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ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1879.

THE SEAT OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.

BY J. DOUGLAS, JR., *late* OF QUEBEC.

THE thrifty little Republic of Chili is not altogether free from the world-wide epidemic of national aggrandizement—a disease which reduces the body politic to a very deplorable degree, and is cured only by copious blood and treasure letting. Not long ago war with that most thriftless of all States—the Argentine Republic—seemed imminent, because she would not admit the claim that Chili made to Patagonia. Now war has actually broken out with Bolivia, and the *casus belli* again is a boundary question. In this instance, however, Chili has been reluctantly compelled to resort to the arbitrament of arms.

So exceedingly ambiguous is the description in the Chilian constitution of the limits of her territory, that there is ample ground for controversy with her neighbours. The first Article of the Constitution reads—'The territory of Chili extends from the Desert of Atacama to Cape Horn, and from the Cordillera of the Andes to the Pacific Ocean, comprising the Archipelago of Chiloe, all the adjacent islands, and the San Juan Fernandez group.' The

description is taken from the old colonial register, the *Audiencia e Chancelleria real de Santiago de Chile*, and defined accurately enough the isolation of Spain's poorest dependency, hemmed in by a desert, a mountain chain, and the sea. And it also answered well enough to distinguish Chili from the other members of Bolivia's contemplated confederation of free States, any one of which, in the first flush of brotherly love, would have deemed it ignoble to haggle about a strip of territory, even if it had been accounted of any value. But circumstances speedily changed. It was soon discovered that independence and uniformity of political institutions did not eradicate jealousy or curb national ambition; and in course of time, from the Atacama desert—rather a wide boundary line, then supposed to be valueless—has been uncovered one treasure after another, till it is no wonder if the ingenuity of the best of neighbours should be stimulated to find fresh excuses for aggression.

The Constitution assigns to Chili the western slope of the Andes as far

as Cape Horn ; but though the Andes seem to be lost in the sea before the southern apex of the continent is reached, Chili can hardly be blamed for planting the penal colony of Punta Arenas in the Straits of Magellan. Not content with that, she contends that the whole continent south of the Rio Negro, which takes its rise in the Cordillera in lat. 36 deg., and flows into the Atlantic, and, therefore, all Patagonia is hers. Patagonia may be of little value, but the Straits of Magellan have become a highway of commerce since steam permitted the abandonment of the circuitous Cape route for the shorter but more dangerous passage of the strait ; and Chili showed foresight in taking possession. The Argentine Republic holds a different view of the question, which revives every few years, and is discussed with a bitterness which savours of war.

The sea only disputes with Chili, possession of her rocky coast from Cape Horn northward for 1200 miles to the 25th parallel south latitude ; there Bolivia claims that her jurisdiction begins, while Chili wished to push her boundary north to the 22nd deg., though she did not insist on fixing it farther north than the 23rd deg. In the Colonial days Peru and Chili were contiguous. Bolivia then, had no existence. It branched off from Peru and constituted itself a separate power only after the revolution had broken out. Previously to that, the interior of what is now Bolivia, existed under a distinct colonial organization, subordinate to Peru Bajo, as Peru Alto ; but on the coast, according to certain colonial documents, it would seem that the 25th parallel of south latitude, was regarded as dividing the kingdoms of Peru and Chili. However, a degree more or less, evidently mattered little, for a map prepared by order of the Spanish king, in 1790, and the official report of the then viceroy, define the limits of Chili, as between 22 and 28 deg., south latitude. Amidst

such discrepancies, Chili was able to make out a strong case when the discovery of guano within the debateable ground, gave her a motive for extending her power as far as she reasonably could to the north ; and she showed her moderation in not demanding that the 22nd deg. instead of the 23rd deg., be the dividing line. War was averted by compromise, for by the treaty of 1866, it was agreed that the 24th parallel should divide the two countries, but that the republic of Chili and the republic of Bolivia, should divide equally the products of the deposit of guano already discovered, or which might hereafter be discovered in the territory comprised between the degrees 23 and 25 of south latitude. Yet so little value did this export then possess, that it was not till 1870 a commission was appointed to determine and mark the points corresponding to the 25th, 24th, and 23rd parallels, and to run the lines inland across the desert from the coast to the Cordillera. Just then all Chili was excited by news of the recent discovery of a new silver region, forty leagues inland from the coast, and not far from, if not within, the neutral zone. Those Bolivians who have intelligence, devote their minds to politics and revolution—the mass of the people are as ignorant of what passes outside their own villages, as the outside world is ignorant of them. To the Bolivian mines of Caracoles there did not flock, therefore, Bolivian miners from famous Potosi, but Chilenos from Chanarcillo. Chilean science also soon erected splendid silver-reducing works at Antofagasta, on the Bolivian coast, and Chilean capital ran a railroad over the desert towards the mines. Antofagasta was also, even at that date, the seat of another Chilean industry. It was then the most southerly point at which had been opened the beds of nitre that underlie the pampas above the coast breastwork of the Pacific from Arica, for 450 miles, even to Taltal in Chili. Languishing attempts to exploit this

valuable salt from Antofagasta had been made by Valparaiso merchants. On the very confines, therefore, of Chilian territory, there sprung up two industries worked by Chilian labour, developed by Chilian skill, and sustained entirely by Chilian capital. Since 1870, the exportation of nitre from Antofagasta has grown from an insignificant quantity to one and a half million of quintals annually; and the Chilian population engaged in mining saltpetre and silver on Bolivian soil, has come to reach 15,000.

Of all the South American Republics, Chili is the best governed, and, therefore, the most capable of carrying out a policy of aggression; while Bolivia is not governed at all, its docile population being mere tools of successive military revolutionists, who have loaded their country with debt, on which they do not pay the interest, and treated some foreign powers with such discourtesy that they have withdrawn their representatives. In a diplomatic contest Bolivia would certainly be worsted by Chili, while in a war with weapons, the ample resources of Chili, her good credit, the better organization of her army, and the possession of a navy, above all, the more generally diffused education of her people, would give her a supreme advantage over her rival if left by Peru to fight her battles alone.

The present conflict seems to have arisen out of the determination of Bolivia to tax the produce of the Antofagasta Nitre Works and the Caracoles Silver Mine, contrary to treaty stipulations with Chili. In all the Republics which represent the old Spanish colonies, the Spanish mining law has been retained which regards all mines as the property of the State, no matter on whose land they exist, and empowers the State to vest in the finder, or his legal successor, the right to work them so long as a certain amount of labour is annually expended on them. In return the State collects an export duty. From this

duty, by a convention made in 1874, Bolivia undertook to exempt for a period of twenty-five years, the produce of the Chilian nitre and silver works of Antofagasta, in consideration of Chili abandoning all claim to her share of the duty on guano exploited within the fiscal zone, and which duty Bolivia had collected and kept. By this treaty the 24th parallel was definitely fixed on as the boundary. Bolivia—in March, 1878—imposed a duty (doubtless at the instigation of Peru), on the Antofagasta nitre, and the Chilian Co. refusing to pay the impost of arrears, amounting to \$90,000, Bolivia, under the authority of her courts, proceeded to sell the nitre works. The sale was summarily stopped by the appearance of a Chilian fleet in the harbour of Antofagasta and the landing of a considerable force, which occupied the town, the nitre and silver works, the Caracoles R. R. and the silver mines. Of course there was no opposition, for, with a trifling exception, the whole population is Chilian.

At once Peru entered the arena to back her impotent neighbour. The reason for her interference is not far to seek. The nitre trade of Peru is one which, within a quarter of a century, has assumed immense proportions. For the twenty-five years between 1830 and 1855 the export was only 407,602 tons, but from that date the trade rapidly grew. In 1854, there were exported, in 101 ships, 720,465 cwt.; in 1875, the export had increased, in 425 ships, to 6,537,380 cwt.; in 1877, it had fallen to 4,278,800 cwt.

The Government used to charge an export duty of one dollar per cwt., but, dissatisfied with that, and tempted by their former success in borrowing £30,000,000 on guano, a law was passed, in 1875, authorising the Government to buy the mines and factories of nitre in the Province of Tarapaca, for a sum of \$20,000,000, and on the security of the purchase to

raise \$35,000,000. To compel the owners to sell, a prohibitory export duty of \$2.50 was imposed. Most of the owners succumbed and accepted provisional certificates at two years' date for the value of the property as determined by experts. A few still resist. The result has been that the export of 1875, amounting to 6,537,380 cwt., has fallen, in 1877, to 4,278,800, but the price has risen from \$45 to \$60 the ton. The Government has, however, failed to raise a loan, and, therefore, the compulsory sellers will probably have to accept promises to pay. Were the Government honest, payment would soon be made, for they have no difficulty in finding contractors willing to mine and deliver the nitre of these public mines on board ship at \$1.37 to \$1.50 per quintal, while its selling price is \$3.

The policy of the Government would, therefore, be eminently successful were it not that Peru, fortunately, does not monopolize the nitre of the world. The nitre beds extend beyond Peru into Bolivia and across the narrow Bolivian coast into Chili. The Antofagasta beds—worked, as already stated, by Chilians—now yield one and one-half million cwt. yearly, and an exploration of the Chilian portion of the Atacama Desert by Pissis has revealed the occurrence, at Taltal, of very extensive deposits. The treaty of 1874, between Chili and Bolivia,

exempting the products of the Antofagasta Nitre Co. from the payment of all duty, completely frustrates the Peruvian scheme, for her restrictive measures simply raise the price for the benefit of her rivals, while their unlimited production tends to depress it. She sees no remedy but war, which she hopes will result in her either possessing herself of the whole nitre coast or compelling Chili to adopt her commercial policy. Her conduct is as unjustifiable as would be that of Great Britain were she to fix a quarrel and go to war overtly to maintain the principles and enforce on other nations the practice of free trade.

The result of the war must depend in great measure on the resources of the belligerents. Chili has the advantage of having already occupied as much of the enemy's country as she probably wishes to retain. She can therefore stand on the defensive on land—and on her fleet and its good crews for offensive warfare. When on its peace footing—

The army of Chili consists of
2,000 Infantry,
804 Artillery,
712 Cavalry.

3,516 men. In addition to this, her National Guard, an effective Militia, numbers 24,287 men.

Her fleet comprises the following ships:—

NAMES OF THE SHIPS.	Tonnage.	Horse Power.	Cannon.	Officers.	Crew.	Marines.	Total.
El Almirante Cochrane, Iron Clad..	2,032	500	8	32	193	40	265
Valparaiso " "	2,032	500	8	32	193	40	265
Abtao, Corvette.....	1,051	300	5	17	104	25	146
O'Higgins, "	1,100	200	7	19	118	25	162
Chacabuco, "	1,100	200	7	17	118	25	160
Esmeralda, "	800	200	12	31	137	25	193
Magallanes, "	645	200	4	13	94	26	133
Covadonga, Gunboat.....	412	140	2	13	74	16	103
Ancud, Steam Transport.....	500	120	1	8	38	6	52
Independencia, "	140	120		4	22		26
Valdivia "	700	300		3	23	11	37
Tolten, Training Ship	240	80		6	28		34
Thalaba, Store Ship.....	940			2	7	12	21
Totals.....	11,692	2,860	54	197	1,149	251	1,597

Bolivia has no navy, but her army numbers 2,000 men, who are commanded by over 1,000 officers. As may be surmised from the number of officers, the President has always been a General who has attained the position of military dictator by revolutionary and violent means. As her narrow stretch of barren coast is separated from the inhabited interior by hundreds of miles of desert, across which it would be costly to march an army, her troops will probably reach the seat of war through Peruvian territory and be transported in Peruvian ships from the Peruvian ports of Mollendo or Arica—the real commercial outlets of Bolivia—if the Chilean fleet permits.

Peru has a navy of greater tonnage than that of Chili, but its crews are decidedly inferior in seamanship. Her main dependence will rest on the iron-clad frigate "Independencia," of 14 guns, for her five turret ships are of antiquated build, and their efficiency doubtful, except for harbour defence, though the 'Huascar,' it may be recollected, behaved well in her encounter with H. M. S. 'Shah,' when handled by a party of revolutionists, who had seized and run her out of the harbour of Callao. Besides these, she has six armed steamers suitable for transport service. The fleet carries fifty-six guns. While Chili, early in her history, under the wise guidance of Portales, disbanded her large army and forswore military Presidents, Peru, with a scanty population of only 2,700,000, maintains a force of all arms of 13,000 men, which has been used chiefly as an instrument of revolutionary warfare; for, of the fifty-three occupants of the presidential chair during the first forty-four years of Peruvian Republicanism, six only owed their office to popular election. If Peru can concentrate her troops at the desired point along the very extended scene of warlike operations with sufficient expedition, her army will become a very important factor in the calculation of results.

The scene of the war is at present the sea coast of Peru, Bolivia and Chili. War cannot make it more desolate than nature has left it, for, from the northern limits of the Peruvian to a region far south of the Bolivian shore, there faces the Pacific a treeless desert, which stretches inland to the Andes. This stupendous mountain chain runs from the Isthmus of Panama almost to the Straits of Magellan, and so near the Pacific that its snow clad peaks may be seen by the sailor at points on the coast of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chili. In fact the whole west coast is but the slope of the Andes, which influences its climate, its productions, and its people.

The boundary line between Ecuador and Peru marks a very sudden transition from exuberant tropical fertility to an absolute sterility, which characterises the coast of Peru, Bolivia, and of parts of Chili. This desert is coterminous with the area of the south-east trades, which, sweeping across the continent from the Atlantic, with their burden of moisture, meets the cold barrier of the Andes, and deposit on its eastern flank their watery load as rain and snow, so completely that when they curl over its crest and reach the Pacific, they are dry winds. The northern limits of the trades correspond closely with the northern limit of the arid zone. The line of demarcation in the south between the trades and the variable winds is less defined than in the north, and their influence on the climate and physical features of the coast less abrupt, for in sailing from Caldera, in Chili, near the mouth of the River Copiapo, whose bed is seldom even with it, and on the southern confine of the Atacama desert, in latitude 26 deg. south, to Concepcion in latitude 33 deg. south, or pass from a region where rain is a rare phenomenon, even in the winter months, to one of average humidity, and remark the effect in the gradual appearance of new vegetable forms, and the growing

size and sturdiness of those which derive a stunted existence from the sands of the desert. The Atacama around Caldera will barely support a cactus or an aloe. In the latitude of Coquimbo, 200 miles to the south, these Arabs of the vegetable kingdom occupy so exclusively the unirrigated ground, and in such variety of species as almost to choke the life out of any struggling individuals of other families. Two hundred miles still further to the south—about Valparaiso—the myrtle, rhododendron, and such thick leaved shrubs, and even the oak and guillai, and other stately trees, withstand the summer drought, while 200 miles further brings us fairly into the forest zone.

In the centre of this arid coast stands Arica, with the unenviable notoriety of being a focus of earthquake activity. It lies at the point of the obtuse angle formed by the slightly converging shore of the west coast, where occurs a striking change in the scenery and productions of the coast. To the north the same desert and drought occur as to the south, but to the north the Andes approach nearer the sea, and the courses of the little rivers which take their rise in its recesses being short, their waters nourish strips of verdure down to the very shore. Hence, although the broken coast-line is uniformly barren, a glimpse is obtained, here and there, of a ribband of green, and the trade is in fruit and wine, and sugar and cotton, which, though shipped from desolate ports, comes from a prolific, artificially-irrigated back country.

But immediately north of Arica commences the pampa of Tamarugal, in the Province of Tarapaca, an elevated, comparatively level plateau, which has yielded so reluctantly to the wear and tear of the Pacific that its waters beat for hundreds of miles against an almost vertical and straight wall of rock. On the plateau is mined the nitre, which is shipped from forlorn hamlets and towns, squeezed in

between the sea and the cliffs. South of Iquique, the chief exporter of nitre, the coasts yield guano; and further south guano and nitre and copper are mined and shipped by a population which never see a blade of grass, or enjoy the luxury of a cooling shower, or drinks a cup of water direct from nature's reservoir, but from year's end to year's end looks on a sky which is as brass, and around on the salt sea and the sandy desert, and the bare cliffs, and handles guano, saltpetre and copper. Such, briefly, is the seat of war!

In 1871, I travelled up and down the coast between Panama and Valparaiso. It was in the heyday of prosperity. Peru was erecting an exhibition-building, and had invited the world to come and witness her progress in civilization. She had found no difficulty in contracting an enormous debt on shadowy security, and money was therefore plentiful, and circulated freely, for she was building railroads from every post to carry to her uninhabited interior the emigrants she was refusing to admit, for to none but Roman Catholics would the State cede lands. For a time, the railroad building successfully served its political purpose—it gave ample and remunerative occupation to friends and foes alike. The Chinchas had not been quite stripped of their guanos, and therefore she might hope to borrow more, and the public credit abroad had not been quite ruined. Chili, likewise, was throwing off her primitive manners, and adopting extravagant modes of life, for year after year her exports of minerals, metals and cereals had gone on steadily increasing, but her government and people, more prudent than those of Peru, were not so recklessly discounting the future. Times have changed, but the physical features of the country remain the same, and the traveller now, as then, depends for conveyance on the boats of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which, though almost monopolizing the trade and traffic of

the coast, is not niggardly in its treatment of its patrons.

This important corporation owes its origin to William Wheelwright, who, in 1835, obtained from the Chilian Government a privilege to navigate by steam the coast and rivers of Chili for ten years. It commenced its operations in 1840, when it ran a boat monthly between Valparaiso and Panama. It was not till 1847 that it made two trips a month between these extreme points, nor till 1853 that it commenced running to the ports south of Valparaiso. After that date, trade rapidly grew, and the Company maintained two fleets of boats; one, of smaller size, ran into every harbour along the coast, and congregated the freight for a line of larger steamers, which called only at the larger ports. About 1868, owing to disagreement with the Panama Railroad Company, regarding charges on transit freight, the Company determined to try the experiment of regular traffic by the Straits of Magellan—an experiment which has proved completely successful. From time to time, feeble opposition has been raised. In 1870, a Chilian Company started a line in-

tended to run between Valparaiso and Panama, but the Pacific Steam Navigation Company bought up their boats. The White Star Line was originally incorporated to trade with the West Coast, but their operations in that direction have been insignificant, and the same is true of a German line, which runs an occasional boat from Europe, so that, practically, the traffic is in the hands of the Pacific Company, which has been the chief agent in developing the resources of all the republics between the Isthmus and the Cape, and is, therefore, both commercially and politically, a power of no mean magnitude on the West Coast. Its fleet now consists of 25 coasting steamers, whose gross tonnage is 37,436 tons burden, with 8,050 horse-power.

The Strait line is composed of 17 large ships, of 62,979 tonnage, and 9,700 horse-power. The following list of ports of call between Panama and Valparaiso contains the name of every important point on the coast, and gives the relative positions of many places which, if the war continues, will become familiar, for whatever evil war brings in its train, it has value in teaching us geography.

LIST OF PORTS BETWEEN PANAMA AND VALPARAISO.

NAME OF PORT.	COUNTRY.	LAT.	PRODUCTS AND EXPORTS.	RAILROADS AND LENGTH COMPLETED.				
Panama	Granadian Confederation.	3° N.	Port of transhipments.	RR. to Colon across Isthmus.				
Buenaventura...			Cocoa, fruit, coffee, rubber, drugs, gums.					
Tumaco	Ecuador..	2.10 S	Petroleum, cattle, coffee.	RR. to Piura 63 m.				
Esmeraldas								
Bahia								
Manta								
Ballenita								
Guayaquil								
Tumbez								
Payta								
Sechura					5.03 S	Salt	Tobacco, sugar, rum, cattle. .	RR. to interior 45 miles.
Pimental								
Eten	RR. inland unfinished.							
Pacasmayo		RR. to Ascape 25 miles.						
Malabrigo								
Huanachuco			do do cochineal	RR. to Trujillo 85 miles.				
Salaverry			do do rice					
Santa	do do							
Chimbote	do do	RR. to Huaraz 52 miles.						

NAME OF PORT.	COUNTRY.	LAT.	PRODUCTS AND EXPORTS.	RAILROADS AND LENGTH COMPLETED.		
Samanca	Peru	12.02S	Wool, ores, timber.....	RR. to Aroya (inland) 86 m RR. to Chancay (coast line) 43 miles.		
Casma			Sugar, cotton, fruit salt.....			
Huarmey.....			do do do			
Supe.....			do do do			
Huacho.....			do do do			
Callao.....			Port of Lima.....			
Cerro Azul.....			Sugar, rum, fruit and cotton.			
Tambo Moro.....			do do do wine			
Pisco.....			Cotton and wines.....			
Loma.....			Sugar, rum, cotton, cattle....			
Chala.....			do do do			
Quilca.....			Oil and olives.....			
Mollendo.....			16.06S		Bark, wool, ores, hides from Bolivia.....	RR. to Arequipa and Puno 346 miles.
Ylo.....			18.23S		Wines, brandy, olives.....	RR. to Moquegua 63 m.
Arica.....	Oil and olives, and products of Bolivia.....	RR. to Tacna 39 miles.				
Pisagua.....	20.10S	Nitrate of soda.....	Tarapaca RR. to Nitre-beds 75 miles.			
Mejillones.....		do do				
Iquique.....		do do				
Pabellon de Pica.....	Bolivia.....	23 2 S	Guano.....			
Huanillos.....			do			
Tocopillo.....			22.0 S		Copper and copper ores.....	
Cobija.....			22.28S		Some wool, copper ores and metal.....	
Mejillones d. Bol.....			Guano.....			
Antofagasta.....			Silver and silver ores, guano, nitre.....			
Blanco Encalada.....			Silver and copper ores.....			
Taltal.....			Copper ores, nitre has been recently discovered.....			
Chanaral.....			26.21S		Copper and copper ores.....	
Caldera.....					27.5 S	Copper and silver and their ores.....
Huasco.....	Chili.....	29.37S	Fruit and copper.....			
Coquimbo.....			33.6 S		Fruit, cattle, copper.....	
Valparaiso.....			Commercial capital of Chili..			

The first port of call at which we stopped on our journey southward, after leaving Panama, was Guayaquil, in Ecuador. We did not even sight the coast of New Grenada in crossing the Gulf of Panama—the Cape of San Francisco being the first land that loomed upon the horizon. A few hours later we doubled Cape Santa Elena, rounded the island of Puna, on whose hot sandy beach Pizarro marshalled his little band before crossing to the mainland, to conquer an empire with a boat's crew, and entered the river of Guayaquil. The tropical luxuriance of the vegetation on its banks, and the picture of tropical plenty afforded by the rafts upon its water, laden with the most delicious products of an equa-

torial soil and a moist equatorial climate, contrast most strikingly with the complete aridity of the landscape that suddenly succeeds on sailing southward. In the days of the Incas, there stood here—near Tumbez—at the gateway of their dominions, a temple of the sun, a very mine of gold and silver. Pizarro forbore to rifle it at the outset of his expedition, fearing to prematurely excite the hostility of the people; but he counted on despoiling it, and easily transporting its treasures to a place of safety on his return. To his chagrin he found it stripped of all its glory. On entering, the trades, we enter almost perennial sunshine, where, therefore, the worship of that orb would not be interrupted by

such frequent obscurations as occur in a wet climate. Tumbes is now devoted to the worship of the great god Petroleum, the light-giving divinity having been discovered there some ten years ago.

The first day's sail along the shore of the desert zone is interesting, not only on account of the novelty of the scenery, but because, at this point, the coast breastwork presents more variety of outline than elsewhere. At places the cliffs rise high and steep out of the sea, and exhibit in their sheer precipices magnificent exposures of distorted stratification; and where cleft, there flow through the openings into the sea, torrents of yellow sand from the desert above. Then the shore line sinks to a shelving beach, rising slowly inland, where the view is closed afar off by the snowy peaks of the coast range of the Andes. Here and there rises out of the waste of sand a vast mass of trap, whose summit formed an island when the sea washed the base of the Cordillera. Between us and the mountains, however—buried out of view—ran river valleys, where a narrow strip of soil produced prolifically cotton and sugar, and all that the will of man might wish to raise. But the energy of the old Inca race and of their predecessors, did not descend to their conquerors. In prehistoric times, every mountain stream had been tapped almost at its source, and its waters carried over the plain below, fertilizing large tracts, which the indolent Spaniard, through neglect of these water-works, allowed to relapse into desert. Of late, however, even Peru has yielded to the stimulus of steam as applied by the Anglo-Saxon race, and efforts are being made to reclaim the lost ground. Short lines of railroad, also, have been or are being constructed, some by the Government and some by private corporations, from Paita, Pimental, Eten, Malabrigo, Pacasmayo and Chimboti, all ports north of Callao, to carry to the sea across the desert strip of

coast, the abundant products of the fertile valleys of the bare hills.

Of these ports the only one of note was, and still is, Paita. It is the nearest to the chief provincial town of Piura, and derived additional importance from being the point of transshipment of all goods bound south in the days before steam. Previous to the middle of last century, the trade between Spain and her colonies on the coast, was carried on by a fleet of galleons which, once a year carried to Porto Bello, on the Isthmus, the manufactures of Europe, to be exchanged at the great fair for the products of the West Coast. The fleet of coasting vessels, returning down the coast, unable to make headway in the teeth of the trades, discharged their cargoes here. The trades did not interfere with us. We steamed into the roadstead, for this harbour too, is like all others along this coast except Callao and Arica, and while rocking at anchor, swiftly swung up on deck with the donkey winch, by means of a rope slung round the horns, to their no little surprise, 110 head of cattle. While the ship's crew were looking after the cattle, their owners were discharging from a fleet of boats upon our decks, one hundred tons of fruit for the Lima market. In a few hours, therefore, we were off again, the Paita fruit, added to the Guayaquil fruit, encumbering our decks from stem to stern with a decided surfeit of good things.

A railway of sixty-three miles unites, since my visit, Paita and Piura; but its whistle must irritate the sleepy Paitans, and must have shockingly disturbed their habits of life. It was after dark when I first landed. The population was lying on mats before the doors, and those who could not afford mats were sleeping in a softer bed still—the dust and sand which lay deep upon the street. The country around is as desert as the Great Sahara. Fresh water is brought from a distance of twenty-one miles, and

once a week the soiled clothes of the town is sent that distance to be washed. Not a blade of grass exists for leagues around, but the people, wishing to have some emblem of life near their cemetery, have ornamented the wooden enclosure with pictures of trees coloured bright blue. The ports of Peru are too numerous to be blockaded, even were the Chilian fleet ten times more numerous than it is. Unless, therefore, Peruvian opposition should completely collapse, the Chilian fleet is not likely to carry its operations north of Callao, which is 420 miles south of Paita.

Pizarro showed admirable discrimination when he fixed on Lima as the site of the capital of the kingdom of Peru, for here the spurs of the coast range come to within eight miles of the Pacific, and the river Rimac, full flooded from its sources, flows through and fructifies a wide expanse of country to the very shore. Lima is built upon its banks, and the port of Lima, Callao, only seven miles away, is about the only secure harbour between San Francisco and Valparaiso. Callao is built on a bay, which is so closed in from the ocean by the island of San Lorenzo that there is no more than free passage between its northern and southern extremities and the mainland. At the foot of the bay lies the low dirty town, built chiefly of Guayaquil reeds, and hardly redeemed from squalor by the Custom House and other public buildings. Substantial quays and a breakwater have been built of late years by Mr. Hodge, the eminent engineer who superintended the erection of the Victoria Bridge. Just above the houses can be distinguished, in the heart of the town, the heavy circular walls of the Castle of Real Filipe, which offered so stubborn a resistance to Lord Cochrane, when he commanded the Chilian fleet in the revolutionary war. The southern shore of the bay is chiefly occupied by the workshops of the P. S. N. Company, a fleet of whose boats always

floats in the harbour side by side with English and American frigates, and the low turret ships which compose the strength of the Peruvian navy. By last accounts, the Chilian ships are said to have already imprisoned the Peruvian navy in the harbour of Callao. The foreign interests here are so powerful that Chili will hardly venture to bombard the town even if able to do so. England is Peru's heaviest creditor, and Englishmen hold a great deal of property in Callao, on land and afloat. The Italian is the largest foreign element in Lima and all the coast towns: all the small groceries and corner stores are owned by them, and the coasting trade is largely in their hands. While they are the caterers of the coast, Germany supplies it with clerks, and some of the Catholic states of Germany have sent emigrants, who form distinct colonies on the eastern slopes of the Andes. France, next to England, is the largest bondholder, and the trade of Lima with France in *articles de luxe* is very large. The interest and influence of this country in Peru is yearly on the increase. Chili can as little afford to offend these powerful foreign influences as Peru can, and therefore it is to be hoped that, despite the bad beginning Chili has made, by destroying the guano loading wharves at some of the southern ports (which, however, are public, not private property), and by bombarding Iquique, the works essential to the prosperity and progress of the coast will hereafter be respected.

From Callao to Arica the coast bends slightly to the S. E., and therefore runs almost parallel with the Andes and at no great distance from them. Consequently the many streams which take their rise in its western slope, in several instances, reach the sea, and in all cases produce a fertile belt not far from the sea. The ports of Cerro Azul, Tambo de Moro, Pisco, Loma, Chala, Quilca, though dreary and insignificant enough, export in

plenty, the vegetable products of a temperate tropical climate. But sugar, rum, wine and olives do not exhaust the exports of this part of the coast, for nearly opposite Pisco, off Cape Pisana, lie the bare bones of the Chinchá Island stripped clean of their rich covering of guano. North of Callao the Lobos Islands still carry some 600,000 tons of this valuable manure. This the Peruvian Government is holding in reserve. The shipments of late have been entirely from the guano-yielding promontories to the South.

After passing the agricultural district the next port reached is Islay. The sea shore here is high and steep. The few wooden huts which constitute the town are situated on the bluff at the foot of the bay. An inclined tramway connects them with the quay below. To the north high hills overlook the town. To the south a somewhat lower ridge separates it from a hamlet on a still less protected harbour—the port of Mollendo. To the east the desert curiously stretched with pure white sand, rises to the foot of a rocky range, whose steep sides give access to the Pampa, which leads to Arequipa—the second largest town in Peru. Islay was the terminus of the Arequipa donkey road. Mollendo is the terminus of the Arequipa rail road; but so dangerous to life and property is its harbour, that it has been apparent from the first that the intervening ridge must be cut through and that the road must be carried to Islay. In 1876 the Government gave a contract for this short extension at \$1,400,000; but the survey revealing the fact that it would cost \$3,000,000 the work was not commenced. Islay, therefore, for the present, has ceased to be a port, though it is a port, and Mollendo has been declared a port, though it can make no pretensions to being one.

Mollendo has already been bombarded by the Chilean fleet; a justifiable act of war, if by so doing, she can cripple the railroad.

The railroad projects of Peru were conceived on a very magnificent scale. The guano of the Chinchas yielded wealth so suddenly, and made it so easy to borrow, that the Government can hardly be blamed for improving the occasion, more especially as there were at their elbow a spirit as reckless and and more enterprising than themselves—the great contractor Henry Meigs. This remarkable man, after his exploits in California, took refuge in Chili, where he became a sub-contractor on the Southern road. In 1861 the Valparaiso and Santiago railroad had been for ten years under construction by a public company, and it had only reached the foot of the coast range, thirty-four miles from Valparaiso, where the real engineering difficulties began; but in two more years the remaining eighty miles which span the mountains, were completed; for Mr. Meigs had appeared upon the scene. He seems to have communicated his own irresistible energy to the Government; for they assumed the whole undertaking, and acted with a decision without parallel in South America.

On Sept. 10th, 1861, Meigs gave in his tender.

On Sept. 11th, it was accepted by the Senate.

On Sept. 12th, it was accepted by the Chambers of Deputies.

On Sept. 14th, the President was authorized by the House to sign the contract. At midnight of that day it was closed, and on the 16th Meigs commenced work with a large corps of men. He undertook to build the road in three years; it was completed in two. But Chili was too narrow a field. He soon removed to Peru; and there he at one time held contracts amounting to one hundred millions of dollars. The first important road he built was that from Mollendo to Arequipa; but the scheme his heart was most warmly wedded to was the wonderful Aroya road, which, after scaling the coast range from Lima to Aroya, was to branch off to the Cerro Pasca

silver mines. The project united the fascination of a mining and railroad scheme—a combination irresistible to less speculative minds than his. Unfortunately he has not lived to overcome the engineering and financial difficulties of the dual project. Of the Aroya road 86½ miles of the 145 are open to such traffic as bare mountain sides and thundering torrents and perpetual snow afford. If it should reach the Cerro Pasca mine, and these should yield to scientific mining and metallurgy in proportion as they have yielded to the primitive methods of the past, their produce alone will supply considerable freight; and when the day arrives that it has been carried over the Cordillera to the head waters of the Amazon, and trains are packed with emigrants to this fertile region, of which Church's 'Heart of the Andes' is no mere painter's dream—then the road will have fulfilled its destiny, and the wisdom of the projectors have been justified. Till then it will be a serious drain on the resources of the country. The Arequipa road is one of more immediate benefit, the fruits of which are being already reaped. For the greater part of the distance the main line of 114 miles runs up a steep mountain range, and over sandy pampas; but its terminus is the city of Arequipa, which heretofore was so severed from the seat of government, that it was a hot-bed of revolutionary plots, which had time to grow before the administration could even know of their being sown. The Arequipa road sends a branch southward to Puna on Lake Titicaca, and is drawing away from the direct road by Tacna to Arica the mineral, wools, and vegetable products of Bolivia. This branch is 232 miles long; it crosses one range 14,000 feet high, and another 13,000 feet high, and the houses along the track are as few and far between as on the western plains, while as yet the traffic is satisfied by three or four freight trains per week, a poor immediate return for an outlay

of \$30,000,000. It is not only the directors of the North Pacific who have faith in the future!

The port of Mollendo received in 1877, \$848,760 of imports, and shipped \$3,535,400 of alapaca, vicuña and sheep wool, bark, hides and copper ores, the products chiefly of Bolivia. These figures represent the total railroad traffic; but if Chili can blockade the port sufficiently to prevent the use of the road for the transport of troops and Government supplies, she will seriously embarrass the position of the allies; as the only other speedy outlet from the interior is the next important port to the south, Arica.

This is united with Tacna by a private railroad of thirty-nine miles, and to Tacna the exports of Bolivia has heretofore been almost exclusively carried on mule-back from the fertile interior across the coast range. The Puna branch of the Arequipa R. R., as already described, has diverted much of the trade, but a cart road is now in course of construction between Tacna and La Paz, which, it is hoped by the Aricans, will tempt it back again to its natural channel. Arica, till lately, would have been a more important strategical point than Mollendo, but steam soon changes the relative position of places.

When I visited Arica it was still in ruins. No attempt had been made to repair the damage done by the earthquake and attendant wave of 1868. The city had been built partly in the valley, partly upon the slope of the Morro or bold headland, which, running out into the sea, formed the harbour. The shore was lined with a quay, and substantial stone and iron custom house and other buildings faced the water. The railroad track ran along the water's edge, and at some distance from the shore stood the round-house and construction shops. The shock was felt at five in the afternoon of August 13th. It levelled the whole town, and while the people were extricating themselves

from the dust of their crumbled adobe houses, the sea was seen to rise and ere long flow in over the ruins in a wave which attained a height of thirty-five feet above high water mark. Oscillation followed oscillation, the water in its retrocession leaving the harbour bottom bare, and in its flow again and again deluging the town. The ships in port either sank at their moorings or were driven ashore and stranded high and dry half a mile inland. Almost side by side in this unnatural situation lay the Peruvian frigate 'America' and the U. S. gunboat 'Wateree.' Few houses had been rebuilt except upon the hillside. Not a stock or stone of the public buildings was standing. The site of the railroad shops was determinable only by a palm tree, which alone resisted the wave. The track still lay twisted and torn. The stacks of two locomotives, which had been whirled away by the retreating wave, just showed above the water of the bay when the swell receded. The wooden piles of the breakwater alone stood like the ribs of a skeleton from which the flesh had been violently torn. It was a sad scene, but the destruction it depicted so vividly by no means exhausted the trials of the unfortunate Aricans. While camping on the Morro, yellow fever broke out, and the plague proved a more rapacious destroyer than the earthquake. There is a superstition on the coast that great earthquakes run in cycles of fifty years. The Aricans, therefore, in course of time, recovered energy enough to re-commence building; but, despite their theory, the horrible tragedy of 1865 was re-enacted in 1877, and this time the devastation was even more complete at ports to the south of Arica. The wave rolled in and submerged the narrow strip of beach on which stand the towns of Pisagua and Mejillones. These towns were mere clusters of wooden sheds, the sole occupation of whose inhabitants is shipping nitre from the Pampas above, and which,

hemmed in between the sea and the steep cliffs, was an easy prey to the wave. Utter devastation overtook the ships in the harbour and the houses on land. At Iquique, still further south, the earthquake did more damage than the wave. The first shock threw most of the unsubstantial wooden houses down, and fire broke out on all sides. Shock followed shock so frequently and violently that the firemen could not keep their footing; but an inopportune extinguisher soon relieved them of their duties, for the wave rolled in fifty feet high, carrying havoc among the shipping in the harbour, washing away nearly half a million quintals of nitre, and leaving the town a ruin. It is being re-built more substantially and with more regard to the rules of hygiene than formerly; but what, between the fire which consumed most of the city in 1875, and the earthquake in 1877, and the Government monopoly of nitre, which has cut down the annual export of that commodity from 326,000 tons to 215,000 tons, the population of Iquique has fallen from 20,000 to 8,000; and now follows war, and bombardment, and blockade to cap the climax!

From Iquique a railway crawls by zigzags up the steep cliff to carry coal to the nitre works and bring back the purified crystals. The grade is so steep that in the early days of the road, as it was always a matter of doubt during the ascent whether the train would advance or recede, the passengers were ready on the first symptom of a backward movement to jump.

The nitre occurs in beds of varying thickness at three to four feet below the level of the desert sand. It is mined with gunpowder. As mined, it is contaminated with sulphate of soda, chloride of sodium, traces of iodine and bromine in combination, and other salts which are separated after solution of the whole by crystalization. The percentage of nitre will vary between

twenty per cent. to sixty per cent. The Tarapaca Railroad, whose marine terminus is Iquique, is seventy-five miles long, and traverses a large section of the Peruvian nitre-producing area. In 1871, the trade was growing, twenty large ships were loading in the harbour, and the unsubstantial warehouses were crammed with this sole article of export. The prosperity of the trade soon after excited the cupidity of the Government, with what immediate consequences I have already described, and with what remote consequences the present war will determine.

Sailing southward, the scenery remains the same as we pass the guano deposits of Pabillon de Pica and Huanillas. These deposits have been discovered and worked only of late years, but during their short lives the towns which have sprung up have had more than their fair share of suffering. Chanavaya was the port of Pabillon de Pica, but the wave of 1877 swept it and 400 of its inhabitants and seven ships in the harbour away. Huanillas was more fortunate, few lives were lost, but the property destroyed on sea and land was estimated at \$700,000.

Chili has been trying to rival nature by the wanton destruction of the Government guano slides and shoots. It is estimated that these southern guano deposits still retain—

	Tons.
Huanillas.....	1,000,000
Point Lobos.....	200,000
Pabillon de Pica.....	350,000
Chipana Bag (a deposit 7 miles south of Huanillas, not yet opened up).....	250,000
Total.....	1,800,000

These guano covered promontaries bring us to the confines of Peru, but no change in the aspect of the coast indicates that we have entered Bolivia. At the first stopping place, however, we see upon the shore signs of a new industry, in groups of copper furnaces, built in the open air, for rain seldom or never falls here, and the smelters,

naked to the waist, are inured to working in the sun. At every port hereafter smelting establishments are invariable objects in the landscape.

Tocopilla and Cobija are the notable points on the one hundred miles of Bolivian coast till the disputed zone is reached. Cobija, though the only port in Bolivian territory by which the interior communicates with the outer world, is six hundred miles from the capital, La Paz, the greater portion of which distance is over a sandy waste. It is, notwithstanding its dignity as the seat of a custom house and the possession of a few stone houses, one of the most forlorn of the forlorn coast towns. A bold promontory shuts in the bay to the south, but its surface is more rugged than that of its neighbours, for it was once covered with a sandy guano, every pound of which has been swept off clean. On the hills behind, copper was once mined, but the mines are abandoned and the furnaces are crumbling to decay. Shortly before one of my visits, it had been the scene of a revolutionary battle, fought on the most approved system of South American tactics. It resulted in one man being wounded. There were engaged five Generals, a host of Colonels, two Captains, and a few men. The plan seems to be for the contending armies to station themselves out of reach of one another's bullets, and then blaze away till ammunition is exhausted on one side, which of course has the best of reasons to retire and leave the field to the victors. In the last revolution there were five candidates for the Presidency, but all the four unsuccessful ones did not make haste enough in escaping. Two were taken, one of the two was buried alive and the other tied to a horse's tail and kicked to death. In the confusion no one was appointed Captain of the Port, but the duties were assumed by one of the heroes, a gaunt, sinister-visaged Colonel, who boarded us and after receiving due satisfaction, let us depart in peace.

Antofagasta and Mejillones are next passed—towns as unattractive as it is possible to conceive of. The headlands at both places yielded guano, which alone gave them importance till nitre was found behind Antofagasta, and later still, and at a greater distance, silver ore. How these innocent products of nature have excited men's belligerent passions, I have already described. The silver lode of Caracoles lies high up on the west flank of the Cordillera. The Andes throughout the Atacama desert, which stretches from here 330 miles to the river Copiopo, lose their character of an abrupt broken chain, and though their culminating ridge is 12,000 feet above the sea, this elevation is reached as insensibly as is the summit of the Rocky Mountains in the north-west province of the Dominion, where the traveller by the Saskatchewan valley knows that he has crossed the mountains and is on the Pacific slope, only by the westward flow of the streams. This treeless waste has been the favourite hunting-ground of the *cateador*, or professional mine-explorers of Chili, the more so, as an incident of the revolutionary period has given him a clue to guide him. A royalist was fleeing from the Copiapo valley to Peru, by the route that Almegro followed with his little army, when he left Peru to conquer Chili; that is by the old Inca highway, which ran far back from the coast, where a little water now and then escapes the thirsty sand. One night, he and his servant encamped on what he discovered next morning to be a rich silver lode. He accurately notices in his diary the distance he had travelled, and the surrounding landmarks. He died before reaching his journey's end. His servant preserved his papers, and told the wonderful tale of their discovery. Since then, association after association has been formed in Spain and South America, to rediscover the 'Mina de las tres Portazulas.' Curacoles cannot be far from the place,

but its scenery does not correspond with the description. The great discovery has therefore yet to be made. Caracoles was found in 1869, by one of those professional explorers, who more often are paid for their services than search on their own account. The ores first extracted were abundant, and of such great richness, that hundreds of adventurers from Chili, of every rank in life, crossed the desert, some on foot, some on mule-back—paying more for water than for food—many of them succumbing by the way, to locate claims and make fortunes. But the fulfilment has hardly equalled the promise, and though the desert around has been scoured, no new lodes have been unearthed. Curacoles will therefore, probably, be more profitable to the metallurgist than to the miner.

The first belligerent move on the part of Chili, was, as might be expected, considering the cause of the quarrel, to occupy Antofagasta, Mejillones; its nitre beds and its silver mines. Being in possession, and having thrown up defensive works to protect her acquisitions, as they can be approached only from sea or over hundreds of miles of desert, it will be no easy task to dislodge her.

The Chilian coast, where it confines the Atacama desert, is almost as bold as that of Peru, and if anything, more dreary and barren. The scanty population have to drink distilled sea water, and many have never seen a blade of grass. The poverty-stricken towns of El Cobre, Paposa, Taltal, and a number of others, are mere groups of huts, the inhabitants of which support themselves by mining copper, whose oxydized ores may be seen, at many points even from the sea, staining the cliffs green; but the only ports in the Atacama where any notable quantity of copper is shipped, are those of Pan de Azuca and Chanaral. Here are smelted the ores from the mines of San Pedro, the Ladado, and Las Animas, which together extract about 20,000 tons of copper annually.

From Chanaral a railway runs to the mines, forty miles distant in the desert; and this is really the only cluster of huts north of Caldera worthy to be called a town, and the only place of consideration sufficient to deserve attack, should Peru be allowed to recriminate on Chili for her wanton bombardment of her coast towns. Caldera is forty miles south of Chanaral, and is the first harbinger of civilization. It is the terminus of the Copiapo Railroad, a thriving road which does not depend exclusively on the transport of mineral for support. It has a pier at which you may land; the beach is lined with a row of stone houses; and although there is still nothing but desert everywhere, nevertheless you feel that so much human life as you here meet must have its counterpart in vegetable life not far off. But one more desolate port—that of Carrizal Bajo—remains to be entered. At it the Carrizal Alto and Cerro Blanco Railroad discharges its load of copper ores and mattes, and carries back coal for the mine and the furnaces, and water for men and steam engines; for these model mines are so dry they do not supply even water enough for their own consumption. A further sail of a few hours brought us to the first glimpse of verdure since leaving Arica. The river Vallinar reaches the sea at Huasco, and between its symmetrically terraced banks the eye follows with pleasure the ribbon of green which stretches hence to the Cordillera; and in the fruit season the taste as well as the eye is gratified, for the grapes of the valley of Vallinar are as rich as any grown in Spain.

Ere we reach the next port of importance, that of Coquimbo, we have passed fairly out of the rainless tract. Here snow occasionally falls in winter, and the hills are sprinkled, not only with cacti and aloes, but with myrtles and other glossy-leaved shrubs.

This is the most active centre of the copper trade. Furnaces line the

harbour of Coquimbo, and on the adjacent Bay of Herradura are the Guayacan Works of Messrs. Urmeneta and Errasuriz. From all directions come ore or furnace stuff—from the great Tomayo lode they come by rail and sea; from Panulcillo, Andacolles, and a score of mines, the Coquimbo Railway brings them by the train full; from myriad, small native mines or by the hundredweight is carried on donkey-back; so that from Coquimbo and Guayacan the annual shipments do not fall below 20,000 tons of copper.

Valparaiso is 200 miles south of Coquimbo, and from its port and from the harbours to the south, grain, not mineral, are the staple articles of export. But as the coal mines at Lota, in latitude 37°—far away from any copper mining—are the second largest smelting works on the west coast. The steam colliers discharging their coal at copper-producing ports as far north as Tocopillo, can afford to take return cargoes of ore at low freightage; and with the cheap coal, work to advantage at the mine an ore of lower percentage than the mines can afford to smelt in the north.

Considering, then, how many and scattered are the ports exporting copper between El Cobre, in latitude 25°, to Lota 37°, it will not be possible for Peru to interfere with their trade, and as all the mines, with one single exception, that of Charles Lambert's Brillador Mine, near Coquimbo, are far out of gunshot from the sea, Peru can inflict no harm upon the mining interest. The momentary impulse which the news of the war, therefore, gave the price of copper soon died away. Large as it is, the quantity of wheat Chili has, in the best of years, exported, has not, in the presence of the enormous imports into Europe from North America, affected the grain market; and, as for three years she has suffered severely from partial failure of the wheat crop, even a total cessation of the export of cereals

would not be felt. The war, therefore, will affect the export and price of guano and nitre, but not that of copper and wheat. It will probably result in an adjustment of the boundary between Chili and Bolivia, but not materially influence the social or

political condition of any of the belligerents. All three are poor. It will hasten, therefore, the complete bankruptcy of Peru and Bolivia, and check materially the healthy progress of Chili.

IN MY GARDEN.

(Companion to "By my Fireside.")

BY FRANCIS J. MOORE, LONDON.

I LISTENED to the spring birds,
As they sang amid the trees,
And the sweetness of their music,
Was mingled with the breeze.

It seemed as if they told me
To lay sad thoughts aside ;
"Let sadness dwell with Winter,
But Joy—with Spring abide.

"We shall stay here all the summer,
In this your garden bright ;
And sing our sweetest carols,
To make your heart more light."

So I welcomed my dear birdlings,
And stored within my heart,
Their blessed song of comfort,
Which bade sad thoughts depart.

SOME IRISH MINOR POETS OF THE CENTURY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

UNDER this title I describe those who do not, like Thomas Moore, hold a leading place in our literature, but whose writings illustrate some aspects of our national culture, and contain much which, although not of first-class merit, the student of English poetry would not willingly let die. The political events of the first half of this century have added to the lyric poetry of the language many most spirited verses whose origin was the excitement which culminated and spent itself in 1848. The verses of Davis, Duffy, Florence MacCarthy, and others, have been again and again reprinted; political and religious partisanship has ensured their survival with a certain class, at least of the reading public in this country, as well as in England and Ireland. Many of these productions have a poetical value, and appeal to higher and wider sympathies than those which gave them their first popularity; the time may perhaps come when an English Princess may sing a Young Ireland lyric as well as a Jacobite song. These poems belong to a movement essentially nobler than the Fenianism which claims to be its successor. Smith O'Brien's *emeute* failed because, being a gentleman, he refused to allow a robber raid like that at Fort Erie. And Fenianism has simply no literature.

The object of these papers is to give some account of a different and less known class of writers, those whose motive was purely literary, and who represent the higher culture as it has been in Dublin from the beginning of this century. Their names are allowed a corner in most cyclopædias

and literary histories; it is my conviction that something more is their due, and that they have left us poems which well deserve to be brought under the attention of the student of English verse. Most of the details here given are drawn from my own personal knowledge of those of whom I write, or from sources of information not hitherto published. I write of Charles Maturin, dramatist and novelist; of James Clarence Mangan, lyric poet; of Professor Anster, translator of Faust; also of James Wills, biographer and lyricist; and of his son William Wills, the dramatist poet; and of William Allingham and Lady Wilde (Miss Elgee), lyric poets.

The Rev. Charles Maturin came before the public early in the first half of this century. Born in Dublin, he belonged to one of those aristocratic Huguenot families who settled in the Irish Capital on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and whose descendants, the Lefroys, the Tabiteaus, the Destenes, the Laboucheres, gained during the next generation such high place in Dublin society. Young Maturin passed with honour through Trinity College, Dublin, was ordained, and became curate in the, at that time, fashionable Church of St. Peter's. He at once became popular as a preacher in a city where congregations are critical, and where taste had been formed on such models as Grattan and Dean Kirwan. I have heard one of Maturin's manuscript sermons read by his son, himself eminent as a preacher, in the Dublin of to-day. It was a stirring, graphic discourse, very striking in the descriptive passages,

and as unpedantic and natural as one of Wesley's. Maturin became the fashion in Dublin. He was sought after in the gay and brilliant society which survived the Union of 1800. Private theatricals were then much in vogue, and young Maturin had, in voice and manner, all the grace and mimetic power which belonged to his French origin. Unfortunately for his chance of church preferment, his success on the drawing-room stage, even in that frivolous age, was against him with the 'religious public.' A bishopric fell vacant; the Viceroy of the day had consented to appoint Maturin; a note of invitation for that evening was sent to summon him to 'The Castle.' But Maturin had a more pleasant engagement, and replied by stating 'that he could not accept His Excellency's invitation, as he had that night *to die* in Hamlet!' It was not a very brilliant jest, but it cost Charles Maturin a mitre.

His experience on the private stage led him to try dramatic writing. His tragedy 'Bertram' was accepted by Lord Byron, then Chief Manager of Drury Lane, the leading London theatre. It had every success, and still holds its place among acting plays. The situations are striking, and some of the verses are very natural and vigorous, for instance the passage—

'When heaven and angels, man and human things
Have left the guilty in his guiltiness,
A cherub's voice will whisper in a child's,
And point the way to mercy.'

Maturin wrote several novels of the sensational school of Mrs. Radcliffe, whose machinery of ghosts and horrors he exaggerated. 'Manfroni, the one-handed Monk,' shews much ingenuity of plot, but is too much out of harmony with modern taste to be re-printed. Some money was, however, made by the novels, and about the same time the booksellers bargained with Maturin for a blank verse poem of that dreary kind then called 'didactic.' The real author of the com-

position published under Maturin's name being James Wills, a young man of good family and considerable literary talent. The 'thin vein' was worthy of neither of these men. Not long after this Charles Maturin died, much lamented in the society which his genial wit had adorned, as well as by the poor of Dublin, among whom the clergyman denounced by narrow bigots as a playwright and a worldling laboured with zeal too little recognised. His son, the Rev. William Maturin, Rector of Grange Gorman, Dublin, has been for many years the representative—almost the solitary one—in Ireland, of the English High Church reaction. Several grandsons are clergymen in England, in the most advanced rank of the same party. So does the whirligig of time bring about its revenge on the old Huguenot blood!

Very different was the career of poor Clarence Mangan. Born of very humble origin, for his father was a small cabinet-maker in Dublin, and of intemperate habits, a tendency which descended to his son, Clarence managed to pick up, in an irregular way, some sort of education. He was well read in English poetry, and attracted by the growing taste for German literature, which was at that time being set forth by Carlyle in his essays, and perhaps by the success which had been gained by Anster as a translator; Clarence devoted his leisure to the study of German, of which he acquired considerable knowledge. The romantic school of German lyric poetry then prevailed; the far truer and deeper genius of Heinrich Heine, being as yet unknown. The ballads of Freiherr, of Platen, of Weiland, of Uhland, were exactly to Clarence Mangan's taste. Some of his translations were brought under the notice of Charles Lever, the novelist, and of Dr. Austen, then the leading contributors to the Dublin University Magazine. Several articles from Mangan's pen appeared in this magazine, then among the freshest and most popular of serials.

Stray Leaflets from the German Oak consisted of a series of lyrics taken with admirable choice from the leading writers of the Romantic School. As a translator of lyric poetry of this class, Clarence Mangan had great gifts, as is shewn in his version of the 'Phantom Countess,' the spectre who appears from time to time to denounce woe to her royal descendants, and whose last apparition gave warning of the great French Revolution, which was to topple so many of them from their thrones :

' Once more the phantom Countess, attired in white
appears,
With weeping and with wailing, with tremors and
with tears ;
Once more appears a gliding forth from pictures
and from walls,
In Prussia's gorgeous palaces and old baronial
halls—
And the guards who pace the battlements and
terraces by night,
Are smitten with a speechlessness and swooning at
the sight.
O pray for Lady Agnes,
For the soul of Lady Agnes.

Comes she to announce the death of Kings and
Kaisars as of yore,
A funeral and a crowning, a pageant and no more ?
I know not, but 'tis whispered through the land
from south to north—
That a deeper grief, a wider woe, to-night has
called her forth.
O pray for Lady Agnes.

' I sinful one in Ornamund, I slew my children fair,
Thence evermore, till time be o'er, my doom and
my despair.
Then think of me, and what I see—you whom no
law controls,
Who slay your people ; holiest hopes—their liber-
ties—their souls—
The dry bones rattle in their shrouds, but you,
you make no sign,
How dare I hope to move your hearts with these
weak words of mine.
O pray for Lady Agnes,
For the sinful Lady Agnes.

Through the hundred-vaulted-cavern crypt where
I and mine abide,
Boom the thunders of the rising storm, the surg-
ing of the tide ;
Ye note them not—you will not heed the hosts of
hate and fate,
Alas ! ye soon will know them well—too soon, yet
all too late.

* * *
' About my head lie brightly spread, the flowers
that summer gives,
Fresh breezes blow, free waters flow, all nature
laughs and lives ;
But where you tread, the flowers drop dead, the
grass grows rank and sere,
And round you floats in clotted waves, Hell's lurid
atmosphere.
O pray for Lady Agnes.'

As is shewn in this ballad, Mangan's command of English speech was copi-

ous, vigorous, and undeformed by mannerism. For the melody and rhythm of verse, he had a skill not often equalled, a skill which bears comparison with the lyric music of far greater and better-known poets. In the possession of this incommunicable secret of the poet's craft, in power of evolving without effort, and in every variety of rhythm, that music of form, which is almost everything in our enjoyment of a lyric poem, Clarence Mangan was far above the verse-writers of the literary set to which he was now introduced. But he was socially far their inferior ; of flattery and patronage—verbal at least—he got plenty, enough to turn the head of a wiser man—but companionship or friendship on equal terms between gentlemen who moved in the exclusive circles of Dublin and the half-educated cabinet-maker's apprentice, there was none ! He was removed from his own class, but could not gain admission into that above him. The Dublin squirearchy, like all small and decayed aristocracies, are jealous of their privilege. In society Clarence Mangan had no position. With his dreams, his ideals, the men, and still more the women, of his own class could have no sympathy. On the women of the higher caste, he could only have looked from afar. Hence, perhaps, the passionlessness—the absolute want of sensuous colour, in his poetry. But, alas ! another and more perilous passion had already fastened on the poet. Whiskey-drinking, in spite of the great wave of Father Matthew's reform, was still the national habit. To Clarence the temptation came with the force of heredity. Many circumstances must have made that temptation almost irresistible. The admiration of young men of his own age, and above him in rank, led the way to convivialities for which he had neither means nor constitution. Those who would not 'know him at home' were quite willing to treat the young poet at a tavern. Probably very few of them appreciated his real intellectual worth.

By a few he was regarded as a sort of prodigy, a Dublin Robert Bloomfield. Intervals of notice and praise must have been followed by dreary periods of depression and loneliness—the dismal rain in the Dublin streets, no human sympathy at hand. Still efforts were made to save him. He was appointed assistant-clerk in the Students' Lending Library in Trinity College, with easy duties and a salary of £100 a year. Had he been blessed with self-control, this was an opportunity which might have been his salvation. He need not now have wanted friends who would have aided his studies. But the only friendships Clarence Mangan sought within the walls of Trinity College began and ended at the punch-parties of the wilder students. His dismissal from the clerkship soon followed. Thenceforth the downward course was rapid. Still at times his pale face and shabby frock-coat might be seen at the book shop of Mr. Mac-Glashan, the publisher of the Dublin University Magazine. Often a lyric of exquisite beauty, the work of some moment when his better and nobler nature asserted itself, would be eagerly offered and carelessly accepted by those who could ill estimate its value, the price, a few shillings, soon to be squandered. One effort was made by a generous friend in humble circumstances to effect a reformation; a room was given him in that friend's house, every means taken to secure his comfort, and to secure abstinence from the poison which had already undermined his constitution. For a few days it seemed to succeed, but evil habits were too strong. Soon Clarence Mangan escaped to his old haunts. But a few days after this he was admitted as a patient, in a dying condition, to the Hospital of St. Vincent de Paul, where it is good to know he received every kind attention, and died penitent and hopeful. This was in the gloomy winter of 1849. The moral of such a career needs no pointing, but those young men who are buoyant with the pride

of intellectual power; those, too, who, in seasons of depression and of reaction from mental exertion, may be exposed to the temptations to which poor Clarence Mangan yielded, may do well to consider, even in the above imperfect sketch, what he might have been and what he became.

John Anster, the son of a landed gentleman of the County Limerick, entered Trinity College as a gentleman pensioner in 1815, where his genial temper and literary tastes made him a favourite with fellow students, who afterwards, like himself, added to the fame of their Alma Mater. He gained classical honours, and the highest prize given in Dublin for classics, a University Scholarship. Trinity College was then much changed from its condition of semi-mediæval discipline and culture in the days when a slovenly and often-censured undergraduate scrawled on one of the windows of Literary Square his name of Jonathan Swift. Political excitement had indeed caused the suppression of the old 'Historical Society'—the books of which were, however, kept till better days, concealed in the house of the grandfather of the present writer, where the college authorities would have had scant success had they sought to claim them—but the influence of those whose genius had made it a greater educating influence than the College itself was still rife, of Plunket, of Thomas Moore, of the unfortunate Robert Emmet. Among the Fellows of Anster's day was the celebrated Jack Barrett, of Lever's 'Charles O'Malley,' who stood alone in his day as an oriental scholar. Anster was, with my father, who entered college earlier, a pupil of Dr. O'Brien, a genial and accomplished scholar, who died but very lately, having been many years a Bishop of the Irish Protestant Church.

On the death of the Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., which excited so much public sympathy, a prize of the unusually large sum of

£20 was offered by the College for the best poem on the subject. This prize was won by Anster, and for its vigour of expression and genuine feeling deserves its place in the volume of his maturer works. It begins,

'Weep! for the wrath of God is over us;
Weep, for His arm is lifted to destroy —'

This, with other poems, chiefly lyrical, was published under the fanciful title, 'Xeniola,' and attracted the attention of Southey and Wordsworth, both of whom wrote letters to the young poet, full of generous encouragement. Shelley's acquaintance, Anster had already made during a visit of the former to Dublin as a political sympathiser.

I quote from memory, for 'Xeniola,' long out of print, has never been republished, a few specimens of Anster's lyric verse. One is addressed to a favourite sister, whose memory is connected in lines of rare beauty and feeling with the beautiful southern scenery of Anster's youth :

'Oh, if as Arabs fancy the traces on thy brow
Were emblems of thy future fate, and I could read
them now,
Almost without a fear would I explore that mystic
chart,
Believing that the world were weak to darken
such a heart !

'As yet to thy untroubled soul, as yet to thy young
eyes,
The skies above are very heaven, the earth is
paradise ;
The birds that sing in joyous air, the flowers that
brightest be,
That toil not, neither do they spin, are they not
types of thee ?

'Last night I trod enchanted ground, and saw the
sunset gleam
On grey Kilcoleman's fading tower, and Spenser's
lonely stream ;
I looked on river, lake and hill, my fancy wan-
dered free,
And lingered upon field and bower where I have
been with thee.'

Or let me quote a translation from the Irish, the dirge of some chief or warrior :

'Alas! how soon death's thin cold cloud
The hero's bloody limbs must shroud!
And who shall tell his sire the tale—
And who shall sooth his widow's wail?
I see thy father, full of days,
For thy return behold him gaze!
The hand that leans upon the spear
Trembles in feebleness and fear.
He shudders, and his age-worn brow
Is shaking like the aspen bough.'

One other quotation I must give: it is from a striking poem called 'The Power of Music:'

'Listen to the death-bell tolling,
And its accents of consoling,
Telling to the aching breast
That the weary is at rest;
To the mourner whispering
Of an everlasting spring;
Soothing thus and reconciling,
Softening, and to tears beguiling,
With its measured murmurs deep,
Agony that could not weep.'

Amongst others, Coleridge, as well as his friends Wordsworth and Southey, was struck by the merit of these poems. Anster, having taken his degree at Trinity, went to London in course of preparing to be called to the bar. He there made the acquaintance of Coleridge, then in the calm and honoured evening of his life, at that retreat where Carlyle has described him as 'he sat upon Highgate Hill and attracted round him all that was of promise, all that was vague and unformed in the young thought of England.' Thither came to hear the inspired monologue of the only Englishman who held the key of the new philosophy, so many whose future 'wanderings of thought' diverged so widely—Newman and Carlyle, Edward Irving or Blanco White. Anster soon became a special favourite, was admitted not merely to the morning or midday public audiences in the library or among the garden walks, but to a private intimacy. I have often, when a boy, heard with wonder and delight Dr. Anster's reproduction of Coleridge's manner in reciting one of the few poems of his later years. Mr. Carlyle has described the Coleridgean recitation as monotonous, drawing and snuffing—to me, it had rather the effect of a solemn chant, but ill-suited to the nobility of the theme, a monotone such as one might fancy belonged to the Homeric rhapsody. Much of Coleridge's talk then was in exposition of that most cruciform of metaphysical structures, Kant's 'Kritik of Pure Reason.' Bohn's excellent English version of Kant did not then exist, and the 'Kritik' could be

reached only in German. This led Anster to the study of German, and fortunately, adds to his translating some passages of Goethe's great poem. Goethe, except for Scott's translation of some much inferior works, was then an unworked mine in England. How little German literature was known in the beginning of the century may be known by the fact which I state on the authority of one of the librarians of the British Museum, that, in 1815, the library of that institution contained not one copy of any of Schiller's works! By Coleridge's advice some specimen scenes from Faust were inserted in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Their success was immediate. Shelley was roused by reading them to a generous rivalry; a very few passages from the Faust appear among his poems, prefaced by a notice full of eulogy of Anster's Blackwood papers. The whole of the First Part of Faust was then published by Anster. This great work has ever since held the high place it gained on its first appearance. It at once placed Anster in the front ranks of literature. Substantial recognition of his merit followed in a promotion to an honourable post of some emolument at the Admiralty Court in Dublin. Here, for many years, Dr. Anster continued to hold a leading place in the pleasant literary society of these days, he wrote much in the *Dublin University*, then at its best, and edited by Lever. In 1849, he was unanimously chosen by the Senior Fellows of Trinity College to fill the honourable and lucrative position of Regius Professor of Civil Law. The rendering of the Second Part of Goethe's masterpiece was the work of his later years, and was published in 1862.

With the young men of Trinity College Dr. Anster was indeed a favourite. Possessed of an unusually sympathetic disposition, a youthful flow of cheerfulness and power of interesting himself in the studies and literary aims of younger men, he was the centre of a circle which drew into it many who owe the direction of their thoughts and energies to his teaching or rather to his conversation. As one of his class in Civil Law I had often the happiness of his society, and can recall how vividly still, the genial chain of his wit, his courtesy, and kindness, to which no society came amiss, which made the poorest student feel at home in his company. In the thoughts of the now scattered students of these days, I am now assured, few memories are so green.

William Allingham, of whom I can say *vidi tantum* belongs to the London rather than the Dublin literary *chronique*. Dr. Wills, an old college friend of Dr. Anster's, is known chiefly by a few lyric poems preserved in Florence MacCarthy's 'Irish Ballads.' He deserves still better to be remembered as the author of the excellent biographies 'The Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen.' But his name is most honourably sustained by his son Mr. William Gorman Wills, whose remarkable dramatic poems, 'Charles I.' 'Jane Shore,' and 'Eugene Aram,' have been so successful at the leading London theatres during the past ten years. Mr. Wills is a painter as well as a poet. The *Saturday Review*, of May 17th, notices among the most meritorious paintings in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy in London, Mr. Wills' 'Ophelia and Laertes' and 'The Spirit of the Shell.'

FOREST DESTRUCTION.

BY P. S. H., HALIFAX.

A NEW country, such as Canada still is, politically considered, enjoying almost unrestricted self-government, and, therefore, having a *quasi* nationality within itself, whilst yet in a manner destitute of those refinements and means of human enjoyment which attend great accumulations of wealth and long continued culture, still possesses many and vast privileges which have long since passed away—many of them irrevocably—beyond the reach of the denizens of the Old World. The most incalculably great of these privileges is to be found in the fact that it is a new country; that it virtually has *carte blanche* upon which to lay down the laws and regulations for its own political welfare and security, and for the elevation and advancement of its social condition; and that it may avail itself of an all but absolute freedom from restraint in making provision, from its own resources, for the material comfort of its people. This privilege is immeasurably enhanced in value when the fact is considered that we of the new country have before us, as at once a warning and a guide, the record of the great and often irretrievable errors, and the notable but, at best, only partial successes, which have characterized the groping movements of older communities towards a higher civilization; and that fortunately we possess the means which enable us to trace this record back to the earliest era of history.

This great privilege necessarily entails upon us correspondingly great responsibilities. Would that every Canadian could be made to feel how great those responsibilities are! The

foregoing general propositions might be laid down to preface an essay upon any one of many subjects which, in the writer's estimation, essentially affect the political, or social, or more material welfare of Canada, and which require to be dealt with by Canadians with promptitude, and with great circumspection, and a scrupulous regard for the right and to future consequences. At present, however, we propose dealing only with a very simple matter, and one, the merits of which, it is hoped, will come within the comprehension of the reader of even the simplest capacity. It is proposed to make a few observations upon the Forests of Canada and the duties of the public with regard to those forests—a subject to which all that has been said above applies with special force.

It is not proposed to dwell at any great length upon the extent and upon the past and present condition of the forests of what is now the Dominion of Canada. It may be presumed that every reader of ordinary intelligence is already passably well informed upon these points. As 'matter of inducement,' however, it may be briefly stated that originally—that is, at the time of the first settlement of Europeans in America—the older Canadian Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Quebec and Ontario, as also British Columbia, the youngest of those Provinces, were covered with dense, unbroken forests, whilst Manitoba and the Great North-West Territory were comparatively, —and, as to large tracts of country, absolutely—treeless. Even this now prairie and plain country of the in-

terior of the continent was probably, at a more remote period, covered likewise with forests which were destroyed by repeated fires, extending over a long period of years, until at length the soil had ceased to contain any more of those germs which had previously sprung up successively in what is usually regarded as a spontaneous forest growth.

The mode in which the early, white-skinned settlers of the older Provinces dealt with these forests, is pretty well known. Many persons still living have witnessed it. Indeed it may still be seen, in almost its pristine vigour, in some of the frontier settlements of the backwoods. These 'pioneers of civilization,' finding, of course, that trees were an obstruction to the cultivation of the soil for food-producing crops, waged a rancorous warfare upon growing timber. The spirit with which this war was carried on increased in intensity with indulgence until it became almost a *mania*. The backwoodsman looked upon every tree as a natural enemy, just as he regarded those noxious wild beasts and wild Indians frequenting the forest-shades. He could not always—perhaps might not always wish to—kill the latter; but every tree was fair game—helpless, too; and he dealt with it accordingly, as soon as he could. Trees growing in situations where they were, and ever would be, perfectly harmless to agricultural crops, and which oftentimes added an exquisite charm to the landscape, were ruthlessly cut down, just for the sheer delight of seeing them prostrated. Thus oftentimes he who, in boyhood and youth, and subject to the parental orders, wielded the axe to lay low the stately monarchs of the forest which might, easier than not, have been left to add incalculably to the picturesque attractions of the homestead, may now be seen, in middle age, diligently planting saplings about that same homestead, for shade and ornament, although generations must pass away before these young trees can at-

tain the grand proportions and the beauty of those stately predecessors which were so savagely and so needlessly destroyed. And yet, although this scene may be frequently witnessed in every part of the older Provinces, how slowly communities and even individuals learn by experience! Backwoodsmen, with many who can no longer be regarded as backwoodsmen, are very much what their forefathers were. Doubtless many of our readers have often seen men, regarded, too, as men of sound sense and intelligence in ordinary matters, who, when brought in view of a fine, ornamental tree, in the open, have eyed it with a savageness of expression, and have evinced an itching of palms for the handle of the axe with which to slay the hated beauty.

But, under the direction of our backwoodsmen, fire has been made a much more potent agent of destruction than the axe. Whilst large expanses of growing timber have been felled without there being any necessity for so doing, and which timber should have been left standing, the fires which have been set in these 'choppings' or 'fallows,' have oftentimes—nay, as a rule—been so recklessly managed that they have spread over large tracts of the adjacent, uncut forest. This custom, almost invariably pursued, of burning over the surface of the ground with the felled timber upon it, thus utterly consuming all vegetable matter felled to be found, and even calcining the surface soil itself to a considerable depth, is, as every student of agricultural chemistry knows, highly injurious to the perennial fertility of the land. The stimulus which it receives from the ashes left upon the surface, may ensure a good crop for two or three years. Then the land, unless of extraordinary fertility originally, becomes comparatively worthless for a long period of years—perhaps forever. Hence the necessity, or supposed necessity, to the backwoods farmer, to bring a further breadth of forest land under the same process.

Thus the work of destruction has a tendency to constantly reproduce itself. It may here be remarked, by the way, that *all* the cultivated lands of the country were not cleared up from the forest in this slovenly way; and, in some districts, the difference between lands so burned over and those which were originally cleared up on a more scientific plan, is still, after fifty years of equally careful tillage, plainly discernible in the greater fertility of the latter.

Whatever might be said in extenuation of this destructiveness on the part of the very earliest white settlers of the country, in consequence of timber, owing to its embarrassing profusion, the lack of markets in which to dispose of it, and the still greater lack of means and facilities for conveying it to market, having, in their time, scarcely any commercial value; the time has long since passed when anything can be said in palliation of this reckless waste of our forest products. Timber has come to be considered one of the most important sources of Canadian wealth; and, for the whole period of the history of these Provinces thus far, it has formed our most considerable export. Here we come to another potent cause of the wholly unjustifiable destruction of our forests,—the habitual procedure of those engaged in felling and preparing timber, in whatever form, for market. That class of men whom we may collectively designate ‘lumbermen,’ have, in their way, been only a very little less destructive upon our forests than the pioneer agriculturist? Their habits which, in the first instance, were owing to the same recklessness and improvidence as in the case of the backwoods farmer, have latterly seemed to them to have become in a manner necessary through force of circumstances. For, as the price of timber in all its marketable forms has gradually diminished, and as in consequence the profits of the lumberman have in like manner shown a constant tendency to become reduc-

ed, the lumberman has sought to keep up those profits by means of increased production. Thus he is, in a manner, driven on by what seems to him the very necessity of his position, to pursue a course which, whilst at best only moderately remunerative to himself, must have the effect, within an alarmingly brief period, of utterly annihilating our noble forests—that is, supposing even that there were no other cause tending to the same deplorable end.

Surely the time has come for the lumbermen of Canada to examine, with the gravest consideration, the circumstances of their occupation. Taking into consideration the whole history of the timber trade of British North America, from its very commencement down to the present moment, it is problematical whether the profits accruing to the producer, from the exports of that timber, in all its marketable forms, have not fallen short of the actual cost of its production. There are insuperable difficulties in the way of procuring statistics upon every branch of this subject; and therefore this conclusion cannot be *proved* with mathematical precision; but the writer entertains no doubt whatever of the fact that, *upon the whole*, the exports of the products of the forests of British North America, have cost the producer more than he has actually received therefor. The occupation of the lumberman is in its advantages the most precarious of any that is pursued, on a considerable scale, in this Dominion. It is more so than gold-mining, which most persons regard as so hazardous; but, like the latter pursuit, it has certain fascinations about it which possess a charm for certain classes of men. To the lumberman proper—the labouring man—there is a charm in the wild, semi-savage freedom of a woodland life—in the rude sociality of the woodsman’s peculiar gregariousness—in the mere competitive exertion of his physical might—even in the difficulties

and dangers which he is frequently called upon to face. On the other hand, the employer is lured by the vision of prizes such as he knows have been won in this great business lottery; whilst he is blind to the still more numerous blanks that have been drawn by those who, like himself, have boldly invested therein. Indeed, these prizes are more a thing of the past than of the present. The man of small means and limited sphere sees his enterprise, in a vast proportion of instances, end in failure. Even the large capitalist succeeds only through a long, persistent, and vehement struggle, or through the ruin of many smaller ones. But it is difficult in every case to disconnect oneself from a pursuit once engaged in. Thus our lumbermen continue to be lumbermen, to the manifest ruin of each other, to the vast over-production of timber in our markets, and to the obvious and not remote total destruction of the sources of that production. The action of those who represent the lumbering interest of Canada is simply suicidal; but, as we shall presently see, it is only of a piece with the conduct of the community as a whole, so far as relates to our forests.

Thus far we have been treating of the needless and, therefore, reprehensible destruction of our forests by our pioneer agriculturists and lumbermen whilst yet engaged in the lawful pursuit of their occupations. Whilst these men have been and are blamable, their ill conduct is rather attributable to errors of judgment than to any innately evil disposition. But we have amongst us, unfortunately, another class of destroyers, the iniquity of whose conduct no words can meetly describe. We allude to those fiends in human shape who, through malice, wantonness, or inhuman recklessness, are guilty of originating *fires in the woods*. We wish it were possible that any words at our command could convey what we are sure must be the utter abhorrence and detestation of

every honest and intelligent man in the land towards whomsoever is, has been, or would be, guilty of this execrable act. Its enormity cannot be estimated; its iniquity cannot be palliated; its consequences cannot be redressed. The very frequency of these forest fires have unfortunately so familiarised the native Canadian mind with them that they are not duly appreciated in the character of terrible disasters. With persons born in Europe the case is usually far otherwise; and, to their credit be it said, they are, as a rule, much more scrupulously cautious to avoid originating such fires than native Canadians are. As to the wide-spread criminality of the latter, in this respect, it seems difficult to account for it whilst still assuming that the guilty parties are really sane. At times, some boys—and sometimes very old boys, too—will, ‘just for the fun of the thing,’ kindle a fire upon the borders of a wood, in the nature of a *bonfire*, in order to see the fine effect; or a party of sportsmen—hunters or anglers—in the depths of the forest, break up their camp after a temporary halt and move on without having extinguished—probably without having made any attempt to extinguish—their camp-fire; or an individual tramping through the woods strikes fire in order merely to light his pipe or cigar, and throws down the still ignited lucifer match or touchwood amongst leaves, grass, or other vegetable matter, as dry as tinder; thus fires of the most disastrous nature originate, fires which rage for days, for weeks, and over thousands and oftentimes hundreds of thousands of acres of densely timbered land, consuming all before them that is combustible and leaving nothing but death and desolation behind. Yet, in almost every instance, a hat-full of water, or even a five-seconds’ pressure of the foot, would have sufficed to extinguish this devastating fire at its inception. It is, in such cases, mortifying in the extreme to know that the

destroyer could have been so easily staid, yet was not.

People who live only in towns would find it difficult to form any conception of the extent of the havoc often thus committed. When one goes back into what was once a noble forest, teeming with life and beauty, and representing almost incalculable wealth, and there travels mile upon mile over the scorched, coal-black ground, the dismal aspect of the ever-continuous scene, being made more dismal by the occasional appearance of the charred trunk and skeleton limbs of some scraggy 'rampike' thrown athwart the sky—sole remains of what was but recently one of the more stately monarchs of the forest—he begins to form some idea of the thoroughness of the destruction involved, and perhaps approximate to a calculation of its extent. And we may here observe that, to people in the back country who are only too familiar with such scenes, it would be a useful exercise—or, say *amusement*, if that term is preferred—to spend some of their leisure in making approximate calculations of the loss to the country of such forest fires as they have themselves known. Let any such person take into consideration *all* such woodland fires as have occurred under his own observation, or to his own certain knowledge. Let him estimate as closely as he can the acreage, in the aggregate, over which such fires have spread. Then let him carefully calculate the money value of one acre of timber of mixed growth, or of only medium dimensions, and of only average quality, and see what that will amount to when multiplied by the whole number of acres of such timber he has known to have been destroyed by fire, together with the buildings, fences, agricultural crops, and other property so destroyed. If his experiences have not been very unlike those of most persons intimately acquainted with the rural and woodland districts of this Dominion, the result of his cal-

culations will startle him. It is only by inducing people to make such estimates and calculations as these that they can be led to 'realize,' or to form anything like a due conception of, the enormous extent to which this work of destruction has been carried on. The writer fully believes, and as fully expects his views in this respect to be concurred in by every reader who has had good opportunities of forming a judgment in the matter, that all the timber that has been felled for use—both for domestic use and for exportation—within this Dominion, ever since the first white settlers landed upon it, falls very far short, both in quantity and value, of what has been needlessly and irretrievably destroyed and lost through fires originating as described in the last above paragraph, and in such ways alone. Surely this is a melancholy conclusion to which we are forced! Let the reader think of the hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property which has thus been maliciously, or wantonly, or at best recklessly, destroyed; and let him, if he can, measure the enormity of the sin which has effected its destruction.

Incendiarism is, by our Criminal Code, as well as in popular estimation, regarded as one of the most heinous of crimes. It is strange that the man who would be regarded by society and who would even regard himself as a monster of iniquity, were he to set fire to his neighbour's house, even if of the meanest description, will set fire to and destroy that neighbour's growing timber, to the value of many thousands of pounds—perhaps to a value quite incalculable—and do this without the slightest ruffle to his own feelings.

We have hitherto omitted mention of two possible causes of woodland fires—lightning and sparks from passing railway locomotives. We believe that they need only to be barely mentioned. Doubtless fires have, at times, originated from each of these causes;

but there is every reason to believe, that such cases are of very rare occurrence. There is reason to believe that they are most frequently heard of from the lips of guilty men who thus seek to mislead the public mind as to the cause of disasters which really originated with themselves. Of course, when, if ever, in the depths of the forest, a fire does originate in the electric spark from a passing thunder cloud, and obtains formidable headway before discovery, no human effort can suffice to stay its progress. The misfortune must be endured as one of the inevitables. As for fires originating in locomotive sparks, doubtless they do sometimes take place. However, such mishaps usually occur near the dwellings of man, and are also usually discovered in time to extinguish the nascent destroyer before any material damage is done. Whoever, having discovered such an incipient conflagration, should neglect, or refuse to exert himself to so extinguish it, should be held only a little less guilty than if he had kindled the fire himself. To exert himself to that end is a duty which he owes, not merely to any single individual, but to his country and to the public at large.

Whilst believing that the *extent* to which forest fires have become a great national misfortune has not yet duly impressed itself upon the mind of the general public, every reader, we assume, will admit those fires to be something deplorable. Whenever a public evil exists, common sense demands that we should forthwith seek out ways and means for its removal, if such be possible. What is to be done in this case? It must be admitted that the question is a puzzling one. It is a case in which repressive legislative measures, merely as such, must prove to be especially, if not even peculiarly, futile. The crime of the veiled and disguised assassin, in the most sequestered spot at midnight; arson, in the most obscure quarter of the largest city; piracy upon the high seas; the

malicious firing of a coal mine; all of these seem to afford to the guilty party exceptional facilities for escape from the due penalties of his crime; yet the criminal can be, and there is reason to believe in most cases is, followed up, detected and punished. But the human fiend who goes alone into the depths of the forest and there kindles a fire which, before it exhausts itself from lack of material to consume, may destroy millions of dollars' worth of his neighbour's property — of property, too, that cannot be replaced — need have no witness of his demonic deed. Even his trail is effectually obliterated by the fire-fiend which he has himself invoked. Unless, through his own confession, the secret of his crime may remain forever a secret; and he continue for life unpunished. Nevertheless, and as the first incendiary still *may be* detected, we would not contend that the legislature in such cases as we are now considering, should not enact ostensibly repressive measures: quite the contrary. If, for nothing else, the legislature should pass such measures in order to give its sanction to the recognition of forest incendiarism as a crime of the darkest dye. Such a sanction from the highest authority in the land and representing all the legitimate interests of the country would lead, and extend, and strengthen public opinion in its conceptions of the enormity of that crime, and in the consequent public efforts for its suppression. But to have such effect, the legislature should not trifle with the matter. The penalty for what we have called *forest incendiarism* should be something only barely less than capital punishment, say, imprisonment in the penitentiary for life. At the same time, where, in 'clearing up new land,' or through any other alleged, but not ostensibly criminal, reason, a man sets a fire upon his own ground, he should be held strictly liable for all the damage which may accrue from the running of that fire into his neighbours' grounds. He

should not be suffered to set up the plea of 'unavoidable accident' in such a case. Such stringent procedure seems to be indispensable in order to inculcate upon people due care in dealing with fire.

Whatever may be the result, direct or indirect, of legislation in this matter, it must be obvious that really effective results can be obtained only through exerting a thorough, salutary influence upon public opinion. Whoever sees and feels the importance of arresting, and for the future preventing, the needless destruction of our magnificent and invaluable forests, should never miss the opportunity by word of mouth, by appeals through the press, or in any legitimate way, of impressing his convictions upon others who are not already suitably impressed. Especially should this be the case in our communications with the young. Boys should be brought up to regard the setting of fire to the woods as one of the meanest and most contemptible of crimes that is repulsive to a manly boy's nature. It is said that the child of a Hollander will resent a charge of having plucked a reed, a spray, or even a blade of grass, from the side of a dyke more vehemently than an accusation of almost any other crime; so utterly dependent is the whole country's material weal upon the stability of the dykes, and from such slight causes may the stability of those dykes be impaired. We would fain see Canadian children evince a like indignation upon being accused of dropping, and leaving unextinguished, a spark of fire in the woods. When it shall have come to that, if it ever should, our forests will enter upon a season of due protection; and their contents will begin to be properly economised; but not until then.

We do not conceive that, at the present stage of our forest history, it would be wise to urge the adoption of any other and more artificial means for ensuring the preservation of forest wealth than those mentioned above.

A time may come when, those forests having become more circumscribed and more manageable, whilst also still more valuable than at present, it will be necessary, for their more effective preservation and economic management, to place them under the supervision of *rangers*; but that time is not yet. The object most desirable to be attained just now, is to impress the mass of the people with a due sense of the importance of this whole subject. We feel assured that it has already deeply—almost painfully—impressed itself upon the minds of the more readily observing and thoughtful portion of the community. Never has the work of ruin been carried on in the Canadian forests more vigorously—to all appearance more madly—than at the present time. Yet if we have not already reached, we are upon the very eve of, a period when the contents of those forests must be acknowledged to have a value never before recognised. We are just having opened up, in the heart of the Dominion itself, a market of almost boundless extent for the products of these forests on either side of that central region. Every tree that grows in them thus acquires a new value; and there is an additional reason why it should not be wantonly or recklessly destroyed.

Leaving out of view all consideration of the value of the timber now being so ruthlessly destroyed in our forests, there are other reasons why the preservation of these forests demands our most serious attention. And here, especially, we may take warning from, and profit by, the errors committed in the Old World and in time past. The effect of large tracts of forests in modifying the climate of a country is so well known to all who have given any study to this subject that we shall not pretend to treat of it in all its details, the more especially as to do so would be to exceed the limits we can now afford to give to it. We shall only mention, and

that briefly, one of those effects, that, namely, of the influence of forest lands in first producing, and then in economising, the rain-fall of a country. We shall not undertake to describe the *modus operandi* in which large tracts of forest, like lofty mountains, tend ever to cause a precipitation of rain from clouds passing over them. Let it suffice to say that their effect in producing that precipitation is a well known fact in physical science. We have not the means of ascertaining whether or not the partial denudation of the forests of Canada hitherto has, as yet, produced any material effect upon the quantity of its rain-fall. Probably it has not. It could not fail to be far otherwise, however, were the country wholly denuded of its forests, or even if, reversing the existing order of things, that denudation should be carried so far that the area of cleared land should largely predominate over that of the forest. Yet even at the present time, and with all Nature's provision for economising the rain supply—to which we shall presently refer—this country, taking one year with another, receives no more moisture from the skies than is requisite to maintain what we may call its normal fertility.

A more important function of the forest even than that of producing, or at all events enlarging, the precipitation of rain and snow, is that of being a reservoir for the retention of that moisture when it has once reached the earth. A rain-pour occurs, we will say, or the winter snows have melted, over a tract of forest-clad country. The moisture so deposited upon the surface of the earth does not flow immediately off, as it would do if that were a hard and impervious surface. On the contrary, not only do the mosses and light coating of other vegetable matter, forming the immediate surface, and protected from the scorching rays of the sun, act as so many sponges for the absorption and retention of moisture, but the

earth itself, to the depth of many feet, made porous by the penetration and ramifications of innumerable roots of trees and shrubs, acts as one vast sponge, by which an immense proportion of the precipitated moisture is retained, until that portion of it not required for the processes of vegetation gradually percolates towards a lower level, and is gradually drawn off into, and in fact forms, the running surface streams of the country. The slowness and longer continuance of this process is further ensured by the foliage of the forest in shutting off the direct rays of the sun from the surface of the earth, and thus preventing rapid evaporation. Thus it comes that the older Provinces of Canada, especially, comprise a pre-eminently 'well watered country.' In the number, frequency, and continuous supply of its perennial streams, it is unsurpassed by any country in the world, and equalled by few, if any. Thus atmospheric 'drought' in its more alarming aspects, is scarcely known in Canada; and when it does occur, its injurious effects upon vegetable life are much less notable than elsewhere in countries where Nature possesses no forest reservoirs of moisture to meet such emergencies.

Another benefit, and a very important one, incidental to the perennial character of these forest-fed streams, is, that they afford a permanent home for fish. Therefore, if not outrageously neglected, or mismanaged—which, unfortunately, they are, in Canada, at the present time—they naturally become an unfailing source of supply of one of the most important articles of human food. This is a matter which, in itself, demands serious consideration; for experience has already taught the lesson, in Canada, that even what have been recognised as valuable fish streams cannot always continue to exist as such when the neighbouring forest is cut away.

Now, what would be the result if these Eastern Provinces of Canada

were to be wholly, or even in greatly preponderating part, denuded of their forests? We have but to look abroad—to countries where such a denudation has taken place—for a ready answer. In the Old World, we can scarcely go astray for evidence of the disastrous effects to its human inhabitants of the total destruction of a country's forest. Let us take, for instance, Syria—an extreme case it is admitted, but all the better for our illustration; or let us take more generally that rather undefined region called altogether *The Levant*. According to all we can gather from the records of the past, Syria and what we now call Asia Minor, during the periods of their earliest written history, were, each in its several divisions, a sort of widely extended terrestrial paradise. They were wondrously fertile; they teemed throughout with plenty; and they were everywhere radiant with scenic beauty. Now all is changed, and sterility and desolation is the rule, except in the immediate vicinity of the few meagre streams which still wind through the parched valleys of the land. This is more especially the case with Syria, which is now all but treeless. The description of Palestine as 'a land flowing with milk and honey,' was, undoubtedly, no overstrained figure at the time it was uttered. Now that country is one of the most dreary and desert tracts inhabited by man. Its aspect may be imagined when it is mentioned that sometimes a lapse of years occurs without a fall of rain. The country may be described as treeless. In Egypt again, the desert is, every year, encroaching perceptibly upon the valley of the Nile, and has been doing so for ages. There is no forest barrier to prevent.

Even where an abundance of rain does fall upon a country stripped of its forests, the anticipation of that very abundance becomes an emotion of anything but unalloyed delight, and with good reason. The rain coming down in quantity, not upon a porous

forest-clad soil, protected from evaporation by forest foliage, but upon a hard-baked and all but impenetrable surface soil, nearly the whole of it runs immediately off, seeking a lower level. Thus the soil is but slightly benefited at the time of the rain-fall; no store of moisture is retained for its after refreshment; every depression on the face of the country becomes an impetuous torrent, or a swirling lake; and the same rain-fall, instead of being a blessing and a cause of fruitfulness and plenty, becomes a much dreaded destroyer. It is only a few weeks since we were daily hearing from Hungary—an almost utterly treeless country—most harrowing accounts of the ravages of floods produced in this way. Almost every year we hear like distressing accounts from the South of France, a country quite stripped of its forests. So with many other parts of Europe. Even in the United Kingdom—especially in Scotland and Wales—we frequently hear of great destruction of property, and even life, from the frequent recurrence of these floods, freshets, or spates. These floods would not occur at all, or their disastrous results would be much less notable, had due prescience been exercised when the primæval forest was being cleared away; for, of course, all Europe was once as densely covered with woods as Canada was two hundred years ago.

Canadians should take warning by what we see experienced in these old world regions. It may be a useless speculation to indulge in; yet we do not hesitate to express the belief that a time will come when, the population of the world having enormously increased beyond its present number, fertile Egypt will be rolled back upon the desert; when the hills of Syria will bloom with exuberant fertility; when even the great American desert, near our own doors, will be brought under profitable cultivation; and all through the medium, in the first instance, of a judicious and gradually extended cul-

tivation of forest trees. It would be well for Canadians not to subject their posterity to the necessity of carrying out the same slow and laborious process, in the remote future. They would have the less excuse for so doing inasmuch as, in each of the four original Provinces of the Dominion, as also in British Columbia and in the North-West Territory, there is a very considerable proportion of the country which can never be held in high estimation for agricultural purposes, but which, nevertheless, is admirably

suitable to the growth of timber, and which, for the most part, is, or recently was, actually covered with living forests. It should be everybody's business to insist that at least these portions of the country shall continue, for all time, to be covered with growing timber, ever replenishing it by cultivation as it becomes depleted through accidental causes, or from being removed for use. Looking even to the not very remote future, this is a policy which the prospective welfare of the country imperatively demands.

AN OLD STORY.

BY G. G.

A STRANGER'S face,—a passive look—

And then a little aimless chatter
About the weather, some new book,
A dance, or other trivial matter.

A welcome face, a kindly smile,
The interchange of thought and feeling—
And common words, through which, the while,
A hidden truth is softly stealing.

A lover's face, a tender glance—
And thoughts too sacred for expression,
And hands that meet, as if by chance,
And eyes that make the heart's confession.

An eager face, a steadfast gaze,
A word with Heaven in its meaning ;—
Two lives bound fast in one always,
And all their joys together gleaming.

A mourner's face,—a tearless gloom,
A life whose breath is words remembered :
A heart that is an empty tomb,
Whose treasure is to death surrendered.

UNDER ONE ROOF :

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A DANGEROUS TOPIC.

IT was no doubt the telling of ghost stories round the library fire which suggested to Frederic Mayne as a topic of conversation after dinner that evening modern Spiritual Manifestations. It was an unfortunate one in many respects, but he was quite unaware of the attraction which the subject possessed in his host's eyes, and of the reverence with which he regarded it. The family always avoided any reference to the matter, nor did they, even to their intimates, confess the hold that it had taken upon Sir Robert's imagination. They respected him too much to risk making him an object of ridicule to any person, especially in that neighbourhood, the inhabitants of which, being both old-fashioned and 'Philistine,' were not likely to receive any details of the New Gospel with much faith, or even patience. I am afraid, indeed, that public opinion in those parts, if it had expressed itself at all on such a newfangled matter, would have described the great apostles of Spiritualism as persons who wished to fill their own pockets at the expense of their disciples, a class whom in their turn they set down as one who 'from their money are soon parted.'

Under these circumstances it was no wonder that Sir Robert's 'peculiar' ideas were not talked about beyond the family circle; or that Gresham had not alluded to them even to his friend Mayne.

Who amongst us is so fortunate as not to have experienced once or twice in his life the terrible revelation of having unconsciously said something in a company which has produced in it a catastrophe little inferior to that of the explosion of a shell? This accidental treading on the social fuse is so calamitous to all concerned—but especially to him who has put his foot in it or on it—that I have always advocated the most stringent precautions; it would be a good plan, for example, if along with the *carte* at every dinner-table there was placed opposite to each guest a brief and epitomised biography of each of his two neighbours, with anything peculiar or abnormal italicised thus: '*Divorced*'—'*A pervert*'—'*An advocate of woman's rights*'—'*Mudness in the family*'—'*Father hung,*' &c. Then we should know how to steer, and, at all events, to avoid the more perilous risks of conversation; to come 'stem on,' as Mr. Mayne would have called it, right against one of them, without the possibility of 'backing' or 'stopping,' is a shocking circumstance; how much more terrible then is it to blunder unwittingly on some delicate topic that discomposes an entire company! This is what poor Mr. Mayne felt he had done directly he had uttered the words 'Spiritual Manifestations.'

There was no outward sign of disturbance except that Gresham made a face as if about to whistle, but he knew by the general silence that he was on dangerous ground, as surely as though he had sunk up to his knees through the dining-room carpet.

Curiously enough Sir Robert himself seemed by no means disinclined to discuss the topic; of ridicule he stood in no fear, having never experienced its darts; while just now there were certain reasons, with which we are acquainted, that made him very willing to receive what scientific folks call 'contributions' to the subject in question. He did not understand, as any one familiar with the world would have, that Frederic Mayne was not the sort of person to appreciate natural phenomena, unless they come in some very distinct and material shape, such as a meteoric stone, and hit him.

'You have had some experience, Mr. Mayne, no doubt,' he said, 'with respect to this curious subject.'

'Well, yes, Sir Robert; I have been an idle man with more money than I knew what to do with, and very little judgment I fear to direct its expenditure, and among other things on which I wasted my cash was *séances*, or, in other words, small conjuring tricks done in the dark.'

'That is not the view of many eminent persons upon that subject,' observed Sir Robert gravely: 'nor, if it is worth while to say so, is it *my* view.'

'This is a free country,' replied Mayne, smiling, 'and every man has a right to his own opinion. For my part, however, I do not believe in the spirits of the Dead communicating with audiences of the Living at so much a head.'

'Perhaps you do not believe in their communicating with the Living at all?'

Mr. Mayne smiled, half-courteously half-cynically (it was difficult with him to 'put up' with Humbug under any circumstances), and turned to his neighbour with 'What is your opinion, Mr. Raynes?'

'We have our philosophical persons,' was that gentleman's unexpected reply, 'to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of ter-

rors; ensconcing ourselves into knowledge when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear. Such, at least, is the opinion of the Divine William, and by him I always stick.'

'The Divine William?' exclaimed Sir Robert, interrogatively.

'W. S., of Stratford-on-Avon,' exclaimed Mr. Raynes, with a grin that would have convulsed the company had the subject on hand been a less delicate and personal one.

'I did not remember that Shakespeare took that view,' said Sir Robert, rubbing his thin hands. 'You will not deny that *he* is some authority, Mr. Mayne.'

'On mundane matters, I will grant it,' returned that gentleman; 'but he lived in a superstitious age, and must necessarily have suffered from its influences.'

'I am afraid Mr. Mayne has not much reverence for authority of any kind,' said Mr. Walcot, with a grave smile.

'I don't know what "authority" you have for that statement, Mr. Walcot,' answered Mayne contemptuously, 'but I confess I prefer to believe in what is accompanied by proofs rather than by assertions.'

'Indeed?' said Mr. Walcot. And though he uttered but that one word, it gave Mr. Mayne to understand that he (Mayne) was the very last man whom the speaker would have supposed likely to appeal to proof—after that adventure in the arbour that morning.

'If you mean by proof the personal experience of credible witnesses, Mr. Mayne,' pursued Sir Robert, speaking with great gravity; 'the subject of which we speak has ample corroboration. Without going further than this dining-room, I could find a witness to many of those manifestations to which the term "incredible" has been freely applied.'

'At the risk of being called sceptical, I should like to see them myself,' said Mr. Mayne; 'but unfortunately,

it seems I have no chance, since the presence of "sceptics" has always been found fatal to these interesting proceedings.'

'I beg your pardon,' observed Mr. Walcot, glancing at his brother-in-law, and speaking with a certain air of haughtiness; 'the presence of a sceptic is no hindrance, but that of an unsympathetic person is.'

'Unsympathetic with what?' inquired Mayne, curtly.

'With religious instincts and influences,' observed Mr. Walcot, drily; 'and especially with the appreciation of the fact that we material creatures are surrounded by spiritual beings, who have us more or less in keeping, as has been abundantly proved in these latter days by the so-called manifestations.'

'Heavenly shows,' muttered Mr. Raynes. 'That is somewhere in the Divine William's.'

'There,' said Sir Robert triumphantly. 'I had no idea you were such a student of Shakespeare, Mr. Raynes.'

'The quotation is from *Othello*,' observed the Curate, smiling; 'but it does not go to strengthen Mr. Walcot's position.'

When devils will their blackest sins put on
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.'

Mayne laughed aloud; Gresham (though he knew his uncle's eye was on him) could not restrain a titter; and Mr. Raynes outdid himself with a grin of the first magnitude.

'That is quite the theologian's view,' observed Mr. Walcot, contemptuously. 'They admit the facts, and even allow their supernatural character; but they set them down to the intervention of his Satanic Majesty.'

'That is not *my* view,' said the Curate, laughing; 'for putting *Diabolus* for *Deus*, I think, the poet's "*ne Deus intersit*" should settle that matter. It is surely scarce worth while for so important a personage as you have mentioned to make use of spirit-rappers.'

'You are talking about what you do not understand, Mr. Dyneley,' said Walcot, with another glance at Sir Robert, who remained silent. 'May I ask you what you understand by spirit-rappers?'

'Imposters; persons who do not hesitate, for the sake of filthy lucre, to affect communion with spirits of the departed,' said Mr. Dyneley, calmly. 'Men who take the advantage of a reverence they do not share to mislead their dupes.'

It was with astonishment that those who knew him best heard the Curate thus express himself; his tone was very earnest, and his face, which was fixed on that of his interlocutor, had a certain defiance in it; it seemed to say, 'I have been silent on this topic longer than I should have been, and now I tell you what I think of it—and of you.'

'I am sure, Dyneley,' said Sir Robert, speaking with great emotion, 'that you would not use such language as that which had just fallen from your lips, if you had given your attention to this important subject. I myself have done so, and there is another here who can claim still deeper acquaintance with it. It pains me beyond expression to——' here he stopped and turned to his brother-in-law—'I think, Ferdinand, it is only right in this company of honourable men that you should give your personal testimony to the truth.'

'As you please Arden,' answered Mr. Walcot indifferently; 'though there are minds here to-day as there were of old, of whom it may be said that neither would they believe though one rose from the dead.'

'I should,' observed Mr. Mayne, who, intent on his enemy, did not notice the bright spots on Sir Robert's cheek; 'only I must see the spectre in broad daylight, not with the shutters shut and the light turned down, as is the modern fashion.'

'I have seen no spectres,' continued Mr. Walcot calmly; 'but I have heard

their voices, and had incontestable evidence of their presence. They have dictated words to me, too sacred, indeed, for repetition——'

Here Mayne would have laughed outright had not Gresham kicked his shins under the table.

'Words that it would be sacrilegious to expose to the ridicule of the frivolous and unthinking, but which, I hope, have made me a better and a purer man.'

'What a rascal he must have been before!' muttered Mr. Mayne beneath his breath.

'Moreover,' pursued Mr. Walcot, 'certain material experiences have occurred to me, in the presence of many and credible witnesses, which contravene what we, perhaps, ignorantly term "laws of nature." I have been carried bodily up unto the air by unseen hands; you may suppose such position to be without parallel——'

'Nay,' observed Mr. Dyneley, 'there was Asmodeus.'

'Likewise,' remarked Mr. Mayne, 'a party of the name of Guppy, but that was a lady.'

It was plain that war had been declared. Gresham, out of respect for his uncle, said nothing, but it was easy to read on which side his sympathies lay. Mr. Raynes' countenance wore an air of supernatural gravity, which could not, however, be depended upon, for when this was the case he was always the more liable to facial convulsions.

'I say ignorant persons,' continued Mr. Walcot, 'may imagine such an experience to be unique, but to all who are acquainted with the records of Spiritualism there is nothing new in it. I have never been seized in this way, as some have, out of doors, but I have been carried out of the window of a room and back again through another.'

'Through glass and all?' inquired Mr. Mayne, with the air of a Miss Rosa Dartell who asks 'merely for information.'

'It was summer time, and the windows were open, sir.'

'I was afraid you might have cut yourself,' explained Mr. Mayne. 'You say you were carried by unseen hands. Now if they were unseen how did you know they were hands?'

'I felt myself balanced upon so many finger points. If you have ever played the body in the child's game of "Take breath and lift," which is merely science in sport, you will understand what I mean.'

Sir Robert as though he had been recently playing the game, and had therefore the most lively recollection of it, nodded adhesion. It was to him that Mr. Dyneley now addressed himself, partly because he thought it his duty to protest against his infatuation, and partly because he had not the patience to discuss the matter with Mr. Walcot.

'I don't see, even now, sir, why the points should have been finger-points,' he said. 'Your brother-in-law may have associated the notion in his mind with being lifted by the hand, because things in general *are* lifted by the hand. But the theory of the unseen hands appears to me as unsubstantial as the hands themselves.'

'Mr. Dyneley has doubtless no experience of spirit hands,' observed Walcot, carelessly; the remark appeared to be a general one, but was in reality addressed to Sir Robert.

'He certainly has not,' observed the Curate, in a tone so decisive that it seemed to convey the addition, 'nor has anybody else either.'

'I have seen spirit hands myself,' observed Sir Robert, speaking with great gravity, and in accents that trembled with emotion; 'and though I have never experienced what Ferdinand has just described, I have every reason—independently of his word, which, with me, at all events, is final—to credit it.'

'No one wishes to doubt a gentleman's word, Sir Robert,' answered the Curate, gently, 'but in a personal nar-

rative in which the narrator himself admits the fact to be contrary to the laws of Nature, it is surely permissible to suppose that he has—involuntarily—deceived himself, or has been deceived.’

‘The same observation may be made on those who have described the miracles in Holy Writ,’ observed Mr. Walcot.’

‘I must really object to place your testimony—or any man’s—upon the same ground with that of inspired writers,’ observed the Curate.

‘I think when “tall” stories of any kind are told in the first person,’ added Mayne, ‘that they should be prefaced by some such observation as “I could not have believed it had I not seen it with my own eyes.”’

‘Then you do not believe, it seems,’ said Walcot, coolly, ‘Sir Robert’s assertion that he has seen spirit hands; you think it a “tall” story.’

‘I was not referring to Sir Robert’s statement, which, moreover, is less in altitude by a story or two, than your story. If you insist on a reply as to whether I believe that you were carried out of a window on the points of unseen fingers—’

‘Gentlemen,’ said Sir Robert, rising with flushed face, ‘I must beg that this discussion be discontinued. Let us join the ladies.’

The invitation was of course complied with; but it was not to be expected that the objectionable topic of conversation should not be revived elsewhere.

‘I think,’ said Mr. Raynes in a low voice to Gresham as they stood together with their backs to the drawing-room fire, ‘Mr. Walcot’s being carried into the air, ever so high—was just a little—eh?’ and his mouth stretched into such a grin that it seemed to go all round his head.

‘It was a big lie,’ returned Gresham, confidentially, ‘though I sincerely wish it had been true, and more.’

‘How so?’

‘Well, I wish the spirit hands had

not only taken him into the air but forgotten to bring him back again.’

CHAPTER XXV.

AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE.

THE ‘intelligent reader’ has, without doubt, observed that the more peculiar are our friends’ opinions, the more ‘touchy’ they are about them; that their sensitiveness, in fact, varies in inverse proportion to the popularity of their theories. Thus one may express one’s own ideas in comparative safety to a Tory or a Radical; but it is highly dangerous to venture on such a course with a Vegetarian, or a Ritualist, or a Homœopath. Always in expectation of ridicule, these good folks scent in every word the flavour of offence, and woe be to him who treads upon the tender topic. And of all susceptible gentry that adorn our planet, the believers in Spiritualism are the most thin-skinned.

Sir Robert Arden was not only a believer but a devotee. If he could not aver with a gentleman of my acquaintance that he saw as much of his wife (who had been a lady of fashion, and of whom the thing might therefore have been said without great exaggeration) since she was dead, as he had seen in her lifetime, his thoughts were more fixed upon her than even when she was alive; he held communion with her or believed that he did so, every hour of the day, and was, in short, in spirit, a bigamist. It was quite true that he had seen her hand, or a hand that he believed to be hers, stretched out towards him from the abyss of Futurity, and even with a certain ring upon it which established its identity. And we may therefore imagine, with what annoyance, nay, with what pain and indignation, he had listened to the sceptical, and it must be confessed somewhat contemptuous, remarks of Mr. Mayne and the

Curate. Gresham, indeed, had not joined them in their expressions of disbelief, but the incredulity, and something more—a pity for his own fevered fancies—that he had read in his nephew's face, had chafed him almost beyond endurance. His indignation could only, in fact, be compared with that of Rip Van Winkle, when he failed to convince those dearest and nearest to him of his own identity; but, unlike Rip, Sir Robert had one friend at hand to appreciate his position, to understand his troubles, and to rouse his wrath against the authors of it. In the dining-room Sir Robert's sense of the duties of a host had restrained him from shewing what he felt; and afterwards, when he had time for reflection, his kindly nature had suggested to him that, after all, it was mere ignorance that had caused these young men to err, and no intention to give offence. His sense of justice even caused him to attempt to put himself in their place, and look at the matter from their own point of view, which, however, proved a failure, for not only is it very difficult to regard the subject next one's heart *ab extra*, but also he was of course ignorant of the real reasons of the antagonism that had been exhibited in the matter: by Mayne, from his personal dislike of Walcot, and by Dyneley from the indignation he felt at seeing his host so fooled by his unscrupulous relative.

When the party had broken up, and Walcot and he repaired to the study together, as generally happened, to smoke their cigarettes before retiring for the night, Sir Robert had half resolved to pass over the affair, and if he could not forget the pain, that had been inflicted on him, to ignore it. His natural courtesy, however, compelled him to utter a few words of vicarious apology.

'I am deeply grieved, Ferdinand,' he said, 'that I should have been the involuntary means to-night of putting, I do not say an insult—for I am sure

it was not meant as such—but a rudeness upon you.'

Mr. Walcot smiled a deprecatory smile, and threw into his large eyes a look of interrogation.

'I mean, of course,' pursued the baronet, 'that if it had not been for my evoking your testimony, it would not have been received with such discourtesy.'

'My dear Arden, so far as I am concerned,' returned the other in a tone in which indifference and gravity were strangely mingled, 'the thing matters nothing. I am too much accustomed to the ribaldry of coarse and brutal natures for it to weigh a feather's weight with me. If I was angry—and I confess I was deeply moved—it was upon your account, not mine. No respect was owed to *me*; but considering the position in which you stood to those three young men, the host of one of them, the patron of another, and the uncle and benefactor of the third, their contemptuous reception of a fact personally vouched for by yourself was most offensive.'

'Never mind, never mind, Ferdinand,' put in Sir Robert quickly. 'The thing was undoubtedly not in good taste, but I shall endeavour to think no more about it. If you are ready to pass it over, it certainly does not become me to take up the cudgels on my own account,' and he waved his hand as though dismissing an unpleasant subject.

'You are above all petty feelings, I know, Arden; and your forgiveness of these persons, so far as you are concerned, does you honour. It has failed to strike you, however, that others, however willing, however disposed to forgive, may be unable to divest themselves of the consequences flowing from this outrageous conduct.'

'Others?' repeated Sir Robert, in a puzzled tone; 'eh, I see; you refer to Mr. Raynes. You think that I have suffered some humiliation in his eyes from the conduct of three young men. He seemed himself to be by no

means a scoffer. Still I think I can afford to incur the commiseration of Mr. Raynes.'

And Sir Robert drew himself up with some disdain.

'I think you may, Arden,' answered Walcot, smiling gravely. The man is a buffoon, and intended by nature, I believe, to grin through a horse collar. I overheard him telling Lady Arden in the drawing-room, *apropos* of Frank, that she must expect him to give her a good deal of trouble; "boys will be boys," he said, "and it does 'em good; go it while young" is my motto.'

'Go it while young,' repeated Sir Robert. 'Dear me.'

'A graceful sentiment, was it not, gracefully expressed? No, Arden; I was not referring to Mr. Raynes, when I spoke of "others" being influenced by what was said to-night, independently of their own volition. Are you not aware that nothing is so resented by the Spiritual Nature as scoffing unrebuked? It was—I do not say your "fault," but your agency which brought about that deplorable discussion; it was you, however involuntarily, who drew down upon the most sacred of subjects those vulgar shafts of ridicule, and it was your place—you must permit me to say—to have resented them with vigour, ay, and rigour.'

'I could not quarrel with men under my own roof, Ferdinand, for the expression of their opinions.'

'It was not, Arden, in my poor judgment,' returned the other, speaking with great gravity, 'a question of quarrel, but rather a matter calling for stern and swift rebuke; and as for the expression of opinion, surely you would be the first to repress a word of indecency or irreverence; and was it not irreverence to express an open disbelief, nay, a contemptuous scorn for an experience which you yourself have told me has formed the greatest solace of your life, and which it is your highest hope may be vouchsafed enlargement? Since you avowed that

you had been privileged to see your lost Madeline's hand, was it not worth while—that fact being denied—to maintain it? Or do you flatter yourself that the spirits around us are unconscious of our moral cowardice, or unconcerned for the great truths which it is their mission to reveal?'

'Do you mean to imply, Ferdinand,' stammered Sir Robert, with intense emotion, 'that I may have involuntarily offended Madeline? Oh, you do not know her nature; moreover, if conscious, as you say, of what took place, she will also know that it was my very reverence that forbade my discussing an affair in which she herself—'

'You mistake me altogether, Arden,' interrupted the other. 'The matter—if I have any understanding of it—does not concern herself, save in our gross and moral sense of personality, but will have reference to her spiritual nature, which has, as it were, been outraged in your presence, and with complete impunity. These matters are beyond my ken as they are beyond that of all of us; but I fear, Arden—I greatly fear—that your communion with that departed soul has ceased for ever.'

'What?' exclaimed Sir Robert with extreme excitement; 'do you mean to say that I shall now not see her—that I have thus offended her, though I acted for the best—so as to be beyond the reach of pardon? I cannot believe it. It is not justice.'

'That is the cry of thousands, Arden,' answered the other calmly. "'No one knows," says Holy Writ itself, "how oft he offendeth;" and yet if one does not know, one would think—in justice—there should be no offence. That is the argument of that cold reason which those silly disputants of to-night would fain have imagined to be on their side.'

'Never to see her,' murmured Sir Robert, plaintively; 'and now no more even to hear her, or to be conscious of her sweet presence. It is a cruel sentence, Ferdinand.'

'It is not mine, Arden. I have no authority to pronounce it; and, for aught I know, it has not been pronounced. I have only expressed my fears. It is unreasonable to reproach me.'

'I will not; I do not; I reproach myself,' said the unhappy man, striking his breast with a feeble hand. 'Oh, what is it, think you, she would have me do?'

'I know not. You will learn—if it be permitted you to do so—in due time. But if any opportunity of grace is granted you, beware, I charge you, how you place in the balance, against the wishes of the dead, any earthly considerations, such as those to which you have just now shown yourself so subservient. Men were bidden of old to give up for the true faith the very children of their loins; of you no such sacrifice can be demanded; but it may be you will have to choose, once and forever, between the calls of this world and of the next, between convention and duty, between the living and the dead.'

'I have made my choice already, Ferdinand,' said Sir Robert solemnly.

'Therein you have done well, Arden,' returned the other, taking the other's hand impressively; 'let us hope and pray that it may not be one of those good resolves which mortals make too late. Good night, and gracious dreams.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HEAVENLY VISION.

IT was late when Walcot bade his brother-in-law 'good-night,' but Sir Robert showed no sign of retiring. He paced his room, with thoughtful face and bowed down head, for more than an hour, not with the quick tread of impatience, but with slow steps that ever and anon halted—when he would listen with attentive face to the autumn wind that swept the pane

without, and to the rain that beat sullenly against it. It was at that window he had heard the mystic voice, but now there was no other sound there save the sighs and sobs of Nature. Presently he took up his bed candle, and opening a little door ascended by a spiral staircase, built in the thickness of the wall, to his dressing-room, from whence he returned in a few minutes with some sheets of writing paper in his hand. As he reopened the little door his face exhibited an intense astonishment; a pair of wax candles which he had certainly left burning on his desk when he left the room had, in his absence, been extinguished.

The study was a large apartment, and the light he carried with him only partially illumined it; he stood gazing into the darker part with a vague look of expectancy and alarm. Once he stepped forward as though he would have explored this shrouded space, but he altered his mind, or perhaps his courage failed him, and he relit the candles from the one he carried. When he had done so he looked quickly up, uttered a low cry, half joy, half fear, and then fell back into his chair, with his eyes fixed eagerly before him.

At the opposite end of the room, and close to the wall, stood a young woman in a gray dress, with a belt fastened by two silver eagles. She was small of stature and very slight; her complexion was dark, and her hair, which was short and curly like a boy's, though very fine, was black as night; but her face was very pale.

'Madeline?'

'Yes, dearest,' returned a low and gentle voice, 'it is I.'

There was a long silence; Sir Robert devoured her with his eyes, but seemed to be deprived alike of speech and motion, as though that one word of his had cost him half his vital powers. Presently the woman, still standing where she was, passed her hand to and fro slowly over her brow.

'It is unnecessary,' he murmured; 'though the memory of that dear sign is sweet to me. I have no doubts—but only fears.'

'It is well,' she answered, solemnly. 'I am not as I was; and though I never could harm you, willingly, it is perilous for you to approach me.'

'Are you happy, Madeline?' inquired he, in trembling tones.

She bowed her head, and a gentle sigh just reached his ears and died there, 'I am not unhappy.'

'I knew it—for it is impossible that your spirit can be otherwise than among the blessed; but your face is sorrowful. There is something that troubles you upon another account. Can I remove that trouble?'

'You can.'

'Is it connected with your brother Ferdinand?'

She shook her head.

'Not with me, sweet spirit, surely; who would spend my last breath to give you ease.'

'Yes, with you.'

Sir Robert groaned and hid his face. 'Oh, Madeline,' he murmured, 'I feared it.'

There was again silence for a time, which he was again the first to break.

'I have been looking into my soul, sweet spirit, for the records of my love for you, and they are unsullied. Still I may have wronged you unawares. Is it painful to you to tell me how, that I may amend my ways?'

'It is not painful; but our speech to mortals is limited. We are forbidden to say all we would.'

'Yes, yes; I understand; your words are precious, as indeed I feel them to be; each syllable a jewel, each sigh for our poor sakes like blessed balm. Oh! gracious spirit.'

He looked at her with a yearning devotion that drew from her another gentle sigh.

'It cannot be my second marriage that has offended you,' he went on, 'for it was your last wish that I should wed.'

The apparition smiled a sweet sad smile, and waved a deprecatory hand.

'You have never offended me, Robert.'

'Ah, then Ferdinand was right,' he exclaimed. 'I have offended against the law of your being—and the law-givers. I sat silent, while men blasphemed against it. I associated myself with the enemies of the Faith and of the Truth.'

The apparition bowed its head, and stood motionless with eyes closed, and chin resting upon her breast, beneath which her hands were folded. The wind and the rain had ceased, and the silence of midnight reigned in their stead.

'You are praying for me, Madeline; you are asking forgiveness for me of the Powers I have offended,' continued Sir Robert, earnestly. 'Oh, blessed Spirit. Henceforth, I promise you, they shall have nothing to complain of. I will right them, if it be necessary, with the strong hand. No scoffer shall raise his voice in my presence without rebuke—ay, and punishment. Your sweet face is still sad, Madeline. Can I do aught to make it otherwise? Ferdinand warned me the other day to be as wax in your loving hands, if so be they should deign to mould me. But, alas, I know not how to shape myself aright.'

The apparition made no sign, but stood in precisely the same attitude, a very monument of sorrowful tenderness,

'Oh, Madeline, let me know your wishes; do not fear the pain that they may cause me. They were always a law unto me, when you were on earth, is it likely that they should have less force with me now? There was a time when you could never think harshly of any one, or advise me to do a harsh action; but now that you are the mouthpiece of the heavenly powers, it may be your unwilling duty to deal more sternly; if so, I shall know how to obey you. It is true that I have formed other ties, and dear

ones ; but I shall not hesitate to do your bidding, even though it snaps my heartstrings. Speak, dearest, speak ; in what can I pleasure those who send you, or solace *you* ?

She slowly disengaged one of her folded palms and pointed towards him.

‘ You hold in your hand, Robert, the means of doing right to the living and to the dead.’

‘ Ah, true ; it is my will. I brought it down to-night for final scrutiny. I had doubts and scruples, which will now be resolved for me beyond question. You will set me right, Madeline, where otherwise, perchance, through moral weakness, I might err.’

‘ Nay, dear one, nay,’ returned the apparition ; ‘ it is no task for those who have shaken off their earthly burthen to deal with dross. Let your own conscience—but always having the furtherance of your spiritual faith in view—be your guide ; give no occasion for the scoffer to rejoice ; spare not, though without resentment, to chasten him.’

Sir Robert bowed his head, but his face was troubled ; even in that awful presence his gentle nature asserted itself on the side of mercy and forgiveness.

‘ There is enough and to spare for all,’ he pleaded. ‘ I have made full provision for him who is near and dear to you ; I owed him much upon my own account, but it was the knowledge that Ferdinand was your brother, Madeline, which has most made him mine.’

‘ I ask nothing for Ferdinand,’ she answered gravely. ‘ Nothing, that is, for his own needs ; but it rests with you how powerful an instrument he may be made for good.’

‘ I understand, my darling. It shall be done as though your own hands did it. Can I do aught else to show my devotion to you—well (for she had raised a deprecatory hand)—to the good cause. I love it, I respect it, Madeline ; but my love for you—such

an expression can be no disloyalty—is paramount.’

She smiled a sad but gracious smile. ‘ You are mortal still,’ she said.

‘ Would that I were otherwise,’ he answered gravely. ‘ I wear my earthly garment with impatience ; it is old and worn, and sad of hue ; when, oh ! when shall I meet you, dearest, as spirit to spirit, without this film, which I am forbidden to pierce, between us.’

‘ That is beyond my ken, Robert,’ was the solemn reply ; ‘ nor if I knew it, would it be permitted me to reveal it. Something, however, I know, which it is lawful to hint of. If you would wait Heaven’s good time—as is your duty—in this earthly sphere, you must leave Halcombe.’

‘ Indeed ! what danger lurks here ?’

‘ I said naught of danger.’ For the first time the spirit’s voice had something of reproach in it.

‘ Forgive me, Madeline ; it should be, indeed, enough to receive such gracious warning, without cavil. I will go, as Ferdinand has advised me. Next to you, I look to him for counsel ; but to you first and foremost. When I have done all that you require of me, may I reverently hope that your presence may be again vouchsafed to my mortal eyes ?’

‘ You may, Robert. I have been always near you, and feel myself drawn nearer, thanks to your good resolves. It is a sign that others have heard them. Listen !’

A soft gentle melody began to fill the room. The apparition lifted both her hands on high. ‘ My blessing rest upon you.’ Sir Robert bowed his head, while the faint music grew and grew till the unseen performers seemed to be at his very side, then suddenly sank and ceased.

He looked up, and the vision had vanished.

With trembling limbs he approached the spot where it had stood, and convinced himself that it had really gone. Then he sat down at his desk, and

wrote and wrote till the candles began to burn low in their sockets; ever and anon he paused, as if in doubt, or as though to catch some hopped-for sound; then with a sigh that alone broke the silence of the night, he would toil on.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LIGHT IN THE FARMYARD.

IF a due appreciation of one's own merits is necessary, as is generally understood, to our getting on in the world, and attaining eminence in our profession, it is certain that the Rev. John Dyneley would never have been a Bishop, nor even a Dean. And with his personal modesty he combined a tenderness for other people's feelings which is, perhaps, still more fatal to worldly success. If he did anything by accident (for it was never done on purpose) to offend or annoy a fellow-creature, the remembrance of it interfered with his appetite and even his sleep till he had apologized or made amends. It may be imagined, then, with what feelings he returned to his lodgings at the Manor Farm on the night of that little dinner-party at the Hall, with the consciousness of having wounded the susceptibilities of one for whom he entertained a regard that was almost reverence; for that he had done so was evident enough, through all the gloss which Sir Robert, in the character of host, had courteously put upon the affair. And yet the Curate's conscience did not reproach him for the part which he had taken in the matter; it had again and again suggested to him that he should make some effort to open Sir Robert's eyes to the superstition he was known to cherish, and, if such an opportunity as had offered itself had been neglected, he felt that his silence would have been base and cowardly. His language and manner to Mr. Walcot could not, it

is true, have been termed conciliatory; nor had he intended them to be so; he had fully meant them to express the scorn and contempt he felt for the man and his machinations; but unfortunately Sir Robert had regarded them as being addressed to himself.

It was a case of 'Love me, love my cur,' as Mayne phrased it; and they had both trodden rather heavily on the cur's tail.

'Whatever happens, *that*, at least, is a satisfactory incident,' the young man had argued, but without affording much comfort to the Curate.

Perhaps, besides his feelings of friendship for Sir Robert, the reflection occurred to him that the Baronet was the arbiter of Evelyn Nicoll's destinies; but, to do him justice, that was a secondary matter. His chief trouble was that in Sir Robert's eyes he must have seemed to repay his uninterrupted kindness and consideration with ingratitude. The method by which Walcot had affected to transfer the Curate's incredulity from himself to Sir Robert had been coarse and impudent, but it was clear that it had succeeded; not a word had the latter said to any one of the three young men after they left the dining-room; and, on the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Raynes, he had withdrawn to his study without so much as a 'good-evening.'

It was late when Mr. Dyneley left the Hall that night, but he was in no humour for sleep; and on reaching home he exchanged his evening clothes for an out-door suit, and quickly letting himself out of doors, betook himself, as his custom was when anything troubled him, to the breezy moor for a 'constitutional.' For my part, I envy the men—and their legs—who have the power 'to walk off' annoyance as though it were a physical ailment; and there are many who can. The Rev. John Dyneley, for example, returned upon this occasion from his solitary 'stretcher' almost in a state of mental convalescence; he had per-

suaded himself that the thing would 'blow over,' and that Sir Robert would meet him next morning with his usual hearty greeting, as though nothing had happened.

It was morning already by the clock, though darkness and deepest night still reigned in Halcombe Valley. The villagers kept wholesome hours, and all lights, save those at the Hall, were wont to be extinguished well nigh as early as in the old curfew days. At two in the morning, therefore, the spectacle of a light moving about the rickyard of the Manor Farm, which was now revealed to the Curate's eye, partook almost of the nature of a portent. If Halcombe had been marshy he would have taken it for a Will of the Wisp, especially as its movements were intermittent; it glinted for a second, and then disappeared; and then shone again only to be hidden.

Dyneley at once concluded that it was a lantern shielded by a cloak. There was neither distress in the locality nor discontent, yet somehow the word 'incendiarism' involuntarily suggested itself to him. It was very unlikely, but not more so than that the light should be there at all; and, as we have said, its proceedings were not those of an honest light. If aught had disturbed Gilbert Holme, and caused him to take cognizance of his property at such an hour, it would not have behaved in that erratic fashion. The young farmer might possibly have made some personal enemy, who, with the ignorance characteristic of the rustic villain, was about to wreak his vengeance on him by destroying what the Insurance Company would have to replace.

Gilbert Holme, as his lodger knew, had his faults and his weakness; he had on more than one occasion of late seen him under the influence of liquor; but he was a good-natured, hearty young fellow; honest as the day, so far as Dyneley knew, and certainly not one to have willingly harmed any

man. Moreover, he was known to be in pecuniary difficulties, and this infamous attempt—if so it should prove—to increase them, made the Curate doubly indignant. From where he stood, it was a less distance to the farm than to the rickyard, and it would have been the natural instinct of all those excellent persons whose practice it is to mind their own business to apprise Gilbert Holme of the danger that threatened him, and leave him to take his own measures to avert it.

The Rev. John Dyneley, however, was of a disposition so *bizarre* and quaint, that he would invariably put his duty to his neighbour in the first place, and his duty to himself in the second, or even lower still in the scale of motive; and allowing himself to be influenced by the fact that the rickyard might be in flames before he could give any warning to its proprietor, he vaulted lightly over the wall by the roadside, and dashed across the four-acre field which communicated with the spot in question. He had a stout stick and a stouter heart, and with those two things, even in these days of moral influence (and reverses), good work can still be done.

Although the Curate ran so fleetly, he was by no means a feather-weight, but the grass and scattered straw prevented his footsteps from being heard, so that he came upon the supposed delinquent without warning. This was a man of middle height, slouched in a cloak, and he was at that very moment engaged in thrusting into the rick, by which he was stooping, a tallow candle. It was not a lighted candle; but, as the new comer at once perceived, was presently to form the nucleus of the conflagration, and keep it going, if the materials of the rick itself should not prove sufficiently combustible.

The Curate also noticed with a grim smile (for he could now afford to smile, since he had arrived in time) that the incendiary had so contrived

matters that the ricks only should be burned, and the dwelling-house spared, perhaps out of consideration for the Curate's own possessions, since one so malignant was very unlikely to have taken pains to spare his enemy.

Dyneley stood over the stooping man, with his cudgel sloped over his shoulder, ready to strike if it should be necessary. There was plenty of time had he wished to take him at a disadvantage, for the fellow was a bungler at his evil work; the Curate noticed, moreover, that his hand shook—whether with guilt, or fear, or some physical ailment—as he strove to open the door of the lantern, and when he did so, the wind blew out the light. He had, however, a box of matches, and having struck one, had relit the wick, and was twisting up a piece of paper wherewith to set fire to the straw, when Dyneley laid his hand upon his shoulder.

The man sprang up, and was about to fall furiously upon him when he recognised the face of the Curate, and threw up his hands with a piercing cry.

'Gilbert Holme, what are you doing here?' inquired the other, slowly.

At this the young farmer strove to recover himself. 'This is a pretty question,' he said, with a thin laugh, 'to ask of a man in his own farmyard. If you must know, Mr. Dyneley, I thought there were some queer people about the house—but it turns out that it was only you.'

'When you were touched, why did you cry out "My God?"'

'Because you startled me so.'

'No, that was not the reason. It was because you felt the eye of Man was on your crime. Poor fool! as though God could not see you without my standing by. You were going to burn down the ricks.'

'What, my own ricks? You have called me a fool, but that would be a fool's trick, indeed.'

'If that was not your intention, why did you thrust that tallow candle

in yonder, and for what were you lighting that piece of paper?'

It would have puzzled Machiavelli, or a London thief, to have explained this circumstance upon the instant. Mr. Gilbert Holme fell back upon the laws of property, and the freedom of the subject.

'I suppose a man can do what he likes on his own land, with his own wheat.'

'What, burn his ricks down when they are insured? Do not bandy words with me, sir. I don't know what your motive was, except that it was a bad one; but I know you meditated a crime.'

'Heaven have mercy upon me,' cried the wretched man, suddenly falling upon his knees, and hiding his face in his hands, from which the other had snatched the lantern. He was trembling in every limb, and had burst into tears; partly because he was really sorry for what he had done, and partly because the stimulus of the brandy he had taken to prime himself for his evil act had evaporated. Of this last fact the Curate was unaware, and touched with his penitence and affright, he said, 'Heaven has already been merciful to you, Gilbert Holme, since it has moved me to keep silence about this night's work. Rise up, and follow me within doors.'

This the other did, like a dog, not only in the way of obedience, but in a certain dumb confidence in the other's leading which his manner exhibited.

'You are very good to me, Mr. Dyneley,' he said, 'and I am not worthy of it. I have earned no service at your hands; on the contrary, I have done all I could to harm you.'

'To harm me?' answered the Curate, in surprise, 'I cannot think that.'

'No; nor would any one else, since you have always stood my friend. But oh, Mr. Dyneley, I was in the Devil's hands.'

'You were, some minutes ago, no doubt,' answered the other cheerily

'but let us hope you have escaped from them.'

No, no, I don't mean *him*, but another, and a worse one. He that set me against you (though I did not wish it), and put me as a spy upon you, and told me to pick up all that I could to your discredit in the village, and that if I could find nothing it would be the worse for me.'

'Gilbert Holme,' said the Curate, gravely, 'you have been drinking; if you do not give that up you are a lost man.'

'Drinking?—Yes,' returned the wretched man, with a certain passionate desperation. 'You would drink if you had become, body and soul, the slave of a villain. I did wrong, or I should never have put myself in his power, but my punishment is greater than is just, greater than I can bear.'

They had now reached the Curate's parlour, and he had lit a candle, and stood regarding his late companion with incredulous amazement. 'Here, take a glass of water, man; it will clear your brain,' he presently said; 'then sit down, and tell me, if you really have anything to tell, and are not stark, staring mad.'

'Mad? It is, you may well say, a wonder that I am not mad, seeing what I have gone through, since—since the day I tried to cheat Sir Robert; and after all it was but a matter of a few trusses of hay.'

'You only tried, then?'

'Well, no, sir, I did cheat him, but not for ten times the value,' answered the other *naïvely*, 'if I had but known, would I have fallen into that villain's hands.'

'You mean, Mr. Walcot? He found you out then?'

'Yes, and he will find out that I have told you so; and then life will not be worth living any longer.'

'Never mind, Mr. Walcot,' said the Curate, encouragingly, 'tell me all exactly as it happened, and I promise you, it shall be none the worse for you. Only it must be the truth.'

'Well, sir, I had lost money—no matter how, it had to be paid—and I had a bill to meet. And I sold the Squire a rick and a half of hay for two ricks. That was the one dishonest thing I ever did in my life, though that devil laughed and sneered at me for saying so; but there, I might as well have pleaded to a millstone.'

'You say *one* dishonest thing, Gilbert; what then do you call what you were going to do to-night?'

'Well, that was dishonest too, sir, but then, thanks to you, I didn't do it. The fact is, I had another bill to meet next month—and a pretty big one. And if I sold my ricks I should have lost money, and, what is worse just now, my credit, too; whereas the insurance company—which is as rich as rich—'

'I see,' interrupted the other, drily. 'You need not make bad worse by defending it with rotten arguments. Let us leave the rick question—though it is a most serious one—and confine ourselves to the crime you have actually committed. I may not feel called upon to take any steps against you in the one case, but it was Mr. Walcot's bounden duty to do so in the other.'

'Yes, but what steps? He makes a slave of me for his own purposes. And don't suppose that it is necessary to do anything wrong to cause him to grind one; why, there's poor Master Frank—'

'Ah, what about him?' put in the Curate, sharply, for the other had stopped suddenly, and looked over his shoulder, with a frightened air.

'Well, sir, I will tell you although he murders me for it; for, mind you, he will find it out as he does everything. He is everywhere and can hear and see, like the old one himself, just when one thinks one is most secure. Master Frank, I say, who never hurt a human being, nor yet an animal, nor did any wrong as far as I know, is as much in Walcot's hands as I am. The poor child thinks he

can send him to gaol for murder—though young Jem Groad is alive and well, and only rolled into the mill stream because the bridge was slippery. I saw it all with my own eyes; only that devil says, “You shut your mouth, and let me deal with this matter my own way.” And his way is with old Groad’s assistance to keep that poor boy in a state of wretchedness from morning to night, for fear of his being punished for a crime that has never been committed. When I think of my being a party to that wickedness—and look at Master Frankie’s hollow cheeks——

‘It is incredible, it is impossible,’ interrupted the Curate, opening and shutting his hands, as he walked hastily to and fro. ‘This man must be a devil.’

‘No, sir, he is *the Devil*,’ replied his companion. ‘The Other One is not to be named in the same breath of sulphur.’

‘But how could the gardener be induced to join such an abominable scheme.’

‘Oh, Groad; well he is not a sweet thing in gardeners himself, sir; and it is very likely that Mr. Walcot has got him in some vice or another, like myself, and has only to turn a screw.’

‘What on earth can be his motive for such villany?’ murmured Dyneley, half aloud.

‘Motive, sir! Why what is the Other One’s motive, if you come to that? Why he likes to get people into his power, and make them miserable, of course; and the better people are, and the higher they are out of his reach, the more he hates them—that is why he detests *you*, Mr. Dyneley.’

‘I will consider that a compliment then,’ said the Curate drily, ‘and owe him no grudge upon my own account. But this matter of Master Frank’s must be looked to, and that at once. Now do you go to bed, Gilbert, and leave me to think out how it had best be done; and rest secure that you

shall come to no harm for what you have done or said to-night.’

‘Oh, Mr. Dyneley, how shall I ever repay you for your kindness—and your mercy!’ cried the young farmer. ‘I feel as if a load were taken off my chest already; I can breathe *free*!’

‘Well, if you think you owe me anything, Gilbert, the way to please me best will be to forsake your greatest enemy.’

‘Forsake him, sir! I would give him up to the hangman to-morrow: and if there was no one else to do it, would volunteer to pull his legs.’

‘It is not Mr. Walcot, who is your greatest enemy, Gilbert,’ returned the Curate, gravely; ‘it is the spirit flask.’

‘I’ll never touch it again, sir, so help me——’

‘Make no rash promises,’ interrupted the Curate, solemnly. ‘A good resolve quietly worked out is worth all the vows to which men call Heaven to witness. Good night, and God be with you.’

CHAPTER XXVII.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

THERE were but a few hours of darkness left to the Curate when he found himself alone in his parlour, and those he did not give up to their rightful claimant, Rest. The events of the preceding evening, joined to those of the night afforded him topics of thought, too important and exacting to admit of his taking repose. He sat with his elbows on his desk and head in his hands endeavouring to think what was best to be done for the rescue of poor Frank for the enfranchisement of Sir Robert from Walcot’s evil influence, and in short for the whole state of Halcombe, groaning in secret, under a despotic and cruel tyrant. As the Curate of the parish, he had, it was clear to him, authority to resist oppression, and to expose deceit, but his relations with

the tenants of the Hall were somewhat delicate, and the antagonism in which he had involuntarily placed himself to his late host necessarily increased the difficulties of his position. The devotion of the Baronet to Spiritualism was of no recent growth; but, though the members of his family knew and deplored it, they had not hitherto suspected the hold it had taken on his very heart-strings. Something of this, however, from the unwonted displeasure he had displayed on the previous evening, Dyneley now guessed, and partly understood, too, what a fulcrum this superstition of Sir Robert's would afford to him who was the High Priest of it, whereby to turn his devotee to his own ends. There was no juster man alive than Robert Dyneley, but he had prudence withal; and while burning to avenge the wrongs of the innocent, he did not forget to estimate what it might cost him to attempt it. The shortest and surest method of securing an ally, and a powerful one, was to tell all to Lady Arden, whose sympathies would be at once enlisted on behalf of her son; but the Curate's knowledge of the influence exercised over the Baronet by Walcot made him reject this line of conduct; its effect would certainly be to place her in direct antagonism to her husband and his powerful friend; and it might well happen that the latter would prove too strong for her. From Gresham again he would be sure of sympathy, but the relations between that young man and Sir Robert were even now anything but satisfactory, thanks mainly to Walcot, who, the Curate was now persuaded, would stick at nothing to put him out of what little of his uncle's favour was still left to him, even to the destruction of his future prospects. The whole family at the Hall, indeed, might be most materially injured, if, after a battle royal, the victory should remain with this wily scoundrel, whose aims no man could fathom, though it was certain they were grasping and self-seeking.

Under these circumstances Dyneley resolved to consult Frederic Mayne, a man on whose good impulses he could rely, and who had himself nothing to lose by any act of hostility to the common enemy. Accordingly, as he knew that gentleman's habit of early rising, he swallowed a hasty breakfast, and betook himself to the Hall, which he opportunely reached as the ex-sailor was about to set forth on his usual morning ramble. The two young men greeted one another cordially, and as they walked together towards the church upon the hill, Mayne at once expressed his apprehension that in hitting out at 'that scoundrel Walcot,' last night they had both committed themselves in the eyes of their host. 'For the first time since I have been in the house, Dyneley, Sir Robert forgot (I am afraid on purpose) to wish me his customary goodnight.'

'Very likely,' observed the Curate, gravely, 'and you may think yourself lucky if he doesn't wish you "Good-bye?"'

'What? You don't mean to say he would turn me out of the house,' answered Mayne, reddening, 'just because I didn't believe in that beggar's being carried into the air? I should as soon believe in his going to Heaven!'

The Curate shook his head. 'Sir Robert regards his brother-in-law's honour as his own,' he said.

'Then he is the most modest man I know,' observed the other.

'He is modest, my dear sir; diffident of himself to the last degree, but having the utmost confidence in others—unhappily, whether they are worthy of it or not, as in this particular instance. In addition to his misplaced affection for his brother-in-law, there is this bond of Spiritualism between them.

'Bond of fiddlesticks,' ejaculated the sailor. 'You don't suppose that the Mawworm—Walcot—believes in anything, human or divine, except himself?'

'Very likely not; but unfortunately Sir Robert believes in *him* implicitly.

In listening to what I have to tell you, pray keep this in mind, and do not imagine, however plainly the right may be on one side, or however capable of proof, that it will be an easy thing to establish it against this person's wishes. I shall ask your advice, and perhaps even your assistance, but I must exact a promise from you beforehand, that you will take no steps in the matter I am about to disclose without my concurrence. If your interests or mine were alone concerned, our course would be plain enough, but we have those of others—dear to both of us, I am sure—to consider, and they must not be imperilled.'

Mr. Mayne's face grew longer and longer during this exordium, and his air more grave; an effect it was perhaps the other's intention to produce, for he knew by this time his companion's impulsive and hasty disposition.

'All right, Dyneley,' was the quiet rejoinder; 'only just let me say one thing before you begin, out of respect for my own intelligence, and also because it's an immense satisfaction to utter it—that nothing, *nothing* you can tell me with respect to the goings on of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot will astonish me, or come up to the very high opinion I have formed of his lying, meanness, selfishness, impudence, and general rascality. Thank you. Now go on.'

In spite of this ample assurance of his knowledge of Mr. Walcot's character, and of the immobility of his own feelings under any amount of revelation of it, long before the Curate had reached the end of his statement—which comprehended all that he had learnt from the lips of Gilbert Holme—Mr. Mayne began to exhibit signs of great excitement. Especially did he indulge in pulling down his shirt cuffs to the fullest extent—an action termed in fashionable circles 'shooting his linen,' in doubling his fists, and squaring up at an imaginary foe, and in drawing deep breaths through his closed teeth, instead of through the

usual channels. 'It is horrible,' he ejaculated, when all was told—'most horrible! To torture a delicate lad like Frankie—a mere child—why this brute must be a fiend. Oh for one quarter of an hour—or even ten minutes—along with him on a green sward like this, out of the reach of the police. His own mother shouldn't know him—but there, he could never have *had* a mother. I know I have promised to do nothing without your concurrence but, my dear Dyneley, you can't object to just ten minutes—only ten.'

There was such an alarming eagerness for action on the speaker's face that the Curate laid his strong hand upon his arm, and clutched it lest he should start off then and there, and 'interview' Mr. Ferdinand Walcot in the manner indicated, before morning prayers.

'You must do nothing, Mayne,' he said, '*nothing* that can tend to excite Sir Robert against us, or rather against those it is our aim to protect.'

'Do you really think it *would* excite him?' pleaded the other comically. 'I am quite sure Walcot would not have a word of complaint to make—not for a week to come at least. He should not have a tooth in his mouth, nor a breath in his body. Only ten minutes, Dyneley!'

'Be quiet, be reasonable, my dear fellow,' answered the Curate, earnestly, 'or I shall regret having told you anything. Don't suppose I don't feel the same as you do, because I'm a clergyman; why, when I think of Frankie's little face, all furrowed by tears, as I have seen it lately, and then on that hypocrite's self-satisfied smug features I could'—here he paused, allowing himself, it was evident by the gleam of his eyes, to dwell for a fleeting instant upon some picture of retribution—'yes, I could find some carnal satisfaction myself in having it out with him. But we must not think of our personal gratification in this matter,' he added naively; 'we must first

and foremost get the wrong righted, then afterwards if it can be done (which is, however, more than doubtful) we may think of punishing the wrong-doer. In the first place we must get Groad the elder to acknowledge his participation in this infamous affair. Before going into court we must make certain of our witnesses.'

'Let us see the rascal at once,' said Mayne, impetuously.

'Well, that is where I want your assistance. Groad and I are not on good terms. He does not now come to church on the plea of being a Presbyterian, upon which point I have not a word to say; only I have reason to know that he spends his kirk-time in whiskey-drinking, and on that I did venture to put in a remonstrance which he has resented. A visit to him from me would at once arouse his antagonism, whereas you will at least start fair with him.'

'I see,' answered the other, assentingly. As a matter of fact, he did not see that it was at all necessary to start 'fair' with the personage in question, but, on the contrary, was quite resolved to take every advantage of such a scoundrel chance might offer. His conviction was that the Curate was much too scrupulous in his mode of combating the antagonists they had to deal with, and he was secretly well pleased with this opportunity of treating one of them, at least, in his own fashion. It was well understood by both Dyneley and himself that there was no time to lose, since, should the common enemy be forewarned of what was going on, he would be forearmed indeed; and Mayne at once repaired to the gardener's cottage.

As the family at the Hall were at that hour supposed to be still in their beds, or at family prayers (which Mr. Groad's scruples, of course, prevented him from attending) that personage

would have considered it a positive waste of time (since there was nobody to look at him) to be pursuing his avocation in the garden; and the visitor found him accordingly seated in an armchair in his parlour, smoking a short pipe, and watching with a philosophic air his black parrot as it swung itself on the perch in its metal cage.

'Good morning, Groad,' said Mayne in a loud voice, for the gardener was notoriously hard of hearing; nay, it was even said by some that he was stone deaf, when anything was said (such as complaints of his inefficiency) that he did not wish to hear.

'Mornin', sir,' answered the gardener, in less gruff tones than usual, and rising from his chair, by no means out of courtesy, but to suggest the idea that having now thoroughly thought out some scheme of cultivation of his master's territory, he was about to put it into practice.

'We are all for ourselves, here,' croaked the Parrot, rather inopportunistly for the impression Mr Groad wished to produce.

'A wholesome sentiment charmingly expressed,' observed Mr. Mayne; 'for if we don't look to ourselves who will look after us, eh, Poll?'

There was something in the visitor's look and tone (though the latter was gay enough) which Mr. Groad did not seem to like; he put on his cap and took up a shovel.

'Well, I've got my green-hus fire to look after,' he said. 'Poor folks can't afford to waste their time in chatter like rich ones—and parrots.'

'You speak like a proverb, Mr. Groad. Do you believe in proverbs?'

'I dunno as I do, and I dunno as I don't.'

'A prudent reply. Perhaps my question was a little too general. Do you believe that Honesty is the best policy?'

(To be continued.)

WOMAN AS A NURSE.

BY MRS. FRANCIS RYE, BARRIE.

' Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?—W. BLACK.

THE object of this short paper is not to show what clever nurses there have been in the past, but to point out, if possible, how far every woman may be a nurse in her own household. Many women have earned well-merited praise for their self-devotion and skill in times of war and plague, but for such as they a special education and special practice is necessary; they go out into the world to do battle with disease and death, and they go armed with a technical and efficient training.

But there remains to every woman, to every mother, wife or sister, the possibility of being some day called to perform the functions of a sick-nurse for the members of their own family, and it sometimes happens that they cannot faithfully obey such a call, owing to their being entirely ignorant of the commonest details of nursing. Such nursing as this is not of a kind to supersede medical attendance, but should be wholly subservient to the doctor's orders. Indeed, it has generally proved a mistake for people without any knowledge of the whys and wherefors of the profession to attempt to dose their long-suffering relatives, and women would do much better if they contented themselves with the humbler yet almost as necessary vocation of nurse instead of interfering with the prescribed duty of their physician. The possession of a rudimentary knowledge of nursing should never induce one to refrain from sending for the doctor in good

time. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, says *à propos* of calling in one's doctor directly we see symptoms we do not understand: 'When we are well, we perhaps think little about the doctor, or we have our small joke at him and his drugs; but let anything go wrong with our body, that wonderful tabernacle in which our soul dwells, let any of its wheels go wrong, then off we fly to him.' And this is wise and right, for it is worse than foolish, because we pride ourselves upon being able to give judicious doses of some simple medicine, when the ailment is of an everyday kind, to attempt to doctor the members of our household ourselves, when there is the smallest sign of a complaint beyond our comprehension.

But there are many points in cases of sickness which come peculiarly under a woman's care, and it is by attending to these points that much of the weariness and tedium of a long illness may be alleviated. Indeed, Miss Florence Nightingale even ventures to say 'that the symptoms or the sufferings generally considered to be inevitable and incident to the disease, are very often not symptoms of the disease at all, but of something quite different—of the want of fresh air, or of light, or of warmth, or of quiet, or of cleanliness, or of punctuality and care in the administration of diet, of each or of all of these.' The doctor cannot be expected to see to these things in detail, and fresh air, light, warmth, quiet, cleanliness, and careful and regular dieting are the direct work of the intelligent nurse. On her must depend whether the patient has to

suffer a hundred annoyances daily, or whether his patience is to be assisted during the 'reparative process of Nature, called disease.' No one who has not suffered the many petty worries of a long illness can half understand what it is for a sick person to be oppressed with foul air, bringing on headache and other discomforts; to have the room too hot one hour and too cold the next; to hear china rattling and doors banging, or to be pressed with food at unseasonable and unnecessary times. These things can only be arranged wisely by the judicious nurse.

Nurses, of course, may be hired, but unless they have undergone a special training they can never fill the place of an intelligent and educated woman in a higher rank of society. It is a mistake to think nursing comes to one naturally. Of course, in many persons there is an innate aptitude, and they can learn much quicker than others, being blessed with greater tact and more delicate manipulation; but every woman should make it her aim to acquire a knowledge of the principles of ventilation, dieting, and disinfection, without which very little progress can be made. Women should also acquaint themselves, to some small degree, at any rate, with the study of physiology, against which some persons, from a false idea of delicacy, have a most unreasonable prejudice.

'Not only is the study of the structure and laws of the "fearfully and wonderfully made" human frame very useful and interesting, but it is also eminently calculated to elevate and purify the mind, to create lofty conceptions of the love, power, and wisdom of the Creator, and to fill the heart with gratitude to Him.'

Dr. John Brown objects to the study of physiology, saying: 'I can't say I like our ladies and gentlemen poking anxiously into all the ins and outs of our bodies as a general accomplishment and something to talk of;' and he is quite right if people should learn

it in order to talk; but we can hardly imagine a well-bred lady or gentleman turning the subject upon 'bones' at a dinner party, or speaking of 'connective tissue' to a partner at a ball. Men and women whose minds are so small that they must straightway talk about all they know 'in season or out of season,' had doubtless better leave this and kindred sciences alone; but it is to be hoped that there are few whose minds would not expand, and whose sympathies would not be enlarged by any insight into the marvellous workings of Nature, whether it be by the study of the human frame or of the 'primrose by the river's brim.' It would certainly be much wiser for girls to be taught some knowledge of physiology which would be useful to them in all their after-life than to give up so much time to the 'coxcabbies of education,' by which they obtain a smattering of astronomy, chemistry, or hydrostatics, which they straightway forget directly they have left school and their education is finished.

Women generally have ascribed to them a larger amount of patience and gentleness than men; as a nurse, then, now is the time to show what virtues of that description they in reality possess, for a woman who is about to devote herself to a sick person must entirely forget her own personality for a while. She must not make it her desire to hear the doctor say 'What an admirable nurse Mrs. S. makes,' or for her friends to be loud in their praises of her 'marvellous devotion.' She must think of nothing but her patient, and take care of herself and husband her strength for his sake. How many women insanely wear themselves out after a few days' nursing, and have to give up their self-imposed task, when they might have well foreseen that the illness was likely to be a very lengthy and tedious one, and that they would require 'daily strength for their daily need!' No one blames such an one, 'poor thing! she was quite worn out.' Yes!

but she need not have been. She allowed herself to become excited; she did multitudinous things that she need not have done had she been a good manager, and the result is that she either has to hire a nurse or to leave her patient to the care of some one else not so competent to do the work as herself.

A nurse must therefore be a good manager and overseer, never doing what can easily be done by servants and others. She must be methodical, and endeavour to grasp what she has undertaken to do, and to arrange her work so as never to be in a muddle when the doctor comes, and to have everything always at hand both for her own use and the doctor's.

How tiresome it is for the doctor and the patient to hear that constant 'Oh, I'll just run and get this,' or 'I won't be a minute fetching that,' when everything might have been in readiness hours ago.

To be a successful nurse and one that the patient likes to have about him, the nurse must condescend to be careful in several small particulars which are often forgotten by amateurs. The omission of these things often makes the entire difference between a nurse being liked or disliked by her patient. It is very common to hear it remarked that a sick person has taken an unaccountable dislike to a certain individual of whom in health he was very fond, or that he 'won't have such and such an one near him.' These cases generally occur when the person in question, though in perfect innocence, has disregarded these small and seemingly trivial details. First, the rustling of a dress. It is impossible to conceive the annoyance caused to a person suffering from the disordered nerves accompanying almost every description of disease, by the noisy movement of a nurse with stiff skirts or a long train. Some soft material, easily washed in case of infection, should be worn; then, again, the nurse should never whisper, but al-

ways talk in a quiet, but perfectly audible tone, particularly avoiding speaking about the patient in his presence, especially to the medical man. She should go out of ear-shot when such conversation is necessary, as it is very trying to hear murmurs of voices on the passage or staircase through an open door. In speaking to the sick person, the nurse should come close up to him and face him, never speaking from the door or from a distant part of the room; she should also see that all who enter the room conform to this rule, as it is most irritating for an invalid to be obliged to turn his head in order to see the person addressing him.

Equally annoying, too, is it to be forced to ask what was said. An invalid should never be spoken to when he is standing. It is not, perhaps, generally known that it is much more trying to stand than to walk after an illness, and if a convalescent is addressed when in the act of trying to creep from one object to another, you compel him to stand listening to what you have got to say. The less the nurse speaks at any time the better, unless with the direct object of amusing or diverting the patient, but, as a rule, much more harm is done by over-talking than by silence in the sick-room. When the nurse has anything to say let it be said quickly and cheerfully, and let it be to the point. Beating about the bush is very trying and wearying. It is not a good plan to read aloud to a patient, as the act of listening is a great strain upon the attention. The patient may be amused, when not too ill, by scraps of news from the outside world that he seems so far away from, and which need never degenerate into gossip.

The nurse must have her table for medicines in a get-at-able position, and it should be covered with a thick-folded cloth, so that no noise is made when anything is laid down upon it. Punctuality in everything should be strictly adhered to, and if the nurse

cannot be punctual without having her watch in the room, let it be hung up and not placed on a table where the ticking will be most disturbing. Many physicians adopt, in private families, the hospital practice of having a card with directions as to diet and medicine placed in a conspicuous position in the room. This is a very good plan, as should it happen that the regular nurse was absent for a time, no mistake could well be made by the person who took her place.

The room in which the sick one lies should be large and airy, and kept clean and sweet. This is entirely woman's work, and woman's only. It has been said that a "Health of Towns' Act" may ensure good drainage and water-supply, pure air, and other important external sanitary requisites; but till every woman frames a Health of Homes' Act, and becomes a domestic "officer of health," none can insure that the pure air shall ever be breathed, the good water ever be sufficiently used, or other sanitary conditions ever be fulfilled in-doors.'

In cases of fever, and where infection is dreaded, carpets and curtains, and all unnecessary furniture should be removed at once. The utmost cleanliness is necessary, and proper ventilation must be attended to, as the patient absolutely *must not* be continually breathing the same foul air. A room can be kept thoroughly well ventilated without it being cold, as a fire in the room helps to air it, and when the windows are opened the patient can be well covered up, for, with a little care, no one can take cold in bed. The nurse should consult her thermometer constantly, and not leave the state of the atmosphere to her own feelings, which are often most deceptive. We often think a room quite fresh till we leave it and return to it again, and an invalid is much more susceptible to closeness than a person in health. The bed should not be placed near the wall, but in such a position that any one can easily pass

all around it, to make the bed or to attend to the patient.

With regard to infection, there is really much less danger of it than is generally supposed, and if scrupulous attention is paid to ventilation and cleanliness the risk is reduced to a minimum.

Miss Nightingale says: 'true nursing ignores infection, except to prevent it.' And this prevention is very simple, with the aid of a little thoughtfulness, fresh air, and the free use of any disinfecting fluid.

I knew a lady once who, in a case of virulent small-pox at her house, kept a bath of disinfecting fluid outside the door of her patient's room, and everything that came from the room, whether it were clothes, china or plate, was passed through the bath and received out of it quite harmless. If it be hot weather and the door cannot well be closed, a sheet can be fastened from jamb to jamb and kept moistened with disinfecting fluid. Women who are nursing these cases should of course be careful not to mix with other members of the family; they should wear washing dresses, never sleep in their day clothes, and after touching their patient, should wash their hands in water to which some disinfectant is added.

Above all things in nursing, women should cultivate observation. They should learn to distinguish between the flush of excitement and the colour of health. They should find out as much as possible for themselves the condition of the patient without teasing him with endless questions which he does not know how to answer. They should watch their opportunity to tempt him with food if the appetite be bad, distinguishing a variable and capricious appetite from a disordered digestion. In the latter case the patient refuses all that is offered him in the shape of solids, while in the former he takes things by fits and starts, according to his feelings at the moment.

Many a person has lost his life because those around the bed could not

tell when he was faint, and have allowed him to overstep that boundary beyond which there is no re-action. People do not always turn white when they faint, and it is part of the duty of the nurse to observe the changes of countenance in her patient, as these changes vary with the different temperaments of each individual.

Let every nurse use her common sense when she is by the bedside, and let her always bear in mind that 'the same laws which govern health determine to a great extent the results of disease,' and then she will understand why fresh air, warmth, and light, are so important to the invalid, and she will not wilfully and in spite of the doctor, stuff up every chink or loop-hole by

which good air might otherwise come in, and compel her feeble patient, with already as much as he can bear, to carry once more into his system the organic matter he has recently thrown off.

Experience is the best teacher, but a woman will be the better nurse when she is called upon to perform that function, even if she has never before entered a sick room, if she will be thoughtful and methodical in the performance of her duties, never thinking the smallest detail unworthy of her attention, and looking upon the charge of the personal health of any individual as a sacred work, not to be undertaken lightly or ignorantly.

NEPTUNE'S ADDRESS TO HANLAN.

BY ROBERT AWDE, TORONTO.

OLD Neptune yields to Hanlan now
 The placid deep, and on his brow
 Writes one immortal line,
 "My noblest son! be thine the sway
 O'er ev'ry river, lake and Bay,
 From T'ronto to the Tyne.

"Long have I watched thy growing strength,
 And skill aquatic, till at length
 I claimed thee as my son;
 Then did I yoke my matchless steed
 To thy frail bark, and gave thee speed,
 With which thou'st always won.

"The yielding wave at my command,
 Hath answered to thy skilful hand,
 And sped thee on thy way;
 'Twas I that gave thee even keel,
 And always made thee surely feel
 That thou must win the day.

“ I charmed thee with mine ancient crest,
 And kept thee calm and self-posses't
 When others' hearts were full ;
 No trembling fear or nervous doubt
 Caused heart to faint and strength give out,
 Or check thy steady pull.

“ And now that thou hast won renown,
 As calmly wear thy triple crown,
 Nor heed the flatterer's talk ;
 The world on thee has fixed its eyes,
 Guard well thine honour and thy prize
 And circumspectly walk.”

So spake old Neptune from the deep
 Bade “ Ned ” his last injunctions keep,
 And then he said farewell.
 We fain would still the theme pursue,
 And write a friendly word or two
 And strike the warning bell.

Sloth often comes of hard-earned ease,
 And vice from weak desire to please
 A smiling, genial friend.
 Take thou my hint, all these eschew,
 And such a course of life pursue
 As wisdom will commend.

Remember there is one more prize
 Awaits thee yet beyond the skies ;
 To this aspire, my son.
 Angels and men all interest take,
 For there thy very soul's at stake
 And Heaven is lost or won.

Go into *training* ; have no fear,
 Thy strength shall as the day appear
 And every foe shall fall ;
 Let every weight be cast aside
 And row through life's uneven tide,
 A victor over all.

Eternal shall thy triumph be—
 And this, my last best wish for thee,
 That thou may'st win the day.
 The prize is more than BRITISH GOLD,
 The joy more than a CUP can hold,
 Which none can take away.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XV.

THE medium of correspondence between Amelius and Regina's maid was an old woman who kept a shop for the sale of newspapers and periodicals, in a by-street not far from Mr. Farnaby's house. From this place his letters were delivered to the maid, under cover of the morning newspapers—and here he found the answers waiting for him later in the day. 'If Rufus could only have taken her out for a walk, I might have seen Regina this afternoon,' thought Amelius. 'As it is, I may have to wait till to-morrow, or later still. And then, there's the sovereign to Phœbe.' He sighed as he thought of the fee. Sovereigns were becoming scarce in our young Socialist's purse.

Arriving in sight of the news-vendor's shop, Amelius noticed a man leaving it, who walked away towards the farther end of the street. When he entered the shop himself a minute afterwards, the woman took up a letter from the counter. 'A young man has just left this for you,' she said.

Amelius recognised the maid's handwriting on the address. The man whom he had seen leaving the shop was Phœbe's messenger.

He opened the letter. Her mistress, Phœbe explained, was too much flurried to be able to write. The master had astonished the whole household by appearing among them at least three hours before the time at which he was accustomed to leave his place of business. He had found 'Mrs. Ormond' (otherwise Regina's friend and correspondent, Cecilia) paying a visit

to his niece, and had asked to speak with her in private, before she took leave. The result was an invitation to Regina, from Mrs. Ormond, to stay for a little while at her house in the neighbourhood of Harrow. The ladies were to leave London together, in Mrs. Ormond's carriage that afternoon. Under stress of strong persuasion, on the part of her uncle and aunt as well as of her friend, Regina had ended in giving way. But she had not forgotten the interests of Amelius. She was willing to see him privately on the next day, provided he left London by the train which reached Harrow soon after eleven in the forenoon. If it happened to rain, then he must put off his journey until the first fine day, arriving in any case at the same hour. The place at which he was to wait was described to him; and with these instructions the letter ended.

The rapidity with which Mr. Farnaby had carried out his resolution to separate the lovers placed the weakness of Regina's character before Amelius in a new and startling light. Why had she not stood on her privileges, as a woman who had arrived at years of discretion, and refused to leave London until she had first heard what her lover had to say? Amelius had left his American friend, feeling sure that Regina's decision would be in his favour, when she was called upon to choose between the man who was ready to marry her, and the man who was nothing but her uncle by courtesy. For the first time, he now felt that his own confident anticipations might, by bare possibility, deceive him. He returned to his lodgings in such a state

of depression that compassionate Rufus insisted on taking him out to dinner, and hurried him off afterwards to the play. Thoroughly prostrated, Amelius submitted to the genial influence of his friend. He had not even energy enough to feel surprised when Rufus stopped, on their way to the tavern, at a dingy building adorned with a Grecian portico, and left a letter and a card in charge of a servant at the side-door.

The next day, by a happy interposition of Fortune, proved to be a day without rain. Amelius followed his instructions to the letter. A little watery sunshine showed itself as he left the station at Harrow. His mind was still in such a state of doubt and disturbance that it drew from superstition a faint encouragement to hope. He hailed the feeble November sunlight as a good omen.

Mr. and Mrs. Ormond's place of residence stood alone, surrounded by its own grounds. A wooden fence separated the property, on one side, from a muddy little by-road, leading to a neighbouring farm. At a wicket-gate in this fence, giving admission to a shrubbery situated at some distance from the house, Amelius now waited for the appearance of the maid.

After a delay of a few minutes only, the faithful Phœbe approached the gate with a key in her hand. 'Where is she?' Amelius asked, as the girl opened the gate for him.

'Waiting for you in the shrubbery. Stop sir; I have something to say to you first.'

Amelius took out his purse, and produced the fee. Even he had observed that Phœbe was perhaps a little too eager to get her money!

'Thank you, sir. Please to look at your watch. You mustn't be with Miss Regina a moment longer than a quarter of an hour.'

'Why not?'

'This is the time, sir, when Mrs. Ormond is engaged every day with her cook and housekeeper. In a quarter of

an hour the orders will be given—and Mrs. Ormond will join Miss Regina for a walk in the grounds. You will be the ruin of me, sir, if she finds you here.' With that warning, the maid led the way along the winding paths of the shrubbery.

'I must thank you for your letter, Phœbe,' said Amelius, as he followed her. 'By-the-bye, who was your messenger?'

Phœbe's answer was no answer at all. 'Only a young man, sir,' she said.

'In plain words, your sweetheart, I suppose?'

Phœbe's expressive silence was her only reply. She turned a corner, and pointed to her mistress standing alone before the entrance of a damp and deserted summer-house.

Regina put her handkerchief to her eyes, when the maid had discreetly retired. 'O,' she said softly, 'I am afraid this is very wrong!'

Amelius removed the handkerchief by the exercise of a little gentle force, and administered comfort under the form of a kiss. Having opened the proceedings in this way, he put his first question, 'Why did you come here?'

'How could I help it?' said Regina feebly. 'They were all against me. What else could I do?'

It occurred to Amelius that she might, at her age, have asserted a will of her own. He kept his idea, however, to himself; and, giving her his arm, led her slowly along the path of the shrubbery. 'You have heard, I suppose, what Mr. Farnaby expects of me?' he said.

'Yes, dear.'

'I call it worse than mercenary—I call it downright brutal!'

'O Amelius, don't talk so!'

Amelius came suddenly to a standstill. 'Does that mean you agree with him?' he asked.

'Don't be angry with me, dear. I only meant there was some excuse for him.'

'What excuse?'

'Well, you see, he has a high idea of your family, and he thought you were rich people. And—I know you didn't mean it, Amelius—but, still, you did disappoint him.'

Amelius dropped her arm. This mildly-persistent defence of Mr. Farnaby exasperated him.

'Perhaps I have disappointed *you*?' he said.

'O, no, no! O, how cruel you are!' The ready tears showed themselves again in her magnificent eyes—gentle considerate tears that raised no storm in her bosom, and produced no unbecoming results in her face. 'Don't be hard on me!' she said, appealing to him helplessly, like a charming overgrown child.

Some men might have still resisted her; but Amelius was not one of them. He took her hand, and pressed it tenderly.

'Regina,' he said, 'do you love me?'

'You know I do!'

He put his arm round her waist, he concentrated the passion that was in him into a look, and poured that look into her eyes. 'Do you love me as dearly as I love you?' he whispered.

She felt it with all the little passion that was in her. After a moment of hesitation, she put one arm timidly round his neck, and, bending her grand head, laid it on his bosom. Her finely-rounded, supple, muscular figure trembled, as if she had been the weakest woman living. 'Dear Amelius!' she murmured almost inaudibly. He tried to speak to her—his voice failed him. She had, in perfect innocence, fired his young blood. He drew her closer and closer to him: he lifted her head with a masterful resolution which she was not able to resist, and pressed his kisses in hot and breathless succession on her lips. His vehemence frightened her. She tore herself out of his arms with a sudden exertion of strength that took him completely by surprise. 'I didn't think you would have been rude to me!' With that mild reproach, she turned away, and

took the path which led from the shrubbery to the house. Amelius followed her, entreating that she would accept his excuses and grant him a few minutes more. He modestly laid all the blame on her beauty—he lamented that he had not resolution enough to resist the charm of it. When did that commonplace compliment ever fail to produce its effect? Regina smiled with the weakly complacent good-nature, which was only saved from being contemptible by its association with her personal attractions. 'Will you promise to behave?' she stipulated. And Amelius, not very eagerly, promised.

'Shall we go into the summer-house?' he suggested.

'It's very damp at this time of year,' Regina answered, with placid good sense. 'Perhaps we might catch cold—we had better walk about.'

They walked accordingly. 'I wanted to speak to you about our marriage,' Amelius resumed.

She sighed softly. 'We have some time to wait,' she said, 'before we can think of that.'

He passed this reply over without notice. 'You know,' he went on, 'that I have an income of five hundred a year?'

'Yes, dear.'

'There are hundreds of thousands of respectable artisans, Regina (with large families), who live comfortably on less than half my income.'

'Do they, dear?'

'And many gentlemen are not better off. Curates, for instance. Do you see what I am coming to, my darling?'

'No, dear.'

'Could you live with me in a cottage in the country, with a nice garden, and one little maid to wait on us, and two or three new dresses in a year?'

Regina lifted her fine eyes in sober ecstasy to the sky. 'It sounds very tempting,' she remarked, in the sweetest tones of her voice.

'And it could all be done,' Amelius proceeded, 'on five hundred a year.'

'Could it, dear?'

'I have calculated it—allowing the necessary margin—and I am sure of what I say. And I have done something else; I have asked about the Marriage License. I can easily find lodgings in the neighbourhood. We might be married at Harrow in a fortnight.'

Regina started: her eyes opened widely, and rested on Amelius with an expression of incredulous wonder. 'Married in a fortnight?' she repeated. 'What would my uncle and aunt say?'

'My angel, our happiness doesn't depend on your uncle and aunt—our happiness depends on ourselves. Nobody has any power to control us. I am a man, and you are a woman; and we have a right to be married whenever we like.' Amelius pronounced this last oracular sentence with his head held high, and a pleasant inner persuasion of the convincing manner in which he had stated his case.

'Without my uncle to give me away!' Regina exclaimed. 'Without my aunt! With no bridesmaids, and no friends, and no wedding-breakfast! O, Amelius, what *can* you be thinking of?' She drew back a step, and looked at him in helpless consternation.

For the moment, and the moment only, Amelius lost all patience with her. 'If you really loved me,' he said bitterly, 'you wouldn't think of the bridesmaids and the breakfast?' Regina had her answer ready in her pocket—she took out her handkerchief. Before she could lift it to her eyes, Amelius recovered himself. 'No, no,' he said, 'I didn't mean that—I am sure you love me—take my arm again. Do you know, Regina, I doubt whether your uncle has told you everything that passed between us. Are you really aware of the hard terms that he insists on? He expects

me to increase my five hundred a year to two thousand before he will sanction our marriage.'

'Yes, dear, he told me that.'

'I have as much chance of earning fifteen hundred a year, Regina, as I have of being made King of England. Did he tell you *that*?'

'He doesn't agree with you, dear—he thinks you might earn it (with your abilities) in ten years.'

This time it was the turn of Amelius to look at Regina in helpless consternation. 'Ten years?' he repeated. 'Do you coolly contemplate waiting ten years before we are married? Good heavens! is it possible that *you* are thinking of the money! that *you* can't live without carriages and footmen, and ostentation and grandeur—?'

He stopped. For once, even Regina showed that she had spirit enough to be angry. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself to speak to me in that way!' she broke out indignantly. 'If you have no better opinion of me than that, I won't marry you at all—no, not if you had fifty thousand a year, sir, to-morrow! Am I to have no sense of duty to my uncle—to the good man who has been a second father to me? Do you think I am ungrateful enough to set his wishes at defiance? O, yes, I know you don't like him! I know that a great many people don't like him. That doesn't make any difference to Me. But for dear uncle Farnaby, I might have gone to the workhouse, I might have been a starving needlewoman, a poor persecuted maid-of-all-work. Am I to forget that, because you have no patience, and only think of yourself? O, I wish I had never met with you! I wish I had never been fool enough to be as fond of you as I am!' With that confession she turned her back on him, and took refuge in her handkerchief once more.

Amelius stood looking at her in silent despair. After the tone in which she had spoken of her obligations to

her uncle, it was useless to anticipate any satisfactory result from the exertion of his influence over Regina. Recalling what he had seen and heard, in Mrs. Farnaby's room, Amelius could not doubt that the motive of pacifying his wife was the motive which had first led Farnaby to receive Regina into his house. Was it unreasonable or unjust to infer that the orphan child must have been mainly indebted to Mrs. Farnaby's sense of duty to the memory of her sister for the parental protection afforded to her from that time forth? It would have been useless, and worse than useless, to place before Regina such considerations as these. Her exaggerated idea of the gratitude that she owed to her uncle was beyond the limited reach of reason. Nothing was to be gained by opposition; and no sensible course was left but to say some peace-making words and submit.

'I beg your pardon, Regina, if I have offended you. You have sadly disappointed me. I haven't deliberately misjudged you; I can say no more.'

She turned round quickly, and looked at him. There was an ominous change to resignation in his voice, there was a dogged submission in his manner, that alarmed her. She had never yet seen him under the perilously-patient aspect in which he now presented himself, after his apology had been made.

'I forgive you, Amelius, with all my heart,' she said—and timidly held out her hand.

He took it, raised it silently to his lips, and dropped it again.

She suddenly turned pale. All the love that she had in her to give to a man, she had given to Amelius. Her heart sank; she asked herself, in blank terror, if she had lost him.

'I am afraid it is *I* who have offended *you*,' she said. 'Don't be angry with me, Amelius! don't make me more unhappy than I am!'

'I am not in the least angry,' he answered, still in the quiet subdued

way that terrified her. 'You can't expect me, Regina, to contemplate a ten years' engagement cheerfully.'

She took his hand, and held it in both her own hands—held it, as if his love for her was there and she was determined not to let it go.

'If you will only leave it to me,' she pleaded, 'the engagement sha'n't be so long as that. Try my uncle with a little kindness and respect, Amelius, instead of saying hard words to him. Or let *me* try him, if you are too proud to give way. May I say that you had no intention of offending him, and that you are willing to leave the future to me?'

'Certainly,' said Amelius, 'if you think it will be of the slightest use.' His tone added more; his tone said plainly, 'I don't believe in him, mind, as you do.'

She still persisted. 'It will be of the greatest use,' she went on. 'He will let me go home again, and he will not object to your coming to see me. He doesn't like to be despised and set at defiance—who does? Be patient, Amelius; and I will persuade him to expect less money from you—only what you may earn, dear, with your talents, long before ten years have passed.' She waited for a word of reply which might show that she had encouraged him a little. He only smiled. 'You talk of loving me,' she said, drawing back from him with a look of reproach; 'and you don't even believe what I say to you.' She stopped, and looked behind her with a faint cry of alarm. Hurried footsteps were audible on the other side of the evergreens that screened them. Amelius stepped back to a turn in the path, and discovered Phoebe.

'Don't stay a moment longer, sir!'

cried the girl. 'I've been to the house—and Mrs. Ormond isn't there—and nobody knows where she is. Get out by the gate, sir, while you have the chance.'

Amelius returned to Regina. 'I mustn't get the girl into a scrape,' he

said. 'You know where to write to me. Good-bye.'

Regina made a sign to the maid to retire. Amelius had never taken leave of her as he was taking leave of her now. She forgot the fervent embrace and the daring kisses—she was desperate at the bare idea of losing him. 'O Amelius, don't doubt that I love you! Say you believe I love you! Kiss me before you go!' He kissed her—but, ah, not as he had kissed her before. He said the words she wanted him to say—but only to please her, not with all his heart. She let him go; reproaches would be wasted at that moment. Phœbe found her pale and immovable, rooted to the spot on which they had parted. 'Dear, dear me, miss, what's gone wrong?' And her mistress answered wildly, in words that had never before passed her placid lips. 'O Phœbe, I wish I was dead!'

CHAPTER XVI.

SUCH was the impression left on the mind of Regina by the interview in the shrubbery.

The impression left on the mind of Amelius was stated in equally strong language, later in the day. His American friend asked innocently for news, and was answered in these terms:

'Find something to occupy my mind, Rufus, or I shall throw the whole thing over and go to the devil.'

The wise man from New England was too wise to trouble Amelius with questions, under these circumstances. 'Is that so?' was all he said. Then he put his hand in his pocket, and producing a letter, laid it quietly on the table.

'For me?' Amelius asked.

'You wanted something to occupy your mind,' the wily Rufus answered. 'There 'tis.'

Amelius read the letter. It was dated, 'Hampden Institution.' The

secretary invited Amelius, in highly complimentary terms, to lecture, in the hall of the Institution, on Christian Socialism as taught and practised in the Community at Tadmor. He was offered two-thirds of the profits derived from the sale of places, and was left free to appoint his own evening (at a week's notice) and to issue his own advertisements. Minor details were reserved to be discussed with the secretary, when the lecturer had consented to the arrangement proposed to him.

Having finished the letter, Amelius looked at his friend. 'This is your doing,' he said.

Rufus admitted it, with his customary candour. He had a letter of introduction to the secretary, and he had called by appointment that morning. The Institution wanted something new to attract the members and the public. Having no present intention of lecturing himself, he had thought of Amelius, and had spoken his thought. 'I mentioned,' Rufus added slyly, 'that I didn't reckon you would mount the platform. But he's a sanguine creature, that secretary—and he said he'd try.'

'Why should I say No?' Amelius asked, a little irritably. 'The secretary pays me a compliment, and offers me an opportunity of spreading our principles. Perhaps,' he added, more quietly, after a moment's reflection, 'you thought I might not be equal to the occasion—and, in that case, I don't say you were wrong.'

Rufus shook his head. 'If you had passed your life in this decrepid little island,' he replied, 'I might have doubted you, likely enough. But Tadmor's situated in the United States. If they don't practise the boys in the art of orating, don't you tell me there's an American citizen with a voice in *that* society. Guess again, my son. You won't? Well, then, 'twas uncle Farnaby I had in my mind. I said to myself—not to the secretary—Amelius is bound to

consider uncle Farnaby. O, my, what would uncle Farnaby say ?

The hot temper of Amelius took fire instantly. 'What the devil do I care for Farnaby's opinions?' he burst out. 'If there's a man in England who wants the principles of Christian Socialism beaten into his thick head, it's Farnaby. Are you going to see the secretary again ?'

'I might look in,' Rufus answered, 'in the course of the evening.'

'Tell him I'll give the lecture—with my compliments and thanks. If I can only succeed,' pursued Amelius, heating himself with the new idea, 'I may make a name as a lecturer, and a name means money, and money means beating Farnaby with his own weapons. It's an opening for me, Rufus, at the crisis of my life.'

'That is so,' Rufus admitted. 'I may as well look up the secretary,'

'Why shouldn't I go with you ?' Amelius suggested.

'Why not ?' Rufus agreed.

They left the house together.

Late that night Amelius sat alone in his room, making notes for the lecture which he had now formally engaged himself to deliver in a week's time.

Thanks to his American education (as Rufus had supposed), he had not been without practice in the art of public speaking. He had learnt to face his fellow-creatures in the act of oratory, and to hear the sound of his own voice in a silent assembly without trembling from head to foot. English newspapers were regularly sent to Tadmor, and English politics were frequently discussed in the little parliament of the Community. The prospect of addressing a new audience, with their sympathies probably against him at the outset, had its terrors undoubted. But the more formidable consideration, to the mind of Amelius, was presented by the limits imposed on him in the matter of time. The lecture was to be succeeded (at the request of a clerical member of the In-

stitution) by a public discussion ; and the secretary's experience suggested that the lecturer would do well to reduce his address within the compass of an hour. 'Socialism is a large subject to be squeezed into that small space,' Amelius had objected. And the secretary sighed, and answered, 'They won't listen any longer.'

Making notes, from time to time, of the points on which it was most desirable to insist, and on the relative positions which they should occupy in his lecture, the memory of Amelius became more and more absorbed in recalling the scenes in which his early life had been passed.

He laid down his pen, as the clock of the nearest church struck the first dark hour of the morning, and let his thoughts take him back again, without interruption or restraint, to the hills and vales of Tadmor. Once more the kind old Elder Brother taught him the noble lessons of Christianity as they came from the inspired Teacher's own lips ; once more he took his turn of healthy work in the garden and the field ; once more the voices of his companions joined with him in the evening songs, and the timid little figure of Mellicent stood at his side, content to hold the music-book and listen. How poor, how corrupt, did the life look that he was leading now, by comparison with the life that he had led in those earlier and happier days ! How shamefully he had forgotten the simple precepts of Christian humility, Christian sympathy, and Christian self-restraint, in which his teachers had trusted as the safeguards that were to preserve him from the foul contact of the world ! Within the last two days only, he had refused to make merciful allowance for the errors of a man, whose life had been wasted in the sordid struggle upward from poverty to wealth—and, worse yet, he had cruelly distressed the poor girl who loved him, at the prompting of those selfish passions which it was his first and foremost duty to restrain. The bare re-

membrane of it was unendurable to him, in his present frame of mind. With his customary impetuosity, he snatched up the pen, to make atonement before he went to rest that night. He wrote in few words to Mr. Farnaby, declaring that he regretted having spokenly impatiently and contemptuously at the interview between them, and expressing the hope that their experience of each other, in the time to come, might perhaps lead to acceptable concessions on either side. His letter to Regina was written, it is needless to say, in warmer terms and at much greater length : it was the honest outpouring of his love and his penitence. When the letters were safe in their envelopes he was not satisfied, even yet. No matter what the hour might be, there was no ease of mind for Amelius, until he had actually posted his letters. He stole down-stairs, and softly unbolted the door, and hurried away to the nearest letter-box. When he had let himself in again with his latch-key, his mind was relieved at last. 'Now,' he thought, as he lit his bedroom candle, 'I can go to sleep!'

A visit from Rufus was the first event of the day.

The two set to work together to draw out the necessary advertisement of the lecture. It was well calculated to attract attention in certain quarters. The announcement addressed itself, in capital letters, to all honest people who were poor and discontented. 'Come, and hear the remedy which Christian Socialism provides for your troubles, explained to you by a friend and a brother ; and pay no more than sixpence for the place that you occupy.' The necessary information as to time and place followed this appeal ; including the offer of reserved seats at higher prices. By advice of the secretary, the advertisement was not sent to any journal having its circulation among the wealthier classes of society. It appeared prominently in one daily paper and in two weekly papers ; the

three possessing an aggregate sale of four hundred thousand copies. 'Assume only five readers to each copy,' cried sanguine Amelius, 'and we appeal to an audience of two millions. What a magnificent publicity!'

There was one inevitable result of magnificent publicity which Amelius failed to consider. His advertisements were certain to bring people together, who might otherwise never have met in the great world of London, under one roof. All over England, Scotland, and Ireland, he invited unknown guests to pass the evening with him. In such circumstances, recognitions may take place between persons who have lost sight of each other for years ; conversations might be held, which might otherwise never have been exchanged ; and results may follow, for which the hero of the evening may be innocently responsible, because two or three among his audience happen to be sitting to hear him on the same bench. A man who opens his doors and invites the public indiscriminately to come in runs the risk of playing with inflammable materials, and can never be sure at what time or in what direction they may explode.

Rufus himself took the fair copies of the advertisement to the nearest agent. Amelius stayed at home to think over his lecture.

He was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Farnaby's answer to his letter. The man of the oily whiskers wrote courteously and guardedly. He was evidently flattered and pleased by the advance that had been made to him ; and he was quite willing, 'under the circumstances,' to give the lovers opportunities of meeting at his house. At the same time, he limited the number of the opportunities. 'Once a week, for the present, my dear sir. Regina will doubtless write to you, when she returns to London.'

Regina wrote, by return of post. The next morning Amelius received a letter from her which enchanted him.

She had never loved him as she loved him now; she longed to see him again; she had prevailed on Mrs. Ormond to let her shorten her visit, and to intercede for her with the authorities at home. They were to return together to London on the afternoon of the next day. Amelius would be sure to find her, if he arranged to call in time for five-o'clock tea.

Towards four o'clock on the next day, while Amelius was putting the finishing touches to his dress, he was informed that 'a young person wished to see him.' The visitor proved to be Phœbe, with her handkerchief to her eyes; indulging in grief, in humble imitation of her young mistress's gentle method of proceeding on similar occasions.

'Good God!' cried Amelius, 'has anything happened to Regina?'

'No, sir,' Phœbe murmured behind the handkerchief. 'Miss Regina is at home, and well.'

'Then what are you crying about?'

Phœbe forgot her mistress's gentle method. She answered, with an explosion of sobs, 'I'm ruined, sir!'

'What do you mean by being ruined? Who's done it?'

'You've done it, sir!'

Amelius started. His relations with Phœbe had been purely and entirely of the pecuniary sort. She was a showy pretty girl, with a smart little figure—but with some undeniably bad lines, which only observant physiognomists remarked, about her eyebrows and her mouth. Amelius was not a physiognomist; but he was in love with Regina, which at his age came to the same thing. It is only men over forty who can court the mistress, with reserves of admiration to spare for the maid.

'Sit down,' said Amelius; 'and tell me in two words what you mean.'

Phœbe sat down, and dried her eyes. 'I have been infamously treated, sir, by Mrs. Farnaby,' she began—and stopped, overpowered by the bare remembrance of her wrongs. She

was angry enough, at that moment, to be off her guard. The vindictive nature that was in the girl found its way outward, and showed itself in her face. Amelius perceived the change, and began to doubt whether Phœbe was quite worthy of the place which she had hitherto held in his estimation.

'Surely there must be some mistake,' he said. 'What opportunity has Mrs. Farnaby had of ill-treating you? You have only just got back to London.'

'I beg your pardon, sir, we got back sooner than we expected. Mrs. Ormond had business in town; and she left Miss Regina at her own door, nearly two hours since.'

'Well?'

'Well, sir, I had hardly taken off my bonnet and shawl, when I was sent for by Mrs. Farnaby. "Have you unpacked your box yet?" says she. I told her I hadn't had time to do so. "You needn't trouble yourself to unpack," says she. "You are no longer in Miss Regina's service. There are your wages—with a month's wages besides, in place of the customary warning." I'm only a poor girl, sir, but I up and spoke to her as plain as she spoke to me. "I want to know," I says, "why I am sent away in this uncivil manner?" I couldn't possibly repeat what she said. My blood boils when I think of it!' Phœbe declared, with melodramatic vehemence. 'Somebody has found us out, sir. Somebody has told Mrs. Farnaby of your private meeting with Miss Regina in the shrubbery, and the money you kindly gave me. I believe Mrs. Ormond is at the bottom of it; you remember nobody knew where she was, when I thought she was in the house speaking to the cook. That's guess-work, I allow, so far. What is certain is, that I have been spoken to as if I was the lowest creature that walks the streets. Mrs. Farnaby refuses to give me a character, sir. She actually said she would call in the police, if I didn't leave the house in

half an hour. How am I to get another place, without a character? I'm a ruined girl, that's what I am—and all through You!

Threatened at this point with an illustrative outburst of sobbing, Amelius was simple enough to try the consoling influence of a sovereign. 'Why don't you speak to Miss Regina?' he asked. 'You know she will help you.'

'She has done all she can, sir. I have nothing to say against Miss Regina—she's a good creature. She came into the room, and begged, and prayed, and took all the blame on herself. Mrs. Farnaby wouldn't hear a word. "I'm mistress here," she says; "you had better go back to your room." Ah, Mr. Amelius, I can tell you Mrs. Farnaby is your enemy as well as mine! you'll never marry her niece if she can stop it. Mark my words, sir, that's the secret of the vile manner in which she has used me. My conscience is clear, thank God. I've tried to serve the cause of true love—and I'm not ashamed of it. Never mind! my turn is to come. I'm only a poor servant, sent adrift in the world without a character. Wait a little! you see if I am not even (and better than even) with Mrs. Farnaby, before long! *I know, what I know.* I am not going to say any more than that. She shall rue the day,' cried Phoebe, relapsing into melodrama again, 'when she turned me out of the house like a thief!'

'Come! come!' said Amelius sharply, 'you mustn't speak in that way.'

Phoebe had got her money: she could afford to be independent. She rose from her chair. The insolence which is the almost invariable accompaniment of a sense of injury among Englishwomen of her class expressed itself in her answer to Amelius. 'I speak as I think, sir. I have some spirit in me; I am not a woman to be trodden underfoot—and so Mrs. Farnaby shall find, before she is many days older.'

'Phoebe! Phoebe! you are talking like a heathen. If Mrs. Farnaby has behaved to you with unjust severity, set her an example of moderation on your side. It's your duty as a Christian to forgive injuries.'

Phoebe burst out laughing. 'Hee-hee-hee! Thank you, sir, for a sermon as well as a sovereign. You have been most kind, indeed!' She changed suddenly from irony to anger. 'I never was called a heathen before! Considering what I have done for you, I think you might at least have been civil. Good afternoon, sir.' She lifted her saucy little snub-nose, and walked with dignity out of the room.

For the moment, Amelius was amused. As he heard the house-door closed, he turned laughing to the window, for a last look at Phoebe in the character of an injured Christian. In an instant the smile left his lips—he changed colour, and drew back from the window with a start.

A man had been waiting for Phoebe, in the street. At the moment when Amelius looked out, she had just taken his arm. He glanced back at the house, as they walked away together. Amelius immediately recognised, in Phoebe's companion (and sweetheart), a vagabond Irishman, nicknamed Jervy, whose face he had last seen at Tadmor. Employed as one of the agents of the Community in transacting their business with the neighbouring town, he had been dismissed for misconduct, and had been unwisely taken back again, at the intercession of a respectable person who believed in his promises of amendment. Amelius had suspected this man of being the spy who officiously informed against Mellicent and himself; but having discovered no evidence to justify his suspicions, he had remained silent on the subject. It was now quite plain to him that Jervy's appearance in London could only be attributed to a second dismissal from the service of the Community, for some offence sufficiently serious to oblige him to take re-

fuge in England. A more disreputable person it was hardly possible for Phœbe to have become acquainted with. In her present vindictive mood, he would be emphatically a dangerous companion and counsellor. Amelius felt this so strongly, that he determined to follow them, on the chance of finding out where Jervy lived. Unhappily, he had only arrived at this resolution after a lapse of a minute or two. He ran into the street—but it was too late; not a trace of them was to be discovered. Pursuing his way to Mr. Farnaby's house, he decided on mentioning what had happened to Regina. Her aunt had not acted wisely in refusing to let the maid refer to her for a character. She would do well to set herself right with Phœbe, in this particular, before it was too late.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. FARNABY stood at the door of her own room, and looked at her niece with an air of contemptuous curiosity.

'Well? You and your lover have had a fine time of it together, I suppose? What do you want here?'

'Amelius wishes particularly to speak to you, aunt.'

'Tell him to save himself the trouble. He may reconcile your uncle to his marriage—he won't reconcile Me.'

'It's not about that, aunt; it's about Phœbe.'

'Does he want me to take Phœbe back again?'

At that moment Amelius appeared in the hall, and answered the question himself. 'I want to give you a word of warning,' he said.

Mrs. Farnaby smiled grimly. 'That excites my curiosity,' she replied. 'Come in. I don't want you,' she added, dismissing her niece at the door. 'So you're willing to wait ten years for Regina?' she continued, when Amelius was alone with her. I'm dis-

appointed in you; you're a poor weak creature, after all. What about that young hussy, Phœbe?'

Amelius told her unreservedly all that had passed between the discarded maid and himself; not forgetting, before he concluded, to caution her on the subject of the maid's companion. 'I don't know what the man may not do to mislead Phœbe,' he said. 'If I were you, I wouldn't drive her into a corner.'

Mrs. Farnaby eyed him scornfully from head to foot. 'You used to have the spirit of a man in you,' she answered. 'Keeping company with Regina has made you a milksop already. If you want to know what I think of Phœbe and her sweetheart—' she stopped, and snapped her fingers. 'There!' she said, 'that's what I think! Now go back to Regina. I can tell you one thing—she will never be your wife.'

Amelius looked at her in quiet surprise. 'It seems odd,' he remarked, 'that you should treat me as you do, after what you said to me, the last time I was in this room. You expect me to help you in the dearest wish of your life—and you do everything you can to thwart the dearest wish of my life. A man can't keep his temper under continual provocation. Suppose I refuse to help you?'

Mrs. Farnaby looked at him with the most exasperating composure. 'I defy you to do it,' she answered.

'You defy me to do it!' Amelius exclaimed.

'Do you take me for a fool?' Mrs. Farnaby went on. 'Do you think I don't know you better than you know yourself?' She stepped up close to him; her voice sank suddenly to low and tender tones. 'If that last unlikely chance should turn out in my favour,' she went on; 'if you really did meet with my poor girl, one of these days, and knew that you had met with her—do you mean to say you could be cruel enough, no matter how badly I behaved to you, to tell me nothing about it? Is *that* the heart

I can feel beating under my hand? Is that the Christianity you learnt at Tadmor? Pooh, pooh, you foolish boy! Go back to Regina; and tell her you have tried to frighten me, and you find it won't do.'

The next day was Saturday. The advertisement of the lecture appeared in the newspapers. Rufus confessed that he had been extravagant enough, in the case of the two weekly journals, to occupy half a page. 'The public,' he explained, 'have got a nasty way of overlooking advertisements of a modest and retiring character. Hit 'em in the eyes when they open the paper, or you don't hit 'em at all.'

Among the members of the public attracted by the new announcement, Mrs. Farnaby was one. She honoured Amelius with a visit at his lodgings. 'I called you a poor weak creature yesterday' (these were her first words on entering the room); 'I talked like a fool. You're a splendid fellow; I respect your courage, and I shall attend your lecture. Never mind what Mr. Farnaby and Regina say. Regina's poor little conventional soul is shaken, I daresay; you needn't expect to have my niece among your audience. But Farnaby is a humbug, as usual. He affects to be horrified; he talks big about breaking off the match. In his own self, he's bursting with curiosity to know how you will get through with it. I tell you this—he will sneak into the hall and stand at the back where nobody can see him. I shall go with him; and, when you're on the platform, I'll hold up my handkerchief like this. Then you'll know he's there. Hit him hard, Amelius—hit him hard! Where is your friend, Rufus? Just gone away? I like that American. Give him my love, and tell him to come and see me.' She left the room as abruptly as she had entered it. Amelius looked after her in amazement, Mrs. Farnaby was not like herself; Mrs. Farnaby was in good spirits!

Regina's opinion of the lecture arrived by post.

Every other word in her letter was underlined; half the sentences began with 'Oh!' Regina was shocked, astonished, ashamed, alarmed. What would Amelius do next? Why had he deceived her, and left her to find it out in the papers? He had undone all the good effect of those charming letters to her father and herself. He had no idea of the disgust and abhorrence which respectable people would feel at his odious Socialism. Was she never to know another happy moment? and was Amelius to be the cause of it? and so on, and so on.

Mr. Farnaby's protest followed, delivered by Mr. Farnaby himself. He kept his gloves on when he called; he was solemn and pathetic; he remonstrated, in the character of one of the ancestors of Amelius; he pitied the ancient family 'mouldering in the silent grave;' he would abstain from deciding in a hurry, but his daughter's feelings were outraged, and he feared it would be his duty to break off the match. Amelius, with perfect good temper, offered him a free admission, and asked him to hear the lecture and decide for himself whether there was any harm in it. Mr. Farnaby turned his head away from the ticket as if it was something indecent. 'Sad! sad!' That was his only farewell to the gentleman-socialist.

On the Sunday (being the only day in London on which a man can use his brains without being interrupted by street music), Amelius rehearsed his lecture. On the Monday, he paid his weekly visit to Regina.

She was reported—whether truly or not it was impossible for him to discover—to have gone out in the carriage with Mrs. Ormond. Amelius wrote to her in soothing and affectionate terms, suggesting, as he had suggested to her father, that she should wait to hear the lecture before she condemned it. In the meantime, he entreated her to remember that they

had promised to be true to one another, in time and eternity—Socialism notwithstanding.

The answer came back by private messenger. The tone was serious. Regina's principles forbade her to attend a Socialist lecture. She hoped Amelius was in earnest in writing as he did about time and eternity. The subject was very awful to a rightly-constituted mind. On the next page, some mitigation of this severity followed in a postscript. Regina would wait at home to see Amelius, the day after his 'regrettable appearance in public.'

The evening of Tuesday was the evening of the lecture.

Rufus posted himself at the ticket-taker's office, in the interests of Amelius. 'Even sixpences do sometimes stick to a man's fingers, on their way from the public to the money-box,' he remarked. The sixpences did indeed flow in rapidly; the advertisements had, so far, produced their effect. But the reserved seats sold very slowly. The members of the Institution, who were admitted for nothing, arrived in large numbers, and secured the best places. Towards eight o'clock (the hour at which the lecture was to begin), the sixpenny audience was still pouring in. Rufus recognized Phoebe among the late arrivals, escorted by a person in the dress of a gentleman, who was palpably a blackguard nevertheless. A short stout lady followed, who warmly shook hands with Rufus, and said, 'Let me introduce you to Mr. Farnaby.' Mr. Farnaby's mouth and chin were shrouded in a wrapper; his hat was over his eyebrows. Rufus observed that he looked as if he was ashamed of himself. A gaunt, dirty savage old woman, miserably dressed, offered her sixpence to the money-taker, while the two gentlemen were shaking hands; the example, it is needless to say, being set by Rufus. The old woman looked attentively at all that was visible of Mr. Farnaby—that is to say, at his eyes and his

whiskers—by the gas-lamp hanging in the corridor. She instantly drew back, though she had got her ticket, waited until Mr. Farnaby had paid for his wife and himself; and then followed close behind them, into the hall.

And why not? The advertisements addressed this wretched old creature as one of the poor and discontented public. Sixteen years ago, John Farnaby had put his own child into that woman's hands at Ramsgate, and had never seen either of them since.

Entering the hall, Mr. Farnaby discovered without difficulty the position of modest retirement of which he was in search.

The cheap seats were situated, as usual, on that part of the floor of the building which was farthest from the platform. A gallery at this end of the hall threw its shadow over the hindermost benches and the gangway by which they were approached. In the sheltering obscurity thus produced, Mr. Farnaby took his place; standing in the corner formed by the angle at which the two walls of the building met, with his dutiful wife at his side. Still following them, unnoticed in the crowd, the old woman stopped at the extremity of the hindermost bench, looked close at a smartly-dressed young man who occupied the last seat at the end, and who paid marked attention to a pretty girl sitting by him; and whispered in his ear, 'Now, then, Jervy! can't you make room for Mother Sowler?'

The man started and looked round. 'You here?' he exclaimed, with an oath.

Before he could say more, Phoebe whispered to him on the other side, 'What a horrid old creature! How did you ever come to know her?' At the same moment, Mrs. Sowler reiterated her request in more peremptory language. 'Do you hear, Jervy—do you hear? Sit a little closer.'

Jervy apparently had his reasons for treating the expression of Mrs.

Sowler's wishes with deference, shabby as she was. Making abundant apologies, he asked his neighbours to favour him by sitting a little nearer to each other, and so contrived to leave a morsel of vacant space at the edge of the bench. Phœbe, making room under protest, began to whisper again. 'What does she mean by calling you Jerry? She looks like a beggar. Tell her your name is Jervis.' The reply she received did not encourage her to say more. 'Hold your tongue; I have reasons for being civil to her—you be civil, too.'

He turned to Mrs. Sowler, with the readiest submission to circumstances. Under the surface of his showy looks and his vulgar facility of manner, there lay hidden a substance of callous villany and impenetrable cunning. He had in him the materials out of which the clever murderers are made, who baffle the police. If he could have done it with impunity, he would have destroyed without remorse the squalid old creature who sat by him, and who knew enough of his past career in England to send him to penal servitude for life. As it was, he spoke to her with a spurious condescension and good humour. 'Why it must be ten years, Mrs. Sowler, since I last saw you! What have you been doing?'

The woman frowned at him as she answered. 'Can't you look at me, and see? Starving!' She eyed his gaudy watch and chain greedily. 'Money don't seem to be scarce with you. Have you made your fortune in America?'

He laid his hand on her arm, and pressed it warningly. 'Hush!' he said, under his breath. 'We'll talk about that, after the lecture.' His bright shifty black eyes turned furtively towards Phœbe—and Mrs. Sowler noticed it. The girl's savings in service had paid for his jewellery and his fine clothes. She silently resented his rudeness in telling her to 'hold her tongue;' sitting, sullen, with her impudent little nose in the air. Jerry

tried to include her indirectly in his conversation with his shabby old friend. 'This young lady,' he said, 'knows Mr. Goldenheart. She feels sure he'll break down; and we've come here to see the fun. I don't hold with Socialism myself—I am for, what my favourite newspaper calls, the altar and the throne. In short, my politics are Conservative.' 'Your politics are in your girl's pocket,' muttered Mrs. Sowler; 'how long will her money last? Jerry turned a deaf ear to the interruption. 'And what has brought you here?' he went on, in his most ingratiating way. 'Did you see the advertisement in the papers?' Mrs. Sowler answered loud enough to be heard above the hum of talking in the sixpenny places. 'I was having a drop of gin, and I saw the paper at the public-house. I'm one of the discontented poor. I hate rich people; and I'm ready to pay my sixpence to hear them abused.' 'Hear, hear!' said a man near, who looked like a shoemaker. 'I hope he'll give it to the aristocracy?' added one of the shoemaker's neighbours, apparently a groom out of place. 'I'm sick of the aristocracy,' cried a woman with a fiery face and a crushed bonnet; 'it's them as swallows up the money; what business have they with their palaces and their parks, when my husband's out of work, and my children hungry at home?' The acquiescent shoemaker listened with admiration. 'Very well put,' he said; 'very well put.'

These expressions of popular feeling reached the respectable ears of Mr. Farnaby. 'Do you hear those wretches?' he said to his wife.

Mrs. Farnaby seized the welcome opportunity of irritating him. 'Poor things!' she answered. 'In their place, we should talk as they do.'

'You had better go into the reserved seats,' rejoined her husband, turning from her with a look of disgust. 'There's plenty of room. Why do you stop here?'

'I couldn't think of leaving you, my dear! How did you like my American friend?'

'I am astonished at you taking the liberty of introducing him to me. You knew perfectly well that I was here incognito. What do I care about a wandering American?'

Mrs. Farnaby persisted as maliciously as ever. 'Ah, but you see, I like him. The wandering American is my ally.'

'Your ally! What do you mean?'

'Good heavens, how dull you are!'

Don't you know that I object to my niece's marriage engagement? I was quite delighted when I heard of this lecture, because it's an obstacle in the way. It disgusts Regina, and it disgusts You—and my dear American is the man who first brought it about. Hush! here's Amelius. How well he looks! So graceful and so gentleman-like,' cried Mrs. Farnaby, signaling with her handkerchief to show Amelius their position in the hall. 'I declare I'm ready to become a Socialist before he opens his lips!'

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE personal appearance of Amelius took the audience completely by surprise. A man who is young and handsome is not the order of man who is habitually associated in the popular mind with the idea of a lecture. After a moment of silence, there was a spontaneous burst of applause. It was renewed when Amelius, first placing on his table a little book, announced his intention of delivering the lecture extempore. The absence of the inevitable manuscript was in itself an act of mercy that cheered the public at starting.

The orator of the evening began.

'Ladies and gentlemen, thoughtful people accustomed to watch the signs of the times in this country, and

among the other nations of Europe, are (so far as I know), agreed in the conclusion that serious changes are likely to take place in present forms of government and in existing systems of society before the century in which we live has reached its end. In plain words, the next revolution is not so unlikely and not so far off as it pleases the higher and wealthier classes among European populations to suppose. I am one of those who believe that the coming convulsion will take the form, this time, of a Social revolution, and that the man at the head of it will not be a military or a political man—but a Great Citizen, sprung from the people, and devoted heart and soul to the people's cause. Within the limits assigned to me to-night, it is impossible that I should speak to you of government and society among other nations, even if I possessed the necessary knowledge and experience to venture on so vast a subject. All that I can now attempt to do is (first) to point out some of the causes which are paving the way for a coming change in the social and political condition of this country; and (secondly) to satisfy you that the only trustworthy remedy for existing abuses is to be found in the system which Christian Socialism extracts from this little book on my table—the book which you all know under the name of the New Testament. Before, however, I enter on my task, I feel it a duty to say one preliminary word on the subject of my claim to address you, such as it is. I am most unwilling to speak of myself—but my position here forces me to do so. I am a stranger to all of you; and I am a very young man. Let me tell you then, briefly, what my life has been, and where I have been brought up—and then decide for yourselves whether it is worth your while to favour me with your attention, or not.'

'A very good opening,' remarked the shoemaker.

'A nice-looking fellow,' said the

fiery-faced woman. 'I should like to kiss him.'

'He's too civil by half,' grumbled Mrs. Sowler; 'I wish I had my sixpence back in my pocket.'

'Give him time,' whispered Jervy, 'and he'll warm up. I say, Phœbe, he doesn't begin like a man who is going to break down. I don't expect there will be much to laugh at to-night.'

'What an admirable speaker!' said Mrs. Farnaby to her husband. 'Fancy such a man as that being married to such an idiot as Regina!'

'There's always a chance for him,' returned Mr. Farnaby savagely, 'as long as he's not married to such a woman as You!'

In the meantime, Amelius had claimed national kindred with his audience as an Englishman, and had rapidly sketched his life at Tadmor, in its most noteworthy points. This done, he put the question whether they would hear him. His frankness and freshness had already won the public; they answered by a general shout of applause.

'Very well,' Amelius proceeded, 'now let us get on. Suppose we take a glance (we have no time to do more), at the present state of our religious system, first. What is the public aspect of the thing called Christianity in the England of our day? A hundred different sects all at variance with each other. An established church, rent in every direction by incessant wrangling—disputes about black gowns or white; about having candlesticks on tables or off tables; about bowing to the east or bowing to the west; about which doctrine collects the most respectable support and possesses the largest sum of money, the doctrine in my church, or the doctrine in your church, or the doctrine in the church over the way. Look up, if you like, from this multitudinous and incessant squabbling, among the rank and file, to the high regions in which the right reverend represen-

tatives of state religion sit apart. Are they Christians? If they are, show me the Bishop who dares assert his Christianity in the House of Lords, when the ministry of the day happens to see its advantage in engaging in a war! Where is that Bishop, and how many supporters does he count among his own order? Do you blame me for using intemperate language—language which I cannot justify? Take a fair test, and try me by that. The result of the Christianity of the New Testament is to make men true, humane, gentle, modest, strictly scrupulous and strictly considerate in their dealings with their neighbours. Does the Christianity of the churches and the sects produce these results among us? Look at the staple of the country, at the occupation which employs the largest number of Englishmen of all degrees—look at our Commerce. What is its social aspect, judged by the morality which is in this book in my hand? Let those organised systems of imposture, masquerading under the disguise of banks and companies, answer the question—there is no need for me to answer it. You know what respectable names are associated, year after year, with the shameless falsification of accounts, and the merciless ruin of thousands on thousands of victims. You know how our poor Indian customer finds his cotton-print dress a sham that falls to pieces; how the savage who deals honestly with us for his weapon finds his gun a delusion that bursts; how the half-starved needlewoman who buys her reel of thread finds printed on the label a false statement of the number of yards that she buys; you know that, in the markets of Europe, foreign goods are fast taking the place of English goods, because the foreigner is the more honest manufacturer of the two—and, lastly, you know, what is worse than all, that these cruel and wicked deceptions, and many more like them, are regarded, on the highest commercial authority, as

“forms of competition” and justifiable proceedings in trade. Do you believe in the honourable accumulation of wealth by men who hold such opinions and perpetrate such impositions as these? I don’t! Do you find any brighter and purer prospect when you look down from the man who deceives you and me on the great scale, to the man who deceives us on the small? I don’t! Everything we eat, drink, and wear, is a more or less adulterated commodity; and that very adulteration is sold to us by the tradesmen at such outrageous prices that we are obliged to protect ourselves, on the Socialist principle, by setting up co-operative shops of our own. Wait! and hear me out, before you applaud. Don’t mistake the plain purpose of what I am saying to you;

and don’t suppose that I am blind to the brighter side of the dark picture that I have drawn. Look within the limits of private life and you will find true Christians, thank God, among clergymen and laymen alike; you will find men and women who deserve to be called, in the highest sense of the word, disciples of Christ. But my business is not with private life—my business is with the present public aspect of the religion, morals and politics of this country; and, again I say it, that aspect presents one wide field of corruption and abuse, and reveals a callous and shocking insensibility on the part of the nation at large to the spectacle of its own demoralization and disgrace.’

There Amelius paused, and took his first drink of water.

(To be continued.)

AB INITIO.

BY ISABELLA SINCLAIR.

[N days primeval, ere this ponderous world
 Forth, on its heaven-appointed path was hurled,
 In fields of space a formless mass it lay
 A realm of night that yet had known no day.
 Shrouded in gaseous mists that thickly round
 Its mighty bulk like writhing serpents wound,
 With hill and valley, lake and river, blent
 In strange confusion, sea and continent
 Yet undivided. From His cloud-girt throne
 Where through eternal years He reigns alone,
 The great All-Father looked. Before His eye
 He saw the mighty mass of chaos lie
 In idle hideousness. He spake. His word
 Even to its farthest verge of mist was heard;
 The vapours parted at His high command,
 The obedient sea rolled backward from the land;
 Thus the Creator His great work began,
 And fashioned wisely the abode of man.
 Here, in mid-ocean placed a rock-girt isle,
 There, bade the boundless prairie bloom and smile;

Covered the Arctic wastes with stainless snow,
 Rude dwelling-place for ruder Esquimaux ;
 Spread the broad desert's lone and trackless wild,
 For the fierce sons of Hagar's outcast child,
 Gave Araby her gardens breathing balm,
 Her sun-bright waters and her groves of palm.

Then, too, Creative Wisdom shaped and planned
 The wave-washed boundaries of our own bright land,
 Stretched, like a royal guardian, at her side
 The lone Superior's rock-embosomed tide ;
 Bade proud old Huron render homage meet,
 While Erie and Ontario kissed her feet.
 St. Lawrence, Queen of rivers, even thee
 He gave, her handmaid bright and swift to be,—
 Bade the old Ocean for thy coming stay,
 And sent thee laughing on thy sunlit way.

O Wisdom Infinite whose eye could see,
 Thro' the thick mists of ages yet to be,
 The mighty race of toilers who should come
 From lands afar, and call these regions "home."

Long ages passed. When came the appointed time
 God called His chosen Gallia's sunny clime
 Send forth her bravest. Britain's skies of gray
 Grew gloomier as her children sailed away,
 And many a home in German Fatherland
 Mourned long and vainly o'er its broken band.
 Hither they came. The wild Canadian shore,
 So long a waste, is wild and lone no more :
 The blue hills echo to the oarsman's song,
 In whitened fields the armed reapers throng ;
 Garden and cot adorn the valleys fair,
 And happy childhood laughs and gambols there.
 From morn to silent eve the plough they guide,
 And lay the long deep furrows side by side,
 While solemn pine and ivy-mantled oak
 Fall, prone to earth beneath the woodman's stroke.
 All honour to these fearless sons of toil,
 For us they felled the forest, tilled the soil,
 For us they raised old Freedom's flag on high,
 And swore beneath its folds to live and die.
 To them we owe our nation's honoured place,
 Those rude forefathers of a mighty race :
 Ready they stood by day or night to fight
 For home and country, freedom and the right,—
 Ready in honour's sacred cause to die,
 Or at her call to lay their weapons by.

Canadian Brothers ! to your trust be true,
 The mantle of your sires should fall on you,
 O guard the land they loved ; fulfil their aims ;
 And add new lustre to their honoured names :
 In peaceful homes, in legislative halls,
 Wherever, in her need, your country calls,
 There be your place, and there undaunted stand,
 The living bulwarks of your native land.

THE ONE WHO LOVED HIM.

BY MRS. FRANCES J. MOORE, LONDON, ONT.

UNDER the trees of a large and well kept garden in one of the prettiest Canadian towns stood two figures—easy to be seen that they were lovers—Hugh Denham, a fine, tall young man with a frank, noble face, and Flora Grantly, his betrothed, a handsome, sparkling brunette.

‘Good-bye, Flo. I *must* go—and after all, dear, it will not seem so very long, for we shall write to each other constantly.’

‘Oh, Hugh, I hate you to go’—and Flora wept.

‘And I hate to go, Flo., you know that, but my father is so anxious that I should personally see about the selling of that land of his in England. At his age it is scarcely fit that he should travel so far alone when his son can go for him, is it? Ah, Flo., you won’t forget me—no change.’

‘How can you talk so, Hugh, you do not really imagine such love as mine could change.’

‘Forgive me, dearest, but it is so sweet to hear you repeat your vows to me.’

At last they parted, and Flora walked back to the house, the house where she reigned supreme, her father’s spoilt child. Not quite so sorrowful nor so sweet did Flora Grantly look now that she was alone. It would be awfully dull without Hugh for so long. Miss Flo. was not accustomed to losing any of her amusements—and losing a lover—even for a time, was really very serious. In fact she did not understand why that cross old Captain Denham could not go himself. Poor shallow Flo., there were many things you could not understand, and one of them

was the deep, true nature of Hugh Denham, the brave son of a brave father.

Considering all things Flora Grantly continued to amuse herself very well without her lover. She laughed and flirted, for where was the use of being miserable? She was quite sure Hugh would not desire that she should live in seclusion just because he was away.

So time wore on and on, and Hugh was coming back. The next news would be a telegram announcing his arrival in New York. The good ship must be nearing land now. ‘Dear me,’ thought Flo., ‘the time has not seemed long at all, though I can hardly tell Hugh that. I hope he has brought me something lovely for a present.’ Ah! Flora Grantly, no telegram, no present awaits you from the man you pretend to love, for the next news was terrible indeed—the wreck of the *Atlantic*! What need to describe the thrilling details. The world knows them. Tears have rained—hearts have ached, brains have reeled at the remembrance of that awful scene! Name after name upon the fearful list eagerly devoured by those whose loved were in that ill-fated ship. Yes—name after name! and then at last, ‘Hugh Denham,’ drowned in attempting to save a little child! Brave, tender heart, now lying cold beneath pitiless waves!—and the hardy old English officer bowed beneath that terrible news like a reed shaken by the mighty storm. Hugh was his only child, the one being he loved best in the world. His wife had died years ago in England, and Hugh had been his *all*—wife and son now both gone.

The blow well-nigh killed the stricken father, and when he rose from the long illness which followed that fatal day, he looked ten years older—bent and worn, but very calm and patient. God would take him to his boy when he saw fit, and for that hour he waited—content.

And Flora Grantly—how did she bear the news of her lover's fate? Tears, hysterics, deep mourning for a few months, and then—and then she recovered! Of course it was very shocking, poor fellow! and she could never, never forget it; but theirs was a very brief engagement, and people could not expect her to grieve for ever. She tried to wear a look of deep woe whenever she met Captain Denham; but with that gentleman she had never been a favourite; in short she was *the* one subject upon which this father and son—so much to each other—had not thought alike. Captain Denham loved his son too well to quarrel with him; but Flora's name was seldom mentioned between them. Hugh hoped that time would soften his father towards his beautiful fiancée, and he believed that her winning ways and sweet disposition would achieve more than any argument could do. So thus, though not agreed, they had never quarrelled.

'Grumpy old man,' would Flora say, shrugging her pretty shoulders, 'I believe he hates me,' as the old officer would pass her with a grave bow. You are wrong, pretty Flora, he only despised you, for he read you thoroughly as poor Hugh had not.

So time rolled on, weeks and months, and the wreck of the good ship *Atlantic* became a thing of the past to the ordinary crowd, and Hugh's father waited—waited.

Chicago! marvellous city of palace hotels—marble fronts, of success and failure, business and pleasure! In a quiet street, far removed from the city's busy hum, stood an unpretending house—its owner, an elderly widow lady, Mrs. Danvers. She was not rich,

enough to keep up her modest but comfortable house without assistance, and as she could not bear to leave the home she had lived in so long, she took two boarders. One—Geoffrey Vane—had been with her three years, a dark gentlemanly-looking young man about twenty-eight. He wrote for some of the leading newspapers and magazines, and was making a fair income for so young a man. A few months back, he had asked kind Mrs. Danvers to take as a boarder a particular friend of his. She gladly consented, for she looked upon Geoffrey Vane almost like a son (she had lost two fine boys in the Federal War), and would have done anything to please him. She soon learned to appreciate the frank genial manner and good breeding of Geoffrey's friend—Mr. Hughes. She was sorry for him too, for he was slightly lame, and wore his left arm in a sling. He stooped, too, so much at times, that his real height was seldom guessed. A large beard covered the lower part of his face, and his eyes were hidden by blue spectacles, so that it was not easy to distinguish his features. When he first came he was evidently weak and suffering, but was now getting quite strong and cheerful. He read deeply, and, like his friend, was a *litterateur*.

The two friends entered their bright, cheerful parlour this evening, returning from their usual after-dinner walk.

'Geoff, here's a letter for you, do see if there's any news for me in it, there's a good fellow.'

Geoffrey Vane read his letter.

'No particularly fresh news, Alice says of your father just what one said before. That he is well, but sadly changed and aged.'

'Dear old man, how I long to see him;' said his friend, with a troubled sigh.

'Why *don't* you, Hugh?'

'Hush! not that name,' cried Hugh Denham; for it was indeed he, the same yet so changed.

'No fear, old boy; no one here knows anything. There is not a soul in Chi-

cago who ever saw you before you went to England.'

'That is true,' said Hugh, adding regretfully, 'even at home I doubt if they would recognise me.'

'Pshaw! man, you are not yourself on that point. Your lameness is almost too slight to be noticed, and you will soon do without the sling. You know very well that you only keep on the blue spectacles in order to elude possible recognition, for you can see better than I can. Why, I shall begin to think you are *vain!*' and Geoffrey laughed.

'So I am, for *her*,' answered Hugh, 'when I remember how beautiful she was, and how she loved beauty in all things about her.' Hugh covered his face with his hands. 'Oh, how it all comes before me, that fearful scene! The poor shrieking women and helpless children! Thank God! I saved those few though.'

'You did, dear lad,' said Geoff., with emotion, 'at the expense nearly of your own life. Such a blow as you got against that spar, and then to be half-drowned, was enough to kill most men. But come, let us go over again this home subject.'

'Geoff., where is the use. I cannot face it—cannot face Flo. You know, I do not intend to keep my dear father in ignorance of my existence much longer. As soon as you and I settle about starting our own magazine I shall send for him. You will bring him, Geoff.; you alone must break the joyful news to him.'

'Aye, lad, that would I willingly; but now, listen to me. I will never, on my honour, trouble you on this point again; but I feel so strongly that you are wronging yourself and others, nay, listen, wronging Flora Grantly.'

'How so, Geoff.?'

'Do you love her? Do you trust her, and yet say that? Be a man, go to her, stand before her, just as you are, and hear from her own lips if the change in you makes any difference in

her affection. Have you lost all courage? If she be true, think what you do by deserting her like this.'

'Deserting her!'

'Yes, man, *deserting her*,' cried Geoffrey, warmly. 'If on the other hand, she be false, I think I know Hugh Denham well enough to be very sure that he could pluck from his heart forever the woman who would fail him thus. If all she cared for were your face and figure, you would be well without her. But I will not think she is false; so again I say to you go, go at once.' Then a pause,—Hugh thinking deeply. 'I have done. I don't often make such a long speech, do I, Hugh?'

'Dear Geoff., I know how good and patient you are with me; and, upon my word, you almost shake my resolve.'

'Let me quite shake it,' said Geoffrey.

Hugh rose up. 'One thing, Geoff., I promise you, I will think quietly over all you have said, and tell you to-morrow what I will do. It shall be either as you advise, or, I will forever hold my peace—as far as Flora Grantly is concerned—good night, Geoff.'

'Good night, Hugh. I leave it all now to your own heart and sound sense.'

The next morning Hugh looked paler than usual; he had lain awake most of the night, doing battle with himself; but the contest was over now. He just went up to Geoffrey Vane, and laying his hand on his friend's shoulder said:—

'Geoff., you have prevailed, come good or ill, I will go.'

'Right, Hugh, and God speed you.' They grasped hands.

'You will come too, Geoff.?'

'Yes; for I want to arrange with mother and Alice about their coming to live with me. I have quite made up my mind to rent, and eventually buy, that pretty, old-fashioned cottage

we saw the other day. It is not too far from the city for me to walk in every day, and Alice loves the country. Dear mother and gentle Alice, what a pleasure to have them about me again !'

'She was quite a child when I left,' said Hugh.

'She was nearly eighteen.'

'Was she ? Why she always seemed to me somewhere about fourteen, or fifteen at the most.'

Geoffrey smiled. 'Your eyes were too much dazzled by a certain fair damsel for you to think much about the age of my little sister.'

'I do recollect, though, that she was a most tender and devoted daughter to your mother.'

'She's the sweetest girl, I tell you, that ever lived. I beg pardon, old boy, *one of the sweetest.*'

'Well, well, we won't quarrel over that,' and Hugh laughed gaily, for now his new resolution was taken, he was much happier.

In two days they had made all their arrangements, and with a hearty 'Au revoir' to kind Mrs. Danvers, started on their journey.

In the same garden, under the same trees, where two lovers parted a year ago, sat two girls ; we know one of them—Flora Grantly—the other is Alice Vane. With most people Flora's bright beauty completely threw little Alice into the shade. Below medium height, very slim and pale, with hazel eyes and rippling brown hair drawn back from a broad, low forehead, her's was not a face to attract a careless observer ; too pale, too cold and quiet, was the world's verdict ; but those who loved her, and they were many, thought that Alice Vane's clear, pale face, with its intellectual expression and its truthful eyes, was the sweetest face in the world, and the delicate, rather thin hands, the tenderest and most useful little hands that ever were. Was she quiet ? Was she cold ? We shall see.

They were seated on a grassy slope

leading down to the pretty stream which ran along the end of the garden of Eversford Lodge, the trees and shrubs thick about them.

'Isn't this delightful,' exclaimed Flora, 'just to lie here and do nothing,' and she lay back and stretched her arms. 'Oh, dear, how horrible it must be to have to work and gain one's own living !'

Alice smiled quietly. 'You are fortunate, Flo., in being so placed that work is but a name to you.'

'Yes, indeed, Papa gives me everything I ask for, and as I intend to marry well I need not fear poverty.'

'You did not always think so much of money, Flo.?' questioned Alice.

'Indeed, child, I did, and do, and always shall ; what is life without it ?'

Alice was silent. 'I see what you are thinking of, but although Hugh Denham was not exactly rich, he was of very good, old English, family, and had expectations. Old country aunts can't live for ever. Poor Hugh, how handsome he was ! Dear me, this is the very spot where I parted from him so long ago.'

'Long ago, Flo. ?'

'Why yes, it is, let me see, a whole year.'

There was silence for a few minutes, and in Alice Vane's thoughtful eyes was a sad far-off look.

'Alice, why don't you speak ?' cried Flora, impatiently, 'you never will talk of Hugh.'

'What good can it do to talk of him ? Surely it can only distress you needlessly ; poor fellow ! my dear brother's friend.'

'Ah, well ; of course I *did* feel his death awfully ; you remember what deep crape I wore for two whole months at least.'

'Yes, I remember,' said quiet Alice.

'But after all, it was a most merciful thing that he *did* die, for you know so many who escaped were terribly injured—most likely disfigured for life. Just think,' with a shudder, 'if Hugh

had returned with a lame leg, a broken arm——'

'Oh, Flo., stop; how can you?' cried Alice, with tremulous lips.

'Stop child, what for?'

'What for—why, Flo., what difference could any injury have made, so long as you had *him*, and alive?'

'Difference! You don't suppose I would have taken a lame husband, do you?'

No answer.

'Now, Alice, this all comes of your being so much out of the world. I tell you, your unsophisticated notions are absurd.'

'Absurd they may be; but I know this——' and where was quiet, cold Alice now?—this girl with flashing eyes and face lit up with some feeling beyond control. 'If I loved a man who was as beautiful as Apollo, and he loved me, and were to come to me maimed, broken down, but still *mine*, I would take him, and tend him, and love him till our lives should end,' and clasping her hands passionately, Alice stopped, overcome by the vehemence of her own words.

'Why, you raving little goose!' cried Flo, astonished; 'one would think you had had some such experience yourself, or that you were rehearsing for the stage!'

Alice was calm again now. 'We will not discuss the subject, Flo., for you and I never do agree about these things.'

'No, indeed; but I live in hopes, my dear, that contact with society will rub off all that nonsense of yours, for you certainly never can go through life with such fancies.'

'Can I not? I shall try,' said Alice.

'Well, never mind; we shall see. We must go in now and dress for this evening. Do come and tell me what to wear. Tom Layton is coming; he thinks I look divine in cardinal and écu. Robert Hensley, though—and he's coming too—likes me best in blue, *very* pale blue. Let us go,' and up jumps vain Flora and hastens off to the

house,—Alice following more slowly, and they neither of them saw nor heard Hugh Denham, who leaned against a tree, concealed from their view! What a world of contempt was in his face!

'And this vain, shallow butterfly is the woman I thought perfect. The woman of whom I came to ask—*here*, under the very trees where we parted—forgiveness for so long holding aloof from her! What an escape! And she was to have been *my wife*. No, Flora Grantly; never wife of mine. And to think that for this girl's sake I have, all this weary time, kept the dear old man in ignorance that he had still his son; but I will atone to him, God helping me.'

Such were Hugh Denham's thoughts, and can we wonder at them?

That evening Geoffrey Vane came to Captain Denham's cottage. What a sight it was to see Hugh, seated by his beloved father, holding fast his hand; and what a look of pride and peace did the old soldier's face wear!

'Come in, old chum,' cried Hugh, cheerily. 'Come in, I have something to tell you.'

'I think I can guess. I congra—'

'Congratulate me,' interrupted Hugh, 'upon being ready to start with my father, and you and yours, as soon as you like.'

'What!' cried Geoffrey Vane, indignantly, 'You cannot mean—she is not—impossible!'

'Impossible, but nevertheless *true*. Come here, Geoff., and sit down, and I will explain. I daresay my father can bear to hear twice over the story of his wise son's mistake?'

'Ah! boy, was I not right. The heartless jilt!' And then Hugh told his friend all he had heard down by the stream in the garden of Eversford Lodge. 'And now,' he exclaimed, 'I feel freer and happier than I have felt for many a long day. Why, Geoff., the scales have so completely fallen from my eyes that I am amazed to think of my former infatuation, amazed to think I never detected a flaw in the

seeming gem. Imagine a man, after marriage, discovering that his wife had a soul like that !

'Hugh, you are too savage to be thoroughly cured,' said his friend.

'Geoffrey Vane ! look at me straight in the eyes, and judge whether I speak truth. I tell you that I loved a beautiful, pure, and high-minded girl, as I believed. I find her now, beautiful still, but where is the purity of heart—the refinement of mind ? Not vanished, because they never existed in her ; but *my love* has vanished—vanished as completely as though it, too, never had existed ! Vanished for ever and for ever—I swear it.'

'There spoke my own true son,' cried the old officer. 'I knew that a Denham could no longer love, when the idol of pure gold had crumbled into mere dross !'

'And now, Geoff, let us talk over our plans. I have told my father all about Chicago, and the work you and I do there—about our projected magazine—and about the pretty cottage for you and your mother and sister—and the "town house" where he will live with me, whilst Mrs. Danvers takes care of us. He knows all ; and it only now remains to make final arrangements, and start as soon as possible.'

They spent the rest of the evening in talking over their future life in the great Western City. Hugh had only arrived that morning, having stopped during the journey, whilst Geoffrey Vane came on to prepare Captain Denham for his son's appearance. As Hugh wished to avoid tedious explanations to former acquaintances, it was arranged that he should depart by the early train next morning, and go straight on to Chicago, whilst Geoffrey remained to bring the others, when they were prepared.

By six o'clock next morning, Hugh was away again. Vague rumours were afloat that Hugh Denham had returned, and many were the enquiring visitors at his father's cottage.

The old gentleman simply answered 'yes, God be thanked, my son is alive—he was thought to be dead when the list was printed ; he has been long ill, and unable to let me know that he lived. He arrived yesterday, but had to leave early this morning.'

Captain Denham was not a man whom people could question very closely, however inquisitive they might be, and so the public had to be satisfied with the small item of news which he chose to give, and no more.

Alice Vane heard of Hugh's flying visit to his father, on her return the next day from her few days' visit to the Grantlys. Her brother did not enter into any particulars, beyond the fact that Hugh was alive, although much changed through the terrible injuries he had received. It was Hugh's wish that no one save his father and Geoffrey Vane should know his reason for leaving without going to see Flora Grantly, when all the town knew they had been engaged formerly. 'No,' he said, 'let the world say what it likes, Flora Grantly knows in her heart (if she has one) that I have fathomed her at last. I will write a few lines to her ; but she will never care to mention the letter, I think, to any one.' This was Hugh's letter :

"DEAR MISS GRANTLY,—You will know to-day, that I am alive ; it is, therefore, due to you, that I should at once let you know that circumstances have arisen which put our brief engagement at an end. You are at full liberty to give 'Society' any reason you see fit for this my conduct. But your own conscience will not fail to give to *you* the one true and all-sufficient reason when you recollect the words you spoke *under the trees by the stream in your garden* this evening.

"Yours, with every good wish,

"HUGH DENHAM."

And Flora's conscience *did* tell her the 'true and all-sufficient reason ;' and she never mentioned his letter to Alice even, who was staying with her ;

and thus it happened that until Alice went home, she never heard that Hugh was alive and well, had come home, and was gone. She was surprised that he made no effort to see Flora Grantly, and her pure, truthful nature was too just to overlook such apparent faithlessness. 'He should have gone to see her,' Alice thought; 'he could not know Flo's sentiments, although I do. He must be as heartless as, I fear, Flo is. They are better apart. I am disappointed in him. He is clever and a good son, and Geoff. thinks him perfection; but he cannot *love*, that is evident;' and so little quiet Alice did Hugh much injustice in her heart.

Flora Grantly went to see Alice a day or two before the latter's departure.

'Well, Alice, I suppose you will see a great deal of Hugh Denham!'

'I suppose so,' answered Alice.

'It was strange his not coming to see me—was it not?' with a keen look at Alice, whose face soon assured her that she was ignorant of the letter which Hugh wrote.

'Yes, Flo., I think it was very strange—and wrong.'

'Wrong! I'm sure I'm very glad he did *not* come. I hear he was quite altered—lame; a broken arm; blue spectacles even!'

Presently, Flora said, with a sigh,

'Poor fellow! I hope he won't miss me much.' The tone said, 'I hope he *will*.' 'Then, after all, it was very considerate of him to keep away.'

'Very,' said Alice.

'And don't you like immensely going to live in that great world of a city, Chicago? I wonder you're not half wild with the idea.'

'I like the idea of living anywhere with Geoff.; and we have not a great many friends here besides you and your kind father.'

'No, that is true; but I shall miss you awfully, dear.'

'And I shall miss you, too, Flo., for you have always been so kind to me.'

Alice had a grateful heart, and

Flora really had been very fond of her, in her butterfly fashion. Alice amused her—she was so different from the ordinary young ladies of the place.

A few days later on, and then the Vanes and Captain Denham bade farewell to Canada.

And now we must return to Chicago, to the same street, the same house, the same room in which Hugh Denham and Geoffrey held that memorable conversation which changed the former's plans so completely. Think it not strange, oh reader, that my hero's heart had also undergone such a sudden revulsion of feeling. True as steel himself, he loved truth and purity above all things in woman. His eyes were satisfied with Flora Grantly's beauty; his heart with her fancied truth and freshness of feeling. He now knew his former idol to be something so totally different to all he had seen, that his love fell dead from that hour, killed completely and for ever. He acknowledged that she was still beautiful, and would thus win many hearts, but for him her beauty's spell had lost its potency.

Captain Denham was awaiting his son's return this evening. The old officer was very proud of Hugh's success as a high-class writer. The magazine had met with a most flattering reception, and its young proprietors were working with a will.

Presently Hugh came in, but not the Hugh we last saw. No lameness now; no blue spectacles; no sling, although his left arm was yet very slightly stiff. His face was no longer pale with recent suffering, and he stood there now in all the strength of his manhood, and with a firmness of purpose in his face which was good to see.

'Well, father, tired of waiting?' said Hugh, with a bright smile, and laying his hand affectionately on his father's shoulder.

'Never tired, my boy, waiting for you. Where have you been?'

'Oh, all over the city nearly, to different offices about business. Then I walked out to Geoff's cottage and asked him and his sister to come in this evening. Geoff. and I can talk business, while you and your little favourite play at backgammon.'

'All right, Hugh, let them come, and welcome! That sweet girl is like fresh spring flowers. I never met so pure a nature, but once—your mother, Hugh.'

'Yes,' answered the younger man, gravely, 'I do believe she has a heart of gold. Do you know, too, she has quite a taste for writing; Geoff showed me some charming little scraps by her. You must not tell her I know of them though, for with all her sweetness, I know I am no favourite with her.'

Later on in the evening, Geoffrey Vane and Alice came.

'Come in, my dear little friend,' cried the old captain. 'Why you have not been to see me for an age.'

'Dear Sir, I could not; mother has not felt so well again lately, and you know I never leave her when she is dull. She feels much better though this evening.'

'Good girl, good daughter. Now run upstairs and take off your hat.'

When she returned he said,

'And now, young lady, it seems that you and I are to join in a tournament at backgammon, whilst our young charges there,' pointing laughingly to Hugh and Geoffrey, 'talk business.'

'I am ready, Sir,' said Alice, cheerfully,—'Which hand?' enclosing a backgammon man in each of her small hands.

'You puss, you know very well that I cannot play at all with black, so that I may as well take white at once.'

Alice laughed, and they commenced their game.

Hugh looked at Alice for one moment. Why was it that she never smiled upon him also—polite she always was—friendly never—and yet he was her brother's dearest friend.

The evening passed off pleasantly and quietly. Then after some refreshment Geoffrey and Alice prepared for their walk home.

'Don't forget to-morrow,' said Geoff. as they turned from the door. 'Come early, and we will make a regular holiday of it—long and lazy.'

'No fear. Father and I can still appreciate a day in the country, although we are such "city folks" now.'

'Come now, don't you laugh at my "country seat," just one mile from town. 'Tis the pleasantest "country seat" I know anywhere,' cried Hugh. Then with mutual 'good nights,' the four separated.

The next day Captain Denham and his son walked out to Geoffrey's pretty cottage. The old soldier seemed to have taken a new lease of his life since his boy returned to him, and walked with all the upright carriage and steady stride of former days.

Geoffrey's cottage, although so short a distance from the busy western city was countrified enough to be miles further away. It had the great advantage of a large garden. Alice loved flowers and understood their culture. She superintended all the garden arrangements, and with the assistance of Old Sandy, who, with his wife Deborah, had been their faithful servant for years, she had made the place really beautiful. Geoffrey left all to her own taste, the whole *ménage* was in her small hands, house and garden, mother and brother. The little verandah was bright with clustering roses and trailing vines, artistically trained over the trellis work around the porch. The rooms were small, and furnished plainly, for Alice, thrifty housekeeper as she was, did not think that Geoff. ought to buy new furniture yet, although he was getting on so well. The plain furniture, however, was arranged with the eye of an artist, a few good pictures hung on the walls—and flowers, flowers in profusion everywhere. One expensive thing there was in their parlour, a fine piano.

Geoff. had insisted upon this gift to his sister. Alice possessed an exquisite voice, which was receiving the very best culture that could be had in Chicago,—that also her brother had insisted on. He himself was a clever amateur, and had a good voice.

Mrs. Vane received her visitors with a warm welcome. She must, in her youth, have been like her daughter. Her husband's sudden death, many years ago, had caused her a terrible shock and long illness, from which she had never entirely recovered, and was always somewhat of an invalid. She and Captain Denham were old friends: he was about the only person to whom she ever spoke of her late husband. They had been brother officers and firm friends always.

The day was lovely—one of those soft, warm June days, when it is a luxury to lie on the grass and drink the sweet breath of the scented flowers—to lie and watch the gorgeous butterflies and lazy bees as they flutter to and fro in the heavy-perfumed air.

It was late in the afternoon, and they were all in the garden—Mrs. Vane and her old friend sat on two comfortable rocking chairs, Alice on the verandah step, whilst Hugh and Geoffrey lay at full length on the grass, with closed eyes.

'Look at those lazy fellows,' said the old captain, with an indulgent smile; 'I do believe they are asleep.'

'Not we, my dear sir,' cried Geoffrey, jumping up with a suspicious alacrity, highly suggestive of recent dreams. 'Here, Hugh, get up—don't you hear your father accusing us of actually going to sleep?'

'Asleep, father,' and Hugh concealed a yawn; 'how can you think us guilty?' Then they both laughed. 'Well, I suppose we had better cry "peccavi," and acknowledge that for the space of five minutes—no more, mind—we were unconscious of the world's din.'

'Five minutes! *One hour*, you rogues.'

'Now, Geoff.' said Alice, with a merry smile, 'if you really *are* awake—just come and help me to prepare for our Arcadian tea—you know we are going to have it out here.'

'May I come, too?' asked Hugh.

'Yes, certainly,' answered the girl, with grave cordiality.

And so the three went to work—and in another half hour tea was ready. Such a pretty tea-table as it was—with its old-fashioned china, cool delicious fruits, and fresh bouquets dotted here and there about the table; and as Alice sat there, pouring out the tea, looking so fair and fresh in her simple white cambric dress, with rose-buds in her rippling hair and at her delicate throat, Hugh thought that she made a picture such as an artist would love to paint.

As the evening wore on, Captain Denham and Mrs. Vane went into the parlour and talked quietly of old times in England and India—whilst the others still lingered about the garden. By and by they came in, too.

'Alice,' said Geoffrey, 'let us have some music before the lamp comes in.'

Alice complied at once; she had no catalogue of refusals (only to be overcome by entreaties), she knew that her music gave pleasure, and she was glad to give it. Hugh sat in a dark corner, from which he could see Alice as she played and sang. Oh! Hugh, Hugh—are you blind? Do you not know even yet that Alice—the pure and refined—has become your idol? Yes—he knew it well enough—had known it now for some months—this evening better than ever. Alice possessed all the characteristics of his ideal woman. Refined and modest—loveable, and with an intellect richly cultivated, she had won Hugh's deepest respect and his truest love—won him so completely that her fair image must dwell for ever in his heart, although he knew his love to be quite hopeless. Alice was always quietly cordial to him—as she would be to

any friend of her brother—but never more than this. The pale face that could glow so warmly in love's defence down in the garden at Eversford—the beaming smile with which she always greeted Geoff—the child-like love and trust she gave to her mother and his father—all these were not for him. Thus Hugh thought as he listened to the sweet voice that trembled with the passion of the song she sang. Presently, he got up quietly and left the room. The others were absorbed in listening to Alice. He went down to the garden gate and leaned upon it—his head bowed upon his folded arms. The stars were twinkling above him and the moon shone clear—all nature was very still and veiled in loveliness. Alice ceased singing soon, and Hugh could hear the faint hum of conversation. In a few minutes more he heard a footfall behind him, which came to a sudden halt.

'Oh, Mr. Denham, I did not know you were here!'

'I hope I did not startle you, Miss Alice?'

'Only for an instant. I just came out to gather a few roses for your father. I know he likes to have them in his rooms.'

She proceeded to cut some lovely roses and to tie them up.

'Will you give me one?' asked Hugh.

'Certainly—choose whichever you like.'

'Alice,' he had never omitted the 'Miss' before, 'will you not give me one yourself?'

Alice hesitated. 'I might give you one you did not care about; you had better choose for yourself.' As she spoke, she held the flowers towards him, and the moon lit up her young face, making her look like some flower-spirit, white and pure. Suddenly there came upon Hugh a great resolve; he gently put aside the roses and said:

'I will not choose, but when I have asked you a question and told you a short story, I will again ask you to

give me a rose, and then, if you refuse, I will not ask again.'

'What question can you have to ask me, Mr. Denham?' said Alice, surprised.

'A very simple one. Did you ever wonder what separated me so entirely from Flora Grantly?'

She turned very pale, and her lip trembled, but the answer came, low and distinct.

'Yes; although I do not know why you ask me, I have thought it most strange that you never went to her, you, who loved her.'

'You think that? Now I will tell you all that Geoff. and my father already know; but what, at my earnest desire, they have never revealed. Perhaps when you know all, you may look upon me with less dislike.'

'Mr. Denham,' she said faintly, 'you ought to know that I do not dislike you.'

'Nay, you are kind. I am Geoff's friend. Now hear me. On a certain evening, not quite a year ago, a man, lame, and altogether much altered through great suffering, made up his mind, after long deliberation, to go to the girl he loved, and ask her whether through absence, and despite the great change in him, her heart remained true. This man went to the very spot where they had parted a year before, to the far end of a lovely garden, beside a running stream, and with trees and shrubs growing thickly around.' Alice started. 'She was there, but not alone; a young girl friend was with her, so he waited a while, looking down upon them. They could not see him, and they made a fair picture. Presently she, his love, spoke. Ah, Alice, you turn from me. Need I repeat all that I heard. I was rooted to the spot, spell-bound, amazed! You know all; you know the false, shallow nature which I discovered for the first time, the nature incapable of deep, lasting love, and therefore, incapable of retaining a like love. Alice, I heard all, all her wordly and selfish words,

and then *yours*, so noble, pure and loving! She laughed at you, even accusing you of having had "some such experience yourself;" those were her very words. I——'

'Oh! stop, stop,' cried Alice, in a voice of bitter pain, as if wrung from her, and then she dropped her face down upon her clasped hands. Hugh looked at her in some surprise.

'Forgive me, Alice, I have pained you. Yet how? Surely, you cannot, you so young——'

Still the bowed head, and silence,—he bent lower. 'Oh, Alice, forgive me, how could I guess that *you* had loved.'

Then came the faint, broken voice.

'Leave me now, Hugh Denham, now that you know my secret.'

He took away her hands from her face, whilst the poor roses fell scattered at their feet; then tenderly holding those little hands in his own strong ones, he said:

'Alice Vane! look at me. I am your brother's friend—*your* friend, if you will let me be so. Your secret is safe with me; and now I will tell you mine. Hopeless though I know my deep love to be, I must tell you now what I can conceal no longer. I love you, Alice, with a devotion, a strength, of which you little dream. Mine is no boyish flame, to be fanned by beauty and winning ways—but a man's earnest passion—the love of soul for soul. Oh, Alice! my love—my love!' and he wrung her slight hands in his—'to think that such worship as mine is nothing to you!'

Still she spoke not, and Hugh went on more calmly: 'I will not wound you again by speaking of this. Tell me, my child, as—as—your friend, can nothing be done? Surely your young life need not be darkened by a hopeless love?'

Then Alice looked up, and her face seemed glorified with the lovely flush that crimsoned over it.

'Hopeless love! Oh, *Hugh!*' and down dropped her face again. He bent forward eagerly.

'Alice! look up! Quick! Tell me what you mean? I cannot bear suspense!'

Then she raised again her blushing face, Hugh still holding her hands, and said softly:

'Flo. was right—and my "experience" was—*you!*'

'And I—what a blind fool! This treasure in my very path—and I to choose the false tinsel that dazzled my eyes! Can you ever forgive me, my Alice?'

'Hugh! there is no "forgiveness" between you and me. I loved you then. I love you now. I shall love you unto the end—my own! my own!'

And then Hugh took her into his arms and sealed their betrothal with a long passionate kiss of undying love.

'And now, darling, will you give me a rose?'

And I think that Alice did not refuse him *this time*.

"SAY WHEN EVERY ZEPHYR SIPS."

BY R. MARVIN SEATON.

SAY, when every zephyr sips
Nectar from those dewy lips,
Why should I not share the taste
Of their fragrant sweetness, graced
Richly by the witching play
Thought and sentiment convey,

When their rosy curves beguile
All my heart by beauty's smile ?

In this arbour, 'neath the vine,
Where the blossoms intertwine,
Softly falls the radiant light
Of the stars that rule the night ;
And the velvet moss's hue
Glitters with the pearly dew.
Wherefore in this sylvan spot,
Peerless maiden, may I not
Woo thee as a lover should,
In this lovely classic wood ?
Woo thee to a lover's arms—
Strive to wear the matchless charms,
That a god, himself, to win,
Scarce would deem to steal them sin.

Why may I not warmly press,
Taper fingers that caress
Senseless buds, that scent the air,
Conscious not that hands so fair
Cull, and fondle them, while I
Envious, may vainly sigh
For a single touch like those,
Given to yon poor blushing rose ?

Why not watch thy velvet cheek
Flush and kindle, when I speak
Words a lover's fond suspense
Fain would clothe with eloquence ?
See thee, on yon flowery bed,
Lowly droop thy sunny head ?
Veil thine eyes beneath the fringe,
Sweeping o'er the mantling tinge,
Deep, that tints thy cheek and brow,
When I breathe the whispered vow ?

Tell me, did'st thou ever feel
Love's enchantment o'er thee steal,
E'en as I, who, cold as snow,
Dreamed that nought could move me so,
Till thy beauty's witchery
Bound me heart and soul to thee.

Fair and dearest, here beneath
This dew-laden, woody wreath—
Fringed about with bending flowers—
Let us spend the fairy hours.
Dearest, in my warm embrace
Richer hues shall dye thy face ;
Eyes of thine, with smiles and tears,
Joys shall own above the spheres !
Here, among the forest trees,
I shall envy not the breeze ;
For myself shall taste the lips
Every wandering zephyr sips.
Banished every haunting fear,
Earth shall pass and Heaven draw near !

NEWFANGLE AND ITS OPINIONS.

BY A NON-RESIDENT OF THE SAME.

'A WOMAN of Newfangle,' if indeed it be a *woman*, of which I have grave doubts, is evidently afraid lest the girls of that prosperous township should *en masse* forsake cheese and butter-making for Greek and Latin grammar. So she comes forward to throw, if possible, a *douche* of cold water on the too ambitious aspirations of her sex after a more thorough education and wider choice of work. Of course, she has a perfect right to do this, an' she please. But it is hardly fair to mix up inextricably, in one lump, all shades of opinion regarding an important movement, in order to throw upon the whole question the odium attaching to the foolish and extreme opinions of some of its most indiscreet supporters. If the cause of Negro Emancipation had had to be judged by the utterances of some of its early friends, it would have been easy to set it down as a silly and fanatical movement, bearing its condemnation on its face. Because some female speaker, with more zeal than discretion, had the misfortune to say, possibly under a momentary excitement, that men were the 'lower and coarser half of humanity,' the movement for the higher education of women is stigmatised at once! But hold! it seems to me that I have heard something like this before, and not from female lips. Does not Robert Burns say somewhere,—

' Dame Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O,
Her prentice han' shey tried on man,
And then she made the lassies O !'

Out upon Robert Burns for such sentiments? But if I am not mis-

taken, this is by no means the only masculine utterance to the same purport which might easily be cited. Why not mete out to men the same measure as to women, when they so slander 'the more worthy gender?' And, by the way, *à propos* of Scotch poets, I beg to commend to a 'Woman of Newfangle' a Scotch poem of much older date than 'movements' for higher education, in which a ploughman, who thinks his wife's work the easier, proposes to change occupations for one day, an experiment which ends in the stout *gude wife's* triumphant return from a good day's ploughing, to find a husband utterly discomfited by a squalling baby, and a kettle that will not boil. And this also, by the way, is, I think, written by a male, not a female poet.

There are some curious conclusions to which the arguments of a 'Woman of Newfangle' would lead us, logically carried out. One of these is that the physical labour of the world is almost all that is worth counting. It is only the strong-limbed hewers of wood and tillers of the soil who 'make' a new country, and it is they, accordingly, who should guide its destinies. Intellectual and moral influence seem to tell for little here, or I am sure that the stout farmers of Newfangle would admit that, to the quick wits and—dare I say it?—finer tastes of their wives, much of the prosperity and beauty of Newfangle is certainly due. At this rate, it is our stalwart navvies who are our truest workers and rightful legislators, and the value of the 'world's work' is to be measured by its bulk in material production.

This being the case, it is no wonder

that 'A woman of Newfangle' thinks so little of school teaching and school learning. These, she tells us, 'and the capacity to do the work of the world are two totally different things.' Now I certainly had been under the impression that true and faithful teaching was as noble a branch of 'the world's work' as a man or woman could engage in, that our Arnolds and Vaughans, not to speak of our Mary Lyons and Fidelia Fisks, were as real or noble workers as the world has ever seen—that to develop well-trained and disciplined human minds out of nature's raw material, was at least as important work as producing crops of corn and potatoes, or railways and steamboats. All this is a mistake, it seems. School teaching is *no part* of the world's work! What is it then? Play? or laborious trifling?

Furthermore, we are told that neither school nor university teaching will ever make 'clever or distinguished men and women;' therefore it can matter but little to women whether they have it or not. And, further, that the women of Newfangle write and speak so extraordinarily well already, that they have no need of higher education at all! This is very satisfactory, yet possibly, well as they do write and speak, some of them may think that a more rigorous mental discipline would have enabled them to do still better. Might not even 'a woman of Newfangle' have been the better of a little of the 'logic chopping' exercise which she actually vouchsafes to recommend to her sisters? For, if thorough education can do so little for women, it cannot be expected to do more for men. And, of course, all the advocates of higher education generally are quite mistaken in supposing that its advancement tends to the advancement of humanity. President Angell, of Michigan College, must have been terribly mistaken when he said the other day: 'One of the highest ends of society is to help men to make the most of themselves. Is it too much to say

that the infant, born into a civilized and Christian society, has a right to claim something more than a bare possibility—has a right to claim a tolerable probability of such moral and intellectual surroundings as shall make education and character accessible to him, if he has a fair amount of talent, self-denial, and energy?' After admitting that exceptional genius may, by indomitable energy, enable its possessor to attain a lofty height, he goes on to say: 'But would it not be a blessed act; would it not be a just and wise and righteous act, to relieve him of so much of the struggle as is not needful for the discipline of his soul, and to secure to him as well as to society, years of his most fruitful work—to smooth the way from the cradle of talent in the humblest log hut to the halls of the highest learning! In justice, then, to the true spirit of learning, to the best interests of society, to the historic life of this state, let us now hold wide open the gates of this University to all our sons and daughters, rich or poor, whom God, by gifts of intellect and by kindly providences has called to seek for a liberal education.'

Newfangle must be somewhat behind the age in its knowledge of what is going on in the neighbouring republic, to judge by the triumphant way in which we are asked whether women there have of late years distinguished themselves more than formerly. We are informed, it is true, that there is in New York a Woman's Hospital, managed by ladies, which has neither a single female surgeon nor a female student; and so, 'in short, comparatively,' the movement for female education 'has come to nothing.' The writer does not seem to be aware that there are other institutions and other hospitals where there are female physicians and female students; that for instance, at the magnificent Vassar College, the medical attendant in charge of several hundred girls from the cream of American society, is a

woman. Also that numbers of female medical missionaries have gone out to fulfil one of the noblest of missions in ministering to their suffering sisters, hitherto almost absolutely deprived, in their sorest need, of medical aid and tendance. All honour to the medical graduates of America, that so many of them are willing to carry their services where they are most urgently needed! Would such women, with such gifts, really have been better employed in staying at home, dividing their time between crochet work and afternoon calls, or even engaged in the praiseworthy occupation of making butter and cheese at Newfangle? If not, then why seek to depreciate a movement that has already borne such fruit for suffering humanity, and will yet bear more!

But let me ask, in turn, a few questions, and state a few facts. Fifty years ago, how many female writers were there, of any repute, in the United States? To-day, the first magazine you take up has probably feminine names appended to about half of its articles, poems, and stories,—and not the worse half either. Fifty years ago, how many female artists were there? To-day how many exhibit regularly in its exhibitions, and live by the work of their pencils and brushes? Fifty years ago, how many female missionaries or missionary organizations were there? To-day there are at least a dozen Women's Boards of Missions—with female missionaries—many of them medical, in every part of the world. Fifty years ago, how many high-class female teachers were there in the Republic? To-day, besides furnishing a very large proportion of efficient common school teachers, highly cultivated women fill nearly all the professorial chairs in the ladies' colleges, with much credit to themselves and benefit to their pupils. Where so many excel it is almost invidious to single out any for special notice, yet one can hardly help referring to the name of Professor Maria Mitchell,

of Vassar College, as standing deservedly high among American astronomers. Fifty years ago, how far did woman's influence tell *directly* in works of charity, of educational and social reform? To-day such female organizations are numberless, and their praise is in all the land. We should come to some strange conclusions if we were to judge even our own social life by the 'vulgar paragraphs' of some newspaper writers, whose aim in life is to be 'smart,' and to throw the slime of their coarse burlesque over the most sacred phases of life—in George Eliot's pithy phrase—to 'debase the moral currency.' But if we judge by a worthier and more rational standard—the language of high class periodicals and responsible writers—there is no room for doubt that the intellectual status of women and their estimation by men, is immeasurably higher than it was fifty years ago. And there is no country in the world in which more outward respect is paid to women, on the score of their womanhood, than these same United States to-day! *That* was an unfortunate reference from our friend from Newfangle! For if this is any test of the value of the movement, there could hardly be a more satisfactory one.

In the latest number of a leading American weekly of the highest class, which I happened to take up after reading the paper from Newfangle, I find the following:—'Boston is about to try, in a limited way, the experiment of woman suffrage, and it is estimated in the newspapers that the number of women who will probably avail themselves of the right to vote for the School Committee in that city, will not fall much short of 3,000. This is, we believe, the first instance of a social recognition from women, in the first rank of society, of the desirability of woman suffrage in this country, and we herald it as a presage of a coming time when the indifference of women to national affairs will no longer interpose what is now the

only impediment to their participation in the political guidance and control of the country. 'And this comes from no rash female platform speaker,' but from one of the most thoughtful and sober-minded male editors in America, who knows whereof he writes. And this is only one of many such 'straws' with which this brief paper might be 'packed,' did space permit.

And if poetry is not ruled out, here is the silver-tongued American Quaker-poet's estimate of the influence of the cultured womanhood of his country:—

* Her presence lends its warmth and light
To all who come before it,
If woman lost us Eden, such
As she alone, restores it.

* For larger life and wiser aims
The former is her debtor;
Who holds to his another's heart
Must needs be worse or better.

* Through her his civic service shows
A purer-toned ambition;
No double consciousness divides
The man and politician.

* In Party's doubtful ways he trusts
Her instincts to determine:
At the loud polls, the thought of her
Recalls Christ's Mountain Sermon.

* He owns her logic of the heart
And wisdom of unreason;
Supplying, while he doubts and weighs,
The needed word in season.'

Another of the logical conclusions of our Newfangle friend is, that since there is admitted mental *difference* between the sexes, *therefore*—'so that'—(sic) 'if women were given a half-share in the direction of public affairs, the sum of mental strength brought to bear upon them would be diminished by that *difference*, be it less or more.' Now, in the first place, I don't know who has ever dreamed of women taking 'a half-share in the direction of public affairs,' which would be simply impossible, even if we had universal woman-suffrage, instead of the very moderate demand that female-holders of taxed property, who manage their own affairs, should not be *disfranchised* on the ground of *sex*. And in the next place, I had been led to imagine that certain differences, particularly

sex differences, were *complementary*, and that the combination of complementary differences *increased* the strength of the whole, instead of subtracting from it. This doctrine, however, is evidently not believed in Newfangle.

Furthermore, Newfangle, it is evident, is a sort of Arcadia. The men are all honest, all chivalrous. Tricks of trade, underpaying, over-reaching, are unheard of there. But the world outside of Arcadia is not as happy, else what means the perpetual outcry that, in a sense different from the poets', 'things are not what they seem, that there is hardly anything we eat, drink, or wear, that is not adulterated or made to represent something else than what it is;—why the complaints as to the rottenness of our commercial fabric, with its frequent insolvencies, and the rarity of thorough honesty in either business or politics? That where men will cheat *men*, they will be more ready to cheat *women*, as more helpless, is simply human nature, for there are a good many things that are *natural* which it is desirable to modify or repress. Here, however, is a statement of simple *facts* :

'During the last year the Working Women's Protection Union of New York, one of whose objects it is to provide gratuitous legal services for women defrauded by their employers, has recovered no less an amount than \$21,000 for 6,500 women, and that without any expense to the claimants, who range from the servant to the teacher. How much suffering the lack of this \$21,000 might have caused, we may best realize by remembering that few indeed of the women who work have not helpless relatives depending upon them.' Of course, this sum is not to be wholly set down to masculine injustice, for women are too often shamefully thoughtless and unjust in their dealings with their own sex. But the greater proportion may be fairly set down to the want of consideration which men in general show too plainly

in their pecuniary transactions with women.

It is a sad sign of how far we are yet removed from the golden age when the weak are obliged to band themselves together to resist the oppression of the strong! Yet so it is—out of Arcadia! Chivalry, therefore, does *not* impose on the principle of self-interest a check sufficient to compel fair dealing from the strong to the weak, in the ordinary affairs of life; for the said \$21,000 in New York alone must represent a very small fraction of such uncollected debts. I could myself give a number of flagrant instances of this kind from my own personal knowledge. We are reminded of certain heroic acts of men who have gone down on sinking ships that helpless women might be saved. To such, all honour! Let us thank God for every such hero; for every life given for fellow-man or sister-woman. But men are not all heroes yet! We have at one and the same time in the British army the brave man who spiked the guns at Isandula, and the lieutenant who ran a way, leaving the poor Prince Imperial to his fate. We have had, even in our Canada, the reverse side of the medal; cases in which helpless women have been left to go down, while strong men monopolised the means of escape. As life goes, it is evident that women need to learn to help themselves instead of depending on the *chivalry* of men to help them, or even to give them fair play.

In Newfangle, it appears, women are never paid less than men for the same work. Arcadia again! But the rest of the world is not so much favoured. Work, we are told, 'will always fetch what it is worth.' Is it not the vexed question between capital and labour just now that work does *not* always fetch what it is worth—that employers take advantage of the necessities of the employed to make fortunes out of the work which affords to the actual producer the barest pittance? Is it not contended that there should

be some juster standard of the value of work than the straits of those who will accept under-payment just because they must do so—or starve? Will any one pretend that the Golden Rule is, *as a rule*, observed by employers of labour? And it is just this which causes the under-payment of women. As their range of choice is more limited, employers know that they can get them to do the *same work for less money*, and they take advantage of this knowledge. *Natural* again, but hardly desirable or just! Some years ago, a telegraph company in England was praised for a stroke of economy in securing female instead of male operators, because they got them to do the *same work* at about a third of the price. It is notorious that female teachers frequently receive about half the salary for *precisely the same work* as is done by male teachers, the lady in not a few cases doing it more efficiently, and that country schools are often anxious, for this very reason, to secure female instead of male teachers. As to under-payment in other departments—here are *facts* again, well authenticated—which appeared in a leading American Magazine:—

'A lady is employed at the Post Office Department in Washington in translating foreign letters in three different languages. She is paid \$900 a year. Her work is arduous as well as skilled, and often detains her till long after office hours. The man who *copies* the letters which she translates, receives \$1,800 a year. We are not sure that even suffrage might remedy this particular inequality; perhaps if she had a vote to sell she might receive the other \$900. At one time in our life we were actively engaged in the work of providing schools and teachers for the freed men of the South. It was a part of the burthen of that work that we were obliged to pay men \$1,000 and \$1,200 for work no greater and no better done than that for which we paid women \$800 and \$600. We were administering others' funds and were

bound to hire in the cheapest market. There were some districts where we dared not send a lady principal. Our soul revolted against the inequality. This inequality is so common as to be almost universal.

'A lady carried a very exquisite set of original illustrations to a publisher in answer to a notification that he wanted something of the kind for a book about to be brought out. They were refused curtly and scarcely noticed. She gave them to a gentleman friend, who presented them as his own work in his own name. They were immediately accepted, with high commendations. Another instance is reported equally authentic. A lady decorated a cabinet with great labour and infinite originality of design. It was a very extraordinary and beautiful piece of work, in imitation of old Venetian inlaid work and mosaic. It attracted little attention, and after a while she sold it for a mere trifle. Nearly a year passed. A wonderful piece of work was advertised to be seen at a prominent shop in the city—a friend came and asked the lady to go, knowing her interest in such things. She went with the admiring crowd, and behold it was her own work, but no sign of her name, but the value set upon it was enormous.'

This preposterous system of sex-protection—the protection of the stronger against the weaker—must of course gradually give way before a growing sense of its injustice. But the women who have least cause to feel its oppression themselves are just the women who could do the most, by their social influence, to redress the wrongs of others in this particular, by showing their appreciation for the work of their own sex, and their sincere respect for the women who prefer an honourable self-maintenance to a helpless dependence on relatives or to a mercenary marriage.

There are certain other advantages peculiar to the Township of Newfangle, one of which is that every

'Bella' has a faithful and devoted 'Jack' pining to endow her with his '\$8,000 or \$9,000,' the *right* Jack, too, to whom she can give her heart as well as her hand. They have evidently no *poor* Jacks there—Jacks with small or precarious incomes, on which they dare not dream of marrying fashionable young ladies brought up to depend on others for the supply of a hundred artificial needs. Neither have they, possibly, any fashionable young ladies or artificial needs. The case there is *tout simple*. Bella marries her devoted Jack, looks after her dairy and her children, and has neither thought nor need for thought about anything else. Women are never left widows there, with young families to rear and educate on the work of their own hands. And they have evidently never heard of 'superfluous women'—women, in the course of Providence, left to depend on their own exertions to earn their daily bread, unless, indeed, they will accept the alternative of a loveless and mercenary marriage; or bank failures, or insolvencies, or sudden deaths, leaving helpless girls, all unprepared, to the weary struggle for subsistence of which they had never thought; or of women who, though they may not need to earn a livelihood, desire interests in life somewhat higher than crewel-work or lap-dogs. Yet since these classes abound in the outside world, why should not their needs be considered? Why should women of the first class be driven, for lack of the needful education, to such callings as combine the maximum of drudgery with the minimum of pay? Why should they not have, like their brothers, every facility for achieving an honourable independence in the line best suited to whatever capacities God has given them? And why should not women of the last class be encouraged to the nobler pursuits which would be a well-spring of healthful and happy interest, raising them above the follies and affectations which men are so ready to hold up to a just riddi-

cule? 'A woman of Newfangle' is afraid that the consequences of furnishing women with higher interests must be 'mischievous and disastrous.' I can see no ground for her fears. The world is not so easily thrown off its balance. The sweet sanctities of love and home will endure so long as the world standeth. No woman is ever likely to refuse the marriage to which her heart inclines through over anxiety to engage in a professional career; though she may be spared the temptation to come to the altar with a lie on her lips, because she shrinks from the struggle of self-maintenance, for which she is so ill-equipped. And certainly married women are not, as a rule, likely to enter upon such careers, though there are cases in which they are forced to do it, and do it heroically, too, in order to support an unsuccessful, or an invalid, husband and a young family. But the difficulties and drawbacks are so many for women, even with equal natural powers—that only the exceptionally circumstanced and the exceptionally gifted are ever likely to become 'professional' women. But why such should not be encouraged to do, in a womanly way, whatever thing God has given them the capacity for doing, it is not easy to see.

Grace Darling, by the way, was not such a *rara avis* among women as they seem to think at Newfangle. I observe in the last foreign news the death of a Shetland heroine of the same type, who had done similarly heroic deeds. There have been not a few such humble heroines among women of seafaring communities, where circumstances and training have developed a strong female physique. I think I have heard of such women frequently carrying their husbands through the surf to their boats, that they might start dry on a fishing-voyage. Grace Darling was by no means unlike many of her sisters in

the self-forgetfulness which gave her nerve for her exploit, though, owing to her physical training, she could pull a better oar than either young men or young women whose sole idea of exercise lies in 'taking a walk.'

'A woman of Newfangle' admits that the higher woman's position in the world becomes the better for man—'the more they add to the world's stores the better for man; the more they share his work the better for him'—and even, which I, for one, would be inclined to question, 'that the more they relieve him of his responsibilities the better for him.' If these things are so, why, oh, dear friend of Newfangle, should you seek, in any degree to damp the enthusiasm of those who may be seeking this very end, which you admit to be good? Even if you think the enthusiasm excessive, remember that enthusiasm is a precious thing in a cold and cynical age, that no great deed was ever done without it, and that we need a surplus reserve force to start with, in order to meet the discouragements which attend all attempts at upward progress. With your own admission in view—for the sake of humanity, no less than of womanhood—you are bound to encourage the choice of the nobler and healthful pursuits over the trivial, the frivolous, and the hurtful, and to lay no stone of stumbling in the path of any human being, male or female, who shall seek to make the most of whatever abilities a wise Providence has bestowed, with the intention, surely, that they should be well and wisely used. As you say, there is no need for a wrangle about the matter. As it takes both men and women to make a world, so it takes both to do the world's work. Let both have full opportunity to do all they *can* and *will*, and the more efficient workers that both can supply, the better, surely, will it be for each, and for the world at large.'

PAPERS BY A BYSTANDER

No. 4.

TO the reader of history nothing can seem stranger than the use of titles of chivalry as the prizes of aldermanic or colonial ambition. Chivalry contributed a permanent as well as an ennobling and refining element to human character. But the institution itself belongs, with all its associations, to a remote and irrevocable past. If we had heard that Mr. Cartwright, as a tribute to financial eminence, and a number of other gentlemen in acknowledgment of their high position, had been solemnly invested by the representative of Her Majesty with one of those tails which the Evolutionists tell us, adorned the bodies of our primeval ancestors, the announcement would scarcely have seemed to us funnier than that of their reception into the knightly fraternity of St. Michael and St. George.

The very conjunction of the names, St. Michael and St. George, carries our minds back into the night of the fabling middle ages. St. Michael, the overthrower of the Dragon, was the chief of the chivalry of heaven, while the mediæval mythology, mingling perhaps in this case, as it did in many other cases, with the mythology of paganism, made him also the patron deity of hill tops and peaks, such as the remarkable mounts which bear his name on the coasts of Normandy and Cornwall. St. George was the chief of the chivalry of earth; and a very earthly chief he was, supposing Gibbon to be right in identifying him with the infamous George of Cappadocia. If he was not that worthy, transmuted by the wonder-working influences of religious party, and subsequently by the wild play of crusading

fancy into a military saint, nobody can tell who he was. Roman Catholic hagiology is compelled to say that his saintly deeds are better known to Heaven than to man. He belongs, at any rate, emphatically to mediæval fable. It is to be hoped that Sir Richard Cartwright duly pays his orisons to his two patron saints, and that he will never forget to invoke them before he lays his lance in rest to tilt at Sir L. Tilley's budget. George of Cappadocia, in truth, was, after his fashion, rather distinguished in finance.

In the mist of the early Middle Ages it is impossible to trace the exact history of institutions. The growth of feudalism itself is matter less of record than of conjecture. There can, however, be little doubt as to the origin of knighthood. In all military tribes, such as were those of the Celts and Germans, the youth, on arriving at manhood, was received into the fraternity of the warriors with some special rites and after a certain novitiate. Feudalism fastened upon this custom, and, in accordance with its general tendencies, transferred the power of initiating from the tribe to the lord. The Church also laid her hand on it, invested it with a religious character, and made it a dedication of the young warrior's prowess to the service of religion, the redress of wrong and the relief of the oppressed; thereby consecrating and tempering that military spirit, the excess of which was the source of barbarism; as she did, in the same age, by the institution of the Truce of God. But knighthood still remained an initiation into a warrior's life, and a sort of military baptism,

or rather the taking of a Christian soldier's vow ; a thing as far removed as possible in its nature from the piece of tinsel which is nowadays bestowed by ministers, laughing in their sleeves, on elderly and often gouty aspirants to social rank.

'The ceremony of admission to knighthood,' says M. Martin, 'was grave and austere. On the eve of the day of admission the young squire took a bath in sign of purification ; then he was dressed in a white tunic, a crimson mantle and a black surcoat, symbolical colours, which indicated that he was pledged to lead a life of chastity, to shed his blood for the faith, and to have always present to his mind the thought of death. The candidate fasted till the evening, and spent the night in prayer in a church or in the castle chapel ; then, in the morning, he cleansed his soul by confession, as he had purified his body by the bath, heard mass, and presented himself at the holy table. The mass ended, the candidate knelt before the sponsor who was to confer the order on him, and who briefly recalled to him the duties of the warrior, " Every knight is bound to keep the law of honour (*droiture et loyauté*), he is bound to protect the poor, that the rich may not oppress them, and to succour the weak that the powerful may do them no despite. He is bound to keep himself clear of all treason and injustice. He is bound to fast every Friday, hear mass every day, and make an offering at it if he has the wherewithal. It is the duty of knights to keep faith inviolably with everyone, but above all with their companions in arms, to love each other, to honour each other, and assist each other on every occasion "[as do Sir Richard Cartwright and Sir Charles Tupper]. The candidate took the oath ; then were brought to him all the pieces of armour which he was about to receive the right of wearing ; when he had been clad with the coat of mail, girt with the sword, and had the golden

spurs bound upon his feet, his sponsor in chivalry gave him a blow on the cheek (by way of fixing the event in his memory) and three strokes with the flat of his sword on the neck, and said, " In the name of God, of St. Michael (or St. Michael and St. George) and of Our Lady, I dub thee knight." The bells sent forth a merry peal, the church rang with the sound of the trumpets ; a helmet was brought to the young knight, and a war-horse was led up to him ; he put spurs to his charger, and making his lance glitter in the sun and brandishing his sword, he traversed at full speed the courts of the castle and the green meadows which stretched beneath its ramparts, while the shouts of the people hailed his admission into the brotherhood of chivalry.'

Time does wonders in the way of transformation. It has converted the name of the high priest of Roman Paganism into that of the pretended head of the Christian Church ; it has degraded the title of the chief military officer of a feudal kingdom into that of the village constable. But it has never performed a stranger piece of legerdemain than in putting into the place of the young and warlike candidate for knighthood, the ceremony of whose admission we have just seen described, a puffy and wheezy old gentleman who with difficulty kneels down to receive the ironical accolade, and rising with still greater difficulty, hobbles home, tripped up at every other step by the sword between his legs, to tell his wife that she is My Lady.

It is of course possible to trace the gradual transition. A change in the character of knighthood was taking place during the decadence of the Middle Ages, when the Garter, the French Order of the Star, the Golden Fleece, and other Court orders were founded. To this period mainly belong the fantastical and Quixotic extravagances which have exposed chivalry to merited ridicule ; for chivalry

in the period of the Crusades was at least serious, and had a real and important work to do in the world. It is in the French wars of Edward III. that we find a number of young candidates for knightly honours setting out on the campaign with a bandage over one eye, in fulfilment of a vow not to see with both eyes till they had performed some feat of arms in honour of their mistresses. The companions of John the Second's Order of the Star they were who were bound by the Statutes of the Order never to fall back more than a certain distance in battle—a regulation which exposed them to extermination by soldiers of a more practical stamp at Poitiers. No Templar or Hospitaller, no knight of that age, would have been guilty of any such nonsense.

Still the Garter was a real order of knighthood. Entrance into it was obtained by feats of military prowess, and among the original members were soldiers of fortune who had no title to admission but their valour. Nesle Loring, for example, was a young squire, apparently of low degree, who had distinguished himself at the battle of Sluys. The head of the order, Edward III., was himself not a lay figure draped with ineffable millinery, but, of all the gallant and adventurous brotherhood of knights which he had formed, the foremost in war except his renowned son. The companions of the Round Table at Windsor, the heroes of Crecy and Poitiers are now represented by a train of elderly gentlemen, selected mostly on account of their birth and their acres, arrayed, on high occasions, not in helmets and hauberks, but in purple velvet cloaks and white satin tights, and who, if set in battle array upon the field of glory would hardly be able to stand against the charge of a stout fish-wife. An old peer is said to have avowed that his motive for craving for the Garter was that it was now the only thing in England that was not given by merit. If the illustrious dead could

hear, the explanation would have been gratifying to the Black Prince.

We were told the other day that a new Knight of the Garter was wearing with peculiar pride the star resplendent with priceless jewels which had once adorned the breast of the Marquis of Steyne—to call him by the name which he bears in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. Resplendent with diamonds and emeralds that star might be, but the jewels of chivalric honour, purity, and generosity, were not there. The notorious Marquis was through his whole life a cold and calculating debauchee. Though enormously rich, he had begun, even as a youth at College, to fleece his friends at play; he kept up that chivalrous practice through the rest of his noble and beneficent life; and he was even the reputed owner of more than one gambling house. Woman, whom the Knight of old was specially bound to honour and protect, was to the Marquis simply an instrument of lust, lust which in him was as coarse and unbridled as in a beast of the field, and which actually polluted his dying hour. A scandalous lawsuit after his decease, caused by the alleged misappropriations of a valet who had been the minister of his pleasures, opened a scene which filled even voluptuaries with disgust. Hatred faintly describes the sentiment with which this heartless sybarite in his latter days inspired all but the vile parasites and concubines around him, and probably even them. He was, in short, a most worthy member of that circle of chivalry, of which his master and boon companion George IV. was the chief. But his star, as we have said, is exultingly worn by a successor in the knightly brotherhood of the Garter.

How much good chivalry did for humanity it is hard to say, because we really know but little about the state of society in the early Middle Ages, especially about the state of those classes which were most liable to op-

pression, and stood most in need of protecting influence. But that it did good can hardly be doubted. It at all events gave birth to an ideal of character greatly superior not only to that of warlike barbarism, but to that of military antiquity; and if within the pale of Christendom its operation, as an elevating and humanizing influence, was mainly confined to the members of a privileged class, and altogether narrow and imperfect, it saved by its devoted valour all Christendom, and civilization at the same time, from the conquering hosts of Islam with slavery, polygamy, concubinage, fatalism, and despotism in their train. No one can look upon the sepulchral effigies of its religious warriors without paying them, across the estranging gulf of centuries, the homage of the heart. Its spirit has gone forth into the noble enterprise, the self-sacrificing beneficence, the gentle courtesy, the pure affection of modern life. Its dead forms are degraded to the uses of a social vanity which profanes the memory of Sir Galahad and Bayard.

Between social rank and official rank there is all the difference in the world. Social rank is a gratification of vanity in the particularly bad form of exclusiveness. It is an object of natural ambition to the vulgar wealth of which—mingled like tares with much commercial eminence of the nobler kind—there has recently been a rank growth in England, and which is to a great extent the parent of Jingoism as well as of this increased craving for titles and tinsel of every description. It is the great bribe which political corruption now has to hold out to millionaires of the grosser sort, who, with all their wealth, are uneasy about their social position in an aristocratic community. It is also the natural object of adoration to the shoddy class of Americans, who are too justly said to outvie in demeanour, when they get into the presence of European rank, all their rival devotees in Europe. In this sense the

love of titles is, as special pretenders to practical wisdom are always telling us, part of human nature, like any other mean tendency, on which intriguing politicians may play but which it is the mission of advancing morality to banish. Otherwise social rank supported by titles is purely artificial and may be said to be even of modern growth; for the fiefs from which the titles of territorial nobility are derived were in early times held by a tenure of military and political duty; while knighthood as we have seen was not a title but a vow, and moreover tended rather to equality than to aristocratic exclusiveness, since it placed the landless soldier on a level, as one of a brotherhood in arms, with the lord of a principality and even with a king. Official rank, on the other hand, is natural, genuine, and, if confined within proper limits, wholesome. It is the robe with which the right feeling of the community invests the holders of lawful authority, raised to that trust on account of real qualities and, therefore, reasonable objects of a respect which elevates instead of degrading those who pay it, while it is compatible with a complete absence of personal assumption and with perfect simplicity of life on the part of those to whom it is paid. We could bear a good deal more of this sentiment in these democratic communities of ours, though it will be difficult to commend the lesson to the minds of the people till the false and titular kind of rank has taken itself fairly out of the way. We could bear, too, a good deal more of reasonable ceremony and state, which are as different from etiquette, with its presentation postures, cocked hats, low-necked dresses, and anti-buggy proclamations, as sense can be from the most despicable nonsense. Ceremony, which is truly emblematic and impressive, is the stately vesture of high authority and momentous action: etiquette is childish frippery, which only ceases to be laughable when it is made the noxious instrument of political in-

trigue. It is perfectly true, and a truth always to be borne in mind by statesmen, that, in politics as in other departments of life, the imagination has its claims as well as the reason, and that while the one is convinced the other requires to be impressed. But divorce imagination from reason and you will have an abrupt combination of the merely ornamental with the wholly unadorned; you will have the same sort of spectacle which greeted the eyes of Captain Cook when, having presented an influential South Sea Islander with a laced coat and cocked hat, he found him standing proudly at the right hand of royalty in those splendid habiliments and those alone; you will have masters of etiquette regulating a 'delightfully exclusive' reception in the Court of Ottawa, while rowdiness reigns in the legislative halls. An Englishman at a ball given by the Governor of an Australian colony trod on a court lady's magnificent train: the aristocratic dame turned sharply round and gave him a broadside of Seven Dials.

It has been already admitted that owing principally to the late growth of commercial wealth in England a backstream is running there in favour of social titles. The main current however manifestly sets the other way. It is quite understood now that none of the leaders of intellect will take a title or could do it without exposing themselves to ridicule and real loss of position. If the same thing cannot be said of all leaders of commerce of the nobler stamp, it must be remembered that these men not only have baronetries constantly pressed upon them by the policy of the aristocracy, seconded often by the influence of their wives, but are frequently placed in situations as Mayors of cities or entertainers of royalty, in which it is hardly possible without positive offence to refuse the proffered title. Still it was generally felt that Titus Salt had lowered, not raised himself, by his acceptance of a baronetcy. A peerage confers not

only social rank but a seat in the Upper House of Parliament, and it is accepted on the political ground by men who would not accept it on the social ground, and who do all they can to show you that they do not wish socially to assume an artificial rank. Brougham continued to sign himself 'Henry Brougham;' and he, Macaulay, and other Peers of intellect have retained their own names and refused the mock territorial title which vulgarity specially affects. Sir Robert Peel, though he had led the aristocratic party all his life, not only declined a peerage himself but by his will expressly enjoined his son not to take one for any services which he had himself rendered. Nobody blames an ordinary man for accepting or even coveting the current prizes of his time whatever they may be. Nobody blames an ordinary Frenchman of the period of Louis XIV. for eagerly seeking the honour of lighting the great King to bed, of handing him his shirt or his towel. Nobody blames an ordinary Siamese for wanting to have the privilege of attending the white elephant. But these are not the leading shoots of humanity.

The fruits of the recent policy in Canada can hardly be more satisfactory to its authors than the fruits of the same policy elsewhere. The Princess and her husband have been as well received as possible by Canadians of all classes, parties, and opinions. They have been the objects not merely of that natural and blameless curiosity which is inspired by the coming of any personage of mark, but of the most cordial good feeling and the warmest hospitality. In this point of view the appointment has been a perfect success. But the attempt to introduce etiquette into the colony has decidedly miscarried. Nor has the attempt to inoculate us with the colonial form of aristocracy by the recent creation of a great batch of knights had much better success. There has been a good deal of popular

levity on the occasion, and no feeling of interest so far as we have seen more intense or homefelt than that which might be excited by any curious social occurrence, or even by the arrival of a new show. We see that, in the *Globe*, Mr. Cartwright's house has become Sir Richard Cartwright's 'seat,' but we have observed no other symptom of exaltation. There appear to have been some refusals on the part of men whose special business it is to study the currents of public opinion. In one quarter there seems to have been a still more significant struggle, which led for the first time perhaps in official history, to the contradiction of an announcement in the *London Gazette*. Pitt intended to give Canada an hereditary peerage as well as an order of knights; but the *Upas Tree* was never planted and the shrub seems unlikely to take root. Canada apparently has rejected social rank, and prefers the spontaneous recognition of social merit.

On the other hand there seems to be considerable danger of our being invaded in force by another intruder resembling social rank only in its pedigree. For the vast and most pestilential system of gambling, mis-called 'sport,' which is the curse of England, and which the Second Empire characteristically laboured to introduce as an instrument of social corruption into France, has its origin mainly in the *ennui* of an idle aristocracy, while it is invested with a false dignity, and its real character is masked to the eyes of the many by the halo of aristocratic association.

It is very right to encourage bracing exercises and liberal amusements, not only for the pleasure they give, but because they are essential to the health of body and mind, schools in their way of a generous character, and, after duty and affection, the best antidotes to vice; and if, in practice, this truth has of late assumed a somewhat extravagant prominence, the excess is

in some measure the Nemesis of past neglect. For the same reasons it is desirable to discourage everything which tends to convert a manly exercise or a liberal amusement into a trade, or, what is still worse, into an excuse for gambling. In England, things have come to such a pass that before a great horse-race, boat-race, or running match, the country becomes a vast gambling hell. Betting places are opened, not only on the scene of the race, but in every tavern through the country: the public journals are filled with 'sporting intelligence,' penned in the lingo of the blacklegs, and with the predictions of a set of charlatans who make money by acting as the soothsayers of this excited and credulous world of vice. Even respectable editors, who personally loathe the whole system and in private tell you that they do, are compelled to yield to the fashion and to pay the best tribute in their power to public morality and the character of their calling by keeping the sporting intelligence within comparatively moderate bounds. We speak from personal observation in saying that people who never saw a race will bet on races at taverns till they lose everything they had, and are driven to dishonest courses to pay what grooms and footmen have learned to call their debts of honour. Such a retinue does 'Sport' bring after it that the pastor of a great parish near one of the race-courses gave up his charge and his benefice in absolute despair. A large portion of the people, of course, is still exempt from the contagion; but the fatal circle is always widening, and thousands are ruined, while tens of thousands are demoralized every year. One liberal amusement after another is drawn into the vortex of pollution. Twenty or thirty years ago rowing was pure; the professional element was still kept entirely in the background; nor was there any betting that could deserve the name of gambling. Cricket holds out best, chiefly because the profes-

sionals have less ascendancy over it than over other sports; partly, perhaps, because it is not easy for one of a team of eleven to sell a match. Horse-racing must always have had a professional, and, therefore, a bad and degrading element in it. What it has now become, every Englishman can tell you. The writer of this paper was once in company with a number of old racing men, who were deploring the degeneracy of the Turf. He hazarded the ignorant remark that the depravity could not be universal, naming a nobleman of the highest social and political position who was on the Turf, as one who could not possibly be suspected of legging. The answer was: 'That shows you are not on the Turf;' and the implied imputation was at once supported by a circumstantial account of a particular act which had been brought under the notice of the sporting world.

We have the happiness of possessing certain public instructors so strictly orthodox that they hasten as guardians of the imperilled faith to crush in the bud a conscientious doubt as to the doctrine of Eternal Torment, so eminently Christian that they denounce as a crime the introduction to the Toronto platform of the pure minded and reverent Emerson. It is beautiful to see these teachers and, we might say, pastors of the community, making a little capital out of the popular fancy of the hour by deriding unsportsman-like fears on the subject of betting on races and telling us that man is a betting animal, whose propensities, if not indulged in the betting ring, will find indulgence in worse ways. We shall not pretend to be more moral than those whose daily writings are our best exemplification of morality in its highest as well as in its most winning form. But we will venture to say that, if gambling is dangerous at all, it is a great mistake to suppose that gambling in connection with sports is less dangerous either to the man or to the community than gambling with cards

or dice. The reverse is really the case. Gambling in connection with a sport is, in the first place, more seductive. It presents itself as the accompaniment of something fine, generous, and highly, perhaps too highly, esteemed by a world which abhors the dice box. It tempts more insidiously to dishonour. A man cannot take to cheating at cards or using loaded dice without knowing distinctly what he is doing, and fairly confronting any remnant of conscience or any regard for his reputation that he may have left in him; but he may, without any such decisive struggle and almost unconsciously, slide into legging. We have heard a good judge say that there was no trap for a young man's honour more dangerous than the temptation to disguise his play at billiards; and it happened that a few days after the remark was made one of the best players in the army had suddenly to retire from the service. But gambling with cards or dice affects only the sitters at the gambling table and the hapless wives and children who may share their ruin. Gambling on sports involves the whole community, who can participate in the betting though they cannot come to the ground; and this kind of gambling, not that with cards or dice, it is that is now spreading like a canker through English character, and over which morality and patriotism are wringing their hands in vain.

The corruption of an amusement is pretty sure to be marked by the increasing prominence of the professional element. It would seem needless to remark, were there not a manifest tendency to forget, that the calling of a 'professional,' be he jockey, oarsman, billiard player, prize fighter, pedestrian, or anything else, so long as he lives by his performances and by betting on them, is a trade and nothing but a trade. It differs from other trades not in being more liberal, but only in being always useless, and, in most cases, disreputable. 'The profes-

sional' who will not sell a race is marked out as a rare exception, a miracle of integrity, and greeted with thunders of applause. If a member of any reputable profession were hailed with the same enthusiasm merely for keeping the path of common honesty, he would probably feel that the infamy thereby branded upon his calling was greater than the honour conferred upon himself. No professional athlete can ever be useful in affording a model for amateurs, because they aim at a combination of physical with mental development, while he aims at physical development alone; and his endless training would be to them mere ruin. Nor are these men flowers even of physical culture or practical guides on the road to high health; we have constant reason for remarking that their abnormal muscularity is no proof that their general habit of body is good. If we want to single out any trade for special encouragement let it be, at least, an honest and a useful one. Let us give a prize and present an address to our best lumberman, to our best farmer, to our best mechanic, to the best skipper on our lakes. Let us, at all events, not discourage honest and useful trades by exclusively rewarding and honouring those which, as a rule, are the reverse of both.

People compare the contests of professional athletes at the present day to the games of the ancient Greeks. The resemblance is about as strong as that between a plaster cast and the Jupiter of Phidias. Greek athleticism was essentially liberal, not professional. Nor in the bright days of Greece do we find any counterpart to the betting ring with its train of ruffianism and villainy, though we do find a counterpart in the days of the Roman Empire. Burn the betting book, go back to the crown of olive, and we will talk to you about the games of the ancient Greeks. It will then be time to remind you that we are not like the Greeks, a community of slave-owners, dividing their

lives between war and pastime, and making their pastime a training school for war, but an industrial community occupied in peaceful business and living under a rule of serious duty.

Our feeling, not only for classical antiquity, but for heroism is invoked. We can see and are ready to honour heroism in the man who saves the life of another at the risk of his own, in the man who braves any danger or endures any great hardship in a good cause, perhaps even in the policeman who the other day got himself maimed for life and almost killed in the gallant performance of his duty, yet was left, we fear, with little praise and no reward. But to speak of heroism in connection with a professional athlete who wins a race against another professional athlete or against time, and pockets winnings exceeding several years' wages of a good mechanic, surely is absurd. The acrobat, indeed, in the dreadful calling to which he is doomed by the vicious tastes of a still half-barbarous society, displays a strength of nerve which might furnish one of the ingredients in a heroic character; but mere muscle and wind are nothing but a half-horse power, and the presence of heroism is no more indicated by them than the absence of it was indicated by the frail bodies of Alfred, William of Orange, and General Wolfe. If we want to worship mere horse-power let us worship the horse itself. It exceeds in strength the strongest of men; it will not be spoiled by our idolatry, and it will never bring its worshippers to shame by selling a race.

We have put our remarks on this subject in the most general form, pointing them to the future rather than to the past. It may be that, in a particular instance, the international interest of the contest, or the personal qualities of the winner, may form an exception to the general rule. The latter motive is one with which we are ready to sympathize to any reasonable extent. We have only to re-

peat that honours paid to a professional athlete on the ground of his individual freedom from roguery, stamp the general character of his class, and emphasize the necessity of preserving to the liberal and amateur element its just ascendancy, if we would not have the pastime of a gentleman degraded into a sharper's trade. So long as the liberal and amateur element has thoroughly the upper hand, and the professional element is kept in its place, there is not much danger of anything really bad ; while mere excesses whether in addition to the pastime or in training for it, will hurt only the individual, and will in time correct themselves.

There is, however, one alleged justification for an apparently extravagant enthusiasm, against which good sense and patriotism alike call upon us to protest. We have been told in effect, that Canada ought to be grateful to a professional athlete for raising us by his success to a higher place among the nations. The place of Canada among the nations is not so low nor is she in such desperate need of puffing, as Canadians and they alone suppose. It is true that the mass of the English people whose notice we are always striving, with a somewhat undignified solicitude, to attract, know almost as little about us as we know about the other dependencies of the Empire ; and that it would consequently be the extreme of folly to invite them or any one delegated by them to interfere with the management of our affairs. Nor can we expect that, being fully occupied

with their own business, they will find time every day to go over the bead-roll of all the Colonies and say what fine fellows the inhabitants of each of them are. But when there is occasion to speak of us, they always speak with respect ; and by lending us large sums of money on easy terms they show in the most practical way possible that they have taken pains to form an opinion about us, and think they know that we are prosperous and honest. In the estimation of the sensible part of them, we shall gain little or nothing as a civilized community by an isolated exhibition of qualities which civilized communities possess only in common with barbarians, and perhaps in an inferior degree ; for it is not only conceivable but likely that some amphibious savage who is paddling his canoe among the South Sea Islands, with a forehead like that of an ape, but with sinewy limbs, and a marvellous knack of propelling a boat, might, if furnished with the right appliances, prove the Champion oarsman of the world. Above all, it is ridiculous to suppose that any Englishman will be induced to leave his home and emigrate to Canada because a single Canadian excels in the peculiar art of rowing a shell.

We have rather too much faith in the advertising system. After all, when anything serious is in question, reason and fact will hold the balance, and there seems to be no reason for fearing that the scale of Canada will kick the beam.

ROUND THE TABLE.

TITLES IN CANADA.

THE inference to be drawn from the remarks of the writer in the July number of the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*, on the subject of 'Titles in Canada,' is that he is very imperfectly acquainted with the subject of which he treats. There is nothing in his article to lead to the supposition that he is an advocate for the separation of Canada from the Empire. What, however, he seems to desire is that Canadians should be placed under a ban, and that they should no longer be deemed worthy of that recognition of services to the Crown which is granted to their fellow colonists in the other dependencies of the Empire. In the statutes of the order of St. Michael and St. George, the admission to which of six distinguished Canadian Statesmen, on the last Queen's Birthday, simultaneously with a number of other distinguished colonists in Australia, South Africa, and the West Indies, has called forth the remarks to which these are a reply, is the following clause :

'It is ordained that the persons to be admitted to this most distinguished order, shall be such natural-born subjects of our Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland as may have held, or shall hereafter hold, high and confidential offices within any of our colonial possessions, or such other natural-born subjects of our Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, as may have held, or shall hereafter hold, high and confidential offices, or may render extraordinary and important services to us as Sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in

relation to any of our colonial possessions, or who may become eminently distinguished therein, by their talents, merits, virtues, loyalty, or services, or who now are or hereafter may be appointed officers of this most distinguished order.'

It will hardly be contended by the most virulent denouncer of 'titles in Canada' that it was not proper for the Queen to enlarge the old order of St. Michael and St. George established in 1818 by King George the III. as an order of merit for Malta and the Ionian Islands, and to extend it to the colonies generally. The complaint seems to be that, in framing the statutes of the order of St. Michael and St. George, there was no exclusion of Canadians from that recognition of services rendered to the Crown, within the colonies of the Empire, which it was the royal intention to grant to all Her Majesty's subjects without distinction. It may be doubted, whether if the clause cited above had contained the words 'The Dominion of Canada alone excepted' immediately after 'our colonial possessions,' there would not have been a storm of indignation from the very persons of whose opinions '*Vox Clamantis*' is the exponent. Orders of merit have been established in nearly every civilized country in the world, except the United States; even republican France deems it wise to maintain them. It is not a little singular that the very persons who object to a title belonging to an established order of merit being conferred by the Sovereign, not only do not object to the title of 'Honourable,' conferred by the same Sovereign, but actually give that title, by common usage, to persons who are not entitled to it ac-

ording to the Queen's instructions. Moreover, there was a persistent attempt made in both Ontario and Quebec, to confer upon the Lieutenant Governors the title of 'Excellency,' in direct opposition to the royal instructions. Although there is no order of knighthood in the United States, there is no country in the world where titles of distinction are more generally used. The writer in the CANADIAN MONTHLY asks—'are we to understand that Her Majesty, recognising the pre-eminent merits and public services of these gentlemen, has singled them out for this mark of her favour?' The answer to this question will be found in the statute cited above. As to the reference to 'the creation of a titled aristocracy in Canada,' a moment's reflection would have convinced the writer that such a description of the admission of a few distinguished Canadians to an Imperial order of merit, limited in its number by statute, was wholly inapplicable. It would hardly be possible to criticize the article on 'titles' in detail without using language as offensive as that which the writer has employed towards gentlemen who, without solicitation on their part, have been recommended to their Sovereign as associates in an order to which it is impossible to obtain admission except by rendering valuable services to the Crown, in relation to some one of the colonies of the Empire.

M. G.

REJOINDER TO M. G.

M. G., I cannot help thinking, has taken up the subject to which his remarks refer in a manner scarcely suited to the occasion. 'Round the Table' we are supposed to speak with a good deal of freedom, and as unconventionally as possible. We do not fire 'articles' at one another's heads; we make no personal references to present company, and if our remarks chance to hit the absent friend of any *convive*, they are taken in as good

part as possible, on the understanding that at least no offence to any person present was intended. And so we rattle on, in a more irresponsible fashion, perhaps, than if we were composing set essays, destined to be, as far as possible, proof against criticism. M. G. does not, however, take this view of the matter at all, and he mars the harmony of a friendly gathering by visibly losing his temper. I do not see that he sheds any new light on the subject of which he pronounces me ignorant. We all know, I think, the theoretical constitution of the 'most distinguished order' of St. Michael and St. George; but what is there in that to prevent a Canadian who seriously thinks that titles in general have a bad effect from saying so? The theory in regard to all titles, I imagine, is that they are conferred for eminent services; but the question which I should like to see fairly met is,—what is the moral and social effect of their bestowal? Are men thereby rendered, or supposed to be rendered, more high minded, more severely honourable, more purely patriotic? If anyone is inclined to answer in the affirmative, let him recall the fact that the most untoward episode in modern Canadian history was the work of two knights and a baronet. Are they supposed to act as incentives to a pure ambition? That cannot be unless they are bestowed otherwise than as party rewards are commonly bestowed. If a title is simply an additional honour or advantage that the party to which a man belongs has in its power to bestow upon him—working of course through recognized channels—it is surely open to any citizen to enquire whether this extension of the attributes of party, is a desirable one. In my humble opinion it is not. If, on the other hand, the choice is otherwise directed, it is of the utmost interest to know how it is directed. Will the Sovereign reward merits that party has failed to recognize? That might be satisfactory in certain cases, but I

fear that in general we do not credit the fountain of honour with any great amount of independent perspicacity, simply because we do not see what the fountain of honour can know apart from the advice of its responsible ministers. We scarcely any longer believe in the possibility of a really paternal government; and certainly political leaders would not like to think that their nominees could be passed over and others chosen.

M. G. refers to the title of 'Honourable' so freely used in this country without any 'vox clamantis' being raised against it; but he knows as well as everyone else that this title has lost all its special significance, and now simply serves to indicate that a man has filled a certain office. In this way it has its convenience; but when the *meaning of the word* is recalled, how often is it done in mere sarcasm; so Antony spoke of 'honourable men.' I hold, indeed, that much harm is done by thus emptying an 'honourable' word of all its peculiar meaning. How can we hope that honour will be held in honour, when men can be called honourable who are not honourable—or certainly not so in any special sense?

We have, however, got accustomed to this perversion and must make the best of it; but the title of 'Sir' is not common as yet, and we cannot but think of it as coming fresh each time from an uncontaminated source. Then when cool reason and simple observation step in to tell us that this too is the work of party—that one man is made a knight just as another is made collector of customs, or another sheriff or judge, then are we led devoutly to wish that party did not possess the power thus to intensify social distinctions to suit its own purposes. Titles, such as we refer to, act in an altogether peculiar way. If there are stains upon a man's record they imply a condonation, by the highest authority, of all he may have done amiss; but where this complication is lacking, their social effect is still evil, since a man is set upon

a pedestal to be worshipped, not for what he is, but for what he is called. And men are sycophantic to a 'Sir' or to a 'Lady' who might perhaps retain a little of their self-respect *vis-à-vis* a simple 'Honourable.' M. G., I am confident, does not seize my point of view or he would do more justice to it, and he would *not* accuse me, as he seems to do, of being deliberately offensive towards the new created knights. My main thought is this: I want the successful politician to pass for the successful politician, with M.P. after his name, or P.C., or whatever else may be necessary to designate the office he fills or has filled; but do not let party seek to snatch a social judgment in his favour by the use of misleading words or empty titles. I willingly give over to party the collectorships and shrievalties, and the loaves and fishes in general; but titles of honour should not fall under the head of loaves and fishes. I do not want either Sir John A. Macdonald or Mr. George Brown to tell me whom I should socially honour. If I were pressed for a reason, I should say, probably, that I was not satisfied either of their competency or of their disinterestedness. The successful man will get worship enough from society without the aid of titles, but if people know that they are worshipping him *simply as the successful man* the same moral confusion will not result as if they are enticed into believing that success means virtue, honour, and whatever else is of highest worth in human nature. These remarks would apply equally whatever names had been announced as having received decorations. My criticism which the testiness of M. G. has forced me to make more serious than I at first intended—is directed, not against the men thus honoured, but against the system which mixes up moral with political rewards. To say that this system has obtained for generations in England does not in the least reconcile me to its extension to Canada.

V. C.

TITLES GREAT AND SMALL.

—Is it not a trifle ungracious to make an outcry against the well-meant action of our gracious Queen in conferring the distinction of knighthood on certain of our prominent public men? I can understand the objection to initiating a hereditary aristocracy, one of the things which it is now too late in the world's day to manufacture,—because it could not have that ancient and historical prestige which seems to be the only justification for counting men *noble* through the mere accident of *birth*. But if a man distinguishes himself by serving his country in public affairs,—if he unites to ability and honourable conduct a disinterested devotion to the well-being of his country—whether his policy be or be not absolutely right—I can see no reason why he, *personally*, should not receive from the fountain of honour, and worthily wear, such a distinction as knighthood, any more than why our good friend Dr. Pindar should not as worthily wear the LL.D. with which his University has decorated him. If we may logically decry such a title as Knight of St. Michael and St. George, I don't well see why we philosophically put up with doctors of 'laws and literature'—will any one rise and explain? Both are distinctions in their several ways, and there are doubtless many men who deserve them quite as well as the recipients to whom they never come. Like most similar things in the world, they seem to come by lottery—the black and white beans of circumstance. Why not congratulate the winner on his distinction in both cases, and be good natured about it, even though we may think we know a dozen people,—ourselves possibly among the number,—who deserve the honour equally well? So long as the distinction is conferred for some real merit or service, and not for some merely adventitious reason, such as that of being mayor during a royal visit, I see no

reason for complaint, unless we are to start a crusade against all 'handles' whatsoever, which we are hardly yet, I think, in a condition to do. Honorary distinctions have in all ages acted as *stimuli* to an honourable ambition, and the world would perhaps have been a little worse to-day without them. And be it remembered that we do not as yet live under a purely democratic *régime*. Why should a Canadian knight irritate us more than an English Duke or Marquis? Distinctions of this kind are a sort of link between us and the monarchical system of government, of which few Canadian subjects of Queen Victoria are yet tired. It does not hurt or humiliate me to say 'Sir John' any more than 'Dr. Pindar'; and the man must be a very snob who takes any airs on account of either distinction. I, for one, should have been glad if Mr. Mackenzie's principles would have permitted him to accept and wear a well-earned decoration. But I honour still more the noble conscientiousness which could refuse an honour tempting to most men, and forbids our calling him Sir Alexander. At the same time, I see no reason why others, who do not share his scruples, should not gracefully wear the honour Her Majesty has conferred. If we never have anything worse to fear for Canada than knighthood for its meritorious publicists, I think we shall do very well, even if the wives of the said publicists do, by courtesy, share the honour of their husbands. F.

ROYALTY IN THE STOCK-MARKET.

—If Royalty were susceptible to the subtle influences of the Market, and were governed in its value, like stocks, by the mysterious causes which drive brokers and jobbers into mad excitement, what a curious corner would the *Mark Lane Express*, or other Commer-

cial paper, contain on the subject just now!

'Kings flat. A sudden demand for 'Emperors, but the supply not being 'capable of a corresponding increase, a 'general tightness is felt in this commodity.' (The 'demand' in question being an armed Nihilist, we cannot wonder at the 'commodity' feeling 'tightness' or any other unpleasant sensation.) 'Princes, best quality 'scarce and high,—lower grades plentiful but tough, and no buyers. Patent constitutional monarchs regarded with shyness,—or, if fitted with 'the latest Imperial-Chancellor attachment, quite unmerchantable. A 'wide-spread dullness reigns in this 'market.'

I notice that most people put all this down to the account of those naughty, naughty Nihilists, who can't be trusted alone with their pretty Czar, and those silly, sulky Socialists, whose views are so abhorrent that nobody exactly knows what they are! Our friends the Pope and his Bishops

are widely proclaiming (some voices from Quebec swelling the chorus) that Kings and Kaisers had better return to their old partnership with the Church, the firm bulwark of the State, the buttress of authority, the pillar of Government, and the only true, drastic purge for these repugnant Socialists and blood-thirsty Nihilists. All this is very pretty, and will, no doubt, prove a great temptation to many little Kings who cannot manage their people, especially when they reflect that they cannot all afford to keep a Bismarck to do it for them. But there is one monarch who will probably *not* be caught by chaff. This is the King of Belgium who is being threatened with assassination if he assents to the Bill taking the control of education out of the hands of the Ecclesiastics. Poor Kings! one could almost pity them, attacked as they are on both sides. But after this, a little less abuse of the *Rouges* will surely be the order of the day, *Messieurs les Ultramontanes*? F. R.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Our Religion as it Was, and as it Is, by the REV. ROBERT J. LAIDLAW, Pastor of St. Paul's Church, Hamilton. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1879.

This work is written by an earnest man, in a thoughtful style, and with sustained eloquence. In many respects it is a work in advance of any which have been issued from a Canadian press by a Canadian author. But it is one of those books which cannot be criticised by an acknowledged standard. *Tot Homines tot sententiae*, applies with overwhelming force to anything bearing on Religion, its force or character: the letters which appear in the daily press show the diverse training, the imperfect knowledge, and the deep convictions of Canadians on everything appertaining to theological

belief, so that any remarks which are made in this journal on this and similar books must be read and taken as the utterance or opinion of the writer only.

The aim of Mr. Laidlaw is to shew the necessity of a Reformation, not by any individual, but by the outpouring of the Holy Ghost; that men may be taught true religion; that it does not now prevail in any country in the world, and that it is not the religion of the Bible; but that we have made models of and copied our fellow-men. He holds that we have the same stumbling block before us over which the Scribes and Pharisees fell and were broken—self-righteousness; that we must examine ourselves, our creeds, and confessions, in the presence of Christ and in the light of His work, and remember that Churches, Sabbaths, and Bibles

are holy or unholy according to the use that men make of them.

To arrive at this result, Mr. Laidlaw, in a rapid and interesting manner, glances at primitive religion, the beginning of formal worship, the Jewish dispensation and its vicissitudes, and at Christianity and its progress and changes. No one will differ with Mr. Laidlaw's aspirations, to that goal every Christian hopes and prays, but he assumes so much, that, save as a prayerful effort in a right direction, we fear his work will have little weight; it is weakest where strength is most needed. He takes for granted that we are Christians; that we believe the Bible to be Holy; that our religion of to-day is not the pure and simple religion of the olden time, and that by the independent study of the Bible we will arrive at a knowledge of what the religion of the Bible was. How much, alas! is taken for granted in these four propositions. We, who profess to be Christians, know how few there are whose Christianity is anything but a profession. What a library would be required to contain the books on the inspiration of the Bible, written within the last twenty years alone; and even Mr. Laidlaw can have no hope that the last two propositions would meet with acceptance among the jarring sects of the present day.

The Poet Laureate, in 'In Memoriam,' has been more successful in plumbing the depths of human hopes, doubts and fears, than any writer of the present age, and has given a Catholic prayer which many an infidel adopts, and which also aids the doctrine of many a lukewarm Christian. The pillars, not the details, of our Christianity need strengthening; in that Mr. Laidlaw quite agrees, but he furnishes no common ground for the Roman or Anglo-Catholic, the Congregationalist, and the Presbyterian. But as a step in advance, an attempt to break from Sectarianism, and to form, not an alliance but a Christian union, the work is worthy of all praise.

The Lover's Tale, by ALFRED TENNYSON.
New York: Harper Brothers, 1879;
Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

It is hardly necessary for us to tell our readers, who have, doubtless, already seen extracts from this book and its little preface in the papers,—that the

first three parts of the poem (which is founded on Boccaccio) were written when Tennyson was in his nineteenth year. Only the first two parts were printed and they were never properly before the public, having been withdrawn by their author from the press. Owing, however, to a few imperfect copies having been kept by young Hallam (the A. H. H. of 'In Memoriam') which passed eventually into less scrupulous hands, the public has gradually become acquainted with these two first parts, thanks to the industry of those 'literary vampires,' as the *Athenæum* calls them, who make it their business to publish what authors desire to suppress. The fourth part was published under the title of 'The Golden Supper,' in the beginning of 1870, in the volume entitled 'The Holy Grail,' which contained some of the later Idylls, and also the fine fragment 'Lucretius,' and some smaller pieces of very varying excellence. It is in consequence, as the Laureate tells us, of the misdirected energies of the pirates above referred to, that he now reluctantly publishes the entire poem for the first time.

Having premised this much, let us examine the work itself. 'Boy's Work,' the author himself calls it, and to some extent he is correct in this self-criticism. It shows the exuberant detail of early work, and the preponderance of the descriptive over the dramatic element in poetry that is characteristic of a beginner. No doubt the poem has received from Tennyson's matured powers some added beauties of expression, some corrections, and as he hints in his preface, some expurgations and curtailments as well. Still Tennyson is too honest a man, and too well aware of the danger of tampering with the historical records of his upward struggle to Parnassus' top, to allow himself to alter the first three parts materially. Accordingly we find these first cantos largely composed of descriptions of scenery, of sea and sky, and wood—passing from the broad expanse of landscape terminating in

'A purple range of mountain-cones between
Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding bursts,
The incorporate blaze of sun and sea,'

to the minutest vision which beholds the
'broad and open flower' while it is yet

'prest together
In its green sheath, close-lapt in silken folds.'

The first part, which is longer than

the rest of the poem put together, is chiefly occupied in picturing the love of Julian for Camilla, and the sudden blow he suffers on discovering that his love has not even been recognised as aught but that of a brother, and that another reigns

'in the maiden empire of her mind.'

It is whilst narrating this, that the fine descriptive passages above alluded to are introduced,—the whole having been so deeply imprinted on Julian's mind as to become indelible. As he beautifully puts it—

'They come, they crowd upon me all at once—
Moved from the cloud of unforgotten things,
That sometimes on the horizon of the mind
Lies folded.'

From this part, too, we gather that Julian is of a dreamy, contemplative nature, no Romeo flashing out with his love in speech and action, but a man of too retiring a mind to make his aspirations manifest to his much-loved foster-sister. It is in accord with such a character that he should himself lay her hand in Lionel's, call for a blessing on them, and wander away with the phantoms bred in his fantasy-stricken brain. Such a man could not be jealous; if he had had the potentiality of jealousy in him he might have married Camilla himself.

The next two parts are devoted to his reveries and dreams. He spends whole months in the forests they had haunted together, whilst—

'Over the deep graves of Hope and Fear
And all the broken palaces of the Past,
Brooded one master-passion evermore,
Like to a low-hung and a fiery sky
Above some fair metropolis, earth-shock'd,—
Hung round with ragged rums and burning folds.'

His latest vision is told in the third part, and only occupies some sixty verses, the part being utterly disproportionate in length to the rest of the poem. He sees his love carried on a funeral bier round the level sands of a little bay, is sucked into the procession, hears the dull tolling of the distant bell storm quicker and quicker into

'A long loud clash of rapid marriage bells,—

the pall is blown far out to sea until it looks like 'a little silver cloud,' and just as he stoops to see the dead face of her he loved,

'She, from her bier
Leapt lightly, clad in bridal white—her hair
Studded with one rich Provence rose—a light
Of smiling welcome round her lips,—

and taking Lionel's hand leaves Julian standing by the vacant bier. This resurrection vision, as one may call it, clearly forecasts the 'event' narrated in 'The Golden Supper,' although the criticisms we have hitherto seen fail to point this out.

The last part, written in Tennyson's maturer years, raises some interesting thoughts. How was the fourth part originally written? for undoubtedly it must have been finished when the author went so far as to have the press set to work on the commencement of the story. If we were to hazard a suggestion, it would be that the original tale was told to its close by Julian. There are several reasons that lead us to believe this. The introduction of a stranger to complete the tale has a raw, crude look about it—but it is not the sort of crudity that would be committed by a beginner.

It is more probable that Tennyson found that the weakness of Julian's character as struck in the first three parts, appeared more distinctly when he was sent to narrate the infinitely more striking incidents of the *denouement*. Indeed, told by Julian, the catastrophe would infallibly have lost much of its power and been smothered up with sweet regretful conceits. Now when 'The Golden Supper' was given to the world we must suppose that Tennyson never expected to publish the prelude to it. We say we must suppose this, though beyond doubt it is difficult to explain why (if it were to be a whole in itself) a little more labour was not bestowed in the commencing verses, which are in themselves a perfect riddle to any one who has not read the third part,—for which the introductory and explanatory paragraph to 'The Golden Supper' was but a poor substitute. But, as already remarked, Tennyson in 1870 did not look forward to what he has now done in 1879, and was therefore at full liberty to speak his verses through whatever mouthpiece was most convenient. Taken by itself the last part was undoubtedly much improved by the course which he adopted, and even Julian's character assumes a bolder and more manly cast. But now that it has been joined to the rest of the poem, we must admit that the discrepancy is too startling. There is nothing to prepare us for the change of voice, and the shock of transition that would have been naturally felt under any circumstances on

passing from Tennyson's youthful to his finished style, is immensely increased. Since the work was not planned as it is now completed we must not, however, blame the poet with this as a fault of design.

In what does the Laureate's later style differ from what it was when he was nineteen? The structure of his blank verse has not varied much. The sentences are long and involved. At a first perusal the music of the line carries us with it, a more detailed investigation makes us half doubt the connection of its parts, and yet again a critical inquiry shows us that those doubts were unfounded. Such a sentence is that describing the death of Camilla's mother. It begins 'The sister of my mother—' and then no less than six lines are inserted before the sentence attempts to move again. Even then the attempt is a curious one, and consists simply of a repetition of the opening phrase 'my mother's sister,' &c., followed by five lines more before we are allowed to finish the sentence—'left her own life with it.' In a less marked manner this fault may be traced in Tennyson's later versification.

Already there is noticeable that attention to softness of sound and fitness of expression that has earned for Tennyson the reputation of the most highly finished of our poets. One example of his alliterations we have already given, and here is another—"the dappled dimplings of the wave." The imagery which describes the languishment caused by an oversweet fancy—

'As tho'
A man in some still garden should infuse
Rich star in the bosom of the rose'

is as voluptuous as any contained in the early poem he wrote on 'The Arabian Nights;' whilst the allegory of Love, Hope, and Memory, that closes the first part, reminds us somewhat of the quaint conceits, more clever than poetical, that are so common in Elizabethan literature.

There are two lines in 'The Golden Supper' that would in themselves suffice to betray the work of an older man. The speaker is describing how he met Julian 'at a hostel in a marsh,'

'And sitting down to such a base repast,
—It makes me angry yet to speak of it—
I heard a groaning.'

It is not too much to say that the poet

of nineteen would have cut off his hand rather than introduce such an incident. Its presence is a proof of the desire Tennyson felt to enlarge the compass of his song, to heighten the poetic effect by a touch of gross materialism. In these touches, however, which are rarely interspersed in his poems, the Laureate is not very successful. His attempts to be a man of the world, a cynic capable of turning the seamy side of things towards us, such as Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue, or that part of the 'Vision of Sin' in which he apostrophises the 'Bitter Barmaid,' always appeared to us forced and unnatural. Luckily the desire to write in this vein has not proved very strong with Tennyson, and we accordingly find little enough of it in his poems.

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Thackeray, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—
Morley's Series of English Men of
Letters. London: Macmillan & Co.,
1879; Toronto: James Campbell &
Son.

It is a pleasant sign of milder manners when we find one man of letters able to discourse of another with a moderated criticism and an appreciation devoid of sneering. Especially is this noticeable when the biographer and his subject walked the same path in literature, and at so small a distance of time that they might almost be termed contemporaries. For there is no great credit in writing impartially about any one who is so very dead as Chaucer is for instance, unless indeed you had the chance of hitting some living poet through the mantle of deceased worth.

Mr. Trollope does not pretend to write a regular biography of the great novelist, and the reason he gives is a good one. It appears that shortly before his last illness, Thackeray had his keen sense of the proper shocked by some offending specimen of 'fulsome biography.' In consequence of this we are told that 'he begged of his girls that when he should have gone there should nothing of the sort be done with his name.' A request that has met with an attention unusual among men of letters, who are generally only too ready to strip their scarcely fallen comrade of his personality and sell it to the highest bidder in the biographical hide-market. Possibly, too, the very uneventful nature of Thackeray's life

may have had something to do with this rare abstemiousness.

It is, therefore, more as a notice of Thackeray's works than of his life that this book attracts our attention. Mr. Trollope is, himself, a veteran novelist, and we might well expect some interesting remarks from his pen upon the subject of Thackeray's novels. In this we are, however, a little disappointed. He gives us, it is true, a careful list of Thackeray's numerous works, and a more detailed analysis of the more important ones. He tells us the current objections that have been raised to his author's views of life, especially to the heroic interest so conspicuously absent in 'Vanity Fair.' But he does not defend Thackeray's choice with that ardour which, when tempered by discretion, is so befitting to a biographer. Thackeray refused to pander to the public taste by depicting the Londoner of his day as a hero. He would not wilfully idealise what he saw conclusively to be mean, paltry, and commonplace. The heroism which he *did* see and recognise, and before which the heart of this so-called cynic did homage, was the heroism of a slovenly, awkward, misshapen man like Dobbin, in whom the Respectabilities and the Vanities found nothing heroic, but a good deal to laugh at. The result of this abstemiousness (so to speak) was that his pictures, though dark as a whole, gleamed in parts with the concentrated light of a Rembrandt when he pours the full flood of day upon one corner of his canvass and glorifies the meanest object that it falls upon.

Dickens was a more popular man in his day, and will remain so with the masses. But his novels were idealised romances, the creatures of his own brain, except in so far as the machinery was concerned. Little Nell was as purely a figment of the British novelist as Antigone was of the Greek dramatist. Quilp, in the same tale, was as entirely an embodiment of everything that is evil. Esther, in 'Bleak House,' is an impossibly perfect character in a different condition of life. Now Thackeray looked around him with as keen an insight as Dickens, and he confessed the melancholy truth that there were no Little Nells visible on the street horizon as he walked the town at night. Many a girl

there was, kind and self-denying to aged father or decrepit mother,—but truth bids him declare that far less provocation than Nell suffered would make the best of them fly out into a tantrum and that often the family patience is ruffled by unseemly squabbings arising about the young man who is paying his attentions. Thackeray, too, found no such villains as Quilp. He saw plenty of rogues walking about and drew them with a wonderful variety of circumstance, but you might meet and be introduced to any of them and yet not recognise the cloven hoof for a day or a week—a process one cannot imagine with regard to Quilp.

To sum up our comparison:—What gratitude will not after ages feel on reading Thackeray, to find in his pages the life of Englishmen and women as they really existed, not as people imagined them in the first half of the nineteenth century? The ideal style may be good as showing what were the standards of heroism at such a period; but as a matter of history it is far more important to know to what a nation attained, than at what it aimed.

In his remarks on some of the minor pieces Mr. Trollope falls into a curious error. He says, speaking of the De la Pluche papers, that the erratic spelling in which that character indulged was the working out of an idea already exhausted by Sheridan in the person of Mrs. Malaprop. Surely this is an entire misconception. Mrs. Malaprop speaks on the stage, and we know nothing of her spelling. Her errors were caused by her catching up and using hurriedly a word of one meaning in the place of another of an utterly different signification but of similar sound, thus, 'allegory' for 'alligator,' 'epitaphs' for 'epithets.' This is quite distinct from the phonetic wanderings of an uneducated and conceited man, who spell 'except' 'igsept,' and 'pheasants' 'feznts.' The fun, such as it is, in Plush's bad spelling consists in the strangeness of the written word to the eye and its perfect familiarity to the ear as soon as we translate it into sound. The hidden sarcasm on the fashionable dialects which are capable of being successfully aped by a flunkey lies below the surface and is quite independent of the spelling.