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ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
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MARCH, 1879.

NELSON AT QUEBEC.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE GREAT BRITISH ADMIRAL.

BY DR. HENRY H. MILES.

IT is worthy of observation that the local history of the Capital of Canada furnishes not even an allusion to the visits of England's most renowned sea-captain, which occurred in the year 1782. Already noted for distinguished services, regarded, both by superiors and inferiors in rank, as the most promising young officer of the British Navy, and idolized by the lieutenants, middies and tars who served under him, it might have been expected that his advent to Quebec, and his stay there of several weeks' duration, would have attracted considerable notice in colonial society, and that the printed records of the time would have presented some interesting particulars of that period of the career of the illustrious Admiral.

But such was not the case. We search in vain the columns of the *Quebec Gazette*—then the only newspaper printed in Canada—for a mention of this wonderful man's visit. Not a line do we find announcing the arrival or the departure of 'H. M.

frigate *Albemarle*, 28, Captain *Horatio Nelson* ; nor, later, when the minds of men throughout the civilized world were stirred by the news of his glorious conquests at *Aboukir* and *Copenhagen*, and of his crowning victory of *Trafalgar*, where, by the sacrifice of his valuable life, he put an end, forever, to the menace of an invasion of the British Isles by the disciplined hordes of Napoleon I., can we discover, in the numerous and voluminous accounts of his early career, which were then published, a single allusion to the fact of his having once, perhaps often-er, visited our Canadian old city.

The omission is all the more remarkable because the coming and going of many military and naval officers, who have long since been forgotten, were duly chronicled, during the interval between the breaking out of the American revolutionary war and the arrival of Prince William Henry, in 1787. We have all the particulars of that Prince's arrival and sojourn in the colony—himself a naval officer who served un-

der Nelson in the West Indies—but not a word about the coming, the stay, or the departure of the greatest British Naval hero.

It is well known that the news of Trafalgar was received in Canada with profound emotion, and that the victory was celebrated—even by the inhabitants descended from the people of old France—with rejoicings and boisterous manifestations of loyalty to the Crown of England. In gratitude for the eminent services rendered by Nelson to the commercial interests of Great Britain and her Colonies, the citizens of Montreal erected to his memory the fine monument which stands at the top of Jacques Cartier Square; but so far as we have observed, the then published accounts of his life, and the statements which were made prior to, and on the occasion of, the inauguration of the monument, contained no allusion whatever to the fact that the hero had ever navigated the St. Lawrence, or honoured by his presence the wharves and streets of the ancient capital of North America.

We leave it to the curious in such matters to find out the causes of the omission now adverted to, and to explain why Nelson's visit to and stay in Canada were suffered to pass by in silence and neglect.

To the industrious researches of a highly esteemed writer,* and to his fertile pen, employed by him with equal facility in both languages, we are indebted for the record of a great many historical incidents and local traditions, which are all of an extremely interesting nature, and which he has happily rescued from oblivion. This gentleman has, somewhere in his popular works, given us a list of British military and naval officers who, during their sojourn in Canada, succumbed to the attractions of Canadian belles whom they espoused and carried off to preside over and adorn distant

homes in Britain. He does not furnish, or even allude to, sundry particulars of which we should be delighted to be informed, but enough is intimated to satisfy us that the young matrons, thus transported from the Anglo-French colony, when brought face to face with their new mothers and sisters, were invariably received with open arms and the most cordial welcome, because the charming influence of personal beauty, graceful manners, and unrestrained warm-heartedness, was found to be irresistible. But we venture to express regret that Mr. Lemoine did not see fit to extend his list a good deal further, and so as to include the names of not a few *would-be* benedicts who are known to have fallen victims at the shrine of Canadian loveliness, but who were hindered by unpropitious circumstances from adding to the interesting record. Had he done so, we should have found *Horatio Nelson's* name there, probably with explanatory notes, and then the writer of the present article would have had no excuse for intruding upon the attention of the readers of this magazine. In fact some very romantic incidents are associated with the visit of the Captain of the *Albemarle* to Quebec, in 1782, which it is the object of this paper to elucidate. To these, it must be confessed, tradition has done justice, but in a manner too ample, since there is a lack of the essential element of truth in respect of some of the principal particulars.

Immediately after the conquest, while Murray was Governor, as well as during the time of his successors, Sir Guy Carleton and General Haldimand, there lived at Quebec a family named *Prentice*, consisting of *Miles Prentice*, formerly a sergeant of Wolfe's army, and his wife. They were childless, and by permission of the Commandant of the garrison, kept a small hostelry, or house of entertainment, on the premises known as 'The Chien d'Or,' situated opposite to the Government quarters on Mountain Hill,

*J. M. Lemoine, Esq., author of 'Maple Leaves.'

which were on the present site of the Local Parliamentary buildings, previously the residence of the Bishop of Quebec under the French regime. This Miles Prentice had been appointed to the office of Town Provost Marshal, in which capacity it was his duty to ascertain and to punish infractions of the somewhat strict regulations concerning the abuse of intoxicating liquors by the troops and citizens. Not only the soldiers who partook, but the parties who were proved to have supplied the material, were liable to severe penalties, which Prentice was reputed to be too officiously disposed to enforce. On one occasion, a woman, attached to a Highland regiment, then in garrison, had surreptitiously procured and conveyed drink to the thirsty soldiers, and being detected was subjected by him to a merciless flogging. The consequence was that this unfortunate person, who was a soldier's wife, and, at the time, in a condition of health which made it impossible for her to survive the cruelty and ignominy of her punishment, died within a few days. The Highlanders, who had instigated her offence were excited to madness by what had occurred, and rushed in a body to Prentice's abode to wreak vengeance upon him with their dirks and claymores. He, however, effected his escape from their clutches, and left the Province for New York, where he remained until the departure of that regiment allowed him to return in safety to Quebec.

In the meantime his better half, to mitigate the loneliness of her position, sent for two nieces from the old country, who, having joined her, became useful aids in the business of her well-frequented establishment, which she continued to carry on till her decease in the year 1792. These young ladies, although their names were different, were usually styled the '*Mesdemoiselles Prentice*.' They were noted for their personal attractions, and, at the same time, for intelligence and their correct

exemplary conduct. One of them, in the year 1780, was married to Mr. James Thompson, so well known at Quebec as a veteran of the army of General Wolfe, and its last survivor in Canada.* Madame Prentice's other niece became the wife of Mr. Lachlan Smith, the owner of a seigniory, situated below Quebec. Both lived to a good old age, and died in the Province without ever having revisited their native country.

We are thus particular in stating these facts for reasons which will appear presently.

It has been asserted that Captain Nelson, of the *Albemarle*, during his sojourn at Quebec, in 1782, was a frequenter of Madame Prentice's hostelry, and that he became so violently smitten with the charms of one of her nieces that he proposed for her hand in marriage, intending to abandon the nautical profession, along with all his prospects of future promotion in the service of his country. Some colour is given to the statement by what is known of Nelson's temperament and disposition, especially as exhibited in the course of his earlier career in life. That he *did* spend some weeks in Quebec, in 1782, that he *did* fall in love with some young lady there, for whose sake he desired to discontinue a seafaring life, and that he was with difficulty dissuaded from his purpose, are facts of which good evidence is extant. But, as we hope to show conclusively in this paper, it was another local beauty and not one of the two already mentioned, by whose charms the hero was led captive. We need scarcely remark that every incident in the life of a man gifted as Nelson was, whose services to his country and to mankind at large were so great and valuable, and who is so celebrated in the annals of history, cannot but be a matter of

* Mr. James Thompson was a volunteer, attached to the Highland corps employed at the siege of Quebec, in 1759. After the conquest he remained in the Province in the service of the Government, during the ensuing 70 years, when he died at the age of 98.

interest, even in cases when the facts are of a nature to merely illustrate his foibles. No apology, therefore, is required to excuse our discussing the particulars at present concerned with all the minuteness which may be necessary to cast a clear light upon the affair under consideration.

The chief authority for the assertion that the lady was Miss Prentice, was the Hon. Wm. Smith, Clerk of the Executive Council, a resident of Quebec at the time when the *Albemarle* lay at anchor in the harbour. He imparted the information to the late Colonel John Sewell, recently deceased at a good old age, with the additional statement that the intended singular marriage was prevented by Mr. Matthew Lymburner, the famous Quebec merchant, and brother of the delegate from Canada to the British House of Commons on the occasion when the Constitutional Act of 1774 was under discussion in the Imperial Legislature. Regarded as a matter of gossip and hearsay, it will not be pretended that Mr. Smith's authority is decisive of the question at issue; nor is it probable that his evidence, on such a topic, was more reliable than that of any other contemporary resident who chose to listen to rumours circulating in the city. If we recollect rightly, Mr. Smith presented, in his history of Canada, several statements unworthy of credit, based upon mere hearsay, which were disproved by their very nature and by subsequent evidence. There was, as will be seen, a Quebec merchant who was Nelson's familiar acquaintance, and enjoyed his friendship to the last day of his life, to whom, and not to Lymburner, on better testimony than Mr. Smith's, is to be ascribed the merit of having proved an efficient counsellor on the occasion referred to. Lamartine, in his *Life of Nelson*, gives an account of the circumstances, without mentioning the name of the heroine, and it was to supply this deficiency that Col. Sewell, citing the authority

of Smith, gave that of Miss Prentice. Lamartine's account, however, is full of mistakes. He does not give the year correctly, stating it to have been 1786, whereas Nelson, in that as well as the two preceding years, and in the year following, was serving in the West Indies. He also styles the *Albemarle* a *brig*, instead of a frigate, and erroneously says that Nelson passed *several months* at Quebec. In short, as to accuracy, no importance can be attached to this writer's statements concerning Nelson's visit.

Before proceeding further, we shall now cite from unquestionable authorities* a few particulars of Nelson's career *prior to the time of his advent to Canada*, and of his disposition, habits and character, as displayed when he was a very young man.

When Nelson came to Quebec he was just 24 years of age, having been born in September 1758. He had already been in the naval employment of his country 11 years, for he entered it at the early age of 13; but during that comparatively short time had seen more varied service, and afforded more proofs of courage, nautical skill, sagacity and fitness for command, than the great majority of his seniors in the profession. He had served in almost every part of the world frequented by British cruisers—the Arctic Ocean, the East and West Indies, the coasts of North and South America, the Baltic, North Atlantic and Mediterranean Seas. Although in those days promotion was very slow, except in rare cases, such were young Nelson's zeal, enthusiastic attention to all his professional duties, and extraordinary promise, that he attained the rank of

* The chief of these, here alluded to, is 'The Life and Services of Horatio Viscount Nelson,' (from his own manuscripts and very extensive collections of letters, official and other documents, and communications contributed by the Duke of Clarence, Admiral Earl St. Vincent, Lord and Lady Nelson, Lieut.-Governor Locker, Admiral Lord Hood, Lord Keith, Sir T. M. Hardy, Mrs. Alexander Davidson, and by many other officers and gentlemen)—edited by the Rev. I. S. Clarke, F.R.S., Librarian and Chaplain to George Prince of Wales, and John McArthur, Esq., LL.D., Secretary to Admiral Lord Hood.

Post Captain when only 21, and was soon afterwards employed on very arduous, important and responsible services. For example, when, on the arrival of Admiral Count d'Estaing in the West Indies with a large fleet and army, there was reason to apprehend the annihilation of British interests in that quarter, and especially the capture of Jamaica, the English Admiral and General, who were then in command on that station, selected Captain Nelson to conduct the defence of Port Royal—this post being justly considered the most important on the whole island, as being the key to the whole British naval force, the City of Kingston and Spanish Town. Soon after the successful termination of that service, another, of a much more difficult nature, and especially hazardous on account of the extreme insalubrity of the climate, was imposed on him by General Dalling, then Governor of the British West Indian Colonies, who acted with the approval of Lord George Germain, Secretary of State for the American Department. Its object was to acquire possession of Fort San Juan, on the Rio San Juan, which runs from Lake Nicaragua into the Atlantic, and thus after occupying the cities of Granada and Leon, to cut the communications of the Spaniards between their Northern and Southern transatlantic dominions. Nelson was charged with the command of the considerable naval force employed in this expedition; and, as but comparatively few troops were attached to it, the brunt of the danger and fatigue fell upon the British seamen and marines, whom their young leader conducted towards the intended points of attack with so much skill, and with such astonishing displays of personal courage and audacity, that thus encouraged, they easily stormed all the Spanish outposts, and soon forced the panic-struck defenders of the Castle and Town of San Juan to surrender. But, owing to defects in the original plans of the expedition, the arrival at

San Juan occurred several months later than it should have done, and at the most unhealthy season of the year, so that fever set in amongst the seamen and troops, by which, out of a total of 1,800 people, not more than 380 survived. The complement of Nelson's own ship—the *Hinchinbrook*—was 200 men, of whom 145 found graves there, and, in the end, not more than 10 survived to return home. Dr. Moseley, the chief medical officer at Jamaica, placed on record the following remarks: 'It was on our San Juan expedition that Nelson commenced his career of glory. He did more than his duty: where anything was to be done, he saw no difficulties; not contented with having carried the armament safe to the harbour of San Juan, he accompanied and assisted the troops in all their difficulties. He was first on shore at the attack of (the Spanish outpost) St. Bartholomew, followed by a few brave seamen and soldiers, in the face of a severe fire. The audacity of the act intimidated the Spaniards, who, from the nature of the ground, might have destroyed the assailants; but they abandoned the battery and ran away. By his example and perseverance, the Indians and seamen were animated through their toil in forcing the boats, against the current, up the river; otherwise not a man would have reached San Juan. When they arrived there, as prompt in thought as bold in action, Nelson advised the carrying it instantly by assault; for he knew that the bad season was at hand and that there was no time to be lost. . . . ' Like Hannibal, before he attained to supreme command in the palmy days of Carthaginian conquest—like Wolfe (whom Nelson resembled in respect of many traits of character), when a brigadier at the siege of Louisbourg, this extraordinary twenty-one-year-old British Captain endeared himself to every body about him that witnessed his courage, heroism and skill, as exhibited in the course of the San Juan ex-

pedition. The Indians who accompanied it regarded him with wonder, and as a superior being under especial protection, seeing that he survived all dangers unharmed—whether those arising from the fire of the enemy to which he so fearlessly exposed himself, from the poisoned water of springs occasionally met with and inadvertently imbibed by the thirsty traveller in those regions, or from the innumerable venomous reptiles with which they abound.

But it is more than probable that, but for an unforeseen event, Nelson's career would have ended at San Juan, soon after its capture, in consequence of the fever which set in and consigned to the grave so many of those who participated in that expedition. As it was, his health had experienced a severe and lasting injury, when most opportunely despatches arrived from Jamaica informing him that Admiral Sir Peter Parker had appointed him to the command of the *Janus* of 44 guns. This necessitated his immediate return to join the West Indian fleet; and thus was Nelson providentially withdrawn from a scene of death when his health was in a most precarious state.

We cannot leave this part of our reference to Nelson's antecedents without citing a passage from the official despatches of Major Polson to Governor Dalling, announcing the surrender of Fort San Juan:—'I want words to express the obligations I owe that gentleman (Captain Nelson, of the *Hinchinbrook*). He was the first on every service, whether by day or night. There was not a gun fired but was pointed by him. . . . ' On his return to Jamaica, Nelson sent his congratulations to Governor Dalling, who said, in reply, 'Thanks to you, my friend, for your kind congratulations: to you, without compliment, do I attribute in a great measure the cause.'

Dalling also adverted to Captain Nelson's services in a private letter

addressed to Lord George Germain, and dated at Jamaica, June 29th, 1780. In this letter occur the following words: 'Unfortunately for the service, he was obliged to return, being appointed to another ship at this island. I most humbly entreat that His Majesty will be graciously pleased, through your lordship, to manifest a satisfaction of Captain Nelson's conduct; and, in case that a squadron should have been determined on for the Southern ocean, that he may be employed on that service. Captain Nelson's constitution is rather too delicate for the service, under my direction, on this Northern one; as such minds, my lord, are most devoutly to be wished, for Government's sake, I once more venture to urge this suit.'

Eventually the condition of his health enforced his removal from the West India Station and his return to Europe.

In the month of August, 1781, he was appointed to commission the *Albemarle* frigate, 28 guns. His instructions were to proceed in this ship to the Baltic, taking under his command two other war-ships, the *Argo* and *Enterprise*, and such others as might be sent to reinforce him.

Of this service, Nelson, in his own memoirs, remarks:

'It would almost be supposed that it was on purpose to try my constitution that I was kept the whole winter in the North Sea.'

His biographers refer to the fact as a species of cruelty practised by the Lords of the Admiralty, and as an example of bad policy often pursued toward convalescent officers whose professional worth and merit have been publicly acknowledged. 'It would be difficult,' they observe, 'to fix on any station more fatally adapted to destroy the feeble constitution of an officer worn out by the sultry heats of San Juan, and the climate of the West Indies, than the cold and aguish atmosphere of the North Sea.'

This service terminated in February, 1782, Nelson's squadron having convoyed home a fleet of 260 sail of merchantmen, laden with cargoes 'of the utmost national importance' from the different ports of the Baltic Sea.

His next employment was that which brought him to the shores of our noble St. Lawrence, and which, in the course of his visit to the old capital of Canada, led to a repetition of the danger—though, it must be confessed, under quite a different aspect, and one more acceptable to himself—which had occurred in the San Juan expedition—the danger of the loss to his country of the services of the future most renowned British admiral. It must be borne in mind that, at this time, the American revolutionary war was in progress, and that, as the ally of the revolted British colonies, France was participating actively, with her fleets and troops, in the now gigantic contest. In consequence, the ships and property of British merchants were constantly liable to capture on the high seas by the French cruisers, so that, for the protection of trade between Great Britain and America, it was necessary for the merchantmen to be navigated across the Atlantic in fleets under the convoy of one or more men-of-war. Line-of-battle ships, frigates, and armed schooners were employed on both sides in chasing and capturing merchantmen, and the value of the vessels and cargoes taken was divided amongst the captors under the name of 'prize-money.' Thus the passion of avarice and the love of gain imparted to the contest between the hostile nations an inglorious feature, unworthy of the ambition and character of officers and men, who, to excel in their profession, must needs make it their chief aim to surpass their enemies in nautical skill, courage, fortitude, and inhumanity to the conquered. Nelson, from his earliest days, had shown himself singularly free from the influence of mercenary motives; nor can there

be any doubt but that, while he was always ready to devote his energies and professional abilities to the defence of his country's commercial interests, he had no taste for merely predatory warfare. Higher motives animated him, as was proved by his conduct on many occasions, and as he himself observes more than once in his own memoirs.

His employment to and from the Baltic in the *Albemarle* had been far from congenial. Soon after his return to Portsmouth harbour he learned that he was to be ordered to Cork, to join the *Dædalus*, Captain Pringle, and to go with a convoy to Newfoundland and the River St. Lawrence. He wrote a letter, dated April 2nd, 1782, to his friend Captain Locker, in which he said, 'I am now ordered to get the old *Albemarle* out of harbour and proceed to Cork, to go with the *Dædalus* and a convoy to *Quebec*, where, worse than all to tell, I understand I am to winter. I want much to get off from this confounded voyage, and believe that if I had time to look a little about me, I could get another ship. Mr. Adair, who attends on Mr. Keppel, might tell him, that in such a country I shall be laid up. He has informed me, that if I were sent to a cold, damp climate, it would make me worse than ever. Many of my naval friends have advised me to represent my situation to Admiral Keppel, and they have no doubt he would give me other orders, or remove me; but as I received my orders from Lord Sandwich, I cannot help thinking it wrong to ask Mr. Keppel to alter them.'

On April 6th, in another letter to the same, he says, 'I am very much obliged to you for the great trouble you have given yourself, in trying to alter my destination. . . . If I can get home in the autumn, I hope I shall get a better ship and a better station.'

When the gallant captain penned these comments, not very flattering to *Quebec* as a station during the winter,

or to the Canadian climate generally, he little thought what a change in his sentiments would be wrought by the subsequent experience of the social attractions of his dreaded place of exile.

Parting from Captain Pringle at Newfoundland, Nelson sailed on a short cruise along the American coast, in the course of which he took possession of an American fishing schooner, the *Harmony*, Nathaniel Carver, Master, whom he ordered to come on board the *Albemarle* and act as pilot. The American obeyed, believing that his little vessel, in which all he had in the world was invested, was irrecoverably lost. He discharged, without a murmur, all the duties exacted from him. Nelson, noticing the faithful manner in which he conducted himself, and having learned that Carver had a large family anxiously expecting his return home to New Plymouth, summoned him to his presence and thus addressed him: 'You have rendered us, sir, a very essential service (in piloting the *Albemarle* safely among the shoals and shallows of this coast), and it is not the custom of British seamen to be ungrateful. In the name, therefore, and with the approbation of the officers of this ship, I return your schooner, and give you, at the same time, a certificate (to serve as a pass and safeguard against subsequent capture), testifying to your faithful conduct. Farewell! and may God bless you!' The American, full of astonishment and gratitude, returned to his little vessel and proceeded on his way homeward.

After this incident, it happened that the *Albemarle* being near the harbour of New Plymouth, Carver recognized it, and forthwith came off, at the risk of his life in a boat, with a present of sheep, poultry, and vegetables, for Captain Nelson; and most opportune and valuable the present proved, for the scurvy was then raging among the ship's crew. Nelson compelled the donor, much against his will, to receive payment, and immediately caused the fresh meat and vegetables

to be equally shared among the sick on board.

In a letter from Bic, in the *St. Lawrence*, to Captain Locker, dated the 19th October, 1782, Nelson states that the *Albemarle* arrived 'here' on July 1st; that he sailed on a cruise, and returned to Quebec on the 17th of September, 'knocked up with the scurvy.' From these statements it would appear that Nelson paid at least two visits to Quebec between July and September of the year named. Again, his biographers Clarke and McArthur, in page 76, vol. i., of their '*Life of Nelson*,' make use of the expression, 'In the course of *these repeated visits to Quebec*,' which seems to corroborate the inference just drawn from Nelson's own language. However this may be, we have, on the same authority, a circumstantial account of his arrival in the harbour of Quebec on September 17th, 1782, when he landed the sick of his crew and sent them to hospital, and of his departure on October 14th of the same year. On this occasion, therefore, his visit was one of about a month's duration, long enough, we presume, to have furnished the opportunity of forming acquaintance with some of the then reigning *belles* of Quebec Society, and of losing a susceptible heart.

Having reviewed, as far as is requisite for our present purpose, the professional career of Horatio Nelson antecedent to his visiting Quebec in 1782, we must next briefly refer to his personal attributes at that period of his life, and to certain peculiarities of his character and disposition.

The portraits and statues of Nelson which were executed at later periods of his eventful life, or after his death, fail to convey correct ideas of the physical peculiarities which his personal appearance presented when he was quite a young man. The aspect of his countenance was even girlish, and singularly attractive, while, in respect of stature and bulk, like his subsequent great foe, Napoleon Bonaparte,

he was diminutive. In fact, his appearance was that of a mere boy, contrasting remarkably with the full-laced uniform of a British Naval Captain. 'He wore his hair unpowdered, and tied up behind in a stiff Hessian tail of extraordinary length,'* after the custom not unusual in those days; 'and the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure.' His gait, and manner of wearing his dress imparted to him somewhat of an air of negligence. Nevertheless, there rested on his countenance a grave and thoughtful expression, anything but youthful or girlish, and quite in character with the fact that he had already seen much active and even dangerous service at sea, and that he thoroughly understood every branch of his profession.

In his leisure moments he was always thinking of matters appertaining to his vocation, and was accustomed to remark that 'a captain of a man-of-war, if he does his duty, will always find sufficient to occupy his mind, and to render service to his country, on any station, either in peace or war.'

He was particularly attentive to the interests of young people with whom he came into contact, and although at first his personal peculiarities and the great professional reputation he had already acquired, inspired them with shyness, this soon melted away under the genial influence of his kindness of heart and his tact in dealing with them. Both in the *Albemarle* and his next vessel the *Boreas*, he had always under him from one to two score of middies and youngsters who positively adored him, amongst whom the more timid spirits were ever objects of special notice and attention, and whom he encouraged by example

to dare whatever was calculated to confirm courage, though apparently dangerous, and to feel that the attainment of nautical experience was a pleasure instead of a wearisome task. 'Well, sir,' he said to a youth who shewed signs of hesitation when ordered to climb the shrouds, 'I am going a race to the mast-head, and beg I may meet you there,'—a request to which no denial could be given—and when they met in the top, he spoke in the most cheerful terms to the midshipman, observing how much a young officer was to be pitied who could fancy there was any danger, or even anything disagreeable, in the attempt. As an excuse for his practice of always taking with him some of his young people when invited to dine on shore with high officials and persons of distinction, he was accustomed to say, 'I have taken the liberty of carrying with me some of my *aides-de-camp*. I will be excused, for I make it a rule to introduce them to all the good company I can, as they have few to look up to, besides myself, during the time they are at sea.' He knew and practised all that was due from himself towards his juniors, as well as his equals and superiors; and, during the whole course of his early career, before he attained the rank of captain, he never ceased to remember, or to follow, the precepts which had been drawn up for his guidance, relative to his conduct and naval duties by his uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, with whom he first went to sea, and which commenced with the instruction, 'My dear Horatio, pay every respect to your superior officers, as you shall wish to receive respect yourself.'

It is, therefore, easy to apprehend the grounds upon which were based the extraordinary esteem in which young Captain Nelson was held by all who had anything to do with him; and although it is true that, at that period of his life, he was frequently taciturn—seeming to retire within

* These words are cited from a description given by Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William IV., who first met Nelson in the year of the latter's visit to Quebec.

Nelson himself refers to that meeting, and to the Prince's sentiments, as expressed later on in this article, in the letter to Captain Locker, dated New York, November 17th, 1782.

himself when the energies of his mind were not called into exercise by some object of duty or professional interest—and that he often seemed to care but little for the refined courtesies of polished life, yet, ‘when he wished to please, his address and conversation possessed a charm that was irresistible.’ By his excellent father, the Rev. Edmund Nelson, a deep sense of an over-ruling Providence and of the sublime principles of Christianity, as well as the most strict practice of truth and honourable habits, had been carefully inculcated from his earliest youth. Hence, by the time that Nelson made his appearance at Quebec, the foundations of his character and fame had already been securely laid on a solid basis, notwithstanding that, as already remarked, the local records fail to notice his coming and going.

We shall add only a few more remarks illustrative of his disposition and peculiarities. The traditions which have been alluded to in the first part of this paper, and especially the article headed ‘*Mademoiselle Prentice et Lord Nelson*,’ suggests an entire misapprehension of the character and habits of this wonderful man. What is said there relative to the ‘Chien d’Or’ and its frequenters, including the Duke of Clarence a few years later, would lead one to infer that Nelson himself was not much superior to the common run of officers, sometimes when on shore forgetful of their rank in their sovereign’s service, and willing, occasionally, to play the part of mere pleasure-seekers, idlers and loafers. Such an inference, however, is irreconcilable with the information derived from various better and wholly reliable sources. His biographers, Clarke and McArthur, in reference to that epoch of Nelson’s life, state that, while his delicate health and diminutive figure were ‘far from giving expression to his intellectual powers, from his earliest years, like *Cleomenes*, the hero of Sparta, he had been enamoured of glory, and

had possessed a greatness of mind; he preserved, also, a similar temperance and simplicity of manners.’*

Prince William Henry, in his account of his first interview with Nelson, says, ‘I was then (1782) a midshipman on board the *Barfleur*, and had the watch on deck when Captain Nelson of the *Albemarle* came in his barge alongside. He had on a full-laced uniform, but was the merest boy of a captain I had ever beheld. . . . His lank, unpowdered hair, and the general quaintness of his figure, produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice, for I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he was or what he came about. My doubts were, however, removed when Lord Hood introduced me to him.

‘There was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation; and an enthusiasm, when speaking on professional subjects, that showed he was no common being. After this he went with us to the West Indies. . . . Throughout the whole of the American War the height of Nelson’s ambition was to command a line-of-battle ship; as for prize-money, it never entered his thoughts. . . .

* Some collateral testimony bearing on the question whether Nelson was or was not in the habit of frequenting the Chien d’Or while sojourning at Quebec, has been furnished by *Mr. Alex. Urquhart*, an aged citizen of Quebec (now about 80 years old), formerly a merchant. His mother was a contemporary of Mrs. Prentice and lived (to the age of about 90 years) until about the year 1840, retaining her faculties to the last. His mother frequently talked to him and her other children about the Prentices and the occurrences at Quebec during the last 30 years of the last century—mentioning the firm ‘Alex. Davison & Lees’ as being noted for the exercise of hospitality toward British naval officers whom the affairs of the period of the American revolutionary war, between 1775 and 1783, brought to Quebec Harbour as a place of rendezvous for ships of war and transports conveying troops and supplies. He states that, although the younger officers, both of the army and navy, were constant visitors at the Chien d’Or, those of the rank of post-captain, colonel, &c., were not among them, as this would have been *infra dig.* in those times of strict naval and military discipline. On being asked whether and why such officers of higher rank should pay visits to the Upper Town, he replied that their business at the Government Offices, at the top of Mountain Hill, was the occasion—not to frequent taverns; and that probably the Chien d’Or was never visited by Nelson in 1782, or by the Prince, in 1787, excepting perhaps once or more, in their official capacities, at some public entertainment.

I found him warmly attached to my father, and singularly humane; he had the honour of the king's service, and the independence of the British navy particularly at heart; and his mind grafted with this idea as much when he was simply captain of the *Albemarle*, as when he was afterwards decorated with so much well-earned distinction.*

A little later, a lady friend of Nelson's future wife, in writing to her, expressed herself in these terms: 'We have at last seen the little captain of whom so much has been said. He came up just before dinner, and was very silent, yet seemed to *think* the more. He declined drinking any wine, but after dinner, when, as usual, the toasts of the King, Queen, and Royal family, and of Lord Hood were given, this strange man regularly filled his glass, and observed that those were always *bumper toasts* with him, and then relapsed into his former taciturnity. During this visit it was impossible for any of us to make out his real character. There was such a sternness and reserve in his behaviour, with occasional sallies, though transient, of a superior mind. I endeavoured, being placed near him, to rouse his attention, showing him all the civilities in my power; but I drew out little more than yes and no. We think, Fanny, that if you had been there, some thing might have been made of him, since

* It is worthy of mention that the close friendship which began while serving together in the American waters continued to subsist between Nelson and the Duke of Clarence, ending only with the death of the former in the Battle of Trafalgar.

In Nelson's correspondence with his other personal friends, he often makes mention of the Prince, expressing himself very decidedly, and warmly, in his favour, as being an excellent naval officer, extremely attentive to all his professional duties, and, after he became captain of the *Pegasus*, as manifesting great abilities for command at sea. Nelson said of the future 'Sailor-King,' 'he is a *seaman*, which you could hardly suppose; every other qualification you may expect of him, he will be a judicious disciplinarian, and, I am certain, an ornament to our service.'

The Admiral, Lord Hood, had especially recommended the Prince to seek advice and information from Nelson if he desired to ask questions relative to naval tactics, adding that he (Nelson) 'could impart as much information as any officer in the fleet.'

When Nelson was subsequently married to a lady in the West Indies, the Prince, at his own special request, acted as father in giving away the bride.

you have been in the habit of *attending these odd sort of people*.'

At the risk of being somewhat tedious in our recapitulation of the personal attributes of Captain Nelson, as exhibited while he was serving on the American naval stations, our remarks on the subject must be a little further extended in order that the reader may be in a position to fully realize the nature of the facts which we are about to state. It is clear, from what has been advanced in this paper, that he was not one of the ordinary run of military and naval officers whom duty brought to Quebec, with their regiments and ships, in the course of the American revolutionary struggle, and of whom very considerable numbers were always present during and after the close of the ill-starred expedition of General Burgoyne from Canada into the revolted territories. If many of these gentlemen were regular visitors at the Chien d'Or, there is no evidence that the captain of the *Albemarle* was one—even an occasional visitor, much less a frequenter of that hostelry. We say this without the least idea of insinuating that it was not a respectable house of entertainment, or that merely visiting it implied, on the part of officers any deficiency of self-respect or disregard of their own character. But the gossipy traditions already mentioned, and which have been embodied in print connecting him, as well as the Duke of Clarence, with the Chien d'Or in the article entitled '*Mademoiselle Prentice et Lord Nelson*,' are manifestly unworthy of credit, more especially as respects the captain of the *Albemarle*.

The only circumstance calculated to give the least colour to the suggestions and inferences alluded to and which have culminated in the assertion that Nelson fell desperately in love with, and endeavoured to espouse, one of Mrs. Prentice's nieces, and of which we have been careful to take cognizance in our researches on this subject, is the fact that the young lady, of

whom Nelson became violently enamoured during his stay at Quebec, was a distant connection of Mrs. Miles Prentice—by the marriage of a relation,* a man of great worth and exemplary character, to one of the two nieces of the mistress of the Chien d'Or.

Nearly all Nelson's biographers notice a peculiarity of which we have not yet made mention. While the very soul of honour and integrity, he had a very susceptible heart. Quebec has always been noted for the brilliant personal attractions possessed by its daughters of both nationalities—for equally fair girls of British origin have divided with their French Canadian sisters, the attention of innumerable officers of the naval and military service, from the time of conquest down to the present day. Elsewhere, therefore, than at the Chien d'Or, Nelson, in availing himself of freely offered hospitality, had ample opportunity of manifesting his appreciation of female beauty.

But we must here again quote from the testimony of his most reliable biographers. In page 76 of his *Life and Services*, by Clarke and McArthur, there is this record: 'During these repeated visits to Quebec, Captain Nelson became acquainted with *Mr. Alexander Davison*, at whose house he experienced the utmost hospitality, and from whom, both at this time and long afterwards, he received innumerable acts of kindness. The

sanguine mind of Nelson often required the cool and steady reason of a friend in the regulation of the common occurrences of private life; his extraordinary character sometimes displayed no inconsiderable portion of *Knight-errantry*, and, like the most celebrated warriors in the annals of chivalry (noticed in "l'histoire litteraire des troubadours") while devoting himself to the affairs of war, was by no means insensible to the influence of the passion of love. With this disposition, whilst remaining at Quebec, he became violently attached to an amiable *American lady, who was afterwards married, and resided in London.*'

That Nelson's attachment, conceived for this lady, was quite serious in its nature and that, in consequence of it, the services of the future hero of the Nile and Trafalgar, *might* have been withdrawn from the navy, and that other results, most important in respect of the future annals of the world, *might* have ensued, appear from the sequel of the narrative from which we quote.

'When the *Albemarle*, on the 14th of October, was ready for sea, Captain Nelson had taken his leave, and had gone down the river to the place where the men-of-war usually anchored; but the next morning, as Mr. Davison was walking on the beach, he saw Nelson coming back in his boat. On his reaching the landing-place, the former anxiously demanded the cause that occasioned his friend's return; "Walk up to your house," replied Nelson, "and you shall be made acquainted with the cause." He then said, "I find it utterly impossible to leave this place without again waiting on her whose society has so much added to its charms, and laying myself and my fortunes at her feet." Mr. Davison earnestly remonstrated with him on the consequences of so rash a step; "your utter ruin," said he, "situated as you are at present, must inevitably follow." "Then let it follow," ex-

* James Thompson, Esq., who married the elder niece, a Miss Cooper, in 1780, as already alluded to. This gentleman, and the father of the young lady in question were first cousins. The date of this marriage preceded by nearly two years that of the advent of Nelson to Quebec. We give the following extracts from the diary kept by Mr. Thompson, senior:—

'Quebec, Dec. 6th, 1780.—At 6 in the afternoon went to Mrs. Prentice's, where I was met by my good friends, Capt. Twiss and Mr. John Collins, of whom I had begged their presence. Dr. Montmolin was just come, and that ceremony was soon over.

'Dec. 7th, 1780.—Brought home my wife at dusk, accompanied by Mr. Simpson and Mr. and Mrs. Prentice.'

At this time the younger niece of Mrs. Prentice was a little girl of 11 or 12 years of age—placed by her aunt for education at a convent in Pointe-aux-Trembles, a few miles above Quebec. This young lady afterwards became the wife of Mr. Lachlan Smith, already alluded to

claimed Nelson! "for I am resolved to do it." The account goes on to state that a severe altercation ensued, but that Mr. Davison's firmness at length prevailed with Nelson, who, though with no very good grace, relinquished his purpose and suffered himself to be led back to his boat.

From the Island of Bic, in the St. Lawrence, Nelson took charge of a large convoy for New York. During the rest of the American War the active operations of the fleet, under Admiral Lord Hood, in the West Indies, kept Nelson's mind constantly employed. New connections and new scenes of enterprise, if they did not efface those tender impressions, undoubtedly mitigated and weakened them. After the peace he was ordered home, but was again soon despatched on active service to the West Indies. On the occasion of this visit to Europe, he spent some time in London, and after having been presented at Court, where the King honoured him with particular notice, Nelson went to seek out his old friend Mr. Alex. Davison, of Quebec, who had now removed* from Canada and established himself in the metropolis as a Navy agent. Their former intercourse had initiated a warm friendship and intimate correspondence between the two, which endured throughout the remaining 23 years of Nelson's life. He found Davison resident at Lincoln's Inn, and went to dine with him. In page 84 of the Biography already cited, this visit is recorded in the following words: "On his arrival he immediately threw off what he called "his iron-bound coat," and, having procured a dressing-gown, spent the evening in talking over the various occurrences that had taken place since they last parted on the beach of the River St.

Lawrence.' Innumerable letters of Nelson to Mr. Davison are extant. Davison was his agent in charge of his official pay and prize money, his counsellor and the manager of his estate, and various private affairs, and finally one of the principal executors of his last will and testament. On whatever service employed, Nelson was in the habit of opening his heart to him in his letters. Down to nearly his last hours, when about to shed his blood for his king and country in the sanguinary battle of Trafalgar, Nelson found occasion to address a few affectionate lines, interspersed with references to business, to his life-long friend, Alexander Davison. Doubtless, not so much the remembrance of former hospitalities at Quebec as the prudent and determined stand whereby he successfully opposed Nelson's following a course of conduct which he considered ruinous at that time, had operated permanently on the gallant sailor's mind, affording what he could never cease to regard as a guarantee of sincere and unbounded personal friendship. This Mr. Alexander Davison, while resident at Quebec, had been the head of a mercantile firm, 'Messrs. Davison & Lees,' carrying on business in the Lower Town. Even before Nelson's visit to the old city these gentlemen had made arrangements for dissolving partnership, as Mr. Davison had decided on the removal to London; and in the *Quebec Gazette* of Aug. 25th, 1782, there was published an advertisement by one Wm. Lang, intimating that he had become purchaser of 'the lot and house wherein Messrs. Davison & Lees lately lived, situate in Notre Dame St., and bounded on one end by Thomas Aylwin, Esq., on the other by Mr. Lewis Lizot, and behind by Mr. Lewis Dusiens,' and giving notice 'to all persons having claims thereon to notify the same in writing before the 10th of October next, when he is to complete the payment of the purchase money.' Some of the names here

* In the *Quebec Gazette* of October 31st, 1782, mention is made of a ship named the *Trade*, as having fallen down the river to Bic, to join the convoy assembled there, and bound for London. The list of passengers given contains the name of Mr. Alex. Davison.

mentioned are still not unfamiliar at Quebec.

We have already stated in a footnote that Mr. Davison departed for England, with a convoy from Bic, prior to October 31st, 1782—about a fortnight after his memorable interview with Nelson on the beach at Quebec.

Reverting to Davison's own account of that interview, as recorded by Clarke and McArthur, it is noticeable that no mention is made of the name of the lady concerned. But it would have been in bad taste to have furnished it—unacceptable to herself and friends, and probably wounding to her feelings. The only good purpose which would have been served by so doing, that occurs to us, might have been to prevent the false suggestions and inferences already alluded to.

There is nothing in the account, which, fairly considered, would justify a belief that the object of Nelson's passionate admiration was not a person of the highest respectability in Quebec Society.

The expression used 'an amiable American lady,' signifies simply one belonging to this side of the Atlantic, although, if employed at present it would denote a citizen of the United States.

The more significant points in the narrative, in view of her identification, are those which refer to Mr. Davison's having bestowed on Nelson, at this time 'and long afterwards, innumerable acts of kindness;' also, the statement that the lady was 'afterwards married and resided in London.' These, as we hope to make clear, furnish us with the clue.

That she was not one of Mrs. Prentice's nieces, celebrated for personal attractions at Quebec in those days, is apparent from what has been already given in this paper. These young ladies could not have been justly styled 'American,' since both had been imported not long before from Ireland by their aunt, who had no children of

her own. Moreover, they both married and settled down in this country previously to Nelson's visit—one the wife of Mr. Lachlan Smith, the other of Mr. James Thompson; nor did either of them, as is well known, ever cross the Atlantic again, as must have been the case to accord with the intimation 'who was afterwards married and resided in London.'

We now proceed to the actual identification of the lady.

At the sieges of Louisbourg, in 1758 and Quebec in 1759, there were with Wolfe, two volunteers—*Mr. James Thompson* and *Mr. James Simpson*—attached to the celebrated corps of Fraser Highlanders. They had joined it for service in America with the hope, which they had been encouraged to entertain, of being advanced to a commission on the occurrence of vacancies. They were first cousins, and during the whole period of their subsequent lives maintained a close intimacy. Both remained at Quebec after the conquest, when the troops were disbanded, and both were married; but Mr. Thompson having become a widower, he selected as his second wife the elder of Mrs. Prentice's nieces. This marriage, which took place in the year 1780, was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Dumoulin, chaplain of the troops, in the presence of a small but select company, amongst whom were Thompson's particular friends, *Captain Twiss*, of the Royal Engineers, *Mr. John Collins*, Deputy Surveyor-General; his cousin, Mr. James Simpson, and the Prentices. It is recorded in Mr. Thompson's journal of that date that the wife of his cousin Simpson disapproved of the match. She was therefore not present on the occasion, the alleged reason being 'a coolness' which subsisted between her and Mrs. Prentice.

Previously to his marriage, Mr. Thompson, whose business quarters were in the Bishop's Palace, on the site where the Local Parliament Buildings now stand, had resided, or

boarded, at his cousin's house, and was intimately conversant with all the affairs of the Simpson family. His cousin and wife consulted him on all occasions, and their children looked up to him with entire confidence and filial affection. Later, when Mr. Thompson's numerous children began to grow up, the most affectionate intercourse subsisted between them and the young Simpsons. These facts are here stated because, though commonplace in themselves, they have an important bearing upon the question under consideration.

It should be observed, further, that Mr. Thompson's youngest son was born in 1788; he was named George, and, at about the age of sixteen, was sent to the Royal Academy at Woolwich as a cadet.

Mr. James Thompson was a man of great worth, and extremely respected on account of his sterling integrity of character and his sagacity. He lived to be 98 years old, and during his protracted life was the recipient of many favours and of much particular attention from every successive Governor that ruled in Canada, from the times of General Murray down to the days of Earls Dalhousie and Aylmer. One of his brothers was an officer (adjutant) in the 1st Regiment, or Royal Scots, and afterwards held a commission in the 41st Regiment. Of Mr. Thompson's sons, one was Judge of the District of Gaspé, and two others, Deputy Commissary-Generals.

His great age, and the fact that he lived to be (in Canada) the last surviving veteran of Wolfe's army, made him always a conspicuous object of attention at Quebec down to the last day of his life.

Reverting to his cousin, Mr. James Simpson, who did not attain to nearly the same great age as Mr. Thompson, it happened that one of his daughters—*Miss Mary Simpson*, born in 1766 or 1767—was a girl of marvellous beauty. She was scarcely sixteen years old at the date of Captain Nel-

son's visit to Quebec, in September, 1782. One of Mr. Thompson's daughters* was in the habit of remarking, in the hearing of her children, that, 'if Mary Simpson was not the most beautiful girl in Quebec, she was, at any rate, the most handsome she had ever beheld.' She looked older than she really was. Her parents had secured for her the best education that was obtainable at Quebec. Mr. James Thompson, Junr., who died in the year 1869, makes mention of her in his diary as 'Miss Mary Simpson, the highly accomplished daughter of my father's first cousin, Mr. James Simpson.'

This was the young lady with whose personal and mental charms Captain Nelson, of the *Albemarle*, became infatuated, in 1782. They met in Quebec society, more particularly under the hospitable roof of Nelson's mercantile friend, Mr. Alexander Davison, and probably, before his departure, at the house of her father. Whether or not Nelson's attentions were favoured by her parents nowhere appears on record; but it is certain that he made an impression on her heart and feelings, as will be shown presently. It is not likely, from all that is now known concerning this lady, that Davison had opposed Nelson's intentions, with respect to her, owing, as has been rashly suggested, to apprehensions on the part of Davison that the marriage with her would be a *mesalliance*—a derogatory connection of a superior with an inferior. It is far more probable that the motive was to hinder Nelson from assuming responsibilities which, at that time, he was wholly unprepared for—which would have entailed the abandonment of his professional pursuits and prospects, then so fair, and, in his own words, would have pro-

* *Mrs. Harrower*, mother of Mr. James T. Harrower, now employed in the Local Treasury Department, the owner of the celebrated Sword of Montgomery and custodian of the Thompson family records, diaries, and correspondence.

duced his 'utter ruin in his present situation.' Had Nelson, on landing from his boat, on that occasion, accomplished his ardent wishes, married the lady, and settled down in Quebec, his conduct would have amounted to desertion from the service, which, should his passion for nautical life have subsequently revived, would have placed an almost insurmountable obstacle between him and future employment in the British navy.

That Nelson had made a deep impression upon her heart may be inferred from several particulars. At that time Sir Frederick Haldimand was Governor at Quebec. His secretary and aid-de-camp, Major Matthews, was also a suitor for this lady's hand. After Nelson's departure, this officer renewed his attentions and pressed her to marry him. But she refused. Having been sought by a Post-Captain of the Royal Navy, she could not, she said, '*think of accepting any one belonging to the army whose rank was lower than that of Colonel.*'

Shortly afterwards Governor Haldimand went home, accompanied by Major Matthews. In process of time the latter became a colonel, and was appointed Governor of Chelsea Hospital. Some years had elapsed, and Miss Simpson had attained the age of 26 or 27 years, remaining still unmarried. This fact being ascertained by Colonel Matthews, he again renewed his suit, and was finally accepted; and they became engaged.

Mr. James Thompson, Jun., furnishes the following particulars:— 'Colonel Matthews' appointment in the Horse Guards not admitting of his return to Canada, to fulfil his engagements to Miss Simpson, she went to join him, and they were married in London, from whence she, as well as the colonel, maintained a close correspondence: the former, indeed, looked upon my father (Mr. James Thompson, Sen.) in the light of a parent.'

This then—Miss Mary Simpson—

so far as we have yet proceeded with our evidence—was the young lady whose description tallies with the words of Nelson's biographers in connection with the incident that occurred on the beach at Quebec, 'an amiable American lady, who was *afterwards married and resided in London.*'

We have before us a number of letters,* written by Col. and Mrs. Matthews. Her letters manifest the utmost kindness of heart, good sense, and mental cultivation. When Mr. Thompson's youngest son George was of age to profit by an admission into the Royal Academy of Woolwich, and knowing that it had always been the old man's earnest hope to procure it for one of his family, the Colonel made personal application to the great minister Pitt in his behalf. We have by us his original letter of application, in which he says under date Horse Guards, Nov. 26th, 1803, 'My Lord—Having no claim on your Lordship's attention, I feel much diffidence in taking this liberty, and have long hesitated to do it, yet my motives, I confidently hope, will excuse me. Consideration for and attachment to a very old and worthy servant of the Crown in your Lordship's department at Quebec, and who, at a very advanced period of life, is encumbered with a numerous family, one of whom, in his fifteenth year, has discovered a strong disposition for military science, in which he has received as much instruction as that country can afford, and his father's greatest ambition is that he should be admitted as a cadet at Woolwich. . . . I should not think myself at liberty to obtrude this solicitation, were I not to add that Mr. Thompson is a relation of my wife, and as a mark of attachment to her,

*We cite from the correspondence of the Thompson family, kindly placed in the writer's hands by Mr. Jas. T. Harrower, grandson of Mr. Thompson, sen. It affords information concerning the Colonel and his estimable lady and his family covering the period of from 1796 or 1797 to 1831, when Mrs. Matthews was still alive, although the Colonel had died some years before.

were I so fortunate as to obtain this favour, I would lose no time in getting his son over to this country and fitting him for the Academy’

The application was transmitted to its destination through Mr. Thompson's old friend, Captain (now Colonel) Twiss, of the Quebec Royal Engineering department, and was successful, the willing compliance of the minister being couched ‘*in very handsome terms.*’ In his letter enclosing copies of his application, and of the Earl of Chatham's reply, the Colonel writes :

. All therefore that remains to be done, is to embrace the first favourable opportunity of sending your dear boy to the arms of your affectionately attached friend, Mrs. Matthews, who will open them wide to receive him, and be his adopted mother on this side of the Atlantic so long as he may have occasion for one ; and for her sake, my dear sir, you must not deprive me of the willing share I am anxious to take in this interesting charge. I am desirous of leaving room for my dearest Mary to say something of herself, and I know that from your early and parental attachment to her, it will give you sincere pleasure to hear what she will *not* say. I have the happiness to tell you that she is as amiable as ever, and every day renders herself more dear to me. Much more I could say on this subject.’

Accompanying the Colonel's letter, in fact, written on the same sheet, was one from Mrs. Matthews, which began:

‘My dear friend, I would not deprive my Matthews of the pleasure of making the above communication to you himself, and as he has so fully expressed the sentiments of my heart towards our dear George, all I would repeat in this postscript is, that your dear boy shall be my adopted son on this side of the Atlantic, and that you and dear Mrs. Thompson may depend upon every affectionate attention paid him by my warm-hearted Matthews and myself, who are anxious to give

him an hearty welcome to Chelsea.’

We cannot forbear from remarking here that the foregoing letters—in deed every one of the whole set of letters—present a picture of genuine domestic felicity, which could not have left in the mind of Mrs. Matthews any trace of regret that it had been her lot to wed Colonel Matthews instead of Captain Nelson, notwithstanding the vast renown acquired by the latter in after years. At the date when those two letters were penned, all London—we may say all England—was cognizant of the fact that Nelson's marriage with Mrs. Nesbit, of the West Indies, had proved an unhappy one, in spite of the favourable circumstances under which it had been contracted a few years after his meeting with Miss Simpson at Quebec. All the world knows of the chief causes of that unhappiness, and that Lady Nelson, who was also warmly attached to her renowned husband, was not the occasion of their domestic misery. In fact, Nelson's naval fame, and his having become the idol of his countrymen, afforded her but small compensation for the lack of what every true woman cherishes most in her heart—happiness in her home and family.

As before remarked, a most affectionate correspondence was maintained during many years between the Thompson family at Quebec and the Matthews at London, and the set includes not a few letters from young George Thompson while under the protection of the Colonel and his wife. In one, dated Nov. 5th, 1804, soon after his arrival in London, young Thompson, writing to his father, observes: ‘Mrs. Matthews is truly a very amiable lady’ adding further on, ‘*I have not the least recollection of Mrs. Matthews.*’ The apparent forgetfulness arose, no doubt, from the circumstance that nine or ten years had elapsed between the time of Miss Simpson's departure from Que-

bec, to join Colonel Matthews in England, and that of young George when he was about 15 years old.

The length to which this article has already extended precludes our diverting to many incidents noticed in the course of the correspondence, and tending to remove from the sphere of mere hypothesis the identification of Mrs. Matthews as being the very person who, in early life, had made so strong an impression on the heart of Nelson. We therefore pass on to what is, perhaps, the most important link in the chain of evidence—we ought, perhaps, rather to say the crowning testimony.

The decisive battle of Trafalgar, fought by the Spanish and French fleets on one side, and that commanded by Admiral Nelson on the other, occurred on the 20th of October, 1805. It was a bloody conflict, which cost England dear in the loss of thousands of brave officers and men, killed and wounded; and, above all, it gave occasion for all England to mourn the death, at the age of 47, of her greatest and most loved naval hero. To Nelson himself the time and manner of his end were just what he had frequently in his conversation and letters professed to court. He had often before expressed the desire to be in a position in which he could have full direction of the might and purse of England at sea, and to then show the world what he could do when not, as heretofore, acting under another admiral placed in supreme command over him. That the result justified his own anticipations and those of the friends who knew him best, is now matter of history. His body, carefully preserved, was brought home, and after the remains had received every honour and proof of affection and gratitude which it was possible for his countrymen to bestow, the funeral took place at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on January 9th, 1806. The City was crowded with people, occupying the streets, windows and housetops, anxious to

view the passing by of the funeral cortege.

But there was one in whom the solemn occasion revived tender recollections of early life concerning the departed; one whose mind, reverting to her early acquaintance with him at Quebec, in 1782, was unable to look forth upon the pageant. *This was Mrs. Matthews, formerly Miss Mary Simpson.*

Instead of narrating the particulars we must allow herself, as it were, to speak. Her letter on the subject is dated January 9th, 1806, and we give the following extract from it verbatim: ' . . . He (George Thompson) has gone to witness the mournful spectacle of our deeply lamented hero, Lord Nelson's funeral. My M. (Matthews) procured a place for him in the window of a house at Charing Cross. The press of danger will be great, and the crowd and bustle of to-day will exceed everything that has occurred in this Isle before. Such a scene would be *too much for my feelings, who mourns his immortal character not only as an irreparable national loss but as a friend of my early life*, which renders it the more affecting to Matthews (who was also well acquainted with him) and me, and neither of us had fortitude enough to witness the melancholy sight—the most awful and dismal that ever caused the British heart to ache or tears to flow, and torrents, I am sure, are shedding at this instant. Human invention has been on the rack ever since our country's pride and favourite fell to suggest suitable honours and homage for this solemn occasion. The pomp and magnificence of the preparations can hardly be described, and will be a grand sight to those who can look at it . . . though the price so sadly grieves our hearts and makes us reflect upon the state of apprehension this country would be in at this dreadful period had it not been for the wonderful and glorious naval action in which our ever-to-be-regretted hero

was slain! This interesting subject has led me on further than I thought.

On the evening of the same day—Jan. 9th, 1806, the day of Nelson's funeral—George Thompson, writing to his father, says: 'I have just returned from seeing the funeral of Lord Nelson, which was too magnificent to be described in this small space; but Mr. Matthews desired me to make a note of it in my journal, which I shall do to the best advantage. . . . Col. and Mrs. Matthews are in very low spirits for Lord Nelson's death.'

We consider what is set forth in the foregoing extracts conclusive, and that, viewed in conjunction with the other facts, noticed in this letter, the question of identity is now fairly settled. We are conscious that a much more pretentious piece, replete with more extended particulars of information, might have been prepared on the interesting topic, of which we must now take our leave.

In conclusion, we shall only add a few words more relative to the amiable lady, the question of whose identity has afforded the pleasure of preparing the foregoing article. She survived the great man, who had been the passionate admirer of her beauty in early life, many years; for her correspondence with her connections in Canada was kept up till nearly the time of old Mr. Thompson's decease in 1831. She received frequent visits from Quebecers, sojourning a while in England, and it would appear that all who held intercourse with her entertained for her the greatest respect and esteem. On one or two occasions, between 1810 and 1819, the Duke of Kent called upon her—the first time, to condole with her on the occasion of Colonel Matthews' death. Officers of distinction, also, who had formerly served in Quebec, were in the habit of calling to pay their respects to her; and amongst

these, Sir A. Bryce, General Twiss and others, who had been attached to the Royal Engineer corps, with which her dear friend, James Thompson, had been so long connected. On all such occasions she was accustomed to make particular inquiries relating to old friends and old scenes in her native city. We regret that we have been unable to establish the date and place of her decease; but we have some reason for conjecturing that her death occurred in London not long after she had attained her seventieth year.

NOTE.—The subject of the great Admiral's love affair at Quebec, when he visited it in the capacity of Captain of a British frigate in 1782, naturally interests naval officers whom duty even in these days brings to the harbour, whenever it is broached as a topic of conversation. We have a notable illustration of this in what occurred the other day. Just before the departure of our late popular Governor-General, the British war vessels *Bellerophon* and *Sirius* being in port, the Captains and some other officers of these vessels were entertained at breakfast by His Excellency, at the Citadel. The conversation turned on former visits of commanders of ships of war, when, Nelson's name being brought up, the Earl remarked that Mr. LeMoine, author of the 'Maple Leaves,' *Album du Touriste*, &c., was able to afford them some information about him, as he had published something on the subject. Mr. LeMoine happened to be present, and, at His Excellency's request, rehearsed the whole of what he had related in the works cited above, much to the satisfaction of his hearers.—Mr. LeMoine's account of the affair, however, as it is based on the now exploded doctrine that the heroine was one of the nieces of Mrs. Miles Prentice, not, as has been shown in the foregoing article, the correct one, however gratifying to the distinguished listeners to its recital on that occasion.

CONCLUDING NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—The foregoing article contains the substance of what was at first intended to be presented as a Paper for reading and discussion before the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, of which the author is an Associate Member. On reflection, however, he is of opinion that the narrative is, upon the whole, and especially with reference to the romantic complexion of some of the incidents adverted to, more suitable for publication in the columns of a magazine, which, besides being a national review in relation to Canadian history and literature, embraces the consideration of topics of general interest to classes of readers not wholly, or chiefly, concerned in the contemplation of grave historical subjects. The world-wide fame of the illustrious British naval hero, which will never die out so long as the profession of arms at sea continues to be required and practised, and the foundations of signal success in its exercise to be studied, will, it is believed, commend to the perusal of the general reader of *ROSE-BELFORD'S MAGAZINE* the biographical sketch now presented of a certain period of Nelson's early career, and to Canadian readers in particular, who are apt to derive satisfaction from the recollection that the streets of their ancient capital have, in past times, been trodden by numerous visitors from Europe, of the highest eminence and reputation.—H. H. M.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER II.

MR. HETHCOTE looked at the address on the letter with an expression of surprise, which did not escape the notice of Amelius. 'Do you know Mr. Farnaby?' he asked.

'I have some acquaintance with him,' was the answer, given with a certain appearance of constraint.

Amelius went on eagerly with his questions. 'What sort of man is he? Do you think he will be prejudiced against me, because I have been brought up at Tadmor?'

'I must be a little better acquainted, Amelius, with you and Tadmor, before I can answer your question. Suppose you tell me how you became one of the Socialists, to begin with?'

'I was only a little boy, Mr. Hethcote, at that time.'

'Very good. Even little boys have memories. Is there any objection to your telling me what you can remember?'

Amelius answered rather sadly, with his eyes bent on the deck. 'I remember something happening which threw a gloom over us, at home in England. I heard that my mother was concerned in it. When I grew older, I never presumed to ask my father what it was; and he never offered to tell me. I only know this: that he forgave her some wrong she had done him, and let her go on living at home—and that relations and friends all blamed him, and fell away from him, from that time. Not long afterwards, while I was at school, my

mother died. I was sent for, to follow her funeral with my father. When we got back, and were alone together, he took me on his knee and kissed me. "Which will you do, Amelius," he said; "stay in England with your uncle and aunt, or come with me all the way to America, and never go back to England again? Take time to think of it." I wanted no time to think of it; I said "Go with you, papa." He frightened me by bursting out crying; it was the first time I had ever seen him in tears. I can understand it now. He had been cut to the heart, and had borne it like a martyr; and his boy was his one friend left. Well, by the end of the week we were on board the ship; and there we met a benevolent gentleman, with a long grey beard, who bade my father welcome, and presented me with a cake. In my ignorance, I thought he was the captain. Nothing of the sort. He was the first Socialist I had ever seen; and it was he who had persuaded my father to leave England.'

Mr. Hethcote's opinions of Socialists began to show themselves (a little sourly) in Mr. Hethcote's smile. 'And how did you get on with the benevolent gentleman?' he asked. 'After converting your father, did he convert you—with the cake?'

Amelius smiled. 'Do him justice, sir; he didn't trust to the cake. He waited till we were in sight of the American land—and then he preached me a little sermon, on our arrival, entirely for my own use.'

'A sermon?' Mr. Hethcote repeat-

ed. 'Very little religion in it, I suspect.'

'Very little indeed, sir,' Amelius answered. 'Only as much religion as there is in the New Testament. I was not quite old enough to understand him easily—so he wrote down his discourse on the fly-leaf of a story-book I had with me, and gave it to me to read when I was tired of the stories. Stories were scarce with me in those days; and, when I had exhausted my little stock, rather than read nothing, I read my sermon—read it so often that I think I can remember every word of it now. "My dear little boy, the Christian religion, as Christ taught it, has long ceased to be the religion of the Christian world. A selfish and cruel Pretence is set up in its place. Your own father is one example of the truth of this saying of mine. He has fulfilled the first and foremost duty of a true Christian—the duty of forgiving an injury. For this he stands disgraced in the estimation of all his friends: they have renounced and abandoned him. He forgives them, and seeks peace and good company in the New World, among Christians like himself. You will not repent leaving home with him; you will be one of a loving family, and, when you are old enough, you will be free to decide for yourself what your future life shall be." That was all I knew about the Socialists, when we reached Tadmor after our long journey.'

Mr. Hethcote's prejudices made their appearance again. 'A barren sort of place,' he said, 'judging by the name.'

'Barren? What can you be thinking of? A prettier place I never saw, and never expect to see again. A clear winding river, running into a little blue lake. A broad hill-side, all laid out in flower-gardens, and shaded by splendid trees. On the top of the hill, the buildings of the Community, some of brick and some of wood, so covered with creepers and

so encircled with verandahs that I can't tell you to this day what style of architecture they were built in. More trees behind the houses—and, on the other side of the hill, corn-fields, nothing but cornfields rolling away and away in great yellow plains, till they reached the golden sky and the setting sun, and were seen no more. That was our first view of Tadmor, when the stage-coach dropped us at the town.'

Mr. Hethcote still held out. 'And what about the people who live in this earthly paradise?' he asked. 'Male and female saints—eh?'

'O dear no, sir! The very opposite of saints. They eat and drink like their neighbours. They never think of wearing dirty horsehair when they can get clean linen. And when they are tempted to misconduct themselves, they find a better way out of it than knotting a cord and thrashing their own backs. Saints! They all ran out together to bid us welcome like a lot of school children; the first thing they did was to kiss us, and the next thing was to give us a mug of wine of their own making. Saints! O, Mr. Hethcote, what will you accuse us of being next? I declare your suspicions of the poor Socialists keep cropping up again as fast as I cut them down. May I make a guess, sir, without offending you? From one or two things I have noticed, I strongly suspect you're a British clergyman.'

Mr. Hethcote was conquered at last: he burst out laughing. 'You have discovered me,' he said, 'travelling in a coloured cravat and a shooting jacket! I confess I should like to know how.'

'It's easily explained, sir. Visitors of all sorts are welcome at Tadmor. We have a large experience of them in the travelling season. They all come with their own private suspicion of us lurking about the corners of their eyes. They see everything we have to show them, and eat

and drink at our table, and join in our amusements, and get as pleasant and friendly with us as can be. The time comes to say good-bye—and then we find them out. If a guest who has been laughing and enjoying himself all day, suddenly becomes serious when he takes his leave, and shows that little lurking devil of suspicion again about the corners of his eyes—it's ten chances to one that he's a clergyman. No offence, Mr. Hethcote ! I acknowledge with pleasure that the corners of *your* eyes are clear again. You're not a very clerical clergyman, sir, after all—I don't despair of converting you, yet !'

'Go on with your story, Amelius. You're the queerest fellow I have met with, for many a long day past.'

'I'm a little doubtful about going on with my story, sir. I have told you how I got to Tadmor, and what it looks like, and what sort of people live in the place. If I am to get on beyond that, I must jump to the time when I was old enough to learn the Rules of the Community.'

'Well—and what then ?'

'Well, Mr. Hethcote, some of the Rules might offend you.'

'Try !'

'All right, sir ! Don't blame me ; *I'm* not ashamed of the Rules. And now, if I am to speak, I must speak seriously on a serious subject ; I must begin with our religious principles. We find our Christianity in the spirit of the New Testament—not in the letter. We have three good reasons for objecting to pin our faith on the words alone, in that book. First, because we are not sure that the English translation is always to be depended on as accurate and honest. Secondly, because we know that (since the invention of printing) there is not a copy of the book in existence which is free from errors of the press, and that (before the invention of printing) those errors, in manuscript copies, must as a matter of course have been far more serious and far more numerous. Third-

ly, because there is plain internal evidence (to say nothing of discoveries actually made in the present day) of interpolations and corruptions, introduced into the manuscript copies as they succeeded each other in ancient times. These drawbacks are of no importance, however, in our estimation. We find, in the spirit of the book, the most simple and most perfect system of religion and morality that humanity has ever received—and with that we are content. To reverence God ; and to love our neighbour as ourselves : if we had only those two commandments to guide us, we should have enough. The whole collection of Doctrines (as they are called) we reject at once without even stopping to discuss them. We apply to them the test suggested by Christ himself : "by their fruits ye shall know them." The fruits of Doctrines, in the past (to quote three instances only), have been the Spanish Inquisition, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the Thirty Years' War—and the fruits in the present, are dissension, bigotry, and opposition to useful reforms. Away with Doctrines ! In the interests of Christianity, away with them ! We are to love our enemies ; we are to forgive injuries ; we are to help the needy ; we are to be pitiful and courteous, slow to judge others, ashamed to exalt ourselves. That teaching doesn't lead to tortures, massacres, and wars ; to envy, hatred, and malice—and for that reason it stands revealed to us as the teaching that we can trust. There is our religion, sir, as we find it in the Rules of the Community.'

'Very well, Amelius. I notice, in passing, that the Community is in one respect like the Pope—the Community is infallible. We won't dwell on that. You have stated your principles. As to the application of them next ? Nobody has a right to be rich among you, of course ?'

'Put it the other way, Mr. Hethcote. All men have a right to be rich

—provided they don't make other people poor, as a part of the process. We don't trouble ourselves much about money; that's the truth. We are farmers, carpenters, weavers, and printers; and what we earn (ask our neighbours if we don't earn it honestly) goes into the common fund. A man who comes to us with money puts it into the fund, and so makes things easy for the next man who comes with empty pockets. While they are with us, they all live in the same comfort, and have their equal share in the same profits—deducting the sum in reserve for sudden calls and bad times. If they leave us, the man who has brought money with him has his undisputed right to take it away again; and the man who has brought none bids us good-bye, all the richer for his equal share in the profits which he has personally earned. The only fuss at our place about money that I can remember was the fuss about my five hundred a year. I wanted to hand it over to the fund. It was my own, mind—inherited from my mother's property, on my coming of age. The Elders wouldn't hear of it: the Council wouldn't hear of it: the general vote of the Community wouldn't hear of it. "We agreed with his father that he should decide for himself, when he grew to manhood"—that was how they put it. "Let him go back to the Old World; and let him be free to choose, by the test of his own experience, what his future life shall be." How do you think it will end, Mr. Hethcote? Shall I return to the Community? Or shall I stop in London?

Mr. Hethcote answered, without a moment's hesitation, 'You will stop in London.'

'I bet you two to one, sir, he goes back to the Community.'

In those words, a third voice (speaking in a strong New England accent) insinuated itself into the conversation from behind. Amelius and Mr. Hethcote, looking round, discovered a long, lean, grave stranger—with his

face overshadowed by a huge felt hat. 'Have you been listening to our conversation?' Mr. Hethcote asked haughtily.

'I have been listening,' answered the grave stranger, 'with considerable interest. This young man, I find, opens a new chapter to me in the book of humanity. Do you accept my bet, sir? My name is Rufus Dingwell; and my home is at Coolspring, Mass. You do *not* bet? I express my regret, and have the pleasure of taking a seat alongside of you. What is your name, sir? Hethcote? We have one of that name at Coolspring. He is much respected. Mr. Claude A. Goldenheart, you are no stranger to me—no, sir. I procured your name from the steward, when the little difficulty occurred just now about the bird. Your name considerably surprised me.'

'Why?' Amelius asked.

'Well, sir—not to say that your surname (being Goldenheart) reminds one unexpectedly of the Pilgrim's Progress—I happen to be already acquainted with you. By reputation.'

Amelius looked puzzled. 'By reputation?' he said. 'What does that mean?'

'It means, sir, that you occupy a prominent position in a recent number of our popular journal, entitled *The Coolspring Democrat*. The late romantic incident which caused the withdrawal of Miss Mellicent from your Community has produced a species of social commotion at Coolspring. Among our ladies, the tone of sentiment, sir, is universally favourable to you. When I left, I do assure you, you were a popular character among us. The name of Claude A. Goldenheart was, so to speak, in everybody's mouth.'

Amelius listened to this, with the colour suddenly deepening on his face, and with every appearance of heartfelt annoyance and regret. 'There is no such thing as keeping a secret in America,' he said, irritably

'Some spy must have got among us ; none of *our* people would have exposed the poor lady to public comment. How would you like it, Mr. Dingwell, if the newspapers published the private sorrows of your wife or your daughter ?'

Rufus Dingwell answered with the straightforward sincerity of feeling which is one of the indisputable virtues of his nation. 'I had not thought of it in that light, sir,' he said. 'You have been good enough to credit me with a wife or a daughter. I do not possess either of those ladies ; but your argument hits me, notwithstanding—hits me hard, I tell you.' He looked at Mr. Hethcote, who sat silently and stiffly disapproving of all this familiarity, and applied himself in perfect innocence and good faith to making things pleasant in that quarter. 'You are a stranger, sir,' said Rufus ; 'and you will doubtless wish to peruse the article which is the subject of conversation ?' He took a newspaper slip from his pocket-book, and offered it to the astonished Englishman. 'I shall be glad to hear your sentiments, sir, on the view propounded by our mutual friend, Claude A. Goldenheart.'

Before Mr. Hethcote could reply, Amelius interposed in his own headlong way. 'Give it me ! I want to read it first !'

He snatched at the newspaper slip. Rufus checked him with grave composure. 'I am of a cool temperament myself, sir, but that don't prevent me from admiring heat in others. Short of boiling point—mind that !' With this hint, the wise New-Englander permitted Amelius to take possession of the printed slip.

Mr. Hethcote, finding an opportunity of saying a word at last, asserted himself a little haughtily. 'I beg you will both of you understand that I decline to read anything which relates to another person's private affairs.'

Neither the one nor the other of his companions paid the slightest heed to

this announcement. Amelius was reading the newspaper extract, and placid Rufus was watching him. In another moment, he crumpled up the slip, and threw it indignantly on the deck. 'It's as full of lies as it can hold !' he burst out.

'It's all over the United States, by this time,' Rufus remarked. 'And I don't doubt we shall find the English papers have copied it, when we get to Liverpool. If you take my advice, sir, you will cultivate a sagacious insensibility to the comments of the press.'

'Do you think I care for myself ?' Amelius asked, indignantly. 'It's the poor woman I am thinking of. What can I do to clear her character ?'

'Well, sir,' suggested Rufus, 'in your place, I should have a notification circulated through the ship, announcing a lecture on the subject (weather permitting) in the course of the afternoon. That's the way we should do it at Coolspring.'

Amelius listened without conviction. 'It's certainly useless to make a secret of the matter now,' he said ; 'but I don't see my way to making it more public still.' He paused and looked at Mr. Hethcote. 'It so happens, sir,' he resumed, 'that this unfortunate affair is an example of some of the Rules of our Community, which I had not had time to speak of, when Mr. Dingwell here joined us. 'It will be a relief to me to contradict these abominable falsehoods to somebody ; and I should like (if you don't mind) to hear what you think of my conduct, from your own point of view. It might prepare me,' he added, smiling rather uneasily, 'for what I may find in the English newspapers.'

With these words of introduction he told his sad story—jocosely described in the newspaper heading as 'Miss Mellicent and Goldenheart among the Socialists at Tadmor.'

CHAPTER III.

'NEARLY six months since,' said Amelius, 'we had notice by letter of the arrival of an unmarried English lady, who wished to become a member of our Community. You will understand my motive in keeping her family name a secret: even the newspaper has grace enough only to mention her by her Christian name. I don't want to cheat you out of your interest; so I will own at once that Miss Mellicent was not beautiful, and not young. When she came to us, she was thirty-eight years old, and time and trial had set their marks on her face, plainly enough for anybody to see. Notwithstanding this we all thought her an interesting woman. It might have been the sweetness of her voice; or perhaps it was something in her expression—a sort of patience and kindness that seemed to blame nobody and to expect nothing—that took our fancy. There! I can't explain it; I can only say there were young women and pretty women at Tadmor who failed to win us as Miss Mellicent did. Contradictory enough, isn't it?'

Mr. Hethcote said he understood the contradiction. Rufus put an appropriate question: 'Do you possess a photograph of this lady, sir?'

'No,' said Amelius; 'I wish I did. Well, we received her, on her arrival, in the Common Room—called so because we all assemble there every evening when the work of the day is done. Sometimes we have the reading of a poem or a novel; sometimes music, or dancing, or cards, or billiards, to amuse us. When a new member arrives, we have the ceremonies of introduction. I was close by the Elder Brother (that's the name we give to the chief of the Community) when two of the women led Miss Mellicent in. He's a hearty old fellow, who lived the first part of his life on his own clearing in one of the

Western forests. To this day, he can't talk long without showing, in one way or another, that his old familiarity with the trees still keeps its place in his memory. He looked hard at Miss Mellicent, under his shaggy old white eyebrows; and I heard him whisper to himself, "Ah, dear me! Another of The Fallen Leaves!" I knew what he meant. The people who have drawn blanks in the lottery of life—the people who have toiled hard after happiness, and have gathered nothing but disappointment and sorrow; the friendless and the lonely, the wounded and the lost—these are the people whom our good Elder Brother calls The Fallen Leaves. I like the saying myself; it's a tender way of speaking of our poor fellow-creatures who are down in the world.'

He paused for a moment, looking out thoughtfully over the vast void of sea and sky. A passing shadow of sadness clouded his bright young face. The two elder men looked at him in silence; feeling (in widely different ways) the same compassionate interest. What was the life that lay before him? And—God help him!—what would he do with it?

'Where did I leave off?' he asked, rousing himself suddenly.

'You left Miss Mellicent, sir, in the Common Room—the venerable citizen with the white eyebrows being suitably engaged in moralising on her.' In those terms the ever-ready Rufus set the story going again.

'Quite right,' Amelius resumed. 'There she was, poor thing, a little, thin, timid creature, in a white dress, with a black scarf over her shoulders, trembling and wondering in a room full of strangers. The Elder Brother took her by the hand, and kissed her on the forehead, and bade her heartily welcome in the name of the Community. Then the women followed his example, and the men all shook hands with her. And then our chief put the three questions, which he is bound to address to all new arrivals

when they first join us. "Do you come here of your own free will? Do you bring with you a written recommendation from one of our brethren which satisfies us that we do no wrong to ourselves or others in receiving you? Do you understand that you are not bound to us by vows but are free to leave us again if the life here is not agreeable to you?" Matters being settled so far, the reading of the Rules, and the Penalties imposed for breaking them, came next. Some of the Rules you know already; others of smaller importance I needn't trouble you with. As for the Penalties, if you incur the lighter ones, you are subject to public rebuke or to isolation for a time from the social life of the Community. If you incur the heavier ones, you are either sent out into the world again for a given period, to return or not as you please; or you are struck off the list of members, and expelled for good and all. Suppose these preliminaries agreed to by Miss Mellicent with silent submission, and let us get on to the close of the ceremony—the reading of the Rules which settle the questions of love and marriage.

'Aha!' said Mr. Hethcote, 'we are coming to the difficulties of the community at last?'

'Are we also coming to Miss Mellicent, sir?' Rufus inquired. 'As a citizen of a free country in which I can love in one State, marry in another, and be divorced in a third, I am not interested in your Rules—I am interested in your lady.'

'The two are inseparable in this case,' Amelius answered gravely. 'If I am to speak of Miss Mellicent, I must speak of the Rules; you will soon see why. Our Community becomes a despotism, gentlemen, in dealing with love and marriage. For example, it positively prohibits any member afflicted with hereditary disease from marrying at all; and it reserves to itself, in the case of every proposed marriage among us, the right

of permitting or forbidding it, in council. We can't even fall in love with each other, without being bound, under penalties to report it to the Elder Brother; who, in his turn, communicates it to the weekly council; who, in their turn, decide whether the courtship may go on or not. That's not the worst of it, even yet! In some cases—where we haven't the slightest intention of falling in love with each other—the governing body takes the initiative. "You two will do well to marry; we see it if you don't. Just think of it, will you?" You may laugh; some of our happiest marriages have been made in that way. Our governors in council act on an established principle; here it is in a nutshell. The results of experience in the matter of marriage, all over the world, show that a really wise choice of a husband or a wife is an exception to the rule; and that husbands and wives in general would be happier together if their marriages were managed for them by competent advisers on either side. Laws laid down on such lines as these, and others equally strict, which I have not mentioned yet, were not put in force, Mr. Hethcote, as you suppose, without serious difficulties—difficulties which threatened the very existence of the community. But that was before my time. When I grew up, I found the husbands and wives about me content to acknowledge that the Rules fulfilled the purpose for which they had been made—the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It all looks very absurd, I dare say, from your point of view. But these queer regulations of ours answer the Christian test—by their fruits ye shall know them. Our married people don't live on separate sides of the house; our children are all healthy; wife-beating is unknown among us; and the practice in our divorce court wouldn't keep the most moderate lawyer on bread and cheese. Can you say as much for the success of the marriage laws in Europe? I

leave you, gentlemen, to form your own opinions.'

Mr. Hethcote declined to express an opinion. Rufus declined to resign his interest in the lady. 'And what did Miss Mellicent say to it?' he inquired.

'She said something that startled us all,' Amelius replied. 'When the Elder Brother began to read the first words relating to love and marriage in the Book of Rules, she turned deadly pale; and rose up in her place with a sudden burst of courage or desperation—I don't know which. "Must you read that to Me?" she asked. "I have nothing to do, sir, with love or marriage." The Elder Brother laid aside his Book of Rules. "If you are afflicted with an hereditary malady," he said, "the doctor from the town will examine you, and report to us." She answered, "I have no hereditary malady." The Elder Brother took up his book again. "In due course of time, my dear, the Council will decide for you, whether you are to love and marry or not." And he read the Rules. She sat down again, and hid her face in her hands, and never moved or spoke until he had done. The regular questions followed. Had she anything to say, in the way of objection? Nothing! In that case, would she sign the Rules? Yes! The time came for supper and music. She excused herself, like a child. "I feel very tired; may I go to bed?" The unmarried woman in the same dormitory with her anticipated some romantic confession when she grew used to her new friends. They proved to be wrong. "My life has been one long disappointment," was all she said. "You will do me a kindness if you will take me as I am, and not ask me to talk about myself." There was nothing sulky or ungracious in the expression of her wish to keep her own secret. A kinder and sweeter woman—never thinking of herself, always considerate of others—never lived. An accidental discovery made me her

chief friend, among the men: it turned out that her childhood had been passed where my childhood had been passed, at Shedfield Heath, in Buckinghamshire. She was never weary of consulting my boyish recollections, and comparing them with her own. "I love the place," she used to say; "the only happy time of my life was the time passed there." On my sacred word of honour, this was the sort of talk that passed between us, for week after week. What other talk *could* pass between a man whose one-and-twentieth birthday was then near at hand, and a woman who was close on forty? What could I do, when the poor broken disappointed creature met me on the hill or by the river, and said "You are going out for a walk; may I come with you?" I never attempted to intrude myself into her confidence; I never even asked her why she had joined the Community. You see what is coming, don't you? I never saw it. I didn't know what it meant, when some of the younger women, meeting us together, looked at me (not at her), and smiled maliciously. My stupid eyes were opened at last by the woman who slept in the next bed to her in the dormitory—a woman old enough to be my mother, who took care of me when I was a child at Tadmor. She stopped me one morning, on my way to fish in the river. "Amelius," she said, don't go to the fishing-house; Mellicent is waiting for you." I stared at her in astonishment. She held up her finger at me: "Take care, you foolish boy! You are drifting into a false position as fast as you can. Have you no suspicion of what is going on?" I looked all around me, in search of what was going on. Nothing out of the common was to be seen anywhere. "What can you possibly mean?" I asked. "You will only laugh at me, if I tell you," she said. I promised not to laugh. She too looked all round her, as if she was afraid of somebody being near enough

to hear us ; and then she let out the secret. "Amelius, ask for a holiday—and leave us for a while. Mellicent is in love with you."

CHAPTER IV.

"MELLICENT is in love with you."

Amelius looked at his companions, in some doubt whether they would preserve their gravity at this critical point in his story. They both showed him that his apprehensions were well founded. He was a little hurt—and he instantly revealed it. 'I own to my shame that I burst out laughing myself,' he said. 'But you two gentlemen are older and wiser than I am. I didn't expect to find you just as ready to laugh at poor Miss Mellicent as I was.'

Mr. Hethcote declined to be reminded of his duties as a middle-aged gentleman in this back-handed manner. 'Gently, Amelius! You can't expect to persuade us that a laughable thing is not a thing to be laughed at. A woman close on forty who falls in love with a young fellow of twenty-one—'

'Is a laughable circumstance,' Rufus interposed. 'Whereas a man of forty who fancies a young woman of twenty-one is all in the order of Nature. The men have settled it so. But why the women are to give up so much sooner than the men, is a question, sir, on which I have long wished to hear the sentiments of the women themselves.'

Mr. Hethcote dismissed the sentiments of the women with a wave of his hand. 'Let us hear the rest of it, Amelius. Of course you went on to the fishing-house? And of course you found Miss Mellicent there?'

'She came to the door to meet me, much as usual,' Amelius resumed—'and suddenly checked herself in the act of shaking hands with me. I can

only suppose she saw something in my face that startled her. How it happened, I can't say ; but I felt my good spirits forsake me the moment I found myself in her presence. I doubt if she had ever seen me so serious before. "Have I offended you?" she asked. Of course I denied it ; but I failed to satisfy her. She began to tremble. "Has somebody said something against me? Are you weary of my company?" Those were the next questions. It was useless to say No. Some perverse distrust of me, or some despair of herself, overpowered her on a sudden. She sank down on the floor of the fishing-house, and began to cry—not a good hearty burst of tears ; a silent miserable resigned sort of crying, as if she had lost all claim to be pitied, and all right to feel wounded or hurt. I was so distressed that I thought of nothing but consoling her. I meant well—and I acted like a fool. A sensible man would have lifted her up, and left her to recover herself. I lifted her up and put my arm round her waist. She looked at me as I did it. For just a moment, I declare she became twenty years younger! She blushed as I have never seen a woman blush before or since—the colour flowed all over her neck as well as her face. Before I could say a word, she caught hold of my hand, and (of all the confusing things in the world!) kissed it! "No!" she cried, "don't despise me! don't laugh at me! Wait, and hear what my life has been—and then you will understand why a little kindness overpowers me." She looked round the corner of the fishing-house suspiciously. "I don't want anybody else to hear us," she said ; "all the pride isn't beaten out of me yet. Come to the lake, and row me about in the boat." I took her out in the boat. Nobody could hear us certainly ; but she forgot, and I forgot, that anybody might see us, and that appearances on the lake might lead to false conclusions on shore.'

Mr. Hethcote and Rufus exchanged significant looks. They had not forgotten the Rules of the Community, when two of its members showed a preference to each other's society.

Amelius proceeded. 'Well, there we were on the lake. I paddled with the oars—and she opened her whole heart to me. Her troubles had begun, in a very common way, with her mother's death and her father's second marriage. She had a brother and a sister—the sister married to a German merchant, settled in New York; the brother comfortably established as a sheep-farmer in Australia. So, you see, she was alone at home, at the mercy of the step-mother. I don't understand these cases myself; but people who do, tell me that there are generally faults on both sides. To make matters worse, they were a poor family; the one rich relative being a sister of the first wife, who disapproved of the widower marrying again, and never entered the house afterwards. Well, the step-mother had a sharp tongue—and Mellicent was the first person to feel the sting of it. She was reproached with being an encumbrance on her father, when she ought to be doing something for herself. There was no need to repeat those harsh words. The next day she answered an advertisement. Before the week was over, she was earning her bread as a daily governess.'

Here, Rufus stopped the narrative, having an interesting question to put. 'Might I inquire, sir, what her salary was?'

'Thirty pounds a year,' Amelius replied. 'She was out teaching from nine o'clock to two—and then went home again.'

'There seems to be nothing to complain of in that, as salaries go,' Mr. Hethcote remarked.

'She made no complaint,' Amelius rejoined. 'She was satisfied with her salary; but she wasn't satisfied with her life. The meek little woman grew downright angry when she spoke of

it. "I had no reason to complain of my employers," she said. "I was treated civilly and punctually paid; but I never made friends of them. I tried to make friends of the children; and sometimes I thought I had succeeded—but, O dear, when they were idle, and I was obliged to keep them to their lessons, I soon found how little hold I had on the love that I wanted them to give me. We see children in books who are perfect little angels; never envious or greedy or sulky or deceitful; always the same sweet, pious, tender, grateful, innocent creatures—and it has been my misfortune never to meet with them, go where I might! It is a hard world, Amelius, the world that I have lived in. I don't think there are such miserable lives anywhere as the lives led by the poor middle classes in England. From year's end to year's end, the one dreadful struggle to keep up appearances, and the heart-breaking monotony of an existence without change. We lived in the back street of a cheap suburb. I declare to you we had but one amusement in the whole long weary year—the annual concert the clergyman got up, in aid of his schools. The rest of the year it was all teaching for the first half of the day, and needlework for the young family for the other half. My father had religious scruples; he prohibited theatres, he prohibited dancing and light reading; he even prohibited looking in at the shop windows, because we had no money to spare and they tempted us to buy. He went to business in the morning, and came back at night, and fell asleep after dinner, and woke up and read prayers—and next day to business and back, and sleeping and waking and reading prayers—and no break in it, week after week, month after month, except on Sunday, which was always the same Sunday, the same church, the same service, the same dinner, the same book of sermons in the evening. Even when we had a fortnight once a year at the

seaside, we always went to the same place and lodged in the same cheap house. The few friends we had, led just the same lives, and were beaten down flat by just the same monotony. All the women seemed to submit to it contentedly except my miserable self. I wanted so little! Only a change now and then; only a little sympathy when I was weary and sick at heart; only somebody whom I could love and serve, and be rewarded with a smile and a kind word in return. Mothers shook their heads, and daughters laughed at me. Have *we* time to be sentimental? Haven't we enough to do, darning and mending, and turning our dresses, and making the joint last as long as possible, and keeping the children clean, and doing the washing at home—and tea and sugar rising, and my husband grumbling every week when I have to ask him for the house-money. O, no more of it! no more of it! People meant for better things all ground down to the same sordid and selfish level—is that a pleasant sight to contemplate? I shudder when I think of the last twenty years of my life!" That's what she complained of, Mr. Hethcote, in the solitary middle of the lake, with nobody but me to hear her.'

'In my country, sir,' Rufus remarked, 'the Lecture Bureau would have provided for her amusement, on economical terms. And I reckon, if a married life would fix her, she might have tried it among Us by way of a change.'

'That's the saddest part of the story,' said Amelius. 'There came a time, only two years ago, when her prospects changed for the better. Her rich aunt (her mother's sister) died; and—what do you think?—left her a legacy of six thousand pounds. *There* was a gleam of sunshine in her life! The poor teacher was an heiress in a small way, with her fortune at her own disposal. They had something like a festival at home, for the first time; presents to everybody, and kiss-

ings and congratulations, and new dresses at last. And, more than that, another wonderful event happened before long. A gentleman made his appearance in the family circle, with an interesting object in view—a gentleman who had called at the house in which she happened to be employed as teacher at the time, and had seen her occupied with her pupils. He had kept it to himself to be sure, but he had secretly admired her from that moment—and now it had come out! She had never had a lover before; mind that. And he was a remarkably handsome man; dressed beautifully, and sang and played, and was so humble and devoted with it all. Do you think it wonderful that she said Yes, when he proposed to marry her? I don't think it wonderful at all. For the first few weeks of the courtship, the sunshine was brighter than ever. Then the clouds began to rise. Anonymous letters came, describing the handsome gentleman (seen under his fair surface) as nothing less than a scoundrel. She tore up the letters indignantly—she was too delicate even to show them to him. Signed letters came next, addressed to her father by an uncle and an aunt, both contained one and the same warning: 'If your daughter insists on having him, tell her to take care of her money.' A few days later, a visitor arrived—a brother, who spoke out more plainly still. As an honourable man, he could not hear of what was going on, without making the painful confession that his brother was forbidden to enter his house. That said, he washed his hands of all further responsibility. You too know the world, you will guess how it ended. Quarrels in the household; the poor middle-aged woman, living in her fool's Paradise, blindly true to her lover; convinced that he was foully wronged; frantic when he declared that he would not connect himself with a family which suspected him. Ah, I have no patience when I think of it—I almost wish I had never

begun to tell the story! Do you know what he did? She was free, of course, at her age, to decide for herself; there was no controlling her. The wedding-day was fixed. Her father had declared he would not sanction it; and her mother-in-law kept him to his word. She went alone to the church, to meet her promised husband. He never appeared; he deserted her, mercilessly deserted her—after she had sacrificed her own relations to him—on her wedding-day. She was taken home insensible, and had a brain fever. The doctors declined to answer for her life. Her father thought it time to look at her banker's pass-book. Out of her six thousand pounds she had privately given no less than four thousand to the scoundrel who had deceived and forsaken her! Not a month afterwards he married a young girl—with a fortune of course. We read of such things in newspapers and books. But to have them brought home to one, after living one's own life among honest people—I tell you it stupefied me!

He said no more. Below them in the cabin, voices were laughing and talking, to a cheerful accompaniment of clattering knives and forks. Around them spread the exultant glory of sea and sky. All that they heard, all that they saw, was cruelly out of harmony with the miserable story which had just reached its end. With one accord the three men rose and paced the deck, feeling physically the same need of some movement to lighten their spirits. With one accord they waited a little, before the narrative was resumed.

CHAPTER V.

MR. HETHCOTE was the first to speak again.

'I can understand the poor creature's motive in joining your community', he said. 'To a person of any

sensibility her position, among such relatives as you describe, must have been simply unendurable after what had happened. How did she hear of Tadmor and the Socialists?'

'She had read one of our books,' Amelius answered; and she had her married sister at New York to go to. There were moments, after her recovery (she confessed it to me frankly), when the thought of suicide was in her mind. Her religious scruples saved her. She was kindly received by her sister and her sister's husband. They proposed to keep her with them to teach their children. No! the new life offered to her was too like the old life—she was broken in body and mind; she had no courage to face it. We have a resident agent in New York; and he arranged for her journey to Tadmor. There is a gleam of brightness, at any rate, in this part of her story. She blessed the day, poor soul, when she joined us. Never before had she found herself among such kind-hearted, unselfish, simple people. Never before—' he abruptly checked himself, and looked a little confused.

Obliging Rufus finished the sentence for him. 'Never before had she known a young man with such natural gifts of fascination as C. A. G. Don't you be too modest, sir; it doesn't pay, I do assure you, in the nineteenth century.'

Amelius was not as ready with his laugh as usual. 'I wish I could drop it at the point we have reached now,' he said. 'But she has left Tadmor; and, in justice to *her* (after the scandals in the newspaper), I must tell you how she left it, and why. The mischief began when I was helping her out of the boat. Two of our young women met us on the bank of the lake, and asked me how I got on with my fishing. They didn't mean any harm, they were only in their customary good spirits. Still, there was no mistaking their looks and tones when they put the question. Miss Mellicent, in her confusion, made matters worse. She

coloured up, and snatched her hand out of mine, and ran back to the house by herself. The girls, enjoying their own foolish joke, congratulated me on my prospects. I must have been out of sorts in some way—upset, perhaps, by what I had heard in the boat. Anyhow, I lost my temper, and I made matters worse, next. I said some angry words, and left them. The same evening I found a letter in my room. "For your sake, I must not be seen alone with you again. It is hard to lose the comfort of your sympathy, but I must submit. Think of me kindly as I think of you. It has done me good to open my heart to you." Only those lines, signed by Mellicent's initials. I was rash enough to keep the letter instead of destroying it. All might have ended well, nevertheless, if she had only held to her resolution. But, unluckily, my twenty-first birthday was close at hand; and there was talk of keeping it as a festival in the Community. I was up with the sunrise when the day came; having some farming-work to look after, and wanting to get it over in good time. My shortest way back to breakfast was through a wood. In the wood I met her.

'Alone?' Mr. Hethcote asked.

Rufus expressed his opinion of the wisdom of putting this question with his customary plainness of language. 'When there's a rash thing to be done by a man and a woman together, sir, philosophers have remarked that it's always the woman who leads the way. Of course she was alone.'

'She had a little present for me on my birthday,' Amelius explained—'a purse of her own making. And she was afraid of the ridicule of the young women, if she gave it to me openly. "You have my heart's dearest wishes for your happiness; think of me sometimes, Amelius, when you open your purse." If you had been in my place, could you have told her to go away, when she said that, and put her gift into your hand? Not if she had been

looking at you at the moment—I'll swear you couldn't have done it!'

The long, lean, yellow face of Rufus Dingwell relaxed for the first time into a broad grin. 'There are further particulars, sir, stated in the newspaper,' he said slyly.

'Damn the newspaper,' Amelius answered.

Rufus bowed, serenely courteous, with the air of a man who accepted a British oath as an unwilling compliment paid by the old country to the American press. 'The newspaper report states, sir, that she kissed you.'

'It's a lie!' Amelius shouted.

'Perhaps it's an error of the press,' Rufus persisted. 'Perhaps *you* kissed *her*?'

'Never mind what I did,' said Amelius savagely.

Mr. Hethcote felt it necessary to interfere. He addressed Rufus in his most magnificent manner. 'In England, Mr. Dingwell, a gentleman is not in the habit of disclosing these—er—these—er, er—'

'These kissings in a wood?' suggested Rufus. 'In my country, sir, we do not regard kissing, in or out of a wood, in the light of a shameful proceeding. Quite the contrary, I do assure you.'

Amelius recovered his temper. The discussion was becoming too ridiculous to be endured by the unfortunate person who was the object of it.

'Don't let us make mountains out of molehills,' he said. 'I did kiss her—there! A woman pressing the prettiest little purse you ever saw into your hand, and wishing you many happy returns of the day with the tears in her eyes; I should like to know what else was to be done but to kiss her. Ah, yes, smooth out your newspaper report, and have another look at it! She *did* rest her head on my shoulder, poor soul, and she *did* say, "O Amelius, I thought my heart was turned to stone; feel how you have made it beat!" When I remembered what she had told me in the boat, I

declare to God I almost burst out crying myself—it was so innocent and so pitiful.'

Rufus held out his hand with true American cordiality. 'I do assure you, sir, I meant no harm,' he said. 'The right grit is in you, and no mistake—and there goes the newspaper!' He rolled up the slip and flung it overboard.

Mr. Hethcote nodded his entire approval of this proceeding. Amelius went on with his story.

'I'm near the end now,' he said. 'I had known it would have taken so long to tell—never mind! We got out of the wood at last, Mr. Rufus; and we left it without a suspicion that we had been watched. I was prudent enough (when it was too late, you will say) to suggest to her that we had better be careful for the future. Instead of taking it seriously, she laughed. "Have you altered your mind, since you wrote to me!" I asked. "To be sure I have," she said. "When I wrote to you I forgot the difference between your age and mine. Nothing that *we* do will be taken seriously. I am afraid of their laughing at me, Amelius; but I am afraid of nothing else." I did my best to deceive her. I told her plainly that people unequally matched in years—women older than men, as well as men older than women—were not uncommonly married among us. The council only looked to their being well suited in other ways, and declined to trouble itself about the question of age. I don't think I produced much effect; she seemed, for once in her life, poor thing, to be too happy to look beyond the passing moment. Besides, there was the birthday festival to keep her mind from dwelling on doubts and fears that were not agreeable to her. And the next day there was another event to occupy our attention—the arrival of the lawyer's letter from London, with the announcement of my inheritance on coming of age. It was settled, as you know, that I

was to go out into the world, and to judge for myself; but the date of my departure was not fixed. Two days later, the storm that had been gathering for weeks past burst on us—we were cited to appear before the council to answer for an infraction of the Rules. Everything that I have confessed to you, and some things besides that I have kept to myself, lay formally inscribed on a sheet of paper placed on the council table—and pinned to the sheet of paper was Mellicent's letter to me, found in my room. I took the whole blame on myself, and insisted on being confronted with the unknown person who had informed against us. The council met this by a question:—"Is the information, in any particular, false?" Neither of us could deny that it was, in every particular, true. Hearing this, the council decided that there was no need, on our own showing, to confront us with the informer. From that day to this, I have never known who the spy was. Neither Mellicent nor I had an enemy in the Community. The girls who had seen us on the lake, and some other members who had met us together, only gave their evidence on compulsion—and even then they prevaricated, they were so fond of us and so sorry for us. After waiting a day, the governing body pronounced their judgment. Their duty was prescribed to them by the Rules. We were sentenced to six months' absence from the Community; to return or not, as we pleased. A hard sentence, gentlemen—whatever *we* may think of it—to homeless and friendless people, to the Fallen Leaves that had drifted to Tadmor. In my case it had been already arranged that I was to leave. After what had happened, my departure was made compulsory in four-and-twenty hours; and I was forbidden to return, until the date of my sentence had expired. In Mellicent's case they were still more strict. They would not trust her to travel by herself. A female member

of the Community was appointed to accompany her to the house of her married sister at New York : she was ordered to be ready for the journey by sunrise the next morning. We both understood, of course, that the object of this was to prevent our travelling together. They might have saved themselves the trouble of putting obstacles in the way.'

'So far as You were concerned, I suppose?' said Mr. Hethcote.

'So far as She was concerned also,' Amelius answered.

'How did she take it, sir?' Rufus inquired.

'With a composure that astonished us all,' said Amelius. 'We had anticipated tears and entreaties for mercy. She stood up perfectly calm, far calmer than I was, with her head turned towards me, and her eyes resting quietly on my face. If you can imagine a woman whose whole being was absorbed in looking into the future ; seeing what no mortal creature about her saw ; sustained by hopes that no mortal creature about her could share—you may see her as I did when she heard her sentence pronounced. The members of the Community, accustomed to take leave of an erring brother or sister with loving and merciful words, were all more or less distressed as they bade her farewell.

Most of the women were in tears as they kissed her. They said the same kind words to her over and over again. "We are heartily sorry for you, dear; we shall all be glad to welcome you back." They sang our customary hymn at parting—and broke down before they got to the end. It was *she* who consoled *them*! Not once through all that melancholy ceremony, did she lose her strange composure, her rapt, mysterious look. I was the last to say farewell ; and I own I couldn't trust myself to speak. She held my hand in hers. For a moment, her face lighted up softly with a radiant smile—then the strange preoccupied expression flowed over her again, like shadow over a light. Her eyes, still looking into mine, seemed to look beyond me. She spoke low, in sad, steady tones. "Be comforted, Amelius ; the end is not yet." She put her hands on my head, and drew it down to her. "You will come back to me," she whispered—and kissed me on the forehead, before them all. When I looked up again, she was gone. I have neither seen her nor heard from her since. It's all told, gentlemen—and some of it has distressed me in the telling. Let me go away for a minute by myself, and look at the sea.'

(To be continued.)

FORMS AND USAGES :

A PARLIAMENTARY STUDY.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

THE opening of Parliament in Canada has always been a State ceremony, invested with as much dignity as the circumstances of the country have permitted. Even in the earliest days of our parliamentary history, the effort was made to imitate, though necessarily on a very humble scale, the ancient forms and usages which attend the commencement of a session of that great Legislature which is the prototype of all the deliberative assemblies of the English-speaking communities of the world. If we go back to the latter part of the eighteenth century, when two Legislatures assembled for the first time in Upper and Lower Canada, under the Constitutional Act of 1791, we find an illustration of the conservative character of our parliamentary institutions. No more interesting or important episode has occurred in our history than the first meeting of a Canadian Legislature in which the people were at last represented in an Assembly. The circumstances under which the two Legislatures met were necessarily very different in the two provinces, into which Canada was now divided. Lower Canada had a population of some hundred and thirty thousand souls, for the greater part French, and comprising many men of ability and culture. Quebec and Montreal were then large towns, containing a little colonial aristocracy, led by the officials and military. Upper Canada was still a wilderness of forest, and the only villages of importance were Kingston

and Niagara. Small settlements of English and Scotch, chiefly Loyalists, who had found refuge in Canada during the War of Independence, were scattered in the most favoured localities on the shores of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario.

The older condition of the French Province consequently permitted the opening of Parliament, in 1792, to be surrounded with those circumstances of show and ceremony which seem necessarily connected with aristocratic and monarchical institutions. The city where the first Assembly of Lower Canada met was one of great historic interest. Only a few years had passed since the *fleur-de-lys* of France had waved over the Château St. Louis, where had assembled many noble and ambitious Frenchmen, who had their dreams of a French Empire on this continent. The massive fortifications, the heavy stone buildings, and the quaint gates, that crowded the rugged heights of the ancient capital, seemed more suited to some fastness of mediæval times than to a city amid the forests of a new country. The very buildings in which the Government transacted its business had echoed to the tread of statesmen, warriors, and priests of the old *régime*. The civil and military branches of the Government then occupied apartments in the old Château St. Louis, elevated on the brink of an inaccessible precipice, whence could be seen the giant river, bearing to the ocean the tribute of the great lakes of the West, and destined to be the artery of

a splendid commerce. On a rocky eminence, in the vicinity of a battery (and close to Prescott Gate, erected in 1797), was an old stone building, generally known as the Bishop's Palace. Like all the ancient structures of Quebec, this building had no claims to elegance or symmetry of form, although much labour and expense had been bestowed on its construction. The architects appeared principally to have had in view strength and durability, and not to have paid much regard to those rules of their art which combine grace with utility. The chapel of this building, situated near the communication with the lower town, was converted into a chamber, in which were held the first meetings of the representatives of Lower Canada. On the 17th of December, the two Houses assembled in their respective chambers in the Old Palace, in obedience to the proclamation of Major-General Alured Clarke, who acted as Lieutenant-Governor in the absence of the Governor-General, Lord Dorchester. Those were not times of newspaper enterprise in Canada, and consequently we have no such full account of the proceedings on that memorable occasion as we would have in these days. But we find from the official records that the ceremony was in strict accordance with the constitutional usages of the British parliamentary system. We can easily imagine, too, that the pageant had all those attributes of noise and glitter that please the masses. The cannon thundered from the batteries that crowned the heights, as the representative of the King drove up in state and passed through the lines of the guard of honour into the Legislative Council chamber. Here was assembled that brilliant array of beauty and fashion, which has always attended such state ceremonies wherever an English or Colonial Parliament has met. Among the officers who surrounded the throne on that occasion, was probably His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent,

who was in command of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, then stationed in the old capital. On so momentous an occasion, no doubt the assemblage was large, and comprised all the notabilities of English and French society. Great as were the jealousies and rivalries that divided the two elements of the population—jealousies largely fostered by the domineering spirit of the officials—yet there is reason to believe that on this occasion a better feeling animated all classes. The French Canadians saw, in the concession of an Assembly, an acknowledgment of their just claims to a share in the government of the country, and felt more disposed to meet on friendly terms the English-speaking classes. The two Houses comprised not a few men, whose families had long been associated with the fortunes of the colony. Chaussegros de Léry, De Longueuil, De Boucherville, De Salaberry, La Valtrie and Rochelave, were among the names that told of the old *régime*, and gave a guarantee to the French Canadians that their race and religion were at last represented in the legislative halls of their country.

Now let us leave the Bishop's Palace, among the rocks of old Quebec, and visit another scene, much humbler in its surroundings, but equally characteristic of the country as it was, and equally eloquent in the lesson that it teaches. In Quebec, the descendants of the Normans and Bretons of old France, had opened the first act of a political drama which, in its later stages, would illustrate the struggles of an impulsive and generous people for free institutions as well as their ability to understand parliamentary government. Whilst the French Canadians were thus engaged in the initiatory stage of their political history, we pass on to the wilderness province of Upper Canada, where their fellow-colonists were also called to show their ability for managing their internal affairs in a legislature composed of two Houses. The theatre in which the

Upper Canadian had to act, had none of the attributes of historic interest which surrounded the first legislature of Lower Canada. The little village of Newark was but a humble settlement on the confines of civilization; and it was here that Governor Simcoe decided to open his first Legislature under the new constitution. Across the rapid river was the territory of the new Republic, which was entering on a grand experiment of government in contrast with that just set in operation in Canada. Newark was the most convenient place in which to assemble the small and scattered population of the western province. But if the village was unpretentious in its architectural appearance, its natural surroundings had much to attract the eye. The roar of the mighty cataract was heard in calm summer days. Below the village rushed the dark river, seeking rest in the bosom of the great lake, not far beyond. Within sight of this unrivalled river, the little Parliament of Upper Canada assembled for the first time, in a small frame building, a short distance from the village. It was but a mean Parliament House, compared with the massive pile which was chosen for a similar purpose in Quebec; and yet each was appropriate in its way. The Bishop's Palace illustrated an old community, which had aimed at the conquest of the larger part of America, and had actually laid the foundations of an Empire: the little legislative cabin of Newark was a fit type of the ruggedness and newness of Western colonial life. The axe was whirring amid the forests, and only here and there, through a vast wilderness, could be seen the humble clearings of the pioneer. But nevertheless—

'The rudiments of Empire here,
Were plastic, still and warm,
The chaos of a mighty world,
Was rounding into form.

'We hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.'

In this unpretentious building Gov-

ernor Simcoe met his Legislature on a day in the early autumn of 1792. We have no account of the ceremonies on this occasion; but we gather from the official records that the Session was opened with the usual speech, which was duly reported to the House of Assembly by the Speaker, Mr. McDonnell, of Glengarry, and immediately taken into consideration by the representatives of the yeomanry of the western province. It is said that on more than one occasion, the representatives were forced to leave their confined chamber and finish their work under the trees before the door. The only description we have of an opening in those early days, is from the pen of a French traveller. We learn from the Duke de Liancourt, who visited Canada in 1795, that the Governor sometimes found it very difficult to get his legislators together. 'The whole retinue of the Governor,' wrote the Duke, 'consisted in a guard of fifty men of the garrison of the fort. Draped in silk, he entered the hall with the hat on his head, attended by his adjutant and his two secretaries. The two members of the Legislative Council present gave, by their Speaker, notice of the coming of the Governor to the Assembly. Five members of the latter having appeared at the bar, the Governor delivered a speech, modelled after that of the King, in which he dwelt on the political affairs of Europe, on the treaty concluded with the United States (Jay's Treaty), which he mentioned in expressions very favourable to the Union; and on the peculiar affairs of Canada.' If the attendance was small on this occasion, it must be remembered that there were many difficulties to overcome before the two Houses could assemble in obedience to the Governor's proclamation. The seven Legislative councillors and sixteen members who represented a population of only 20,000 souls, were scattered at very remote points, and could only find their way at times in canoes and slow sailing craft. Nor must it

be forgotten that in those early days of colonization men had the stern necessities of existence to consider before all things else. However urgent the call to public duty, the harvest must be gathered in before laws could be made. In the latter part of the eighteenth century it was not considered below the dignity of a speech to refer to the great event of the Canadian year in these terms. 'I call you together at an early period, in the hope that you may be able to finish the business of the Session before the commencement of your approaching harvest.'

Such were the circumstances under which the Legislature was opened in the two provinces, representing the two distinct races of the population. Humble as were the beginnings in the little Parliament House of Newark, yet we can see from their proceedings that the men, then called to do the public business, were of practical habits, and fully alive to the value of time in a new country; for they only sat for five weeks and passed the same number of bills that it took seven months at Quebec to pass. As respects adherence to correct parliamentary forms, the larger legislature must take the precedence from the commencement to the close of its existence. According to the manuscript copy of the journals of the Upper Canada House, which is to be seen in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, the Assembly proceeded immediately to the election of Speaker without obtaining first permission from the representative of the Crown, as was done in Quebec in accordance with strict constitutional practice. The ceremony at the commencement of the Legislature of 1792 in Quebec is almost identical with that which we witness at the opening of every new Parliament in the Legislative Halls of Ottawa. But now the buildings are palatial compared with the Parliament Houses of old times, and nearly three hundred Senators and Representatives gather from a vast country only bound-

ed by two oceans, while a daughter of the Sovereign sits near the throne.

It is very noteworthy that the representatives of Lower Canada, who were mainly French, should, at the very outset, have adopted a code of procedure, based on that which the experience of the Imperial Parliament had proved, in the course of centuries, to be best adapted to the orderly conduct of debate and to the rapid despatch of public business. One of the first resolutions passed by the Legislative Assembly was the following:—'That as the Assembly of Lower Canada is constituted after the model and image of the Parliament of Great Britain, it is wise and decent and necessary to the rights of the people that this House observe and follow, as nearly as circumstances will permit, the rules, orders, and usages of the Commons House of Parliament of Great Britain.' From that day to this the same principle has guided the Legislative Assemblies of Canada to conform as nearly as practicable to the parliamentary regulations of the parent State. In 1841 and 1867, when a Canadian Parliament met for the first time under new constitutions, the resolution of 1792 was made one of the new standing orders, adopted for the guidance of the Houses. Very many differences have necessarily arisen in practice during the eighty-six years our Parliaments have been sitting; some of these differences are not in the direction of improvement—that, for instance, which does not require members to be sworn in at the table with the Speaker in the chair—while others, again, have tended to simplify forms and to forward public business.

When an Englishman, familiar with the Imperial House, looks down for the first time on the Canadian Chamber, he will at once recognize the fact that he is in the presence of an assemblage where the most essential British forms and usages are still observed. The Speaker and the three clerks in their

silk robes, the gilded mace on the table, the sergeant-at-arms in his official dress and sword, take him back to St. Stephen's, where for ages a similar scene has been presented. He will see messages from the Governor-General brought down with due solemnity, and the House obey the command and flock in tumultuously, just as they are wont in England, to the bar of the Upper Chamber, where His Excellency will inform them of the reasons for summoning them. As he follows the business and debates of the two Houses, he will recognize the existence of many well known Standing Orders which have been on the records of Parliament for centuries. He will observe the same respect for the authority of the Chair which is a distinguishing mark of the Commons of England, and will find that the rules of debate which are intended to preserve decorum, to prevent all personalities, and to confine members to the question, are identically the same as those of the older House.

But in the arrangements of the chambers the English visitor will find a very marked difference. Not only is the English House a confined, uncomfortable chamber, but it is not arranged for the convenience of members like the Canadian House. The Parliament building at Ottawa is indeed an admirable illustration of the progress of the country since the days its representatives sat in the humble frame cottage at Newark. In the English Chamber, members have no particular seats, excepting the members of the Ministry; but if a member is present at prayers, he may affix a card to the place he has occupied, and thereby obtain a right for that sitting. But from the earliest days of Canadian Parliamentary History, every attention has been paid to the comfort and convenience of the members of the two Houses, so that now the Parliament House at Ottawa is not only a great theatre of political action, but a splendid Club House, with its lib-

rary, post-office, restaurant, smoking and reading rooms, and with a crowd of pages and messengers ever ready to do a member's bidding. If a member of the English Commons wishes to write a letter he must go to the library or an adjoining room; but in Canada a comfortable cushioned chair and convenient desk are allotted to every representative. The Lower Canada Assembly was the first to make a move in this direction, by resolving in the Session of 1801, 'That for the ease and convenience of the members of this House it is expedient and necessary to cause desks to be made on each side of the House.' The arrangement was found so convenient in practice that it has been continued ever since, whatever may have been the vicissitudes or changes in our parliaments since the beginning of the century. In a letter to Lord John Russell during 1841, the year of the Union, Lord Sydenham thought it worth while to allude to this arrangement, though in a decidedly satirical vein: 'I have really a very fair house for the Assembly and Council to meet in; and the accommodation would be thought splendid by our members of the English House of Commons. *But the fellows in these Colonies have been spoilt by all sorts of luxuries—large arm chairs, desks with stationery before each member, and Heaven knows what! So I suppose they will complain.* The house I lodge in is really a very nice one—or rather will be when finished, which will just fit the arrival of my successor, and the public offices are far better than at Toronto or Montreal. But the confusion of the *move* is tremendous.'

In the closing sentence of what was evidently a confidential communication from a nobleman, not altogether pleased with the outspoken, independent spirit of Canadian Statesmen, he alludes to a state of things which old officials and parliamentarians will feelingly describe. The Parliaments of Canada have been exposed to as many

vicissitudes as a householder who has always lived in rented houses, and from fire or other causes been obliged to move time and again. The Lower Canada Legislature remained for some forty years in the same place, and in this respect was more fortunate than the Legislature of the western province, which had not only to move from Niagara to York, but had on more than one occasion to suffer from war and fire. The first legislative halls in Toronto—a commodious though unpretentious wooden building—were situated in the East, on the site of the old jail, and were burned down in 1813, by the American soldiery; and the Legislature found temporary accommodation in a building on Wellington street, which has since disappeared in the march of improvements. A brick building, plain in its appearance, was built in the same locality, but it also was burned, though accidentally, during 1824, and the Legislature was obliged to meet in the General Hospital, in King street, until the construction of the present houses on Simcoe Place, looking towards the Bay. In 1841, Lord Sydenham chose Kingston as the seat of Government, and the Parliament sat for several years in the General Hospital—a handsome structure, very convenient for the purpose, as the Governor has informed us in the letter we have just quoted—until the orders came for a removal to Montreal, where accommodation was found in a large building, known as the St. Anne's Market; but hardly had the offices been comfortably settled than the houses were destroyed during the memorable riots of 1849. The Council and Assembly met, on the morning after the fire, in the hall of the Bonsecours Market; and the former then flitted about from the vestry of Trinity Church to Freemason's Hall. Then some buildings were temporarily leased in Dalhousie Square; but the result of the troubles of 1849 was the removal of the seat of government to

Toronto, and the commencement of the expensive and inconvenient system of nomadic parliaments. The Legislature met in the very unpretentious buildings in Front street, where it remained until 1852, when it removed to the City of Quebec, where the old Bishop's Palace had received large additions and improvements—the most conspicuous ornament being a sort of Mambrino's helmet which formed a dome on the roof. But a sort of fatality seemed to hang over the Legislature. The building was destroyed by fire on the first of February, 1854, and strange to say, the same fate overtook the Grey Nunnery building which was being fitted up for legislative purposes; and the Houses were forced to meet in the Music Hall, until the old Parliament House was rebuilt. Then another removal in 1856 to Toronto, where it was finally decided to discontinue the perambulating system, and have a permanent seat of government. But in the meantime whilst the parliament buildings were in the course of construction at Ottawa, the Government had to move once more to Quebec, where it remained from 1860 to the end of 1866, when the Legislature assembled for the first time in the new Parliament Buildings, overlooking the grand river of the Ottawa. At last, Parliament and its officers, after nearly a century of flittings, found rest. Their experience since 1841 had not tended to make them advocates of so nomadic a life. A Government could not certainly—

'Fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.'

All this, however, by the way of parenthesis; we must return to this desultory review of legislative procedure. The Canadian Parliament has kept pace with the spirit of modern progress, conservative though it has always been in preserving old standing orders and usages. We hear little of the assertion of its rights and

privileges, as in the old times when journalists and others were summoned time and again, and frequently punished for alleged libels on the Parliament or its members. We cannot suppose it possible that the present House of Commons would resort to the extreme measures which the Legislative Assembly took in the case of Mr. Christie, member for Gaspe, in the stormy days of Lower Canada. He had not been guilty of any offence which could properly, under a correct interpretation of parliamentary law, be construed into a breach of privilege; and yet he was expelled several times, and declared ineligible to serve in Parliament. In this illegal exercise of authority, however, the Lower Canada Assembly only followed the very bad example set them in the famous case of Wilkes, who was also expelled and declared ineligible, though Parliament has no right to declare a disability unknown to the law. It is true references are still made in the House to articles in the newspapers, and members are very apt to take offence at such comments, and to seize an opportunity to answer them in an irregular way. But now-a-days publishers or editors are very rarely called to the bar. Only two cases have occurred since 1867, in which motions have been made in connection with newspaper criticisms. One case was that of a sessional translator who attacked some French members in an Ottawa journal; he was brought to the bar, and when he had acknowledged that he was the editor, the Speaker very properly suspended him. In the case of the St. John *Freeman*, in 1873, the article which had given such deep offence was read at the table, and a resolution in censure adopted by a party vote; but no motion for a reprimand was made as in the matter of Mr. O'Connell—the English precedent which was followed on this occasion. The sense of the Canadian and English House of Commons is now opposed to taking notice of newspaper

attacks in any way. If a member in England wishes to refer to a sharp criticism or libel, he must bring it up regularly, have it read at the table, and then make a motion in reference to it; but he will not be allowed to answer it under the guise of one of those personal explanations on which great latitude is always given to a member. A libel must be an attack on a member in his capacity as a member, and in connection with his duties as a member; otherwise the House will not consider it a matter within their jurisdiction. Mr. Gladstone has well stated in the following words the sentiment that now governs public men in such matters:—‘If unjust charges of this kind are made—as from time to time they will be made, considering the haste and heat with which the articles in the journals are of necessity produced—they inflict no real injury upon those against whom they are directed. Now, I think it is far better for this House, and for its members, to take their stand upon the consciousness of their endeavours to do their duty, and of the knowledge that that endeavour is duly appreciated by the people of this country, who do not lose sight of this fact in reading the intemperate expressions which occasionally find their way into the newspapers.’

In old times, the presentation of an Address to the Governor-General was a much more formal ceremony than it is at present. As soon as an Address had been agreed to, it was ordered to be presented to the Governor by the whole House. In the Journals of Lower Canada for 1792, we find that the House came to this resolution on the first occasion of its presenting an Address in answer to a Speech from the Throne:—‘The House is unanimous that the Speaker set out at noon, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms bearing the mace, that the members follow to the Château St. Louis, where Mr. Speaker will read the Address, after which a mem-

ber* will read the same in English—that the Clerk do follow the House at some distance in case of need, and that the House do return in the same order.’ At the hour appointed by the Governor-General the Houses would adjourn during pleasure, and attend His Excellency, generally in the Executive Council Chamber, but sometimes at Government House. The Assembly, with the Speaker, would set out in carriages to the place of meeting, and, on being admitted into the presence of His Excellency, the Speaker would read the Address in the two languages, and the Governor-General would give an appropriate reply; and the House would retire. In case of a joint Address from the Council and Assembly, the Speakers of the two Houses would proceed in state to the place of meeting, and would enter, side by side, into the presence of the Governor-General; and then the President or Speaker of the Legislative Council would read the Address. On returning to their respective Chambers, the Speakers would always communicate the reply of which they had received a copy on leaving the presence of the Governor-General. On such occasions the Legislative councillors would be in full dress, as is the case now with Senators when His Excellency opens or prorogues Parliament. The members of the Assembly could be present in ordinary attire—in accordance with an old parliamentary usage. This formal practice with respect to the Address continued up to 1867, when the more convenient course was adopted of presenting such Addresses by members of the Privy Council; and the answer of His Excellency is brought down in the shape of a Message, which, like all messages signed by his own hand, is read with the members standing and uncovered.

The mode of communication be-

tween the two Houses has also undergone considerable change with the view of assisting the progress of public business. Messages were formerly taken to the Upper Chamber by one or more members of the Assembly, but for some years past all bills, addresses and resolutions have been carried in a less formal way by the Clerks of the two Houses (or Masters in Chancery, as they are called in the Senate), so as not to disturb the business that may be under consideration. The only message which can interrupt a matter under debate is one from the Governor-General. For instance, it will be remembered that Mr. Mackenzie was speaking to a motion on the memorable 13th August, 1873, when the Usher of the Black Rod presented himself at the door, and was at once admitted; and the result was Mr. Speaker, not having formally proposed the motion from the chair, it could not appear in the journals; for all debate was terminated, and the House was bound to proceed at once to the Senate Chamber, in obedience to the commands of His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, then acting under the advice of his constitutional advisers. Nor have Conferences been held between the two Houses for many years. In case of a difference of opinion on a bill, it is usual to communicate the reasons for disagreeing or adhering to amendments. If neither House will yield in the matter, the bill will drop—the Pacific Railway Bill of last Session, for instance—and no conference could do more in the direction of bringing about an arrangement than the present simple system of making known the arguments which influence each House in the course it may take. The relations between the two Houses are now on so satisfactory a basis, compared with the old times of constant conflict, that the Senate will only reject a bill for what it believes to be sound reasons of public policy. There will always exist in a popular branch of the Legislature a certain

* Mr. Panet, the first Speaker, could not speak English.

amount of jealousy of a House which is nominated by the Crown, and a disposition to restrain its power and influence as far as practicable. It is not likely, however, that the Commons in these days will show the irritability—may we say, the bad manners—that the Canadian Assembly exhibited in 1841, when an Act providing for the payment of the salaries of the officers of the Legislature, and for the indemnification of members was amended in the Legislative Council, by striking out the clause paying the members out of the general revenues. When the bill was received back by the Assembly, the action of the Council in amending a money bill (an irregular proceeding on the part of the Council), was resented by the House, and the obnoxious document was seized by a member and literally kicked out of the chamber. Even in this matter the Assembly had English precedents before them; for not only have bills in old times been contemptuously torn and tossed over the table of the English Commons, but they have been actually kicked, as members passed out of the House.

In concluding this paper, let me illustrate the mode of conducting public business when the session is well advanced and the paper is crowded with bills and motions of a very miscellaneous character. When three o'clock in the afternoon has come the Speaker enters the House, preceded by the Sergeant-at-arms with the mace on his shoulders, and followed by the Clerk and two Clerks Assistant. The Speaker takes the chair under a green canopy, directly below the Reporters' Gallery, the Clerks seat themselves at the head of the table, the Sergeant places the mace at the foot, where it always remains whilst the House is in session. Then the Speaker soon calls "Order" and proceeds to read the prayer from a printed form, whilst the members stand up and remain uncovered. Prayers over, the Speaker orders, "Let the doors be opened," unless it is necessary to discuss some

matter of internal economy or privilege with closed galleries. Petitions are then presented by each member standing up and simply stating the prayer or substance; and now is the time to see what public question is attracting general attention out of doors. Next comes the reception of petitions presented two days previously. This is a purely formal matter, confined to reading the endorsement made on each petition of the subject matter. Perhaps a petition contains a direct application for money, or is otherwise irregular, and in that case it is not received, and the reason is duly entered on the journals. Reports from Committees are next brought up and read at the table in the two languages, unless the House dispenses with the reading which is usually done when the document is very lengthy. Motions are next called by the Speaker, and for a few minutes bills are introduced, and formal or unopposed motions made, with great rapidity. Perhaps a member tries to introduce a private bill, or forgets that he has not complied with the standing orders, or hopes to pass some little insidious motion, which has far more in it than appears on the surface; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he is stopped by the Speaker, whose attention will be called to the irregularity. Routine business over, if it is not a Government day, questions are probably next in order, and each member rises as the Speaker names him in his turn, and reads from the paper before him. The question cannot contain any opinion or argumentative matter, but must be terse and succinct. The answer is also short and emphatic, unless indeed the member of the Government, whose province it is to give the required information, finds it necessary to go into some details in order to explain the matter thoroughly; and under such circumstances the House will always permit considerable latitude; but in no case will any general discussion be permitted. Notices of motions will

probably come next, and members commence to ask the Government for papers and returns on every possible subject, which may interest Her Majesty's faithful lieges in Canada—motions relative to Mrs. Murphy's cow or pig, killed on the Government railways, will be found alongside of motions asking for changes in the Constitution. Each member must be ready with his motion, or else it will disappear from the list. The work that these motions entail on the Government Departments is something enormous, as it may be judged from the fact that no less than 300 Addresses and Orders are passed in some sessions; many of them requiring days and weeks of investigation, and thousands of pages to answer. If it is a Government day, the orders will be taken up as soon as routine business is over, but almost invariably, as soon as the Speaker directs the Clerk to read the orders, some member will rise and put a question to the Government in relation to the state of public business, or some matter of immediate interest; and when this is answered, always very briefly, for no discussion is permitted, as such questions or remarks are only made with the indulgence of the House, the Clerk proceeds to call out the item indicated by a Minister. If the order is for the second reading of a bill, the Minister in charge will proceed to move on the subject, and at the same time to explain its provisions; and a lengthy discussion will probably follow, as this is the stage for debating the principle. If the Government is anxious to go into Supply, the order is read by the Clerk, and the Speaker will propose the usual motion, 'Shall I now leave the chair that the House may resolve itself into Committee of Supply?' Then the Finance Minister looks up anxiously to see what is in store for him; whether he is to be allowed to go into Committee, or whether some member has a motion in amendment to propose; for this is one of those opportu-

nities which parliamentary usage has given to members to bring up some question of grievance. So frequent are the interruptions to moving into Committee in the English Commons, that session after session members of Government have considered whether some means cannot be devised of facilitating the proceeding of going into Supply. If any one takes the trouble of reading the report of the Committee on Public Business of 1878, he will see how difficult it is to restrain the constitutional right of discussing grievances in this way. In the Canadian House, it cannot be said, that the same difficulty exists; for the motions made at this stage are comparatively few in number and confined for the most part to questions of importance. If the Government succeed in avoiding this Scylla, and pass at once into Committee, they are likely, in nine cases out of ten, to find themselves almost submerged in a Charybdis of debate. Every item in the Estimates is carefully scanned, and then comes a trying time for a Minister, still new to the work of his department. Questions are put to him, which will try all his patience and good nature; and as it must inevitably happen at times, if he cannot give the necessary answer, his only recourse is to make a note of it for a future occasion, when he will surely be reminded of his promise. This is a trying ordeal; but woe betide a Minister, who shows by a look or word that he is fretting under the fire of interrogatory; for if he is curt or unsatisfactory, he will soon find a dozen Ruperts of debate upon him; and the better humoured and the more anxious he appears to tell all he knows, the greater are his chances of disarming his eager adversaries. Sometimes hours will be expended on a single resolution in the Estimates, and the hands will point to three or four o'clock in the morning, before the undaunted phalanx of questioners will give up the contest and allow a wearied Ministry to retire to rest. When one

o'clock is passed, the phalanx who make it a business to discuss the Estimates, seem generally to wake up thoroughly, and the old veterans in parliamentary warfare, whose services are not required, know that the House is good for some hours later, and either go home or take a nap on a couch in an adjoining Committee room. Some of the most exciting debates of the session have taken place at this late hour, when the galleries are nearly clear—for they are never entirely empty, however late the sitting—and the reporters are worn out. So the House fights its way through countless mo-

tions and impediments to the end of the session; and at last Supply is closed, and the Finance Minister breathes a sigh of intense relief; the benches now begin to look thin; and then once more the cannon thunders, while the gentleman Usher of the Black Rod again bows himself into the chamber, and the few members of the Commons that remain go up to the bar of the Upper House, where they hear the closing speech, and are informed by the Speaker of the Senate 'that it is His Excellency's will and pleasure that this Parliament be prorogued.'

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

BY JOHN READE.

A QUIET drama was thine outer life,
 Moving from primal scene to curtain-fall
 With modest grace, obedient to the call
 Of the clear prompter, Duty. Noisy strife
 For place or power had no part in thee. Self,
 Thrusting his mate aside for lust of pelf,
 Awoke thy scorn. No vulgar pettiness
 Of spirit made thy heaven-born genius less.
 But on what stage thine inner life was passed!
 O'er what a realm thy potent mind was King!
 All worlds that are were at thy marshalling,
 And a creator of new worlds thou wast.
 Now thou art one of that immortal throng
 In which thy chosen chief * is King of Song.

* Shakespeare.

AN ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA.

BY L. C. MARVEN.



RUFIN PIOTROWSKI.

ALL the languages of continental Europe have some phrase by which at parting people express the hope of meeting again. The French *au revoir*, the Italian *à rivederla*, the Spanish *hasta mañana*, the German *Auf Wiedersehen*—these and similar forms, varied with the occasion, have grown from the need of the heart to cheat separation of its pain. The

Poles have an expression of infinitely deeper meaning, which embodies all that human nature can utter of grief and despair—'To meet nevermore.' This is the heart-rending farewell with which the patriot exiled to Siberia takes leave of family and friends.

There is indeed little chance that he will ever again return to his country and his home. Since Beniowski the

Pole made his famous romantic flight from the coal-mines of Kamshatka, in the last century, there has been but a single instance of a Siberian exile making good his escape. In our day, M. Ruſin Piotrowski, also a Polish patriot, has had the marvellous good-fortune to succeed in the all but impossible attempt; and he has given his story to his countrymen in a simple, unpretending narrative, which, even in an abridged form, will, we think, be found one of thrilling interest.

In January, 1843, we find Piotrowski in Paris, a refugee for already twelve years, and on the eve of a secret mission into Poland of which he gives no explanation. By means of an American acquaintance he procured a passport from the British embassy describing him as Joseph Catharo, of Malta; he spoke Italian perfectly, English indifferently, and was thus well suited to support the character of an Italian-born subject of Queen Victoria. Having crossed France, Germany, Austria and Hungary in safety, he reached his destination, the town of Kamenitz in Podolia, on the Turkish frontier. His ostensible object was to settle there as a teacher of languages, and on the strength of his British passport he obtained the necessary permission from the police before their suspicions had been roused. He also gained admission at once into the society of the place, where, notwithstanding his pretended origin, he was generally known as 'the Frenchman,' the common nickname for a foreigner in the Polish provinces. He had soon a number of pupils, some of them Poles—others members of the families of Russian resident officials. He frequented the houses of the latter most, in order not to attract attention to his intercourse with his compatriots. He spoke Russian fluently, but feigned total ignorance both of that and his own language, and even affected an incapacity for learning them when urged to do so by his scholars. Among

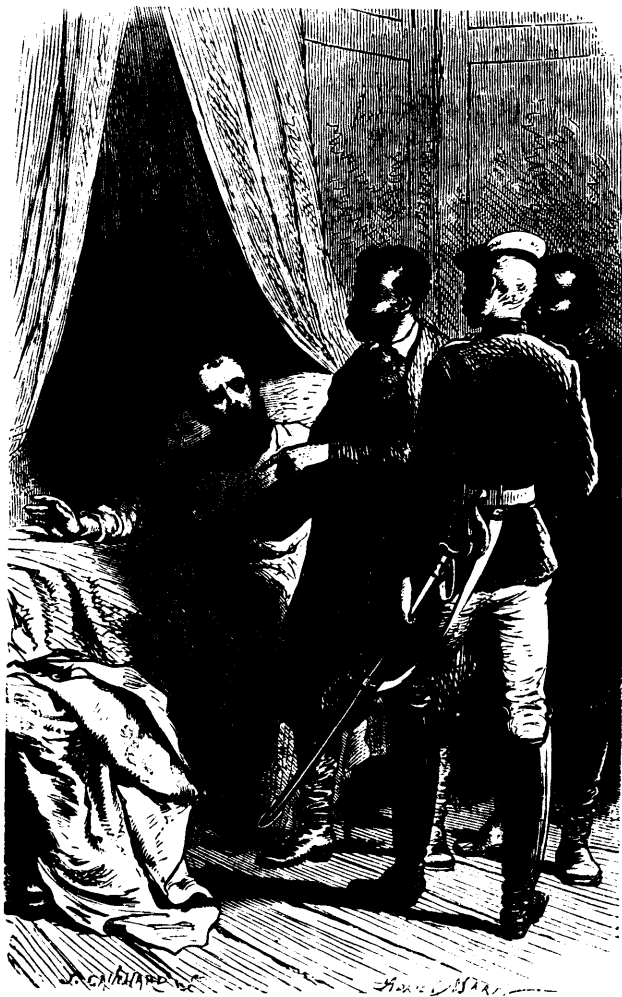
the risks to which this exposed him was the temptation of cutting short a difficult explanation in his lessons by a single word, which would have made the whole matter clear. But this, although the most frequent and vexatious, was not the severest trial of his *incognito*. One day, while giving a lesson to two beautiful Polish girls, daughters of a lady who had shown him great kindness, the conversation turned upon Poland: he spoke with an indifference which roused the younger to a vehement outburst on behalf of her country. The elder interrupted her sharply in their native language with 'How can you speak of holy things to a hair-brained Frenchman?' At another Polish house, a visitor, hearing that M. Catharo was from Paris, was eager to ask news of his brother, who was living there in exile; their host dissuaded him, saying, 'You know that inquiries about relations in exile are strictly forbidden. Take care! one is never safe with a stranger.' Their unfortunate fellow-countryman, who knew the visitor's brother very well, was forced to bend over a book to hide the blood which rushed to his face in the conflict of feeling. He kept so close a guard upon himself that he would never sleep in the room with another person—which it was sometimes difficult to avoid on visits to neighbouring country-seats—lest a word spoken in his troubled slumbers should betray him. He passed nine months in familiar relations with all the principal people of the place, his nationality and his designs being known to but very few of his countrymen, who kept the secret with rigid fidelity. At length, however, he became aware that he was watched; the manner of some of his Russian friends grew inquiring and constrained; he received private warnings, and perceived that he was dogged by the police. It was not too late for flight, but he knew that such a course would involve all who were in his secret, and perhaps thousands of others,

in tribulation, and that for their sakes it behoved him to await the terrible day of reckoning which was inevitably approaching. The only use to which he could turn this time of horrible suspense was in concerting a plan of action with his colleagues. His final interview with the chief of them took place in a church at the close of the short winter twilight on the last day of the year. After agreeing on all the points which they could foresee, they solemnly took leave of each other, and Piotrowski was left alone in the church, where he lingered to pray fervently for strength for the hour that was at hand.

The next morning at daybreak he was suddenly shaken by the arm: he composed himself for the part he was to play, and slowly opened his eyes. His room was filled with Russian officials: he was arrested. He protested against the outrage to a British subject, but his papers were seized, he was carried before the governor of the place, and after a brief examination given into the custody of the police.

He was examined on several successive days, but persisted in his first

story, although aware that his identity was known, and that the information had come from St. Petersburg. His



THE ARREST.

object was to force the authorities to confront him with those who had been accused on his account, that they might hear his confession and regulate their own accordingly. One day a number of them were brought together—some his real accomplices, others mere acquaintances. After the usual routine

of questions and denials, Piotrowski suddenly exclaimed in Polish, as one who can hold out no longer, 'Well, then, yes! I am no British subject, but a Pole of the Ukraine. I emigrated after the revolution of 1831; I came back because I could bear a life of exile no longer, and I only wished to breathe my native air. I came under a false name, for I could not have come in my own. I confided my secret to a few of my countrymen, and asked their aid and advice; I had nothing else to ask or tell them.'

The preliminary interrogatories concluded, he was sent for a more rigid examination to the fortress of Kiow. He left Kamenitz early in January at midnight, under an escort of soldiers and police. The town was dark and silent as they passed through the deserted streets, but he saw lights in the upper windows of several houses whose inmates had been implicated in his accusation. Was it a mute farewell or the sign of vigils of anguish? They travelled all night and part of the next day: their first halt was at a great state prison, where Piotrowski was for the first time shut up in a cell. He was suffering from the excitement through which he had been passing, from the furious speed of the journey, which had been also very rough, and from a slight concussion of the brain occasioned by one of the terrible jolts of the rude vehicle: a physician saw him and ordered repose. The long, dark, still hours of the night were gradually calming his nerves when he was disturbed by a distant sound, which he soon guessed to be the clanking of chains, followed by a chant in which many voices mingled. It was Christmas Eve, old style, as still observed in some of the provinces, and the midnight chorus was singing an ancient Christmas hymn which every Polish child knows from the cradle. For twelve years the dear familiar melody had not greeted his ears, and now he heard it sung by his captive fellow-countrymen in a Russian dungeon.

Two days later they set out again, and now he was chained hand and foot with heavy irons, rusty, and too small for his limbs. The sleigh hurried on day and night with headlong haste: it was upset, everybody was thrown out, the prisoner's chain caught and he was dragged until he lost consciousness. In this state he arrived at Kiow. Here he was thrown into a cell six feet by five, almost dark and disgustingly dirty. The wretched man was soon covered from head to foot with vermin, of which his handcuffs prevented his ridding himself. However, in a day or two, after a visit from the commandant, his cell was cleaned. His manacles prevented his walking, or even standing, and the moral effect of being unable to use his hands was a strange apathy such as might precede imbecility. He was interrogated several times, but always adhered to his confession at Kamenitz; menaces of harsher treatment, even of torture, were tried—means which he knew too well had been resorted to before; his guards were forbidden to exchange a word with him, so that his time was passed in solitude, silence and absolute inoccupation. Since Levitoux, another political prisoner, fearful that the tortures to which he was subjected might wring from him confessions which would criminate his friends, had set fire to his straw bed with his night-lamp and burned himself alive, no lights were allowed in the cells, so that a great portion of the twenty-four hours went by in darkness. After some time he was visited by Prince Bibikoff, the governor-general of that section of the country, one of the men whose names are most associated with the sufferings of Poland: he tried by intimidation and persuasion to induce the prisoner to reveal his projects and the names of his associates. Piotrowski held firm, but the prince, on withdrawing, ordered his chains to be struck off. The relief was ineffable: he could do nothing but stretch his arms to enjoy the sense of their free

possession, and he felt his natural energy and independence of thought return. He had not been able to take off his boots since leaving Kamenitz, and his legs were bruised and sore, but he walked to and fro in his cell all day, enjoying the very pain this gave him as a proof that they were unchained. Several weeks passed without any other incident, when late one night he was surprised by a light in his cell: an aide-de-camp and four soldiers entered and ordered him to rise and follow them. He thought that he was summoned to his execution. He crossed the great courtyard of the prison supported by the soldiers; the snow creaked under foot; the night was very dark, and the sharp fresh air almost took away his breath, yet it was infinitely welcome to him after the heavy atmosphere of his cell, and he inhaled it with keen pleasure, thinking that each whiff was almost the last. He was led into a large, faintly-lighted room, where officers of various grades were smoking around a large table. It was only the committee of investigation, for hitherto his examinations had not been strictly in order.

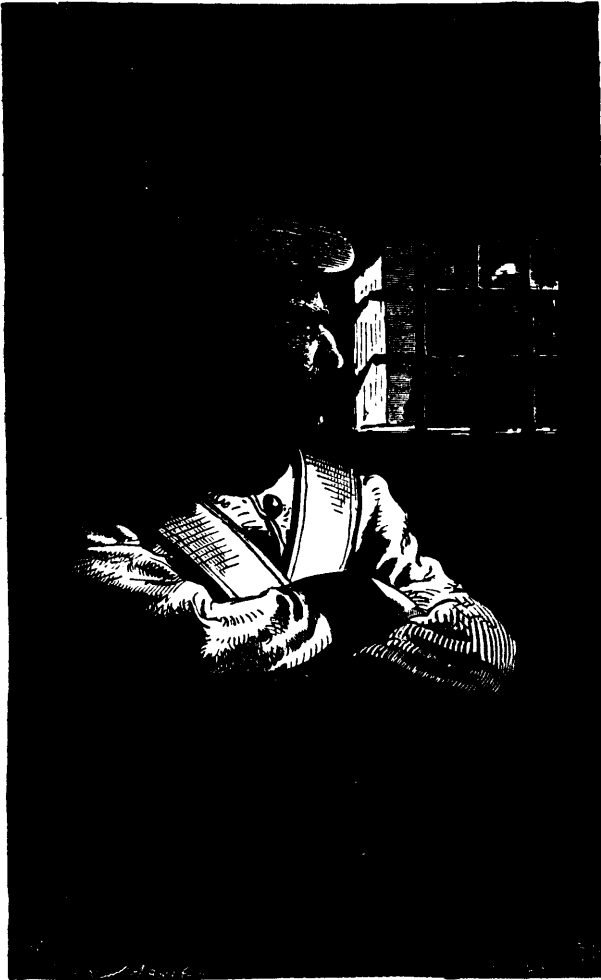
This was but the first of a series of sittings which were prolonged through nearly half a year. During this time his treatment improved; his cell was kept clean; he had no cause to complain of his food; he was allowed to walk for an hour daily in the corridor, which, though cold and damp, in some degree satisfied his need of exercise. He was always guarded by two sentinels, to whom he was forbidden to speak. He learned in some way, however, that several of his co-accused were his fellow-prisoners: they were confined in another part of the fortress, and he but once caught a glimpse of one of them—so changed that he hardly recognized him. His neighbours on the corridor were common criminals. The president of the committee offered him the use of a library, but he only asked for a Bible, 'with which,' he says, 'I was no longer

alone.' His greatest suffering arose from the nervous irritability caused by the unremitting watch of the sentinel at his door, which drove him almost frantic. The sensation of being spied at every instant, in every action, of meeting this relentless, irresponsive gaze on waking, of encountering it at each minute of the day was maddening. From daybreak he longed for the night, which should deliver him from the sight. Sometimes, beside himself, he would suddenly put his own face close to the grating and stare into the tormenting eyes to force them to divert their gaze for a moment, laughing like a savage when he succeeded. He was in this feverish condition when called to his last examination. He perceived at once, from the solemnity of all present, that the crisis had come. His sentence was pronounced: death, commuted by Prince Bibikoff's intercession to hard labour for life in Siberia. He was degraded from the nobility, to which order, like half the inhabitants of Poland, he belonged, and condemned to make the journey in chains. Without being taken back to his cell, he was at once put into irons, the same rusty, galling ones he had worn already, and placed in a *kibitka*, or travelling-carriage, between two armed guards. The gates of the fortress closed behind him, and before him opened the road to Siberia.

His destination was about two thousand miles distant. The incidents of the journey were few and much of the same character. Charity and sympathy were shown him by people of every class. Travellers of distinction, especially ladies, pursued him with offers of assistance and money, which he would not accept. The only gifts which he did not refuse were the food and drink brought him by the peasants where they stopped to change horses: wherever there was a halt the good people plied him with tea, brandy and simple dainties, which he gratefully accepted. At one station a man in the uniform of the Russian civil

service timidly offered him a parcel wrapped in a silk handkerchief, saying, 'Accept this from my saint.' Piotrowski, repelled by the sight of the uniform, shook his head. The

He could not resist so Christian an appeal. The parcel contained bread, salt and some money: the last he handed over to the guards, who in any case would not have let him keep it:



OUTSTARING THE GUARD.

he broke the bread with its donor. His guards were almost the only persons with whom he had to do who showed themselves insensible to his pain and sorrow. They were divided between their fears of not arriving on the day fixed, in which case they would be flogged, and of his dying of fatigue on the route, when they would fare still worse. The apprehension of his suicide beset them: at the ferries or fords which they crossed each of them held him by an arm lest he should drown himself, and all his meat was given to him minced, to be eaten with a spoon, as he was not to be trusted for an instant with a knife. Thus they travelled night and day for three weeks, only stopping to change horses and take their meals; yet he esteemed himself lucky not to have been sent with a

other flushed: 'You are a Pole, and do not understand our customs. This is my birthday, and on this day, above all others, I should share what I have with the unfortunate. Pray accept it in the name of my patron saint.'

gang of convicts, chained to some atrocious malefactor, or to have been ordered to make the journey on foot, like his countryman, Prince Sanguzako. At last they reached Omsk, the head-quarters of Prince Gort-

chakoff, then governor-general of Western Siberia. By some informality in the mode of his transportation, the interpretation of Piotrowski's sentence depended solely on this man: he might be sent to work in one of the govern-

of their conversation, which turned chiefly on Siberia, showed him a map of the country. The prisoner devoured it with his eyes, tried to engrave it on his memory, asked innumerable questions about roads and water-courses,

and betrayed so much agitation that the young fellow noticed it, and exclaimed, 'Ah! don't think of escape. Too many of your countrymen have tried it, and those are fortunate who, tracked on every side, famished, desperate, have been able to put an end to themselves before being retaken, for if they are, then comes the knout and a life of misery beyond words. In Heaven's name, give up that thought!' The commandant of the fortress paid him a short official visit, and exclaimed repeatedly, 'How sad! how sad!' to come back when you were free in a foreign country!' The chief of police, a hard, dry, vulture-like man, asked why he had dared to return without the Czar's permission. 'I could not bear my



CHARITY TO THE EXILE.

ment manufactories, or to the mines, the last, worst dread of a Siberian exile. While awaiting the decision he was in charge of a gay, handsome young officer, who treated him with great friendliness, and in the course

homesickness,' replied the prisoner. 'O native country!' said the Russian, in a softened voice, 'how dear thou art!' After various official interviews he was taken to the governor-general's ante-chamber, where

he found a number of clerks, most of whom were his exiled compatriots and received him warmly. While he was talking with them a door opened, and Gortchakoff stood on the threshold: he fixed his eyes on the prisoner for some moments, and withdrew without a word. An hour of intense anxiety followed, and then an officer appeared, who announced that he was consigned to the distilleries of Ekaterininski-Zavod, some two hundred miles farther north.

Ekaterininski-Zavod is a miserable village of a couple of hundred small houses on the river Irtish, in the midst of a wide plain. Its inhabitants are all in some way connected with the government distillery; they are the descendants of criminals formerly transported. Piotrowski, after a short interview with the inspector of the works, was entered on the list of convicts and sent to the guard-house. 'He is to work with his feet in irons,' added the inspector. This unusual severity was in consequence of a memorandum in Prince Gortchakoff's own writing appended to the prisoner's papers: 'Piotrowski must be watched with especial care.' The injunction was unprecedented, and impressed the director with the prisoner's importance. Before being taken to his work he was surrounded by his fellow-countrymen, young men of talent and promise, who were there, like himself, for political reasons. Their emotion was extreme; they talked rapidly and eagerly, exhorting him to patience and silence, and to do nothing to incur corporal punishment, which was the mode of keeping the workmen in order, so that in time he might be promoted, like themselves, from hard labour to office work. At the guard-house he found a crowd of soldiers, among whom were many Poles, incorporated into the standing army of Siberia for having taken up arms for their country. This is one of the mildest punishments for that offence. They seized every pretext for speak-

ing to him, to ask what was going on in Poland, and whether there were any hopes for her. Overcome by fatigue and misery, he sat down upon a bench, where he remained sunk in the gloomiest thoughts until accosted by a man of repulsive aspect, branded on the face—the Russian practice with criminals of the worst sort—who said abruptly, 'Get up and go to work.' It was the overseer, himself a former convict. 'O my God!' exclaims Piotrowski, 'Thou alone didst hear the bitter cry of my soul when this outcast first spoke to me as my master.'

Before going to work his irons were struck off, thanks to the instant entreaties of his compatriots; he was then given a broom and shovel and set to clear rubbish and filth off the roof of a large unfinished building. On one side was a convict of the lowest order, with whom he worked—on the other, the soldier who mounted guard over them. To avoid the indignity of chastisement or reproof—indeed, to escape notice altogether—he bent his whole force to his task, without raising his head, or even his eyes, but the iron entered into his soul and he wept.

The order of his days knew no variation. Rising at sunrise, the convicts worked until eight o'clock, when they breakfasted, then until their dinner at noon, and again from one o'clock until dark. His tasks were fetching wood and water, splitting and piling logs, and scavenger-work of all sorts; it was all out of doors and in every extreme of the Siberian climate. His companions were all ruffians of a desperate caste; burglary, highway robbery, murder in every degree, were common cases. One instance will suffice, and it is not the worst: it was that of a young man, clerk of a wine-merchant in St. Petersburg. He had a mistress whom he loved, but suspected of infidelity; he took her and another girl into the country for a holiday, and as they walked together in the fields fired a pistol at his sweet-

heart's head ; it only wounded her ; the friend rushed away shrieking for help ; the victim fell on her knees and cried, ' Forgive me ! ' but he plunged a knife up to the hilt in her breast, and she fell dead at his feet. He gave

ence. He had determined never to submit to blows, should the forfeit be his own life or another's, and the incessant apprehension kept his mind in a state of frightful tension ; it also nerved him to physical exertions be-



A RUSSIAN OTHELLO.

himself up to justice, received the knout and was transported for life.

The daily contact with ignorant, brutish men, made worse than brutes by a life of hideous crime, was the worst feature in his wretched exist-

beyond his strength, and to a moral restraint of which he had not deemed himself capable in the way of endurance and self-command. But in the end he was the gainer. After the first year he was taken into the office of the establishment, and received a salary of ten francs a month. He was also allowed to leave the barracks where he had been herded with the convicts, and to lodge with two fellow-countrymen in a little house which they built for themselves, and which they shared with the soldiers who guarded them. It was a privilege granted to the most exemplary of the convicts to lodge with one or other of the private inhabitants of the village ; but besides their own expenses they had to pay those of the

soldier detailed to watch them. In the course of the winter they were comforted by the visit of a Polish priest. A certain number were permitted to travel through Siberia yearly, stopping wherever there are Polish prisoners to

administer the sacraments and consolations of their Church to them; there is no hardship which these heroic men will not encounter in performing their thrice holy mission. Piotrowski, who, like all Poles, was an ingrained Roman Catholic, after passing through phases of doubt and disbelief, had returned to a fervent orthodoxy; this spiritual succour was most precious to himself and his brother exiles.

One idea, however, was never absent from his mind—that of escape. At the moment of receiving his sentence at Kiow he had resolved to be free, and his resolution had not faltered. He had neglected no means of acquiring information about Siberia and the adjacent countries. For this he had listened to the revolting confidences of the malefactors at the barracks—for this he heard with unflagging attention, yet with no sign of interest, the long stories of the traders who came to the distillery from all parts of the empire to sell grain or buy spirits. The office in which he passed his time from eight in the morning until ten or eleven at night was their *rendezvous*, and by a concentration of his mental powers he acquired a thorough and accurate knowledge of the country from the Frozen Ocean to the frontiers of Persia and China, and of all its manners and customs. The prisoner who meditates escape, he says, is absorbed in an infinitude of details and calculations, of which it is only possible to give the final result. Slowly and painfully, little by little, he accumulated the indispensable articles—disguise, money, food, a weapon, passports. The last were the most essential and the most difficult; two were required, both upon paper with the government stamp—one a simple pass for short distances and absences, unless beyond a certain limit and date; the other, the *plakatny*, or real passport, a document of vital importance. He was able to abstract the paper from the office, and a counterfeiter in the community forged the

formula and signatures. His appearance he had gradually changed by allowing his hair and beard to grow, and he had studied the tone of thought and peculiar phraseology of the born Siberian, that he might the better pass for a native. More than six months went by in preparations; then he made two false starts. He had placed much hope on a little boat, which was often forgotten at evening, moored in the Irtish. One dark night he quietly loosed it and began to row away; suddenly the moon broke through the clouds, and at the same instant the voices of the inspector and some of his subordinates were heard on the banks. Piotrowski was fortunate enough to get back unperceived. On the second attempt a dense fog rose and shut him in; he could not see a yard before him. All night long he pushed the boat hither and thither, trying at least to regain the shore; at daybreak the vapour began to disperse, but it was too late to go on; he again had the good luck to land undiscovered. Five routes were open to him—all long, and each beset with its own perils. He decided to go northward, recross the Uralian Mountains, and make his way to Archangel, nearly a thousand miles off, where, among the hundreds of foreign ships constantly in the docks, he trusted to find one which would bring him to America. Nobody knew his secret; he had vowed to perish rather than ever again involve others in his fate. He reckoned on getting over the first danger of pursuit by mingling with the crowds of people then travelling from every quarter to the annual fair at Irbite, at the foot of the Urals.

Finally, in February, 1846, he set out on foot. His costume consisted of three shirts—a coloured one uppermost, worn, Russian fashion, outside his trousers, which were of heavy cloth, like his waistcoat—and a small sheep-skin burnous, heavy high boots, a bright woollen sash, a red cap with a fur border—the dress of a well-to-do

peasant or commercial traveller. In a small bag he carried a change of clothing and his provisions: his money and passports were hidden about his person; he was armed with a dagger and a bludgeon. He had scarcely crossed the frozen Irtysh when the sound of a sleigh behind him brought his heart to his mouth: he held his ground and was hailed by a peasant, who wanted to drive a bargain with him for a lift. After a little politic chaffering he got in, and was carried to a village about eight miles off at a gallop. There the peasant set him down, and, knocking at the first house, he asked for horses to the fair at Irbite. More bargaining, but they were soon on the road. Ere long, however, it began to snow; the track disappeared, the driver lost his way; they wandered about for some time, and were forced to stop all night in a forest—a night of agony. They were not twelve miles from Ekaterininski-Zavod: every minute the fugitive fancied he heard the bells of the pursuing *kibitkas*; he had a horrible suspicion, too, that his driver was delaying purposely to betray him, as had befallen a fellow-countryman in similar circumstances. But at day-break they found the road, and by nightfall, having changed horses once or twice and travelled like the wind, he was well on his way. At a fresh relay he was forced to go into a tavern to make change to pay his driver: as he stood among the tipsy crowd he was hustled and his pocket-books snatched from his hand. He could not discover the thief nor recover the purse: he durst not appeal to the police, and had to let it go. In it, besides a quarter of his little hoard of money, there was a memorandum of every town and village on his way to Archangel, and his *plakatny*. In this desperate strait—for the last loss seemed to cut off hope—he had one paramount motive for going on: return was impossible. Once having left Ekaterininski-Zavod, his fate was sealed if retaken: he must go forward. Forward he went,

falling in with troops of travellers bound to the fair. On the third evening of his flight, notwithstanding the time lost, he was at the gates of Irbite, over six hundred miles from his prison. 'Halt and show your passport!' cried the sentinel. He was fumbling for the local pass with a sinking heart when the soldier whispered, 'Twenty kopecks and go ahead.' He passed in. The loss of his money and the unavoidable expenses had reduced his resources so much that he found it necessary to continue the journey on foot. He slept at Irbite, but was up early, and passed out of an opposite gate unchallenged.

Now began a long and weary tramp. The winter of 1846 was one of unparalleled rigour in Siberia. The snow fell in enormous masses, which buried the roads deep out of sight and crushed solidly-built houses under its weight. Every difficulty of an ordinary journey on foot was increased tenfold. Piotrowski's clothes encumbered him excessively, yet he dared not take any of them off. His habit was to avoid passing through villages as much as possible, but, if forced to do so to inquire his way, only to stop at the last house. When he was hungry he drew a bit of frozen bread from his wallet and ate it as he went along: to quench his thirst he often had no resource but melting the snow in his mouth, which rather tends to increase the desire for water. At night he went into the depths of the forest, dug a hole under the snow, and creeping in slept there as best he might. At the first experiment his feet were frozen: he succeeded in curing them, though not without great pain. Sometimes he plunged up to the waist or neck in drifts, and expected at the next step to be buried alive. One night, having tasted to the full those two tortures, cold and hunger—of which, as he says, we complain so frequently without knowledge what they mean—he ventured to ask for shelter at a little hut near a hamlet where there were only two women.

They gave him warm food : he dried his drenched clothes, and stretched himself out to sleep on the bench near the kitchen stove. He was roused by voices, then shaken roughly and asked for his passport : there were three men in the room. With amazing presence of mind he demanded by what right they asked for his passports : were any of them officials ? No, but they insisted on knowing who he was and where he was going, and seeing his pass. He told them the same story that he had told the women, and finally exhibited the local pass, which was now quite worthless, and would not have deceived a government functionary for a moment : they were satisfied with the sight of the stamp. They excused themselves, saying that the women had taken fright and given the alarm, thinking that, as sometimes happened, they were housing an escaped convict. This adventure taught him a severe lesson of prudence. He often passed fifteen or twenty nights under the snow in the forest, without seeking food or shelter, hearing the wolves howl at a distance. In this savage mode of life he lost the count of time : he was already far in the Ural Mountains before he again ventured to sleep beneath a roof. As he was starting the next morning his hosts said, in answer to his inquiries as to the road, 'A little farther on you will find a guard-house, where they will look at your papers and give you precise directions.' Again how narrow an escape ! He turned from the road and crossed hills and gorges, often up to the chin in snow, and made an immense curve before taking up his march again.

One moonlight night, in the dead silence of the ice-bound winter, he stood on the ridge of the mountain-chain, and began to descend its eastern slope. Still on and on, the way more dangerous than before, for now there were large towns upon his route, which he could only avoid by going greatly out of his way. One

night in the woods he completely lost his bearings ; a tempest of wind and snow literally whirled him around ; his stock of bread was exhausted, and he fell upon the earth powerless ; there was a buzzing in his ears, a confusion in his ideas ; his senses forsook him, and but for spasms of cramp in his stomach he had no consciousness left. Torpor was settling upon him when a loud voice recalled him to himself ; it was a trapper, who lived hard by, going home with his booty. He poured some brandy down the dying man's throat, and when this had somewhat revived him gave him food from his store. After some delay the stranger urged Piotrowski to get up and walk, which he did with the utmost difficulty ; leaning upon this Samaritan of the steppes, he contrived to reach the highway, where a small roadside inn was in sight. There his companion left him, and he staggered forward with unspeakable joy toward the warmth and shelter. He would have gone in if he had known the guards were there on the lookout for him, for his case was now desperate. He only got as far as the threshold, and there fell forward and rolled under a bench. He asked for hot soup, but could not swallow, and after a few minutes fell into a swoon-like sleep which lasted twenty-four hours. Restored by nourishment, rest and dry clothes, he set forth again at once.

During the first part of his journey he had passed as a commercial traveller ; after leaving Irbite he was a workman seeking employment in the government establishments : but now he assumed the character of a pilgrim to the convent of Solovetsk on a holy island in the White Sea, near Archangel. For each change of part he had to change his manners, mode of speech, his whole personality, and always be probable and consistent in his account of himself. It was mid-April ; he had been journeying on foot for two months. Easter was approach-

ing, when these pious journeys were frequent, and not far from Veliki-Oustiog he fell in with several bands of men and women—*bohomolets*, as they are called—on their way to Solovetsk. There were more than

prayers, canticles, genuflexions, prostrations, crossings, and bowings, as manifold as in his own, but different. His inner consciousness suffered, but it was necessary to his part. They were detained at Veliki-Oustiog a mortal month, during which these acts of devotion went on with almost unabated zeal among *bohomolets*. At length the river was free, and they set out. Their vessel was a huge hulk which looked like a floating barn: it was manned by twenty or thirty rowers, and to replenish his purse a little the fugitive took an oar. The agent who had charge of the expedition required their passports: among the number the irregularity of Piotrowski's escaped notice. The prayers and prostrations went on during the voyage, which lasted a fortnight. One morning the early sunshine glittered on the gilded domes of Archangel: the vessel soon touched the shore, and his passport was returned to him un-



A SAMARITAN OF THE STEPPES.

two thousand in the town, waiting for the frozen Dwina to open that they might proceed by water to Archangel. It being Holy Week, Piotrowski was forced to conform to the innumerable observances of the Greek ritual—

inspected, with the small sum he had earned by rowing.

He had reached his goal: a thousand miles of deadly suffering and danger lay behind him; he was on the shores of the White Sea, with vessels

of every nation lying at anchor ready to bear him away to freedom. Yet he was careful not to commit himself by any imprudence or inconsistency. He went with the pilgrims to their vast crowded lodging-house, and for several days joined in their visits to the different churches of Archangel; but when they embarked again for the holy island he stayed behind, under the pretext of fatigue, but really to go unobserved to the harbour. There lay the ships from every part of the world, with their flags floating from the masts. Alas! alas! on every wharf a Russian sentinel mounted guard day and night, challenging every one who passed, and on the deck of each ship there was another. In vain he risked the consequences of dropping his character of an ignorant Siberian peasant so far as to speak to a group of sailors, first in French and then in German; they understood neither: the idlers on the quays began to gather round in idle curiosity, and he had to desist. In vain, despite the icy coldness of the water, he tried swimming in the bay to approach some vessel for the chance of getting speech of the captain or crew unseen by the sentinel. In vain he resorted to every device which desperation could suggest. After three days he was forced to look the terrible truth in the face: there was no escape possible from Archangel.

Baffled and hopeless, he turned his back on the town, not knowing where to go. To retrace his steps would be madness. He followed the shore of the White Sea to Onega, a natural direction for pilgrims returning from Solovetsk to take. His lonely way lay through a land of swamp and sand, with a sparse growth of stunted pines; the midnight sun streamed across the silent stretches; the huge waves of the White Sea, lashed by a long storm, plunged foaming upon the desolate beach. Days and nights of walking brought him to Onega: there was no way of getting to sea from

there, and, after a short halt, he resumed his journey southward along the banks of the River Onega, hardly knowing whither or wherefore he went. The hardships of his existence at midsummer were fewer than at midwinter, but the dangers were greater: the absence of a definite goal, of a distinct hope, which had supported him before, unnerved him physically. He had reached the point when he dreaded fatigue more than risk. In spite of his familiarity with the minutæ of Russian customs, he was nearly betrayed one day by his ignorance of *tolokno*, a national dish. On another occasion he stopped at the cabin of a poor old man to ask his way: the grey-beard made him come in, and, after some conversation, began to confide his religious grievances to him, which turned upon the persecutions to which a certain sect of religionists is exposed in Russia for adhering to certain peculiarities in the forms of worship. Happily, Piotrowski was well versed in these subjects. The poor old man, after dwelling long and tearfully on the woes of his fellow-believers, looked cautiously in every direction, locked the door, and, after exacting an oath of secrecy, drew from a hiding-place a little antique figure of Byzantine origin, representing our Saviour in the act of benediction with two fingers only raised, according to the form cherished by the dissenters.

Following his purposeless march for hundreds of miles, the fugitive reached Vytegra, where the river issues from the Lake of Onega. There, on the wharf, a peasant asked him whither he was bound: he replied that he was a pilgrim on his way from Solovetsk to the shrines of Novgorod and Kiow. The peasant said he was going to St. Petersburg, and would give him a passage for his service if he would take an oar. The bargain was struck, and that night they started on their voyage to the capital of Poland's arch-enemy, the headquarters of politics, the source

whence his own arrest had emanated. He had no design; he was going at hazard. The voyage was long: they followed the Lake of Onega, the Lake of Ladoga and the river Neva. Sometimes poor people got a lift in the boat:

was a washerwoman at St. Petersburg. Piotrowski showed her some small kindnesses, which won her fervent gratitude. As they landed in the great capital, which seemed the very focus of his dangers, and he stood on the



CROSSING THE FRONTIER.

toward the end of the voyage they took aboard a number of women-servants returning to their situations in town from a visit to their country homes. Among them was an elderly woman going to see her daughter, who

wharf wholly at a loss what should be his next step, the poor woman came up with her daughter and offered to show him cheap lodgings. He followed them, carrying his protectress's trunk. The lodgings were cheap and miserable, and the woman of the house demanded his passport. He handed it to her with a thrill of anxiety, and carelessly announced his intention of reporting himself at the police-office according to rule. She glanced at the paper, which she could not read, and saw the official stamp: she was satisfied, and began to dissuade him from going to the police. It then appeared that the law required her to accompany him as her lodger; that a great deal of her time would be lost in the delays and formalities of the office, which, being a working-woman,

she could ill afford; and as he was merely passing through the city and had his passport, there could be no harm in staying away. The next day, while wandering about the streets seeking a mode of escape,

the pilot of a steam packet to Rica asked him if he would like to sail with them the next day, and named a very moderate fare. His heart leapt up, but the next instant the man asked to see his passport: he took it out trembling, but the sailor, without scrutiny, cried, 'Good! Be off with you, and come back to-morrow morning at seven o'clock. The next morning at seven he was on board, and the boat was under way.

From Riga he had to make his way on foot across Courland and Lithuania to the Prussian frontier. He now made a change in his disguise, and gave himself out as a dealer in hogs' bristles. In Lithuania he found himself once more on his beloved native soil, and the longing to speak his own language, to make himself known to a fellow-countryman, was almost irresistible; but he sternly quelled such a yearning. As he neared the frontier he had the utmost difficulty in ascertaining where and how it was guarded, and what he should have to encounter in passing. At length he learned enough for his purpose; there were no guards on the Prussian side. Reaching a rampart of the fortifications, he waited until the moment when the two sentinels on duty were back to back on their beats, and jumped down into the first of the three ditches which protected the boundary. Clambering and jumping, he reached the edge of the third; shots were fired in several directions; he had been seen. He slid into the third ditch, scrambled up the opposite side, sprang down once more, rushed on until out of sight of the soldiers, and fell panting in a little wood. There he lay for hours without stirring, as he knew the Russian guards sometimes violated the boundary in pursuit of fugitives. But there was no pursuit, and he at last took heart. Then he began a final transformation. He had lately bought a razor, a pocket-mirror and some soap, and with these, by the aid of a slight rain which was falling, he succeeded with much diffi-

culty in shaving himself and changing his clothes to a costume he had provided expressly for Prussia. When night had closed he set forth once more, lighter of heart than for many long years, though well aware that by international agreement he was not yet out of danger. He pushed on toward the grand duchy of Posen, where he hoped to find assistance from his fellow-countrymen, who, being under Prussian rule, would not be compromised by aiding him. He passed through Memel and Tilsit, and reached Königsberg without let or hindrance—over two hundred miles on Prussian soil in addition to all the rest. There he found a steamboat to sail the next day in the direction which he wished to follow. He had slept only in the open fields, and meant to do so on this night and re-enter the town betimes in the morning. Meanwhile he sat down on a heap of stones in the street, and, overcome by fatigue, fell into a profound sleep. He was awakened by the patrol; his first confused words excited suspicion, and he was arrested and carried to the station-house. After all his perils, his escapes, his adventures, his disguises, to be taken by a Prussian watchman! The next morning he was examined by the police: he declared himself a French artisan on his way home from Russia, but as having lost his passport. The story imposed upon nobody, and he perceived that he was supposed to be a malefactor of some dangerous sort: his real case was not suspected. A month's incarceration followed, and then a new interrogation, in which he was informed that all his statements had been found to be false, and that he was an object of the gravest suspicion. He demanded a private interview with one of the higher functionaries, and a M. Fleury, a naturalized Frenchman in some way connected with the police-courts. To them he told his whole story. After the first moment's stupefaction the Prussian cried, 'But, unhappy man, we must

send you back: the treaty compels it. My God! my God! why did you come here?'—'There is no help for us,' said M. Fleury, 'but in Heaven's name write to Count Eulenberg, on whom all depends; he is a man whom everybody loves. What a misfortune!'

He was taken back to prison. He wrote; he received a kind but vague reply; delays followed, and investigations into the truth of his story; his anguish of mind was reaching a climax in which he felt that his dagger would be his best friend after all. A citizen of the place, a M. Kamke, a total stranger, offered to go bail for him: his story had got abroad and excited the deepest sympathy. The bail was not effected without difficulty: ultimately, he was declared free, however, but the chief of police intimated that he had better remain in Konisberg for

the present. Anxious to show his gratitude to his benefactors, fearful, too, of being suspected, he tarried for a week, which he passed in the family of the generous M. Kamke. At the end of that time he was again summoned to the police-court, where two officials whom he already knew, told him sadly that the order to send him back to Russia had come from Berlin: they could but give him time to escape at his own risk, and pray God for his safety. He went back to his friend M. Kamke: a plan was organized at once, and by the morrow he was on the way to Dantzic. Well provided with money and letters by the good souls at Königsberg, he crossed Germany safely, and on the 22nd of September, 1846, found himself safe in Paris.

THREE SONNETS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY J. L. STEWART.

I.

'THE glad New Year!' Sweet friend, why call it so?
 Why are men glad to-day? Canst give the reason
 For merrymaking at this dreary season?
 Why do the faces of the people show
 No trace of recent tears, no touch of woe?
 Why do the wretches, thinly clad, who freeze on
 The doorsteps, seeking bread, esteem it treason
 To wear their misery in their faces? I know
 Not why,—unless the year was fraught with sorrow,
 And grieving hearts rejoice that it is dead,
 Hope whispering that a happier year is born;—
 Unless its fleeting days with bliss were wed,
 And radiant fancy, brighter than the morn,
 Sees naught but joy to come with the to-morrow.

II.

‘The glad New Year!’ The laughter of the bells,
 In every sacred spire, proclaims it glad;
 There is no sign that any heart is sad;
 After the silent prayer the preacher tells
 The heavenly hope that in his bosom wells,
 The hope of good without alloy of bad;
 The bright aurora dances, as with joy mad;
 The moon’s clear light the old year’s ghost dispels.—
 What shriek is that which agitates the air?
 Why do the mountains tremble as with fear?
 What mean these groans of deep and dark despair?
 What are these shadowy phantoms, hovering near?—
 ’Tis hunger shrieks and shivers; breaking hearts
 That groan; our wraiths that wait our spiritual parts!

III.

‘The glad New Year!’ Rejoice on bended knee!
 Cathedrals, lift your gilded crosses high—
 Salvation’s emblem gleaming in the sky!
 O’er blazoned saint, o’er symbolled mystery
 That crowns the altar, let all men see
 The angels’ song, proclaiming Christ is nigh!—
 Let “*Peace on Earth, Good will toward Men,*” the eye
 Enrapture! All hail the perfect world to be!
 And yet, with thousands starving at the gate
 Of groaning granaries,—with murderous men
 Killing each other in God’s name, and then
 According Him the victory,—with hate
 O’ermastering love,—with churches torn by pride,—
 Rejoicing seems but satire sanctified.

THE CONFEDERATION OF CANADA WITH BRITAIN IN
 RELATION TO THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.

BY JAMES WHITMAN, P. A.

IN whatever light the question of Imperial Confederation may be viewed, there is one thing certain and admitted both by the supporters and opponents of such a measure, viz., that no one ventures to say that the present relations of Canada to the mother country will be perpetual; ‘certainly,’ as Mr. Goldwin Smith says, ‘not the advocates of Imperial Confederation, who warn us that, unless England, by a total change of system, draws her

colonies nearer to her, they will soon drift further away.'

It is in view of this fact, and the fact, too, that the great preponderating opinion of both the mother country and the colonies is now so strongly in favour of a closer union, and consequently averse to separation, that it would be unstatesmanlike and unwise to defer any longer the settlement of this question.

England's Colonial Empire presents a combination of pressing questions as to the existence of present relations, or the change, if any, that necessity seems now to force upon them, which are as yet unsatisfactorily answered. With the exception of the Roman Empire, at the period of its greatest power, no kingdom of the world has ever been in a similar condition; and even that similarity is more apparent than real. The great consuls and pro-consuls of Rome are only reproduced to a certain extent in the British Imperial Government of India. About one hundred years ago Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General, established British supremacy in India with a mere handful of British troops and Sepoys. To-day over 200,000,000 of the native races acknowledge allegiance to British rule, which is maintained by an army of 66,000 British, and 120,000 native soldiers, charged, not only with the regulations of the internal relations of this vast Empire, but also with the guardianship of several thousand miles of frontier against warlike and aggressive hordes. And so successfully has the rule of this Anglo-Indian army been established that, in times of threatened danger, such as England has recently passed through, thousands of these Indian troops were moved, at their own ardent solicitation, to the scene of the threatened war, and hundreds of thousands more stood ready to volunteer in aid of England whenever their services were required. It is asserted by the very best authorities that, had England en-

tered upon a protracted war with Russia, she could have drawn a million of fighting volunteers from India, and possibly an additional million if required. No wonder then that all Europe was startled by this, to them, military apparition which the magic wand of Beaconsfield transferred so suddenly from every quarter and clime of India to the Mediterranean and Malta. The acquisition and retention of these possessions in India have been the cause of the most important wars in which England has been engaged for the century past, and the same cause has recently marshalled her hosts to confront the threatened aggressions of Russia, though ostensibly on Turkey, in reality on British Indian interests.

As the next important colony of the Empire, after India, Canada must naturally endeavour to forecast her relations in such an eventuality as a general European war in which the mother country should become one of the principals. That England would rely, to some extent, for aid upon Canada, as well as upon the other colonies, is as natural as evident. The navy of Great Britain—her principal offensive and defensive power—would be expected to protect Canadian and other Colonial, as well as Imperial commerce; and for such protection the Imperial Government would have a right to ask some recompense, and call upon the colonies to say how far they desire to bear a hand in their own defence, and will be ready to assist in maintaining Imperial posts of vantage in an adequate state of preparation for resistance. Thus will the question of the relations of Colonial and Imperial responsibilities in war, and indeed the whole future relations of the Empire to its component parts, be brought to an issue.

Within the past few years a great change has taken place in the relations of Great Britain to her colonies. 'It is not long since the period,' says Sir Julius Vogel, 'when the removal of Im-

perial troops from New Zealand at the most critical time of the struggle with the Maories—a struggle brought about by Downing street misrule—was followed by strong feelings in favour of the separation of that colony from England; while, in spite of the offer from at least one colony to pay the expense of their retention, the recall of the troops from Australia, and the forcing upon Victoria an irritating change in the flag, produced similar results, and for a time the exertions in favour of the disintegration of the Empire seemed about to be successful. A like feeling from the same causes existed at one time in Canada; but among the most galling of all influences has been that of the tone adopted by the Colonial Office, and that portion of the English press as represented by *The Times* towards Colonial Governments and Colonial Statesmen. In London, the Premier of a great colony like Canada, seemed personally and officially of less account than the diplomatic representative of the untutored savages of Hayti or San Domingo. This seems now to be all changed, and, as remarked, the crisis of a change in the entire colonial relations to the mother country seems to have arrived. It becomes us then as Canadians to meet the question and discuss it fully upon its merits.

It is argued that the enormous wealth of England would successfully carry her through any great European war however protracted. In the great struggle of England which commenced in 1792 and ended with Waterloo, some sixty years ago, the relative proportion of her national debt to that of her national wealth was something alarmingly close. Now, that debt has been reduced to about £640,000,000, while her national wealth has risen to £7,680,000,000, or in the proportion of 640 to 7,680; and, in the event of a life and death struggle, we see how much England could increase her present debt before it obtained the proportion in which it stood to her na-

tional wealth in 1815. But outside of patriotic sentiment, which, in this practical age, can never be altogether depended on, it may be asked why should Canada, who has no special cause or interest in a war between England and Russia or other European Powers, be called upon to bear her proportionate expenses either for aggression or defence? The satisfactory answer to this question must, in case of compliance, form the basis for the changed Imperial and colonial relations which will of necessity ensue. What those relations *may be*, I do not presume to foretell. It may be, in his article on the 'Political Destiny of Canada,' published in the *Fortnightly Review* last year, that Mr. Goldwin Smith is right, when alluding to the annexation of Canada to the United States, in concluding that:

'To Canada the economical advantages of continental union will be immense; to the United States its general advantages will be not less so. To England it will be no menace, but the reverse; it will be the introduction into the Councils of the United States—on all questions, commercial as well as diplomatic—of an element friendly to England, the influence of which will be worth far more to her than the faint and invidious chance of building up Canada as a rival to the United States. In case of war her greatest danger will be removed. She will lose neither wealth nor strength; probably she will gain a good deal of both.'

But we believe that the public sentiment in Canada is, as yet, largely unfavourable to Mr. Smith's conclusions, and that in the event of war, as in the crisis which has just passed over, Canada would respond, in so far as she was able, to England's request for aid in money or in men. Of the latter Canada would undoubtedly furnish her quota. I have it from the best authority that, during the recent apprehension of war between England and Russia, ten thousand of the Can-

adian militia volunteered their services. The resources of Canada in this particular are now looked upon in England with a most favourable eye. Report places our active militia at some 35,000 to 40,000 men, and our fighting reserves at some 400,000 to 500,000 more—a force by no means to be despised, more especially considering the material of which it is composed, even in Imperial considerations. But the expenses of placing any reasonable number of Canadian forces in the field—say of 10,000 men—this, and the manner of doing so, would bring the question of our relations to England into reconsideration, and necessitate their reconstruction upon some more defined and permanent basis.

In a war with Russia—which many persons, even since the recent treaty of Berlin, consider as merely postponed—England would be obliged to draw, to a far larger extent than she already does, upon Canada and the United States for her supply of food; but if she were unhappily engaged in war with the United States and Russia, her supply of food from Canada, under present circumstances, would be entirely inadequate. At the same time there is land enough in the Dominion to grow sufficient food for the supply of all England's wants—I refer to the vast regions of the great fertile north-west country. But while the subject of the Canada Pacific Railway has been before the Dominion and the world for the past seven or eight years, there is not yet a single mile of it available for traffic, although many millions of dollars have been spent upon it. Even in so far as affording a proper food supply for England, a railway to our boundless western grain fields is an *Imperial necessity*, and the immediate construction of this road should be made the basis of all negotiations with England for aid in war, or in any alteration of our present relations towards her. *But further, if England wishes permanently*

to secure her possessions in the Pacific, a railway through Canadian territory to Vancouver's Island is still more an Imperial necessity. Russia has already advanced and formed a large naval station on the Western Pacific coast at Vladivostock, which has been rendered nearly impregnable by fortification, where she has a sea-going squadron built expressly for speed, each vessel being armed with heavy Gatling guns and torpedoes. These ships would prove so many *Alabamas* to British commerce in the east and upon the shores of British Columbia, from which Vladivostock is but fifteen days' steaming distance. Besides the squadron at Vladivostock, the Russians have a fleet of nine ships of war and eighteen transports on the Amoor River, in addition to her Pacific squadron. Sir Garnet Wolseley, who is far from being an alarmist, states that nearly all the English coaling stations in that quarter are at the mercy of the first hostile ironclad which reaches them. Thus British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, which, with a railway to the Pacific, could be made the base of supplies for the whole of the British Pacific possessions, is now a source of anxiety and weakness to the squadron for the protection of British interests in that ocean. Mr. Jas. Anthony Froude, the historian, in a recent lecture on 'Colonies,' stated that 'he considered, of all the problems which English statesmen had before them, the one of real practical importance was the problem of how the colonies should be attached to England, which was no longer a European but an Asiatic and an ocean power; and to this development they should especially apply themselves.' In this view would not the present time be the most opportune for pressing the immediate construction of our railway to the Pacific upon the attention of the British Government as an Imperial necessity, at least equal in importance to her equivocal possession in the Suez Canal,

for which England paid some £4,000,000.

With the advent of the Conservatives to power in England, aided by the exertions of various eminent writers, and the practical efforts of numerous societies, among which the Royal Colonial Institute of London stands in the van, the policy of disintegration seems to have been changed for that of a consolidation of the Empire; as witness the confederation of the British American Provinces into the Dominion of Canada, the confederation of the colonies of South Africa, now being carried out, the proposed confederation of the Australian colonies, and the crowning point of all—the creation of India into an Empire.

This consolidation of the British Colonial Empire has long been one of Lord Beaconsfield's favourite projects. While as Mr. Disraeli, in an address delivered to the Conservative Association at the Crystal Palace, on the 24th of June, 1872, he stated that he considered self-government was granted to the colonies as a means to an end, adding—

‘I cannot conceive how our distant colonies can have their affairs administered except by self-government. But self-government, when it was conceded, ought, in my opinion, to have been conceded as a part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff, by securities to the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the Sovereign as their trustee, and by a military code, which should have precisely defined the means and responsibilities by which the colonies should have been defended and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the colonies themselves. It ought further to have been accompanied by the institution of some representative council in the metropolis, which would have brought the colonies into constant and contin-

uous relations with the home Government.’

Should the present warlike crisis be safely and peacefully surmounted by Lord Beaconsfield, it is generally thought that he will strive to crown his pre-eminently successful political career by turning his wonderful energies to the adoption and development of a scheme for the consolidation of the whole of Britain's colonial possessions into an united Empire. That it is a subject in which he feels the deepest interest, and to which he attaches the utmost importance, is evident through all the speeches in which he has had occasion to allude to colonial affairs, but in none more so than in the following quotation from his utterances at a banquet given to Her Majesty's Ministers, by the Lord Mayor of London. There he stated, ‘that we should develop and consolidate our colonial Empire; that we should assimilate not only their interests but their sympathies to the mother country, and that we believe they would prove ultimately not a source of weakness and embarrassment, but of strength and splendour to the Empire.’

The significance of the appointment of a son-in-law of the Queen as Governor-General of Canada, with all the attributes and insignia of royalty which accompany his advent, point to the Dominion as the colony on which this great experiment will first be tried, and which will prove a test question with the Canadians as to whether Monarchical or Republican principles are to prevail.

If in case of war with Russia, the United States should, unhappily, be also added to England's open enemies, the absolute necessity for the Canada Pacific Railway, not only for the preservation of Canada to the English crown, but also for the subsistence of the British nation itself in the way of a sufficient food supply, would become sadly apparent. And if, though, how-

ever, improbable it may seem at present, these two routes should come together before the construction of this great back-bone of the Dominion, then Britain will rue the policy which had prevented her from offering to Canada the aid she requires for constructing those links which would not only indissolubly connect Canada to the Empire, but also render that Empire able to defy the world.

The cause of the undisguised sympathy of the United States for Russia in all cases where war, and questions of war, have occurred between that power and Great Britain, has been a source of inexplicable mystery to intelligent Englishmen. It may be found, I think, in the commercial interests of the American Union acting on the principle that England's difficulty is their opportunity. For, if Russia and England could be kept at perpetual war, the United States can then supply England with bread, and Russia with arms and munitions of war.

The following statements from the *New York Tribune*, of November 12th (1878), may throw some little light upon this subject :

'England's dependence upon foreign fields for bread supplies is a source of increasing anxiety on that "tight little island." For several years the limit of 100,000,000 bushels has been passed, and last year the deficit was greater than ever before; but the present year (in the nine months already past) has seen an advance upon the record of 1877. Already thus early the equivalent of 86,000,000 bushels has been received. It is a matter of pride that this country is still able to retain the lead in furnishing the needed supply, and even attain unprecedented prominence, not only equalling the united contributions of all other countries, but sending 60½ per cent. of all the wheat imported, and about 58 per cent. of the wheat and flour together, for the first nine months of the present year. Leaving out the details of minor

contributions, the supplies to October 1st are as follows :

| WHEAT. | | | |
|----------------------|------------|------------|------------|
| | 1876. | 1877. | 1878. |
| Russia, cwts. | 5,730,883 | 8,191,358 | 6,253,579 |
| Germany, cwts. | 1,913,741 | 3,655,535 | 3,728,408 |
| United States, cwts. | 16,083,142 | 13,329,683 | 22,562,818 |
| Total importations. | 34,926,064 | 36,687,573 | 37,284,121 |

| FLOUR. | | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| | 1876. | 1877. | 1878. |
| United States, cwts. | 1,821,933 | 1,118,380 | 2,656,290 |
| Total importations, cwts. | 4,314,424 | 5,094,011 | 5,760,102 |

'British India, which sent in nine months of last year, 4,226,527 cwts., has contributed only 1,497,410 this year; and Australia spares only half as much as in 1876, though four times as much as in 1877. Our neighbours of the Dominion are forwarding less than in 1876. The figures are :

| | 1876. | 1877. | 1878. |
|-------------------|-----------|---------|-----------|
| Wheat, cwts. | 1,787,523 | 679,286 | 1,570,638 |
| Flour, cwts. | 163,711 | 32,675 | 149,359 |

'The receipts of maize in Great Britain for similar periods of the past three years are respectively 31,677,857 cwts., 23,676,794 cwts., and 34,603,433 cwts., showing great activity in the corn trade, which is mainly with this country.

'There has been a marked change in the American sources of wheat supply this year. So far, the receipts from the Pacific coast have been scarcely more than half as large as in 1877, while the Atlantic coast advanced its shipments from 4,773,593 to 18,437,966 cwts. The small figures of last year were due to the scarcity in the spring-wheat region—the section from which exports are mainly drawn—and not from a general failure of the Atlantic States' crop, which was in several districts unusually abundant.

'The average price of the wheat of the Pacific coast has been about 10 per cent. higher than that of the Atlantic coast, except for the poorer quality of last year, which averaged nearly 5 per cent. higher. The average for both sections was lowest in 1876, and for present year is midway between 1876

and 1877. The average price for the present season is \$2.88 per cwt. (112 pounds) for Atlantic, and \$3.18 for Pacific wheat. British wheat has declined from 52 shillings per quarter (8 bushels) in May to 40 in October (5 shillings since September 1st), the recent fall being due to the poor quality of the new crop, a deterioration caused by rain in August. American red Winter brings 42 to 43 shillings; Michigan, 43 to 44 shillings, and California, 44 to 45 shillings.

Though we may be all familiar with the vast and fertile extent of our north-western empire, yet in England it is but comparatively unknown, and the Government of the Dominion should lose no opportunity of bringing the greatness of our common heritage to the full knowledge of the British nation. Even Canadians have feeble perceptions of this late *terra incognita* which a few years ago was generally supposed to be a sterile and inhospitable region—the perpetual abode of ice and snow—but now known to be one of the most extensively fertile regions of the continent.

Beginning with the valley of the Red River, which takes its rise in the neighbouring State of Minnesota, there are three vast steppes or prairies, the one rising above the other until they reach their western limits at the base of the Rocky Mountains. There are, in what is called the Red River Valley, alone, about 12,000,000 acres of land, of which it is safe to say that more than nine-tenths are among the very best wheat lands in America—capable ordinarily of producing from 25 to 30 bushels per acre for many years in succession without materially subtracting from the exhaustless stores of fertility which have been treasured up for centuries in the soil. If all were put under plough and sown to wheat, the Red River Valley is capable of producing at 20 bushels per acre from 200,000,000 to 240,000,000 bushels of wheat—equal to more than

half of the entire wheat products of the United States for the last year. But crossing the boundary at the 49th parallel, and following the isothermal line up in a northwesterly direction through the valleys of the Assiniboine and Little and Big Saskatchewan Rivers, the more fertile the soil and milder the climate becomes. Here we have opened up a vast fertile region of over 300,000 square miles, capable of supporting a population of 50,000,000 or 60,000,000 of people, and of producing more than double the quantity of wheat now raised in the whole of the United States. In some parts of the soil the rich black loam extends to a depth of even twelve feet, and seventy bushels of wheat have been produced from one bushel sown.

The Province of Manitoba is but a small part of this immense region, but its rapid growth within the few years of its existence rivals anything hitherto known in the way of progress on the American continent. The city of Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, and situated at the confluence of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, contained but some 300 inhabitants in 1870, and those mostly half-breeds or employes of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Garry, now a portion of the city. At present Winnipeg has a population of some 12,000 people, and a trade out of all proportion to that number, since it is the headquarters for supplies not only for the Province of Manitoba but for the whole North-western territory stretching to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and far up north into the valleys of the great rivers with which that region abounds. From 5,000,000 pounds of goods transported, chiefly up the Red River by steamer, into the Province in 1870, the importations are now close on to 100,000,000 pounds, which with the railway facilities now about being completed between St. Paul and Winnipeg, must increase in still greater proportion.

Imagination would almost fail to conceive the great future of the North-west when the Canadian Pacific Railway will have opened up the whole of this immense region, and its future millions of hardy, industrious population will have added a new Anglo-Saxon nation to the world's defenders of liberty and right!

After the glowing accounts which have been spoken and written of this great region of the North-west by crators like Lord Dufferin,* and writers of world-wide fame, it would be impertinent in me to endeavour to add to what they have said of its tremendous resources; but perhaps after a three months' sojourn, during the past summer (1878), in Manitoba, I may be pardoned for giving my humble testimony to their fuller revelations of this wonderful world.

The question of Colonial Confederation, or even of Canadian Confederation with the Empire is one with which, in detail, I do not pretend to deal. That there are difficulties connected with such a consummation no one can deny; but that they are insuperable I do not believe. In the confederation of the *dijecta membra* of the British North American Colonies, we have already accomplished a greater difficulty; and towards the larger confederation of Canada with Britain it is only now the first step that is wanting. That I believe to be the enunciation of a joint official declaration, by the Imperial and Canadian Governments, that Canada is an inseparable portion of the British Empire. Such a procedure would allay the nightmare which now broods over colonial existence, and *at once* attract British enterprise, population and capital in an unprecedented and unthought of extent to the Dominion. It is this dread of Canada's becoming some day an independent, if not a hostile nation, in

tariffs at least, which, at present, prevents English capital and Englishmen from flowing more freely into our country. Declare her an integral portion of Great Britain, that feeling ends, and the locked up capital of England, thus assured of being as secure in Canada as in London, would be absorbed to a large extent into our Pacific Railway, and the development of our vast North-western country. The great fact of Canada's being, with her pronounced approval and consent, declared an integral portion of the Empire to be maintained at all hazards, the British nation, which is now dependent for more than one-half of its food supply upon foreign countries, would then feel that it possessed its own feeding ground within itself, and the immediate means for its development and secure protection would be speedily forthcoming. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.* Rome was not built in a day, and in Lord Beaconsfield's sketch, referred to, we have a programme which would form the skeleton of a plan for the long-talked of confederation of the whole British colonies with the Empire.

After the annunciation of Canada as an integral portion of Britain would come, as surely as the dawn follows the darkness, the construction of our railway to the Pacific. Indeed the carrying into effect of this great work would necessarily be made the basis of the contract of confederation. It is urged that the Canada Pacific Railway will not pay. But for years though, it may never declare a dividend, and even cost something to keep up, that it will not pay two countries like Britain and Canada to be thus united, is an argument fitted only for the stock exchange or the usurer. For what has England spent her hundreds of millions during the past century in Europe? In wars to uphold her trade, her freedom, her existence. Has not this paid? But in the peaceful triumphs of this closer union of Canada to the realm, even at the cost of the

* See Lord Dufferin's great speech at Winnipeg, in Mr. Stewart's valuable and interesting volume, 'Canada under the Administration of the Earl of Dufferin,' pp. 540-52.

few millions necessary for the construction of a railway to the Pacific, the coming century would witness the profitable results of a disbursement, as represented in the general prosperity and secured stability of the Empire, such as have never before accrued from any previous outlay. And as the years pass over the existence of this completed enterprise, when the trade

of China and Japan, if not of Australia and the Orient, shall freight the labouring highway with its innumerable commodities, they will develop a tangible return in profit growing vastly commensurate with those incalculable profits which shall have already attended the political and moral results of the Canada Pacific Railway.

MY PRINCESS.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

I.

MY Princess walks in humble guise,
 While rides the Queen in queenly state ;
 I catch a glance from her violet eyes
 And feel that I, though poor, am great ;
 Am great, for my Princess loves me well !
 What, without love, were lands or gold ?
 Quick are her rose-leaf lips to tell
 The story that is, as the world is, old ;
 The story of love that lives forever !
 Ah, my Princess, the days go by
 And Death stalks in ! but never, never
 Can Death part lovers like you and I !
 Never, my Princess, for where I sleep
 I know you will kiss the grass and weep.

II.

I know you will kiss the grass and weep,
 And say, as he died, for his sake I would die !—
 And when, at last, you fall asleep,
 No matter how far from me, you will be nigh !
 I shall feel that out of the dust I can reach
 My arms to my darling, however far
 She may be from me, and her tender speech,
 From my grave, its gates can never bar.
 Are the dead sightless and deaf ? I wis
 That sightless and deaf I shall never be !
 Will the time come when your tender kiss
 And bird-like voice will be nought to me ?
 I think not, my Princess, e'en when I grow,
 In the grave, like Adam of long ago.

UNDER ONE ROOF :

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. WALCOT VENTURES A SUGGESTION.

SO unexpected was the presence of the Rev. John Dyneley that for the moment Gresham forgot the strangeness of his guise, and even the obligation which he owed to him in common with the rest of the gallant crew of the *Swiftsure*; the thought that was monopolising his mind was, 'Does he guess the relation between Elise and myself?'

He had said he could scarce believe his eyes when he saw Gresham, and, knowing what he knew as respected Evelyn, it would have been even more difficult, if he had overheard his talk in the life-boat, to believe his ears.

There had been something in the curate's tone which had struck him he addressed as smacking of reproof as well as astonishment, but that might have been but the sting of conscience. Whether he knew all, or not, however, any lingering idea Gresham might have entertained of ignoring under his uncle's roof all previous acquaintance with Elise, even if he could have persuaded her to join in such deception, was now become out of the question. There was nothing left for him but to assume a bold front.

'This is Miss Elise Hurt, Dyneley; the young lady Lady Arden was expecting from Germany, and who, I am thankful to say, will reach her journey's end after all; thanks to you and the rest.—Miss Hurt, I demand an amount of confidence in me that almost reaches to credulity, when I

ask you to believe that this gentleman in a dustman's hat and a cork jacket is a British divine.'

Elise held out her little hand with a quick flush. 'How brave you are, sir! how good you have been to us,' said she simply. 'I shall think more highly than ever of God's ministers since you are one of them.'

'I am glad to have been of use,' said the Curate, blushing too; for he could not bear anybody's praise. 'But as for my own share in last night's work, I had no choice in the matter; for the crew could not be made up without me.'

'Ah,' exclaimed the Commodore; 'that's what looks well in a man. One always likes a fellow who sits down at euchre merely to oblige. I've noticed they're generally good players, those. And *you* pull a good oar, sir—there was no better in the boat, except the stroke's. Let me shake your hand, sir.'

The Curate, of course, shook hands; but it was evident the Yankee puzzled him.

'This is Commodore Pearce of the United States,' explained Gresham; 'without whose sagacity and assistance neither the young lady nor myself would, I honestly believe, be alive at this moment. I hope I shall persuade him to pass a few days at Halcombe, where I am sure that he will find a hearty welcome.'

'Thank you, Mr. Gresham, but my time is limited. So soon as I have got my clothes dry, and have had a snatch of sleep at this *hotel*, I'm off for London.'

This was a relief to Gresham, though he was ashamed of himself at finding it to be so. However successful he might be in imposing silence concerning recent events upon Elise, it would have been quite impossible, he felt, to keep Mr. Pearce's mouth shut, who, unaware of the shortness of the two young people's acquaintance with one another, had taken it for granted, from the first, that they were an engaged couple.

'You will allow me, at all events, Mr. Pearce, to be your banker,' said Gresham. 'I am well known here.'

'Thank you, sir,' interrupted the Commodore; 'but I have given nothing to the fishes, except my kit—and that won't clothe the Leviathan. My money is safe in my breast pocket; and I've got tobacco for a week's consumption, though it's a trifle damp.'

They had now reached the 'Golden Lion,' the hostess of which had been already informed of the arrival of her involuntary guests, and had partly attired herself to welcome them. It was arranged that Miss Hurt should be left in her charge till a carriage could be sent for her from the Hall; and after some refreshment for the inner man, and dry clothes for the outer, lent him by the landlord, Gresham took his leave of the Commodore with many expressions of goodwill on either side.

'If I'm in England, siree, mind I come down to your wedding,' were the Commodore's last words, which, delivered as they were in Dyneley's presence, turned Gresham scarlet. Then the two young men stepped into a dog-cart,—for the gale was still strong enough to have turned any closed vehicle that the 'Golden Lion' could offer them topsy-turvey,—and set out for Halcombe.

It was a satisfaction to Gresham that the presence of the hostler close behind them precluded any conversation of a private nature; but as a matter of fact the Curate was the last man to have asked his companion for any explanations. He had certainly ob-

served the familiarity that existed between Gresham and Elise; and had even caught some fragments of their conversation in the lifeboat. But his nature was too unsuspecting to jump to the right conclusion from such scanty premises. The Commodore's parting words had rather dissipated, than confirmed, any suspicions he might have entertained; for he took it for granted that they alluded to Gresham's marriage with Evelyn. Had he guessed the truth, it might be imagined that he would have gladly welcomed such evidence of his rival's lack of love for Evelyn; but so loyal was his nature, that he would on the contrary have found it a cause of quarrel with Gresham for his traitorous conduct. Even as it was, Gresham's behaviour had excited his displeasure, though his sense of justice compelled him to make allowances for his young friend, placed as he had been in such an exceptional position with respect to his fair companion. Perhaps there was nothing that made John Dyneley so ill-understood as this gift of charity, as rare with the common-place Pious, wrapped up in the salvation of their own souls, as with the children of this world. Moreover, John Dyneley was a gentleman, and he did not feel justified in hauling a fellow-creature over the coals without adequate warrant.

From all which it arose that there was little conversation between the two occupants of the front seat of the dog-cart; and what there was confined itself to details of the wreck and the rescue.

Unwilling to disturb the tenants of the Hall from their slumbers after their long night of watching, the Curate invited Gresham to breakfast with him at his lodgings at the Manor Farm. Here they aroused the young farmer, Gilbert Holm himself, from his first sleep, for he had remained with some of the men at the Point till they had not only seen the lifeboat carry off the tenants of the *Rhineland*, but beheld the remains of that unfor-

tunate vessel go to pieces, which happened in about an hour after the rescue. He described the distress and agitation of the young ladies as having been very great, but they had restrained their tears, he said, until the safety of all on board had been assured, and when, as it seemed to him 'there was no sort of occasion for 'em.'

'Ah, Gilbert, you don't know the nature of women,' said Gresham, jestingly.

'Perhaps not, sir,' answered the farmer drily; 'but I know the nature of one of them as I'm talking about enough to be sartin' sure that she would amost ha' cried her pretty eyes out, had she been aware as a certain person was on board that craft last night; and I dare say Mr. Dyneley here could give a name to her.'

'Well, of course, they would all have been greatly more distressed,' said the Curate, evasively, 'had they been aware that Mr. George was among the wrecked.'

It was only common civility in Dyneley to ask his nominal host (for Holm was only Sir Robert's tenant) to breakfast with them considering that he had been disturbed by his visitors at so untimely an hour, so the three men partook of their meal together.

There was little talk, however, among them, for the young farmer's allusion to the supposed engagement between Evelyn and Gresham had annoyed the latter. He thought it familiar and impertinent, though perhaps he would not have done so had he not been thrown, during the last three days, into the companionship of Miss Elise Hurt.

'There's to be a new arrival at the Hall to-day, sir, as I understand,' observed Holm, addressing the Curate. Gresham felt growing red and white by turns; he felt sure that this insolent clodhopper—with whom, however, he had heretofore been on the familiar terms that are usual between men in their relative positions in a place like

Halcombe—was about to speak to Elise herself.

'Indeed?' said the Curate. 'Who may that be?'

'Well, the young ladies are going to have a new maid. John is going to take the gig over to Archester this afternoon to meet her.'

Gresham uttered a little sigh of relief; it was plain that this man had not heard of the expected arrival of the governess.

'I hope John will have less wind against him than I had last night,' said the Curate, 'or he will need some ballast on his voyage out.'

'Ah, to be sure, you must ha' been much blown about,' observed the farmer. 'Perhaps a little drop of the right stuff would do you no harm this morning.' And he produced from his cupboard—the fire had been lit for them in the kitchen, as being at that early hour most convenient—a bottle of brandy.

'No, thank you,' said Dyneley; 'I never touch such a thing in the morning.'

'Nor I,' said Gresham, curtly.

'Well then, gentlemen, I'll just drink to the health of both of you.' And he helped himself to a full glass.

Though still very early, it was agreed that Gresham should now go to the Hall to relieve the fears of its tenants as to Miss Hurt's safety, and the Curate accompanied him as far as the garden gate.

'There was one person, Dyneley, I did not ask you about when we were in the dog-cart together, because of the ears so close behind us. Ferdinand Walcot is here, of course, and as much master as ever?'

'Yes; even more so, I think, than when you left us.'

'I call it a downright infatuation in my uncle,' exclaimed the other, with irritation.

'Well, I confess I don't share Sir Robert's predilection for his brother-in-law,' answered the Curate, smiling; 'but I suppose we are what your

uncle calls antipathetic—in plain English, I don't like Mr. Walcot, and he don't like me.'

'Of course not. I had hoped that you might have opened my uncle's eyes; you are the only man who could do so without the suspicion of having any interest in the matter.'

'Nay, I have nothing to say against the man. It is only a question with me of "I donot likethee, Doctor Fell!" and I cannot suppose that Sir Robert would espouse my prejudices. When I did once venture to say that I thought Walcot took too much upon himself in the way of parish affairs, your uncle was obviously annoyed. He said that I little knew Ferdinand Walcot; everybody who did so must revere him. "As for myself," he added, "there is a sacred tie between us which nothing but death will sever"'

'A sacred fiddlestick,' observed Gresham, contemptuously. Then, after a pause, 'Who is that yonder, going over the hill?'

'It is Gilbert Holm. He is bound for the shore, I reckon, to see if there is any flotsam or jetsam from the wreck. He had much better trust to his farm for his profits, than to such waifs and strays.'

'Ay, he's another of Walcot's *protégés*, is he not?'

'I don't know about that,' said the Curate, 'but he has great influence over him, as he has over every one else, and I wish he would use it to persuade him to give up taking brandy of a morning. I shall see you again in an hour or two, no doubt, Gresham. Good morning.'

The tone of the Curate was cordial, much more so, had Gresham been aware of his feelings towards Evelyn than his companion had any right to expect; for what is more calculated to raise the spleen than to suspect the object of our affections to be held but lightly in those of our successful rival? Even as it was, Gresham acknowledged to himself what a worthy, modest, and high-souled fellow Dyneley was,

and how incapable of a baseness. This last reflection was, perhaps, suggested by a prick of conscience, for Gresham did not in his heart approve of that policy of silence—not to say deception—which he had chalked out for himself in the future as respected Elise. He was by nature, as his uncle had called him, frank. The story Mr. Walcot had narrated respecting his behaviour at the Homburg gaming-table had been, to say the least of it, distorted to his disadvantage; he was too impulsive for duplicity, though a certain weakness of character might, as in the present case, suggest concealment.

Nor must it be supposed that George Gresham had, in his advances to Elise, acted disloyally towards Evelyn. Not only had he not broken troth—for troth had never been plighted between them, but he had done her no tacit wrong; there was no mutual understanding between them whatever, such as lovers use, and though they had been drifting towards Matrimony, it was without aid of sail or oar, and merely from the wind and tide of circumstances. They were both aware that marriage was expected of them by others, and they had not actively opposed themselves to the pressure from without, but that was all. Gresham was not aware that Evelyn had ever stated 'I am not engaged,' but he knew that she did not acknowledge an engagement. Nor had she once given him, during all the years they had known one another, such looks or words as Elise had bestowed upon him within the last few hours. He felt less self-reproach, in fact, as respected her than as respected others—such as his uncle and her mother, but with these he was undoubtedly about to play, if not falsely, a false part.

The adults of the Hall party were already downstairs, despite the earliness of the hour, eager to hear the news from Mirton, and their astonishment was great indeed at finding it was Gresham who had brought it.

'What, you here?' 'George!'

'Good Heavens!' and 'This is unexpected, indeed'—the last and least enthusiastic greeting being Mr. Ferdinand Walcot's.

The ladies kissed him, of course. Lady Arden with a stately affection, befitting a-mother-in-law *in posse*; as well as a step-nephew *in esse*; Milly with lively effusion; and Evelyn, not as some young ladies kiss 'tall Irish cousins whom they love in a sisterly way,' but with a certain gentle decorum for which he could have hugged her—it so convinced him that she didn't care twopence about him.

'And is the poor girl safe?' were her first words.

'Quite safe; I left her in Mrs. Marvell's hands at the Red Lion.'

'You left her? Why how did you know who she was?' inquired Lady Arden.

'I—oh—well,' stammered Gresham, 'we became acquainted on the voyage, you know; it was not like an ordinary passage, you must remember.'

'Indeed it was not,' sighed Evelyn. 'Shall I ever forget last night, and that wave-swept wreck with the poor creatures clinging to it!'

'Yes,' cried Milly, 'and yet we did not know that you were there, George. Fancy what our feelings would have been had we been aware of that!'

'You are very good,' said Gresham, with a bow.

'It is too horrible to jest about, George,' exclaimed Sir Robert, reprovingly. 'I saw two poor souls swept into the sea with my own eyes.'

'Yes, indeed, sir, there were more than that. There were many drowned, and but three women saved in all.' Then he proceeded to tell them certain details with which we are more or less acquainted, to which they listened with eager horror.

'But how came you to come by the *Rhineland* at all, George?' inquired Lady Arden; 'they tell me it was a cattle ship.'

'Yes, why on earth did you do that?' said Sir Robert.

'No doubt from motives of economy,' observed Mr. Walcot, with a dry smile.

'Well, no, it was not exactly that, I must confess,' said Gresham, conscious of a flaming cheek; 'but being in Rotterdam when the vessel was about to start, a sudden impulse took me. It was not right, because I had promised to meet Mayne in Paris, but no one can say that my perjury went unpunished. I nearly lost my life—I *did* lose every rag belonging to me. I am indebted to Mr. Marvell for the very things I stand up in. They are not fashionable, I know, nor a good fit, but it was something to get into dry clothes of any kind after such a soaking.'

'Then poor Miss Hurt must have lost everything too,' observed Evelyn.

'Very true, Evy,' exclaimed the Baronet. 'You ladies must make contributions from your wardrobes.'

'Is she my size, or Evelyn's, or mamma's?' inquired Milly roguishly.

'Well, really,' stammered Gresham

'He is blushing!' cried Milly, clapping her hands.

'I don't see that there could be any harm in your remarking whether she was short or tall,' observed Lady Arden stiffly.

'Certainly not,' continued Milly; 'and since she *was* so communicative, it seems, she may have told him what sized gloves she uses, and from that data we could judge everything.'

'Be quiet, Milly,' exclaimed her mother reprovingly. 'Let George speak for himself.'

'Well, I *think* this young lady is about Milly's size,' replied Gresham, with an air of reflection; 'rather shorter, if anything. I told her, by the bye, that you would send some conveyance for her.'

'Quite right,' said Lady Arden; 'the carriage shall go at once. And Jennings shall go in it with a change of clothes for her.'

'That is just like your thoughtful-

ness, Lady Arden,' observed Mr. Walcot; 'but if I might venture a suggestion, don't you think that, under the circumstances, if Miss Evelyn herself would not mind the trouble—'

'The very thing I was thinking myself,' interrupted Sir Robert. 'The poor girl would take it so kindly.'

'Oh, indeed!' exclaimed Gresham hastily; 'there is no occasion for that. I am sure she would be quite distressed at such a thing.'

'Still, if Miss Evelyn doesn't mind the trouble,' repeated Walcot.

'There is no trouble in the matter,' observed that young lady quietly; 'and indeed, without wishing to rob Mr. Walcot of the credit due to his forethought, I had made up my mind to go for Miss Hurt, before he spoke.'

If anything could have been a solace to Gresham under such circumstances—for the plan about to be carried into effect was, as may be well imagined, to the last degree distasteful to him—it was the curtness of tone in which Evelyn addressed those words to Mr. Ferdinand Walcot. She was the only inhabitant of the Hall who was able to 'snub' Sir Robert's brother-in-law, or who had the courage to attempt it. His being thus 'set down' was, however, but scanty satisfaction to Gresham as compared with his apprehensions of the dangerous results of Walcot's officiousness. If he had only had the courage to tell Elise of the *quasi*-engagement existing between himself and Evelyn, it would have put her on her guard; but—now—what damaging admissions might she not make during that *tête-à-tête*—what questions might not Evelyn put to her in all good faith, and without the least idea that they were 'leading' ones! Moreover, the suggestion of Evelyn's going to meet the girl was greatly more distasteful to him from its having proceeded from Walcot. Did the man already suspect something? It was more than possible, for his attitude towards him, in Gresham's view, was always one of suspicion; he was cer-

tain in his own mind that Ferdinand Walcot was a tale-bearer and an eaves-dropper; and that the knowledge thus basely acquired had been already used to his prejudice with his uncle. Suppose that this cur, who was also a sleuth-hound, had already smelt out that there was something—something wrong, as he would be sure to term it—between Elise and him?

CHAPTER X.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

WE have described the owner of Halcombe Hall, and also him who was practically the master of it; but we have given them precedence only on the time-hallowed principle of 'Seniores priores.' There was one other individual under that roof, quite as masterful by nature as Mr. Walcot himself, and who was looked up to by the whole family with a reverence accorded to neither of his two rivals. This personage was Babla Nicoll (aged 4), commonly called, half in irony, half in tribute to his social position, the Great Babla. The origin of this name, save that it was begotten of Love and Euphony, was lost, at the time we make acquaintance with him, in the mist of antiquity. It was certainly not given him by his godfather and godmother, who had in fact named him 'Gerald.' Perhaps he was termed Babla after the Great Mogul called Bablo; and the 'o' had become 'a' by one of those etymological processes so familiar to commentators; but if so he was a far greater potentate than his prototype. His dominions, indeed, were limited, being bounded on the north, on the south, on the east, and on the west, by the walls of his home, but within that region he was despotic. Nay, like the Czar of Russia, he might be said to be an object of worship. A prophet, we are told, is held in small account

in his own country, but the Great Babla, who was oracular upon matters present only (and even on those never distinct), was held at home in a reverence not paid to prophets anywhere, even after the fulfilment of their vaticinations. Even abroad he was thought highly of; ladies and even ancient gentlemen were wont to stop him in London streets, or at the seaside, when he went forth in his perambulator, to do him homage; they did not, as in the case of the Holy Pontiff, kiss his toe, for, indeed, that member was not easily approachable, being encased first in a shoe and stocking of extreme diminutiveness, and finally in a gaiter of Shetland wool, but they kissed what they could, and invoked the blessings of Providence upon his sacred person. He was wont neither to approve nor disapprove of these manifestations of public approval; but would 'stare right on with calm eternal eyes,' on some distant object of nature—especially if a dog or a donkey presented itself on the horizon. A philosophic calm was his usual characteristic; but there were chords in his nature, which being struck he was immediately roused to enthusiasm. The sight of Punch's show had quite a galvanic effect upon him; a soldier—such was his peculiarity, that although he had probably never so much as heard of the Amazons, he called him 'a soldier-man'—aroused in him an ardour which it is inadequate to describe as martial; while a monkey on an organ caused him such agitation of mind, as (although evidently pleasurable) gave nervous admirers some apprehension for his precious life.

That he considered himself by very far the most important personage on this terrestrial planet is certain (and no wonder), and we are also inclined to believe that (in spite of appearances) he also deemed himself the first even in chronological order. It was his imperial humour to conceive himself the sole repository of information, and he imparted it in infinitesimal

quantities, to the whole world at large, and with the air of a teacher. When a horse passed him, he would observe to his attendants, 'Gee-gee,' with a wave of his small hand, as though to impress it upon their attention. 'I have named that quadruped, you observe' (he seemed to say), 'and mind you don't forget it.' He was equally at home with Science as with Nature, and, on once meeting with a steam-roller in London, remarked, 'Puff, puff,' in a precisely similar manner. Although he did not speak, as other sovereigns do, in the first person plural, he was far from using the ordinary style. He would say, 'Babla will have this and that,' and if it was to be attained by any means within the reach of his loving subjects Babla got it. Like the Persian monarch who flogged the seas and razed the hills, Babla was indignant with Nature herself if his inclinations were thwarted. He was once found, to the great alarm of His Majesty's household, upon a chair, upon which, finding it near the window, he had climbed, unassisted, in order to reach what he called 'That wound yed ball,' which was the sun—it being an exceptionally foggy day for Halcombe. Upon being informed that this feat was impossible, on account of the height at which that luminary is placed above us, he expressed a passionate discontent with that arrangement, and, I am sorry to add, even with its Author, the Great Architect of the Universe. His views of the Creator, indeed, though tempered with a certain tender awe which was extremely touching, were what High Church divines would consider familiar. Having been told that God lives above us, he for some time regarded the attics with mystic reverence, and approached them when carried up thither with caution. He once remarked that the Supreme Being did not live alone 'up yonder,' but 'along with the joke.'

'Good gracious,' cried his mother, seriously shocked—though his innocent

tone and broken accents did in fact rob all remarks that dropped from his baby mouth of their irreverence, 'what can the child mean?'

Upon cross-examination of the nurse, it appeared that she had once observed in Babla's hearing that 'she could not see the joke,' and since he had been told that 'we cannot see God,' he had combined his information, and, quite unwittingly, thus associated the Sublime with the Ridiculous.

An infant of such simplicity, and with such original views, would have been popular even among philosophers; it may be imagined, therefore, with what reverence he was regarded by his mother and sisters. We have said, by the way, that Evelyn was the only person at Halcombe Hall who at times opposed herself to Mr. Ferdinand Walcot; let us hasten to repair that error; the Great Babla detested him, and was accustomed to tell him so in broken language, but still sufficiently distinct, 'Oo are a nasty, back ugly man, and I won't kiss you,' a veto that had almost the force of an Excommunication. Mr. Walcot would smile in the tenderest manner at him, and assure him that he could not mean what he said, but the other would answer, 'Babla means it very much,' and intrench himself against his caresses behind the nearest chair.

Then poor Mr. Walcot, adopting the plan he had seen others use to mitigate his elfin wrath, would pretend to cry, and say, 'Oh, see how I am hurt by your unkindness,' to which his duodecimo enemy would reply, 'Babla sees, but doesn't care.' Then Mr. Walcot would try another tack, and, imitating the child's cross looks and pouting lips, would mimic contemptuously, 'What does Mr. Walcot look like now?'

'He ook like a fool,' would be the crushing rejoinder.

Upon the whole, however unwilling to impute duplicity to a man of such force of character, we doubt whether Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was quite so

fond of the Great Babla as he pretended to be.

But all the rest of the household loved him, and none better than his brother Frank. 'The boy that loves a baby' has always good in him, and generally some rare kind of good. Frank was ingenuous and affectionate, but very sensitive, and though 'sharp enough,' as every one allowed, his imaginative powers were greatly in excess of his intelligence; he was passionate and—though his passion lasted but for a minute, and his gentleness filled up the huge interval—this fact was dwelt upon by his detractors. Of these, however, he had not many; and, if it had not been for the greater claims on their devotion, advanced and somewhat insisted upon by the Great Babla, his family would have adored him. There had been as yet but one shadow upon his bright, young life. The incident which had produced it was curious, and even absurd, but the effect had been somewhat serious. Late in the preceding autumn Master Frank had ridden over on his pony to pay a visit to a young friend at his mother's house—a few miles from Archester. He had stopped later than was prudent, and Lady Arden had been greatly alarmed when darkness fell, and the child—for he was then but eight—did not present himself. His pony was a quiet one, and he had ridden it daily for some months; still there was, of course, the danger of his having been thrown. Moreover, though he knew his way over the moor quite well, he did not know it as the curate did, blindfold; and the night was dark. He did turn up about nine o'clock, but in a very strange condition; his mind seemed to have become unhinged, he talked so strangely at first they thought that his friend might have been so imprudent as to have given the lad a glass of cherry brandy before he set out. And yet his behaviour was not that of one intoxicated. The doctor, who was sent for, pronounced that he had received

some shock to his system. He might have been pitched off his pony, on his head, he thought, and then got on again unconsciously.

His story, told in a boyish disconnected way, but one which never wavered as to the facts, was this: He had started after dusk, but had no difficulty in keeping to the sand road, nor felt any apprehension in his own mind as to reaching home. He did not like the darkness that was falling about him—he never did like being in the dark—but on this occasion he protested that he had not felt afraid. Suddenly, as he reached the spot where the road branched to Mirton, he came upon this spectacle: a giant moving slowly through the mist, upon six legs. Of course the pony was frightened, and started off at such speed that he was wholly unable to restrain him, but he was not one half so frightened as his rider. At the mere narration of what he had seen, indeed, the blood fled from the boy's delicate cheek, and his voice shook with horror.

'I saw it,' he asserted solemnly, 'as plainly as I see you, mamma; the creature was as tall as one tall man pick-a-back on another, and had six legs; the two in the middle thinner than the two outside.'

To this legend he had clung with such tenacity that no argument could shake his conviction; and he had become in some sort a martyr to his faith. If there was one thing Sir Robert was slow to forgive, it was a falsehood; and there could, unhappily, be no doubt that the giant with six legs could not have truth for its foundation. There was, indeed, an apparent absence of motive for such a monstrous fiction, but this had been supplied by a mind fertile in imputing motives.

'I do not take the severe view of Frank's peccadilloes that you do, Arden,' Mr. Walcot had said, when privately consulted on the matter by his brother-in-law; 'but, on the other

hand, I see a quite sufficient reason for his having invented the story. The lad knew that he had transgressed his mother's commands by remaining with his young friend so late; and his object was to substitute sympathy for reproof. He felt, if he could persuade us he had been desperately frightened, that that would be considered punishment enough; and having a strong imagination, and a mind stored with histories of Jack the Giant Killer, and similar worthies, he evoked a giant out of his own consciousness. He has been too long in the nursery, and ought to be sent to school.'

'He is so delicate, and gets on so well with his lessons at home, I am told,' answered Sir Robert, dubiously.

'I know Lady Arden is opposed to his leaving home and "roughing it" in any way,' observed Mr. Walcot, quietly; 'but as you were saying, a habit of falsehood must be eradicated at any sacrifice.'

'Did I say that? I had no idea of having done so; but I was certainly thinking something of the kind. How unconsciously thought weds itself with speech! How strange is our mental mechanism!'

'I am afraid Frank's story was not put together in that unconscious manner,' said Walcot, smiling.

'No, indeed; I fear not. Yes, I will certainly speak to my wife about sending him to school. Your opinion, Ferdinand, will, I am sure, have its due weight with her.'

'Pardon me, Arden; but I had rather you left me and my opinion out of this question. It is a purely domestic one; you, of course, have every right to propose—nay, to dictate—the course I have ventured to suggest. But your wife would naturally resent any interference in such matters on my part.'

If it had not been for an opposition on Lady Arden's part much more strenuous than she was used to exhibit, Frank would have gone to school after

his meeting with that giant; but as it was, he still remained at home.

One of the future duties of Miss Elise Hurt would be to teach him German. In the meantime, he learnt readily enough whatever his sisters could impart to him; but the effect of such tender teaching and environments was somewhat to increase a certain constitutional effeminacy. When Sir Robert once spoke with admiration of Frank's devotion to his little brother, Mr. Ferdinand Walcot observed that it was, indeed, a pleasant spectacle to see them together; 'one would think,' he said, 'they were almost of the same age; but, for all that, it was doubtful whether it was advantageous for a lad of nine to be so very childish in his pursuits.'

These words of wisdom were a little hard on the elder lad; for the share he took in his brother's pleasures was solely in order to increase them. The Great Babla (like other princes of a larger growth) was never so happy as when marshalling his army of tin soldiers in the tented field, with Frank by his side, as *aide-de-camp*, to pick up the fallen, and set them on their pins again. After Frank had done his lessons, he always placed himself at his brother's service for an hour before he went out to take his own amusements. He had done so on the morning when Evelyn had gone to Mirton to fetch Miss Hurt, and had promised the Great Babla to come in betimes to help fire the battery (of peas) against the invading army (twenty-three top-heavy men in green), and finish the campaign with a pitiless slaughter. A plan which, unhappily for both parties, was not destined to be carried out.

Frank's first thought, on getting free from his military duties, was to go down to the Point to see whether any of the wreck had come ashore; and, in order to enhance this pleasure, he had called on his way at the gardener's cottage to pick up Jem Groad, the only playmate of his own age that

Halcombe could supply. Jem and he were singularly antipathetic; the former being a stout, unimaginative lad, of a sullen disposition, which he probably inherited from his father. Mr. John Groad was an excellent gardener, and he knew it. Upon the rare occasions when he was reproached by his mistress for not having fruit or flower in such perfection as they were produced elsewhere, he entrenched himself behind the lines of incredulity.

'But Mr. Merrick, as well as his gardener,' she would say, 'have both assured me, John, that such-and-such is the case; the flower *does* grow in that soil, or the fruit *has* attained to these dimensions.'

'I tell you what it is, my lady,' John Groad would reply, leaning on his spade; 'they lies.' The assertion was unanswerable; but it was not courteous. Nor was courtesy his *forte* at any time. He was one of those dogged, ungracious persons whom human nature (which has more charity for such character; than for more agreeable ones) concludes to be 'honest as the day' since, if not that, it is clear that they ought to be hung. And Jem Groad was John in miniature.

The cottage was scrupulously clean; but, though its inmate was understood by envious neighbours to have money laid up in the bank, it had no trace of ornament. It had not even a flower in it, a circumstance, however, which might have arisen from Mr. Groad's having too much to do with flowers professionally to care to look on them in his leisure hours. A large black parrot, however—the terror of the village children, and darkly whispered by their seniors to be the Fiend incarnate and in feathers—swung from the ceiling in a wicker cage. Mr. Groad had purchased it of a shipwrecked mariner at Archester for two-and-sixpence, and had taught it his own language.

'We are all for ourselves here,' was its hoarse welcome to Frank as he opened the cottage door. 'All for

ourselves ; all for ourselves ; yes, yes.'

It had made the same observation too many times before to attract that young gentleman's attention.

'Now, Jem,' cried he, gleefully, 'give up your tato'-paring and come down to the wreck.'

As a matter of fact, no proposition could have been more agreeable to the youth addressed, but, like some full-grown people of my acquaintance, it was his humour never to appear grateful for any suggestion.

'What's the good o' wrecking to me,' he said ; 'if I was your uncle and lord o' the manor, then I should like 'em well enough ; "all findings keeping" with him, for that's the law.'

'Well, whatever you find this morning you shall keep, Jem, that I promise you,' said Frank, assuringly.

'There'll be no corpses, that's for certain,' responded the other, doggedly. 'Father says as the lifeboat took away whatever was worth taking.'

'What on earth would you do with a corpse if you found it?' inquired Frank, with a look of disgust, not unaccompanied, however, by a certain morbid curiosity.

'Well, I'd empty his pockets, that is what I'd do with a corpse ; but I tell 'ee there'll be no such luck.'

'Let's hope for the best,' said Frank, secretly much resigned to this stroke of misfortune, but eager to conciliate his morose companion, 'come along.'

Jem Groat came along accordingly, though still in an aggrieved and sulky mood. Stronger and more inured to toil than his aristocratic companion, he made much better running up the steep hill. 'You needn't cut away from a fellow,' gasped poor Frank.

'You got neither legs nor wind, you ain't,' replied the other, contemptuously.

'I can run as fast as you and faster,' answered Frank, with irritation, 'but I'm tired this morning with sitting up all night at the Mill.'

'Tired with sittin' up ! Bah, if you

had stood on the quay for six hours and more, as I did, you might talk of tired.'

They had now reached the churchyard, close to which a stream, which fed the mill, ran rapidly down to the sea. About half-way down a dam had been formed, over which was a narrow foot-bridge, always an attraction to the boys from its obvious danger.

'Now I will race you to the mill-dam,' cried Frank, who was swift of foot.

'Bah, any fool can run,' rejoined Master Groat, whose *forte* was less speed than endurance.

Nevertheless, off they started like greyhounds from the leash. Frank first reached the goal, but in a very distressed condition ; he held on to the rail of the foot-bridge and breathed in gasps. His rival arrived three seconds afterwards, but with quite a superfluity of breath in him, which he at once applied to purposes of disparagement.

'Yes, you can run ; of course, you can run. It is well for you, since you can't fight.'

This was very hard, because the other could not answer him except by pants. He *looked*, however, pugnacious enough.

'Ah, you may grin' (he had not *meant* to grin at all), 'but you're a molly-coddle. I don't wonder that they call you Nell'—he would have said Nelly, but Frank's fingers throttled him at the first syllable. He had flown at him like a young cat-a-mountain. The next moment the two boys were sprawling on the slippery bridge, in a struggle in which the rules of battle, as laid down in 'Fistian,' were grievously neglected. On one side there was no rail at all, but very deep water, which rushing under the bridge fell through a grating into the mill pool below. Thus whoever was once sucked in, no matter how great his swimming powers, must needs perish, since there was no egress. The combatants recked nothing of this, till one of them—Jem Groat—slipped over ; his legs went

instantly away from him, under the bridge which his hands still clutched in desperation.

Frank, on his part, frenzied with fear, seized him by the hair, and roused the echoes with screams for help. Had he loosed his hold for an instant, or if Jem's hair should show a sign of what the barbers call 'weakness at the roots,' the latter would have at once discovered whether the black parrot had been libelled or not by public report. He would have been bound for Tartarus to a certainty.

On the hill top, some quarter of a mile away, two men had been conversing for some time: one evidently a student, or man of thought, the other an agriculturist.

'The hay was bad,' the former had been saying; 'and that was not the worst of it. It was half a load short of the quantity.'

'There must have been some mistake, sir,' replied the other deferentially, and very pale.

'The law calls such mistakes by the name of fraud. You cheated Sir Robert about the cows you sold for him at Archester.'

'I charged him a few shillings for the commission, sir; that was all.'

'You lie, Gilbert Holm. You put ten pounds of his into your own pocket.'

'Oh, pray, Mr. Walcot, have mercy upon me for this once.'

'I have not made up my mind as to that,' was the cool rejoinder.

'I will be your slave for life if you will not expose me—'

At this moment a piercing cry for help came up to them from below.

'Good God! Mr. Walcot, there is some one drowning. It is little Frank.'

He would have rushed off in aid at once, impelled, it is just to say, by natural instinct, though upon its heels came the selfish reflection, 'Here is an opportunity for laying Sir Robert under a life-long obligation, and covering all my peccadilloes against him.'

Perhaps the same thought occurred

to his companion, for a hand was laid upon his wrist, and a voice more potent than the grasp restrained him.

'It is not Frank, you fool. It is the gardener's boy.'

'But, sir, he is drowning!' ejaculated the other with dismay that fell little short of horror.

'True; you had better save him. Go.' As the speaker's hand released him, Gilbert Holm bounded towards the bridge.

The ground was in his favour, and he ran like a deer, but he was only just in time. Two seconds more of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot's converse, always momentous as it was, would on this occasion have weighed down a human life.

Breathless and dripping Jem was hauled out of the hungry current, and deposited upon the grassy bank; his face was almost as cadaverous as one of those human flotsam and jetsam which he had lately evinced such a desire to come across.

'Oh, Jem, dear Jem,' cried Frank, kneeling by his side, and weeping bitterly, 'do tell me you are not dead.'

'If I'm not, it's no thanks to you;' growled the object thus addressed.

'He tried to drown me, Mr. Holm.'

'Oh what a wicked story,' exclaimed Frank.

'We'll see what the policeman says about that,' murmured Jem. His eyes were still closed, but he dimly saw his way to pecuniary compensation for having been worsted in his late encounter.

'Come, come, young Groat,' said Holm, 'it was a fair tussle between you, only you must needs take a slippery plank to try your strength upon.'

'You were not near enough, John, to be sure of that,' put in a grave voice. 'Let us be careful not to side unjustly with the rich against the poor.'

'That's just it, Mr. Walcot,' groaned the dripping one. 'It's because I'm only a gardener's son, that he thought nothing of drowning me; oh, please to fetch a policeman.'

'But I *didn't* try to drown him,' exclaimed Frank, appealingly; 'upon my word and honour I didn't. It was terrible to see him fall into the dam, and I held on to him all I could.'

'He cort hold of me by the hair,' muttered Jem, complainingly. 'He tried to pull it out by the roots. Oh, where is the policeman?'

'It is a sad case altogether,' observed Mr. Walcot. 'It is for your father, Groad, to take what steps he pleases; you may tell him that much from me.'

'Oh, Mr. Walcot,' cried Frank, despairingly, 'do you then believe it possible that I tried to drown him?'

'My dear Frank, I cannot look into your conscience. But I know you often give way to uncontrollable fits of passion, such as lead men and boys to manslaughter, if not to murder.'

'Yes, Mr. Walcot, it was murder,' exclaimed Jem, with eagerness. 'Let him give me a sufforin at once, or else I'll send him to the gallows.'

'It is much too serious a case for

compromise,' sighed Mr. Walcot. 'The law does not permit it. Go home, Groad, and send your father to me. As for you, Frank, you had better not return till your usual time, lest suspicion should be aroused at once against you. Go away into some solitary place and think over your hasty temper and the fearful consequence to which it has led.'

'Oh, Mr. Walcot, I am so sorry,' sobbed the terrified Frank, 'I will never be angry again, and I will do everything you bid me, always, if you will only protect me this time.'

'I will do what I can, Frank, if I see your promised amendment bearing fruit. In the meanwhile you had better say nothing of this to anybody, and I dare say Mr. Holm will be good enough to do the like.'

'I am in your hands entirely, Mr. Walcot,' answered Holm, humbly, as they walked away together, while a smothered sigh betrayed his sense of the literal truth of his reply.

(To be continued.)

A PEACOCK.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

BY what sweet craft, in subtly-altering way,
 Has your exuberant plumage caught from day,
 From night, from meadow verdure, from all flowers,
 That sumptuous iridescence whose rare spell
 Your shape with such warm sheeny luxury dowers,
 Where ever-mellowing colours meet and play?
 The magic of your beauty alone should dwell
 In lovely illusive realms of fairy-lore!
 At languorous leisure you should pace before
 Some huge-domed palace, whose long marble walls,
 Rich in pale sculpturings, hide from outward eyes
 A sorceress-queen, with ermined velvets clad;
 While up in one lone tower a princess calls,
 With silvery voice unutterably sad,
 Her twelve swan-brothers journeying through far skies!

WEALTH AND ITS USES.

BY REV. W. R. G. MELLEN.

WHAT is Wealth? Manifestly there is no absolute standard of it. What to one age and people is ample wealth, to another period and race is sheer poverty. A few flocks and herds, to primitive tribes—Tartar, Syrian, Gothic—roaming over vast oriental plains, seemed almost boundless riches; while to Roman capitalists of Cæsar's time, and still more to English and American ones of to-day, how contemptible! So what to one person of any age or nation is an almost exhaustless fortune is to another no more than a bare competence, and to a third but a wretched pittance. To the Indian, a rude wigwam, a few buffalo skins, a plenty of buffalo meat, with rifle, ammunition, and a few cheap trinkets, are wealth. To the Chinese coolie a shilling a day is opulence. Fifty years ago, an American or Canadian citizen in possession of an unencumbered estate of ten thousand dollars was thought quite well off; and one in possession of ten times that amount was deemed a rich man; while the here and there one who had accumulated a million was a financial prodigy. Now ten thousand dollars are deemed a mere bagatelle, hardly sufficient to justify the average young man in assuming the responsibilities of matrimony; and ten times that amount is only a moderate sum to put into business, justifying no profusion; while whoso cannot count his millions, and possibly by the score, is hardly to be ranked as a rich man. Wealth, accordingly, is a thing of degrees, depending upon the state of society, the circle in which one moves, the style

one is required to maintain, and the tastes and habits one has formed. That our fathers and mothers, with an income of from three hundred to a thousand dollars *per annum* were not as rich, did not train up their children as well, achieve as noble characters, and get as worthy uses of life, as we who spend from five to fifty times as much, would require some boldness to affirm, and a great deal of astuteness to verify. Do we not know indeed, that there are those who are richer on a thousand dollars a year, who both get and do more substantial good, build up sweeter and stronger characters, extract richer and more rational enjoyment from existence than numerous others who, on dress, and equipage, plate and pictures, table, and opera and foreign tours, find it not a little difficult to spend their income? Not that all these are not exceedingly pleasant and desirable if one, after discharging more imperious claims, can command them. I am neither cynic sneering at what is beyond reach, nor ascetic believing in a self-denial that does nobody any good. What I affirm is that many persons of quite moderate means contrive to get more real benefit from their little than many others know how to elicit from their superabundance; and that if wealth be what puts us in command of the strong posts, and the most effective aids of life, the former are often far richer than the latter.

It appears then, that wealth depends quite as much on ability to *subordinate* desire as to gratify it. It is not, according to the oft-repeated defini-

tion, 'a little more than one has,' but a little more than one needs. As old Sir Thomas Browne hath it, 'He is rich who hath enough to be charitable; and it is hard to be so poor that a noble mind may not find a way to this piece of goodness.' Hence not he whose lands are broadest, or whose bank account is largest is necessarily wealthiest, but he who out of his lesser or greater abundance can set apart the most for beneficent uses. Often is the man of few thousands very rich; while many a millionaire is very poor. But when the latter, living not penuriously but economically, finds himself able to devote large, and, perhaps, increasing sums to noble charities, generous culture, and pure religion, of all men surely he may be most appropriately termed wealthy, as of all men certainly not many are more enviable.

Thus regarded wealth is seen to have a *legitimate basis in human nature*. For it is not only a primal instinct to provide for one's own and one's dependents' present and future, but the dictate of reason as well, which denounces whosoever fails to make all honest and practicable endeavour to acquire a competence, and thus exempt others from burdens which they ought not to bear. Where this command of both instinct and reason is not recognized and obeyed, and persons willingly consent to be mere drags upon either friends or the community, there can be neither self-respect, nor dignity, nor strength, nor anything else to be honoured. It is also the dictate of both reason and instinct that every one should seek and use all legitimate implements of personal and social power. For men are not here for naught—mere drones or dawdlers; barnacles on the great hulk of being as it sweeps through eternity; but to build up strong and harmonious characters, and help the civilization of the race. Everything that can be made available to this end—wealth, place, culture, moral power, spiritual life—is worthy to be coveted. No

such implement has any one a right to decline; for it every one is bound to strive. It is, therefore, no reproach, it is an honour, and should so be regarded, for any to seek and secure as many of these, and in as large a measure as he can. In so doing, he is in the line of his own nature; is filling reservoirs of power; is preparing to lay humanity under greater obligation, and to win from Heaven a richer benediction.

Possibly it may be thought that, here and now, all this goes without saying. It is often said that the American people, including those on both sides of the great lakes, are so greatly given to the worship of wealth—the sacred trinity of gold, silver and copper—that not only is no stimulus of their fervour required, but a serious moderation of it. I am not blind to the temper and tendencies of the Anglo-Saxons on this continent in this respect. I know well what efforts multitudes make for riches—exploring all realms, coaxing all soils, pursuing all traffics, disembowelling the earth, bringing the antipodes together, and extorting from nature her long-hoarded secrets. I know what sacrifices many make for the same end—ease, comfort, health, society, culture, and, alas! what is of infinitely more consequence than these, purity, integrity, self-respect, and whatever else is manly and noble. I know, too, what common-places the pulpit and the religious press are almost constantly uttering on the subject; how the poets denounce the *auri sacra fames*; how the critics sneer at the coarse and ignorant Cræsus looking haughtily out of carriage windows upon men whose shoe latches he is not worthy to loose, and at the equally ignorant Madam Plutus whose sole object in life seems to be the adornment of her mansion and person with more than barbaric splendour. But I know also that those who despise riches do generally belong to one of two classes; first, that which is wholly destitute

of them, but in its heart passionately craving them, and profoundly envious of those more fortunate ; or, secondly, that which has, and always has had, large wealth, and which from affectation of superiority to it professes to despise it—like the Roman Seneca writing fine essays in praise of poverty while in the receipt of a princely income ; or, as says Archbishop Whately, ‘like the Harpies of Virgil seeking to excite disgust at the banquet of which themselves are eager to partake.’ And I know, moreover, that should men generally heed these pulpiteers and penny-a-liners, these sentimentalist and cynics, and cease all efforts for further accumulation, these very persons would quickly be ten times more earnest to revive the desire for wealth, lest civilization wane and humanity perish.

Not useless, therefore, is it to be said even here and now, that the passion for riches is just as legitimate, and just as much entitled to gratification as any other ; for men desire not only to feel, but to have others recognize, that the course they are pursuing, if rightly followed, is a normal and innocent one. Not useless is it to be said by the pulpit and the press, if they would keep themselves on the side of nature and fact, and thus retain and augment their influence. Desirous now to keep in line with the eternal law, and enforce the thing that is, I say to every one that may read these lines, get wealth if you can. You have no right to neglect it, or be indifferent to it ; certainly no right, unless absolutely compelled by physical or mental incapacity, to be a burden to others. By consenting to be, you wrong yourself quite as much as them. Willing pauperism, whether genteel and refined, or vulgar and squalid, is degradation. Neither have you a right to be poor, if you can help it. If you do not care for luxuries, or manifold personal comforts, you ought to care for the larger opportunities, and finer culture to which some de-

gree of wealth is indispensable. You ought to care for good books, the record of the world’s life, and the depository of the world’s thought ; for beautiful pictures, educating as they are pleasing, and inspiring as they are refining ; for rich music, stirring the soul’s deeps, and lifting its aspirations to the celestial gates ; for a pleasant and tasteful home, wherein may centre the sacredest of earthly affections, and be found the fittest conceivable symbol of the eternal dwelling-place ; for seeing other lands and peoples, broadening your conceptions of the world you live in, and sweetening your charity for the race you belong to ; and finally for the leisure—not idleness, for that *is* not and rarely *has* any leisure, but exemption from engrossing toil for daily bread—to enjoy all these, and a thousand other things that give enrichment and zest to life. Besides, you ought to care—if you have a heart under your waistcoat you do care—to help others ; as the nobly ambitious boy or girl striving for a generous culture and a large usefulness ; as the worthy young man just starting in life, and needing only a helping hand at the crucial moment to make his success a certainty ; as the poor widow, struggling to rear decently her children, and to whom the least encouragement is grateful ; as the long-lingering invalid, whose chamber it is easy to cheer, and whose path to the grave it is easy to smooth ; as well as all the grand and ennobling causes of science, art, reform, philanthropy, religion, and whatever else adorns and dignifies human existence. You ought to care for the social influence which accompanies wealth. And with what power does it, both rightly and wrongly, invest its possessor ! By how countless persons is it looked up to and revered, whether for what it is, or for the benefits they selfishly hope to get from it, or the beneficent ends it can promote ! To it what hats go off, and heads go down, and doors go open, and precedence is accorded ! How poten-

tial its voice, be it to bind or loose ; and not merely in the financial realm, but in the fashionable, political, ecclesiastical as well. For, saying nothing of the crowds that throng Mr. Goldman's parlours, or of the official places that are simply bought, who has not noticed that the theological weight of a few millions of dollars is often very great. What imperfections—ignorance, coarseness, sensuality, vice—does it atone for, on the one hand ! What power to withstand wrong, promote right, alleviate wretchedness, and further the very kingdom of God is it invested with, on the other ! Thinking of these things, one cannot wonder that men so generally covet wealth, or that so large numbers constantly and earnestly seek it. One rather wonders that the passion for it is not more universal and ardent than it is. One sometimes half wonders that the most philanthropic and saintly souls that live, if not the inheritors of wealth, do not first of all things seek it as the shortest cut to the divine ends they contemplate. As an implement of power, every good man—nay, every white-robed angel of Heaven sent on errands of mercy to needy humanity—may lawfully long for it.

Qualifications, however, are to be made. While I say to all, 'Get wealth,' I do not, like the oft-quoted father to his son, say, 'get wealth, honestly if you can, but get it.' Instead, I say, 'get wealth, *if you can get it honestly and without paying too high a price for it.*' If one cannot get wealth honestly, to touch it is to enter into a league with Satan. There is no wealth, be it that of Rothschild or a Vanderbilt, that will compensate for any violation of conscience, or stain upon honour. If, judging by ordinary standards, it sometimes seem otherwise ; if a lax integrity, immoral business, fraudulent transactions on the exchange, speculations from the public purse, sale of professional, or legislative, or official influence to corrupt designs appear to be slightly regarded,

so that they are successful in the acquirement of riches ; let it be remembered that the men and women thus ready to condone meanness and trickery are those whose good opinion every self-respectful person can well afford to do without, and who, the moment misfortune overtakes the trickster or the knave, are the first to give him a thrust downward, if they do not join the hue and cry, and turn State's evidence against him. Let it be remembered also, that if all men always smile, and fortune never frown, there is written—written in the volume of nature, written on the red leaves of the human heart, as well as on the pages of a book which the world has consented to regard as no other—the momentous question, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ?' That is, what is all the wealth of the world compared with purity and nobility of soul ?

Moreover, though one be guilty of no open dishonesties or covert chicaneries ; though he keep his hands clean of unholy gains, and his conscience as free from the purpose of wrong as the driven snow of foulness, still he may easily, as, alas ! so many do, pay too high a price for wealth. For good as wealth is as an implement, it is not, in *this respect*, the greatest good. Ability is better, culture is better, character is vastly, and a loving heart is infinitely, better. For it is not the richest men—not even those who have made the wisest use of their money—that have most deeply moved, and largely helped humanity. It is the scientists and philosophers, the moralists and reformers, the heroes and saints, names belonging to each constellation of which instantly recur to us as stars of the first magnitude in the spiritual firmament. Nothing, in fact, that the noblest men of wealth can bequeath to us is half so good as *themselves*. All the homes built, institutions founded, educational funds created by George Peabody are of vastly less worth to

the race than the example and character of the man himself. Cooper Union in New York, every year qualifying hundreds of young men and women for larger responsibilities and nobler work, is a less mighty and beneficent influence than the venerable man who gave himself at once both poor and rich to rear and equip it. To forego rational enjoyment, to neglect generous culture, to sacrifice manly character for the accumulation of wealth, *even as a means of subsequent usefulness*, is not only to pay too high a price for it—giving a greater good for a lesser—but to disqualify one's self for rightly employing it after it is attained. It is as if the soldier, going into battle, should refuse a rifled, breech-loading, far-ranging musket, which could be discharged ten times a minute, for an old fashioned, smooth-bore, muzzle-loading gun, which could not be fired oftener than once in three minutes, would do comparatively little execution when discharged, and which he was unable adequately to handle at all.

If, however, wealth be regarded for what it is, instead of for its uses, as it seems substantially to be by very many, then how easy is it—how almost impossible not—to pay too high a price for it! For to be hoarded for the sake of gloating over it, or of being able to say one is worth so many thousands or millions, or of being able to have it said, when beyond all human praise or blame, one has left an immense estate, probably for heirs to make no better, perhaps to make a much worse, use of than himself, and possibly to quarrel over, making such an unseemly exhibition of the weaknesses and vices of both the dead and the living, as is now doing in the great commercial metropolis of the continent, how poor and paltry—nay, how inexpressibly pitiful to a noble and generous mind! How pitiable one that can harbour so wretched an ambition! Yet how many are the slaves of just such an ambition? To this end, what toils, self-denials, parsimonies, mean-

nesses! Men parting with their money as though each penny were a drop of heart's blood; and some, counting their millions by the score, like the acquaintance of my friend, feeling if not actually too poor to take a brief vacation in Europe, yet too much enslaved to their possessions to leave them for a few months. That such pay too high a price for their wealth, and would pay too high for it by accepting it as a gift, there is surely no occasion to point out. To extort by any fair means from such a portion of the wealth they hug so fondly, is as much an act of mercy in the humane, and entitled to as sincere gratitude, as the withdrawal by the surgeon of a little water from a dropsical patient, whose skin is full of bursting, is a deed of skilful kindness, and worthy the invalid's hearty thanks.

But to those who, whether by inheritance or their own energies, have acquired wealth honestly, as unquestionably many have, and have paid for it no more than it is worth, as is equally unquestionable many have not, there still remain the very searching and momentous questions emphasized alike by reason, conscience and religion. What, O rich men, are you *doing* with your wealth? In what light are you regarding it? In what relations do you stand to it? To what uses are you devoting it?

Are you its masters, or it yours? Feel you, as the years roll, that the discipline of fortune is telling favourably or unfavourably upon your character? That you love your wealth no more, are as generous in spirit, and as ready practically to aid all worthy causes *in full proportion to your means* as when, ingenuous youths, with high ideals, you started in your career? Or, like a most conscientious and generous man with whom I was lately conversing, have you an unpleasant suspicion, deepening sometimes into painful conviction that, somehow, you are slowly and insensibly succumbing to the dominance of your

possessions, consenting to allow them in the saddle and ride you, instead of asserting your just prerogative to ride and direct them? If not with you, yet with how many is this substantially the case; growing poorer as they grow richer; giving as little as they can, and nothing where they can help it; pinching a dime, ere they surrender it, hard enough to make the eagle or the royal lady stamped upon it writhe; holding on to their money-bags till the scythe of death cuts off their hands, and finally bequeathing little or naught for any worthy purpose, as though content, if only ranked amongst the richest men that have ever lived here, to be counted amongst the poorest souls that have ever gone elsewhere.

The next question pressing upon those who have, or who mean to have, wealth is, what are the limits of accumulation? For that there are such limits, established not by physical nature nor by statutory enactment, nor by public sentiment, but by the unwritten law of God as interpreted by the cultivated and healthy conscience, no one can deny. No man, very evidently, has the right, if he has the ability, to go on piling million upon million beyond all possible needs and all probably wise uses. He has no right to do so, because almost necessarily as the great fortunes augment, the mass of the people become servile in spirit and pauperised in condition; as is so largely the case in England, where there is a greater number of immense estates—there being only about 30,000 landholders—; and a greater per cent. of the population are paupers—every seventh person, a few years since being the subject of public or private charity—than in any other country, with a single exception. He has no right to do so, because the more one has beyond a sufficiency the more onerous the burden of caring for it, and the greater the interest and energy substracted from noble endeavours. He has no

right to do so, because humanity, yet so ignorant, abject, suffering, is pleading in multitudinous, pathetic, and, to the generous heart, resistless voices for comfort, knowledge, and life, the means of which only wealth can supply. Not, of course, that any unvarying limit to the right of accumulation can be fixed. Like an isothermal line swaying back and forth between different parallels of latitude, it varies with different conditions and circumstances. What is ample for persons in some localities, of long-settled frugal habits and tastes and few dependents, would be wholly insufficient for others of more liberal habits, more expensive tastes and more numerous responsibilities. As to how much is enough for one's self, every one, guided by his own judgment and conscience, must decide, just as in regard to every other normal demand of his nature. But this fact no more invalidates the reality of such a limitation than the fact that men live to different ages invalidates the truth that there is a natural period to human life. Not only does all argument on this point cease, however, but the true dignity and manliness of practically heeding such limitation appears in the presence of such a man as Boston Amos Lawrence, who, finding himself in possession of what he deemed a sufficiency, resolved to accumulate no more, giving away every year the entire proceeds of his very lucrative business; or when hearing the story of my acquaintance in a small American city, who retired from active business some years since with a hundred thousand dollars, deeming it ample for his wants, and who, to keep his fortune within that limit, has given away nearly twice that amount, and whose ambition, he says, is to die no richer financially than when he first withdrew from traffic. How wise and noble for all rich men, or those in the way of becoming so, to set before themselves some such limit which no temptation is to persuade them to

pass ! Of those who do not, but go on, year after year, toiling, scheming, pinching, hoarding, what shall be said if not that they are equally the dupes of their own passions and the spoilers of humanity ; and that if, for the abuse of their opportunities and faculties, the race can take no other vengeance, it will, at least, make reprisals on their memory when they are gone.

The only other question I now mention as pressing upon the attention of the rich, relates to the *method* of expenditure. There are who seem utterly destitute of this. They are willing to spend their wealth freely ; but they spend it very much at hap-hazard, seldom to any good purpose, and often to quite harmful ones. They are almost as likely to give to any preposterous charity, or feeble and unnecessary institution, or plausible and insinuating beggar, or to some one already burdened with a plethora of money, as to the most promising, deserving and needy ; and are about as ready to buy whatsoever strikes their crude fancy, or uneducated taste, with scarcely a thought of its real value or utility, as what is most worthy, and would be most helpful. What all such persons—what *all* persons who have any money to spare—need to consider is : What is in the line of their own thought and taste ; what they can best comprehend and get most from. For these things let them spend, recognizing that the same sums spent for things of which they have no appreciation, and which do not really minister to their true life, would be wretched extravagances. *One* gets life out of fine pictures and noble statues ; but what folly for the blind man, or one who could not tell a Turner from a ten dollar daub, or a head of Angelo from the journey-work of an Italian stone-mason, to spend money on objects of art. For one to whom the music of Beethoven or Mendelsohn opens the gate of paradise, it may be economy to spend his last dollar but one for admission to the opera ; while for another,

with no music in his soul, and unable to distinguish two tunes apart, it would be ridiculous to give an equal sum from many thousands for the same purpose. So with books, travel, equipage, houses, and all things else for which men spend their money. In the line of their own career, faculties, tastes, they are not likely to spend extravagantly, however freely.

Yet to get the best uses of their wealth men must spend with *system*. And by system is meant two things : *first*, the selection of specific objects for which to spend, as education, æsthetic culture, charity, religion ; and *secondly*, the annual appropriation of a certain portion of their income to be divided as shall seem wise amongst these various purposes. Doing thus, they will find the amounts they disburse for unselfish purposes indefinitely larger, as well as have the very great satisfaction of knowing that their benefactions have taken the most useful direction they could give them.

In regard to the use of wealth, however, there will be little difficulty for any who appreciate their moral responsibility : that nothing is theirs for selfish gratification but for beneficent ends ; that unto whomsoever much is given, of them shall much be required. Herein lies the difficulty, in men's forgetfulness of their responsibility for the right use of every talent, implement, opportunity granted them, and that for such use the moral government under which we live, will sooner or later call them to account. Hence the many huge estates from which society, in none of its higher interests derives any but the remotest benefits ; men guarding them as the apple of their eye while they live, and endeavouring to tie them up so as to prevent dismemberment when they die, but generally leaving them as bones of contention to litigious heirs and hungry attorneys. So when, thirty years ago, the then richest man in America died, leaving property estimated at twenty millions, less than

half a million of it was devoted to any public or beneficent purpose ; and, as though to keep up the family tradition, when two or three years ago, the eldest son and principal heir of that twenty millions, himself worth probably four or five times that amount, was summoned away, only about an equal sum was devoted to the same object. Thus, too, when a few years since in the capital of the great state of New York died a man of a reputed fortune of ten millions of dollars, he could find only so many paltry thousands for any benevolent purpose. When later, the richest merchant of the continent passed away, leaving almost anywhere from fifty to seventy millions *with not a living kinsman to inherit it*, there were a few petty gifts to personal friends and humane enterprises, and a little vague talk about contemplated undertakings for the welfare of humanity which were left wholly at the option of other persons—and these were all. And when, finally, the great railway monarch of America was compelled to cease watering stock and making corners in the market, and it was found what use he had made of his almost fabulous fortune ; it appeared that less than a million of dollars had been appropriated to any purpose that mankind will care to thank him for ; although what disposition of his wealth he would not have preferred to make rather than be subjected to the humiliating and disgusting exposure now making by greedy litigants, it is surely not easy to say.

Let it not be supposed, however, that reference is made to these men, borne to their graves with so much pomp, and praised in so florid rhetoric by many a pulpit and press, for the sake of disparaging them. They were the centres and springs of much industrial life. They were men of great shrewdness and practical force ; and of certain economic virtues by no means to be despised. Nor has reference to them been forborne because they

are no longer here to answer for themselves. For the old Latin maxim, '*De mortuis nil nisi bonum,*' I long since abandoned all regard. Had I not, and had I referred to them at all, I should have been obliged to speak of *poor Judas, unhappy Borgia, unfortunate Jeffreys, maligned Wilkes Booth*. Speaking of the living or the dead, it seems desirable to speak of them with all candour and truthfulness, painting not only the outline of the faces, but the wrinkles and warts on the faces. In this spirit have the foregoing references been made. They have been made because few truths do now more need enforcement than the responsibility of men of wealth, and because so many are tempted to the same tremendous mistake, not to say fearful sin of which such millionaires are guilty.

Beside all such, now place, not only the two great benefactors of mankind in this line before mentioned—George Peabody and Peter Cooper—but Matthew Vassar, Ezra Cornell, John Hopkins, all of them founders of noble institutions with which their names will be forever identified. Put beside them the name of Willard Carpenter, of Indiana, giving a million of dollars to establish a college *exclusively for poor students*, wherein both food and raiment, as well as culture, shall be afforded them ; or the English Holloway, who, after building a *sanitarium* at an expense of £150,000, is now, under the advice and partial direction of Professor Fawcett, erecting a college for women, at an expense of not less than a million of dollars ; or the still better known Stephen Girard, bequeathing more than two millions of dollars to found the institution which has become one of the chief glories of Philadelphia, as it is one of the most useful in the world ; or put beside them the writer's personal friend, a widow, having no fortune but what herself has made by keeping the best boarding-house in her city, subscribing a thousand dollars to build

a church, which was thought greatly needed, and, to pay it, resolving to remain in business two years longer than she had contemplated. Is any assurance needed as to which of these classes has made the better use of its wealth, little or much?—which has proved itself the richer in all that dignifies and ennobles humanity? When the names of the former, and all like them, shall be sunk in merciful oblivion, those of the latter shall not only shine with constantly increasing brightness in the spiritual firmament, but will evoke benedictions from multitudinous hearts which owe to them no small share, if not all, that has made life beautiful and worthy.

Just now, in the City of Toronto, is an opportunity for some rich man to supply an imperious need, and to secure for himself a fragrant memory as enduring as the city. For how pressing is the need here of a free public library, worthy the rapidly growing metropolis of this great and wealthy Province! Can any intelligent and patriotic Torontonians now confess without a blush that here, where are gathered nearly or quite 70,000 inhabitants, where have been built during the last three or four years a half-a-score of quite expensive churches, and where there is considerable pretension to literary culture, no public library yet exists? True, there is the University College Library; but that can scarcely be said to be open to the public; and if it were, is unfavourably situated for the accommodation of the great mass of the people, and is mainly composed of books of reference rather than for general reading. There is also the Mechanics' Association Library, to which not a few young persons resort for their weekly novel. But he who offers this as any proximately satisfactory answer, or as other than a travesty upon a proper answer to the need of Toronto in this respect, will not be argued with here. He needs to have the first conception of an institution of the kind worthy

of the city in which we live. He needs to see what other cities of equal size and wealth have done in this direction. And looking, not to the Old world which has so long a past at its back, and so large an accumulation of wealth from which to draw, but across the border, and to the new cities of the West, he sees hardly a town of 20,000 or 30,000 people that has not provided far better facilities of this sort for its citizens than Toronto can boast; while in all the more important places, though scarcely older, more populous, or more wealthy than our city, are public libraries of truly noble proportions. In the City of Detroit, for instance, with certainly not more than a quarter more people than Toronto, there is a really substantial and elegant building, containing anywhere from 40,000 to 50,000 well-selected volumes, open to the poorest boy and girl in the town, from which every day are taken hundreds of volumes, and whose spacious reading-room is always largely occupied with more or less industrious seekers after knowledge. And the educational influence, both intellectual and moral, of such an institution, who can estimate? How much might it do here to attract young men from the 400 dram shops that infest the city? How much to quicken frivolous young women to the perception of somewhat better than silks and jewellery, parties and flirtations? How much might it, in time, accomplish for the elevation of the tone, and the refinement of the temper of the whole people, making society not a bore but a pleasure, and conversation at once sprightly, rational, and instructive, and life indefinitely richer? While then, in the present state of the city finances, the corporation can hardly be expected to take the initiative in establishing such an institution, have we not some rich man, or some rich men, amongst us, who cannot hold on to their title-deeds much longer, and who are soon going where not what they *have*, but what they

are, is of value, and whose consciences tell them they owe something to mankind, and whose generous impulses assure that it is their unspeakable privilege to found here a Public Library worthy the name and the city, and that shall be not only a noble monu-

ment of themselves, but shall be a fountain of salutary and saving influence for all the generations to come! Unquestionably there are men of the ability thus to do. Have they the disposition?

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

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

CHAPTER XXXVII.

'Can these things be? or are visions about?'

IT was on Thursday afternoon that Miranda asked Mr. Rondelet to meet her in Desdemona's cell.

He came with a curious sense of agitation. It was hardly possible that she should refuse him; and yet—why had she not accepted him at once? What need to deliberate for four and twenty hours over what might just as well have been decided on the spot? Perhaps, however, it was the way of young ladies, a class with whom Paul Rondelet, in spite of his monastic vows, had but little sympathy.

Had he overheard the conversation which took place between Desdemona and Miranda, he would have been more agitated.

'No,' Miranda was saying. 'You need not be in the least alarmed, Desdemona, I am not going to hold out any hopes. And this, I trust'—she heaved a deep sigh—'will be the last of my courtiers.'

Desdemona lifted her great soft eyes lazily: she was lying, as usual,

in her comfortable *chaise longue*, with a few costume designs in her lap, and laughed noiselessly.

'I should have dismissed him on the spot,' Miranda went on, 'but his condescension and conceit were so amazing that they irritated me. It is an ignoble thing to confess, but I longed to box his ears.'

'My dear Miranda,' said Desdemona, 'I sincerely wish you had. Most young men, and especially young men of Advanced Thought, would be all the better for a box on the ears.'

And just then the candidate for her hand and fortune appeared.

He was elaborately got up: a studied simplicity reigned in his neat and faultless dress, his grey kid gloves, the hat which was not too new and yet not shabby, the plain black silk ribbon which did duty for a tie. Even his smooth cheeks, his tiny moustache, his dark hair parted down the middle with an ambrosial curl, half an inch long over his white brow, spoke of quintessential taste.

'Pray sit down, Mr. Rondelet,' said Desdemona the hostess. 'Take the chair nearest the china. I know it

soothes you to be near blue china. Miranda has asked me to be present, if you do not object.'

'Miss Dalmeny's wishes are commands,' he said, feeling more uneasy. But perhaps she was going to take him at his word and enter upon a betrothal with the calm which marks the truly philosophic spirit. After all she *would* be worthy of him.'

'I have been thinking, Mr. Rondelet,' said Miranda slowly, turning a paper-knife between her fingers, and looking at her suitor with more of a critical eye than he liked to see. It is all very well to be a critic, but no critic likes to be criticised. She was looking, too, calm and self-possessed, as if she was perfectly mistress of the situation. 'I have been thinking over what you said. You assumed, you may remember, as a ground for your request, a superiority over the ordinary run of educated men—over our Monks of Thelema, for instance. But I have reflected, however, that I was asked to take that on your own assurance. Would you mind telling me how you can prove this superiority?'

Proof? Proof of his superiority? Paul Rondelet dropped his eye-glass and drew a long breath of amazement. Then he put it up again, and flushed a rosy red. Did she actually want him to bring testimonials, like a candidate for a place?

'I am Paul Rondelet,' he said proudly—'Paul Rondelet of Lothian. I should have thought that was enough.'

'We live here,' said Miranda, 'so far from Oxford, and are so little connected with the circles where people think, that I am afraid I must ask you for a little more information.' Her voice was steady and her manner calm, but in her eyes there was a light which boded ill for her suitor. 'I have no doubt at all that you are incontestably in the front. Only I should like to know how you got there.'

Paul Rondelet was silent. This

was an awkward turn of things. What reply could he make?

'For instance,' Miranda went on pitilessly, 'have you written works of scholarship?'

'No,' said Paul, very red and uneasy, 'I leave grammar to school-masters.'

'Then there is Art,' she continued. 'The women of your higher levels, you say, are to possess an instinctive love for Art, but are to be trained by the men. Do you paint?'

Paul Rondelet, whose lips were very dry by this time, and his hands trembling, shook his head. He did not paint.

'Then how could you train me, supposing I possessed this instinct?'

'I should instruct you on the principles of Art and its highest expression,' said the superior youth.

'Yes—yes. You would show me beautiful pictures. But I have already, we will suppose, the instinct of Art, and could find them out for myself. And all that you could tell me I have in my library already.'

'The new school, the Higher School,' he interrupted pleadingly, 'requires its own language to express its new teaching.'

'I know,' she said, 'I have translated some of the languages of the New School into English, and I find its disciples to be on no higher a level, as I think, than my old authorities. I have Ruskin, at least, whom I can understand. And Eastlake, and Wornum, and Jameson, and old Sir Joshua. However, there are other things. You have written novels, perhaps?'

He shuddered. Could a man of his standing condescend to write a novel, to pander to the taste of the vulgar herd who read such things?

'You are a dramatist, then?'

'The British Drama is dead,' he replied in a hollow voice.

'Perhaps it is only sleeping. Perhaps some day a man will awaken it,' she said. 'But there is poetry; we know that you write verses. Are

you a poet acknowledged by the world?'

This was dreadful. He had published nothing. And yet there were those little poems, which his friends carried in their bosoms, over which he had spent so many hours. But most certainly he could not show these to a lady so little advanced in the principles of his school.

'Then, Mr. Rondelet,' said Miranda, 'I am at a loss to know on what grounds your claims for superiority rest.'

This was a decisive question. It demanded decision. But Rondelet rose from the chair in which he had endured this cross-examination, with as much dignity as he could assume. Standing gives a speaker a certain advantage.

'I will endeavour to explain,' he said.

'Oh! Miranda,' cooed Desdemona, in the softest and most sympathetic of murmurs, 'Mr. Rondelet will explain. Oh yes; one always declared that he was a really superior man. One felt that if you wanted to know anything, you only had to ask him. How charming of him to explain.'

But Paul Rondelet thought he detected the faintest possible sarcasm in her accents, and he hated Desdemona for the moment with a hate inextinguishable.

'You have placed me, doubtless unintentionally, in an exceedingly difficult position,' he said, with an artificial smile. 'Such a superiority as you imagine, Miss Dalmeny I did not claim. You misunderstood me.'

'Oh! Miranda,' purred Desdemona. 'You misunderstood him.'

'What I meant was this,' he said. 'I belong to the school which possesses the Higher Criticism.'

'Oh!' said Desdemona, clasping her hands.

Paul Rondelet began to hate this woman worse than ever.

'Our standard of Art is different from, and far above, that recognized

by the world; we have our own canons; we write for each other in our own language; we speak for each other. It is not our business to produce, but if we do produce, it is after many years of thought, and whether it is only a small essay, or a single sheaf of sonnets, it is a production which marks an epoch in the development of Art.'

'Are there many of these productions yet before the world?' pursued Miranda.

'As yet none. Some are carried about by ourselves for our own delight.'

Miranda put down her paper-knife. Her face was quite hard and stern.

'You are a critic. Really, Mr. Rondelet, I never before heard so singular a proposal. You offer me, in return for my hand, to impart to me—the Higher Criticism.'

Looked at in this cold, passionless way, the proposal did not indeed appear attractive even to the proposer.

'What else can you give me, Mr. Rondelet, beside the cold air of the Higher Levels? Do you love me?'

She asked this question in a business-like manner, which was at the same time most irritating. Never before in all his life had Paul Rondelet felt himself ridiculous.

'I thought,' he said 'that you were superior to the vulgar . . . the vulgar . . .'

Here Miranda interrupted him.

'The vulgar desire of being loved by my husband? Not at all, Mr. Rondelet, I assure you. I should, on the other hand, expect it.'

'In the common sense of the word,' he went on, stammering, 'I suppose— But it is impossible for a man of my school to affect more than the esteem which one cultivated mind feels for another.'

'I am glad you have told me the exact truth,' she said. 'One likes to find respect for the truth even on your height. But tell me more, Mr. Rondelet. Do you wish to marry me

only because you esteem me, or is there any other motive ?'

He hesitated, dropped his eye-glass, blushed, and lost his head altogether.

At this moment, standing limp and shattered before his interrogator, Paul Rondelet of Lothian looked like a guilty schoolboy.

'Are you rich, Mr. Rondelet ?'

'I—I—I am not,' he replied.

'You have your Fellowship, I believe. Is that all ?'

'That is all,' said Paul Rondelet.

He felt more limp, more like a guilty schoolboy, as he answered these questions.

'And when that ceases you will have nothing. I heard from Alan that it would cease in a few months.'

'Yes,' said Paul Rondelet.

'And after ?'

'I do not know.'

'Do you think it worthy of a member of your school to look on marriage as a means of maintaining himself in ease ?'

'It is not that,' he replied, eagerly—'not that—I mean—not—altogether that. It is true that—in fact—any man might look forward to—to—'

'Come, Mr. Rondelet,' said Miranda, 'I am sure this conversation is painful to you. Let us stop. As for my answer, you may readily guess it.'

He hung his head, and tried in vain to put up his eye-glass.

'Let us be friends, Mr. Rondelet,' she went on, holding out her hand.

He took it feebly.

'You will yet show the world that you have ability apart from the—Higher Criticism, I am sure. Besides, a leader ought to teach.'

'That is not our creed,' murmured Paul Rondelet, trying to reassert himself; 'we live our own life to ourselves. Let others see it and imitate us if they can.'

'But how, with no income, will you live the life? Can criticism, even of the highest, provide you with what you have taught yourself to consider

necessaries? Must you not think how you will live any life at all?'

'I do not know,' groaned the unfortunate man.

'Will you write for the papers?'

He shuddered.

'Am I to give *my* thoughts to the vulgar herd to read over their breakfasts?'

It was no use being angry with the man. His conceit was sublime. But Miranda spoke with impatience.

'There is no common herd. We are all men and women together. Believe me, Mr. Rondelet, you have lived too long in Oxford. The air of Lothian College is unwholesome. Go out of it at once, and fight among the rest, and do your little to help the world along. God knows we want all the help we can get.'

He only stared in a helpless way.

'Your level?' she asked, with a little laugh. You will find it where you find your strength. Perhaps, some day, when other people are ready to place you above them, you will be ashamed of ever thinking yourself on a higher level than the rest. Your school? That is a paltry and a selfish school which begins with scorn for the ignorant. The common herd?—she stamped her foot with impatience—'why, we are all one common herd together: some richer, some poorer, and some a little stronger. And there is only one hope for the world that men and women help each other, as Alan Dunlop has set himself to help his people.'

The tears came into her eyes for a moment, but she brushed them away, and made a gesture of dismissal. The crushed Fellow of Lothian obeyed the gesture, and, without a word, withdrew.

Miranda remained where she stood for a few moments, silent, tearful.

'I compared him with Alan,' she said. 'Oh! the *little* creature that he showed beside our glorious Alan!'

'You are a queen, Miranda,' said Desdemona, 'and Alan is—'

'What is Alan?' she asked, with a little laugh.

'He is Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.'

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

'Sinful brother, part in peace.'

ON that Thursday evening, when Refectory bell rang, it was discovered that no fewer than four of the Brothers were absent, an event remarkable in the chronicles of the Abbey.

Alan Dunlop, who, during this week, his last of celibacy, naturally devoted his evenings entirely to his bride, was one. His father was present, however—no unworthy substitute. Tom Caledon was absent, too. Where was Tom?

Everybody quite naturally looked to Nelly.

'Tom has gone to town on business,' said Nelly quietly.

Then, without any apparent reason, she blushed vehemently, so that the monastic fraternity smiled.

Mr. Paul Rondelet was absent. The reason of this was that he was perfecting a grand scheme which he proposed to lay before Alan immediately. Also, his interest in the Abbey had greatly diminished since Miranda's few plain words.

And where was Brother Peregrine—the man who had been so useful in keeping things going, who had been everywhere at once, and was Desdemona's right-hand man for invention, as Tom Caledon had been for execution? Where was Brother Peregrine, who had been for three months the devoted follower of Nelly? Had she refused him?

'After dinner,' said Desdemona, 'I will tell you what has become of Brother Peregrine.'

'I have,' she said, when the inner man had been refreshed, and there was nothing on the table but claret

and fruit—'I have to read a very sad letter. The Order of Thelema has been imposed upon. You will all be sorry to learn that Brother Peregrine has traded upon our credulity, and intruded himself upon us under false pretences.'

There was considerable sensation. Desdemona, with the deliberation acquired on the stage, proceeded slowly to unfold a letter and lay it open. You know how they do it: a quick movement of the hand breaks the seal; a look up to the first circle expresses expectation, terror, or joy; the letter is torn from the envelope; that is thrown to the ground; both hands are used to unfold it, and one smooths it out. Then, with another glance, but at the pit this time, the letter is brought to the focus of the eye, and read slowly.

That is the stage method. Desdemona could not help adopting it under the present circumstances. She read it with a running commentary:

"Dear Sister Desdemona"—he has the audacity to call me sister after what has happened!—"For the last time, before laying aside the monastic garb, which I never ought to have assumed, I venture to address you by a title under which you will always be remembered by me"—I dare say he will remember all of us by our monastic names—the wretch!—"I am not, I confess with shame, legally entitled to the status and position under the pretence of which I took your vows. By the statutes, the Abbey receives none but the unmarried"—here there was a general movement of surprise—"except in your own case"—and I am a widow, said Desdemona. "Such an exception I knew could not be made in my own case; it would have been idle to ask or to expect it. And yet the truth was, and is, that I have the misfortune of being a married man."

There was a profound sensation.

One or two laughed—they were of the masculine order. The Sisters looked indignant. Cecilia said it was shameful, and asked what punishment could be inflicted on such a monk.

‘He is not only a false pretender,’ she cried, ‘but he is unfaithful to his vows, because he derides the state of matrimony.’

Then Nelly’s sweet voice was lifted up, and everybody felt that she had a special right to be heard.

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘it is quite true. He told me so himself this morning. You all thought he was paying his addresses to me. So did I. So did Tom. It made him jealous.’

‘Yes,’ said Miranda, ‘we all know that. But can we punish him, and how?’

‘I have punished him already,’ said Nelly.

She blushed and kept her eyes on her plate.

‘I think you will all understand when I tell you that I have made him promise to call upon mamma,’ she murmured. ‘He will call to-morrow morning.’

They looked at one another and smiled. Everybody at once concluded that things would be made unpleasant for this sinful Brother. Then Desdemona went on reading the letter:

“I have the misfortune of being a married man. My wife and children, whom I left in India, her native country, have now arrived, and are at the Langham Hotel. She has found out my address, most unfortunately, and writes me word that unless I return to London instantly, she will come down here. To spare the Order a visit from that lady, I am on the point of returning to town without loss of time.

“Will you kindly assure the Fraternity that, while I feel that nothing can possibly excuse my conduct, I shall always rejoice in a deception which enabled me to enjoy three most

delightful months? The Sisters are more charming than, with my unfortunate experience, seemed possible for ladies; wedlock under such circumstances would not, I feel convinced — but I have no right to speak of such things. If they are disposed to be angry with me, they may perhaps reflect upon my situation, and accord me their pity.

“I bid farewell to the Abbey with the deepest regret. As my wife proposes to remain in England for the education of her children, I shall return to India immediately. Indeed, I have already taken steps, by means of the Submarine Telegraph Company, to ensure the reception of an urgent message calling me back by the next boat, to look after my estates. I shall therefore reside in Assam until my family shall have completed their education, and, with their mother, return to India. I hope, then, to get back to England. I may explain, if anybody is curious about my history, that the plantation is very large and lucrative, and that it was originally her own.

“Your sorrowful and afflicted Brother,

“PEREGRINE.”

A Resolution was passed that Brother Peregrine’s name should be without further delay erased from the list of the Fraternity: and that he should no more be mentioned in any of their Functions or Rejoicings. But there was some sympathy expressed, and, perhaps, had the Brother pleaded his own defence in person, he might have obtained forgiveness.

But there would be few more Functions. The end of the Abbey—of this particular branch of the Order of Thelema—was rapidly approaching, though no one realized it except Desdemona.

In all the histories of human communities which I have read, this of the Abbey of Thelema is the only one in which petty jealousies, ambitions, and desire to rule have found no place.

Miranda was absolute Queen, Desdemona was Prime Minister, or First Vizier; she was also Directress of Ceremonies. Alan, by universal consent, acted as Orator, while Brother Bayard, the stately, was with equal unanimity appointed Herald, whenever a splendid person of that description was required. There were no committees, no governing bodies, no elections, nothing to raise ambitious hopes or revolutionary designs. It would be worth the while of Club Committees to imitate the constitution of the Abbey. There must be some clubs where more is thought of the candidate himself than of his subscription. In the Abbey of Thelema were none of those who disturb and vex club life—among those who talked were neither down-criers, nor slanderers, nor stabbers in the back; none were jealous one of the other—none were anxious that his neighbour should fail—there were no petty ambitions—there was no talk of money or desire of κῆδος. Could we get such a club in London—could we keep it in its original purity—could we ensure the retirement of a discordant member—we should call into existence the means of making the most despondent of philosophers find joy in life.

‘It is a delightful place, Desdemona,’ said Lord Alwyne; ‘but, unless an experienced eye is wrong, there will shortly be many changes. They go when they marry, do they not, your Brothers and Sisters?’

‘Alas! yes,’ sighed Desdemona. ‘The monastic vows do not contemplate continued residence. And the wedding ring takes a Sister into the outer world.’

CHAPTER XXXIX.

‘Hic est aut nusquam quod quærimus.’

MR. PAUL RONDELET was refused, with a plainness of speech which left no room for doubt.

He was indignant, he was humiliated; but it was absurd to suppose that the ignorance of a girl was to make him disbelieve in himself. Not at all. What he was before Miranda treated him with such unworthy estimate, such he was still. Was he, Paul Rondelet of Lothian, to be cast down because Miss Dalmeny, a mere country girl, did not know who and what he was? Certainly not; he was saddened, naturally. Perhaps he had thought that his reputation extended even to so low a stratum of culture as that of the Abbey; perhaps he had hoped that the name of Rondelet was known in wider circles. It was a pity, a grievous pity, he thought. He might have made a charming home, on the newest principles, of Dalmeny Hall; he was eminently a man to grace, as it had never before been graced, the position of country squire; and that might have been his position had Miranda taken him on his own estimate, without wanting to measure him by the ordinary standards of what he had done. What he had done, indeed! What he had thought, would have been the proper question. But until Research is endowed, he felt, with sadness, men like himself have no proper chance.

Meantime, he set to work with vigour to elaborate an idea which was at once to ensure his immortality and to prove his greatness. No doubt there was a touch of *rancune*, a desire to show Miranda what kind of man she had contemptuously refused. He dined in his own cell, read over his scheme by the rosy light of a bottle of Château Lafitte, gave it the finishing touches, and at nine o'clock sallied forth, manuscript in pocket, in search of Alan Dunlop.

His idea was based, financially speaking, on the grand fact that Alan was rich. Rich men are needful for the help of those who are poor. To submit an idea to a rich man, provided he be capable of receiving an idea, is to do him the great service of

making him use his wealth. Alan was eminently receptive of ideas. And Paul Rondelet marvelled that he had neglected to *exploiter* this wealthy mine during so many years. His own disciple, almost—his admirer, always—one who believed in him—it was absurd to think of going out into poverty with Alan at his back.

He made his way to the Shepherd Squire's comfortless cottage, and waited there for his arrival.

Nothing was changed in the cottage since that first day when Alan went to sleep by the fire, and awoke to find his breakfast stolen. There was the wooden chair beside the deal table; the shelf of books; the stack of papers, the cupboard door open, showing the common china and the materials for making tea, bread-and-butter, and other simple accessories of a hermit's life. The kettle was on the hob, though the fire was not lit; and a couple of candlesticks stood upon the mantel-shelf.

Paul Rondelet lit the candles, sat, and waited. This cottage life, he remembered, was one of the dreams of a certain stage in his own development. He thought how, in their ardent youth, they had taken their claret in Alan's rooms, which looked over the stately college gardens, and discussed the life of self-sacrifice which was to regenerate the world. There were a dozen who formed their little set of theorists. Out of them all one alone was found to carry theories into practice, and realize a dream. What about himself? What about the rest? It was not enough to say that they were men who had to make an income for themselves. He could no longer comprehend the attitude of mind which made such a dream as that former one possible. He had grown out of it, he said. He had sunk beneath it, conscience whispered; but then the Advanced School does not believe in conscience. And the rest? They were all at work: practising at the Bar, writing, teach-

ing, even—melancholy thought!—curates and parish priests.

What he could no longer understand was the nobleness of the nature which thus simply converted theory into practice, and became what the others only talked about. What he failed to see was, that, living in slothful ease, which he mistook for intellectual activity, he had lost the power to conceive any more, far less to execute, the noble dreams of his youth.

He sat and wondered. Six years before, his heart would have burned within him, and his spirit would have mounted upwards, to join that of Alan Dunlop. Now he only wondered.

Presently Alan came. His manner was listless, his face was haggard. Alma had been more than usually un-receptive that evening. She had been sulky; she had returned rude and short answers; she had tried his patience almost beyond his strength. His father, too, he had learned, was at the Abbey and he did not dare go to see him, lest in his tell-tale face, or by his tell-tale tongue, it should be discovered that he had made a great and terrible mistake, beyond the power of an honourable man to alter.

'You here, Rondelet?'

'Yes, I have been waiting for you. Let us have a talk, Alan.'

Paul Rondelet produced his roll of papers, while Alan, with a rather weary sigh, took down a pipe from the mantel-shelf, filled it, and sat listlessly on his deal table.

'Go on, Rondelet; I am listening.'

Paul Rondelet began, with a little nervousness unusual to him, to expound his project. Had Alan cared to read between the lines, his speech would have been as follows:

'I am driven to the necessity of doing something for myself; in a few months I shall have no income. I can find no way of fighting as men generally do fight. I can discern no likely popularity in what will fall from my pen. I want to get, somehow or

other, endowment. You are a very rich man. You shall endow me.'

What he really said at the finish was this :

'I will leave the Prospectus with you. I shall be able to find a publisher—on commission—easily. It is a crying shame that a magazine purely devoted to the followers of the Higher Culture does not exist.'

'There are the *Contemporary*, the *Fortnightly*, the *Nineteenth Century*.'

'My dear Dunlop!'—he held up his hands—'pray do not think that we are going to occupy *that* level. We shall have none but our own as circle readers, writers, and supporters.'

'Will you depend on names?'

'On some names, yes. Not on the names of ex-Premiers; only on the names of those who are men of mark among ourselves.'

'But—do you think it will pay?'

'Not at first, I suppose—eventually. And that brings me to my next point. I have drawn up a note of expenses. I put myself down as editor, with eight hundred pounds a year. You do not think that excessive, Dunlop?'

'Surely not, for a man of your calibre.'

'The rest of the estimate you can go into at your leisure. I want you, as the most advanced of our wealthy men, to guarantee—to guarantee,' he repeated, with an anxious flush of his cheek, 'not to give, the expenses of the first year. Whatever loss there may be, if any, will be repaid from the subsequent profits.'

Alan received this proposition in silence. Only he stroked his beard and pulled at his pipe. His domestic experiments had already cost him so much that he was loath to incur fresh responsibilities.

'To guarantee, not to give,' repeated Paul Rondelet, glancing at his face uneasily. 'Consider,' he went on. 'We, who set an example in our lives, should also set an example in our writings. It is not preaching

that we want, but the acted life.' That was just what Alan, in a different way, had always maintained. 'Let the lower herd, the crowd, see how we live, read what we write, and learn what we think.'

'Y-yes,' said Alan doubtfully; 'and the probable amount of the guarantee—what one might be asked to pay, month by month?'

'That,' said Mr. Rondelet airily, 'is impossible for me to say. Perhaps a thousand in the course of the year. Perhaps a little more. We shall have, of course, a great quantity of advertisements to fall back upon. I have no doubt that we shall rapidly acquire a circulation. People want guidance—we shall guide them; they want to know what to think—we shall formulate their thoughts; what to read—we shall publish a list of selected articles.'

'That sounds possible,' said Alan, softening.

'You and I, my dear Alan,' went on the tempter, 'will be registered joint proprietors. You shall find the money—I will find the staff. You shall start us—I will be the editor. And we will share the profits.'

'Yes. I was to share the profits of my farm; but there are none.'

'There will be, in this magazine. Fancy a monthly journal without a trace of Philistinism in it. Positively no habitant of the Low Country allowed to write in it. The Higher Thought demands a style of its own. There have been articles, I own, in the *Fortnightly*, especially written by members of our own school, which none but ourselves could possibly understand. Picture to yourself a paper absolutely unintelligible save to the disciples of the New School. As for the other things, what can be expected from magazines which allow Bishops, Deans, Professors, and people of that sort to contribute?'

Paul Rondelet shook his head sadly, as if the lowest depths must be reached when you come to Bishops. Alan was

shaken, but not convinced. Sitting as he was among the ruins of his own schemes, he was naturally not anxious to promote new ones. And yet, the old influence of Paul Rondelet was over him still. He still believed that this man was a power. The first and the lifelong heroes are those of school and college. It is sad, indeed, when chance brings one face to face, in after years, with the great and gallant Captain of the school, to find that he is, after all, no greater than yourself, and, in fact, rather a mean sort of person. Next to the school hero comes he who was a hero among undergraduates. Alan believed formerly in that bright, clever, and conceited scholar who assumed every kind of knowledge, and talked like a Socrates. It was difficult not to believe in him still. He reflected that this would be his chance: he thought that it would be a great thing to let Rondelet prove his greatness to the outer world.

'I will guarantee the expense,' he said at last, 'for one year.'

Paul Rondelet, shortly afterwards, stepped out of his Fellowship with ease of mind. The magazine was started.

It was exactly a year ago. It ran for nearly a year; it contained the Poem of the Sorrowful Young Man;

The Sonnet to Burne Jones; papers by Paul Rondelet on the Orphic Myth, on the Bishops of the Renaissance, on certain obscure French poets, on the Modern School of English Painting, on the Italian Woman of the Fifteenth Century, on the Fall of the Church, and other papers. Nobody except 'the Circle' bought that magazine; nobody advertised in it. And after ten months, for very shame, the publishers advised Mr. Dunlop to pay the editor his salary for the year and stop it. Paul Rondelet now writes for the Daily Press. He contributes leaders to a penny paper. He glories in this occupation. It is not writing for the common herd any longer; it is 'swaying the masses.' His articles may be known by frequent quotations, not from the poets loved by the world, but from modern writers, such as Morris and Rossetti; by references to French writers not generally known to mankind, such as Catulle Mendes, Baudelaire, and Theodore de Banville; by the easy omniscience which is at home among pre-historic men, or among the scholars of the Renaissance or with the Darwinians; by an absolute inability to enter with sympathy into any phase of real life; and by an irrepressible tone of superiority. Whatever he says, this writer is always Paul Rondelet of Lothian.

(Conclusion next month.)

PAPERS BY A BYSTANDER.

NO. 3.

FROM the East the attention of the world has been turned to France, where the triumph of the Republicans in the elections to the Senate has been followed by a peaceful revolution. That the revolution is peaceful and parliamentary, not a revolution of barricades, is in itself a great thing:

what France most needed was self-control, and in self-control she has made remarkable progress. Secure, since their acquisition of a majority in the Senate against a dissolution of the Chamber, the Republican chiefs ventured to crown the constitutional edifice by insisting that the army should be

brought thoroughly under the control of ministers responsible to Parliament. The Marshal resisted, as all soldier kings do, and the result is his deposition and the installation of M. Grévy in his place. Constitutionally, this is right; but practically there may be some ground for apprehension. It is the Alpha and Omega of statesmanship to see things exactly as they are. The French nation thinks fit, for purposes of ambition or revenge, to keep up an enormous army. That army is the master of France, and might, if it pleased, to-morrow, overturn the Republic like a house of cards. Its omnipotence has been more nakedly revealed since the total failure of the civic forces in the siege of Paris. It must also be perfectly conscious of its power, and know well that seven times, by active interference or passive defection, it has changed the government of France. Its professional instincts, like those of all armies are anti-republican, and in some portions of it, notably in the cavalry, a strong Imperialist feeling still prevails. To keep it loyal to the Republic ought therefore to be the first object of Republican statesmen. This the Presidency of Marshal MacMahon seemed well calculated to do. The Marshal was a soldier of distinction, thoroughly identified with the army in feeling, in fact its very best representative; and its pride was satisfied by seeing him at the head of the State. On the other hand, he was not distinguished enough to be dangerous: the cypress rather than the laurel wreathed his brow; and he could not possibly conceive the hope of making a military revolution in his own interest. Political ideas he had none beyond the vague Conservative tendency which the discipline of the camp always inspires; in the attempt of May 16th, he was evidently a mere tool, and since its failure he seemed in good faith to have laid down his arms and capitulated to the Republican regime. If he was tenacious about a few military appoint-

ments, which he fancied to be essential on professional grounds, he might have been humoured without a serious breach of principle, considering the great advantages gained by his adhesion to the Republic. His wife, a devout and intriguing woman, was perhaps more dangerous; but she must have known that she could not herself be Empress; it was not likely that she would wish to make any other woman Empress over her head; and the personal feud with the Simons, which led her to precipitate the attempt of May, seemed in no way to have extended to Dufaure. It will be interesting to see whether the army considers itself deposed in the person of MacMahon, and, if so, how it will take its deposition. Is the army satisfied? was the first question that Napoleon asked of one who visited him at Elba, and unfortunately it is the first question to be asked still. Not till she has got clear of the military regime, military sentiments, military manners, will France be securely a Republic.

Not only to the army but to the priesthood a challenge is flung by the election of Grévy, who apparently belongs to that element in France which is not so much hostile to the Church as absolutely alien to her, regarding her with no more interest or emotion than the Church of Jupiter or Osiris. It was said that when he was President of the National Assembly, having to attend service officially at Notre Dame, when the sacristan presented him the holy water at the entrance of the church, he, not knowing what was meant, took the brush from the astonished sacristan, shouldered it and marched with it to his stall. Against him, no doubt, the clergy will marshal all their powers; and in the clergy, together with the aristocratic and military elements, lies now the strength of the resistance to the final establishment of the Republic. The dynastic pretenders and their personal interests are nowhere. Henry V. is a de-

votee, who ought to be Chamberlain to the Pope, and who, with perfect simplicity, tells the French a century after the Revolution that, in order that he may reign despotically over their bodies, it is necessary that the priest should reign despotically over their souls. No one will embark in such a ship who does not believe in the miracle of La Salette. The attempt to fuse the Legitimists with the Orleanists by a family reconciliation has totally failed. It is not a question of pedigree but of regimes. The spirit of St. Louis will not make peace with that of Egalité, nor will the Oriflamme blend with the Tricolour. The Comte de Paris himself is virtuous, amiable and cultivated; but not the man to grasp a crown. His uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, would seem to be an object of greater apprehension to the Republicans, if it be true that he has been relieved of his military command; but he is growing old, and he is supposed to have sunk into habits inconsistent with the vigour of ambition. The 'Young Ascanius' of the Bonapartists may now be set down as an acknowledged disappointment. If the recent accounts of his condition are true, the poor youth would appear to have imbibed in his cradle the morality of the Second Empire. It is evident the hopes of the party are rapidly declining. Baron Haussmann was the great edile, and one of the most devoted and best paid satellites of the Empire. But he is one of those politicians who always watch how the cat jumps, and call it studying the spirit of the age. It has been long suspected that he was meditating a submission to fortune; and we are now told that he was among the first to offer his congratulations to M. Grévy.

Hereditary monarchy is apparently dead in the land of Louis XIV. In the land of Philip II. it draws a faint and failing breath. What are its prospects of propagating itself in lands which have never been its own? There

are people who, floating on one of the backstreams of which history is full, mistake it for the main current, and think that the river of human progress has turned back to its source.

Of course the air in France is full of rumours of constitutional change in an ultra revolutionary and even in a communistic sense. It is not likely that anything of the kind will be attempted at present. Grévy is a cool-headed old lawyer and man of business; and the history of the last five years has shown that beneath the rhetorical fire of Gambetta lies prudence cold as snow. It is scarcely possible that the French Republic should go on for ever with a cumbrous and jarring counterpart of what people are pleased to call the British Constitution. A system, if the accidental survival of two old feudal estates deserve the name, which is rendered practically consistent with good government, in spite of its obsolescence and defects, by the special qualities and peculiar training of the British people, when imported into a nation devoid of those qualities and that training, produces nothing but embarrassment, collisions and confusion. The whole Parliamentary history of France testifies to the unmanageableness in that country, of great elective Assemblies and a Legislature with two Chambers. But modifications in this direction would not be more revolutionary than conservative; and universal suffrage being already established, and having triumphed, by the deposition of the Marshal, over the last remnant of personal power, there is not much in the political line at present for even the most ardent revolutionist to do. It is in the line of public education that the victorious Republicans may rather be expected to move. Experience has taught them that political change is at once superficial and precarious when attended by no change in the fundamental beliefs and character of a nation. It is probable that they will try to take the

instruction of the French people for the future finally out of the hands of the clergy ; and the expulsion of the Jesuits is a measure which they have always had at heart, and on which they may now think themselves strong enough to venture.

In the East, the conclusion of the definitive treaty between Russia and Turkey closes the diplomatic part of the drama, and consummates the august application of the principles of public law by the 'Areopagus of Europe.' All the Areopagites will have carried off those portions of the spoil upon which they had respectively set their hearts—Russia, the sections of Armenia and Bessarabia ; Austria, the Herzegovina and Bosnia ; England, Cyprus ; while the other great powers, if they have not taken anything at present, have probably secured some interest in the future, and have at all events established, by general concurrence, principles of 'occupation' and 'rectification,' which cannot fail to be convenient to anyone who happens to have an eye on Holland, Denmark, Belgium, Syria, Tunis or Trieste.

England is in doubt as to the value of her acquisitions. Cyprus is a disappointment. It has no harbour, it is a perennial abode of fever, and the chief effect of its annexation hitherto has been to increase the number of desertions from the army. Turkish Armenia it protects about as much as it protects Terra del Fuego. A coaling station is the only thing which its apologists now contend that it can be. A misleading glamour had been cast by the goddess of beauty round her favourite island. Nor is this the only instance in which diplomacy and statecraft, with all their shrewdness, have been drawn by an historic illusion into the pursuit of a shadow. The destinies of the world are supposed to turn upon the possession of Constantinople. That city, when it was the link between the Eastern and Western portions of the Empire, as well as the capital of the

whole, was undoubtedly the most important place on earth. But its importance is now greatly diminished, and it can hardly be said to command anything but the Black Sea, to which commerce will always have free access in time of peace, while no trader will want to enter it in time of war. From the occupation of Rome by the new Italian monarchy, in the same manner, the consequences were expected to flow which might have flowed from her occupation by a victorious power in her imperial day. Once the mistress and centre of civilization, Rome is now a city of antiquities, remote from navigation and commerce, and encircled by malaria. Cyprus was a prize when the neighbouring coasts of the Mediterranean, instead of being a desolate cemetery of the past, teemed with population and abounded with commercial life. Its harbours were good when the vessels to be sheltered were not the monster ironclads of our time, but the comparatively diminutive barques of the Phœnicians, the Ptolemies or the Venetians. All the circumstances are now changed, but fancy keeps her eye fixed upon the past.

The diplomatic embroglio may be at an end and the Treaty of Berlin may have been formally carried into effect ; but what England has undertaken is to reform the Ottoman Empire, and having reformed it, to establish it in its 'integrity and independence,' as the perpetual guardian of British interests in the Eastern Mediterranean. Towards the fulfilment of this design, no progress seems to have been yet made. Professions and covenants on the part of Turkey have always abounded, but nothing is done. The Turk himself is the abuse. The evil is the domination of a conquering race with a religion which is the spirit of conquest ; and this evil is not likely to remove itself or to concur heartily in measures for its own removal. Enterprising correspondents of an English journal have been penetrating the interior of Asia Minor, which has

sunk from its ancient prosperity, not only into a wilderness, but into an unknown land. They find desolation and misery; in place of a government, only the plundering ascendancy of a barbarous horde. Politicians deride the chimeras of Utopian speculations; yet they can complacently undertake to regenerate a country in which there is not only no political or social order but no source of national life, and to make this country a rampart of civilization. They are going back to the old nostrum. An attempt is being made, under the rather suspicious auspices of Sir Austin Layard, to set on foot another Turkish loan. But the credulity even of clergymen and widows has probably by this time been exhausted.

After war comes plague, of which Turkey in the integrity of its filth and fatalism has always remained the home and source. These multiplied horrors would seem to strengthen the case of those who wished to try at least to solve the Eastern question without a war. Such, let it be remembered, was the policy of the Liberal party in England. They did not want peace at any price. They wanted to put forth the power of England, if necessary, to compel the Turk to cease from the oppression which all Europe had denounced, and which forced the oppressed communities to call for Russian aid. That the Turk, when approached with firmness, must have complied, it is, as Lord Shaftesbury says, childish to doubt. The virtual emancipation of Bulgaria, and probably that of Bosnia and the Herzegovina also, would then have been obtained without war, massacre, plague and desolation; and the emancipated people would have looked to England instead of Russia, as their deliverer and friend. They have been flung into the arms of Russia solely by despair.

In a dispute arising out of the affairs of Roumania, Russia and Austria have apparently been showing their teeth

to each other. The struggle will some day come, and it can hardly fail to be fatal to Austria, the motley elements of which are destitute of any bond of union; that once powerful tie, the fear of the Turk, having been removed; while the attempt to fuse Magyar, Slav and German into a nation under a single Parliamentary government has entirely miscarried. Assailed by Russia, the Austrian Empire would hardly be able to rely on any support but that of the Magyar; the heart of the Slav would be with the enemy, and the German would probably seek at once to get clear of the wreck and enter the confederation of the Fatherland. In this direction, probably, we shall have to look for the opening of the next great series of those events, caused by movements of race, which are apparently destined to break up old combinations, obliterate old landmarks, and cast Europe in a new mould.

In Germany, Bismarck and the Emperor are grappling with that which, from its present aspect, threatens to be the new and more tremendous Revolution. But in their persecution of Socialism they seem to encounter resistance not from the Socialists alone. No doubt the moderate Liberals are keenly conscious of the fact that Socialism itself, as a seditious movement, is the immediate offspring of the cruel military system which Bismarck and the Court uphold; though the general loosening in the German mind of the religious beliefs on which the old order of things fundamentally rested, has no doubt been followed in Germany, as it will be in other countries, by a sympathetic disturbance of the whole social frame. Failing Parliamentary support, a resort to military force for the purpose of repression would be quite consistent with Bismarck's character; but the military system in Germany is, to a certain extent, its own political antidote. A nation is not to be coerced

by Janissaries when every man of it has been trained to arms. Meantime the King of Bavaria, by squandering the money of his people in building a more miraculous Versailles, and out-lying in other ways the extravagance of Louis XIV., or rather that of an Eastern Sultan, shows that, if he is not mad, there must still be in Southern Germany, at least, a considerable fund of submissiveness in the character of the people.

Afghanistan has evidently been reduced to an anarchy which will no doubt be bloody, but as bishops are satisfied that this has been done on grounds of 'distinct ethical validity' and for a 'spiritual' purpose, the national conscience may sleep in peace. People are beginning naturally to ask, if this is the true version of Christianity, why they should have left the Church of Thor and Woden. The wave of Jingoism has swept round the full circuit of the Empire, and led to an invasion of the country of Cettewayo, a savage who appears to have mounted some steps in the ascent at least of military civilization. For defending his wilds he is styled a 'rebel,' a name which belongs to him no more than it did to Caractacus. Of course he will succumb, and his people will share the fate of other native races whose lands have been coveted by Europeans. As Mr. Roebuck said, 'the first business of the settler is to clear the country of wild beasts, and the most noxious of all wild beasts is the wild man.' In this war again, missionaries are mixed, and they appear not to recoil from the use of shot and shell as harbingers of the Gospel. Had their spiritual ancestors been of the same mind, the nations of modern Europe, including England herself, might never have attained their civilized existence. Christian missionaries, throwing themselves without the Martini-Henry rifle or any other 'ethical' apparatus, among tribes probably neither less

wild nor more gifted by nature than the Zulus, sowed the seeds of civilization together with those of religion, and laid the foundations of European Christendom.

The last sentence had been just penned when the calamitous news arrived of the destruction of a British column by the Zulus. The pang is great; the wound to a first-rate power is but a scratch, and the disaster, we may be sure, will soon be, if it has not already been, signally repaired. But the event is one which breeds reflection. Barbarians acquire with comparative ease the military part of civilization; long range weapons have cancelled the ascendancy of drilled masses of troops, and the savage is a skirmisher by nature. If the races which have hitherto been trampled down by the foot of European conquest, learn the use of the rifle, they may some day turn with terrible effect on the conqueror, and in the East especially, the contest hitherto unvarying in its results, may become a much more chequered scene. The Chinaman, for instance, is reckless of life; his numbers are inexhaustible; give him the new weapons; give him as organizers and commanders the mercenary soldiers, plenty of whom are now to be found, and the dreams of Chinese conquest which many English adventurers cherish may prove somewhat difficult of fulfilment.

In England, the Government has won the election for North Norfolk. The seat was theirs before, but they have held it by an increased majority. The constituency is made up of two elements, a body of landowners with their tenant farmers, of an eminently agricultural type; and the great seaport of Yarmouth, which as a separate centre of representation, has been disfranchised for corruption and thrown into the county. This, say the defeated Liberals, is a bad index of national opinion on diplomatic and constitutional questions. It may be so,

but the strength of the Conservative party lies in this, that it is not merely a party of opinion, but a party of great interests, the landed aristocracy and gentry with their obedient phalanx of tenant farmers, backed by a great mass of commercial wealth, and supported on one flank by the Established Church, and on the other by the Licensed Victuallers. So long as the interests hold together, the power of the party will endure, unshaken by questions of foreign policy or by any questions which do not seem to the landowner and farmer more important than the land; to the clergyman, than the Establishment; to the brewer and publican, than beer. The North Norfolk election is significant, let the Liberals say what they will. It indicates that, supposing the election to be held in the present frame of the public mind, though the Government will probably lose the cities which they won from the Liberals in 1874, they are not likely to lose more. English sentiment, however, from the increase of popular knowledge, intercourse, travelling and intellectual stimulants of all kinds, has become infinitely more mobile and variable than it was; and a delay of six months may utterly falsify the forecast of to-day.

In the compact confederation of English Conservative interests, there is one point of possible weakness which the action of economical rather than political forces may some day, and perhaps at a not very distant day, disclose. Hitherto the political subordination of the tenant farmer to his landlord has been complete, and attempts to run farmers' candidates against the landlords' candidates in the counties have almost invariably come to nothing. So it has been while both interests were prosperous and the farmer was satisfied with his condition as a tenant-at-will. But a time of adversity has now come; complaints are heard that agriculture is no longer a remunerative occupation; landlords are

compelled to lower their rents, and there is one applicant for a vacant farm where there were ten before. The English farmer may grow discontented, and, like the Irish farmer, strike for fixity of tenure. In that case the political situation in England would at once be greatly changed. Every day brings home to us the lesson that, frame political institutions as you will, their working is controlled by the social forces, without a knowledge of which the political observer is totally at fault. In the months, however, which are likely to elapse before the general election in England, there is reason to believe that the political alliance between the landlords and the tenant farmers will not only remain unimpaired, but be strengthened by the antagonism of the farmer to the labourer, who is in a state of industrial insurrection, and to whom the Liberal party propose to extend the suffrage. This triple division of the agricultural interest forms a feature in English society and politics scarcely found in those of any other country.

The Conservative leaders seem to think it necessary to look out for new sources of strength, and we hear of negotiations going on, though at present unsuccessfully, between them and the Roman Catholics, for the foundation of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland. Politicians can hardly be accused of allowing their tactics to be embarrassed by prejudices, if they seek support at one time by passing an Act for the suppression of Ritualism, and at another time by founding what, under the auspices of Cardinal Manning and his Irish lieutenants, would certainly be an Ultramontane University. But in an alliance between Conservatism and Ultramontanism, there is nothing unnatural. The Church of Rome is the great Conservative Church of Europe, and the great organ of reactionary sentiment of all kinds; and the numerous secessions to it among the English nobility are produced by influences at least as

much political as religious. Its Hildebrandic antagonism to emperors and kings belongs to the remote past. It has long subsisted by an alliance with monarchy and aristocracy, the attempt of the more speculative and adventurous spirits among its priesthood, such as Lamennais, to heave anchor and go afloat on the tide of the democratic future, having always come to nothing. In virtue of her political position, the Church of Rome has received, and perhaps in increasing measure receives, the support of men who have no sympathy with her religious system, such as M. Guizot, who was distinctly inclined to uphold the temporal power of the Papacy as a Conservative rallying point, though in religion he was a Protestant and something more. So long as the Roman Catholics of Ireland and England were suffering under political disabilities, they were glad to ally themselves with the Liberals for the purpose of breaking that yoke; but having now, by Liberal aid, achieved political equality, they naturally, and irrespectively of any special negotiations or intrigues, gravitate towards the party of social and political reaction. Before long, there will probably be a complete and declared union of the Irish priesthood with the English Tories. On the other hand, the Irish Protestants, who have hitherto been Tories, may be expected to come over to the Liberal side. Not only so, but that growing element among the Irish Catholics which is more political than ecclesiastical, and cares more for Home Rule than for the Papacy, is likely also to separate from the Bishops, and to connect itself with the democratic wing of the Liberal party in England.

On their side the Liberals, in view of the coming contest, are exerting themselves to improve their organization. Mr. Chamberlain, M. P. for Birmingham, who is the master spirit in this sphere, seems to have succeeded in inducing most of the cities to form Liberal Associations, and in get-

ting the different associations to act together. It is said that this system is opposed to the independence of mind which is the Liberal's cardinal doctrine and his boast. There is force in the objection, and it may be added that artificial organization, if not managed with great delicacy and tact, is apt to breed jealousy among the rank and file, to which expression, fatal to the cause, might be given under the cover of the ballot. But party discipline in the case of the English Liberals may plead a justification which it cannot plead in the case of the United States. The English Liberals are fighting against an organization which, though spontaneous, and that of a class not of a caucus, is more tremendously compact and coercive than any caucus which the tyranny of party ever devised. Nothing can exceed the force of the social pressure exercised by Conservatism in England, both on the wealthy and on all who are dependent on wealth. In the rural districts especially, a Liberal, whether he belongs to the upper class or the lower, has socially to take his life in his hand. In the House of Commons disobedience to the party whip on the Conservative side is almost unknown. It was matter of perfect notoriety that many Conservatives voted against their declared convictions both for the Suffrage Bill of 1867 and for the title of Empress of India. In the case of the Suffrage Bill, in fact the very men who, at Lord Derby's command, went with downcast looks into the lobby for household suffrage, had a few months before been vociferously cheering the strong anti-extension speeches of Mr. Lowe. Organization has its evils; but English Liberalism is compelled to choose between organizing and being a rope of sand opposed to a band of iron.

The approaching contest between the parties will be one of unusual interest, because the issues will be remarkably clear and broad. They will vitally

concern both the destiny of the nation and the Parliamentary character of its Government. Are the energies of the English people to be henceforth devoted to industry and maritime enterprise or to territorial and military aggrandizement? That is now the question between the aristocracy and the democracy of England. Closely connected with it is the question whether foreign policy, the employment of the army, and the diplomatic and military expenditure shall be under the control of Parliament, or parts of the prerogative of the Crown, to the exercise of which Parliament shall only be called on to register its submission. The immediate result is very doubtful; the ultimate result might be doubtful if it depended on the balance of parties in England alone. But England has now, by the growth of international sympathy and intelligence, been made an integral part of Europe, which as a whole is moving on.

The Conservative party will probably gain by the strikes, which alarm the well-to-do and order loving classes, while, from what reason it is difficult to say, the strikers as a rule, do not support the Liberals in politics but rather the reverse. In Blackburn and Sheffield, for instance, the roughest of the trade unions are Tory. At Sheffield, ten years ago, the very union which had committed the notorious outrages perpetually, though unfairly, imputed to all trade unions, voted against the Liberal, Mr. Mundella.

Of course there will also be a strong reaction against trade unions, on which the blame of the commercial depression is cast. 'If I could only have the free use of my labourer,' says the English capitalist, 'I could beat all the manufacturers of other countries.' But if the capitalist could have the free use of his labourer, without limit of hours or of severity of toil, without any restriction in regard to age or sex, would the labourer have much use of his life? A development

of commercial wealth unparalleled in history, hundreds of colossal fortunes made within a few years, palaces crowning every English hill, miles upon miles of sumptuous town houses, London parks filled with endless trains of splendid equipages, merchant luxury outvying what was once the luxury of kings, the wantonness of plethoric opulence, squandering thousands of pounds upon a china vase, prove that the British workman with all his faults, has not done badly for his employer. If he strikes against what he believes to be an undue reduction of his wages, it is not easy to draw a line, in point of principle, between his conduct and that of his employers, who combine to lock out the workmen, and sometimes in a pretty peremptory manner. The struggle is infinitely to be deplored, and we must all rejoice to see that the milder and more rational method of arbitration is gradually gaining ground. But in the apportionment of the fruits of labour, the interest of society, economical as well as moral, requires justice, and if the associations of employers had it in their power to fix the rate of wages, without any counteracting combination on the other side, it is by no means certain that justice would always be the result. It is quite certain that justice was far from being the result when legislatures, entirely under the control of masters, made laws concerning the relations of the masters and the men. The greatest enemy of the Unions will hardly assert that the lot of the agricultural labourer in England, with his three dollars a week for himself, his wife and children, his wretched hovel, his worse than prison fare, and the workhouse for his haven of rest in his old age, was one which, in the interest of society, called for no improvement, or deny that it has been improved since the labourer has learned combination under the leadership of Joseph Arch.

The main causes of the depression

are manifest. They are the infringement of the monopoly which since the Napoleonic war England has enjoyed, by the growth of manufactures in other countries, and the violent impulse given to speculation by ten years of unbounded prosperity which caused the means of production to be multiplied beyond the demand. These are things with which the workman has had nothing to do, any more than he had with the tricks of trade which have brought English goods into disrepute in many foreign markets.

After all, in this contest, Labour, in spite of its unions, succumbs. In the industrial war, as in other wars, the long purse wins. The men who negotiate fasting give way to those who have had their breakfasts. The wages of the British workman will go down. And then, as food has been made very plentiful in England by importation from various quarters, as there is an immense accumulation of machinery of all kinds and a superabundance of capital, ready to set it going, production will become very cheap, and the producers of Canada and all other manufacturing countries will find themselves placed under the stress of a competition much severer than before.

In view of this probability, the National Policy, which, before this paper meets the reader's eye, will have been disclosed at Ottawa, becomes a matter more of curiosity than of importance. The new Premier and his able Minister of Finance will no doubt have framed a revised tariff skilfully from their own point of view—from the point of view, that is, of statesmen who believe it possible to cut off Canada economically from the continent of which she is a part, to make her for ever a commercial as well as a political appendage of a country on the other side of the ocean, and to treat the rest of the English-speaking race on this side of it fiscally and in

every other respect as mere foreigners and almost as natural enemies. They will deserve the credit of at least trying to act upon their principles and of not being mere 'flies on the wheel.' But they seem destined speedily to have their attention called to the weak points of their position. Against the United States they may in some measure protect the interests of the Canadian producer; but in the meantime their client will be drowned by a torrent from another quarter against which they cannot consistently with their political principles afford him any protection at all. Difficulties attend the task of devising a national policy for a country which is not a nation. Difficulties attend that task even from the Protectionist point of view; much more from the point of view of those who hold that what Canada really needs is free access to the markets of her own continent, and to those of the other countries which would take her goods and with which, if she were in possession of commercial autonomy, she might make terms for herself.

Whatever may be the result, however, of the present revision of the tariff, commercial questions are apparently coming to the front, while the old political issues are for the time receding into the background. Depression has forced the people to put aside party figments and turn their attention to the solid interests of the country. The last election, which turned on an economical question, is likely to prove a new departure in the politics of this country.

Together with the revelation of the National Policy Parliament will, no doubt, receive an announcement of the vigorous resumption of the Pacific Railway. There are among our leading men of business those who regard the enterprise as commercially desperate, and see in it a signal instance of the sinister influence exercised by the Imperialist sentiment on the economical policy of Canada. But

these prophets may be mistaken, as Lord Palmerston was when he predicted the failure of the Suez Canal. The scheme has been adopted on political grounds with the consent of the country, and it is better in any event that it should be carried into effect in earnest by its authors than that those who are not its authors, and do not really believe in it, though they lack courage to renounce it, should fritter away money in half-hearted and wavering measures. When the railroad is completed we shall learn what Manitoba and British Columbia will be really worth to us. At present British Columbia brings mere irritation, expense and weakness. Manitoba is taking away some of our best farmers, with their enterprise and capital, while her trade must be mainly with the tract of country to the markets of which she has the readiest access, and of which, in fact, nature has made her an integral part.

In the last number of this magazine there was a vigorous plea for an increase of the appropriation to the militia, which will probably find expression in Parliament. Undoubtedly the service at present receives niggard recognition. But will the people consent to do more for it, especially in a time of deficit and retrenchment? To persuade them you must alarm them; and what cause have they for alarm? A naval war, it is true, may any day break out between England and some maritime power; in that case our mercantile marine would suffer; but it is very unlikely that a landing would be effected or even attempted on our coasts. War with the United States, though it may hover before the imagination of some of our military men, is not contemplated as a practical possibility by the people. That Canada will greatly influence the political development and the general destinies of the English-speaking race upon this continent is a reasonable as well as a proud

hope; but it will be by other agencies than those of war; and it is preposterous to dream of military glory and aggrandizement to be won at the expense of a nation ten times exceeding ours in numbers, increasing much more rapidly than we do, and, as many a murderous field has witnessed, inferior in courage to no people in the world. It is as a school of bodily vigour, of patriotism, of comradeship, of discipline, as an antidote to some of the bad tendencies both of democracy and of commercial life, that the Canadian army is likely to be useful and worthy of a liberal support; but its professional efficiency is of course essential to the production of the moral effect.

It seems that the Letellier question is not to be allowed to drop. An impression is abroad that the majority will revive the motion of censure which was voted down last session. Sir Francis Hincks vigorously sustains the conduct of the Lieut.-Governor. He deprecates the imputation of motives. Unluckily in this case the motive, or to put it in a rather less invidious way, the apparent inducement is the main question for consideration. Nobody can deny that the Lieut.-Governor had a legal right to change his ministers. Nobody can deny even that he acted in accordance with the formal theory of the constitution as set forth by such writers as Blackstone and Delolme. But it is equally undeniable that in the period subsequent to the full development of parliamentary and cabinet government a precedent for his proceeding will be sought in vain. The dismissal of Lord Palmerston is scouted by Sir Francis Hincks as totally foreign to the discussion, though it was brought forward on his own side. An extraordinary use of the dormant prerogative of the Crown by such a functionary as the Lieut.-Governor of a Province surely is a subject for re-

mark if anything can be. The neglect of a formal observance toward the Lieut.-Governor in bringing in a Government bill, for the policy of which the Cabinet was of course responsible, might be a ground for notice, and perhaps for rebuke, but could hardly be a sufficient occasion for a *coup d'état*. It does not appear that the Lieut.-Governor, having an extraordinary case to deal with, and being placed, as he must have known he was, in an equivocal position, consulted his natural adviser the Governor-General; and it does appear that not long before the occurrence he had a meeting with Mr. Brown. The suspicion of a desire on his part to throw the government with its patronage and influence into the hands of his own friends before the election was so sure to arise, even in the most charitable minds, that he must have felt the necessity of obviating it; and he might have done so by strictly enjoining his new ministers, in the name of his honour and their own scrupulously to abstain from meddling with the Dominion election.

To insist that the connection of the Lieut.-Governor with a political party shall be left out of sight, is surely to ask us to wink very hard indeed. We are told that the Judges are taken from political parties, and that, nevertheless, we give them credit for impartiality on the Bench. But our Judges, with one exception, on entering the judiciary, have finally severed their connection with party; and to assume that they will still be unable to clear their minds of the political associations of the past, is to suppose a rare attachment to the ladder by which we have risen when the desired elevation has been attained. Lieut.-Governors do not sever their connection with their party; we have two of them in active political life at this moment. Officers under such temptations ought, for their own sake, to be held strictly to the rules

of their office; and it is a pity that their functions and powers are not perfectly defined by law, and that anything should be left to mere usage and tacit understanding. Unwritten constitutions may do very well for old countries like England, where the tradition is thoroughly established by centuries of practice, and is, moreover, in the constant safe-keeping of an almost hereditary caste of statesmen. But they are not so well suited to new countries, where tradition can hardly be said to exist, where opinion is without authoritative organs, and where there is little to steady or control individual fancy. The private studies of a partisan Lieut.-Governor on the principles of the constitution, will be apt to have as untoward a result as the private studies of Commander Wilkes in international law had in the case of the Trent.

Still, to stir the question again seems inexpedient. It is not desirable that the advent of a new party to power should be marked by reprisals. The act of the Lieut.-Governor was legal and cannot be cancelled, nor without positive proof of flagrantly bad motive can it be made the subject of any proceeding in the nature of an impeachment. It was passed upon at the time both by the Dominion Parliament and by the people of Quebec; and though the verdict is not likely, in either case, to command the deference of posterity, it must, like other verdicts delivered by the proper authority, be taken as practically final.

Parliament is opened with the pomp and circumstance befitting so extraordinary an occasion as the inauguration of Etiquette in the new world. Professor Fanning, who, deride him as you will, is the real soul of this great enterprise, has gone down, we are told, express to teach the presentation bow and curtsy. Curious manifestations of human na-

ture will be seen, and perhaps some shrewd observer may collect the materials for an amusing chapter in the social history of Canada.

The most robust faith in the final perfection of our Federal arrangements will scarcely survive this session of the Ontario Parliament. Everybody is saying that half a dozen Reeves and men of business would do all the work in a quarter of the time, and without any of the expense. For legislation of the more important kind, and the solution of such questions as that of City government, these local assemblies are not qualified. Whatever amount of the raw material for statesmanship there may be among us, not enough can be worked up under the circumstances of a new country to supply more than one Parliament fit for the exercise of the highest powers. Neither Sir John Macdonald, nor anybody who is entitled to speak for him, has said a syllable about legislative union; but there seems to be some reason for believing that he is not unwilling to make improvements in the direction of economy and simplicity if he can see his way to them. At once Mr. Brown, through his organ and his satellites, appeals to provincial selfishness and jealousy against his rival's supposed designs. Sir John Macdonald, if he has been eager and sometimes little scrupulous in the pursuit of power, if in the fury of party battle he has done things which all, excepting extreme partisans, condemn, has at least not been devoid of generous ambition. He has desired to connect his name with the prosperity and greatness of the country; and whatever in any way conduces to them, receives from him a measure of liberal sympathy, though it may not square exactly with his own notions or contribute to his own ascendancy. But the sole aim of Mr. Brown has been to keep the country under his control. The country has shaken him off, but

he still clutches Ontario. A genuine Liberal he never was, for the most essential part of genuine Liberalism is respect for freedom of opinion; but from rampant demagogism he has now, in the course of nature, sunk into servile Toryism, and upon every question that arises, political, fiscal or commercial, he tries at once to commit the party to a reactionary course. The party, however, has probably begun to reflect that the sacrifice of its future to his political decrepitude may be a bad investment, to say nothing of more patriotic considerations; and if Sir John Macdonald has anything to propose for the good of Canada, it is not likely that he will find the Liberals of Ontario disposed to play an anti-national part for the sake of keeping the Province under the exclusive dominion of Mr. Brown.

With regard to the delectable question of the 'Pay Grab' both parties may be said to have proved themselves worthy of the prize. But the community cannot afford to forego its hold upon the special responsibility of the leader of the House. It surely was his duty when approached upon the subject with a request in the somewhat suspicious guise of a round robin, to insist that whatever was to be done should be done openly, with ample notice to the public and full opportunity for discussion. If he lends himself to a plan for hurrying through, in secret session, so equivocal a measure, he may still insist on calling himself a Reformer; but it must be on some supralapsarian theory of the character, assuming that its possessor will be saved by indefectible grace, however little consonant to his professions his external acts may be.

In the case of the Algoma writ and its effect on the life of the Ontario Parliament lawyers differ and laymen must not pretend to decide. But there is one thing which even a layman may safely say—the legislative power ought not to be exercised with-

out an unimpeachable title both legal and moral. The legal title of the Parliament of Ontario to sit after February 2, can hardly be said to have been unimpeachable: there is an objection which evidently makes some impression on legal minds; and it is at least conceivable that a court not anxious to postpone the Ontario elections, might refuse to put upon any statute, or jumble of statutes, the construction for which the Government contend, and which would leave the Province possibly for six or eight months without any legislative power or any means of calling one into existence, whatever the emergency might be; since pending the return to the Algoma writ, there would be a Parliament still in course of election, and capable neither of sitting nor of being dissolved. But be the legal title what it may, it is certain that the moral title is utterly wanting. The period for which the members of the Parliament of Ontario were entrusted by the people with the legislative power has unquestionably expired; and their present exercise of the power is redeemed from the character of barefaced usurpation only by a technical quirk. A dissolution and an immediate election would have set all right and cleared legislation from the cloud which now rests upon it.

By the election of a successor to the Bishop of Toronto attention is again called to the division of parties in the Church of England. The fact is, there are not merely two parties but two churches under one legal roof. Between the pronounced High Churchman and the pronounced Evangelicals there is, no doubt, a large floating element of undecided and perhaps uninstructed opinion. But the pronounced High Churchman differs from the pronounced Evangelical not on any secondary point or on any mere question of degree, but vitally and fundamentally, as vitally and as fundamentally as it is possible

for one religious man to differ from another. They are diametrically opposed to each other in opinion as to the very nature and source of spiritual life. The system of the High Churchman is sacramental and sacerdotal; he believes that only through priests and the sacraments administered by priests can souls be saved. The system of the Low Churchman is anti-sacramental and anti-sacerdotal; he believes that by reliance on sacraments and priests as the means of salvation souls will be destroyed. It must be admitted that both parties have an historical and documentary status in the Church of England. Those who reorganized that Church in the reign of Elizabeth, when its character was finally stamped, were politicians little concerned about religious truth, as the chief of them had shown by quietly conforming to Roman Catholicism under Mary, while peasants and mechanics were going to the stake for the Protestant cause. Their real objects in forming their ecclesiastical polity were to preserve the unity of the nation, and, above all, the supremacy of the Crown. They built into the reconstructed edifice, with little regard for the consistency of its parts, fragments taken from the Church of Rome on one side and from the Church of Geneva on the other; unity they sought to preserve, not by commending their ritual and doctrines to the convictions of all the people, but by legal coercion exercised through ecclesiastical courts. The discordant elements thus combined without being blended have not failed to give birth each to its natural offspring at successive periods in the history of the Church. If there has ever been an intermission of this strife, it has been at epochs, such as the middle of the last century, when the whole Church was torpid and spiritual life was in abeyance. In the mother country, the disruptive forces are restrained by the great mass of endow-

ments and the legal system of the Establishment; but in a country where there is no connection between the Church and the State, the divergencies of opinion have free play. That either party will succeed in eliminating the other is hardly to be ex-

pected; the clergy, as a body, will always lean to sacerdotalism, while the laity, as a body, will always be anti-sacerdotal. Practically, the choice appears to lie between everlasting combat and peaceful separation.

ROUND THE TABLE.

I THINK that a stranger, particularly if he be an Englishman, can hardly fail to be struck, on his first introduction to Canadian society, by the want of taste displayed by our ladies, in the arrangement of their drawing-rooms. One misses the home-like comfort, combined with an indescribable air of refinement and gentle culture, which make an English drawing-room, above that of any other nation, a feature of comfort and elegance. This result may be arrived at independently of costliness of ornamentation or richness of furniture. Such a room, intended not for show, but for daily use, is remembered after years of absence, with a touch of sentiment somewhat akin to our tender recollection of the well-loved faces of its occupants. How is it that our ladies fail to impart this subtle charm to their rooms? The secret, I think, lies mainly in one defect, which may be briefly defined as a *want of simplicity*. This feature is particularly noticeable in the drawing-rooms of people of moderate means, although it is by no means altogether absent even from the reception rooms of the wealthy. I shall not, however, attempt to criticise the latter, but will confine my remarks to the former, that is to say the rooms of those who have no wealth to expend in handsome decoration, and must,

therefore, fall back on their own taste and ingenuity. There is in such rooms a crowding of ornament, generally out of keeping with the room and its furniture, and a total absence not only of artistic aptness and unity of design, but of any attempt even at harmonious arrangement; and we must in sorrow confess that these characteristics are too often conspicuous in the dress of the ladies, as well as in the arrangement of their drawing-rooms. It must be admitted that Torontonians of moderate means have an almost insuperable difficulty to contend with in the design of the houses. The prevailing custom of having the drawing-room and dining-room in one may have its advantages in the way of economy of space and fuel, but it is surely not defensible on any other grounds. Nothing could be more fatal to any harmony of effect; the chief characteristics of a dining-room should be subdued simplicity of furniture, and absence of superfluous ornament; that of a drawing-room, cheerfulness, tastefulness and comfort—and how can such opposite qualities harmonize? By being placed in juxtaposition the effect of the one and the other is lost. The 'parlour,' be it ever so pretty and graceful, is marred by its incongruous extension, by the big, square table and the stiff chairs,

by the ugly expanse of painted folding-doors, and by the association of clattering plates and steaming dishes. The dining-room, on the other hand, loses all its inherent characteristics, and becomes a nondescript room. A worse result is attained, however, when an attempt is being made to reconcile the irreconcilable, the dining-room is converted into an ugly half-and-half back-drawing-room: light little ornaments are scattered over the chimney-piece, fancy chairs are placed about the room, and at the further end is a sideboard laden with a medley of plate, painful to behold. Why people should fish out every bit of plated ware which the house can boast of, from a sprawling epergne, owned by the grandfather, to little trumpery articles, which are neither useful nor ornamental, and spread them all out on a little square sideboard, is more than I can understand. They certainly never use one half the things, and no room is improved by having one corner of it got up like a shop-window. This combination of rooms, however, is not the whole cause of the failure of picturesque effect, and, moreover, there is a decided desire to abandon this plan manifested by those who build their own houses. It must be remembered, however, that I am speaking altogether of those whose income obliges them to rent small houses proportionate to their means, and who perhaps think that they are unjustly upbraided for what they have no money to remedy. What I wish particularly to point out is, that it is not extravagance of outlay which necessarily makes a room charming, but the taste of those who arrange it. In one respect, particularly, is the absence of taste and artistic feeling especially flagrant—I refer to the pictures which are used to *decorate* the walls. Anything more abominable than the medley of pictures which the majority of people take pleasure in hanging in their rooms, one can hardly conceive. Chromos, lithographs, coloured photo-

graphs, prints, are all put up, pell mell, and if a little picture with some pretensions to artistic merit finds its way into the room, it is shabbily framed and ignominiously hung in some corner under a gaudy chromo in a ponderous gilt frame. Now, there is no excuse whatever for this. People will spend twenty-five or thirty dollars on some daub, when a charming water-colour drawing, by one of the many clever Canadian artists, can be bought for half the money. It is a perfect disgrace to the country that paintings of real merit should fetch the low prices they do. At the sale, the other day, of the Ontario Society of Artists, it was positively distressing to see pictures, many of them very clever and conscientiously painted, sold for a mere song. I don't know how artists have the courage to work at all, when the result of their labour is so little appreciated. It is probably only a want of education in artistic matters which causes such a state of affairs, but if people would only consult those who are better judges than themselves, and buy the works of really good artists, the improvement in taste would come of itself, and a very marked difference would soon be perceptible in the general appearance of sitting-rooms.

It is not to be expected that every one can have an eye for colour, or be capable of devising the most harmonious and artistic combination of the means at their disposal, but an attempt can always be made. For instance, a piece of scarlet needlework need not be placed on a crimson sofa, a gaudy new chair need not be introduced among old and faded furniture; and much may be done by the disposal of carefully chosen bits of colour, in the way of flowers, china and other ornaments. I have seen a very small, simply furnished drawing-room, metamorphosed by the tasteful arrangement of a few pieces of old china; and another brightened and sweetened by some carefully tended plants or ferns. Such simple decorations are within

the reach of all, and were the genuine desire once aroused, to improve on the present style of household decoration, the ways and means would not be found wanting.

S. T.

— I want to say a word about the offence of fences; and pray excuse, fellow-guests, the warmth of what I egotistically call my righteous indignation, for I must own I wax very wrath when I happen to be driving about the environs of Toronto to learn only that I am not to be permitted to discover what suggestions of pretty spots and places there are—to be seen, alas, only by the privileged few. On the removal of these objectionable fences that enclose every garden and shrubbery of any pretensions, how delightful would one's drives and walks become!

Are the owners of these enclosures fearful of the contaminating eye of the vulgar pedestrian, or roving looks

of the untutored savage? Feareth he that the free gaze of the uncivilized horde will cause his cultivated shrubs and plants to progress retrogressively and take a step backward, perhaps ultimately to decline into absolute wildness? Or is it the *my-ism*, the his-house-his-castle idea that obtain among so many that boast of British extraction? I am rather inclined to think that the inordinate selfishness that so often accompanies possession, is the main reason why owners of land place those five and six feet obstructions in the way of the lover of the picturesque, and thus deprive him from a very decided and refined enjoyment.

If an aspiring youth, who would have been, perchance (had circumstances favoured him), a sweet singer of flowers and verdure, should instead devote his talents to parody and satire—these fence-raisers, I affirm, will have to answer for much of the blame.

A. R.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A superb edition of Macaulay's 'England'* in five handsome octavo volumes has just reached us. It is an edition worthy of the eminent historian, and highly creditable to the taste and enterprise of the publishers. Uniform in size and style with Mr. Trevelyan's masterly life of Lord Macaulay, this new issue of the great history presents many very attractive and salient features. Its pages present a beautiful and rich appearance,

and the sumptuous character of the five noble volumes will endear them to all lovers of handsome and solid-looking books. Macaulay's England stands almost alone among the successful books of its class of the present century. It has steadily won its way to the libraries of all scholars, and the desks of all students, and it has fulfilled the early wish of its brilliant author, who hoped that it would eventually 'supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies.' Its success in the United States has been almost as great as it has been in the United Kingdom, and Macaulay

* The History of England from the accession of James the Second, by Lord Macaulay, in five volumes, 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

himself was much puzzled at this because, as he wrote to the Hon. Edward Everett, 'the book is quite insular in spirit. There is nothing cosmopolitan about it. I can well understand that it might have an interest for a few highly educated men in your country (the United States); but I do not at all understand how it should be acceptable to the body of a people who have no king, no lords, no Established Church, no Tories, nay (I might say) no Whigs, in the English sense of the word. The dispensing power, the ecclesiastical supremacy, the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience, must all, I should have thought, seemed strange, unmeaning things to the vast majority of the inhabitants of Boston and Philadelphia. Indeed, so very English is my book, that some Scotch critics, who have praised me far beyond my deserts, have yet complained that I have said so much of the crotchets of the Anglican High Churchmen—crotchets which scarcely any Scotchman seems able to comprehend.' Readers of the able Whig writer, however, and admirers of his terse and epigrammatic periods have no difficulty in finding reasons why this famous English history should have found such warm acceptance with everybody. The passionate skill of Macaulay, his glowing, flowing diction, his admirable portraits, his artistic pictures, his delightful colouring, and the splendid learning and analysis of character and motive which enrich every page of his work, readily enough tell the story. These statistics will interest many. In 1858, 12,024 copies of a single volume of the history were put into circulation, and 22,925 copies in 1864. During the nine years ending with the 25th of June, 1857, 30,478 copies of the first volume were sold, and during the same period ending June, 1866, the number reached 50,783, while in June, 1875, Macaulay's English publishers, the Messrs. Longmans, reported a sale of 52,392. In America its sale

was only exceeded by the Bible and one or two school books, universal in demand.

The present edition of this fine work is issued from new plates, well printed on good paper and bound substantially in excellent library style. It is in short *the* edition of Macaulay. No one should wish for any better. A steel portrait of the historian forms the frontispiece to the first volume.

Mr. Holly has done excellent service to housebuilders and architects and lovers of tasteful residences by the timely publication of some exceedingly useful thoughts on *Modern Dwellings* in Town and Country*. As its name implies or its title suggests, his work is an intelligent discussion on the subject of comfortable homes and their surroundings. The work while specially designed to suit American wants and climate, will be found quite applicable to the requirements of the Canadian housebuilder. Over one hundred original designs, comprising neat cottages, charming villas and stately mansions, together with an interesting treatise, equally useful, on furniture and decorations accompany the book. Mr. Holly has in nowise exhausted his subject, but he has succeeded in presenting a large number of capital hints and suggestions which cannot fail in their object of affording much practical assistance to the builder. The author has treated his topic in a sensible and practical way. He has aimed at simplicity and beauty rather than extravagance and useless ornamentation. His aim has been to lessen the expenditure as much as possible, and while his figures may be taken only as a partial guide, for the cost of housebuilding fluctuates considerably, they will serve fairly well their purpose. More than one-half of

* *Modern Dwellings in Town and Country*, by H. Hudson Holly. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

the book is taken up with chapters on Construction, introducing the Gothic revival, Cottage architecture, suburban homes, the economy of country life, —showing how poverty is a blessing sometimes—sites, plans, building materials, those occasionally delusive specifications, plumbers' blunders, which will strike home in many hearts, the lightning-rod-man and his attacks, steam-heating, the library, kitchen, &c., &c. The second part goes thoroughly into furniture and decoration. Everything about a house is discussed critically and effectively, and some delightful observations on plants and conservatories and woodwork and fire places, will interest persons of æsthetic tastes and feelings. Mr. Holly writes well, and his book is interlarded with amusing anecdotes, some clever sayings, and now and then a picturesque bit of description. The illustrations are well engraved, and add much to the appearance of a volume whose letterpress is so enjoyable to read, and useful in every way.

Dr. Draper is one of the most voluminous and scholarly authors of America. Of fine scientific attainments and possessing a philosophical mind, and an aptitude for research, he has already made many notable contributions to the stronger literature of the day. He writes in a free and pictorial style, and his books are distinguished for their originality and breadth of view. The learned author's latest volume is a fine series of papers on a great variety of subjects, exhibiting much experimental investigation. 'Scientific Memoirs'* is a noble work. It owes its origin to its author's zeal and study for the last forty years, and includes the majority of Dr. Draper's noteworthy memoirs, which relate to Radiant Energy or the effects of Radiations. These are treated in an excellent

spirit. A full investigation is made of the temperature at which bodies become red-hot, the nature of the light which they emit at various degrees and the connection between their status as to vibration and their heat. Dr. Draper has studied this notable branch of science for many years, and he has been the first to introduce into America the use of instruments, which to-day find general acceptance with scholars and experimenters. The spectroscope at an early period claimed his attention, and he employed it in the prosecution of his labours, when few even in Europe, save the renowned Fraunhofer, gave it the attention it demanded. And so it has been with other aids to advanced science, Dr. Draper has led rather than followed others. He has developed facts for himself. He has investigated the secrets of chemistry and the wonders of modern science in all its forms. His utterances may be accepted as authoritative for the statements he advances, and students and others will find the history of many delightful experiments in the book under present consideration. Dr. Draper thus speaks of the plan and scope of his work—the occupation of many years. 'Experimental investigation, to borrow a phrase employed by Kepler, respecting the testing of hypotheses, is a very great thief of time! Sometimes it costs many days to determine a fact that can be stated in a line. The things related in these memoirs have consumed much more than forty years. Such a publication therefore, assumes the character of an autobiography, since it is essentially a daily narrative of the occupation of its author. To a reader imbued with the true spirit of philosophy, even the short-comings, easily detectable in it, are not without a charm. From the better horizon he has gained, he watches his author, who, like a pioneer, is doubtfully finding his way, here travelling in a track that leads to

**Scientific Memoirs*: Being Experimental Contributions to A Knowledge of Radiant Energy. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., L. L. D. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson

nothing, then retracing his footsteps, and again undeterred, making attempts until success crowns his exertions. To explore the path to truth implies many wanderings, many inquiries, many mistakes.' 'Perhaps, then,' continues the author, 'since this book is a sort of autobiography, its readers will bear with me if I try to make it more complete, by here referring to other scientific or historical works in which I have been engaged.'

Dr. Draper, in his preface, gives an account of some of his other books, and tells how he came to turn his attention to the study in which he has won such renown. This introduction adds a zest for what is in store for the reader, and no one can take up 'Scientific Memoirs' without reading it through, and referring to it again and again.

Among the important books of the day, Dr. Geikie's terse and compact *History of the English Reformation** will claim a good deal of attention. The work before us displays a considerable amount of research and examination, and much conscientious study. The author discusses, in a readable way, the various causes which led to the great change which overtook the religion of England, and describes the growth of that change, which, he says, had its root long before the Eighth Harry sat upon the throne. Of course, as may be expected, Dr. Geikie attacks the Roman Catholic Church, but it will astonish some, doubtless, to find a Church of England divine boldly denouncing the left wing of his own Church, and scattering a clerical broadside at the heads of our good friends the Ritualists. Dr. Geikie thus smartly writes: 'Unfortunately, it is not Rome alone from which Protestantism, as the embodi-

ment of liberty, has to guard. The Episcopal Communion, smitten for the time by an epidemic of priestism, has latterly seen numbers of its clergy betraying its principles and seeking the favour of that Church against whose errors their own is a standing protest. This melancholy spectacle has been witnessed both in England and America, and demands the vigorous watchfulness of all to whom spiritual liberty is sacred. . . . To stop Ritualism the one sure step is to challenge this gross conception known as Apostolic Succession. No one can hold it and be, logically, a Protestant.'

Dr. Geikie writes with some power. He has apparently caught the literary trick of Macaulay, and his style is very good indeed. The book will have weight in many influential quarters, and it may supersede altogether some of its kindred in the libraries, though one would fancy that the literature of the Reformation is pretty well supplied already. Dr. Geikie is tolerably fair-minded and reasonable, and he seems to be pretty well informed about the politics and religious training of the United States and Canada. His attitude towards High Churchmen will attract attention, even if it leads to nothing more. The book is dedicated to the Archbishops and Bishops of England.

Mr. Wm. Winter is a very charming poet and a graceful writer of English prose. A beautifully printed account of his recent trip to England* has reached us. It is just the sort of book we would expect from the pen of a poet. The diction is pure and flowing, and the many delicious bits of descriptive writing and elegantly turned sentences which enrich the volume on almost every page, will attract those readers who love 'to be

**The English Reformation*. How it came about, and why we should uphold it. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. New York; D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

**The Trip to England*, by WILLIAM WINTER. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

beholden,' as Emerson has it, 'to the great Metropolitan English speech, the sea which receives tributaries from every region under Heaven.' The writer has tried to reflect the poetry of England, and to preserve the language in all its purity and force, and his efforts have not in any way proved unsuccessful. The *brochure* is full of poetic and tender notes of a trip which must have been excessively lovely. As one knowing the tastes and habits of the author might infer, a goodly portion of the book is devoted to the home and haunts of Shakespeare, rambles in Old London, and glimpses of its odd corners and nooks, and a walk through Westminster, that splendid resting place of Britain's illustrious dead. These chapters will be sure to enlist the attention and win the admiration of the reader, but it is almost an injustice to Mr. Winter to single out these bits as specimens of his best work. Every chapter is interesting, and not a page is dull or commonplace. The voyage out, the sail across the vast depths of ocean, the marvellous beauty which England presents as the puffing steamer nears her shores, the visit to the palace of the Queen, the view of Warwick and famous Kenilworth, the word picture of the Tower, and the tender story of the Byron Memorial, and the graphic outline of the French coast, are parts of a beautiful whole, which none will skip or read carelessly. We have marked several passages for quotation, but this, from the fifth chapter, will, perhaps, give some idea of the author's ornate style.

'The American who, having been a careful and interested reader of English history, visits London for the first time, naturally expects to find the ancient city in a state of mild decay; and he is, consequently, a little startled at first, upon realizing that the Present is quite as vital as ever the Past was, and that London antiquity is, in fact, swathed in the robes of every day action, and very much alive when, for

example, you enter Westminster Hall—"the great hall of William Rufus"—you are beneath one of the most glorious canopies in the world—one which was built by Richard II., whose grave, chosen by himself, is in the Abbey, just across the street from where you stand. But this old hall is now only a vestibule to the Palace of Westminster. The Lords and Commons of England, on their way to the Houses of Parliament, pass every day over the spot on which Charles I. was tried and condemned, and in which occurred the trial of Warren Hastings. It is a mere thoroughfare, glorious though it be, alike in structure and historic renown. The Palace Yard near by was the scene of the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh; but all that now marks the spot is a rank of cabs and a shelter for cab-drivers. In Bishopgate Street—where Shakespeare once lived—you may find Crosby House; the same to which, in Shakespeare's tragedy, the Duke of Gloster requests the retirement of Lady Anne. It is a restaurant now; and you may enjoy a capital chop and excellent beer in the veritable throneroom of Richard III. The house of Cardinal Wolsey, in Fleet Street, is now a shop. Milton lived once in Golden Lane; and Golden Lane was a sweet and quiet spot. It is a slum now, dingy and dismal, and the visitor is glad to get out of it. To-day makes use of yesterday, all the world over. It is not in London, certainly, that you find much of anything—except old churches—mouldering in solitude, silence and neglect. * * * The Palace of Westminster is a splendid structure. It covers eight acres of ground, on the bank of the Thames; it contains eleven quadrangles and five hundred rooms; and, when its niches for statuary have all been filled, it will contain two hundred and twenty-six statues. The monuments in St. Stephen's Hall—into which you pass from Westminster Hall, which has been incorporated into the Palace, and is its only ancient, and, therefore, its

most interesting feature—indicate, very eloquently, what a superb art-gallery this will one day become. The statues are the images of Selden, Hampden, Falkland, Clarendon, Somers, Walpole, Chatham, Mansfield, Burke, Fox, Pitt and Grattan. Those of Mansfield and Grattan present, perhaps, the most of character and power, making you feel that they are indubitably accurate portraits, and drawing you by the charm of personality. There are statues, also, in Westminster Hall, commemorative of the Georges, William and Mary, and Anne; but it is not of these you think, nor of any local and every day object, when you stand beneath the wonderful roof of Richard II. Nearly eight hundred years "their cloudy wings expand" above this fabric, and copiously shed upon it the fragrance of old renown. Richard II. was deposed there; Cromwell was there installed Lord Protector of England; John Fisher, Sir Thomas More and Strafford, were there condemned; and it was there that the possible, if not usual, devotion of woman's heart was so touchingly displayed by her—

"Whose faith drew strength from death,
And prayed her Russell up to God."

Mr. Winter's thoroughly enjoyable book is made up from the letters which he wrote for the *New York Tribune*, in commemoration of a delightful ten weeks' experience in England and France, during the summer of 1877, and is dedicated to Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

Mr. Longfellow's volumes—the *Poems of Places**—increase in interest as the series near completion. The latest additions to this charming set of little books, are two volumes of poetry which the great and minor singers of the old and new world have

written about the rivers and streamlets, the villages and towns, and the odd nooks and corners of the States of New England. Every page reveals the fine catholic taste, the culture and scholarly attainments, and splendid judgment of the editor. But past volumes descriptive of the poetry of other and older continents have prepared the reader, in a measure, for the admirable character of the selections which find a place here. The purest gems of poesy, choice bits whose absence would indeed be missed, only, are preserved in these pretty collections. Nothing is inserted out of mere courtesy, or through the accident of locality. Mr. Longfellow is always critical and exacting, and his books contain the most exquisite only of the thousands of poems which must necessarily come under his notice. In the copies before us the editor draws liberally on Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Bryant, Montgomery, Emerson, and himself, and less copiously from Trowbridge, Cranch, Stoddard, Aldrich, Saxe, J. T. Fields, Celia Thaxter, Story, Dana, O'Reilly, Willis, McLellan, Southey, Halleck, Appleton, Rogers and others. When completed this series of poetry will be, beyond all doubt, the finest ever made.

A clever story comes to us from England. Miss Dempster, who is favourably known to novel-readers as the author of 'Vera,' 'Blue Roses,' and some other tales, has brought out in London a new bit of fiction with the somewhat picturesque title of 'Within Sound of the Sea.*' The scene of the story is laid in Scotland, and though Miss Dempster is not as strong in descriptive writing as Mr. Black, nor as dramatic as Scott, nor as artistic as George Macdonald, she has still much individuality and talent as a story-teller, and a good deal of

* *Poems of Places*—New England—edited by Prof. H. W. Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *Within Sound of the Sea*. By the author of *Blue Roses*, 2 vols. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

skill in character grouping. The plot is quite simply constructed and, while there is little attempt at what may be termed fine writing, there are general passages of beauty and compass in the book. The characters get on very well, and one or two incidents, which are striking and realistic, are exceedingly well managed. Of course the progress of the tender passion is a marked feature in the narrative which Miss Dempster tells so well. There are several good situations in the story, and the conversations are for the most part bright and interesting. The heroine is a very charming young lady who, at an early period, gains the good-will of the reader, who cannot help following her varying fortunes with a more than ordinary degree of interest. She is the daughter of a close-fisted Scottish farmer, whose word in his own house at least, is law, and who adds to his accomplishment of getting drunk on 'cattle-day,' a deep-rooted hatred of femininity in boys and men. He is a man of hard and uncouth manners, and his disposition is as rough and unyielding as his dying wife's is mild and sweet-tempered. She is Highland Scotch, and the romantic element in her nature is inherited by her son Hugh, whose tastes are largely artistic. He detests farming, and having lived some years with an indulgent uncle, he receives with an ill grace the scoldings and corrections of his father. The elder Ford fancies there is nothing in his son because that young gentleman does not care to follow the plough, and dislikes the engaging occupation of the agriculturalist. The result is that whenever the couple meet, a quarrel is sure to ensue, and the powerless wrath of the son expends itself at the bedside of the wasting woman whose heart bleeds for the boy for whom she cherishes the warmest and strongest love. Hugh's troubles are shared by his sister Marion, the heroine of the tale, and he often listens to her mild reproof and accepts advice from her

when his own breast is full of angry emotions and injured pride. A truant escapade, a forbidden adventure in a boat, an angry scene at home, a blow struck by an unreasonable and infuriated parent decides the boy's future. He leaves his dying mother and sorrowing sister, and embarks on a whaling expedition, mentally resolving never to return to Netherbyres again, or to forgive the contumely of his chastisement. He meets with many adventures, and in the meantime his mother dies heart-broken at his absence. Marion, who unites the qualities of being able to love and of being loved holds the balance even between the parents, and often pours oil on the troubled waters and brings peace out of chaos. Of course such a sweet character would not remain long without admirers and lovers. Marion is beloved by two at the same time, a clergyman well advanced in years, and a dashing young physician of good family. She loves the latter, and is beloved in return, but though there is no actual troth plighted or vows exchanged, an 'understanding' is tacitly arrived at. Money matters at length call the doctor away from the Scottish coast, and in order to save his family name from threatened disgrace and pecuniary embarrassment the young physician smothered his passion for the woman he really loves, and marries his wealthy cousin at Norwood. Sad hearted, poor Marion Ford bemoans her fate, and seeks the bracing climate of the Highlands, at the advice of old Doctor Miller who notices the absence of roses from her cheek, and interprets the paleness of her face to grief for her mother's death. She comes back soon after, however, to her father's roof, in response to an urgent summons. The Reverend George Esslemont now sees his opportunity, and lays siege to the citadel of the maiden's heart. The love making between these two is most deliciously described by Miss Dempster, and the appearance on the

scene at an inopportune moment, of the wealthy brewer, Mr. Fyfe, as a suitor for Marion's hand, adds zest to the rather critical situation in which the bashful lovers are by force of circumstances ultimately driven. Everything is righted at last, as it should be in every well organized novel. The truant lad returns to his native heath with an American wife and a baby boy in her arms. Peace is made between father and son. Marion marries the minister of the parish. Mr. Fyfe, disgusted, returns to his vats and his bronchitis and ruminates on the perversity of woman and the folly of love. 'Only in Fisherton the wind and waves keep up the element of unrest; and though the fishermen may lounge to-night between the rows of the brown boats that they have beached among the shingle and all the waste and refuse of the shore, yet to-morrow they must again breast the waters, and toss among the white flying foam. How loud the Sound of the Sea is to-night.'

A useful little manual for collectors is Mr. Frederic Vors' 'Bibelots and Curios.*' It is full of information of a practical kind, and much elementary knowledge of porcelain, pottery, glass, metal work, lacquer work, musical instruments, enamels, fans, furniture, etc., etc., may be had from a study of its pages. The glossary of technical terms is quite an interesting feature in a work which may be pronounced one of the most complete books of its kind known to bric-a-brac hunters and students.

Who wrote it? many will ask after turning over the last page of 'Signor Monaldini's Niece.†' The story is one of the very best which

has appeared for a long time, and certainly it surpasses all its predecessors of the popular 'No Name Series.' That happily-conceived collection of clever tales and good poetry having reached its fourteenth volume, the publishers have decided to furnish the reading public with a new series of the same class, preserving all the prominent features of the first and differing only in the style of binding. The opening volume of the new instalment is so clever and bright and delicious that one may well stop to consider the authorship of a narrative which possesses many of the characteristics of Story, Hawthorne, and the writer of that charming thing, 'Kismet.' The scene is laid in Italy, and both in movement and description, in conversation and spirit, the most unabated interest is maintained from the very beginning to the all too speedy close. The author is no tyro in the art of story-telling. He is artistic, thoughtful, æsthetic and brilliant, and seems to have caught the true spirit of poetry from a long residence in the land of Angelo and of Dante. If a 'Roman Lawyer' did not write this last really able contribution to the fiction literature of the day, we are much mistaken. There are too many artistic bits of descriptive writing, too many new and original characterizations, too many sparkling talks, and too much general excellence and vigour in the book to suppose otherwise.

So much has been said about the class of books which we should read ourselves and allow our children to read, that we approach advice of this kind in a somewhat unfriendly mood. No allowance seems to be made for difference of taste and the habits of thought which obtains in different minds, and in several instances we know of, the mentor has proved a very unskilful guide indeed. However, our remarks at this time do in no way apply to the entertaining booklet

* *Bibelots and Curios.* By FREDERIC VORS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Signor Monaldini's Niece.* *No Name Series.* Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

'On the right use of Books,'* which has just come out from the press of Messrs. Roberts, Bros., Boston. It is judiciously and properly written, and the author's views in many notable instances are well worthy of being accepted and followed. It was first prepared, Mr. Atkinson informs us, as a lecture, and it was read to a class of young business men, at the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. Additions have been made to it since then, and it now presents quite respectable proportions. The author advances several good suggestions, and counsels good digestion in reading, considering it even more important than a good head. He advises abstemiousness and recommends us to avoid as much as possible *cramming* of every kind. His remarks on books are generally in good taste, though there is an air of smartness and a desire to say cutting things in a few instances, which we wish Mr. Atkinson had avoided.

Social Heroism and Broken Bonds† are two Canadian Prize Temperance tales, the former by F. Louise Morse, and the latter by Felix Max. Both are very well written, and the incidents are described with much feeling and some dramatic power.

'England not Dead,'‡ is a trashy but patriotic piece of doggerel, which has been sent to us, doubtless as a sort of punishment for inserting Professor Goldwin Smith's article on 'Berlin and Afghanistan,' in our December number. The author, John M. Dagnall, who is, we understand, from the title page, the perpetrator of 'several Epic or other lyrical and narrative poems,' states in the ninth page of his book—

* *On the right Use of Books.* A Lecture. By WILLIAM P. ATKINSON. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Social Heroism, Broken Bonds.* Toronto: T. Moore.

‡ *England not Dead.* By JOHN M. DAGNALL. London: Published by the Author. New York: Peast & Co.

'In all her days she never was more robust,
To free a race by anarchy afflicted;
To tear from Russian sway or Turkish lust,
Their tyrant chains, by England not dead !'

and

'Assailing Russians whose battles make you jump,
Frantic with rage, and by destruction haunted;
Our pittance for the noble triumph,
Would sicken England—England not dead !'

The book also contains some things about the Turk and the Briton, and some scenes in Cumberland, which possess about as much merit as the larger mass of rubbish.

Raymonde* will delight the admirers of the prolific French novelist Andre Theuriet, who owes his popularity in America altogether to the Appletons who have printed the major part of his best work in a cheap and attractive shape. The story is a good one. It is full of character, has plenty of 'go,' and the descriptive bits are managed with great skill and art. The inventive powers of the author are admirably brought out, and the excessively novel situations with which the book abounds are quite striking. The odd meeting of Antoine and the heroine at the charcoal burning, is an experiment in fiction and *may* have some imitators. The story is amusing and it can be read in one hour or two.

A good deal of nice discrimination is exercised in the choice of works which the Messrs. Appleton, of New York, send out in their popular 'Handy Volume Series.' Some twenty-four numbers have already appeared, and the high character of the reading-matter is well maintained in every issue. The series is designed to supply a want felt for years by book-buyers, and readers who wish to keep up their acquaintance with current light literature, and 'short' books of travel and personal experience. Each volume is compact, well printed and

* *Raymonde.* By ANDRE THEURIET. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

uniform in shape and appearance. The letter-press embraces clever stories, piquant essays, and a good variety of desultory reading matter. The last volume is a neatly told tale by Charlotte M. Yonge, entitled 'The Disturbing Element.'* There is plenty of love ('the disturbing element'), adventure and romance in the story, and the author's method may be highly commended. The materials are slender, but there is plenty of 'go' and action and bright colouring, which make up for the almost total absence of plot. The idea of the story is a good one, and there is much originality in its development. A number of young English girls, studying for the Cambridge and Edinburgh examinations, form themselves into a society for mutual improvement and the cultivation of the mental faculties. They hold many meetings, and these are quite amusingly described, while a complete list of the studies prosecuted and the method practised are also given. A German professor is introduced, and he and his crippled brother soon become important persons in the little drama. Of course the veteran novel reader will be prepared for what follows. One of the young ladies falls in love with the teacher, and several of the other pupils in turn form attachments, and the society and story come to an end almost at the same time. There are some spirited bits of writing here and there in the book,

* *The Disturbing Element*; or, Chronicles of the Blue Bell Society, by CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

and a good dramatic incident is well conceived and cleverly worked up.

'Modern Fishers of Men'* is an entertaining story. It is light, amusing and bright, and while it is not particularly new or fresh, it will serve to while away a dull hour pleasantly enough. There is the usual amount of love-making and the usual number of match-making mammas, a clever parson, a bold young military officer, and, of course, quite a formidable array of attractive young ladies. The scene is laid in a village, and what with sewing circles, festivals, tea-meetings and temperance gatherings, the author contrives to tell a humorous and tolerably well constructed tale. The vein of satire, which runs through the story, is quite enjoyable. The frailties of poor humanity are laid bare by a remorseless pen, and it is easy to understand why *some*, at least, of the incidents are described.

Horticulturalists and lovers of the Flower-garden will find much that is interesting and instructive in Mr. James Vick's handsomely printed 'Floral Guide.'† It is more than a mere catalogue of names of plants and seedlings. It is a book of beautifully executed engravings. It is a history of flowers of every kind. The coloured plate is a real gem.

* *Modern Fishers of Men*. Among the various sexes, sects, and sets of Chartville Church and community. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *The Floral Guide*. James Vick, Rochester, New York.