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BELFORD'S  
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VOLUME III.

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# BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1877.

UP THE THAMES.

CONCLUDING PAPER.



WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM ETON.

LET our demonstration to-day be on the monarchical citadel of England, the core and nucleus of her kingly associations, her architectural *eikon basiliké*, Windsor. To reach the famous castle it will not do to lounge along the river. We must cut loose from the suburbs of the suburbs, and launch into a more extended flight. Our destination is nearly an hour distant by rail; and though it does not take us altogether out of sight of the city, it leads us among real farms and genuine villages, tilled and inhabited as they have been since the Plantagenets, instead of market-gardens and villas.

We go to Paddington and try the Great Western, the parent of the broad guages with no very numerous family. That six-foot infant is not up to the horizontal stature of its seven-foot progenitor, but has still sixteen inches too many to fare well in the contest with its little, active, and above all numerous, foes of the four-feet-eight-and-a-half-inch "persuasion."

Southall, a station or two beyond, suggests sport of a less lethal character, being an ancient meeting-place for the queen's stag-hounds. John Leach may have collected here some of his studies of Cockney equestrianism. The sportsman so dear to his pencil furnished him wealth of opportunities on their annual concourse at the cart's tail. The unloading of the animal, his gathering himself up for a leisurely canter across country, the various styles and degrees of horsemanship among his lumbering followers, and the business-like replacing of the quarry in his



HORTON CHURCH.

vehicle, to be hauled away for another day's sport, served as the most complete travesty imaginable of the chase. It has the compensation of placing a number of worthy men in the saddle at least once in the year and compelling them to do some rough riding. The English have always made it their boast that they are more at home on horseback than any other European nation, and they claim to have derived much military advantage from it. Lever's novels would lose many of their best situations but for this national accomplishment and the astounding development it reaches in his hands.



MILTON'S PEAR TREE.

To the left lies the fine park of Ostlerley, once the seat of the greatest of London's merchant princes, Sir Thomas Gresham. An improvement proposed by Queen Bess, on a visit to Gresham in 1578, does not speak highly for her taste in design. She remarked that in her opinion the court in front of the house would look better split up by a wall. Her host dutifully acceded to the idea, and surprised Her Majesty next morning by pointing out the wall which he had erected during the night, sending to London for masons and material for the purpose. The conceit was a more ponderous one than that of Raleigh's cloak—bricks and mortar *versus* velvet.

A greater than Gresham succeeded, after the death of his widow, to

the occupancy of Osterley—Chief-justice Coke. His compliment to Elizabeth on the occasion of a similar visit to the same house took the more available and acceptable shape of ten or twelve hundred pounds sterling in jewellery. She had more than a woman's weakness for finery, and Coke operated upon it very successfully. His gems outlasted Gresham's wall, which has long since disappeared with the court it disfigured. In place of both stands a goodly Ionic portico, through which one may pass to a staircase that bears a representation by Rubens of the apotheosis of Mr. Motley's hero, William the Silent. The gallery offers a collection of other old pictures. Should we, however, take time for even a short stop in this vicinity, it would probably be for the credit of saying that we walked over Hounslow Heath intact in purse and person. The gentlemen of the road live only in the classic pages of Ainsworth, Reynolds and, if we may include Sam Weller in such worshipful company, that bard of "the bold Turpin." Another class of highwaymen had long before them been also attracted by the fine manœuvring facilities of the heath, beginning with the army of the Cæsars and ending with that of James II. Jonathan Wilde and his merry men were saints to Kirke and his lambs.

Hurrying on, we skirt one of Pope's outlying manors, in his time the seat of his friend Bathurst and the haunt of Addison, Prior, Congreve and Gay, and leave southward, toward the Thames, Horton, the cradle of Milton. A marble in its ivy-grown church is inscribed to the memory of his mother, *ob.* 1637. At Horton were composed, or inspired, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus* and others of his nominally minor but really sweetest and most enjoyable poems. In this retirement the Muse paid him his earliest visits, before he had thrown himself away on politics or Canaanitish mythology. Peeping in upon his handsome young face in its golden setting of blonde curls,

Through the sweetbrier or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine.

she wooed him to better work than reporting the debates of the arch-angels or calling the roll of Tophet. Had he confined himself to this tenderer field, the world would have been the gainer. He might not have "made the world Miltonic mean sublime," but we can spare a little of the sublime to get some more of the beautiful.

To reach Milton, however, we have run off the track badly. His Eden is no station on the Great Western. We shall balance this southward divergence with a corresponding one to the north from Slough, the last station ere reaching Windsor. We may give a go-by for the moment to the halls of Kings, do homage to him who treated them similarly, and point, in preference, to where

in many a mouldering heap,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

They show Gray's tomb in Stoke Pogis church, and his house, West End Cottage, half a mile-distant. The ingredients of his *Elegy*—actually the greatest, but in his judgment among the least, of his few works—exist all around. "The rugged elm," "the ivy-mantled tower," and "the yew tree's shade," the most specific among the simple "properties" of his little spectacle, are common to so many places that there are several competitors for the honour of having furnished them. The cocks, ploughmen, herds and owls cannot, of course, at this late day be

identified. Gray could not have done it himself. He drew from general memory, in his closet, and not bit by bit on his thumb-nail from chance-met objects as he went along. Had his conception and rendering of the theme been due to the direct impression upon his mind of its several aspects and constituents, he would have more thoroughly appreciated his work. He could not understand its popularity, any more than Campbell could that of *Ye Mariners of England*, which he pronounced "d—d drum-and-trumpet verses." Gray used to say, "with a good deal of acrimony," that the *Elegy* "owed its popularity entirely to the subject, and the public would have received it as well had it been written entirely in prose." Had it been written in prose or in the inventory style of poetry, it would have been forgotten long ago, like so much else of that kind. Not far hence is Beaconsfield, which gave a home to Burke and a title first to the wife of Disraeli, and then to himself.

Extending our divergence farther west toward "Chieffden's proud alcove, the bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love, we find ourselves in a luxuriant rolling country, rural and slumberous. Cookham parish, which we should traverse, claims quite loudly American kinship, on the strength of its including an estate once the property of Henry Washington, who is alleged, without sufficient ground, to have been a relative of the general.

But we are within the purlieu of Windsor, The round tower has been looking down upon us these many miles, and we cannot but yield to its magnetism.



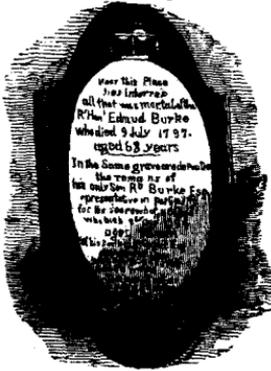
GRAY.



BEACONSFIELD CHURCH.

Eton, on the north bank, opposite Windsor, and really a continuous town with that which nestles close to the castle walls, is on our way from Slough. The red-brick buildings of the school, forming a fine foil to the lighter-coloured and more elegantly designed chapel, are on our

left, the principal front



TOMB OF BURKE.

looking over a garden toward the river and Windsor Home Park beyond. We become aware of a populace of boys, the file-closers of England's nineteenth century worthies, and her coming veterans of the twentieth. We may contemplatively view them in that light, but it has little place in their reflections. Their ruddy faces and somewhat cumbrous forms belong to the animal period of life that links together boyhood, colthood and calfhood. Education of the physique, consisting chiefly in the indulgence and employment of it in the mere demonstration of its superabundant vitality, is a large part of the curriculum at English schools. The playground and the study-room form no unequal alliance. Rigid, as in some

respects, the discipline proper of the school may be, it does not compare with the severity of that maintained by the older boys over the younger ones. The code of the lesser, and almost independent, republic of the dormitory and the green is as clear in its terms as that of the unlimited monarchy of the school-room, and more potent in shaping the character. The lads train themselves for the battle of the world, with some help from the masters. It is a sound system on the the whole, if based, to appearance, rather too much on the principle of the weaker to the wall. The tendency of the weaker inevitably is to the wall; and if he is to contend against it effectively, it will be by finding out his weakness and being made to feel it at the earliest possible moment.

Not on land only, but on the river, whereinto it so gradually blends, does lush young England dissipate. Cricket and football order into violent action both pairs of extremities, while the upper pair and the organs of the thorax labour profitably at the oar. The Thames, in its three bends from Senly Hall, the Benny Havens of Eton, down to Datchet Mead, where Falstaff overflowed the buck-basket, belongs to the boys. In this space it is split into an archipelago of aits. In and out of the gleaming paths and avenues of silvery water that wind between them glide the little boats. The young Britons take to the element like young ducks. Many a "tall ammiral" has commenced his "march over the mountain wave" among these water-lilies and hedges of osier.

Shall we leave the boys at play, and, renewing our youth, go ourselves to school? Entering the great gate of the western of the two quadrangles, we are welcomed by a bronze statue of the founder of the institution, Henry VI. He endowed it in 1440. The first organization comprised "a provost, four clerks, ten priests, six choristers, twenty-five poor grammar-scholars, and twenty-five poor infirm men to pray for the king." the prayers of these invalids were sorely needed by the unhappy scion of Lancaster, but did him little good in a temporal sense. The provost is always rector of the parish. Laymen are non-eligible. Thus it happens that the list does not include two names which would have illuminated it more than those of any of the incumbents—Boyle the philosopher, "father of chemistry, and brother of the earl of Cork," and Waller the poet. The modern establishment consists of a provost,

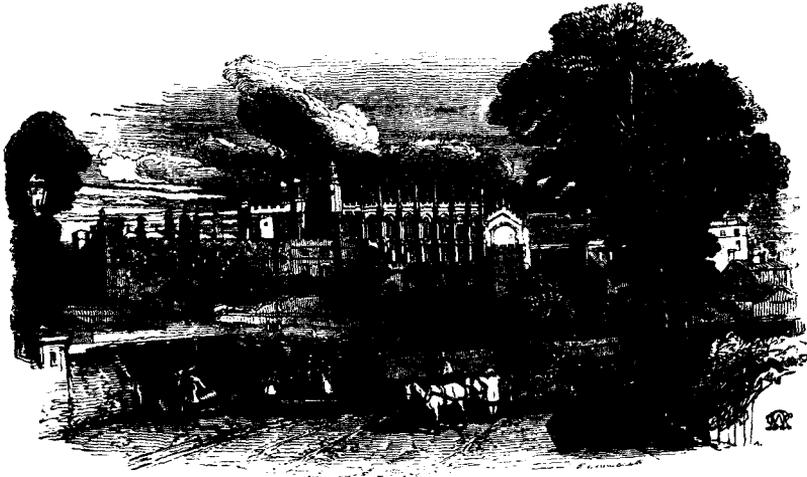
vice-provost, six fellows, a master, under-master, assistants, seventy foundation scholars, seven lay clerks and ten choristers, with a cortege of "inferior officers and servants"—a tolerably full staff. The pay-students, as they would be termed in this country, numbering usually five to six hundred, do not live in the college precincts, but at boarding-houses in the town, whence their designation of oppidans, the seventy gowns-men only having dormitories in the college. The roll of the alumni contains such names as the first earl of Chatham, Harley, earl of Oxford, Bolingbroke, Fox, Gray, Canning, Wellington and Hallam. That is enough to say for Eton. The beauties of the chapel, the treasures of the library, and the other shows of the place become trivial by the side of the record.

Over the "fifteen-arch" bridge, which has but three or four arches, we pass to the town of Windsor, which crouches, on the river-side, close up to the embattled walls of the castle—so closely that the very irregular pile of buildings included in the latter cannot at first glance be well distinguished from the town. High over all swells the round tower



HEDSOR AND COOKHAM CHURCHES.

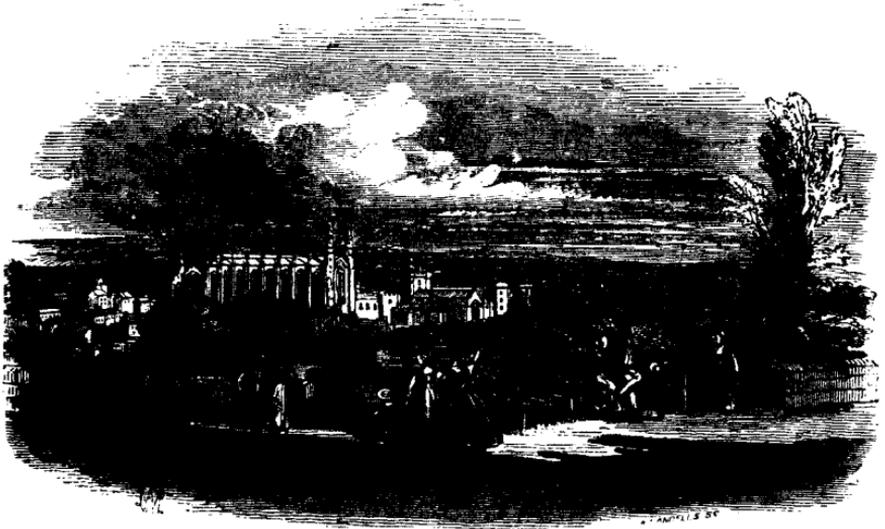
to a height above the water of two hundred and twenty feet—no excessive altitude, if we deduct the eminence on which it stands, yet enough, in this level country, to give it a prospect of a score or two of miles in all directions. The Conqueror fell in love with the situation at first sight, and gave a stolen monastery in exchange for it. The home so won has provided a shelter—at times very imperfect, indeed—to British sovereigns for eight centuries. From the modest erection of William it has been steadily growing—with the growth of the empire, we were near saying, but its chief enlargements occurred before the empire entered upon the expansion of the past three centuries. It is more closely associated with Edward III. than with any other of the ancient line. He was born at Windsor, and almost entirely rebuilt it, William of Wykeham being superintending architect, with "a fee of one shilling a day whilst at Windsor, and two shillings when he went elsewhere on the duties of his office," three shillings a week being the pay of his clerk. It becomes at once obvious that the margin for "rings" was



ETON COLLEGE AND CHAPEL.

but slender in those days. The labour question gave not the least trouble. The law of supply and demand was not consulted. "Three hundred and sixty workmen were impressed, to be employed on the building at the king's wages; some of whom having clandestinely left Windsor and engaged in other employments to greater advantage, writs were issued prohibiting all persons from employing them on pain of forfeiting all their goods and chattels." In presence of so simple and effective a definition of the rights of the workingman, strikes sink into nothingness. And Magna Charta had been signed a hundred and fifty years before! That document, however, in honour of which the free and enlightened Briton of to-day is wont to elevate his hat and his voice, was only in the name and on behalf of the barons. The English people derived under it neither name, place nor right. True, the growth of English liberty was indirectly fostered by aught that checked the power of the monarch, and the nobles builded more wisely than they knew or intended when they brought Lackland to book, or to parchment, at Runnymede, not far down the river and close to the edge of the royal park. The memorable plain is still a meadow, kept ever green and inviolate of the plough. A pleasant row it is for the Eton youngsters to this spot. On Magna Charta island, opposite, they may take their rest and their lunch, and refresh their minds as well with the memories of the place. The task of reform is by no means complete. There is room and call for further concessions in favour of the masses. These embryo statesmen have work blocked out for them in the future, and this is a good place for them to adjust to it the focus of their bright young optics.

The Thames flows from the castle and the school under two handsome erections named the Victoria and Albert bridges; and when, turning our backs upon Staines, just below Runnymede with its boundary-stone marking the limit of the jurisdiction of plebeian London's fierce democracy, and inscribed "God preserve the city of London, 1280," we strike west into the Great Park, we soon come plump on



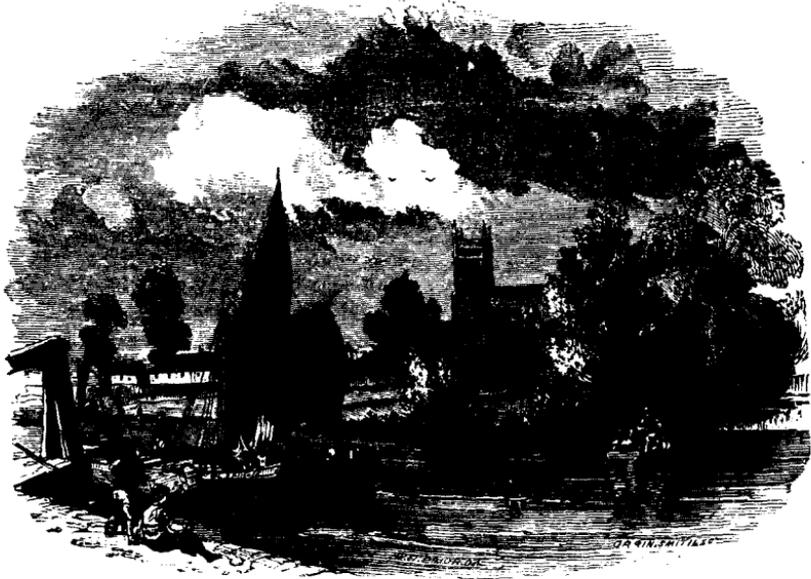
ETON COLLEGE, FROM NORTH TERRACE, WINDSOR.

George III. a great deal larger than life. The "best farmer that e'er brushed dew from lawn" is clad in antique costume with toga and buskins. Bestriding a stout horse, without stirrups and with no bridle to speak of, the old gentleman looks calmly into the distance while his steed is in the act of stepping over a perpendicular precipice. This preposterous effort of the glyptic art has the one merit of serving as a finger-board. The old king points us to his palace, three miles off, at the end of the famous Long Walk. He did not himself care to live at the castle, but liked to make his home at an obscure lodge in the park, the same from which, on his first attack of insanity, he set out in charge of two of his household on that melancholy ride to the retreat of Kew, more convenient in those days for medical attendance from London, and to which he returned a few months later restored for the time. Shortly after his recovery he undertook to throw up one of the windows of the lodge, but found it nailed down. He asked the cause, and was told, with inconsiderate bluntness, that it had been done during his illness to prevent his doing himself an injury. The perfect calmness and silence with which he received this explanation was a sufficient evidence of his recovery.

Bidding the old man a final farewell, we accept the direction of his brazen hand and take up the line of march, wherein all travelling America has preceded us, to the point wherefrom we glanced off so suddenly in obedience to the summons of Magna Charta. On either hand, as we thread the Long Walk, open glades that serve as so many emerald-paved courts to the monarchs of the grove, some of them older than the whole Norman dynasty, with Saxon summers recorded in their hearts. One of them, thirty-eight feet round, is called after the Conqueror. Among these we shall not find the most noted of Windsor trees. It was in the Home Park, on the farther or northern side of the castle, that the fairies were used to perform their

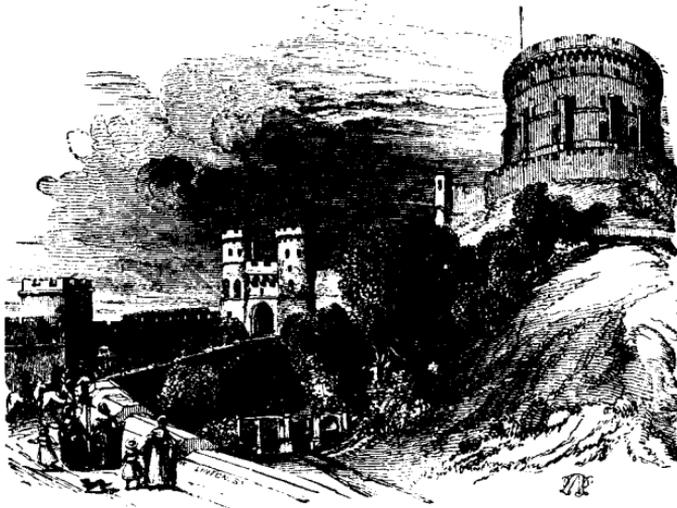
—dance of custom round about the oak  
Of Herne the hunter.

Whether the genuine oak was cut down at the close of the last century, or was preserved, carefully fenced in and labeled, in an utterly leafless and shattered state, to our generation, is a moot point. Certain it is that the most ardent Shakesperean must abandon the hope of securing for a bookmark to his *Merry Wives of Windsor* one of the leaves that rustled, while "Windsor bell struck twelve," over the head of fat Jack. He has the satisfaction, however, of looking up at the identical bell-tower of the sixteenth century, and may make tryst with his imagination to await its midnight chime. Then he may cross the graceful iron bridge—modern enough, unhappily—to Datchet, and ascertain by actual experiment whether the temperature of the Thames has changed since the dumping into it of Falstaff, "hissing hot."



STAINES CHURCH.

Back at the castle, we must "do" it after the set fashion. Reminders meet us at the threshold that it is in form a real place of defence, contemplative of wars and rumours of wars, and not a mere dwelling by any means in original design. A roadway, crooked and raked by frowning embrasures, leads up from the peaceful town to the particularly inhospitable-looking twin towers of Henry VIII's gateway, in their turn commanded by the round tower on the right, in full panoply of artificial scarp and ditch. Sentinels in the scarlet livery that has flamed on so many battlefields of all the islands and continents assist in proving that things did not always go so easy with majesty as they do now. But two centuries and more have elapsed since there happened any justification for this frown of stone, steel and feathers; Rupert's futile demonstration on it in 1642 having been Windsor's last taste of war, its sternest office after that having been the safe-keeping of Charles the I., who here spent his sorrowful and last Christmas." Once in



NORMAN GATE AND ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR.

side the gate, visions of peace recur. The eye first falls on the most beautiful of all the assembled structures, St. George's Chapel. It, with the royal tomb house, the deanery and Winchester tower, occupies the left or north side of the lower or western ward. In the rear of the chapel of St. George are quartered in cozy cloisters the canons of the college of that ilk—not great guns in any sense, but old ecclesiastical artillery spiked after a more or less noisy youth and laid up in varnished black for the rest of their days. Watch and ward over these modern equipments is kept by Julius Cæsar's tower, as one of the most ancient erections is of course called. Still farther to our left as we enter are the quarters of sundry other antiquated warriors, the Military Knights of Windsor. These are a few favoured veterans, mostly decayed officers of the army and navy, who owe this shelter to royal favour and an endowment. The Ivy tower, west of the entrance, is followed in eastward succession by those of the gateway, Salisbury, Garter and Bell towers.

The fine exterior of St. George's is more than matched by the carving and blazonry of the interior. The groined roof bears the devices of half a dozen early kings, beginning with Edward the Confessor. Along the choir stretch the stalls of the sovereign and knights-companions of the order of the Garter, each hung with banner, mantle, sword and helmet. Better than these is the hammered steel tomb of Edward IV., by Quentin Matsys, the Flemish blacksmith. In the vaults beneath rest the victims of Edward, Henry VI., Henry VIII., Jane Seymour and Charles the I. The account of the appearance of Charles' remains when his tomb was examined in 1813, by Sir Henry Halford, accompanied by several of the royal family, is worth quoting. "The complexion of the face was dark and discoloured. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance. The cartilage of the nose was gone; but the left eye, in the moment of first exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately, and the pointed beard so characteristic of the reign of king Charles was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of some unctuous matter between it and the cere-cloth, was found entire. The



HERNE'S OAK

cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the face of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even—an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify Charles I.”

A highly-edifying spectacle this must have been to the prince regent and his brother Cumberland. The certainties of the past and the possibilities of the future were calculated to be highly suggestive. A French sovereign had but a few years before shared the fate of Charles, and a cloud of other kings were drifting about Europe with no very flattering prospect of coming soon to anchor. Napoleon was showing his banded foes a good double front in Germany and Spain. His dethronement and the restoration of the Bourbons were not as yet contemplated. The Spanish succession was whittled down to a girl—that is, by Salic law, to nothing at all. The Hanoverian was in a similar condition, or worse, none of the old sons of the crazy old king having any legitimate children. The prince regent himself was highly unpopular with the mass of his people; and the classes that formed his principal support were more so, by reason of the arrogance and exactions of the landed interest, the high price of grain and other heavy financial burdens consequent on the war, the arbitrary prosecutions and imprisonment of leaders of the people, and the irregularities of his private life.

But these sinister omens proved illusory. Leigh Hunt, Wraxall and the rest made but ineffectual martyrs; the Bourbons struggled back into France and Spain, with such results as we see; George IV. weathered, by no merit of his own, a fresh series of storms at home; the clouds that lowered upon his house were made glorious summer by the advent of a fat little lady in 1819—the fat old lady of 1875; and we

hair was thick at the back part of the head, and in appearance nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark-brown colour. That of the beard was a reddish-brown. On the back part of the head it was not more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king. On holding up the head to determine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently contracted themselves considerably, and the fourth

step from the tomb of Charles in St. George's Chapel to that where George and William slumber undisturbed in the tomb-house, elaborately decorated by Wolsey. Wolsey's fixtures were sold by the thrifty patriots of Cromwell's Parliament, and bought in by the republican governor of the castle as "old brass." George was able, too, to add another story to the stature of the round tower or keep that marks the middle ward of the castle and looks down, on the rare occasion of a sufficiently clear atmosphere, on prosperous and no longer disloyal London. This same keep has quite a list of royal prisoners; John of France and David II. and James I. of Scotland enjoyed a prolonged view of its interior; so did the young earl of Surry, a brother-poet, a century removed, of James.

Leaving behind us the atmosphere of shackles and dungeons, we emerge, through the upper ward and the additions of Queen Bess, upon the ample terrace, where nothing bounds us but the horizon. Together, the north, east and south terraces measure some two thousand feet.



EAST FRONT, WINDSOR CASTLE.

The first looks upon Eton, the lesser park of some five hundred acres which fills a bend of the Thames and the country beyond for many miles. The eastern platform, lying between the queen's private apartments and an exquisite private garden, is not always free to visitors. The south terrace presents to the eye the Great Park of thirty-eight hundred acres, extending six miles, with a width of from half a mile to two miles. The equestrian statue at the end of the Long Walk is a conspicuous object. The prevailing mass of rolling woods is broken by scattered buildings, glades and avenues, which take from it monotony and give it life. Near the south end is an artificial pond called Virginia Water, edged with causeless arches and ruins that never were anything but ruins, Chinese temples and idle toys of various other kinds, terrestrial and aquatic. The ancient trees, beeches and elms, of enormous size, and often projected individually, are worth studying near or from a distance. The elevation is not so great as to bring out low-lying objects much removed. We see the summits of hills, each having its name, as St. Leonard's, Cooper's, Highstanding, etc., and glimpses of the river and of some country-seats. St. Anne's Hill was the home of Fox; at St. Leonard's dwelt the father of his rival and rival of his father, and

at Binfield, Pope, of whom it is so hard to conceive as having ever been young, "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," natural descriptions, ethical reflections, *vers de société* and all, for around him here there was food for them all. To descend from Pope in point of both time and romance, the view includes the scenes of Prince Albert's agricultural experiments. Quite successful many of them were. He was a thoroughly practical man—a circumstance which carried him by several routes across ploughed fields and through well-built streets, straight to the hearts of the English people. His memory is more warmly cherished, and impressed upon the stranger by more monuments, than that of any other of the German train. He possessed, through the alliance of Leopold and Stockmar and the devotion of Victoria, kingly power without the name and the responsibility, and with that he became content. He used it cautiously and well when he employed it at all. His position was a trying one, but he steered well through its difficulties, and died as generally trusted as he was at first universally watched. The love-match of 1840 was every way a success.

Another figure, more rugged and less majestic, but not less respectable, will be associated with Queen Victoria in the memories, if not the history proper, of her reign. This is John Brown, the canny and impassive Scot, content, like the Rohans, to be neither prince nor king, and, prouder



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BUILDING, WINDSOR.

than they, satisfied honestly to discharge the office of a flunkey without the very smallest trace of the flunkey spirit. He too had lived down envy and all uncharitableness. Contemptuous and serene amid the hootings of the mob and the squibs of the newspapers, he carries, as he has done for years, Her Majesty's shawl and capacious India-rubbers, attends her tramps through the Highlands and the Home Park, engineers her special trains and looks after her personal comfort even to the extent of ordering her to wear "mair claes," in a Scotch mist. The queen has embalmed him in her books, and he will rank among the heroes of royal authors as his namesake and countryman the Cameronian, by favour of very similar moral qualities, does with those, of more democratic proclivities.



EARL OF SURREY.

We cannot apply literally to the view from Windsor Thackeray's lines on "the castle towers of Bareacres":

I stood upon the donjon keep and viewed the  
country o'er;  
I saw the lands of Bareacres for fifty miles or  
more.

We scan what was once embraced in Windsor Forest, where the Norman laid his broad palm on a space a hundred and twenty miles round, and, like the lion in the fable of the hunting party, informed his subjects that that was his share. The domain dwindled, as did other royal appurtenances. Yet in 1807 the circuit was as much as seventy-seven miles. In 1789 it embraced sixty thousand acres. The process of contraction has since been accelerated, and but little remains outside of the Great and Little Parks. Several villages of little note stand upon it. Of these

Wokingham has the distinction of an ancient hostelry yclept the Rose; and the celebrity of the Rose is a beautiful daughter of the landlord of a century and a half ago. This lady missed her proper fame by the blunder of a merry party of poets who one evening encircled the mahogany of her papa. It was as "fast" a festivity as such names as Gay and Swift could make it. Their combined efforts resulted in the burlesque of *Molly Mog*. These two and some others contributed each a verse in honour of the fair waiter. But they mistook her name, and the crown fell upon the less charming brow of her sister, whose cognomen was depraved from Mary into Molly. Wiclif's Oak is pointed out as a corner of the old forest, a long way east of the park. Under its still spreading branches that forerunner of Luther is said to have preached.

In the vast assemblage of the arboreal commonwealth that carpets the landscape the centuries are represented one with another. It is a leafy parliament that has never been dissolved or prorogued. One hoary member is coeval with the Confessor. Another sheltered William Rufus, tired from the chase. Under another gathered recruits bound with Cœur de Lion for the Holy Land. Against the bole of this was set up a practicing butt for the clothyard shafts that won Agincourt, and beneath that bivouacked the pickets of Cromwell. As we look down upon their topmost leaves there floats, high above our own level, "darkly painted on the crimson sky," a member, not so old, of another commonwealth quite as ancient that has flourished among their branches from time immemorial. There flaps the solitary heron to the evening tryst of his tribe. Where is the hawk? Will he not rise from some fair wrist among the gay troop we see cantering across yonder glade? Only the addition of that little gray speck circling into the blue is needed to round off our

illusion. But it comes not. In place of it comes a spirt of steam from the railway viaduct, and the whistle of an engine. Froissart is five hundred years dead again, and we turn to Bradshaw.

Yet we have a "view of an interior" to contemplate before facing the lower Thames. And first, as the day is fading, we seek the dimmest



WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM BISHOPSGATE.

part. We dive into the crypt of the bell-tower, or the curfew-tower, that used to send far and wide to many a Saxon cottage the hateful warning that told of servitude. How old the base of this tower is nobody seems to know, nor how far back it has served as a prison. The oldest initials of state prisoners inscribed on its cells date to 1600. The walls are twelve feet thick, and must have begotten a pleasant feeling of perfect security in the breasts of the involuntary inhabitants. They did not know of a device contrived for the security of their jailors, which has but recently been discovered. This is a subterranean and subaqueous passage, alleged to lead under the river to Burnham Abbey, three miles off. The visitor will not be disposed to verify this statement or to stay long in the comparatively airy crypt. Damp as the British climate may be above ground, it is more so below. We emerge to the fine range of state apartments above, and submit to the rule of guide and guide-book.

St. George's Hall, the Waterloo gallery, the council-chamber and the Vandyck room are the most attractive, all of them for the historical portraits they contain, and the first, besides, for its merit as an example of a gothic interior and its associations with the order of the Garter, the knights of which society are installed in it. The specialty of the Waterloo room is the series of portraits of the leaders, civil and military,

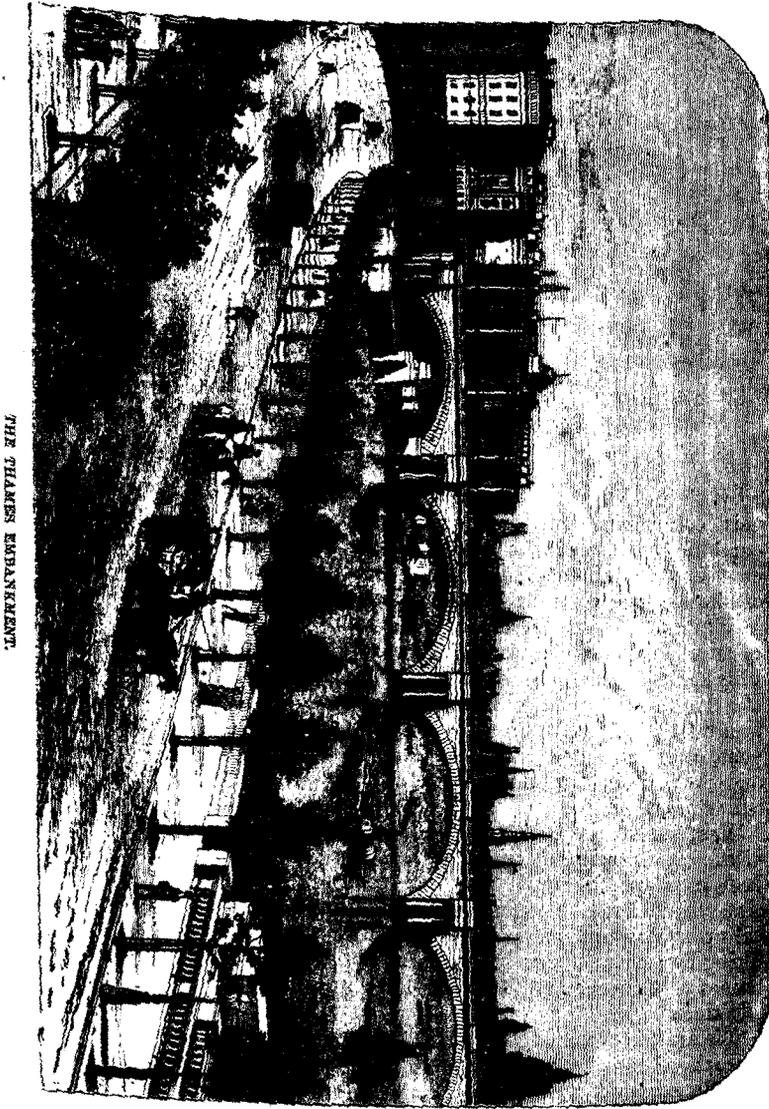


LOCK AT WINDSOR.

English and continental, of the last and successful league against Napoleon. They are nearly all by Lawrence, and of course admirable in their delineation of character. In that essential of a good portrait none of the English school have excelled Lawrence. We may rely upon the truth to nature of each of the heads before us; for air and expression accord with what history tells us of the individuals, its verdict eked out and assisted by instructive minutiae of lineament and meaning detected, in the "off guard" of private intercourse, by the eye of a great painter and lifelong student of physiognomy. We glance from the rugged Blucher to the wily Metternich, and from the philosophic Humboldt to the semi-savage Platoff. The dandies George IV. and Alexander are here, but Brummel is left out. The gem of the collection is Pius VII., Lawrence's masterpiece, widely familiar by engravings. Raphael's Julius II. seems to have been in the artist's mind, but that work is not improved on, unless in so far as the critical eye of our day may delight in the more intricate tricks of chiaroscuro and effect to which Lawrence has recourse. "Brunswick's fated chieftain" will interest the votaries of Childe Harold. Could he have looked forward to 1870, he would perhaps have chosen a different side at Waterloo, as his father might at Jena, and elected to figure in oils at Versailles rather than at Windsor. Incomparably more

destructive to the small German princes have been the Hohenzollerns than the Bonapartes.

We forget these nineteenth-century people in the council-chamber wherein reign Guido, Rembrandt, Claude, and even Da Vinci. If Leo

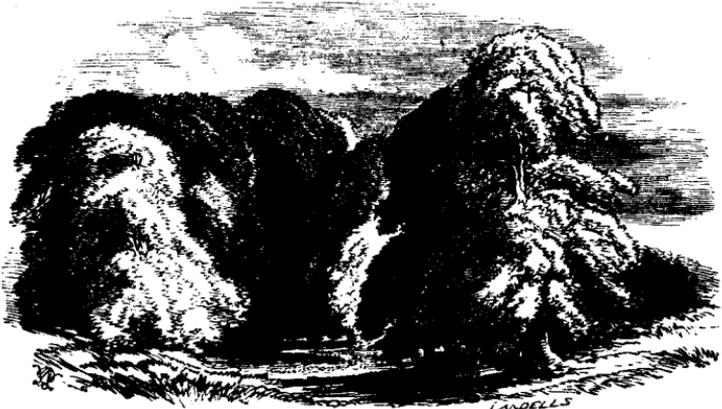


THE THAMES EMBARCMENT

nardo really executed all the canvases ascribed to him in English collections, the common impressions of his habits of painting but little, and not often finishing that, do him great injustice. Martin Luther is here, by Holbein, and the Countess of Desmond, the merry old lady

Who lived to the age of twice threescore and ten,  
And died of a fall from a cherry tree then,

is embalmed in the bloom of one hundred and twenty and the gloom of Rembrandt. The two dozen pictures in this room form nearly as odd an association as any like number of portraits could do. Guercino's



ELMS NEAR THE HERONRY.

Sibyl figures with a cottage interior by Teniers, and Lely's Prince Rupert looks down with lordly scorn on Jonah pitched into the sea by the combined efforts of the two Poussins. The link between Berghem's cows and Del Sarto's Holy Family was doubtless supplied to the minds of the hanging committee by recollections of the manger. The American painter, West, is assigned the vestibule. Five of his "ten-acre" pictures illustrate the wars of Edward III. and the Black Prince. The king's closet and the queen's closet are filled mostly by the Flemings. Vandyck's room finally finishes the list. It has, besides a portrait of himself and several more of the first Charles and his family in every pose, some such queer, or worse than queer, commoners as Tom Kiligrew and Sir Kenelm Digby and Venetia his hopeful spouse, so dear to novelists of a certain school.

Vast sums have been expended on the renovation and improvement of the castle during the past half century. With Queen Victoria it has been more popular as a residence than with any of her predecessors since the fourteenth century. What, however, with its greater practical proximity to London, due to railways, and what with the queen's liking for solitude since the death of her consort, the more secluded homes of Osborne and Balmoral have measurably superseded it in her affections.

We are far from being at the end of the upper Thames. Oxford, were there no other namable place, is beyond us. But we have explored the denser portion—the nucleus of the nebula of historic stars that stretches into the western sky as seen from the metropolis. We lay aside our little lorgnette. It has shown us as much as we can map in these pages, and that we have endeavoured to do with at least the merit of accuracy.

E. C. B.

## ROXY.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

## CHAPTER IV.

## ELECTIONEERING.

"MARK," said the major, in a tone of paternal authority, and after long and deliberate chewing of his quid of tobacco, "ef it hadn't been for me, explaining and mollifying things and the like, you would have set all Rocky Fork ag'inst you. Why, Jim McGowan was bilin' mad. You mus'n't look at purty faces and the like too long, ef you mean to be a member this winter. A man like you owes somethin' to himself and—and his country and the like, now, you know. Hey?"

Mark was in no mood now to receive this remonstrance. In the cool gray dawning of the morning, when the excitement of the night had passed off, there came to him a sense of having played the fool. A man never bears to be told that he has made a fool of himself, when he knows it beforehand.

"Major Lathers," retorted Mark, stiffly, "I didn't bring you along for a guardian. I'll have you know that I can take care of myself in this canvass. If I choose to enjoy myself for a few hours dancing with a pretty girl, what harm is it?"

"If you was to be beat, and the like, now, you know, by about six votes, you'd find out that folks as dances has to pay the blackest kind of nigger-fiddlers sometimes with compound interest and damages and costs, and sich like, all added in and multiplied. Don't let's you and me git into no squabble, nur nothin,' like Cain and Abel did in Paradise. I don't want to be no gardeen, nur the like, to no such rapid-goin' youth as you. Risk's too big, you know. You've got book-learnin', and you can speechify, now, you know, but fer whackin' about the bushes and the likes, ole Tom Lathers is hard to get ahead of. You shoot sharp at long range and off-hand. I clap my hands every time you shoot. But I pick up the votes and salt 'em down fer winter use and the like. Now, I think we better keep pards till election's over, anyhow. Ef you want to quarrel afterward, w'y go in, that's all; and I'm on hand. I done what I could to keep Rocky Fork from gittin' on a freshet last night, and if you go back on me now, it'll be ungrateful, and we'll both be beat all to thunder and the like."

With these words the breach was healed for the time, but Mark was sulky all that day.

A few days after the dance at Rocky Fork, Mark had an opportunity to retrieve his fortunes by making one of his taking speeches at the Republican meeting-house only a few miles away from Kirtley's, but in a neighbourhood much more friendly to the Whig candidate. This Republican meeting-house had been built as a union church, in which all denominations were to worship by turns. But, in 1840, sectarian spirit ran too high for the lion and the lamb to lie down together. The Episcopal Methodists had quarreled with the Radicals, or Methodist Protestants, about the use of the church on the second and fourth Sundays in the month, while the Hardshells, or Anti-means Baptists had attempted to drive the Regular Baptists out of the morning hour, and the Two-seed Baptists and the Free-wills, had complicated the matter, and the New Lights and the Adventists and the Disciples were bound also to assist in the fight. The result was that the benches had been carried off first by one party, then by another, and there had been locks and padlocks innumerable broken from the door. So that the visionary experiment of a Republican meeting-house in a country where popular education was in its infancy and sectarian strife at its worst, had only resulted in teaching these militant Christians the arts of burglary and sacrilege. The Whigs and Democrats, however, managed to use the much-damaged church for political meetings without coming to blows over it. On this occasion Bonamy was to have a discussion with his opponent, the Democratic candidate for representative, one Henry Hardin. But, as Hardin had no gift for speech-making, while Mark had, there could be no doubt of the issue.

The Democrats for the most part came out in surly anticipation of defeat, but old Enoch Jackson, the wire-puller for the party in that part of the country, shook his head significantly and gave the "boys" to understand that "he knew somethin' or 'nother that would make the Whigs squirm." And it was passed round from one to another that "old Nuck had somethin' in his head." So the Democrats marched into the meeting with an unterrified air.

Mark Bonamy felt very sure of success. He was to make the last speech, and Major Lathers assured his Whig friends that when Hardin was through with his speech, young Bonamy would chaw him all up and the like, now, you know. Hardin had, however, been carefully "coached" for the occasion and he made a fair argument of the heavier sort, against the National Bank, against internal improvements by the general government, and especially in favour of free trade, spicing his remarks, which were delivered in a loud, monotonous tone, with many appeals to the popular prejudice against the Federalists, of whom, it was claimed,

the Whigs were lineal descendants. At proper intervals in the speech, which was of uniform heaviness, Enoch Jackson would bring his heavy, well-oiled boot down upon the floor, whereupon his trained partisans followed his lead with energetic applause, which gave the exhausted orator time to breathe and to take a sip of water, while it also served to give an appearance of vivacity to the speech. But Bonamy felt himself able to brush away the effect of Hardin's speech with a dozen telling hits delivered in his magnetic manner.

As soon, therefore, as Hardin had ceased, Mark rose and began in his most conciliatory and vote-winning fashion :

"Fellow-citizens of Brown Township: I want to say in the beginning that it is with no animosity to Democrats that I rise to address you. I hurraed for the hero of New Orleans when I was a boy. Here are the men who voted for my father. I have no unfriendly feeling toward them, I assure you."

"You're a turn-coat," cried one of the young men. But this was what Bonamy wanted. Contradiction was his foil.

"I am a turn-coat, am I?" he cried in a burst of indignation. "I will show you whether I am a turn-coat or not. Where did I learn the principle of protection? From General Jackson himself, as I will proceed to show."

But at this point everybody's attention was drawn to a storm of oaths coming from two voices without the door.

"You lie, you——scoundrel. I'll lick you within an inch of your life if you say another word."

The voice was Jim McGowan's, and Major Lathers, knowing at once that mischief was intended, closed the door just as the other voice cried :

"You dassent tech me with your little finger, you cussed coward you."

"Fellow-citizens," resumed Mark, "I have been called a turn-coat, now I——"

"Le' go of me," Jim McGowan was heard to say. "I kin kill Sam Peters the best day he ever saw. Le' go of me, I say."

"Le' go of him," cried Peters. "I'll spile his pro-file fer him."

Within there was confusion. Only Enoch Jackson appeared entirely quiet and really anxious to hear what Bonamy had to say. The rest would rather have seen a fight than to have heard the best speaker in the world.

"I have been called a turn-coat," resumed Mark, "and I want to——"

But here the cries out-of-doors indicated that the two had broken loose from their friends and were about to have a "stand-up fight." This was too much for the audience. It was of no use for Mark to say "Fellow-citizens." The fellow-citizens were already forming a ring

around Sam Peters and Jim McGowan, who, on their parts, had torn off their shirts and stood stripped for the fight, which for some reason they delayed, in spite of their vehement protestations of eagerness for it. Bonamy was left with no auditors but Major Lathers, Enoch Jackson, who looked at him innocently, and his opponent, who sat decorously waiting for him to proceed.

When Mark desisted from speaking, Enoch Jackson's triumph was complete, but he set out to walk home with the gravity of a statesman. Mark, however, did not give up the battle easily. He called in Whig justice into the church, swore out a writ against Peters and McGowan, and helped to arrest them with his own hands. This prompt action saved him from the ignominy of entire defeat, but it was too late to save the day. By the time the participants in this sham battle had paid their fines, the day had so far waned that it was impossible to rally the audience to listen to any further speaking.

Lathers did not say anything to Mark as they rode away. Bonamy was in continual expectation of a reprimand for his folly in running after "purty girls and the like." But Lathers knew that Mark needed no further rebuke.

From that time until the day of election Bonamy gave his whole heart to the canvass, and his taking speeches and insinuating manners enabled him in some degree to retrieve the error he had committed. It was only on the very last day of that exciting campaign that he ventured to turn aside on his way home and ask for a drink of water at old Gid Kirtley's fence, loitering half an hour without dismounting, while Nancy Kirtley, on the other side of the fence, made Mark forget her foolish talk by shifting from one attitude to another so as to display face and figure to the best advantage. Only the necessity for reaching Luzerne that evening in time for "the grand rally" with which the canvass closed, could have persuaded the dazzled young man to cut short the interview. This he found hard of accomplishment, the bewitching siren using all her endeavour to detain him. It was only by sacrificing a watch-seal of no great value upon which he saw her covetous eyes fastened, that he succeeded in disentangling himself. He swore at himself half the way to Luzerne for his "devilish imprudence" in giving her the trinket. But a hopeful temperament brought him peace after a while, and he made a most effective appeal to the Whigs at Luzerne to "rally" round the hero of Tippecanoe.

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## CHAPTER V.

## ELECTION DAY.

You have often wondered, no doubt, why men should make a business of politics. There is, of course, the love of publicity and power; but, with the smaller politicians, this hardly accounts for the eagerness with which they give themselves to a business so full of toil, rudeness, and anxiety. I doubt not the love of combat and the love of hazard lie at the root of this fascination. This playing the desperate stake of a man's destiny against another man's equal risk, must be very exciting to him who has the impulse and the courage of a gamester.

The grand rally of each party had been held in the village of Luzerne, and other rallies not so grand had been rallied at all the other places in the country. It was at last the morning of the election day. Politicians awoke from troubled slumbers with a start. I fancy election day must be hard on the candidate: there is so little for him to do. The whippers-in are busy enough, each at his place, but the candidate can only wait till night-fall. And all the while he is conscious that men are observing him, ready to note the slightest symptom of uneasiness. With all this, under the ballot system, he must remain in entire ignorance of the state of the poll until the election is concluded.

On that first Monday in the August of 1840, the town was thronged with people by seven o'clock. The old politicians voted silently early in the morning. Then came the noisy crowd who could not vote without swearing and quarrelling. There were shouts for "Little Van," and cries of "Hurrah for Tippecanoe," for, though the presidential election came months later, the state elections would go far toward deciding the contest by the weight of their example.

At midday, when the crowd was greatest, old Bob Harwell, a soldier of the Revolution, who had managed to live to an advanced age, by dint of persistent drunkenness and general worthlessness, was drawn to the polls in a carriage amid deafening cheers for the veteran, from the Whigs. The old man appreciated the dramatic position. Presenting his ballot with a trembling hand, he lifted his hat and swung it feebly round his head.

"Boys," he cried, in a quavering, mock-heroic voice, "I fit under General Washi'ton, an' I voted fer him, an' now I've voted fer General Harrison," (the old man believed that he had), "and if the hero of Tippecanoe is elected, I want to die straight out and be the fust one to go to heaven and tell Washi'ton that General Harrison's elected! Hurrah!"

"You'll be a mighty long while a-gittin' thar, you old sinner," cried one of the Democrats.

The old Swiss settlers and their descendants voted the Democratic ticket, probably from a liking to the name of the party. It is certain that they knew as little as their American fellow-citizens about the questions of finance which divided the two parties. After the Revolution relic had departed, there came an old Frenchman—one Pierre Larousse—who was commonly classed with the Swiss on account of his language, but who voted with the Whigs.

"W'at for you vote the W'ig tidget, eh?" cried out David Croissant, one of the older Swiss. "You are a turn-goat, to come to Ameriky an' not pe a damograt. *Sac-à-papier! Entrailles de poules!*"

"*Sac-r-r-ré diable!*" burst out Larousse. "You dinks I is durn-goat. I dinks you lies one varee leetle pit. By gare! I nayvare pe a damograt. I see 'nough of damograts. *Sac-r-r-ré!* I leef in Paree. Robespierre vas a damograt. I hafe to veel of my head avairy morning to see eef it vas nod shop off. I no likes your damograts. Doo much plud. I likes my head zave and zound, eh? By gare! *Quel sacré imbecile!*"

It was with some difficulty that the Swiss Democrat and the French Whig were restrained from following their stout French oaths with stouter blows.

With such undignified accompaniments and interludes did the American citizen of that day perform the freeman's "kingliest act" of voting. The champion fighter of the western end of the county cheerfully accepted "a dare" from the champion fighter from the eastern end of the county, and the two went outside of the corporation line, and in the shade of the beautiful poplars on the river-bank pummeled each other in a friendly way until the challenger, finding that his antagonist had entirely stopped respiration, was forced to "hollow calf-ropes," that is, to signify by gestures that he was beaten.

Night came, and with it more drinking, noise, and fighting, filling up the time till the returns should come in. After nine o'clock, horsemen came galloping in, first by one road and then by another, bringing news from country precincts. On the arrival of the messenger, there was always a rush of the waiting idlers to that part of the public square between the court-house door and the town-pump. Here the tidings were delivered by the messengers and each party cheered in turn as the news showed that the victory wavered first to one side and then to the other. The Democrats became excited when they found that the county, which always had been a "stronghold," might possibly be carried by the Whigs. It was to them the first swash of the great opposition wave that swept the followers of Jackson from their twelve years' hold on the government.

In the first returns, Bonamy ran a few votes ahead of his ticket, and

his friends were sure of his election. But to Mark there was a fearful waiting for the punishment of his sins. His flirtation with Nancy Kirtley did not seem half so amusing to him now that in a close election he began to see that Rocky Fork might put back the fulfilment of his ambition for years. Paying the fiddler is a great stimulus to the pricks of conscience.

When the returns from the Rocky Fork precincts were read, Mark was astonished to hear that where nearly every vote was Democratic, his friend, Major Lathers, had received twenty-five votes. His own vote in the same poll was precisely one. This must have been cast by old Gid Kirtley. Every other man in the Fork was his enemy. When the adjacent voting-places in Brown Township came to be heard from through the mud-bespattered messengers who had ridden their raw-boned steeds out of breath for the good of their country, Mark caught a little glimpse of the adroit hand of Lathers. He had lost twenty-four Whig votes to offset the twenty-five Democratic votes which Lathers received. There had then been a system of "trading off." This is what Lathers had been doing, while he, like a fool, had been dancing attendance on "that confounded Nancy Kirtley," as he now called her in his remorseful soliloquies.

At ten o'clock the two remote townships—York and Posey—were yet to be heard from. The whole case was to be decided by them. It was still uncertain whether the Whigs or the Democrats had carried the county; but there was little hope that the two towns, usually Democratic, would give Whig majority enough to elect Bonamy. Meantime, the crowd were discussing the returns from Tanner Township. What made Bonamy fall so far behind? When the story of the dance began to be circulated, there was much derision of Mark's weakness and much chuckling over the shrewdness by which Major Lathers had made it serve his turn. But Lathers was quite unwilling to confess that he had betrayed his friend. When asked about his increased vote, he declared that "the dog-law and the likes done the business."

As the time wore on toward eleven, the impatient crowd moved to the upper part of the town, where they would intercept the messenger from York and Posey. Here, under the locusts in front of a little red building used as a hatter's shop, they stood awaiting the vote that was to decide the awful question of the choice of six or eight petty officers—a question which seemed to the excited partisans one of supreme moment.

All at once the horse's feet were heard splashing through mud and water. Everybody watches eagerly to see whether it be a Whig or a Democrat who rides, for, as is the messenger, so is his message.

"Hurray for York and Posey!"

Mark, who is in the crowd, notes that it is the voice of Dan Hoover.

the Whig ringleader in York. The voters surround him and demand the returns, for the Democrats still hope that Bonamy is beaten. But they can get but one reply from the messenger, who swings his hat and rises in his saddle to cry :

“ Hurray for York and Posey ! ”

“ Well, what about York and Posey, Hoover ? We want to know,” cries Mark, who can bear the suspense no longer. But Hoover is crazed with whiskey and can give no intelligible account of the election in York and Posey. He responds to every question by rising in his stirrups, swinging his hat and bellowing out :

“ Hurray for York and Posey, I say ! ”

After half an hour of futile endeavour to extract anything more definite from him, Mark hit upon an expedient.

“ I say, Dan, come over to Dixon’s and get a drink, you’re getting hoarse.”

This appeal touched the patriotic man. Mark got the spell of iteration broken and persuaded Hoover to give him a memorandum which he carried in his pocket, and which read :

“ York gives 19 majority for the Whig ticket,  
Posey gives 7 majority for the same,  
Bonamy a little ahead of the ticket.”

This indicated Mark’s election. But he did not sleep soundly until two days later, when the careful official count gave him a majority of thirteen.

With this favourable result his remorse for having cheated poor Jim McGowan out of his sweetheart became sensibly less, though he laid away some maxims of caution for himself, as that he must not run such risks again. He was not bad, this Mark Bonamy. He was only one of those men whose character was not hardened. He was like a shifting sand-bank that lay open on all sides to the water ; every rise and fall or change of direction in the current of influence went over him. There are men not bad who may come to do very bad things from mere impressibility. He was not good, but should he chance to be seized by some power strong enough to master him, he might come to be good. Circumstances, provided they are sufficiently severe, may even harden such negatives into fixed character, either good or bad, after a while. But in Mark’s present condition, full of exuberant physical life and passion, with quick perceptions, a lively imagination, ambitious vanity, a winning address and plenty of *bonhomme*, it was a sort of pitch and toss between devil and guardian angel for possession.

Set it down to his credit that he had kept sober on this election night. His victory indeed was not yet sure enough to justify a rejoicing which



"HURRAY FOR YORK AND POSEY."

might prove to be premature. Drunkenness, moreover, was not an inherent tendency with Bonamy. If he now and then drank too much, it was not from hereditary hunger for stimulant, much less from a gluttonous love of the pleasures of gust. The quickened sense of his imprudence in the matter of the dance at Rocky Fork had a restraining effect upon him on election day. At any rate, he walked home at midnight with no other elation than that of having carried the election; and even this joy was moderated by a fear that the official count might yet overthrow his victory. It was while walking in this mood of half-exultation that Bonamy overtook Roxy Adams and her friend Twonnet, just in the shadow of the silent steam-mill.

"Good-evening, or good-morning, I declare I don't know which to say," he laughed as he came upon them. "You haven't been waiting for election returns, have you?"

"Have you heard, Mark? are you elected?" inquired Roxy, with an eagerness that flattered Bonamy.

"Yes, I am elected, but barely," he replied. "But what on earth are you girls taking a walk at midnight for? I'll bet Roxy's been sitting up somewhere."

"Yes," said the mischievous Twonnet, whose volatile spirits could not be damped by any circumstances, "of course we've been sitting up, since we haven't gone to bed. It doesn't take a member of the legislature to tell that, Honorable Mr. Bonamy."

This sort of banter from his old school-mate was very agreeable. Mark liked to have his new dignity aired even in jest, and in a western village where a native is never quite able to shed his Christian name, such freedoms are always enjoyed.

"But where have you been?" asked Mark, as he walked along with them.

"Up at Haz Kirtley's. His baby died about an hour ago," said Roxy "and I sent for Twonnet to tell them how to make a shroud. She understands such things, you know."

"That's just what I am good for," put in Twonnet, "I never thought of that before. I knew that nothing was made in vain. There ought to be one woman in a town that knows how to make shrouds for dead people. That's me. But Roxy—I'll tell you what she's good for," continued the enthusiastic Swiss girl with great vivacity; "she keeps people out of shrouds. I might put up a sign, Mark, and let it read: 'Antoinette Lefauve, Shroud-maker.' How does that sound?"

"Strangers never would believe that you were the person meant," said Mark. "One sight of your face would make them think you had never seen a corpse. Besides, you couldn't keep from laughing at a funeral, Twonnet, you know you couldn't."

"I know it," she said, and her clear laugh burst forth at the thought. "I giggled to-night right over that poor dead baby, and I could 'a' whipped myself for it, too. You see, Haz Kirtley's sister was there. Haz is ignorant enough, but his sister—oh my!" and Twonnet paused to laugh again.

"Oh, don't Twonnet,—don't laugh so," said Roxy. "I declare I can't get over that poor child's sufferings and its mother's scream when she saw it was dead. I used to think low people of that sort hadn't any feeling, but they have. That sister of Haz's is an ignorant girl, and I don't like her much, but she *is* beautiful."

"She's the prettiest creature I ever saw," said Twonnet. "But when she looked at me so solemnly out of her large, bright eyes, and told me that she knew the baby must die, 'bekase the screech-owl hollered and the dog kep' up sich a yowlin' the livelong night,' I thought *I'd* die."

Mark could make but little reply to this. He had not thought of any kinship between Haz Kirtley the drayman, and Nancy Kirtley a dozen miles away on Rocky Fork. Had Nancy come to town to-day to be his Nemesis? He heartily wished he had never seen her. Without suspecting the true state of the case, Twonnet was seized with an uncontrollable impulse to tease.

"By the way, Mark," she began again, "while I was cutting out the shroud, Nancy Kirtley told me in confidence that she knew you well. She spoke of you as though you were a very particular friend, indeed."

"A candidate has to be everybody's very particular friend," said Mark, in a tone of annoyance, thinking of the seal he had given away the day before.

"She said you couldn't trot a reel very well, though," persisted Twonnet. "She claims to have danced with you all night, and she ought to know."

"Pshaw!" said Mark. "What a yarn!"

The evident vexation of Bonamy delighted Twonnet.

"Poor old Mr. White!" interrupted Roxy, who wished to make a diversion in Mark's favour. "There's his candle burning yet. They say he hasn't been able to sleep without it for twenty years. It must be an awful thing to have such a conscience."

Something in Mark's mood made him feel in an unreasonable way that this allusion to Mr. White's conscience was a thrust at himself. White was an old man who had shot and killed a man in a street affray, many years before, when the territory of Indiana was yet new and lawless, but the old man from that day had never closed his eyes to sleep without a light in his room.

They had now reached the little gate in the paling fence in front of Twonnet Lefaire's home, and Mark was glad to bid the vivacious tease

good-night, and to walk on with Roxy, whose house lay a little further away in the direction of his own home. Now that Twonnet was out of sight his complacency had returned ; but he was quite in the mood to-night to wish to live better, and he confided to Roxy his purpose to "turn over a new leaf," the more readily since he knew that she would cordially approve it, and approval was what he craved now more than anything else.

Besides, Roxy was the saint of the town. In a village nobody has to wait long to find a "mission." He who can do anything well is straightway recognised, and his vocations are numerous. The woman who has a genius for dress is forthwith called in consultation at all those critical life-and-death moments when dresses are to be made for a wedding, an infare, or a funeral. And the other woman whose touch is tender, magnetic and life-giving, is asked to "set up" with the sick in all critical cases. Such a one was Roxy Adams. The gift of helpfulness was born in her ; and to possess the gift of helpfulness is to be mortgaged to all who need.

That night Roxy climbed the steep stairs to her room, and went to bed without writing in her diary. When one's heart is full, one is not apt to drop a plummet line into it ; and now Roxy was happy in the reaction which helpfulness brings—for an angel can never make other people as happy as the angel is. And she was pleased that Mark had carried the election, and pleased to think that perhaps she had "dropped a word in season" that might do him good.

And while the innocent-hearted girl was praying for him, Mark was inwardly cursing the day he had met Nancy Kirtley, and resolving to cut her acquaintance, by degrees.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### A GENRE PIECE.

WHITTAKER was one of those people who take offence gradually. Adams's rude remarks about preachers had rankled in him. The first day after he made up his mind that it was offensive. In two or three days he concluded that he would not visit the keen-witted but aggressive shoemaker again until some apology should be made. By the time the election was over he doubted whether he ought to greet Mr. Adams on the street if he should chance to meet him. At least he would let his crusty friend make the first advance.

Now Adams was penitent for his rudeness even while he was being rude ; it was an involuntary ferocity. He had regretted the words be-

fore he uttered them. He knew that he ought to apologize, but he must do even that by contraries. Meeting the minister one afternoon, right at the town pump, he stationed himself so as to block Whittaker's path, bowed, smiled grimly, and then came out with :

"Mr. Whittaker, you and I had some sharp words in our discussions about good old Henry VIII., the last time you were at my house. You haven't been there since, and you haven't been in the shop, either. It occurs to me that may be you said something on that occasion for which you would like to apologize. If so, you now have an opportunity."

This was said with such droll, mock-earnestness, that Whittaker could not but laugh.

"Of course I will apologize, Mr. Adams," he said, not without emphasis on the pronoun.

"And I," said the other, lifting himself up as if to represent the height of his own magnanimity,—“and I will freely forgive you. Come and see me to-night. I haven't had a human soul to quarrel with since you were there before, except Roxy, and she won't quarrel back worth a cent. Now the old score's wiped out and we've settled Blue-beard and his wives, come 'round to-night and abuse me about something else."

"I'll come this very evening," said Whittaker.

"Now?"

"No; this evening."

"Oh! you're a confirmed Yankee," said Adams. "Why, it's evening now. After supper' we call it night. Come, let's reconcile the confusion of tongues. Come to supper. I suppose you call it tea. Come, we'll teach you English if you live in these wild heathen parts long. Now I've made up, I am aching to quarrel, I tell you."

Mr. Whittaker made some feeble resistance. But the village society was so insipid that he found in himself a yearning for the stimulant conversation of the paradoxical Adams. It was a relief to talk with somebody who did not give an *ex officio* deference to a minister's opinion. Perhaps there was an unconscious inclination to see Roxy again, but this did not come into the category of admitted reasons for eating supper with the shoe-maker.

When Roxy saw Mr. Whittaker coming home with her father, she put hat upon the reluctant Bobo and sent him home. Then she began to "fly around," as the western phrase is, to get a supper "fit for a preacher." If Mr. Whittaker had been observant of trifles he might have foretold the character of the supper, for the "company supper," among the better families in a western town did not vary much. There was commonly fried chicken in a rich gravy made with cream: there was strong coffee with plenty of loaf-sugar and cream; there might be

"preserves" of apple, or peach, or quince, of a tempting transparency, and smothered with cream ; and then there were generally hot biscuits of snowy whiteness, or some of those wonderful "corn batter-cakes," which dwellers north of the great corn belt have never tasted. Western housekeepers are all Marthas. They feel obliged to "put themselves about," as the Scotch say, when they have company. And so Roxy got out the old china tea-pot and sugar-bowl which had come down from her grandmother, divers parts of handles, lids and spouts having suffered those accidents which china is heir to, and been judiciously mended with cement. There were yet three tea-cups and two saucers of the old set left. The cups had dainty handles and were striped and flowered with gilt. She served the two saucers to her guest and her father, while she was forced to use a china cup with a saucer which did not match. I may add in digression that table manners were not the same then and there as now and here. Then one must not drink from the cup, but only from the saucer, into which the coffee was poured to cool. Such loose food as could not be eaten with an old-fashioned steel fork with two tines was gracefully and daintily shoveled into the mouth with the knife, but it was *de rigueur* that the knife should be presented with the back towards the lips. The little sauce-dishes even yet work their way slowly into use upon that latitude. In Philadelphia itself, I find some people to-day putting everything upon one plate. But when "preserves" were eaten with cream, as here, at Roxy's table, they were taken from a saucer.

Supper over, the minister and the shoe-maker fell into a dispute of course, and as Whittaker persisted in exasperating Adams by his politeness, and especially by his down-east interrogative of "what say?" when he did not comprehend the drift of his companion's remark, the rudeness of the shoe-maker might have grown as pronounced as it had been before, if a kindly chance had not made a break in the talk. Old Tom Roberts—or, as the people would pronounce it, "Robberds"—had brought a load of unpressed hay to town, and having stood all day upon the street without finding a purchaser, had resolved in sheer despair to make a virtue of a necessity, and get rid of his hay by paying a long standing debt for a pair of boots. The opportunity to collect such a debt was not to be missed, and Adams found it necessary to forego the company of his guest while he should stow away the hay in the mow, as Roberts pitched it off the waggon.

But Roxy, to make amends for her father's absence, hurried through with her work, and when she had cleared away the "supper things," sat down in the sitting-room. There was an old-fashioned fire-place stuffed full of great green asparagus bushes now, to hide its black walls. Above was the mantel-piece, over which hung a common print of "Washing-

ton crossing the Delaware." In one corner stood the tall clock, whose loud, steady, sixty beats to the minute was typical of the way in which time passed in those unprogressive days. There is a characteristic pertness and unsteadiness about the ticking of clocks nowadays—sharp-set, jerky things, with brass inside.

Roxy lit a candle and set it upon the round centre-table of cherry-wood which stood in the middle of the floor, which was covered with bright new rag-carpet ; and then, while Whittaker sat in the red, gilt-striped, rocking arm-chair, she sat upon a straight-back, splint-bottom rocker, swaying herself to and fro as she knitted and talked. A malediction on the evil genius who invented knitting-machines ! There never was any accompaniment to talk like the click of knitting-needles. The employment of the fingers gives relief from all nervousness, gives excuse for all silence, gives occasion for droopings of the eyes, while it does not in fact preoccupy the mind at all. And then, I will forever maintain with sweet Charles Lamb, that there is no light like candle-light ; it gives the mixed light and shadow so much prized by the old painters. Indeed, Roxy looked like a figure out of an ancient picture, as she sat there with the high lights brought out by the soft illumination of the candle, and with her background of visible obscurity. Hers was not what you would call a handsome face, in the physical sense. There was no sensuous beauty of red lips and softly rounded cheeks. But it was indeed a very extraordinary face, full of passionate ideality, and with high enthusiasms shining through it. I have seen an emblematic face in an illuminated title to the Gospel of Matthew that was full of a quiet, heavenly joy, as though there were good tidings within, ever waiting to be told. This pure gladness there was in Roxy as she looked up now and then from her knitting. It was such a face as a master would have loved to paint, and would have worshiped after he had painted it. So it seemed to Whittaker, as he sat on one side of the table trying to guess which it was of all the saints he had seen in old prints that she was like. His eye took in the mantel-piece and the old clock in the corner, almost lost in the shadow, and, though he was not an artist, the sentiment of the picture moved him deeply.

Like most men who have lived bookish lives, Whittaker thought it needful to adapt his speech to the feminine understanding. He began talking to Roxy of her father, her garden, her chickens, her friends ; but to all of his remarks or inquiries upon these subjects Roxy answered half absently. The minister was puzzled by this, and while he debated what course was best, the conversation flagged and an awkward silence ensued, which was presently broken by Roxy asking him what he thought of the experiences of President Edwards's wife.

Mr. Whittaker started a little. What did a village girl, and a Me-

thodist at that, know of the experience of Jonathan Edwards's wife ? This then was the ground on which she was to meet him—not chicken, or gardens, or girls, or beaus ! From the experiences of Mrs. Edwards Roxy passed to the saints in the Methodist calendar—to Mrs. Fletcher, the lady preacher, to Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, who accepted banishment to her mother's kitchen as a penalty for her piety, and thence to Lady Huntington, who was better known to Whittaker. The minister listened with wonder as her face glowed with sympathetic enthusiasm, and thought he detected the latent ambition to be such a saint as these. He was a New Englander, and the training of a quieter school of religion had its place with him, but all the more did he wonder at finding in the heart of this imaginative girl an altar on which was burning so bright a flame of mystical devotion. He noticed then that in that face illuminated from within, there was something about the set of the lip that indicated a great endurance of purpose. This mysticism might come to be more than a sentiment.

Mr. Adams came back again after a while and started a discussion on the merits of Napoleon Bonaparte, in which Mr. Whittaker ought to have been much interested. But somehow he did not now care anything about the justice or injustice of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, and all the rasping paradoxes which the contradictory shoemaker could put forth failed to arouse in him any spirit of contradiction. For Roxy had by this time put down her knitting and was passing in and out of the room attending to her household duties, and the preacher had come to feel that somehow the red-and-yellow striped rag-carpet, and the old clock and the splint-bottom chairs, were made lovely by her presence. He watched her as she came in and went out, and wondered as he had often wondered before at that look of gladness in her face. He heard Mr. Adams say something about Bonaparte's being the one man in modern times who understood that the people needed to be governed. But what did he care for Bonaparte, or for modern times ? Here was a saint—a very flesh and blood saint. A plague on all Bonapartes and garrulous shoemakers !

And so the conversation lagged. The preacher was dull. He fell to agreeing in an imbecile fashion with everything Adams said. The latter, in sheer despair, vehemently asserted that Napoleon did right to divorce Josephine, to which Mr. Whittaker agreed, not awaking from his absent mood until he saw the look of surprise in Roxy's face. Then he stammered :

“ Oh, I didn't know ; what was I saying ? What was your remark ? I'm afraid I did not understand it. I thought you said Bonaparte did right to marry Josephine.”

“ No ; to divorce her,” said Adams. “ You are not well to-night ? ”

"No, not very, —pretty well though for me; but excuse me, I didn't mean to agree with you about divorce. I think Bonaparte showed himself an atrocious scoundrel in that whole affair."

"Oh, you do, do you?" cried the other, pleased that he had at last started the game from cover. But when he ended a new eulogy upon Bonaparte and divorce, and waited for another reply, Mr. Whittaker was engaged in comparing a silhouette portrait of Roxy's mother which hung near the clock, with the profile of Roxy, who stood at the window looking under the half-raised curtain at the crescent moon bravely sailing its little boat through a blue sea beset with great, white, cloud-bergs against which it seemed ever about to go to wreck. When Mr. Adams found that his companion was not in the least interested in that "splendid prodigy" which had "towered among us wrapped in the solitude of his own originality," he gave up in despair and waited in the vain hope that the other would start something which might offer a better chance for contradiction. The minister, feeling embarrassed by his own inattentiveness, soon excused himself and bade Roxy and her father good-night. Once out of the house he strolled absently through the common, then back into the town, under the shadow of the trees, to his home in the house of Twonnet Lefaire's father.

The Swiss in that day held rigidly to Presbyterianism—that is to say the few who were religious at all, attended the Presbyterian church. While they held it to be a deep and eternal disgrace for a Swiss to be anything but a Presbyterian, most of them, like Twonnet's father, did not much like a Presbyterianism which forbade them to hunt and fish on Sunday or to drink good wine. It was not so in the old country, they declared.

But Twonnet's mother was a Presbyterian truly devout, and the minister had sought board in a Swiss family that he might improve his French pronunciation. Mrs. Lefaire let him in on this evening with a cordial "*Bon soir*," and a volley of inquiries beginning with "*Pourquoi*," and relating to his reasons for not telling them that he was going out to tea. But when she saw by the minister's puzzled look that he only half understood her rapidly spoken French, she broke into a good-natured laugh and began to talk in English with real Swiss volubility and vivacity. Whittaker answered as best he could in his absent frame of mind, and soon managed to evade the hail-storm of the good woman's loquacity by bidding the family good-night and ascending to his room. He essayed, like a faithful and regular man that he was, to read a chapter in the Bible before going to bed, but he sat near the west window and kept looking off the book, at the moon now swimming low through the cloud-breakers near the western horizon. And he wondered what Roxy could have been thinking of when she was looking at the sky. He gave

up the book presently and knit his brow. It was not love but finance that engaged his thoughts. How might an honourable man marry while his salary consisted chiefly of a pittance of two hundred dollars a year which the Home Missionary Society allowed him as a stipend for founding a feeble Presbyterian church in a village already blessed with a Baptist church and a Methodist—and that when the young man owed a debt of five hundred dollars incurred in getting his education, toward the liquidation of which he could manage now to put by just twenty-five dollars a year? This question puzzled him and rendered him abstracted while he was at his prayers; it kept him awake until long, long after the moon's shallop had made safe harbour behind the hills.

Roxy was not kept awake: she only delayed long enough to read her Bible and pray and to enter in her diary:

“Had a very refreshing conversation this evening with Mr. Whittaker about the remarkable experiences of Mrs. Edwards, and the holy lives of Lady Huntington, Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Fletcher. Oh, that the Lord would prepare me to do and suffer for Him in the same spirit!”

The outer form of this entry was borrowed no doubt from the biographies she read. But the spirit was Roxy's own.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### TWONNET.

MR. WHITTAKER carefully abstained from going often to Mr. Adams' after the evening of his conversation with Roxy. For at the breakfast table next morning Twonnet had turned the conversation to her friend. She spoke seriously,—as seriously as *she* could,—but there was mischief lurking in the twinkle of her black eyes as she praised Roxy and watched Mr. Whittaker's face, which was paler than usual this morning. Her Swiss tongue must go about something, and nothing excited her enthusiasm more than the virtues of Roxy Adams.

“She's perfection,” said Twonnet with moderation. “She's just perfection, Mr. Whittaker, and nothing less.”

“She seems a very nice girl indeed,” said the minister guardedly; but his reserve only amused Twonnet all the more, for now she laughed that clear, ringing laugh that is characteristic of Swiss girls; while every brown curl on her head shook.

“*Qu'as-tu?*” said her father, reproachfully.

“Oh, let her laugh, Mr. Lefaire,” said Whittaker; “Twonnet's fun is always good-natured; but to save my life I couldn't tell what she is laughing at.”

"Because you said that Roxy was a very nice person, Mr. Whittaker. You could almost say that of me now, and I am nobody along side of Roxy; nobody but a——"

"A giggler," said the mother with a quiet chuckle, the wrinkles about the corners of her eyes showing plainly that she had been what Twonnet was then. For a hearty chuckle is the old age of a giggle.

"I tell you what, Mr. Whittaker," said Twonnet, sipping her coffee and looking at the minister under her eyebrows, "Roxy is the kind of a person that people put in books. She is a Protestant saint; *Saint Roxy*, how would that sound?" This last was half soliloquy. "Roxy is the kind of person that would feel obliged to anybody who would give her a chance to be a martyr."

"*Toinette*," said the father, shaking his head, "*tais-toi!*" He was annoyed now because the younger children, seeing that Twonnet meant mischief, began to laugh.

"I'm not saying any harm," replied the daring girl, with roguish solemnity. "I only said that Roxy would like to be a martyr, and you think I mean that she would even marry a minister. I didn't say that."

The children tittered. Whittaker's pale face reddened a little, and he laughed heartily; but this time the father frowned and stamped his foot in emphasis of his sharp "*Tais toi, Toinette, je te dis?*"

Twonnet knew by many experiments the precise limit of safe disobedience to her father. There was an implied threat in his "*Je te dis*," and she now reddened and grew silent with a look of injured innocence.

If Twonnet had had a lurking purpose to promote the acquaintance between Whittaker and Roxy Adams, she had defeated herself by her suggestion, for Whittaker hardly went near the old hewed-log house again in months. His foible was his honour, and one in his situation could not think of marriage, and, as he reasoned, ought not to make talk which might injure Roxy's interests if not his own. Twonnet was disappointed, and with her disappointment there was a lugubrious feeling that she had made a mistake. She said no more about Roxy, but she continued to tease the minister gently about other things, just because it was her nature to tease. Once Whittaker had tried to talk with her, as became his calling, about religion; but she could not help giving him droll replies which made his gravity unsteady, and brought the interview to a premature close.

(To be continued.)

## EPISTOLARY.

FAIR maid with lustrous eyes,  
 Believe me,  
 I would not take thee by surprise,  
 Or grieve thee :  
 But love is blind, and common sense  
 Is oft dethroned by love's pretence—  
 Though passion bids my reason hence,  
 I'll not deceive thee.

I would not lose thy love, dear maid,  
 No, never !  
 For at thy feet my vows were paid—  
 What pleasure !  
 Ecstatic as its memories are,  
 Thy image present, but afar ;  
 Thou art to me a distant star—  
 A far-off treasure.

Bedeck'd with silks and shimmering pearls,  
 Sweet vision !  
 Thy brow adorned with glossy curls,  
 Beyond suspicion ;  
 Thy voice like music fills my soul ;  
 Bids me strive on to win the goal ;  
 But reason must not lose control :  
 Most dread admission.

So stern resolve bids me proceed  
 Unshaken,  
 And carry out the ruthless deed  
 I've undertaken.  
 Thy radiant form still dear to me—  
 Alas ! it cannot, cannot be ;  
 In justice I will leave thee free,  
 Yet not forsaken.

No ; I can never call thee wife.  
 Immense is  
 The picture I had formed of life.  
 My senses  
 Now bid farewell to all those scenes ;  
 To all the brightness of my dreams ;  
 Possession is beyond my means—  
*Endless expenses !*

## SCIENTISM.\*

ALTHOUGH the word we have placed at the head of this paper is not to be found in that repertory of neologisms, Webster's Dictionary, it is one nevertheless much needed *concisely* to denote a phase of thought which has seized upon the current literature of the day and is imposing its one-sided truths upon the world as a complete system of philosophy. Precisely as the sacerdotalist would compel all belief and duty to bow before his supernatural authority, so the professor would narrow the whole field of truth by ignoring or repudiating every belief and duty which is not commensurate with his methods. Naturally, there is bitter war between these two classes of thinkers, and the scientist, having found a suitable pulpit in the *Fortnightly Review*, deals out his monthly modicum of denunciation and sneers at the religious faith of others with the arrogance of a mediæval prelate; and, in truth, considering how short a time it is since the scientists have got control of the leading channels of thought, it is amazing how quickly they have attained to the fullest measure of dogmatism ever reached by their antagonists during the many centuries of their domination. Apt scholars, as many of them are, in dogmatism, they have imitated also the unnecessary offensiveness of by-gone ages, and whether it be Mr. Morley, spelling God with a little "g," or Professor Clifford, imputing "immorality" to everybody not belonging to his school, one can hardly take up a number of the *Fortnightly* without being struck with some instance of this literary brutality, showing how little the apostle, even of the new evangel of "sweetness and light," has been able to charm the native fierceness of the scientific Philistine. When the "Great Being"—the "Goddess Humanity" of Comte, or "Man" of Professor Clifford—(all with capital letters) is duly installed, and society is reorganised on the most advanced principles of Sociology, we fear that the "hierarchy of science" will be found as intolerant of heresy as their sacerdotal prototypes. Possibly the rough method of stake and faggot conversion may be changed for some more elegant method of shocking the nerves, electricity or galvanism, perhaps, but any poor Christian, still benighted in nineteenth century beliefs, will likely be shaken out of his unprogressive and unscientific notions in some as effective way. As Comte puts it, the Religion of Humanity will then "assume the function exercised by monotheism before its decay," and we can readily conceive that any one who

\* Paper read before the Athenæum Club of Montreal, November, 1877.

presumes to block the advancing organization of humanity will, in the hands of such apt scholars, soon be brought to reason, or as they said in mediæval times "to a knowledge of the truth."

Foremost among these embryo scientific inquisitors is Professor Clifford, Professor of Mathematics and Vice-Dean of University College, who, in the July number of the *Fortnightly*, propounds under the heading of "Ethics of Religion," the maxim "*Sacerdos semper, ubique, et omnibus inimicus*" that the priest is always and everywhere the enemy of mankind. Now if he meant only to throw stones at the Pope, the Rock, and the Record, with other religious publications, would join in with exhilaration. But he does not. He includes among these enemies of mankind "the more familiar clergymen or ministers of Protestant denominations," and thus the matter becomes more serious. We do not complain of the "priests of the Obi rites" being included in the same sentence, because such persons as the Professor are never very nice in their distinctions, and pride themselves much upon what they are pleased to call their "love of truth," besides it would be a pity to spoil the sublime impertinence of the article or to detract from its perfection as an illustration of the observation of Poirat,\* that "from the same source mathematicians are also infested with an overweening presumption, or incurable arrogance; for believing themselves in possession of demonstrative certainty in regard to the objects of their peculiar science, they persuade themselves that, in like manner, they possess a knowledge of many things beyond its sphere. Then co-ordinating these with the former, as if demonstrated by equal evidence, they spurn every objection to every opinion, with the contempt or indignation they would feel at an endeavour to persuade them that two plus two are not four, or that the angles of a triangle are not equal to two right angles."

While the *manner*, throughout, of the "Ethics of Religion" recalls some of the most repulsive features of sixteenth century wrangling, we are bound to admit that, so far as the doctrine of the paramount authority of conscience is concerned, the matter meets with our sincere assent. But surely so violent a revelation from the lofty regions of mathematical science was not necessary to inculcate a doctrine so trite, a doctrine which has for centuries been the stronghold of the Protestant revolt against Rome,—nay more, a doctrine which is maintained by Father Newman,† and by thousands of thoughtful men in the bosom of the Church of Rome

\* This passage from *Poiret de Eruditione Solida* is taken from Sir William Hamilton's discussion on Philosophy and Literature (Essay on the Study of Mathematics) p. 296. He cites many passages from Descartes, Leibnitz and other most eminent mathematicians, to show the utter incapacity for reasoning upon moral or probable truths which is induced by the exclusive pursuit of mathematical and physical sciences.

† Newman—Reply to Gladstone, p. 65. Eng. edition.

itself. What really causes the Professor to fume is, that his conscience is not the measure of everybody else's conscience. Religious people persist in believing things which he does not approve of, and hence religious people are "immoral." This is the mathematical method. He knows that what is true of one circle is true of all circles, and assumes that what is true of the only conscience he knows—to wit, his own—is true of all other consciences. Why should it be more immoral for Dr. Newman conscientiously to believe a doctrine, than for Professor Clifford conscientiously to disbelieve it? Why, but because the Professor thinks himself the only sincere person in the world, excepting, perhaps, the other *Fortnightly* Reviewers, and the three or four clergymen whom he favours with special mention. "Religion," says he, "must be founded upon evidence." Here is a truism of the copy-book style of sentimentousness. All the vast mass of apologetic literature, from Bishop Butler down, bear witness to that universally admitted truth. The question is, upon what sort of evidence? Clearly upon moral evidence; and this is not susceptible of perfect demonstration. The same rule holds good in Law. There are many who still persist in believing that Arthur Orton is Roger Tichborne. They are incredulous as to the mass of testimony which has convinced the enormous majority of Englishmen, and, rather than believe it, they are willing to suppose the judges and jurymen to be imbecile or perjured, and that Law is a system of quackery and delusion. The conduct of life would be indeed easy if, like geometry, it was a mere mechanical development of results included in axioms taken for granted at the start. The practical problems of life are infinitely diversified by ever-changing conditions, and therefore we must say with Professor Clifford, "Bring your doctrines, your priesthoods, your precepts, yea even the inner devotion of your soul, before the tribunal of conscience." She is, as Bishop Butler\* shows, the guide assigned to us by the Author of our nature. Not, however, "the supreme judge of gods and men," but the instrument by which we may discover Him, and the method by which His laws—the laws of our being—are discerned. Our special complaint, therefore, is that the essayist has assumed that no religious person ever does this. He is a firm believer in the total intellectual and moral depravity of everybody but himself. We are not disposed to defend the confessional, which seems to us to be the surrender of the most precious birthright of a man, but surely it is not necessary to renounce Christianity to get rid of the confessional.

It is not so easy, however, fully to concur in the maxim that "the rightness or wrongness of belief in a doctrine depends only upon the nature of the evidence for it, and not upon what the doctrine is." It is clear that in mathematical reasoning, where the conclusion is in the data,

\* Sermons on Human Nature.

that any error in development must be fatal; but in ethics, where the evidence is probable only, one conscience may be content with a less degree of probability than another, and so the conclusion may be sound, although to another the reasons for it may seem insufficient. This is often seen in practical life, and especially in the domain of law. It results from the fact that independent of man's faculties there exists a right and a wrong which is perceived by the conscience, and which keenly sensitive moral natures will grasp so swiftly that it seems to be by intuition. This is the evident meaning of the saying which has drawn forth a most characteristic flourish of opprobrious adjectives: "blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed." In other words, blessed are they whose moral faculties are so quick that the teaching of Christ is at once perceived to be in harmony with the inner and higher law of our nature, without waiting for miracles or other physical demonstrations. The conscience recognising this harmony exclaims at once, "never man spake as this man!"

The folly of confounding these two classes of proof will plainly be seen when reference is made to natural science. If a fact in biology or geology is discovered, the scientist calls upon all for assent, and claims that moral or theological belief shall be adjusted to the new fact. Blessed, would he say then, are those who receive physical reasoning for physical facts without importing into the matter their supposed moral bearings. But when Professor Clifford asserts that there is no God—no soul—no future life—and gives as a reason that *he* can see no evidence for them, the moral consciousness of the overwhelming majority of mankind will only smile at so absurd a claim to personal infallibility.

It is, however, assumed too readily that, in scientific matters, we believe only upon demonstration, whereas in fact men receive the chief part of their knowledge upon authority alone. There are very few who have gone over the proofs of the heliocentric theory in astronomy, and the reasoning upon which it is based is beyond the powers of many, but yet it is believed contrary to the evidence of our senses, solely upon the authority of a few. Not one thousandth part of our daily working beliefs are actually verified. We are always ready to give faith to the chemist, biologist or geologist, working out results in their special spheres. Professor Clifford himself is incessantly using such phrases as "Huxley has shown," "Tyndall has said," "Darwin has taught," "Haeckel has demonstrated." He is willing enough to accept authority and to lend faith to these distinguished specialists, not only in their demonstrations, but in their metaphysical theories upon these demonstrations. When anything, however, taking the shape of religious fact or theory is propounded, the fanaticism of scepticism breaks out in such maxims as "the priest is at all times and everywhere the enemy of man-

kind." Priests certainly have done their share of mischief in the world, but such sweeping generalizations are more worthy of a school-boy's exercise than of a philosopher's essay. In political stump oratory there is always an abundance of similar maxims, such as "kings are the enemies of the human race," or "the devil was the first republican," or "oligarchies are the most hateful of all forms of government." No practical politician or political philosopher gives the least heed to such cheap wisdom. Political science would be as simple as mathematics if it could be rolled up that way into little axiomatic pills. We repeat—we do not wish to extenuate in the least the evils which have been wrought in the name of religion, and contrary to the principles laid down by its great Teacher ; but still, in the matter of belief, we fail to see why it is immoral for Dr Newman to believe in transubstantiation, and moral for Dr. Tyndall to believe in intermolecular ether. Both beliefs are beyond the evidence of the senses, and are based upon purely metaphysical theories concerning the ultimate constitution of matter, of which matter, indeed, the very existence is unprovable.

We wonder that Professor Clifford did not call his paper "a Short Method with Christianity," instead of the "Ethics of Religion." It might almost be called a "New Method," for it is novel in its succinctness. He defines the scope of his strictures thus :—"Unfortunately," (the air of divine pity is charming) "we do not mean your religion alone, but all manner of heresies and heathenisms along with it ; the religions of the Thug, of the Jesuit, of the South-Sea cannibal, of Confucius, of the poor Indian with his untutored mind, of the Peculiar People, of the Mormons, and of the old cat-worshipping Egyptians." Now here is logic—all these are religions. They are profoundly immoral and based on no evidence. Christianity is a religion and *therefore* Christianity is also false and immoral. It is a simple instance of reasoning from the properties of a circle to the properties of all curvilinear figures. Then follow some mythological stories concerning Zeus and Hephaistos, which are assumed to have some analogies in the Christian system ; then the extreme "evangelical" views of original sin—vicarious atonement and eternal punishment are stated in their crudest form. Christianity is consequently convicted of immorality and the case is complete.

Let us, however, before turning Cliffordist, apply the "*Novum Organon*" to Medical Science. We would say—unfortunately we do not mean *your* Medical Science only, but also the Medical Science of the Hottentots ; of the Pelasgians ; of the Kamschatkans ; of the Assyrians ; of the Jebusites ; of the Esquimaux ; of the Hivites ; of the Perrizites ; of the Greeks ; of the Patagonians. All these peoples dispensed as medicines various absurd, and even filthy and dangerous, substances. They cherished most posterous notions concerning Anatomy and Phy-

siology, *therefore* all *your* Physicians are quacks and *your* Medical Science is an imposture. It would be of no avail to say that all these venerable systems had been improved upon in modern times, for we would reply—even now, you have Herb-doctors and Blue-glass doctors; Mesmeric doctors and Sun-bath doctors; Water-doctors, and Clairvoyants who see with the backs of their heads, Homœopathic doctors and Allopathic doctors. Therefore close your hospitals for there is no science of medicine, and all who believe in any of the priests of Æsculapius are idiots. Then would come the grand maxim, “*Medicus semper, ubique, et omnibus inimicus.*”

After dismissing St. John's Gospel as the work of some man devoid of intellectual honesty, and pronouncing, *en passant*, a confident opinion on a very difficult question of Biblical criticism, after patronising (with due reserve) the Sermon on the Mount, the essayist passes on to Seneca, Spinoza, Buddha and Plato, and quotes largely from the “*Republic*” in rebuke of the immorality of those doctrines of current Christianity which we have previously mentioned.

The device of quoting select passages of heathen writers, and especially of Plato, in disparagement of Christian morality, is an exceedingly unfair, though very common method of argument. For, if the average English reader were to have placed before him the whole system of Greek practical morals, as shown even in the works of Plato, he would have a very unpleasant revelation of matters only dimly hinted at in the whole range of his native literature. In the same translation of the “*Republic*” referred to, at p. 170, the practice of infanticide is recommended for the ideal state, among many other precepts of more than questionable morality, for the regulation of the relations between the sexes. Moreover we do not get rid of the doctrine of eternal punishment by adopting Plato for our teacher. In the very same volume, at p. 363, this doctrine is taught to the fullest extent, and the Roman doctrine of purgatory as well. There are the flames, and the evil spirits, and the horrible tortures which Dante has described in his “*Inferno*,” and the purifying fire and the souls who have hopelessly sinned, whom no fire can purify. Is it fair to quote Plato as high moral authority, and almost in the same page to sneer at Father Faber and at Oxenham, for holding in common with Plato the very doctrine which excites such indignation? Why did not the Professor read the book through before throwing it at the heads of his antagonists? And, if he did read it through, why suppress all allusion to so curious a coincidence of belief? The ancient writers, and especially Plato, never charged upon the priests the extravagances of heathen mythology, but always ascribed the blame to the poets. Surely then if Plato be our guide, we ought to have another copy book heading “*Poeta, semper, ubique, et omnibus inimicus.*”

Nor is the assertion "that if we go to a man and propose to test his religion by the canons of common sense morality he will be most likely offended" a whit more tenable than most of the other propositions of this remarkable paper. The constant stream of apologetic literature testifies to the very reverse. The confident appeal of Abraham "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right" has ever been, and is now, the dominant chord in the message of Christianity. The teachings of Jesus and Paul are incessantly appealing to the natural laws of conscience and morality, and if, from time to time, men and systems, invoking these names, have inculcated anything contrary to their teaching, the error is with the false followers, and not with the founders of the faith. Moreover if, as Professor Clifford—quoting Lord Amberley—asserts, the "blame rests more with the laity than with the priesthood." If "the laity have forced the priesthood to produce magic and mysteries" why not put the blame upon the right shoulders and write at the head of our copy-books the "layman is always and everywhere the corruptor of truth." Clearly there is an abiding tendency in mankind to alloy the purest teaching of the great masters of religious thought, but we cannot in such matters allot the precise share of blame as we can discriminate between a square and a circle. It is indeed likely that if we go to a man and abuse his religion in the style of the *Fortnightly*, he will reply, with scant courtesy, who are you who claim a monopoly of common sense morality? and what moral teaching is there in triangles that you should set up to guide my conscience? The answer would be well deserved for is it not a fact that Wallace, who divides with Darwin the highest honours of Natural Science, is yet a firm believer in the extravagances of spiritualism? Great as he is in the domain of his own science we would hesitate to follow him as a guide in the province of religious belief.

It is doubtless true that the Buddha did not believe in a personal God and that his moral teachings are nevertheless of the highest order, but the hopelessness and despair of Buddhist views of life are in gloomy contrast to the bright and practical confidence of Christian teaching. From Buddhism it is, mainly, whence those ascetic doctrines and monastic practices are derived which overshadow some portions of the Christian Church. Our scientific friends would find poor consolation in the grotesque extravagances of eastern cosmogony. They would not get rid of hell for that is a lurid feature of eastern belief, and they would find in the doctrine of *Karma* or merit, something very analagous to the dogma of original sin in its sternest form. Gladly as we would pay homage to the beauty of Sakya Muni's moral precepts, we are compelled to recognise that the blank atheism of his religious philosophy brought forth its natural fruit in the unprogressive superstition which has for

ages paralyzed some of the most populous countries of Asia, for, in undermining all belief in the value and nobleness of life, he poisoned the very sources of human advancement. Not that he was the inventor of this doctrine for it existed before him. He adopted it into his system, and, as he at the same time rejected even the vaguely Theistic or Pantheistic Brahma, the Aryan mind could not from its very constitution permanently accept such a philosophy. Thence followed the revolution of Brahminic Sacerdotalism which drove Buddhism from the soil of India out among the Turanian nations, and fixed immovably the yoke of the Brahmins upon the necks of the most intelligent people of the East.

Very little also can there be of sympathy between the gentle and profound philosopher of Amsterdam and the rhetorical turbulencies of *Fortnightly* reviewers. He was in truth, as Professor Clifford—quoting from Novalis—says, a God-intoxicated man, but the stupendous difference between them is that he was not a self-intoxicated man. Born a Jew and profoundly versed in all the lore of the Rabbins, he saw in Jesus of Nazareth the supreme wisdom of the all-pervading Deity manifested to men as it had never been manifested before. In the very first chapter of his "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus" he says, "I do, therefore, maintain that, besides Christ, no man ever received any revelation from God," and "Christ communed with God mentally or mind to mind." Again in Letter No. 21 to Oldenburg he says, "I tell you that it is not necessary to your salvation that you should believe in Christ according to the flesh, but of that eternal Son of God that is the eternal wisdom of God which is manifested in all things, but mostly in the human mind and most of all (*omnium maxime*) in Jesus Christ a very different conception must be formed—*longe aliter sentiendum*. For no one without this is able to attain to a state of blessedness, since it alone teaches what is true and what is false, what is good and what is evil. And since, as I have said, this wisdom was chiefly manifested in Christ Jesus so his disciples preached it in so far as it was revealed to them by him." We do not pretend that Spinoza's philosophy would be accepted by orthodox Christianity either Protestant or Roman, nor should it be, but our care now is only to show that it is in utter antagonism to the scientism of the present time, and we may add also, that his manner of advocating his belief was as superior as the matter of it was the more profound.

While Spinoza, to whom the hidden treasures of Jewish learning were open and familiar, could thus recognise in Jesus the fullest and most glorious manifestation of the Unseen God, Prof. Clifford grudges even the slightest homage, and seeks to ascribe to Rabbi Hillel the merit of the sublime teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, resting his claims upon the Pirkè Aboth, on the treatises of the Talmud, from which an extract with very little relevancy is given. Emmanuel Deutseh, a Jew,

who knew the Talmud, not at second hand, but by the devotion of a studious life, could appreciate the work of Jesus better. "It is the glory of Christianity," said he "to have carried these golden germs hidden in the schools and among the silent community of the learned into the market of humanity—to carry the kingdom of Heaven of which the Talmud is full, to the herd even—to the leper." The origins of the Sermon on the Mount have been traced out from a Jewish standpoint by Rodriguez, the Secretary of the Scientific and Literary Society of Israelites at Paris. These men have had to go much further than Hillel and the Pirke Aboth to find what our essayist calls "the same thing as the teaching of Jesus." They have been compelled to put under contribution the whole of the Old Testament, and the whole body of the traditional teaching of all the other treatises of the Talmud. As has been well said by Reginald Stuart Poole, these ethics arose\* "from the patriarchal religion, from the moral law, from the teaching of prophets and schools of prophets, from the great sorrows of Israel, all contemplated, and most of all the Scripture itself, in an age of intense devout study, after the nation had been influenced by the culture of every other great nation of the old world. True to their origin, their root always, their flower often, is in the Old Testament."

The reluctant tribute of Prof. Clifford to the office and work of the Jewish race explains the value which Christians place upon Hebrew sacred literature, as well as the Christian doctrine of the continuity of Divine revelation, but it is the characteristic of the teaching of Jesus that he could leave behind him all the traditional rubbish which obscured the beauty of these gems of ethical truth. The schools of Hillel and Shammai could wearily debate as to whether or not an egg laid upon a Sabbath or feast day should be eaten. The refinements of mediæval scholasticism were conciseness itself compared with the intolerable trivialities of tradition. By these the key of knowledge was taken away, and the stern denunciation of Jesus in the 23rd chapter of Matthew and 11th of Luke, are recorded against the men who were leading the Jewish conscience to spend its energy in tithing mint and cummin to the neglect of judgment, mercy, and faith, the weightier matters of the law. This is the immeasurable distance between the teaching of Jesus and that of the Rabbins. Each must be taken as a whole, and it will not avail to pick out here and there a sentence from the interminable prolixities of the Talmud, and place them against the concise and comprehensive teaching of the Gospel. There is a whole treatise in the Talmud upon the washing of hands, but Jesus taught in one sentence that men are defiled by evil thoughts and speech more than

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\* *Contemporary Review*, January, 1868; art. "The Talmud" p. 115.

by eating food which was ceremonially unclean. It might also be urged that the Talmud was not reduced to writing for more than 200 years after St. Matthew's Gospel. We are not careful however to press the inquiry as to whether or not the Talmud was influenced by the Gospels. We can well believe that the teaching of Hillel was nearer than that of all the other doctors to the teaching of Christ. We are told in the Gospels that from early youth Jesus was learned in all the literature and tradition of His people. He announced Himself as coming to fulfil the Law and the Prophets, and, gathering up all the light which had lightened mankind from the beginning of the world, He embodied it in a few great principles, promulgated it authoritatively to all mankind and testified to it by His death. The Jewish nation alone, at that time, had retained the knowledge of the One Living Personal God, and Jesus was the sum and flower of that race. Its work was done—it flowered and its national existence perished, but the precious seeds of the doctrines it had preserved were scattered throughout the world. Many are the crimes of men calling themselves Christians against the chosen race, but the Israelites of the new school can yet bear that testimony to Jesus which some who are born Christians desire to refuse. This perverse twist of scientism breaks out again in the off-hand manner in which St. John's Gospel is dismissed as "late and legendary." Nothing, one would suppose, was more clearly demonstrated, for it is assumed almost as if axiomatic. Now, granting to its opponents the utmost time they claim, this Gospel must have been written in the early part of the second century not many years after St. John's death. While it is rejected as "late and legendary," Professor Clifford has no hesitation in quoting the Pirkè Aboth as containing the veritable teachings of Hillel, although Hillel died when Jesus was only ten years old, and the Talmud was not reduced to writing before the close of the fourth century. There should be some little consistency even in the scepticism of scientism.

As we have already intimated, it is no part of our task to defend the Roman Church, or in fact any of the other particular Churches into which Christendom is divided. The Roman Church has defenders much more able to speak on her behalf than we, who are outside her pale. But in the interests of History we would protest against the sweeping charges brought against her in this essay. The passage we chiefly complain of is so singularly and exceptionally unjust, even for the *Fortnightly*, that we cannot refrain from quoting it:

"Now although I have many times asked for it, from those who said that somewhere and at some time mankind had derived benefits from a priesthood laying claim to a magical character and powers, I have never been able to get any evidence for this statement. Nobody will give me and a latitude and a longitude, that I may examine into the

matter. 'In the middle ages the priests and the monks were the sole depositories of learning.' Quite so; a man burns your house to the ground, builds a wretched hovel on the ruins, and then takes credit for whatever shelter there is about the place. In the middle ages nearly all learned men were obliged to become priests and monks. 'Then again, the bishops have sometimes acted as tribunes of the people to protect them against the tyranny of kings.' No doubt, when Pope and Cæsar fall out, honest men may come by their own. If two men rob you in a dark lane and then quarrel over the plunder, so that you get a chance to escape with your life, you will of course be grateful to each of them for having prevented the other from killing you, but you would be much more grateful to a policeman who locked them both up. Two powers have sought to enslave the people and have quarrelled with each other; but a condition of still greater happiness and security would be the non-existence of both. I can find no evidence that seriously militates against the rule that the priest is in all places and at all times the enemy of all men."

There is in this passage such a marvellous economy of historic truth combined with hardihood of assertion, that the mind almost sinks in despair. Where Professor Clifford sees no evidence, those who have been trained to historic research see it as clear as day-light. For six centuries it is evident to all but the colour-blind upon the surface of European history. Sir Edward Creasy ("Rise and Progress of the English Constitution," chap. 3) says:

"The Church, moreover (within the pale of which St. Augustine and his coadjutors brought the English nation), had her councils, her synods, and the full organization of a highly complex, but energetic and popular ecclesiastical polity. She recruited her ranks from men of every race and every class of society. She taught the unity of all mankind, and practically broke down the barriers of caste and pedigree by offering to all her temporal advantages as well as her spiritual blessings. She sheltered the remnants of literature and science, and ever strove to make the power of the intellect predominate over brute force and mere animal courage."

Sir Edward Creasy refers to Guizot: ("Histoire de la Civilization en Europe,") who, although a strong Protestant, gives to the Church of Rome great honour as being the instrument of civilization. Hallam, in his "History of the Middle Ages," persistently holds the same opinion. He says (Vol. 2, Notes to Chapter 8): "The mediæval clergy, as I observed in the text, were anything rather than upholders of despotic power." And again, in chapter 9: "We owe the agricultural restoration of great part of Europe to the monks. Many of the grants to monasteries which strike us as enormous were of districts absolutely

wasted, which would probably have been reclaimed by no other means." In his notes to chapter 9, he shows the discrimination of an impartial historian. He says :

"For this ignorance she (the Church) was not, generally speaking, to be blamed. It was no crime of the clergy that the Huns burned their churches, or the Normans pillaged their monasteries. It was not by their means that the Saracens shut up the supply of papyrus, and that sheep skins bore a great price. Europe was altogether decayed in intellectual character, partly in consequence of the barbarian incursions, partly of other sinister influences acting long before. We certainly owe to the Church every spark of learning which then glimmered, and which she preserved through that darkness to rekindle the light of a happier age."

Passages to a similar effect could be cited without number, but of all living authorities, Professor Stubbs is, beyond question, the first on such a subject. At page 632 of vol. 1 of his "Constitutional History of England," we find the following :

"The action of the clergy in the great struggles of the period has been already noted, in its proper proportion to the general detail. They, by the vindication of their own liberties, shewed the nation that other liberties might be vindicated as well, and that there are bounds to the power and violence of princes. They had fought the battle of the people in fighting their own. From them too, as subjects, and not merely as churchmen, the first movements towards national action had come. They had bound up the wounds of the perishing State at the accession of Henry II. ; they had furnished the first, if not the only, champions of freedom in the Royal Councils, where St. Thomas, St. Hugh, and Archbishop Geoffrey had the courage to speak when the barons were silent."

There are several pages of the same tenor which space will not permit us to quote. In his "Select Charters," the same learned authority shows us that it was\* "through the church that the nation first learned to realize its unity ;" that † "no division of the clergy ever sided with the feudal party ;" that ‡ "the clergy only were any real check upon the royal power for more than a century. They only resist arbitrary taxation, and, whether struggling for the national good or, as in some instances, for their class privileges, maintain the recollection and the idea of freedom." He speaks § of the Church, under Archbishop Langton, resuming its "ordinary attitude as the supporter of freedom," and tells us || that the conversion of the people to Christianity "introduced a new bond of union, the influences of a higher civilization, and a

\* P. 10.

† Page 32.

‡ Page 95.

§ Page 269.

|| Page 7.

greater realization of the place of the English in the commonwealth of nations."

But the sentence itself contains its own refutation. Why were learned men obliged to become priests and monks, but because of the oppressive violence of the civil power—of the utter confusion of the hordes of blood-loving barbarians who extinguished the light of the ancient learning? In the Church alone could the quiet scholar find protection. From her came the missionaries who carried civilization and order and the civil law to the wild tribes of the North, and subdued the swarming Norman pirates who swept the coasts of Europe in their blood-thirsty expeditions, scarcely inferior in cruelty to the scalping parties which were the terror of our own western borders. In the Church alone the very traditions of liberty were kept alive. The serf who wore the collar that bound him to the soil, upon entering the ranks of the clergy, became the equal of a king; and so the grand gospel of Christ, the equality of all men before God, was every day exemplified. As Ambrose brought Theodosius to his knees for his crime against the people of Thessalonica, so the churchman in those dark days of violence often stood between the trembling serf and his brutal master, and threatened the warrior who regarded not the groans of men or the tears of women, with the vengeance of an unseen God who loved justice and hated iniquity. When kings and nobles boasted that they could not write, Alcuin of York established schools, and under the shadow of every rising cathedral grew the bishop's school. Every churchman who rose to eminence was learned both in the civil and canon law. Until the time of Edward III. the Chancellor was always an ecclesiastic, and hence arose the system of equity, modifying, with maxims borrowed from Roman sources, the Draconic severities of the common law. It matters not that in after times the Church arrayed herself against free thought. She had a great work to do, and she did it during six centuries, for in her bosom was the only shelter of the desolate and the oppressed. What becomes then of the "Semper ubique et omnibus" of the Reviewer? and who is likely to turn away from the masters of historic knowledge to listen to one who perfectly illustrates the sentence of Warburton? \* "the *ultima ratio mathematicorum* is become almost as great a libel upon common sense as other sovereign decisions. I might appeal for the truth of this to those wonderful conclusions which geometers, when condescending to write on history, ethics, or theology, have made of their premises. But the thing is notorious; and it is no secret that the oldest mathematician in England is the worst reasoner in it."

Quite as unhappy are the Professor's allusions to the Mahometan religion. The following passage is simply astounding:

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\* Quoted by Sir Wm. Hamilton "On the study of Mathematics."

"To the early Mohammedans the mosque was the one public building in every place where public business could be transacted ; and so it was the place of primary education, which they held to be a matter of supreme importance. By-and-bye, as the clergy grew up, the mosque was gradually usurped by them, and primary education fell into their hands. Then ensued a 'revival of religion,'—religion became a fanaticism ; books were burnt and universities were closed ; the empire rotted away in East and West until it was conquered by Turkish savages in Asia and by Christian savages in Spain."

Here is a paragraph which for utter confusion of historic dates and perversion of facts, is probably unequalled in serious writing. We read of an empire destroyed by Turks and Spaniards. The Ottoman Turks did not appear on the field of history, until A.D. 1250, and the Moors were not expelled from Spain until A.D. 1609. But from the eighth century the Mohammedan power had been divided by civil wars into three grand Caliphates, the Omniad caliphate at Cordova, the Abbasid at Bagdad, and the Fatimite at Cairo, and these were subdivided in many smaller kingdoms, until there were as many in Islam as in Christendom. Then as to education, the \* "Chain of the Ulema" was instituted by the Turks under Mahomet II., in the 15th century, but by theory this institution had long before caused the fall of the supposed Mohammedan empire. We know that every Caliph was as representative of the Prophet, the supreme spiritual head of the faithful, but we know not where to find the Mohammedan clergy. Sir Edward Creasy tells us in his history of the Ottoman Turks :

"It is to be carefully remembered that the Ulema is not an ecclesiastical body, except so far as law in Mohammedan countries is based on the Koran. The actual ministers of public worship, such as the Imans, who pronounce the public prayers, the Scheiks or preachers, and others form a very subordinate part of the Ulema. There is no country in which the clergy properly so called, have less authority than in Turkey, or where the legal profession has more. It ought to be recorded to the honour of the Ottoman, that more respect is shown among them than in any Christian nation to the schoolmaster."

We learn also from Mr. Bosworth Smith, in his lecture before the Royal Institution, that Mohammedanism "as instituted by Mohammed, had no priest and no sacrifice. In other words, no caste of sacrificing priests were ever to be allowed to come between the human soul and God." And he tells us again on the authority of Palgrave, that at the present time "in orthodox Mohammedanism there is no priestly caste, and therefore no fictions of apostolic succession, inherent sanctity, indissoluble vows, or powers of absolution."

\* Creasy—History of the Ottoman Turks, chap. 6.

There is no vestige of a priesthood in the Koran. There was none in the period of the Saracen Caliphs. The fanatical dervishes cannot be called priests, for they never had any recognised functions, and were and are simply independent ascetics, most of them of doubtful orthodoxy, for they flourished most amongst the Shiahhs, in Persia. The Caliphs were the chief Imans, but so far was the office from being restricted to a class\* that the great Caliph Almamon once went to the mosque at Bagdad and found prayers already commenced and a private person acting as Iman. The Iman was then, as now, only a *precentor*, and the Caliph's voice had to follow, instead of leading, prayers. Palgrave tells us that there is no hierarchy now† in Islam. The Iman, according to him (p. 91), acts as fogleman, and is distinguished by no special dress, caste, or character. The Khateeb or preacher, he says (p. 91), is also a functionary at will, without any professional costume. The Sheykh even, is not (p. 92) a permanent functionary with inherent powers or special dress. And further, to make this absolutely certain, Palgrave tells us (p. 126), that when residing in Arabia, disguised as a Mussulman, he himself several times officiated as Iman in Mosques, and that too in Nejed, the very focus of the Wahabee fanatical revival. The "growing up of the clergy" is a process purely subjective, and has been deduced in mathematical fashion from anti-clerical data existing in Professor Clifford's brain. The fact is, that in Islam the church and state are identical, and the Koran is at once the Bible and the Civil Code, which any Moslem may preach or teach, or, if appointed as Cadi or Mollah or Mufti, may administer as judge or lawyer.

Then again, we learn from our text that there was a revival of religion which preceded the fall of this mythical empire. We fear that this is another instance of deductive history. The only "revival of religion" is the Wahabee movement, which originated at the beginning of this century and is now infusing new vigour into Islam and troubling our Indian Empire. The power of the Caliphs of Bagdad decayed through luxury and indolence. There was no revival of religion from within. The "Turkish savages" had a revival, for they became zealous Moslems upon their conversion, and, on attaining power, they replaced the cultivated and relaxed religion of the Caliphs by a vigorous fanaticism from without.

The imaginative wealth of this pregnant sentence is not yet exhausted. The reader is led to suppose that the Arabs burst upon the world as a learned and tolerant people, who afterwards had a revival of religion and became fanatical. Dr. Draper says on the contrary,‡ "in a few cen-

\* D'Herbelot—Bibliothèque Orientale ; quoting from an Arabian History.

† Essays on Eastern Questions, p. 81.

‡ Intellectual Development of Europe, Vol I. p. 384.

turies the fanatics of Mohammed had altogether changed their appearance. Letters and Science in all their various departments were cultivated ;" and again, "when the Arabs conquered Egypt, their conduct was that of bigoted fanatics." The theme of his whole work is to show the brilliancy of Moorish and Arabian civilization in their later developments. We quote Dr. Draper only, but the universal testimony of history is the same.

Finlay\* sums up the whole matter in a few sentences, he says : "Of all the native population of the countries subdued, the Arabs of Syria alone appear to have immediately adopted the new religion of their conational race, but the great mass of the Christians in Syria, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Cyrenaica and Africa clung firmly to their faith, and the decline of Christianity in all these countries is to be attributed rather to the extermination than to the conversion of the Christian inhabitants. The decrease in the number of the Christians was invariably attended by a decrease in the numbers of the inhabitants, and arose evidently from the oppressive treatment which they suffered under the Mahometan rulers of these countries—a system of tyranny which was at last carried so far as to reduce whole provinces to unpeopled deserts, ready to receive an Arab population."

The whole of Professor Clifford's excursus upon Mahometanism is much like an attempt to deduce Magna Charta from the repeal of the Corn laws. That would not be a greater anachronism that it is to place the burning of books at the close of the Saracen dominion, seeing that the burning of the great Alexandrian library was ordered by the Caliph Omar, A.D. 640. Moreover the citation of the Mahommedan religion is peculiarly unfortunate, for it is the only great religion without a priesthood in the sense in which he uses the word, and therefore should be according to his theory, the most moral, progressive and tolerant.

In every way we look at the question, this wholesale indictment against the priesthood breaks down. Nothing can be stronger than Professor Clifford's admiration of Jewish patriotism and Jewish morality, but where was there ever a theocracy more complete than the Jewish polity after the exile, or a priesthood more pronounced? Were not the heroic Maccabees a priestly family? And they were the very incarnation of patriotism. The lesson of history is, that whenever there has been a national church, the priests of that nation have always been a centre of resistance to foreign influence, and so the Romans did not complete the subjugation of Britain until they had exterminated the Druids. How then can the priesthood, as a class, be charged with want

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\* Greece under the Romans, vol. 1 p. 452.

of patriotism? Even were we to grant—which we do not—that the Pope in his quarrels with the state has always been in the wrong, the thesis would not be proved. The position of the Roman Pontiff is unique in history as being the head of a church extending over many nationalities. Mr. Gladstone and his antagonists have exhausted that question, and to argue from it back to the flood, is to generalise from a particular instance.

Nor can we admit the truth of the proposition that it is more noble to do right for the sake of "Ourselves" (which is the same as the figurative abstraction "Humanity," of Comte,) than for the sake of God, who, to the Christian, is the one overwelling fountain of justice and love in the universe. For the commands of God are to him the moral laws necessarily inhering in the creation of which this world forms part, and in which the human race is a fleeting phenomenon. He believes that in obeying he is working for the best interests of the human race, but that is not the *cause* of his obedience. If the Christian then succeeds in subduing his will to the will of a Being whom he knows as the Infinite Righteous and Loving One, it is a far loftier unselfishness than to do right simply because it is thought to be beneficial to the human race. The aim is the more lofty inasmuch as the idea of rightness is projected into the infinite. But if, as we are again informed, morality is another name for utility, and virtue is its own reward in the inward satisfaction it affords, we are basing our virtue on a still lower motive. The statement is, moreover, untrue, for it is notorious to all that virtue is not its own reward, and St. Paul summed up human experience in the one short sentence that "if in this life only we have hope we are of all men the most miserable." The loftiest motive is that which supported Abraham in his lonely journey, speaking to him in a vision, "Fear not, Abraham, I am thy exceeding great reward." This lifts a weak mortal into the position of a worker with the infinite righteous Being, but, as Prof. Clifford may not recognise such authorities, we may quote the "Perkè Aboth" and say, "Be not as servants who serve their master for wages, but be rather as slaves who serve their master without any hope of reward." Once believe that the Master is infinitely wise and good, and obedience becomes the loftiest unselfishness.

In the discussion carried on in the "Nineteenth Century," under the name of "A Modern Symposium," Prof. Clifford admits that "the theistic conception is a reasonable hypothesis and an explanation of the facts," and again "that it is a comfort and a solace to all who hold it." If this be so, is not the induction as to its objective truth as reasonable as the thousands of inductions made by science in the domain of geology or biology? It is not mathematically demonstrated, because the science of mathematics is deductive and cannot possibly arrive at any truth not

contained in the original data, but demonstrated to as high a degree of probability as any other of the practical beliefs which, in ordinary life, we are content to live and work under? It is eminently unreasonable then to make such sweeping accusations against those who have always been the main supporters of this hypothesis which is confessed to be reasonable and consoling, and, if any scientist persists that he can see no evidence for such a hypothesis, he should reserve his wrath for his own deficient perceptive powers. If a man be colour-blind and can see no evidence that black and red are distinct colours, it is no proof of his superiority to his fellow creatures, but rather of the reverse. The belief in an unseen Power, outside of ourselves, working for righteousness, with whom, and for whom, it is our glory and privilege to work, and who aids us in times of doubt and depression, is indeed a source of comfort and strength. If any self-sufficient person is unable to perceive the ground of such belief, it is no more an evidence of his intellectual superiority than the very common inability to apprehend the fifth proposition in Euclid is a sign of cleverness in a school-boy.

This is the distinguishing mark between science and scientism; the absence of the humility which accompanies knowledge. Whence does Prof. Clifford derive that lofty view of moral truth by which he sits in judgment upon so many systems, but from the very Christianity he affects to despise? While groping in the Talmud for those scattered passages which glow with Divine light amidst the superincumbent mass of trivialities, he turns with aversion from the Gospels. He derogates from the teaching of Christ that he may exalt Hillel, Confucius, Mahomet, Buddha, any one, in short, so he be not a Christian. He sings the praises of unselfishness, and has no word of thanks for Him who bore witness to it by His life and exemplified it in His death. Not content with this he waxes indignant against all who do not consent to his paradoxes, and while accusing the whole Christian priesthood of "playing with falsehood," cooks up the facts of history to suit his own preconceived notions of what they ought to be. In perusing the "Ethics of Religion" we are irresistibly reminded of the answer made by the chief Priest at Kandy to a Christian prelate, who asked him, "Do you worship the gods?" "No," replied the complacent Buddhist, "the gods worship me."

S. E. DAWSON.

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## THE TWO CANARIES.

A FABLE. BY S. A. C.

As fragrant essences from summer flowers  
 Steal, on aerial pinions, to the sense,  
 So, on the rapid wings of rumour, sped  
 A word that set the aviary on flame.  
 "To-morrow comes the prince," it said, "to choose  
 "A bird of gifts will grace the royal bower."  
 O then began a fluttering and a fume,  
 A judging each of all; pert airs and speech  
 Flew round like moulted feathers; little heads  
 Were tossed in lofty pride, or in disdain  
 Were turned aside, for each bird deemed his own  
 The merits that would win. One only sang  
 To-day his daily song, nor joined the crowd  
 In envious exultation. To him spoke  
 Another of his kind: "Vain one, refrain  
 "That everlasting song, fit for a cage  
 "Behind some cottier's lattice, where thy gray  
 "And thickset form may shun the public eye.  
 "A word of warning too: *hide from the prince.*"  
 "Dear brother," cried the gray, "be not annoyed;  
 "Who sees your elegance of form and depth  
 "Of perfect colour, ne'er will notice me."  
 The morrow came the prince. Each bird essayed  
 To please the royal taste; and many a meed  
 Of praise was won and given; this for his hue,  
 That for his elegance, another for  
 His fascinating grace; yet something lacked,  
 'Twas evident; and many an anxious glance  
 Betrayed the latent fear.

"Yon little bird,  
 "In quiet gray and green, shrinks from my gaze.  
 "He should a singer be," exclaimed the prince,  
 As with a critical and searching eye  
 He scanned the small competitors for choice.  
 Obedient to his governor, the bird  
 Poured forth his song, forgetful of the crowd  
 Of vain and envious round him, in whose eyes  
 He stood contemptible. The prince, entranced,  
 Exclaimed at length: "Nor hue, nor elegance,  
 "Nor fascination, can outvie the gift of genius;  
 "My choice is made." And to the great offence  
 Of one bright bird at least, the humble gray  
 Became the royal treasure.

## CURIOUS COUPLES.

## I.

THERE are few things a clergyman enjoys more than a wedding ; and not merely because it is a variation upon severe study, to say nothing of visiting the poor and the sick, consoling the dying, burying the dead. Surely it is a pleasure to aid in making people happier than they ever were before in their lives. I am certain that such was the case at least with a favourite parishioner of mine, whom I will call Harriet. She was the only daughter of a small planter in the South, had been well educated, was as well read as young women usually are, and possessed a certain sort of willowy loveliness. Her parents had no other child, and she had loved them as if loving—for that was her nature—was her sole business in life. A singularly devoted daughter Harriet was—until, at least, she knew a man whom I will name Harris Clark. I do not think I ever married a woman who seemed to give herself quite so completely away to the man of her choice. She had been a devoted Christian, yet she seemed to me to turn from her Maker, as well as from her parents and friends, in the utterness of her devotion for her husband. A heathen does not rise, in some lands, to the worship of a clay idol, but is enraptured with any bone or stick as a *fetish*. That was the puzzle in the case of this otherwise sensible and lovely girl, that she should have given herself as she did—body, mind, heart, soul—to such a very ordinary man as Harris Clark. He was a sallow, loose-jointed, good-natured good-for-nothing, without force in any direction that any one knew of, not having even an energetic vice. Although you met him a dozen times a week, you could not help forgetting in the intervals his very existence. Since he was nothing in or to himself, Harriet seemed to think it to be her privilege to be that much the more to him : she was as earnest in her affection as is the air in its effort to get into the vacuum of an exhausted receiver. If the man ever said or did or was anything to attract so great affection in the first place, or to repay it afterward, nobody ever knew of it. He had silently absorbed this good girl into himself—and her property too, for he had none of his own—as a sandbank absorbs a rivulet which flows singing and sparkling upon it, and puts forth never a blade of grass, let alone a flower, in return. There must have been an overwhelming display in private of his affection for her : there was very little in public ; and yet, otherwise, how could so excellent a girl have loved him so much ? They lived together

several years after marriage. Pardon me if I use too many figures, but you can understand how she concentrated upon him all her accomplishments and faculties if you imagine a cluster from the choicest vineyard to crush all its grapes, to the last berry, into a cup for the drinking of the meanest of mortals. In this case the cup was drunk at a gulp, and speedily forgotten.

She fell into a consumption, and I was with her when she was dying. She was always a frail creature, with flaxen hair and large blue eyes. She held to him now with those vine-like arms which cling, by the strong impulse of the loving heart within, to a weed as vigorously as to an oak.

"Oh, Harris," said she to him, "you know how I have loved you!"

"Yes, Harriet," he answered as he stood by her. He was weeping, but his tears were more like the leaking of a loosely-hooped vessel than from any force of sorrow. "Yes, Harriet—yes, yes."

"You know I have loved you with all my soul," she gasped; "and now you will promise, won't you? There is our little Harry: I've loved you so much I have hardly thought of him. You will promise—*will* promise?"

"Oh yes, yes, yes," he said.

"Then swear it on this Bible, dear," she pleaded.

"That I won't marry again, you mean? Certainly. Yes, I swear I won't—yes, oh yes," her husband said in the same weak way.

"You all hear?" the poor woman cried with almost rapture to her father and mother, who were weeping bitterly, as well as to myself.—"Kiss me good-bye, Harris dear;" and she was gone, forgetting in her devotion to him to kiss even her little boy. "I'm willing to go now," were her last whispered words. "We'll soon be together in heaven, and then I'll be all yours—yours, dear—yours for ever and ever!"

I cannot say exactly how many months it was after this—not very many, I am sure—when I had a call from the bereaved husband. He wanted me to get my hat and take a little walk with him in the lengthening shades of the afternoon. I did so, glad to console him as I best could.

"I dare say you know what I want," he said as soon as we were out of doors. "What I'm afraid of is, she may fool me."

"She? Fool you?" I asked in an imbecile way.

"Adeline Jones," Mr. Clark explained. "You know Squire Jones? She is the stoutest of his three. You must have seen her, a likely young woman, with black eyes and red cheeks. They live by the creek. This is the license: you can take it. But look here! She has said she would, and then called me back dozens of times before I could get out of the front gate to say she wouldn't. I heard her call after me

to-day, when I had got a piece away. 'Don't you—don't you do it,' she said, but I kept on. Now, you see, if she won't when we get there, you are to give that license back to me. I told the probate clerk he might have his document back again, and I wouldn't pay him a cent, if she didn't. You see, she may, but then she mayn't. See?"

But Miss Adeline Jones did. I married them. In her way she made him an excellent wife, I dare say. She was a lady of energetic character, and her husband had the extensive repute of being her very obedient subject. It was even whispered that in some measure she was succeeding in making a man of him. My impression is that the poor Harriet of other days had fears in reference to Miss Adeline before her death, or it may have been merely an instinct of her sensitive heart. It was therefore that she tried to bind her husband as she did. It was a foolish thing to do, but it was the folly of an affection at which we may wonder, but not laugh. Surely, if the dead can see those they have left behind, she must know her former idol better than she did when she worshiped at its feet. She must know him, in fact, as he really is; in which case it is impossible she should care. It was that which decided me as to marrying him the second time. The man was so valueless in every sense that the attempt to impose such an oath upon him was like trying to hold a floating chip with an anchor and chain: the obligation was not binding; it fell from off such a man equally by his utter worthlessness as by its own excess of weight.

## II.

I WAS called upon one September evening by a gentleman to marry him to a certain lady. An infant could not have been more ignorant of it than I was at the time, but the suitor was a man who had been detected by a former husband of the woman in criminal relations with his wife: said suitor had promptly shot the injured husband, and now sought to marry the widow. I tell of this now in order to ask the reader what kind of man and woman he supposes this couple to have been. You say the murderer was probably a broad-chested, loud-voiced, ruddy-visaged, black-bearded desperado, armed literally "to the teeth" with oaths as well as bowie-knives and revolvers. Not at all. Colonel Caulfield—for that shall stand for his name—was a small man with hay-coloured hair and moustache, gentle manners and wonderfully woman-like hands, feet and voice. Nothing could be more suave and silken than his bearing. The very man, you would naturally suppose, to pet canaries and write sonnets—to shed nothing more dreadful than tears, and those his own. As to the lady, the mildest way I can put it is to say that she more thoroughly filled out my ideal of a perfectly wicked woman than any I ever knew. When they stood before me

to be married, you run before my pen in anticipating her appearance. Doubtless she was a vigorous-limbed, ample-bosomed Cleopatra, with a languishing darkness in her great eyes, as well as a significant fullness of the lips? Here, again, you are mistaken. Mrs. Caulfield—for I did not get a fair survey of her until the ceremony ended—was as tall yet slight a woman as one generally sees. She had small eyes, thin lips, only pallor in her cheeks and shyness in her soul. An invalid lady of refinement, a devoted and indulgent mother to the numerous children of her deceased husband, all of whom were at the wedding, would have been your final impression. There was so peculiar a modesty in the custody of her eyes that you would think her a prude, and morbidly so. Those venomous eyes! No wonder she handled them, if I may so speak, as with a careful hold. She carried them cautiously, as one does a loaded pistol when the hammer is up and the trigger yields to the slightest touch. If you knew her history, and knew herself, you would acknowledge that I do not exaggerate.

She had run away with her former husband, who was infatuated with her. He was no more to her, after she came to know Colonel Caulfield, than the tongs leaning beside the fireplace—no more to her than Colonel Caulfield would be after the next man should arrive. Now, naturalists leave no specimen of the animal kingdom unclassified, and take the more pleasure in describing it the uglier it is; but the writer is too unscientific in this case, and declines to enter into further analysis. Yet full opportunity was offered. Immediately after marriage Colonel Caulfield and his wife took a pew at church, and attended regularly. There was in such a man that which greatly interested me. Had he arrived from Persia or the moon, he could hardly have been more unlike myself, as well as the men with whom I was generally thrown. Gambler, drunkard, seducer, murderer as he was, there ran through all his conversation a certain fibre of Nature—nature Indian and unconcealed—which made him more interesting to me by far than Mr. Smith, who measured calico, or Mr. Hopkins, who sold groceries all day. One should yield to an appetite, so to speak, for the variation of humanity in such a case, if only from hope of doing good. Possibly it was a blind yearning after something which might save him from himself that caused Colonel Caulfield to reciprocate my interest in him.

“If I find that the Morgan colt I am raising,” he said to me one day in serious earnest, “makes good enough time on the turf, I’m going to name it after you, sir;” and the man had no higher proof than that to give me of his liking. And who knows how sincerely that poor woman may have wished to become better? She never failed at church or prayer-meeting, and no one could be more modest, even humble, in her bearing, listening attentively, often tearfully. But the simple fact is,

we were all afraid of her. The ladies of our church were profoundly interested in her husband: of him they had strong hopes, but of his wife none at all. When she actually applied for admission to the church as a communicant, we were seriously alarmed. The board of church officials, before whom she appeared for this purpose, and whose duty it was to question her closely as to her preparation for such a step, made sad work of it. They knew her history well, but then she seemed to be modest behind her veil, so penitent, weeping as she tried to answer their questions in a low voice, that they postponed the decision of the case as their only relief. Well I knew that they wanted to ask their wives, and I well knew, also, how our ladies shrank from her with horror. What disastrous mischief to the sheep and lambs might not this beautiful serpent do if she should be suffered to glide within the fold! Our oldest official was directed to tell her very kindly that her case was under consideration. Unfortunately, he did not do it, being afraid to call on her for the purpose, or having forgotten to do so. It was pitiful. Communion Sabbath, supposing that she was admitted to partake, dressed in deep black, she took a back pew at the appointed time among the communicants. Nervous at his negligence in the matter, the same white-headed official went to her in the face of the whole congregation, whispered to her that she could not commune, and led her out of the pew! The miserable Magdalene told me that she went home and wept day and night without ceasing until I called and explained.

Meanwhile, there must have been something of deadliest leprosy in the very blood of herself, if not of her former husband, perhaps both, their children turned out so badly. I dare say it was the same wretched feebleness of grasp on the part of our Sabbath-school toward them as of the church toward her husband and herself—for leprosy itself is in the healing power of the disciple as of the master—which is heavily to blame for their fate. One of her boys was drowned—on Sunday, of course. Another ran away, and was heard of again as in jail for having shot and killed another boy, who, for fun, had hidden his clothes when they were bathing together. I was called to attend the funeral of yet another who blew himself up on a Fourth of July.

There was one daughter, Sylvia, a slight, lithe, marble-complexioned girl of fifteen, the duplicate of her mother, only more beautiful, in whom we had all taken at least a sentimental interest. One day Mrs. Caulfield sent begging me to come to the house. Very hesitatingly I did so, it must be confessed. She was eagerly waiting for me, met me at the front gate and ushered me in weeping. "Oh, sir, what am I to do?" she said. "Colonel Caulfield is away from home—you know he is never at home these days—and Sylvia has run away. She climbed out of her window last night at midnight. She has gone off with that young

Proctor, the lawyer's clerk. What shall I do? I will do *whatever* you say."

I was amazed at the weakness of the woman, she seemed so foolishly dependent on me. In her weakness lay her wickedness. Not that she did not seem to have ardent aspirations upward. Not that she did not, apparently, reach upward as with her long and thin and fragile hands, grasping almost frantically, and as into the empty air, after something to seize upon and lift herself up by. But, alas! she had also a peculiar gravitation downward too. Some metals there are upon which the magnet has no influence—upon other and baser metals it seizes with irresistible energy; not by reason merely of a force in the magnet, but of a certain kindred something in the object affected by it. So of this woman. There was that in her which seemed to afford the magnetism as of the earth a tenfold power upon her to drag her down, and to drag down with her all she had laid hold upon.

She seized my arm with the grasp of a tropical runner as it were. To me it was like the hold of the poisonous oak-ivy, and, somewhat abruptly detaching myself, I said, "I am sorry, madam, but if Sylvia has run away, it is too late. What can you do?"

"Yes," the weeping woman said; "but I heard her getting down on the shed-roof, and I started some men after them with the colonel's blood mare in the buggy—all through the storm too—and they brought them back. I have locked young Proctor up in that room, and Sylvia in *that* one," indicating with her hand as she spoke a door on either side of the hall. "They are all wet, but I locked them up till you could come and tell me what to do. Whatever *you* say, sir, I'll do."

"Write to your husband, and wait till he comes," I suggested.

"He does not care," she answered "promptly, and he wouldn't come. You are the only person in the world who can tell me what to do;" and she wept helplessly before me.

"Let me talk to him," I said at last, groaning under my unsought responsibility. Mrs. Caulfield wiped her eyes, allowed me to go in, and locked the door upon us. Now, I happened to know the "bold Loch-invar" in this case. Only, he was not at all bold—was nothing but a boy of twenty, ignorant and shy, and just now exceedingly wet as well as frightened. He was an orphan, and there was not a soul to wait to see or to hear from in his case. I soon found, too, that he was altogether the secondary person in the affair. He too was willing to do anything, although I think he would have been very glad to make his escape from the matter altogether. "I will do whatever you think best," he said at last; "and there is the license if you want to use it." A precious document it was! Somebody had perjured himself or herself frightfully to get it; the parties being under the age required by law;

or possibly the probate clerk had taken the responsibility himself, just for the fun of the thing. There was nothing for me to do but to try the young lady. I asked, however, as I was let out of the room, "You love the girl, do you? Sincerely, now? Do you really love her?"

"Oh yes," he answered with wondering eyes, but with hearty sincerity. "Of course I do. Love her? Yes, sir."

I saw the explanation of everything the moment I was locked in with Sylvia. She was as wet as she could be, was muddied and draggled exceedingly, her black hair all spread out on her shoulders to dry. Her eyes, however, were full alternately of fun and of defiance. She told me the whole story: "We had it fixed, sir, two weeks ago. I got down over the shed: he was waiting for me in the rain. I got into the buggy with a big bag of my best things, and we drove off. Oh but it was dark and muddy! and how the rain did pour down! As day broke we got into the creek. We never once thought about its being swollen by the rain. It was so funny! The old buggy upset right in the middle. Away went my bag and everything I had in the world: his went too. That's the reason we haven't changed. He hasn't got anything to put on, you see, and I won't put on any of ma's things and be dry and comfortable when he has to stay wet."

"How did you get out of the creek?" I asked, not able to be as serious as I had hoped.

"I don't know," she said, "except that we let the old horse and buggy go, and scrambled out somehow. I made a grab for him with one hand, and for the brush with the other. All I cared for was to get out on the side farthest from home. We climbed out some way. It was there they caught us. Our clothes were so muddy and heavy we could not run to save our lives—could not even fight. That is the way they bundled us in and brought us back. You all never would have seen us again if it hadn't been for that creek."

"But Sylvia," I said as gravely as I could, "do you not know that you are too young to marry?"

"Ma was six months younger," she interrupted.

"But for you to run away"—I began.

"She ran away," the daughter replied promptly. "She got out over a shed, just as I did, and at midnight too. Only, she was not caught."

"But that is no reason," I insisted. "She is your mother, and it is your duty to obey her."

As I spoke I noticed that the girl had ceased to pass her long and abundant hair through her hands, first over one shoulder and then over the other. Her lips slightly opened, she looked at me with her eyes suddenly filled with sorrowful wonder, her pale cheek became pallid. "You do not know my mother, sir," she said slowly and after a short

silence. "The best thing any child of hers can do, a daughter especially, is to get out of her house as soon as possible."

There was something wholly beyond questioning, as much in the sad and hopeless manner of the girl as in her words, and she sat down, dripping and soiled as she was, on the edge of a chair, and began to cry. As I pondered the matter, she raised her head and said, with a kind of childish dignity in her bearing, "The best thing you can do, sir, is to marry us. He has got the license; I had it got for him. If you don't we will run away the first chance we get. If I don't go with him it will be with somebody else. It may be something worse a good deal than getting married. Yes, sir, I think you had better marry us;" and she sat like a child with her hands clasped together in her lap, awaiting my decision.

I was a very young man—for a pastor at least—at that time, and I saw nothing else to do myself. "Miss Sylvia," I said with the deepest solemnity I could assume, "it is a very serious thing to get married. Do you really love this young man? Will you try and be a good and faithful wife to him? What I mean is this: Do you—now don't be in too great a hurry to answer—do you really and sincerely and truly *love* him?"

She listened to me very seriously. A smile came, and then went. She wept a little, and then laughed, and then looked at me through her tears. "Yes, sir, I love him," she said simply.

And so I called in the waiting mother. The bridegroom was ushered in. From the rear premises crowded in the negro servants and stood in the doorway while I married this curious couple. If ever a minister urged upon bride and groom their duties fully and faithfully, I did. When I had ended with the usual benediction over their bowed heads, I suddenly kissed her as I wished her happiness, but I had no thought of doing so the instant before. She was such a child, and her chance of future happiness was so pitiful! I never saw them again. The young husband took his wife far away—I never knew where. If the blood of her mother was not too strong in her veins, she may have made him an excellent wife.

The worst thing, to me, in regard to Colonel and Mrs. Caulfield and their singular household is the dead failure in reference to them of my church and myself. Every soul of them passed out of our hands and utterly away. From all I know, I fear the record got worse and worse with them as the years fled. I hope not, but I greatly fear. Heaven forgive us! it was our fault. I am sure we could have grasped and held, perhaps, every individual of them if we had fearlessly and earnestly and vigorously done our best, instead of being so miserably shy and fastidious about it. There has been, thank God, a wonderful change

for the better since then. You could not have induced the ladies of my church at that time to visit and seek to acquire a personal influence over Mrs. Caulfield: it was with a shudder that they even looked at her. We are learning, as we get to be more like the Master, better than that. But oh for the coming day when every man and woman of us will lay such loving hold upon even the vilest and most hopeless within our reach—such unrelaxing hold as upon the perishing—that nothing less than God himself in the person of the angel of death shall wrest such from us, nor wrest them then except to lift them from our hands into those of the angels in heaven!

### III.

I ONCE knew a wealthy widow whose large plantation and swarms of negroes did not give occasion for half so much attention and trouble as her only daughter, Kate. The mother was a vigorous specimen of her sex, broad and ruddy, used to being up early in the mornings, with a voice which could be heard and felt from "the gr't house," as the mansion of the white folks was called, to the "quarters" where the blacks lived. It was little her slaves cared for their overseer in comparison. For "ole Miss Kate"—the mother's name being the same as the daughter's—they did care. She was the highest ideal of energy of which they could form any conception, and of sleepless watch also, so far as smoke-house, corn-crib, poultry-yard, cotton-gin, press or field was concerned. Pallas Athene was a vaporous phantom to the Athenians as a tutelary deity in comparison to Mrs. Ryle in the eyes of *her* subjects. She was their superstition. If she did not see everything, know everything, hear everything, do everything on the plantation, it was impossible for the whitest-headed old Cudjo on the place to suggest the exception. Never sick herself, never off the grounds, apparently never asleep, she worked harder than the hardest worked hand there, and always harder than "the smartest boy" of them all in "the rush of the season," when the last handful of cotton was to be got in and the last bale of the crop to be pressed. She was present at every birth among the blacks, doctored all their sick, cut and had made under their own eyes all their clothes, saw in person to all their food, directed the least details of every funeral. Any idea of a Providence beyond "ole Miss Kate" on their part was vague to the last degree.

But Kate the daughter—and she had no son—was ten times the trouble to her of all her place and people. At eighteen the lesser Kate gave assurance of filling up in fullest measure and in due time the utmost outlines of the older and larger Kate. It was her having neither husband nor son to do it for her which had so developed the mother,

compelled to manage her large property herself. Now, Kate the younger had gradually secured to herself the exclusive care of so much of the possessions of her mother as came under the head of "the stock." A serious charge it was, requiring and wonderfully developing all the energies of this duplicate of her mother. The plantation rolled its acres upon one side along a "river-bottom," the waxy black soil of inexhaustible fertility for cotton and corn wherever the pecan trees, with their waggon-load of nuts in the season, had been girdled or cut down for the crops. On the other side of the "gr't house," which stood upon a ridge above chills and fever, the surface spread in billows as of the heaving sea to the horizon, one wide wealth of the sweetest and richest mesquet-grass, over which roamed at will the horses and cattle. This was the undisputed domain of Kate Ryle the younger. Every spring she saw to the ingathering and branding of the calves and colts, hundreds at a time. The milking and making of butter and cheese at the spring-house, where water was abundant, were her care. All this demanded early rising, to say nothing of being almost always in the saddle and on "the lope"—*i. e.*, a long gallop—over the prairies after wilful cows or wandering mares and colts. Very little time had Miss Kate for French or novels. She had a piano, but did not open it once a month. Her knowledge of crocheting was as vague as the dates in history, but then she was a splendid sight to see on horseback with her floating hair and glowing cheeks and radiant eyes; for oh there is nothing in the world so delightful as the open air and the green grass and the swift riding of that Paradise of a climate.

But Satan entered into this Paradise also. Tom Raffles was the son of a neighbouring planter. Seeing what came of it in the end, I do not know how it could have been helped. The growing of the grass, the frisking of the calves, the wild careering of the colts with flying manes and tails in the exhilarating sun and wind, was not more an inevitable process of Nature. Having to care for his stock, very often obliged to separate his and hers when their "brands" got mixed up on the open prairies, it was impossible that Tom and Kate should not often meet, and meeting it was impossible they should not have loved. The brilliant atmosphere made it wholly impossible that their spirits should not have foamed and sparkled in it like champagne: being so happy together, very often loping side by side in search of strayed cattle too, it was utterly impossible, I insist, that what followed should not have followed. Kate herself told me all about it. "How could Tom help our men marrying among his women?" she said to me. "Mother got mad, because she hated to have our hands going off to their wives' houses on his place; but I wonder if their men were not coming to *their wives'* houses on our place? Mother told Tom he must stop it, but how could

he? She has got so used to telling the people on our plantation what they must and must not do, and being minded, that she thinks the stars must do as she says."

And that was the way Kate happened to spend those three winter months with us. We lived in a town a day's journey distant from the plantation, and had spent many a delightful day under Mrs. Ryle's hospitable roof; and without a word to us she sent Kate to be our guest, so as to get her away from Tom. It is amazing to me that so sensible a woman should have been so stupid. True, Tom never entered the house, but then I got letters for her all the time out of the office; and why Kate was so fond of long walks almost every afternoon I never knew, beyond her telling me that she was so accustomed to exercise in the open air that if she did not go out she would die. I have an impression that the mother thought that my being a minister was a remedy for her daughter's malady—that there was a seriousness as in the very atmosphere of my house which would stifle all vain desires on the part of her wayward offspring.

When the sagacious mother supposed Kate's affection for her objectionable suitor was cured by such separation, she wrote for her to return, and to me, telling me how heartily she was obliged for the hospitality on my part which had broken off her daughter's love for "that abominable Tom Raffles."

Kate left us on Monday. Saturday evening she was back at our house—on horseback this time—and Tom with her. They fastened their horses down at the front gate, but I saw them, and made up my mind, as they walked up between the rows of cactus-plants to our door, I would not do it.

"This is Mr. Tom Raffles," Kate said, introducing him, a rough, honest-faced fellow enough in his Sunday clothes, which always deform men of his bronzed and muscular sort.

"I see he is," I said promptly; "but, Kate, I cannot do it. Your mother trusted me, and I will *not* do it. I am sorry to disappoint you, but I will not."

"Who wanted you to?" she said 'as promptly; and added, "Oh, Tom! but wasn't it funny?" and as she coolly took off her things she laughed as people never laugh who have not lived in the open air.—"I thought I should have died," she explained, for Tom was evidently to be the secondary person of this curious couple. "It was all I could do to sit on my horse. There she is now.—Run and help her out, Tom."

As she spoke there was the roll of wheels at our gate, and before Tom, who was in no hurry about it, could go, Mrs. Ryle the mother ran into the room, panting and out of breath, exclaiming, "Hold on! stop! don't you do it, sir! They've run away. I'll never consent: she isn't of age."

"I have just assured them that I will not," I hastened to say as Mrs. Ryle laid her large and eager hands, one on each of my shoulders and pushed me back. What a magnificent woman she was!—expanded, as Queen Elizabeth was, by so many years of absolute rule into as powerful a female in every sense as you would wish to meet. It was easy to see that in a few years her daughter would equal her in every way: she was her mother's own child.

"We don't want him to," she said, and added, "Oh, but I thought I should have died!"

"Come," her mother said to the gentleman who had accompanied her daughter, "you go away. A nice neighbour you are, to let your women marry my men, and toll them off my plantation that way, as if they could be back by daybreak in time for the cotton-patch! And now you want to steal Kate! No, sir! Go away!"

"It almost killed me," the daughter continued, laughing until the tears ran down her cheek. "Do hush, ma, one moment. You see, she would find out. Oh, we know that," the audacious young lady explained to the company. "We knew mother, and so we fixed for it. Tom had the license in his breast-pocket, all ready. When we started on horse-back we knew she would be after us in her buggy. Her horse is the best, and the road is splendid. But we knew Mr. Lobbin would be riding out to his Sunday appointment—he is the circuit preacher, you know—as regular as a clock."

I did not know, but her mother did, and exclaimed aloud, turning from crimson to chalk as she did so.

"It was the funniest thing!" the young lady went on. "We could hear her wheels rattling behind. Tom did not know what to do. Sure enough, as we loped along, there was old Brother Lobbin jogging along toward us on his old white horse. The first thing you know, Tom had his bridle on one side and I on the other, the old man whirled around, and his horse galloping between us. I can talk faster than Tom, and explained it to him as we went. Tom managed to get out his document and unfold it for the old man to read as we tore along. You see," the girl laughed, "we held tight on to the old gray as we rode. Sometimes Tom would let go to give him a cut with his raw-hide, and then again I would. We had whirled Brother Lobbin around so suddenly, and were going so fast, that he got confused. He is never very bright, you know, if he is good. Tom showed him a twenty-dollar gold piece, and slipped it in the old man's vest pocket as we galloped up hill and down, for the wheels were rattling close behind us. And that was all, and here we are!"

"You see he married us," Tom explained.

"I could hardly keep on my horse," the exuberant young lady broke

in. "Brother Lobbin had never gone so fast, nor his horse either, in his life. 'Dost—thou—take—this—woman?'" he said, every word jerked out of him as you see Kershaw pumpkins out of a waggon when the team is running away. We were quick to say 'Yes' when the time came. But he wouldn't make a prayer for us at the end: he said it would be wicked to pray loping. But we are married, and we let him go as we came into town. It's all too funny for you to stay mad with us, mother. We'll make the best children in the world—won't we Tom? Both plantations will be one now, mother, and the black folks can marry as they please."

The bride's laughter subsided, however, as her mother turned, went down to her buggy, got in and drove off without a word. Nothing I could say, as I assisted her in, seemed to be even heard by her. The young people rode back the next day to Tom's plantation, but it was many a long month before the mother relented. My own impression is that a bouncing baby boy was the intercessor at last. 'All is made up now. Tom has his hands full with the two plantations, and the emancipation of the slaves has by no means simplified the management thereof. He is his own overseer, however, and he certainly has able assistants in his mother-in-law and wife.

As I did not myself marry this couple, I cannot with good conscience claim it as an experience of my own, except as preface to the other side of the medal in this way. I have recorded the running away of a daughter from her mother: one day it was the mother who ran away from the daughter.

"I want you to marry us," an ordinary-looking man said when I went to my front door one afternoon in reply to a demand for my presence; "and there is the license," he added.

"With pleasure," I replied. "Please bring in the lady," for I saw that he wished to be married on the spot, and was in a great hurry.

"She can't come in," he said; "she came a-horseback with me, and we are in a desperate haste. Please come down—never mind your hat—and marry us on our horses. You see we are in *such* a hurry."

I went down to my gate, some sixty feet from the front door—for we lived in the suburbs of the town—and, sure enough, there was a woman there on horseback in a calico dress and a deep sun-bonnet, holding her companion's horse by the bridle as he got on.

"I will not marry you in the street," I said. "Ride at least into my yard;" and I went in. Now there was a hedge of *bois d'arc*, or Osage orange, along my front fence twenty feet high. I had interwoven the branches over the gate, so that we had to stoop in entering on foot. Of course it was impossible to ride on horseback through the close and thorny barrier, and I went up to the house, leaving them to do as they pleased.

Fastening their horses very reluctantly, they came into the house. I made a swift ceremony of it. The bridegroom forgot to pay me my fee—which was perhaps his revenge upon me for my obstinacy—and mounting their horses they were soon out of sight.

Hardly were they gone before a young girl rode up on a pony to the gate, jumped off and ran in, exclaiming "Oh, am I too late?"

She was nothing but an ordinary country-girl, not at all pretty, much freckled, evidently used to hard work, adorned with the duplicate of the calico dress and gingham sun-bonnet worn by her mother. The ladies of my household took pity on the poor thing as she sank upon the matting in the hall, weeping and lamenting. She had ridden hard, was very dusty and thirsty, and it was impossible not to sympathise with her. It was easy to imagine her story before she told it: "My mother is a poor sickly woman. She is almost worked to death already since father died," she sobbed. "We live out along the road on a little place—keep chickens and things. Why, there's a little baby in the cradle not a year old. Bub we call him—and there's four more of us, all girls!"

"What on earth did the man want to marry her for?" one of my family asked, for we saw that they all belonged to the class known as "poor white folks," with whom even the negroes had as little to do, except to sell stolen chickens to them for whiskey, as possible. "What inducement—what did the man *want*?" was asked.

"He wanted her to *work* for him. He has got no nigger, and that was the only way he could get one," was the reply. "You see, he lives near us," the poor girl proceeded, rocking herself to and fro as she sat on the floor, and already sunk into the stony sorrow which seemed to be her normal condition, "and he worked his other wife to death not six months ago—four months. There he was with six little children, and he the laziest man that ever lived. He's too lazy to patch his roof to keep out the water, and half his children are always down with ague or something. The weeds is higher than his corn. All he cares for is a patch of tobaccò in a corner of his place, and that is for his own smoking. The castor-oil weeds are taller than his chimney almost, and he raises goober-peas, only his hogs always root 'em up, for his fence is always down. He's got an old cow, and she hooks, and he wants my mammy to milk her for him, I suppose. He's the meanest white man living!" the girl added.

"But why did you not persuade your mother—" I began.

"Beg her not, you mean?" the girl said. "I never did nothing else. I said, 'Oh, mammy, mammy! please don't! Look at poor little Bub. All he wants—old Parkins, they call him—is to make a nigger of you. Beg? I've been down at her knees crying and begging all this last week. And she is such a good, good mother! such a hard, *hard* working woman

when her ague will let her ! I knew what he meant when I saw them horses hitched to his fence this morning. But, you see, little Bub was having the fever after his chill—was crying for water. ‘ You run to the spring, Marthy,’ she said to me—mammy says, says she—‘ and I’ll quiet Bub till you come back.’ I ran every step of the way there and back, never thinking ; but when I come back she was gone ! Bub was crying fit to kill ; but I caught up Bill—that’s our pony—in the stubble-field, and I jumped on, and I hollered to a neighbour as I rode by, ‘ Please to run over for a moment to Bub !’ and I rode as hard as I could. What *did* you do it for ?” she said to me with sudden ferocity. “ You might ha’ *known* better !—No, I won’t have anything to eat under this here roof. I want to get back to little Bub. And you a *minister* too !”

“ Ah me !” I thought as she mounted her poor scrub of a pony and rode wearily off, “ this is not the first time I feel after a marriage as Jack Ketch feels, or ought to feel, after an execution ; and I am afraid it will not be the last time I feel so.”

W. M. B.

### WONDER.

O sit and look straight up into the sky,  
 When not a cloud doth spot its perfect blue,  
 O look straight up, and wisely tell me why  
 No human hand can paint its lovely hue ?

O gaze so long and well that phantoms fair  
 Shall float their gauzy robes above your head,  
 And tell me are those living pageants there  
 The hov’ring spirits of our parent dead ?  
 Or are they pictures by an angel hand,  
 Traced upon some soft ethereal veil,  
 And keeping from our view the Shepherd Land,  
 As in the vastness of the sky they sail ?

O pierce the deep’ning twilight’s deeper hue,  
 And tell me, are those myriad bits of gold  
 The glorious lights of Heaven shining through,  
 The providential tatters of its fold ?

Newcastle.

## FRAGMENTS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

THE WAR WAS AN IMPERIAL ONE—CANADIAN VETERANS DENIED RECOGNITION—ACTION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT—ESTABLISHING CLAIMS—APPEARANCE OF THE VETERANS—HERMANN CRYSLER.

BY DR. CANNIFF.

THE war of 1812 was not merely a Colonial affair ; it was one arising entirely from the course pursued by the Imperial Government. It has been shown in another place that the United States was not justified in declaring war against Great Britain, and that a cause of war was sought by that nation solely with the object of gaining possession of Canada. Unfortunately Great Britain furnished reasons upon which were made to rest the ostensible cause ; but these reasons were quite independent of any question relating to Canada. Canadians fought and suffered on behalf of their own country, but, at the same time, they were engaged in a contest essentially Imperial ; they were fighting England's battles. In the light of these facts it would seem but reasonable that England should recognise the services of those who served her as militia-men, as well as those enrolled in the regular service. She was at that very time paying mercenaries, for far less hearty services. Upon this question we are not informed what representations the Canadian Government has ever made to the Imperial on behalf of Canadian veterans, but from the following letter by the Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital, it appears that individual claims have been made. The letter, dated Sept. 10th, 1874, is as follows :

“SIR,—I am directed by the Lords and others, Commissioners of this Hospital, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 13th ultimo, relative to claim to pension from Imperial funds proceeding from men who served prior to the year 1815, in Corps of Canadian Militia and Volunteers, and to inform you that, having obtained the advice of her Majesty's Secretary of State for War as to the bearing of her warrant of 21st February last on cases of this nature, the Commissioners find that the warrant was intended to apply *solely* to service in the Regular Forces of the Crown. They regret, therefore, that they must decline to extend the benefits of this Hospital to any men who served exclusively in local Canadian Forces, and they request that you will be good enough to make this decision known to all persons who may apply to you for information on this subject. With regard to the numerous applications which have already reached this office from men of this class, the Commissioners will cause a separate reply to be sent to each, explaining the grounds on which they are obliged to refuse a pension. These replies will be forwarded to the private addresses of the applicants, when shown in their papers, but as in many instances they have omitted to give an address, replies to such men will be sent to your office in the hope that you may be able to send them to their destination.

“The Commissioners desire me to add, to save misapprehension, that, prior to the date of the decision of the Secretary of State for War, they *inadvertently* admitted to the Pension List one man who served in the Militia of Canada and never belonged to the Regular Forces of the Crown.

“I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

[Signed.]

“GEORGE HUTT,

“Secretary.

“The Deputy of the Minister of Militia and Defence, Ottawa.”

No Act of Parliament in Canada was ever so cordially endorsed by the whole country as that granting a pension to the veterans of 1812 ; and the expectations of those immediately concerned were very much higher than the result justified. We are informed by Lieutenant Governor Macdonald in an address by him to the veterans at Toronto, as reported in the *Toronto Mail*, that “he might say, without revealing any Cabinet secret, that when he had the honour of being a member of the Government, he was the member of it to propose that the veterans of 1812 should be remembered in this way, and he was very glad to tell them that he had the support on that occasion of every one of his colleagues. He was only sorry the amount voted for the veterans was so small ; but at the time the grant was made the returns indicated that there were only between five and seven hundred of the veterans of 1812 living. He was far from regretting that so many veterans were still living ; he hoped they would still live long as an example to the youth of the country, and that the Government would not forget to increase the grant to them next session, so that the amount they receive might be doubled or trebled.”

After the passing of the Act immediate steps were taken to obtain information as to the numbers, and to identify each of them. It was thought that this could be accomplished by correspondence ; but it was finally found necessary, in order to become satisfied of the legitimacy of the claimant, to make a personal examination of their cases. The following formed the basis upon which the right to a pension was established :

1. A satisfactory comparison of their own declaration with the official documents on record in the Militia department at Ottawa ;
2. The appearance of their name on the list of those who were awarded land grants for their services during the war of 1812-15 ;
3. A solemn declaration of identity from the applicant ;
4. A solemn declaration of services and personal identity from another veteran, or other person who had personal knowledge of his services in 1812-15.

With a view of assisting such of the applicants who could not by themselves furnish that indispensable information, two officers of the militia department were detailed to visit and examine personally the

parties interested. Lieut.-Colonel John Macpherson visited the Province of Ontario, and the Deputy Minister, C. E. Panet, of the Province of Quebec. By mustering the veterans in groups from thirty to sixty, according to their number within a certain limit, great facilities have been afforded for the settlement of their claims. I must say that this system worked in a most satisfactory manner. A great number of those who could not at first justify by their own account of the legitimacy of their claim, but who had nevertheless served under arms, were thus put in a position to substantiate their declaration.—(Official Report).

The assembling of the veterans at the several appointed places was attended with no ordinary interest not only to themselves but to the several communities. Many incidents of a stirring and touching nature attended these conventions. Loss of memory and the general failing powers of nature sometimes made it difficult for some to give at once direct and satisfactory answers to the questions submitted. Many others retained the most vivid recollections of all the circumstances of the war so far as their own experience went; and they often manifested particular delight in recounting their adventures and those of their company and commanders, their escapes and also their escapades. Now and then gray-haired or bald men met, who had not seen each other since their company was disbanded, more than half a century ago, when the head was clothed with luxurious hair and the cheek was destitute of even an incipient beard. The recognitions and hand-shakings were extremely hearty. Incidents of the far away past, some amusing, some sad, were revived, and often old jokes recited. It was a matter of observation at the time in every place, that so many remained hale, hearty and vigorous; strong in mind and muscle. One, for instance, was described as being "as spry as a kitten," and in Niagara District "one sprightly lad of ninety-five treated the onlookers to a hornpipe in the public hall, and declared himself as good as two men yet." In some cases, exhilarated by the presence of old comrades, and inspired by the occasion, they would, after recounting their exploits, declare themselves "ready to turn out again to fight Yankee Doodle." On the other hand, some were destitute of eyesight, some of hearing, some of both. Some were palsied or bent with rheumatism and age; or could hardly move their feeble limbs. Great attention was invariably shown at each place of meeting, at least in Upper Canada, to the aged heroes, by all classes of the community. In some places they were regaled with a sumptuous repast, and everywhere kindly addresses were made to them by local distinguished persons. Too much cannot be said for the gallant colonel who conducted the examination of the claimants, for his earnest desire to do justice, his agreeable way and pleasant words, all of which were much appreciated by the veterans.

We have stated that a few, no doubt with a perfect right to it, had failed to obtain the pension. To one such we will now refer. The theatre of his life has been cast upon historic ground, near by the grandly rushing Niagara, which was the scene of many of the events of the war. The words we give are those of Hermann Crysler, of Clifton. They were uttered on the auspicious occasion of a golden wedding, celebrated on the 5th October, 1875. After dinner Mr. Crysler addressed his wife Edna, daughter of Haggar Cook, and among much that was touching, he said as follows :—

“Neither of us can trace our lineage back to the time of William the Conqueror, but we know that our fathers were honoured and respected; for it was a common saying, ‘If Haggar Cook said so it must be true;’ and my father bore the cognomen of ‘Honest John Crysler.’ And we know, too, they were loyal and true to their Sovereign. They left homes of wealth and affluence to come and live in the forests of Canada; and it is only the first pioneers who know the sufferings and privations they had to pass through. Your father was a ‘fine old English gentleman.’ He and his oldest sons bore arms in their country’s defence. My father was a sturdy German, who emigrated when only a lad with his father (Baltus Crysler) to America in 1768, and settled in Schoharie, N. Y., from where my grandfather joined the British army in the time of the Revolutionary War, leaving my father, who was about seventeen years of age, to take care of home, and whom the rebels tied across a stump and whipped unmercifully to force from him the secret of his father’s hiding-place; for they supposed he was secreted somewhere in the neighbourhood, and wished to capture and shoot him, as he was known to be a staunch Loyalist. I remember hearing my father tell how his mother watched, and wept, and waited for tidings from her husband, but all they ever learned was that he had reached the army in safety, and they were forced to conclude he had died on the field of battle. My father also fought for his adopted Sovereign in the war of 1812. I remember hearing him tell that he had been home on furlough for a few days, and was on his way back to join Captain Fitzgibbon’s company, then at Beaver Dams, when he met three of the enemy, armed with pistols and swords. One of them levelled his pistol at my father’s head, with orders to lay down his musket. Now, that musket my father prized very highly, for it was one he captured at the battle of Queenston, where brave Brock lost his life; so, instead of laying his musket down he placed it to his shoulder, and in a voice of thunder demanded that they should lay down their arms and march on before him. Seeing he was deeply in earnest, they thought prudence preferable to valour, and obeyed orders; and thus he marched them into camp. One proved to be a British subject, and was shot as a spy; the other two were Americans and were exchanged prisoners. Although I was only thirteen years of age at the time, I wanted father to give me a gun to go and fight the ‘Yankees’ too. He said, ‘No, my boy; you are too young to go in the ranks; but you know how to drive my horses, and you can bring on food and ammunition, without which the soldiers could not fight; so that if you are not really fighting the “Yankees” you will be helping others to do it, and be doing a British subject’s duty.’ So I was satisfied to fill the position my father gave me, although I was many a time tired, weary, wet and cold, and the enemy’s balls whistling very close, sometimes caused me to think how comfortable I could be at home. I felt my country required my services, and I filled that position all through the war, and I know I have as good a right and title, perhaps better, than some who get their pensions as being veterans of 1812, while my claim was rejected. I say all this, wife, to show that we have an honourable name, if not a noble one, to hand down to our posterity. When we began we had no dollars to spend on the luxuries of life, but we had everything necessary for our comfort and happiness. We were blest in all our undertakings, and I may say amassed wealth. We ‘covet no man’s silver, or gold, or apparel;’

we never turned any one from our door hungry, and have always given a helping hand to friends in need, which help has sometimes been given unworthily and bore very heavy upon us, too. We have known fair and cloudy weather. Through all, wife, you have stood bravely by my side to help and cheer me on, never wavering from the promise made just fifty years ago. Can I ever forget the untiring care you gave me in the year thirty-two, when the cholera was raging, and I laid so long hovering between life and death, while scarce a house in the neighbourhood did not mourn some departed loved one. I always felt that your care did more to save my life than the doctor's medicine, and if it had not been for that care I could not tell you now that we were married just fifty years ago. We have been blest with twelve children. Three God took to Himself in their infancy; and, wife, though we mourned their loss, we know they are safe in heaven, where I hope we will all be prepared to join them when we are called to render an account of the deeds done in the body. The children that have been spared to us have been a wellspring of comfort, and although we have had our share of vexation, care and trials in rearing them, we have no reason to be ashamed of any of them. They are all scattered now, and two of them so far from the old home that it has been impossible for them to join us even on this occasion, while my eldest son is detained by the sickness of his wife. Yes, wife, of all our children only our baby remains to comfort us; and although he is now so tall (just six feet three) that I can no more dandle him on my knee, or you huddle him to your bosom as of yore, still in our hearts he is held in as fond and tender embrace as in his helpless infancy; and may God help him, and all our children, to return to us in our old age the love so lavishly bestowed upon them. A few more short years, perhaps only days, and we will be gathered to our fathers; the land that has known us will know us no more."

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### SUMMER DAYS AT VICHY.

WHAT is this shining little city that rises before me? This is Vichy, the fairest of the French watering-places, where the air is as bright as the eye of a coquette and as soft as the answer that turns away wrath. A white bright road, which might be termed the spine of Vichy, unrolls itself between a line of unpretending gray hotels and a public park where bands are always playing. The park runs north and south. At its northern extremity stands the Etablissement des Bains, where the sick world goes to bathe—at its southern, the Casino, where for six months in every year the same world disports day and night, Sundays included. The hotels already mentioned are on the western side of the park, and are all first class. On the eastern side extends a row of second-class hostelries interspersed with shops.

This ancient village is on the east bank of the river Allier, in the very heart of France, and is reached by railroad from Paris in ten hours. It is the Mecca of ruined livers, devastated digestions and cripples knobby with arthritic nodes. There wrecked physiques drift dejectedly ashore. There too you will find cheerful incurables, who no longer bathe or drink, but taste the quiet waters of resignation drawn from deep wells of suffering.

The normal population is five thousand, and twenty thousand visitors are said to go there annually. Scarcely a house appears that is not white or gray, and innumerable villas of stone and wood are embowered amid tradition-haunted and shadow-tangled grounds. Chief among these villas, and an exhaustless object of curiosity to visitors, is the one which was occupied by Napoleon III. during his visit to Vichy in 1861. Behind the line of principal hotels another park, called in distinction the New Park, is laid out. It commands the Allier, whence it is separated by a spacious road, and protected by an iron railing and stone embankment. Napoleon III. ordered these improvements, but it is in the old park that the promenades are made, the bands play and Vichy society is seen in living panorama.

Twenty centuries of history rally to the support of this little watering-place. The stone bridge of to-day over the Allier is the successor of the wooden one which Julius Cæsar crossed. Relics have been so remorselessly exhumed that, unless a new Cesnola were to arise, one could scarcely expect any fresh excavation to reveal the cunningly chiseled statuettes and vases wherewith the tutelary nymphs were wont to be propitiated. Traditions are almost mute with respect to Vichy's fate from the time of her invasion by the barbarians of the North to the close of the fourteenth century. In 1410, however, Louis XI, Duke de Bourbon, strongly fortified the little hamlet and founded the monastery of Les Célestins, the ruins of which are still visible. Two centuries later, Henri IV. instituted thermal inspections in order to remedy certain abuses connected with the sale of the Vichy waters. In 1614 a Capuchin convent was built near the present thermal establishment, and it is upon this site that the reservoirs as they stand to-day were constructed. The mineral springs which constitute the wealth of Vichy have not always been collected into a handsome establishment; for a long time they were left to the care of themselves. It was not until 1787 that a building was put up for their especial accommodation. At that time Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire de France went to Vichy for their health. A new building was then erected, and various other improvements were contemplated. But it is to the efforts of the Duchesse d'Angoulême in 1814 that the present thermal establishment is due, and the stimulus thus given to Vichy was subsequently increased by the patronage of the Third Napoleon.

Notwithstanding the evil condition in which this watering-place so long remained, it enjoyed the presence of several distinguished visitors. The illustrious Fléchier sojourned here in his youth, and speaks of it with passionate admiration. Madame de Sévigné made two visits to it—one in 1676, and the other a year later—and was only prevented from paying a third, in 1687, through the persuasions of the Duchesse de

Chaulnes, who preferred the baths of Bourbon. The brilliant marquise remained here some weeks in pleasant companionship with the Duchesse de Brissic, the Chanoinesse de Longueval and other friends, read Ariosto, amused herself with watching the peasants dance and wrote some of her most charming letters to Madame de Grignan, her daughter. The house she is said to have inhabited is still pointed out, but the tradition is obscure, and after the lapse of two hundred years it is difficult under such circumstances to feel certain that you are standing in the room magnetised by her genius and virtue.

At the present day life deposits itself here in indolent punctualities. Whatever diversity of taste there may be, you generally do the same thing at the same hour, allowing a small margin for picnics, excursions and other digressions. If your heart is as big as the Yosemite and your purse as long as the Union Pacific Railroad, the beggars who abound will keep you busy. But unless you consider alms-giving an obligation, your only duties are to bathe and drink, rising at least in time to take the waters as perscribed. This prescription is that you shall imbibe before breakfast two half tumblers of water at half an hour's interval. Very many of the Vichy visitors, however, are dilettante invalids, vexed with paltry ailments which they doctor themselves with all the enthusiasm of ignorance. Spurred onward by the blithe conviction that they cannot swallow too much, the less they have drunk of the Pierian spring the more they drink of these springs at Vichy. The average dose prescribed by a resident physician certainly does not exceed a pint per day. But at a popular spring named Les Célestins the genuinely gouty and rheumatic swallow at their peril thirty or forty glasses per day, with an ecstasy which wisdom is incapable of inspiring. One poor lady there, cadaverous enough to have been made out of a rib taken from the side of Death, drank her fifty glasses daily, in meek unconsciousness that the circle of healthy jibers standing around punctured her with satire.

There are two events at Vichy to which every one, no matter how eccentric or extravagant in other things, submits with a captivating docility. These are breakfast and dinner—the one taking place at ten, and the other at half-past five. At these hours the walks are deserted, the park is abandoned, silence reigns in the Casino, the baths are tenantless. A bright hush, a sunny desolation, falls upon Vichy, for throughout its drives and walks, its nooks and byways, not a soul is to be seen. The village and outskirts are left to radiant loneliness, the brooding of sunshine, the dreamfulness of balmy air. Life is concentrated in the *salle-à-manger*, existence centres in the palate. What perfect attuning of tongue to knife and fork, of morals to *menu*! There may have been invalids too ill to eat, but if so no one ever brought them forth, and they lived and died in deserved obscurity. With few exceptions the average

appetite fringed on the voracious. One of these exceptions was a sweet American lady with a voice like a sigh, a face like a magnolia, and a form as fragile as a skeletonized flower. Occasionally she swallowed a little soup or took a few spoonfuls of *crème glacée*, but it was evident that her nice digestion pined for something it could not get. Futile were the beguilements of the *maitresse d'hôtel*. In vain that accomplished caterer (swarthy and gracious, and with a fine rudimentary moustache) tempted her with peculiar dishes and brought her mashed potatoes with her own brown hands. The beautiful dyspeptic confessed to me in an access of confidence that she was pining for the fruits and vegetables, so numerous, so delicious, of her native land—that she was wearied to death of the unending round of bathing and drinking, where claret supplanted water, and the celery was stewed, and muskmelon succeeded the soup; where ice was a novelty, the demand for which was provocative of astonishment in the breast of the *garçon*, and where invention was exhausted in devising the unnatural.

Whatever may be the rule at other watering-places where a *service medical* is found, certainly no restraint is laid at Vichy upon the appetites of invalids. No one was to be met who confessed to having received from his physician more than vague advice upon that subject. The sufferer from diabetes and the victim of dyspepsia went through all the courses with touching scrupulousness, and the organization which showed a vicious assimilation of sugar vied in voracity with the one prostrate beneath an affection of the spleen. Some few even intercalated a lunch at noon, and defiantly wound up the day with a nine-o'clock tea. At Carlsbad a different system prevails. There the physicians pay great attention to diet, and invalids who profess to follow the resident medical advice are compelled to adopt a strict regimen.

The *service medical* consists of about twenty physicians, appointed by the French government. Most of them make their permanent residence at Paris, and stay at Vichy only during the summer months. If you are an invalid, of course the first thing you are expected to do is to seek a physician. In the selection you will be apt to be guided by chance unless previous reasons have already decided you. An hour's waiting is the usual penalty you pay for being enamoured of a physician's reputation. The mode of initiation is as follows: You call on the doctor and state your case, giving with your name the address of your hotel. He makes voluminous notes, informs you that he will visit you at seven the next morning, and directs you to remain in bed until he comes. At the appointed hour he arrives, makes an examination of that portion of your frame which is affected, and prescribes the number and kind of baths and drinks. You hint meekly, perhaps blunderingly, something about compensation, and he informs you that you are to call upon him at stated

intervals—once or twice a week as the case may be—and that only when you pay your last visit will your reckoning-hour have arrived. After he has gone you rise, aglow with beautiful resolutions, like a convert to a new religion.

The Vichy guide-books declare that baths of three classes are to be found there. I was able to discover but two, baths of the first class, three francs; baths of the second, a franc less. So far as essentials are concerned, these classes are the same, the chief difference being that in the first-class establishment each bath-tub has a linen lining, called *fond de bain*, and you are furnished with two *peignoirs* instead of one. Few cis-Atlantic people have sufficient moral courage to take a second-class bath. They cannot withstand the spell of superfluous *serviettes* and *peignoirs*, to say nothing of the subtle witchery of the *fond de bain*. People with frayed fortunes and not a sou to spare walk with kingly tread into the first-class establishments. For them Vichy contains no other, and they give the *garçon* a *pourboire*, the princeliness of which is often in inverse proportion to their means.

The waters are used for three groups of diseases. The first group comprises gastralgia, chronic gastritis, acidity of the stomach, nausea, vomiting, enlargement of the liver, spleen and abdominal viscera, and tardy, painful and laborious digestion. The second group includes diabetes and kindred diseases. The third group is composed of rheumatic gout, gout proper and sciatica. All the springs have a common origin. Bicarbonate of soda is the principal ingredient. This exists in the presence of free carbonic acid, and is mixed with minute proportions of the bicarbonates of potassa, magnesia, strontia, lime, protoxide of iron, protoxide of manganese, sulphate of potassa, silica, chlorate of sodium, phosphate, arseniate and borate of soda, and traces of bituminous organic matter. In each spring these elements are united in different proportions, their relative proportions determining the physician in his preference of certain springs for special cases.

The springs of Vichy are twenty in number. Eleven belong to the state and nine to private individuals. The former include the natural springs of La Grande Grille, Le Puits Chomel, Le Puits Carré, Lucas, L'Hôpital, Les Célestins (old and new), and the artesian wells Du Parc, De Vaisse, D'Hauterive and De Mesdames. The private springs are the two natural ones of St. Yorre and the wells of Lardy, Larbaud, Cusset, Elizabeth, Sainte Marie, the Abattoir and Tracy. The mineral fountains of this region divide themselves, therefore, into two great classes—natural springs and artesian wells. The first have issued from time immemorial from the solid rock: the last have been reached by drilling more or less deep.

The springs most convenient to the principal hotels are La Grande

Grille, Le Puits Chomel, Lucas, L'Hôpital, De Mesdames and Du Parc, and the ones most universally used are L'Hôpital, La Grande Grille, De Mesdames and Les Célestins. The last mentioned has an immense reputation among the gouty and rheumatic. It is situated, however, at quite a distance from the hotels, and its celebrity among the arthritic clique is somewhat factitious. Around Les Célestins despairing cripples swarm, drinking more than they can possibly assimilate. In many cases these overdoses produce a giddiness that causes the drinker to reel like a drunken man, and sometimes this giddiness is accompanied by a curious and painful confusion of the intellect, resembling the first stages of insanity. It is a singular fact that the waters of Les Célestins, which should be used with most caution, are the very ones imbibed with the extreme of recklessness and fatuity. The new spring is located in a pretty little park picturesquely laid out with grottoes, arbours and groves. La Grande Grille, Chomel and Mesdames are in the corridors of the Etablissement des Bains. La Source de l'Hôpital is nooked in a sunny little street behind the Casino. With its perpetual crowd of drinkers, and its various accessories in the shape of booths and stalls, mendicants and vendors, it offers a most animated spectacle. The elbowing is eternal. Bargains are to be had on every hand. A blue-bloused cripple in a wheeled chair, and with fingers hooked with rheumatism, holds up matches piteously for sale, while his wife, in wooden shoes and a straw hat, stands by, at the door of the Chapelle de l'Hôpital, beseeching charity *pour l'amour de Dieu*. A circle of stone steps ascends to the spring, which wells up into a round basin protected by a polyhedral roof on slender pillars, like those of the park kiosks. Here two women and a young girl, called *donneuses d'eau* ("givers of water"), scoop the colourless elixir up from early in the morning until sunset, using tin cups attached to poles like broomsticks. The cups are whitely encrusted through the chemistry of the salts. The *donneuses* are dressed in the invariable blue-striped gown and white cap which seem the conventional toilette of the French peasantess. Most of them are in the prime of womanhood, their upper lips penciled with those shadowy moustaches which virilize the countenances of so many continental women of the lower class. None of these *donneuses* are old—several are young and pretty. The youngest water-giver at La Source de l'Hôpital had a face unusually attractive—not so much for its delicacy and beauty, though it was not without both—as for sweetness, freshness and simplicity, the affectionateness of the soft brown eyes, the apparent unconsciousness of admiration with which she performed her task. She could not have been more than sixteen, and her slender figure, serene and sunny, the fine pure curves of her small red mouth, the flawless complexion, which the forbearing sun had shyly bronzed, and that simplicity of manner

which culture inculcates, but cannot always produce, made her a most graceful contrast to her swarthy, semi-masculine sisters. Like a new angel of Bethesda, she troubled, not the pool, but the hearts of some who went there.

To return to the baths for a moment. Those of the first class are one hundred in number, without counting cabinets for douches of all kinds. At one extremity of the grand gallery are windows for the sale of tickets, and at the other rooms for the inhalation of oxygen and baths of carbonic acid gas. The main difference between baths of the first and second grades has been already intimated. The presiding genius of the first-class establishment was a nervous and wiry old gentleman with a nose glowing with recollections of *vin rouge* and dreams of erysipelas. His manner was as sleek as an Italian greyhound, and he glittered with decorations like a dollar store. His toothlessness was no bar to his loquacity. On the contrary, his dental loss appeared to be his lingual gain, for his tongue was as exhaustless as the Vichy basin itself. He was shrewdly suspected of being alive to the logic of a five-franc piece; and, judging from the enthusiasm with which certain bathers were accommodated, and the humiliating neglect visited upon others, perhaps this painful suspicion was not altogether baseless. His bosom friend was the corn-doctor, a magnificent gentleman who called himself count, wore a star on his breast and was a cynosure at the theatre every evening. His manner was marked by a sort of bland ferocity, amiable, but eruptive, and he exploded harmlessly among us like a volcano in evening dress. He knew that he had rendered our feet too comfortable for us to tread upon him.

While taking your bath the mineral composition of the water produces a singular illusion, causing the submerged limbs to be of preternatural size excepting toward the extremity of the fingers and toes, which apparently become truncated, and retire into themselves in a mysterious and perplexing manner. A half hour elapsing, you ring a bell just within reach, and the attendant brings you warm towels, and two warm peignoirs, into which you slip successively. Then, after dressing, comes a flirtation at croquet or a walk to St. Amand, a neighbouring hill, or anything else to make you forget you are an invalid and to intensify the sweet sense of convalescence.

The amusements of almost all watering-places are in their general drift identical. In all there is the same transferral of metropolitan pleasures to sylvan surroundings, the same effort to be elegantly rural. Even Penelope affects the wood-nymph. At Vichy, after the *dejeuner*, the problem was how to evade ennui during the six and a half hours that must elapse until dinner. An hour and a half of this might easily be devoted to bathing and drinking, leaving five hours to be annihilated.

Neither riding nor driving was very much in vogue, and with the exception of a few children but one party had the hardihood to organize an expedition of this kind. It was composed of a dozen young ladies and gentlemen from adjoining hotels, headed—need it be said?—by two American demoiselles almost faultlessly fair. Everything was a success excepting the donkeys. These were abnormal concretions of amiability, stupidity and sluggishness—a fortuitous blending of the angel, the idiot and the snail. Incredibly minute, they were almost hidden beneath the skirts of the ladies. But it was the male riders who were the most severely tested. To prevent their feet touching the ground, they were compelled to bend their legs in an acute angle, the general outline of each figure being that of forked lightning. Only by this expedient could the donkeys be kept in place and prevented sliding from under. The hoarse shouts of the gentlemen, the pretty coaxing of the ladies and the belabouring of an army of little boys of whom the beasts were hired, and who followed *con amore* with curses and sticks, succeeding at long intervals in goading the donkeys into faint trots of fifteen seconds. Whether the party reached the distant bourne for which they started could only be guessed, but if they did they doubtless returned on foot to save themselves fatigue.

Our chief persecutors were the flower-girls and the Italian woman who sold silks and laces. The former remorselessly disposed themselves in double rows in the hall, and after each meal it was necessary to run this gauntlet in order to reach the sidewalk. Gigantic and beautiful their bouquets were, and not dear, ranging in price from one franc to three. They were composed of red and white camellias, Japanese and calla lilies, azaleas and mignonette, ferns, smilax, creeping vines and orchids. The very young gentlemen were the chief victims, and it was principally to them that the seductions of the subtle vendors were addressed. The Italian woman had a more ambitious field. Providence had granted her a superior gift of loquacity, and she was as eloquent in French as in her native tongue. She was one of those bronzed *contadinas*, with heavy eyebrows and coarse black hair and of a certain rank grace and sensuous beauty, who seem made to fit picturesquely into barren nooks and lend a bit of warm colour to the parched highways of life. Her industry and pertinacity were infinite. Twice daily she made the round of the principal hotels, spreading her laces upon chairs and benches, voluble as an auctioneer, quenchless as a prairie fire, seductive as a Turkish bath advertisement, fond of a joke, rapid at repartee, seldom overstepping the bounds of good taste, brimming with appeals that no society smuggler could withstand. She sold much, and her laborious life was sweetened with occasional triumphs, which consisted in subduing the obduracy of those who refused to buy. Her greatest trial in this respect was an old

lady, who, though endowed with wealth, taste and liberality, made it a rule to buy nothing except in the large towns. In vain week after week the Italian spread before her the gauziest shawls and cloudiest laces in the most alluring falls and folds. Mrs. B—— criticised them with one eye and implied good-natured contempt with the other. But one evening the *contadina*, as she was packing up her wares, seemed to swell with satisfaction, as a conqueror might do with his foot upon a captive's neck. The reason was not difficult to perceive. There, in one corner of the porch, sat Mrs. B—— dandling a blue silk scarf, and criticising it *sotto voce* with a half-ashamed air. In a weak moment her disdain had been vanquished, and, routed by the Italian's eloquence, she had permitted herself to buy. With one proud, triumphant look toward her, the conqueror shouldered her bale of costly knickknacks and trudged down the street, her eyes glittering like stars, her dark face aglow with the pride of hard-won victory.

Without the Casino the majority of us would have found the evenings longer than we liked. It is easy to denounce city pleasures, and to remind the invalid that he goes to the country to escape the town. Pure air, rejuvenating waters, an agreeable climate, an atmosphere of brilliancy and balm, the long delicious opportunity for sensuous sauntering, are given, not to satisfy us at the time, but to be pined after when they become memories. The Casino is an unmixed blessing to ninety-nine out of every hundred of those who go to Vichy. Architecturally, it is a large brick building trimmed with marble, and situated at one end of the park. Soldiers and ushers guard its portals, and the little garden attached is secluded by an iron railing. The Casino contains a theatre, a concert-hall (used also as a ball-room), billiard and card rooms, a canopied pavilion in which open-air concerts are given, a general reading-room where newspapers from all parts of the world are filed, and a private reading-room for ladies, additionally furnished with a piano and billiard-table. The present Casino was opened July 1, 1865, and supplanted the less pretentious places of entertainment previously under the direction of M. Strauss. It is open from May 15 to October 1, the theatre attached to it being open from the same date to September 15. You may subscribe either to the theatre or to the Casino, or to both. The dual subscription is fifty francs, or ten dollars, for each person for one month, and secures a seat to all the performances in the theatre, besides the use of all the privileges of the various saloons included in the Casino, and the right to occupy a chair in the park at Les Célestins while the bands are playing. In the *salles des jeux* gambling is forbidden, and the list of permitted games includes piquet, impérial, whist, douze points, boston, bézique, tric-trac, dominoes and drafts. Balls are not numerous, and those that are given are somewhat informal and rather soberly

dressed. The stage was the great evening amusement, and the little theatre, capable of holding eight hundred, was filled every night, including Sundays, with an audience from all parts of the world. The *répertoire* included almost every variety of public entertainment, from opera to farce. For gala occasions a star from one of the Paris theatres was engaged.

There was one character at the Casino more remarkable than any that has been mentioned. It was the *demoiselle* who occupied the ticket-office, and the chief business of whose life appeared to be to stab with black-headed pins the *places numérotées* of the theatre-charts. She was a complete exemplar of modest ambition gratified, of that graceful contentment which so many betray in France when they have once worked into a station commensurate with their wishes. Mademoiselle Sirène ate, drank and slept, it is to be presumed, like other women; but from seven o'clock in the morning until midnight she occupied the little windowed niche where reserved seats and private boxes were sold. She had been there for nine years—ever since the theatre opened—and will probably remain for nine years longer, or until decrepitude forces her back to a lower plane. Her patience and politeness, her shrewdness and precision, the neatness of her toilette and her conscientious devotion to business, made one pardon the rouge that was not sufficiently invisible. There were more charms on her watchchain than in her face, and yet she was not bad-looking. Fate had placed her in a position where the essentials were ceaseless industry and amiability all day and every day, she accepted the destiny with a passive cheerfulness that was not without grace. Poor mademoiselle! How many useless questions she imperturbably answered during her sixteen hours of daily toil! How many a *place numérotée* she cheerfully changed according to the caprice of the subscriber! How quickly she divined the foreigner's meaning hidden like a pebble at the bottom of his rivulet of execrable French! Civility circulated through her system like sap through a tree. Nothing was perfunctory with her; every duty seemed to be performed *con amore*. Her pleasures—well, her pleasures were confined to a chat now and then with a few female friends, and a little badinage during the *entr'actes* with one or two platonic admirers.

The guests at Vichy were very heterogeneous. Nearly every civilized nationality was represented. Instead of inscribing your name in a public register, after the American fashion, you wrote it the day after your arrival on a small slip of paper, which you handed quietly, not to say surreptitiously, to Mademoiselle M——, the assistant of the *maitresse d'hôtel*. In due process of time your name was added to a list made out in fair German text and hung in a glass frame in the hall. This frame was three feet square, and occupied a conspicuous position. Its

eccentric feature was that it chronicled every guest as a *propriétaire*, and without figuring as *propriétaire* you had no hope of finding your name there. This was the homogeneous attribute which reduced us all to unity.

It was amusing to glance up and down the table-d'hôte, speculating as to the varied interests which had thus kaleidoscoped so many individuals of different nationalities. The wanderer crimsoned by the sun of Sumatra sat vis-à-vis to the South Carolina belle; the homely *bourgeoise* from Bordeaux accepted courtesies from the consumptive Brazilian; the Fifth Avenue matron, better preserved than her daughters will be at her age, chatted with the Russian count fresh from St Petersburg; Berlin and Buenos Ayres shook each other by the hand. The kindliness of apparent prosperity gave the best condiment to intercourse, and those of far different ranks in life moved amongst each other like equals. The only exception to this was the Archduchess of Austria, who was sojourning there under the name of the Princess Ghika, and occupied a little villa at the rear of the hotel. She was accompanied by her physician, Dr Montanari, of Nice, said to be the original of "Doctor Antonio," a gentleman of very polished manners and possessed of a genuine geniality, such as graces very few thorough men of the world.

Severe strictures have sometimes been made on the American girls abroad, and certainly the experience of an impartial critic does not give them as complete a contradiction as could be wished. The average American girl is not altogether to blame that her chest is flat, her shoulder-blades sharp and her voice nasal. These are the unamiabilities of the body which cannot always be perfectly corrected. Still, much can be done even for them. But the American young lady who has travelled all over Europe, and feasted and junketed in every continental city, is apt to acquire a hardness of countenance and a raspiness of tone which do not contrast advantageously with the voice and visage of her English and French sisters. Her flirtations with Italian counts and French marquises are long and loud. She flings nasal objurgations at her papa and corrects in public her mother's pronunciation, and an audacity that daily increases takes the tenderness from her cheek and the girlhood from her eyes. This description, indeed, is far from applying to all American young ladies who travel much in Europe, but the class which it suggests is not so small as it should be.

Three of the most interesting places to visit are the Château de Randans, the intermittent springs and the museum of petrifications. Randans is the chief canton in the department of Puy-de-Dôme, and is about ten miles from Vichy, on the right bank of the Allier. An easy and well-travelled road conducts through the forest to this princely residence. The château is very old, but has been so often repaired and en-

larged that it shows few evidences of ancient construction. In 1821 it passed into the hands of the Princess Adelaide d'Orleans. It still remains in the possession of the Orleans family, who spend a portion of every summer beneath its roof. The entrance is through a spacious court guarded by a gigantic iron gateway. Through this you discern the façade of the château, elevated by a double terrace crowned with turrets in brick. The interior is remarkable for the beauty and richness of its decorations, its valuable paintings, its armoury filled with curiosities. After having visited the grand salon, the royal chamber and the library, one passes by a terrace to the chapel. The light penetrates here through stained windows representing the three theological Virtues. But to the ordinary visitor the most pleasing features of this sequestered old château are the terrace, sentinelled with orange trees and gay with numerous flowers, and an adjacent walk cool with shadows cast from lime-boughs thickly pleached.

The intermittent spring is situated on the left or west bank of the Allier. To reach it you cross the stone bridge. Entrance is through a little house where medals and souvenirs are sold, and the price of admission is half a franc. The point at which the spring wells up has been surrounded by a circular basin of masonry, and this has been enclosed by a sort of iron cage thirty or forty feet high. Four or five feet intervene between the basin and the circular cage surrounding it, and this space is graveled. Several door-like openings in the cage permit of entrance and exit. Outside the iron framework benches and chairs are arranged at intervals, which are generally occupied by an inquisitive crowd. The spring flows every few hours with great punctuality, and visitors are wont to collect a few moments before the expected time. As the moment draws near faint bubblings are seen at the mouth of the orifice which forms the centre of the basin. Every few seconds the bubblings increase in foam and force. Then a white effervescence is perceived, which by degrees becomes more violent, until a jet of water concealed in foam leaps up a foot or more. In throes and spasms and amid spouts and sputterings the jets proceed, until finally a perpendicular shaft of water, palm-tree shaped and crowned with spray, stands blustering and triumphant, rejoicing in its own brief but beautiful paroxysm, and blinding you literally with a flood of eloquence concerning the earth's bosom whence it came.

The petrifications are found in a house and grounds devoted to their preparation and located on one of the by streets. A little outhouse near the main building is filled with a sloping series of shelves, over which trickles the water which produces the petrification. The model or cast that is to be reproduced is placed on one of these shelves and left untouched for weeks or months, as the case may be. The mineral salts

meantime form a shell, which becomes the exact duplicate of the model it encrusts. With the aid of a knife this crust is easily broken off, and its exterior surface being polished it becomes an inexpensive and interesting souvenir. The sheds where the petrifications were proceeding contained hundreds of specimens in various stages of lapidescence. Many hundreds more ornamented the shelves and glass cases inside the adjoining shop. Scores of Herculaneum and Pompeiian cameos were thus repeated. Sometimes the petrified objects were tolerably large, such as baskets and birds' nests. The finest work is reproduced with a delicacy with which the indurating waters would scarcely be credited. But Nature is an artist who evidently takes a pride in her work, and loves to show man that he cannot expect to rival her.

Vichy had of course its disagreeable reminiscences, and certainly one of the most unpleasant was the room devoted to the inhalation of various gases and the carbonic acid gas baths. The spectacle presented of various ladies and gentlemen seated at tables holding tubes in their mouths or having their tonsils drenched with spray was far from being picturesque, and it is not to be wondered at that not a few ladies with affections of the throat refused to resort in public to so unprepossessing a cure. In taking the gas-bath you stepped with your clothes on into an empty bath-tub, and found at your feet a rubber pipe coiled like a snake. Having seated yourself on a cushion at the upper end of the tub, a tin lid was clapped down through which your head protruded like a prisoner's in the stocks. The gas was then turned on through the rubber pipe. This pleasant incarceration lasted for half an hour, the carbonic acid gas being assumed to ease the pains of rheumatism. After having bathed in and drunk the Vichy water, and dozed in the gas-bath, and inhaled a certain quantity of oxygen, a little imagination was all that was needed in order to get well. Yet even the room devoted to the *séances d'inhalation* had its compensations. Annette, one of the attendants, had the soul of a nun, and went about her work with the serenity of a Sister of Mercy. In this room, which was her world, she wove her little romances destined never to become real. She was full of trouble—the trouble that comes from a strong desire for self-progress for ever crushed by surrounding conditions. No wonder she gazed with passionate mournfulness into faces that had beamed kindly on her, and which, passing into the great world outside, she should never see again.

Vichy, then, like any other place from which one has extracted good, is not to be remembered without affection. You wrestle with disease there as Jacob wrestled with the angel, and feel that perhaps you have won a blessing in return. The last hour I remained there was spent in bidding farewell to places where the days had been dreamed away, sometimes in pain, but oftener in peace. Somehow or other, I was ingenuous

enough to expect that every one would share my regret, but this egoism was properly disillusioned. The rosy mistress of the Berne Library (one of the two public libraries in the place) received my adieux with aggravating calmness, and imposed an appropriate fine upon Madame Dudevant's *Elle et Lui*, which had been detained too long. She was not a woman abandoned to false sentiment. Her vascular system was healthy, and doubtless sustained her in her devotion to domestic economy. Her cheeks were threaded with little red veins, delicate as frostwork, and fed with *vin rouge*. An honest bovine look came from her direct brown eyes, calm as a star-depth, but not so poetical; and if wrinkles had begun to show themselves, they were not caused by speculations concerning the unknowable. She was a prosaic, contented woman, with no tendency to suspect that when her fate was written there was a hair in the pen and her destiny was blurred. When October came she should shut up shop, she said, and pass the winter, according to custom, in the adjacent village of Vernet. Happy, homely soul, entrenched among those isolating hills, hearing nothing of the world without, vexed by no introspection of the world within, content that bread and meat and warmth and shelter were forthcoming for the day!

It required too much courage to visit Annette, who had given me my gas-baths and hinted at her troubles. The principal thing apparent in this woman and others in her position was the monotonous serenity of their features, aglow, like the faces of the blind, with sadness veiled in resignation. Their lives thus caught a certain grace not often seen elsewhere. Vichy was all the world that they had ever seen—"un petit Paris," as they expressed it. A career of unending toil was all their future. They did the work of men, but brought to it a tenderness few men could have bestowed.

An idyllic light surrounds those peaceful weeks of watering-place dreaming. The flower-girls and the women with laces and lingerie; the monks and friars, rope-cinctured and sandal-footed; the washerwomen with clattering wooden shoes and conical straw hats; the lottery-dealers with revolving wheels and cabalistic shingles; the nationalities of the world massed and grouped in the promenade or at the theatre; the world-forgotten and forlorn châteaux, full of melancholy alleys and corridors; the wax-polished floors, mirroring your footsteps as you walked; the donkeys whose consciousness told them of a universe peopled with bludgeons and resonant of oaths; the *café noir* and *vin ordinaire*, which made the thirsty American yearn for the ice-pitchers of his native land; the centenarian beggars keeping up with your carriage, and petitioning for alms in the name of the good God; the witty haunchbacked dwarfs, like epigrams in flesh, who thank you for sous with bows that D'Orsay might have coveted; the springs surrounded with their jostling crowds,

past which the travelling carriage of the Princess Ghika flashed on its way to Bourbon-Busset ; the queer little French physician tottering under traditions, and believing devoutly in Vichy as the back-bone of all being ; the Casino, dedicated to pleasure, nightly winking its myriad eyes at the dark and desolate Etablissement des Bains, the rendezvous of pain ; the gleamy roads winding to remote châteaux through bosky forest or by lonely watercourse ; and the glimpses of quaint dreamy gardens where the centuries lay sound asleep for ever and for ever,—people and places such as these flitted before me in melancholy confusion when the moment had come to bid them a long farewell.

In the early September morning I walked alone across the deserted park. At every step the trees rained russet, the shower we must expect when April is exchanged for autumn. The dull sky brooded, and a low wind murmured premonitions of a storm. The gay band in the kiosk discoursed with its accustomed flippancy to a sadly-dwindled audience. Six guests alone loitered in the principal hotel. Crossing at last to the *salle-à-manger*, I partook of an early breakfast, in company with two or three others about to depart. Sentiment evaporated over the mutton-chops, and we fell to scandalizing the *service medical* and comparing our doctors' bills, with respect to which opinion was divided. The arrival of the carriage nipped this pleasant gossip in the bud, and in the midst of that excitement and confusion in which events seem to transact themselves our trunks were hoisted, we gave *garçon* and *femme de chambre* their well-earned gratuities, and shook hands with madame our hostess and her husband, who now for the first time became visible in that acknowledged capacity. He was a meek, amiable man, excellent at carrying a market-basket and winding up a clock ; and I am sure we all felt sorry that he should make our acquaintance only at a moment when it was impossible for him to cultivate it. And so, amid waving handkerchiefs and gazing groups and moist eyes and kindly memories, we drove away, most of us to return to the practicalities of life, and in them forget our day-dreams. Still, in convalescent life at Vichy there is often something so elegiac and pastoral that one who has enjoyed this attribute of it would not wholly forget it if he could. Its simplicity, its silence, its repose, are precious.

A. E. L.

## THE PHOTOGRAPH.

It is only a sun-print on a card,  
 The picture of one who died long ago ;  
 'Tis faded by time, but the eyes, unmarr'd,  
 Look up at me so.

As they used to do, in the halcyon past,  
 With a sudden glance of a sweet surprise ;  
 A look that was too full of bliss to last,  
 Look'd those dear blue eyes.

Holding a court, herself Queen, was my sweet,  
 When first we met 'mid the music, and glare  
 Of the lighted gas, I, new to the scene,  
 Stood close by her chair.

Again, in the church, with a year between,—  
 I was kneeling, white-robed in the surpliced choir :  
 All through the prayers I look'd down at my pet,  
 I could not look higher.

My pet, did I say ! She was mine in name,  
 In name and in dreams she was mine, my own ;  
 “ Engaged to be married,” the rumour came,  
 And my heart turn'd stone.

Engaged to another means dead to me—  
 Engaged ! She is married ; I heard the bell  
 Ring joy to the bride, but to me its tone  
 Was a funeral knell.

It is only a sun-print on a card,  
 The picture of one who died long ago.  
 Shut it up in the drawer with eyes unmarr'd,  
 And lock it up—so,

FRED. TRAVERS.

## THE PRIEST'S SON.

ABOUT twenty years ago I was visiting my aunt's many estates while acting as her agent. The different village priests whose acquaintance I thought it my duty to make seemed to be a monotonous set of men, all cut on the same pattern. But finally, in the last village I had to inspect, I came across a priest who was very unlike his colleagues. He was a very old man, almost decrepit, and had it not been for the urgent entreaties of his parishioners, who loved and respected him very much—a rare thing in Russia—he would long before that have resigned.

Two things struck me in Father Alexis; for that was this priest's name: in the first place, he not only asked nothing for himself, but told me at once that he really needed nothing; and secondly, I do not remember ever having seen on a human face a sadder expression, one more completely detached from outside matters; it was what is called an expression of living death. His features were uninteresting and of the rustic type; his forehead was wrinkled; he had little grey eyes, a large nose, a pointed beard; his skin was red and weatherbeaten. But the expression! In its dull indifference there lingered but a vague, sad trace of life. And his voice was dull and heavy.

I fell ill, and was obliged to keep my bed for some days. Father Alexis came to see me every evening—not to talk, but to play *douraki* with me. He appeared to take more pleasure in the game than I did. Once, when he had just beaten me several times in succession, I turned the conversation to his past life and the griefs of which the traces were still so manifest. Father Alexis did not comply at once with my wish, but at last he told me his story. I must have pleased him in some way or other, for certainly he would not have been so open with every one.

I shall try to give you the very words he used. Father Alexis talked very simply, clearly and logically, without any of the pompous expressions one hears at the seminaries and in the provinces. I have often noticed that these Russians who have had a hard experience of life, and have become resigned to everything, use very simple forms of speech, whatever their social condition may be.

Father Alexis began: I had a good sensible wife. I loved her with my whole heart, and she bore me eight children, but they almost all died in infancy. One of my sons became an archbishop; he died not long since in his diocese. My other son, James—I am going to tell you about him.

I put him in the seminary of the city of T———. Soon I began

to hear the most favourable reports about him ; he was first in every class. While a little boy at home he was noted for his diligence and quiet, never uttering a word all day, but sitting quietly reading a book. He never gave his mother or me the slightest uneasiness. He was a good little fellow ; only sometimes he had strange dreams, and his health was very delicate.

Once a singular thing happened. He was just ten years old. He went out from the house at daybreak on the vigil of St. Peter, and stayed out all the morning. At last he came back. My wife and I asked him where he had been.

"I went out to walk in the woods," he said, "and I met a little green old man who talked a good deal with me, and gave me some little nuts which are very good to eat."

"Who was the little green old man ?"

"I don't know," he said : "I never saw him before. A very little old man, with a hunch on his back, who sprang about and laughed all the time. He was green—as green as the leaves."

"What ! was his face green too ?"

"Face, hair and eyes.

Our son had never told a lie, but at this his mother and I began to have our doubts.

"You fell asleep in the woods, the sun shone on your face, and you dreamed about the old man."

"I did not fall asleep ; and besides, since you don't believe me, here is one of the little nuts which was left in my pocket." And with these words James drew the nut from his pocket and showed it to us. It was round like a chestnut, but downy, and unlike ordinary nuts. I took it to show to the doctor, but afterward I could never find it.

Then we sent the boy to the seminary, as I have already told you, and he delighted us by his success. We often said, my wife and I, that he would become a great man. It was a pleasure to see him when he came home for vacation, he was so pretty and well behaved, and kind to everybody, so that everybody praised him to us. Only his body remained very weak, and he seldom had a good healthy colour. When he had entered his nineteenth year, and had nearly finished his studies, suddenly we received a letter from him. It was thus he wrote to us : "Do not be angry with me, my parents. Give me leave to enter a secular life. My heart is opposed to spiritual duties ; I dread the responsibility : I am afraid of sin ; doubts have risen within me. Without your consent, without your blessing, I shall not make a decision : I am afraid of myself, because I have begun to think."

Oh, what pain that letter gave me, my good sir ! It showed me that should have no successor to my office. My eldest son was a monk,

and this one wanted to abandon a spiritual life. This news was the more cruel to me because for two centuries all the priests of our parish had belonged to my family. Nevertheless, I said to myself, "Why knock my head against a stone wall? His destiny controls him. What sort of a shepherd of souls would he be who had doubts?"

I consulted my wife, and wrote to my son to this effect: "Oh, my dear James, reflect well: consider this step carefully before you take it. The difficulties and troubles of a secular life are great—cold, hunger and the contempt that is felt for the sons of priests. Be warned of this in good time, my son, and know that no one will hold out to you a succouring hand. Do not expose yourself to the risk of regretting later what you will have no chance of taking up again. But if you have doubts about your calling, and your faith is really shaken, I must not compel you. God's will be done! Your mother and I do not refuse you our blessing."

James answered at once with a grateful letter: "You have filled me with joy, father, and I intend to devote myself to professional studies. I have friends, and I shall enter the university. I shall take a degree there, for I feel a great interest in scientific studies." I read this letter of his, and was only made sadder by it. And soon I had no one with whom to share my grief, for my poor wife about this time took a cold and died. Was it on account of this cold, or from pity for her, that God took her from this world? How often I burst into tears, widower as I was, and quite alone! Yet what was to be done? Such was my fate, and at the same time I was expecting my son, for he had promised me a visit before his departure for Moscow. Indeed, he came home soon, but did not stay long. Something seemed to be weighing upon him: he appeared to long for wings to fly more quickly to the university. I questioned him about his doubts, but I got only vague answers. He had but one thought in his head.

When he left for the university he took hardly a penny with him, only a few clothes. He had great confidence in himself, and naturally. He passed the entrance examination very well, was matriculated, and arranged to give lessons in private houses, for he was very strong in the ancient languages. Would you believe it? He even sent me money. I was gratified, not on account of the money, which I sent back to him with a scolding letter, but because I saw he would make his way. Alas! my joy was of brief duration.

He came home for the first vacation, and, strange to say, I did not recognise my James. He had become so sad and taciturn that it was hard to get a word from him. He seemed ten years older. Formerly he was timid, and at the slightest provocation he blushed like a girl, but when he raised his eyes one saw how clear his mind was. But now

it was timidity no longer, but a sort of wolfish savageness that he showed; he kept his eyes cast down. When I questioned him, either he was silent or he lost his temper. "Doesn't he drink?—Heaven help him!—or has he been gambling, or has he got into trouble about some woman? At his age such temptations are strong, and in a large city like Moscow there is no lack of bad example and opportunity." And yet nothing of the sort was true of him: he drank nothing but small beer and water; he did not even look at women, and he did not associate with young men of his age.

What pained me most was that he lost his confidence in me; he showed absolute indifference, as if everything had become insipid to him. I tried to talk to him about his studies and the university, but even on these subjects he gave me no answer, or at least no satisfactory answer. Nevertheless, he went to church, though with a certain strangeness: everywhere else he was silent and savage, but when there a slight smile never left his lips. He lived at home in this fashion for six weeks; then he left for Moscow. He wrote me from there several times, and I fancied I saw the traces of better feelings in his letters. But imagine my amazement when suddenly in the dead of winter, a few days before Christmas, James appeared before me! Why? How? for I knew very well there was no vacation at that season.

"You have come from Moscow?"

"From Moscow."

"And the university?"

"I have left it."

"Left it?"

"Yes, I have."

"For good?"

"For good."

"James, are you ill?"

"No," said he, "I am not ill, but don't torment me with questions, or I shall go away from here, and you shall have seen me for the last time."

James told me he was not ill, but his face frightened me. It was terrible that face—gloomy, barely human. The hollow cheeks, the projecting cheekbones, nothing but skin and bone, his voice sounding as if it came from a barrel, and his eyes—merciful Heavens! what eyes they were!—threatening, sullen, restless, impossible to catch, and his eye-brows scowling till they met. And his lips were for ever twitching. Ah, what had become of my James, the innocent little fellow? Hasn't he lost his mind? I sometimes thought. He wandered about like a spectre, did not sleep at night, would suddenly look in a corner and grow rigid, so that your blood would run cold. He had threatened to

leave the house if I didn't leave him alone, but after all I was his father, My last hope was shattered, and I was to keep silence? Oh no! So one day, having chosen my time well, I began to entreat my James with tears in the name of his departed mother; "James tell me, as your actual and spiritual father, what ails you? Don't make me die. Tell me your secret; unburden your heart. Have you not injured some one? In that case confess it."

"Well, father," he burst out—and this conversation took place about nightfall—"you have moved me; I am going to tell you all the truth. I have injured no one. My soul is perishing."

"How so?"

"I will tell you;" and then he raised his eyes to mine for the first time for four months.

"For four months—" he began. But at this point his voice failed him and he breathed uneasily.

"Four months, do you say? What else? Speak! do not keep me waiting."

"It is now four months that I kept seeing him."

"Him? whom?"

"I mean him whom one don't like to mention when it's growing dark."

I grew cold from head to foot and began to tremble. "What him?" I asked. "Do you see him?"

"Yes."

"Do you see him now?"

"Yes."

"Whom?" At the same time I was afraid to look round, and we both talked in a low tone.

"There, over there:" and with his eyes he indicated the place—"over there."

I made a mighty effort and looked at the place: there was nothing there. "But James, there is nothing there. For Heaven's sake—"

"You don't see him, but I do."

I looked again, but there was still nothing there. I then remembered the little old man of the woods who had given him a chestnut.

"What colour is he? green?"

"No, not green—black."

"With horns?"

"No. He is like men, except that he is all black." While speaking his upper lip was drawn above his teeth, he had become as pale as death, he leaned against me, and his eyes seemed starting from his head.

"But that is only an apparition," I said. "It is the darkness of some shadow you see, and you mistake it for a man."

"No, indeed it isn't. I see his eyes. There! he's moving them: he's raising his arm, making a sign."

"Stop, stop, James! don't give way to this. I'll burn incense, pray and sprinkle you from head to foot with holy water."

James stopped me with a gesture: "I don't believe in your incense or your holy water: it's all not worth a farthing. I shall never be free of him. Since he first came to me one day, one summer's day—accursed day!—he is my continual visitor, and I can't get rid of him. Understand this, my father: don't be surprised any longer at my conduct, and don't torment me any more."

"What day was it he first came?" I asked, continually signing my son with the cross. "Was it not the day you wrote me about your doubts?"

James pushed aside my hand: "Leave me. Don't make me angry, lest something worse should happen. It would not take much to drive me to desperation."

You can imagine, sir, what I felt in hearing that. I remember I wept all that night. "O Lord God!" thought I, "how have I incurred thy wrath?"

At this point Alexis drew from his pocket a great chequered pocket handkerchief, and while blowing his nose tried to dry his eyes with a corner of it.

Very sad—he resumed—was the life that then began for us. I had but one thought: "If he only do not forget himself and lay violent hands on himself!" I watched him all the time, but I took care not to say a word. We had at this time a neighbour, the widow of a colonel—Martha Savischna. I had a great respect for her, because she was a sensible, quiet woman, although young and good-looking. I often went to see her, and she had no contempt for my condition. Driven by grief and suffering, not knowing what to do, I told her how things stood. She was at first alarmed, and then an idea came to her. She wanted to make my son's acquaintance and to have an interview with him.

I returned home and tried to persuade James: "Come, my son, come and see the widow of the colonel."

But he, stretching his arms and legs, cried out, "No, I shall not go. What could we have to talk about?"

However, I finally persuaded him, and having harnessed my little sleigh I carried him to the widow's house; then I left him as we had agreed. Three or four hours later my son returned.

"Well," I said, "how did you find our neighbour?"

He made no answer, but I was not discouraged.

"She is a virtuous lady," I went on, "and certainly she has been very kind to you."

"Yes, she's not like the others."

Then seeing him gentler than usual, I ventured to ask him, "And the temptation of the devil, eh?"

James gave me a look which produced on me a feeling as if I had received the cut of a whip, and he became silent again. I did not torment him any longer, but made my way to my room. An hour later, approaching his door, I looked through the keyhole, and—would you believe it?—my James was asleep. He was lying on his bed fast asleep. I crowed to myself at least twenty times: "May God send all sorts of prosperity to Martha Savischna! She, dear dove! has known how to touch his hard heart." The next morning I saw James take his hat without saying a word. Should I ask him where he was going? No, indeed. He is surely going to call upon her. And in fact he went there, and remained longer than the day before. And the next day and the next he went again. I felt myself taking fresh courage. I saw there was a change in my son, and indeed it was possible to catch his eyes again. There were signs of sadness still, but none of that former despair and alarm. Alas! I was not long happy. Soon everything went wrong. James became sullen again: as before, it was impossible to go near him. He locked himself up in his room, and there were no more visits to the widow. "Can he have offended her?" I thought, "and can she have forbidden him her door? No, wild as he is, he cannot have forgotten himself to that point."

I could not restrain myself—I asked him: "Well, James, and our neighbour? It seems to me you have quite forgotten her."

"Our neighbour!" he cried like a madman. "Do you want *him* to make fun of me?"

"What?"

And James, clenching his fist, roared: "He used in old times to be always crouching there; now he has begun to laugh and show his teeth. Go away! leave me!"

I did not know exactly to whom these words were addressed. My feet could hardly carry me from the room.

I went that same day to Martha Savischna, and found her very melancholy; she had even become very thin. But she did not want to talk about my son with me; she said but one thing; "No human aid will be of any use; you must pray."

Oh, great God! as if I were not praying day and night!

At this point Father Alexis again drew forth his handkerchief and wiped his eyes—this time without making any effort at concealment. And after a moment's rest he resumed: Then James and I glided toward our fate like an avalanche on a mountain. We both saw clearly the abyss below, but to what support could we cling? And conceal-

ment was no longer possible : everything in the parish was in confusion ; it began to be whispered that the son of the priest was possessed, and that it was time to tell the authorities ; and they would have done so had it not been that they felt pity for me. Meanwhile, winter had passed and spring had come. And the good Lord had sent a pleasanter, clearer spring than the oldest persons had ever seen. The sun shone all day long : there was no wind, and the air was neither hot nor cold. Suddenly an idea came into my head—whether I might not persuade James to undertake a pilgrimage with me to St. Mitrophanos of Voronej ? If this last plan failed there would be nothing left but death. So one evening I was sitting on the steps of my house ; the sunset still shone in the sky, and some larks were still singing ; the apple trees were in blossom. I was seated, and wondering to myself how I could tell James my intention, when suddenly he came out of the house, stood surprised for a moment without stirring, and sat down by my side. I was almost frightened I was so glad. But hush ! He sat there looking at the sunset without saying a word. It seemed to me as if he was moved. His eyes grew slowly clearer ; a trifle would have brought tears. Noticing this change, I ventured to try. “ James,” I said to him, “ listen to me without anger.” And I began to tell him my plan at length—how we two should start for St. Mitrophanos on foot, with knapsack on back ; and from our home to Voronej was about one hundred and fifty versts ; and how agreeable it would be to walk in the early spring morning on the tender, green grass—to walk all the time ; and how once there, if we should prostrate ourselves humbly and make really sincere prayers on the saint’s tomb, who knows ?—perhaps he would intercede for us, and the great God would take pity on us, and cure my son James. Such a thing was not unheard of.

Oh, imagine, sir, my joy when James said suddenly, “ Very well, I agree : let us go.”

I was stupefied. “ My friend ! ” I stammered, “ my little pet ! ”

And he asked, “ When do we start ? ”

“ To-morrow if you want to.”

In fact we did start the next day. We put our knapsacks on our backs, took our big walking sticks, and set off. We walked for seven whole days. And during the whole time the weather was miraculously pleasant—no rain and no excessive heat. James grew better every hour. I must tell you that even before this James did not see *him* when he was in the open air, but he always felt him and heard him walking behind him, or else he saw him gliding along the ground like a shadow, which tormented him more than anything. This time nothing of the sort happened. Even in the inns where we slept nothing appeared. We talked little, but how happy we were ! and especially I, for I saw

my child getting better. At last we reached Voroney. We washed ourselves and made our way to the church. For three days we hardly went out of it. How many masses we had said? how many candles burned! And all went so well—holy days and peaceful nights. My good James slept like a child.

It was he who first spoke of the thing. "Father," he asked me, "you don't see anything?" And while he said that he smiled.

"I see nothing," I said.

"Well, neither do I."

What more could be asked? My gratitude to the saint knew no bounds.

Three days passed thus, and I said to James, "Well, my boy, we must start away again. There is only one thing to be done: you must confess, receive the communion, and then we shall go home, if it please God. Then, when you have rested and given up household labours to get back your strength,—then we shall have to look about and get you some employment. Martha Savischna will certainly come to our aid."

"No, no," said James, "we must not trouble her." But he agreed to all the rest.

The next day we went to church, my boy went to confession, and after having prayed—with what fervour!—he prepared for the communion. As for me, I kept a little to one side: I did not feel the ground beneath my feet. Angels in heaven are not more happy.

But while I am looking at him, what is happening? James has partaken of the sacramental bread, and is he not going to dip his lips in the cup of warm wine, as every good Christian does who has just received the body of Christ? He turned his back to me: I went to him and said, "Well, James, you don't drink it."

He turned round suddenly. Oh, sir, I sprang back from terror. His face was terrible to see. It was that of a brute—pale as death, his hair straight, his eyes crossed. My voice failed me with fear. I wanted to speak, but could not. He hastened out of the church, I after him. He ran straight to our inn, threw his knapsack on his back and started off bareheaded.

"Where are you going, James?" I cried. "Stop! stop!"

But he made no answer: he ran, running first to one side, then to the other, and there was no way of catching him. Without losing a moment I turned to the inn and hired a telega: at the same time I trembled in all my limbs, not ceasing to murmur "O God! O God!" for I could not understand what had happened. I started back home, for I thought he would certainly have run there; and in fact, six versts from the town I overtook him, walking with great steps along the road. I came up to him, and jumped down from the telega: "James! James!"

He stopped short, turned half way round toward me like a soldier, his eyes lowered, his lips tightly closed, and whatever I could say he stood stock-still there like an idol. Then he continued his journey. What could I do? I followed behind. Oh, what a journey that was, sir! Our return from Voroney was as terrible as the walk there had been pleasant. If I spoke to him he snapped his teeth, with his head on his shoulder, like a tiger or a hyena. I have never understood how I did not lose my wits. Finally, one night in a smoky peasant's hut, he was sitting with his legs hanging, looking slowly at the things around him. I fell on my knees and besought him: "Don't kill the poor old man who is your father. Tell me what happened to you."

"Listen! You want to know the truth. Well, here it is: When I was receiving the sacrament—you remember when I had the wafer in my mouth—suddenly I saw *him* in the church in full light—him before me as if he had risen from the earth—and he whispered to me, 'Spit it out, and trample it under your foot;' and I did as he said: I spat it out and trampled it under my foot; and now I am damned for all eternity, for all sins can be forgiven except the sin against the Holy Ghost."

Having said these horrible words, my son fell back, and I too fell to the ground.

Father Alexis was silent for a moment. He wiped his eyes with his two hands. Well, he continued, I need not distress you or myself any longer. We managed to reach home, and the end soon came, and I lost my James. He neither ate nor drank the last few days. Almost all the time he was running up and down the room, saying his sin could not be forgiven. But he never saw *him* any more; and why should he have come, since he had finished the destruction of my boy's soul? And as soon as James took to his bed he lost consciousness, and without confession, like a miserable worm, he left this world for the next. However, I don't like to think that the Lord has judged him severely; and this is why among other reasons—because he was so handsome in his coffin. He seemed to have grown younger. He looked as he used to when he was a little boy—his face so smooth and calm, a soft smile upon his lips. Martha Savischna came to see him, and she had the same idea. She had him surrounded with flowers, and it was she too who had the stone put up at his grave.

As for me, I have remained alone; and now you know, my dear sir, the cause of the great grief you noticed on my face. It will never pass away—it cannot!

I wanted to say a few words of consolation to Father Alexis, but I could think of nothing, and we parted in silence.

IVAN TOURGUENEFF.

## KÉRAMOS.

(BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.)

*Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round*

*Without a pause, without a sound:*

*So spins the flying world away!  
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,  
Follows the motion of my hand;  
For some must follow and some command,  
Though all are made of clay!*

Thus sang the Potter at his task  
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-tree,  
While o'er his features like a mask,  
The quilted sunshine and leaf shade  
Moved, as the boughs above him  
swayed,

And clothed him, till he seemed to be  
A figure woven in tapestry,  
So sumptuously was he arrayed  
In that magnificent attire  
Of sable tissue flaked with fire.  
Like a magician he appeared,  
A conjuror without book or beard;  
And while he plied his magic art—  
For it was magical to me—  
I stood in silence and apart,  
And wondered more and more to see  
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay  
Rise up to meet the master's hand,  
And now contract and now expand,  
And even his slightest touch obey;  
While ever in a thoughtful mood  
He sang his ditty, and at times  
Whistled a tune between the rhymes.  
As a melodious interlude.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change*

*To something new, to something strange:*

*Nothing that is can pause or stay:  
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,  
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,  
The rain to mist and cloud again,  
To-morrow be to-day.*

Thus still the Potter sang, and still,  
By some unconscious act of will,  
The melody, and even the words,  
Were intermingled with my thought,  
As bits of coloured thread are caught  
And woven into nests of birds.  
And thus to regions far remote,  
Beyond the ocean's vast expanse,  
This wizard in the motley coat  
Transported me on wings of song,  
And by the northern shores of France  
Bore me with restless speed along.

What land is this, that seems to be  
A mingling of the land and sea?  
This land of sluices, dikes and dunes?  
This water-net, that tessellates  
The landscape? this unending maze  
Of gardens, through whose latticed gates  
The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze;  
Where in long summer afternoons  
The sunshine, softened by the haze,  
Comes streaming down as through a  
screen;

Where over fields and pastures green  
The painted ships float high in air,  
And over all and every where  
The sails of windmills sink and soar  
Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore?

What land is this? Yon pretty town  
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed;  
The pride, the market-place, the crown  
And centre of the Potter's trade.  
See! every house and room is bright  
With glimmers of reflected light  
From plates that on the dresser shine;  
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,  
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,  
And pilgrim-flasks with fleurs-de-lis,  
And ships upon a rolling sea,  
And tankards pewter-topped, and queer  
With grotesque mask and musketeer!

Each hospitable chimney smiles  
 A welcome from its painted tiles ;  
 The parlour walls, the chamber floors,  
 The stairways and the corridors,  
 The borders of the garden walks,  
 Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,  
 That never droop in winds or showers,  
 And never wither on their stalks.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief ;  
 What now is bud will soon be leaf,  
 What now is leaf will soon decay :  
 The wind blows east, the wind blows west ;  
 The blue eggs in the robin's nest  
 Will soon have wings and beak and breast,  
 And flutter and fly away.*

Now southward through the air I glide,  
 The song my only pursuivant,  
 And see across the landscape wide  
 The blue Charente, upon whose tide  
 The belfries and the spires of Saintes  
 Ripple and rock from side to side,  
 As, when an earthquake rends its walls,  
 A crumbling city reels and falls.

Who is it in the suburbs here,  
 The Potter working with such cheer,  
 In this mean house, this mean attire,  
 His manly features bronzed with fire,  
 Whose figulines and rustic wares  
 Scarce find him bread from day to day ?  
 This madman, as the people say,  
 Who breaks his tables and his chairs  
 To feed his furnace fires, nor cares  
 Who goes unfed if they are fed,  
 Nor who may live if they are dead ?  
 This alchemist with hollow cheeks,  
 And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks,  
 By mingled earths and ores combined  
 With potency of fire, to find  
 Some new enamel hard and bright,  
 His dream, his passion, his delight ?

O Palissy ! within thy breast  
 Burned the hot fever of unrest ;  
 Thine was the prophet's vision, thine  
 The exultation, the divine  
 Insanity of noble minds,  
 That never falters nor abates,  
 But labours and endures and waits,  
 Till all that it foresees, it finds,  
 Or what it cannot find, creates !

*Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar  
 A touch can make, a touch can mar ;  
 And shall it to the Potter say,  
 What maketh thou ? Thou hast no hand t  
 As men who think to understand  
 A world by their Creator planned,  
 Who wiser is than they.*

Still guided by the dreamy song,  
 As in a trance I float along  
 Above the Pyrenean chain,  
 Above the fields and farms of Spain,  
 Above the bright Majorcan isle  
 That lends its softened name to art,  
 A spot, a dot, upon the chart,  
 Whose little towns, red-roofed with tile,  
 Are ruby-lustered with the light  
 Of blazing furnaces by night,  
 And crowned by day with wreaths of  
 smoke.

Then eastward wafed in my flight  
 On my enchanter's magic cloak,  
 I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea  
 Into the land of Italy,  
 And o'er the windy Appenines,  
 Mantled and musical with pines.  
 The palaces, the princely halls,  
 The doors of houses, and the walls  
 Of churches and of belfry towers,  
 Cloister and castle, street and mart,  
 Are garlanded and gay with flowers  
 That blossom in the fields of Art.  
 Here Gubbio's workshops gleam and  
 glow

With brilliant iridescent dyes,  
 The dazzling whiteness of the snow,  
 The cobalt blue of summer skies ;  
 And vase and scutcheon, cup and plate,  
 In perfect finish emulate  
 Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.

Forth from Urbino's gate there came  
 A youth with the angelic name  
 Of Raphael, in form and face  
 Himself angelic, and divine  
 In arts of colour and design.  
 From him Francesco Xanto caught  
 Something of his transcendent grace,  
 And into fictile fabrics wrought  
 Suggestions of the master's thought.  
 Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines  
 With madre-perl and golden lines

Of arabesques, and interweaves  
His birds and fruits and flowers and  
leaves

About some landscape, shaded brown,  
With olive tints on rock and town.

Behold this cup within whose bowl,  
Upon a ground of deepest blue  
With yellow-lustred stars o'erlaid,  
Colours of every tint and hue  
Mingle in one harmonious whole !  
With large blue eyes and steadfast gaze,  
Her yellow hair in net and braid,  
Necklace and ear-rings all ablaze  
With golden lustre o'er the glaze,  
A woman's portrait ; on the scroll,  
Cana, the Beautiful ! A name  
Forgotten save for such brief fame  
As this memorial can bestow—  
A gift some lover long ago  
Gave with his heart to this fair dame.

A nobler title to renown  
Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town,  
Seated beside the Arno's stream ;  
For Luca della Robbia there  
Created forms so wondrous fair  
They made thy sovereignty supreme.  
These choristers with lips of stone,  
Whose music is not heard but seen,  
Still chant, as from their organ-screen,  
Their maker's praise ; nor these alone,  
But the more fragile forms of clay,  
Hardly less beautiful than they,  
These saints and angels that adorn  
The walls of hospitals, and tell  
The story of good deeds so well  
That poverty seems less forlorn,  
And life more like a holiday.

Here in this old neglected church,  
That long eludes the traveller's search,  
Lies the dead bishop on his tomb ;  
Earth upon earth he slumbering lies,  
Life-like and death-like in the gloom ;  
Garlands of fruit and flowers in bloom  
And foliage deck his resting place ;  
A shadow in the sightless eyes,  
A pallor on the patient face,  
Made perfect by the furnace heat ;  
All earthly passions and desires  
Burnt out by purgatorial fires ;

Seeming to say, " Our years are fleet,  
And to the weary death is sweet."

But the most wonderful of all  
The ornaments on tomb or wall  
That grace the fair Ausonian shores  
Are those the faithful earth restores,  
Near some Apulean town concealed,  
In vineyard or in harvest field :  
Vases and urns and bas-reliefs,  
Memorials of forgotten griefs,  
Of records of heroic deeds  
Of demi-gods and mighty chiefs ;  
Figures that almost move and speak,  
And, buried amid mould and weeds,  
Still in their attitudes attest  
The presence of the graceful Greek :  
Achilles in his armour dressed,  
Alcides with the Cretan Bull,  
And Aphrodite with her boy,  
Or lovely Helena of Troy,  
Still living and still beautiful !

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! 'Tis Nature's  
plan*

*The child should grow into the man,  
The man grow wrinkled, old, and  
gray :*

*In youth the heart exults and sings,  
The pulses leap, the feet have wings :  
In age the cricket chirps and brings  
The harvest-home of day.*

And now the winds that southward blow,  
And cool the hot Sicilian isle,  
Bear me away. I see below  
The long line of the Libyan Nile,  
Flooding and feeding the parched lands  
With annual ebb and overflow :  
A fallen palm whose branches lie  
Beneath the Abyssinian sky,  
Whose roots are in Egyptian sands.  
On either bank huge water-wheels,  
Belted with jars and dripping weeds,  
Send forth their melancholy moans,  
As if, in their gray mantles hid,  
Dead anchorites of the Thebaid  
Knelt on the shore and told their beads,  
Beating their breasts with loud appeals  
And penitential tears and groans.

This city walled and thickly set

With glittering mosque and minaret,  
 Is Cairo, in whose gay bazars  
 The dreaming traveller first inhales  
 The perfume of Arabian gales,  
 And sees the fabulous earthen jars,  
 Huge as were those wherein the maid  
 Morgiana found the Forty Thieves  
 Concealed in midnight ambushade ;  
 And seeing more than half believes  
 The fascinating tales that run  
 Through all the thousand Nights and  
 One,  
 Told by the fair Scheherezade.

More strange and wonderful than these  
 Are the Egyptian deities—  
 Ammon, and Emoth, and the grand  
 Osiris, holding in his hand  
 The lotus ; Isis, crowned and veiled ;  
 The sacred Ibis, and the Sphinx ;  
 Bracelets with blue enameled links ;  
 The Scarabee in emerald mailed,  
 Or spreading wide his funeral wings ;  
 Lamps that perchance their night-watch  
 kept  
 O'er Cleopatra while she slept—  
 All plundered from the tombs of kings.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,  
 Of every tongue, of every place,  
 Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay  
 All that inhabit this great earth,  
 Whatever be their rank or worth,  
 Are kindred and allied by birth,  
 And made of the same clay.*

O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay,  
 O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay,  
 Bird-like I fly, and flying sing,  
 To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,  
 And bird-like poise on balanced wing  
 Above the town of King-te-tching,  
 A burning town, or seeming so—  
 Three thousand furnaces that glow  
 Incessantly, and fill the air  
 With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre  
 And painted by the lurid glare  
 Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall,  
 Spotted and veined with various hues,  
 Are swept along the avenues,

And lie in heaps by hedge and wall,  
 So from this grove of chimneys whirled  
 To all the markets of the world,  
 These porcelain leaves are wafted on—  
 Light yellow leaves with spots and stains  
 Of violet and of crimson dye,  
 Or tender azure of a sky  
 Just washed by gentle April rains,  
 And beautiful with céladon.

Nor less the coarser household wares—  
 The willow pattern, that we knew  
 In childhood, with its bridge of blue  
 Leading to unknown thoroughfares ;  
 The solitary man who stares  
 At the white river flowing through  
 Its arches, the fantastic trees  
 And wild perspective of the view ;  
 And intermingled among these  
 The tiles that in our nurseries  
 Filled us with wonder and delight,  
 Or haunted us in dreams at night.

And yonder by Nankin, behold !  
 The Tower of Porcelain, strange and old  
 Uplifting to the astonished skies  
 Its ninefold painted balconies,  
 With balustrades of twining leaves,  
 And roofs of tile, beneath whose eaves  
 Hang porcelain bells that all the time  
 Ring with a soft melodious chime ;  
 While the whole fabric is ablaze  
 With varied tints, all fused in one  
 Great mass of colour, like a maze  
 Of flowers illumined by the sun.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun  
 At daybreak must at dark be done  
 To-morrow will be another day ;  
 To-morrow the hot furnace flame  
 Will search the heart and try the frame,  
 And stamp with honour or with shame  
 These vessels made of clay.*

Cradled and rocked in Eastern seas,  
 The islands of the Japanese  
 Beneath me lie ; o'er lake and plain  
 The stork, the heron, and the crane  
 Through the clear realms of azure drift,  
 And on the hill-side I can see  
 The villages of Imari,  
 Whose thronged and flaming workshops  
 lift

Their twisted columns of smoke on high,  
 Cloud-cloisters that in ruins lie,  
 With sunshine streaming through each  
 rift,  
 And broken arches of blue sky.

All the bright flowers that fill the land,  
 Ripple of waves on rock or sand,  
 The snow on Fusi-yama's cone,  
 The midnight heaven so thickly sown  
 With constellations of bright stars,  
 The leaves that rustle, the reeds that  
 make

A whisper by each stream and lake,  
 The saffron dawn, the sunset red,  
 Are painted on these lovely jars ;  
 Again the sky-lark sings, again  
 The stork, the heron, and the crane  
 Float through the azure overhead,  
 The counterfeit and counterpart  
 Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Art is the child of Nature ; yes,  
 Her darling child in whom we trace  
 The features of the mother's face,  
 Her aspect and her attitude,  
 All her majestic loveliness  
 Chastened and softened and subdued  
 Into a more attractive grace,  
 And with a human sense imbued.  
 He is the greatest artist, then,  
 Whether of pencil or of pen,

Who follows nature. Never man,  
 As artist or as artisan,  
 Pursuing his own fantasies,  
 Can touch the human heart, or please,  
 Or satisfy our nobler needs,  
 As he who sets his willing feet,  
 In Nature's foot-prints, light and fleet,  
 And follows fearless where she leads.

Thus mused I on that morn in May,  
 Wrapped in my visions like the Seer,  
 Whose eyes behold not what is near,  
 But only what is far away,  
 When suddenly sounding, peal on peal,  
 The church bell from the neighbouring  
 town

Proclaimed the welcome hour of noon.  
 The Potter heard and stopped his wheel,  
 His apron on the grass threw down,  
 Whistled his quiet little tune  
 Not overloud nor overlong,  
 And ended thus his simple song :

*Stop, stop, my wheel ; Too soon, too soon,  
 The noon will be the afternoon,  
 Too soon to-day be yesterday :  
 Behind us in our path we cast  
 The broken potsherds of the Past,  
 And all are grov'nd to dust at last  
 And trodden into clay !*

—Harper's Magazine for Dec.

## Current Literature.

AT the outset of this review,\* we will remark, in all fairness to Mr. Cook, that we are almost entirely concerned with his work from a literary point of view, leaving to cognoscenti in science the gratifying occupation of criticising his theories, propositions, etc. The volume contains 13 of the Boston Monday Lectures, delivered, first of all in the Meianaor, then in the Park Street Church, and finally in the Tremont Temple, the last named building alone being capable of containing the large audiences which Mr. Cook's sensational lectures attracted, audiences which, by the way, a publishers' note informs the reader, were composed of "representative of the broadest scholarship, the profoundest philosophy, the acutest scientific research, and generally of the finest intellectual culture of Boston and New England." The publishers' note also explains, with praiseworthy care, that it is because of those rare audiences that the marks of "applause," "laughter," and even "sensation," have been retained in publication, as denoting "the immediate and varying impressions with which the lectures were received." This thoroughly American premonitory flourish is followed by another in the introduction, where yet again the audiences are referred to as having contained "large numbers of ministers, teachers, and *other educated men.*" The first lecture is entitled "Huxley and Tyndall on Evolution," though a more appropriate title might be "Cook on Huxley and Tyndall," for it is really a querulous and ill-natured attack on the New York lectures of Huxley and Tyndall's Belfast address. If the object of these lectures is, as the introduction would have us believe, to present the results of the *fresh* German, English and American scholarship, on the more important topics concerning Religion and Science, is it necessary, or in good taste to bring up again, and in so unpleasant a way, those New York addresses of Professor Huxley, which have surely been talked over and criticised, and found fault with sufficiently already? But good taste is not the reigning attribute of Mr. Cook; in fact, his whole book is a breach of it. Having apparently proved that these New York lectures were self contradictory, vague, and historically inexact, he sums up their imperfections by stating that they disagreed notably with the conclusions of Dana and Verrill, *American* scientists of course, whose theories and discoveries have influenced and will influence a mind like that of Huxley in not the slightest degree, and brands as pure and confirmed materialists Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, and even Fiske. The truth is, Mr. Cook is a student of what he is pleased to call religious science, and, as such, has come to the Monday Lectureship prepared to defend orthodoxy at any risk, having

\* Boston Monday Lectures, *Biology*. By Joseph Cook. Osgood & Co. : Boston.

no conception of the difficulties in the way of such men as those he pretends to understand and depreciate. In the present state of scientific thought, and for all we can tell in every future state, there may be "self-contradiction," there must be "vagueness," and there will be "historical inexactness." The grand mission, and to some minds the equally sad one, of those men whom we have named of probing for truth *wherever* it may be found, is as elevating to character and purpose as the fierce and narrow orthodoxy of such men as Joseph Cook. What can be said of the *reverence* of such a man who can, as we are told in a bracket, "lower his voice" and actually intrude the origin of the life of our Saviour into a lecture on living tissues? It would be deeply offensive were it not ludicrous to hear him attempting to prove the *supernatural* conception of Christ by the purely *natural* fact that the drone bee is of virginal origin. Are we to understand that orthodoxy is compatible only with irreverence, bad taste and small ability? Why *too* should a scholar and lecturer on Biology, surely a mere scientific subject, insist on bringing in such a fund of bad rhetoric and uncalled for emotion, or quoting so frequently lines and passages that are utterly at variance with the subject? What is "Tyndall's barge of the gods, which, like Cleopatra's burned on the water?" &c., &c. And in what connection must we read directly after "that until this reef is exploded," there will be proof of Design in Creation. "Reef" by the way is a favourite word of the lecturer; here it is used as we dare to suppose in another sense. "Based upon incontrovertible axiomatic truth, any man may stand in the yeasting seas of speculation, and feel that victorious reef tremorless beneath him; ay, *and fall asleep on it*, while the rocks in muffled, stern thunders, speak to the waste, howling midnight surge: 'Aha! thus far ye come, but no farther.'"

Will not this recall to readers of Martin Chuzzlewit, Miss Toppit's speech to the Honourable Mr. Pogrom, "Howls the sublime and softly sleeps the calm, I deal in the whispering chambers of imagination. To hear it, sweet it is. But then outlaughs the stern philosopher and saith to the Grotesque, 'What ho! arrest for me that Agency. Go, bring it here!' And so the vision fadeth." Nothing in the book, however, is so thoroughly senseless, vulgar, and unscholarly, as the following cruel application of the Laureate's wonderfully beautifully little poem, which yet contains so large a thought: "Flower in the crannied wall—

'Cells in the crannied flesh,  
I pluck you out of the crannies;  
Hold you here in my hand,  
Little cells, throbs and all,  
And if I could understand  
What you are, throbs and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is!"

Can anything be more horrible than this? Again we have a sentence as falsely historical and as thoroughly out of place as the following:—"Ay, my friends, in the oozy depths of the pools where the reptiles lie among the reeds in the marshes of materialism, there arises a vapour, which, as it descends higher, that sun will irradiate, will stream through with his slant javelins of scientific clearness, until this very matter (he refers to the immortality of instinct) which we have dreaded to investigate, shall take

on all the glories of the morning, and become by reflected light the bridal couch of a new day, in a future civilization! Carlyle is cited as an authority on biology, Kingsley, Jean Paul, Richter, Tennyson, Plato, the ship "Challenger," De Tocqueville, Lowell, Longfellow, and Webster, are referred to on every other page, while Gyzer's ring, the story of the Adriatic and the Doge of Venice, the thread of Ariadne, and the Sistine Madonna are brought in somehow to serve as illustrations. In fact, the lecturer read in this respect like the first puerile effort of a much over-learned and conceited school-boy, who having no ideas, constructs an essay out of the names of the authors he has read, and their books, with a plentiful sprinkling of quotations and enough matter of his own to serve as string to keep the rest together.

Mr. Cook is also open to criticism, on the subject of English scholarship, as we suppose he would call it. The peculiar characteristics of Americans have made them for an entire century a source of amusing contemplation to Englishmen. More than amusing contemplation has hardly ever been spent, however, by a nation whose chief characteristics may be said to be her firm, haughty, and even assertive belief in her own supremacy on another nation, who quite as characteristically tries to believe in her superiority only in so fretful and boastful a manner that one is inclined sometimes to think that belief may, after all, be wanting. It is this quality pre-eminently which has made Americans so peculiarly uncomparable, to put it mildly, to Englishmen, and to ourselves in personal and social intercourse, in correspondence, and very frequently in literature. Much of this has passed away, however, as also the bitterness of feeling, which is, naturally enough, the usual concomitant of war between peoples of the same language and blood, and as Americans are beginning to understand the beauty of the English character, which is often so very cold and uninteresting on the surface, and as Englishmen on their side are learning to respect many American characteristics, and admire fully and cheerfully many of their institutions, shall we say?—we see already a pleasant understanding established between the two countries. It is, therefore, to be regretted that Mr. Cook, with all his travel and all his "wealth of learning," which does *not* sit as lightly as a flower, should still retain some of the silly prejudices universal among his countrymen some years ago. Although we must thank him for having made of Hermann Lotze, of whom, as he says, (it is a pleasure to be able to find even one good point in these lectures) too little is known, he need not elevate him to the throne of scientific thought, quite so much at the expense of Herbert Spencer as he does. This is some of the language he employs after he has done with Spencer, and is talking of England as a whole, "Am I to stand here in Boston, and be told that there is no authority in philosophy beyond the Thames? Is the outlook of their cultured audience, *in heaven's name*, to be limited by the North Sea?" Then occurs the beautiful specimen:—"England, green England, sour, sad, stout skies, with azure tender as heaven omnipresent, but not often visible behind the clouds, *sour, sad, stout people*, with azure tender as heaven and omnipresent, but not often visible behind the vapours. Such is England, such the English."

Many remaining paragraphs are there in the same strain, which it would be waste of time and energy to notice, for our review must close; but not

without a few words on the purpose or motive of Mr. Cook, which, of itself, is *laudable*.

He urges that clergymen and students, generally of theological and psychological philosophy should be acquainted with the great facts and important discoveries of physiology and biology, as well as of geology, and the other modern sciences, which seem to conflict so madly, and with the Bible, and in this he is perfectly right. Is it not a painful fact that there are in our own land for example, dozens of pulpits filled by clergymen, men of moral life and decent conversation, but of dry and limited reading on orthodoxy, who preach Sunday after Sunday to congregations, comprising men and women who read with avidity such periodicals as the *Westminster* and *Fortnightly Reviews*, who buy the freshest publications of Spencer or Darwin with as much keen pleasurable excitement as their grand parents did a novel, or who are in all the fascinating, interesting, and all-important modern questions, better instructed than their spiritual fathers ! No one will deny that not one clergyman in ten knows anything of such subjects. It would, therefore, seem right and immensely important and necessary, that such men should inform themselves at once on these topics, so as to meet the laymen on their own ground. But there certainly exists one great difficulty in the way of their improvement in the mental condition of the clergy, and it is this : A theologian, for example, and we speak more of the purely ordinary type of theologian, with average intellect, sense and originality must be, because he has been trained for a theologian, the narrowest of men. His training has included those of petrifying classics, which Sydney Smith, in one generation, and Grant Duff in another, both denounce heartily, and theology proper ; much of anything else he has to learn for himself.

Now, when a man of this school, frightened by the complex questions which are being raised by an agitated world about him, settles himself to study and decide these questions, must he not do so in a narrow way ? Is it likely that mere difference of bent and subject will ensure differentiation of character, of mental process, and of final decision ?

For he will decide where the scientist rarely dares to, and behold ! your theologian, your minister, your spiritual father writes a book, or preaches a sermon, or gives a course of lectures, in which the tone is loud, fierce, perhaps unreasonably bitter ; scientists, one and all, are dubbed " materialists," and the truth remains that it might have been better had he never attempted to keep up with the times he lives in, for in one word—he has failed to grasp the subject. But make physical science as important as the classics in the *early* training of such a man, and with years and knowledge will come the breadth and tenderness with which all religious students should regard scientific inquiry. No proposition made for years has struck us as evincing as truly grand an appreciation of the need of great changes in this direction, than that of Mr. Grant Duff, in his article on " Rational Education," in the *Fortnightly* for August, which is, that *every* good education should include " a good general idea of the *history of speculation*, from the earliest days down to Comte, Schopenhauer, Hartman, and Mill." These remarks may seem to have little to do in a review, yet they are applicable to Mr. Cook, who has rushed into lecturing with an imperfect knowledge of his subject, is acrimonious, hasty,

inaccurate and prejudiced, and can neither be termed logical or truly philosophical. It is to be hoped that no clergyman will take the book up on account of its orthodoxy, without proper investigation.

The story of the life of Pius the Ninth,\* as told by Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope, is given to the public at a most opportune moment. Now in his eighty-sixth year, his death momentarily expected, and his successor already nominated, Pius the Ninth, the occupant of the chair of St. Peter for over thirty-one years, may be considered as one who has passed away, dead as regards further action in ecclesiastical or political affairs. The present Pope has been an important factor in European history for the last thirty years, and towards the close of his career has done that which will cause him to be regarded by adherents of the Church of Rome as one of the greatest of Popes, and which will probably lead to his canonisation soon after he dies. Although this "Life" is from the pen of a Protestant, it is written in a kindly spirit, and evidently with a view to furnishing a key to the public acts of the Supreme Pontiff, many of which are apparently contradictory, but in reality are the outcome of the same set of motives. Trollope's "Life of Pius the Ninth" is divided into five books, the first of which is devoted to "the man," the remaining four to "the Pope." It is a noteworthy fact that the first fifty-four years of that remarkable man's life would be wholly uninteresting to the world but for his election to the Papacy in 1846; and so entirely is this the fact that, as Trollope says, "one might begin the story to be told with the day which turned Giovanni Mastai into Pius the Ninth, as many of his biographers have done, were it not that the old saw, of the child being father to the man, is true even in the case of a Pope." In his youth, Mastai was a provincial dandy, looking forward not to an ecclesiastical but to a military career. He would have received a commission in the Noble Guard of Pius the Seventh but for the discovery by the commandant of the corps that he was liable to epileptic seizures, a malady which had pursued him from very early youth, and which has never altogether quitted him. The same malady rendered him equally unfit, according to the canons of the Church, to receive Holy Orders; but dispensations got rid of all canonical difficulties, and the future Pope received his first orders as sub-deacon in 1818. By virtue of more dispensations, full priest's orders were bestowed upon him shortly after, on condition that he should never celebrate mass, save with another priest at his elbow, to prevent the possibility of sacrilege happening to the sacred elements in consequence of an epileptic attack seizing him at the moment of his taking them into his hands. He was subsequently relieved even of this condition, at his request, by Pius the Seventh. Mastai's rise in the Church was rapid, and was due to a combination of circumstances. He had considerable family influence to work in his favour; he possessed a fine presence and voice, and proved himself a very popular preacher; and, as Bishop of Imola—the incumbency of which carries a Cardinal's hat with it—he discovered considerable administrative ability. The story of the conclave which so unexpectedly elected Mastai to be the successor of Gregory the Sixteenth is graphically told by Mr. Trollope, and, altogether, one gathers from the

\* *The Story of the Life of Pius the Ninth.* By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. Toronto: Belford Bros.

initial book a tolerably clear idea of Mastai's character, and of the various circumstances which brought it about that he became the two hundred and sixty-second Pope. The story of Pius the Ninth's rule from June 1846 to November 1858, furnishes Mr. Trollope with sufficient matter for Book Two. Short as is the period, important events crowd into it. It was during this time that the Pope tried the role of popular sovereign, gave the people representation of a sort, and all Europe entertained the hope that the Territories of the Church were about to be governed in conformity with modern ideas. But it proved all a mistake. The concessions made were of a kind to whet the popular appetite rather than to satisfy it; and when the Pope began to see the tendencies of his own concessions, he drew back. The result was, his flight to Gaeta—the second instance of a Pope in exile. Book Three carries on from 1848 to 1860. It narrates the circumstances attending the Pope's sojourn at Gaeta, and his attempt to govern Rome from there. Then followed the landing of the French troops at Civita Vecchia, resulting in the French occupation of Rome, which only terminated with the Franco-German war. "Sustained by French bayonets"—as was the phrase at the time—Pius the Ninth re-established an iron-handed, despotic rule in Rome and the territories of the Church, and abandoning all attempts to become a great Sovereign, he turned his attention to becoming a great Pope. In 1854 his holiness promulgated the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, which was that the mother of our Saviour was herself miraculously born without an inheritance of original sin. It has to be remarked that the present Pontiff in nowise invented this doctrine. It was a very ancient and wide-spread notion in the Church, as may be seen set forth in the learned work of the Jesuit Passaglia, published by the College of the Propaganda. The action of the Pontiff limited itself to issuing an authoritative declaration of the truthfulness and accuracy of this notion, and a decree making it imperative and obligatory on all persons to believe it to have been, and to be so, on pain of incurring all those penalties which are attached to the wilful rejection of any other portion of the doctrines of the Church. Previous to this authoritative declaration no one was obliged to believe it on pain of imperfection in his orthodoxy. Indirectly affecting the temporal power of the Papacy, the war between France and Austria, which ended with the peace of Villafranca, forms an important episode of this period; and the subsequent annexation of the Legations to the kingdom of Italy left Pius the Ninth with his dominions reduced to his capital city and the province lying around it. Mr. Trollope is evidently of opinion that the ecclesiastical activity of the Pope has been of much more importance in the history of the world than his efforts as a temporal prince, and Book Four deals with the most important ecclesiastical acts in the life of the present Pontiff. "It was on the 8th of December, 1864," says our author, "that the world was startled by the first trumpet-note of the spiritual warfare that the Pope, beaten at all points in his character of temporal king, was minded to wage with mankind. It came in the form of an Encyclical letter addressed to 'all our Venerable Brethren the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops and Bishops in grace and communion with the Apostolic See.'" This was the now celebrated Encyclical which was accompanied by the yet more celebrated Syllabus. Of these docu-

ments Mr. Trollope gives a careful analysis. But the culminating act of the present Pope was the summoning together of an Œcumenical Council, a thing which had not been attempted by any Pope for three hundred years before—the Council of Trent having been the last. It is very remarkable that Pius the Ninth took the step of calling together an Œcumenical Council against the advice of his duly appointed councillors. To the Sacred College of Cardinals he submitted the twofold question, in reference to the Summoning of an Œcumenical Council, “*An sit necessarium?*” “*An Operteat?*” to which that body replied, that it was neither necessary nor desirable that such a Council should be called at that time. Says Mr. Trollope :—

“That is a remarkable circumstance! The line of conduct thus adopted by Pius the Ninth, was one of extreme audacity and hardihood. It would seem to indicate a strength of character, a power of standing alone, which very few men possess! Let it be remembered what the calling of an Œcumenical Council is and involves, and what the relationship between the Pope and the body of Cardinals! The Sacred College is the appointed Council of the Pontiff. That office is the sole *raison d'être* of a hieratic order. Without them according to all ecclesiastical theory, the Pope would stand absolutely alone and isolated. And as regards the welfare of the Church, the calling of an Œcumenical Council is by very far the most important act that the Pontiff can do! It is an act from which most Popes have shrunk—from very unworthy motives it may be said. And it may be argued that the Pope who desires and calls together a Council of the Church, must at least feel the assurance that he can meet the Universal Church with a clean conscience and a heart fearless in its undoubting rectitude. And the argument is a cogent one. Nevertheless it is not always, or only the upright who rush in where wise men have feared to tread. And those who have feared the assembling of that awful body, the world-wide Council of the Universal Church, have been, if not among the best of men, assuredly among the wisest of all who were not first among the best. But Pius the Ninth not only did not fear the assembling of a Council, but ardently desired it, and not only desired it but determined to have it despite the advice and adverse opinion of the only body of men appointed by the Church to assist him with their counsel.”

The author goes on to state why he thinks Pius the Ninth was *not* a man of this exceptional hardihood and strength of character and that he did not stand alone in the matter, but was urged thereto by the Jesuits. Everyone knows the result of the Council,—the declaration of the dogma of Papal Infallibility. One of the most valuable, as well as most interesting, features of Mr. Trollope's work is the secret history of the Œcumenical Council, which gave forth this new doctrine to the Roman Catholic world. The concluding book of Mr. Trollope's work deals with the Italian occupation of Rome, and the termination of the Pope's civil sovereignty. A few chapters are added giving some account of the Pope's habits, and of the manner in which he latterly occupied his time. The etiquette of the Vatican would seem to be very rigid, and although the Pontiff delights in regarding himself as a prisoner now that they have stripped him of his sovereignty, much of the pomp and circumstances of the Papal Court is still maintained.

The Pope's intellectual calibre, says Trollope, "is such as to enable him to believe with entire sincerity all that a Pope should believe." Love of admiration and approbation amounts to a passion in him: "Vanity is the master-passion of the man, and the key to his character. An ever hungry, a never satiated craving for admiration—not such as can be satisfied by the consciousness of having secured the favourable verdict of his own and of future generations, but such applause as the actor covets, the present and visible clapping of hands, and loud manifestations of the multitude—is the ruling passion, as of the youngster flaunting in the streets of his native Sinigaglia, so of the aged Pontiff spending his last strength in gathering in the tribute to it, offered by devotees from every quarter of the earth."

This biography of Pius the Ninth is written with thorough knowledge of its subject, and of the concurrent events in which the Pope was concerned, and Mr. Trollope has the additional charm of a pleasant style, thus producing at once a valuable work and a readable book.

"Egypt," says the author of the valuable work before us,\* is "the most interesting country in the world." The claim thus set up for the land of the Nile, always valid on many substantial grounds, bids fair to become more evident as the years roll on. The cradle of the most ancient civilization of which we have authentic record, the birth-place of Greek learning and literature, and, through Greece, of European culture, Egypt to-day, after surviving the vicissitudes of untold centuries, holds the key to India, and flings wide open the portals to a newly-found continent, where the Nile, the Congo, and the Zambesi part from a common source to pursue separately and alone their devious courses to the north, the west, or the east. As Egypt of old was the centre from which the first rude essays of humanity in knowledge and art, rough-hewn like her own massive monuments, were copied, enlarged, and refined; so now, even in her low estate, the land of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies again figures upon the scene as the *point d'appui* for the civilization of Africa. It would be irrelevant, in dealing with a book which treats only of contemporary Egypt, to refer even cursorily to the mighty past of that wonderful land, or to the pearly thread of antiquities which adorns the neck of old Father Nile from Alexandria to Philæ. Mr. McCoan refers only incidentally to either, although his allusions are always pregnant and suggestive.

"Egypt as it is," opens with a general description of the country and its divisions, of the races which inhabit it, and of its chief cities and towns. The Nile necessarily occupies a chief place in the early part of the work; for the river is not so much a stream belonging to the land, as the land, so far as it is arable, is the gift of the river—a gift it lavishly supplies or grudgingly withholds season after season. The northern boundary is, of course, well defined by the Mediterranean, but towards the other points of the compass, especially the south, its limits are by no means determinate. Eastward the Khedive holds the Peninsula of Sinai and a thread of territory running down the Red Sea. Westward, in the Lybian desert, five large oases, one of them

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\* *Egypt as it is*. By J. C. McCOAN. With a Map, taken from the most recent Survey. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

not less than two hundred miles long, by twenty broad, also own allegiance to him. Southward, the land of Egypt proper ended near the first cataract, at Syene, now represented by Assouan. The Prophet Ezekiel speaks of it as stretching from Migdol (east of the Delta) to Syene. At present, Mr. McCoan fixes upon New Dongola, above the third cataract, as the proper termination of Egypt proper. The territory southward to Gondokoro is virtually under the suzerainty of the Khedive, and has been the scene of military and exploratory operations under Sir Samuel Baker and Gordon Pasha. The Khedive in a general way lays claim to all the territory south to the line, at the Victoria Nyassa, and the confines of Zanzibar. Each portion of Egypt proper, and New Egypt, as Mr. McCoan terms it, including Soudan, are fully treated of in this work.

The population, our author estimates at five millions and a-half, of whom four and a-half are settled Arabs—the *fellaheen* or tillers of the soil, and artisans. Here it may be remarked that, in spite of his evident truthfulness and honesty of purpose, Mr. McCoan is not so impartial as he evidently supposes that he is, or intends to be. He was a member of the Consular service for some years,—the guest of pashas and notables generally, and we know from last year's experience in Bulgaria and Bosnia, how easily honourable men's eyes may be blinded, and their judgments warped under similar circumstances. Mr. McCoan sees nothing but a glorious future for Egypt, under such a government as that of Ismail Pasha, and soundly berates all who do not see the wretched degradation and brutal treatment of the *fellaheen* as he does, through court spectacles. This ancient peasantry, he describes as of an olive complexion, where they are not exposed to the sun, "fine oval faces; bright, deep-set black eyes; straight, thick noses; large, but well-formed mouths; full lips, but not negro-turned; beautiful teeth, broad shoulders, and well-shaped limbs." Of this fine muscular race, Mr. McCoan goes on to say, "As they were under the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, the Romans, and the Caliphs, so in the main they are now—the most patient, the most pacific, the most home-loving, and withal, the merriest race in the world." Now, bearing in mind this acknowledgment of their patience, and also the after account of the Khedive's extravagant expenditures, and the *fellaheen's* paltry pittance, one reads with surprise these words:—"It is the fashion to write and speak of this large section of the Khedive's subjects as being intolerably oppressed, ground down by crushing taxation, and generally wretched beyond any parallel elsewhere." Mr. McCoan has new light upon the subject, perceived by the aid of his *couleur de rose* lenses, not vouchsafed to former travellers or residents on the Nile. Considering the paltry pittance the poor wretches obtain, the following easy way of getting over an ugly feature in the Khedive's system is astonishing:—"That the taxation is heavy, but not oppressive, is admitted; and that, until lately, the methods of its collection have been often brutal, may also be conceded. But, apart from the traditional cruelty of tax-gathering all the East over, the Egyptian peasant has been noted in all time, from Cheops to Ismail, for his unwillingness to pay taxes at all. It is, in fact, a point of honour to bear any amount of 'stick,' if by so doing the impost, or any part of it, can be evaded." Considering what the unhappy labourers have suffered from the time when the foundation-

stone of the first pyramid was laid until now, his impatience at taxation must, in official eyes, be as inexcusable as it is incomprehensible. Mr. McCoan's "stick logic" is nothing new; the Legrees of the South made us familiar with it years ago. On p. 310, our author, having undertaken to defend Egyptian slavery, which he does with perhaps more success, he lets in a little light upon the condition of the poor fellaheen, who contribute the entire revenue, and have nothing left, but what the State cannot get out of them. He says, "From every material point of view they (the slaves) are infinitely better off than the free-born fellahs, on whom, indeed, they look down with proud contempt, as an inferior class—since, as before remarked, both law and religion combine to protect them, as *neither protect* the peasant." A happy peasantry that must certainly be, upon which eunuchs and concubines can afford to look down "with proud contempt!"

Of the remaining million, the Copts number one-half, the Bedoweens, or roving Arabs, not quite a third, Nubians and Soudains (mostly slaves) 40,000, and the rest are Jews, rayah Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, Turks, Abyssinians, and foreigners of all sorts. The Copts, though smaller in number are, says Mr. McCoan, "before them in historical interest, not only the most ancient, but, strictly speaking, the only native Egyptian race." Volney, Young, and Champollion supposed them to be of Ethiopic origin, but "ethnologists are now generally agreed in regarding them as the descendants of the Pharaonic Egyptian, mixed more or less with the Persians left by Cambyses, and the Greeks who followed the standard of Alexander, but still visibly preserving the characteristics of the old-world race that built Thebes and worshipped Amoun-ra." To their Arab conquerors, he further observes, "they bear a similar relation to that of the Gauls to the Franks under the Merovingian kings." Many embraced the Moslem faith, but a large remnant are still Christians of the Monophysite sect, and claim St. Mark as the founder of their church. Into the detailed account of the other races we have no space to enter, but we may remark that the Turks, who conquered Egypt in 1517, only number 10,000.

The cities and towns of Egypt afford Mr. McCoan ample scope for much graphic and interesting description. There are eight cities, but historical as well as commercial interest attaches chiefly to two of them, Cairo and Alexandria—the one above the apex of the delta, the other, the second port (Marseilles being the first), on the Mediterranean. Alexandria, which commemorates the name of the great Macedonian conqueror, and was eulogized by his modern imitator, Napoleon, "was twelve hundred years old when the foundations of Cairo were laid;" yet it is but a modern settlement compared with those children of the hoary time, Thebes, Memphis, and Heliopolis. All these are in ruins, and so also is the ancient Alexandria, but even these remains are "an inheritance to which Cairo can boast nothing equal. Of the three moholiths, Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needles, one of which is now an object of interest and solicitude, there is an interesting account. The Pillar had nothing to do with Pompey, but was erected on its present site in honour of Diocletian; it is supposed to be the sole remaining relic of the famous Serapeion. The Needles—"which had equally nothing to do with Cleopatra, were brought from Heliopolis by Julius Caesar, to adorn his own temple, the

Cesarium. Both are of red Syene granite, and are covered with hieroglyphics of the reign of Thothmes III., Rameses II., and Sethi II., fully twelve centuries before the Christian era. Alexandria has of late years sprung into new life, and even the opening of the Suez Canal has not, in the slightest degree, interfered with the tide of its prosperity."

Cairo is a city of a different kind. It presents "a much more lively and varied picture of Eastern life" than Damascus, "and in this regard also as far surpasses Constantinople as Bagdad excels Smyrna." "In Cairo only are now to be found the scene and most of the *dramatis personæ* of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' within a stone's throw of nineteenth century civilization in many of its latest results. The short quarter of an hour's drive from the railway station transports you into the very world of the Caliphs—the same now as when Nouredin, Abou-Shamma, Benreddin Hassan, Ali Cogie, the Jew Physician, and all the rest of them played their parts, any time since or before Saladin. The old city itself is still a labyrinth of dark, dirty, intricate lanes and alleys, in many of which two donkeys can hardly pass abreast, and whose toppling upper storys so nearly meet as to shut all but the narrowest streak of the cloudless sky." In singular contrast is the lively picture of the Esbekieh, or modern European quarter, with its slately mansions, luxuriant gardens, fashionable drives and clubs. Then follow graphic sketches of the Pyramids and that other awe-striking monument of untold antiquity—the Sphinx. "In a sand hollow, a few hundred yards to the south-east of the Great Pyramid, stands, or rather crouches, this half-buried Sphinx—'gazing straight on with calm eternal eyes' across the vista of seven thousand years, for, according to Marriette Bey, it was already old before the stupendous gnomon of Cheops was built." Upon all the invasions and revolutions of many hundred centuries, "and more," says Kinglake, "this unworldly Sphinx has watched and watched like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes and the same tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam wither away; and the Englishman, straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful; and still that shapeless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting."

About equi-distant from Cairo in a north-easterly direction, over the plain where Selim Pasha won Egypt in 1517, and Kleber defeated the Turks in 1800, and by "the famous jessamine and orange gardens, in which stands the 'Virgin's Tree,' the grand old sycamore that (tradition says) sheltered Joseph and Mary after their flight into Egypt, we reach the sacred city On, the Heliopolis of the Greeks, the Besh-shemesh (house of the sun) of Old Testament prophecy, through a shady acanthus grove, and you reach the lone granite obelisk—the oldest in the world—that marks the site of the famous 'City of the Sun,' in the family of whose high priest Joseph found his bride, where Moses learned the wisdom of the Egyptians, Jeremiah penned his Lamentations, and Plato thought out his sublime doctrine of the immortality of the soul. For nearly 4,000 years this solitary pillar has pointed its tapering apex to the sky, and yet the hieroglyphics on its sides are still nearly as sharp and distinct as if grav'd a year ago."

Of the temple ruins of Abydos, Denderah, Thebes, Esneh, Edfon, and

Philæ—"the shattered but splendid memorials of a dead faith and civilization, with which the world can nowhere else show anything to compare"—Mr. McCoan does not speak at length, his purpose being to describe, not the Egypt of the past, but of that of to-day. Here the author strikes a new vein, and although we may not be so sanguine about the future of that deeply-interesting country under the Pashas, as he appears to be, there can be no question about the value of the information contained in this volume. Unfortunately so much space has been already occupied in topics, which however attractive, are to some extent outside the purpose of the work under review, that we can only give a brief and condensed account of the major part of it. We have read with care the chapters devoted to the products and capabilities of the Nile valley, the Fayoum, and the oases; to the army, navy, educational and administrative institutions of the Khedive; and we have endeavoured to get some notion of the Egyptian finance as pictured in gay colours by Mr. McCoan, and more soberly by Mr. Cave, and Messrs Göschen and Joubert. With our author's view of the vast capabilities of Egypt we may readily agree. His account in detail, of the vegetable resources of the country are as instructive as they are interesting; and there is much promise in the comparatively new staples of sugar and cotton. Egypt is now burdened with a debt amounting altogether to between ninety and one hundred millions sterling. This is made up of all sorts of liabilities, consolidated and floating. The *Daïra* or departmental debts, are the most troublesome—so troublesome indeed that Mr. Cave did not meddle with them. To most people a Department conveys the idea of a branch of the public service; but, in Egypt, it means one of the conduit pipes by which the country is drained to support the Oriental magnificence of the family which, according to Mr. McCoan, is bringing in a Millennium. There is the *Daira-Khassa* or Civil List, which, even under Mr. Göschen's reformed system, is to swallow up £300,000 sterling annually; then the *Daïra* of the Khedive's personal estate; those of the Queen-Mother, the family property generally, the heir-apparent, and those of two other "Highnesses," sons of the Khedive. Where much of the money wrung from the impoverished peasantry of Egypt goes may be seen in the new Palaces erected and furnished year after year, and seldom or never used by the Khedive.

That the Khedive has received a varnish of European civilization may be true. He is enterprising, after a fashion, and if constructing railways and public works, and speculating in sugar refining at a loss, are proofs of sagacity, Ismaïl Pasha is sagacious enough. Mr. Cave, in his Report, however, stripped off the varnish and tinsel, and exposed the rottenness within. Mr. McCoan inserts it at page 372 as an Appendix, and it ought to expel any dreams of a brilliant future by binding the speculative spirit of European civilization to the dead corpse of Oriental decrepitude and decay. Notwithstanding our dissent from some of Mr. McCoan's views, grounded upon the opinions of those who have had at least as favourable an opportunity of judging aright as he, we cannot conclude without giving a most favourable opinion of the work as a whole. It is certainly the fullest, most instructive, and interesting work on contemporary Egypt that has yet appeared.

## Musical.

THE imputation under which England has lain so long may surely be said to be now dissipated : the imputation of being an unmusical country, and in particular of producing no composers of more than third or fourth rate merit. There can be no doubt that, notwithstanding the absurd fuss made lately in England over Purcell, who never wrote a line in his life, that was not an imitation of Handel, and over Storace, Arne, Bishop, and others, her fame as a country of musicians will rest on those men who are now the pride of this generation, rather than on the antiquated contrapuntists of former centuries. We are certain that shamefully little is known in Canada of the compositions of Barnett, MacFarren, Benedict, and Smart for instance. Arthur Sullivan, of course, being more of a popular composer, a song-writer, and so forth, is better known and appreciated ; but we doubt if many of our readers, on being told that Dr. MacFarren's new oratorio of "Joseph" was the great feature of the Leeds Festival, would know very much more, either about him or his music, than that he is principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and an honoured and sufficiently talented musician. However, as we only propose to give a slight sketch of "Joseph," we will address it to those among our readers, who are interested in Dr. MacFarren's career, and understand and admire his genius, though they be in the minority. And that career has not been an idle one, though it has been an easily successful one. Four years ago, his first oratorio, *St. John the Baptist*, was produced, and since then he has produced the "Resurrection," a cantata of grand dimensions to be brought out at Glasgow shortly, and finally there is "Joseph," a work of grandeur and importance. "Joseph" engaged the attention at one time of Handel, and of course Mehul's "Joseph," or at least parts of it, are well known. But it seems that it has been left to Dr. MacFarren to perpetuate the story by means of his learning and great powers. The librettist of this as well as of the other two oratorios, is Dr. Monk, organist of York Minster, and although generally speaking he has suited his book to the genius of his colleague, some of the respective texts are evidently both out of place and radically unfit to be set to music. The persons are Joseph (baritone), Jacob (bass), Reuben (tenor), Benjamin (soprano), and Pharaoh (tenor) ; also three choruses of tenors and basses, an impersonal soprano, (there is no woman in the *dramatis personæ*, by the way), and full choruses of Sheperds, Wise Men, Ishmaelites and Egyptians. The influence of Wagner on modern music is remarkable in this oratorio, recitation being to a great extent discarded for "dialogue." There are thirty-six numbers, including the overture, which is said to be strictly classical, full of power and beautiful *motives*, the two principal being Jacob's love for Joseph, and the "Canaan" motive.

As far as we can judge, however, from some scraps that have floated to us in the English papers, the Wagnerian tendency, at least in this oratorio, leads to effects absurd in the extreme. It is one of the great *maestro's* theories that "words yearn for music," and therefore he, in most of his compositions, and now Dr. MacFarren in his, endeavour to repeat in music the very reflection of the force which, as we know, *point* so much the meaning of the word.

For instance, here is a duet between Jacob and Joseph, which tells of the coat of many colours :

And I have made thee a coat of ma-ny col-ours,  
 a coat! a coat! a coat of ma ny col-ours!  
 coat! a coat! a coat! of ma-ny col-ours!

We think the effect of this would at least be laughable, and mirth can hardly be said to be the fitting outcome of oratorio music. This far fetched attempt, however, has not many others of the kind to keep it company, and several soprano and baritone airs, two martial and startling choruses, and other interesting numbers, quite make up we expect for the failure of such passages as the one we have alluded to. Criticism is in fact impossible, until we can hear the whole work, which will not be here for some time. But until then, all thanks may be given to Dr. MacFarren for having aided by his latest work the growth of English music in particular, and sacred music in general.

We take from the *Musical World* the subjoined list of characters sustained by the late Mdlle Tietjens in London :

Valentina .....	Les Huguenots .....	April 13, 1858.
Leonora .....	Il Trovatore .....	May 4, "
Donna Anna .....	Don Giovanni .....	May 11, "
La Contessa .....	Le Nozze di Figaro .....	May 29, "
Lucrezia Borgia.....	Lucrezia Borgia.....	June 17, "
Norma .....	Norma .....	July 7, 1859
Hélène .....	Les Vêpres Siciliennes....	July 27, "
Martha .....	Martha .....	Nov. 11, "
Semiramide .....	Semiramide .....	May 17, 1860
Lucia de Lammermoor....	Lucia di Lammermoor....	June 19, "
Rezia .....	Oberon .....	June 30, "
Amelia .....	Un Ballo.....	June 15, 1861

Alice	Roberto	June 14, 1862
Norma	Don Pasquale	Nov. 8, "
Selvaggia	Selvaggia	May 7, 1863
Margherita	Faust	June 11, "
Elvira	Il Puritani	April 14, "
Mrs. Ford	Le Spose Allegre	May 4, 1864
Leonora	Fidelio	June 23, "
Mirella	Mirella	July 5, "
Medea	Medea	June 6, 1865
Elvira	Ernani	Aug. 5, "
Agatha	Der Freischütz	Oct. 28, "
Iphigenia	Iphigenia in Tauride	May 8, 1866
Constanza	Il Seraglio	June 30, "
Donna Leonora	La Forza del Destino	June 22, 1867
Pamina	Il Flauto Magico	July 23, "
Giselda	Il Lombardi	" "
Gertrude	Hamlet	May 19, 1870
Anna Bolena	Anna Bolena	Aug. 1, 1871
Costanza	Le Du Giornato	June 20, 1872
Leonora	La Favorita	May 1, 1873
Ortrud	Lohengrin	June 12, 1875

Herr Joachim Raff has left Wiesbaden, where he has been domiciled since May, 1856, and taken up his residence in Frankfort, to fulfil his duties as Director of Hoch's Conservatory of Music.

Thanks to the great amelioration in his health, M. H. Vieuxtemps has resumed his duties as "finishing professor," ("*professeur de perfectionnement*") in the Brussels Conservatory.

Mad. Pauline Lucca is to receive ten thousand four hundred pounds for her twelve nights' engagement in Madrid, and eight hundred and forty pounds for her six performances at Nice.

By a decree of King Victor Emanuel, Signor Verdi is appointed a member of the Italian Commission, at the Paris Universal Exhibition.

Mad. Adelina Patti opened in Milan on the 27th of last month, the prices at the Scala, during her performances, being for orchestra stalls, fifty francs, and for a pit seat, thirty.

The Grand Duke of Baden has conferred the cross of the Zähringer Lion on Don Pablo Sarasato, the violinist.

Signor Schira has returned from Milan, having made all arrangements with a celebrated Italian man of letters for the libretto of his projected new opera, which will be in these desolate times a godsend to the "sunny" but now not over fertile peninsula.

Kowalski, known in Canada at least better as a brilliant pianist than as composer, is rehearsing his new opera in Paris, *Gilles de Bretagne*.

M. Gounod, who, by the way, is producing very little just now, is at work on a comic opera founded on a subject taken from the story of "Abelard et Héloïse," and entitled "Maitre Pierre." We hope it may not be unworthy of so great a *maestro*.

Signor Rossi, of the Naples Conservatory, has written to some of the most eminent pianists of the day, begging them to add, by each contributing a not too difficult piece of his own composition, in the formation of an album, the receipts from which would be devoted to a monument to be erected in honour of Bellini. Among the artists to whom Sig. Rossi has thus appealed are Albert, Andreoli, Brahmit, Bruch, Brull, Bulon, Cesi, Fissot, Fumagalli, Stephen Beller, Henselt, Henri Herz, Hiller, Jaëll, Kiel, Richner, Marie Rebt, Fr. Sachner, Lisst, Litolf, T. Mattei, Palumbo, Raff, Reinecke, Reurlano, Antoine and Nicolas Rubinstein, Saint Sæur, A. Scharvenka, Wilhelmine Szarvady, Tchaikouski and R. Volkmann.

Mr. Sims Reeves' carriage was amongst those sent as a mark of respect and esteem, to follow the remains of Mdlle. Tietjens to her last resting place. Miss Reeves represented her father on the melancholy occasion. The Leeds Musical Festival Committee was represented at the funeral of Mdlle. Tietjens by Councillor Fred. R. Spark, one of the Honorary Secretaries to the Festival. It seems that much violence, if not indecency of behaviour, characterized the vast crowds that followed the funeral cortège, which was simply a private demonstration. The English papers seem to think that if it had been made a public affair, with proper precautions taken to ensure from annoyance in that particular, it would have been more complimentary to the dead, and more comfortable, to say the least, to the living who followed her.

The coming event of importance in Hamburg is to be the second centenary Jubilee of the Loun Theatre. On the 2nd January, 1878, it will be two hundred years since the first opera in Germany was performed. The theatre was begun in 1696, and finished in 1697. First adapted for plays and dramas, it was afterwards devoted to opera. The first opera given was "Adam and Eve" libretto, by Richer, music by Franz Sheil. This was followed by "The Devil in Love," which some believe to have been its precursor; to one of the two, at any rate, the distinction of being the first German opera ever played at that theatre is due. The coming festival on the 2nd of January will be one of peculiar attraction, and if the scene exist, it will be interesting to compare the past with the present "The Devil in Love," with "Der Ring der Nibelunger."

Says the *Orchestra*; "The recent performance at the Covent Garden Concerts of Hadyn's 'Abschied' symphony was very ridiculous. Our readers are well aware of the object with which it is said to have been written—to obtain a revocation of the order to dismiss a certain prince's orchestra. This

said orchestra did not include a modern 'conductor.' We remember having assisted 'once upon a time' at a performance of this symphony, we believe the first time in England. As there was no conductor, the musicians severally put out their lights, took up their instruments and withdrew, until only a trio was left, violin, 'cello and basso—Mori, Lindley, and Dragonetti. Of these three, Dragonetti was the first to leave, drawing his big contra-basso behind him. Lindley paused, shook his head, sighed and walked out, cuddling his violincello in his arms. Mori went on fiddling for some time, all alone, suddenly he awoke to a sense of his loneliness, and hurriedly rushed off, fiddle in hand, without stopping to put out his light. The effect was whimsical, if not really pathetic. Now we can understand how the leader of the band was so absorbed in playing his violin part as to be unconscious of being deserted, but we can't understand, how a conductor attending to *his* business could see all his musicians walk out without knowing it. Still as Signor Arditì was very funny, the desired end was perhaps gained, though not by legitimate means, the audience roared with laughter and applauded vociferously. The 'Abschied' might be a good joke, when Hadyn first produced it, but even then it was but trivial, and it hardly admit of successful repetition. There may be conductors who would not miss half the instruments of their band, but Signor Arditì is not one of these, if he does the 'Abschied' again, we hope he will make it consistent."

According to the *Ministral*, the Gilmore Garden Orchestra from New York, numbering one hundred performers, will pay a visit to Europe next year, and make a tour in England, Germany and France, giving a series of one hundred concerts. The principal aim of this musical expedition is to make Englishmen acquainted with one of the best orchestras in the United States, which has many solo performers, and also to take part in the musical competition at the next International Exhibition at Paris, although he knows that he will have to contend with the band of the Garde Republicaine, and with those of the English Guards, as well as some of the most celebrated bands of Austria, Belgium, Italy, yet Mr. Gilmore anticipates carrying off the first prize, or at least, the second. We wish he may get it. *Nous verrons.*

The following capital speech was made by Madame Patey, the famous English Contralto, at a recent meeting at Gloucester, after the distribution of prizes gained by competition in a musical competition in connection with Trinity College, London.

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies & Gentlemen,—It is with no ordinary pleasure that I to-day discharge the duties of the flattering position in which you have been good enough to place me. You were right in assuming that the work upon which you are engaged has my warmest sympathies; for who ought more to desire the spread of musical culture than one whose life is devoted, in however modest a capacity, to the service of the divine art? But it seems to me that the institution you represent has particular claims upon your regard. It seems to promote music in its most exalted, and perhaps I should say its most popular form. Nor do I lose sight of the fact that the labours of Trinity College and its affiliated associations tend to perpetuate the fair fame of England in a field of art to which our country has sent so many illus-

trious workers. Because then you strive for the perfecting of the praise of God's Church on earth, and as a consequence, of the popularizing of good sacred music throughout the land, as well for the continuance and increase of a high national reputation. Your claims to hearty support are incontestable, and in my humble measure I recognise them by being here to-day.

"Having carefully examined the plan upon which Trinity College works, I cannot but express my admiration of its liberality and comprehensiveness. By the establishment of local centres, the institution of free scholarships, and the encouragement of talent through the prizes given in connection, as to-day, with local examinations, the College does that which no other institution attempts : it goes among the people in search of ability, instead of waiting in London and elsewhere for ability to come to it. With equal satisfaction I observe that you seek to associate a good general education with advancement in music, thus taking the surest method of raising the musical profession to the place of dignity and honour which it ought to occupy in general esteem.

"Let me add in conclusion, that the College, especially this branch of it, has my best wishes for increasing prosperity, and of seeing it prosper, more particularly those who have received prizes to-day, rise to positions of usefulness and eminence."

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# WHAT FLOWER IS THIS ?

## BALLAD WITH CHORUS.

Words by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Music by H. P. KEENS

*Allegro Moderato.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, starting with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, C, D, E, F#, G. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

1. What flow'r is this that greets the morn, Its hues from Heav'n so fresh - ly  
 2. Be - hold its streaming rays u - nite, One mingling flood of braid - ed  
 3. Thy sa - cred leaves, fair free - dom's flow'r, Shall ev - er float on dome and

born? With burn - ing star and flam - ing band, It kindles all the the  
 light : The red that fires the south - ern rose, With spotless white from  
 tow'r, To all their heav'n - ly col - ors true, In black'ning frost or

sun-set land. O, tell us what its name may be! Is this the  
 northern snows; And spangled o'er its a-zure, see The sis-ter  
 crimson dew, And God love us as we love thee, Thou ho-ly

flow'r of Lib - er - ty? It is the ban - ner of the  
 stars of Lib - er - ty! Then hail the ban - ner of the  
 flow'r of Lib - er - ty! Then hail the ban - ner of the

*rit.*  
 free, The star - ry flow'r of Lib - er - ty!  
 free, The star - ry flow'r of Lib - er - ty!  
 free, The star - ry flow'r of Lib - er - ty!

CHORUS :

1st & 2nd Ten *ff*  
 It is the ban - ner of the free,  
 Then hail, &c.

Alto. *ff*  
 It is the ban - ner of the free,  
 Then hail, &c.

1st & 2nd Bass *ff*

PIANO. *ff*

*rit.* of lib - er - ty! . . . *rit.* *dim.* *a tempo.* It is the ban - ner  
 Then hail, &c.

*dim.* *a tempo.*  
 The star - ry flow - er of lib - er - ty! . . . It is the ban - ner  
 Then hail, &c.

*mf* of the free, *ff* The star - ry flow - er of lib - er - ty!  
*ff*  
*mf* The star - ry flow - er of lib - er - ty!  
 of the free, *ff*