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CHILDHOOD'S HAPPINESS—A POPULAR FALLACY.

WITHOUT ever thinking about what they are saying, or whether they have reasons for making the averment, men and women, when they are looking upon children tumbling about and screaming with glee, and making all sorts of fun, seem all to say that "now's the time of life. Let them enjoy themselves, poor things, to their heart's content, for darker, harder times are soon to come. The cares of life will soon be upon them to subdue their laughter and sadden their mirth." Then sighs are heaved in attestation of the truth of the remark. "There's no time-like childhood," one says gravely. "It's a real fact," responds another, quite as much in earnest. And so, go where you like, if you put the question, "What is the happiest time of life, do you think?" you invariably get the answer, "Childhood." I have asked the question often, just out of curiosity, to hear what folk would say, and I have always got the answer, "Childhood."

But somehow or other the answer is felt to be unsatisfactory. It has never seemed to me the right one, and I have often thought that people might lead more contented lives if their minds were disabused of such a belief. For if men believe that their happiest years are gone, they cannot but sigh for the past, and feel that they are comparatively wretched now. And if a man thinks that he is unhappy, he is really so, and is verily to be pitied, and the community in which he lives is to be pitied too; for he lacks one of the best incentives to activity in his work, whatever it may be. He who looks back into the past for all that is good can never

be expected to do great things in this world. Bright hopes and faith in the future give strength and animation—fit us for work and make us happy in it. Let this, then, be our excuse for asking attention to the discussion of a subject seemingly so trivial, (1), that we think the popular belief erroneous; and, (2), that like all other errors in theory or belief it must in some remote way at least, and in the long run, be injurious to life—its *tendency* must be bad.

But before entering upon the discussion of the subject, we must make a few more preliminary remarks. Our subject is "Childhood's Happiness—a Popular Fallacy;" but the question might be asked, what is happiness? how is it to be measured? and what is childhood? How do you determine when one is a child and when he is not? By years, or upon what principle? Now we shall raise no metaphysical difficulties as to wherein happiness consists, or what are the conditions of its realization,—questions which have puzzled men's brains since the very dawn of ethical speculations, and which are likely to do so till the crack of doom. We do not ask *what* one's outward circumstances must be in order to his being happy, or whether he may be happy in the midst of *any* circumstances, provided his thoughts be pure, and his acts and resolutions good and holy; we are content with understanding that happiness, as used in general conversation, and in the question asked above, vaguely denotes a kind of pleasurable state of excitement or emotion of longer or shorter duration, no matter by what causes or circumstances produced. This being the meaning of the word, it is evident that in order to come to a definite and truthful conclusion as to what is the happiest period of our life, we must take into account the *intensity* of the emotion as well as its *continuance*, or the frequency with which a subject feels it during the different stages of his history. We are perfectly well aware that feeling is one of the most immeasurable things, and that there is no proper criterion by which one man can judge of the intensity of another's pleasure; but, guided by the remembrance of what his own feelings once were, as compared with what they are now, and by carefully observing the signs of feeling shown by others at the different stages of childhood, youth, manhood and old age, any one possessed of a common amount of intelligence, we believe, may arrive at a pretty accurate conclusion as to the relative intensity of childhood's pleasures.

We may also premise that under childhood we comprehend that period of our existence which lies between our birth and the day of our forsaking our school-room playgrounds. That term, no doubt, will be of very different lengths to different individuals. But a line must be drawn somewhere; and, for all practical purposes, we think our limitation a fair one, and the best that can be made. We might fix upon a certain number of years as determining when one is a child and when he is not; but a limit made upon such a principle would be more objectionable, we think, than the one we have fixed upon. With respect to years a person may be a child; while, with respect to the exertions he makes for his self-support, or, in general, with respect to what he *does*, he may, to all intents and purposes, be regarded as a man. Childhood is the period in which we have nothing to do—no domestic or business cares to wrestle with.

With these remarks we may now proceed to inquire, what grounds have we for supposing that childhood is the happiest period of our mortal life?

Many grounds, it might be answered. For instance, there is no denying that we are fuller of animal spirits—more given to romping and boisterous mirth, than at any other time of our earthly sojourn. Our early days, like those of most other young creatures, are marked by playfulness. As exuberance of life impels the catty kitten to twist itself into every conceivable form of body, and play fantastic tricks continually, or as it sends the skylark to the clouds to scatter un beholden its liquid notes of melody, so does it produce the ringing laugh which rises from the groups of merry children gathered in the play-ground, and fill with constant merriment the hearts of young humanity. When or where in after life, it may be asked, do you find so many signs of joy? All the year is full of life, and one glad holiday, compared with the graver times of manhood, or the fretful hours of senility. While men go crouching under a weight of years with regrets for the past and fears for the future; while they are plotting, and planning, and racking their brains, and consciences to boot, to the end that they may make both ends meet, and lay up for themselves a store against future contingencies,—while, by contact with the world, they may have lost that heavenly frame of mind which “thinketh no evil,” or, as they might choose to say, have lost their “greenness,” have become too knowing, and are even

haunted by suspicions of their neighbor's honesty and candor, and a dread that they may be circumvented, the child among his playmates, or alone among his playthings, is as happy as a bee among the blooming heather, and free as an oyster from distracting thoughts and corroding jealousies. "The cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches," have never yet disturbed his inward calm, nor cast a darkening shadow across his beaming features. Any little griefs which may arise from disappointed hopes or wishes crossed, may be quelled in a twinkling by the gentle word or tender embrace of a mother, or, at the worst, are soon forgotten amid the numerous objects, alike significant and worthy of attention to the opening mind, which press their claims to observation. For at this time of life, everything is a world of wonder to the eye, from the sheen of stars or swelling ocean down to the hideous mimicry of life exhibited by "piggy-wiggy" picture books, or houses made of mud, or dusty highways; and every tale is listened to with eagerness, no matter what it may set forth—be it the sublimely lowly life of Jesus, the conquests of Alexander or the exploits of Bruce; the wild adventures of Robinson Crusoe or the character and likeness of Gulliver's pigmy Lilliputians and gigantic Brobdignagians; the fun of Æsop's fables or the fate of Cinderella and her magic slippers; the marvellous feats of Jack-the-giant-killer or the happy luck of little Jack Horner. Every story as yet is credible, and comes like music to the ear, and the most common objects awake within us feelings akin to those which Buffon ascribes to "the first man" who was pushing his way through sensations caused by crystal streams, and singing birds, and whispering breezes, and "odorous savors sweet," to an apprehension of the important truth that there was something more in existence than himself—something not himself—something outward, external—a world, in short, intensely interesting, which he did not produce and could not annihilate. For surely it is not a mere poetic fancy, that with the lapse of years, there gradually passes away a glory from the earth.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy,
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light and whence it flows,—
 He sees it in his joy;
 The youth, who daily farther from the east,
 Must travel, still is nature's priest,

And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Can anything more be urged with reason in favor of the popular opinion? We believe we have said as much in its defence as its most strenuous upholders would be inclined to say—at least as much as any one who wishes to represent things simply as they are, could say. And yet, with all that has been said, we cannot help thinking the belief erroneous, and we wonder why the gentle, stuttering Charles Lamb did not rank it among his "Popular Fallacies" and expose it by another charming essay. Certainly it would have been a more fertile subject for thought than some of those common proverbs which he has selected for an effusion of his genial pleasantry—more worthy of attack than the position that "Home is home, though it is never so homely." But we forget that Lamb himself, poor fellow, as might almost be expected of one who passed through many trials, seemingly was one of those who, clinging to a delusion, sighed for the return of childhood's years. On looking to his works again, we find him saying in his lines on childhood :

"In my poor mind, it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by—to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child."

These are touching lines to one who knows something of the life of him who wrote them. We can sympathise with their author in his reverie, and with every one who feels as he did, and almost shed tears along with them. And that he is not the only one who has been in such a mood, and felt and sung such things, is only too well known, and is fully attested by the following mournful wail of verses. They are from the pen of a lady, Emilia Lawson. The tender sweetness of the verses will be our apology for making such a long quotation. They will amply repay perusal :

Life's open book before me lies,
And as I turn its leaves back faintly,
The pictures of the past arise,
Strange forms go by—appareled quaintly ;
Sweet voices whisper, and dear eyes
Shine as of old—divine and saintly.

Once more I hear the gentle rhyme,
 Where falling leaves still waters dimple,
 The woods' low murmur, and the chime
 Of silvery streamlets as they wimple;
 And live again the golden time
 Of childhood's joys—so pure and simple.

What pearly pebbles paved the creek,
 The clear old creek by mulberries shaded;
 There the shy frogs played hide-and-peek
 Through lilies—with rare spices laded;
 And our wee shadows seemed to speak
 From whispering wavelets, as we waded.

What leagues of nectar wooed the bees
 To buckwheat hills or dales of clover!
 What twittering birds on blooming trees
 Cooed tenderly and played the lover!
 While Time with odorous breath of ease,
 Told the delicious idyl over!

We reckoned then each year a gain;
 Now, they are counted with our losses;
 Sharp thorns and thistles give us pain,
 Where then we trod Spring's velvet mosses;
 Then, of our flowery garlands vain,
 And now, awearied with our crosses.

I gathered wild flowers yesterday,
 But somehow flowers have lost their sweetness;
 Some quail were startled—even they
 Seemed to have lost their old discreetness,
 And only hopped beside the way,
 As if they had no need for fleetness.

But when I see the children meet,
 Flower laden, from their plays returning;
 Care, trampled by their heedless feet,
 Their trustful souls all shadows spurning;
 Their hearts, wild with impatience, beat,
 And hope's bright fires within them burning.

I know life blooms the same, but I
 Shall breathe its old time fragrance—never!
 The dreary now, the dead gone-by,
 The bridgeless floods of sorrow sever.
 Ah, me! how wistfully I sigh,
 For dream-time lost, and lost for ever!

We can sympathise, as we have said, with those who feel such things. But we think such sentimental moods spring from a false

view of the past—and we must now go on and try and make good our opinion, that it is sweeter “to muse upon the days gone-bye,” as Lamb has said, than it would be really “to act past seasons o’er, and be again a child.”

And, at the outset, we would exhort all those who speak in glowing language, and with doleful voice of the merry days gone by, to consider whether they are not misled in their fancies by their drawing for themselves a *purely imaginative picture* of childhood's years. We rather think that they do not compare their manhood or youth with their own actual childhood, but their present position and prospects, which may not be the brightest, with a *general idea* of a *happy* childhood. But it would be difficult, we believe, to find on terra firma any living, walking, concrete specimen of young, rational life, who enjoys one half of the Eden-like and enviable happiness of which they prate so volubly. Let them to the nursing, for a week, of one whose *les dents mâchelières* (grinders) are just beginning to force their way from out their fleshy envelope, or let them reflect upon the feelings of a child through all its courses of castor-oil prescriptions and head-washings and dominie discipline, and all the checks imposed on its spontaneous movements by foolish governesses and ignorant mammas, and we have little doubt that the secret utterance of their hearts would be: “From all these tribulations of the flesh, we thank thee, good Lord, that thou hast delivered us.” Who can believe that that little pulpy infant which can hardly be kept from crying with all a tender nurse's care, and which is constantly being bandaged up, to its great annoyance, and fed from so many suspicious looking bottles, is happier than the mother who bends over it so fondly, and watches its every little movement with such exquisite delight that she must be always smiling and talking any amount of nonsense to it and about it—thinking it, of course, the most wonderful baby that was ever born. It lies passive on her lap hardly conscious of its own existence, yet she is sure it knows her, and nods to it, and coos, and smiles, and enjoys its recognition—though, of course, it no more knows her than it knows a “hawk from a hand-saw.” Or, by and by, when it begins to coo and laugh for itself, she is sure to hear it say *pa* quite distinctly, though what it said sounded no more like *pa* than popery. Who, we ask, is the happier—the child or the mother?

But, perhaps, you say, it is not fair to take a two months' babe

and make it the representative of childhood. Take one who can run about and play and enjoy himself. Well, let us take one between two and six years old, and then, if that does not satisfy you, one between six and twelve, or between twelve and sixteen if you like. What man on earth, or woman either, is so often crossed and sorely perplexed as a child? It must go to bed at a certain hour whether it wants to go or not, and though it can see no earthly reason why it should not be allowed to sit up a little longer and enjoy itself like other people, off those clothes must come and away to bed it must be carried, and woe betide it if it cannot sleep after it gets there—wee Willie Winkie, or John Frost, or some other equally awful individual will invariably be called upon to frighten it to rest. And if that stratagem does not succeed, and the little urchin still persists in opening his eyes or making fun, the nurse or mother losing patience will wrathfully knit her brows and threaten to expose the "orthodox surface for birch correction" if he does not be quiet. And so at last, quite overcome with such kind treatment, the little thing drops over, but only to awake to a similar course of persecution. Having gone early to bed, of course it feels as if it should rise early too. But the drowsy nurse does not see why it should be disturbing folk so early, and calls in the aid of John Frost again, who takes all bad boys and girls. So having gone to bed against his will, our hero must stay in it longer than he wants to, and thinks it hard that it should be so. Or let him up. He thinks it would be jolly fun to run naked for a while, but that he is reminded is what must not and cannot be allowed. On those bothersome clothes again must go. He gets those on and thinks that *now* he'll have some freedom surely. But freedom in his case, it would seem, has not been bequeathed from sire to son. Before he goes two steps he sees something that he would like to have, and puts out his hand to get it, but he is told that he must not touch that—that's not for little boys to have. In his exuberance of life, he leaps and screams, but he is warned that he must not hollo so or ma will whip him. He wants something good at table, but the answer is, it is not good for Georgie, though Georgie thinks that nothing could be better, and so all day long, and every day, he is thwarted and crossed continually in his purposes and wishes, and feels as if he were the worst treated being in the world. It is the same with the school-boy and with childhood

generally all through. Of children, it may be said in general that they never are, but are always to be, blessed. The school-boy thinks when I'm a man, what will I not do? The girl wishes to be a lady, and soon begins to dream of how happy she'll be when she gets a house and husband of her own. In short, if we think that children are happier than up-grown folk, children themselves think that they never will be happy till they are men or women, as the case may be. And could they believe that they were never to be happier than they are, they would surely conclude that the sooner they were out of existence the better.

But let all this pass as nothing if you like. For we have no desire to try and gain our point by a counter exhibition of the pains and penalties incident to this period of our life; we merely sound a note of warning to those who are apt to overlook the existence of such facts.

The first argument that is put forward in favor of the position which we are combating, is, the greater *vivacity* of children. But though we grant the statement, it does not affect the question at issue very materially, we think. Children are more sprightly than adults generally—more sportive—play more, not because they naturally have a greater stock of super-abundant energy about them, which is not the case, but simply because the only channels through which their disposable bodily force flows off are running, leaping, shouting, gesticulation and grimace. Whenever adults, who have not seen the further side of fifty, have little or nothing to do, they become as gay, as mischievous, and full of life as any child. They laugh and sing more frequently. They have all the pleasures which can arise from overflowing spirits, with a thousand other sources from which they can draw deeper draughts of bliss than infant heads can dream of. What is all the enjoyment derived by anyone from his thoughtless games of boyhood, compared with the maddening passions of a Romeo or a Juliet? Why, just listen to them as they sigh and talk together, and imagine their ecstatic happiness, if you do not already know it by experience. "See," says Romeo—

" See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!"

And when he really gets to touch the cheek, there is no parting

of them again; he sticks closer than the glove. What a business it is to get away from one another!

“‘Romeo!’ cries Juliet, to her departing lover.

‘My dear!’ says Romeo.

JUL.—At what o’clock to-morrow shall I send to thee?

ROM.—At the hour of nine.

JUL.—I will not fail: ’tis twenty years till then. I have forgot—why did I call thee back?

ROM.—Let me stand here till thou remember!

JUL.—I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, remembering how I love thy company.

ROM.—And I’ll stay to have thee still forget, forgetting any other home but this.”

Time, however, and the world’s movements don’t wait for them any more than for others. Parted they must be, and then how they chide the lingering hours!

“Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phæbus’ lodging; such a waggoner
As Phæton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtains, love performing night,
That runaway’s eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.
* * * * *
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
* * * * *
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow’d night;
And give me *again* my Romeo.”

After that, chatter about vivacity! What do children know of those rapturous hours when two human spirits mingle, and they

“Talk until thought’s melody
Becomes too sweet for utterance, and it *dies*
In words to live again in looks, which dart
With thrilling tones into the voiceless heart,
Harmonising silence without a sound!”

In view of “the transports of a virtuous love,” the pleasures of their play are no more than is the water trickling from a straw of a thatch roof on a rainy day to the mighty flow of the Amazon or Mississippi.

But, lest some malignant bachelor might say, I perceive that thou too, like other silly creatures, art in “the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity,” I turn and ask once more, what, for depth of intensity, is the happiness of childhood compared with

that of an Archimedes or an Isaac Newton, aye, of any man of science who works his way successfully from point to point towards the solution of some important problem, not to mention the overwhelming gladness which makes him utter his *Eureka* when at last he has threaded his way through all its mazes? Or what is childhood's mirth compared with the pleasure which the student of philosophy receives from a re-perusal of his Plato, or his exercise of digging in the golden mines of Hegel? Or what, compared with the delight which any man of enlarged sympathies may draw from Chaucer's humorous page, or Spenser, "gentlest bard divine?" Indeed, the child's vivacity, we do not hesitate to aver, is but a poor offset against the pleasure derived by any good-hearted tradesman from the eager pursuit of his vocation.

But it is vain to proceed with further argument on this point. If we have lost a vivacity, we have gained in equability and depth; if not so lightly dancing on the surface, there is a broader and deeper flow beneath. We have lost the animal to win the man. We are more ourselves—more rational, nearer the attainment of our ideal, nearer in every respect to what we are meant to be and ought to be. Poets may tell us a different story. But let us remember that though they may truly speak of children as "similitudes of perfect beauty, innocence and bliss," as "gems leaping in the coronet of love," as "living jewels dropp'd unstained from heaven," etc., they are those things *not to themselves*, but to us who look upon them. We may say to any child sincerely—

"O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God,
The motions of thy dancing limbs are sway'd
By the unceasing music of thy being!"

Yes; but it is a music to which the child itself is deaf—a music to others only whose eyes have been bathed in tears, and whose hearing has been made acute by sorrow. And so we may say that children are scatterers of joy rather than enjoyers—that they afford more pleasure to others than they feel themselves.

"Talk not of pains!

The childless cherubs well might envy thee
The pleasures of a parent."

It is we, up-grown men and women, who can thoroughly enjoy the pranks and plays of childhood, not children. *We are apt*

to mistake the happiness derived from children for childhood's happiness.

Still, it is said that children must be happier than men, for the same reason that Burns thought the mouse happier than himself:

“Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear.”

Children must be happier, it is thought, because they know little or nothing of evil, either by anticipation or reflection; they have no dark forebodings, neither have they heart throes springing from memories of the past. Now the question very naturally arises, would we have been capable of as high a degree of happiness as we are now, supposing that we had never experienced pain from either of these sources? Though anxiety and sorrow are evils when looked at in themselves, abstractly as states of emotion, may they not produce in us, do they not produce in us, a higher capacity of enjoying future good? And if so, may we not reverse the above proposition, and say that children who know nothing of evil either by anticipation or reflection, *cannot, for that very reason*, in ordinary cases, be as happy as those who have known it by both forethought and reflection? The fact, however, is, that Burns and all who countenance the above objection, sin grievously against the Science of the Laws of Thought. They are guilty of the most illogical procedure of inferring the presence of a good simply from the absence of an evil—the possession of happiness from the want of forethought and reflection. If freedom from forethought and reflection constituted happiness, then assuredly children would be intensely happy, and newly-born infants the very embodiment of bliss; while a man of far-seeing sagacity and historic lore, would inevitably be such a wailing grief as poets of all times, from Homer to Tennyson, have loved to depict our race as being.

But, reasoning upon the same principle, a mushroom should be happier than a child, and a china cup happier than either child or mushroom. It is lower in the scale of being, not so near the bursting into thought and conscious life, farther, therefore, from the pale of misery, in other words, nearer to the home of happi-

ness—absence of reflection. But who does not see the absurdity of such a mode of reasoning? It is exactly the reverse of rational. It is a way by which we may proceed swift and sure to the supreme felicity of Buddhism—*nirvána*, extinction, annihilation, nothingness, *non-happiness* if you like, but never shall we reach by it a state of positive enjoyment. Not by *abstracting* from the inborn energies and capacities of our nature shall we ever increase the sum of human happiness, but by *adding* new powers and capacities and supposing them in free and harmonious exercise. The more numerous the points at which we come in contact with the things material and spiritual by which we are surrounded, the greater is the amount of our *potential* happiness, to use a philosophic term, and if we exert our energies aright, as a general rule the greater will be the sum of our actual happiness. As our power of thought develops, things multiply to us, and the ocean of being in which we float extends. Through thought, by which we can grasp the universe, we may reach the very height of ecstasy; without it, we could at best experience only the momentary thrill of a nerve.

But an increased number of relations (not particularly men and women related to us by blood, remember, but relations in the widest sense of the word) involves, on the other hand, the possibility of an intense degree of misery. None of the lower animals can experience one tithe of the afflictions that assail humanity, but neither can they know one tenth of all our joy. And so we shall find that man is at once the happiest and the most miserable of all the things which “breathe and crawl on earth.” In his happiness he is the most blessed of earthly creatures, in his misery he is the most wretched. Through that spirit which is in us, we may reach the bliss of those who gaze on God unveiled, and shout hosanna, or we may endure the unutterable agonies of such as gnash their teeth in outer darkness.

The last and only other reason, we think, that can justly be assigned for the belief which we are combating is, that any little thing—the veriest trifle, may please a child, and that he sees the world in a more brilliant light than that in which a man can see it. As to the first of these avowals—that little things please children, we think it altogether useless. If little things please, little things annoy. A mind that is satisfied with trifles can't be otherwise than shallow. The latter idea, however, is more worthy

of attention, from the support it seems to receive from men of high position. It could not be more beautifully expressed than it has been by Wordsworth in his famous ode on Immortality, from which we have already quoted.

There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparell'd in celestial light.
 The glory and the freshness of a dream,
 It is not now as it has been of yore;
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen, I now can see no more!

 The rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the rose;
 The moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare;
 Waters on a starry night are beautiful and fair;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;
 But yet I know where'er I go,
 That there has passed away a glory from the earth.

The earth may still be gay, indeed, and beast and bird be joyous, but yet a certain tree and field speak to him of something that is gone:

 The pansy at my feet,
 Doth the same tale repeat,
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

Such is Wordsworth's language. We should probably go very far wrong, however, if we took it for granted that the earth really appeared to him in his boyish days in such a radiant form as he here would give it. Lyrics are not bound by facts. To most boys, we suspect, the tawdry, tinselled coat of some buffoon in a vagrant gang of show men would be a grander sight than any scene or landscape which nature could present, and his silly, vulgar jokes more deeply moving, and tenfold more worth listening to than all the lays of feathered throats together, the zephyr's sigh, the lullaby of rivers, or the roar of ocean. And we need not believe that Wordsworth's boyhood differed widely from the common type of boyhood in this respect. "We are not to suppose," DeQuincey writes, "that Wordsworth, the boy, expressly sought

for solitary scenes of nature amongst woods and mountains, with a direct, conscious anticipation of imaginative pleasure, and loving them with a pure disinterested love on their own separate account. * * * * *

“Wordsworth, like his companions, haunted the hills and the vales for the sake of angling, snaring birds, swimming, and sometimes of hunting according to the Westmoreland fashion (or the Irish fashion in Galway), on foot—for riding to the chase is quite impossible from the precipitous nature of the ground. It was in the course of these pursuits, by an indirect effect growing gradually upon him, that Wordsworth became a passionate lover of nature, at the time when the growth of his intellectual faculties made it impossible that he should combine those thoughtful passions with the experience of the eye and the ear.” So says DeQuincey, and so psychological phenomena, and, as we shall see, Wordsworth's own account of the matter, requires us to believe. Our powers and capacities are developed by degrees and perfected through exercise. At first we are open to impressions of the beautiful, simply from its lowest forms, and are quite unable duly to appreciate the swelling loveliness of nature as a whole. We may chase with glee the gaudily painted butterfly, and see a prettiness in the perfect rose; we may even look with interest upon the many colored richness of an autumnal wood, or like to gaze into the tremulous blue of a summer evening sky, and watch the changing outline of its intersecting clouds; but all the subtle analogies of things, all prophetic hints, and the deeper power of harmony escape us. Slowly we begin to catch occasional glimpses of nature's meaning, and learn to read her thoughts. We cling more closely to her, and hear her faintly murmuring in her dreams of sympathy and kinship. Mountain, wood and stream at length, no longer standing apart in hard disunion, begin to mingle in their grandeur with our blood, and fill us with “sonorous cadences” of things invisible. Now, more than ever, do they beam with glory; for all their heaving beauty seems a constant effluence from the central heart-love, and joy and song made visible. Now heaven does not merely lie *about* us as in our infancy, when our view of it was bounded by the over-arching sky, but is a power *within* us—its light no longer only light, but conscious life as well. If “the visionary gleam” has fled, a more substantial glory—a mightier power of joy, has come.

We need not search among his poems long to find that this was Wordsworth's own experience. In the very ode from which we have been quoting, almost uniting God and nature in his thoughts, he bursts into the passionate appeal—

“ And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
 Think not of any severing of our lives!
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
 I only have relinquished one delight,
 To live beneath your *more habitual* sway.
 I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they :
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet.
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun,
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality !
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live ;
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears ;
To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

And turning to his Tintern Abbey, we find him reasoning with himself: What, though the coarser pleasures, the glad animal movements, the aching joys, and the dizzy raptures of my boyish days are now no more? Not for these

“ Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur ; other gifts
 Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompense. For I have learned
 To look on Nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity.
 Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime,
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
 A motion and a spirit that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
 And rolls through all things.”

Those who draw in dirge-like strains of childhood's happy days, should ponder on these lines till their troubled minds grow

"quiet by the power of harmony," and they "see into the life of things;" for now, me thinks, they see but superficially. "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

We think we have said enough to vindicate our charge, that the popular belief in the present instance is a popular fallacy. The belief, it may be, is a delusion, but it is not unique in its kind. There seems to be a strange propensity in human nature to look behind for happy days, and fill the past with dreams of glory. Formerly, poets used to sing of a Golden Age behind them, when nature dealt more kindly with her "foster-child, her inmate man,"—when winds of milder temper, fragrant with the breath of flowers, crept softly over field and flood, and honey dropped from every tree; when the earth, untorn by plow and unteased by rake or hoe, gave up her wealth of sustenance to man, and men had not yet learned the savage art of war, nor dealt deceitfully with each other; when, in fine, there was nothing to hurt nor destroy, but everything to delight the eye and please the ear, and fill the heart of man with gladness. Now, men may think that they have learned, with "rapt Isaiah," to place the golden age of peace and plenty where it should be, in the future. But fragments of the old delusions float before the popular vision still. How often do we hear old folks sigh over the degeneracy of the age, and express their wonder as to what the world will turn to? How many youths who have just escaped their teens, and men of middle age, look back with fond regrets to childhood's years and think that none are like them? To the past, to the past, all the world seems to cry, if you look for glory and the golden years. How can we account for this? Why are all men looking backward as they run? Is it because they still retain an indistinct remembrance of their former home, their innocence and bliss in Adam? and do they thus unconsciously attest the truth of the Mosaic record of the Fall? We will not say; but this we think, that if they walked with God as Adam did before the flaming sword appeared, the present would be the happiest time that ever was for them, and goodness greater still would loom before them in the future. The past, with all its wealth of memories, would pour into the present and enrich it, filling the heart with songs of thankfulness, while faith, with growing power, seeing things invisible, would lighten up their path and lead

them on with hope to bliss that passeth knowledge. Those who know in truth that God is Love, whose deepest being ever yields a ready Amen to His will, while they work and war with all their might against the evil which besets them, will find that *every time* is good, but that the *best* is *yet to come*.

ONLY A PAIR OF SKATES.

BY MEG DORTS.

“Hurrah for the steel of the skates,
Hurrah for the joy we feel.”

ONLY a pair of skates! But such beauties! Forbes's very own patent, and here I hope that he will excuse my naming him as one of the philanthropists of the day. I must begin my story, however, or I shall never finish it.

It was Christmas Eve, and I sat alone in the family crowd, somewhat out of their noisy circle, and felt decidedly unhappy, which a young girl should not do at such a festive season.

One fact loomed large on my mental horizon, which, on a happier occasion would have afforded me unlimited satisfaction. There was excellent skating on the lakes. Then you will naturally inquire, “Why this sadness, skatist?”

On the table near me lay the wrecks of my hopes of a happy afternoon's enjoyment of this healthful amusement, and ever and anon my eyes rested mournfully on their severed proportions. A pair of broken wood and iron skates, ugly and abominable to the unprejudiced gaze; but they were my only ones, and “all the world to me.”

I had relied on a brother's aid to mend those beloved skates. Alas! they were past cure, so in despair, I gave up all thoughts of future happiness, at least till Jack Frost had ceased to reign. The children chattered and laughed as they thought of the morrow, the beautiful ice and their unbroken skates. I winced at their lively remarks, and scorning their careless pity, I moodily rested my head on my hands, and also thought of the morrow. As in a vision, I saw all the world, with their wives and children, streaming past the house on their way to the lakes, like a gay

funeral procession. I seemed to hear their happy laughter, and hear the boys gaily shouting to one another, and worst of all, I saw our own family party starting for the same destination, with even Mamma accompanying them with something tremendously thick on her feet to keep out cold, and the tears came in my eyes at the pitiful vision of myself left standing disconsolately with my dimmed optics, looking hazily at the passers-by through a clear bit of the window. I felt that the anguish was greater than I could bear. Those who have experienced the pain of seeing friends depart to skim the glassy surface of the deep, and being themselves detained by circumstances over which they had no control, these suffering ones will, I know, give me their heartfelt sympathy at the recollection of this trying ordeal. My thoughts then left the future, and went back to the past to a former portion of the day. Once more in thought I "donned colors becoming, and my very best suit," also a very knowing fur cap made of the preserved skin of a deceased "Russian puppy," who, when in life, must have been a very nice little animal.

I started for the lake and felt tolerably jolly, because I looked very well for me, and that is a comforting fact, as young girls know very well. There was only one drawback to my happiness, and that was that I possessed only old-fashioned skates.

Now it is "vinegar and nitre" to a young girl to have to be old-fashioned in any way, as everybody knows. However, there was no help for it, so I trudged along up the road, and passed, with other sliding pilgrims, through that hospitable gate which is always open, and after passing through which you begin to ascend the hill difficulty.

Once on the summit, my gratified eyes beheld the myriad forms of the citizens of — gliding over the glassy surface of their noble lake. Two or three years ago there existed no friendly mansion, with hot cooking stoves and hotter coffee, and still hotter fire-water. No Trot was there, nor any other comforting element. The ice lay stretched before you which way to choose, and a cold breeze blew to numb your fingers, while you attached the screw-propellers of childhood days to your tingling feet.

Shivering on the brink, I looked round eagerly for a small boy to assist me to bore my heels. I saw at length some familiar features, and hailed them with three cheers. That child knew that there was no escape, so he gave in, and came forward much agi-

tated by conflicting emotions; his playmates were calling him to a game of ricket, and I was asking him to assist me.

Chivalry, however, even in this degenerate age, is not quite exterminated in the hearts of the sterner sex, so the boy relinquished the ricket and devoted himself to my service. Everybody can guess how we screwed and unscrewed, strapped and unstrapped those obsolete monsters. When the height of perfection was attained, I agonizingly struck out from the bank, undergoing the torture of the boot and the rack combined; never was there more exquisite torture devised by fiendish ingenuity than that imparted by a pair of tightly-strapped skates. Every stroke an agony; every pause a cramp.

But, thank fortune, better days were in store for skaters, although then we never dreamt of such happiness as the "Acme" brought, after the leathern bonds had flattened our feet forever. You must not think that I was a poor skater. I was accounted quite a credit to the profession, but I had to be tortured with the rest of the old-fashioned crowd, who had not yet succumbed to the reign of the "first patent."

Past me, far past, flew the happy few on their new skates, while I scraped dismally along on my screw-propellers. My feet were numb and my tongue was dumb, for although a small share of enjoyment was falling to my lot, the favorite pastime smacked not of the relish of by-gone days. But we should never repine or give way to sorrow, or think that we have arrived at our worst state, for so sure as we do a worse will befall us, as was proved not greatly to my satisfaction that very afternoon. I attempted to cut a melancholy three. I overdid it, and fell. I rose again, but the wood of one skate was split from end to end. This was too much. I am afraid that I cried, but perhaps not. I know that I felt like it.

In vain for me the glassy surface spread in smooth beauty from shore to shore. In vain the merry voices of the Acmeites asked me to join them in a journey up the lake. In vain the little boy who helped me to screw the skates asked me if I was hurt, and offered to screw them again. I was not hurt, but the skates were, so I gathered up the fragments and went home. As my reverie reached this point there was a loud ring at the door bell. The family immediately sprang to its feet and answered it. I felt too desponding to stir. The family soon rushed back with a long pasteboard box in its one hand and a note in the other. "For

you, what can it be?" said a few tongues at once. I waved them back and opened the note. Its words were few and well chosen, but they revealed to me a great fact. I was the future possessor of the pasteboard box and its precious contents, a pair of Acmes. A gush of grateful tears blinded my eyes, and I could hardly see to open the box, and I furtively wiped them away before I looked at the silvery beauties. There they were, and no mistake, with a cold steely glitter suggestive of the dentist and trying operations, but lovely in my eyes beyond comparison. Ah! you dear, blessed friend, how much I thanked you that night and for many a day afterwards for your thoughtfulness and generosity. The family crowded round me and touched my polished treasures with profane fingers. I caught them up in my arms and rushed away to gaze on them in secret and compose a nearly unintelligible note of thanks to the donor. The rest of the evening I passed in a sort of trance, and all night I dreamt of Acmes and icy plains. Next morning I rose at an early hour, and with chattering teeth and trembling hands took another survey of my Christmas Box and its contents. How very, very beautiful they were! What a pity it seemed to dim their brightness even by a breath. Reluctantly I put them away and went to breakfast.

Before I partook of the morning meal, I satisfied myself that no snow had fallen during the night, an aggravating circumstance that often tries our patience sorely in this uncertain climate. It was a green Christmas, metaphorically speaking. In reality there was no verdancy in the day's appearance, everything looked brown and bare—trees, grass, roads, etc., but it was a gloriously fine day, with a lovely azure sky decked with a few fleecy clouds, a day of summer warmth and sweetness: a time that made you fancy that you would never more be frost-bitten; a lucid interval in the mad paroxysms of our maniac winter. The morning passed, the luncheon was discussed, and now approached the enchanting hour of three o'clock.

With eager haste I dressed and went to join the family company; alas! they had given me the slip, and were already far on their way to the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

I felt slightly mortified at the slight put on me, but the sight of my Acmes consoled me. I could soon catch up to them, I said to myself with a superior sneer, and off I went with a self-satisfied stride.

The walking was a little soft, and the hot sun on your back made you very warm, but that was a comforting fact in connection with the icy pastime. The hill difficulty was rather unpleasantly slippery, but I held fast by the kindly rail fence, and so I did not come to *grief* and *all-fours*, as an unhappy stranger did, who, thus reduced to the level of the brutes, swore fluently and in a beastly way in a foreign tongue. He was very muddy though, and I could hardly help pitying him in spite of his profanity. Once more I stood on the summit of the hill and overlooked the valley and icy plains below. Hundreds, nay thousands of people, old and young, rich and poor, dotted the surface like animated nine-pins. As I surveyed them I felt the fire of patriotism burning in my heart. "Breathes there a girl with soul so dead, who never to herself has said, these are my own, my native lakes." This was quoting Scott with a vengeance and a slight difference, but when my own speech fails me I always take some one's else.

I did feel proud, all-fired proud, if I may be allowed to use the expression, of the dear old lakes, and the gay crowd of countrymen and fair countrywomen, not forgetting the children that adorned, by their swaying and graceful forms, the icy platform that King Frost had built for us to dance on.

The banks of the lake were covered with skaters and spectators, and it was some time before I found a convenient resting place; and then, when I thought my troubles ended, they had only begun, for I realized at that moment the embarrassing fact that I had no idea of the way to attach my skates to my boots. In my delight at their possession, I had forgotten to ask wiser people than myself to instruct me in the method of putting on Acmes. As I bemoaned my stupidity, a conversation that I had overheard some weeks ago in regard to the new patent, came into my mind. I was waiting at the ferry for "a boat, a boat," to cross the same; the cold wind drove me reluctantly into the station house; it was very warm and close there, but, seated near the stove were two men with an Acme apiece, which they were examining curiously, and one of the men was describing and dilating on its merits. "You see," he said, "whin anythin' goes wrong with it, you have your *wrinch* to put it right, but thin it 'tain't very *sildom* that you need your wrinch." "'Tain't very *often*, you mean," said the other. "I mean what I say," said the first speaker angrily, "'Tain't very *sildom* that you need your wrinch." I had to smile

and go out into the cold again, so I lost the rest of the discussion, but I often thought of and laughed about the "*wrinch*." Now, it came to my mind, like an inspiration, that I *needed* my *wrinch*. But I *wrinched* and worked at them in vain, for I had not the faintest idea of how they went on. I gave up at last in despair, and you can imagine how mortified I felt with my beautiful skates lying idly in my lap while I sat on the bank, and the rest of the people were shod and off like the wind. I regret to say it, but for a brief moment I wished for my screw-propellers, that is, in their unbroken state. However, my better feelings soon banished such a treasonous wish, and I made up my mind that I would rather walk about and carry my Acmes, than not have them at all.

I sorrowfully rose and had walked a few yards in extreme terror of mind and body, for I never could get along on ice without rubbers or moccasins. I looked around for the family, or for a friend, or for an acquaintance, which should never be forgot on such an occasion. But I looked in vain; there were any number of people, hundreds of them, but gone, all gone, the old familiar faces. I had lost so much time, and I bitterly thought of my superior sneer when left behind at home.

Where was now the "wicious pride of my youth" evaporated to? And such a day. I looked up at the sky, which I should not have done under such unstable, not to say slippery, circumstances. I saw that the few fleecy clouds had all melted away, and that the azure dome shone clear, without speck or flaw, and then I saw no more, or rather I saw stars; for both my feet, in an unaccountable way, flew from under me, and my *chignon* made a kissing acquaintance with the ice. I guess I was stunned. Oh yes! for a brief space of time I was oblivious even of Acmes.

When I came to, I found myself supported tenderly, and a young, handsome face bent pityingly over me; the face had soft brown eyes and a nice little black moustache. It was not one of the family, not an acquaintance, not a friend, and not even the muddy foreigner, but an out-and-out stranger whom I had never seen before. I was ashamed of falling, and being stunned, and being supported, so I scrambled up and staggeringly thanked the handsome party for assisting me, and would have fallen at his feet again, I suppose by way of showing my gratitude, if he had not again assisted me. I felt ridiculous and huffed. I knew that my

face was very red and my appearance absurd; besides, he had put his arm around me to support me, and no one had ever done so before; I did not know whether I liked it or not.

I drew myself proudly away in spite of the danger of falling again at his feet, and turned to look for my poor skates which had been dashed out of my arms by the violence of my first fall. My friend in need observed the anxious glance, and skating off gracefully, picked up my Acmes, and handed them to me with a bow. I took them from his kid-mitted grasp, and again thanked him, and wished silently that he would go away: this may have been ungrateful, but the fact was that I did not want to make ice acquaintances, and I knew that my mamma would wonder and scold if she found me speaking with a stranger, however pleasant he might be. I began to walk off as quickly as I could, but being on skates, he very easily kept near me, and there was an amused twinkle in his eyes that made me nervous, and I nearly fell again on a piece of shell-ice. I did not look at him at all, but I felt that he was looking at me, and it annoyed me. I made for the bank where the road skirts the lake, and selecting a nice, smooth rock, I sat down to collect my thoughts and rest myself. The handsome party followed me, and he sat down, too, on another rock about a yard distant. This made me very angry. I could feel my face flaming under his merry glance. I was determined to withdraw from such an awkward situation, and I rose and began to ascend the bank. The clear, frank voice of the party stopped me. "Stay Miss, I did not intend to drive you from the lake, and make you lose such a glorious afternoon's skating." I turned, and our eyes met; his face was quite serious now, and he continued, "I saw you when you first came here, and I noticed that you could not adjust your skates; I wished to help you but did not like to offer as I was unknown to you. But when you fell, I only acted as a gentleman ought to have done. I have accompanied you, hoping that you would ask me to put on your skates, after that I should have rid you of my odious presence."

All this time I was silent and embarrassed. I did not know whether to go away or let him put on my skates and stay. The temptation to remain proved too strong to be withstood, and then I thought to myself, "he will go as soon as I am ready to skate," for, strange to say, I implicitly believed him. So I sat down again, and the unknown *wrinched* my Acmes and fastened them

on, and led me clear of the rocks and shell-ice, and then, bowing low, he said "good-bye," and left me. So I was not mistaken; he was to be believed, and I felt glad of that, for I hated a liar, although, somehow, I was sorry that he went.

Well, after all, that first skate on Acmes was not unalloyed bliss by any means, for they require motion peculiarly their own, which you learn after one or two trials.

I skated up the lake for some distance, and not seeing anything of the family, I turned into one of the little coves in the smooth ice, on which I attempted to cut a three, but I missed the straps around my ancles, and they turned, and the figure on the ice was not accomplished. I merely cut a sorry figure myself.

Again I sought a friendly rock and rested. By this time I felt injured, and at variance with the world at large; everything had gone crooked with me in spite of my new propellers. A burst of happy laughter sounded from the cove above me. I got up from my rock and skated idly up to see what was going on, and why the laughter. I found a number of people trying to skate a quadrille in a sheltered nook, and there were many mistakes and many falls, and a great deal of merriment resulting from the attempt. The merriest among them was my unknown friend, the handsome party. His partner was a very pretty girl, indeed, but a poor skater, and he seemed to have fairly to drag her through parts of the figures of the dance. Other people were watching besides myself, and among them a young boy whom I knew by the name of Jimmy Hislop. This was not a very nice little boy, and I was not particularly fond of him, but I was pleased to see him on this occasion, from being so particularly left to myself that afternoon. "Ah, is that you Jimmy?" I said patronizingly. "Yes, Miss Brown," said Jimmy. "Oh, you've got the new skates. I wish I had a pair," he added ruefully, as his eyes turned wistfully towards my steel-shod feet. Then, after a pause, they went back to the quadrille.

"My, what a poor skater," said Jimmy in disgust, as the pretty partner fell gracefully down in the centre of the dance, as she endeavored to turn and go towards the handsome party.

I eagerly agreed with Jimmy, for the handsome party was just then lifting the pretty figure from the ice with tender solicitude. Ah! I thought to myself, "practice makes perfect. He is well used to that sort of thing, and that is why he can do it so nicely."

"But what does it matter to me?" I thought, with a shrug of my shoulders. I felt inclined to skate away, but just then I caught the handsome party's eye, bright like a bird's. He did not smile, but he looked pleased to see me, I thought, and then as his eye fell on Jimmy, he looked more pleased still.

"Do you know who that is?" I could not help asking the boy. He stared. "Whom do you mean?" "Ah!" I replied carelessly, "that nice looking young fellow in the quadrille?" "What, the one that stares at us so? Why, he's Harry Woods, and he's engaged to that girl that can't skate; that's why he has patience with her, I suppose, though it's more than I'd have. I hate girls that can't skate," the boy continued in a vindictive tone, "they drag and jerk a fellow till his arms are sore, and they always fall down and get hurt, and scold a person as if they could help it. I'm cute now, I dodge them," said Jimmy sagely.

I hardly listened to the boy's talk, for I can't tell how disappointed I was at Jimmy's account of my unknown friend. What business had I to be disappointed? None whatever, and yet I was. I could feel tears of pique and chagrin fill my eyes. Gracious, what a muff I had become, and all owing to those Acmes. I hated the quadrille, and I looked at it no longer, but Jimmy still watched it eagerly, and remarked on it from time to time. "Now, they are doing ladies' chain. There, she's down again! Now he picks her up; she laughs, so she can't be hurt. Ah! they are finishing; two of them have skated away. Ah! they are all going." They were going, but I was determined that I would not look.

Jimmy again commented on their movements: "Why, they are all going and leaving Harry Woods; he's taking off his hat and saying good bye. My eye, he's coming over here. Now won't she be mad." I could not help looking now, and sure enough, the handsome party was skating towards us with a pleased smile, and his bright eyes "staring at us," as Jimmy said.

I felt my heart go pit-a-pat when I met the bright glance of his brown eyes, and I held my breath, for I did not know what would happen next. Think of my disgust when he said to Jimmy: "Is your father here to-day?" "Yes," said Jimmy, "there he is," and he pointed to a group of elderly skaters, discussing politics or something of that sort. With a "thank you," the unknown turned away and glided off to the elderly group.

This was too much, and bitterly did I repent of taking any interest in his bright eyes or his attractions at all. I felt like a complete goose, and I speedily moved off, resolved to banish the handsome party from my mind forever. I had barely time to excommunicate him, when Jimmy called to me, "Miss Brown, my father wishes to speak to you." I mentally wished his father further, but with a very bad grace, I turned, and there, skating towards me, were Mr. Hislop and the handsome party.

They came nearer; there was the usual awkward pause; the usual intelligible splutter, splutter—honor, pleasure—my friend, and so forth, and we were formally introduced. Then Mr. Hislop made pompous remarks on the ice and weather, then went back to his group with a relieved air, and the handsome party and I were left together. We took a good look at one another, and we were, I am sure, satisfied with the result.

We skated together during the rest of the afternoon. During our journeys round the lake, we frequently passed the pretty partner and the remainder of the quadrille party. My companion, on these occasions, lifted his fur cap politely, and smiled to them pleasantly, but with no particular favor, I thought, and I can't tell you how glad I felt that it must be only friendship, nothing more.

Having proved a very, very agreeable person, the hours flew by like moments almost, and our merry talk and delightful icy stroll was only ended by the disheartening fact that we must part. The sun had sunk behind the western hills, or Citadel hill, or wherever he ought to sink, and little twinkling stars began to gem the sky; the skaters were gliding off by twos and threes, and this fact warned us that we should glide off too.

I had not seen the family during the whole afternoon, which apparently strange circumstance was accounted for by the family's eccentric idea of staying on an island in the second lake, making fires and otherwise disporting themselves as lively youngsters will. Mamma had gone off the ice at an early hour, and walked home by the road. So, by remaining on the first lake, I lost sight of them altogether. This fact now struck me as a very awkward one, but Harry asked if he could have the pleasure of escorting me to my dwelling, so I did not care so very much after all. I mentioned before that we saw the sun set, but how can I, with pen and ink, sketch the dying glories of the scene. We sat on a

projecting piece of land near the head of the lake, and Fairyland itself seemed spread before us. I will begin at the beginning, and try to describe the sky. As I mentioned before, during the afternoon it had been a vast ethereal azure dome, without a cloud or shade of any kind. Now that the day lay dying, there was a pale, pearly tint of green that spread half over its glorious blue, then from the vanishing sun was shed a half circle of faint rose that paled and paled till it reached the tender green, then blended in a purplish arch that, rainbow like, half spanned the sky. Towards the horizon, the rose deepened, and purple clouds rose like mist, and faintly wreathed themselves in strange fantastic forms. Around the lake the rugged banks glowed brown and faded green, and far above them rose the pines and firs with pointed tips, marked clear against the sky; their foliage caught the sunset's rosy glow, and seemed turned from green to dusky red.

Like a jewel roughly set seemed the circle of ice itself—a mixture of diamond, opal, and aqua-marine, with a thousand pent-up fires in its crystal purity, a thousand diamonds sparkled that brightened and died out on the glassy surface. Reflecting faintly and beautifully the tints of the sky above, it seemed another sky with the dim, misty tracks of the skaters, like a milky way or path of angels across its pure expanse.

All this Harry and I read in the sky, and we read more than this in each other's faces,—we read of a dawning love in each other's eyes. The earthly sun had set; the God of Day had gone to sleep, but our sun of life-long friendship had arisen, and the God of Love had waked us from the slumber of indifference. We were quite grave as we walked to my home together; we were happily, not morosely silent, and we said good-bye, as if we were. He asked leave to call; he did call; he was introduced to the family,—*they liked him!* From that moment the course of true love ran smooth—slid in fact.

Often afterwards we skated together; often we saw the sun set on the first lake, but never was it so beautiful, so glorious as on that happy Christmas day.

Of course it was love's young dream and all that sort of thing, but I won't describe it, because everybody knows all about it. Let it suffice to add that we are now married, and that we don't quarrel as we should do, but are unfashionably happy.

We have never regretted, but rather blessed the fortunate occa-

sion that made us acquainted. He says that it was all owing to the enchantment of the D— Lakes (I was just going to name the place, and that would never do in print, you know.) But *I* say, and surely every woman should have an opinion of her own, that it was all owing to that pair of skates.

Of course it was all a mistake about the engagement to the pretty partner; so, nice young girls, don't let such talk discourage you, in regard to handsome parties from over the "Bay."

MYTHS AND MYTH-MAKERS.

THE ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN of Harvard University has had good opportunity to become acquainted with every species of literature—with that, therefore, which comes under the above title, and he has given a very interesting and suggestive exposition of that wild, grotesque, and apparently inexplicable chaos of imaginations which float as dim, weird shadows in the sub and supra mundane spheres. Mr. Fiske is not a mere editor of mythic lore, but a philosopher who attempts to reduce the innumerable incidents and instances of fable to classes, giving as far as may be their origins, and drawing out their fact from amidst the draperies of fiction, and showing us through what strange changes the fancies have passed, and how these germs have developed into tales, which took their form from the different times and places where they had been sown. He destroys much that to us was in place of knowledge, but he also endeavors to rear for us a structure of more certain fact. The heroic Tell, shooting the apple from off his son's head at the compulsion of the tyrant Gessler, vanishes into a thin mist,—no, not that exactly, but into an allegorical representation of the unerring arrow of Apollo, of the silver bow—rather still of the rays of the sun—for Apollo is himself a myth—the radiant powerful sun alone darting his beams being the simple germ or substratum of fact out of which the whole story, which has so stirred the hearts of many generations of youth, inspiring them with daring and the love of freedom, has been constructed. If it be asked on what authority the story is thus pronounced mythical, it is replied, that there is no mention made of the affair for one hundred and eighty

years after it is supposed to have occurred; that the chronicler of the battle of Morgarten, which happened a few years later, never makes any mention of Tell; that in the charters of Kussenach no one of the name of Gessler is mentioned as having ruled there; that those who describe minutely the acts by which the Swiss were goaded to rebellion, never mention the affair. It seems impossible to think that an act of such wonder should not have been noticed by these various parties. Whence then did the story originate? It is said that a man in the Canton of Uri was burned alive because he asserted that the story had a Danish origin, which, it seems, it had. There was a man who had boasted that he could split an apple a great way off, on a wand, the first shot. The King, hearing this, determined to punish him for his boasting by compelling him to shoot an apple off his son's head. This he did—the circumstances being the same as those usually related of Tell. This King is said to be Harold Bluetooth, and the occurrence to have taken place in the year 950. It seems however that the story makes itself known in England, Norway, Finland and Russia. We are all familiar with William of Cloudslee, in Ivanhoe, who says—

“I have a sonne seven years old,
 Hee is to me full deere;
 I will tye him to a stake—
 All shall see him that bee here—
 And lay an apple upon his head,
 And goe six paces him froe,
 And I myself with a broad arrowe,
 Shall cleave the apple in towe!”

The same legend is found on the upper Rhine, and in Finland; is common to the Turks and Mongolians, and known to the wild Samoyeds. It is also told in a Persian poem of a Prince who shoots an apple off the head of a page. The universality of the legend leads to the conclusion that the story originated, somehow, at a time when the peoples were all one—that, in fact, we must look for its source to the time when the Aryan nations had not yet left Central Asia. But what is the foundation of the story? Did some tyrant enact the one part, and some hero the other, in that original nation ere it separated, so that each division became heir to this legend. It is held by Mr. Fiske that the story was not at first told of mortal men, but of the tyrants and liberators of the forces of nature. It is held by the author that it is from

the latter source that the story sprung. It is a *myth*, not a *legend*—that is, it is an explanation by the uncivilized mind, of some natural phenomenon. To apply this to the case of Tell, an origin for the story is supposed to be found. “The conception of infal-
lible skill in archery which underlies such a great variety of myths and popular fairy-tales is originally derived from the inevitable victory of the sun over his enemies, the demons of night, winter, and tempest. Arrows and spears which never miss their mark, swords, from whose blow no armour can protect, are invariably the weapons of solar divinities or heroes.” Such is the proposed explanation of the origin of the myth of Tell and the apple.

With all due respect, we must profess our doubts that this is the true explanation. We confess that we feel that the evidence is against the truth of the story as told of the Swiss hero. We cannot well account for the tale being told in so many nations on the principle that they borrowed from each other, nor can we well adopt the idea that, as a fact, it occurred in several nations, although that is certainly not past belief; and that the imagination of such an occurrence should originate among several distinct peoples would not tax our faith much. Archery was practised and brought to great perfection by all ancient nations. Nothing was more like than that very skilled bowmen should boast of their skill, nor is there one incident of the story which is unlikely. The tyrant was to be found everywhere. He was by no means unlikely to make just such a demand as that which Gessler made, and the concealment of the other arrows by Tell is also in keeping with what any one might suppose who knows what revenge is. The great difficulty with the supposition that the stories originated spontaneously among various nations is the closeness of the similitude. There would be more variety in the circumstances if this were the case. But why should we suppose that nothing of the kind ever happened at all in the original habitat of the Aryan race? or why should we suppose that the story is only a disguised representation of the sun destroying “his enemies—the demons of night.” There is not much here, certainly, of similarity. Granted that our Aryan ancestors were in the habit of considering the sun as an archer of true aim, why suppose that that formed the ground of the story, rather than that the splendid archery of bowmen of their own should suggest the unerring archery of the sun-God?

It would require to be shown that not only were feats like those of Cloudslee and Tell impossible, but that the *imagination* of them was impossible, directly, without the intervention of the sun-God archer. A very absurd supposition indeed, since the thought of the sun as an archer is only secondary, the human archer being the primary term in the poetic conception. It is, in our view, sheer nonsense to talk of this story of Tell as a *myth*. It has all the elements of a *legend* and none of a myth that we can see. What tyrant compelled the sun to shoot? What is the apple at which his ray was directed? Who was the son of Apollo, endangered by his rays? No! No! The genius of myth-finding will fail to put its finger on one trait in the story that is not to be found in the then every day life of our Aryan ancestors, without ascending to the mysteries of the heavens for an explanation. It is a good plan not to bring in the gods into human affairs, save when there is some apparent necessity.

The story of Llewellyn fares no better with Mr. Fiske than that of Tell. We must say we do not feel so bad about the dispersion of the story of the deceived King, and feel a sort of joy in the thought that Gelert was not killed. Every one knows how the guardian dog, denying himself the pleasures of the chase, that he might protect his master's child, attacked the wolf that would have slain the boy and killed it; how, upon the arrival of Llewellyn, finding not his child, but meeting the dog with all the evidences of guilt on and about him, he puts the faithful creature to death, and, when he discovered his error, how poignant was his grief. Well, what is the evidence on which Mr. Fiske thinks we should relegate this story to the region of myths? Is not the story told, and the place called Beth Gelert till this day? But then a similar story is to be found in the fireside lore of almost all the Aryan nations. It is found in the Sanskrit fables, and in a Chinese work which dates A. D. 668. Usually the hero is a dog, but sometimes a falcon, an ichneumon, an insect, or even a man. In Egypt it takes the following comical shape:

“A Wali once smashed a pot full of herbs which a cook had prepared. The exasperated cook thrashed the well-intentioned but unfortunate Wali within an inch of his life, and when he returned, exhausted with his efforts at belaboring the man, to examine the broken pot, he discovered amongst the herbs a poi-

sonous snake." Now this story of the Wali is as manifestly identical with the legend of Gellert as the English word *father* is with the Latin *pater*; but as no one would maintain that the word *father* is in any sense derived from *pater*, so it would be impossible to represent either the Welsh or the Egyptian legend as a copy of the other. Obviously the conclusion is forced upon us that the stories, like the words, are related collaterally, having descended from a common ancestral legend, or having been suggested by one and the same primeval idea.

This conclusion it is hard to resist, and yet why should not the idea of faithful creatures suffering for their faithfulness, through the inadvertence of those whom they had protected and blessed, be found everywhere. Is there any country in the world, is there any generation passes in which such facts are not furnished as would produce the story? Similarity of circumstances will produce everywhere similarity of results, and dangers to youth, faithfulness in the dog or other animal, and rashness in man, may have become the subject of observation and story in a hundred places without our being forced to suppose either that the stories had one origin, or that they were borrowed. In regard to such facts as are of frequent recurrence, it is foolish to suppose that the history of them should be derived from one sole source. It is quite otherwise with respect to stories in which the supernatural appears. We are willing that these should be reduced to myths, but we see no reason whatever to suppose that stories regarding faithfulness, rashness, cruelty, or repentance for rash cruelty, should demand any such explanation. It may look wise to discredit everything that we once believed, but incredulity has its bounds as well as faith.

Mr. Fiske introduces here several stories which he thinks quite akin to the Welsh tale, but the relationship, it would seem to us, is very slight. That our readers may see for themselves, we quote a passage or two embodying one or two of these tales.

"Closely connected with the Gellert myth are the stories of Faithful John and of Rama and Luxman. In the German story, Faithful John accompanies the prince, his master, on a journey in quest of a beautiful maiden, whom he wishes to make his bride. As they are carrying her home across the seas, Faithful John hears some crows, whose language he understands, foretelling three dangers impending over the prince, from which his friend can save him only by sacrificing his own life. As soon as they land, a horse

will spring towards the king, which, if he mounts it, will bear him away from his bride forever; but whoever shoots the horse, and tells the king the reason, will be turned into stone from toe to knee. Then, before the wedding a bridal garment will lie before the king, which, if he puts it on, will burn him like the Nessos-shirt of Herakles; but whoever throws the shirt into the fire and tells the king the reason, will be turned into stone from knee to heart. Finally, during the wedding-festivities, the queen will suddenly fall in a swoon, and 'unless some one takes three drops of blood from her right breast she will die'; but whoever does so, and tells the king the reason, will be turned into stone from head to foot. Thus forewarned, Faithful John saves his master from all these dangers; but the king misinterprets his motives in bleeding his wife, and orders him to be hanged. On the scaffold he tells his story, and while the king humbles himself in an agony of remorse, his noble friend is turned into stone."

"In the South Indian tale Luxman accompanies Rama, who is carrying home his bride. Luxman overhears two owls talking about the perils that await his master and mistress. First he saves them from being crushed by the falling limb of a banyan-tree, and then he drags them away from an arch which immediately after gives way. By and by, as they rest under a tree, the king falls asleep. A cobra creeps up to the queen, and Luxman kills it with his sword; but, as the owls had foretold, a drop of the cobra's blood falls on the queen's forehead. As Luxman licks off the blood, the king starts up, and, thinking that his vizier is kissing his wife, upbraids him with his ingratitude, whereupon Luxman, through grief at this unkind interpretation of his conduct, is turned into stone."*

To the common understanding, it would never occur to combine these tales with that of Gellert, as of the same family. But when one has got a theory, the slightest resemblance will become proofs of its truth. The only similitudes between the last cited cases and the case of the dog, is, that there was faithfulness and suffering on account of faithfulness in each case. We should not object to the classing of these tales together, were it not that there seems to us a broad difference between them, the distinction being just the one which Mr. Fiske wishes to obliterate—namely, that the Welsh story is evidently, to us at least, a *legend*, while these latter ones quoted are very apparently *myths*. The same may be said of "The Norse tale of the 'Giant who had no Heart in his Body,' as related by Dr. Dasent. This burly magician having turned six

* See Cox, *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, Vol. 1. pp. 145-149.

brothers with their wives into stone, the seventh brother—the crafty Boots or many-witted Odysseus of European folk-lore—sets out to obtain vengeance if not reparation for the evil done to his kith and kin. On the way he shows the kindness of his nature by rescuing from destruction a raven, a salmon, and a wolf. The grateful wolf carries him on his back to the giant's castle, where the lovely princess whom the monster keeps in irksome bondage promises to act, in behalf of Boots, the part of Delilah, and to find out, if possible, where her lord keeps his heart. The giant, like the Jewish hero, finally succumbs to feminine blandishments 'Far, far away in a lake lies an island; on that island stands a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in that duck there is an egg; and in that egg there lies my heart, you darling.' Boots, thus instructed, rides on the wolf's back to the island; the raven flies to the top of the steeple and gets the church-keys; the salmon dives to the bottom of the well, and brings up the egg from the place where the duck had dropped it; and so Boots becomes master of the situation. As he squeezes the egg, the giant, in mortal terror, begs and prays for his life, which Boots promises to spare on condition that his brothers and their brides should be released from their enchantment. But when all has been duly effected, the treacherous youth squeezes the egg in two, and the giant instantly bursts."

Mr. Fiske classes with these the stories of swan-maidens, werewolves, the seven sleepers, the dancers of Kolbeck, the wild huntsman, the phantom ship, the man in the moon, and Jack and Jill. There are some grounds for supposing the first of these to have had a mythic origin. Ovid tells us of Lykaon, King of Arcadia, who treated Zeus to a dinner of human flesh to try his omniscience, and as the reward of his trick was transformed into a wolf, that he might be compelled to subsist on such dainties as he had provided for the Gods; and from that time, it is related by Pliny, a noble Arcadian was yearly, on the festival of Zeus Lykaios, led to the margin of a certain lake, where, throwing off his clothes, he, on plunging into the water, became a wolf. Demainetos also, having partaken of a banquet of human flesh, was transformed into a wolf for ten years. This, possibly, was the origin of the horrible superstition which afflicted the imagination of the Middle Ages. The man-wolf had the power of transforming himself into the ravenous beast, with all its ferocity and strength. The phenomenon was supposed to be of daily occurrence, and in some places the belief is still cherished in these horrible transformations. The transformation is sometimes into

a hare—a woman taking the form of this animal by the powers of witchcraft. In some nations the man also is transformed into a bear, in other places a tiger. We need not dwell on the explanation which is given by Cox in his history of the Aryan nations; of the way in which, by a mistake of the name, Lykaïos, which means “light-man,” is transformed into wolf-man from another word of similar form. We would be content to accept the explanation that the light-God should by mistake become the wolf-God or the transformer into the wolf shape of such as displeased him, were there not other and far more potent principles in operation in producing the superstition. Is not the underlying principle the feeling, the belief, that those who indulge base appetites shall find them grow beyond rational control into bestial strength and ferocity? This feeling, combined with the doctrine of metempsychosis, which implied some similarity of nature between man and the brute, would readily make way for the imagination of the wildest transformations. But we are not left to metaphysical considerations. Facts are more sure foundations. Among a people whose chief business and pleasure, through eternity, was to hack and hew their enemies, the wolf-like rage for killing was likely to be developed. So the Berserkers from the Northland would sail forth to carry devastation everywhere. Sometimes, when at home, the rage for destruction would overcome them, when they would array themselves in the skins of wolves and bears, to crack backbones, smash skulls, and drink the blood of unwary travellers. Then strange, cruel propensities have developed in individuals of later ages. Mr. Baring Gould tells us of the Hungarian Countess Elizabeth, who, in the seventeenth century, enticed to her palace young girls, under various pretexts, murdered them, and then bathed in their blood. She used also to practice on them the most cruel tortures with her own hand, taking fiendish delight in their sufferings. Six hundred and fifty persons are said thus to have died by her, though we may hope that the number has been greatly exaggerated. The Maréchal de Retz, a man of culture and elegance, during seven years, continued to inveigle boys and girls into his castle at the rate of two per week, and then put them to death in various ways, feeling delight in their tortures, and bathing in their blood, yet experiencing, after each occasion, the most dreadful remorse, but led on by an irresistible craving to repeat the crime. We find also

cannibalism connected with murder. A tailor of Chalons, who was accustomed to allure children to his shop, that he might kill and eat them, was sentenced by the Parliament of Paris to be burned alive for lycanthropy. In 1850, a beggar in Galicia was proved to have killed and eaten fourteen children. The way in which the desire was developed was in his eating of a human body which had been charred in a burned house. From this time he could not resist the intense desire to eat human flesh. It is said he was suffering under no mental delusion. Others, whose cases are related by Baring Gould, thought themselves actually transformed into were-wolves. The case of Jean Grenier is cited, whose appearance was idiotic and canine, and who thought himself a were-wolf. Several children having disappeared, he was brought before the Parliament of Bourdeaux, when he stated that he had met the devil one night in the woods, and had signed a compact with him, and received from him a wolf-skin. Since then he had roamed about as a wolf after dark, resuming his human shape at daylight. He had killed and eaten several children whom he found alone in the fields, and on one occasion had taken a baby out of its cradle while the family were out. It was ascertained certainly that the missing children were eaten by Grenier, who had no doubt whatever, that he was a wolf. The ancient superstition, probably, furnished the peculiar *form* of the horror, but something in the nature of the man—a lycanthropic disposition and tendency, furnished the matter of the madness. The murderous propensity which existed, and was necessary to man in a state of savage nature, still returns in certain individuals, by what may be supposed to be a reversion to original conditions, horrifying civilization in solitary instances, which were normal, and common in the *Juventus Mundi*.

We have no difficulty now in explaining the many supposed transformations of men and women into wolves and other creatures. The hallucination is readily transformed into the fact, and in an age which was not remarkable for its capacity for investigation, but which yet tried to fathom the causes of things, and assign reasons for appearances, as men from the beginning have done, we are not surprised that the actual transformation should be held to be the cause of the hallucination, nor that the *modus operandi* should be described. The skin was inverted, it was supposed, and arms and legs have been cut off, and the criminal skinned to find

the wolf skin on the "turncoat," or "skin changer." A more rational theory was that the possessed person merely put on a wolf's skin or coat. One "skin changer" confessed to having used a magic salve. Another method was by a magic girdle—usually of human skin. Among a band of reapers resting, a man was observed to arise and gird himself with a strap, when he instantly vanished, and a wolf jumped up and ran from the reapers across the fields. The little son of a man, who possessed one of these girdles, got it on, when a raging hunger seized him, but his father met him, tore off the girdle, and restored his equilibrium. A man's wife left him one day, telling him that if a wild beast should come on him he was to throw his hat at it. He was attacked by a wolf, at which he threw his hat, but a boy stabbed it with a pitchfork, when the wolf vanished, but the dead woman lay at his feet. Another case had a happier termination: a man left his wagon, telling his wife to strike with her apron any beast that might attack her. A wolf shortly after came, at which she struck with her apron, off which the wolf bit a piece and went away. The husband soon came back with a bit of the apron in his mouth, and consoled his wife with the happy news that his enchantment had for ever left him. Another case is related of a person who, in a struggle with a she-wolf, cut off one of her paws and put it in his pocket. Meeting with a neighbor, he showed the paw, which was a lady's hand with a marriage ring, and which the friend recognized as that of his wife. Going home, the wife was crouching over the fire, hiding her arm beneath her apron. She was taken to justice and burned in Riom in presence of thousands of spectators. Similar stories are told of other persons. We all recollect reading such stories of transformations—of the husband who was doomed to be some beast part of the time, and a beautiful prince the other, the choice of night or day being generally given to the bride. Sometimes these marriages ended happily by the disenchantment of the afflicted one, and sometimes in sad disaster.

The swan maidens, as their name indicates, were beautiful females, who might be found bathing in some lake, with their feathered dresses laid on the beach. If any young fellow should come along and take a dress, the swan maidens would clothe themselves and swim off, but the one whose dress was stolen could not go but at the option of the youth who had it, and the

usual result was that she became his wife. Things usually went well while the tunic of feathers was kept from her, but if she got hold of it she would return to her native element. In some cases secrecy for some portion of time was a stipulation. One swan maiden took every Saturday to herself. She had strange hobgoblin children, and people did not like that she should act as she was wont, so she was watched through a key hole, when she was beheld with the tail of a fish disporting herself in the bath. Her husband afterwards called her a "vile serpent," when "she disappeared through the window, but ever lingered about her husband's castle of Lusignan, like a Banshee, whenever one of its lords was about to die."

The story of Undine is somewhat similar, save that the motive was different, that being that she might gain a human soul. This was frustrated by the cross temper of the husband. The Nixies are of similar nature. The sea-fairies also get husbands on the coast of Ireland. The seals around the Faro islands lay off their skins and assume human forms. If a man take away the skin of one of them, he may have the humanified seal for his wife. We have not heard whether the seals of Newfoundland are so intelligent. Likely they are so disgusted with the cruelties of the fishermen that they have no desire to become wedded to such brutal specimens of humanity. We commend this matter to the enquiry of Mr. Harvey.

The night-mare, no relative of the horse, is said to be related to the swan-maidens, etc. The word is *night-mara* or night-companion. It was latterly made a demon, but was not so at first. The monks said that the Maras were agents of the devil for ruining human souls. In the Danish accounts, however, we are told that the Mara was one of a large family of supernatural wives permitted to live with men on certain conditions, but compelled to flee when these conditions were broken. The Mara could come in or go out of a keyhole, and was very different from the being called *Indigestion*, with which the stupid and gluttonous modern age confounds it. She was cousin to the swan-maidens, the Mermaids and the Undines, and stood in some relation to the were-wolf. All these beings seem to have been human creatures, transformed by certain enchantments, or rather they are, in the eyes of the myth-expositors, but literal applications of the wonderful transformations which were observed going on in

the heavens. Mr. Fiske says: "The original were-wolf is the night wind, regarded now as a man-like deity, and now as a howling lupine fiend; and the original swan-maiden is the light fleecy cloud, regarded either as a woman-like goddess or as a bird swimming in the sky sea. The one conception has been productive of little else but horrors; the other has given rise to a great variety of fanciful creations, from the treacherous mermaid and the fiendish nightmare to the gentle Undine, the charming Nausikaa, and the stately Muse of classic antiquity."

We must say that we are by no means convinced that the were-wolf and the night-wind are of the same origin, nor even that the fleecy-clouds and the swan-maidens are so closely related as Mr. Cox or Mr. Fiske would have us to suppose. It may be that the changing winds and clouds helped the struggling conceptions of the Aryan imagination to body forth the changing nature of man and woman. We would remind Mr. Fiske of a caveat which he puts in against Mr. Cox's deductions, that similitudes alone prove nothing, and we can see no *proof* that these natural changes in the heavens, and the change from man to wolf, or from woman to swan-maiden, are in any way related, save by an analogy which strikes every one. The natural phenomena are, to our mind, simply illustrative, and do not constitute the germs of the conceptions themselves. We think that the stately structures thus built are literally "castles in the air."

Mr. Fiske, while criticising Mr. Cox's explanation by which he resolves each myth into some answering physical event, quotes Mr. Tylor, who observes that no household legend or nursery rhyme is safe from his hermeneutics, and illustrates it by what might be done with "The Song of Sixpence." "Obviously," Mr. Tylor says, "the four-and-twenty blackbirds are the four-and-twenty hours, and the pie that holds them is the underlying earth covered with the overarching sky,—how true a touch of nature it is that when the pie is opened, that is, when day breaks, the birds begin to sing; the King is the Sun, and his counting out his money is pouring out the sunshine, the golden shower of Danaë; the Queen is the Moon, and her transparent honey the moonlight; the Maid is the 'rosy-fingered' Dawn, who rises before the Sun, her master, and hangs out the clouds, his clothes, across the sky; the particular blackbird, who so tragically ends the tale by snipping off her nose, is the hour of sunrise." "In all this interpretation there is no a

priori improbability," Mr. Fiske goes on to say, "save, perhaps, in its unbroken symmetry and completeness. * * * * In short, the time-honored rhyme wants but one thing to prove it a sun-myth, that one thing being a proof by some argument more valid than analogy." So far good. But when Mr. Fiske goes on himself to illustrate the mythical character of the story of Jack and Jill, who went up the hill to draw a pail of water, we think he deceives himself in the way of "putting the car before the horse." It appears that in the Icelandic explanations of the spots on the moon, it is said that they are the two children, Jack and Jill, whom the moon seized when drawing the water, and ever since keeps in her disc. But is the story not the original, and is the Icelandic account of the theft of the moon not the gloss or explanation, not so much of the spots on the bright orb, as of the story? In other words, was not the nursery rhyme of Jack and Jill's mishap in existence before some mythicist bethought himself of the lunatic explanation? Mr. Fiske does not seem to have considered this question, though the instance which he immediately cites of the spots being caused by the man who gathered sticks on the Sabbath day, being placed there for his sins, might have led him to see at once that the position which he has assumed is untenable. Or would he have us to suppose that we must explain the story of the Sabbath breaker by the man in the moon, not the spots on the moon by the account of the stick-gatherer? The truth is, there is no foundation whatever for supposing the Jack and Jill story to have originated in a myth. The fact that an Icelander explains the story, is no support whatever to its mythic character, and it is, besides, a miserably poor explanation, for there is almost entirely wanting even the similitude which, in the case of the "pie," may be brought out by the help of a brilliant imagination. Where is the likeness between the two unfortunates falling and tumbling down the hill, and their being stolen by the moon? *There is not a particle of similarity?* No. Some good old dame, nurse, or grandmother, or perhaps some kind father among our Aryan progenitors, while dandling a two year old on the knee, broke forth into song and produced the immortal nursery ballad whose excellence, at once perceived by the baby critics to whom it was addressed, was at once stamped as genuine coin, to circulate during all the ages—a perfect tragic story.

The silvery air grew golden,
 And our very eyes were holden,
 Within life's quest.

II.

Ere noon thy voice of pain is heard—
 Life's story in one aching word—
 "I'm sick for rest."

O, rude the blow that shakes so soon,
 The stem, and branch, and topmost bloom
 Of life's fair tree ;
 And bids the pathos of my soul,
 Like dew, in pure, sad drops to roll
 And fall for thee !

O friend and true, thus far we've come,
 Weaving our joy and grief in one
 Rough garland braid ;
 I'd take the thistle now and leave
 For thee the rose, to give reprieve
 Or ill evade.

Vain are my words ! We wot of ill
 No substitute, save One, to fill
 The deeps of harm :
 He bears the burden and the heat
 Of life's round day, and at sun-beat
 Lean on his arm,

For so
 He giveth His beloved sleep,
 And rest at noon.

OUTIS.

A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

BY REGINALD HARVEY.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a bright May morning, and the heavy fog that had rolled inland over night from the broad Atlantic, lifted as if by magic, leaving every leafy spray and blade of grass shimmering and glistening emerald and ruby in the rosy dawn.

As Barney Bralligan lounged lazily forth from his cabin-door, and looked across the bay, greeting the first sun-burst, as was his wont, every morning, with a long-drawn and loud-resounding sneeze, piously crossing himself the while, he might have ranged far from his own Green Isle of the ocean before such another scene, at once so wild and so fair, would have gladdened his view.

The beetling crag before him that bounds the Eastern and opposite side of the long-retiring bay, forms but one among the many outlying spurs shot forth from the central hills of Munster, that look on the map like the fingers of a gigantic hand, stretched forth to bridle the fretting ocean billows. Occupying the place of the central knuckle of the supposed Titanic fist, the bluff we speak of protrudes threateningly into the flood, and by a grotesque fancy of the natives, ever alive to such chance resemblances, it is dubbed the *Dog's Nose*. And really, as it now appeared, looming darkly in mass, but with a clearly defined outline against the morning sky, it formed no bad representation of the object in question. At the water level it was fretted into a line of cavernous hollows, that sound in a storm like the gurgling and moaning of some monster throat, and are garnished besides with fallen masses of rock that stand in and out of the water like decayed teeth. Higher up, marking the old coast line, some deeply indented cavities do duty for eyes. Crowning all, the ruins of an old castle, that once looked proudly forth over the main, crop out like the pricked-up ears of the watchful sentinel hound that popular superstition still avers is here set to guard the land of Fingal. A fringe of the hardiest trees has crept out seaward along the jowls, and mantles the neck and forms the bristling

crest of the weather-beaten veteran. Altogether, the *Dog's Nose* is not badly named.

So, at least, opined our friend Barney, as scratching his shock-head, and winking his dazzled eyes at the blazing luminary, he indulged in another portentous sternutation that woke the thundering reverberations of the cliffs around.

Aroused at the well-known *reveillé*, a deafening chorus of cackling, squeaking, and squalling burst from the multifarious inmates of his dwelling.

"Sorra be an ye, ye slumbering haythens!" ejaculated he, tenderly; "Sorra be an ye! an' won't ye wake up at all at all? An' there's the blessed sun himself frizzlin' like a hot pratie, right forninst the ould Dog's Nose! An' it's meself, maybe, that wouldn't let the chance slip, if there was one laughin' in his jacket, anunder my own nose, this blissid minnit! Haste ye, Bidy *agra*, an' redden the bit turf, for I'm famished intirely." Here, for solace, he began diligently puffing, and rubbing, with his horny thumb, the *outside* of the bowl of his black *dudheen*; a process by which he was wont to charm a glow from the stubborn *dottle*, the residuum of his last night's smoke. Suddenly he paused in his occupation.

"Whoosht! Hould yer noise, ye onmannerly bastes," cried he, sending an indiscriminate kick among the clamorous crowd round his heels. "Whist! What's yon? Sure it's not the Squire out so airly for an airing, from the Hall beyant? or maybe it's the young Squireen is in it; more betoken, that kicking, ould grey brute he's astride of, knows well the differ atune the iron fist of the dare-devil Colonel himself, and the young master's light, lady-fingers. An' maybe he don't stick to him like a leech, though; an' it's harder to sit that same this minnit, than to ride my ould sow wid the dog afther her, chasin' through the pratie patch."

Thus soliloquizing, Barney peered curiously under his shading hand towards the advancing group.

The slight, lithe figure, whose curving grace and sinuous lines were set off to the utmost advantage, as with easy sway he met and frustrated the mad efforts to dislodge him off the blooded charger he bestrode, fully justified, on nearer inspection, the Irishman's oddly expressed encomiums on his horsemanship. With consummate address, the rider, whose slight weight and

force seemed ludicrously disproportioned to the size and mettle of his brawny steed, maintained his balance despite the plunging and rearing, till he arrived opposite the cabin, but there a mischievous cur, always on the look out for such an emergency, burst forth with a torrent of yelps, and a whirl of sand, that at once brought matters to a crisis. With one wild leap into the air, like a wounded buck, the infuriated brute flung himself backward and rolled over on his side. But the agile horseman, anticipating the throw, had disengaged his foot in time, and now, leaping from the saddle, he alighted unharmed.

"Well saved, by the powers!" cried Barney, enthusiastically. "But be the mortal! Masther Calvert, ye must hould yer neck chape to be ridin' that onchancy baste. Only two falls more like that go to a crumpler."

"That you, Barney?" responded the youth. "Old Inkerman is a bit bumptious this morning. Eh! old fellow, don't like that new bit, I'll be sworn," and turning, he patted the glossy neck of the now sobered animal that stood penitently rubbing his nose against his young master's shoulder.

"Couldn't think why he's been bolting and bucking ever since I backed him," resumed he. "Didn't throw me though, till he threw himself first."

"Let your father's son alone for that," interposed Barney.

"Oh! I'll save my own hide, and his too, I'll be bound," said Calvert. "Couldn't have picked out a softer spot for a tumble. But what makes you keep such a misbegotten cur as that about you, Barney?"

Thus suddenly reminded of his dog's agency in producing the mishap, the Irishman turned an ireful glance on the offender, and stooping, hurled a fragment of drift-wood in his wake, which the sagacious brute cleverly dodged, and repaid by a mocking yelp and a backward glance that said as plainly as dog language could convey it, "catch me, if you can."

"But what brings you out so airly, master Ansdell?" said Barney. "Sure it isn't for the likes o' you gentle folks to be thryin' races wid the sun this-a-way."

"Gentility be hanged!" echoed the youth, bitterly. "Much you know about it? To be always nag-nagged, morning, noon and night by a fellow like Delaval there! One thing he can't beat me at, though, and that is early rising. I am my own

master for two good hours yet. But hang it all! I am sick of being coached by a prig like that. The governor I can stand, though he does cut up rough at times; but that sneaking Frenchman, with his airs, and his graces, and his infernal politeness, and his everlasting smile like a grinning monkey's—"

"More like a spitting wild-cat's," I'm thinking, said Barney, "a laugh from the teeth out. Ware the claws, *ma bouchal*, I bid ye. He manes mischief, yon lad."

"Pshaw! He can't harm me if he tried. Besides, where's the use to quarrel with his own bread and butter? The governor, stiff as he looks, would soon send him packing if he found him at any of his games with me;" and as he spoke Calvert laughed uneasily.

"Shooch! have I nabbed ye at last, ye varmint?" cried Barney, somewhat irrelevantly, and, as he spoke, he made a sudden swoop of his hand along the sleek flank of the restive old Crimean charger; "an' it's little ye could tell, ye poor ould brute, what was a-stingin' ye; an' ye layin' it on the young master, an' cuttin' up, and throwin' him, and afther all it was only an ugly bit fly was in it; for all the wurruld like Mounseer wid the ould masther."

"Aye, so you really think he is up to some trick, then. Wouldn't I just like to see him trying it on with the governor, though?"

"Sure it wouldn't break his heart if *somebody* should chance to get a cast, and maybe it's not what he's been workin' in the dark afther, nayther, this while back? *Augh! millia murther!*" and a second flap of Barney's broad hand followed the exclamation, and as he turned up another flattened insect, he continued, "an' it's not wan alone that's in it, boddering the poor crayther, but the two of ye must be mates in the durty business. Varmints like flies and Frenchies, always hunts in couples, Master Calvert."

"Why, Barney? Surely you don't mean that Mam'selle ——" and pausing, his face flushed with conscious embarrassment.

"Well, yer haner, it ill sets the likes o' me to be blatherin' about their betters, so I'll say nothing about the Miss. But it isn't the first time a fair face, a false heart, an' a slitherin' tongue have gone together to do the devil's dirty work."

"Come, stow that, Barney!" said Ansdell, hotly. "I'll not stand by and hear the girl abused, if she *is* Delaval's sister."

"There now," expostulated his friend, "an' that's what Bidy

be's telling me manys the time, that my long tongue is sure to make the cravat that's to choke me yet. See what a poor boy gits for meddlin' wid the gentry! Throth, an' it's a thru word for both of us. 'He would need to have a long spoon that sups stir-about wid ould Nick.'” And with this last Parthian shaft, having at once resented and emphasized his ill-taken caution, he turned into his cabin, muttering to himself as he went.

Ashamed of his momentary warmth, the youth was about to call his humble friend back again; but while he paused irresolute, he was startled by a loud commotion within the little hut, followed by an outburst of its whole contents apparently, human and bestial, in indiscriminate uproar.

At the instant, a non-descript tatterdemallion figure caught the youth's eye, tearing up the side of the hill from the rear of the dwelling, with the cur afore-mentioned hanging upon his rear, and snapping and worrying at the flying heels and fluttering rags of the fugitive. A stream of pursuers set up the incline after him. Cries of “Stop thafe! stop thafe! hould or I'll make ye,” resounded in Biddy's shrill treble and Barney's hoarse bass, and the one waved her broom and the other a stout shillelah. A cloud of young *gossoons*, covering the advance like skirmishers, lay well out in front, and kept up a galling fire of stones and bits of turf, that annoyed not a little the retreating foe.

Calvert, following the lead, put his horse at the steep, but speedily found he could make nothing of it, and so drew rein.

The fugitive had now topped the crest, and ere he finally disappeared, he turned upon his pursuers an evil face, grinning with hate and triumphant malice. An instant more and he was gone.

“Augh, ye ugly baste! Away wid ye! An' soon may your brogues clatter in the air to the tune av the hangman's jig,” cried Biddy, as a parting salute.

“What's up, Barney?” said Calvert, as soon as he could command an instant's attention.

“Throth, an' I dunno' rightly,” responded Barney, “but Biddy there caught the bla'guard wid his fist stuck through the pane av glass, instid av the ould hat I put there; and sure he *culd* be afther no good wid that *gallows* look on the face av him.”

Unable to get any further light on the singular circumstance that had just transpired, Calvert turned his horse's head, and rode off without further parley. Besides, there was that in the hints

and inuendoes thrown out by his humble friend in their previous discussion, which made the youth utterly oblivious, for the time being, of all other subjects of interest. Little did the well-meaning but somewhat obtuse Hibernian think what a shock his rude hand had given to some of his young friend's most cherished illusions.

His had been a lonely and neglected boyhood. Early bereft of a mother's care, during his father's long campaignings, he had been entrusted mainly to the hands of strangers. The last few months which had been spent by the youth at home, were, beyond question, the happiest period of his existence. Despite a stern, almost a chilling demeanor, there had sprung up in the youth's mind a chivalrous admiration of, and a firm reliance on his father's sterling qualities of head and heart. Thus the mere hint of its ever being possible that an interloper might eventually succeed in putting between them, appeared to him an outrage and a sacrilege. But was this the thought that spread the hot flush over his forehead, and sent him now madly careering over the sands, and anon suddenly dashing into the heaving swell, as if on purpose rather to cool his own than his horse's rebellious blood? Far from it. Those tears of wounded pride and sensibility, that he dashed indignantly away, told how keenly and cruelly that last shaft of his blunt, though well-meaning friend, rankled in his bosom.

To be deceived, to be deceived by *her*, the one bright vision of womanly beauty and grace that had ever shed its glory over his desolate pathway; that she, whom he had been ready to adore as the embodiment of all that is pure and saintly, should be in league with her scheming brother to cheat him of his heritage and his father's love—the thought was agony; to dwell on it was madness!

Ah! those early flowers of youth, its ready trust, its confiding tenderness—how fair, yet how fragile they are! At the first breath of suspicion, at the least taint of unworthiness clouding the beautified object of its shy and fastidious regards, these first blossoms of the sensitive heart shrivel away like premature blossoms at the chance touch of a frosty east wind in early spring!

CHAPTER II.

AT the head of the bay, three miles further inland than the humble cabin where opens our scene, stands Ansdell Hall. There, at the confluence of the fresh water of the lake with the salt water of the bay, where the hillside curves melt into the broad meadow-lands that girdled it round, is situated Calvert's home. With a moody brow the youth rode homewards through giant boles of beech, plane, and occasional scattering oak trees, past the lodge-keeper's house, and along the shady avenue, till he arrived at the broad, grassy terrace to the west of the mansion. Pre-occupied with his own sombre thoughts, he was sweeping round, unnoticing aught, when he was startled out of his reverie by a silvery laugh, and the challenge ringing out:

"What, is my *preux chevalier* then so oblivious of his allegiance that he has not even one look to bestow?"

Glancing upward, the vision that met his gaze was one whose grace and charm were such, he might well be pardoned if his pulse beat more quickly and his heart leaped to his mouth. Picture to yourself a figure slight, seemingly tall, but really under the medium height, instinct with vivacity, yet every rapid gesture toned down into a witching undulation of movement, seldom seen in girls of the clumsier British mould. A light morning *negligée* covered her, whose studied simplicity was admirably suited to the elegant outlines it served to shroud. The face was purely oval, rather dark, but lighted up to a marvel by eyes whose changeable, iridescent lustre—now dark in the shade, now blue in the sunlight, and ever and anon shooting forth a greenish, electric gleam,—it would have puzzled a beholder accurately to define. Those eyes! How they hold you, magnetize you! One forgets to analyze the other features, though they are, each of them, sufficiently telling in their way. The nose fine, rather long, but with sensitive nostrils; the upper lip short, thin, with a sarcastic curl about it, at times revealing the white teeth, almost like a snarl; the under lip pouting; the ebon hair starting low down on the high, rather narrow forehead, and shining in glossy coils back of the small elongated head; the mobile hands, perfect in a language of their own; a dainty, high-arched foot, seen under the casually lifted robe, and coquettishly tapping the broad upper step of the terrace. Such was the apparition that glittered before the eyes of

the untutored stripling! What wonder that the clouds of suspicion and distrust were lifted as by magic from his lowering brow, and that self-reproachful and eager he leaped from his saddle, and imprinted a shy kiss on the outstretched, welcoming hand! Subtle and irresistible were the siren's lures, and well did she know their power; but it piqued her that, thus early in their intercourse, she should be driven to employ them. His tell-tale countenance had revealed to her womanly intuition the dawning suspicions that had been engendered with regard to her; and so that was a dangerous gleam that shot forth for an instant from the wonderful eyes, and the raillery wherewith she overwhelmed him had in it rather too caustic a ring, so much so, that could he but have read her as she read him, more would have been betrayed than she cared to reveal, and this whole history had been left unwritten. But love is proverbially blind, and calf-love!—well, we will not decry what we all are ashamed of, and yet linger over with a loving remembrance, even as a mother twines round her finger the silken curl, sole relic of her first-born!

“Ah, faithless!” cried the lady in her liquid French accents, and drawing the youth, an easy captive, within the folding-window of her boudoir, “whither hast thou been straying? And why that cloud of care on thy brow? Stay! I will chase it away,” and a touch of her ripe lip was impressed, light as the fall of a rose-leaf, on the candid brow, whose golden curls she was tenderly thridding through her supple fingers.

“Oh! it's nothing,” answered Calvert; “I've only been a little out of sorts—had a touch of the blues, you know.”

“Yes,” said the girl, “thou hast had an ill-humor against all the world. Monsieur the father hath been stern with thee. Monsieur our brother, in his *rôle* of tutor, hath, for thy good, been exacting,—polite always, but exacting. Is it not so?”

“Well, something like it; but I'll let him see he has no child to deal with,” answered the lad defiantly.

“Ah! that is it then. Thou would'st prove thyself man and no longer boy. And so thou hast been hard, almost rude, with the little cousin who hath always befriended thee. Fie, then! Is it thus thou would'st approve thy manliness?”

“Forgive me, Marie, I didn't mean you—at least—” and he paused with an uneasy consciousness of his recent suspicions.

“At least, thou would'st say thou wert only *ennuyé*—a little

tired of the silken string wherewith the little cousin would draw thee! Ah, but I will bind thee fast in thy own despite!"

And, suiting the action to the word, she caught up a light silken tissue from the lounge, and with a swift motion, enveloped both herself and her victim in its folds.

"And now, break loose, if thou hast the heart," said Marie, with an enchanting smile.

What could the poor, silly bird do, thus vainly fluttering in the net? What, but yield to the seductive blandishments of the siren's light, wreathing arm, and beaming smile. With quivering lip he pressed the first shy, burning kiss of adolescence on her carmine cheek. An instant more, and she was up and away, radiant, *railleuse*.

"*Fi done!* but thou art bold thus to abuse thy cousinly privileges. Besides, thou dost smell of the brine; thy garments are soiled with sand, and thy brow with sweat. The big war-horse hath proved too many for thee, and hath treated thee to a roll in the dust. Eh! Is that the secret of thy ill humor? Away! get thee to thy toilet, *grand niais* that thou art! I am ashamed to have troubled myself about thee."

When finally released by Marie, the poor beguiled youth withdrew to his apartment, looking and feeling supremely foolish, yet happy.

* * * * *

Reader, the exigencies of our story demand your indulgence whilst we tear out a leaf of the past, and lay it before you.

It was in those dark days when the pride of France and England's glory were shattering themselves in vain against the impregnable walls of Sebastopol. The immortal attack over which the world wondered, had been boldly dared, and as nobly done and died for. And still the Russian foe came swarming on—on through the grey dawn, and the dense fog—on in endless masses, ceaseless, countless, remorseless as the storm-billows—on up the steep acclivities—on, and in, and over, and around the comfortless, ill-entrenched quarters of the over-tasked, out-numbered, out-generalled, yet sternly, stubbornly resisting English soldiery on the heights of Inkerman.

An officer, gathering around him a few heroes, dashes forward into the impenetrable gloom, and finds himself beleaguered by countless hosts. Still, the darkness favors him, and he makes

good his foothold. But soon the mist-cloud begins to rise. The enemy mark the feebleness of his band. He feels he is lost, yet resolves on a dash for life and liberty. Calling around him the few survivors, he charges where the ranks seem thinnest. His good sword, and the rapid bayonet thrusts of his veterans, clear the way for a brief space. But the odds are too great. Soon he and his charger are alone, and at bay in the surging mass; he, frantically slashing around him, the good horse rearing, plunging, biting and kicking. Incessant motion alone saves him from being brought down. Suddenly there is a loud "hourra!" and the sound of the *tambour*. The Russians hesitate for an instant. That instant is his salvation. With a loud neigh, and a mad plunge, his gallant grey bears him half way towards his deliverers before he reels and falls from the saddle. The quick eye of the French leader has marked his peril, and with a chivalrous dash he is in before the death, and makes gallant play over his fallen *confrère*, till his swift *chasseurs* burst in to the rescue. The two officers are Ansdell and Delaval; the steed is our redoubtable friend Inkerman. Ye who know how the brave feel towards the brave, judge what must have been the friendship between these two!

And ye, who have read of the mutual dalliance of Mars and Venus, do you wonder that the wounded warrior, brought home by his preserver to the shelter of his own *marquée*, do you wonder that he felt his heart going from him as he found himself surrounded for the first time in his life by the kindly offices of womanly tenderness and pity, and by the tokens of that feminine refinement and sensibility that know so well how to hide under a flowery mask the stern details of the combat?

In brief, his host's new-made bride had a sister, the beauteous Angélique, who proved to him a special ministering angel. After brief wooing, the maiden was won, and the dull camp-life was enlivened by a gay wedding-scene, thus for one bright moment

"Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy."

But this friendship and these ties of love were doomed to as sudden and tragical an ending as had well-nigh marked their commencement. A year had barely elapsed. A fierce sortie on the French lines had been met and successfully repulsed. Ansdell, anxious for his friend, whose division had been in action, was

riding over the field of combat, when a sorrowful sight met him. A lady, young and fair, his friend's bride, had fallen back in a deathly swoon, her lord's shattered head in her lap, her lips smirched with gore from the red wounds she had been kissing—wounds that had caused his death. Her riding-habit and horse standing by shewed she had been out on the same sad errand as himself; and all too fatally successful had been her quest.

Though Ansdell had her carefully borne off, and tenderly cared for, she never rallied from the shock. Brain fever supervened, and within the week she had gone to rejoin him she loved so well.

Three weeks afterwards, a steam transport was signalled in the roadstead off Quimper in Brittany. Pausing some leagues short of her destination, and opposite an old castle of the Courtenays, that hangs like an eagle's nest over the billows, her flag was seen to hang half mast, and the deep boom of her minute-guns responded to the flare of the bale-fire that of a sudden leaped forth from the topmost turret of the ancient fortalice. Soon the sea was encumbered with barges that, with muffled oars, glided solemnly and slow to the strand. A guard of honor deployed, the funeral *cortége* was formed, and thus, in sad procession, and with the doleful strains of the dead-march sounding, Ansdell brought home the mortal remains of his brother-in-arms and his hapless bride, to the resting place of their fathers, in the antique chapel of the domain. But what new grief was here? Another bier and another funeral *cortége*—fifty peasants in black, and fifty girls in white, headed by the old Count himself, his silver hair floating on the breeze—this is the sight that met the new comer's astonished gaze, winding forth from the portcullised gateway, and taking the same sad route as themselves. What did it all mean? Nothing amiss, surely, with his Angélique? She had returned home months ago, and even now he looked to be welcomed by the glad title of father. Yet, for whom were these people chanting the funeral psalm, the awful notes of the "*De profundis*," making sweetly responsive, but terrible accord, with the lugubrious "*Miserere*" of the military band?

A cruel anxiety weighed on the Englishman's heart. Arrived within speaking distance, a dead pause was made on both sides. The aged-veteran advanced, and holding forth his two hands, gazed silently in the face of his son-in-law.

“Sir Count,” said the latter, “I bring you the body of your son, my brother, who bravely died on the field of honor; likewise that of my sister, your daughter, who crowned her life of love with a death of devotion.”

“Yea, my son, I know it,” responded the Count. “Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in death they are not divided! But see!” continued he, turning to the bier behind him, “see! I am doubly, trebly bereaved—bereaved of *all* my children at one full swoop!”

Reeling back as if stunned, Ansdell hoarsely articulated:

“My God! not *all*! not *her* too! Not Angélique!”

“Alas! it is even so, my son; I am now alone;” and bending his head, the tears coursed down the furrowed cheeks of the aged mourner, as he meekly whispered: “The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.”

Thus, and so sadly, did Ansdell learn that his bride of a summer was gone; she from whom he had parted so shortly before in high health and hopes. And thus, amid a treble gloom of sorrow, did our hero first see the light.

Side by side they laid their dead in the vaults of the ancient chapel, and with them lie buried the last flowers of love, of friendship, and of hopes that ever bloomed in the seared heart of the father, who cared little to look on the child that had cost him the life of his bride. The romance of his existence was gone. For long years he never reappeared on the scene of his sorrow save once, when he followed the old Count, the last of his race, to the tomb of his fathers. His son, hitherto left under the guardianship of his grandfather, was placed at a public school in England, and thus he was left free to return to his camp life. Henceforth, wherever his country's flag flew foremost, his name figured proudly—at Delhi, at the Peiho, in Abyssinia. Tired at last of wandering, he returned to the land of his birth, and averse to society, settled down on his estate, with none to keep him company save his fair-haired boy, whose eyes reminded him so of his mother. After a time, he called to mind the little girl, orphaned at the same sad time the star of his own life had set, and so sent her a summons to come and share with him his solitude. With no surviving relatives, save her half brother, some seventeen years older, son of Marshal Delaval by a former marriage, the invitation was thankfully accepted. A few weeks before our story

opens, Marie appeared under the escort of her brother, and he, speedily ingratiating himself into the good will of the Colonel, was with small beseeching prevailed on to stay and turn his manifold accomplishments to account for the behoof of the young heir. Thus had the Delavals become firmly fixed as part of the household at Ansdell Hall.

(To be continued.)

UNDER THE PALMS.

PROUD is his heart, and strong his limb
 As his own desert's tiger brood,
 And all my soul is lost in him!
 What reeked he then, my fierce Mahmoud,
 Of turbaned Sheik or belted Khan,
 When, 'neath the date-palm spreading wide,
 With beating heart I saw him ride,
 Along the road to Toorkistan?
 Ah me!
 Beside his saddle-girth to be!

Beneath the noonday's breathless heat,
 The whitening sand-leagues flame and glow!
 At eve the oasis odors sweet
 Across the darkening desert blow.
 But ne'er my hungry eyes may scan,
 By garish day or evening tide,
 The war-troop of my hero ride,
 Along the road from Toorkistan.
 Ah me!
 The night-birds haunt the rustling tree!

Up to my scarlet-woven tent
 The wayworn warriors journey slow.
 Why is yon silent rider bent
 Upon his horse's saddle bow?
 Each eye is dim, each cheek is wan,
 Why pale before your chieftain's bride?
 The 'broidered burnous falls aside—
 The bloody mark of Toorkistan!
 'Tis he!
 They bend their spear points low to me!

THE SEAL HUNTERS OF NEWFOUND- LAND.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

THE fisheries of Newfoundland rank among the greatest marine industries of the world. The cod fishery on the Banks, which is now carried on exclusively by French and American fishermen, is valued at a million and a quarter pounds sterling per annum. The value of the fisheries of various kinds, which are prosecuted by the inhabitants of Newfoundland, around the shores of the island and on the coast of Labrador, may be estimated at \$8,000,000 per annum. In 1871, the value of fish products of all kinds exported from Newfoundland, was \$8,154,206. Of this amount, the seal fishery of that year yielded \$1,652,460, and employed about 10,000 men. I propose to give some account of this great marine industry, as it is prosecuted from the shores of Newfoundland.

The first of March in each year is the time for starting on the seal hunt. As the time draws near, the streets and wharves of the capital assume an appearance of bustle and animation which contrasts pleasantly with the previous stagnation. The steamers and sailing vessels begin to take in stores and complete their repairs. Rough berths are fitted up for the sealers. Bags of biscuit and barrels of pork are stowed away; water, fuel and ballast are taken on board; the sheathing of the ships, which has to stand the grinding of the ice floes, is carefully looked to. A crowd of eager applicants surround the shipping offices—powerful looking men, in rough jackets and long boots, splashing tobacco-juice over the white snow in all directions, and shouldering one another in their anxiety to obtain a “berth for the ice.” The competition is great, for far more men present themselves than can possibly obtain berths. The great anxiety now is to get a place on board one of the steamers, the chances of success being considered much better than on board a sailing vessel. The masters of the steamers are thus able to make up their crews of picked men—young, hardy, stalwart fellows, well fitted to cope with the hardships, privations, and perils of such a voyage. Each steamer has on board from one to two hundred men, and it would

be difficult to find elsewhere a finer set of men, so far as physique is concerned, than the crews of the sealing steamers. Second-rate men are obliged to content themselves with a berth on board a sailing vessel, and, after all, many hundreds are left ashore without any employment. The steamers thus manned by the *elite* of the sealers, and aided by all-powerful steam, are almost certain to win in the seal hunt. They can bore their way through "slob" and heavy "packs" against the wind; they can double and beat about in search of the "seal-patches," and when the seals are found, they can hold on to the ice-fields, while sailing vessels are liable to be driven off by a change of wind, and can do little, in comparison, when beset with ice. It is not to be wondered at that steamers are rapidly superseding sailing vessels in the seal fishery. They can make two, and at times even three, trips to the ice-fields during the season, and leave behind the antiquated sealer that is dependent on the winds.

Although the cost of a steamer is heavy, from £8,000 to £10,000, it is found, of late years, that the investment of capital in steamers is more profitable by far than in sailing vessels. A few years ago, the sailing fleet for the seal fishery numbered one hundred and twenty vessels from St. John's alone. This year not more than half a dozen sailing vessels will leave the same port, while from St. John's and Harbor Grace, twenty-one steamers will take their departure for the ice-fields. Just as in other departments, the employment of steam in the seal fishery has thrown numbers out of employment, and is concentrating the business in the hands of large capitalists. The steamers can capture the same number of seals with half the number of hands as formerly. Fewer men are required for the work, and thus, so far, the employment of steam tells unfavorably on the interests of the fishermen. In the long run, however, things will find their level. Fewer hands will be employed, but these will be better paid, and the remainder will find other employments. Joint-stock companies will enable men of small means to obtain a share in the profits of the seal fishery. In a few years the fishery will be entirely carried on by steamers, fitted up with every modern improvement, and the most skilful appliances for accomplishing the work. Whether the multiplication of steamers may result in an overworking of the fishery, and the ultimate extermination of the seal, time alone can tell.

The young seals are born on the ice about the middle of February, and as they grow rapidly and yield a much finer oil than the old ones, the object of the hunters is to reach them in their babyhood, while yet fed by their mothers' milk, and while they can make no effort to escape. So quickly do they increase in bulk, that by the twenty-second of March they are fat and in perfect condition. The great Arctic current, setting out of Baffin's Bay, bears on its bosom hundreds of square miles of floating ice, which are carried past the shores of Newfoundland. Somewhere, amid these floating masses, the seals have brought forth their young, who remain, during the first period of their growth, on the ice for five or six weeks before taking to the water. The grand aim of the hunters is to get among the hordes of "white coats," as they are called, during this period. For this purpose they take their departure about the first of March; steer north-east; dash in boldly among the ice-fields, and beat about as they can, in search of their prey. How uncertain is the hunt, may be judged of from the fact that the floating masses are frequently two hundred miles in breadth, and the *locale* of the seals depends on wind and wave. The most skilful hunters often fail. Great dependence is placed on "luck," and, in fact, the adventure has much the character of a lottery, though the employment of steamers has greatly increased the chances of success, and will more and more tend to reduce the number of failures.

The sealing vessels, on leaving port, as a rule, steer a north-east course, and in one or two days sail find themselves amid these floating ice-fields, and frequently work their way to fifty-two or fifty-three degrees of north latitude. The surface of the ocean is one vast ice-field; and the scene in which the ancient mariner found himself is fully realized:

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts, the snowy cliffs,
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men, nor beast we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound."

When a storm arises amid these icy solitudes, the scene is grand and awful beyond all powers of description. The unbroken swell of the Atlantic, rolling in huge, continuous ridges, heaves the pavement of ice on its mighty folds, and alternately lifts up the vessels, as playthings, on its broad domes, and swallows them up in its deep hollows. Speedily, the broad ice-field, several hundred square miles in area, is broken up into countless floes, or smaller pieces, which, dashing against one another with resistless violence, are piled into "hummocks" or hills of various shapes and sizes, under the tremendous pressure. Or, under the force of the storm, the field-ice is piled in sheets, one on another, to the height of thirty or forty feet, in what is called the "ice-pack." In this terrible war of elements, the wild confusion, the growling and roaring as the ice-giants smite one another and dash each other to death, and the crash of meeting floes and fields of ice, may be more easily imagined than described. Frequently, the ice-fields acquire a rotatory motion; and when we consider the immense weight of these ponderous masses, we may form some faint conception of the blow delivered by such a body when set in motion by the tempest's wing. Scoresby calculates one mentioned by him at ten thousand millions of tons. How wonderful that the frail barque constructed by human fingers, dare venture into the very thick of this battle of the frost-giants! At times, the gigantic iceberg takes part in the fray, and borne along in its unswerving course by the deep-sea current, heedless of wind and wave, it smites the ice-floe as with the hammer of Thor, rending and tearing the mighty mass, and sending its fragments flying in all directions. Such are the scenes amid which these daring seal hunters have to gather in the "precious things of the deep." It is not wonderful that, at times, their vessels are crushed like walnuts, by these ice-monsters. During the seal hunt of 1872, which was peculiarly disastrous, one hundred men perished.

The scenery of the ice-fields, however, is not always terrible and sublime. At times, when the sea is at rest, it presents a strange wild beauty of its own, which has a wonderful fascination. It is at night that this beauty flashes out most brilliantly. Beneath the mild light of the moon, and contrasted with the deeper blue of the sky, ice-scenery is always seen to greatest advantage. In daylight it is too dazzling, glarish, and monotonous. The moon, the stars, and the quivering aurora are its fittest accompaniments.

After a north-west wind, the evenings amid the ice-fields are, at times, very lovely, and the atmosphere has that dry crispness and elasticity which make every breath send the blood dancing, with fresh vigor, from the heart. The clouds have cleared away, unfolding a lovely sky studded with stars, and adorned with the presence of the young moon, and the brilliant, flickering streamers of the aurora. Then the ice opens in all directions, and the voyager finds himself sailing gently through calm water, amid numerous fairy islets of glittering ice, with shining pinnacles and fantastic forms floating calmly around. The novel beauty of such a scene is said to be enrapturing, and realizes the poetic visions of youth, in its dreams of the unearthly loveliness of fairy land. The magnificent displays of the aurora, on such nights, amid the ice-fields, are such as can hardly be conceived by those who have seen them only in more southern latitudes. An immense curtain of light is spread over the sky, having a border of the richest colors and most vivid brilliancy, waving its folds like the canopy of an ample tent, when agitated by the wind. At times the aurora is splendidly colored with blue, green, and red hues; and occasionally the whole sky is flushed with intense crimson, which, being reflected from the snow beneath, gives it a blood-red hue, awful though beautiful. Vast flame curtains seem to open and close with inconceivable rapidity, and columns of purple, pink, green and orange, sport about the heavens, swelling like waves, and then streaming and radiating:

“Dimm'd by superior blaze, the stars retire,
And Heaven's vast concave gleams with sportive fire.”

Amid these glittering ice-fields, the intensity of the aurora is sometimes little inferior to moonlight. Flashes of light, in quick succession, dart from side to side, the sky being at one time dark, then lighted up with fitful gleams. Long, converging pencils of light of various colors, range themselves round a blank space near the zenith, and form a corona, and then suddenly vanish, leaving the upper sky unoccupied.

The enormous extent of the ice-fields that drift past the coasts of Newfoundland in the spring, may be judged of from what is recorded of the exploring ship “Resolute.” This ship became hopelessly entangled in a vast field of ice in Melville Bay, and was at length abandoned. She was afterwards found in Baffin's

Bay, having been carried one thousand miles from her former position by the drift of an ice-field three hundred thousand square miles in extent, and seven feet thick. A similar occurrence carried Captain de Haven, of the United States navy, in an immense ice-field, about an equal distance south of his position in the mid-channel of Wellington Straits. Some idea may be formed of the immense ice-covered area in which our sealers plough their way, by supposing that the German ocean, the English channel, and the Irish sea were blocked up with ice-floes, and that a traveller might start from France and walk, *via* England, Ireland and Scotland to Norway over the ice. Such an extent of ice-laden seas would about equal the area over which the Newfoundland seal hunters pursue their perilous avocation.

As the first of March, the time of starting for the seal hunt, approaches, the roads leading from the various outposts to St. John's begin to be enlivened by the appearance of the sealers, or "soilers," as they are called in the vernacular, marching towards the capital, each with a bundle of spare clothing over his shoulders. This light wardrobe he carries on a stick six or eight feet long, which is called a "gaff," and serves as a bat or club to strike the seal on the nose, where it is vulnerable, and also as an ice-pole in leaping from "pan" to "pan," as well as for dragging the skin and fat of the seal over the fields and hummocks of ice, to the side of the vessel. To answer these purposes, the gaff is armed with an iron hook at one end and bound with iron. Some of the men, in addition, carry a long sealing gun on their shoulders. These are the "bow" or "after gunners," who are marksmen to shoot old seals, or others that cannot be reached with the "gaff." These men rank before the "bat-men," and obtain a trifling remuneration additional by the remission of their "berth money." The outfit of the sealers is of the simplest description. Seal-skin boots reaching to the knee, having a thick, leather sole, well nailed, to enable them to walk over the ice, protect the feet. Coarse canvas jackets, often showing the industry of the wife or mother in the number of patches which adorn them, are worn over warm woollen shirts and other inner clothing. Seal skin caps, and tweed or moleskin trousers complete the costume, which is the reverse of handsome or picturesque. Thus they file in to reach their respective vessels before the first of March.

On board, their fare is none of the daintiest, and no man who is

squeamish about what he "eats, drinks, or avoids," need attempt to go "soal hunting." In the forecandle of each vessel, or other parts of the ship, rough berths are constructed. The sealers have to furnish themselves with a straw mattress and blanketing. The men are packed like herrings in a barrel—two or three occupying each berth; and it is currently believed the bulk of them never undress during the voyage, but sleep in the clothes they wear during the day. In the rare event of putting on a clean shirt, it goes over its predecessor without removing the latter—a method which saves time and trouble, and is moreover conducive to warmth. The owner of the vessel supplies the provisions. In sailing vessels, half the proceeds of the voyage are divided among the men as wages; in steamers they get but a third.

The food of the men consists of biscuit, pork, butter, and tea sweetened with molasses. On three days of the week they have pork and "duff" for dinner—the latter item consisting of flour and water, without any seasoning or fatty intermixture to lighten it, and boiled till it is almost as hard as a cannon ball. It may be imagined what splendid digestive powers these men must have, to dispose of a dinner of pork and "duff," without any dyspeptic symptoms. On the other days of the week, they subsist on three meals of tea and biscuit—the latter article being often as "hard as the nether millstone," and requiring grinders of forty horse-power. Such is the rough and scanty fare on which these stout fellows go through the hardest work. As soon, however, as they get among the seals their diet improves. They cook the heart, liver, and "flippers" of the seals, and feast on them *ad libitum*, and come ashore in excellent condition, and with an odor radiating from them that does not remind one of the "spicy breezes from Ceylon's Isle." When out on the ice, it is a common practice to string on their belts a dozen or two of seals' kidneys—like beads on a rosary—and eat them raw, as appetite prompts. The hearts of the seals are used in the same way. The use of fresh meat, in this fashion, is an excellent preventative of scurvy, and highly conducive to health. Very little sickness occurs among the men who are leading such a rough life, for eight or ten weeks without seeing land, and enduring the hardest toils amid ice-covered seas. Their robust constitutions and iron frames, inured to hardships and privations from childhood, with the open-air labor upon the ice, carry them safely through. When seals are taken in large

quantities, the hold is filled first; then the men willingly give up their berths, which are packed full of "white-coats." In fact, every nook and cranny is crammed with the precious fat; and the sealers sleep where they can, in barrels on deck, on a layer of frozen seals, or in the coal-bunks. It is marvellous to see men, after eight or ten weeks of such a life, leap ashore, hearty and stout. Their outer garments are polished with seal fat, and smeared with the blood of the innocents, and it is advisable to keep to windward of them till they have procured a change of clothing.

Let us now picture to ourselves two hundred men on board a sealing steamer, ready for their hunting excursion on the ocean fields of ice, and in imagination, go with them on their perilous voyage. As soon after the first of March as the weather and the condition of the ice will permit, the vessel takes her departure in order to reach the seals while yet suckled in their icy cradles, and during their plump, oleaginous babyhood, when a slight blow on the nose, from the "gaff," will despatch them. The Atlantic, at this time, presents only a surface covered with glittering ice-fields, broken here and there by dark belts of open water. Should a nor'-easter blow, the heavy ice, under the pressure of the gale, is piled up, "Pelion on Ossa," many feet above the surface of the sea, presenting to view only broken hummocks or ice-floes tilted on their edges. Through these perils the steamer has to cleave her way. At times she is arrested by the heavy ice, seven feet in thickness, and then, perhaps, the ice-saws are called into requisition to cut a pathway to the nearest "lead" of clear water, and the stout vessel then dashes through the crashing and grinding masses, where the ice is looser. But it often happens that she is fairly caught in the ice, and steam power cannot drive her through. Howling night closes in; huge floes and icebergs are crushing and grinding all around, and momentarily threatening her with destruction. The wind roars through the shrouds, driving on its wings the arrowy sleet and snow, sharp as myriads of needles, before which only men of iron can stand. Thus, locked in the embrace of the floe, the luckless vessel is drifted helplessly hundreds of miles till a favorable change of wind loosens the icy prison walls. It is no uncommon occurrence for a hundred vessels to be thus beset by heavy ice, through which no passage can be forced. Some are "nipped," some are crushed to atoms, and

the men have to escape for their lives over the ice. Others are borne away into one of the great northern bays, or carried up and down on the ocean for many weeks. There is no invariable rule followed by the seal-hunters in searching for their prey. Their general practice is to push northward till they fall in with the "whelping grounds" of the sea, doubling and beating about in search of them, according to circumstances. There is, of course, room for considerable skill and sagacity in taking advantage of winds, and currents, and openings in the ice, and in avoiding "jammings" and other mishaps; still, whether any particular vessel will reach "patches" of young seals, scattered, perhaps, very widely, is very largely a lottery. "The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong." Sometimes the most skilful skippers fail, and return to port without a seal. At other times the vessel, two or three days after leaving the harbor, finds herself in the midst of a "seal patch" sufficient to load the "Great Eastern," and, in a fortnight from the time of her departure, she returns to port loaded to the gunwale—her very decks being piled with the skin and fat of the seal.

Let us suppose, however, that the steamer has surmounted all obstacles, and is at length approaching the "seal-meadows." Suddenly, the welcome whimpering of the young harps is heard, gladdening the hearts of the sealers. Their cry has a remarkable resemblance to the sobbing or whining of an infant in pain. No sooner is this sound heard, than the vessel is "laid to," and all hands are out at once on the ice, if sufficiently solid, or in punts, if the ice is broken and in floating "pans." The work of destruction at once begins. The sealers are armed with a "gaff," "sculping knife," and "towing-line." Eagerly they leap on the ice, and a blow on the nose from the "gaff" stuns or kills the young seal. Instantly the knife is at work; the skin and adhering fat are detached with amazing rapidity from the carcass, which is left on the ice, still quivering with life, while the fat and skin alone are carried off. This process is called "sculping"—a corruption, no doubt, of the term "scalping." In skinning, a cut is made through the fat to the flesh, a thickness of about three inches, from the throat to the tail. The legs or "flippers" and also the head are then drawn out from the inside, and the skin is laid out flat and entire, with the layer of fat or blubber adhering to it, and in this state the skin is called the "pelt" or "sculp." It is gen-

erally about three feet long, and two and a half feet wide, and weighs from thirty to forty pounds. The hunters nick two holes along the edge of each side of the skin, and then lay them one over the other, passing the rope through the nose of each "pelt," and lacing it through the side-holes in such a manner that, when pulled tight, it draws them into a compact bundle. Fastening the "gaff" in this bundle, they then put the rope over the shoulder, and haul it over the ice to the vessel. Six pelts are reckoned a heavy load to drag over rough and broken ice, often leaping from pan to pan. Fancy two hundred hunters on a patch of ice, eagerly carrying on this murderous work; their persons smeared with blood and fat, the ice stained with gore and dotted with the skinless carcasses of the slain; "the shivering seals' low moans" filling the air with sobbings like those of babies in distress; the blood-stained murderers smiting fresh victims, or dragging the oleaginous prizes to the vessel's side, whose decks are slippery with mingled fat and gore. The "slaughter of the innocents" is terrible. Never did battle-field present a bloodier sight, or one where the work of death proceeded more rapidly. The fact that each seal slaughtered is worth three dollars, gives zest and energy to the work. The shouts of the hunters, the blows of the "gaffs" as they despatch their victims with a blow on the nose, the blood-gouts that cover the hands and arms of the men, and stain the virgin snow; the carcasses denuded of skin and fat, and yet palpitating with warm life, as they are flung on the ice; the eager, exultant hunters slaying, "sculping," hauling the loads of fat over the ice to the ship—what a scene amid these ice-solititudes of the ocean, with the bright sun in the heavens lighting up the glittering pinnacles and far-spreading fields of ice! Then, what a curious picture the deck of the vessel presents, as the pelts are being piled there previous to being stowed, when cooled, under deck! The men move about knee-deep in fat and blood—the deck, with gore, being slippery as glass. The hunters arrive with their loads, and snatch a hasty moment to drink a bowl of tea and eat a piece of biscuit and butter, their hands and bodies, the while, reeking with blood, and presently they are off in search of fresh victims. The poor mother seals, now cubless, are seen popping their heads up in the small lakes of water, and holes among the ice, anxiously looking for their snow-white darlings, and refusing to believe that the bloody carcasses on the ice are all that remain

of their tender offspring. With a moan of distress they plunge into the water, as if anxious to escape from a scene polluted by the ensanguined trail of the hunters.

The work must be plied without a moment's cessation, for a sudden change of wind may at any moment separate them from their prey. Since steamers have been employed, it has become customary for the men to kill and "sculp" all the seals within two or three miles of the ship, and then, piling them in heaps marked with the flag of the vessel, they are left to be hauled in at a favorable moment. This is called "panning" seals. It often happens that large numbers of seals killed in this way are lost, as the wind may rise, break up the floe, and separate the vessel from the prizes. Other vessels pick up these "panned" seals at times, in which case salvage is allowed. The practice is justly condemned as a recklessly destructive one. At times, the hunters have to push forward over the ice two or three miles from their vessel, in pursuit of the seals, and should a fog or snow storm set in, there is terrible risk of losing their way and perishing miserably on these ice-deserts, or of falling through the openings, which are covered with the snow as it descends and freezes—going down to ocean's depths, "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown." Sometimes the field of ice on which they are at work separates without a moment's warning, into fragments, and they are floated off to lie down and die on the ice, unless rescued by some passing vessel. Or, perhaps, a furious nor'-easter blows, "rafting" the ice, or piling the huge blocks one upon another, all around the imprisoned ship, and at length crushing her like a nut shell, and leaving the unhappy sealers shivering and perishing with hunger on the floating ice-field. At times their sufferings are very great, and, as happened last spring, the loss of life is very serious. On the whole, however, such are their skill and fortitude in meeting all emergencies, and such their acquaintance with the manners and movements of the ice, that comparatively few mishaps occur. A fight with an old "dog-hood" seal is regarded only as a pleasant excitement, though by no means unattended with danger. These dog-hoods are very fierce and savage, and sometimes require half a dozen men to despatch them, when their fury is thoroughly roused, and the great hood that protects their head is inflated. The very dangers of the seal hunt present an irresistible charm of excitement to these daring men, who have

been nurtured amid such perils. Besides, it is thus they win the bread of their wives and little ones at home; and how happy to be able to enter port with enough to scare the wolf from the door, and gladden the hearts of those who, on shore, are praying for their success!

So soon as the sealing vessel reaches port, with her fat cargo, the skimmers go to work and separate the fat and skins. The latter are at once salted and stored for export to England and elsewhere, to be converted into boots, shoes, harness, portmantaus, etc. The old method of manufacturing the fat was to throw it into huge wooden vats, where the pressure of its own weight and the heat of the sun extracted the oil, which was drawn off and barrelled for exportation. This was a very tedious process, and, within the last few years, the great innovator, steam, has been employed to quicken the extraction of the oil. By means of steam-driven machinery, the fat is now rapidly cut by revolving knives into minute pieces, then ground fine in a kind of sausage machine; afterwards steamed in a tank, and the oil finally passed into stout casks. By this process the work, which formerly required two months, is completed in a fortnight. Not only so, but, by the steam process, the disagreeable smell of the oil is removed, the quality improved, and the quantity increased. The refuse, after the oil is extracted, is mixed by the farmers with earth and bog, and makes a highly fertilizing compost. The average value of a tun of seal oil in Newfoundland is one hundred and fifty-two dollars. The skin of a young harp-seal is worth from eighty to one hundred cents. The greater part of the oil is sent to Britain, where it is largely used in lighthouses, mines, for lubricating machinery, and in the manufacture of the finer kinds of soap.

In the seas around the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, there are four species of seals. The bay-seal lives on the coasts, frequents the mouths of rivers and harbors, and is never found among the ice. The harp-seal, *par excellence* the seal of commerce, is so called from having a broad curved line of connected spots proceeding from each shoulder and meeting on the back, above the tail, and forming a figure something like an ancient harp. The old male harps alone have this figuring, and not till their second year. When twelve months old the males are hardly distinguishable from the females, and during that season they are

called "bedlamers" by the seal hunters. In the second season the male has assumed his harp. Our knowledge of the harp-seal is as yet very imperfect. It is migratory, and only seen on the coast of Newfoundland during the breeding season. My own belief is that both harps and hoods have their headquarters in the Greenland seas, and annually migrate southward to the ice-fields to bring forth their young. Crantz, in his *History of Greenland*, mentions two migrations of the seal—one early in the year, from which they return from the south in June, bringing their young with them. This corresponds to their appearance on the Newfoundland coast. The mothers remain with their young on the ice, fishing in the neighborhood, and returning occasionally to give them suck. It is a most curious fact that, when the ice is unbroken, each mother seal has its own hole by which it reaches the water, and which it takes care to keep from freezing. On returning from a fishing excursion, extending over fifty or a hundred miles, each is able to find its own hole, and, among a hundred thousand others, at once to distinguish its own snow-white cub, which it proceeds to fondle and suckle. This is one of the most wonderful achievements of animal instinct. The young "white-coats" are scattered in myriads over the ice-field, and crawling among the hummocks. During the absence of the mothers, the field of ice, borne on the current, has shifted its position perhaps many miles. Yet each is able to find her own ice-hole, and to pick out her own darling, from the immense herd, with unerring accuracy. The maternal instinct appears to be peculiarly strong in the seal, and the tenderness with which the mothers watch over their offspring is most touching. It is quite distressing to witness their grief when they return and find only a pool of blood and a skinless carcase instead of their whimpering, fur-clad babies. When born, the young are covered with a thick, white fur. When about six weeks old, they are able to take to the water; and they then shed the white-coat, and a smooth spotted skin appears. The milk on which they are sustained is of thick, creamy consistency, and of a yellowish white color. While the mothers are attending to the suckling of their young, the males appear to take that opportunity of enjoying themselves, and are seen sporting about in the open pools of water. They are accused of being polygamous; and there is every reason to believe that the charge is well founded. The Mormons may, if they please, point to the harp-

seals, as illustrious examples of the antiquity of their distinctive tenet in regard to matrimony.

The third species is the hood-seal, which is much larger than the harp. The male, called the dog-hood, is distinguished from the female by a singular hood or bag of soft flesh on his nose. When attacked or alarmed, he inflates his hood so as to cover the face and eyes, and it is strong enough to resist seal shot. It is impossible to kill one of these creatures even with a sealing gun, so long as his head or his tail is towards you, and the only way is by shooting him on the side of the head, and a little behind it, so as to strike him in the neck and the base of the skull. The young of this species have not the thick woolly coat of the harp-seals, and from their color they are called "blue-backs." The hoods bring forth their young two or three weeks later than the harps, and are found farther north than the others, but never mingled with them. Both species bring forth but one at a birth, and that only once a year. The fourth species is the "square-fipper." It is largest of all, but is rarely taken on our coasts. Its average length is twelve to fifteen feet.

The average annual value of the Newfoundland seal fishery is a million and a half of dollars. The catch ranges from two hundred and fifty thousand to six hundred thousand seals per annum. The fishery of 1871, which was a remarkably successful one, yielded close on six hundred thousand seals. Some anxiety is felt lest the employment of steamers may ultimately destroy the seal fishery, or so diminish the number of seals as to render this industry non-remunerative. But, provided the catch of seals be not greatly above the present average, when prosecuted by steamers, of which at present there are no grounds of apprehension, why should the results be dreaded? For centuries, the detachment of seals that visit these shores has stood the draft of from two hundred and fifty thousand to five hundred thousand seals per annum, without showing any sensible diminution of number, or symptoms of exhaustion. There is no reason why the same condition of things may not continue in the future. Fortunately, too, the great feeding grounds of the seals are in those Arctic regions where the cupidity of man cannot follow them; otherwise, his greed of gain would speedily lead to the extermination of the species. To Newfoundland, this fishery is of vital importance. At a time when the inhabitants of other northern countries are comparatively idle,

bound in icy fetters, this source of wealth is open to the stout fishermen of Newfoundland. It is at an end before the first of May, so that it does not interfere with the cultivation of the soil, or the prosecution of the other fisheries. This, of course, greatly enhances its value.

RECTOR BERTHOLD.

PERSONS REPRESENTED :

RECTOR BERTHOLD ; forty-five.

GOTTLÖB, a student ; same age.

FRANZ, a student ; twenty-five.

OTTILIE, the Rector's ward ; aged twenty.

The Scene laid at Marburg.

(A STUDY.—Tables covered with papers and books ; book-cases, chimney to the right ; doors at the rear and to the left.)

SCENE I.

The RECTOR, OTTILIE.

The Rector is seated in his large arm-chair to the right. Otilie, busy reading, sits near him on a stool, with the book open on her knees.

Rect.— You like the book then ?

Ott.— Yes, the scene is charming ;

The night, the garden, Margaret beautified

By that strange joy of loving all so new,

Faust bending towards her, spelling out her secret

I' th' ingenuous heart of the symbolic flower,

All this sweet dream so soft and melancholy,

Oh, 't is entrancing !

Rect.— What a child !

Ott.— For, see you,

'T is always true.

Rect.— You think so ?

Ott.— Yes ; of us all.

Don't you believe it ?

Rect.— (*smiling.*) Hum ! How meet that smile

With dull denial or chilling doubt ? (*aside.*) In truth,

I know nought.

Ott.— No! You know who know everything;
 You, Rector Berthold, of wide-spread renown,
 Pride of the University of Marburg,
 That brags on you o'er Germany entire,
 The *savant*, penetrating all the past,
 Before whom all are silent when he speaks,
 You, in a word, our honor and our glory —

Rect.— You mock me, child. What silly prate is this?
 What other do you take me for, than just
 A quiet old fellow, void of harm or envy?
 Because for thirty years I've breathed the dust
 Of mouldy scrolls, groping for light and meaning,
 And Heaven at length has suffered me to catch
 Some reflexes, do you suppose I'm skilled
 As much in love as Greek, or dare pronounce on't?
 No, no, child! you mistake. Whilst yet a youth,
 And these lips should have trolled in blithesome lay
 And lusty cheer their heart-songs, they were frozen
 Mouthing o'er vocables, empty, cold, unmeaning,
 The ghostly whispers of tongues dead and vanished.
 With hieroglyphs from hundred-gated Thebes,
 Papyrus-rolls filch'd from lone sepulchres,
 With such I'm more at home than these discourses.
 The poet's talk of sensibility
 I scarce can comprehend, except I first
 Crush out my past, or force a feigned flame.

Ott.—(with vivacity.)

Is't feigning now; or is't in truth self-trickery?
 "No sensibility," sayst thou? Yet when I read
 Of Gretchen's brief joy-dream, her ghost-rid madness,
 The dungeon-gloom, and those last fateful cries
 "She's lost!" "No; saved!" "Thou'rt mine, Faust!"
 "Henry, Henry;"—

Whose eyes first drop the tears?—or thine or mine?—
 One eve, a Christmas eve,—dost recollect?—
 A child deserted, dying in the snow,
 Thou caughtest up, didst cherish, bring her home,
 Tend her more lovingly than monarch's daughter,
 And since, for her hast done all—been all——

Rect.— Darling,

Sweetly illogical as Margaret,—
 Though well thy romance fits thy flowery twenty,—
 Thy tutor—worse luck!—with his grizzled hair,
 Long pipe, and skull-cap slouched o'er furrowed brow,
 Suits ill to play stage-hero; e'en the part
 Of Faust awaiting on his tower Mephisto
 Is quite beyond him.

Ott.— Laugh an' you will, but listen.

This handsome youth draped in his sweeping mantle,
 And trailing to the ground a pendant plume,
 This perfect cavalier with curled moustache,
 This true Prince-Charming, this seducing victor,
 Who with a glance subdues and thrills the heart,
 How grand was he; yet soon how low to fall!
 Shall I confess it? One thing only vexes—
 One blot i' the tale: I can't abide that demon.
 Why was he not made to give place to Love?
 I'd have, to bring back Faust to hope and manhood,
 Had Gretchen's kiss for the sole, simple magic.

Rect.— A hardy shot, i' faith! Your *critique's* novel.
 Suppress the Fiend! Flat blasphemy, by all rules
 Of art and _____

SCENE II.

Enter FRANZ and GOTTLÖB during the last words.

Franz.— Rector, hail!

Got.— Good-day, Professor!

Rect.— Look here! What think you of the child's idea?

She'd show the Devil the door that Love might rule.

With critic air, as making quite a hit,

She'd cut his part i' the drama bodily out,

And either change or skip it.

Fr.— Bah! Girl's nonsense.

Ott.— A gallant speech!

Fr.— (*pompously*.) High art is wider, grander.

Small souls are they would reckon as a fault

That concept genial and profound wherein

Goethe embraces the world's synthesis.

The monad outlasts all; ideas reign.

What recks the poet, conscious that his power

- Creative has struck out a master-piece,
 How faithless critics carp, a banal throng?
 Time's nought; fools nothing; art alone survives.
- Gott.*—For me, the child's out-spokenness enchants me.
 And just as I prefer to the school's blank walls
 The green hedge-rows, and gestures free to gabble,
 And milk-white Otilie's big flax-blue eyes
 To Franz, my chum's rare transcendental bosh
 Even so, I'd liever Love should win than Satan.
- Ott.*—Pshaw! Gottlob, friend; what boots your raillery
 T' our knight o' th' art synthetic? He, God wot,
 Yestreen but chipped his shell, yet centuries old,
 To-day, a full-fledged cynic, rolls his tub.
- Rect.*—Ah, mischief! How you'll gibe when I reach fifty!
- Ott.*—Oh! you, that's different.
- Rect.*—As how, I beg?
- Ott.*—Well, first it's you.
- Rect.*—What next?
- Ott.*—Then, 't would be me.
- Rect.*—Reasons most tangible!
- Gott.*—The best, professor.
- Fr.*—The *subjective* is all, the *me*, sole *entity*.
 There's naught, beyond the soul, of action; all
 Besides is symbolism and pure abstraction.
 Th' eternal Psyché, here described by Goethe,
 Which figures now as Margaret, now as Helen,
 In primal innocence, or full-blown beauty,
 Marks how she burgeons forth to the Ideal.
 Weak at the outset, ignorant, afraid,
 She fights her way through all besetting perils,
 And, her long Odyssey at last achieved,
 She dominates what outraged her at first.
 Gretchen, Faust, Mephisto, dread Triloggy,
 Time ne'er shall mar the grand analogy
 Which shadows forth in you th' immortal drama
 Played out in Eden by Eve, Adam, Satan!
- Ott.*—But Love from Eden was shut out.
- Gott.*—Heretic!
 Even Eden subject to your laws æsthetic!
 That's rather far.

Ott.— Nay, the true Paradise,
 Be't lodged in palace fair or paltry hovel,
 Lies it not where pure and faithful heart's love dwells?
 Eve, yawning vacuous, Adam slumbering near,
 Don't seem a model quite of married bliss:
 And the great Tempter, jealous of the woman,
 Had, with that soul unoccupied, small trouble.
 She who knows love is not so quick betrayed,
 For, far or near, her lover is her safeguard.
 For me, I'd prove invulnerable, and naught
 Should e'er prevail against my talisman.

Rect.—How she romances! See you, Gottlob, when
 I view this sprightly girlhood at my knee,
 Laughing and carolling like bird on spray,
 Trusting the future, careless of the present,
 Conscious the while she's all my spring and joy;—
 And when I ponder o'er the dreary past—
 Those sombre days I call “my *Auld Lang Syne*,”—
 Thus marking off from them these happier years,
 Just as one culls from faded flowers a bouquet:
 When I bethink me of that time or e'er
 This child was mine, I tremble and ask softly
 How I have merited all God has given,
 And if the brow's in sooth worthy the crown.

Fr.—What were the golden crown or sceptre royal
 Without the sovereign brow and right arm loyal?
 What were this grand world-temple of ours, so vast,
 prodigious,
 But that 't is animated by the soul religious,
 And informed by the eye contemplative!—

Ott.—(interrupting.) Egregious!
 What possible connexion can there be
 Between my tutor's gentle words, and these
 Profound inanities of yours?

Fr.—(in a pet, to Berthold.) Professor,
 That folio volume on the Aryan race,
 I want it.

Rect.— There, Compartment of the Ancients,
 First shelf.

Fr.—(to Ott. who hands him the book.) Thanks. (Exit.)

SCENE III.

RECTOR, OTTILIE, GOTTLÖB.

Rect.—(to *Ottilie*.) That's not right, you have annoyed him;
The youth is something of a *savant*, he's——

Ott.—An unlicked cub whom I'd detest were 't not
He keeps me laughing at him.

Rect.— Come, have done!

Ott.—No! Sooner than unsay 't I'll go. The brute!

To get you scolding me!

(Exit.)

Gott.—(watching her go.) I' faith, a downright brute!

SCENE IV.

RECTOR, GOTTLÖB.

Rect.—Gottlob, her temper's ardent, quick her tongue;

But one word brings her down, a smile will conquer,

She is a dear, good child. I recollect

When first I found her, and but bid her: Come!

One single glance she stole, and in a twink

I had her following me, her flaxen tresses

Hid 'neath my cloak, without a word beyond,

E'en as a wearied bird doth fold her wing

In calm abandonment and perfect trust.

Kind souls sought to relieve me of her. More

For her sake than my own I might have yielded.

But she preferred to cleave to her first refuge.

And is 't not better thus? Our two lone lives,

So sad pursued by each of us apart,

Are since then fused in one, and we are happy;

For many mutual memories lie between us.

Gott.—And some few hopes besides, or I mistake,

All quietly the little gipsy's nursing.

Rect.—What say you?

Gott.— Nothing, save that she is twenty,

And fair, and lovable, and in all ages

Tutors are chancy guardians for such wards.

Rect.—Why, she's a child!

Gott.— Yes,—sprouting into woman.

Rect.—As bursts the rose-bloom blushing from the bud.

'T is true enough; yet what of it?

- Gott.— What, cozen
 A jolly student of some thirty sessions
 As I am? Science in plenty 's yours, I grant;
 But mine's experience of the ways o' the sex
 Wider than most, than your's at least, good Berthold.
 Since side by side we two began our studies,
 In age we may have changed, but not in habits:
 You were the worker always, I, the idler,
 Mine's still the dunce-stool, your's the master's rostrum.
 But, clinking glasses, one learns many things
 Which to book-worms are letters sealed; in these
 Your ruddy Lisbeth or your dark-eyed Thecla
 Most ably can instruct one. Knowing then
 What I know, friend, I tell you, she's in love.
- Rect.— In love? *she* love! and whom?
- Gott.— Ay, there's the rub;
 To find out, yet not seem to seek!
- Rect.— And yet,
 Save Franz or you she sees none.
- Gott.— He's a prig,
 But young and not bad looking.
- Rect.— You're wide o' the mark;
 He never speaks but she will contradict.
- Gott.— (*with a knowing air.*)
 Just so.
- Rect.— Ah! something in 't then! Yet her spirits
 Are light, she studies, banTERS, laughs, and makes
 The house ring with her merriment.
- Gott.— Eh! doubtless:
 The danger lurks where one would least suspect.
 You look for fitful languishings, a mien
 Preoccupied, for tones of sudden softness;
 Yet whilst you watch the bough for ripening fruit,
 'T is odds but you will miss the snowy flower
 Whose rosy heart already sheds sweet perfume.
 In each the symptoms of the sickness differ:
 Some cloud them o'er with care; a feverish anguish
 Slow mines the spirit, and all things harass;
 Others beam o'er with smiles, with radiance sparkle,

A naïve expansion speaks their pleasing trouble,
 Hope sings responsive to the joy that wakes it ;
 In brief, the vermeil glow of young desire
 In her flames bright, and bids me say, she loves.

Rect.—(*kindling up by degrees.*)

She love! *She* to forget the world; to close
 Her ears and eyes, her heart and thought against
 All save the one by whom her soul's enthralled;
 Centre in him alone her life, and throw him
 As his just spoil, without a backward glance,
 All her young bliss, and fancy-woven future;
 Rejoice to have no longer peace nor calm;
 Bear everywhere enshrined her idol, bless
 All evils in its train that rise before her;
 And some fresh proof of zeal inventing ever,
 Immolate at its feet all else beside;
 Gottlob, my darling treasure, angel, nestling,
 My Otilie,—that *she* should love this whipster,
 This beardling, nought but his green youth can favor,—
 You rave, my friend!

Gott.—(*sarcastically.*) 'Pon honor, you're superb!

For little I'd take lessons how—*your* fashion—
 To spout love-talk, and I could hit the trick on 't.

Rect.—(without listening.)

Besides would I not know 't? The child's a book
 No eyes but mine decipher. Her sole guide
 Along life's tangled labyrinth. I've marked
 With all a mother's care her mind's fair record,
 And jealously my words have ever guarded,
 Lest one chance blot should soil the virgin tablets.

Gott.—(*parodying.*)

It's not to be supposed that I'd be jealous,
 But yet in headlong rage I'll crush the wretch
 That dare attempt to poach on my preserves.

(*Roguishly.*)

—O wily doublings o' the tricky passion,
 In vain 't would mask what yet it dare not utter!
 O divine secret, sure is thy betrayal!
 Unwitting oft thou lurk'st within, and we,
 As would a timid mother, strive to hide thee;

Yet one chance word can cheat our vigilance,
 And tear thee from us !
 (Changing tone).— After all, your chances
 May not be forfeit quite. I say she loves ;
 But whose the name she sighs t' herself, I know not :
 Nought proves 't is Frank's or mine, rather than thine.

Rect.—Gottlob !

Gott.— In truth I don't see why you chafe,
 'T is nothing strange that since the child attracts you,
 You 'd seek to dedicate to her your life ;
 And that your heart, still young and warm as ever,
 Should burst from its long sleep, and yield to love ;
 That seeking in her the signs of what I dread,
 In you I should have touched upon the sore ;
 That Franz being but a simpleton, her choice
 Among us three should light upon the fittest ;
 That worth for once should chance to bear the palm
 And lord it o'er its rivals, surely this
 Is not so hard to credit.

Rect.— Simply that

'T is all sheer nonsense.

Gott.— Reason out the case then :

To you, my friend, she 's gratefully attached,
 And oft in such hearts gratitude gives birth
 To feelings tenderer still. Her highest respect
 Besides is pledged to the great Master Berthold—
 For, say as you will, the sex is fanatic
 In self-prostration. Age is your sole drawback ;
 But are not we alike in that ? And I,
 Am I so old ? Away then with your scruples,
 And without further self-tormenting, thank me
 For opening through the clouds this sunny vista.

Rect.—(sternly.)

Enough ! I thought you, though a wag, no fool.
 But all in vain the years have o'er you passed.
 The miracle on you must still be wrought
 Shall give you common sense. Enough, I say,
 I will not hear a word more.

Gott.—

As you will !

This is my walking-ticket, I presume,

Still, when I'm gone, if I've hit right i' the blot,
 You'll have to score me down as evidence
 Not to be given the go-by to. Adieu,
 Till evening then: no grudges,—mind! (*Exit.*)

SCENE V.

- Rect.*— Yes, go;
 Leave the fond wretch to dream he only dreams,
 This fool, more fool than thou, thy words have crushed!
 Still greedily let him mouth the bitter brim
 O' the o'eturned goblet whence his life-joy's drained;
 Still let him plaintive brood o'er what he's lost,
 And vainly search the past for hope and calm,
 Bewail his solitude, and pining languish,—
 And fearing most the chances of his cure—
 Shame-stricken hide away, and weep, and die!
 —Love, 't is then sure 'gainst thee there's no defence
 Can guard,—nor ripened age nor guileless youth;
 The brow, blanched by late vigils or long years,
 Is proof against thy sharp affronts as little
 As is the giddy head life's dawn is gilding!
 To each in turn comes the same agony,
 The same slow poison, and the same swift pangs!
 O'er all alike thy fatal spells are cast!
 —Ah! well might I have known that to resist
 Her grace invincible none could prevail;
 And she so perilous fair, and I so witless,
 How *could* this silly bosom 'scape the lure?
 —And *I* to plume me on my circumspection,
 And, taxed with love, in sorry word-play prate
 Of mine as only mother's love;—O madness!
 Delusion most transparent! But all's over!
 —Now must the fowler ope the cage's bars,
 And drawing courage e'en from his despair,
 Set free th' imprisoned flutterer. Gottlob's deceived;
 'T is I alone am struck. Tears have not dimmed
 Her sparkling glance, nor quenched its wonted fire;
 And what knows she of love's consuming fever?
 Still calmly unconscious her chaste soul sleeps on.
 —Poor child! To think that I should have imposed on,

And sinned against thee, when my utmost care
 Was but to guard thine innocence! We men,
 Senseless and frail, how are we to be pitied!
 — Ah! how thou 'st pained me, Gottlob! I alas!
 Do fear myself, thee, Franz, for all 's deceiving
 Youth's guileless hope, as well as friendship tried,
 And all within me 's torn and racked with anguish.
 Oh! whither shall I turn?

(Sinks on the lounge; head in hand.)

SCENE VI.

RECTOR, OTTILIE.

Ott.—*(half opening the door.)* Alone? At last! —
 Did you but know how o'er all other joys
 I set the bliss of having you to myself,
 With none to tire, and make you watch the clock,
 (A thing we two ne'er heed)—O then you'd own
 How very glad I'm now, and you'd embrace me! —
*(Attempts to fling her arm round his neck; he turns
 away abruptly.)*

No? You are vext with me then?—Pardon, I know
 I'm blunt at times, but—Oh! you are not well,
 What is it?

Rect.— Nothing:

Ott.— Yes, yes; you are suffering.

Rect.—Leave me, 't will pass.

Ott.—*(aside.)* How pale he is! And why
 Send me away? What's this he will not tell?
(aloud, hesitating.)

—I came to ask if I'd not better write
 Madame de Braun, and if you'll undertake
 Soon to provide her—Mercy! how very strangely
 You flush and pale!

Rect.—*(with effort.)* 'T was for a governess.
 She wrote me?

Ott.— Yes.

Rect.—*(aside, retiring.)* O heavens! the sacrifice!
 Have I strength to consummate it?

(aloud, advancing.) — My child,
 Listen —

(*aside, retiring.*)—I can't, no, no, my heart will burst,
Oh!—

(*aloud, advancing.*)—See, Ottilie, you are asked to share
Their jaunt to Italy with these two ladies.

The chance is not like to occur again,

And so you must—

(*very low.*) depart—

Ott.—(*excitedly.*) I, quit you! Never!

Rect.—(*beseeking.*) You will.

Ott.— Not I!

Rect.—(*same.*) Accept, I beg of you.

Ott.—I will not go.

Rect.— You know, my cherished darling,

I only seek in this your happiness.

Ott.—(*more gently.*)

Well! keep me near you, wholly your own, and let

Nought henceforth sunder us one single day.

What notion is't possesses you, my friend?

To think that I'd leave home, and go without you!

Rect.—You must.

Ott.—(*plaintively.*) Why? what's ado? O't is so sweet

To be just our two selves!

Rect.— Pshaw!—Those two ladies

Are charming people.

Ott.—(*coaxingly lays her hand on his arm.*) See! I'll be

most proper,

You'll have no further cause to scold me. Franz

May jabber on, and I'll not move a muscle—

Rect.—(*impatiently.*)

You must decide—

Ott.—(*bursting into tears.*)

Ah! sure you can't love me

As I love you, or you'd not grieve me so.

Rect.—And this same night.

Ott.— For pity's sake!

Rect.—

I wish it.

(*Exit, precipitately.*)

SCENE VII.

OTTILIE.

He's gone, and will not hearken. Neither prayers
 Nor tears can move him;—he avoids me!—Heavens!
 What has come over him? I shiver to hear
 His voice so brief and stern.—Ah! 't is a dream,
 An ugly dream which, waking, I'll forget:
 And sure as each day's dawning brings the sun
 So sure I'll meet again his welcoming smile.
 —No! once he's said; "I bid you"!—then needs must
 That I submit!—'T is frightful! How resist him!
 Resist! I ne'er should dare. And yet to leave him!—

SCENE VIII.

OTTILIE, FRANZ.—(*His volume under his arm.*)Fr.—(*without seeing Ottilie.*)

The Christ an Arya! Strange hypothesis, that
 Rector Berthold—
 (*Sees Ottilie; very coolly.*)—Ah! pardon; I disturb you
 In your crying fit!

Ott.—(*sobs.*)

I must leave!

Fr.—(*same tone.*)

So! Well,—good-bye, then!

Ott.—(*aside.*)

Good-bye! That word is flung at me already!
 My God! What shall I do? Where shall I hide?
 'T is *he* will come to bid me good-bye next.—
 Oh! would the word might kill me! From *his* hand,
 Under *his* eyes, death itself were sweet!

SCENE IX.

OTTILIE, FRANZ, THE RECTOR.

Rector.—(*on the threshold.*)

Franz with her!

Fr.—(*approaching Ottilie.*) Well! I find 't is better so,
 For science now shall reign alone here.Ott.—(*retreating from him.*)

Wretch!

And this man lives!

Fr.—(*following up.*)

Frankly, a woman who

Distracts attention's always in the way.

Her senseless babble, like a parrot's chatter,
 Importunate and noisy, tires——

Rect.—(aside.) What says he?

Fr.—(same play.)

—And mars our motive faculties' free play.

Nought changes: evermore your Eve seductive

Trips up man's spirit, victor at the outset.

Ott.—(avoiding him, flings herself in the Rector's fauteuil.)

To-night and the day's flying! Will he never go?

Fr.—(seeing the Rector, shews his folio, open.)

Master, what think you of this author who

Maintains——

Rect.— My lad, 't were hard for me to discuss

The question now; we'll talk of it to-morrow.

—Canst tell me when the courier passes?

Fr.— No.

Rect.—(pointing to Ottilie.)

Oblige me then by letting Gottlob know

Of her departure: let him fetch a carriage.

Fr.—Ah! that, indeed, I'm not the one to hinder;

I'm off!

Rect.—(watching him hurrying away.)

I would he were the only one

I had mista'en!

SCENE X.

RECTOR, OTTILIE.

Rect.—(approaching Ottilie.) Child, have you thought about
 Your packing?

Ott.— By-and-by.

Rect.— You'll have to hurry!

—A tiresome night it will be in the stage.

—Should you fall sick by the way!——

Ott.— No fear!—Besides,

Cold and fatigue are evils soon got over:

They help us to forget more real troubles.

What reck we trifles like these, if they were all?

Rect.—Care's not for thee, child, whom the blue skies beckon

To the bright south-land Mignon longed to roam.

Ott.—(*pointing to the fire place*).

This fire,—that makes the dark hearth glisten with stars,
 And flecks with gold and purple the dancing shadows,
 That draws its wonted guests the closer round it
 When the wind moans through the long corridors
 And fills the house like the great Minster-organ :—
 This fire—I stir up bright 'gainst your return,
 Where kettle and griddle, these twin fireside voices,
 In cheery dissonance hiss and wrangle together—
 O more I love it than all your garish sunshine.

Rect.—Think on fair Naples' gulf, Palermo's bay,
 Where, through the limitless azure, white sails glide,
 And seem, mid-heaven, to plough their shining furrows ;
 Where the Vesper-star o'er all rains amorous influence ;
 Think on the shimmering lakes, where laughs and ripples
 That gold-green sky we've so oft pictured together—

Ott.—Together !

Rect.— And think, too, of those cities rare,—
 Sad Venice, mourning her deserted palaces,
 Verona, scene of Juliet's love, and Pisa
 Th' ancient, and high in the free pure air
 Strange Sienna.

Ott.— No ; the narrow dwelling where
 Hands touch, and eyes ne'er vainly seek each other,
 Where tones thrill to the heart, as through the ear ;—
 No ;—th' humble home where love holds sleepless watch
 Delights me more.

Rect.—(*aside, pacing to and fro in agitation.*)

Love ! Ah, how that word moves me,

Upon her lips ! Why speak to me of that ?

Ott.— For happiness was here within my clasp,
 And each day dearer grew to my charmed soul,
 Never unequal, serene, blissful, always !

Could ever I have dreamed 't would end so soon ?

Rect.—(*pausing.*)

Happy ! And were you so, in truth ?

Ott.—

He doubts it !

He asks me,

Rect.—

Ottillie !

Ott.—

Ah ! my fault was great ;

I could not, dared not shew you enough *how* happy!—
—But sorely am I punished, ah! too sore.

Rect.—Heavens! and is thy pain not keenest felt by me?

What is to come of me when you are gone?

Ott.—(*hesitating.*) (*Very low.*)

Of you?—Then why will you send me away?

Rect.—(*in a half-voice.*)

Why? Why?—have I then so close worn the mask

That what's beneath she dreams not?—What a smile

Is her's!—It speaks—What is it that it tells,

If 't is not that in it all's told?—

Ott.—(*lower still.*) Yes, why

Not keep me wholly your own?

Rect.— Wholly my own!

(*Kneels before her.*)

No longer dare I guess, child. My poor brain

Is all distraught.—I yield me to the storm;

View my gray hairs, then those long golden tresses

Adown thy fair neck twining amorously.

Thy youth has vigor, and thy beauty grace;

Peace broods o'er those whom thy soft glance caresses;

Long-buried hopes to life start 'neath thy spell.

I feel my heart when near to thine, throb wildly,

The power of love thrills through me a new life,

Thine every word within my gloating spirit

Soft-treasured up, repeated o'er and o'er

Resounds, a godlike hymn to the immortal!

'Neath thy veiled glances, where the fire still smoulders,

Like a snow-flake blown upon by rose-lipped Dawn,

Even so I melt in tenderness and cry:—

O pity! This is *love*, and not mere *biking*!

(*Half rises.*)

Misery! I've spoken; she knows all!—Excuse

I've none to offer. Thee I outrage,—myself

Delude, when in my own despite, I dream

A coming time when we twain shall be one.

'T is vile,—I know it well, e'en in my thoughts

To join to the fresh-blown flower a shrivelled stem,

Seared by life's storms, sealed as dark Lethe's due!

To disentomb a secret so deep buried,—

To stand forsworn in face of plighted troth,
 'T is vile!—To this, my adored, you answer—nothing?
 Too well I understand you; thanks!—You'd spare me:
 You silent sit, lest you condemn too harshly!
 But you know, and I've said all may condone.

Ott.—(*bending towards him.*)

Is't only *so* then, that you guess my thoughts?
 Cans't read no truer in my heart, e'en when
 All's pure delight and tenderest ravishment?
 In these eyes seest thou but the pride that pardons?
 Rather is't not th' ineffable surprise
 Which first learns *to be loved* is sweet as *loving*?
 Look up!

Rect.—(*Turning his head.*)

I dare not; 't were rank sacrilege;
 Such bliss for me Heaven ne'er ordained.

Ott.— Look up!

Rect.—Oh! tempt me not; 't were death to me.—Beware!

Men such as I are never more consoled.
 Too late!—

Ott.— Look up!

Rect.— Ah me! I must obey!

Here at thy feet full of delicious woe
 I lay me down. Thy hands, O beauteous charmer,
 And eke thy smile,—that sweetly bodes me hope,
 O yield them me.—For so the dewy freshness
 Of thy young life doth meet and close the gap
 Between our years. Now all's effaced, forgotten;
 Days wasted, vain regrets, long melancholy,
 The bitterness of time lost, doubt, distrust,—
 All—alien to thy youth—falls dead before thee.
 “Love is immortal; fond hearts never age!”—
 Such is the truth thy deep eyes prophesy—
 Graven on thy candid brow by God's own finger.
 To love! O that alone is sure, right, noble!
 Dost say thou knewest it all, e'en when I doubted?
 Then, heavenly-witted messenger, instruct
 My ignorance, for all thy words are truth.
 Already where thy hand led I have followed,
 And what thou'st willed I've done—List! the bells chime;

Joy enters 'neath my roof—and yet I tremble,
 Is't thou hast turned me coward?—Can love kill?
 O Heaven, but I am happy!—Yet thou art silent!
 Hast nought to say?—And I keep maundering on——
 Is the heart so faint then that 't is panic-stricken
 When sudden it finds its dreams, reality?
 Oh! Howsoe'er thou view'st my silly ravings,
 Angel, treasure, darling maid,— my Ottilie,
 My torment and my joy—speak, I conjure thee!

Ott.—(*very softly.*)

What word's the tenderest to whisper low

Within thy ear? (*changing tone.*)

——Stay, canst not divine it?

(*Embraces him.*)

Rect.—Then we both love?

Ott.—

Yes!

Rect.—

Record it, witnessing Heaven!

Thou seest her nesting close in my embrace

Whose sweet intoxications have shed round me

Oblivious of the world, and all its cares!—

(*hesitating.*)

—To love, is this then all? May we not wed?

Ott.—Doubtless.

Rect.—

She yields!

(*Enter Gottlob and Franz.*)

SCENE XI.

RECTOR, GOTTLÖB, FRANZ, OTTILIE.

Rect.—

Dear friends, from her own lips

Learn my good fortune.

Gott.—(*smiling.*)

Ah! I knew I'd hit it!

My guess not "so wide o' the mark!"

Fr.—(*as if choking.*)

Why? Truly,

Our learned Rector wastes time——

Ott.—(*gaily.*)

Loving me, Franz;

Aye, wedding me, besides; and so this comedy

Ill-guessed by you, by Gottlob here applauded,

Finishes well-nigh as it was begun;

No Demon else than Love has crossed the board.

Mephisto conquered yields to Margaret!

Rect.—What sayst?

Ott.—The truth this morning I proclaimed,
Words you, my darling Faust, must heed in turn—
HEARTS ONLY LIVE IN GIVING LIFE TO LOVE!

(From the French.)

W. S.

JOHN.

JOHN?

WELL, his name in my ears,
Has been ringing for years,
Although in this desolate room it seldom is spoken, ah me!
For John was a sailor, and he
Was one of the crew
Of the "Trusty and True,"
That was lost in the year 'forty-three.

LOST?

Lost! What her fate was I've questioned in vain,
At high tide, at low tide, again and again:
And for John, when the storms came,
Through all these long years,
I have prayed, though I knew him dead—
Pardon these tears!

DEAD?

Oh, treacherous, treacherous sea!
So cruel to mine and to me!
I crouch by the fireside,
Decrepit and old;
While my warm-hearted boy in mid-ocean
Is sleeping, a-cold, a-cold!

JOHN?

I declare John,
How strange you have grown!
So manly you are John,
I ne'er could have known
The boy that went sailing away, yet I see,
You've the heart that I lost in the year 'forty-three.

KEIGHTLY.

I WAS entranced by Keightly's fairy lore,
 And as I conned his pages o'er and o'er,
 Said one: Of what avail is this to thee,
 Since life no dream is, but reality?
 Of what avail the dreams by dreamers bred,
 When dreams and dreamers are to ashes wed,
 And thou but brief time have life's play to play,
 Ere thou, by Time inurned, shalt be as they?
 — It doth avail but little, yet God knows,
 If for a moment we can find repose
 In fancy's fields, their being we may bless,
 And pray that Keightly's shade may ne'er be less.

A.

CURRENT HISTORY.

THE most notable event in many respects, as well as the most far-reaching in its tendencies, which has occurred in Canadian history since the ratification of the Treaty of Washington, is the signing of the Pacific Railway contract. Long before the charter was granted, before the Act authorising that charter was passed, as far back as the time when British Columbia was admitted into the Union, the Dominion of Canada was committed to the building of the road. It is therefore too late now to discuss whether such a step was advisable with any hope of staying the project, even if its character could be shown to be, what many still believe it to be, chimerical in the last degree. But taking for granted that *some* road must now be constructed through Canadian territory to the Pacific ocean, neither the Press, nor the Parliament, nor the people of Canada can afford to give up the privilege of criticising the scheme submitted by the government, even down to its minutest details. No fallacy is more common, and none is more dishonest, than the practice of accusing public men or political journals of opposing a project, *in toto*, when they differ from those to whose lot it falls to carry it out, only as to the best mode of doing so. It is much to be regretted that this style of argument has been so much resorted to in connection with the Pacific Railway Scheme from its very inception; it is still more to be regretted that there seems to be a disposition on the part of

ministerial journals to resort to it, in defence of the charter under consideration. A prominent administration organ declares that the excellences of the scheme agreed upon are so apparent that hostile criticism of the provisions must be taken as synonymous with hostility to the construction of the road. Such a declaration reaches the very climax of absurdity, and the implied threat ought to be as offensive to the press and people of a free country as an attempt to burke a fair discussion by moving the previous question.

Coming to the charter itself, and looking only at what may be called the principles underlying its provisions, there seems to be enough in it to prompt serious consideration, if not to create alarm. The most important, most dangerous, and most insidious characteristic of all is the substitution of executive for legislative control over the undertaking. To such an extent has this been carried, that the charter is declared in so many words "to have the force and effect of an Act of the Parliament of Canada," in so far as its provisions are not inconsistent with previous Acts. The full extent of the power thus conferred on the Governor in Council can only be clearly understood by recalling the provisions of the Pacific Railway Act and comparing them with those of the charter. It is true that the termini of the road have been fixed by the Act, but with great vagueness; while the location of the whole route lies with the Governor in Council. It is also true that the amount of the Government subsidy has been fixed; but the proportion of land and money to be paid to the Company at any one time must be determined by agreement between the Government and the Company. It is further provided that the road must be commenced within two years and completed within ten; but the time for completing any specified portion of the road must be determined by agreement between the Government and the Company. What power or control over the road in any shape, Parliament has reserved to itself, is difficult to perceive, except the all-important indirect one of providing for the raising of the subsidy money. Had it been possible for the late House of Commons to divest itself of that privilege, or had it been asked to do so, its action gives us no good ground for believing that it would have refused to comply. No such stretch of executive power was ever before conferred by a Canadian Act of Parliament; none such has ever been hinted at in Britain since the inauguration of responsible government in the days of William III.

Scarcely less dangerous is the theory of the Company formed under the provisions of the charter. That theory combines all the worst features of a government railway project and a joint stock company, and throws away the best elements of both. The Government supplies all the funds and evades the responsibility by means of a chartered company, which is, in reality, not much more than an illusory figment. The Company puts no money

into the road, and can lose nothing by the undertaking except the insignificant guarantee sum placed in the hands of the Receiver-General. In plain language, the Dominion pays for the road the enormous sum of thirty millions of dollars, besides a grant of fifty million acres of land, with the absolute certainty of having to pay more if more is needed, and yet the Company, and not the people, will own the road when completed. The reference to the Union Pacific Railway as a general standard of comparison, is surely a most unfortunate one, when it is a notorious fact that, short as the time is since that road was built, much of it requires already to be rebuilt.

But, apart from defects in the charter, there are features inseparable from the project which must be discussed, and dangers to which it would be suicidal for the people of Canada to shut their eyes. Not the least of these is the derangement and financial stringency which must inevitably follow the diversion of so much capital and labor into a non-productive channel. The conversion of circulating into fixed capital always presses heavily on certain classes in any community; and it is the sheerest folly to expect any relief to the employer either in the shape of low wages or a low rate of interest, while the building of the road is going on. The ultimate results in this direction it might be hazardous to predict; much more patent is the threatened introduction of railway rings into the field of politics. The charter provides that no director shall be a member of Parliament; it should have gone further and provided that no shareholder should have a seat in the House any more than a director. By this weak and evasive provision, the vitiating principle is left untouched; the interest which any man feels in the success of the road will depend far more on the fact of his holding stock than his having a seat at the Railway Board. But, in truth, any provision of this kind must, of necessity, be practically inoperative. Members of Parliament can be quite as much interested through the holding of stock by deputy, or *sub rosa*, as if their names were on the books for the amount; and they are quite as likely to vote away money or land in their friends' interest as their own. The only safeguard is a sound condition of public opinion; and that which will most conduce to the prevention of such scandals amongst ourselves as are to be witnessed just now amongst our neighbors, is judiciousness and impartiality in the tone of the newspaper press when discussing the subject.

Great care has been taken in the charter to guard against stock coming into the hands of foreign capitalists, and still more to prevent foreigners from having any voice in the directorate. These provisions will, we are persuaded, also be found to be practically inoperative. Not all the men who sympathise with the United States in our midst call themselves Americans; and,

as a matter of fact, one of the newly elected members of the House of Commons has lived in Canada for so short a period that he had to be naturalized by Act of Parliament, instead of the usual process, before he could be a candidate for legislative honors. What is there to hinder a partisan majority doing the same thing in the interest of the railway ring?

The prospective dangers involved in the Pacific Railway scheme bring home to us with all the more force the moral taught by the Credit Mobilier frauds. There can no longer be any doubt that several members, both of the American Senate and the House of Representatives, were guilty of trafficking in shares of stock, the worth of which was capable of being indefinitely increased according to the manner in which their votes were cast in Congress. It is equally certain that these shares were sold, or rather given to them for the very purpose of influencing their votes. All this was bad enough, but the worst feature of all was the sad lack of courage and veracity in the men who first repudiated the charges made in connection with the Credit Mobilier and Central Pacific Railway, and were afterwards shewn, on the strongest circumstantial evidence, corroborated in some cases by documentary proof, to have been guilty of shameful prevarication and downright falsehood. It really seems at the present moment as if popular institutions were, after all, about to turn out a failure. When men who have for years held a prominent position before the public, and who were, up to the moment of disclosure, supposed to possess a most unimpeachable character, give way before temptation and add the crime of falsehood to that of accepting a bribe; when Senators, without any attempt at concealment, buy up the votes of the State Legislatures, or, what is equally corrupt and reprehensible, buy off their rivals for political honors; when murderers under trial can buy up juries, and railway kings succeed in their schemes of plunder by debauching the judges, it is no wonder that thinking men should pause and ask themselves what all this is coming to? Whether the state of affairs observable at the present moment in the United States is wholly or partially due to defects in the Constitution, including that great source of political evil, universal suffrage, is not for us to decide. Our present duty, as Canadians, consists in taking warning by what we see. That political corruption can hold up its head unabashed both in our Legislature and in the country, past Canadian experience too unmistakably proves; and there is no reason to believe that we are likely to be more proof against it than our neighbors in the time to come. Our Canadian Pacific Railway Company is no more responsible an organization than the Credit Mobilier was; and even though it should turn out that the men composing it are possessed of purer morality and loftier principles than Oakes

Ames or his associates, the public have no more guarantee against fraud in the one case than in the other. The retiring Vice-President and Vice-President elect had an escutcheon as stainless, to say the least, as that of any of our public men, and so had Senator Patterson and the rest, yet the former fell into the snare, and is it to be supposed that the latter can be relied upon to resist a similar temptation? The only safeguard appears to be the existence of an independent and fearless press, untrammelled by party ties and obligations. It remains to be seen whether we possess any such; the prevailing tone of American journals shows, conclusively, that reform is as much needed in the United States in this as in any other direction.

The most startling of recent European events is the abdication of the King of Spain. Amadeus accepted the throne with reluctance. He endeavored to discharge the duties pertaining to his situation with courage and integrity, and in doing so displayed no small amount of statesmanlike ability. But his efforts were not seconded by the Spaniards themselves, whose long subjection to despotism has rendered them utterly unfit for constitutional rule. Had General Prim, who was mainly instrumental in bringing Amadeus into Spain, been permitted to carry out the work he intended, the result might have been different. Though he had, doubtless, his own ends to serve, Prim was unquestionably a statesman and a patriot; and while his assassination deprived the country all too soon of his services, he unfortunately left no successor worthy of assuming the mantle which fell from his shoulders. The first Cabinet of the young King was displaced within a few months, and crisis after crisis has followed with great rapidity, there being no fewer than six ministerial reconstructions within the last two years. The melancholy example of Spain is only another illustration of the futility of transplanting political institutions from the soil whence they originally sprung in the hope that they will flourish as exotics elsewhere. Responsible government as known in England, does well enough in England, where it has been gradually developed with the advance of the nation in civilization. It has failed both in France and Spain, partly because the statesmen who had it in charge were nothing but intriguing demagogues, but mainly because the long continuance of the protective system of government has left the masses in both countries in a state of almost infantile imbecility, in so far, at least, as political experience and wisdom are concerned. What the future of Spain will be it would be rash to predict. Castellar and his Republican friends have now control, and, as a matter of course, have declared a Republic. Probably this was the wisest course under the circumstances, and, doubtless, very many of the moderate Monarchists who supported the late

King will prefer a Conservative Republic to a return of Bourbon rule in the person of either Isabella or Don Carlos. Yet both Pretenders have their partisans who can and will give trouble; and the Spanish Republicans may congratulate themselves if their regime should at the end of two years be able to show as much stability as that of their French compeers.

The Republic seems destined to last for some time longer in France. The members of the Right in the Assembly are as much opposed to a dissolution as ever—a clear proof, according to their opponents of the Left, that the Monarchists are afraid to allow the people to judge between them and the Republicans, lest the latter should succeed in converting their minority into a majority. Nobody seems to think that Thiers can long occupy his elevated position, and in the present unsettled state of politics, no one would be surprised if revolution were to follow his resignation or his demise. The truth appears to be that, while France is about equally tired of Bourbonism and Bonapartism, she has been so long kept in leading strings under both, that many radical constitutional changes may take place before she settles down into her normal condition, whatever that may be. The present indications are that Gambetta is the coming man; and there can be little doubt that, whether the approaching revolution be peacefully wrought out at the polls, or, as French revolutions generally are, by barricades and bloodshed in the streets of Paris, the young Dictator of the Left will be the successor of Thiers in the Presidency of the French Republic.

If the resignation of the King of Spain is the most startling of recent European events, the Khivan war may well be regarded as the most important, not so much in itself, as on account of the far-reaching consequences which may possibly flow from it. The Russian policy in Central Asia has for years been a kind of counterpart of the policy once pursued in British India. The tribes bordering on the Russian possessions, by their predatory incursions, or their refusal to grant certain commercial concessions, made it necessary for the safety of the frontier to reduce them to subjection. A repetition of the process was rendered inevitable by the similarity of the new conditions to the old; and thus Russia, like England, has found her Asiatic Empire thrust upon her. Such at least is the Russian version of the case. This may be quite true without depriving the present outbreak of its significance. Khiva alone remains between Russia and Afghanistan, and the latter borders on British India. A demand has been made that Russia shall respect the independence of Afghanistan, and should the necessary satisfaction be refused, wide spread complications may be the result. The policy of Russia has been

pacific for the past seventeen years; but it may have been so in appearance only. The Crimean war left her exhausted, and time was required for recuperation. Internal reform has been meanwhile progressing with rapid strides. The policy of Russianizing Poland and the German Provinces has been relentlessly pursued. Serfdom has been abolished, municipal self-government to some extent introduced, and railways built in every direction. Poland has been fortified in proportion as its depopulation went on, and persistent and not unsuccessful efforts have been made to provide for the development of a Russian marine on the Black Sea. Whether the object of the Czar is the ultimate conquest of Constantinople, or interference with British progress in Asia, or both, matters little; he will not be permitted to effect either without provoking Foreign intervention and stirring up a European war. The rumors prevailing respecting the last diplomatic passage of arms between Granville and Gortschakoff prove conclusively that public opinion in England on the Eastern question is just as sensitive as it was twenty years ago.

The meeting of the British Parliament has been signalled by a keen assault upon the Washington Treaty. As a matter of course it is strenuously defended by its abettors, but the results of the whole negotiations from first to last are likely to rankle long and deeply in the national mind. The loss of San Juan seems to have had even more effect than either the loss of money or the humiliation produced by the settlement of the Alabama claims. Should the American government endorse the action of the little satrap who represents President Grant on the Island, the bad feeling will be increased instead of allayed. To send off the British settlers unceremoniously, and dispossess them of their property without remuneration, would be an intolerable outrage, and as such it has been vigorously protested against by the Local Legislature of British Columbia. According to appearances we are to have a revival of the Treaty business in Canada when the Dominion Parliament meets. Mr. Blake threatens to bring up the question of the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and there seems to be a disposition to force the Fenian question to a more satisfactory settlement than was effected by its rejection from the list of questions embraced by the Treaty negotiations, on condition of Canada receiving a guarantee from the mother country on the Pacific Railway loan. If such a step should be taken few will regret it. It is simply absurd and suicidal to talk of substituting the arbitrament of diplomacy for the arbitrament of the sword, unless the pleasing fiction is to apply to land filibustering as well as privateering by sea.