, they are apt to suspect that the possession of the money they have saved will stand in the way of their getting the assistance from charitable sources on which they have been accustomed to rely, an additional reason for doing all that we possibly can to prevent the growth of such dependence by helping people to help themselves.

This naturally suggests the third factor in Canadian poverty, the scarcity of winter work. The severity of our climate makes it impossible, as a rule, to carry on in winter the ordinary out-door labour which is the main dependence of our labouring men; the consequence being, for many, compulsory idleness during the greater part of the winter months, with all the evils, direct and indirect, which such idleness must bring in its train. Looking at its results, either in the suffering from privation which it entails on the man's family, or in its demoralising influence on the man himself, it is safe to say that there could be no truer and more patriotic philanthropy than that which would establish in our towns and cities works of some kind which could be carried on in winter and suspended in summer, for the express benefit of those whom every winter throws out of work. We know that business men do not like to mix up 'business' with 'charity.' But if the truest charity is to *supply work*, an undertaking of this kind could surely be conceived and carried out purely as a charitable

one, so far as regarded its promoters, just as any other charitable institution is managed. Discrimination could be exercised in giving the preference to the most really necessitous applicants, and it could further be arranged, by communicating with employers of labour, that those men should be first employed who showed themselves most willing to work at reasonable rates during the summer. As things are *now*, men are not really to be blamed for asking the highest wages they can get, remembering the months when they will not get work at all—just as the employer, in his turn, takes advantage of the winter scarcity of work, to get labour at the lowest possible figure. Each evil perpetuates the other. But if the men saw that efforts were made to procure work for them in winter, out of pure good will to them, there would be fewer exorbitant demands during the summer. Charitable organizations for procuring work could be advantageously co-operated with by the corporations of towns and cities, where the work done could be made charitable for public purposes, as it is the case in Halifax, where the Society established for the relief of the poor, provides stone-breaking for men out of work, the city buying the stone which has been broken at low wages; and the enterprise which has now been carried on for several years, has proved itself a self-supporting one. While nothing is more to be deprecated in Canada than anything of the nature of a poor-law, or the substitution of compulsory contributions and official aid for the kindly offices of voluntary charity, yet considering the immense importance of giving to working-men the chance of self-support during the winter, and thus preventing their pauperization, municipalities might reasonably be empowered to impose a tax, which need not be a heavy one, for this purpose, whenever the exigencies of the case appear to require it. This need not be supposed to recognize the Communistic principle that the State is bound to provide work for its citizens, but only the principle that, for the sake of the *public weal*, it is infinitely better to use public money in providing work, than to turn idle men and their families on the charity of individual citizens. And one of these alternatives is inevitable. 'If a man *will* not work, neither let him eat.' But if a man *cannot procure work*, he must not, in the name of Christian humanity, be left to starve. 'The top of society,' it has been well said, 'for the sake of its own preservation, owes the bottom what every Christian owes every other man according to the command, "Freely ye have received, freely give."'

With all that can be done, however, in providing work for the unemployed, there will always be a margin of poverty that *must* be relieved by actual charity. How to do this best without either encouraging deception and promoting pauperism, or letting suffering go unrelieved, is worthy of the same serious consideration from public-spirited men and women here which it has received in other countries, and more especially in Germany, in some parts of which the system of poor relief has been reduced to almost too great exactness. The 'Old Almsgiver' already quoted is strongly opposed to the union of Church and charity, and gives very cogent reasons for his opposition, illustrated by facts which came under his own observation. The substance of them is contained in the following words quoted by him from 'A Working-Class Friend, actively and heartily identified with a Mission Hall:'—'I have reason from my experience to speak most strongly against all gifts or aid coming from the Church or coupled in any direct manner with the offices of religion. I have so often had painful proof of the growth of selfish acquisitiveness, if not created, certainly fostered, by this procedure, coupled with the grossest hypocrisy, and I have been frequently pained at the wholesale hypocrisy these little aids create.'

Dr. Chalmers, whose experience among the poor was of the widest, gives the same testimony :—'It has never been enough adverted to that a process for Christianizing the people is sure to be tainted and enfeebled where there is allied with it a process for alimenting the people: there lies a moral impossibility in the way of accomplishing the two objects by the working of one and the same machinery.' To many minds there lies a sort of fascination in the idea that the giving of common charity through churches gives the Church a stronger hold over the people it relieves, and is, besides, in accordance with the spirit of primitive Christianity. And undoubtedly there *is* a class of the poor—those who have been for years faithful and attached Church members—who can be most delicately and most appropriately helped by the quiet assistance of their fellow-members, and these will usually afford sufficient scope for the largest liberality which congregations *as* congregations are accustomed to display. But to go beyond this, and attempt to make churches the almoners to the mass of poor, whose connection with any Church is of the most nominal character, is to offer so many temptations to hypocrisy and deception, and to what our 'Old Almsgiver' calls 'overlapping,' that it seems as if, as Dr. Chalmers said, there is a 'moral impossibility' in attempting to unite the object of Christianizing the masses with that of supplying their bodily needs.

An excellent model of a general and catholic relief association is the one already alluded to as having existed for some years in Halifax—organized in the first place by clergymen and others who had found out by experience the evils of making churches almsgivers. This association divides the city into a large number of districts, to each of which is appointed a visitor, whose duty it is to investigate the circumstances of its needy inhabitants. Tickets are issued to each contributor, who, on receiving application for aid, has only to send the applicant with a ticket to the visitor of his district, who investigates his case, and, if he finds it a case of real need, supplies the assistance required. A soup-kitchen is maintained in connection with it, and the stone-breaking enterprise already noticed is carried on under its supervision, the city purchasing the stone, and the work supplying a convenient though severe test of the willingness of idle men to work.*

A shrewd, active city missionary, who will make it his business to look after the careless and often heathen class of the poor, is a most valuable and almost indispensable agent of such societies—unless, indeed, it has members enough who are willing to give a very exceptional amount of time to the work of personal visitation. Even then, amateurs are more likely to be imposed upon than a man who unites long experience with native shrewdness. Another important adjunct to relief associations is a house of refuge, which should not be mis-named a house of *industry*, affording a comfortable asylum for the worn-out waifs and strays in which every city abounds, and also a 'casual ward,' in which beds may be always ready for the homeless wanderers who disturb the peace of *paterfamilias* as aforesaid, on a bleak wintry night,—an asylum to which each contributor should have the right of giving a ticket of admission to any wandering applicant for 'the price of a night's lodging.' If the application is really a case of need, our worthy *paterfamilias* will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has given the needed shelter; if it is a

* This Society, during the past year, employed constantly on an average, 92 men during January, February and March,—the highest wages paid to each man being 50 cents per day. Ten or fifteen carters also received employment. For this the Society paid $3048.27, receiving from the city for the purchase of broken stone almost exactly the same sum. Small as the wages are, we are told that many 'very respectable men are thus enabled to maintain themselves without applying for other aid.'

case of imposture, he has equally the satisfaction of knowing that his order cannot be exchanged for whiskey. Some such place of shelter is absolutely necessary to prevent one of the most abused kinds of almsgiving; for a humane man cannot turn a wanderer from his door on a freezing night, without either shelter or the means of securing it. Toronto is to be congratulated on having set a good example in providing shelter for the homeless, who, in these hard times, do sometimes have to spend the nights in a barn or on the street, for lack of money to pay for the humblest lodging.

Brooklyn, the 'city of Churches,' has lately established an institution which forms an admirable check on the imposition that often preys simultaneously on a number of charitable associations. Its organization is of the simplest—its aim being to afford information by the registration of the beneficiaries of the various societies that will furnish their own data for the common good; the information to be confidential, and used only for the purpose of charity. In smaller places this object could be accomplished by the simple means of intercommunication between the societies themselves, and would be a most important aid in circumscribing and repressing the growth of an idle pauperism which will certainly never work, while it can deceive the public through half a dozen channels.

Another admirable American relief association must here be noticed, as affording a model which any city might well copy. This is the 'Loan Relief Association' of the Sixteenth Ward in New York,—an association formed for the purpose of relieving the needy by the loan of money, sick-room comforts, and medical attendance, by supplying medical attendance and medicine gratuitously, or at a nominal price, and by rendering any other aid and assistance that may seem necessary or desirable. Its loans are made, after due enquiry, on the principle of requiring a third person as security for a loan, a principle which seems to work most successfully, as, last December, its accounts showed only $1.50 unpaid. How infinitely better this is for the poor man himself than the system of *giving* relief, in saving his self-respect and his independence, they can best testify who have often watched with pain the gradual but certain descent into dependent pauperism, of those who have once reconciled themselves to receiving direct *charity*. Very great good has been also accomplished by this association, at a small expense, by their system of lending in cases of sickness those comforts which are needed only at such times, and which are utterly beyond the means of the poor to buy. Articles of this kind are given as donations to the Society, kept by them at their rooms, and loaned out as the occasion arises. It performs also the functions of a Dispensary, a charity which should be attached to all our Hospitals and Houses of Refuge, since it can hardly be doubted that lives are often sacrificed to the inability of the poor to procure needed medicine and advice in the early stages of disease, not to speak of the nourishing restoratives which are often a cure in themselves. This Loan Society, through its lady members, supplies nourishing delicacies, fruit, flowers, the matter-of-course comforts of the rich in sickness, but usually unattainable luxuries for the poor. Its loving care for sick children is one of its special features, and children, too, are found by it most useful and appropriate messengers to brighten the sickbeds of less happy children by their offerings of pictures, flowers, and last not least, by bright talk and stories; an exercise of mercy likely to bless quite as much the 'ministering children,' as the children ministered to.

Apropos of the welfare of the children of the poor, one of the most urgently needed measures for promoting this, and at the same time discouraging pauperism, would be the absolute pro-

hibition of the juvenile begging so common in our cities and towns, with a rigid enforcement of the same. Nothing is more demoralizing to the parents, or more ruinous to the children. Many wretched and lazy men and women keep their children from going to school and send them out to beg from door to door in order to maintain *them*, and supply the wherewithal to drink from the proceeds of the pitiful lies they are instructed to tell. It is needless to say that those who give 'charity' to these unhappy little ones are just playing into the hands of the wretched parents, and encouraging the growth of one of the worst kinds of pauperism, which is certain, unless some external force intervene, to perpetuate itself in the children thus exposed to the worst influences, and cut off from any chance of improvement. We might well have, with our free school system, the compulsory education enforced in Great Britain *without* it; but if we cannot yet go so far as this, it might surely be competent for civic authorities at least to have *begging* children arrested as vagrants and compelled to attend school. If the children are unfortunate enough to have parents who are bent upon destroying them, and training them to become a second generation of paupers and a curse to the community, it is surely time for the community to interfere.

The suggestions which have been made in this paper are intended merely as a contribution towards the solution of a problem which the writer would gladly see fully and thoughtfully discussed, believing that its satisfactory solution will be one of the greatest benefits our growing country can receive. How to eradicate the plague-spot of pauperism may be, in older countries, a question for believers in Utopia. Here, as yet, it is not a hopeless one; and the concerted action of benevolent and judicious men and women might prevent its ever becoming so, and avert from us the sometimes threatened danger of a poor law. If anything is likely to precipitate such an evil, it will be the heartless and short-sighted niggardliness of those who will not contribute their reasonable share to our voluntary relief funds. It were well that such should be warned in time that, if poor rates were established here, their compulsory contributions would be probably ten times as much as the petty sums they grudge to give under the voluntary system, for all experience teaches that official relief acts as a hotbed of pauperism.

There is another danger to be avoided. The materialistic atheism, so widespread in this age, is already making secret ravages on the faith, such as it is, of our lower classes, for moral epidemics often seem, like physical ones, to be 'in the air.' Hand in hand with it naturally goes the spirit of Communism, and those who have the best means of judging fear the advance of both among ourselves, the latter stimulated by the long continued pressure of 'hard times.' If those who suffer from these to the extent of enduring cold and hunger, see the richer classes continuing apparently as luxurious in dress, appointments, entertainments, as if there were none among us and around us dreading or enduring starvation itself,—the bitter feelings naturally awakened must give an additional impetus to the wave of infidel and Communistic feeling which has travelled to our own borders. But if our poorer classes find that those who may still be called wealthy are ready to abridge their own luxuries,—to cultivate simplicity and economy in order that they may more abundantly distribute to the necessities of those who are 'destitute of daily food'—in the spirit of Him who 'for our sakes became poor that we through His poverty might be made rich'—then the present general depression may become the means of teaching to those who sorely need it, the truth that Christianity is still a living power in the hearts of men and

women; and the lesson, we may confidently hope, will not be lost. The head of the Roman Catholic Church spoke truth recently in saying that in Christianity the antidote to Communism must be found. The Christian charity which *gives*, out of love for its needy brother, must be the preventive and the cure of the grasping greed which would *take*, by force or fraud. Common sense must direct our charity, of course, lest we do harm instead of good, but the cry which already reaches us from afar for the division of the inheritance will be best anticipated by obeying the *spirit* if not the letter of the injunction—'He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none.'

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA.

THE dawn had barely woke; the moon afar—
 A silver crescent on the lonely sky—
 Forsaken was by her vast company;
But one alone remained—the morning star.
From out the east arose a crimson glow
 That, falling softly on the lake, awoke
 Not e'en the earliest singing-bird, nor broke
The deep tranquillity of Time's dull flow.
Most solemn hush! 'Is this the death of Night?'
 I said within my heart; "In Autumn-time
The woods grow crimson weeping summer's flight,
 While earth droops wearily and sighs forlorn.'
With wand-like touch, a flood of light sublime
 Dissolved the spell, proclaimed—the birth of Morn!

THE DURATION OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

BY ALFRED H. DYMOND.

THE question at what particular date the present Legislative Assembly of Ontario should be regarded as having run its course and ceased to exist by effluxion of time, has a historical, rather than a controversial interest. It was discussed mainly in that sense during the recent session of the Legislature, and less with the view of imputing blame or censure to the responsible advisers of the Executive—for no motion was submitted to the House, which had met as usual at the season most consistent with public convenience—than as a precautionary step, having regard to the protection of public and private interests against any possible contingencies arising from the transaction of business after the termination of the four years during which the Local Parliament has a legal existence. The subsequent proceedings of the Legislature afforded of themselves a sufficiently emphatic declaration of confidence in its own vitality, and may be assumed to have removed the matter beyond all occasion for doubt, if doubt on the subject ever really existed. It is not, however, amiss in this very practical age, to refresh our minds occasionally with enquiries of this nature, and it is in a spirit of enquiry and suggestion, certainly not as one entitled to speak with personal authority, that the writer of the following pages submits the results of his investigations into the practice or usage, and law of parliament, as they bear upon the points under discussion :—

THE USAGE OF PARLIAMENT.

In Magna Charta the course to be followed in summoning the Common Council of the Kingdom is described as follows :

'And also to have the Common 'Council of the Kingdom (parliament), 'to assess and aid, otherwise than in 'the three cases aforesaid :* and for 'the assessing of scutages (taxes), 'we will cause to be summoned 'the Archbishops, Bishops, Abbotts, 'Earls, and great Barons, individually 'by our Letters. And besides, we 'will cause to be summoned in general 'by our Sheriffs and Bailiffs ALL those 'who hold of us in chief, at a certain 'day, that is to say at the distance of 'forty days (before their meeting), at 'the least, and to a certain place ; and 'in all the letters of summons, we will 'express the cause of the summons ; 'and, the summons thus made, the 'business shall proceed on the day appointed, according to the counsel of 'those who shall be present, although 'all who had been summoned have not 'come.'

We have here : (1) The declaration in express language that ALL entitled to be summoned shall be summoned. (2) Ample time allowed—any haste or emergency notwithstanding—for ALL to reach the place of meeting; and, (3) The submission to, or suspension in favour of a rule or law, of the Prerogative. No parliament could be a true and legal parliament under the Great Charter if held before the expiration of the '*forty days at least*' allowed for the notification (or election) of the members, or, in other words, until every one had a fair opportunity to attend.

* To redeem the King's person ; to make the King's eldest son a knight ; and, once to marry the King's eldest daughter.

The provision of the Great Charter above referred to was embodied in the Statute 7 and 8 William III., which enacted that forty days should elapse between the teste and the return of the writs of summons for the election of a new parliament. But when, by the Act of Union of England and Scotland, 6 Anne, c. ii., the Parliament of England became the Parliament of Great Britain, by reason of the remoteness of some of the constituencies in Scotland, it was provided that the space of fifty days should be allowed for the return of the writs summoning the first United Parliament, and it became the custom to allow fifty days at least thereafter. On the Union of the Parliament of Ireland with that of Great Britain, sixty-one clear days were allowed by the first summons, fifty-two days by the second and third, and fifty-five days by the fourth. Means of travel and communication having been greatly improved and facilitated, the time was, by the 15th Victoria, c. 23, reduced to, and is still fixed for Great Britain and Ireland, at thirty-five days. So, from the earliest period of British Parliamentary Government to the present day, the curtailment of the prerogative right of the Sovereign to summon Parliament—no matter how pressing the occasion—in favour of the right of ALL to be represented has been tolerated and legalized.

The legislation of Canada is based on the same principle. By the Union Act for Canada (3 and 4 Vic., c. 35, Imp.), fifty days were to be allowed until otherwise provided by the Parliament of Canada. And, by the 14th and 15th Vic., c. 87 (Canada), the time was expressly enlarged in favour of Gaspé, and Chicoutimi and Saguenay to ninety days. It may here be remarked that not only has no instance occurred in which Parliament has met before the elections for the constituencies just mentioned have been held, but, having regard to the jealousy with which the due apportionment of representation between Upper and Lower Canada was viewed, and the often very evenly-balanced state of parties in the old Canadian Assembly, it is impossible that any legislation should have contemplated the meeting of the House with three Lower Canadian Electoral Districts unrepresented.

By the British North America Act, 30 and 31 Vic., c. 3., the District of Algoma first received representation. And, by the 32 Vic. c. 21 (Ontario), while forty days was the period assigned for the return of the writs generally, ninety days were allowed at certain seasons for the return for Algoma. The clause relating to Algoma is as follows :—('Sec. 18, sub-sec. 4.) 'There shall be forty days between 'the teste and the return of every 'writ of election : Provided always 'that in the case of the District of 'Algoma there shall be ninety days 'between the teste and return of any 'writ of election issued between the 'fifteenth day of October and the 'fifteenth day of March following . '. . . and that such polls shall be 'opened and held only at the following places, ... and (in case 'the polling shall take place between 'the first day of May and the first day 'of November following), at Fort 'William.' By the 38 Vic., c. 3, sec. 21, it was provided that 'no nomina'tion or poll should be held in the 'District of Algoma except during 'the months of June, July, August, 'September, or October.' By the 39 Vic., c. 10, sec. 13, the provisions of the Electoral Law in regard to Algoma were somewhat further modified. The section reads as follows :—'The nomi'nation in the Electoral District of 'Algoma shall not take place less than 'fifteen days nor more than twenty 'days after the proclamation was 'posted up ; and the day for holding 'the polls shall be the fourteenth day 'next after the day fixed for the 'nomination of candidates. . . . 'The nomination, or polling, may be 'held in any year at some time from

'the twentieth day of May to the end 'of November, and between those 'days only.'

The spirit or intention of all three Statutes was evidently the same—namely, that all possible means should be used to secure the representation of Algoma in the Legislative Assembly, either by allowing a lengthened period to elapse between the issue and return of the writ, or by holding the election only at a time of year when all parts of the territory were accessible.

By the Dominion Elections Act of 1874 (37 Vic., c. 9, sec. 2), it was, for the first time, provided, that—with certain exceptions (specially named)—all the elections in the Dominion should (at a general election) take place on one and the same day. The exceptions were—the several electoral districts in the Provinces of Manitoba and British Columbia; the electoral districts of Muskoka and Algoma, in the Province of Ontario; and the electoral districts of Gaspé, and Chicoutimi and Saguenay, in the Province of Quebec. By section 14, it was enacted that, within twenty days after the reception of the writ in the electoral districts in British Columbia, and in the electoral districts of Muskoka and Algoma, in Ontario, and Gaspé, and Chicoutimi and Saguenay, in Quebec, and within eight days in the other electoral districts of the Dominion, the Returning Officer shall issue his proclamation, &c. The nomination in any of the aforesaid electoral districts, excepting Chicoutimi and Saguenay, is not to take place less than fifteen days, nor more than thirty days after the proclamation has been posted up. In Chicoutimi and Saguenay, the time allowed is to be not less than eight nor more than fifteen days, the same space of time being allowed for the appointment of the polling. In other electoral districts 'at least eight days' is to be allowed for notice of the nominations, and the polling is to be seven days thereafter. The object in this legislation was clearly the same as in that of the Province of Ontario—namely, to secure the representation of ALL in the Parliament to be elected. And in all these arrangements we see just the same abridgment of the Prerogative that was implied in the forty days' notice secured by Magna Charta.

PARLIAMENTARY PRECEDENTS.

On the 9th day of February, 1820, Mr. James Monk, then acting as Administrator of the Government of Lower Canada, dissolved the Legislature of that Province, and, by the same proclamation, directed the calling of a new Legislative Assembly. The proclamation concluded as follows:—

'And we do, hereby, further de'clare, that we have this day given 'orders for issuing our writs in due 'form for calling a new Provincial 'Parliament in our said Province, 'which writs are to bear *teste* on Tues'day the 22nd day of February inst. 'and to be returnable on Monday the 'eleventh day of April next, for every 'place except the County of Gaspé, 'and for the County of Gaspé on 'Thursday the first day of June next.' Notwithstanding the exceptional appointment as to Gaspé, the Houses were called together on the 11th of April. Whereupon, on the motion of Mr. Blanchet, seconded by Mr. Bureau, the Clerk of the Crown was ordered to appear and lay before the House copies of the proclamation, the writ for Gaspé, and returns to the several writs received. By this means the Assembly was officially seized of the fact, that the return for Gaspé had not been received, but that the date for its return had been anticipated by the calling together of the House at the earlier day above-mentioned. Having gone into Committee of the Whole to consider whether the House was competent to proceed constitutionally to the despatch of business,

and the documents relating to the election having been referred to the Committee, the Committee reported the following resolutions:—'*Resolved.*—That it is the opinion of 'this Committee, that, according to 'the proclamation of His Honour, the 'President and Administrator of the 'government of this Province, bearing date the ninth day of February 'last, the representation of this Province is not as yet complete, inasmuch as the day fixed by the said 'proclamation as the return day of the 'writ of election for the County of 'Gaspé is not yet arrived. *Resolved*, 'That it is the opinion of this Committee that the writ of election for 'the County of Gaspé being dated the '22nd of February last, and returnable on the 11th of the month of 'April inst., is contrary to the said 'proclamation, and to the Provincial 'Act of the 42nd year of the reign of 'His Majesty George III., chapter '3.* *Resolved*. That it is the opinion of this Committee that, according to the enactments of the Act of 'the Parliament of Great Britain, of 'the 31st year of His Majesty George 'III., chapter 31, intituled "An Act 'to repeal certain parts of an Act 'passed in the 14th year of His Majesty's reign, intituled, 'An Act for 'making more effectual provision for 'the Government of the Province 'of Quebec, in North America,' and 'to make further provision for the 'Government of the said Province," 'this House is incompetent and cannot proceed to the despatch of business.' The several resolutions were put separately and concurred in. They were then unanimously adopted. The House next proceeded to nominate a Committee to wait upon the Administrator and request him to appoint a time for the presentation of the resolutions. But further proceedings in the matter were suddenly arrested by the news arriving of the death of the King, which had the effect of dissolving the Parliament.

The Lower Canada Legislature did not, it will be observed, refuse to proceed merely because the representative from Gaspé was not in his place, but because the Executive in convening Parliament for the despatch of business had violated the terms of the proclamation issued under a law which ensured to Gaspé a longer and necessary interval wherein to hold the election. The case is precisely analagous to that of Algoma under the Ontario Act, by virtue of which the writs generally, for the general election of 1875, were made returnable by proclamation on the 2nd February, and the writ for Algoma on the 14th August, while the nominations and pollings were respectively held on the 11th and 18th of January in the other electoral districts. That so long a time was allowed in the case of Algoma after the 20th May may be attributed to the fact that, the Legislature having held its annual session in November and December, 1874, no necessity for haste presented itself. Had the Ontario Legislature been called for the despatch of business prior to the 14th August, a protest similar in terms to the one adopted by the Lower Canada Assembly would doubtless have followed.

The action of the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada was fully in accordance with at least one eminent authority. In the year 1744 the Governor of New Hampshire, Mr. Benning Wentworth, acting upon his interpretation of the powers vested in him by virtue of his commission, and those of his predecessors in the same office, undertook to issue writs

* The Act provides as follows:—'Whereas, from the remote and local situation of Gaspé, it has been found from experience that the fifty days prescribed for making the returns aforeasaid are insufficient for that purpose, be it enacted . . . . that it shall and may be lawful for the Governor to extend the period in which any writ for a member to serve in the Provincial Parliament for the County of Gaspé aforesaid shall be made returnable to a number not exceeding ONE HUNDRED days from the day on which the writs of election for the aforesaid County of Gaspé shall hereafter be dated, any law to the contrary notwithstanding.'

for the election of five new members to the Colonial Assembly, representing as many towns or districts that had not previously enjoyed the right of representation, although contributing to the public revenue. Whereupon the Assembly, constituted of the old members, or representatives of districts previously electing members, before even proceeding to the choice of a Speaker, refused to admit the new members, and, having excluded them, then went on with the public business. The Governor referred to London for instructions, and a statement of the case was submitted to the Attorney and Solicitor-General for the time being. The Attorney-General was Sir Dudley (afterwards Chief Justice) Ryder, and the Solicitor-General, was Sir William Murray, afterwards the great Lord Mansfield. These distinguished lawyers held, and advised the Crown, that the action of the Governor was legal and consistent with the relations of the Colony to Imperial authority. But, and this is the point bearing on our present discussion, they also submitted :—'It might be advisable for His Majesty to send positive instructions to the Governor to dissolve the Assembly as soon as conveniently may be, and when another is called, to send writs to the said towns (the new districts) to elect representatives, and support the right of such representatives when chosen.' The case is reported in 'Chalmer's Colonial Opinions,' p. 271 *et seq.* That the Assembly in this instance was allowed to continue in session at all was clearly due to the impossibility, having regard to time and distance, of prompt action, under the necessary advice, being taken by the Governor.

An episode in the Parliamentary history of Ontario, while not affording any positive precedent, still gives an indication both in its incidences and the legislation that grew out of it, of the care taken by Parliament to ensure a complete representation. After the Ontario general election of 1871, all the writs had been returned long before the new House assembled for the transaction of business. In the meantime several seats had become vacant; one by reason of a double return, one by reason of the resignation of a member-elect, and six from elections having been declared void by the judges whose intervention had been invoked for the first time for the trial of election petitions in this Province. On the first paragraph of the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne being put from the Chair, an amendment was moved expressing censure of the Government of Mr. J. Sandfield Macdonald. This gave rise to a protracted debate, and, on the following day, an amendment to the proposed amendment was moved, with the concurrence of the Government, by Mr. McCall, member for South Norfolk, seconded by Mr. Graham, member for West Hastings, as follows :—

'That, inasmuch as one-tenth of the 'constituencies of this Province remain 'at this time unrepresented in this 'House, by reason of six of the mem'bers elected at the last election having 'had their seats declared void, and a 'seventh having become vacant by rea'son of a double return, and an eighth 'by reason of the resignation of a 'member elected thereto, it is inexpe'dient further to consider the question 'involved in the amendment until the 'said constituencies are duly represen'ted on the floor of this House.'

The House refused to accept the amendment, not so much because its proposition was on the face of it unreasonable—seeing that it was by its own defective legislation some of the seats were then vacant pending the issue of new writs—as because an adjournment was evidently suggested as the *dernier resort* of a Minister who had already admitted the competence of the Assembly by inviting it to express confidence in him by voting the Address, while, at the same time, disputing its right to condemn. Mr. Sand-

field Macdonald however refused to yield his post in face of a succession of adverse votes, until ultimately defeated by a majority equal to a majority of the whole House. And, immediately after the new Government had been installed in office and had met the Legislature, an Act was passed whereby power was given to the Speaker, or if there were not a Speaker, to the Clerk of the House, to issue his writ to the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery for a new election, immediately on the receipt of the Judge's report of an election having been declared void. (35 Vic. c. 2, s. 4.) The same provision is made in the Dominion Controverted Elections Act, 1874 (37 Vic. c. 10, sec. 36). Moreover, so jealous is Parliament of the right of constituencies to be represented, that it even prefers to allow a member charged with corrupt practices to sit and vote rather than, by permitting a trial, at which his attendance is necessary, to proceed during the session, to take him away from his duties. (38 Vic. c. 10, s. 1, Dominion Statutes ; Consolidated Statutes, Ontario, c. 11, s. 48.)

THE LAW RELATING TO THE HOLDING AND DURATION OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF ONTARIO.

While, undoubtedly, the prerogative power is vested in the Lieut.-Governor of calling together, of proroguing and of dissolving the Legislature, this power is subject—as in fact is that of the Sovereign—to statutory limitations. By the 65th section of the British North America Act (30 and 31 Vic. c. 3) it is enacted :—'All 'powers, authorities, and functions, 'which, under any Act of the Parliament of Great Britain, . . . or of the 'Legislature of Upper Canada, Lower 'Canada, or Canada, were or are before or at the Union, vested in or exercisable by the respective Governors 'or Lieutenant-Governors of those 'Provinces, ... shall, so far as the 'same are capable of being exercised 'after the Union in relation to the 'Government of Ontario and Quebec 'respectively, be vested in and shall or 'may be exercised, by the Lieutenant-'Governor of Ontario and Quebec respectively, . . subject nevertheless '(except with respect to such as exist 'under Acts of the Parliament of Great 'Britain), to be abolished or altered 'by the respective Legislatures of On-'tario and Quebec.' By the 92nd section of the British North America Act it is enacted, that the Provincial Legislatures may exclusively make laws in relation to certain subjects, and the first recited is : 'The amendment, 'from time to time, notwithstanding 'anything in this Act, of the Constitution of the Province, except as regards the OFFICE of Lieutenant-Gov-'ernor.' Read in connection with the 65th section the term '*office*' must, it is submitted, be understood as meaning the office or appointment *per se*, with which, as it is conferred by Dominion authority, the Provincial Legislatures cannot interfere. It cannot mean the 'powers, authorities and functions' *incidental* to the office, because they can, as the 65th section expressly provides, be 'abolished or altered' by the Legislatures at pleasure.

It may not be out of place here to notice, as possessing a certain significance, the different language employed in the British North America Act in regard to the summoning of the Legislatures of the present Provinces by the Lieutenant-Governors, from that of the Act of Union (3 and 4 Vic. c. 35) in defining the powers of the Governor of Canada. It may be convenient to place the respective enactments in parallel columns :

UNION ACT.	B. N. A. ACT.
3 & 4 Vic. c. 35, s. 30.	30 & 31 Vic. c. 3, s. 82.
'And, be it enacted, That it shall be lawful for the Governor of the Province of Canada, for the time being, to fix such place or places within any	'The Lieutenant Governor of Ontario and Quebec, shall, from time to time, in the Queen's name by instrument under the Great Seal of the Province,

part of the Province of Canada and such times for holding the first and every other session of the Legislative Council and Assembly of the said Province as he may think fit, such times and places to be afterwards changed and varied, as the Governor may judge advisable and most consistent with general convenience and the public welfare, giving sufficient notice thereof; and also to prorogue the said Legislative Council and Assembly from time to time and dissolve the same by proclamation or otherwise whenever he shall deem it expedient.'

summon and call together the Legislative Assembly of the Province.'

It may be inferred that the framers of the later Act, which conferred on the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec a power to make changes and constitutional amendments, which function did not appertain to the Legislature of Canada, intended to invest the Lieut.-Governors of Ontario and Quebec with no greater prerogative powers than were essential to the free working of the constitution as it might from time to time be altered or amended, and contemplated such legislation, as, in respect of the summoning of Parliament, would make their duties purely ministerial. Hence probably the contrast between the Act of 1867 and the Act of 1841, in this particular.

The British North America Act further provides: (Sec. 85.)

'Every Legislative Assembly of On-'tario and every Legislative Assembly 'of Quebec, shall continue for four 'years from the day of the return of 'the writs for choosing the same (sub-'ject, nevertheless, to either being 'sooner dissolved by the Lieutenant-'Governor of the Province), and no 'longer.' And, by the 86th section, it is provided:—'There shall be a session 'of the Legislature of Ontario and of 'that of Quebec, once at least in every 'year, so that twelve months shall not 'intervene between the last sitting of 'the Legislature in each Province in 'one session, and its first sitting in the 'next session.'

No change has been made by the Legislature of Ontario in its constitution in the foregoing respects. In regard to one constituency, Algoma, it is, as we have already seen, provided (39 Vic. c. 10, sec. 13) that the election for the Local Legislature shall be held between 'the twentieth day of May and the end of November,' while in the Dominion Act (37 Vic. c. 9, sec. 14) the peculiar circumstances of the district of Algoma are met by an enlargement of the time allowed for the issue of the proclamation by the Returning Officer and the holding of the election. Both Statutes clearly contemplate the same object, although the Provincial Act gives a greater latitude to its provisions, than does that of the Dominion. There are special reasons for this, and in these will be found a cogent argument in favour of the claim of Algoma to be represented, even at some apparent occasional inconvenience to the other portions of the Province.

SPECIAL CLAIMS OF ALGOMA.

(1) In area, Algoma probably embraces $\frac{3}{5}$ths of the whole of Ontario. (2) Its interests are mainly loeal, and the objects consequently of Provincial legislation. (3) Its lands are, to a large extent, unpatented, and in the hands of the Crown in Ontario. (4) Its principal sources of wealth are its minerals, timber, and fur-bearing animals—all matters of Provincial legislation. (5) It is so sparsely peopled, that its local improvements and much that, in older sections, may be effected by local municipal authority must, for some time to come, devolve upon the Provincial Executive and Legislature. (6) It is to a large extent geographically isolated during the winter months, and the progress of an election at that period, owing partly to climate but much more to the absence of internal communications, is attended with much difficulty and some personal danger. Mr. Borron, the Dominion member from 1874

to 1878, nearly lost his life during his canvass in 1874, owing to the season at which the election was held. (7) Algoma contributes a very considerable sum to the Provincial revenue, and is, moreover, the subject of special taxation in the shape of a Land Tax on patented lands not included in any municipality.

It may be observed then, (1) that, whereas the interests and circumstances of most of the older electoral districts are identical, those of Algoma are special, singular and such as to establish claims to exceptional consideration. (2) That the case of Gaspé was not in any sense so strong as is that of Algoma ; and (3) that, not only by exceptional legislation as respects the holding of elections, but by an exceptional suffrage, has the importance of Algoma being duly represented been recognized. In the British North America Act (sec. 84), it is provided, that until the Legislature of Ontario shall otherwise enact, in addition to persons qualified to vote under the general law of Canada, every male householder in Algoma, twenty-one years of age, shall enjoy the franchise. The Legislature of Ontario, which has surrounded the exercise of the franchise with great precautions, and established a most perfect machinery for the preparation and adjustment of the Voters' Lists, nevertheless adopts the principle of the clause in the British North America Act above quoted, and allows every male person to vote who is the owner of real estate to the value of 200 dollars, subject to six months' residence, although the name of the voter may not be on any assessment roll. It cannot then have been intended that a Legislative Assembly of Ontario should have been complete without the member for an electoral district so expressly provided for, or that, under any circumstances, Algoma should have been disfranchised.

It must be remembered we are dealing with a Local Legislature with very important functions and granted by its charter extraordinary powers over its own area of government, including even the right to change its own constitution. The principle of self-government is conceded all but absolutely. Such a body has a right to regard, and is certain to regard, ordinary public convenience as paramount to merely theoretical questions of prerogative. It was far more likely to ask itself what was the most suitable time for an election to be held in Algoma than to take account of possible or impossible constitutional exigencies. And even if a Statute worked inconvenience, although that may afford an argument for its repeal or amendment, it does not prove it to be *ultra vires* or avoid its consequences. Supposing, however, the whole election law were *ultra vires*—what then ? Why the duty of the Lieutenant-Governor would obviously be to do without the Statute and by the exercise of his prerogative what he has now done under the Statute, and to summon Parliament at such time as would meet public convenience everywhere. His writ or proclamation was good, law or no law. It could only be questioned, if issued contrary to law. But the law relating to Algoma has, so far, been attended with no inconvenience, and the Legislature had before its eyes a state of things that forbade the presumption that it would be attended with inconvenience. When the ninety days' provision of the Act of 1868-9 was changed to one which limited the period for holding the election to the time between the 20th May and the end of November, the Provincial Legislature had been constituted nine years and had witnessed three general elections, all arising out of the regular operation of the constitution. The first election after Confederation was heralded by a proclamation bearing date August 7, 1867. The writs were returnable on the 24th September following. The House met on the 27th December and sat, with a short ad-

journment—from the 1st to 8th January—to March 4th, 1868. The Legislature elected in 1867, having run its course of four annual sessions, was dissolved by a proclamation dated February 25th, 1871. The writs, generally, for the new election were made returnable on the 7th April except the writ for Algoma, which was made returnable on the 27th May. The House met for business on the 7th December, 1871, and—with an adjournment consequent on a change of Administration from 22nd December, 1871, to 18th January, 1872—sat till March 2, 1872. The second Parliament of Ontario was dissolved by proclamation issued on the 23rd December, 1874. The writs for the elections generally were returnable on the 2nd of February, and that for Algoma was returnable on the 14th August, 1875. The House met for business on the 24th November, 1875, and sat till February 10, 1876. So that, the experience already had, and the knowledge present to every member of the House, that the Legislature must, ordinarily to suit public convenience, meet, as it had hitherto met, in the Fall or winter, made the arrangement as respects Algoma, a perfectly natural and reasonable one.

'The Legislative Assembly of On- 'tario,' says the B. N. A. Act, section 70, 'shall be composed of *eighty-two* 'members, to be elected to represent 'the eighty-two electoral districts set 'forth in the first schedule of this Act.' So stood the law until 1874, and in the Representation Act of that year (38 Vic. sec. 1, Ont.), it is enacted: 'The Legislative Assembly shall be composed of *eighty-eight* members; and the Province shall, for the purposes of the election of members to serve in the Legislative Assembly, continue to be divided into the several electoral districts established by "The British North America Act," each represented, as it now is, except where altered by this Act.'

Without Algoma the House could have been composed neither of eighty-two members under the former, nor of eighty-eight members under the latter statute, but only of eighty-one or eighty-seven.

We are, consequently, bound to assume that there was no intention on the part of the Legislature to disfranchise Algoma by any enactment that would make it possible to have an effectual meeting of the House, pending an election in due course of a representative from that district.

THE OBJECTIONS RAISED TO THE PRESENT LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF ONTARIO CONTINUING IN SESSION AFTER THE 2ND FEBRUARY, 1879.

The constitution having provided that the Legislative Assembly shall continue for four years from the day of the return of the writs for choosing the same (unless sooner dissolved), *and no longer*, it has been argued that, seeing that the writs, excepting the writ for Algoma, calling the Assembly, were made returnable on the 2nd February, 1875, the four years' limit must have expired on the 2nd February, 1879. To this it is very forcibly replied, 'The return of the writs means the return of *all* the writs; not of some but of the whole, not of eighty-seven but of eighty-eight.' The Legislature having provided that the election for Algoma shall not be held except at a period subsequent to the second of February—namely, between the 20th May and the end of November—and the writ for Algoma being, in accordance with this provision, made returnable on the 14th August, the Legislative Assembly could not be completely constituted until that date (August 14th), and, consequently, the four years' term would not expire until the 14th August, 1879.

It is not for one moment contended that every member must be in his place to give validity to Parliamentary proceedings. But the law, as we have already seen, is careful that whenever

the Crown calls together the Council of the nation, from no enfranchised portion of the nation shall the opportunity of being represented be withheld. If, by accident or negligence, the representative is absent, then his constituency must take the risk of any possible injury to its own or common interests. In the language of the Great Charter, already quoted, 'The 'business shall proceed on the day ap- 'pointed according to the counsel of 'those present, although all who had 'been summoned have not come.'

In the recent debate in the Legislative Assembly, Mr. Meredith, the leader of the Opposition, cited instances of the Parliament of Great Britain or Canada meeting while certain constituencies were unrepresented. He named the Knaresbro' case in 1805; the Carmarthen case, in 1831, both in Great Britain; and the Kent case in 1841, and the Kamouraska case in 1867-8, both in Canada. But not one of these is in the least applicable as a precedent in relation to the present discussion. It is alleged that Parliament has virtually caused the disfranchisement of Algoma in certain circumstances. In every one of the four cases mentioned there had merely been a failure to carry out the law, a matter against which no Legislature can absolutely provide. At Knaresbro' a by-election was required, owing to the sitting member having accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. A riot took place, which prevented the Returning Officer from obeying the writ, and a return was made by him accordingly. At Carmarthen, in 1831, there was also a riot arising out of the Reform Bill excitement. The Sheriffs consequently did not hold the election, and were censured by the House of Commons for failing to do their duty. At the Kent (Canada) election, in 1841, the Returning Officer refused to return the member who had the largest number of votes. This was reported to the House (the first Legislative Assembly of Canada after the Union) on the 15th June, its day of meeting, and, two days later, the excluded member took his seat, the return having been, by order of the House, amended in his favour. The election for Kamouraska, in 1867, was interrupted by a disturbance. A special return to that effect was made. The House of Commons referred the matter to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, and that body reported the facts, and declared the Returning Officer unfit to perform his duties. So that none of these cases bear at all upon the point at issue.

It has also been suggested as *prima facie* evidence, at all events, of the Government of Ontario having regarded the present Legislature as complete on the 2nd February, 1875, that they had advised the issue of a proclamation summoning the new Assembly to meet on that day, and it is claimed that they had thus given life to the Legislature, and so had put themselves 'out of court.' No proclamation, however, can change the law, or be valid unless within the four corners of the law. No illegality or error of the Executive, or officer of the Executive, can be set up as a plea for over-riding a Statute. But an examination of this particular proclamation, and of the circumstances under which it was issued, as well as of the practice in regard to such proclamations in the past, will show that the argument founded upon its issue is worthless. Nothing is clearer than that the proclamation fixing the 2nd February, 1875, as the day for the Legislature to meet was a mere compliance with custom or usage, and was never intended to bring those of the members-elect, of whose elections returns had been made, to Toronto. The previous Legislative Assembly had voted the supplies for 1875, and no emergency called for the summoning of its successor, which, as a matter of fact, did not meet until November, 1875. So that it is utterly absurd to suppose that, by issuing the proclamation in

question, any meeting of the House was intended. But, in the next place, the proclamation bears on its face the proof that it was a merely formal document. Even the words which occur in some subsequently issued, but equally inoperative—'therein do as may seem necessary,' and the injunction, 'Herein fail not'—are omitted. It is a bald, meagre notification only. There is not the slightest indication that 'the despatch of business' was contemplated. The subsequent proclamations proroguing the House from the 2nd of February to the 15th of March, from the 15th of March to the 24th of April, from the 24th of April to the 3rd of June, from the 3rd of June to the 12th of July, from the 12th of July to the 21st of August, from the 21st of August to the 30th of September, and from the 30th of September to the 9th of November, do contain the words just quoted but omitted in the first proclamation, although no intimation is given that 'the despatch of business' is contemplated. But the final proclamation, fixing the 24th of November as the day of meeting, concludes as follows: 'That personally you be and appear FOR THE DESPATCH OF BUSINESS, to treat, act, do and conclude upon those things which in our Legislature of the Province of Ontario, by the Common Council of our said Province, may, by the favour of God, be ordained.' The contrast between the language of the proclamation just quoted and its predecessors supplies an inference far stronger against the presumption that any meeting of the House on the 2nd of February was intended, than any that can be drawn from the mere issuing of the proclamation of the 2nd of February, in order to justify an argument in its favour. The fiction thus preserved in the issuing of these proclamations calling together a Legislature that never responds to the command is analagous to that which the old Chancery summons bore on its face when it ordered 'that laying all other matters aside, and notwithstanding any other excuse, you *personally* appear before Us in Our said Chancery the day of inst., wheresoever it shall then be, to answer,' &c. There is just this difference, however, that whereas some simple-minded folks did actually and at much inconvenience now and then present themselves personally to the Court of Chancery on the day named, no legislator was ever known to arrive at the place of meeting until ordered to do so 'for the despatch of business.'

A reference to the past practice in regard to these proclamations corroborates the view we have thus far taken of them. By the Act of Union, as already mentioned, *fifty days* were allowed in all cases between the *teste* and the day named for the return of the writs for a general election. Up to 1851-2 no exception was made on behalf of any remote constituencies, the fifty days being apparently regarded as sufficient for all. *And on no occasion was Parliament convened without a complete return.* In 1841 the writs bore teste February 19th, and were returnable on the 8th April. The first proclamation called Parliament together for the 8th April, it was then prorogued to the 26th May, and then to the 14th June, when it was summoned to meet 'for the despatch of business.' In 1844 the writs bore *teste* Sept. 24, and were returnable on the 12th November. The proclamation summoned the new Parliament to meet on the 12th November; it was prorogued to the 28th Nov., and was then summoned to meet 'for the despatch of business.' In 1847 the writs bore teste Dec. 6. They were returnable on the 24th January, 1848, and the proclamation summoned Parliament for that day. It was prorogued to the 4th March, but afterwards called together 'for the despatch of business' on the 25th February. In 1851 the writs were issued on the 6th November, and made

returnable on the 24th December, *except those for Gaspé and Saguenay*, which were made returnable on the 2nd February, 1852. Yet Parliament was formally called for the 24th December. But did anybody dream of the House proceeding to business on that day while the elections for the excepted districts had not come off? The Legislature, after several prorogations, was at length summoned 'for the despatch of business' on the 19th August, 1852. The Gaspé election was held on the 24th January, 1852, and the Saguenay election on the 26th January, 1852, the returns being received on the 4th and 9th February respectively, or after Parliament had been twice formally prorogued as above described. In 1854 the writs were returnable on the 10th August, except Saguenay and Gaspé, and Chicoutimi and Tadoussac, which were returnable on the 1st September. Yet Parliament was formally summoned for the 10th August. But no one, we may be sure, supposed it could actually meet with Gaspé and Saguenay, and Chicoutimi and Tadoussac still to be heard from. Parliament was prorogued to the 5th Sept., when it was called together 'for the despatch of business.' The excepted returns were made as follows:—

	Return of Members.	Receipt of Returns.
Gaspé	Aug. 21	Aug. 31
Chicoutimi and Tadoussac	Aug. 22	Aug. 25
Saguenay	Aug. 4	Aug 28

So that, although there was a meeting of Parliament very early after the elections, care was taken that the three remote constituencies should be afforded the opportunity of being represented. In 1857 the writs generally were made returnable on the 13th January, 1858, and those for Gaspé, and Chicoutimi and Saguenay, and Charlevoix, on the 10th of February. But Parliament was formally summoned to meet on the 13th January. It was prorogued, first to the 18th February, and then to the 25th February, when it met 'for the despatch of business.' The excepted elections took place after the day named in the formal proclamation for the meeting of Parliament as follows:—

	Return of Members.	Receipt of Returns.
Gaspé	Jan. 13	Feb. 3
Chicoutimi and Saguenay	Jan. 28	Feb. 9
Charlevoix	Jan. 19	Jan. 27

Here again, although an early meeting took place, ample time was allowed to elapse between that event and the latest returns. In 1861 the writs were made returnable on the 15th July, except those for Gaspé, and Chicoutimi and Saguenay, which were made returnable on the 31st August. But Parliament was, as usual, called for the earlier day, namely, the 15th July, although only to be several times prorogued, being ultimately summoned 'for the despatch of business' on the 20th March, 1862. The excepted elections took place as follows:—

	Return of Members.	Receipt of Returns.
Chicoutimi and Saguenay	July 16	July 22
Gaspé	July 22	July 29

In 1863 the writs were returnable on the 3rd July, except Gaspé, and Chicoutimi and Saguenay, which were returnable on the 15th July. But Parliament was formally called for the 3rd July, and, having been twice prorogued, met on the 15th August 'for the despatch of business.' The excepted elections were held as follows:—

	Return of Members.	Receipt of Returns
Chicoutimi and Saguenay	July 14	July 20
Gaspé	July 20	July 27

Thus, during the whole history of United Canada, from the Union in 1841 to the last Parliament before Confederation, we find (1) that it was the all but invariable custom to issue a formal proclamation summoning Parliament to meet on the day on which the main body of the writs were returnable, and (2) that in no single instance was Parliament convened 'for the despatch of business' until the time for holding and

making due returns of the whole of the elections had passed.

In 1867 the writs for the Dominion elections were made returnable on the 24th Sept., except those for Gaspé, and Chicoutimi and Saguenay, which were returnable on the 24th October. Parliament was summoned for 24th Sept., but prorogued, and finally met 'for the despatch of business' on the 6th November. The date of the return of the member for Chicoutimi was the 16th, and for Gaspé the 24th Sept. The date of the receipt of the respective returns was 24th Sept. and 2nd October respectively.

In 1872 Manitoba and British Columbia had joined the Dominion. So the writs were made returnable, generally, on the 3rd Sept., except those for Gaspé, Chicoutimi and Saguenay, Manitoba and British Columbia, which were made returnable on the 12th October, on which day, also, Parliament was formally called together. It was, however, as usual, prorogued, and finally called 'for the despatch of business' 5th March, 1873. The excepted elections took place as follows :—

	Return of Members.	Receipt of Returns.
Chicoutimi and Saguenay ..	Sept. 10	Sept. 14
Gaspé	Aug. 21	Sept. 4
Manitoba.		
Selkirk	Sept. 26	Oct. 9
Provencher..................	Sept. 14	Sept. 28
Lisgar	Sept. 19	Sept. 30
Marquette	Sept. 19	Sept. 30
British Columbia.		
Cariboo....................	Sept. 6	Oct. 2
New Westminster..........	Aug. 23	Sept. 12
Vancouver	Aug. 28	Sept. 18
Victoria	Sept. 3	Oct. 10
Yale	Oct. 11	Nov. 12

All the elections consequently were over before the writs were 'returnable,' although, probably from local difficulties, it would have been impossible in some cases for a return to have been received and the members elect sworn in on or previous to the 12th of October, had the House then met.

In 1874, precisely the same course was followed as in 1872, the writs generally being returnable on the 21st of February, and those for the excepted districts on the 12th of March, the day of the formal summons. But, as the writ for Algoma was, apparently from inadvertence, not classed with the excepted returns, a fresh proclamation was issued, making that writ also returnable on the 12th of March. Parliament was prorogued from the 12th to the 26th of March, and then met 'for the despatch of business.'

In Ontario, all the writs for the first Legislature after Confederation were made returnable on the 24th of September, 1867, and, by proclamation, the House was convened for that day. It was ultimately called 'for the despatch of business' on the 13th of December. All the elections had been held before the end of September, *but no less than four—namely, Bothwell, Cardwell, North Middlesex, and North York—were held on or after the 24th of September, the day named in the formal proclamation, while the receipt of no less than 21, or more than one-fourth of the whole number of writs, was delayed until subsequent to the 24th of September.* Now, it will be recollected that, in 1867, the date of each separate election was fixed by the Government, and no one can suppose that so experienced a parliamentarian as Mr. J. Sandfield Macdonald, then Premier, really intended to open his first session *while twenty-one returns were still incomplete and several members not even elected.* That, surely, gives the finishing stroke to any argument founded on the wording of these formal proclamations.

In 1871 the writs were made returnable on the 7th of April, except the writ for Algoma, which was returnable on the 27th of May, and, for the first time, a day for all the elections (except Algoma) was named in the proclamation. The Legislature was called for the 7th of April, but, having been repeatedly prorogued, met 'for the

despatch of business' on the 7th of December. The nominations and pollings (except in Algoma) were respectively held on the 14th and 21st of March, 1871, and for Algoma the date of the return is given as the 5th of May, the return being received on the 15th of May, 1871. In 1875, as already observed, the writs were generally returnable on the 2nd of February, and for Algoma on the 14th of August. The House stood prorogued from time to time to the 24th of November, 1875. The practice which long obtained in Canada of naming as the day of meeting, the day on which the writs generally were returnable, was doubtless copied from that of Great Britain, where no exceptional conditions existed. It does not, however, follow by any means that the Parliament of Great Britain always meets on the day first appointed. May says on this point (p. 52): 'The interval 'between a dissolution and the assem'bling of the new Parliament varies 'according to the period of the year, 'the state of public business, and the 'political conditions under which an 'appeal to the people may have become 'necessary. When the session has 'been concluded, and no question of 'ministerial confidence or responsi'bility is at issue, the recess is gene'rally continued by prorogation until 'the usual time for the meeting of 'Parliament.'

THE ALLEGED INVASION OF THE PREROGATIVE.

It is alleged that, by virtually prohibiting or precluding the assembling of a new parliament, pending the election for Algoma, the prerogative is violated. In answer to this it may be observed that, while the summoning, prorogation and dissolution of Parliament are undoubtedly attributes of the prerogative, they are nevertheless subject to the restraints and limitations of law. Every Act must have the assent of the Crown, and if the Crown thus be a consenting party to an abridgement of the prerogative, no wrong is done to the rights of the Crown by such legislation. The forty days secured by the Barons in Magna Charta for the summoning of the 'Common Council of the Kingdom,' virtually suspended the prerogative for that space of time. So did the forty days statutory provision of William III. So did the fifty days of the Scotch Union Act. So did the fifty days of the Union Act of Canada. So did the ninety days allowed by the Ontario Act of 1868-9 for Algoma in the winter season. So has nearly every statutory limitation or security which has been considered by the Crown as advised by Parliament, essential to the privileges of the electorate.

By the Act of 36th Edward III. it was enacted that 'Parliament shall be holden every year.' The Triennial Act, 6 & 7 William & Mary, c. 2, enacted that 'from henceforth Parliament shall be holden once in three years, at the least.' By the Septennial Act, 1 Geo. I, c. 38, the duration of Parliament was limited to seven years, so that the Sovereign might not be able by the aid of a servile or corrupt Parliament to abuse the prerogative. The Canadian Acts providing for the annual convening or duration of the Parliament or Legislatures, are but reflections of the British Statutes. The most potent influence over the acts of the Crown and an all-powerful check on the abuse of the prerogative is, however, the voting of supplies. The granting of these for one year only compels the summoning of Parliament annually quite as effectually as any law. The fact is that, interpreted by modern practice, usage and ideas, the prerogative is simply a power held in trust by the Crown for the people, a power, consequently, that may be enlarged or contracted by the joint action of the Crown and the people, and which has been subject to both in many ways. Hence it is not to be argued that if, by the joint ac-

tion of the Crown and the people, it has been decided that there shall be no session of a new parliament during certain months in the year or for a given period of time, this would be an unlawful or improper infringement upon the prerogative, especially by a body that has a right to alter or amend the constitution.

But does the Algoma proviso really prejudice the prerogative? We have seen that it has not done so in the past, nor is likely to do so. The case is supposed of a political crisis, say in the Fall, necessitating a dissolution. The Legislature might, it is suggested, refuse to vote supplies, and no appeal to a new House could be had until the July following at the earliest. Is the Crown to be thus deprived of the means for carrying on the government for some seven or eight months? The answer is that, while the Crown would have the right to dissolve, harmony between the Crown and the Legislature could be secured by a change of Ministers. The prerogative is not an arbitrary instrument, but one always to be used judiciously and solely in the public interest. A Governor may have to decide between a change of Ministers and a stoppage of the Queen's business. In that case he must act on his best judgment. Supposing, however, by forcing him to accept, as the result of an appeal to the country, the will of a partially constituted House only, and Ministers in whom a majority of the country, if represented by a complete House, would have no confidence, what would then become of the rights of the Crown? It might get supplies, it is true, but at the price of the prerogative.

THE ARGUMENT OF CONVENIENCE.

In the foregoing remarks the question of convenience has been incidentally referred to. It is argued that the inconvenience of the arrangement which limits elections in Algoma to certain months in the year, is to have great weight in considering the intentions of the Legislature, when framing the Statute. Mr. Scott, M.P.P., in his argument, quoted from 'Maxwell's Interpretation of the Statutes,' in support of this view. Maxwell, in his 'Interpretation of the Statutes,' page 166, says 'An argument drawn from an inconvenience, it has been said, is forcible in law, and no less force is due to any drawn from an absurdity or injustice.' But 'inconvenience' alone is not sufficient to invalidate a Statute that is clear and unmistakable in its terms. The law books are full of decisions, some of which are to be found in 'Maxwell' (p. 5), distinctly insisting on adherence to the express letter of the Statute, no matter what the consequences, or, in other words, the 'inconvenience' may be. In 'Maxwell' p. 4, occurs the following passage: 'If the words go beyond what was the intention, effect must nevertheless be given to them. They cannot be construed contrary to their meaning merely because no good reason appears why they should be excluded or embraced. However unjust, arbitrary or inconvenient the intention may be, it must receive its full effect. When once the intention is plain, it is not the province of a court to scan its wisdom or its policy.' The plea of inconvenience in the present instance has no practical weight. A possible difficulty can only arise at a General Election. The practice of Ontario is against the presumption that such an inconvenience will arise. It was for the Legislature in framing the Election Law to balance inconveniences. They decided, it must be assumed, that it would be less inconvenient, perhaps once in a great many years, for public business to have to await the election of a complete Assembly than to recognise as a valid and effectual meeting of Parliament one from which a portion of the representation was, per force, excluded. However to guard against a most improbable eventuality it has now been

provided that should such a contingency as that suggested arise the old member shall retain his seat until a new one is elected for Algoma.

ENACTMENTS RELATING TO THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

First, in order, we have the British North America Act, sec. 41, continuing, in the case of the Dominion, the Election Laws of the several Provinces until otherwise provided. (2) In section 65, powers are given to the Local Legislatures 'to abolish or alter' 'powers, authorities and functions' exercised by the Lieut.-Governors. (3) The 70th section declares that the Legislative Assembly of Ontario shall be composed of eighty-two members to represent the eighty-two electoral districts set forth in the first schedule to the Act (Algoma being one). (4) Section 84 contains a provision for the temporary continuance of the existing electoral laws of Canada in respect of the two Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. (5) Section 85 provides, that the Legislative Assembly shall last four years and no longer (subject to earlier prorogation). (6) The 86th section enacts that there shall be a session once at least in every year. (7) The 92nd section gives power to the Provinces to amend their constitutions except as regards the office of Lieut.-Governor.

We have now exhausted the list of the several provisions in the British North America Act bearing upon the subject under consideration. Reading them together as we are bound to do, we must come to the conclusion: (1) That in every sense (save in the one exception relating to the office of the Lieutenant-Governor) the Local Legislatures were to have full power to alter or amend their constitutions, including those constitutional provisions above mentioned and expressly enacted under the 3rd, 5th, and 6th heads. (2) That the 70th section fixing the number of members at 82, could have no less force than the 85th and 86th relating to the duration and holding of parliament. If it be held that parliament would lapse, and its Acts be void if the Statute were infringed by the session lasting one day over the four years, surely it must be equally void if constituted of only 81 members instead of 82.

We come next to the Ontario Acts. The Act of 1868-9 (32 Vic. c. 21, s. 18, sub-sec. 4) extends the period for making the Algoma writ returnable, to ninety days in the winter season. Then, in the Representation Act of 1874 (38 Vic. c. 2, sec. 1), the number of members is increased to eighty-eight, and by the 38 Vic. c. 3, sec. 21, the period for holding an election in Algoma is limited to the months of June, July, August, September and October. This is slightly enlarged and more precisely stated in 39 Vic. c. 10, s. 13, which provides, that the nomination or polling shall be held in any year at some time from the 20th day of May to the end of November, and between those days only.

Now, how, in a legal sense, does this last enactment contravene any we have quoted preceding it in order of time? Not certainly the first (sec. 41, B. N. A.), for it does not relate to the Dominion Law; not the second (sec. 65, B. N. A), for it is of the very essence of that clause that the Legislature should abolish or alter any of those prerogative rights, which, without express direction to the contrary, the Crown would exercise independently of such a check or regulation; not the third (sec. 70, B. N. A.), because it gives aid to the effectual constitution of the Assembly by naming a time suitable for the election of the full complement of members; not the fourth (sec. 84, B. N. A.), because that is a mere continuance of former Acts, pending such provisions as the later Act comprises; not the fifth (sec. 85, B. N. A.), for the four years' date will run as easily from the return of the

Algoma writ as from any other; not the seventh, for that gives express powers to pass just such a law as the one in question. We have omitted to consider the effect of the enactment on the section quoted under the sixth head (86 sec., B. N. A.), as the several sections have been passed in review, and for this reason: it is the only one that might, by a remote contingency, be negatived or voided by the Algoma clause. The case is put thus: If the Lieutenant-Governor were advised to dissolve the Legislature at a date, say in October, too late to allow an election in Algoma to be legally held that year, while the Legislature had been prorogued in March or April, no election could take place in Algoma until June or July of the following year, or, contrary to the Statute, fifteen or sixteen months instead of a year from the last sitting of the Legislature at its previous session.

The guarantee against such an event from caprice or without absolute necessity, is the need the Executive has of obtaining supplies, of which it would have none without a Legislature at or immediately after New Year's Day. But, if an emergency of the kind arose then it is submitted that, as no penalty nor disability would attach to the holding of the Legislature *after* the expiration of the year dating from the last sitting of the previous Legislature, so, if in providing for the general convenience, and ensuring the due constitution of the Legislature (a fundamental principle in the constitution), the Algoma clause came into collision under wholly exceptional conditions with the annual-meeting clause, then the last enacted Statute must prevail over the earlier one, and in so far as may be necessary to the carrying out of the latest expressed intention of the Legislature be held to have repealed it. But the Act which has just become law removes even this possible if improbable source of difficulty.

IF.

BY W. P. DOLE.

IF life were all a summer day,
 If o'er bright fields, from flower to flower,
Like butterflies—as careless, gay—
 Chasing each radiant, glowing hour,
  We might flit on
  Till set of sun,
I'd ask no fairer mate than thee
To whirl through that light dance with me.

But rigours of our Northern skies
 Cast o'er my life too sad a hue;
The breeze that round me swells or sighs,
 Would prove a certain death to you
  Who ne'er may know
  How cold winds blow,
How poverty makes life a chill,
Dark, dreary winter day, Lucille!

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

IN spite of the gentleness of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot's manners, and of a certain attraction which he possessed for many persons, he was not without his enemies. His spirit was masterful, and unless he had the mastery he would sometimes become downright antagonistic. His theory of government was something like that of Mr. Carlyle's—a despotism in able hands; but Mr. Walcot's definition would have been still more precise; it was necessary that the hands should be his own, and as they were kept always very neatly gloved, and were gentle, and even caressing, in their touch (unless when 'temper,' in rare cases, got the better of him), his yoke was not as a general rule resented; the majority of those who bore it were not even conscious of its existence, until there came some cause of disagreement; Lady Arden, for example, only perceived that he possessed the art of management in its highest form, and felt indebted to him for its exercise in all affairs of the household. She never dreamt that he was managing *her*. The young ladies, until quite recently, were not of an age to understand the system of government under which they lived, and even the Great Baba was not in rebellion against Mr. Walcot's *régime*, but only against Mr. Walcot. He did not recognize him as a rival sovereign, but only as a big black man who did not find favour in his eyes. Frank had never opposed him, but he had been the involuntary cause of opposition, because he had not been sent to school in accordance with his advice. At the very first opportunity, therefore, as we have seen, the iron hand had made itself felt through the velvet glove. From henceforth Frank was in his power, as other persons of a larger growth were.

He had all sorts of ways of catching his birds; if they flew headlong into his net, as in Frank's case, without even a lure, so much the better; it saved trouble, and left no traces of the lime. He never frightened them before he caught them—if he could possibly help it. But he had had some little trouble (and foresaw more of it) with one charming little songster, upon whose capture he had set his heart.

There had been a time when Evelyn Nicoll had delighted in having Uncle Ferdinand (so she had then called him) for her companion, when she had liked no one better—not excepting even George Gresham—at her pony's bridle rein in her rambles on the moor; she had listened to his fanciful weird stories with an interest that fell little of enchantment; she had hung upon his lips, as he discoursed with knowledge, admirably suited to her capacity, upon bird, and beast, and tree, with a child's hero-worship, and he had flattered himself that he had only to put forth his hand to make her captive.

Circumstances had occurred, perhaps, to hurry his ordinarily cautious movements, or perhaps he grew impatient to make sure, but certain it was

that—quite in these later days—she had escaped his fingers. She had not got away, of course—he would have smiled at the possibility of such an occurrence—but something or other had given her an alarm. Only instead of fluttering (as some had done under the like circumstances) with beating heart and frightened eyes, she had become as hostile as a ruffled swan. He felt that he had all his work to do over again, though in a different manner. And not only was the iron hand in this case out of the question, but if he could have used it he would not have done so, for this bird, as sometimes happens, though very, very rarely, had caught the bird-catcher.

We have said that the only tenant of Halcombe Hall who was in open opposition to Ferdinand Walcot was Evelyn Nicoll, but there had been another rebel, who was now once more under that roof—namely, George Gresham; and in his case the bird-catcher felt no scruples. There was, in fact, a bitter quarrel between them, though known only to themselves; under the mask of a somewhat strained politeness they hated one another most cordially, and offered one more example of the fact that there is no war so virulent as civil war. It was an unequal combat, because one of the belligerents was more unscrupulous than the other; when one side poisons wells and the other shrinks from it, the former has a positive though an undue advantage; but, for all that, George Gresham was no despicable foe. The very impetuousness of his assaults, which excited the other's contempt, rather than his apprehensions, did considerable execution. To his intimates (as we have seen) George Gresham made no secret of his conviction that Ferdinand Walcot was a scoundrel; and to every one else he made it clearly understood that he regarded him with no favour. There had been a time when on one side, at all events, considerable conciliation had been attempted. As a boy, not yet emancipated from school, George had been the recipient of Mr. Walcot's generosity. The 'tips' he had given him were, indeed, much larger than were prudent to be entrusted to such young hands; and he had given him to understand that he might count upon whatever he wished to obtain from his uncle, provided it was applied for through Ferdinand Walcot. To the schoolboy this arrangement seemed agreeable enough; but as he grew older, he began, as the only blood relation of his uncle, to resent the proviso attached to it; it seemed not in accordance with the fitness of things that such mediation should be necessary. Hence arose doubts, suspicions, and finally a collision with his ally. Then war, openly declared upon the young man's side, but apparently declined by the other. Gresham appealed to his uncle, and found him kind, but deaf to all arguments against Walcot.

'You do not understand, my dear boy, the nobility of that man's nature; the thought of self is foreign to it.' And then that stereotyped phrase of his, delivered with pathetic solemnity, 'There is a sacred tie between us.'

Mr. Walcot, though not put upon his defence, volunteered some statements as to his motives; he could afford to leave them to Sir Robert's interpretation he said, but it was quite possible George had failed to appreciate them. Sir Robert was his own kith and kin, and it was but natural that he should consider things to be his right which were, in fact, not so; but which in all reason and justice should depend rather upon his own good behaviour. He was not a bad boy—Heaven forbid that should be the case!—but he had serious faults, which he (Mr. Walcot) had striven to amend, and received anything but thanks for his pains. He did not, however, want thanks; but only to see such amendment in the lad as would give satisfaction to his uncle. Even in such a small affair as getting

up in the morning, and being in time for breakfast, he could not bring himself to turn over a new leaf, though he knew Sir Robert's particularity in the matter.

Now George was a confirmed sluggard, and his accuser knew this to be a crucial test in which he was almost sure to fail. And he did fail; he was fool enough—or, perhaps, obstinate enough—to neglect this simple means of grace which Mr. Walcot had suggested to him. And the little rift thus made between him and his uncle was skilfully widened. He had been withdrawn from Oxford and the companionship of his friend Frederic Mayne, under Walcot's advice, on the pretext of his extravagant habits—a charge he could not deny—and been left in Germany to complete his education. He had visited Halcombe during the vacations, and been received by Sir Robert with his usual kindness—never intermitted, save when he made a late appearance at the breakfast table; and eventually, as we have seen, had been selected to be the future husband of his uncle's favourite, Evelyn. He did not know that from that hour Ferdinand Walcot's dislike of him had been turned to malevolent hate; but he was quite aware that he was his foe. His fearless, careless disposition, however, had led him to pay small heed to this circumstance—preferring to consider the man the enemy of the human race rather than his own—until the present time; when he felt that his secret relations with Elise might expose him to a severe, if not a ruinous, blow.

It was at Walcot's suggestion that Evelyn had gone to fetch her from Mirton; and he therefore awaited their return with a redoubled apprehension. So strong was his presentment of evil that he walked out upon the moor before the return of the young ladies was expected, in order that his meeting with Elise might have at least only one witness.

His first glance, on meeting the occupants of the carriage, was directed to Evelyn, and it in some sort reassured him. He felt certain, from her quiet look (for she was one who easily betrayed her emotions) that nothing had passed between her and her companion to pain her. His proposal that they should finish their journey on foot if the visitor was not too fatigued was accepted; and the three young people walked home together.

'I have been trying my German conversational powers with Miss Hurt,' said Evelyn, 'and I find that books cannot teach me to speak a language. I am glad she will find in you, George, at least one person who can talk to her in her native tongue. You must tell her, however, that she must consider herself a missionary in a very benighted land, and not encourage us to be indolent by speaking English.'

'Perhaps it would be better if she concealed her little knowledge of it altogether,' said George laughing, but not without the reflection that this would be very convenient.

'I am afraid that would savour of duplicity,' said Evelyn, gravely.

Then it flashed like lightning upon Gresham. 'Evelyn *knows*'—he felt that she was alluding to his present conduct. 'I was only joking,' he replied, 'of course, but I will make her understand exactly what you desire.' Then added rapidly in German, 'You will not use your own language more than is necessary, Elise, and in the case of one person, my uncle's brother-in-law, it will be better to conceal your knowledge of English as much as possible. He is the only enemy we have to fear.'

The next moment George Gresham turned scarlet. He saw, by Evelyn's face, not indeed that she had understood his words of caution, for she had not; but that he had missed the first step in his career of secrecy. He had addressed the new governess as 'Elise,' instead of 'Miss Hurt.' At this moment there fortunately occurred a little incident: they met a

dog-cart with a groom in it, coming up the steep hill from Halcombe. The man touched his hat respectfully.

'Where are you going, Charles?' inquired Gresham.

'To Archester, sir, to bring a young person that is expected at the Hall.'

'Oh, to be sure, it is Annabel Spruce,' said Evelyn.

'Then Miss Hurt is not the only stranger, it seems, expected to-day,' observed George, lightly.

'Hush, George,' said Evelyn, rapidly. 'It is scarcely necessary to remark on such a coincidence; Annabel Spruce is the new ladies' maid.'

'I am sure our companion is too sensible to be annoyed by any comparison of that sort,' answered Gresham, lightly.

'I hope so,' observed Elise, quietly, in broken English, 'but nevertheless I am deeply sensible of Miss Nicoll's consideration, which is far beyond anything which a person in my position (unless, indeed, she had the happiness to have already known her) could possibly have expected.'

It was now Evelyn's turn to be overwhelmed with confusion.

'I had no idea, Miss Hurt, that you could understand me,' she stammered. 'I was wrong to say that books cannot teach a language. I see now that it depends upon the capacity of the student.'

'Not at all, Miss Nicoll,' answered Elise, gently. 'It depends rather upon the student's necessities. If you had to learn German in order to earn your bread, you would have acquired it at least as well as I have English.'

Gresham was delighted at the admiration that Elise's talents had thus extorted from Evelyn, and still more at the favour with which she evidently regarded her. Half his expected difficulties seemed to be already surmounted. At the same time, highly as he esteemed Evelyn's nobility of character, he was not a little surprised, supposing that she really guessed how matters stood, that she had acquiesced in them so readily. His *amour propre* perhaps was a little wounded—though he knew Evelyn's affections were not engaged to him—at the quietness (it looked almost like satisfaction) with which she had accepted the knowledge of his attachment to somebody else.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LIKENESS.

ON the morning after Elise Hurt's arrival at the Hall, the family were assembled as usual in the oriel breakfast room, awaiting the beat of the gong which summoned the servants to morning prayers; for a wonder, George Gresham was on this occasion in time for that solemnity; he had made up his mind to fail in nothing that might give satisfaction to his uncle; he was full of good intentions of all sorts, among which the virtue of punctuality shone resplendent—and besides, he was very anxious to see Elise. He could indeed say nothing to her beyond a few conventional kind inquiries, and even these were only admissible between the heir of the House and the governess, from the circumstance of their having been half-drowned together, but it was an inexpressible comfort to find himself in her company. She wore a dress of Millicent's, which he probably beheld not for the first time, but which had never before excited his admiration. It seemed to him, in spite of all she had gone through, that she looked fresher and prettier, and altogether more charming, than even when he had first seen her in the church at Rotterdam. If he had not known that Lady Arden and the girls had shown her every kindness, he could have read as much in her grateful and contented look, and he loved them more than ever in consequence.

'Why, George,' exclaimed Sir Robert, delighted to see his lie-a-bed

nephew in his place, 'the German air seems to have wonderfully agreed with you; I never saw you looking so bright and wideawake at this early hour.'

'Let us hope, sir, that that may rather be ascribed to the pleasure of coming home,' answered the young man.

'That's well said,' returned Sir Robert, smiling, 'though I am not so foolish as to take the compliment to myself,' and he looked slily across the room at Evelyn, who was talking to Elise. 'In your delight at finding yourself once more with your uncle and the rest, you have forgotten your correspondence,' and he pointed to a letter which lay upon Gresham's plate. Gresham laughed and opened the letter; and then laughed still more.

'It is from dear old Mayne,' he said, 'apologising for not having met me in Paris—which is fortunate, since I did not keep my appointment with *him*. His yacht, it seems, was delayed by the gale, so that he could not get to Boulogne; and now he has got sick of the sea and coming to England.'

'Ask him to come here,' said Sir Robert, 'we shall be very glad to see him.'

'You are very kind, sir,' answered Gresham; 'I am sure he would like nothing better.'

Mr. Walcot, who was as usual engaged on a somewhat voluminous correspondence, looked up at this.

'Are you sufficiently sure of your own movements for that arrangement, Sir Robert?'

'Yes, yes, there is no hurry about that matter; and whether I am at the Hall or not, Mr. Mayne can be made welcome.'

It was a curious instance of the ascendancy which Mr. Ferdinand Walcot exercised at Halcombe, that this vague hint was the first intimation which the rest of the family, including even Lady Arden, had received of Sir Robert's having any intention of leaving home. His post of *confidant* to the Baronet was so well established, that no observation was made upon this piece of news by anybody. The only astonishment it excited was in George Gresham, who having been so long away, was less accustomed to such proofs of Mr. Walcot's sway.

'If Mayne comes here,' thought he, 'he will fall out with that fellow, I reckon;' and the idea greatly enhanced the pleasure with which he looked forward to his friend's visit.

Then the servants trooped into prayers, taking their places so quickly that it reminded you, with but a slight difference, of the stage direction in *The Critic*, 'enter, kneeling.' A certain new face among them was, therefore, not at once observable to the master of the House, who, besides, had his book-markers—long silk streamers worked by Evelyn in the High Church style—to arrange. Sir Robert had a fine voice, and what is more, one instinct with deep religious feeling. At a later part of the short service, when all stood up, his tall delicate figure, with his reverential face and tone, had a fine effect. He looked a true Head of a Household, to whom the welfare, ghostly and bodily, of every member of it was of genuine interest. Suddenly his voice began to fail and quiver.

Mr. Walcot was at his side in an instant.

'Go on for me, Ferdinand,' he whispered and sat down.

Lady Arden also approached him, but he waved her away. 'It is only a little giddiness, my dear. Ferdinand will finish the reading.' And he did so. Mr. Walcot also was a fine reader; a better one, perhaps, artistically speaking, than his brother-in-law; but the late occurrence had somewhat disturbed the attention of the little congregation.

'It was nothing,' said the master of the House, when prayers were over, and in answer to the anxious looks of those around him rather than to their inquiries; for it was well understood

that Sir Robert disliked fuss to be made about his ailments. 'I was a little faint, I think, for want of my breakfast.'

If this was so, it was curious, since he made no attempt to eat anything beyond toying with a little toast and marmalade; but of this no one was supposed to take notice.

He was the first to rise from table, and Lady Arden followed him with her eyes, but with her eyes only. Mr. Walcot had already risen, leaving his devilled chicken only half consumed upon his plate, and left the room close at Sir Robert's heels.

Again no one hazarded a remark, but Gresham glanced significantly at Elise, as much as to say, 'You see his power;' and then turned scarlet on perceiving Evelyn remarked it.

Lady Arden showed no touch of annoyance, nor perhaps did she feel any. She had been long content with the affection of her second husband, shown in a hundred material ways to her and hers; she had never possessed his confidence; and on the few occasions when she had striven to minister to him in his little troubles—which were generally understood to be 'nerves'—she had not been very successful. She was homœopathic, and had suggested Pulsatilla, in which Sir Robert did not seem to have much confidence.

The Baronet passed through the folding-doors that led into his own study—which stood somewhat isolated from the house, forming one of its many projections—and threw himself into a chair.

'Great Heaven, Ferdinand,' were his first words, 'why did you not tell me?'

'Tell you what, my dear Arden?' inquired the other with simplicity.

'Why, about the likeness. That girl who came yesterday. I thought when I saw her face I should have dropped.'

'Do you mean Annabel Spruce?'

'Of course I do. Is it possible it never struck you that she is the very image of our lost Madeline?'

'The image? Surely not. Now you mention it; indeed, I do recall a resemblance—something in the look of the eyes.'

'The eyes! the features—the very expression!'

'My dear Arden—making every allowance for your sensitive organization,' answered Mr. Walcot, in a tone of alarmed remonstrance; 'it seems to me that your affectionate, nay, your devotional feelings towards our dear departed carry you sometimes too far. Remember, it is I alone who understand them, who appreciate them at their full value; and this exhibition of them before others——'

Sir Robert waved his hands in nervous protest.

'What does it matter—what does anything matter, in comparison with what I owe her!'

'Very true, my dear Arden; most true, no doubt. Still, you have since contracted other obligations.'

'I know it; I know it,' exclaimed the other impatiently; 'and I hope I have not neglected them.'

'Indeed you have not; no other man alive could have been so mindful of them.'

'Still I was wrong to contract them. I failed in fealty to the dead—if, indeed, I can call her dead, whose living voice is so present with me.'

'Why did you do it, my dear friend?' answered the other bluntly.

'Ay; why, indeed? I did it to escape from myself. You don't know what I suffered when she left me all alone. You were not here then, Ferdinand, to comfort me.'

'I wish I had been, with all my heart.'

The gentleness of his tone was only equalled by its genuineness; Sir Robert held out his hand, and the other grasped it warmly.

'I have no cause to complain, Ferdinand, of any human creature, save myself. Lady Arden and the children have been everything that I could have expected of them—more than I

had any right to expect. My nephew, too, dear George, is an honest, noble fellow. You don't think so, because you compare him, perhaps, with an ideal standard—he has not, of course, your sensibility.'

'I said nothing against him, Arden; and I never shall do so. If I think he fails towards you in frankness and obedience, considering all the benefits you have heaped upon him, that is only my private opinion.'

'Well, well, let us not talk of that, let us agree upon that single point to differ. In all others we are at one.'

'I hope so, indeed, my friend.'

'But, oh, that girl! Why did you not prepare me for her? When she turned round and looked at me, it was as though one had risen from the dead.'

'I grant there is a likeness, though it did not strike me with such force. If it pains you I will frame some excuse to persuade Lady Arden to get rid of her *protegé*.'

'No, no, no,' answered Sir Robert. 'Let her stay here since she has once come. The very accident of resemblance gives her a claim upon me.'

Mr. Walcot bowed, with a stoop of his shoulder too gentle to be called a shrug; the action seemed to say, 'This is a matter of feeling in which no one has a right to argue with you; but to me such ideas are unintelligible.'

'My dear Ferdinand, I know I must seem unreasonable to the world at large,' said Sir Robert, as if in answer to this movement, 'but I should have hoped that you would have understood me better. You yourself are cognizant of many things beyond the ken of grosser minds.'

'I have been witness to certain manifestations, Arden, it is true, that I cannot refer to any known laws, and those manifestations have, as it seemed, been connected with my lamented sister. But I hesitate to attach to them any vital meaning.'

'That is because you are by nature a sceptic—that is to say, of a too logical mind, Walcot. Yet you have allowed to me that you have more than once been staggered. After all, these incidents are only links of a chain that has connected this world with the other throughout all ages.'

'Still the hearing is a sense that is very easily deceived, my dear Arden. I have thought oftentimes I have heard dear Madeline's voice; but it might not have been hers; nay, there might have been no voice. The eye brings with it what it sees, we are told; and this is still more true with the secondary senses. If she were to tell me something only known to myself and her—if I had even seen her——'

'That may happen yet, who knows?' interrupted the other, eagerly, and yet with a touch of awe. 'An angel touched Elijah and Daniel, and though it is true I am no prophet, why should not Madeline, who is an angel, favour me with her visible presence? She comes to see me in dreams.'

'In a dream Milton saw his "late espoused saint,"' observed Walcot, softly.

'Yes, but Oberlin tells us that *his* watched him like an attendant spirit, held communion with him, and was visible to his sight. When he contemplated any important act she either encouraged him or checked him.'

'That was a very remarkable case, no doubt, Arden; I remember something of it.'

This might well have been, since his companion had conversed with him on the matter half a dozen times before.

'But Oberlin's experience does not overthrow my argument, though I grant it weakens it, as to the self-deception of the senses.'

'That is what was said to Oberlin himself,' answered Sir Robert, in a tone of triumph; 'when asked how he distinguished such interviews from dreams, he answered, "How do you distinguish one odour from another?" They were perfectly distinct occurrences.'

'He was a theologian and a philanthropist, and probably of an enthusiastic temperament,' replied Walcot, doubtfully.

'Well, I am neither one or the other, Ferdinand; you must grant to me an unbiassed, if not a logical, mind.'

'I will go further, Arden, and allow you to be logical; I never knew a man more open to reason. It is not my wish, you may be sure, to rob you of any source of consolation, and least of all of one which may proceed from kin of mine. If this thing be really as you conceive it to be, I should almost feel that I had a hand in it; that your friendship for me had at all events received the seal of approval from a quarter, which, in your eyes—'

'It does—it has, Ferdinand,' interrupted Sir Robert, eagerly. 'You are dear to me for your own sake; but ten times dearer because of the sacred tie that connects us—we cannot speak of that, however, before others. Lady Arden, for example, would not only fail to understand it, but would, perchance, resent it. I should be loth to give her cause of pain. You had better go to her, by the bye, and say that I am better, and will see her now.'

'I will.'

We have said Mr. Ferdinand Walcot had a mobile face. It changed its expression twice between Sir Robert's study and the breakfast room. In the former it implied tender assent; between the double doors it became like the mask of Grecian Comedy; grotesque in its satirical mirth; and then, in the presence of the family, it turned to cheerful contentment.

'Sir Robert would like to see you, Lady Arden; his giddiness, I am thankful to say, has passed away.'

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST BLOW.

It was not very long after breakfast, and while Mr. George Gresham was completing on the terrace behind the Hall that second cigar which his new cares and dangerous position had rendered necessary—for without tobacco how would some people contrive to think?—when Milly Nicoll came out to him, not trippingly as usual, but gliding like a ghost, and with quite a serious expression of countenance.

'George, dear, there are plots in the air,' said she. 'And I don't think you will see your friend, Mr. Mayne, on this side of Christmas.'

'What do you mean, Milly? I have my uncle's permission to invite him?'

'You mean you *had* it. Mr. Walcot, however——'

'Con*found* his meddling,' ejaculated Gresham, prescient of what was coming.

'By all means,' said Milly, 'if that can be done. He has persuaded Mamma that Papa is not in a state of health to receive visitors, and you can therefore guess the next step.'

'He is the most impertinent wretch!' exclaimed Gresham, passionately.

'Oh, George, how can you use such words! If I had known you would be so angry, I would not have been the one to tell you this bad news. I was afraid it would annoy you.'

'Annoyance is no word for it, Milly. Of course it is a disappointment to me, but that is nothing to the indignation I feel against the person who has caused it. I will go to my uncle at once, and ask whether in future I am to consider him or Mr. Walcot the master of this house.'

'You would gain nothing by that motion, George. But if you are very anxious to see your friend at Halcombe——'

'Well, of course I am; but long

before the post goes out a veto will be put upon my asking him.'

'Just so. But there is a horse in the stable, and you know how to ride, I believe.'

'It is not a sea-horse that I can ride to Boulogne upon, Milly.'

'No, but you can ride to Mirton, and telegraph to Boulogne, silly.'

'Excellent girl?' cried Gresham, rapturously; 'if you were a little better looking I could find it in my heart to kiss you.'

'He is the most impertinent wretch!' exclaimed the young lady, as if to space, and mimicking the fiery tone as well as the words of her companion.

'Seriously, Milly, I am charmed with your sagacity, and I am sure it will please Mayne to hear that you had so set your heart on seeing him that you devised this scheme. I'll be off at once.'

'Now that is so like a man,' observed Milly, sardonically; 'first, in the ingratitude, and, secondly, in the want of intelligence. Why, you're actually going to the stables by the front of the house.'

'True, I will go the back way. You are an angel, Milly, with the wisdom of the serpent added.'

'And look here, George,' added she, as he was hurrying away, 'if you are very anxious about your friend's coming, you had better prepay his message back. When he said, "I'll come." Papa can scarcely say he is not to come.'

'An excellent notion, my dear girl. You are a Machiavelli!'

'I'll tell Papa if you call me such names as that,' replied the young lady, demurely.

'She is too clever by half; I shall pity her husband,' said Gresham to himself, as he passed through the garden gate.

We have said that on the moorland above Halcombe there were no trees; on the extreme edge of the cliff, on the Mirton side of the village, there was, however, a notable exception to this circumstance, a long though narrow plantation of Scotch firs had been planted there by some previous tenant of the Hall, to which it formed a most picturesque approach. For more than a mile the traveller could ride or drive in shelter, while enjoying the most exquisite glimpses of marine scenery. It was called 'The Wilderness,' and was the favourite haunt of the children of the village.

It was early in the afternoon when Gresham arrived at the entrance of this grove on his return journey. The wind had dropped, and only sighed through the branches of the trees, like an echo of the waves beneath. The sweet breath of the pines, the warmth of the shelter they afforded after the open moorland road were so grateful to the traveller that he almost always drew rein as he entered the Wilderness, and came through it at a foot-pace. Notwithstanding his familiarity with the scene, this was now the case with Gresham, though it is doubtful whether the slackening of his speed was solely due to the attractions of Nature. As he reached this first jut of home it was natural that the consideration of his position there, and of his future prospects, should have suggested themselves, and a gallop (which had hitherto been his pace) is no aid to reflection.

He was still full of indignation against Walcot, but he perceived how dangerous it would be to give expression to it, considering the obvious increase of that person's influence with Sir Robert since he (Gresham) had left home, and especially in view of his own relations with Elise. If these should be discovered, they would afford a dangerous weapon, indeed, to the hand of such an unscrupulous foe. Gresham knew that he was solely dependent upon Sir Robert, but, to do him justice, that was not the consideration which most affected his thoughts. He was attached to his uncle by bonds of affection as well as of gratitude, and feared his displeasure at

least as much as his material consequences. He was well aware, too, that there were weak points in Sir Robert's character, quite apart from his infatuation with respect to his brother-in-law ; that, with all his kindness of heart and indolence, he would at times assert himself in quite a despotic manner ; that small annoyances —such as a nephew's not being down in time for morning prayers—put him out excessively ; that ridicule of any subject in which he took an interest highly exasperated him ; and that certain derelictions from moral duty had in his eyes the blackness of crimes. First among these was the vice of deception. 'If you will only be open with me, George,' his uncle used to say to him as a boy, 'all will be well between us, but never try to deceive me.'

George would perhaps have been open with him now if he had only had his uncle to deal with ; he knew that he disliked to be thwarted in anything on which he had set his mind, and that he would especially resent any change of his supposed intentions as regarded Evelyn ; but he would have thrown himself on his uncle's generosity, and bared his heart to him —but not for that daw, Ferdinand Walcot, to peck at. He could foresee, only too well, how he and his love would fare, should he venture to confess it under present circumstances, and therefore he resolved to conceal it.

Immersed in these reflections, he came suddenly, at a turn in the winding road, upon Elise herself, accompanied by Frank.

His heart leaped up for joy, but he was too prudent to express it except by the welcome in his eyes. A boy is always a dangerous third party in such interviews, and especially a sharp boy like Master Frank. A certain proverb about 'little pitchers having long ears' passed through Gresham's mind, succeeded by the consolatory reflection, 'that the longest ear that ever British boy wore cannot understand an unknown tongue ; Elise and I will talk German.'

Their salutations, however, were made in English, and Elise informed him that the boy had undertaken to act as her cicerone to the beauties of Halcombe, whereupon Gresham, who had swung himself from his horse and hitched the bridle under his arm, patted Frank on the head with genuine approbation.

The lad, generally quick to appreciate the least kindness of his elders, said never a word, never even stretched forth his hand—a mechanical impulse, one would have thought, to every boy of his age—to pat the mare.

'Why, Frankie, what's the matter? You look glum, as if you'd lost sixpence irrevocably.'

'There is nothing the matter,' said the boy, with nervous haste, 'nothing at all.'

'There *is*,' observed Elise, in German. 'I never met with a child of his years so dreadfully out of spirits.'

'It is not usual with him,' answered Gresham, indifferently. 'Something has probably gone wrong with his lessons. What a blessed thought it was that prompted him to bring you here ; otherwise I know not when I should have had the chance of a word with you. How do you like Halcombe—or rather the Halcombe folks?'

'They are kindness itself,' she answered, earnestly. 'So kind that my conscience pricks me to think that I should be playing any part here that is not an honest one.'

'It is not dishonest, darling ; and it will not last long, for they will all soon come to know your worth, and to welcome you as one of themselves.'

Elise shook her head.

'You are too sanguine. If I had known what sort of life your people lead—so far above everything that I have witnessed in my own country, and all of them to the manner born—I should have felt it impossible that I could ever link my lot with yours ; if I could have foreseen the consideration

and kindness with which I have been treated by them one and all, I would have refused to repay their hospitality with a deceit, however innocent.'

'It is not a deceit, darling; it is only a concealment, and even that would be unnecessary if we had only them to deal with. I say, if my uncle and his people were alone concerned, I would make a clean breast of it to-day, and leave the question of my love to be judged by their own good hearts. But did I not warn you that I have an enemy here? Do you know who it is?'

'Of course I do,' she answered, smiling sweetly; 'if I did not I might hope that I was fancy free.' (Elise, like others of her race, had learnt her English with Shakespeare's aid). 'But because you have won my heart, my senses are keen to all that concerns you. Oh yes, I have seen that man's face fixed on yours when you knew it not, and it means mischief—ruin, if he can compass it.'

'You have read him like a book. There are some natures which we must combat in their own way, or submit to be overcome by them. We must meet the serpent with the wisdom of the serpent. He has not heard you talking English, I trust.'

'No; but I have heard him,' answered she, naïvely. 'He has persuaded Lady Arden that Sir Robert's invitation to your friend — which seemed to give you such pleasure this morning—should be revoked. However, there is some one coming; what will be thought of our walking together thus?'

'No matter; Frankie will explain it. It is my uncle himself—and his shadow.'

The two figures, which had been partially hidden by the trees, came into full view.

'There is Uncle Ferdinand,' cried Frank. 'Oh dear, oh dear!'

'Well, what of him,' exclaimed Gresham, with irritation. 'He won't bite our noses off. What's the matter with the boy? He looks as pale as death.'

'There is nothing the matter,' cried Frank, with the same anxious earnestness. 'Indeed there is not; oh pray don't tell him there is.'

'Very good, I'll be as dumb as that fir cone. But in return, Frankie, you must tell my uncle how you came to be here with Miss Hurt; else he will think, perhaps, she has been straying out of bounds; don't you see?'

'Yes, yes,' answered the boy, evidently not troubling himself with the reason for this request; 'I will say anything you please to Papa. And George, dear George, if Mr. Walcot should wish me to go to school, don't let Mamma or my sisters vex him any more by their objections. I would rather, much rather, go to school.'

Gresham stared at the boy in astonishment—it was clear that he was in a state of terror; but his own concerns were just then too pressing to admit of any questioning. The two men were now drawing very near; Sir Robert as usual with him, partly from a certain hypochondriacal idea that his steps wanted support, and partly from the sense of dependence always experienced in the other's society, was leaning on his brother-in-law's arm, who apparently was speaking rapidly in his ear.

'Don't forget what you are to say Frankie,' whispered Gresham, hurriedly, and then the two parties met.

Sir Robert looked grave, but, with a courtesy that never forsook him when speaking to one of the opposite sex, expressed his hope that the Wilderness had found another admirer in Miss Hurt.

'It is very, very beautiful, sir,' said she, and was about to add that she was indebted to Master Frank for her introduction to it; but her pride forbade it. If her employer chose to impute any other cause for her presence in that spot, he might do so.

Sir Robert attributed her hesitation

to her imperfect knowledge of the English tongue.

'That is a curious way of taking horse exercise, George,' observed he, drily; 'to go on foot, and lead your nag.'

'I had been out for a ride, sir, on the moor, and meeting Miss Hurt and Frankie in the wood, I joined them.'

'It was I who brought Miss Hurt to see the Wilderness,' said Frank, his delicate face flushing from chin to brow; 'I was showing her over the grounds.'

'Quite right, lad, quite right,' said Sir Robert, patting his head, but speaking absently. He had got something unpleasant to say, a circumstance which always weighed upon his mind till it was done with. 'By the bye, George, I have got something to say to you, which I fear will cause you disappointment. It is with regard to your friend Mayne—the fact is, I'—here he looked uneasily towards his brother-in-law.

'I am sure it will not be necessary Arden, to go into particulars with your nephew,' put in Mr. Walcot, smoothly. 'The fact is, Mr. Gresham, your uncle is far from well, and the presence of any visitor just now—being a stranger too——'

'No, no,' interrupted Sir Robert, petulantly, 'it is not *that;* I am well enough. But perhaps at some other time, if it's the same to Mr. Mayne; it isn't as if he knew about it, and we were putting him off, you see.'

'Well, unfortunately, sir, he *does* know about it,' answered Gresham, drily. 'Directly you were so good as to ask him—knowing what pleasure he would have in coming to Halcombe, and also that his movements are apt to be sudden—I telegraphed to him at Boulogne, from which place he has wired back to say he will be at Archester in two days.'

Mr. Walcot turned pale with passion.

'Quick as may be your friend, Mr. Mayne's, movements, I suppose a message could still reach him by the wire to put off his coming?'

'Not unless the wire was attached to his yacht,' returned Gresham, coolly, 'as you may see for yourself.' And he drew from his pocket the return telegram, and placed it in Mr. Walcot's hands.

'*Was about to start for Folkestone, but am now off for Archester, which is the nearest port to Halcombe. A thousand thanks to your uncle. Shall be with you on Friday with great pleasure.*'

'You seem to be somewhat precipitate in your invitations,' said Mr. Walcot, biting his lip.

'Not at all; if I had been an hour later I should have missed my friend.'

'I did not mean that, sir——'

'Well, well, no matter,' broke in Sir Robert, 'there is no harm done, George. Your friend will be very welcome. Mr. Walcot, let us go on.' And he lifted his hat to the governess, and moved slowly away.

'It is horrible,' ejaculated Gresham, when the pair were out of earshot; 'my uncle is growing a dotard before his time, thanks to that sycophant and scoundrel. However, he has been done this time; the electric telegraph is certainly a great institution.'

Elise glanced at the boy, and then reprovingly at Gresham.

'Oh, Frankie knows what I think of Uncle Ferdinand,' he answered, lightly.

Here a sharp, authoritative cry of 'Frank, Frank,' was heard behind them. It was Mr. Walcot's voice.

The boy started off like a dog that hears its master's whistle.

When he overtook the two men, Walcot held out his hand, in a kindly manner, as it seemed; but when his fingers closed over the lad's, they gave a warning grip.

'Look here, Frankie; you said just now that it was you who asked Miss Hurt to take a walk in the wood: did anyone tell you to say that?'

'But it really was me who——' The fingers closed upon him like a vice. 'Be so good as to answer my question. Did any one bid you tell your Papa to say that it was at your invitation that Miss Hurt was here?'

The boy trembled like a leaf as he answered, 'Yes, Mr. Walcot. George told me to say so; but it really was——'

'That will do; take this book back with you. If George or Miss Hurt ask you what you were wanted for, say that I brought it out by mistake and wished to get rid of it: and say nothing about the other matter.' Before the boy was gone, he turned to his brother-in-law and said, significantly, 'I was right, you see, Arden. They met by appointment, without doubt.' Sir Robert struck his stick into the sand and moved on in sombre silence.

(To be continued.)

IT IS WELL.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

IT is well! The Summer-time is over—
  Low in the west sinks the autumn sun;—
They have cut down the corn and the scented clover—
  Southward the birds have flown, one by one.

In the glade to whom is the brooklet calling?
  Follow, it says, and follow me!
Its breast is brown with the leaves there falling,
  And downward borne to the hungry sea.

Give me my staff, and give me my sandals;
  Down by the brookside I would go,
Leaving behind the ruthless vandals
  That the thread of my life have tangled so.

The days grow wearier, wearier, wearier,
  And mocking phantoms the nights infest;
The world grows drearier, drearier, drearier,
  And I in my mother's arms would rest.

ROUND THE TABLE.

IT is a little odd, and shows how superficially average people think, that one so often hears it observed with surprise that quarrels should arise or friendships be broken up by such apparently inadequate causes. Undoubtedly some people are in the habit of magnifying every trifle which concerns themselves, till they resemble nothing so much as a wild gooseberry, which you cannot touch without suffering from its prickles; and there are comparatively few who are free from at least a touch of the same tendency. But we all know that character comes out as strongly in trifles as in greater things, perhaps more strongly, as these will often elude the power of a strong will, which for obvious reasons will often keep disagreeable traits well covered, unless beguiled into forgetfulness in some small matter that does not seem worth minding. And where a friendship has any foundation in esteem, and is not a mere outgrowth of accident or habit or propinquity, the discovery of an unworthy trait in a trifling matter, is just as painful and just as likely to undermine the mutual regard, as if the occasion were in itself far more important. The man who over-reaches us in a matter of a few cents, we are hardly likely to trust in a transaction where thousands of dollars are involved; and so the friend whom we find ungenerous or treacherous, or selfishly absorbed in his own interests in a small matter of every day life, is hardly more likely to retain the esteem which was the inspiration of our friendship, than if the same trait had come out in an affair of far greater intrinsic consequence. In the latter case our selfish sense of material loss would be far greater, but in the other we have just as much reason for disappointment in our friend, and for the change of opinion which can hardly fail to impair any friendship worthy of the name. And it is quite reasonable that it should be so. A straw will show the direction of a current quite as well as a plank. And if friendship be, as Jeremy Taylor tells us, 'the greatest union of minds of which brave men and women are capable,' then the discovery—be the occasion ever so slight that our supposed friend's mind (by which I mean moral sympathies) is quite incompatible with our own—must make it impossible that the friendship can long survive.

F.

—There is no tax on the time of busy people so annoying as the incursions of idle people, a fact which idle people whose time often hangs heavy on their hands, find it difficult to realise. You are in the midst of a busy morning—every hour and half hour filled up in anticipation with work that has to be done, yourself in good working order and getting on briskly—when the door opens and your friend, Mr. Drone, enters leisurely, good humoured and conversational, and you inwardly groan, for you know you are in for half an hour's gossip on his part, and impatiently patient civility on yours. He is a man full of the liveliest interest in his neighbour's affairs, which, having nothing particular to do this morning, he is able to discuss with a fulness of detail, which in other circumstances might amuse you, but which, at this particular time, when the clock's hand tells you of your shortening morning and your undone work, is inexpressibly

fretting. By-and-by your friend seems to come to the end of his flow of discourse, not much stimulated, it is to be feared, by your brief and *distrait* replies; and you begin to breathe more freely and hope for speedy relief. Not so; your friend calmly remains seated, and, all unwarned by a silence which *you* feel awkward but will not break, he begins again presently on a new subject—this time, perhaps, a pet grievance, on which he can easily go on for an hour, although you know beforehand all he has to say. Perhaps, in sheer desperation, you break away, at last, on plea of pressing engagements, a thing you wish you could have summoned courage to do long before. You try to apply yourself to your work again—not so easy a task however, after the fretting process to which you have been subjected—when in walks another visitor, a lady this time, Mrs. Limpet, who wants your assistance in some new scheme she has devised, and, by way of disposing you favourably towards it, comes to rob you of another half hour of your precious morning. Indeed, you are fortunate if you can get rid of her so soon, as she is one of those women who love to linger over their subject, adorning it with all manner of episodes, which they give with the minutest circumstantial detail, which you find it impossible to cut short. By the time she has run her story out to the last thread, your busy morning that was to be, is all but gone; your mind is wearied and distracted, and you are hardly in a condition to take up again the dropped threads of thought and begin anew. Such interruptions are particularly distracting to people whose work is pure brain-work, demanding, before all things, concentration of thought and freedom from distracting influences. None probably suffer from them so much as clergymen, who, while everybody knows that they are expected to prepare every week two carefully considered sermons on the most important of all subjects, are yet, besides all the necessary and multifarious demands upon their time, supposed to be the legitimate prey, at all hours, of every idler or busybody who imagines he has business with them, or a subject of importance to bring under their notice. A preacher has, perhaps, just got into a happy vein of thought and flow of composition, when, in the middle of a paragraph, thought out with great care, Mr. Discursive 'drops in,' and bores him for an hour with miscellaneous talk, which puts his carefully collected ideas to ignominious flight, and yet which, if a sensitive man, he cannot bear to cut short. One wonders why the idle people can't inflict their superfluous time on each other, and let busy people alone.

X.

—Few things are more unaccountable than the apathy and indifference with which the people bear the evils connected with the administration of the law in this country. We ask for Government interference in a great many things; we look to it to make or unmake trade, to encourage some kinds of industry by premiums of protective and prohibitory duties, and in the same degree to discourage others, to draw people away from the cultivation of the soil, the business which the country has special facilities for, encouraging them to engage in mercantile business, by releasing them from their contracts through an Insolvent Law. We look to Government to educate our children to inspect and stamp the products of our industry, to make people sober by prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors; in short we look to it to do many things which it ought not to do, while we do not demand of it the discharge of its chief function—the administration of justice. This, which ought to be the first business—and, in the opinion of many, the sole business—of a Government, and on which social well-being so intimately depends, it turns

over to a caste—the legal fraternity—who work it primarily with a view to their own profit. Sir John Romilly's statement that "The law is a technical arrangement for the creation of costs" is as true in Canada as it is in England. The plain statement of the fact that to recover a sum of $100 in the County Courts of Ontario involves costs to over $130 will be considered sufficient proof of this. It is generally supposed, by the uninitiated public, that law costs can be taxed according to a tariff but this is a delusion. The taxing clerk and the Judge can set the tariff aside on many points, the Judge, for instance, can allow counsel to charge double or treble the usual fee, and the taxing clerk cannot touch it. All changes introduced are in the direction of increasing costs. Some time ago, a change of the law was introduced by which counsel are allowed to demand a separate examination of plaintiff and defendant before the case comes into Court. This practice is not of the slightest value to either side, as the whole thing has to be gone over again at the trial, but it serves the only purpose in view, that of making additional costs. Our Insolvency law and amendments furnish another illustration to the same effect. When this Act was passed, it must have been well-known to the framers of it, that there is a Bankrupt law in operation in Scotland for over half a century, which, in the opinion of all who are capable of judging, is the most admirable law of the kind in existence, working cheaply and expeditiously, bringing the fraudulent debtor to punishment, and clearing the unfortunate. But it labours under the great defect that there are not sufficient openings in it for legal costs, and our law was modelled in preference on the cumbrous and expensive law in operation in England. One of the great defects of the Insolvent Law and of laws in general is, that too much is left to the option of Judges. There is a clause in Mr. Blake's amendment to the Insolvent Act, which provides that no bankrupt shall receive his discharge whose estate does not yield fifty cents on the dollar; but it is left to the option of the judge, and the clause is no better that so much waste paper. Instances have occurred in this neighbourhood when a bankrupt has got a certificate of discharge whose estate did not yield a single cent of dividend.

Similar remarks might be made on the working of the Grand Jury system—a system which seems to have been devised for the escape of rogues from punishment at the greatest cost in time and patience to the community. This also might be contrasted with the procedure in use in Scotland and elsewhere. Space is not sufficient to relate a tithe of the way in which people's lives are made miserable by the delay, suspense and expense of the law. Who is there who does not know of property going to wreck through getting into Chancery? How many are there who from bitter experience would not bear any amount of wrong rather than appeal to a Court of Law a second time?

Great would be the gain to the community if Government would discharge aright its proper functions and bring justice cheaply, expeditiously, and surely to the aid of all who suffer from the predatory instincts of the race. Lawyers tell us that cheap justice would increase litigation, but this is something akin to another maxim of theirs, that "He who pleads his own cause has a fool for a client." It is in the interest of their order. The very reverse would be the case, were justice within easy access of all classes, the dishonest and greedy would see no hope of successfully preying upon their fellow man, not as it is now, when the chances are two to one that they will succeed. There is at the present time no reform that requires more to be

pressed upon the Government, one that would confer a greater benefit on the whole community, than reform of law administration. But it will be of no use entrusting it to the lawyers. If done at all it must be done by the lay element of the Government.

J. G. W.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE student of European history has reason to be grateful to the enterprise of that rising Boston house, the Messrs. Roberts Bros., for a couple of noble volumes, illustrative of the life and times of one of Germany's greatest statesmen, Baron Vom Stein,* from the robust pen of Prof. J. R. Seeley, the author of *Ecce Homo,* and the Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Works such as these seldom adequately remunerate either author or publisher. They necessarily appeal to a limited circle of enquirers and students and men of learned leisure, who care, or have the taste or time to form acquaintance with their contents. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that the English edition has been published under the auspices of a society whose function is 'to further the production of laborious works for which the book market did not offer sufficient encouragement.' At an early stage of Prof. Seeley's work, the Syndicate of the Pitt press made the author an offer which enabled him to complete his herculean task sooner by some two or three years, than if he had gone on in the usual way, and depended solely on the philanthropy or enterprise of a private publisher. The American edition, we believe, has had no such friendly assistance. It is due entirely to the scholarly taste and business pride of the Messrs. Roberts, who like to have great books on their list now and then, for the mere sake of having them, and the profit on which is accepted as a secondary condition only.

The Life and Times of Stein is not a simple biography of a single individual. It is far more than this. It is a brilliant account of a most interesting epoch in European history. It is the story of the humiliation of Prussia, culminating in the disastrous affair at Jena, in the days of the French despot. It is a history of German politics and German intrigues, of French power and dominion and hate, of a weak-minded prince and a great minister, of deceit and treachery, of court trickery and diplomatic chicanery, aud the whole marvellous corruption of the age of Napoleon. The stormy period of the French Emperor's career is described with splendid skill, and he appears always as the foremost figure in the narrative with Stein. The able baron of Prussia was one of the most marked characters of his time. He was Prussia's greatest statesman, the precursor of Bismarck, and, like the present Chancellor, a man of iron will and determination. He was born at Nassau, in October 1757, and after studying at Göttingen from 1773 to 1778, he entered the service of his country, and in a few years he was at the head of one of the departments for

**Life and Times of Stein; or Germany and Prussia in the Napoleonic Age.* By J. R. SEELEY, M.A., Two volumes. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

Westphalia. He rapidly rose after this, and soon his name became a tower of strength, not only in his own land but throughout the broad continent of Europe. He early displayed great administrative ability, and as the chief member of the Prussian ministry, he effected many important changes in the conduct of affairs. Among other things he abolished restrictions on internal trade, and for a time success seemed to crown his every effort; but the French invasion and conquest snapped his policy asunder, and embittered many years of his life. He was conservative and religious in tone, full of vital energy and daring, bitter in his hostility to bureaucracy and military despotism, and warm in his admiration of the vigorous years of the past. He took a firm stand on the question which raised the expediency of allowing communities to govern themselves, which he considered the only practical guarantee of national liberty. In 1807, he was dismissed from office by the impotent king, when he withdrew to his estates in Nassau, only to be recalled with open arms again some months afterwards, when the wisdom of his policy was revealed by the Peace of Tilsit. Napoleon, who at that time, did not dream of Stein's real character, nor know of his intense patriotism, favoured the recall of the eminent minister. Another year elapsed, and the Corsican ruler suspecting Stein, by means of information found in an intercepted letter, which criticised his policy, set the wheels in motion to free his path from so redoubtable an antagonist in the field of statecraft and diplomacy. Stein, in November, 1808, was forced to resign, while in the very midst of the prosecution of his series of political reforms, which are known in history as Stein's System, and which provided for the abolition of serfage, the establishment of a municipal organization, similar to that of England, and others equally advanced and pertinent. Stein immediately retired to Austria, and joined the Tugendbund—a secret national society, and the French emperor confiscated his property. In 1812, the Baron's influence was cast with Russia, and in response to a summons from Alexander, he went to the court of the autocrat. He encouraged the coalition against his arch-enemy, and when the allies marched into Saxony, he became President of the Council of all the German States. Shortly after this he attended the Congresses of Vienna and Aix-la-Chapelle, but through the intrigues of lesser men, he made no very distinguished appearance there, and ceased to take afterwards any marked political standpoint. His statesmanship may almost be said to end with the Fall of 1812, for though he enjoyed honours until the day of his death, his name was no longer used as a conjuring word. He was undoubtedly a hero and a brave man. He had to fight the battles of his country against open enemies without and covert traitors within. His manner was sharp and decisive, and even his best friends suffered from his autocratic bearing and generally defiant attitude. In his time he formulated many plans for German unification and strength, and these have been taken up by his successors in office, and several of them have been literally carried out. Stein died in 1831, at Fraücht, where he had lived during the last years of his life in the full enjoyment of his estates, which had been returned to him by the Government. Too much can hardly be said in praise of the admirable style in which this notable biography is written. It represents a monument of labour, exhaustive study, and copious research. It must make a marked impression in the world, and pass into history as one of the great biographies.

Another biography, calculated to provoke much comment among literary people everywhere, is Mr. Hamerton's faithful, and in every way

admirable, life of Turner.* This book has been eagerly looked for by those who, having read Mr. Thornbury's interesting but hastily written life, look forward to such a biography as Mr. Hammerton has just given us—a life leisurely and beautifully written. Unlike Mr. Ruskin, the author of 'Modern Frenchmen' does not over-praise his hero, though of course he finds much to admire and love in the subject of his book. He is often critical, but always just. He strives to produce a life that will live, that will describe Turner as he really was, that will stand out as boldly as one of his own canvases. In this he has succeeded, and the impression one gets from reading the charming book before us, is that Turner was in every sense a remarkable man, a painter of fine attainments, a landscape artist whose genius was limited, a delicate and refined, but uncertain, draughtsman, a fair colourist, and a man of great breadth of view, and strong range of imagination. More than this, Mr. Hammerton seems unwilling to yield, and as he has made a thorough study of Turner's works from the beginning, and under most excellent auspices, his verdict, with perhaps an occasional modification, may be accepted as correct and likely to endure. Turner has for a long time been an object of ridicule and of veneration. He has been laughed at and be-praised. His school has been condemned and lauded. He has been charged with unnaturalness in his colouring, and this charge has often been sustained by ample poof. Turner, however, was a great painter, an artist of brilliant power, a dreamer, a poet, a romancer, as delicate in his way as Hawthorne, as charming as De Quincey, and as fantastically weird as Coleridge. He was an eccentric man of genius—a contradiction, if we might say so—and there is much in his life that one will do well to consider carefully. It teaches a lesson which none should forget. It develops a line of thought which we should all uphold and strive to carry out. Turner poetized everything he undertook. He was an ardent lover of nature, in her sublimest as well as her roughest mood; but his wild extravagances often led him into many curious errors, which did not a little to reduce his influence and lessen his fame. Turner was no copyist. He did not copy even nature herself. He *improved* on the verdure and the trees, on the skies and waters. His landscapes were unlike any other landscapes in the world. His waters were ideas, his rocks were the picturesque fruits of his highly wrought imagination. He loved to study nature as his imagination pictured it. His mind—as susceptible as Shelley's—was full of his own beautiful fancies, the darling creations of his prolific brain. Mr. Hammerton discusses Turner as a dreamer in a happy and well-sustained style, and, indeed, the whole biography is at once a delight and a pleasure. It is entirely free from didactic and dogmatic blemish. It is a simple and touching narrative, abounding in many brilliant passages, amusing and illustrative anecdotes, and much clever criticism, which serves well its purpose. There are nine charming illustrations in the book, etched in a superior manner by A. Brunet-Debaines.

* *The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*, by PHILIP GILBERT HAMMERTON. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

Within the last year or two a perfect Johnson-craze has set in, and new editions of the great Lexicographer's works in various styles have been announced, together with unabridged and abridged copies of Boswell, a new life by Leslie Stephen, and Mr. Matthew Arnold's selection from Johnson's Lives of the Poets. We hope much good will come out of this reaction, and trust that the revival is no mere spasmodic outburst. Johnson was a king among his fellows, the autocratic ruler in letters of his age, and though of late years he has not been so highly

regarded by those terrible fellows, the critics, whose *dicta* we all tremblingly obey, yet many will be glad of the opportunity which cheap editions afford to renew or to make the acquaintance of the author of 'Rasselas.' Of course Boswell's is the standard life, and next to that, perhaps, is Mr. Stephen's excellent short biography, but the leisurely reader will find the very cream of Johnsoniana in Mr. Mason's carefully edited *brochure*, entitled 'Samuel Johnson: His Words and his Ways.'* This volume is a conveniently sized store-house of ana, *bon-mots*, criticisms and personal descriptions. It is a bright and attractive book, and dependent for its facts on the best authorities within reach of the editor, whose plan is to be commended for its thoroughness. It reveals extensive reading and much critical examination of many books; and though Mr. Mason may say with Montaigne, 'I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own,' he is entitled to a large amount of credit for the skilful way in which he has grouped his materials and blocked out his work. Mason's Johnson will beguile many a dull hour, and banish many a fit of the blues, or we are much mistaken. It is formed on a plan which is perhaps original with Mr. Mason, though Russell's 'Book of Authors' may have suggested the idea.

Lady Anne Blunt has written a really enjoyable book of travel. It is fresh and picturesque, and treats of a subject which is full of interest and affords fine scope for the descriptive powers of the author. Eastern travel is full of suggestion, and Lady Blunt has succeeded in presenting a faithful and natural picture of life among the strange Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates.† Her style is good and spirited, and her hearty love of adventure and romance enables her to put on record, in a certain captivating manner, the impressions which she formed during an exciting journey among the curious peoples of the desert. She is a lover of horses too, and misses no opportunity to speak of the various breeds with which she was frequently brought into contact. Her descriptions of the Arabs and their wonderful steeds, the strange spectacles seen during tent life, the wild luxuriance of the scenery, the habits and customs of the various tribes, life in the Oriental cities as it is to-day, the odd peculiarities of race and religion, and a hundred other things are fascinatingly and dramatically presented.

Lady Anne Blunt embarked on her interesting journey at a most promising time of the year, and when the Bulgarian war was at its height. At an early period she and her small party of tourists made friends with the Bedouins, and this happy circumstance enabled them to see much, to learn much, and to pick up a vast amount of information seldom if ever acquired by travellers through this region of desert wild. They witnessed the confusion of a political crisis, and experienced some idea of the horrors which a bloody war engenders. Their sympathy with the Bedouins enlisted confidence in return, and the utmost friendliness prevailed among the visitors and the tribes they came to see. Few journeys have been made in any country under such favorable auspices, and rarely a people—instinctively suspicious and jealous—have so warmly seconded the movements of European travellers. In her account of life in the greater cities through which part of the journey lay, Lady Blunt has drawn liberally on a large stock of valuable material hitherto inaccessi-

* *Samuel Johnson: His Words and his Ways*, Edited by E. T. MASON. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates.* By Lady ANNE BLUNT, edited, with a preface and some account of the Arabs and their horses, by W. S. B. Maps and Sketches, by the Author.—New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

ble. As a specimen of her fluent style, we excerpt this description of Bagdad, though it by no means conveys a proper idea of the scope and character of a work destined to be popular with all classes of readers, for there is a certain wild luxuriance about the book which to be thoroughly enjoyed must be read as a whole. Of the four hundred and forty pages in this record, not a single one of them is dull.

'Bagdad, in spite of its ancient name, and of its Caliphs and Calenders so familiar in our ears, is hardly now an interesting city. Compared with Damascus or Aleppo, it wants individual character, while Cairo twenty years ago must have been far more quaint and attractive. I suppose, if we had entered it from the north and by the river, we should have been differently impressed from now, coming as we have from the west, where there is nothing in the approach to give one the idea of a great city. The walls have been pulled down, and one enters by scrambling over the mounds of rubbish where they once stood, and then crossing an intermediate space of broken ground, given over to dogs and jackals, and gradually abandoned by the town as it has shrunk back from its old circuit, like a withered nut inside its shell. One sees at once that Bagdad is a city long past its prime, a lean and slippered pantaloon, its hose a world too wide for its shrunk shanks. Within, there is little to remind one of the days of its greatness. The houses are bad and mean, and built of mud, and the streets narrow and unpaved as those of any Mesopotamian village. There are no open spaces, or fountains, or large mosques, or imposing buildings. The minarets are few and of inconsiderable height, and the bazaars without life or sign of prosperity. No caravans crowd the gates, and hardly a camel is to be met with in the streets. The rich merchant, like the Caliph, the Calender, and all the rest, seems to have disappeared. I don't know how it is, but these signs of decay affect me disagreeably. Bagdad has no right to be anything but prosperous, and stripped of its wealth, is uninteresting, a colourless eastern town, and nothing more.'

Others besides adherents of the Episcopalian Church will be interested in Mr. Perry's exhaustive History of the Church of England,* for it treats very fully of kindred subjects, and a good deal of space is filled with an account of the Reformation and how it came about. This History is intended to supply a manifest want, for it covers territory not embraced in any of the many books on the same topic. Bishop Short's History deals more fully, perhaps, with the subject on a broad and liberal basis, but Mr. Perry is fuller in detail and more particular about many essential points. Indeed Perry's History fills a unique place ; it treats of the Church during its reformed period, and concludes with the Silencing of Convocation, and a brief sketch of the remainder of the eighteenth century. American and Canadian readers also, will be glad to know that a very useful history of the Church of England in America and its successor, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, accompanies the volume. This valuable addendum is from the scholarly pen of Dr. J. A. Spencer, the skilful editor of the New Testament in Greek.

Professor Huxley's Life of David Hume† will make a lasting impression on all thoughtful men. The biographer contents himself with giving the merest outline of Hume's life, character and surroundings, and en-

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* *A History of the Church of England.* By G. G. PERRY, M.A., Canon of Lincoln and Rector of Waddington. New York : Harper & Bros. ; Toronto : Willing & Williamson.

† *Hume.* By Professor HUXLEY.—English Men of Letters, edited by John Morley. New York : Harper & Bros. Toronto : Hart & Rawlinson

ters very scantily into anecdote and personal gossip. Indeed, in these particulars the work is meagre and some will consider it unsatisfactory. Professor Huxley, however, more than atones for this, in the new revelation which he gives of Hume's philosophy and scientific system. The book is, in short, scarcely a biography at all; but a scientific study of Hume, the object and scope of his philosophy, his thoughts on evolution, his doctrine of immortality and principles of morals. Huxley is in the main fair and impartial in his treatment of his subject, and many will like to read Hume again by the aid of this modern light —and perhaps be present at the 'cutting up' on Mr. Huxley's dissecting table.

Mr. William Black is never dull, though he is not always himself. We particularly admire his grand bits of description, those tremendous pictures of natural and rugged scenery which he does infinitely better than many of the prominent living novelists of the present day, but his men and women are often failures. They are real and splendid enough when we meet them first, and one naturally falls in love with his heroes, and feels, tender, perhaps, towards his heroines; but long before the story is told Mr. Black's 'creations' often relapse into mere puppets and sufficiently commonplace beings. He does not always manage his characters well, and there is a want of sustaining power in his work. It is the same with his recent 'Life of Goldsmith.'* It is a most disappointing book. One is led to expect great things from the author of so fine a story as 'The Princess of Thule,' but the story of 'Poor Noll' is unskilfully told, and in some places the poet is actually unfairly dealt with. Mr. Black has written his biography hastily, and there are frequent marks of impatience to be met with, as if the biographer felt that he was engaged on an uncongenial task and heartily wished it over. The love which all mankind bears for Goldsmith, and Mr. Black's own great fame, will make this short book one of the most widely sold of the series.

Little need be said in praise of so famous a book as Crabb's 'Synonymes.'* It has held its place for many years as the standard authority in its department of learning, and scholars everywhere have accorded it the highest place. The edition before us contains many additions and corrections, and its great value can only become known by constant use. Editors, writers for the press, students and teachers can hardly do without Crabb.

Some twelve years ago Mr. James Hannay, in the Magazine which the present editor of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY was then editing in New Brunswick, reviewed Mr. Beamish Murdoch's History of Acadia—a work which may properly be called Materials for History. In that review Mr. Hannay, little thinking perhaps, that he would himself become the Historian of his native land, commented on the general want of system pursued by Mr. Murdoch in the arrangement of his data and facts, and indulged in these remarks: 'The people of these provinces await the advent of some historian who will place before them a true mirror of the times of the Ancient Colony of Acadie—who will trace its history down from the time of its discovery by Cartier, to the expulsion of the French, and from thence to the present day—who will recount its battles and sieges, and its various changes of masters, and what is of still more

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* *Goldsmith.* By WILLIAM BLACK—English Men of Letters, edited by John Morley. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *English Synonymes Explained in Alphabetical Order.* By GEORGE CRABB, A.M. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

importance, the social character and customs of its people—their struggles against the severity of a climate to which they were not inured, and the double evils of disease and famine. Such a history, written in a pleasing style, and without prejudice or partiality, would be a work of inestimable value to the inhabitants of the provinces, both as a text-book for the instruction of youth, and the information of those of maturer years.'

Mr. Hannay at that time was a close student of Acadian history as well as a writer of no ordinary ability. The readers of STEWART'S QUARTERLY remember him doubtless as the author of a series of entertaining annals of Acadie, a few poems in swinging ballad measure on the same subject, and one or two striking papers on the old forts in St. John and Westmoreland counties.

By almost universal consent Mr. Hannay became the historian of Acadia. One after the other his rivals left the field, and the historian remained in peace to pursue his examination of musty old MSS., quaint books and primitive maps. For twelve years at least, Mr. Hannay has been pursuing his enquiries in this field of study in the scant leisure snatched from an active journalistic life. In June, 1877, his work was almost finished, and the history was passing through the press, when the disastrous fire in St. John, N. B. accomplished the destruction of not only the printed sheets, the whole of the manuscript pages then in the printing office, but also the large and valuable library of the author. The work had to be done over again.

Mr. Hannay's volume is now before the public.* It is a carefully written and well digested history of Acadia from its first discovery to its surrender to England by the Treaty of Paris, February 10, 1763. There is enough in the early history of these Colonies to afford a writer ample scope for his powers, and Mr. Hannay has wisely avoided the rocks upon which a less experienced author might have split. He has dismissed insignificant occurrences by a paragraph, and elaborated only the more important events, and such deeds as mark an era in the life of the struggling French provinces. Indeed he has fulfilled to the letter the plan he had in his mind when twelve years ago he asked the people of the Eastern provinces to await the coming of a promised historian. His book is well put together, the style is good, though occasionally melodramatic and high coloured, and the facts as far as we are aware, are unimpeachable. Mr. Hannay might have made his history more convenient for reference if he had dated the tops of his pages and inserted explanatory head lines,—two faults of omission hardly excusable in these days, and should a second edition be called for, we hope to see this remedied. There are many brilliant passages in the book, some of which would do no discredit to Macaulay, whose manner Mr. Hannay sometimes affects.

Before laying this really interesting volume down we must make an extract from it, in order that our readers may see a sample of the historian's style. Mr. Hannay upholds the action of the British in expelling the French from Acadia, and though that act has been generally condemned, Mr. Hannay puts his case so strongly that we may be pardoned for quoting here some of his views on the subject: 'I have said that the English Government was extremely anxious that the French should remain in Acadia. That was natural, because nearly the whole cost of maintaining the civil and military establishments in Acadia fell on the British people. From motives of economy, if for no other reason, it was considered highly desirable that the Acadians should remain on their lands, in order that

* *The History of Acadia.* By JAMES HANNAY.—St. John, N.B.: J. & A. McMillan.

they might supply the garrisons with provisions at a fair price, and so reduce the cost of maintaining them. It was also felt that the French, if they could be induced to become loyal subjects, would be a great source of strength to the Colony from their knowledge of wood-craft, and from their friendly relations with the Indians. It was, therefore, on no pretext that this desire to keep the Acadians in the Province—which is attested by more than forty years of forbearance—was succeeded by a determination to remove them from it. Grave and weighty reasons existed for taking so extreme a step, and on the sufficiency of these reasons its justification must depend. It must be remembered that in 1755 England was entering on a great war with France, which, although it ended disastrously for the latter power, certainly commenced with the balance of advantage in her favour. In such a death-struggle it was evident there was no room for half-way measures, and that a weak policy would almost certainly be fatal to British power. Ever since the treaty of Utrecht, a period of more than forty years, the Acadians had lived on their lands without complying with the terms on which they were to be permitted to retain them, which was to become British subjects. Although, the soil upon which they lived was British territory, they claimed to be regarded as neutrals, not liable to be called upon to bear arms either for or against the English. Their neutrality, however, did not prevent them from aiding the French to the utmost of their power and throwing every possible embarrassment in the way of the English. It did not prevent many of them from joining with the Indians in attacks on the garrison at Annapolis and on other fortified posts in Acadia. It did not prevent them from carrying their cattle and grain to Louisbourg, Beausèjour and the River St. John, instead of to Halifax and Annapolis, when England and France were at war. It did not prevent them from maintaining a constant correspondence with the enemies of England, or from acting the part of spies on the English, and keeping Vergor at Beausèjour informed of the exact state of their garrisons from time to time. It did not prevent them from being on friendly terms with the savages, who beset the English so closely that an English settler could scarcely venture beyond his barn, or an English soldier beyond musket-shot of his fort for fear of being killed and scalped.'

Mr. Boyesen's biographical and critical essay on Goethe and Schiller* will likely attract many readers who have derived their impressions of these authors from reading translations of their best known works. Of course the writings of Carlyle and Emerson and David Masson have done much to better the knowledge of the general reader of the authors of 'Faust' and 'The Robbers,' but Mr. Boyesen's essay appeals to a more direct and influencing interest still. For several years he has been professor of German literature in Cornell University, and his book is the natural outgrowth of the lectures which he has from time to time delivered before the young men under his care. The vast accumulations of notes and criticisms and observations which came into his possession form the material out of which this agreeable volume has been fashioned. Mr. Boyesen has produced a strong book, entertaining to read and useful to study. It is rich in criticism and full of suggestion and individuality. The author is almost too searching, though, for at times he explains away much that we would prefer to have had remain as it was, or as we were accustomed to know it, before his sharp

* *Goethe and Schiller: their Lives and Works, including a Commentary on Goethe's Faust.* By HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.—New York: Charles Scribners' Sons; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

and critical eye was levelled on it. His Memoir may rather be called an Essay than a Life, and the method and scope of the book may be highly praised. An Index seems almost indispensable, but Mr. Boyesen has apparently thought otherwise.

Mr. Howells' latest story—The Lady of the Aroostook*—has all the charm and grace and eloquence of his former writings. He has the rare faculty of individualizing his characters, and making them stand out in relief as distinct and original types. His men and women may be met every day in the streets of cities, and in the byways and lanes of villages. His observation is quick, his analytical power remarkably keen, and his art is perfect and finished. His conversations are always bright and interesting, his humour delicate and refined, and his descriptions of scenery are almost equal to his portrayals of character. The Lady of the Aroostook has many of Mr. Howells' principal characteristics, and one rises from its perusal absolutely refreshed by the purity and simplicity of a narrative, which is written in the choicest English. The heroine Miss Lydia Blood is a pure-minded and sensitive American girl, whose early days were spent in a New England village at the home of her grandfather and aunt. Of refined and natural manners and delicate sensibilities, she lives an almost secluded existence with these old people, her guardians, who in their homely way do what they can to sweeten the passing days of her unromantic and pastoral life. There are many American maidens in real life like Lydia Blood. They are to be found in the hamlets of New England to-day—modest and sweet girls as instinctively aristocratic in their bearing as if coronets rested on their brows, but simple and gentle in all their habits of life. Mr. Howells has invested his heroine with all the truthfulness and holiness which her station demands. In his hands she becomes a Creation, a living soul in the realms of fiction, and the reader dwells with him lovingly on the beautiful type of perfect womanhood, which his genius has developed. The main figure in this delightful story, all interest accordingly is centred in the Lady of the Aroostook, who undertakes a long voyage to Europe, alone, in a sailing vessel. She is the only lady passenger, and her fellow voyagers are three representative men, a gentleman of cultivated tastes named Staniford, his friend Dunham, and young Hicks, whose friends are compelled to send him across the ocean to keep him sober. So unsophisticated is Miss Blood and so innocent withal, that it is only when she arrives in Venice at the home of her aunt—a frivolous and artificial woman of fashion—that she discovers that in crossing the Atlantic unaccompanied by some one of her own sex, she committed an unpardonable act in the correct eyes of the European world, from which there is apparently no redemption.

Of course the story turns on an affair of the heart, the development of which will be watched with a tender interest, though Mr. Howells has had evidently a deeper object in view than the mere telling of a very pretty, and in every way admirable tale. His aim has been doubtless to paint the portrait of the American girl as she really exists, to portray her in all her freshness and goodness and gracefulness, and to apply a wholesome corrective to a class of criticism which men and women of a certain school have taken pains of late to formulate both in America and in Europe. In Mr. Howells, the American, and especially the New England girl, has found a champion, a defender as powerful as any Knight in the days of the Cru-

* *The Lady of The Aroostook.* By. WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.—Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

sades. His picture is a faithful one, and many a Lydia Blood will unconsciously behold her own portrait delicately limned in the bright pages of 'The Lady of the Aroostook.'

Mr. Duvar's drama is called the Enamorado* (*Love Stricken*), and we feel bound to say that it contains much that we can admire. It is spirited and interesting, and the language for the most part is good. The humour is a trifle coarse, and though Mr. Duvar is careful enough to allow coarse persons such as a clown and a cook of the fifteenth century to utter his nonsense, the effort, while really offensive in some respects, is not successful as a whole. Mr. Duvar is neither a wit nor a humourist. He is a very sober poet. His fun is apparently modelled after the fun of Shakespeare and of Massinger. It has all the vulgarity and none of the piquancy, and let us add, the wisdom, which these great play-wrights have put into the mouths of their clowns and jesters. The story on which the play is founded is a pretty one, and is, we believe, historically correct. We will not destroy the interest which will probably be taken in this clever play, by giving even an outline of the plot. We commend it to our readers. It will be found an exceedingly skilful piece of workmanship. It is well constructed, well contained and written in good dramatic form. It is vigorous in action, and the scenes and dialogue are cleverly managed. The character drawing, in many respects, shows power, natural ability and excellent discernment. The author is as successful with his gentlemen as he is with his gentlewomen. It is only when he descends to his boors that he loses his balance, and mistakes vulgarity for wit. The Enamorado is not an *acting* drama. It is a poetic drama, full of fine things, a number of pretty songs, and graceful figures, and some really eloquent outbursts of passion, such as this, from the fourth act, in the storm scene where Mazias reveals his love to Clara in the lonely grove :—

'The lightning is the minister of love,
Kinder than death in any other shape,
For oft the levin bolt shot o'er the world
Will zigzag in its course, and passing by
The stricken stretched with sorely racking pain
By whom death is most weary-waited for,
Will, in its instant sheeting, single out
From all the millions all around the world,
Two young true lovers, with their beating hearts
Together clasped within the link and chain
Of their encircling and embracing arms,
And liberate their souls in painless death.
For love attracts the lightning. Thus it is :
The subtle warm love essence that surrounds
And permeates the being, is the same
That runneth through all Nature's mighty veins,
The which intensified is levin fire,
That flashing through the world finds like in like
In bodies of some perfect loving pair,
And with a flash absorbs them ; as yon gleam,—
Were but thy love as ardent—warm as mine,—
Might course innocuous o'er all else of earth
Yet suck our life and love into the flame
Of its own fiery being.'

* *The Enamorado.* A Drama. By JOHN HUNTER DUVAR. Summerside, P. E. I. : Graves & Co.

NOTICES.

On the authority of MR. WILKIE COLLINS, we beg to state that he is not engaged in writing a conclusion to 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.' Shortly after MR. DICKENS' death MR. COLLINS was asked to finish the story, but he positively refused to do so. Since then a continental publisher has impudently associated his name with a French version of the story, and this has given some colour to the rumour which we now publicly contradict.

Owing to pressing literary engagements, the author of the PAPERS BY A BYSTANDER, is unable to furnish this Magazine with an article this month.