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"THIS IS THE DOCYMENT."

BELFORD'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1877.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XI.

THE finest lawn is sometimes deformed by a rock so huge in bulk and harsh in outline, that it is beyond the gardener's skill to make it beautiful, either by climbing turf or fringing shrubbery. Mrs. Coates had her trials, among which was Mr. Coates, to whom a dress coat was an abomination, and a white cravat a thing of ugliness, and a torment forever. It was in vain that she represented to him the responsibilities and requirements of a forehanded man who had given the best advantages to his offspring. She respected his talent for making money; she had a dim idea that he was her superior in mental gifts, and she knew as well as a woman of her nature could know, that he held her in a sort of good-humoured contempt; but she felt that he did not take as kindly as he should to polite life, and that in this respect, at least, she was his superior.

There was another matter, which had always been a source of mortification to her—Mr. Coates was a stammerer. He never said much, but what he did say, was broken into so many pieces, that she was always afraid that his auditors could not put them together and make words and sentences of them. He had the habit of his daughter—perhaps he had bestowed the habit upon her—of accumulating material while conversation was in progress, and then coming out with it at unexpected times and in surprising ways. Unfurnished with her nimble tongue, he aimed at laconic condensation, and made the most of his brief efforts. He hung in the social sun like an icicle, now and then thawing to the

extent of a drop, which spattered about in sparkling fragments as it fell, and froze upon the memory. His vocal efforts were periodical, like the performances of the skeleton and the twelve apostles operated by the tower-clock at Prague. They not only told the time of day with great precision, but they told it with jerks; and the jerks added an element of humour to what might otherwise have been a tame proceeding.

But Mr. Coates and Mrs. Coates got along together pretty well, considering how conscious each was of the imperfections of the other. She could do nothing with him, and he could do nothing with her; so, in a sort of despair of each other, they came to a tacit agreement to let each other alone, and permit their acquaintances to come to their own conclusions with regard to the respective merits and demerits of the pair. And their acquaintances did come to the conclusion that Mrs. Coates was good-natured, pretentious, insensitive, and amusing as a bore, and that Mr. Coates was a man of common sense, modesty, and a concentrated waggery that lost nothing of its humour by the impediments to its expression. In short, Mr. Coates, very much to the surprise of Mrs. Coates, was a popular man, who stood in the community for just what he was worth, and was very much beloved and respected.

When Nicholas and Glezen set off for the dinner party to which they had been invited, the former was in a good deal of nervous trepidation. He sympathized so profoundly with Miss Coates, and had so thorough a respect for her, that he dreaded the developments of the occasion on her account. He felt, too, that he could not quite trust his friend Glezen, for he knew that the temptation to chaff the old lady would be well-nigh irresistible. Still, he believed in the power of the young woman to hold him to propriety. She had certainly exercised that power upon himself, and he felt measurably sure of the same influence upon his friend. As for Glezen, he had heard so much about Miss Coates that he had determined to put himself upon his best behaviour at whatever pain of self-denial.

When the two young men entered Mrs. Coates's drawing-room, they discovered that the dinner was to be strictly *en famille*. It would have been impossible for Mrs. Coates to deprive Jenny of the chances offered by the possession for an evening of two eligible young men. As she took the hands of one after the other, she said:

"I thought it would be so nice to have you all to ourselves this evening! Not that I am selfish, for I'm not. Jenny has often said to me, 'Mother,' says she, 'whatever may be your short-comings, selfishness isn't one of them, no matter what appearances may be.' Says I, 'Jenny, there are joys with which the stranger intermeddleth not, unless it's against my consent, and one of 'em is dining with dear friends

for the first time in my own house. There, Jenny, is where I draw my line,' says I. But Jenny says, says she, 'I think it would be nice to have Mrs. Ilmansee and her sister, and Mrs. Morgan and Miss Morgan.' But says I to Jenny, 'Jenny,' says I, 'Mrs. Ilmansee would just as soon think of inviting the Old Scratch as inviting me, though why she should feel so,' says I, 'passes my comprehension, and I'm going to draw my line just there. I've got the first chance, and I'm going to keep it,' says I."

While this introduction to the social entertainment was in progress, Nicholas and Miss Coates gradually retired, and found themselves very agreeably entertained with each other. Glezen, with his closed mouth, was left with Mrs. Coates, and was somewhat embarrassed by the situation. It was, therefore, with a great sense of relief that he heard a latch-key at work at the door, and saw Jenny fly to meet her father. He caught a glimpse of her sparkling eyes and her lithe and tastefully dressed figure as she disappeared, and recognised at once the sympathy that existed between the old merchant and his daughter. He heard her lively brush upon his dusty clothes, and a hurried colloquy, and then the daughter led the old man in and presented him to the two guests.

"H–how d' do? P–pretty well?"

"H–how d' do? P–pretty well?"

These questions were accompanied by two bows, directed to the two young men, and then he advanced and took each by the hand. His clothes were none of the nicest, either in quality or fit; his cravat was crazily tied, in such a knot as he would have made in doing up hurriedly a package of goods; his head was bald, but his eyes and mouth were shrewd and good-natured, and Glezen, particularly, was attracted to him at once. The attraction was mutual, and Mr. Coates seemed consious that Nicholas—less used to men—found it hard to reconcile his host's appearance with his surroundings.

Then Mrs. Coates excused herself to look after her dinner, as she had not arrived at the point where she could surrender her housekeeping cares to her servants. Housekeeping had always been her strong point. Miss Coates hung about her father, brought him an easy-chair, and by all considerate acts of deference and affection, seemed to endeavour to excite Glezen's respect for him, unmindful of the fact that she was accomplishing more for herself than for her father. Her arts, however, were unnecessary, for the men understood each other.

It has been said that Mr. Coates and Mrs. Coates had learned to let each other alone. This was strictly true, however, only when visitors were not present. It seemed to be necessary, in the presence of strangers, to vindicate their own sense of propriety by either exposing, or apologizing for, each other's fault.

When Miss Coates had comfortably seated her father, and seen Glezen draw a chair to his side, she resumed her conversation with Nicholas. Then the old man turned to Glezen and quietly inquired:

"H–how long have you b–been here?"

"Oh, ten minutes, perhaps," Glezen replied.

"T–tired of it?"

"Of course not; why should I be?"

There was a queer working of the old man's lips, as he responded:

"M–Mrs. C–Coates is a f–funny old watch. She b–broke her chain a g-good while ago, and has been r–running down ever since. She must have a m–mainspring a m–mile long."

No power could have restrained Glezen's laughter over this, and he laughed so heartily and so long that Nicholas and Jenny both rose from their seats, and approached them. But Mr. Coates was entirely unmoved. Not a sympathetic ripple betrayed itself upon his face, while he completed for Glezen's ear the remainder of his statement and the rounding out of his figure.

"I used to w–wind her up too t–tight, I suppose."

Nothing but the protestations of Jenny could have hindered her mother from preparing the young men for what she was pleased to call the "impederment" of her husband. He had calculated upon this preparation, and, in his remark to Glezen, had intended to pay off his little debt, so that he and his wife might start even with the evening's guests.

When, with a highly self-satisfied air, Mrs. Coates returned with the announcement that dinner was ready, she found them all in a lively frame of mind, and Nicholas and Jenny just where she would have had them—together. She took Glezen's arm, gave a significant nod to Nicholas, who rose and gave his arm to Miss Coates, and then all proceeded to the dining-room, Mr. Coates shambling along in the rear. The table-linen was rich and immaculate, and the porcelain and silver all that was desirable.

"Silent grace!" said Mrs. Coates, in a low tone, bending over her plate—a motion that was imitated by all but the head of the house.

Mrs. Coates, unfortunately, did not share the feeling of her daughter with regard to fashionable churches. She had nibbled about in her own homely pasture, among the thistles and mulleins that had been kept unclipped from the fear of formalism, and pretended to herself and her neighbours that she was content; but she had looked over what was a homely fence on her side, and a flowery hedge on the other, into a pasture which, in her eyes, was a field of enchantment. The fold was so tastefully built, the paths were so bordered with green, the hills were so smooth, the valleys so verdant, the rills of water glistened so brightly and tinkled so sweetly, that in her heart of hearts she would have been

glad of a chance to enter it and go no more out forever. To be a sheep with a silken fleece in such a flock, led from hill to valley and from valley to plain by a tall shepherd in white, with a golden crook in his hand, was a picture of felicity often presented to her imagination. Only in her imagination, however, could it be entertained. Mr. Coates would not consent to any change that would serve her wishes, and Jenny was bound to her unfashionable church by a love and enthusiasm that would make no compromise.

There was, therefore, but one way left open for Mrs. Coates, which was to pretend to like what she despised, and to hate what she loved above all things.

" I suppose," said Mrs. Coates, as she raised her eyes from her plate at the completion of her grace, " that the Piskerpalian form of grace is the most fashionable, but,"—glowing behind her tureen and lifting her ladle—" Mr. Coates proverdentially has an impederment, and we have adopted the silent form as more convenient in our family. But I must say that I don't understand why people pray three times a day that the Lord will make them thankful for what they are about to receive. Why don't they be thankful, and out with it? It seems to me that it's just what our good old Dr. Hemenway used to call formalism, and I've said to Mr. Coates, often and often, ' Mr. Coates,' says I, ' whatever sin is laid to our door, don't let it be formalism.' "

Glezen caught Mr. Coates's eye, and saw his mouth begin to work.

" W–what year was that?" Mr. Coates inquired.

Mrs. Coates deemed it best not to pay any attention to this skeptical question, and went on sipping her soup between sentences:

"The prettiest thing I know of is having grace said by an innocent child. This is quite the thing, I'm told, and it must be very melting. I know a little four-year old girl who says grace so beautifully that everybody cries. I never dared to try it in my own family, for fear of consequences, you know, but it does seem as if it would be the greatest comfort if I could. A lamb of the flock is such an interesting thing!"

" You m–might t–train a p–parrot," suggested Mr. Coates.

Poor Miss Coates was red in the face. She saw that her father and mother had pitted themselves against each other, and that Glezen was exceedingly amused. Mrs. Coates saw this too, and in her own mind drew a comparison between the staid self-restraint of Nicholas and the irreverence of Glezen, much to the disadvantage of the latter.

"Jenny tells me," said Mrs. Coates to Nicholas, "that you are to be in the city during the winter."

"Yes, I hope to be here," he replied.

Then moved by the same curiosity which had exercised Miss Pelton's mind the day before, she said:

"What flock do you expect to jine? We should be delighted to welcome you to our fold, although we are at present without a shepherd, and I grieve to say that there is a great deal of straying. I do so long to have a shepherd once more, for I think the picter of a shepherd with a crook, keeping his sheep together on the hills, is one of the sweetest I ever see, and it will take a pretty strong crook to get our flock together again, and I long to have a man settled and done with it."

"These sh-epherds with c–crooks in their hands d–don't amount to much," said Mr. Coates. "I p–prefer one with a c–crook in his head."

Mrs. Coates, of course, didn't see the point, and wondered what Glezen could find to laugh at. She was painfully impressed with the frivolous character of this friend of her friend, and determined to warn the latter against such associations at the first opportunity.

Then forgetting that Nicholas had not answered her question, she went on:

"A vacant pulpit seems to me to be an awful thing. It looks as if it was the very yawning of the pit of destruction, but"—recurring to her effort upon the future course of Nicholas—"don't, I beg of you, go over to the Piskerpalians. It's all very nice when you meet 'em on the streets, with their carriages and their silks and satins, and see their ministers in spick and span white gowns in the churches, and their little boys tuning up their amens, and their getting down and getting up. I know it's lovely, but it is very deceptive to the young. I own up that I have felt drawn to 'em, and there was one time when, if Mr. Coates had said the word, I should have went (Nora, pass Mr. Minturn the bread); but I was mercifully spared from embracing a dead formalism. It took a good deal of grace to stand by the vacant pulpit at one time. (Mr. Coates, I'm sure Mr. Minturn will have a little more of the beef.)"

And then Mrs. Coates fell back in her chair, to rest herself from the contemplation of her old struggles with the temptation to subside into a dead formalism.

Mr. Coates had been gradually filling up to the point of expression, and here broke in with:

"I'd r–ather have a v–vacant pulpit than a v–vacant minister any time."

Mrs. Coates knew that this was intended to be a reflection upon the retired old Dr. Hemenway, and sighed:

"Whatever Dr. Hemenway was," said Mrs. Coates, "it couldn't be laid to his door that he was a dead formalist."

"If I was g–going to be d–dead, I would as s–soon be a d–dead f–formalist as a d–dead goose," said Mr. Coates.

"Mother," said Jenny, wishing to change the line of conversation,

"Mr. Minturn is going to see what he can do for the poor, I'm sure you'll like that."

"Yes," said Mrs. Coates, "the poor ye have always among you; and I think we have 'em with a vengeance. It's nothing but give, give, give, from morning to night, till I get sick and tired of it. Here's Jenny going to mission-schools, and visiting round in the awfulest places, where no respectable girl ought to go, and I'm so afraid she'll catch something that it worries my life out of me. There is Miss Larkin laid up for life with a fever she took doing the same thing."

Here was a bit of news for Nicholas, who understood better than he did before its utterance, the welcome which his purpose had received at her hands.

"Do you labour for the poor?" inquired Mrs. Coates of Glezen, morally sure that he did nothing of the kind, and that she was about to display her daughter's superiority.

"Yes, madam, I do nothing else."

"Is it possible! I thought you were a lawyer."

"Yes, I suppose I am. That is what I am trying to make the New York people believe, any way; but, so far, I have confined my attention to a single pauper, and it's all I can do to feed and clothe him."

"This is very interesting," said Mrs. Coates. "Jenny, do you hear this?"

"Yes, mother. The pauper's name is Glezen."

Mr. Coates was shaking in his chair, but without a smile.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Coates, "you mean that you are taking care of yourself?"

"That's what I am trying to do, with very indifferent success," said Glezen.

"Well, that's what we all have to do before we get to be forehanded," said Mrs. Coates, in a benevolent effort to soften Glezen's sense of poverty.

"You are interested, of course, in the poor," she added suggestively.

"Very much so," Glezen responded, "especially in my own particular pauper."

"But you believe we owe duties to the paupers?" insisted Mrs. Coates.

"Yes," said Glezen; "duties which nobody performs. Half of them ought to be tied to a whipping post and whipped. The rest of them ought to be in jail, with the exception of the children, who should be taken out of their hands and reared to something better."

Mrs. Coates's breath was nearly taken out of her by this most inhuman declaration.

"What can you mean?" she inquired.

"Well," said Glezen, looking smilingly around upon the group, and seeing Jenny's eyes fixed very earnestly upon him, "I mean exactly what I say. Half of them ought to be tied to a whipping-post and whipped. The city is full of dead-beats who would not work if they could. They are as utterly demoralized as if they were thieves. I never saw a willing beggar yet who wasn't a liar. I never saw even a child who had begged, and succeeded in his begging ten times, who would tell the truth, when the truth would serve his purpose just as well as a lie. There are poor and worthy people I do not doubt, God help them! but the moment they become paupers they become liars—I mean paupers who are not only willing to live on charity, but anxious to be fed without effort. I haven't a doubt that the city would be better off if there wasn't a cent given in charity. In our benevolence and pity, we are manufacturing paupers all the time, and doing the poor and ourselves, too, the cruellest wrong we can do."

"You are making out a very pleasant prospect for me," said Nicholas, laughing.

"I shouldn't have said a word," Glezen responded, "if I had supposed you would believe me. Every man has his opinions and his theory, and every benevolent man is bent on trying his experiment. I want to see you try yours."

"But," said Nicholas, growing earnest and excited, "there must be some cure for every evil under the sun. The good Lord hasn't left us face to face with the devil without a weapon in our hands. It cannot be so."

"I agree with you," said Glezen, "and I tell you the weapon is a horsewhip. There is nothing that moves a dead-beat but hunger and pain. He can always get cold victuals, so he is safe from starvation; but there is absolutely no argument that will induce him to work but pain. There is nothing but a whipping-post, established in every town, and faithfully used, that will set him at work, and keep him at it. You may preach to him until the day of doom; you may dress him, you may coddle him; you may appeal to what you are pleased to call his manhood, and he'll just let you bore him for what he can get out of you. There isn't so much manhood in one of them as there is in a horse."

"But even Mr. Coates believes in giving meat to the hungry," said Mrs. Coates, in a tone that indicated that up to the present moment, he was the most inhuman person she had met.

"Y-yes," Mr. Coates responded, "g-give 'em the h-hide of the animal, r-raw!"

Glezen saw that he had, somehow, horrified both the old woman and her pretty daughter, and so attempted to justify himself.

"When I came to the city," he said, "I was full of a sort of chicken-hearted benevolence. A woman or a child could not extend a hand to me on the street, without taking out of my pocket whatever I might happen to have there. I comforted myself over the loss of many a good cigar, with the thought that I had helped somebody to bread, when I only helped them to beer, and did my share toward making them worse and more incurable beggars than they were before. They soon found me out in my office, where they managed, by the most ingenious lying, to cheat me out of my hard-earned dollars. I became at last sore with my sense of imposition, and sore with my sacrifices, and I've not recovered yet. I can look a beggar in the face now without winking, and when a dead-beat presents himself in my office, I have only to glance at my boot and point to the door, and he understands me, and retires without a word."

"But you can't afford to become distrustful and hard-hearted like that, you know," said Nicholas in a tone of expostulation. "A man can't afford to shut himself up like that, and look upon every needy fellow as a scamp."

"You can't afford it, perhaps; I can; and there, by the way, lies the trouble in the case. Rich people, surrounded with their comforts, try to make themselves more comfortable in their minds by sharing a portion of their wealth with the poor. Their dinners taste better after having fed a beggar. Their nice clothes feel better after they have given an old garment to a dead-beat, who straightway pawns it for rum. Society cannot afford to have the vice of pauperism nourished for the small compensation of gratifying the benevolent impulses of the rich. Does pauperism grow less with their giving? Is it not becoming, with every benevolent effort, a great, overshadowing curse? Pauperism grows by what it feeds on, and it feeds on the benevolence of the rich, and on benevolence which, like some of our Christianity, is fashionable."

An aggressive person like Glezen was the only power that could close the mouth of Mrs. Coates. She was so thrown out of her accustomed line of thought, which ran among commonplaces and conventionalities and popular currents of opinion that, to be met by a decided and persistent protest, from one who seemed, at least, to know what he was talking about, was equivalent to being cut off from her supplies and finding an abattis in her pathway. Like a good many "old women of both sexes," theological and otherwise, she could not quite comprehend how a man could oppose the orthodox opinion upon any subject, unless there was a screw loose in his moralities.

Mr. Coates was happy, too happy, even, to attempt to talk. The study of the faces before him—the horror of Mrs. Coates, the per-

plexity of Nicholas, and the half comical, half doubtful expression upon his daughter's features, afforded him a sort of grim entertainment, for he sympathized wholly in Glezen's opinions, and could have hugged him for saying so well what he had felt to be the truth for many years.

Miss Coates had a burden upon her heart, and it would have been most unlike her to conceal it. Her eyes were half filled with tears (for she had been a patient and enthusiastic worker among the poor), as she turned to Glezen and said:

"Notwithstanding all, Mr. Glezen, there are worthy and truthful poor people who need our help, and have a Christian claim upon our Christian benevolence. There are little children who cannot help themselves, even if they would, who are to be educated and clothed and fed. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Sometimes, when I have been discouraged with my work, I have thought of this; and I wonder now whether you and the Master would quite agree on this matter of charity. Almost every year I hear of some poor mother who, with her little ones, has starved to death for the lack of the bread which it would have been so easy for us to give, and it seems terrible."

Glezen was touched. "I don't think you and I disagree on this matter," he said. "God forbid that I should deny the bread that keeps body and soul together, to even an unworthy woman. I would give her work to do, however, and try to foster and not kill her sense of womanly independence. If she is sick, I would send her to a hospital. As for the children, I would educate them and put them to work. I never hear, however, of a woman who starves with her children, rather than to descend into pauperism, without feeling as if I would like to fall down and worship the poor emaciated body she leaves behind her. She has realized what pauperism is, and has preferred death for herself and her little ones. Such a woman is a true heroine, who deserves a monument. All that I insist on is this, that there is no cure for a genuine able-bodied pauper but pain. It is the only motive that will make him earn his living. Beyond that, there is no cure for pauperism but to stop raising and nursing paupers. The law ought to take every child of a pauper, and put him where he will be in no danger of becoming a pauper. It is a matter that ought not to be left to competing schemes of benevolence, I tell you the whole thing is rotten to the bottom."

"I shall have to take you around with me next winter, and convert you," said Miss Coates, with a smile.

"I'll go with you," said Glezen, extending his hand in token of his willingness to confirm the bargain; and the bargain was confirmed.

The dinner ended, all retired to the drawing-room. There stood the open piano, and the temptation presented to Glezen was irresistible.

He sat down and played, in his magnificent way, whatever came into his mind. Miss Coates, who had studied him during his talk at the table, and been in no little perplexity about him, found in music a point of sympathy which, in a moment, made her wholly at home with him. She drew a chair to the piano, and they talked of music together, while his hands, as if they needed neither direction nor attention, swept the keys through changing themes of harmony. Both forgot at once that, besides themselves, there was another human being in the house. Glezen saw a piece of music behind the rack, and took it out. It was a song, and as he finished the introduction, Miss Coates rose to her feet, and sang. When the song was concluded, Glezen shouted "Bravo!" It was wonderful how quickly these two persons had become intimate friends. Music was a language which both understood, and about which they had no differences.

Mrs. Coates, meantime, had arrived at a new apprehension of Glezen's value. He could help to show off Jenny to Nicholas. For that all-important purpose, she could tolerate him; and as he and Jenny went on, from one triumph to another, she even thought that if he were not poor, and Nicholas were hopelessly tied to a victim of the dumb palsy, she might consent to an arrangement which—but this was only a suggestion.

She drew her chair to the side of Nicholas, with the benevolent purpose of assisting him to a proper appreciation of her daughter's gifts and accomplishments. She did this in a low tone of voice, so as not to embarrass the performances, but she was not entirely beyond the hearing of her husband.

"Jenny has had the best advantages," said Mrs. Coates. "A hundred dollars a quarter—quarter after quarter—with the best of teachers, and such troubles as I've had with them fellows! They was always getting attached, and making fools of themselves over Jenny, and bothering her life out of her. I know it was the loaves and fishes that they were after, but I give 'em to understand that there wasn't any loaves and fishes for 'em in these parts! What do you think I saw in this very room one morning, as plain as I see you now? I heard the piano stop, and so I just walked in—for I was always on the look-out for dangers—and found a man on his knees by Jenny's side, a pretending that he couldn't see the notes so high up. 'Get up,' says I to him. Says he, 'Mrs. Coates, I can't see the notes when I'm standing.' Says I to him, 'I understand the kind of notes you are trying to see. Get up,' says I, 'and resume the position which your Maker intended you to ockerpy.' Says I, 'You are paid by the quarter, and a hundred dollars a quarter is all you'll get in this house.' Oh, you never see a man so cut up as he was."

Mr. Coates had heard it all, and gave signs of a characteristic explosion.

"M—Mrs. C—Coates," said he, "b—buys everything by the q—quarter, and c—cuts it up to suit herself."

"Well, I cut him up to suit myself, anyway," said Mrs. Coates, with a decided and triumphant air.

"Y—yes," said Mr. Coates, "she was afraid he'd d—damage the sh—in bone."

Nicholas, who had kept himself under the severest restraint during the evening, was obliged to yield to this, and could not withhold his laughter; but he was compelled to sit for an hour and hear the easy-going tongue of his hostess ring the changes upon Jenny's perfections, and the costly sacrifices which had been made in the long process of their acquisition.

At last he went to Glezen and tapped him on the shoulder, by way of hinting that it was time for them to make their adieus.

On the whole, they had had a pleasant evening, and matters had taken exactly the turn that Nicholas would have desired. His friend Glezen had been drawn into serious talk, and though the opinions he advanced were not in harmony with his own, he had impressed himself upon the family as one who not only had opinions, but possessed as well both the boldness and the ability to express them. Above all, he had seen a point of delightful sympathy established between him and Miss Coates, which could not fail to bring them together again.

Glezen was delighted—particularly so with the old man and his daughter. Scenes that to Nicholas were full of embarrassment were to Glezen as good as a play.

"Do you know," he said to Nicholas, "I wouldn't have one of those people changed by so much as the shading of a hair. The old man is a dry old wag that I should never tire of; the old woman is an inexhaustible mine of the most uncommon foolishness, and ——"

"And what of the daughter?"

"Well I won't talk about her, I guess. But doesn't she sing well? And isn't the combination the most remarkable you ever dreamed of? I believe I should like to live in that family. Every meal would be a comedy."

"And to me," said Nicholas, "it would be a torture."

"Yes, there's the difference."

They were walking arm in arm, Glezen accompanying Nicholas to his hotel.

"Do you know you have given me a tremendous set-back to-night?" said Nicholas.

"I did not intend to do it. You know that if anybody in the world

has reason to sympathize with the poor, it is I. But I have come to my own conclusions, and I hope you'll take nothing on trust, and come to yours. There's an admirable field for study here, and you have the means to indulge in it. Come and try it, and I'll help you all I can."

The next morning Nicholas devoted to business and to calls, the last of which was given to Miss Larkin, to whom he imparted his impressions of the dinner at the Coates's, with the hopes he had built upon the introduction of his friend Glezen to Miss Coates. They talked of this and of his plans for the autumn and winter, and then he went home to dream of a season of labours and companionships the most delightful that anticipation had ever presented to him.

"I must say that I can't make anything out of that Glezen," said Mrs. Coates, shaking her head after his departure. "A lawyer who can play the piano seems to me like a—like a—contradiction of terms. I don't believe he'll ever be worth a red cent. I should never feel as if I could consent —— "

"Mother!" exclaimed Jenny, who had a presentiment of what was coming next.

Father and daughter exchanged pleasant and significant glances.

"Oh, you may look at each other, but that is the way I feel now," said Mrs. Coates; "and it's what mothers have to consider sooner or later"—as if she had considered anything else for the previous five years.

CHAPTER XII.

THE remainder of the summer passed swiftly away, and the autumn found Nicholas in the city, installed in apartments not far from the lodgings of his friend. The house at Ottercliff was closed, or only occupied for protection. Mrs. Fleming went to her friends for the season, and Pont was with his master. Among the young people with whom our story has made the reader acquainted, there were consultations at various times and places, about a winter campaign of benevolence, which was to be entered upon with the onset of cold weather. Nicholas came and went at liberty, in his calls upon Miss Larkin, and always found himself treated by the servants with almost an obsequious consideration. Glezen, for the first time was full of business. He found a valuable friend in Mr. Coates, who, having taken a fancy to him, threw a large amount of professional work in his way—work, which, unhappily for the country, grew more abundant with every passing month, for it had entered upon a period of financial depression which

was destined to shake every man's foundation to the lowest stone, and to level vast multitudes and vast fortunes in a common ruin.

Mr. Benson had seen the cloud arise. At first it was no bigger than a man's hand, but it was large enough to attract his eye, and he comprehended the nature of the menace that it bore, as it rose higher and spread itself more broadly in the public view. It was time for him and for all men, to trim their sails and prepare for the approaching storm; but the reluctance to make sacrifices acted upon him as it did upon others, and he resorted to temporizing expedients. He had invested the money that had been confided to his hands in real estate, held at inflated values, and in bonds whose soundness was undoubted when they were purchased, but which began to shake in the market. The poor who had confided to him their little all would not only need the prompt payment of their interest, but would, in many instances, demand for their necessities the return of their principal.

Mr. Benson was the president of the Poor Man's Savings Bank. He had been chosen to this responsible trust because the poor men of the city had unbounded faith in him; and he had been proud of his distinction. Some of his most self-complacent and satisfactory hours he had spent every day in this institution, watching the working men and women as they came in to deposit their savings, smiling upon them benignantly, and offering them kind and encouraging words. To see Mr. Benson, and get a kind word from him almost paid them for their labours and self-denials; and they took away a memory of his presence and recognition as a guaranty of security.

But the time came when the savings banks began to be suspected. Runs were made upon one after another, some of which exhausted resources and shut doors, and bore faithless conductors down to infamy. But the Poor Man's Bank stood staunch and firm, for Mr. Benson was there.

An unexpected result to Mr. Benson of the disasters that had attended the savings banks, was an entirely fresh instalment of private deposits. He found that poor women would trust him, even more readily than they would trust the bank over which he presided. They had ceased to have faith in institutions, and they were obliged to fasten it upon a man. Many would walk by the Poor Man's Savings' Bank, and go directly to Mr. Benson's office or his house, and place their little fortunes in his hands as confidingly as if he were, at once, the incarnation of all financial wisdom and power, and all the diviner virtues. He was independent—at least that was his attitude—in the presence of his depositors. He would give no security except his note. If they were not content with this, they could take their money away. He was not anxious to extend his responsibilities at such a time; but the money was

always left, and, as he would not purchase securities on a falling market, he found himself furnished with a fund of ready cash.

In his apprehensions concerning the future, and in a somewhat debased moral tone, of which even he had become dimly conscious, it did not occur to Mr. Benson that he ought to invest this money so that he himself might become secure on behalf of his depositors. He had given his notes for the money. He accounted himself if not a rich, still, a sufficiently responsible man. So the money went into the aggregate of his available funds, to be used for any purpose that his necessity or convenience might require.

As the weeks went on, and values shrank apace, until, in real estate, they invaded the margin of his mortgages, and interest on loans and bonds was defaulted on every hand, Mr. Benson saw, with keen distress, that the fabric he had reared was tumbling about his ears. Still he was expected to pay his interest. Not only this, but as men ceased to earn money, they began to call for their little loans. He must either go to protest and confess himself beaten, or meet the demands as they came. He turned off some as he had already turned off Talking Tim, the popcorn man, by telling them that their money was invested for a term of years; but many were needy and importunate, and were not to be denied. The money was in his hands. Indeed it was accumulating day by day, and he was obliged to use it. Why should he not do so, as he was paying, or had agreed to pay, interest on it?

Of one thing he was certain; if there ever was a time when he should attend scrupulously to his duties, it was then. Perhaps he was conscious of the double motive that actuated him—perhaps not. He would do his duty by God and man, that God and man might make a fitting return. He would do his duty in the sight of men, that they might not suspect that Mr. Benson was in trouble; or, if he were, that he would employ any illegitimate or irregular means of getting out of it. He was invariably in his seat at church; his place in the weekly prayer meeting was never vacant. He was active and influential in all the regular Christian charities. He doubled his benefactions. People spoke of him as very much "softened" by his experiences of danger and rescue, and looked upon him, howsoever "softened" he might be, as a sort of bulwark against the incoming tide of public adversity. His example was quoted as that of one who had neither lost his heart nor his head. One evening, when his affairs and prospects were looking the blackest, and he was morbidly contemplating them, and scheming for relief, his man-servant knocked at his door with the announcement that a gentleman had called and wanted to see him.

"Do you say he is a gentleman?" inquired Mr. Benson.

"Not exactly," the servant replied with a puzzled smile. "He is a bad

looking sort of man, but I shouldn't say he was downright poor. He has never been here before."

"You are sure of that?"

"Oh, yes, sir! I know I've never seen him before."

It was a time when Mr. Benson shrank from meeting either gentlemen or poor people whom he had seen before. Few of these had favours for him at this time. All wanted something of him. This man, if a stranger, must be either a beggar or a depositor. If the former, he would make short work with him; if the latter he had come opportunely.

"Show him up," said Mr. Benson.

He wheeled his chair around to meet the stranger, who soon appeared, hesitating to enter, and peering cautiously into the room, as if there might be others present whom he would not like to see.

"Come in, come in, sir!" said Mr. Benson, in his quick, business tone.

The man entered and made a bow.

"Hope I see you well, sir," he said, and stood waiting for an invitation to sit down.

Mr. Benson looked him up and down and all over. A huge, hulking fellow he was, comfortably dressed enough, but carrying a pair of restless, suspicious eyes in a villainous, grizzly face. There was a hang-dog expression in his whole personality which no amount of the easy bravado that he endeavoured to assume could dissemble. Mr. Benson, with his quick instinct and practical eye, knew at once that the man was a dangerous and desperate rogue. He could not guess his business, but he was on his guard, and determined to let the fellow come to his errand at his leisure.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you? What brought you to me?"

"I'm a-comin' to it in my own way," replied the man, doggedly.

"Very well, I'll hear you."

"I'm a-comin' to it in my own way. 'He's a hard worker and a slow saver'—that's what the boys say about Captain Hank, which is the name they call me. 'He's a hard worker and a slow saver, but what he saves he lays up, an' he knows where it is, and he asks no questions of nobody, an' he takes what comes of it'—that's what the boys say about Captain Hank."

"Well?"

"An' he asks no questions," said the man. "There's a rule for you. Eh? Pretty good rule, aint it? Eh?"

"That depends———" said Mr. Benson.

"No it don't depend," said the man huskily, bringing his fist down upon his knee. "You're all right; I'm all right. Eh? How's that?

Ef a feller should come in here, as we're a-sittin' and attendin' to our business in a reg'lar way, and should say, 'Captain Hank you aint all right, and the General aint all right,' I should tell 'im to git ready to swaller 'is teeth. Eh? I should tell 'im that I'm a hard-workin' an' a slow-savin' man, who don't take no odds of nobody. Eh?"

"Well, Captain Hank,—if that's your name,—this isn't business, you know," said Mr. Benson with a faint and deprecating smile.

"An' ef a feller should come in here where we're a-sittin' an' doin' our business in a reg'lar way, an' tell me that my name wasn't Captain Hank, I should break 'is jaw for 'im. Eh?"

The harsh, brutal bully was a strange presence in Mr. Benson's library. Every word he uttered grated on the model man's sensibilities, but he preserved an appearance of good-nature, and determined to see the matter through, to whatever end it might lead.

"Captain Hank don't trust nobody," continued the man, "and when a feller mixes into his business, he jest follers 'im. Eh? That's right, aint it?"

"That depends——" said Mr. Benson again.

"No, it don't depend. That's where you're wrong. It don't depend. Now, what do you s'pose a hard-workin' and a slow-savin' man like me would do with his money—a man as trusts nobody? What would he do with it, eh? What would he naturally do with it? There's a question, now—a man as works hard and saves slow, and trusts nobody. Eh?"

"I'm sure I don't know,—keep it in his pocket, perhaps," said Mr. Benson.

"There's where you're wrong. He wouldn't do it. You wouldn't do that yourself. You know you wouldn't. Eh?"

"Then perhaps you'll inform me," said Mr. Benson, beginning to fidget in his chair.

"A hard worker and a slow saver puts his money into a bond," said Captain Hank, in measured words—"into a bond as draws interest from cowpons. Then he knows where it is and it's nobody's business and no questions asked."

"Well, you have a bond, I suppose," said Mr. Benson.

"Did I say I had a bond? Eh?" inquired Captain Hank.

"No, you didn't say so. I took it for granted."

"When I say I've got a bond, it will be time enough for you to say I've got a bond. If anybody should come to me, and say: 'Captain Hank, you've got a bond,' I should drop 'im, and tell 'im that I took no odds of nobody."

"Captain Hank," said Mr. Benson, with a measure of deference for the bully before him, "you must see, I'm sure, that you are wasting my

time, and that I must insist on your making known your business, and leaving me to attend to my own."

Captain Hank distinctly saw this, and a little doubtful still whether he had sufficiently impressed his interlocutor with the danger of dealing doubtfully with a man who "took no odds of nobody," proceeded to say:

"General, I'm a man as asks no favours, but I'm hard up, an' I've got a bond. I don't want to part with it, but I want to raise the needful on it—jest enough to git me through the hard times, eh? It's a good bond, and it's worth a thousand of 'em, in your money or any other feller's."

"I'm not buying bonds now," said Mr. Benson.

"And I'm not a-sellin' bonds," responded Captain Hank "Ef any feller was to say to me, 'Captain Hank, you're a-sellin' bonds,' I'd maul 'im, eh? I'd stomp on 'im, eh?"

"I haven't said you were selling bonds. You've sold none to me; and you will sell none to me," said Mr. Benson.

"That's squar'," said Captain Hank, in a complimentary tone, and then he said: "What do you say to advancin' three hundred of 'em?"

"I haven't seen your bond yet."

"You can see it in my hands. I'm a hard workin' and slow-savin' man, as trusts nobody. 'He slaves and he saves'—that's what the boys say about Captain Hank. 'Captain Hank is a man as asks no questions, and takes no odds, and slaves and saves'—that's what they say, and let 'em say it. I don't care who says it. Anybody can say it, eh? It aint a bad character to have, is it? Eh?"

"I shall see your bond on my table if I see it at all," said Mr. Benson, decidedly.

Captain Hank hesitated a moment, then took his hat from the floor, carefully turned the lining inside out, and discovered a long, greasy paper. This he carefully unfolded, until he reached a large clean envelope. Opening this, he held the precious bond in his hand.

"This is the dockyment," he said, "and I aint going to be hard on ye, General, but you'll parding me if I stand by you when your a-lookin' at it."

He advanced and placed it on the table before Mr. Benson, who took it in his hand, while the fellow stood closely beside him.

"It's a genuine bond," said Mr. Benson, "and a valuable one."

"In course it is," said Captain Hank. "No hard-workin' and slow-savin' man would take up with a bad bond. Would he? Eh?"

"You want three hundred dollars on it? I shall charge you extra interest. Money is at a premium now," said Mr. Benson.

"Extra and be——," growled Captain Hank. "I don't stand on extras."

Then he took his bond, put it into its envelope, and resumed his seat.

"You shall have the money," said Mr. Benson. "Excuse me a moment."

Mr. Benson went out of the room and shut the door behind him. The rogue watched him closely, but he did not notice that Mr. Benson on opening his door, pulled out the key and took it with him. He was absent perhaps two minutes, when he returned with a package of money in his hand, from which he quietly counted out the sum that Captain Hank wanted. Then he wrote a note for Captain Hank to sign, with a memorandum that the bond was taken as collateral security.

"It's all squar', General?" said the Captain.

"All square."

The note was clumsily signed, the bond was passed into Mr. Benson's hands, and the borrower received his money, which he stowed away carefully in the place from which he had taken the bond.

"Our business is not quite completed yet," said Mr. Benson. "Sit down a moment."

When the rogue had taken his seat, Mr. Benson moved a little box at his side, and disclosed a telegraphic instrument. The man began to look suspicious, and was about to rise to his feet, when Mr. Benson raised and cocked a pistol.

"Stir, sir, and you are a dead man! I have a few things to say to you, and I choose to say them with these precautions about me. This telegraph communicates with a police office not ten rods from here. The door behind you is locked from the outside, and there are two men there who wait my bidding. If you come nearer to me, I shall not only fire upon you, but I shall touch the telegraph at the same instant. You see my finger is on the knob. Your only chance of safety is in sitting perfectly still, answering my questions, and doing what I tell you to do."

The man glared upon him like a wild beast, and tried to get his hand into his pocket.

"If you take a pistol from your pocket, you will be in the hands of the police in one minute, so take out your hand, and show me the inside of it."

The fellow slowly and reluctantly drew out and exposed his hand. He grew pale, and his whole frame trembled as if he were in a fit of the ague.

"What do you want of me?" he said, in a husky voice, as if the muscles of his throat had been snapped, and he were speaking through their loose ends.

"I have one of your bonds; now, I want the other twenty four. I want them all. I want them before you leave the house."

"I haint got any twenty-four bonds. I'm a hard-workin' and slow-savin' man."

"I understand all that. I know just how you work, and how you save."

"I haint got them, 'pon honour."

"You know you lie, and now you may as well understand that I have you entirely in my power, and that I'm going to have the bonds. If you resist, or hesitate until I get tired, I'll touch this knob, and have you in the lock-up within five minutes."

"My God!" exclaimed the man, grinding his teeth together with such a noise as he might have made, had Mr. Benson's bones been between them.

"You're givin' me devilish hard papers, General," said he.

"Then give the hard papers to me," said Mr. Benson, with grim humour.

"What if I do?" inquired Captain Hank.

"I shall let you go," said Mr. Benson, "and if I ever want you, I shall find you. Such a man as you are cannot possibly be unknown to the police, and I can describe you to a hair. Your future will depend very much upon yourself."

"I reckon you might share 'em with me?" suggested Captain Hank, attempting an insinuating smile.

"Do I look and act like a man who shares plunder with thieves?"

"No!" said the rogue, with a bitter oath. "You take the whole of it."

"Very well! Out with the whole of it."

"Is this honour bright! Can I git out o' that door, and have a fair start?" inquired the man.

"Yes; toss the bundle here."

The man slowly drew from his coat pocket a large package. Mr. Benson dropped his pistol, but kept his finger on the telegraphic instrument. Captain Hank tossed him the package, which he caught, and tore open with his free hand. Then keeping his eye on his prisoner, he counted the bonds until they were all told.

"Open the door there!" shouted Mr. Benson.

The door flew open.

"Show this man to the street," he said to the two servants, who waited upon the outside.

He still sat with one finger on the instrument, and with his pistol within instantaneous reach, and, thus sitting, saw his visitor disappear, and heard the street door close behind him. Then he rose, walked to the

library door, withdrew the key from the outside, and locked himself in. He had been under an excitement that exhausted his nervous force. He felt as if his life had been drained out of him. He threw himself upon a lounge, where he rested for half an hour, thinking over the strange scene through which he had passed.

Then he rose, went to his table, and counted again the package of bonds which had so strangely come into his possession. Whose were they? Did he know?

No, he did not know. He was sure that they were stolen bonds, that they corresponded in amount with the package taken from Nicholas on the night of the Ottercliff robbery, that they were made by the same company, and were of the same denomination. Further than this he knew nothing. What should he do with them. What proof could Nicholas give that they were his? Would he be warranted in surrendering them to him without proof? Certainly he would not.

But why had he permitted the robber to escape? Why had he compromised with crime? He had been cognizant, all through the interview, of the feeble demands of conscience, but somehow he had heard its voice afar off—too far to take hold of his determination. He had been led, as by a blind, unreasoning impulse, to get the bonds into his hands; and now that he had them, and the robber was at large, and as much interested as himself in keeping the secret of their possession, he was surprised to learn that he could not give them up willingly.

Mr. Benson had been going through a process of demoralization for several weeks. The reception of money from widows and orphans at a time when he was threatened with bankruptcy, the taking of money from helpless and confiding people, and using it for the maintenance of his position, and the payment of his rapidly accumulating liabilities, had deadened his moral sense. He intended to pay everything. He would have been in despair if he had not supposed that in some way everything would come out right; and this firm intention was one of the motives which actuated him in the use of desperate and immoral means. He had reconciled his conscience to this action, but the process had weakened his conscience.

He had the bonds; he had paid money for them. He therefore had a certain right to them—a certain amount of property in them, and he knew of no man in the world who had the proof in his hands that they were his. It would be his duty to hold them until that proof should be presented, or he should learn that it existed.

As he paced his library or sat down, or dropped upon the lounge, for he was as uneasy in body as he was in mind, he went through all the possibilities of the case. What if the robber, or his companion should in some way apprise Nicholas of the facts? They could do it by an

anonymous letter. Then he could give up the package and win credit from the operation. He could manage that. What if Nicholas should find the record of their numbers, and advertise it? He could manage that in the same way. What if he should use the bonds? But he would not sell them. That would be essential theft, and he was far from that he thought, although he had been doing every day that which might turn out to be theft, and that which threatened to be theft. But he could use them in the right place, as collateral security for the money he should need. In that way, he could, at least, reimburse himself for the money he had expended, and still have the bonds where he could lay his hands on them at a moment's notice. On the whole, it seemed best to keep them in his hands for a while, and he felt justified in doing so.

So he carefully placed them in his safe. He had no thought of stealing them,—not he,—but they were his to hold for the present, and to use in any way which would not endanger their loss. Whenever the owner should come with his proofs of ownership, he should have them.

During all the evening—in its excitements as well as its silences—he had been conscious that there was company in Miss Larkin's parlour. The occurrence was not an unusual one, and he gave it little thought. She had many friends, and they came and went freely. They were young people mainly, in whom he had no interest; but on that evening he wondered who they were, suspecting doubtless, that there might be one among them who unconsciously had acquired a new interest in him.

In the silence of the library, he heard voices in the hall, and knew that these visitors were taking their leave. He rose from his chair quietly, walked to his door, opened it and listened. Then he walked out and looked down the stair-way. At the moment his head appeared, Nicholas looked up and bade him good evening. Glezen and Miss Coates were just going out.

"By the way, Mr. Benson," said Nicholas, from the foot of the staircase, "have you a few minutes to spare to me?"

"Certainly," Mr. Benson replied. "Come up."

After Mr. Benson, quite in his accustomed way, had led Nicholas to his library, and given him a chair, uttering some commonplace about the weather, he took a distant seat.

"Are you quite well, Mr. Benson?" said his caller.

"Quite so, I thank you."

"You seem paler to me than usual."

"Very likely. One may say that the times are not tributary to the highest health. I have many responsibilities, and, of course, many anxieties."

"I am sorry for you," said Nicholas, sincerely.

Mr. Benson gave a deprecating smile as he responded :

"I can hardly regard myself as an object of pity, yet I may become so. Nobody knows nowadays to what twenty-four hours may bring him."

"I didn't intend any offence," said Nicholas.

"You have given none, sir. A business man takes what comes, and makes the best of it."

Mr. Benson could not guess what Nicholas wanted of him, but he had a very definite idea of what he wanted of Nicholas.

"I have been thinking a good deal about you lately," said Mr. Benson,—"about that robbery, you know. I hope the loss of your bonds does not embarrass you ?"

"Not materially."

"No clue yet to the robbers, or the bonds, I suppose ?"

"Not the slightest."

"Are you doing anything ?"

"There's nothing to be done. The police have the matter in hand, but they'll do nothing. They only make a great show of effort, for the sake of getting money out of me."

"You have found nothing of the record, I suppose ?"

"No ; it seems to be hopelessly lost."

"Pity !"

"Yes, but it can't be helped. I believe Mr. Gold feels worse about it than I do."

"I should think he would. Indeed, I should think he would," said Mr. Benson, with indignant and disgusted emphasis. "Now, it may seem strange to you, but I have a sort of presentiment that you are going to find those bonds. I've had a fellow in here to-night who is just as likely to have been the robber as anybody. A more villainous and truculent fellow I never met. But the trouble is, that you cannot swear to the bonds if you find them. There's your difficulty, and it seems insuperable."

What special pleasure Mr. Benson had in raising the hopes of the young man, and then dampening them ; why he should hover around the edges of his guilty secret ; why he should rejoice in knowledge which proved him to be a villain, it would be hard to tell ; but he had the strongest temptation to tantalize his victim, to glory in his own possession, and to play upon the young man's ignorance. He could make it all right, if occasion should ever come, and refer to his pleasantry with a laugh. It would be such a nice thing to laugh over !

"You wish to see me on business ?" he inquired.

"Yes," and Nicholas hesitated.

"You are not in trouble ?"

"No ; I have been trying to help a man out of trouble," said Nicholas.

"You remember the man whom they call Talking Tim—the pop-corn man?"

"Yes, and a troublesome fellow he is."

"Well, he has been in cruel straits. His family have been ill, and have kept him at home, so that he could not earn money, and he and his have really wanted bread. He would die, I verily believe, rather than beg. I happened to know of his troubles, and—well—I bought a note which he holds against you. He needed the money, and said that you would not pay him, excusing yourself on the ground that his money was invested for a term of years."

Mr. Benson was angry; his face flushed, his lips trembled, and his voice was bitter, as he said:

"So you are buying up my notes in the street, are you?"

Both these men, having had time to cool after the altercation which engaged them at their last meeting, had determined that in case they should meet again, they would treat each other well. Mr. Benson saw that he could make nothing out of Nicholas by losing his temper, or endeavouring imperiously to assert his will, and intended to let him alone. Nicholas, too, had been so well received at the house, and had enjoyed himself so freely there, that he wished to show Mr. Benson that he was not angry, and that he could ignore any differences that might exist between them. His first available opportunity came when Mr. Benson presented himself at the top of the staircase that evening, and he had followed him to his library, bent upon a pleasant interview.

So when Mr. Benson put his question in tones of angry irritation, both men were surprised and sorry. Mr. Benson learned that he had lost his old self-control, and Nicholas found his spirit rising to meet the insult. Mr. Benson was sensitive to the fact that he had not done his duty toward Talking Tim, and was angered to think that the young man had done it for him. It was a rebuke, and the note in question was in hands that could enforce payment.

"So you are buying up my notes in the street, are you?"

The angry sneer that accompanied the question, more than the question itself, stirred the temper of the young man who responded with a flushing face:

"I am, sir. I have bought one of them, at least."

"Well, sir, I take it as an insult."

"You are quite at liberty to take it for what you choose, and as you please. I don't propose to see a worthy man starve, because you refuse to do your duty."

"When do you expect to get your money on this note?"

"Well, sir, I expect to get it to-night. I did not come to your library to make any demand upon you, I only came to tell you that I

hold the note. You receive the news angrily, and with such discourtesy that you compel me to demand the payment before I leave the room. I do not choose to take the risk of a second interview."

"Humph! Yes! I think I understand now what your business is in the city. You are beginning sharply. How heavy a shave did you charge our indigent friend, now? Perhaps you can teach me something."

"No, Mr. Benson," responded Nicholas, "I can teach you nothing, except, perhaps, that unreasonable anger will be of no use to you in dealing with me. I have had none but good motives in this business toward the man I have tried to help, or toward you; and you have no right to take me up in this way."

Mr. Benson sat and thought. He knew that he was at fault, and that half of his irritability rose from that fact. But there was something else, and his tongue could not withhold it.

"And you didn't think," he said, "before you paid Talking Tim his money, that you had a certain power over Mr. Benson, and that you could get out of him what he could not? You didn't think of that, did you?"

Nicholas faltered, reddened, and then said, defiantly:

"Yes, I did!"

"I knew you did. I knew you did. And you talk to me about none but good motives! Faugh! Give me your note."

Nicholas handed it to him. He looked at its amount, then coolly tore it into pieces, which he tossed upon the floor.

"Now what will you do, sir?"

"I will prosecute you as a thief, and publish you as a rascal."

"You will have a pleasant time of it, Mr. Minturn. Prosecute if you wish to. You are without witnesses. Publish if you can. There is not a newspaper in New York that would risk the publication of your statement. Who are you?"

The instincts of Nicholas were keen enough to see that this was a bit of machinery for bringing him into subjection. He knew that Mr. Benson would not dare to do otherwise than pay the note, but he was not in the mood for being fooled with, or practised upon. He left his chair quickly and advanced toward Mr. Benson, who rose as if to defend himself, but who let his hand fall, when he perceived that Nicholas had no intention to attack him.

Nicholas, as he neared the table, placed his feet upon the principal portions of the scattered note, then reached out quickly and touched the knob of the telegraphic instrument.

"My God! What have you done?" exclaimed Mr. Benson.

"You told me I had no witnesses. I thought I would summon one while the fragments of the note lie on the floor and my feet cover them."

"But I didn't intend ——"

"I know it. Now write the cheque. You know the sum—with interest from last July. I'll stop the policeman at the door. Take your time, and I'll protect you from all harm."

Mr. Benson did not delay. He took down his cheque-book, cast his interest almost instantaneously, and Nicholas had the paper in his hand before the policeman rang. Then he bade Mr. Benson good-night, met and dismissed the officer in the hall, and followed him into the street.

Mr. Benson had sacrificed his discretion and his dignity in a childish attempt to scare Nicholas and get him where he could handle him. The end of it all, as with deep humiliation and conscious loss of manhood and prestige, he comprehended it, was, that he was more hopelessly in the hands of Nicholas than he had been hitherto.

"My God! my God! what have I done?" he exclaimed, as the door closed which shut Nicholas out for the night. "Who am I? What am I becoming? Where is all this to end? Am I so weak, so base, that I can be handled and controlled and spit upon by a boy?"

He was conscious of the voice within him; he was conscious of the eye above him. The former had been raised to a fierce, spasmodic utterance; the latter looked upon him with calm and pitying reproval.

Then he sank to his knees, and buried his face in the pillows of his lounge.

"O God! spare me from becoming untrue to myself and thee! I have not intended to be untrue. I will restore the bonds in good time. He has no proof that they are his. I cannot give them to him now, but if they are his, he shall have them. I have been tempted. I have been tried. Remember that I am dust!"

He talked to God and to his conscience alternately. He made his promises to one and then to the other. He struggled with his remorse. He fought impotently with what seemed to be a necessity. He could not even wish that the fatal package had not come into his hands. He could not wish to surrender it, although he believed himself firm in the intent to do so. In this intent he took his refuge. It was the only one that he found open to him. It was the only one in which his conscience could find peace, or his self-respect an asylum of safety.

The fatigues and excitements of the day assured him profound sleep, and on the following morning he awoke refreshed and self-possessed, but he found that his heart was bitter toward Nicholas, who had handled him in his own house just as he had handled the thief. He found that he was pitying himself, and was cherishing a feeling of resentment against the young man. The package of bonds could lie where they were for the present, at least. He could not afford to give their owner the joy of their restoration. Nicholas deserved punishment, and he should have it in some way that did not involve the guilt of Benjamin Benson.

(To be continued.)

WALTER MUNRO.

Swift be thy flight, and far,
Skyward from star to star,
Up where the angels are,
Walter Munro;
Bright be thy place of rest,
Welcome the spirit-guest,
Light of the Angel-world,
Walter Munro.

Far o'er the hills of Time,
Basking in light sublime,
Heir of the changeless clime,
Walter Munro;
Where, on thine opening eyes,
Undreamed-of splendours rise,
Pride of the Angel-world,
Walter Munro.

Fair as an opening rose,
Slowly the wonder grows,
Endless the grand repose,
Walter Munro;
Countless the sacred throng,
Strewing thy path with song,
Heir of the Angel-world,
Walter Munro.

Stretches of summer sea,
Lost in immensity,
Murmur sweet strains for thee,
Walter Munro;
Calm height and blooming shore
For thee their incense pour,
Child of the Angel-world,
Walter Munro.

Who in thy flight so fleet
Guided thy tender feet,
To thy so blest retreat,
Walter Munro?
Who from the Morning Land
Took thy beloved hand,
Guest of the Angel-world,
Walter Munro?

Lo, down the golden air,
Steps one, celestial-fair,
Lo, yet another there,
Walter Munro ;
Know'st thou thy earthly kin ?
Sisters, who bear thee in—
Into the Angel-world,
Walter Munro.

Ah, we may dream and dream,
Dream of the endless theme—
We can no more than dream,
Walter Munro ;
The view expands for thee,
Thou knowest more than we,
There in the Angel-world,
Walter Munro.

THERE !—*where ?* we cannot tell ;
We only know 'tis well,
Wherever thou dost dwell,
Walter Munro ;
One thought uplifts the heart—
'Tis heaven where'er thou art,
Hope of the Angel-world,
Walter Munro.

Dawn happy day-spring when,
With telescopic ken,
We'll find thee once again,
Walter Munro,
A star of glory more
Flushing the eternal shore,
Light of the Angel-world,
Walter Munro.

Ottawa, Ont. CHARLES SANGSTER.

CANADA A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

In the lives of nations, as well of individuals, it is well, from time to time, to look back, not for the purpose of sighing forth vain regrets over the past, but to mark what opportunities have been improved, what dangers avoided, what difficulties overcome, in fine, what progress has been made. The centennial year presented to our republican neighbours an excellent occasion for taking such a retrospective glance. Nor is the present time altogether inopportune for a like survey on the part of us Canadians. For us, also, the American Revolution was fraught with issues of no common import. Then, first after the conquest, the Canadian people was called upon to choose what masters it would serve; and the stand which the population of that time thought it right to make, in rejecting the solicitations of the insurgents, profoundly influenced the destiny of the country. To the Revolution, moreover, Canada was indebted for that noble band of settlers, since so well known as United Empire Loyalists, who were chosen by Providence to lay the foundation of a great part of its prosperity. Since that common starting-point, the progress of Canada has been, in some respects, quite as remarkable as that of the United States, and if the general happiness be the chief aim of a nation's efforts and aspirations, we have no reason to shrink from any comparison. Into such a comparison, however, it is not my intention to enter. All that I purpose doing is to present to the readers of Belford's Magazine such a sketch of the condition of our country a hundred years ago as may enable them to realize from what modest beginnings the vast Dominion of to-day has gradually grown into existence.

The closing years of French power in Canada were characterized by much that made a change, not only tolerable, but desirable. Apart from any consideration of the constant and almost decimating warfare which had been waged between the French settlers and the British and Indians, the rapacity and venality of such men as Intendant Bigot and his accomplices had served, in no small degree, to make the French Government of Canada odious and contemptible in the eyes of the people. Agriculture was neglected. To such an extent was the farmer a prey to the exaction of the rulers, seigneurs, and soldiery, that he had no heart to apply himself to the tillage of his land. He was, besides, liable at any moment, perhaps during the very work of harvesting, to be called away for military service. He had reason to be satisfied, considering the precariousness of his circumstances, if he gained sufficient to clothe and feed his body, and those of his family. The

implements which he used were such as his ancestors had brought from France, generations before, and of science, in connection with his labours, he had never heard. His mode of farming was, therefore, of the rudest kind, as, indeed, that of the Canadian *habitant* still is in districts remote from the influence of progress. Nor was there any apparent prospect of improvement. Of manufactures, there was nothing worthy of the name, and trade was in the hands of a few. Commerce was forbidden fruit to all but the favourites of the existing government. To these, and to adventurers who had no stake in the country, belonged the produce of river, lake, and forest—the fish, the fur, and the timber.

The population was estimated at 60,000 at the time of the conquest, and was, as may be imagined, scattered over a large area. With the exception of Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers, there were no towns of any consequence. There were military establishments, surrounded by scanty settlements, at St. Johns, L'Assomption, Berthier, Sorel and other places, but the great mass of the inhabitants was settled along the banks of the St. Lawrence or its tributaries. Some of the more adventurous spirits had taken to the wild, free life of the woods and had identified themselves, by habits or inter-marriage or both, with the aboriginal tribes. Small as the population was, it was distinctly marked by lines of social partition—the influential middle class of the present day being, however, wanting. The noblesse, the gentry, the higher clergy, and the few wealthy traders formed a society which was modelled on that of the Mother Country. Between this class and the mechanics and peasantry there was no connecting link except what was supplied by the ministers of religion, whose office made them common to all. General Murray, in a despatch to the King's advisers, written in the year 1766, on the state of Canada at that time, speaks of the Canadian people as "a frugal, industrious and moral race;" and of the *noblesse* as "piquing themselves much upon the antiquity of their families, their own military glory, and that of their ancestors." He also says that the *habitans* or peasantry were "accustomed to respect and obey their *noblesse.*" There may be still in the rural districts of Lower Canada communities which resemble in most respects those into which the population of New France was divided at the period of the conquest. I think I could undertake myself, not without hope of success, to discover even in this shady and unromantic side of the nineteenth century, more than one "Evangeline" and an occasional "Basil" in the *Arcadia,* if not the "Acadia" of our Dominion. In fact some parts of the Province of Quebec to-day are more likely to suggest Old France than New France, for, in many a parish, the people with whom one meets resemble rather the Gascons and Normands of the days of Louis Quatorze than they represent the bustling life and restless enterprise of the New World.

In the first years after the conquest many of the French residents of the towns returned to France, but the bulk of the people chose to remain. A good number of the soldiers who took part in the subjugation of the country settled in Canada, having been allowed tracts of land by the Government, and not a few of them took to themselves wives from among the daughters of the *habitans*, as their descendants are living to attest. There are Camerons, Frasers, Reids, Scotts, Morrisons, Murrays and McKenzies, who never spoke a word of English, and who are amusingly unconscious of any anomaly in their names and speech. English, Irish, and German names are also found, though in less number, and sometimes strangely modified. The great event of 1759 gave an impulse to immigration from Great Britain, and, before the first lustrum after the Battle of the Plains had passed away, the English-speaking population had acquired considerable influence and wealth. The establishment of the Quebec *Gazette* by an English-speaking firm as early as 1764 is sufficient proof of this; a proof which gains additional confirmation from various English advertisements which its first numbers contained. Whatever shock the change of masters may have given to those most deeply interested in the continuance of the old *régime*, there is reason to believe that it soon came to be considered generally satisfactory. It is true, indeed, that General Murray, in the despatch from which I have already quoted, found fault with the choice of the civil officers who were sent out from England, whose character and conduct, he said, were of a kind to increase the inquietudes of the colony. Among these objectionable officials he mentions a judge who had been taken from a gaol—of which, let us suppose, in charity, that he had been a governor—entirely ignorant of civil law and of the language of the people. He complains of other functionaries being equally unfitted for their positions, and even goes so far as to assert that most important offices, such as Clerk of the Council and Secretary of the Province, were let out to the highest bidders. And he very justly points out that such appointments were not calculated "to conciliate the minds of 75,600 foreigners to the laws and government of Great Britain." But, notwithstanding these abuses, it does not appear that the victors really imposed any very hard yoke on the vanquished. The latter were left in undisturbed possession of all those institutions which they most valued, while of whatever oppressions they may have had to complain, they certainly were not so cruel as those from which they formerly suffered. It was to be expected that there would be some jealous impatience of the power of officials who were aliens in blood and language; and from the very beginning of British rule there seem to have been an extreme French party and an extreme English party. The chief difficulties between the two sections arose with regard to the laws for the administration of

property and the use of the French language in courts of law. But when the true state of the case was made known at the proper quarters, these difficulties were settled with equitable consideration for the majority. It does not furnish much evidence of any wide-spread discontent, that, eleven years after the conquest, the following words occurred in some verses read on the occasion of the visit of Governor-General Carleton to the "Petit Seminaire" of Quebec :

> "Apprends, donc, en ce jour de fête,
> A ne plus déplorer ton sort,
> Peuple, *aux justes lois plus fort,*
> Soumis par le droit de conquête."

Much of the contentment manifested by the French Canadians of that time with the English Government was undoubtedly due to the clergy, who, besides their ordinary pastoral influence, had also charge of the houses of education. They certainly, patriotic sentiment apart, had little cause to be dissatisfied with the change, and the time was soon to come when they might well regard it as a blessing. When "Monsieur and Madame Capet" made their tragic disappearance from the stage of life, and to be a priest in France was to run the risk of a like fate, the Canadian clergy had reason to be thankful that to Wolfe, instead of Montcalm, Providence had given the victory. Nor, indeed, had those to whom they ministered much reason to regret it, for there is no ground for supposing that, under British rule in the last century, Canada suffered from any greater disadvantage of government than the rest of the world. Quite otherwise, indeed, is the case ; and her refusal to join the thirteen insurgent colonies goes far to prove that her people were fairly treated and happy enough to be loyal to the flag that waved above Quebec.

The general results of the change which was effected by Wolfe's success were well summed up by the late Mr. Papineau, one of the ablest men that Canada has produced, notwithstanding some errors of judgment, in a speech which he delivered to the electors of Montreal West, in the year 1820. Speaking of the country as it was under French rule, he said, "Canada seems not to have been considered as a country, which, from fertility of soil, salubrity of climate, and extent of territory, might then have been the peaceful abode of a numerous and happy population, but as a military post, whose feeble garrison was condemned to live in a state of insecurity—frequently suffering from famine—without trade, or with a trade, monopolized by private companies—public and private property often pillaged, and personal liberty daily violated, when, year after year, the handful of inhabitants settled in this province, were dragged from their houses and families, to shed their blood, and carry murder and havoc from the shores of the great lakes, the Mississippi and Ohio, to

those of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Hudson's Bay. Such was the situation of our fathers." He then goes on to contrast with this sad picture, the condition of the country under British protection: "Behold the change! George the Third, a Sovereign revered for his moral character, attention to his kingly duties and love of his subjects, succeeds to Louis the Fifteenth, a prince then deservedly despised for his debaucheries, his inattention to the wants of his people, and his lavish profusion of the public moneys upon his favourites and mistresses. From that day the reign of law succeeded to that of violence; from that day the treasures, the army and the navy of Great Britain are mustered to afford us an invincible protection against external danger; from that day the better part of her laws became ours, while our religion, property and the laws by which they were governed remained unaltered." Such an acknowledgment from such a source is right worthy of being had in remembrance. It shows what, in the opinion of one who was by heredity qualified to judge of the true state of the case, were the benefits that Canada received from the change of rule. To the wise policy of one man especially was due whatever of prosperity came to the lot of the country in the time of which I am speaking. This man was Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, who governed Canada altogether for nearly twenty years, and who took a deep and practical interest in its welfare from the conquest (in which he had a share) till the date of his death in the year 1808. As a leader in peace and war he had few equals. His administration, which was just without being harsh, his bravery as a soldier and his skill as a general, as well as his private virtues, deservedly won for him the admiration, esteem and affection of all who came within the circle of his influence. Of his conduct, during the happily abortive invasion of Canada by the armies of the American Congress in 1775, Mr. J. M. Lemoine, in his recently published "History of Quebec," gives the following just appreciation: "Had the fate of Canada on that occasion been confided to a Governor less wise, less conciliating than Guy Carleton, doubtless the 'brightest gem in the colonial crown of Britain,' would have been one of the stars on Columbia's banner; the star-spangled streamer would now be floating on the summit of Cape Diamond."

Having now taken a necessarily brief survey of the political condition of Canada a hundred years ago, let us enquire what was the social state of its people at that time. If there were nothing left to the enquirer, but the single advertisement of John Baird, which appeared in the first number of the Quebec *Gazette*, as the basis of information, he might, with a moderate share of inductiveness, construct a very fair account of the mode of living pursued at Quebec a century ago. There is therein ample evidence to shew that the inhabitants of the ancient capital in

those early years did not stint themselves in the luxuries of their day and generation. The amount of wine which they consumed was something enormous, nor are we wanting in proof that it was consumed to an extent which public opinion would not sanction at the present day. A correspondent of the *Gazette*, more inclined to sobriety than his fellow-citizens, after complimenting Quebec society on its politeness and hospitality—in which qualities it still excels—finds fault with the custom by which "men are excited and provoked by healths and rounds of toasts to fuddle themselves in as indecent a manner as if they were in a tavern or in the most unpolished company." In connection with this state of affairs, it may be interesting to know the prices of different wines at that period. Fine old red Port was sold at 17s. a dozen; Claret at 12s.; Priniac at 17s.; Muscat at 24s.; Modena at 27s.; Malaga at 17s.; Lisbon at 17s.; Fyall at 15s. Mr. Simon Fraser, one of those converted Jacobites, perhaps, who scaled the heights of Quebec, turned civilian, gives us the prices of tea. Single green tea is worth 13s. a pound; best Hyson, 25s.; Bohea, 6s. 6d. Bread was very cheap and large quantities of wheat were exported—whereas now the Province of Quebec has to import the most of its cereals and, for years, has raised hardly any wheat. Great attention was paid to dress, and, though no sumptuary laws were in force, the principle on which they were founded was still remembered, and attire bespoke the position of the wearer. The articles and styles advertised by drapers and tailors are, of course, in accordance with the manufacture and fashion of the time. The lists of dry goods and fancy goods are very full, but the antique nomenclature is sometimes puzzling. Irish linen was sold at from 1s. 6d. to 7s. a yard, and Irish sheeting at from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. We are not told the prices of tammies or durants, of romals or molletons, but we are informed that they could be had at the lowest prices. Pains are taken, in many instances, to indicate the previous experience of the advertisers. Tailors and mantua-makers generally hail from London. Mr. Hanna, the watchmaker, some of whose time-keepers still tick attestation to his industry and popularity, is proud to have learned his trade by the banks of the Liffey. Mr. Bennie, tailor and habit-maker, from Edinburgh, "begs leave to inform the public, that all gentlemen and ladies who will be so good as to favour him with their custom, may depend on being faithfully served on the shortest notice and in the newest fashion, for ready money or short credit, on the most reasonable terms." There were peruke-makers in those days, and they seem to have thriven well in Quebec, if we may judge by their advertisements of sales of real estate. Jewellers, also, seem to have had plenty to do, as they advertise occasionally for assistants instead of customers. Furriers, hatters, *couturières* and shoemakers, also present their

claims to public favour, so that evidently there was no lack of provision for the wants of the outer man.

It may be easily inferred, from the whole tone of the advertisements and notices in the Quebec *Gazette* of a century ago, that the society in the capital was gay and luxurious. A theatrical company thought it worth while to take up their abode there, and among the pieces advertised as to be played are Homes' "Douglas" and Otway's "Venice Preserved." The doors were opened at five in the afternoon, and the entertainment began at half-past six. The frequenters of the "Thespian" were a select and privileged class, and only subscribers were admitted. Private theatricals were much in vogue; and, indeed, there was every variety of amusement which climate might allow or suggest, or the lovers of frolic desire. Nor were there bards wanting to celebrate these festivities, witness the following specimen of a "carioling" song:—

"Not all the fragrance of the spring,
Nor all the tuneful birds that sing,
Can to the Plains the ladies bring
So soon as carioling.

"Nor Venus with the wingéd loves,
Drawn by her sparrows or her doves,
So gracefully or swiftly moves
As ladies carioling."

Another poet, whose mind was obviously less healthily braced by outdoor exercise, gives a very different picture of the recreations of the period. It occurs in the course of an essay in versification called "Evening!"

"Now, minuets o'er, the country dance is formed,
See every little female passion rise;
By jealousy, by pride, by envy warmed,
See Adam's child, the child of Eve despise.

"With turned-up nose, Belinda, Chloe eyes;
Chloe, Myrtilla, with contempt surveys;
'What! with that creature dance!' Cleora cries,
That vulgar wretch! I faint—unlace my stays."

* * * * * * *

"Now meet in groups the philosophic band,
Not in the porch, like those of ancient Greece,
But where the best Madeira is at hand
From thought the younger students to release.

"For Hoyle's disciples hold it as a rule
That youth for knowledge should full dearly pay;
Therefore, to make young cubs the fitter tool,
Presuming sense by Lethean draughts they slay."

* * * * * * *

> "With all the fury of a tempest torn,
> With execrations horrible to hear,
> By all the wrath of disappointment borne,
> The cards, their garments, hair, the losers tear."

The winner's unfeeling composure is described in another verse, and—

> "Now dissipation reigns in varied form,
> Now riot in the bowl the senses steeps,
> While Nature's child, secure from Passion's storm,
> With tranquil mind in sweet oblivion sleeps."

If "Asmodeus," the author of these verses, wrote anything like the truth, the City of Quebec was more than a gay place a hundred years ago.

Whoever Miss Hannah Macculloch was, if we believe her anonymous panegyrist, she was a beauty in her day. Occasion is taken, in the course of the acrostic in her honour, to almost mention some of her contemporary belles, by way of making a climax of her charms. In the first two lines, the poet seems to have been fired with indignation at "Asmodeus" for the character he had given to Quebec society. Here is the whole production:

> "Muses, how oft does satire's vengeful gall
> Invoke your power to aid its bitter sting;
> Sure you will rather listen to my call,
> Since beauty and Quebec's fair nymphs I sing.
> Henceforth Diana in Miss S--ps--n see,
> As noble and majestic is her air;
> Nor can fair Venus, W--lc--s, vie with thee,
> Nor all her heavenly charms with thine compare.
> Around the B—ch—rs Juno's glory plays,
> Her power and charms in them attract our praise.
> Minerva who with beauty's queen did vie
> And patronized all the finer arts,
> Crown'd the McN--ls with her divinity,
> Crown'd them the queens of beauty and of hearts.
> Unto fair F—m—n now I turn my song,
> Lovely in all she says, in all she does;
> Lo! to her toilet see each goddess throng,
> One cannot all, but each a charm bestows.
> Could all these beauties in one female be,
> *Her* whom I sing would be the lovely she."

This effusion provoked much criticism, and the critics were in their turn criticised by others—even distant Montreal taking part in the literary tournament. But we are told nothing of its effects on the feelings or destinies of Miss Macculloch or her sister belles. It would seem that the author was a young clerk or merchant of Quebec, as one of his critics spitefully tells him not to desert his shop. The ladies themselves do not escape, one writer suggesting that they are coquettish enough

already without being made more so by silly flattery. The Montreal correspondent is warned off as an intruder and reminded that he had better have saved his nine-pence of postage money. In this more serious and industrious age, we can hardly imagine this doggerel acrostic furnishing gossip for Quebec and matter for the *Gazette* for nearly two months.

Slavery was not abolished in Lower Canada till 1803. In Upper Canada, as a separate Province, it hardly ever existed. In the *Relations des Jesuites*, an account is given of the sale of a black boy from Madagascar in the year 1628. This is the earliest record of the system that has been discovered in the annals of the country. By article 47 of the Capitulation of Montreal, in 1760, the institution has full recognition, and in the Quebec *Gazette* appear, from time to time, advertisements for the sale of negro lads and wenches, or of rewards for the discovery and restoration of missing ones. It would be interesting to know what became of the manumitted slaves. Did they remain in Canada after their liberation, or did they seek a more congenial climate? As it was in Upper Canada that the humane efforts which ultimately led to emancipation mainly originated, it is not unlikely that, on gaining their freedom, a large portion of the slaves settled in that Province. It would not be easy, however, to ascertain what portion of the negroes and coloured denizens of Ontario at the present day may be descended from the original "imports" of the last century.

A good deal of information on this and other important points in the social condition of the City and Province of Quebec in the last century, will be found in a book to which I have already referred—"Quebec Past and Present"—the only complete history of our Gibraltar that has yet been given to the Canadian public. It is an admirable work, and ought to be in the hands of every student of Canadian history. Had it not been published, I might have made a more extended use of the materials at my command. At the same time I would respectfully remind the reader that it was not my purpose to write any more than such a sketch of the country after the Great Conquest, as would serve for a means of comparing the present with the past. For this purpose, my *data* are far more numerous and voluminous than I was led to expect when I commenced this paper.

It is needless to say that the social status and general prosperity of a community depend, in no slight degree, on its educational advantages and the manner in which they are employed. It is also natural to suppose that the Canada of the last century differed widely, in this respect, from the Canada of to-day. There does not seem to have been any public provision for education in the days in question, except the schools in charge of the clergy be so regarded. Private schools for both sexes

were numerous enough. But these were probably expensive, so that the poorer classes were virtually debarred from their privileges. The instruction of Roman Catholic children, as has been intimated, was in the hands of the clergy, and it is likely that in some of the conventual schools a certain number was admitted free of expense or at reduced rates. It would appear that some of the young ladies were sent to English boarding-schools, if one may judge by advertisements in which the advantages of these schools were set forth. A Miss or Mrs. Agnes Galbraith not only taught school but also carried on the millinery business, to which she informs the public that she has served a regular apprenticeship, besides having been "a governess for several years to a genteel boarding-school." The principal of a boy's school, who resided at Three Rivers, "respectfully begs leave to remark that he means to presume no farther than he is perfectly able to perform, and builds his hope of encouragement on no other foundation than his assiduity to merit it." His course is a pretty full one, including, "English, French, Latin, Greek, writing in an easy and natural style after the best precedents; arithmetic, vulgar and decimal; geography, with use of the globes; geometry, navigation with all the late modern improvements; algebra and every other useful and ornamental branch of mathematical learning." Some of the other dominies write in a similar style of their qualifications. It may be inferred, then, that the wealthier classes of Canada in those days had much the same advantages of culture as their friends in England. Intercourse with the mother country was much more general and frequent than one might imagine, and, no doubt, many young gentlemen, after a preliminary training at a colonial academy, were sent home to enter some of the English schools or universities. From the higher ranks downward education varied till it reached the masses, with whom its index was a cipher. There is no reason to suppose, however, that the population of Canada, taken as a whole, was less cultivated during the last half of the 18th century than that of any European nation during the same period. As early as the year 1779 there was a circulating library in Quebec which numbered nearly 2000 volumes. It was maintained, Mr. Lemoine informs us, till the year 1869, when its books were transferred to the library of the Literary and Historical Society. It is a pity Mr. Lemoine did not give us some hint as to the contents, as we might then have been able to form some notion of the literary fare of our ancestors. In the *Gazette* of the 4th of December, 1783, a list is given of books which remained unsold at Mr. Jacques Ferrault's, which may help a little to satisfy our curiosity. Among the books in this list are "Johnson's Dictionary," the "Dictionnaire par l'Académie," dictionaries of commerce, of arts and sciences, several grammars, French and English, Rollin's "Histoire Ancienne," "Cook's Voy-

ages," the "Spectator" and "Guardian," Young's "Night Thoughts," "Chesterfield's Letters," Rousseau's "Eloise," the "Pilgrim's Progress," the works of Rabelais, "Esprit des Croisades," and other well known works. Many families, doubtless, possessed good libraries, which, in some cases, their descendants have in their possession to-day. It is from these old libraries, of which the general public occasionally gain a glimpse at auction rooms, composed of the standard authors from which Pitt, and Burke, and Cowper, and Mackintosh drew a part of their inspiration, which contain all that was best in the French and English literature of the last century, that may best be gathered the taste, the culture and the thought of our Canadian forefathers.

In any consideration of the intellectual condition of a people, the press must be regarded as an important factor. I have already given the date of the establishment of the Quebec *Gazette*, 1764. In 1769, the first Nova Scotian newspaper, the *Weekly Gazette*, was founded at Halifax. In 1778 the Montreal *Gazette*, which is the oldest newspaper in the Dominion, was started. The first journal which made its appearance in Upper Canada was the *Upper Canada Gazette*, also called the *American Oracle.* It was first published at Newark (now Niagara), in April, 1793. In 1800 it was removed to the new capital, York, now the City of Toronto. In October, 1785, the first number of the *Royal Gazette and New Brunswick Advertiser* was issued at St. John, N.B. It is evident, therefore, that from an early period all the colonies of the Dominion enjoyed whatever advantages are to be derived from one of the chief factors in modern civilization.

The influence of the Protestant clergy must also have exerted a beneficial effect on Canadian Society. In 1793, Dr. Jacob Mountain was appointed first Bishop of Quebec,—a diocese which was at that time co-extensive with the two Canadas. Nova Scotia had already (in 1787) been erected into an Episcopal See. The Church of Scotland has been represented in Canada ever since the conquest. The first congregation met in an apartment of the Jesuits' College, Quebec, which was assigned to worshippers of that faith by the Governor-General, and continued to be used for religious purposes till the year 1807. The first Presbyterian (Scotch) minister who officiated in the country was the Rev. Geo. Henry, a military chaplain to some of Wolfe's forces. I have not at hand the means of giving any statistics as to the establishment in Canada of any other Protestant denominations, but I cannot be far wrong in stating that their synods, conferences, or unions were not slow in following the example set, in the first place, by the zealous Roman Catholic missionaries, and subsequently, by the Churches of England and Scotland. In addition to the use of the Jesuits' College by the members of the Church of Scotland, it is a pleasant evidence of the

Christian charity and kindliness which characterized the early intercourse between the "separated brethren," who served a common Master, that the use of the old Recollet Church, of Montreal, was freely given to the first Presbyterian congregation of that city. I may, also, mention, in connection with the same subject, the hearty welcome tendered to Bishop Jacob Mountain, on his arrival in Canada, to take charge of his vast diocese, by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec of that time. It is said, moreover, that the senior prelate, on that occasion, did not hesitate to intimate to his Anglican brother, that his services were not a little needed by his expectant flock.

This hint of a prevailing state of society, which needed the curb of ecclesiastical authority, naturally leads us to a consideration of the moral condition of the young and growing community, which was the destined nucleus of a Dominion that should, one day, extend from ocean to ocean. We need hardly be surprised to find, then, on referring to our old friend, the *Gazette*, that thefts were frequent, and sometimes on a large scale. The punishment, in those days of unrelaxed legal severity, was whipping at a cart-tail through the streets of the city,—the culprits themselves being whipped and whipsters in turn. Assault, stealing in private houses, and highway robbery were punished with death. The penalty for manslaughter was being branded in the hand that did the deed. Desertion from the ranks of the army was an event of almost daily occurrence, especially among the Hessians and Brunswickers, then stationed in Canada. In some cases they were promised pardon if they returned to their regiment, but woe to them if they returned against their will! Towards the end of the year 1783, Gustavus Leight, a German doctor confined for felony, "broke out of His Majesty's gaol at Quebec." He was "25 years of age; about five feet high." We are not told whether he was captured or not, but unless he changed his dress one would hardly think that he could long succeed in baffling the keen eye of a detective, for "he had on, when he made his escape, a brown coat, red plush waistcoat, white stockings and a cock'd hat." Certainly, a gentleman thus attired, who happened to have been convicted of felony, would not be allowed a long furlough from Her Majesty's gaol, in any Canadian city to-day. There is mention made of a gaol (or *goal*, as it is spelled invariably—the goal of evil-doers) at Montreal, and a reward is offered for the apprehension of some ill-disposed persons who had destroyed the gallows there erected—which calls to mind the similar treatment to which the squire's pet new stocks were subjected in Lord Lytton's masterpiece of fiction, "My Novel." The *goal*, however, must have been a temporary construction or else greatly dilapidated, as an advertisement of a lottery,

instituted "pursuant to an ordinance of the Governor and Legislative Council," for building a new one, meets the eye on almost every page of the *Gazette* for the year 1783. The price of one of the 13,000 tickets to be disposed of was 46s. 8d.; and the prizes ranged from £850 to £4. The net proceeds were calculated at upwards of £25,000. This gaol, to which, if I am not mistaken, a court-house was attached, continued standing until somewhat more than forty years ago.

The municipal regulations of Quebec and Montreal, a hundred years ago, differed a good deal from those which now prevail. The authorities seem to have done their best to keep their cities clean and in good order. Every householder was obliged to put the Scotch proverb in force, by keeping clean and "free from filth, mud, rubbish, dirt, straw or hay," one-half of the street opposite his own house. The "cleanings" were ordered to be deposited on the beach. Treasure-trove, in the shape of stray hogs, could be kept by the finder for twenty-four hours, if no claims were made in the meantime; and if the owner declared himself in person, or by the bell-man (an institution of the past), he had to pay 10s. before he could have his pork restored. Five shillings was the penalty for a stray horse. The regulations for vehicles, slaughter houses, sidewalks, markets, &c., are equally strict. Among other duties, the carters had to keep the markets clean. The keepers of taverns, inns and coffee-houses, had to light the streets. Every one entering the town in a sleigh had to carry a shovel for the purpose of levelling any *cahots* that might interrupt his progress, "at any distance within three leagues from the town." The rates of cabs and ferry-boats were fixed with much precision. No carter was allowed to plead a prior engagement, but was to go "with the person who first demanded him, under a penalty of twenty shillings." The names of several streets in Montreal and Quebec, are still unchanged. Niagara (already mentioned) and Detroit were then places of considerable importance; so also were St. John's, Chambly, Berthier, L'Assomption, Ste. Thérèse and L'Acadie. Constant reference is made to the walls of Montreal, as well as of Quebec, and there is reason to believe that some of the other places above mentioned, were similarly fortified. The seigneurs and other gentry had fine, capacious, stone-built residences, which much enhanced the charm of the rural scenery. A large part of the area of Montreal (without the walls), that lay between the present Craig, St. Antoine and Sherbrooke Streets, was studded with tastefully built country houses, having large gardens and orchards attached. Some of the estates of those times were of almost immense extent. The Kings of France thought nothing of granting a whole province, and, even in British times, there were landed proprietors in Canada whose acres would have superimposed an English county. The extraordinary donation by James the First, of a large portion of North

America, to Sir William Alexander was, not many years ago, brought before the attention of the public, by the claims of his descendants. Large tracts of lands were given away by Louis XIII, Louis XIV, and other French Kings ; by Oliver Cromwell, and the Stuarts ; and the same extravagant system of entailing unmanageable wealth on companies and individuals was continued, though with more pretensions to reason, and more regard for posterity, after the Battle of the Plains.

It may be well to say a few brief words of the political changes which Canada underwent in the last forty years of the last century. I have already spoken of the stern test which our country so nobly stood at the time of the American Revolution, and touched on the happy accession to our then small and sparse population, of the United Empire Loyalists. The subject of the invasion and occupation of the Americans in 1775-6, is fully treated in a work compiled with most commendable care and research, by the learned Principal of the Jacques Cartier Normal School, Montreal. A very interesting account of it and of the centennial anniversary of the assault on Quebec, by Montgomery, which ended in his defeat and death, are given in Mr. Lemoine's "Quebec, Past and Present." Mr. John Lesperance, the able and learned editor of the *Illustrated Canadian News*, has, also, made the "Bastonnais," or Bostonians, as the American adventurers were called by the French Canadians, the subject of a thrilling historical romance, and it is no flattery to say that no man in Canada was better fitted for the task. The appearance of such works is highly satisfactory evidence of the increasing interest which Canadian men of letters are taking in the history of their native or adopted country, and cannot fail to aid in raising Canada and Canadian literature in the estimation of other nations. At this point if it were not considered impertinent, I would take the opportunity of saying a good word on behalf of our Canadian authors and *litterateurs* in general. It is a melancholy fact that hitherto they have not received at the hands of their fellow-countrymen, the consideration to which their abilities and labours would entitle them in any other civilized country—a neglect which has, more than once, excited the surprise of foreigners. It is a fact, a very deplorable, and to some, a discreditable fact, that our prince of poets, Charles Heavysege, a dramatist, who, by discerning British critics, has been accorded a rank among the first, and surpassed by none since the getting of the glorious Elizabethan constellation, who was laid in his grave last summer, a martyr to unrewarded literary toil, had won a glorious reputation in England and the United States, before he had begun to receive the recognition which he had so nobly earned in Canada, which ought to have proudly cherished him. When one thinks of the crowd of political hirelings who ignobly fill some of the most important offices in the land, the reward of services

which even they might blush to own, and then think of Charles Heavysege, a man inspired by God to do for his country what Shakespeare did for England, wasting his days and wearing himself to death in uncongenial drudgery, because there was not a man of all those who have held power in Canada during the last quarter of a century, to take him generously by the hand, we may well raise the cry of "shame" in presence of his grave to-day. It is said, indeed, that Mr. D'Arcy Magee, had he been allowed to live, would have seen him provided for, and those who knew the man will be willing to believe it. But the fact remains that Heavysege went down to his grave, unappreciated and unaided by the rulers of a country to which he was an honour, and to which his neglect is a disgrace. Time, however, has its revenges, and Heavysege will yet have his reward.

To return to our Loyalists: in the Quebec *Gazette* of October 23rd, 1783, is found the Act of Parliament passed in their favour, in which the 25th day of March, 1784, is fixed as the limit of the period during which claims for relief or compensation for the loss of property should be received. How many availed themselves of the provisions of the Act it is not easy to ascertain, but the whole number of persons dispossessed of their estates and forced to seek another home in consequence of their continued allegiance, is set down at from 25,000 to 30,000. Of these, the great majority took up their abodes in the Canadas, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, while a few went to the West Indies, and others returned to England. The record of these Loyalist settlers in British North America would be full of interest and instruction; but of this, in the lack of it, we may be certain that, as has been already intimated, their addition to the population was productive of the best fruits. Some of the noblest sons and daughters of Canada have undoubtedly been descended from this sturdy British stock, and among them not a few of those who have rendered the most important services to their country in both peace and war. It has been already remarked that the severance of Upper Canada from the original Province took place in 1791. In its progress to its present prosperous condition, the ancient territory of L'Acadie was subject to the same fluctuations and vicissitudes which distinguished the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. During the latter half of the last century its population underwent considerable change by military settlement; by immigration from Great Britain after 1763; by the accession of American Loyalists, and by the return of banished Acadians. New Brunswick became a separate Province in 1785. In the same year Cape Breton was made a separate Government, to be reunited to Nova Scotia in 1820. Prince Edward Island, then called St. John, was separated in 1770, and the constitution given to it in 1773, remained in force just a hundred years before it became an inte-

gral part of the Dominion. For a most instructive, as well as amusing, and not altogether fictitious, account of Nova Scotia in the closing years of the last century, the reader is referred to "The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony," by Judge Haliburton. It may be regarded as a fair picture of life in its various phases, in a country which the author had good reason to know well.

I will close this imperfect sketch of "Canada a hundred years ago," with the following account of the state of the country in the year 1789, which occurs in a communication from a French gentleman to the Montreal *Gazette*:

"Canada . . . . in the shade of her generous protectress, enjoys her own laws, her own customs, her own usages, and the most profound and happy peace. Her agriculture prospers . . . . and her commerce is carried on with advantages not enjoyed by the other provinces of the mother country. All classes, tranquil at their own firesides, have not as yet shared in the losses and afflictions which result from the horrors of war."

When one reflects on the terrible scenes which were being enacted in France at that very time, scenes whose shadow must, in some degree, have fallen on Canada, had that province remained in the possession of the French Government, we can imagine what reason the Canadians had for self-gratulation and gratitude at the change that had come upon them thirty years before.

JOHN READE.

DEATH.

ON a set day, Death, Queen of the World,
In Hell assembled all her fearful court,
That she might 'mongst them choose a minister
To render her estate more flourishing.
As candidates for the dread office, came
From Tartarus' lowest depths, with measured pace
Fever, and Gout, and War, a trio.
All hell and earth did justice to their gifts;
The Queen reception gave them. Then came Plague
And there was none his merit dare deny;
Still when a doctor made his visit too,
Opinion wavered which should win the day,
Nor could the Queen herself at once decide.
But when the Vices came, her choice was made—
She chose Excess.

From the French of Florian, A.D. 1775—1794.

FOREST RANGERS AND VOYAGEURS.

I. GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS AND COUREURS DES BOIS.

If we read carefully the old annals, which form the materials for our Canadian history, we cannot fail to find many incidents really picturesque, and even dramatic in their character. We do not pretend to say that the historian or the novelist will meet with themes as startling or sensational as those which are to be read in the old Spanish chronicles which tell of the conquest of Mexico and Peru. The lives of the famous Spanish *Conquistadores* are replete with that absorbing interest which all of us invariably feel in bold adventure and romantic exploit. No mines of gold and silver allured the pioneers of Canadian civilization into the trackless waste of the northern forests. The "gentlemen adventurers," who laid the foundations of European society among the forests of Canada, had to encounter innumerable perils and difficulties, without the glittering rewards that the palaces of the Montezumas and the Incas offered to the insatiable greed of the Spaniard. The Spanish monarch showered dignities on the bold, unscrupulous men who gave a new world to Spain, and poured untold millions into her treasury; but the pioneers, who won a boundless domain for France, only met with neglect and coldness. Even the names of many of these adventurers have been forgotten, and are only now and then brought to light by some enthusiastic student of our early records.

The trackless forests and unknown rivers of a new country must always possess a deep fascination for men fond of adventure, and intent on "deeds of bold emprise." Baker and Livingstone are illustrations of that spirit which animated Champlain, De Poutrincourt, La Salle, and other Canadian adventurers of old times. In the solitude of the great forests that then stretched without a break from ocean to ocean there was a weird charm which, perhaps, seemed at times a compensation for all their trials and struggles. Every great river they discovered, in their adventurous career, must have been, to more than one, a sufficient reward for all their toil and endeavour, for it placed their names among the foremost of their times.

In the early settlement of the country there were several influences at work, and it is to these we owe, in a large measure, the great discoveries which opened up the continent to commerce. The priest, the *gentilhomme*, and the *coureur des bois*, each in his way, were the pioneers of civilization in Canada and in the West. The names of Marquette,

Joliet, La Salle, and De Tonty must ever be associated with the great lakes and noble rivers of the continent. The love of their faith and a spirit of adventure were combined with a desire to open new fields to commercial industry. "Even commerce wore the sword," says an eloquent writer,* "decked itself with badges of nobility, aspired to forest seigniories, and hordes of savage retainers." These "gentlemen adventurers" were to be found in every part of the northern continent, seeking the sources of unknown rivers, living in Indian villages, trading with Indian tribes in remotest forests, and building outposts thousands of miles from civilization. With them were associated a bold and too often lawless class of men, who, in the course of no long time, made up a large proportion of the able-bodied population of New France. These men were generally known as *coureurs des bois*, or rangers of the forest; and when we come to study their habits they will be at once recognised by the historical student as the natural outcome of the state of society in Canada two centuries ago.

It was from the forest that the old adventurers sought what wealth was to be won in the North. Whilst the Spaniards were rifling the hapless natives of the South of what remnant of gold and silver the rapacity of Cortez and Pizarro had left them, or were seeking, amid the jungles and swamps of the tropics, that mysterious *El Dorado* which even dazzled the imaginative mind of the noble Raleigh,—the Norman and Breton fishermen were busy on the banks of Newfoundland, and the Norman or Breton trader or ranger—for in those days the *coureur des bois* was both—was wandering in the depths of the forest or paddling on the rivers and lakes of the north and west in search of peltry.

The old dwellings of the beaver have been, doubtless, examined by many of my readers, though comparatively few can have ever seen the industrious animal itself at work. Civilization and commerce have combined for two centuries and more to destroy this ingenious creature, and now it is only in some solitary spot, far from the haunts of men. among the forests of the Gatineau or Ottawa, or in the far North-west,† that we meet with any number of these valuable animals, whose rich, glossy coats were so long the principal branch of Canadian trade. Like the

* *Parkman: Pioneers of France in the New World.*—It is safe to say that the English speaking people of Canada were, for the most part, entirely ignorant of the elements of interest that are to be found in the earlier annals of this country, until the American historian, Parkman, raised our history from that dull, prosaic leve from which Canadian writers had been wont to view it, and revived the past in its most romantic and picturesque guise. Nor should we forget the debt we owe to those patriotic and learned French Canadians, like Garneau, Le Moine, Sulte, and many others, who have devoted their pens to the description of the times of the old régime.

† The Hudson's Bay Company annually exports from James's Ba some 150,000 beaver skins.

moose and caribou,the beaver, in the course of years, will probably become as great an object of curiosity in old Canada as would now be the fauna of past geological eras. But during the seventeenth century the Canadian beaver was to be trapped in great numbers throughout a country whose climate and natural attributes are so admirably adapted to its increase. The other great sources of wealth to be found in the forest and sea were all neglected for the sake of a trade which was most congenial to the temperament of the early French. It is true, as we have just stated, that the Bretons and Normans, then as now, fished for cod on the coast of Newfoundland, but their compatriots, who sought homes and fortunes in Canada, could never be induced to prosecute the same branch of industry to any extent; and in this respect they did not follow the example of the hardy, enterprising New Englanders, who, from the first settlement of the country, were fishermen and traders combined. Nor was there any inducement in those early times to make use of the great source of wealth that the magnificent pine forests of the country offered to Canadian industry. From the first moment the attention of France was directed to this country as a vast field for the prosecution of new industries, the Government gave trading licenses and monopolies to many distinguished individuals, who were ready to embark their capital in the new world. In the early part of the seventeenth century, one Captain Chauvin received the first regular patent for a monopoly of the fur traffic in Canada, and on his death Pierre du Gua, Sieur des Monts, became virtually his successor and led the first expedition to Acadie. But this monopoly did not remain long in existence, as the clamour for similar privileges became at last so troublesome that the French King authorized the formation of the famous company of the hundred partners, which had for its head no less a personage than Cardinal Richelieu. This company was to colonize the country and support the missions—for religion and commerce were always associated in those early times—on the condition of receiving a permanent monopoly of the trade in furs and skins of every kind. The company never prospered at any time, and very soon surrendered its privileges into the hands of the Government. For years the principal source of public revenue was derived from the fur trade—one-fourth of the beaver-skins, and one-tenth of the moose hides being reserved for the King. Monopoly still continued to be the guiding principle of the home authorities. An association named the West India Company enjoyed for years the most exorbitant privileges, and, when it also was broken up, the imposts, as well as the trade of Tadoussac (long a headquarters of the fur trade, and the exclusive property of the King), were farmed out to one Oudiette and certain other traders. Monopoly, in short, was the practice up to the time of the conquest, and was justly a source of grievance

to the people of Canada. Yet, in this respect, the Government of France did not differ from that of England ; for the fur trade of the North and North-west was handed by an English King to a Company of English adventurers, and in later times the coal mines of Nova Scotia were made over to a firm of London jewellers in payment of the debts of an extravagant Royal Duke.

This traffic in furs gave birth to a bold reckless class of adventurers who found their greatest pleasure in hunting and trading in the depths of the Western forests. From the moment the French landed on the shores of Canada they seemed to enter into the spirit of forest life. Men of noble birth and courtly associations adapted themselves immediately to the customs of the Indians, and found that charm in the forest and river which seemed wanting in the tamer life of the towns and settlements. The English colonizers of New England were never able to win the affections of the Indian tribes, or adapt themselves so readily to the habits of forest life, as the French Canadian adventurer.

A very remarkable instance of the infatuation which led away so many young men into the forest, is to be found in the life of Baron de St. Castine, a native of the romantic Bernese country, who came to Canada with the famous Carignan Regiment during 1665, and established himself for a time on the Richelieu. But he soon became tired of his inactive life, and leaving his Canadian home, settled on a peninsula of Penobscot Bay (then Pentagoët), which still bears his name. Here he fraternized with the Abenaquis, and led the life of a forest chief, whose name was long the terror of the New England settlers. He married the daughter of Madocawando, the implacable enemy of the English, and so influential did he become that, at his summons, all the tribes on the frontier between Acadia and New England, would lift the hatchet and proceed on the war-path. He amassed a fortune of three hundred thousand crowns in "good dry gold," but we are told that he only used the greater part of it to buy presents for his Indian followers, who paid him back with usury in beaver skins. His life at Pentagoët, for years, was very active and adventurous, as the annals of New England show. In 1781 he returned to France, where he had an estate, and thenceforth disappeared from history. His son, by his Abenaqui Baroness, then took command of his fort and savage retainers, and after assisting in the defence of Port Royal, and making more than one savage onslaught on the English settlers of Massachusetts, he returned to Europe on the death of his father. The poet Longfellow, has made use of this romantic episode in the early life of the Acadian settlements:—

"The choir is singing the matin song,
The doors of the Church are opened wide ;
The people crowd and press and throng

To see the bridegroom and the bride.
They enter and pass along the nave ;
They stand upon the furthest grave ;
The bells are ringing soft and slow ;
The living above and the dead below
Give their blessing on one and twain ;
The warm winds blow on the hills of Spain,
The birds are building and the leaves are green,
The Baron Castine of St. Castine,
Hath come at last to his own again."

As in these later days, the French Canadian seeks the pine forests and the lumberman's camp by a sort of natural instinct, so in the old times he became a *coureur des bois* or *voyageur*. The woods in those days were swarming with many a Robin Hood and with many a band of forest outlaws. Year after year saw the settlements almost denuded of their young men, who had been lured away by the fascinations of the fur-trade into the forest fastnesses of the west. The Government found all their plans for increasing the population and colonizing the country thwarted by the nomadic habits of a restless youth. The young man, whether son of the *gentilhomme* or of the humble *habitant*, was carried away by his love for forest life, and no enactments, however severe, had the least effect on restraining his restlessness. The Marquis de Denonville writes to the French Government :—

" The *coureurs des bois* are a great evil, but you are not aware how great the evil is. It rids the country of its best men, renders them difficult to manage, debauched, and impatient of discipline, and turns them into pretended nobles, wearing the sword, and decked out with lace, both they and their relations, who all claim to be ladies and gentlemen. As for cultivating the soil, they will not hear of it. This, along with the scattered condition of the settlements, causes their children to be as unruly as Indians, being brought up in the same way."

It is not to be wondered at that the habits of this lawless, reckless class should be a continual source of worry to a Government which was offering premiums to marriage and settlement. What use was it for a paternal Government to offer bounties for large families of children, when it could not make matches between the young men and women! The great Colbert might write time and again to the Canadian authorities that " the prosperity and subsistence of the people, and all that they should consider dear, depended on a general resolution never to be departed from, to marry youths at eighteen or nineteen years and girls at fourteen or fifteen, since abundance could never come to them, except through the abundance of men." But this fatherly advice was of little avail when the young men were wandering in the forest, and loved the camp, with its associates, far better than their village homes, or the pleasures of a regular domestic life.

On the banks of the Detroit, the city founded by De la Motte Cadillac, nearly two centuries ago, now displays to the eyes of the admiring tourist its spacious umbrageous avenues and handsome mansions. Wherever the Indian tribes were camped in the forest or by the river, and the fur-trade could be prosecuted to the best advantage, we see the *coureurs des bois*, not the least picturesque figure of those grand woods then in the primeval sublimity of their solitude and vastness. Many a lake and river, where huge propellors now fret and fume, were first seen by these adventurers of the past. The Ottawa River and its tributaries, like all the rivers and lakes of Canada illustrate the progress of the *coureurs des bois* and *voyageurs*. The falls, rapids, and lakes of the Ottawa district—the *Chenaux*, *Lac des Allumettes*, and *Chats*, for example—undoubtedly received their distinctive names from these rovers of forest and river. On the north shores of Lake Superior—a region which calls up visions of gold and silver, of adventure and danger—we meet with many names which also illustrate the quick imaginations of the voyageurs—*Bête Grise*, *Grand Marais*, *L'anse à la bouteille*, *Bois brulé*, and any number of others, equally characteristic of the ready wit and fancy of a roving class.

Their manner of life can be very simply described. Four or five, and sometimes a dozen or more, would combine and fill a large canoe, generally of their own construction, with such provisions and cheap merchandize as the Indians were likely to buy, and paddle away into the interior of the wilderness, where they would remain for twelve months and often much longer,—Du Lhut and his comrades, it is said, bound themselves to an absence of four years from the settlements—and then they would return to Montreal or Three Rivers, in company with a long retinue of Indians, whose canoes would be deeply laden with a rich collection of furs which, in the course of time, would find their way to the gay capitals of Europe and adorn many a fair lady's white shoulders.

That the majority were a reckless, dare-devil set of fellows, it is needless to say. On their return from their forest hunts after months of savage liberty they too often threw off all restraint and indulged in the most furious orgies. Montreal was their favourite place of resort, for here were held the great fairs for the traffic of furs. The Ottawas and Hurons and other tribes came from distant parts of the North and West, and camped on the shore in the immediate vicinity of the town. When the fair was in full operation, a scene was presented well worthy of the bold brush of a Doré. The royal mountain, then as now, formed a background of rare sylvan beauty. The old town was huddled together on the low ground near the river, and was for years a mere collection of low wooden houses and churches, all surrounded by palisades. On the fair ground were to be seen Indians tricked out in

their savage finery ; *coureurs des bois* in equally gorgeous apparel ; black-robed priests, and busy merchants from all the towns, intent on wheedling the Indians and bushrangers out of their choicest furs. These fairs were almost invariably the scene of rampant license and debauchery, which naturally shocked the missionaries and respectable townsmen.

The principal rendezvous in the West was Michillimackinac. Few places possess a more interesting history than this old head-quarters of the Indian tribes and French voyageurs. Mackinaw may be considered, in some respects, the key to the Upper Lakes. Here the tribes from the north to the south could assemble at a very short notice and decide on questions of trade or war. It was long the metropolis of a large portion of the Ojibwa and Ottawa nations, and many a council, fraught with the peace of Canada, was held there in the olden times. It was in this neighbourhood that Father Marquette, some time in 1671, made the first settlement which the French had then to the north-west of Fort Frontenac or Cataraqui. The French built a chapel and fort, and the Huron and Ottawa Indians lived in palisaded villages in the neighbourhood. The Jesuits also erected a small college alongside the church, and not far from the Huron village. The *coureurs des bois* were always to be seen at a point where they could be sure to find Indians in large numbers. Contemporary writers state that the presence of so many unruly elements at this distant outpost frequently threw the whole settlement into a sad state of confusion and excitement, which the priests were at times entirely unable to restrain. Indians, soldiers and traders, became at last so demoralized, that one of the priests wrote, in his despair, that there seemed no course open except " deserting the missions and giving them up to the brandy-sellers as a domain of drunkenness and debauchery."

But it would be a mistake to judge all the *coureurs des bois* by the reckless behaviour of the majority, who were made up necessarily from the ruder elements of the Canadian population. Even the most reckless of the class had their work to do in the opening up of this continent. Despising danger in every form, they wandered over rivers and lakes and through virgin forests, and " blazed " a track, as it were, for the future pioneer. They were the first to lift the veil of mystery that hung, until they came, on many a solitary river and forest. The posts they raised by the side of the Western lakes and rivers, were so many videttes of that army of colonizers who have built up great commonwealths in that vast country, where the bushranger was the only European two centuries ago. Most of the men were but humble in their origin, and history does not record their names. The most famous amongst their leaders was Du Lhut, whose name has been mentioned more than once in this paper. He became a Canadian Robin Hood, and had his band

of bushrangers like any forest chieftain. For years he wandered through the forests of the West and founded various posts at important points, where the fur trade could be prosecuted to advantage. Posterity has been more generous to him than it has been to others equally famous as pioneers, for it has given his name to an embryo city at the head of Lake Superior. Like many a forest which they first saw in its primeval vastness, these pioneers have disappeared into the shadowy domain of an almost forgotten past, and their memory is only recalled as we pass by storm-swept cape, or land-locked bay, or silent river, to which may still cling the names they gave as they swept along in the days of the old régime.

J. G. BOURINOT.

WELCOME, WELCOME, THOU LITTLE BARK.

A SONG OF THE COAST.

WELCOME, welcome, thou little bark!
  Love greets thee from the shore;
Through driving mist thy sails I mark,
  I hear thy dashing oar!
Quickly glide o'er the pathless sea,
For dear is thy freight to love and me!

She comes! she comes, with the swelling tide,
  Her keel grates on the sand;
The waves before her course divide—
  Her bold crew spring to land:
Safe from the storm and the raging main,
I hold thee once more to my heart again!

Thy locks are wet with the ocean's foam,
  But our hearth burns bright and clear;
The loved and the loving welcome thee home,
  And prepare thy rustic cheer!
Yes, thou art safe, and I heed no more
The rising wind, and the tempest's roar!

SUSANNA MOODIE.

ARTIFICIAL FISH-BREEDING IN CANADA.

At different points in the Dominion are situated establishments where fish are artificially bred. What is the good of that, some may ask? Simply this—that our rivers, once teeming with fish, are so impoverished as to have become well-nigh worthless. The myriads of salmon that, in former days, swarmed up the rivers of the Maritime Provinces, pressed into the streams of the great St. Lawrence Basin, and travelled up into Lake Ontario, were so decimated that a source of considerable revenue was threatened with extinction, and steps had to be taken to restore our streams and lakes to their ancient status of food-producing areas. The trout, the shad, the bass, the whitefish, had all suffered from the same causes which led to the diminution of the salmon—the king of fishes, and scientific men turned their attention to the discovery of the best means of not only checking the rapid destruction of the finny tribes in our waters, but of stimulating their increase. Legislation did much by enacting a close season, but the regulation of the fisheries was insufficient. Even granting that the fishery laws were carefully administered; the close season rigorously enforced; the fish protected; it would still have taken a long time for the former abundance to be restored. In short, nature could not re-stock our rivers speedily enough, and artificial methods had to be resorted to.

Experience had abundantly proved the feasibility of breeding fish artificially. The science of pisciculture, ignored for many years, had flourished among those determined epicures, the ancient Romans, and had been handed down by the jolly monks of the middle ages, who thoroughly appreciated the value of a plentiful supply of excellent fish-food. In France, the Government had long recognised the wisdom of turning rivers, lakes, ponds, and marshes to account, and there, it may be said, the acres of water are made to be as profitable as the acres of land. In England, Scotland, and Ireland, individual and solitary experiments were carried on with a view of testing the capabilities of artificial fish-breeding, the same causes operating there which have since been experienced amongst us; and success crowned the efforts thus made. Salmon fishing, once of considerable value, had deteriorated in so marked a degree that the proprietors saw their profits diminish, and naturally concluded to adopt remedial measures. In every case, the introduction of artificial breeding has been attended with the happiest results.

But what is meant by artificial breeding? How is it that it is resorted to as a means of re-stocking rivers? Blue books, issued yearly

by Government, are not very generally read, else these questions would not be asked ; yet, in one of these volumes, devoted to reports on the state of Canadian fisheries, can be found all desirable information on these points, pleasantly told by the father of pisciculture in Canada, Samuel Wilmot. It is worth people's while to know what is being done in their country in the way of supplying them with good and cheap food, and the man lives not in the Dominion who cares not for fish of one kind or another. For the proper comprehension of the importance of the subject, however, it is necessary to glance at the causes which have rendered an annual outlay of money, and the founding of large piscicultural establishments necessary.

Fish multiply very rapidly, according to popular opinion ; slowly, according to fact. Popular opinion is based on the fact that a single female bears thousands of eggs ; the deduction made is that, therefore, thousands of young fish are annually hatched. Mr. J. G. Bertram, author of one of the pleasantest books on fishes ever written, gives as the result of several carefully conducted investigations into the fecundity of fish, the following figures :—A cod-fish will bear 3,400,000 eggs ; a flounder, 1,250,000 ; a sole, 1,000,000 ; mackerel, 500,000 ; herring, 35,000 ; smelt, 36,000. The salmon yields eggs at the rate of one thousand for each pound of its weight. This is, of course, a general average, there being frequently cases when that amount is largely exceeded, and, on the other hand, when it is not reached. The sturgeon is one of the most fecund of fish. Mr. Bertram states that from one of this species were taken twenty-two pounds of roe, yielding a total of 7,000,000 eggs. Now, according to these figures, which have been corroborated over and over again, the produce of a single salmon ought to be sufficient to stock a river, and a couple of hundred herrings to lay the foundation of a profitable fishery ; for, allowing the twenty thousand eggs of a fair-sized salmon to come to maturity, and the young fish in their turn to spawn, the difficulty would be to find room in any river, even as mighty as the St. Lawrence, for the innumerable salmon hatched. Similarly with herrings, cod-fish, and all the other inhabitants of the watery deeps. Were their reproduction and the development of their fry unchecked, " the sea would so abound with animal life that it would soon be impossible for a boat to move in its waters," and no one who has gone out for a day's fishing, in fresh water or salt, need be told that such a consummation has not yet been reached, and never will be. The reason is very simple—fish have numberless enemies, not the least formidable of which is man himself. Early accounts of Canada all agree in describing the rivers and lakes as swarming with fish of all kinds, as, in olden times, did the waters of European countries. Even now, in the more remote and sequestered parts of the Dominion, the traveller or settler comes upon

streams abundantly stocked, showing what was once the condition of nearly all the waters; but, wherever settlement has gone on largely, the result has been the same—depletion of the fisheries. Some of the most famous Canadian streams are at this moment almost worthless in a piscatory point of view, from this cause, and old anglers whip in vain pools and runs where erstwhile they had keen sport. It is safe to say that the brooks and streams in the immediate vicinity of our principal towns and cities are not now worth fishing, and the sportsman has to travel some distance before he can "pay expenses." Over-fishing, indeed, has been pursued so long and so systematically, that it is difficult to convince fishermen of the folly of the practice. All manner of traps and engines have been used to catch fish, and legislation has had to be called in to prevent the perpetuation of many murderous and wasteful modes. The Indian fashion of spearing is far from extinct, and many a poacher secures a heavy bag in this way. Scoop-nets and other abominations continue to flourish in spite of law and officers, though not, it must be confessed, to the same extent as formerly.

But even legal modes of prosecuting the fisheries are abused. Fishermen are not a prudential or foreseeing class; if they come upon a bank colonized by fish, they ply line and net till some fine day they discover that their mine is exhausted. They notice that salmon swarm up some particular rivers, and straightway they barricade it with nets so that the poor fish can never reach the spawning grounds and are caught in thousands. This goes on for a few years, and then the cry is raised that the salmon have abandoned the rivers—no wonder, they have all been destroyed, and every impediment placed in their way to the head waters, whither they are driven by instinct to deposit their eggs. As an illustration it may be mentioned that on the river Moisie, in 1859, there were no less than *eighty-five* nets, aggregating fifteen thousand fathoms, set to intercept the fish running up stream. Fortunately for the fishery in that river, the number of nets has been very largely reduced of late years, and the catch has steadily improved. As with the salmon, so with the other species of fish—indiscriminate fishing has been the order of the day all along, and shad, trout, and bass have been decimated and annihilated. And it is not merely by over-fishing that man decimates his supplies of fish food. The establishment of saw mills on streams is a fruitful source of evil. The sawdust from them is thrown into the water, floats along until it is thoroughly soaked, and then sinks to the bottom, where it forms a vile mud, hated and shunned by the fish—by none more than King Salmo Salar. Sawdust is particularly fatal, because it destroys the spawning grounds, covering them up and forcing the fish to seek elsewhere for a convenient place to deposit their eggs. Poisonous sewage from towns and cities is another prominent cause of the

destruction of fish. The Thames, at London, affords a good example of this, and although efforts have been made to remedy the state of matters there, it is very doubtful if the river can ever be made a fishing stream again. The finest kinds of fish love pure water, cannot exist out of it, and will not hesitate to abandon tainted streams.

Along with man—their chief enemy—salmon, trout, and other table varieties of the finny tribe, find dire foes in their fellows. Fish prey on each other very readily; some kinds indeed have acquired a nefarious reputation, and Jack Pike is notorious for his depredations. But he is not the only one; at spawning time all the fish in a river feed upon the ova deposited upon the gravel beds, consume it in vast quantities, and with as much gusto as the most accomplished epicure discusses his *caviare.* And the eggs that are not devoured do not all come to maturity—many of them are never impregnated; others get bruised or suffer damage and disaster to such an extent that it has been calculated that only one egg in a thousand ever produces a fish fit for the table. The young fry form delicious food for the grown fishes, and any one who has seen swarms of tiny salmon in their infantile stage, can understand how easily they must fall a prey to the more voracious of their kind. Enormous, therefore, though the natural reproduction is, it nevertheless is quite inadequate to the demands now made on it.

In France, where, owing to the mass of the people being Catholics, fish food attains great importance, and is much in demand, great attention is paid to pisciculture; and, indeed, it is to a French fisherman that the merit of re-discovering the lost art and turning it to commercial account is due. "The present idea of pisciculture, as a branch of commerce," says Mr. Bertram, "is due to the shrewdness of a simple French peasant, who gained his livelihood as a *pêcheur* in the tributaries of the Moselle and the other streams of his native district, *La Bresse* in the *Vosges.* He was a thinking man, although a poor one, and it had long puzzled him to understand how animals yielding such an abundant supply of eggs should, by any amount of fishing, ever become scarce. He knew very well that all female fish were provided with tens of thousands of eggs, and he could not well see how, in the face of this fact, the rivers of *La Bresse* should be so scantily peopled with the finny tribes. Nor was the scarcity of fish confined to his own district—the rivers of France generally had become impoverished; and, as in all Catholic countries fish is a prime necessary of life, the want, of course, was greatly felt. Joseph Remy was the man who first found out what was wrong with the French streams, and especially with the fish supplies of his native rivers—and, better than that, he discovered a remedy. He ascertained that the scarcity of fish was chiefly caused by the immense number of eggs that never came to life—the enormous quantity of young fish that were des-

troyed by enemies of one kind or another, and the fishing-up of all that was left, in many instances, before they had an opportunity to reproduce themselves; at any rate, without any care being taken to have a sufficient breeding stock in the rivers, so that the result he discovered had become inevitable. Jacobi, in Germany, had previously made the same discovery for himself, but in Remy's case the results were generally beneficial, his labours finally attracting the attention of the Government, and eventually culminating in the erection of the great piscicultural establishment of Huningue, in Alsace, near Bâsle, under the direction of that able scientist, Professor Coste. The Huningue establishment has done a very great deal of good to France, and commercially has proved an excellent speculation.

The success attending artificial hatching and breeding was so marked that a rapid development of the system might be looked for. In Scotland, the proprietors of the Tay salmon fisheries erected a large establishment at Stormontfield; and both in England and Ireland, private enterprise took up this new and profitable business. In the States much has been done in the same way, both the Federal Government and the State Legislatures having made appropriations for the promotion of pisciculture. At Penobscot, in Maine, there is one of the largest establishments of the kind, and private establishments are numerous. In Canada, with which we are more immediately concerned, there are at present seven fish-breeding establishments:—Newcastle, Ontario; Restigouche, Quebec; Miramichi, New Brunswick; Gaspé Basin, Quebec; Tadousac, Quebec; Sandwich, Detroit River; and Bedford, near Halifax, Nova Scotia. Besides these, Mr. Haliday, lessee of the net fishery on the Moisie River, has a salmon-breeding establishment, which does much good work. The Newcastle establishment is the parent one, from which sprang not only the other Canadian establishments, but also those in the States. It is under the immediate supervision of Mr. Samuel Wilmot, to whom is due the credit of practically introducing pisciculture in the Dominion. In addition to salmon ova, the eggs of salmon trout and whitefish are hatched here; at Sandwich, whitefish only, and at the other places, salmon only.

The process of hatching having been frequently described in our leading papers, we need not enter upon that phase of the subject, interesting though it undoubtedly is. Let it suffice to say that, instead of only one per cent. of the eggs attaining maturity and being hatched, as is the average with natural propagation, there is but a small percentage of loss, from seventy-five to ninety per cent. of the eggs being hatched out in the various Dominion establishments.

In 1873, Mr. Wilmot distributed, from the Newcastle establishment alone, 350,000 salmon fry. The rivers selected were the Trent, in

Grafton Creek, the Rouge, Highland Creek, Wilmot's Creek, the Humber, Credit, Saugeen, near Mount Forest, and the Salmon, below Ottawa. Large numbers have also been distributed from the other establishments in Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, with the most gratifying results. In 1874, fully 3,000,000 young salmon were distributed from the five houses then at work, and in his report, Mr. Wilmot anticipated that, in 1875, the operations would be nearly doubled, which proved to be the case. All this work has not been unproductive of good results, and in the rivers first stocked, salmon have increased largely during the past two or three years, and the outlook is encouraging in the highest degree. From a purely commercial point of view, also, the advantages of pisciculture are numerous. In Scotland, the value of the Tay fisheries, which had fallen with the diminution of the numbers of the salmon, increased rapidly after the Stormontfield establishment had been at work for a few years, and it is not too much to expect that the Canadian fisheries will benefit in an equal manner from the efforts now being made. From the Columbia River, on the Pacific Coast, there is exported annually an immense quantity of canned salmon, which finds its way readily into the markets of the world, and sells with great facility. Once our rivers are restored to their former plenteousness, the Canadian trade in canned, dry, and pickled fish will assume great proportions, and form a lucrative source of revenue.

Much might be written on the advisability of extending the operations of oyster culture, which has proved so profitable in France and in England. Canada has every advantage required for the successful prosecution of this business on the largest scale, but hitherto fishermen have devoted their attention rather to exhausting than to replenishing the numerous oyster-beds, and the consequence is that consumers, instead of being supplied from home beds, are supplied with imported oysters. It would extend the limits of this paper too far to enter into this subject, which, from its importance, merits ample consideration.

F. C. SUMICHRAST.

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY.

No. 4. LOWELL.

"JOHN SELDEN has told us that old friends are the best, and that King James used to call for his old shoes, because they were the easiest for his feet," said the professor at the next assembly in the library, "and I have asked you to consider Lowell to night, because he is one of my favourites. Perhaps I am selfish, but I love to talk of the poet of Elmwood, and the delightful conceits which people his brain, and the splendid literary work he has performed. His is a superior genius, and every year gives greater evidence of the growth and fertility of his wonderful mind. He is one of that coterie of Boston scholars, one of that famous Harvard class, which has enriched our common literature, and which gives such splendid promise for the future. Lowell, perhaps, is the most English of them all in style, though the most thoroughly American in his feeling and sentiments. He has given us little more than half a dozen books, but these cover a wide range, and not one of them has been written in vain. Three volumes of essays, literary and social, one book of fire-side travels, and a few books of poetry, complete his labours in letters. His writings show a wide scholarship, and much careful observance of nature. For many years he has held the professorship of *Belles Lettres* in Harvard University, and his lectures before the classes of that seat of learning, have been unsurpassed for their singular beauty of style and finish. [Here the nephews exchanged quick glances with one another. Surely the professor was himself lecturing ; but they said nothing and he went on.] Lowell is always telling us something new. Even of Shakespeare, and of Milton, and of Chaucer, he can find something to say, not spoken of before by the Hazlitts or the Coleridges, or the Macaulays of literature. He gives us intelligent criticisms and lucid explanations of obscure passages. He brings to his aid the vast resources of his well-trained mind, and he never writes a line which he has not thoughtfully and carefully considered. This is why Lowell's opinions of books and authors are so valuable, and he takes so high a place among critics. In England, he holds equal rank with Matthew Arnold, whose book, *Essays in Criticism*, has become so popular with all classes. It is very interesting ; but to my mind, Lowell's last volume, the second series of his delightful literary estimates, is superior to it. I like it better than David Masson's work on the same subject. The criticisms are more finely drawn, the style is more epigrammatic, and the delicate vein of satire which runs

through the work gives it a certain freshness and vigour which do not appear in the other. Professor Lowell's book is partly biographical as well as critical, and his notices of Keats and Wordsworth are admirably made. Dante, Spenser, and Milton are the subjects of the other essays. In the latter Mr. Lowell discusses Masson's life of Milton, and gives us a deal more about Masson than I would wish, or than would seem necessary. Beyond this, the estimate of the great poet is nobly done."

"What do you think of his Dante?" said Charles. "He seems to have expended considerable labour upon it."

"I am still in doubt over it. When I read it, it takes such a hold on me that I cannot read anything else on that day, and I would accord it the foremost place in the book. The Italian's imagination is finely described. His wealth of imagery is glowingly descanted on. His breadth of mind and rich fancy are ably portrayed. Dante's poem was to be didactic: but the exuberance of his warm fancy made the change in his work, that places it beyond any poem of similar scope in the language. When Dante walked about the streets of Florence, men shuddered and said to each other with blanched cheeks, 'There goes the man who descended into Hell!' The poem is a marvellous one, possibly the greatest ever written, and Mr. Lowell's criticism of the author's genius, is one of his finest efforts. On the whole, I think our author's sketch of Spenser is the best thing he gives us in this book. He discusses this great genius, the greatest since Chaucer, in the leisurely and piquant style of Leigh Hunt, who never did a thing in a hurry, or put himself out in the least. Spenser is one of Lowell's favourite poets, and he never tires of reading him or talking about him. His criticism is more friendly than critical. He has said some pleasant things in a pleasant style, about a pleasant author. It was a labour of love with Lowell to write as he has done about the author of *The Faerie Queene*: Mr. Lowell's humour has full vent in this fresh and delightful volume."

"He seems to have caught the mantle of Sainte-Beuve, as it fell from the shoulders of the great French critic. He has all his piquancy, freshness, fulness and suggestiveness. He has, too, his cautious insight, and exquisite way of saying things. Whoever and whatever Mr. Lowell writes about, forthwith the subject becomes Lowellized, if I might say so. I can hardly go as far as Mr. Disraeli and declare that our critics are those who have failed in literature and in art. Lowell has not failed as an artist, and he is one of our finest critics. Carlyle is not a failure as an author, and he is a great critic. Matthew Arnold, Stoddard, Stedman, Howells, and I might go on and enumerate a hundred others who have become great in both fields of literary labour, to illustrate this point. It is a mistake to think otherwise. Many of our best critics have been poets. Sir Walter Scott was a good reviewer in his day. Lowell's

other volume, *Among my Books*, is more general in tone than the one of which we have just been speaking. It takes up the question of 'Witchcraft'—a fruitful theme for New Englanders to write about, and the question receives a thorough examination at his hands. It is discussed in a good-tempered, moderate way, and a vast amount of new light is brought to bear on the subject. Milton's contemporary, John Dryden, is another notable review in the book. Prof. Lowell's happy faculty of taking his reader into his confidence, and making him think as he thinks, without apparent effort, largely enters here. All the beauties of the Catholic bard are placed before the reader, and he rises from the perusal of Lowell's estimate of him with his soul full of Dryden, and his lips uttering snatches of his verse. The same power of the critic appears in his criticisms of Shakespeare, of Lessing, and of Rousseau, and we find the same delicate humour playing a prominent part in his pages. The diction is of the choicest, and the sentences are turned with exquisite grace and tact. Prof. Lowell's manner is probably his most charming characteristic, and his satire is more like Samuel Butler's than Swift's. It is as keen as that of the author of *Hudibras*, and not so remorselessly rancorous as that employed by the Dean of St. Patrick's."

"A companion volume to *Among my Books* is *My Study Windows*, and the essays in it are more social in tone. *My Garden Acquaintance* is an admirable paper, and in every way worthy of the author, while lovers of Chaucer will be delighted with the painstaking examination into his works which Prof. Lowell furnishes. This paper is especially valuable to students of English literature. It is written in better style than M. Taine's, and the beauties of the first of English poets are presented to the reader in simple and chaste language. Lowell always writes lightly and cheerfully, and seemingly without effort. He was the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and at one time he edited *The North American Review*—a journal whose merits are far beyond its reputation. I have not dipped into *Fireside Travels* yet, but of Lowell's prose works, I think the second volume of *Among my Books* is the best collection of papers which he has thus far written. He displays in that work the functions of a true critic, and the line which he draws between the author and the reader is a very marked one indeed. He writes independently, and weighs well the defects as well as the beauties which belong to every author. No true critic cuts and carves at random. It is only your pretender who grudgingly bestows praise as if the effort cost him pain, and who takes delight in cutting up a victim merely to show his own cleverness. His opposite, though better-natured, is still an unfair critic, and his opinions soon lose weight with the general reader, who likes to have the defects as well as the excellencies in literature pointed out to him. The critic should be the

judge, and his decisions should be unbiassedly and impartially made. Addison was the first English critic who deserved the name in all its broad significance. His papers on Milton have never been surpassed, even by that artist in letters, Macaulay. The Edinburgh Reviewer's Milton is a series of beautiful paintings, warm-coloured and rich in a glowing fancy. It is a pictorial view of the great Captain of English Epic and his work. I might almost call it an Italian estimate of the *Paradise Lost.* Addison's wonderful papers upon the bard, which enriched the *Spectator*—now a classic—will never be forgotten as long as people read. They are models of clear reasoning and clever analysis. They are worded cautiously, and the great poet's defects as well as his beauties are shown. Since Addison's and Steele's day, the number of good critics may be counted on one's fingers. In England and Scotland, we have only had seven or eight, and in America but three or four. Mr. Lowell is one of these. He never utters an opinion at haphazard, or until his mind is fully made up. His style is so good, and he can popularize thoughts so well, that anything he writes always finds acceptance with people of any degree of intelligence, from the lower to the higher order."

"I have sometimes met men who pretended to think that Lowell injured his position as an author by writing *The Biglow Papers.* They considered them unworthy of him, and professed to see nothing to laugh at in them."

"When I meet men with no humour in their souls, who would try to make you believe that their lives were made up wholly of work and no play whatever, and who shudder at a joke and groan at a pun, I always think such men are at least worth careful watching. They are even worse than those detestable creatures who are forever grinning and smiling. They wear a mask for some craftily hidden purpose which must sooner or later develop itself. I once knew a man whose face was all pinched and screwed up, and he wore the most disagreeable and anxious expression I ever saw. He always gave me the idea that it was caused by remorse for some concealed crime, and I found myself playing forever the detective, whenever my eyes came upon him. I was mistaken, however, for I found out afterwards that the expression on his countenance was caused by the twinges of rheumatism, but I could never quite forget my first impressions. When a man gravely tells me that the first American humorist has lowered his dignity by stooping to humour and fun, and that he should always write seriously, I begin to think that a good many Dogberrys are still to be found in the world. An old critic once found fault with the grave-digger's scene in *Hamlet*, and considered it quite beneath Shakespeare's genius, and very unbecoming such a piece. It is only pardonable as it gives rise to Hamlet's fine moral reflections,

said he, upon the infirmity of human nature. Such a man should be condemned to read, for the remainder of his days, *Hervey's Meditations Among the Tombs*, and the manuscript edition of *Jenks' Devotions*."

"The *Biglow Papers* have a merit of their own, as distinctive in its way as the humour which abounds in the comedies of Shakespeare. It is the only true type of the typical New Englander. We have had nothing like it before or since. The flavour is truly Yankee. *Sam Slick*, by our own Judge Haliburton, is a caricature, a gross impossibility, rich in its way, curious as a work of art, fresh as a new thing in literature, quaint in conception, and interesting withal; but as a specimen of Yankee drollery, it is a complete failure. Hosea Biglow is not a caricature, but a genuine living specimen of the man who lives in the New England village of to-day. Mr. Lowell is only the historian, not the creator of this character. His own exquisite humour, of course, enriches the sketch, but the base of the whole individuality is historic and real. Parson Wilbur is the New England parson one can meet after a drive of a few hours through the hamlets of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine. Sam Slick never existed. Hosea Biglow lives to-day in not so exaggerated a form perhaps, but still he lives. To write these droll papers, the author gave the subject a vast amount of study, and, in one of his prefaces, he furnishes an exhaustive treatise on Yankee words, which is as valuable as it is interesting. The philologist, if he cares to examine this treatise closely, will find a near resemblance of the vernacular of New England to the language of Chaucer. Some of the words are exactly the same. The two series of papers, one before the Civil War in America, and the other while it raged, stand alone the finest examples of American humour extant, and worth a hundred Josh Billingses, Artemus Wards, Orpheus C. Kerrs, Mose Skinners, Widow Bedotts, Mrs. Partingtons, Major Dowlings and the rest of the tribe. These *Biglow Papers* were written for a purpose, and they exercised a great deal of influence in their day, and commanded the attention of statesmen and philanthropists. The first set of papers were levelled at the War in Mexico, and Professor Lowell unsparingly criticised the raid on that country in the severest terms. He denounced it as an unholy, oppressive, and cruel war, and a disgrace to American civilization. He lost no opportunity to employ his terrible powers of invective and satire, in these lampoons. His blade was a highly polished Damascus steel, and everything yielded beneath its stroke. Not a man escaped the biting and bitter irony of the satirist. From Winfield Scott down to the humblest private in the ranks of the American soldiery, all felt the blows of his trenchant sword. He believes in the potency of satire as a weapon which can sweep all before it. The fire of the *Biglow Papers* is contained in the quaint spelling and curious verbiage of the

poet, and the philosophical reflections of Parson Homer Wilbur. The spice of the literary *Biglow* pudding is to be found in the Rev. Homer's crisp, natty notes, and explanations, so remindful of Carlyle in his chatty days, and so suggestive of Holmes's *Breakfast Talks*. Not the least charming feature in these droll papers, is the Parson's little scraps of learning which he is constantly introducing in his talks and letters. The only fault I can find with Mr. Lowell is his killing off of the Parson at an early juncture of the second series. It is like parting with an old friend."

"The second series appeared in 1862, and were first published in *The Atlantic Monthly*. The same delicious and pungent humour characterizes the papers of this set. The subject only is changed. One of his best things *The Courtin'*, was produced by the merest accident. The introduction to his *Biglow*, first series, was running through the press, when the printer sent him word that there was a blank page left which must be filled. The author sat down to his table and began writing another fictitious notice of the press. He wrote it in verse, because it would fill out more quickly and cheaply, and then sent it off with a note to the compositor, to cut it off when he had enough to fill the gap. The book was printed, and every one read the little pastoral which set forth so humorously a New England courtship scene, and noticing its incomplete state the public mind craved for the balance. To satisfy this demand, Professor Lowell, a short time afterwards, completed the poem, and presented it to the Baltimore Sanitary Commission Fair. It is now considered one of the gems of his book. In an English edition, published by Routledge, I think, strange to say *The Courtin'* is left out, as well as several others of Mr. Lowell's best pieces, including the whole of the introduction to the second series. This is unpardonable, and I can tolerate abridgment less and less."

"I fully sympathize with you," said Frank, "clipping a book is a gross imposition on the reader as well as the author. I once suffered that way in a book of Irving's. I bought his sketches at a stall, and looked for the *Stout Gentleman* and the *Stage Coach*. Would you believe it, neither of them were there. We have considered Lowell as a critic. He sometimes casts aside the pen of the critic, the pencil of the caricaturist and the lance of the satirist, and writes with a powerful earnestness of purpose and trenchantness of will. He employs the most vigorous phrases of our language, and every line stands like an Imperial Guard before the breastworks of a fortress. Not a word falters, but each part stands firm and preserves the strength of the whole. We have also considered Lowell as a humorist and satirist. He is a poet of liberal thought and delightful fancy. In his *Fable for Critics*, he passes in review almost every American bard of note. There is a good deal of neat satire

in these criticisms, as sprightly in its way as Byron's attack on the Edinburgh Reviewers, though hardly as spiteful, or Pope's raillery in *The Dunciad.* No opportunity is lost to give full scope to the shafts of good-natured, even kindly ridicule. Mr. Lowell never wounds when he is in play. He only strokes the wrong way sometimes, but no one gets angry with him. Every one takes his satire in good part. He says oftentimes some pleasant things about the poets he describes. Emerson's words he likens to the 'gold nails in temples to hang trophies on.' Bryant is 'as quiet, as cool, and as dignified as a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignified.' Whittier's heart, he tell us in his glowing way, 'reveals the live Man, still supreme and erect,' and Hawthorne 'so earnest, so graceful, so solid, so fleet, is worth a descent from Olympus, to meet.' Thus he descants upon them all as they pass by, not sparing even himself when his turn comes."

"Of his serious poetical performances, the one which to my mind contains the greater depth of thought and felicity of construction, is Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal.* The San Grael—that revered cup out of which, according to the old romances, Jesus partook of the last supper with His disciples—has afforded a noble theme to poets of many ages. The keepers of this Holy Grail were always believed to be pure and chaste in action, word and thought. For many years the cup remained in the possession of the lineal descendants of Joseph of Arimathea, till one of them broke the condition of his keepership, and the Holy Grail passed away and was lost. The Knights of Arthur's Court felt it a duty incumbent on them from that time to make pilgrimages in search of it. Tennyson has told us, in his warm cadences, the story of this legend, and the finding of the cup at length by Sir Galahad is, perhaps, the most delightful of the *laureate's* idyls. Prof. Lowell exhibits this idyllic power with great fluency. Indeed, he is not far behind Tennyson in his exquisite *Vision of Sir Launfal,* which is based upon this story of King Arthur's days. There are bits in it which remind us of the old masters of English verse, of George Wither, of Herrick, and the rest. The prelude to the second part is a noble specimen of healthy descriptive verse, equal in every respect to any poem which we have. Every line is an image. Every stanza sparkles and crackles with the most eloquent description of the season of jollity and good cheer ever penned. No poet has better described the grand Christmas of the good old times than Lowell has in this metrical essay. Let me quote a little, and you will agree with me in my estimate of this poem. I will read you a couple of verses, though it is a poem which should be considered in its entirety. Clipping it, mars it, as it destroys everything else :

" 'Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,

And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
  With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
  Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
  And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
  Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
  Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear;
So threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
  Like herds of startled deer.' "

"I think," said Charles when the Professor laid down his book, and removed his glasses, "that Lowell shows more imagination in this poem than in any of his other efforts. The story is extant, I know, but Lowell has only used the frame-work in his *Vision.* The plot is his own, and other knights than those of the Round Table of King Arthur take part in the expedition in search of the mystical cup. The time too, is fixed subsequent to the reign of Arthur. In this elegant work, Mr. Lowell teaches a broad healthful moral, and introduces a fine vein of sentiment."

"His wide scholarship is more noticeable, perhaps, in his *Cathedral.* This poem was written, I think, during the poet's visit to Florence, some half a dozen years ago. It bears unmistakable evidence of the influence which Italian poetry has had upon his mind. It illustrates the poetry of Dante and Tasso, and the religion which one finds in Rome and in Florence, and indeed in the whole of Southern Italy. The Church there is the great power. It exerts an ever-widening influence, and all yield to its sovereign sway. The people reverence religion more, and its forms and ceremonies carry all men and women with it. The great cathedrals with their grand organs and chanting choristers, and hundreds of priests and monks and bishops, the brilliant array of archbishops and cardinals, present a spectacle which lifts the soul and warms the heart. The mind is in another atmosphere. The delightful music sweeps in triumph through the air; the gorgeous costumes of the churchmen, the resonant voices of the priests, the exercises of the white-robed boys before the great altars, show us in indisputable language the glories of that old religion of Rome which has its home under no other sky. The air is changed there, the churches, the monasteries, the convents, the poetry, literature, are all in one mould and from one common origin. For centuries, Florence and Rome have been the great seats of learning, of the arts and of religion. An influence has been created from these circumstances, and visitors of every nationality have been more or less impressed by it. Even Puritan John Milton felt this strange influence when he called on Galileo. It would be curious indeed, if Russell

Lowell, in this nineteenth century, could not be impressed by the magnificent surroundings in which he found himself. Under these circumstances, he wrote his great poem of *The Cathedral*, a work of the most delicate poetic art and full of beauty of conception and idea."

"Another splendid poem of Lowell's is his memorial tribute to Agassiz, also written, I think, abroad, in which all of Lowell's generous characteristics appear. It is a fine remembrance of a much-loved friend, as gorgeous in its way as Tennyson's tribute to Hallam's memory, *In Memoriam*. It is a sweet, tender poem, not mawkishly sentimental, but a vigorous outburst of genuine poetry, every line of which breathes true affection and reverence. Mr. Lowell has not been more successful in any of his writings than he has in his *Agassiz*. It has the ring of the true metal. The lines to William Lloyd Garrison, the apostle of slave freedom, is a patriotic lyric, and I have read no tenderer verses than those which Lowell wrote to the Memory of Hood, a poet with whom Lowell held much in common. *Under the Willows* is a true New England pastoral—delicate, refined, and musical. The scissors-grinder, a much-wandered man, who comes along his way and sharpens his blade and chats awhile, is a charming touch of nature, which Lowell aptly describes. And then the children who come and rest by the tree occasion some exquisite verses, which show how much the tender-hearted bard loves the "shrilling girls" and boys who cross his pathway. This little poem is full of good things; all of them gems. Lowell is always happy in the bits he gives us about nature, which are as natural as the subject is itself. His reputation will rest as a humorist on his *Biglow Papers*, grim and full of satire as they are; and it is a pity he has resolved to give us no more of the same. A third series, after more than a decade of years has passed, would enlist a new and greater force of admirers. As a poet, his *Sir Launfal* and *The Cathedral* will mark his place in literature. Many of his minor poems and sonnets do him infinite credit, and had he not written three or four great poems, these alone would entitle him to rank among the chief of the poets of our age. Lowell does not look the least like a poet. He has more of the appearance of a severe critic, though his manner is kindly and genial. His home in Cambridge is pleasantly situated off the road, and the tall trees which are in front of the house give the place a picturesque and beautiful appearance. He calls his home Elmwood, a name that is singularly appropriate. He is very hospitable and kind, and every one loves him in return. He lives a little distance beyond the house of Prof. Longfellow, whom, by the way, we had better discuss at our next evening meeting, before we cross the river which separates Cambridge from Boston."

GEO. STEWART, JUN.

A LONDON MODERN GREEN-ROOM.

THE fascination which the stage exercises over a large portion of mankind extends to all its belongings. Charles Lamb has celebrated in a never-to-be-forgotten essay the rapture he experienced at his "first play," and the species of ecstasy with which he contemplated the uplifting of that curtain which was to him "a veil drawn between two worlds." Most playgoers can recall a somewhat similar experience. Not a few are there, indeed, who never lose the freshness of delight, and to whom a theatre remains something like a paradise. It is a well-known fact that an actor's holiday is ordinarily spent in a theatre, and the afternoon performances which during recent years have been established in London, and which seem likely in time to restore the primitive hours of theatrical representations, are crowded with members of what is affectionately called *the* profession. This devotion is not confined to men who have followed the art as a means of livelihood, but extends to those who might be supposed to be most *blasés*. I remember to have seen again and again a display of enthusiasm absolutely boyish on the part of a critic of half a century's standing, to whom every form of theatrical exhibition must have been familiar and commonplace. The playgoer is, in fact, and ought to be, always a child. If he cannot surrender himself to the illusions of stage magic, if he remain "nothing if not critical," and reason concerning the origin of his emotions instead of yielding to them, he ceases soon to deserve the name. When, however, he is a playgoer in the full sense of the word, that mimic world retains its fascination, and is for ever

> Apparelled in celestial light—
> The glory and the freshness of a dream.

We follow the actors with a personal regard such as no other class of men can inspire. Their haunts, their habits, are matters of interest to us, and their death, as Johnson said of Garrick, "eclipses the gaiety of nations, and impoverishes the public stock of harmless pleasure."

Whoever has seen the children outside the booths of a fair, striving to find a chink in the canvas through which a glimpse may be obtained of the fairy realm within, and listening to the music that reaches them in maddening strains, will find some analogy between their proceedings and those of some "children of a larger growth." The behind-scenes life of a theatre is to not a few of us like the circus tent to the child. We know no "Sesame" that will open its doors, and we are eagerly attent to catch every sound or sight that may reach us from within. It is the few

"PERIL" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

only who know that the attractions of behind-scenes' life exist solely in the imagination of those who are never admitted. It is the wisdom of experience and disenchantment that tells that the work is best seen from the point of view with regard to which it is prepared, and that the attempt to know more than is intended for public exhibition ends always in disappointment.

Theatrical management is now a serious, responsible, and, when successful, most profitable undertaking. The profit from a theatre in the full tide of prosperity rises to many hundreds of pounds weekly. On the other hand, the loss is corresponding. Theatrical affairs seem, indeed, to have undergone some such change as has come over warfare. Battles are short, sharp, and decisive. Two or three defeats involve of necessity the close of a campaign, and leave the vanquished no choice but surrender. When such important interests are at stake, when commercial enterprise and commercial system are at the root of success, it follows absolutely that commercial system will be observed. In the green-room of a well-managed theatre, accordingly, an idler during performance will be about as much in place, and as comfortable, as he would be standing in a busy office and attempting to converse with those at work about him. The entry to the green-room is accorded to those only who come upon business, and an inclination to stay would not be likely to develope itself in the minds of those who contemplated the work around them. To be the only drone in a hive of bees is a position few men would unblushingly maintain for any long space. Matters were otherwise once, when the beaux used to have their seats upon the stage, and smoke their tobacco in the very nostrils of the actors ; when a noble Mohawk—

Flown with insolence and wine—

would invade by force the dressing-rooms of the actresses, and inflict, by means of his servant, a beating upon any actor manly enough to stand up for womanhood and his profession. More than one actor was murdered in those evil days of the stage by men who called themselves patrons of the drama. It is painful even now to read of the humiliations to which artists like Molière in France and Garrick in England were exposed at the hands of the powdered and essenced coxcombs who used to claim the right of entry behind the scenes, and who held that their own presence upon the stage was more important than that of the performers. What Garrick felt on being so

Pestered with a popinjay

he shows us in a conversation between Æsop and a fine gentleman, which he introduces in his comedy of "Lethe :"—

Fine Gentleman.—Faith, my existence is merely supported by amusements ;

I dress, visit, study taste, and write sonnets; by birth, travel, education, and natural abilities I am entitled to lead the fashion; I am principal connoisseur at all auctions, chief arbiter at assemblies, professed critic at the theatres, and a fine gentleman everywhere.

Æsop.—Critic, sir! pray, what's that?

Fine Gentleman.—The delight of the ingenious, the terror of poets, the scourge of players, and the aversion of the vulgar.

Æsop.—Pray, sir (for I fancy your life must be somewhat particular), how do you pass your time; this day, for instance?

Fine Gentleman.—I lie in bed all day, sir.

Æsop.—How do you spend your evenings, then?

Fine Gentleman.—I dress in the evening, and go generally behind the scenes of both Play-houses; not, you may imagine, to be diverted with the play, but to intrigue, and show myself. I stand upon the stage, talk aloud and stare about, which confounds the actors and disturbs the audience; upon which the galleries, who hate the appearance of one of us, begin to *hiss*, and cry "*Off! Off!*" while I undaunted stamp my foot—so; loll with my shoulder—thus; take snuff with my right hand and smile scornfully—thus. This exasperates the savages, and they attack us with volleys of sucked oranges and half-eaten pippins.

Long after such scenes of disorder had ceased to be witnessed on the stage, and a prohibition had been obtained against the intrusion of those who were not concerned with the representation, the "dandies" used to find their way into the green-room. It has been left, however, for the present day to purge the stage of this reproach, and there is not now a green-room in any first-class theatre into which any are admitted except those who have some claim. It is not the least of the obligations we owe to W. C. Macready that his influence and example were always on the side of the reformation of whatever in the conduct of the stage was intrinsically condemnable, or whatever lent itself in the mouth of enemies to purposes of reproach.

Amongst those who in subsequent days have carried out the reform Macready began, are Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, whose management of the Prince of Wales's Theatre has had an influence altogether incommensurate with the size of the house. To these conscientious artists and energetic managers it is attributable that we have now a school of young actors from whom the highest things are to be hoped, that our performances have an *ensemble* which at one time seemed to be lost to our stage, and that stage decoration has become a fine art. It is but just, when the history of the stage is written, that these facts should be remembered. At the time when Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft first took possession of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, things histrionic were probably at the lowest ebb. In that theatre sprang the current which has since spread itself over London. Much remains yet to be done before acting in Eng-

land becomes all that it should be. Schools and colleges must be founded, professors must be appointed, and the educational influences of the stage must be raised in all respects, until we accept it as a school of pronunciation and grammar. What progress in this direction has already been made has, however, taken its rise in the room of which a picture is now given. It is a pleasant task to trace the familiar features in the disguise which some of the characters wear. Except Mrs. Bancroft, who does not act in "Peril," all the members of the company are *en costume*—Mrs. Kendal as Lady Ormond, Mr. Bancroft as Sir George, Mr. Sugden and Miss Lucy Buckstone, being easily distinguishable. Mr. Arthur Cecil disguised as Sir Woodbine Grafton is not to be recognised except by those who have seen him in the character. To afford too much information would be, however, to interfere with the gratification of those who seek to find out for themselves the various likenesses. The picture will prove a welcome souvenir to all interested in the growth of that stage which, after being England's glory, came to be almost her disgrace, and which now, under such influences as these we preserve, again

Repairs its drooping head.

JOSEPH KNIGHT.

London, England.

PANDORA.

WHEN that the sacred fire warmed into life
The fair Pandora, every goddess vied
In adding to her beauty such rare gifts
As would adorn the lovely miracle.
Despite her jealousy, fond Venus gave
Her cestus, but great Jove, struck with the charms
Of this new marvel, feared for mortal man
The power of such attractions. Venus smiled
And whispered in his ear, "She will wound hearts
Innumerable, but in my zone
Lies hid Caprice to mollify the wounds
And Favour for their cure."

From the French of Florian, A.D. 1775-1794.

CRUISE OF H.M.S. CHALLENGER.

NATIVES OF SANTIAGO, CAPE DE VERDE ISLANDS.

THE most important surveying expedition which ever sailed from any country left Portsmouth on the 21st of December, 1872, in H.M.S. Challenger, a corvette of 2,000 tons displacement and 400 horse-power. After circumnavigating the globe, and traversing the great oceans from north to south, and from east to west, the expedition again reached Portsmouth on the 24th of May, 1876. There is always something which appeals to the imagination in the very idea of a voyage round the world. When, nearly a century ago, Anson's *Voyage Round the World* was published, the book met with a success which, for that time, was unprecedented. Since then, however, all the different parts of the globe

have been made more or less familiar to us, and the modern Marco Polo, or Captain Cook, has to be either a peripatetic scientist, or an instrument in the hands of men of science. The Challenger expedition furnishes us with a characteristic instance of the scope and direction of a modern voyage of discovery,—the *terræ incognitæ* to be discovered pertaining now-a-days to the realms of nature rather than to the undiscovered lands of the earth. The expedition in question was sent out by the British Government (at the instance of the Council of the Royal Society), with a view to extending our knowledge of the configuration and soundings of the sea, the shape and character of its bed, the nature of the creatures and plants that haunt its depths, the force and set of its currents, the figure and dimensions of the great ocean basins, and the temperature of the water at various depths.

Until 1868, nothing like a systematic examination of the ocean's bed had been undertaken in connection with natural history and physical geography. In that year the Royal Society succeeded in getting H.M. S. Lightning placed at their disposal for some six weeks; and, though for so brief a period, the results were such as to give great encouragement for further investigation. In the following year the Council of the Royal Society succeeded in securing H.M.S. Porcupine, which was fitted out for a more extended exploration of the deep sea. The first cruise was between the latitudes of Cape Clear and Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, where a series of soundings and dredgings were effected in 1500 fathoms, which was more than double that of the previous year. The second part of the cruise extended to the south and west coast of Ireland, where a depth of 2,400 fathoms was reached with successful results; and the third part extended over some portion of the survey of the previous year—between the coast of Scotland and the Faröe Islands. Taking into account the time occupied and the extent of the investigations, the cruise of the Porcupine was considered to have done more to advance our knowledge of the physical condition of the ocean than any former expedition that had ever left England. In 1870, the Porcupine was again engaged in the service of the Council of the Royal Society, and proceeded at first in a south-westerly direction towards the furthest point to which the survey extended one year before, and afterwards to the coast of Portugal, and to Gibraltar, where a vast quantity of interesting and important data was obtained.

The scientific and practical importance of the fact revealed by these short and imperfect investigations was such as to render their continuance a matter of the greatest importance; so the Council of the Royal Society brought before the Government a project for extended investigation, which was eventually approved of. The result was, that H.M.S. Challenger, under the command of Captain George S. Nares,

R.N., (who, it will be remembered, was recalled while the expedition was in Chinese waters, in order to take command of the recent Arctic expedition) was fitted out for a three or four years' cruise. All the guns on the main deck (with the exception of two 64-pounders) had been removed so as to obtain the required accommodation. In addition to cabins for the Captain, Commander, and Director of the Scientific Staff, there were spacious compartments for surveying operations and analyzing purposes, a laboratory for the chemist, and a studio for the photographer, all fitted with every appliance which skill and science could suggest. On the upper deck stood an 18-horse double-cylinder engine, with shafting and drums for heaving in the dredging and sounding lines, extending entirely across the ship ; and on the afterpart of the deck, besides the usual standard and other compasses, was a Fox dipping-circle, with which to make a daily series of magnetic observations. The instructions given to the expedition were, that throughout the cruise, sounding, dredging, thermometric observation and chemical examination of sea-water should be carried on continuously, with a view to a more perfect knowledge of the physical and biological conditions of the great ocean basins, of the direction and velocity of the great drifts and currents, of the fauna of the deep water, and of the zoology and botany of those portions of the globe which were comparatively unknown. The Scientific Staff was under the direction of Professor Sir Charles Wyville Thompson, F.R.S., and doubtless that distinguished scientist will take an early opportunity of making known the scientific results of the expedition, with a view to their application to the furtherance of physical knowledge.

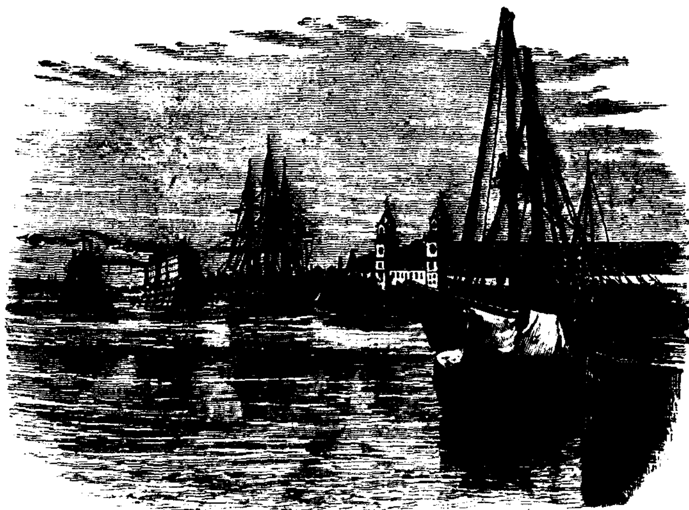
The mere narrative of the cruise, however, is one of surpassing interest, and has been graphically told by Mr. W. J. J. Spry, R.N., in a volume, the Canadian copyright edition of which is now in the press, and will be published shortly by Messrs. Belford Bros. One of the chief interests connected with the book will be the vast extent traversed in the pursuit of knowledge, which admits of the combination in this narrative of a general outline of the manners and customs of nations and tribes rarely visited, with descriptions of scenery under every condition of temperature, from the Tropics to the Antarctic regions.

After leaving the English Channel the expedition steered south, crossing the Bay of Biscay and coasting Portugal (where the first sounding and dredging operations took place), after which the Challenger anchored off Lisbon. The next point touched at was Gibraltar, and from thence the expedition proceeded, first, to the Canary Islands, and then to St. Thomas, in the West Indies. The next point made was Bermuda, then Halifax, and back again to Bermuda. While the Challenger lay at Halifax, some of our readers will remember that several officers and gentle-

CITY OF LISBON.

men of the expedition took the opportunity of visiting various parts of Canada. Speaking of Bermuda (which is rapidly becoming a favourite winter resort for Canadians), Mr. Spry says:—

"Nature looks beautiful, and the temperature is genial and pleasant. These islands, situated as they are between the parallels of 32° and 33° north latitude, are about equally distant from the West Indies and the coast of North America, consequently the climate is a mean between the



CAMBER AND FLOATING DOCK, BERMUDA.

two, partaking neither of the extreme heat of the one nor the excessive cold of the other.

"The morning (April 5) was lovely, and from the anchorage the view in either direction was very beautiful; look where we would there was a sort of prettiness. The land broken up in little knolls and cays; the sparkling sea running here and there into creeks, bays, and inlets, together with the evergreen foliage of the cedar and oleander, made up a very attractive landscape."

From Bermuda, the expedition again crossed the Atlantic, by a more northerly route than they had come, to the Azores and Canary Islands. The illustration at the beginning of this article represents some natives of Santiago, Cape de Verde Islands. Mr. Spry says, "The population appears to be made up of an intermixture of descendants from Portuguese settlers and negroes from the adjacent coast, who cultivate little patches of land in the valleys, where are produced a few varieties of tropical fruits for the market." The Challenger next proceeded to South America, touching at Bahia, and then eastward again, across the South Atlantic, to the Cape of Good Hope. Our author says:—

"There is scarcely anything remaining to indicate that Cape Town was founded by the Dutch, and were it not for the yellow Malay faces,

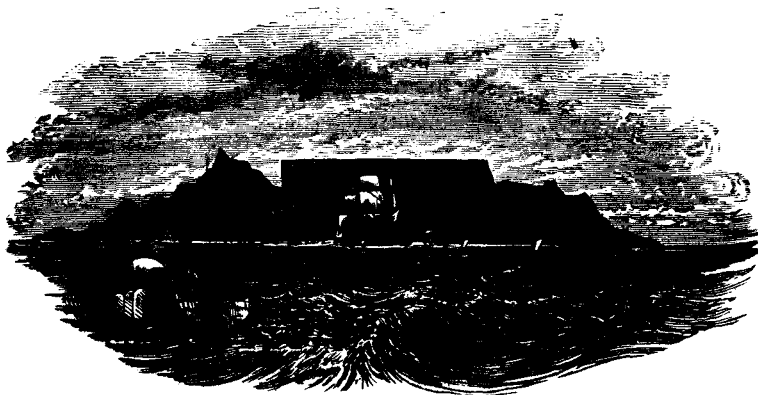


TABLE MOUNTAIN, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

with their gaudy head-covering or umbrella-shaped hats, and the tawny Mestizos, who remind us of the aboriginal inhabitants, and give a complete foreign colouring, one might easily fancy we are in an old English provincial town. Generally speaking, any one arriving here with pre-conceived notions of finding himself amongst Hottentots and Bushmen, or in a state of society differing materially from that of Europe, will soon find that he has been entirely mistaken, for they are only to

be met with after a troublesome long journey into the inhospitable interior."

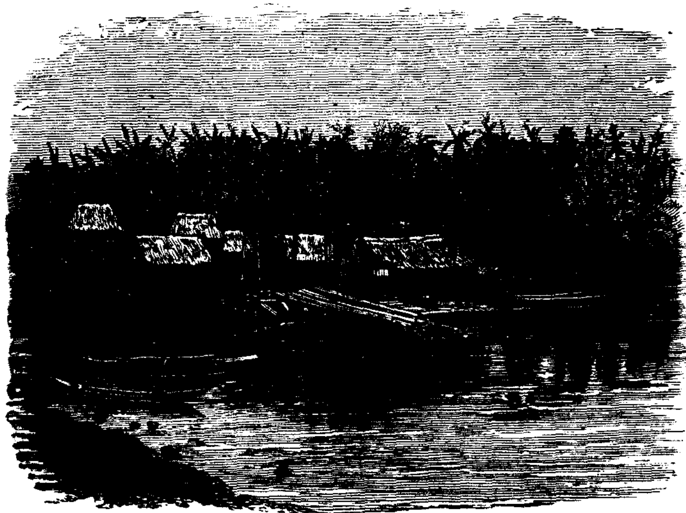
The Challenger then entered upon a long cruise in the Antarctic seas, afterwards proceeding to Melbourne, Sydney, Wellington (New Zealand), Fiji, the New Hebrides, Queensland and the Molucca Islands. It would be impossible for us, in the short space at our disposal, to give anything like an adequate idea of the scenes visited or the wonders met with. The following description of the reception of the expedition at Dobbo, in the Arru Islands, is a fair specimen of the lighter parts of Mr. Spry's book :

STREET ARCHITECTURE, DOBBO, ARRU ISLANDS.

"Immediately after we anchored, we were visited by the Malay officials in their gay and pretty state dresses, their prahs being decorated with numerous flags, and their approach announced by the sound of the tom-tom, and the shouts of the rowers. Others who came on board afterwards looked and seemed remarkably awkward and out of their element, probably because they felt dressed up for the important occasion ; for every one, it seems, holding a government appointment (under the Dutch), *must* appear in a black suit when paying official visits. It was with the umost difficulty we kept from laughing, when it was expected we should look very solemn at their reception, for some of our visitors appeared in costumes apparently of the last century,—in long-tailed coats which trailed on the ground, for which they had never been measured, or with sleeves so long that the tips of their fingers could scarcely be seen. But their hats were the treat to see, for each

sported a chimney-pot of some distant age, which was, in some cases, three or four sizes too large for the wearer, and to make a fit a large pad of paper or rag had been introduced. After fulfilling their mission on board, they were glad to hurry away, and could be seen stripping off their official dress on their way to the shore."

Some of the scenes amidst these islands of the Indian Archipelago are of surpassing loveliness. In the vicinity of Manilla, for instance, the



INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER PASIG, MANILLA.

scenery of river, road and village is described as exquisitely lovely. Mr. Spry declares that he will not easily forget the country villages, the beautiful tropical vegetation, the banks of the rivers, and the streams adorned with scenery so picturesque and pleasing. Almost every house in these Indian villages has a pretty little garden, with bamboos, plantains and cocoa-nut trees, and some have a greater variety of fruit. Nature has decorated them with spontaneous flowers which hang from the branches or fences, or creep up around the simple dwellings.

The Challenger expedition passed through the Philippine Islands, both when going to and when returning from Hong Kong. Their cruise then took them to New Guinea, Japan, Sandwich Islands, Society Islands, and Chili. In the original programme it was laid down that after leaving Japan, the expedition was to cross the Northern Pacific to Vancouver's Island, British Columbia. For some unexplained reason, this programme was slightly departed from, so that, from Vancouver's Island westward to about longitude 155°, the configuration of the ocean

NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

bed remains still to be examined. This circumstance is the more to be regretted, that an ocean telegraph from this continent to Asia would most likely be laid, if laid at all, in the latitude of Vancouver's Island. Japan and the Japanese appear to have made a strong impression upon the members of the expedition. The people are highly civilized, and their country abounds with proof of their general intelligence and good taste. In the rural parts one passes through fragrant avenues of peach, cherry, and plum trees, over arched bridges spanning the bright blue river that flows through the adjacent city, getting here and there glimpses of the exquisite taste displayed in the gardens and cottages along the roadside. No model estates in England can produce structures in any way comparable with those which adorn the suburbs of Yedo. Charming little *châlets,* raising their thatched roofs amid numberless fruit trees and creepers, are usually surrounded by flower-beds, and artificial rockeries, laid out with exquisite taste. Frequently one meets men, children, and beautiful girls looking at once aimable, winning, and full of gentleness, in light and gauzy costumes; their hair tastefully drawn from off their forehead, and fastened with gold or silver pins in graceful knots on the crown. All seem happy, talking, laughing and smiling—their greetings and salutations assailing you wherever you go. It is surely something to look forward to, that with the com-

pletion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Canada will be the nearest of all occidental countries, to this most remarkable of oriental peoples.

From Valparaiso, the capital of Chili, the Challenger proceeded through the Straits of Magellan (after touching at the island of Juan Fernandez), to the Falkland Islands, and then to Monte Video. The expedition

THE CITY OF MONTE VIDEO, LOOKING TOWARDS THE HARBOUR.

then traversed the Atlantic ocean from south to north, and after touching at Vigo Bay, arrived safely at Portland on the anniversary of Her Majesty's birthday—an auspicious omen, surely, in the eyes of Jack Tar. In the words of Mr. Spry, "it is impossible at present to estimate the vast amount of information that will result from this the greatest scientific expedition that ever sailed from any shore."

W. B.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

"No, I thank you, it is gone now. Yes, as you were saying, I am fortunate in being my own mistress, in having no tie that would bind me in this matter."

"Unless it were a loving one, Ella," resumed the invalid, thoughtfully. "I would you had a mother—not like me, useless, and a burthen———"

"Mamma!" cried Gracie, in painful accents.

"Forgive me, darling, I know I am no burthen in your eyes; what I wished for Ella was that she had a mother, fond as I—for I will boast so far—but wise as well as tender, to give advice as even she would take it."

"Am I so very self-willed, then?" inquired Ella gravely.

"Oh, I didn't mean that, dear," exclaimed her hostess, the colour mounting to her worn and weary face.

"Yes, you did; only you did not mean to say it; and it's true, 'temper' is a failing with us," she went on more gaily. "Uncle Gerard is a perfect mule, as I once told him. 'Aye, a mule indeed,' he said, 'to bear the things you put on me,' and indeed on that occasion there were faults on both sides."

"This little cross of 'temper' comes from your uncle's side of the house, then, does it?" inquired the invalid. She had taken up her knitting since she last spoke, and when one knits, one's thought for others suffers; the mind grows half unconscious of what is passing, if it does not leap back to what is past. Otherwise this good lady could certainly not have referred, however indirectly, to Ella's family. All they knew of it—and all, as they were well aware, she wished them to know—was that her mother was dead. It was upon this dead mother that Mrs. Ray had inadvertently, and by implication, made reflection.

"Yes," said Ella, in harsh and grating tones, "my temper comes to me that way."

"Oh, Ella, I can see you are offended," cried Gracie, alarmed by her friend's frigid look even more than by her tone. "Mamma is the last person to give offence designedly———"

"Offence!" interrupted the invalid, dropping her work and wringing

her hands, as usual with her when greatly moved : " What have I said ? What have I done ?"

" It is nothing," said Ella, forcing a laugh, and rising from her chair ; " nothing, at least, that is inexpiable. But if you are really racked by remorse, I will impose a penance."

" I am very, very, sorry, dear Ella ; our friends are not so many—Heaven help us !—that we can afford to offend them."

" My dear Mrs. Ray, you can make it up to me if you please."

" Make it up to you ! If there is anything—anything that lies in my poor power, Ella———"

" Well, then, there is. I have often offered to walk by your bath chair, and you have refused to let me."

" But that is so wearisome for you," pleaded the invalid, " and so—so unbecoming in a young lady of your position."

" Oh, never mind my dignity," laughed Ella ; " let me only have my whim and my way. When you and Gracie go out as usual for your constitutional on Sunday, let me make one of the party."

" By all means, if you really wish it, dear Ella ; but I am sure my husband, rather than that should happen, would drive us out in a fly."

" Good gracious ! I don't want your husband, nor yet his fly," exclaimed Ella impatiently ; " I want the chair, and you and Gracie. I shall see you in the meanwhile, no doubt, but, remember, whatever happens, that is settled. And now, my dear friends, good-bye, for it is getting near dinner-time, and if the colonel has to wait, his language is such as should not be repeated—and he does repeat it."

" What on earth was it I said, Gracie, that put out poor Ella so ?" inquired the invalid, nervously, so soon as their visitor had left them.

" I don't quite know what it was, dear mamma. You alluded, in some way, however, to Ella's family, which is a pity, because we know how she dislikes it. There is some mystery—at all events some unpleasantness—about her parentage, no doubt."

" But why should she want to walk by my wheel-chair ? "

" Well, that's another mystery," said Gracie laughing, and smoothing her mother's hair—which somehow always soothed her ; " but we shall know the secret of that on Sunday.

CHAPTER XII.

THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S VIEW OF IT.

It was strange, considering that Ella had expressed herself so forgivingly with respect to Mrs. Ray's mal-apropos allusion, that she should not

again have presented herself at Officers' Quarters, letter Z, from the date of that occurrence until the Sunday following; but so it was.

To some minds, so long an absence, contrasted with the usual frequency of her visits, might also have suggested rancour, or at all events that she wished to mark it by her extreme displeasure, and put out of all possibility any recurrence of what had so much annoyed her. But Mrs. Ray and Gracie were too modest and unselfconscious—Ella herself well said of them that they were at once both "gentle and simple"—to attach such importance to any word of theirs, and thought it the most natural thing in the world that their prosperous young friend should have engagements of a more attractive nature to take her elsewhere. This was not, however, the case. Ella kept a good deal within doors during the period in question, and, so far from mixing with society, passed her time chiefly in writing letters and reading them. Only those she read she did not write. A very little time sufficed her to dash off the communications she sent away; whereas those she received, which by comparison with her own were brief enough, she pondered over long and lovingly, and when interrupted, would hurriedly thrust into her bosom. When you fall in love at first sight, a week (that is if you don't fall out of it again by that time) makes a deal of difference in the way of ripening; it is like very warm weather in the month of May, which brings on everything very quickly, though not always to maturity.

Young ladies nowadays do not, I notice, fall in love; they appear to be all furnished, like the railway trains, with brakes (only these act and the railway ones don't always) to stop themselves at any point of the incline; they know all the danger of it, and the futility, and (some people think) even more about it than they ought to know; and no sooner does the danger signal flash forth (from the eyes of mamma) than they stop themselves instantaneously, and even proceed to retrace their steps.

Ella belonged to an earlier generation, to whom expeditions to Gretna Green had hardly yet become things of the past. Her affections were strong, her impulses even stronger; the flame of her suddenly kindled admiration burnt like that of a petroleum-well, and it was no one's duty to quench it.

The colonel saw how the case stood quite plainly; and remarked to himself that the girl had got the bit between her teeth, and would run till she found ploughed land, or a clayey soil, and devoutly hoped she would come upon such obstacles; but he uttered no word of remonstrance. He contented himself with making inquiries, "in case the worst should come to the worst" (so he designated the possible union of these two fresh young hearts), into the position and prospects of Mr. Cecil Landon, and found them eminently satisfactory.

His father was something in the city—the colonel called him a "hunks," but that was his generic term for any elderly person engaged in commercial pursuits—and was very much "respected," a word applied to no class of persons while alive, except to city magnates, but reserved for most of us when we have departed this life. There was no doubt in the colonel's mind, but that the old "hunks" would "jump" at the notion of his son's alliance with the house of Juxon. If any slip between the cup and the lip was to be hoped for, it must occur between the young people themselves; and it was certainly fortunate that they could not meet one another. He did not himself believe in love-making by pen and ink, his own epistolary efforts in that way having been framed with considerable caution, and an eye to possible actions for breach of promise.

"Woman, lovely woman, I adore her," he would confess in moments of candour and whiskey-toddy, to the commissary; "but as to committing matrimony, the idea never entered my brain. Many a soldier who fears fire and steel not a wit, cannot stand shell; and the idea of a wife is my shell. Whiz—woo!" and he imitated the bursting of that projectile, and shrugged his shoulders.

"It all depends," said the commissary.

In blissful ignorance of these terrible views, Ella went her own road as was her wont, and felt it could have but one ending. She did not even need Mr. Landon's corroboration of her view upon that subject, though in truth he did corroborate it by implication. She met him, as the phrase goes, half-way—nay, it must be confessed, three-quarters—but then he came the rest of the distance very readily. If she was flame, he was tow or touchwood, which burn, we know, with great brilliancy, though from the brevity of their incandescence they are little adapted for domestic use.

He did not put her letters into his bosom; he generally tossed them over to Darall, who at first declined to read them; but on being assured that there was nothing private in them—"nothing catching," was Landon's phrase, "that you haven't got yourself"—and also that there was something about Gracie, which was generally the case, consented.

"You should be a happy man," sighed he, "to be beloved like that."

"Ya-as," said Landon, slowly expelling the smoke from his short pipe. These confidences took place chiefly in one of the back-yards for the convenience of unmolested smoking, which was at that time contrary to orders. Then, seeing his friend grow grave, he added, laughing, and in his natural tone, "No, Darall, I don't pretend to be indifferent to all this incense; a puppy of that sort would not deserve to be loved at all—would deserve only to be kicked."

"So I was thinking," observed Darall, drily.

"But it is astonishing how one gets to take these things as a matter of course."

"Does one?"

"Well, yes; this is the third note Ella has written—she sends one a day—and it does not affect me, though it's ever so much stronger—half so much as the first. In that respect it is like domestic medicine."

"It is plain that this girl loves you, Landon," said the other, slowly folding up the letter; "but I am not so sure, from the symptoms you describe, that—that—"

"That the feeling is reciprocated, you would say. Oh, but it is, by jingo! Love her? Why, of course, I love her! Who could help loving her? She is beautiful, and clever and rich, and very fond of me. What the deuce would you have?"

"Oh, as for me, I should not venture to hope for half as much," said Darall, still gravely.

"Well, and then she's no belongings; one has not to marry a whole family, as so often happens, There will be no mother-in-law, which is itself a great stroke of luck, and no father-in-law, though that doesn't so much signify."

"That's true," said Darall, who had not yet seen the commissary. "Miss Mayne has been very confidential, my dear fellow, to tell you all these particulars."

"Well, she has not gone into details, which I am glad to say she seems, like me, to have no fancy for; but she says that she is absolutely her own mistress, with none but her uncle to be consulted; and then she playfully added that he is the last person in the world she would dream of consulting."

"Then you mean to say that you are already thinking seriously of marriage; you, who are not even of age yet."

"That's no matter, the point is that the young lady is of age," observed Landon. "I hate a fellow that marries for money, but it is pleasant to find it where you have already invested your affections—not only the nest, as it were, but the nest-egg. If it was not so, the governor might forbid the banns, and make himself very unpleasant. He hates my shirking the high desk, and I have heard him express himself strongly against early marriages. A man does not know his own mind, according to him, until it is almost time for him to lose it."

"I sincerely hope you will have your father's consent before you marry," said Darall gravely; "at least I know if my mother was averse to my doing so—didn't like my choice, for instance, or anything of that sort—that it would make me very miserable."

"My dear Darall, you are very easily made miserable," rejoined his friend, rattling the silver with which his pockets were generally well

provided. "You should not suffer the feelings of others to affect you so much; they are to be respected, and so forth, of course. But when people cannot be persuaded into one's own view of a projected step, my notion is to give up persuading, and to take it. Then the argument is at once removed to another plane. Opposition is not to be grappled with like a nettle and crushed; this is a free country; let every one keep their opinion; but take your own way."

"That sounds pleasant enough;" said Darall, smiling.

"And it is pleasant, my dear fellow. The same system is to be employed with disagreeable people. Do not ruffle them by your companionship; do not rub them the wrong way, as you must do if you rub together at all, and make them hate you; but simply avoid them. If I had a disagreeable father—which I have not; the governor and I get on capitally except on points where we agree to differ—or an objectionable mother, or an unpleasant wife, I should simply go my own way, and let them go theirs. The loss would then be on the right side."

"But my good friend, a man can't avoid his wife; that is one of the reasons why marriage is such an important step. You have seen two pointers of different opinions coupled together, and what happens."

"Well, the stronger always goes where he likes, and the other follows —though it is true rather unwillingly. But if you are thinking of Ella, who would wish to do anything to displease her? Is it likely that any man should be attracted elsewhere from her?"

"Indeed, I should think not," said Darall; "and especially when he has won her love as you seem to have done. Only as yet, you see, you have not known one another a whole week."

"In that week, my dear fellow," returned Landon, comically, "as the novelists say, we have lived a lifetime. Our future is cut and dried for us. I am not to be expelled, it seems, and her income, combined with the governor's allowance, will enable us to live in clover; it is not the case of a married sub, who has to live in barracks, with only a curtain to divide his sitting-room from his bed-room."

"But will your father make you an allowance if your marriage displeases him, as your choice of a profession has already done?"

"Well, in that event, Ella has enough for two."

"But you wouldn't like to live on your wife's money?"

"Well, a great many better men than I are quite content to do that, and think themselves very lucky. However, I hope matters will be better arranged, though I am bound to say the governor is just now a little ruffled. Sir Hercules wrote rather seriously about me. 'Your son has disgraced himself,' he said, 'but it has been decided to give him one more chance.' Now my father would in reality have been better pleased if the chance had not been given me. 'You are now about to

persevere,' he writes, 'in a calling of which I do not approve, and for which you, at the outset, have proved yourself unfitted; for my part, I am not surprised that one who has been so disobedient as a son should have shown contempt for military authority.' That was rather strong for the governor. Now your mother—excellent woman—seems to have taken a much more sensible view of the matter, though it is true Sir Hercules in your case abstained from using such bad language."

"If he had said 'disgraced,' my mother would not have believed him," said Darall, proudly.

"Of course not, that is where women are so wise; they never believe anything they don't want to believe. And that is not only judicious so far as they are concerned, but fortunate for us men."

"I am bound to say," continued Darall, earnestly, and without taking notice of this philosophical observation, "that the letter Sir Hercules sent home was a very considerate one; and I have little doubt that I am indebted for his forbearance—at all events to some extent—to the good offices of Colonel Juxon; in other words, to you, Landon."

"Say rather to Ella, my dear fellow," returned the other gaily. "Your friends, Cecil, will be always my friends,' she writes, which was really very pretty of her; and, you see, she has already proved her words; you may be sure I do not love her the less on that account."

Darall held out his hand, which the other clasped. "You are a good fellow," said Darall, simply; but his thought was something more. "There is no wonder that any girl should fall in love with this man, who has such a gracious way with him, even with me. 'Look and die,' may have been old Juxon's name in his younger days; but here is 'Look and listen,' too. He will surely make her happy."

Friendship was one of the few sentiments in favour at the Royal Military Academy, though in Darall's case it was not wholly unmixed with envy; he envied Landon his manners; Landon, on the other hand—though, as we know, he acknowledged its goodness—did not envy Darall his heart, being tolerably well satisfied with his own. It was a notable feature in his character, and certainly added to its charm, that he was jealous of nobody.

Circulars, as we have hinted, had been already issued by the authorities concerning the cadets and their late transgression; Senior-under-officer Bex, and one or two "corporals" had received their congés, while the rest were to have their leave stopped for the remainder of the term, and to be "severely reprimanded;" this last operation (which most naval and military persons, especially cadets, are found to survive) had not yet taken place, and the whole corps were still under arrest until it did.

Consequently, church-parade, which necessitated the marching down

to barracks, and so far a temporary enfranchisement, was looked forward to with an unwonted satisfaction. Never before had they donned shako and plume—the latter in "hours of ease" often used as a shaving brush—with such hilarity. All the garrison knew, of course, that the cadet company was in disgrace, but if remorse gnawed their young breasts, they hid it, as the Spartan did the fox, beneath a sunny smile. In church they were always merry; and when they came out of it, and were marching home with that even step—the one hundred and eighty all moving like one—for which they were so justly celebrated, you would never have supposed they were returning to a prison. On their way thither, this martial throng encountered a certain civil procession consisting of an invalid lady in a bath chair, propelled by a shambling ancient (the commissary got him threepence an hour cheaper because of his weak legs), and attended by two young ladies of surpassing loveliness. The whole affair, made up as it was of such curious elements—youth and age, health and decrepitude, beauty and Jennings (which was the name of the ancient)—had quite an allegorical effect.

"By jingo!" cried Landon, to Darall, who was marching before him, "Eyes right, man, there's ———."

CHAPTER XIII.

"POOR ELLA."

A SALUTATION was out of question, but in default of it, Darall hung out his usual red flag. "You blush like a blonde," a cadet friend had once said to him, for which Darall, who was sensitive on some points, had knocked him down. The next moment he received permission, demanded on his behalf by Landon, from the senior under-officer (vice Bex departed), to "fall out," and converse with friends "upon urgent private affairs."

"My dear Ella, this is most charming and unexpected," said Landon, rapturously, notwithstanding that the cadet company had not yet dragged its caterpillar length beyond them, and was concentrating its gaze upon his beloved object and her friend, as directly as the discipline of the Service permitted.

"Not unexpected, I should think, sir," returned she, reprovingly, "since you told me you should be in prison 'except when you marched to church on Sunday.' Well, I think Mr. Darall might have spoken to me."

"Oh, Darall's all right," said Landon, in a tone that seemed to say: "Time's precious, think of me;" and then his voice dropped to a whisper.

Darall could certainly not be accused of impoliteness, yet for the moment he had lost his head—"couldn't have been more abroad, old fellow, if you had been on foreign service," Landon subsequently said. The sight of Gracie, followed by the sound of her voice, the touch of her hand, had utterly taken away his presence of mind. He had resolved never to see her again, but his eyes had hungered for her, and now that she was set before them, they devoured her.

Shy as Gracie was, she was more equal to an occasion of the kind than this young gentleman (as was only natural), and she at once introduced him to her mother.

"This is Mr. Darall, mamma, who was so good as to help Ella and me —so—so——"

"So gallantly," said the invalid, with a smile that had once been charming and was still gracious. "I am very glad to have the opportunity of thanking you, Mr. Darall, for your kindness to my daughter."

Landon here came up, and was formally presented to Mrs. Ray, and after some pretty speeches on all sides, drifted back to Ella, while the other two young folks walked on with the arm-chair and its occupant. The company proved so agreeable to one another—notwithstanding that the talk was neither wise nor witty—that the far-off barrack clock, striking three strokes instead of two (as was expected), was the first incident to remind them of the flight of time.

"Good gracious!" cried the invalid, "your father will be wondering what has become of you, Gracie"—she did not even pretend to others that he would wonder what had become of her—"and only think how tired poor Jennings must be with pushing my chair!"

"He has not been pushing it this half-hour," said Gracie, laughing; "he is sitting yonder with his pipe, and Mr. Darall has been doing his work for him."

"He looked so tired, and so doubtful of his legs, that I took the liberty," observed Darall, smiling.

"Oh! dear, dear; to think that it was you who have been pushing my chair all this time! I thought it seemed to be going very nicely. It is certain you must be very good-natured, Mr. Darall, and not proud."

"Nay, but I am proud, Mrs. Ray, to have been able to be of the smallest use to you."

It was not a very good *mot*, but it showed that the young gentleman had recovered himself. As usual he had found himself at home with his new friends just as it was time to part with them. The conversation upon urgent private affairs had lasted quite as long as was, under the circumstances, permissible.

"I wish," said Mrs. Ray, in hesitating tones, "that we were in a position to invite you to our house, Mr. Darall; but the fact is I am

such an invalid and my husband has such pressing duties, that we see no company."

"I hope I should not be 'company,'" said Darall softly as he took Gracie's hand. Perhaps it was because he had such a very meagre chance of obtaining it permanently, that he now held it as long as he could. ("I thought you had taken a lease of it, old fellow," said Landon afterwards.)

"We would make no stranger of you, certainly," returned Gracie, warmly; "but the fact is, papa is rather peculiar, and except a few old friends——"

"I understand," said Darall gravely, as indeed by a certain intuition he did. "Then I must trust to the chapter of accidents—or rather of fortunate events—to see you again,"

Whereupon it may be gathered that if Mr. Darall had not volunteered for this forlorn hope (as he so well knew it to be), yet being in it, he had pushed on with considerable vigour, and behaved—very literally—with gallantry.

"Well Gracie, you must not throw any more stones at me about short attachments," whispered Ella slily, as the two girls were once more behind Mrs Ray's chair, "for you and Mr. Darall have taken a glass house yourselves."

"No, dear Ella, such houses are too dear, because of the window tax," smiled Gracie sadly, "for such poor folks as we are. Of course, if we could —— But what's the use of wishing, when nothing can come of it. Ours is not even one of those melancholy cases in which the wise say 'Wait,' and 'Patience.' All the waiting in the world would not avail us."

"Of course not. Waiting never did," answered Ella, quite gravely, as though she had tried it; "but there may be other ways."

"What others?"

"I have thought of one at least."

And when the little party had arrived within doors, and the invalid had been carried up-stairs by Jennings and the commissary's man—who fortunately was in the department of the service used to burthens, Ella, with some diplomatic introduction, unfolded her plan.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Ray, and how did you like Cecil?"

"Cecil? Oh, I forgot. You mean Mr. Landon, of course—a very handsome, gentleman-like young man, I'm sure. Otherwise I could not judge, because he did not give me very much of his society, being otherwise—well—wrapped up."

"You might have said 'engaged' without indiscretion," said Ella laughing, "for we are engaged."

"Lor' my dear; what, to-day, on the common?"

"Why not? I told you it was about to happen," answered Ella, rather petulantly. "The common was as good a place as anywhere, I suppose; or must that kind of thing always take place in an arbour, with spiders and things?"

"Oh dear no," said the poor lady apologetically, "not necessarily an arbour, and certainly not spiders; only I had no idea."

"The fact is, my dear Mrs. Ray," said Ella, laughing, "you were so 'wrapped up' as you call it, with another young man, yourself, that you had neither eyes nor ears for anybody else. I almost think it my duty to tell the commissary."

"Oh, pray don't," returned the invalid gravely; the commissary was much too serious a subject to be spoken of in connection with a joke. "I must say, however, I was delighted with Mr. Darall. It is not every young gentleman who would have pushed an old woman's chair for her—and on the common too."

"The common appears to be a crucial test with you, dear mother," said Gracie, turning to her young friend; "she has fallen in love with Mr. Darall upon it, it seems, herself."

"I do think him a very kind-hearted and good young man," said the invalid warmly.

"Then at least you do not wonder if Gracie has fallen in love with him?"

"Yes, I should wonder, Ella, because she has too much good sense," returned Mrs. Ray simply. "If she was free to choose, as you are, I don't say but that it would be welcome news to me to hear that she had chosen so well as Mr. Darall—supposing, that is, he should turn out, upon inquiry, to be as good as he seems. That beggars must not be choosers, however, is a proverb that holds good with beggar girls especially."

There was a tone of bitterness for once in the poor lady's speech very alien to her disposition, and which Ella rightly judged to have been evoked by the particular occasion; that Hugh Darall would never be anything more to her than a friend—and even so without the opportunities of friendship—was no doubt a source of sorrow to the poor lady. She had not been used to have civilities paid her by young men for many a year, and far less any tender attention.

"But if it could be done—if the young gentleman, on inquiry, should prove eligible," persisted Ella, "and Gracie should be induced to get over her present prejudice against him——"

"Oh Ella!" remonstrated Gracie.

"Well, my notion is there must be a prejudice, or else you could never be so cool about it; if I was in your place, even if I couldn't marry Mr. Darall, I should say at once I wish I could. However, I am

addressing myself to your mother. I was about to ask you, dear Mrs. Ray, not from mere curiosity, you may be sure, whether you would really like this young man for a son-in-law—whether his presence here would not be like a sunbeam—his love and care for Gracie a sight to warm your heart?"

"God bless her, yes," sighed the poor lady; "if such a thing might be, though it took her away from her old mother, I would be thankful to see it." Yet the tears stood in her eyes the while she spoke; the blankness of her remaining span of life, left as it were to perish by inches without her darling, having suddenly presented itself to her view.

"Oh! but Mr. Darall will 'get the Sappers,'* Cecil tells me, and they, you know, have lots of home appointments, and can live almost where they please."

This was rather a sunny view of an engineer's career, but the fact was, Ella had forgotten that Darall's profession must needs prevent him from being an inmate at officer's quarters, letter Z, and that whither he went Gracie would also go.

"But even if he got the Sappers, Ella, he would never be able to keep a wife."

"Well, not at first perhaps, without some help; and that's what I am coming to, dear Mrs. Ray. Look here now; don't let us misunderstand one another; don't let us give ourselves airs, and be proud and disagreeable; don't let us be carried away with the notion of what the world will think, or say in the matter—for the world need never know, to begin with, and its opinion, if it did know, would be not worth having; but let us be sensible, and listen to love and reason. If your daughter is not rich, Mrs. Ray, I who claim to be her dearest friend have got enough for two. Singularly enough, too, Cecil, who is Mr. Darall's dearest friend, has got enough for two also; but as matters are not yet settled with his father, I will leave him out of the calculation; only you may be sure that whatever I may propose will have his cordial approval. Now what I do propose is that I should be dear Gracie's fairy godmother for a year or two, till Mr. Darall becomes a major or something—and make her an allowance of say two hundred pounds a year, to be a little increased if there are any young major-minors. Now don't interrupt me, and especially don't contradict me, because that tries my temper, and my temper is not good. When the major becomes a major-general, or even before that, if he has been lucky as to 'loot' and prize money, Gracie might begin to pay me off, and eventually get rid of the obligation. Only, of course it will never be an obligation between us two.

* The phrase for commissions in the Engineers, which are given to those who come out of the Royal Military Academy at the head of the list; the others go into the Artillery.

Delicacy about money between true friends is simply disgraceful, and discreditable. I suppose if I had a large umbrella, and you had none, and it rained, you would have no scruples about sharing it ; and in this case I am only offering you a very small portion of my umbrella."

Here Ella came to a pause, being out of breath from having spoken very rapidly to prevent either of her companions striking in, as they had shown some disposition to do.

"It is very very kind of you," began Mrs. Ray, "but——"

"Now I know you are going to try my temper," interrupted Ella. "It has been tried, I do assure you, as often as guns are proved in the dockyard, and has been very much weakened by the experiments. It will bear nothing more at all, but simply burst or blow up. If you only knew how very much I dislike contradiction and opposition of any kind. My dear Mrs. Ray, you are shedding tears, which I am very glad to see; it is the white flag that shows the fortress has capitulated. You are going to be wiser and dearer to me than ever."

And indeed it is possible that, for a brief space, the invalid had allowed herself a glimpse of happiness such as was rare to her, except in dreams. She beheld, maybe, her daughter the wife of a man she loved, and not a mere purchased commodity : she felt the touch of a tender hand—the same that had pushed her bath-chair so deftly—and heard a gentle but manly voice calling her "mother."

"Ella," said Gracie firmly, "you should not tempt mamma, through her great love for me, even to think of such a proposal. I will add, though the confession is most painful to me, that your offer—generous and noble as it is—is a positive cruelty to me. First, because it holds out a happiness that is impossible of attainment ; and secondly, because it credits me—and someone else—with a want of self respect. What do you think Mr. Darall—nay what do you think Mr. Landon—would reply if you were to say to him, 'If you really care to marry me, Gracie has offered to maintain us'?"

"That is not a wise way of putting it, Gracie," answered Ella. The flush of generous impulse had faded from her cheek, and her voice had lost its fervour.

"I see I have offended you, darling," said Gracie sadly, "when Heaven knows my heart is full of gratitude and love towards you. If I could only tell you all I feel——"

"It is unnecessary," said Ella coldly. "The obstinacy of false pride, and the exaggerated value commonplace natures set on a few pounds sterling, are quite familiar to me."

"Ella, Ella!" exclaimed the invalid in agitated tones, "come here, darling, and let me speak with you ; lean down and listen. You are right," she whispered, "because you have spoken out of a great, gener-

ous heart, but Gracie is right also. She has not answered you thus upon her own account, nor yet on mine. I think if we two were alone concerned she would have no scruples; indeed we have shown that. But, Ella dear, she loves him—that is what wrings my heart—I see she loves him; and, loving him, she cannot bear to think of him consenting or being asked to consent to what he might think—though I should not, nor she—humiliating conditions. It was not pride that made her so resentful, but love; and therefore you, of all women, dear Ella, must needs pardon her."

"I am a fool!" cried Ella, passionately, "and worse than a fool; I believe I was angry because Gracie said 'Suppose it was Mr Landon?' and put my case in place of hers. Am I better than she because I am richer? Heaven knows that I am not. It was a baseness——"

"No, darling, no," interrupted her friend, embracing her; "it was only that you liked no one to be compared with Mr. Landon, which was very natural."

"I say it was a baseness," repeated Ella, vehemently, "and I ask your pardon. Gracie dear, forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive in you, dear Ella; and only a world of kindness to forget."

"Then keep your forgiveness for another time, darling; I shall need it yet. When I say hard things, you will make allowance, remember what we read together the other day in Shakespeare:

> 'Have you not love enough to bear with me,
> When that rash humour which my mother gave me makes me forgetful?'"

With a wave of her quick hand for farewell, she was gone. Mother and daughter looked at one another in hushed amaze.

"What a fiery nature, and yet what tenderness!" exclaimed Gracie.

"So much the worse for her," rejoined the invalid sadly. "To wound, and then to feel the wound, will be her fate. The fault comes from the mother's side, it seems! Poor Ella!"

CHAPTER XIV.

AN "ESTEEMED FAVOUR."

It was some weeks after the battle of Charlton Fair, the incidents of which, however, were by no means forgotten, that Cecil Landon found himself, not for the first time, sitting alone with Ella in the little drawing-room of Hawthorne Lodge.

The leave of the gentlemen cadets as respected the metropolis, was still stopped, but they were permitted to visit their friends in the vicinity of the Academy, and of this privilege Mr. Landon had taken the fullest

advantage. If he was not exactly an honoured guest at the Lodge, neither was he there upon sufferance. The colonel had been informed by Ella that the marriage was to be, and he had acquiesced, though with a shrug of his lean shoulders ; and having gone thus far, it had been necessary to go farther and give the young gentleman the run of the house (" and of his teeth too, ocnfound him," added the colonel). The sun therefore shone on one side of the hedge, that is on Ella's, brightly enough, as concerned the future prospects of the young pair ; but upon Cecil's side, the sky was cloudy—the course of true love did not run, in that direction, quite so smooth. The governor, that is to say, not Sir Hercules (who didn't care if he married ten wives, provided he didn't bring them into barracks), but his paternal parent, objected to the match with unlooked for pertinacity.

" It is plain, my dear Ella," said the colonel, " that this old hunks, who has the atrocious taste not to wish you to be his daughter-in-law, has a pig's head. He is a man to stick to his point : he is standing right in your road with his four legs planted like a beast that has been too heavily laden. I have seen 'em at it in Spain. It is astounding to me that you should consider it consistent with your dignity to endeavour to move the animal."

" I would do anything, Uncle Gerard, short of giving up dear Cecil, to prevent his quarrelling with his father."

There was a certain significance as well as determination in this reply, which the colonel thoroughly understood and resented.

" You will take your own way, of course," answered he bitterly ; " you would not be yourself if you didn't."

" I shall take my own way this time, uncle, because I am quite sure it is the right way."

" Which means that you have found out quite a new reason for doing as you please," snapped out the colonel.

" You have almost made an epigram, Uncle Gerard," was Ella's quiet reply," and with a little cultivation——" But the colonel had cut her short by leaving the room, and banging the door.

Ella had persuaded Cecil to write a propitiatory reply to his father's very unpromising epistle, and that morning had brought a second later from the City.

" Well, dear, it is 'veto,' I see," said Ella cheerfully, after that salutation of lips and cheek which will outlast all forms and ceremonies.

" Yes, indeed : it is very much 'veto.' He has received, he says, my 'esteemed favour,' yet has only to refer me to his 'communication of the 14th ult.' "

" What a funny old gentleman he must be ! " cried Ella, clapping her hands and laughing.

"Well, I call it gibberish," said Cecil gloomily, "and upon my word Ella, I don't see the fun of it. If he won't make me any allowance——"

"We must make some for him," interrupted Ella, brightly. "You can't expect 'parties' in the city, who are 'warm' from other causes, to sympathise with the ardour of love. You and your father evidently don't understand one another. You want some unprejudiced person—like myself—to place this matter before him in its proper light."

"You don't know the governor," observed Cecil simply.

"At present, it is true, I have not that honour, except by letter—addressed to a third person; but I intend to know him; and his letters charm me. Now, let me look at his '14th ult.' There's a military curtness about that, by-the-by, which should please Uncle Gerard: 'Of this young lady' (that's me), he writes, 'I know nothing, but am willing to believe all you say.' (Well, I call that very nice of him.) 'Her family may very likely have the bluest blood in all England; though I should not put that down as an advantage: it appears to me that health must have been sacrificed—for some generations—in the attainment of the colour.'"

Ella leant back in her chair, and sent forth peal after peal of silver laughter. Cecil sat with a frown on his brow, and stroking the down on his upper lip, which was within a very few years of becoming moustaches. "It is surprising to me that you don't see the fun of that," said she. "'This is a subject, my dear boy, upon which I am in a position to offer an opinion.' Why what does he mean by that? You never read that out to me, Cecil; why should this dear old gentleman be a judge of colour?"

"Well, the fact is," stammered Landon, "it's in a very large wholesale way, and of course it's nothing to be ashamed of—but my father is a dyer."

Here Ella gave quite a little scream of delight, and the tears fairly rolled down her beautiful cheeks in her exuberant mirth. "The idea of you not having told me that, Cecil."

"I didn't think it of any importance; at least I hoped it would be none."

"It is of the utmost importance—to the joke, my dear. And I wouldn't have him anything but a dyer for worlds. 'It is no doubt a matter of congratulation to herself that this young woman has money; but you, with your fine views of honour and chivalry, would scarcely marry her, I suppose, if you had none; and you will not have a penny, if you do marry her.' I like his straightforward way of putting the matter."

"I don't," said Cecil decisively.

"There you are wrong, my darling, for it shows your father has com-

mon sense, and will listen to reason. 'I object, as you know, to the military profession, and Miss Mayne's connections would be very distasteful to me.' There again, dear Cecil, your father shows his sense: his fine intuition, you see, has already pictured to him Uncle Gerard."

"Upon my word, Ella, you seem to me to have taken up the cudgels for my father against ourselves."

"Not at all, my darling, but I am trying to put myself in his place: and in the mean time, I own, I'm rapidly falling in love with him. 'I will take your word for it that she is "the most beautiful girl that the sun ever shone upon.' Oh dear!"

"So you are," said Cecil, tenderly. Here was a little interval—what the playwrights call "a carpenter's scene"—uninteresting to spectators, and only indirectly tending to the development of the plot, but very conscientiously enacted.

"'Her beauty, however, is nothing to me,'" continued Ella, "'nor her youth neither.' Well, I'm sure—or rather I'm not sure; for, you know, he hasn't seen me. 'She may be as young as she pleases.' Well, that again is considerate, and I hope you will always allow me the same privilege, my darling; 'but it is your being so young on which I base my objection; you are as yet a mere boy, with your judgment quite unfit for so serious a step as matrimony. It is impossible you can know your own mind, much less that of this young woman. You have a strong will, it is true; indeed, you have always placed it in opposition to your father's wishes—but that does not show judgment, but the want of it. In choosing your profession you have got your own way; in choosing your wife—at all events for some years to come—I will have mine; and you will not marry Miss Mayne, and I will have no more words about it.' He has certainly a very perspicuous style. 'I beg to remain (just as you behave) your affectionate father,

'BART. LANDON.'

"Why he is funny to the last, Cecil. What does he mean by 'Bart.?' You are not concealing from me, I hope, that he is a baronet?"

"Bart. is short—or at all events his short—for Bartholomew. It's the way he always signs his cheques—of which," added Landon, doggedly, "I expect I shall never see another."

"There are worse things than not getting cheques, dear Cecil," said Ella, gravely.

"Um," said Cecil, a little incredulously.

"Oh yes," continued she, with earnestness, "to lose the esteem and affection of him from whom they are naturally due, is worse than to lose money. To know that a great gulf is fixed—no matter whether it is of your own digging or his—between yourself and the author of your being."

"My dear Ella, I don't want to quarrel with the governor; but I honestly tell you I think I could survive a quarrel with him, if I had you to comfort me for the calamity."

"That might not be a lasting comfort, Cecil, while your remorse would last, till, perhaps, the day came when you heard that he was 'dead,' and past all reconciling. Don't let us talk of it, don't let us think of such a misfortune."

Her tone was no longer light, her face no longer radiant; she spoke not only sadly, but with a certain sternness which seemed strange, considering their mutual relation.

"Well, it's no use preaching, Ella, we have made up our minds to marry, have we not?"

"I can answer for myself, dear Cecil," said she, quickly; "but are you quite sure——?"

"Yes, yes!" cried he, interrupting her with a caress; "I will do anything to oblige the governor—anything—except give my darling up."

"You mean that—upon your honour," asked Ella, earnestly.

"Of course I mean it," said Landon, a little stiffly; "I am a man of my word, I hope."

"I know you are in general, darling, but I thought you might make an exception with a young lady," said Ella simply. "Uncle says men often do. Well, I have a plan in my head; I think I see my way. Now, suppose I was to send him my picture?"

"Your picture? You silly puss. He doesn't care for pictures of such as you, nor even for the originals. No, Ella, it is very good of you, who have no governor of your own to appease, to be so solicitous that I should keep in with mine, but it will all be useless. I know him too well not to be sure of that. That letter of his is final. And now I must be off to my duties. They have made me an acting corporal on probation, and I must not be a naughty boy. With good conduct and a little luck I shall join the 'practical class' next term with Darall, and get my commission in six months, and then—then we shall be married, darling."

"That will be nearly ten months in all," sighed Ella; "why I shall be twenty-two!"

"Yes, but I don't mind marrying an old woman;" laughed Landon, "and I doubt whether the Board of Ordnance will annihilate time and space—in the way of my exceptional promotion—to make two lovers happy. Of course I should like to marry you to-morrow, but I am not sure it isn't contrary to the Academy regulations to do such a thing."

"I should certainly not dream of marrying a cadet," said Ella, pouting, "even if the regulations enjoined it."

"The announcement would certainly look funny in the newspaper," continued Landon, comically; "'On the 14th ult.' (as the governor puts it), 'Gentleman Cadet Cecil Landon, to Ella, daughter of the late, &c., &c., &c.' I should think it would upset all your uncle's notions of discipline. The idea seems to shock you yourself, darling. What is the matter?"

"Nothing; only a passing shiver; the air is getting a little cold. Good-bye, darling."

"Good-bye, my precious, and take care of yourself." He closed the window before he left the room to shut out the evening air, but it was not cold that had made Ella shiver. Now she was alone, her face was no longer gay, but grave and pinched; she put her heavy hair back with her hands, and pressed them to her temples, gazing the while before her with that awed yet eager look with which poor mortals are apt to contemplate their future. "I had forgotten the newspapers," she murmured. "I must see to that; it must be kept out of the newspapers."

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE LIFT.

On the morning after her interview with Cecil, Ella called on her friends at Letter Z. They had both altered in appearance, and for the worse, since we met them last, some few weeks ago. A few weeks, a few days even, will make a difference in one in the sad case of Mrs. Ray. She even flattered herself she had advanced half way on her journey. Without that expectation of a good reception which is the source of satisfaction to so many, the toil of travel was so great with her that she yearned for it to be over. The one strand that held her to life was the love of her daughter, and if her remaining in this world would have benefited Gracie, she would have been willing to prolong her stay; but she felt herself to be a burthen, gladly borne indeed, but still a useless weight even to her. Some may think it strange that such a kind, harmless creature should have been so lacking in faith and hope. But there are many things stranger—and even more sad—to those who have the courage to regard them. She had lived and loved in her time, not wisely, nor yet well; she had married, as we know, neither wisely nor well; but since our story is not of her, there is no need here to account for it. Suffice it to say that where she had loved she had found Falsehood, and where she had married, Misery. She was weak and far from wise—except where bitter experience too late had taught her wisdom; and life had gone very, very hard with her from first to last.

There is a comfortable notion among comfortable people that everybody has sooner or later their share of good fortune in the world; if that is so, Mrs. Ray was the exception that proves the rule; and the woman whose fate was to restore the average must have been born under a lucky star. The poor lady had a smile however, for others, still, and welcomed Ella with it as usual.

"You are very early, dear, this morning—though you cannot be too early, you know, in our house."

"I always come to you when I want to be spoilt, dear Mrs. Ray, and I want to be spoilt to-day, very particularly. I have a great favour to ask of you; I want you to lend me Gracie for the whole morning."

"You are very welcome to her, because you always make her happy, my dear Ella."

"But this is a free country," said Gracie, "and I am not going to be disposed of in this summary manner. Mamma is less well than usual to-day, Ella," she whispered hurriedly. "Don't press it."

"It is not any scheme of pleasure I have to propose," said Ella, answering both her companions in one reply. "It is an important matter that concerns only myself. But if to-morrow or the next day will be more convenient——"

"Gracie has no pressing engagements that I know of. One day is very like another to her," said Mrs. Ray, with a little sigh.

"And why should it not be, mamma," replied Gracie, quickly, with that smooth of her mother's hair that had more significance—and conveyed more—than the touch of any mesmerist. "One would think to hear you talk, that I had a raging thirst for excitement."

"You are young, Gracie, and must needs have the tastes of youth, although they are so seldom gratified. Take her away, Ella, by all means; and if you can put a little colour into her cheeks——"

"I am going to take her to the very place for it," said Ella, laughing; "but that must be a secret till she comes back again. Now do as your mother tells you, and go and put on your things, Gracie—your very smartest things—for we are going to London."

"My darling is looking ill, Ella, don't you think so?" inquired the invalid, nervously, when Gracie had left the room.

"She is looking pale and a little thin," said Ella; "but the weather has been very depressing."

"The weather did not affect me when I was her age, dear. Oh, Ella —we have only a moment together—it is so difficult to get you alone, for her affection makes her cling to me like my shadow, and I want to say so much; I am very miserable about her. It was not your fault; you did it all for the best in getting Mr. Darall to meet us on the common;

but Gracie has never been herself since. I fear—I fear that she has lost her heart to him."

"It is in good and honest keeping, at all events," said Ella, quietly. "But this is quite new to me."

"No doubt it is; she would be much annoyed if she knew I had told you. When an attachment is hopeless, no girl likes to speak of it except to her mother."

"You astound me, dear Mrs. Ray. It was so with me, I confess; but that meeting with Mr. Darall once or twice, should, in Gracie's case—who is all propriety—have proved so serious——"

"Nay, but they have not met since then; he has been here, to this house; and had a long talk with Gracie."

"Oh, indeed," smiled Ella. "I like Mr. Darall for that; I confess I had thought him just a little, what one calls in a woman prudish."

"He is one of ten thousand for all goodness," replied Mrs. Ray, with warmth; "it is not necessary to waste words on that point. And our loss—that is, Gracie's loss—is all the greater."

"But is it certain loss? I do not again renew an offer which I have seen to be ill-judged; but can nothing be done?"

"Mr. Darall has seen my husband," said Mrs. Ray, with a little groan.

Ella's sense of humour was, for a woman's, very keen, and she restrained a smile with difficulty. She understood (without the groan) that an introduction to the commissary must have been very formidable to an intending son-in-law.

"Then you suppose that what was said was final?"

"My dear, of course it was. When my husband means that anyone is not to call again, he gives him to understand as much; and dear Mr. Darall is so sensitive. I am very sorry for him; but of course I am more sorry for Gracie. He is so honest and good; and somehow I had almost begun to hope against hope that my husband might have seen something in him that would have compensated for his want of means. I had ventured to indulge myself—though I must have been mad to do it—in the idea that when I was dead and gone, Gracie would have had somebody leal and true, and who would have made her life a happy one."

"Don't weep, Mrs. Ray, I can't bear it," cried Ella, passionately. "You make me abhor the—the people that make you weep. I wish them dead, and worse. Everything—everything seems wrong in the world when I see grief oppressing you, upon whom Fate has laid so heavy a hand already. You say 'when you are gone,' as if you were going for a drive; or else I could not bear to speak of it; but, as it is, let me promise you this, that when God, who wipes away all tears, has

taken you to Himself, Gracie will have a friend in me, always, always, and a home with me if she will accept of it."

"Oh, Ella, you are goodness itself!"

"No, dear Mrs. Ray, I am nothing of the kind; if you knew me as I am, you would know otherwise. I am—but no matter. I am good for this at all events. If the way can be made smooth between Gracie and Darall, I will do it (it is not the commissary who will stop me); and if not, your Gracie will possess her soul in patience in safe hands."

The invalid lifted up her own in mute thanksgiving, and ere she could reply, her daughter had re-entered the room.

"I am afraid I have been an unconscionable time, Ella."

"It has not, at all events, been mis-spent, my dear, to judge by the result."

"It is your dress," said Gracie, simply, "the one you sent me to replace that one——"

Here her voice began to fail a little; she had inadvertently touched on tender ground.

"I was not referring to the dress," laughed Ella. "I will not keep Gracie long, dear Mrs. Ray; and when she returns you will be rewarded for the loan of her, by hearing all our adventures."

"I have been rewarded already," whispered the invalid, as Ella took her leave. "You have made me—oh, so happy."

"My mother always looks better for a visit from you, Ella," observed Gracie, as the two girls walked towards the steamboat. "And now, may I ask, where are you going to take me?"

"To No. 10 Wethermill Street, City," answered Ella, referring to a memorandum.

"But who lives there, my dear?"

"A dyer. That is why I said it was the very place for you to get a colour."

"But, my dear Ella, ain't we a little smart for that kind of shopping? Won't there be vats about, and flapping things on poles?" and she looked down at her new dress, the texture and tint of which were delicate.

"I don't know, I'm sure, Gracie. The fact is, I'm going to call upon my papa-in-law that is to be. He is a little rusty about Cecil's marriage, and I am going to oil him."

"My dear Ella, but does he know you're coming?"

"Certainly not; nobody knows it except you and me. We are going to be two 'delightful surprises' to him. He writes that it is nothing to him that girls should be young or beautiful: but that's all nonsense; it's a great deal to him and to all mankind. My notion is—though it is quite crude as yet, and subject to your better judgment—that we should

each pretend to be the other. Then he will snub you (thinking you to be Cecil's young woman), and fall in love with me; after which matters will be easy. What do you think of the idea."

"My dear Ella, it is not to be entertained for a moment. What? Pass under a false name——"

"Well, and what harm is there in that?" interrupted Ella, brusquely. "It is not forgery, I suppose? Many excellent people have concealed their own identity before now, and for the best of reasons."

"It may be so, Ella; but I really should not like to do it myself."

They walked on towards the steamboat pier in silence. Ella's face had grown suddenly so white and hard that poor Gracie's speech was frozen by it.

"I am so sorry to disoblige you, dear," at last she stammered; "I hope I have not offended you by my refusal."

"By your refusal, no," returned Ella; "but I don't like such scruples. They seem to me, to say the least of them, priggish. However, let us say no more about it. Here's the boat, Gracie dear," continued she, so soon as they got on board, "come down into the cabin."

"The cabin!" Nothing can be more unattractive, even on a wet day, than the so-called "saloon" of a Woolwich steamboat; but on a fine day like the present, why Ella should have wished to visit its dust and gloom was inexplicable to Gracie. However, she followed her friend's footsteps down the brass-edged stairs. No sooner had she reached the bottom than she found herself almost to her alarm, in the other's embrace.

"I couldn't kiss you before all those people, or tell you how sorry I was to have shown such temper."

"You were a little 'over earnest with your Brutus,' darling," answered Gracie, laughing; "that was all."

It was not Gracie's way at all to act the part of mentor, and certainly not to Ella, yet she could not help adding: "Such a kiss more than makes up for everything, darling; but surely, surely, it is wrong to allow yourself to be so easily put out."

"Of course it's wrong, my dear," answered Ella gaily, "and it's not pleasant, like most things that are wrong. But at all events that storm is over; let us enjoy the sunshine—and the open air."

And so she chatted on in the brightest spirits until they reached London, nor even when they had entered their cab and were driving eastward upon the errand that must needs be so momentous to herself, did she show any sign of anxiety or doubt. To Gracie, who expressed her wonder at such presence of mind, she said: "It is because I don't think about it at all; in my complete ignorance of how I shall be received it is better to leave things to the chapter of accidents. Cecil, who knows

nothing of this expedition, however, has unconsciously buoyed the channel a little, and told me some things about his father which give me hope. He is obstinate, but very good-natured : just, and fond of a joke. These are kindly elements. If he is a little bit vulgar—which between you and me is probable—I will take care he shall not relish our visit less on that account ; and if he is really chivalrous, we are sure of him."

"You mean to say, you are sure of his not turning us out of the house, Ella ; not of gaining your point with him ?"

"The one includes the other. 'Veni, vidi, vici ;' if I see him he is done for."

"Oh, Ella, you would not be so courageous if you did not know that you were sure of your love in any case."

"That is true, Gracie ; I am sure of Cecil." The look of triumph faded from her face as she marked the cloud upon that of her friend, and called to mind Mrs. Ray's words. She was not one of those who enjoy their own prosperity the more because of the lack of it in others.

"It is not a cheerful place, this City, is it ?" said Ella, looking out upon the sombre street with its eager crowds of business men, so unlike in visage the pleasure seekers of the west. "I don't wonder Cecil 'shied' at it, as he calls it, and 'bolted out of the course.' Dear me, this is Wethermill-street, I suppose."

The cab had stopped before a huge building, with a broad flight of steps, up and down which a stream of men were hurrying.

"Are they all come to be dyed, I wonder ?" interrupted Ella.

"Oh, Ella, how can you ? my heart is all of a flutter. How rich Mr. Landon must be to have such a house of business."

"This is not all his ; it is a great block of offices of which he rents one of the floors. Look at the names written on the wall, 'Landon & Son'—that was Cecil's grandfather and his son—'third floor ;' and a hand—let us take that hand for a good omen ; he holds his hand out to me already, you see."

The hand pointed to a doorway on the left, which led into an empty room with high walls, and a great hole where half the ceiling should have been.

"My dear Ella, what is this ? It looks like a well ; Mr. Landon cannot live here."

"Yes he does ; a well is the very place for him, since Cecil says he is truth itself. Here is a bell, and the legend 'Ring the Bell' under it ; so far things seem very easy."

Ella rang the bell : a whistle was heard, and down through the hole in the ceiling, and just fitting into it, came a huge box, of the height of the room, with a wooden bench in it.

"This is like the 'Arabian Nights,' is it not Gracie? Don't be afraid; this must be the new contrivance, of which Cecil told me, called a 'lift.' We must take our seats upon the bench."

"I would much rather walk up if it was five hundred steps," said Gracie hesitatingly.

"So would I, but they are whistling for us. 'Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad, though father and mother and all should go mad.' That is an invitation you know I am just now bound to obey, my dear."

With a bright smile she took her place in the lift, and Gracie followed just as it began to ascend.

"This is terrible!" gasped Gracie, as they presently found themselves in darkness; "it is worse than the diving bell in the Polytechnic."

"But there's a floor to it luckily for the two ascending belles," returned Ella; "and here's light."

There was a flash of it as they flew past the first story; then another on the second; and at the third the machine stopped. The two girls found themselves in a bare room like that below, which opened on a sort of passage, in which, however, was a desk with a clerk behind it; and beyond it a huge apartment filled with desks and clerks, the latter of whom looked up to a man, at the rustle of the young ladies' dresses. The clerk in the passage put his pen behind his ear by way of polite salutation, and gazed at them with astonished looks. He was almost as nervous as they were, for visitors of the female sex were unknown in the third story, and he knew that his fellow clerks behind him would make their criticisms upon how he acquitted himself.

"We wish to see Mr. Landon senior," said Ella, addressing this gentleman in low but distinct tones.

"There is no Mr. Landon junior—at least in the firm," explained the clerk.

Ella felt herself growing crimson, partly with confusion at having inadvertently alluded to Cecil, partly with indignation that he should be thus ignored.

"We wish to see Mr. Bartholomew Landon," said she, with dignity.

"Upon business, Madam?"

"Yes, upon business."

"Would you favour me with your name."

"That would be of no use; I am a stranger to him."

"I am afraid—indeed I am sure—Mr. Landon would decline to see anybody unless he—that is you—perhaps, Madam, you would permit me to take in your card."

"Gracie, have you your card case with you," whispered Ella rapidly, "with one of your father's cards in it?" Ella knew her friend was

accustomed to leave them at people's houses for the commissary, whose forte did not lie in fulfilling polite obligations of any kind.

Gracie handed the case to Ella, who selected a card and handed it to the clerk.

"Acting-Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General Ray," muttered he, looking from one to the other in astonishment. It was unusual in those days for women to take a prominent part in official life, even by deputy, and in the commissariat.

"Please to walk this way, ladies;" the clerk opened a door upon the right, and ushered them into a small waiting-room, in which he left them.

"So far, so good!" exclaimed Ella triumphantly.

"When he hears we are two young ladies, however, I believe he will decline to see us," said Gracie, looking very much as if she hoped he would.

"The clerk won't dare to tell him; I read cowardice in his eye, and the old gentleman is a tartar, I understand, in what are delicately termed his 'business relations.' No, he will expect to see the commissary."

"Oh! good gracious!"

"Well, I don't wish to pay an extravagant compliment to ourselves at the expense of your father, but I think Mr. Landon ought to be reconciled to the disappointment. Pray don't look so frightened, Gracie; it is most important to appear at our ease. What a queer little room this is, is it not, and what a catalogue of furniture?—three chairs, an almanack, and a mineralogical cabinet; see what pretty colours, it can't be mineralogy; it's dyes,—the blue one is indigo; and that's about all I know about them. I don't wonder Cecil feels such little interest in—"

"Ladies, your humble servant," said a sharp but not ill-humoured voice.

Gracie gave a little scream, and Ella an elaborate curtsey. Before them, with his hand upon the door, as though to make sure of his escape, stood a stout elderly man in a drab Welsh wig. He had the commissary's card in his hand, and looked from one to the other of his visitors out of a pair of screwed-up eyes, the expression of which it was difficult to gather; you could not even tell whether he was frowning; for the spectacles which most folks of his age wear upon their nose were in his case pushed up on his forehead. His iron-grey eyebrows, however, were very bushy, which gave him a formidable appearance, and his face was puckered up with smiles in the wrong place—wrinkles.

"I understood from this card, that your business was about some Government contract—but your sex——"

"We did come about a contract, sir," interrupted Ella, in a tone in

which timidity and drollery were strangely blended; "but it is not a Government one."

"Very good; provided the parties are responsible, it is nothing to me whom they employ as their agents. Pray be seated, ladies."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH GRACIE'S CHARACTER IS DISCOVERED AND DEFINED.

THE old gentleman released his hold upon the door, and drawing his chair between the two young ladies in a very sociable manner, touched his right ear, as in intimation that that was his best one, and placed it, as it were, at Ella's disposal. It was almost as bad as having an ear-trumpet offered one, the effect of which, upon the unaccustomed mind, is paralysis of the tongue; and considering that Ella was already at her wits' end as to how to introduce her subject, the situation was certainly an embarrassing one.

"These are the specimens of dyes," observed the old gentleman, touching the cabinet on the table, and speaking in anything but the tone of a tartar—"more like a wicked old Turk," as Gracie afterwards declared. No doubt his object was to set both his visitors at their ease, but his attention was certainly most devoted to Ella. "The colours are very brilliant, are they not; this scarlet for instance?"

"I don't care for scarlet," said Ella.

"Well now, that's curious," observed the old fellow, "for I don't care for scarlet either."

"It reminds me of poppies and soldiers," continued Ella; "and I prefer something useful."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Landon, "those are quite my sentiments: but in your case—being a young lady—I am surprised——"

Here was a knock at the door, and the clerk of the passage pushed his head in, with, "Mr. Villette to see you, sir."

"I will be with him in five minutes or so; ask him to wait. And what is your opinion, miss, as to colours?" inquired Mr. Landon, turning sharply upon Gracie, and regarding her not without considerable interest, though she at once assumed the tint to which he had so decided an objection.

"Well, I think the blue," said Gracie at a venture.

"Um, that's not my colour," returned the old gentleman, in dissatisfied tones. "What's your favourite, my—I mean, Miss Ray?" And this time he turned his eyes, not his ear, to Ella, quite briskly.

(To be continued.)

Current Literature.

THIS is, by all odds, the most delightful and instructive biography* of a great man published during the present generation. It is not mere curiosity which provokes public interest in the lives and personal characteristics of those exceptional individuals whose part in the world of politics or literature has made them, in some sort, the property of the world at large. Thomas Babington Macaulay was eminently a man of that select class, and that in a larger sense than any other *littérateur* of the century, with the possible exception of Charles Dickens. Not in the United Kingdom alone, but in both hemispheres, south as well as north of the equator, wherever the English language is spoken, his works are familiar as only a few cherished classics in our tongue have ever been. It was his avowed intention to make history as attractive as fiction, and the result has been a measure of success unparalleled in the annals of literature, immediate, strongly pronounced, and, to all appearance, abiding. As a Minister of the Crown and as an Indian statesman, Lord Macaulay's name will probably soon be forgotten by all but the politician and the lawyer ; as a poet his reputation is dead already ; but, as an essayist and historian, his name will doubtless survive so long as the English language is spoken or studied, even to so far distant and problematical a time as that foreshadowed in his essay on Ranke's Popes, "when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Pauls."

Everyone is interested in knowing something accurate of so distinguished a writer; in learning from what stock he sprang, his mental and moral idiosyncrasies, his educational training and culture, his habits of study and composition, his domestic tastes, his personal attachments and antipathies, and their cause—in short, all that made him the man he was. Mr. Trevelyan, his nephew, the son of his beloved sister, Hannah, Lady Trevelyan, has had exceptional opportunities of acquiring information, and he has performed the task faithfully, lovingly, and with singular taste and discrimination. He was the playfellow, if we may use the expression, of Lord Macaulay's later years ; he had access to all the correspondence, to the diaries of his subject, and of the lamented sister Margaret, as well as the reminiscences of Lady Trevelyan. The biographer expresses some fear that the temptations which peculiarly beset "a near relative" may partially mar the impartiality of his work ; but the fear was groundless, for no work of the kind is less obnoxious to the charge of unfaithful concealment or indiscriminate eulogy.

It would be obviously impossible within the limits of a brief review to give an adequate notice of this interesting work. A considerable part of its inte-

The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay. By his nephew, GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, M. P. in two volumes. Detroit : Belford Brothers.

rest consists in piquant anecdote, quip and epigram relating to domestic, social, political and literary life. The brilliance of these gems depends much upon their setting, and can only be appreciated by the reader of the biography. It must suffice if a general account of the work be given as illustrating the life and character of the man. Lord Macaulay came of a Highland stock—a family of Argyllshire Presbyterians, whose rallying place or sphere of distinction was the parish manse. His father, Zachary Macaulay, as Mr. Trevelyan observes, was a noble character of whom less is known by the world than he deserved. To him more than to Wilberforce, Clarkson, or Buxton, was due the agitation for the abolition of slavery. His expedition, in early days, to Sierra Leone was a self-denying labour of which few men of his time, perhaps none, were capable. Returning home, he wasted his substance in the cause of religion and philanthropy, self-denying and earnest to the last. Yet he was no visionary fanatic, but a man of shrewd, sound sense and cultivated understanding, as his admirable letters to Lord Macaulay sufficiently prove. He was not a bigot, although a devout and fervent believer in the truths of Christianity ; but only a noble philanthropist with a rooted hatred of oppression and wrong, willing to spend and be spent in the humane cause he had espoused. Such then was the parent from whom Lord Macaulay derived the masculine qualities of his nature, his active intellect, his strong moral principle, his indignation at everything crooked, unjust, or untrue. Early in the historian's life there was a divergence of opinion between father and son on many subjects as might have been expected, yet, although they differed on religion, on party allegiance, on points of literary taste or propriety such, for example, as the utility of fiction, the views of the son were never hampered by the authoritative dictation of the parent. The one was, indeed, a nineteenth century version of the other. The mother, Selina Mills, came of a Quaker family, living at Bristol, and we have an interesting account of the courtship, which was materially aided by the kindly interposition of Hannah More. Mrs. Macaulay appears to have been a woman of strong affections and a clear and well cultured understanding, as the solitary letter to her son in these volumes very pleasingly indicates. Lord Macaulay used to say that he inherited his sense of humour from his mother, for his father was evidently destitute of the slightest perception of the *bizarre* or ludicrous. From her also, he, no doubt, derived his deep and fervent affections—affections which formed the chief joy of his life from its dawn to its close.

Lord Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, the residence of his aunt, Mrs. Babington, on the 25th October, 1800. The historian would have seen the light in Cockaigne, but for the prejudice of the aunt in favour of country air under the circumstances. The child first appears upon the scene biographical, when three years of age, a dapper little figure reading incessantly, "for the most part lying on the rug before the fire with his book on the ground, and a piece of bread and butter in his hand." From that time to the hour of his death *helluo librorum*—a glutton of books, devouring everything that came in his way, from Pindar to the penny street ballad. There are two youthful traits to be remarked—his precocity and his wonderful memory. Some very droll and quaint sayings are recorded of his childhood. His talk was not like that of other little ones—he talked, as the servant said,

"quite printed words." Some coffee had been spilt over his legs, and after a time, being asked how he felt, he said, "Thank you, Madam, the agony is abated." So when the girl had cleared away some oyster shells with which he had fringed the little garden plot assigned him at Clapham, he entered the drawing-room, and in the midst of a number of visitors pronounced her sentence, "Cursed be Sally, for it is written, 'Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark.'" At seven or eight years of age he was planning and executing universal histories, epics, lays, and what not; and then came his school-days under a kind and discriminating master. During that time, and at college afterwards, he read as he chose, partly to learn, but mainly to be amused. His studies in the ancient classics seem almost incredible in extent, and these he pursued all his life with unabated zest, were a never failing source of delight. It is natural to contrast Lord Macaulay's classical studies with those forced upon Mr. J. S. Mill at too early an age by the mistaken views of his father. He took up the Greek tragedians and historians, when it pleased him, and they continued to please him through life; the latter conscientiously devoured the ancient authors, but they rather left the memory of a painful burden weighing on the tender shoulders of youth. Lord Macaulay's University career was not a brilliant one; he did not study for distinction, and, therefore, failed to obtain it. Of his contemporaries at Cambridge the chief were Charles Austin, Derwent, and Nelson, Coleridge, Moultrie, Praed, the late Lord Romilly, and the present Lords Grey and Belper. John Stuart Mill's account of him in his early manhood is no doubt as just as it is appreciative. "The impression he gave was that of boundless strength, together with talents which combined with such apparent force of will and character, seemed capable of dominating the world." Of the anecdotes of Cambridge life, there is one election scene which illustrates Macaulay's quickness in repartee. He and Thornton were witnesses of a riotous attack on the Hoop Hotel, the headquarters of the successful candidates. A dead cat was flung which struck Macaulay full in the face; thereupon the man who had thrown it hastened to apologize to the gownsman, assuring him that it was meant for Mr. Adeane. "I wish," said Macaulay, quietly, "you had meant it for me, and hit Mr. Adeane."

Mention has been made of Lord Macaulay's prodigious memory, which manifested itself early in the recital of entire poems after one or at most two readings. He used to say that, if all the copies of Paradise Lost and the Pilgrim's Progress were, by any chance, lost, he could supply them both from his own memory. Throughout life, whatever he read, no matter how trifling or worthless in itself, seemed to take up a permanent abiding-place in a mind which was "wax to receive and marble to retain." This mental gift caused him to be impatient of incorrect quotation; it seems to us to have had also a more important influence, not always salutary, upon his character as a historian. Macaulay's mind was a store-house of facts; as Sydney Smith said, "There is no limit to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great, he is like a book in breeches." At the same time he was a man of strong moral convictions, and hence the facts of which he was possessed naturally grouped themselves about pre-conceived views or prejudices concerning men or measures. Once let the historian form a liking or a hatred for a

character, and the facts immediately marshalled themselves to illustrate it, as iron filings in the sand rush to the magnet. Add to this the penchant for antithesis—the chiaroscuro of style—which makes his writings so seductive, and we have a clue to all Macaulay's graver faults as a historian.

His literary career began at an early age, and we have mention of a disagreeable contretemps which caused his father trouble. The latter was connected with the *Christian Observer,* a strictly orthodox periodical, but, by some means or other young Macaulay, unthinkingly procured the insertion of an article on fiction, in which he scandalized religious people by warmly eulogizing Fielding and Smollett. *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* was the field of his earliest regular labours for the press, and, at length, he appeared and took the country by storm in the *Edinburgh Review,* in which his brilliant paper on Milton was published in 1825. Meanwhile he had been called to the bar, though he entertained no serious idea of pursuing the profession. There is a graphic account of Macaulay's professional work and observations on the Northern Circuit in this work from his own pen. Review articles now-a-days do not ensure their writers access to the House of Commons ; a few of them, however, sufficed for Macaulay, and he took his seat for Calne, a family borough placed at his disposal by the Marquis of Lansdowne. It was a critical time for England and for Europe. The Revolution of July 1830, was at hand to unsettle the popular mind in England, as well as elsewhere, and give a powerful impetus to the progress of democratic opinion. The Reform movement instantly assumed threatening proportions, and it depended upon the moderation of the Whigs and the conciliatory spirit of the King and the aristocracy to decide whether the mother-land should pass through a peaceful, constitutional change, or a violent and sanguinary revolution. It is unnecessary to repeat the old story of the terrorism of that time. Mr. Trevelyan gives an admirably concise review of the grinding despotism of British Government in those days. It was full time that liberal opinion should make itself heard and felt where treason laws, press laws, and the other engines of tyranny were powerless to arrest it. Macaulay entered the House at the nick of time, and his maiden speech was a plea for the removal of Jewish disabilities. The 24th of July arrived, and the Bourbon was sent into exile ; Louis Philippe, with his Charter, reigned in his stead to be himself overthrown eighteen years after, on another 24th—that of February, 1848. Sympathy was immediately aroused on the English side of the channel. As Mr. Trevelyan remarks—" One French Revolution had condemned English Liberalism to forty years of subjection, and another was to be the signal which launched it on as long a career of supremacy." The tyranny and fatuousness of Polignac, in short, undid the tyrannous work of Liverpool, Castlereagh and Wellington. It was now that the agitation began for the Reform Bill, until it swelled into a menacing, uncompromising cry for " the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill." During the exciting struggles which ensued, Lord Mácaulay, in a series of speeches, performed valuable service in the cause of Reform. What the matter of these speeches were, we have ample means of judging, since tolerably full reports of them have been collected and republished. The reasoning is close, and the declamation nervous and effective ; but even if the delivery had been unexceptionable, it hardly

appears as if they deserved the extravagant eulogiums of contemporaries. Macaulay's oratory was compared by one to that of Burke, by another to Plunkett, and a third declared that no such speaking had been heard since Fox. These compliments cannot have been paid wholly at random, and it is quite certain that Macaulay did "gain the ear of the House," as few young men since Pitt had done. How far his literary reputation may have smoothed his Parliamentary path it is impossible now to guess. To us, the published speeches smell too much of the lamp, and the ornate phrases and deftly-turned sentences become as monotonous as the voice in which they are said to have been delivered. At times Macaulay, when excited in debate, spoke effectively without preparation ; but, as a rule, his efforts were all carefully elaborated in his chamber. It is unnecessary to review here the events of 1831 and 1832. They are recorded in history, and the stirring incidents of the time are not yet forgotten. Some idea of the excitement prevailing may be gathered from a graphic letter of Macaulay's, written in the Spring of 1831, just after the second reading of the Bill had been carried by a majority of one. At the announcement of the numbers, he says :—"Then again shouts broke out, and many of us shed tears. I could scarcely refrain. And the jaw of Peel fell ; and the face of Swiss was as the face of a damned soul ; and Herries looked like Judas taking his necktie off for the last operation. We shook hands and clapped each other on the back, and went out laughing, crying, and huzzaing into the lobby." In these days of political lassitude and easy-going compromise, the English people of the existing generation can form but a slight conception of the passions aroused in that eventful time : from the resignation of Wellington, in November, 1830, until the 7th of June, 1832, when the Bill received the royal assent. It was a time of mad agitation and madder obstructiveness ; of extravagant hopes and gloomy forebodings. To some, the approaching shipwreck of the Constitution was clearly revealed in the lurid smoke of Bristol burnings ; to others, the fresh vitality, the inflexible determination of the nation, seemed to promise a renewed lease of national greatness. One party prophesied utter destruction ; the other expected an impossible millennium, and both were doomed to disappointment.

Towards the close of 1832, Earl Grey offered Macaulay the post of Commissioner of the Board of Control, an office which first brought him in contact with Indian affairs, and probably had an important bearing upon his future. In 1833 he had the opportunity of proving at once his adherence to principle and his affectionate respect for the self-denying labours of his father. In the Government Bill to abolish slavery in the West Indies, the term of apprenticeship which was to precede manumission, was fixed at twelve years. Macaulay and his father thought this period too long, so the former, having placed his resignation in the Premier's hands, opposed the clause. It was in vain that he was implored not to "embarrass" the Government—a phrase always in vogue when political friends take an awkward stand upon principle. His answer was, "I cannot go counter to my father. He has devoted his whole life to the question, and I cannot grieve him by giving way when he wishes me to stand firm." Ultimately the matter was arranged by a reduction of the apprenticeship term from twelve years to seven.

Literary and political distinction had been followed by social distinction. About Holland House and its coterie, we have some exceedingly interesting anecdotes; there and elsewhere Macaulay was a favoured guest. But his purse was low; his father, who had thought and felt for everybody but himself, found himself a poor man, and nothing was left Macaulay but to accept a seat in the Supreme Council of India. His sister Hannah, afterwards Lady Trevelyan, accompanied him to Calcutta, where she met and married the father of our biographer. The five years or thereabouts, spent in the East, were busy years, full of hard study and faithful work, and marked also by a sorrow, which seemed to take all the joy out of Macaulay's life for years, and certainly left a festering sore for life, which time never permanently knitted together. To him his two sisters were everything; more especially Margaret, whom he had left behind him a happy wife. In 1834, he was about to lose the other by a marriage of which he heartily approved. One letter, which his sister at home probably never saw—for it could hardly have reached home when she was snatched away by death—pathetically describes the fearful wrench which these partings had given to his affections. "I remember," he says, "quoting some nursery rhymes, years ago, when you left me in London to join Nancy at Rothley Temple or Leamington, I forget which. Those foolish lines contain the history of my life:—

> "'There were two birds that sat on a stone:
> One flew away, and there was but one.
> The other flew away, and then there was none;
> And the poor stone was left all alone.'"

Happily in later years, Macaulay's nephews and nieces were, to some extent, the solace of his life. He was never weary of romping with them, devising amusements, and stimulating their desire for knowledge. In 1838, he returned to England to find that his father had died during their homeward voyage. Trevelyan and his wife had accompanied him, the former on leave of absence, and it was with inexpressible joy that Macaulay learned that an appointment at home would keep his sister near him *en permanence.*

The second volume is not so full of stirring public events; yet the amount of anecdote and character-sketching renders it, on the whole, even more interesting than the first. It is not our intention to attempt an analysis of it, or to pursue the work further. Henceforth the chief interest the public have in Macaulay centres about his History. In comparison with it, his acceptance of office and his defeat in Edinburgh sink into insignificance. The merits and shortcomings of Macaulay's *magnum opus* have been discussed too often and too exhaustively to need special reference here, even were there space at our disposal. After all the deductions ingenuous criticism may make, it remains a magnificent fragment. Without leaving a formal lament, as Mr. Buckle did, that he should come far short of his design, the work remains its own best commentary on the text, "Man proposes, but God disposes." Read in that light there is a touching and impressive lesson in the opening sentence of the work, written when his hopes were high and his energies unimpaired. "I propose to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second, down to a time which is within the memory of men still living." Unfortunately, Macaulay did not live to complete the story of his favourite

hero, William of Orange, the account of whose death, after an hiatus, was disinterred from his notes by the affectionate care of his sister, Lady Trevelyan. The historian died soon after he had entered upon his sixtieth year, and found a fitting resting place, in England's Pantheon at the feet of Addison, and with "the tombs of Johnson, and Garrick, and Handel, and Goldsmith, and Gay, lying around him." In the span of his life he crowded more of work, more of fame, more of joy, than falls to the lot even of the most favoured octogenarian, bequeathing to posterity a legacy to be available even to the latest generation. 'His body is buried in peace; but his name liveth for evermore.'"

The publication of Miss Harriet Martineau's Autobiography,* will be regarded as an event by all who take an interest in the history of literature and culture. For more than half a century, Miss Martineau was one of the most active literary workers in England; and the range of her work was almost as extensive as her productions were numerous. She was born in 1802, in the City of Norwich, where her father was a manufacturer, and she received as good an education as the district at that time afforded. Her first appearance in print was before she was out of her teens; and her first book, "Devotional Exercises for the Use of Young Persons," appeared in 1823. What really opened up her literary career, however, was her series of publications entitled "Illustrations of Political Economy." There is no merit of a very high order in these productions, beyond the original idea of exhibiting the great natural laws of society by a series of pictures of selected social action, and by tales initiating a multitude of minds into the conception of what political economy is, and of how it concerns every one in a community. In 1834, Miss Martineau visited the United States, where she remained for about two years. In her "Society in America," she discusses the political and domestic economy, the civilization and religion of the United States. That book she published in 1837, and in the following year appeared her "Retrospect of Western Travel," which comprised her personal experiences of the tour, and portraitures of American celebrities. Her first novel, "Deerbrook," which appeared in 1839, was her most popular work of fiction. After a protracted illness, which lasted from 1839 to 1844, she devoted herself to the treatment of philosophical subjects: and during the latter part of her life (she died in the June of last year), she was employed chiefly in writing leading articles for the *London Daily News*, and social sketches for *Once a Week*. This outline of the literary career of one of the most notable of English literary women, necessarily brief and imperfect, will give some idea of Miss Martineau's life-work.

Her autobiography, however, has a charm which attaches to no other single work she has ever produced. There we are brought into familiar contact with the woman herself, and, through her, with nearly every one of those men and women who have produced the English literature of the last fifty years. The autobiography is divided into six periods, the last of them bringing us down to her fifty-third year. She says, herself, that she had always felt it to be one of the duties of her life to write an autobiography,

* *Harriet Martineau's Autobiography*, edited by MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN. 2 vols. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1877.

and one cannot peruse the book without feeling that her heart was in the work. That portion of the first volume which is devoted to the period of her life between thirty and thirty-seven years (extending over some two hundred and sixty pages), is most delightful reading, for she takes occasion to mention scores of literary, artistic, and political lions with which she came more or less in contact, describing with great *naïveté* the circumstances under which she met them, anecdotes respecting, and her opinions of, them. Her dislikes, as well as her likes, are indicated with vigour and emphasis, and one has to smile at the particularity with which she describes the circumstance of her declining to be introduced to the poet Moore (p. 233).

With Mr. Sidney Smith, Miss Martineau was very intimate. The circumstances under which they were introduced were very comical, and characteristic of the man. "At a great music party, where the drawing-rooms and staircases were one continuous crowd, the lady who had conveyed me, fought her way to my seat—which was, in consideration of my deafness, next to Malibran, and near the piano. My friend brought a message which Sidney Smith had passed up the staircase :—that he understood we desired one another's acquaintance, and that he was awaiting it at the bottom of the stairs. He put it to my judgment whether I, being thin, could not more easily get down to him, than he, being stout, could get up to me ; and he would wait five minutes for my answer. I really could not go under the circumstances ; and it was a serious thing to give up my seat and the music ; so Mr. Smith sent me a good-night and promise to call on me, claiming this negotiation as a proper introduction."

Her gossip about Carlyle is charming—Thomas Carlyle of whom she says, "I have seen his face under all aspects, from the deepest gloom to the most reckless or genial mirth, and it seems to me that each mood would make a totally different portrait." Fancy the Chelsea philosopher reading the following about himself in Miss Martineau's *Autobiography* :—

"I remember being puzzled for a long while as to whether Carlyle did or did not care for fame. He was forever scoffing at it ; and he seemed to me just the man to write, because he needed to utter himself, without ulterior consideration. One day I was dining there alone. I had brought over from America twenty-five copies of his 'Sartor Resartus,' as reprinted there ; and having sold them at the English price, I had some money to put into his hand. I did put it into his hand the first time ; but it made him uncomfortable, and he spent it in a pair of signet rings for his wife and me. Having imported and sold a second parcel, the difficulty was what to do with the money. My friend and I found that Carlyle was ordered weak brandy and water instead of wine ; and we spent our few sovereigns in French brandy of the best quality, which we carried over one evening when going to tea. Carlyle's amusement and delight at first, and all the evening after whenever he turned his eyes towards the long-necked bottles, shewed us that we had made a good choice. He declared that he had got a reward for his labours at last ; and his wife asked me to dinner, all by myself, to taste the brandy. We three sat round the fire after dinner, and Carlyle mixed the toddy while Mrs. Carlyle and I discussed some literary matters, and speculated on fame and the love of it. Then Carlyle held out a glass of his mixture to me,

with 'Here, take this. It is worth all the fame in England.' Yet Allan Cunningham, who knew and loved him well, told me one evening, to my amusement, that Carlyle would be very well and happy enough if he got a little more fame. I asked him whether he was in earnest; and he said he was, and, moreover, was sure he was right—I should see that he was. Carlyle's fame has grown from that day; and on the whole, his health and spirits seem to be improved, so that his friend Allan was partly right."

The limited space at our command forbids us doing more than indicate the charms of these delightful volumes, which will be sure to be widely read.

The author of *The Wooing O't* has given us a new novel*, the plot of which is laid in historical times. Mrs. Alexander has tried, with more or less success, to give her story the flavour of age by interweaving with the narrative historical events and historical personages. The period chosen is the latter part of last century, when Jacobinism was going out of fashion and the House of Hanover was beginning to strike deep root in English soil; when John Law was working his paper currency in France, and the South Sea Scheme was producing a speculative craze in England. Most novels end with a marriage; *The Heritage of Langdale* begins with one. Mistress Maud Langley, the daughter of an attainted baron, who dies before the story opens, is the victim of a designing relative who is also her guardian. He constrains her to consent to marry his son, a scapegrace of the most orthodox pattern, and everybody imagines she does so in a chapel which has more than the ordinary dimness of religious light. It turns out that she had married an unknown man, who has previously caused to be kidnapped the intended bridegroom, and assumed his clothes. For reasons which appear in the course of the story, Maud refuses to take steps to have this extraordinary marriage cancelled. The hero of the book is a Don Juan di Monteiro, who had been a buccaneer on the Spanish Main and who not only turns out to be Rupert Langley, a cousin of Maud's, but also the Unknown who had married her at the beginning of the story, and who wins her at the end of it. The story is a powerful one, but of a more conventional type than we would have expected in a book from the pen of Mrs. Alexander.

To surround familiar scenes, domestic incidents, and everyday pursuits with the halo of romance, is the task which the average novelist of the period sets before him. In *The Great Match** this task has been accomplished with considerable success, although the "society" depicted is no more than the ordinary types to be found in New England life. There are so many stories now-a-days which are nothing more than weak imitations of oft-told tales, that the book we have named—simple in its plot, and dealing with neither grand passions nor subtle characters—is quite refreshing in its way. It is George Eliot who says, that poetry and romance are as plentiful as ever in the world for those who choose to see them. The nameless writer of *The Great Match* conjures up with considerable vividness both the poetry of

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**The Heritage of Langdale*. By MRS. ALEXANDER. New York; Henry Holt & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

* *The Great Match. No Name Series.* Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson 1877.

nature and the romance of human nature as it is to be found in manufacturing centres as well as the rural parts of New England, besides giving to the sketch that interest which the original treatment of a somewhat new field cannot fail to command. *The Great Match* is a base-ball match—not a match matrimonial as one would naturally expect; and the author has invested that favourite American game with quite as much dignity and importance, for the purposes of the story, as those English writers who associate with their plot the game of cricket or other manly sport. This book furnishes another of the many evidences that American novel writers are beginning to shake off that slavery to the orthodoxy of the English novel, which has so long characterized their ordinary story-telling. We are also glad to note that manly sports, both in novels and in real life, are now finding due favour with our American cousins.

Bret Harte's ability as a writer does not get that unqualified recognition which it deserves. His style is as exquisite as his stories are touching ; yet we have frequently heard assiduous novel-readers express extreme disappointment with them. We fear the taste of the ordinary novel-reader has become so vitiated with the sensational plots of the day, that he finds it irksome to give sufficient attention to the text to derive enjoyment from the author's literary cunning. *Thankful Blossom*,* to our mind, is a little gem ; and the literary workmanship which it exhibits is of a very high order. Take this description of a New Jersey scene, as one might see it "in the waning light of an April day :" "There were icicles on the fences, a rime of silver on the windward bark of maples, and occasional bare spots on the rocky protuberances of the road, as if Nature had worn herself out at the knees and elbows through long waiting for the tardy spring. A few leaves disinterred by the thaw became crisp again, and rustled in the wind, making the summer a thing so remote that all human hope and conjecture fled before them." The story itself is charming, and surrounds with a halo of romance the circumstances attending the American War of Independence.

The number of dyspeptics on this continent must be something enormous, yet the author of *How to Live Long*, in a new work on dyspepsia* and its kindred diseases has shown, that an intelligent knowledge of their causes, and due attention to obvious methods of counteracting these causes, cannot fail to alleviate a great deal of suffering. The object of the book is to give plain, exact, and practical information on the subject, so that the dyspeptic may be able to conduct his own cure. The fundamental principle laid down by Dr. Hall, though of a negative character, is of most positive import, and that is, that "medicine cannot cure dyspepsia."

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* *Thankful Blossom*, by BRET HARTE. Illustrated. Toronto : Belford Bros., 1877.

**Dyspepsia, and its Kindred Diseases.* By Dr. W. W. HALL. Toronto and Detroit : Belford, Bro., 1877.

Musical.

THE history of the piano is more confusing than the history of any other instrument. Three inventors of the piano have been named, Silbermann, of Dresden ; Stein, of Augsburg ; and Cristoforo, an Italian. The right of the latter is almost indisputable ; he it was who substituted the hammer system for the tong system which set the chords of the harpsichord vibrating, and he also invented the expressive name, which shows, at least, what object he had before him in proposing to substitute for the ancient harpsichord a modified one on which it would be possible and easy to mark graduations of sound, from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo*. It was in the year 1716 that Cristoforo constructed the original type of the modern piano ; like other pioneers his way was hard and his efforts unrecognised, and after his death so many imitators and elaborators of his scheme sprang up on every side, each taking the credit of the original idea and scheme to himself, that poor Cristoforo was soon forgotten. In a few years more the invention was attributed among others to an Englishman, a Mr. Mason, author of " Caractacus," although in the year 1767 a piano made by Silbermann, who, since 1760, had been established in both London and Dresden, was used for the first time in London at the King's Theatre. The announcement ran that " after the first act of the piece, Miss Brickler will sing a favourite air from Judith, accompanied by Mr. Dibdin on a new instrument called the piano." It is not to be supposed that the " new instrument " thus cautiously ushered in, rose to the position it now occupies in the public favour all at once. Conservative England was shy of the piano, particularly it would seem, of the *upright* piano. Those who have read the recollections of Lord William Lennox may remember, the following anecdote of the Rev. Edward Cannon, a musical divine of the day. Being asked one day by George IV, then Prince of Wales, to give his opinion as to an upright grand purchased by his Royal Highness for Mrs. Fitzherbert, he replied that it was " good enough for her to lock up her bread and cheese in," but for nothing more. Now, however, how different things are ! The Erards, the Pleyels, the Brinsmeads, the Broadwoods, and the hosts of other celebrated English and foreign manufacturers tell us that no other business on record has grown so fast and put forth such splendid branches in all parts of the world. An English paper has the following paragraph, however, which may serve to show what in time may reasonably be supposed to become of English pianos : "The Steinways, the Chickerings, the Knabes, the Stecks, and the Deckers, of the New World, are well nigh unknown in this country, and yet there is no doubt some of their instruments are at least equal, if not superior, to those of the best of the European make. The magnificent instrument supplied to the Alexandra Palace by the firm of Steinway—the greatest of the American manufacturers—however, opened our

eyes not a little, and those eyes were further opened when Mdlle. Krebs and other great pianists played at the Alexandra Palace concerts on the Steinway instrument instead of on those of English manufacture. * * * * The overstrung scale is an invention of the Steinways, and although the idea has been imitated by almost all the manufacturers of the day, yet in the Steinway piano, by a peculiar arrangement, the strings are placed wider apart than usual, the result being a fuller tone and a more sympathetic quality. Thanks to improved construction and better material, Steinways' attain a mean tension of 75,000 lbs. on each note, while in Broadwood's the mean tension is but 37,000 lbs. ; a result which is admitted by Mr. Hipkins (Messrs. Broadwood's manager) himself."

If this admiration of the Steinway piano exists much outside the pages of the *Figaro*, there is every reason to fear that British piano manufacturers will soon feel as another class feel at the present time. Cattle and pianos! here is a noble use to put the "Great Eastern" to, her owners not knowing what to do with her.

It is with great regret that we chronicle the death of so skilled a musician, so genial a gentleman, and so true a friend, as Mr. J. Dodsley Humphreys. His long career is over, and we know it will not soon be forgotten by even those who only knew him slightly. Within a year of his death, his fine tenor had still much of its wonted power, and with him perished not only a good teacher but perhaps the best performer in our midst.

On the 12th of January, died at Croydon, aged 77, John William Hobbs, a Gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, and Lay-Clerk of Westminster Abbey. He was a contemporary of Braham, Phillips, and Sims Reeves, and possessed a beautifully modulated, clear and expressive tenor voice, which brought him before the public at the astonishingly early age of three years. At five he was actually enrolled as a chorister of Canterbury Cathedral, and from that time forward his life was devoted to a quiet but prosperous musical career. He sang at the funeral of George III., and at the coronations of George IV., William IV. and Victoria. Henry Phillips characterized his singing of "In Native Worth" as perfect, and the tenor solos in Spohr's "*Last Judgment*" have never found a better interpreter. He was also a composer, the best known and remembered of his songs being "The Captive Greek Girl," "Phillis is my only Joy," "My Ancestors were Englishmen," and "The Old Temeraire." His private life was in every respect worthy of his profession, and it is pleasant to know that, as a mark of respect, funeral anthems were performed, on Sunday, the 21st January, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and Westminster Abbey.

The death is also announced of Mr. Fred. Sullivan, brother of Dr. Arthur S. Sullivan, the composer. He was an actor of some merit, and much liked and esteemed in private life. The burial service was read by the Rev. J. Helmore, of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal.

On the 25th of January, being the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, as well as the Annual Dedication Festival of St. Paul's Cathedral, the latter edifice was crowded to the doors, the number of those present exceeding eight thousand. Instead of the ordinary Anthem, there was a lengthy and varied selection from Mendelssohn's Oratorio "*St. Paul*," including the

most beautiful airs and choruses, notably the chorus "Rise up, arise," and the chorale "Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling." The Cathedral choir was supplemented by a fine band of fifty performers and a special choir of four hundred. Dr. Stainer conducted, and Mr. G. C. Martin (composer of the "Magnificat" and the "Nunc Dimittis" given during the service) presided at the organ.

The Leeds Triennial Festival of 1877, to commence on Wednesday, September 26th, promises to excel, in many respects, all previous events of the kind. In 1874 the total fund was £4,500 less than the guarantee fund for this year at present. There will be seven performances, including Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "Walpurgis Night," Bach's "Magnificat," and Motet "*I wrestle and pray*," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Macfarren's "Joseph," which is reported to exceed in dramatic interest and general excellence "St. John the Baptist," by the same composer, and a new cantata entitled "The Fire King." This latter work is by Mr. Walter Austin, a native of Leeds, and is to take the place of a secular cantata which had been promised by Henry Smart.

It is quite possible that few, very few in this country, know anything of the career or abilities of the late Mr. William Shore, another musical veteran, who died at Buxton, in his 86th year. For all that, he was most gifted and honoured in his profession, and well known at home as a musician and composer. He was originator and conductor of the Madrigal Society, in Manchester, and a promoter of the Gentlemen's Glee Club. Sir Henry Bishop, Madame Malibran, and the charming Clara Novello, were among his personal friends.

The name of Sir Henry Bishop naturally brings to our minds that of his gifted wife Madame Anna Bishop, whose visits to Toronto can surely not be forgotten by at least the older population. To her friends and admirers in Canada it may be interesting to know that she is at present in England, after having made the tour of the world. The *Cape Argus* of November 21st, speaking of her recent visit to Africa, says :—"Madame Anna Bishop last evening made her last appearance before an audience in South Africa. When it is remembered that Madame Bishop has been a prominent figure in the musical world since 1839, when with Grisi, Garcia, Tamburini, and Lablache, she appeared in the Royal Italian Opera House, London, one is lost in amazement at the power and sweetness of tone, and the delicate vocalization which she displayed in Norma." Madame Bishop visited more than thirty towns in Africa, and to quote again from the *Argus* :—"This should be a fair amount of work for any one in fourteen months, but it is somewhat surprising in a lady who had previously undergone so much as Madame Bishop." We suppose her professional career is now over ; still, her energy and elasticity are something truly remarkable, and should she ever be induced to visit America again, we are certain a hearty welcome will be afforded both the woman and the artist.

We wonder how many of our readers are acquainted with the fact, that the growth of plants may be influenced by sounds. At least so says the *English Mechanic*. The writer, living in Portugal, moved on one occasion an harmonium into his green-house, and was surprised to see a gradual but rapid recovery of health to his plants. The experiment is worth trying, and very

easily done. Let our lady friends combine their music room with their conservatory or whatever stands for one with them, and report to us of the progress in health and growth their plants are making. But let them be careful to choose correctly, for it cannot be possible that different plants have not also different airs or tunes answering to them, so to speak. We await results.

The fiftieth anniversary of the death of Beethoven will be completed on the 26th of this month (March), in commemoration of which the long talked of monument to the supreme master of the tone-art will be erected in Vienna. The intended statue, designed by Zumbusch, is partially completed, and at the Imperial Opera several performances have taken place in aid of the praiseworthy undertaking. Verdi led the way, it is said with a contribution of 500 francs. In England the anniversary will be celebrated by a performance of *Fidelio*, conducted by Carl Posa.

The so-called Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine will be celebrated at Whitsuntide in Cologne, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller. Haydn's *Seasons*, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Verdi's *Requiem*, are among the compositions to be performed, the last being conducted by the composer.

The anniversary of Mendelssohn's birthday, February 3rd, was observed in Leipsic by the entire devotion of the programme of the fifteenth Subscription Concert to his works, namely, the "St. Paul" Overture, an air from "Elijah," the 114th Psalm, the pianoforte concerto in D minor, played by Miss Dora Schumacher, a pupil of the Conservatorium, and Die Walpurgisnacht.

In London the usual programme of the Saturday afternoon concert at the Crystal Palace was also devoted exclusively to the favourite Master. Joachim, the unsurpassed Hungarian violinist, played the concerto in D, to which a peculiar interest attaches, for when Joachim was still a boy in 1847, he played the same concerto at the Leipsic Genandhaus, with his friend and master, Mendelssohn, present. This was the last concert Mendelssohn ever attended. The delicious Scotch Symphony, an adagio, in E flat from an unpublished symphony written at a very early age were included in the programme, which might have been more varied and characteristic, the part songs and solos being almost too familiar, if one can say so with regard to anything Mendelssohn wrote.

Paris has not been behind other musical centres in rendering suitable homage to the illustrious ones of her country. The 29th of January saw a most imposing ceremony at the famous Cemetery of Père La Chaise, where a monument has been erected to the memory of Auber. The spot selected is not far from the graves of Arago, Rossini, and Alfred de Musset, and the "monument" really consists of two pillars—the larger one of black marble, bearing a cross, and the names of all the deceased composer's works engraven on the sides, while a smaller one, a little in advance of the first, is surmounted by Auber's bust. Many composers, singers, actors, journalists, were collected to do him honour, and speeches were made by Ambroise Thomas, the Mayor of Caën, Auber's birthplace, and others, more or less distinguished. At the conclusion of the speeches, the society of musical composers placed on the tomb a large gold laurel wreath. The students of the Conservatory followed with another of immortelles, while the band of the Republican Guards wound up by offering a third and last of jet. With all due deference to Auber, the

Conservatory, and the artistic community of Paris, we venture to think that in France alone would a composer of Auber's rank be treated with such honours, and we fail to conceive what the French would have done had they produced a Beethoven or a Mozart.

The distribution of the favourite prime donne seems to be entirely European at present. Albani is enjoying a most unquestionable triumph in Paris, her most successful rôle appearing to be Amina. Nilsson in Vienna, and Adelina Patti in her favourite St. Petersburg, have each had ovations exceeding in enthusiasm those of previous seasons. Mdme. Nilsson—not understanding the German language—sang her róles throughout in French, while the rest of the performers gave their parts in German. Marguerite and Ophelia have been the favourite impersonations of this gifted lady in Vienna, but who can conceive of the garden duet being rendered by a French Gretchen and a German Faust. Patti is supposed to be engaged for the coming Exposition of 1878, but the ways of managers and directors are past finding out, and one learns to distrust nearly all reports of the kind. Mademoiselle Tietjiens still holds her own ; there is no one yet to equal her grand dramatic and declamatory power. After a triumphant progress through Ireland, she is in England again. Madame Trebelli-Bettini, the famous contralto, is enjoying immense success in Sweden, supported by Mr. Behrens. They have also visited Copenhagen and return to England for the Drury Lane season early in April. It is said that, incited by her present warm reception, Madame Trebelli has signed an engagement for North Germany and Finland for the months of September, October, November and December next, prior to her reappearance in Stockholm next January. We give this bit of information, as an English Operatic Company, organized by Mr. Mapleson and headed by Tietjiens, Trebelli, Marie Roze and Behrens, was spoken of in connection with the United States. We fancy that Mademoiselle Tietjiens for one, is not to be easily brought here again. As for Pauline Lucca no one seems to have a very clear idea where she is and what she is doing. Ilma di Murska is soon to start on a concert tour in the United States, having returned from California. The number of débutantes this year seems very small. Both Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson have done all they can on the continent and at home, and now at last we can form some idea of what the summer season in London is likely to be. At Covent Garden Mr. Gye is to have Madame Patti (Adelina of course), Frau Materna, who will possibly appear in Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," Albani, Mdlle. Thalberg, and M. Capoul. One novelty is to be "Paul and Virginia," the leading parts to be undertaken by Patti and M. Capoul. Mr. Mapleson, on the other hand, will have Mdlle. Tietjiens, Mdlle. Nilsson, Madame Trebelli, M. Faure, and possibly Herr Tamberlik. Faure should prove a greater attraction than ever after his brilliant progress through the French provinces.

MY DEAREST, DEAR LITTLE HEART.

BALLAD.

H. MILLARD.

Moderato con esp.

mf

All the dreams of youth now are broken through, Both what is done and un - done I rue; There is Nothing steadfast and nothing true, But your love for me, and my love for you, My dearest, dear - est, dear li tle heart, My dear - est, dearest, dear little heart!

semplicemente

con callore. accel. *con esp. porto*

cres. col canto. *f*

slento *accell.* *a stento*

2. When the wild waves ebb, when the wild waves flow, When the

winds are loud, when the winds are low, When the ro-ses fade, when the ro-ses blow. One

thought, one feel-ing is all I know, My dear-est dear - est, dear lit-tle heart, My

cres. col canto. *f* *slento* *accell.* *a*

dear - est, dear - est, dear lit - tle heart. 3. Now

slento

time is wea - ry, for time is old, The light of the li-ly burns low in the mould, The

cresc. *con calore.*

grave is cru - el, the grave is cold, But the oth - er side is the ci-ty of gold. My

ff *cres. col canto.* *f*

dear - est, dear - est, dear lit-tle heart, My dear - est, dear - est, dear lit - tle heart!

stento *accell.* *a stento*

Humorous Department.

LA SONNAMBULA.

Old Ruggles had just bought the house,
And wasn't to be daunted
'Cause, through the antics of some mouse,
The servants thought 'twas haunted.

Now Sairey she did testify
That, very late *one* night,
A Ghostly Sight she did espy,
And nearly died with fright.

Maria, too, had seen the Thing
A gliding through the hall,
Not steady-like, but staggering,
And roll from wall to wall.

Now Jeames was bold, and he declared
That he would watch one night ;
He wasn't going to be scared !
No bogle could *him* fright !

A ghostly Presence glided past ;
Collaps'd he at the sight ;
He lock'd his door and lit the gas,
And slept no wink that night.

But Ruggles wasn't in a mood
To tol'rate ghost or devil,
So he determined that he would
The mystery unravel.

'Twixt midnight and the stroke of one
His grog-cup got quite low,
So he meander'd to the tun
Of brandy kept below.

When lo ! towards the cellar stalk'd
A Ghost all dress'd in white !
Old Ruggles' knees together knock'd
As he beheld the sight.

The Ghost in hand a candle bore
Which spread a ghastly flicker;
It hurried 'cross the dank brick floor,
And made straight for the liquor.

From phantom goblet then, mayhap,
A phantom drink it quaff'd?
Oh no! it simply mouth'd the tap,
And drained a Thracian draught.

Old Ruggles chuckles deep and deeper;
"I'll give that woman warning!
I see what makes my housekeeper
So sleepy of a morning."

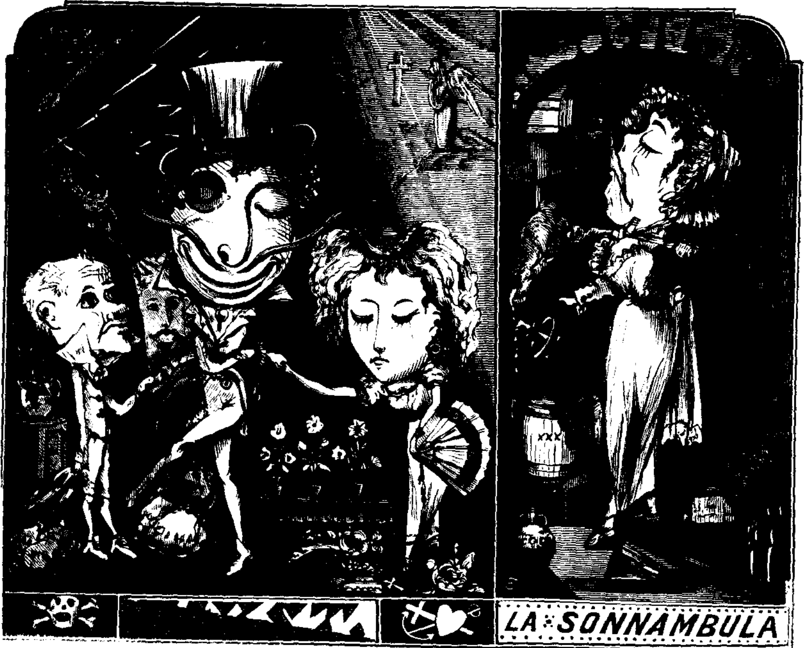
And he declines to take her back,
Because she drinks so steep;
While she maintains she got the sack
For walking in her sleep.

FAUST.

Old Faust he was a bachelor,
And over fifty years;
He sat within his counting-house,
And felt like shedding tears;
For though he'd made of wealth galore,
—Was rich beyond compare,
Yet in his heart of hearts he felt
A terrible despair.

While other men had those they loved,
And those who them adored,
Ah! none there were who cared for him,
A fact he now deplored.
He long'd for human sympathy
As once he longed for wealth,
And pined for love like any swain;
It e'en impair'd his health.

He *had* a friend, from whom he might
Quite possibly discover
A scheme by which he, Faust, might be
Transform'd into a lover—
Mephistopheles! now-a-days
Better known as Mammon,
And, popularly, as the friend
Of men like Oily Gammon.



To him he went and told his case ;
  " Oh, I will fix it soon,
Before another month is out
  Begins your honeymoon ;
I know a girl who loves her dad ;
  That dad howe'er 's in trouble ;
You bring your money-bags along,
  And soon she'll be your double."

And true it was that that sweet girl
  Accepted him in marriage ;
And for a time she thought it fine,
  Because she had a carriage.
But soon the cloven hoof appear'd,
  And Faust he had no heart ;
So she, who craved for more than wealth,
  Declared they'd live apart.

And Faust he died as he had lived--
  Unhonour'd and unloved ;
And she remain'd to marry one
  By Cupid more approved.
The moral of the tale is this—
  If you'd enjoy your life,
Before the age of thirty years,
  Take to yourself a wife.