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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "A Princess of Thule," "Daughter of Heth," "Three Feathers," "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

A LIFE-PLEDGE.

LORD WILLOWBY had fallen asleep. Through the white curtains of the window they could see him lying back in an easy chair, a newspaper dropped on his knee. Why should they go in to wake him?

The wan light was dying away from the bosom of the lake down there, and there was less of a glow in the northern skies; but the stars were burning more clearly now—white and throbbing over the black foliage of the elms. The nightingale sang from time to time, and the woods were silent to hear. Now and again a cool breeze came through the bushes, bringing with it a scent of lilacs and sweet-briar. They were in no hurry to re-enter the house.

Balfour was talking a little more honestly and earnestly now; for he had begun to speak of his work, his aims, his hopes, his difficulties. It was not a romantic tale he had to tell on this beautiful night, but his companion conferred romance upon it. He was talking as an eager, busy, practical politician; she believed she was listening to a great statesman, to a leader of the future, to her country's one and only saviour. It was of no use that he insisted on the prosaic and commonplace nature of the actual work he had to do.

'You see, Lady Sylvia,' he said, 'I am only an apprentice as yet. I am only learning how to use my tools. And the fact is, there is not one man in fifty in the House who fancies that any tools are necessary. Look how on the most familiar subjects—those nearest to their own doors—they are content to take all their information from the newspapers. They never think of enquiring, of seeing, for themselves. They work out legislation as a mere theorem; they have no idea how it is practically applied. They pass Adulteration Acts, Sanitary Acts, Lodging-house Acts; they consider Gas Bills, Water Bills, and what not; but it is all done in the air. They don't know. Now I have been trying to cram on some of these things, but I have avoided official reports. I know the

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pull it will give me to have actual and personal experience—this is in one direction only, you see—of the way the poorer people in a great town live: how taxation affects them, how the hospitals treat them, their relations with the police, and a hundred other things. Shall I tell you a secret, Lady Sylvia?'

These were pretty secrets to be told on this beautiful evening: secrets not of lovers' dreams and hopes, but secrets about Gas Bills and Water Bills.

'I lived for a week in a court in Seven Dials, as a French polisher. Next week I am going to spend in a worse den—a haunt of thieves, tramps, and hawkers; a very pretty den, indeed, to be the property of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and almost under the shadow of Westminster Abbey.'

She uttered a slight exclamation—of deprecation and anxious fear. But he did not quite understand.

'This time, however,' he continued, 'I shall not be so badly off; for I am going to live at a common lodging-house, and there the beds are pretty clean. I have been down and through the whole neighborhood, and have laid my plans. I find that by paying eighteenpence a night—instead of fourpence—I shall have one of the married people's rooms to myself, instead of having to sleep in the common-room. There will be little trouble about it. I shall be a hawker, my stock in trade a basket; and if I disappear at three in the morning—going off to Covent Garden, you know—they won't expect to see me again till nine or ten in the evening, when they meet me in the evening to smoke and drink beer. It is then I hope to get all the information I want. You see there will be no great hardship. I shall be able to slip home in the morning, get washed, and a sleep. The rooms in these common lodging-houses are vere fairly clean; the police supervision is very strict.'

'It is not the hardship,' said Lady Sylvia to her companion, and her breath came and went somewhat more quickly, 'it is the danger—you will be quite alone—among such people.'

'Oh,' *said he, lightly,* 'there is no danger at all. Besides I have an ally—the great and powerful Mrs. Grace. Shall I tell you about Mrs. Grace, the owner of pretty nearly half of Happiness Alley?'

The Lady Sylvia would hear something of this person with the pretty name, who lived in that favoured alley.

'I was wandering through the courts and lanes down there one day,' said Balfour, 'and I was having a bad time of it; for I had a tall hat on, which the people regarded as ludicrous, and they poured scorn and contempt on me, and one or two of the women at the windows above threw things at my hat. However, as I was passing one door, I saw a very strong-built woman suddenly come out, and she threw a basket into the middle of the lane. Then she went back, and presently she appeared again, simply shoving before her—her hand on his collar—a man who was certainly as big as herself. "You clear out," she said; and then with one arm—it was bare and pretty muscular—she shot him straight after the basket. Well, the man was a meek man, and did not say a word. I said to her, "Is that your husband you are treating so badly?" Of course I kept out of the reach of her arm, for women who are quarrelling with their husbands are pretty free with their hands. But this woman, although she had a firm, resolute face and a grey mustache, was as cool and collected as a judge. "Oh, dear no," she said; "that is one of my tenants. He can't pay, so he's got to get out." On the strength of this introduction I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Grace, who is really a most remarkable woman. I suppose she is a widow, for she hasn't a single relative in the world. She has gone on renting house after house, letting the rooms, collecting her rents and her nightly fees for lodgers, and looking after her property generally with a decision and ability quite out of the ordinary. I don't suppose she loses a shilling in a month by bad debts. "Pay or you go," is her motto with her tenants; "Pay first or you can't come in," she says to her lodgers. She has been an invaluable ally to me, that woman. I have gone through the most frightful dens with her, and there was scarcely a word said; she is not a woman to stand any nonsense. And then, of course, her having amassed this property, sixpence by sixpence, has made her anxious to know the conditions on which all the property around is held, and she has a remarkably quick and shrewd eye for things. Once, I remember, we had been exploring a number of houses that

were in an infamous condition. "Well," I said to her, "how do the sanitary inspectors pass this over?" She answered that the sanitary inspectors were only the servants of the Medical Officer of Health. "Very well, then," I said, "why doesn't the Medical Officer of Health act?" You should have seen the cool frankness with which she looked at me. "You see, Sir," she said, "the Medical Officer of Health is appointed by the vestry; and these houses are the property of Mr. ——, who is a vestry-man; and if he was made to put them to rights, he might as well pull them down altogether. So I suppose, Sir, the inspectors don't say much, and the Medical Officer he doesn't say any thing, and Mr. —— is not put to any trouble." There is nothing of that sort about Mrs. Grace's property. It is the cleanest bit of whitewash in Westminster. And the way she looks after the water-supply—. But really, Lady Sylvia, I must apologize to you for talking to you about such uninteresting things.'

'Oh, I assure you,' said the girl, earnestly and honestly, 'that I am deeply interested —intensely interested; but it is all so strange and terrible. If—if I knew Mrs. Grace, I would like to—to send her a present.'

If never occurred to Balfour to ask himself why Lady Sylvia Blythe should like to send a present to a woman living in one of the slums of Westminster. Had the girl a wild notion that by a gift she could bribe the virago of Happiness Alley to keep watch over a certain Quixotic young man who wanted to become a Parliamentary Haroun-al-Raschid?

'Mr. Balfour,' said Lady Sylvia, suddenly, 'have you asked this Mrs. Grace about the prudence of your going into that lodging-house.'

'Oh yes, I have got a lot of slang terms from her—hawkers' slang, you know. And she is to get me my suit of clothes and the basket.'

'But surely they will recognize you as having been down there before.'

'Not a bit. I shall have my face plentifully begrimed; and there is no better disguise for a man than his taking off his collar and tying a wisp of black ribbon round his neck instead. Then I can smoke pretty steadily; and I need not talk much in the kitchen of an evening. But why should I bother you with these things, Lady Sylvia? I only wanted to show you a bit of the training that I think a man should go through before he gets up in Parliament with some delightfully accurate scheme in his hand for the amelioration of millions of human beings—of whose condition he does not really know the smallest particular. It is not the picturesque side of legislation. It is not heroic. But then if you want a fine, bold, ambitious flight of statesmanship, you have only got to go to Oxford or Cambridge; in every college you will find twenty young men ready to remodel the British Constitution in five minutes.'

They walked to the window; Lord Willowby was still asleep in the hushed yellow-lit room. Had they been out a quarter of an hour—half an hour? It was impossible for them to say; their rapidly growing intimacy and friendly confidence took no heed of time.

'And it is very disheartening work,' he added, with a sigh. 'The degradation, physical and mental, you see on the faces you meet in these slums is terrible. You begin to despair of any legislation. Then the children—their white faces, their poor stunted bodies, their weary eyes—thank God you have never seen that sight. I can stand most things: I am not a very soft-hearted person: but—but I can't stand the sight of those children.'

She had never heard a man's sob before. She was terrified, overawed. But the next moment he had burst, into a laugh and was talking in rather a gay and excited fashion.

'Yes,' said he, 'I should like to have my try at heroic legislation too. I should like to be made absolute sovereign and autocrat of this country for one week. Do you know what I should do on day number one? I should go to the gentlemen who form the boards of the great City guilds, and I should say to them, "Gentlemen, I assure you you would be far better in health and morals if you would cease to spend your revenues on banquets at five guineas a head. You have had quite as much of that as is good for you. Now I propose to take over the whole of the property at present in your hands, and if I find any reasonable bequest in favor of fishmongers, or skinners, or any other poor tradesmen, that I will adminis-

ter, but the rest of your wealth—it is only a trifle of twenty millions or so, capitalized—I mean to use for the benefit of yourselves and your fellow-citizens." Then, what next? I issue my edict: "There shall be no more slums. Every house of them must be razed to the ground, and the sites turned into gardens, to tempt currents of air into the heart of the city." But what of the dispossessed people? Why, I have got in my hands twenty millions to whip them off to Nebraska and make of them great stock-raising communities on the richest grass lands in the world. Did I tell you, Lady Sylvia,' he added seriously, 'that I mean to hang all the directors of the existing water and gas companies?'

'No, you did not say that,' she answered, with a smile. But she would not treat this matter altogether as a joke. It might please him to make fun of himself; in her inmost heart she believed that if the country only gave him these unlimited powers for a single year, the millennium would *ipso facto* have arrived.

'And so,' said he, after a time, 'you see how I am situated. It is a poor business, this Parliamentary life. There is a great deal of mean and shabby work connected with it.'

'I think it is the noblest work a man could put his hand to,' she said, with a flush on her cheek that he could not see; 'and the nobleness of it is that a man will go through the things you have described for the good of others. I don't call that mean or shabby work. I should call it mean or shabby if a man were building up a great fortune to spend on himself. If that was his object, what could be more mean? You go into slums and dens; you interest yourself in the poorest wretches that are alive; you give your days and your nights to studying what you can do for them; and you call all that care and trouble and self-sacrifice mean and shabby!'

'But you forget,' he said coldly, 'what is my object. I am serving my apprenticeship. I want these facts for my own purposes. You pay a politician for his trouble by giving him a reputation, which is the object of his life—'

'Mr. Balfour,' she said proudly, 'I don't know much about public men. You may say what you please about them. But I think I know a little about you. And it is useless you saying such things to me.'

For a second he felt ashamed of his habit of self-depreciation; the courage of the girl was a rebuke—was an appeal to a higher candour.

'A man has need to beware,' he said. 'It is safest to put the lowest construction on your own conduct; it will not be much lower than that of the general opinion. But I did wrong, Lady Sylvia, in talking like that to you. You have a great faith in your friends. You could inspire any man with confidence in himself—'

He paused for a moment; but it was not to hear the nightingale sing, or to listen to the whispering of the wind in the dark elms. It was to gain courage for a further frankness.

'It would be a good thing for the public life of this country,' said he, 'if there were more women like you—ready to give generous encouragement, ready to believe in the disinterestedness of a man, and with a full faith in the usefulness of his work. I can imagine the good fortune of a man who, after being harassed and buffeted about—perhaps by his own self-criticism as much as by the opinions of others—could always find in his own home consolation and trust and courage. Look at his independence; he would be able to satisfy, or he would try to satisfy, one opinion that would be of more value to him than that of all the world besides. What would he care about the ingratitude of others, so long as he had his reward in his own home? But it is a picture, a dream.'

'Could a woman be all that to a man?' the girl asked, in a low voice.

'You could,' said he boldly; and he stopped and confronted her, and took both her trembling hands in his. 'Lady Sylvia, when I have dreamed that dream, it was your face that I saw in it. You are the noblest woman I have known. I—well, I will say it now—I love you, and have loved you almost since the first moment I saw you. That is the truth. If I have pained you—well, you will forgive me after I have gone, and this will be the last of it.'

She had withdrawn her hands, and now stood before him, her eyes cast down, her heart beating so that she could not speak.

'If I have pained you,' said he, after a moment or two of anxious silence, 'my presumption will bring its own punishment.

Lady Sylvia, shall I take you back to the Hall?'

She put one hand lightly on his arm.

'I am afraid,' she said; and he could but scarcely hear the low and trembling words. 'How can I be to you—what you described? It is so much—I have never thought of it —and if I should fail to be all that you expect?'

He took her in his arms and kissed her forehead.

'I have no fear. Will you try?'

'Yes,' she answered; and now she looked up into his face, with her wet eyes full of love and hope and generous self-surrender. 'I will try to be to you all that you could wish me to be.'

'Sylvia, my wife,' was all he said in reply; and indeed there was not much need for further speech between these two. The silence of the beautiful night was eloquence enough. And then from time to time they had the clear, sweet singing of the nightingale and the stirring of the nig't wind among the trees.

By-and-by they went back to the Hall; they walked arm in arm, with a great peace and joy in their hearts; and they re-entered the dining-room. Lord Willowby started up in his easy-chair and rubbed his eyes.

'Bless me!' said he, with one of his violent smiles, 'I have been asleep.'

His lordship was a peer of the realm, and his word must be taken. The fact was, however, that he had not been asleep at all.

CHAPTER VII.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

LORD WILLOWBY guessed pretty accurately what had occurred. For a second or two his daughter sat down at the table, pale a little, silent, and nervously engaged in pulling a rose to pieces. Then she got up and proposed they should go into the drawing-room to have some tea. She led the way; but just as she had gone through, Balfour put his hand on Lord Willowby's arm and detained him.

At this juncture a properly minded young man would have been meek and apologetic; would have sworn eternal gratitude in return for the priceless gift he was going to demand; would have made endless protestations as to the care with which he would guard that great treasure. But this Hugh Balfour was not very good at sentiment. Added to the cool judgment of a man of the world, he had a certain forbidding reserve about him which was, perhaps, derived from his Scotch descent; and he knew a great deal more about his future father-in-law than that astute person imagined.

'Lord Willowby,' said he, 'a word before we go in. You must have noticed my regard for your daughter; and you may have guessed what it might lead to. I presume it was not quite displeasing to you, or you would not have been so kind as to invite me here from time to time. Well, I owe you an apology for having spoken sooner than I intended to Lady Sylvia—I ought to have mentioned the matter to you first—'

'My dear fellow,' said Lord Willowby, seizing his hand, while all the features of his face were suddenly contorted into what he doubtless meant as an expression of rapturous joy, 'not another word! Of course she accepted you—her feelings for you have long been known to me, and my child's happiness I put before all other considerations. Balfour, you have got a good girl to be your wife; take care of her.

'I think you may trust me for that,' was the simple answer.

They went into the room. Not a word was said; but Lord Willowby went over to his daughter and patted her on the back and kissed her; then she knew. A servant brought in some tea.

It was a memorable evening. The joy within the young man's heart had to find some outlet; and he talked then as no one had ever heard him talk before—not even his most intimate friend at Exeter, when they used to sit discoursing into the small hours of the morning. Lord Willowby could not readily understand a man's being earnest or eloquent except under the influence of wine; but Balfour scarcely ever drank wine. Why should he be so vehement? He was not much of an orator in the House; in society he was ordinarily cold and silent. Now, however, he had grown indignant over a single phrase they had stumbled against—'You can't make men moral by act of Parliament'—and the gray eyes under the heavy eyebrows had an intense earnestness in them as he denounced what he chose to call a pernicious lie.

'You *can* make men moral by act of Parliament—by the action of Parliament,' he was insisting; and there was one there who listened with rapt attention and faith, even when he was uttering the most preposterous paradoxes, or giving way to the most violent prejudices; 'and the nation will have to answer for it that proceeds on any other belief. For what is morality but the perfect adjustment of the human organism to the actual conditions of life—the observance by the human being of those unchangeable, inexorable laws of the universe, to break whi h is death, physical or spiritual, as the case may be? What have all the teachers who have taught mankind—from Moses in his day to Carlyle in ours—been insisting on but that? Moses was only a sort of divine vestry-man; Carlyle has caught something of the poetry of the Hebrew prophets; but it is the same thing they say. There are the fixed, immutable laws: death awaits the nation or the man who breaks them. Look at the lesson the world has just been reading. A liar, a perjurer, and traitor gets up in the night-time, and cuts the throat of a nation. In the morning you find him wearing imperial robes; but if you looked you would find the skirts of them bespattered with the blood of the women and children he has had shot down in the street. Europe shudders alittle, but goes on its way; it has forgotten that the moment a crime is committed, its punishment is already meted out. And what does the nation do that has been robbed and insulted—that has seen those innocent women and children shot down that the mean ambition of a liar might be satisfied? It is quick to forgiveness; for it finds itself tricked out in gay garments, and it has money put in its pocket, and it is bidden to dance and be merry. Everything is to be condoned now; for life has become like a masked ball, and it does not matter what thieves and swindlers there may be in the crowd, so long as there is plenty of brilliant lights and music and wine. Lady Sylvia, do you know Alfred Rethel's "Der Tod als Feind?"—Death coming in to smite down the maskers and the music-makers at a revel? It does not matter much who or what is the instrument of vengeance, but the vengeance is sure. When France was paying her penalty—when the chariot wheels of God were grinding exceding hard—she cried at her enemy, "You are only a pack of Huns." Well, Attila was a Hun, a barbarian, probably a superstitious savage. I don't know what particular kind of fetish he may have worshipped—what blurred image or idol he had in his mind of Him who is past finding out; but however rude or savage his notions were, he knew that the laws of God had been broken, and the time for vengeance had come. The Scourge of God may be Attila or another: an epidemic that slays its thousands because a nation has not been cleanly—the lacerating of a mother's heart when in her carelessness she has let her child cut its finger with a knife. The penalty has to be paid; sometimes at the moment, sometimes long after; for the sins of the fathers are visited not only on their children, but on their children's children, and so on to the end, nature claiming her inexorable due. And when I go down to the slums I have been talking to you about, how dare I say that these wretched people living in squalor and ignorance and misery, are only paying the penalty for their own mistakes and crimes? You look at their narrow, retreating, monkey-like forehead, the heavy and hideous jowl, the thick neck and the furtive eye; you think of the foul air they have breathed from their infancy, of the bad water and unwholesome food they have consumed, of the dense ignorance in which they have been allowed to grow up; and how can you say that their immoral existence is anything but inevitable? I am talking about Westminster, Lord Willowby. From some parts of these slums you can see the towers of the Houses of Parliament, glittering in gilt, and looking very fine indeed. And if I declared my belief that the immorality of these wretched people of the slums lay as much at the door of the Houses of Parliament as at their own door, I suppose people would say I was a rabid democrat, pandering to the passions of the poor to achieve some notoriety. But I believe it all the same. Wrong-doing—the breaking of the universal laws of existence, the subversion of those conditions which produce a settled, wholesome, orderly social life—is not necessarily personal; it may be national; it may have been continued through centuries, until the results have

been so stamped into the character of the nation—or into the condition of a part of a nation—that they almost seem ineradicable. And so I say that you do and can make people moral or immoral by the action of Parliament. There is not an Education Bill, or a University Tests Bill, or an Industrial Dwellings Bill, you pass, which has not its effect, for good or ill, on the relations between the people of a country and those eternal laws of right which are forever demanding fulfilment. Without some such fixed belief, how could any man spend his life in tinkering away at these continual experiments in legislation? You would merely pass a vote trebling the police force, and have done with it.'

Whether or not this vehement and violently prejudiced young man had quite convinced Lord Willowby, it was abundantly clear that he had long ago convinced himself. His eyes were 'glowering,' as the Scotch say; and he had forgotten all about the tea that Lady Sylvia herself had poured out and brought to him. The fact is, Lord Willowby had not paid much attention. He was thinking of something else. He perceived that the young man was in an emotional and enthusiastic mood; and he was wondering whether, in return for having just been presented with a wife, Mr. Hugh Balfour might not be induced to become a director of a certain company in which his Lordship was interested, and which was sorely in need of help at that moment.

But Lady Sylvia was convinced. Here, indeed, was a confession of faith fit to come from the man whom she had just accepted as her husband. He had for the moment thrown off his customary garb of indifference or cynicism; he had revealed himself; he had spoken with earnest voice and equally earnest eyes; and to her the words were as the words of one inspired.

'Have you any more water-color drawings to show me, Lady Sylvia?' he asked, suddenly.

A quick shade of surprise and disappointment passed over the calm and serious face. She knew why he had asked. He had imagined that these public affairs must be dull for her. He wished to speak to her about something more within her comprehension. She was hurt; and she walked a little proudly as she went to get the drawings.

'Here is the whole collection,' said she, indifferently. 'I don't remember which of them you saw before. I think I will bid you good-night now.'

'I am afraid I have bored you terribly,' said he, as he rose.

'You cannot bore me with subjects in which I take so deep an interest,' said she, with some decision.

He took her hand and bade her good night. There was more in the look that passed between these two than in a thousand effusive embraces.

'Now, Balfour,' said his lordship, with unaccustomed gaiety, 'what do you say to changing our coats, and having a cigar in the library? And a glass of grog?—a Scotchman ought to know something about whiskey. Besides, you don't win a wife every day.

It was Lord Willowby who looked and talked as if he had just won a wife as the two men went up stairs to the library. He very rarely smoked, but on this occasion he lit a cigarette; and he said he envied Balfour his enjoyment of that wooden pipe. Would his guest try something hot? No? Then Lord Willowby stretched out his legs, and lay back in the easy-chair, apparently greatly contented with himself and the world.

When the servant had finally gone, his lordship said,

'How well you talked to-night, Balfour! The flush, the elation, you know—of course a man talks better before his sweetheart than before the House of Commons. And if you and I, now, must speak of what you might call the--the business side of your marriage, well, I suppose we need not be too technical or strict in our language. Let us be frank with each other, and friendly. I am glad you are going to marry my daughter, and so doubtless are you.'

The young man said nothing at all. He was smoking his pipe. There was no longer any fire of indignation or earnestness in his eyes.

'You know I am a very poor man,' his lordship continued. 'I can't give Sylvia anything.'

'I don't expect it,' said Balfour.

'On the other hand, you are a rich man. In such cases, you know, there is ordinarily

a marriage settlement, and naturally, as Sylvia's guardian, I should expect you to give her out of your abundance. But then, Balfour,' said his lordship, with a gay air and a ferocious smile, 'I was thinking—merely as a joke, you know—what a rich young fellow like yourself might do to produce an impression on a romantic girl. Marriage settlements are very prosaic things; they look rather like buying a wife; moreover, they have to mention contingencies which it is awkward for an unmarried girl to hear of. Wouldn't a girl be better pleased now, if an envelope were placed on her dressing-room table the night before her marriage—the envelope containing a bank-note—say for £50,000? The mystery, the surprise, the delight—all these things would tell upon a girl's mind; and she would be glad she would not have to go to church an absolute beggar. Of course that is merely a joke; but can't you imagine what the girl's face would be like when she opened the envelope?'

Balfour did not at all respond to his companion's gaiety. In the drawing-room below he had betrayed an unusual enthusiasm of speech. But if Lord Willowby had calculated on this elation interfering with Mr. Balfour's very sober habit of looking at business matters, he had made a decided mistake.

Balfour laid down his pipe, and put his out-stretched hands on his knees.

'I don't know,' said he, coolly, 'whether you mean to suggest that I should do something of the sort you describe—'

'My dear fellow,' said Lord Willowby, with an air of protest. 'It was only a fancy—a joke.'

'Ah! I thought so,' said Balfour. 'I think it is better to treat money matters simply as money matters; romance has plenty of other things to deal with. And as regards a marriage settlement, of course I should let my lawyer arrange the whole affair.'

'Oh, naturally, naturally,' said his lordship, gayly; but he inwardly invoked a curse on the head of this mean-spirited Scotchman.

'You mentioned £50,000,' continued the younger man, speaking slowly and apparently with some indifference. 'It is a big sum to demand all at once from my partners. But then the fact is, I have never spent much money myself, and I have allowed them to absorb in the business a good deal of what I might otherwise have had, so that they are pretty deep in my debt. You see, my lord, I have inherited from my father a good deal of pride in our firm, though I don't know anything about its operations myself; and they have lately been extending the business both in Australia and China, and I have drawn only what I wanted for my yearly accounts. So I can easily have £50,000 from them. That in a safe four per cent. investment would bring £2,000 a year. Do you think Lady Sylvia would consider—'

'Sylvia is a mere child,' her father said. 'She knows nothing about such things.'

'If you preferred it,' said Balfour, generously, 'I will make it part of the settlement that the trustees shall invest that sum subject to Lady Sylvia's directions.'

Lord Willowby's face, that had been gradually resuming its sombre look, brightened up.

'I suppose you would act as one of the trustees?' said Balfour.

His lordship's face grew brighter still. It was quite eagerly that he cried out,

'Oh, willingly, willingly. Sylvia would have every confidence in me, naturally, and I should be delighted to be able to look after the interests of my child. You cannot tell what she has been to me. I have tended her every day of her life—'

['Except when you went knocking about all over Europe without her,' thought Balfour.]

'I have devoted all my care to her—'

['Except what you gave to the Seven Per Cent. Investment Company,' thought Balfour.']

'She would implicitly trust her affairs in my hands—'

['And prove herself a bigger fool than I took her to be,' thought this mean-spirited Scotchman.]

Lord Willowby, indeed, seemed to wake up again. Two thousand pounds a year was ample pin-money. He had no sympathy with the extravagant habits of some women. And as Sylvia's natural guardian, it would be his business to advise her as to the proper investment.

'My dear lord,' cried Balfour, quite cheerfully, 'there won't be the slightest

trouble about that; for, of course, I shall be the other trustee.'

The light on Lord Willowby's worn and sunken face suddenly vanished. But he remained very polite to his future son-in-law, and he even lit another cigarette to keep him company.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISLEADING LIGHTS.

THE two or three days Balfour now spent at Willowby Hall formed a beautiful, idle, idyllic period not soon to be forgotten either by him or by the tender-natured girl to whom he had just become engaged. Lord Willowby left them pretty much to themselves. They rode over the great dark heath, startling the rabbits; or drove along the wooded lanes, under shelter of the elms or limes; or walked through the long grass and buttercups of the park; or, in the evening, paced up and down that stone terrace, waiting for the first notes of the nightingale. It was a time for glad and wistful dreams, for tender self-confessions, and—what is more to the purpose—for the formation of perfectly ridiculous estimates of each other's character, tastes, and habits. This man, for example, who was naturally somewhat severe and exacting in his judgments, who was implacable in his contempt for meanness, hypocrisy, and pretense, and who was just a trifle too bitter and plain-spoken in expressing that contempt, had now grown wonderfully considerate to all human frailties, gentle in judgment, and good-natured in speech. He did not at all consider it necessary to tell her what he thought of her father. His fierce virtue did not prevent his promising to dine with her uncle. And he did not fancy that he himself was guilty of any gross hypocrisy in pretending to be immensely interested in the feeding of pigeons, the weeding of flower-beds, the records of local cricket matches, and the forthcoming visit of the bishop.

During those pleasant days they had talked, as lovers will, of the necessity of absolute confidence between sweetheart and sweetheart, between husband and wife. To guard against the sad misunderstandings of life, they would always be explicitly frank with each other, whatever happened. But then, if you had reproached Balfour with concealing from his bethrothed his opinion of her relations, he would probably have demanded in his turn what absolute confidence was? Would life be tolerable if every thing were to be spoken? A man comes home in the evening: he has lost his lawsuit—things have been bad in the City—perhaps he has been walking all day in a pair of tight boots: anyhow, he is tired, irritable, impatient. His wife meets him, and before letting him sit down for a moment, will hurry him off to the nursery to show him the wonderful drawings Adolphus has drawn on the wall. If he is absolutely frank, he will exclaim, 'Oh get away! You and your children are a thorough nuisance!' That would be frankness: absolute confidence could go no further. But the husband is not such a fool—he is not so selfishly cruel—as to say any thing of the kind. He goes off to get another pair of shoes; he sits down to dinner, perhaps a trifle silent; but by-and-by he recovers his equanimity, he begins to look at the brighter side of things, and is presently heard to declare that he is quite sure that boy has something of the artist in him, and that it is no wonder his mother takes such a pride in him, for he is the most intelligent child—etc.

Moreover, it was natural in the circumstances for Balfour to be unusually gentle and conciliatory. He was proud and pleased; it would have been strange if this new sense of happiness had not made him a little generous in his judgments of others. He was not consciously acting a part; but then every young man must necessarily wish to make of himself something of a hero in the eyes of his betrothed. Nor was she consciously acting a part when she impressed on him the conviction that all her aspirations and ambitions were connected with public life. Each was trying to please the other; and each was apt to see in the other what he and she desired to see there. To put the case in as short a form as may be: here was a girl whose whole nature was steeped in Tennyson, and here was a young man who had a profound admiration for Thackeray. But when, under the shadow of the great elms, in the stillness of these summer days, he read to

her passages from 'Maud,' he declared that existence had nothing further to give than that; while she, for her part, was eager to have him tell her of the squabbles and intrigues of Parliamentary life, and expressed her settled belief that *Vanity Fair* was the cleverest book in the whole world.

On the morning of the day on which he was to leave, he brought down to the breakfast-room a newspaper, He laughed as he handed it to her.

This was a copy of the *Ballinascroon Sentinel*, which contained not only an account of the interview between Mr. Balfour, M.P., and a deputation from his constituents, but also a leading article on that event. The *Ballinascroon Sentinel* waxed eloquent over the matter. The Member for Ballinascroon was 'a renegade Scotchman, whose countrymen were ashamed to send him to Parliament, and who had the audacity to accept the representation of an Irish borough, which had been grossly betrayed and insulted as the reward for its mistaken generosity.' There was a good deal more of the same sort of thing; it had not much novelty for Balfour.

But it was new to Lady Sylvia. It was with flashing eyes and crimsoned cheek that she rose and carried the newspaper to her father, who was standing at the window. Lord Willowby merely looked down the column and smiled.

'Balfour is accustomed to it,' said he.

'But is it fair, is it sufferable,' she said, with that hot indignation still in her face, 'that any one should have to grow accustomed to such treatment? Is this the reward in store for a man who spends his life in the public service? The writer of that shameful attack ought to be prosecuted; he ought to be fined and imprisoned. If I were a man, I would horsewhip him, and I am sure he would run away fast enough.'

'Oh no, Lady Sylvia,' said Balfour, though his heart warmed to the girl for that generous espousal of his cause. 'You must remember that he is smarting under the wrongs of Ireland, or rather the wrongs of Ballinascroon. I dare say, if I were a leading man in a borough, I should not like to have the member representing the borough simply making a fool of it. I can see the joke of the situation, although I am a Scotchman; but you can't expect the people in the borough to see it. And if my friend the editor uses warm language, you see that is how he earns his bread. I have no doubt, when they kick me out of Ballinascroon, and if I can get in for some other place, I shall meet him down at Westminster, and he will have no hesitation at all in asking me to help to get his son the Governorship of Timbuctoo, or some such post.'

Was not this generous? she said to herself. He might have exacted damages from this poor man. Perhaps he might have had him imprisoned and sent to the treadmill. But no. There was no malice in his nature, no anxious vanity, no sentiment of revenge. Lady Sylvia's was not the only case in which it might have been remarked that the most ordinary qualities of prudence or indifference exhibited by a young man become, in the eyes of the young man's sweetheart, proof of a forbearance, a charity, a goodness, altogether heroic and sublime.

Her mother having died when she was a mere child, Lady Sylvia had known scarcely any grief more serious than the loss of a pet canary, or the withering of a favorite flower. Her father professed an elaborate phraseological love for her, and he was undoubtedly fond of his only child; but he also dearly liked his personal liberty, and he had from her earliest years accustomed her to bid him good-by without much display of emotion on either side. But now, on this morning, a strange heaviness of heart possessed her. She looked forward to that drive to the station with a dull sense of foreboding; she thought of herself coming back alone—for her father was going up to town with Balfour—and for the first time in her life the solitude of the Hall seemed to her something she could not bear

'Sylvia,' said her father, when they had all got into the wagonette, 'you don't look very bright this morning.'

She started, and flushed with an anxious shame. She hoped they would not think she was cast down merely because she was going to bid good-by to Mr. Balfour for a few days. Would they not meet on the following Wednesday at her uncle's?

So, as they drove over to the station, the girl was quite unusually gay and cheerful. She was no longer the serious Syllabus whom her cousin Johnny used to tease into petulance. Balfour was glad to see her looking so bright; doubtless the drive through the sweet fresh air had raised her spirits.

And she was equally cheerful in the station; for she kept saying to herself, '*Keep up now, keep up. It is only five minutes now. And, oh! if he were to see me cry—the least bit—I should die of shame.*'

'Sylvia,' said he, when they happened to be alone for a moment, 'I suppose I may write to you?'

'Yes,' said she, timidly.

'How often?'

'I—I don't know,' said she, looking down.

'Would it bother you if you had a letter every morning?'

'Oh,' she said, 'you could never spare me time to write to me so often as that. I know how busy you must be. You must not let me interfere in any way, now or at any time, with your real work. You must promise that to me.'

'I will promise this to you,' said he, taking her hand to bid her good-by, 'that my relations with you shall never interfere with my duties toward the honourable and independent electors of Ballinascroon. Will that do?'

The train came up. She dared not raise her eyes to his face as she shook hands with him. Her heart was beating hurriedly.

She conquered, nevertheless. There were several people about the station who knew Lord Willowby's daughter; and as she was rather a distinguished person in that neighbourhood, and as she was pretty and prettily dressed, she attrached a good deal of notice. But what did they see? Only Lady Sylvia bidding good-by to her papa and to a gentleman who had doubtless been his guest; and there was nothing but a bright and friendly smile in her face as she looked after that particular carriage in the receding train.

But there was no smile at all in her face as she was being driven back through the still and wooded country to the empty Hall. The large, tender, dark gray eyes were full of trouble and anxious memories; her heart was heavy within her. It was her first sorrow; and there was something new, alarming, awful about it. This sense of loneliness—of being left—of having her heart yearning after something that had gone away—was a new experience altogether, and it brought with it strange tremors of unrest and unreasoning anxiety.

She had often read in books that the best cure for care was hard work; and as soon as she got back to the Hall she set busily about the fulfilment of her daily duties She found, however, but little relief. The calm of mind and of occupation had fled from her. She was agitated by all manner of thoughts, fancies, surmises, that would not let her be in peace.

That letter of the next morning, for example, she would have to answer it. But how? She went to her own little sitting-room and securely locked the door, and sat down to her desk. She stared at the blank paper for several minutes before she dared to place anything on it; and it was with a trembling hand that she traced out the words, '*Dear Mr. Balfour.*' Then she pondered for a long time on what she should say to him—a difficult matter to decide, seeing she had not as yet received the letter which she wished to answer. She wrote, '*My dear Mr. Balfour*,' and looked at that. Then she wrote, with her hand trembling more than ever, '*Dear H——*,' but she got no further than that, for some flush of color mounted to her face, and she suddenly resolved to go and see the head gardener about the new geraniums. Before leaving the room, however, she tore up the sheet of paper into very small pieces.

Now the head gardener was a soured and disappointed man. The whole place, he considered, was starved; such flowers as he had, nobody came to see; while Lord Willowby had an amazingly accurate notion of the amount which the sale of the fruit of each year ought to bring. He was curt of speech, and resented interference. On this occasion, moreover, he was in an ill humor. But to his intense surprise his young mistress was not to be beaten off by his short answers. Was her ladyship in an ill humor too? Anyhow, she very quickly brought him to his senses; and one good issue of that day's worry was that old Blake was a deal more civil to Lady Sylvia ever after.

'You know, Blake,' said she, firmly, 'you Yorkshire people are said to be a little too sharp with your tongue sometimes.'

'I do not know, my lady,' said the old man, with great exasperation, 'why the people will go on saying I am from Yorkshire. If I have lived in a stable, I am not a hoarse. I am sure I have telled your ladyship I was boarn in Dumfries.'

'Indeed you have, Blake,' said Lady

Sylvia, with a singular change of manner. 'Really I had quite forgotten. I think you said you left Scotland when you were a lad; but of course you claim to be Scotch. That is quite right.'

She . .d become very friendly. She sat down on some wooden steps beside him, and regarded his work with quite a new interest.

'It is a fine country, is it not?'said she, in a conciliatory tone.

'We had better crops where I was born than ye get about the sandy wastes here,' said the old man, gruffly.

'I did not mean that quite,' said Lady Sylvia, patiently;' I meant that the country generally was a noble country—its magnificent mountains and valleys, its beautiful lakes and islands, you know.'

Blake shrugged his shoulders. Scenery was for fine ladies to talk about.

'Then the character of the people,' said Lady Sylvia, nothing daunted, 'has always been so noble and independent. Look how they have fought for their liberties, civil and religious. Look at their enterprise—they are to be found all over the globe—the first pioneers of civilization—'

'Ay, and it isn't much that some of them make by it, 'said Blake, sulkily; for this pioneer certainly considered that he had been hardly used in these alien and unenlightened regions.

'I don't wonder, Blake,' said Lady Sylvia, in a kindly way, 'that you should be proud of being a Scotchman. Of course you know all about the Covenanters.'

'Ay, your ladyship,' said Blake, still going on with his work.

'I dare say you know,' said Lady Sylvia, more timidly, 'that one of the most unflinching of them—one of the grandest figures in that fight for freedom of worship—was called Balfour.'

She blushed as she pronounced the name; but Blake was busy with his plants.

'Ay, your ladyship. I wonder whether that man is ever going to send the wire-netting.'

'I will take care you shall have it at once,' said Lady Sylvia, as she rose and went to the door. 'If we don't have it by to-morrow night, I will send to London for it. Good-morning, Blake.

Blake grunted out something in reply, and was glad to be left to his own meditations. But even this shrewd semi-Scotchman semi-Yorkshireman could not make out why his mistress, after showing a bit of a temper, and undoubtedly getting the better of him, should so suddenly have become friendly and conciliatory. And what could her ladyship mean by coming and talking to her gardener about the Covenanters?

That first day of absen e was a lonely and miserable day for Lady Sylvia. She spent the best part of the afternoon in her father's library, hunting out the lives of great statesmen, and anxiously trying to discover particulars about the wives of those distinguished men—how they qualified themselves for the fulfillment of their serious duties, how they best forwarded their husbands' interests, and so forth, and so forth. But somehow, in the evening, other fancies beset her. The time that Balfour had spent at Willowby Hall had been very pleasant for her; and as her real nature asserted itself, she began to wish that that time could have lasted forever. That would have been a more delightful prospect for her than the anxieties of a public life. Nay, more; as this feeling deepened, she began to look on the conditions of public life as so many rivals that had already inflicted on her this first miserable day of existence by robbing her of her lover. She began to lose her enthusiasm about grateful constituencies, triumphant majorities carrying great measures through every stage, the national thanksgiving awarded to the wearied statesman. It may seem absurd to say that a girl of eighteen should begin to harbour a feeling of bitter jealousy against the British House of Commons, but stranger things than that have happened in the history of the human heart.

CHAPTER IX.

LOVE'S TRIALS.

'SUSAN,' said Master Johnny Blythe, to his sister—her name was Honoria, and therefore he called her Susan—'you have got yourself up uncommon smart to-night. I see how it is. You girls are all alike. As soon as one of you catches a fellow, you won't let him alone; you're all for pulling him off; you're like a lot of

sparrows with one bit of bread among you.'

'I don't know what you are talking about,' said Miss Honoria, with proud indifference.

'Oh yes, you do,' retorted Johnny, regarding himself in a mirror, and adjusting his white tie. 'You don't catch a man like Balfour stopping down at Willowby three whole days in the middle of the session, and all for nothing. Then it was from Willowby he telegraphed he would come here to-night after he had refused. Well, I wonder at poor old Syllabus; I thought she was a cut above a tea-and-coffee fellow. I suppose it's his £30,000 a year; at least it would be in your case, Susan. Oh, I know. I know when you part your hair at the side you mean mischief. And so we shall have a battle-royal to-night—Susan *v.* Syllabus—and all about a grocer!'

Those brothers! The young lady whom Master Johnny treated with so much familiarity and disrespect was of an appearance to drive the fancies of a young man mad. She was tall and slender and stately; though she was but just over seventeen, there was something almost mature and womanly in her presence; she had large dark eyes, heavy-lidded; big masses of black hair tightly braided up behind to show her shapely neck; a face such as Lely would have painted, but younger and fresher and pinker; a chin somewhat too full, but round with the soft contour of girlhood. She was certainly very unlike her cousin both in appearance and expression. Lady Sylvia's eyes were pensive and serious; this young woman's were full of practical life and audacity. Lady Sylvia's under lip retreated somewhat, and gave a sweet, shy, sensitive look to the fine face; whereas Honoria Blythe's under lip was full and round and ripe as a cherry, and was in fit accordance with her frank and even bold black eye.

Mrs. Blythe came into the drawing-room. She was a large and portly person, pale, with painted eyelashes and unnaturally yellow hair. Lord Willowby had no great liking for his sister-in-law; he would not allow Sylvia to go on a visit to her; when he and his daughter came to town, as on the present occasion, they stopped at a private hotel in Arlington Street. Finally, the head of the house made his appearance. Major Blythe had all the physique that his elder brother, Lord Willowby, lacked. He was stout and roseate of face, bald for the most part, his eyes a trifle blood-shot, and his hand inclined to be unsteady, except when he was playing pool. He wore diamond studs; he said 'by Gad'; and he was hotly convinced that Arthur Orton, who was then being tried, was not Arthur Orton at all, but Roger Tichborne. So much for the younger branch of the Blythe family.

As for the elder branch, Lord Willowby was at that moment seated in an easy chair in a room in Arlington Street, reading the evening paper, while his daughter was in her own room, anxious as she never had been anxious before about her toilette and the services of the faithful Anne. Lady Sylvia had spent a miserable week. A week?—it seemed a thousand years rather; and as that portentous period had to be got through somehow, she had mostly devoted it to reading and re-reading six letters she had received from London, until every word and every phrase of these precious and secret documents was engraven on her memory. She had begun to reason with herself, too, about her hatred of the House of Commons. She tried hard to love that noble institution; she was quite sure, if only her father would take her over to Ballinascroon she would go into every house, and shake hands with the people, and persuade them to let Mr. Balfour remain their representative when the next general election came round; and she wondered, moreover, whether, when her lover went away on that perilous mission of his through the slums of Westminster, she could not, too, as well as he, put on some mean attire, and share with him the serious dangers and discomforts of that wild enterprise.

And now she was about to meet him, and a great dread possessed her lest her relatives should discover her secret. Again and again she pictured to herself the forthcoming interview, and her only safety seemed to be in preserving a cold demeanour and a perfect silence, so that she should escape the shame of being suspected.

The Blythes lived in a small and rather poorly furnished house in Dean Street, Park Lane; Lord Willowby and his daughter had not far to drive. When they went into the drawing-room, Lady Sylvia dared scarcely look around; it was only as she

was being effusively welcomed by her aunt that she became vaguely aware that Mr. Balfour was not there. Strange as it may appear, his absence seemed to her a quick and glad relief. She was anxious, perturbed, eager to escape from a scrutiny on the part of her relatives, which she more than half expected. But when she had shaken hands with them all, and when the two or three strangers began to talk those staccato commonplaces which break the frigid silence before dinner, she was in a measure left to herself; and it was then that—not heeding in the least the chatter of Master Johnny—she began to fear. Had he already adventured on that Haroun-al-Raschid enterprise, and been stopped by a gang of thieves? There was a great outcry at this time about railway accidents; was it possible that—. Or was he merely detained at the House of Commons? She forgot that the House does not sit on Wednesday evenings.

She was standing near the entrance to the room, apparently listening to Master Johnny, when she heard a knock at the door below. Then she heard footsteps on the narrow staircase which made her heart beat. Then a servant announced Mr. Balfour. Her eyes were downcast.

Now Balfour, as he came in, ought to have passed her as if she had been a perfect stranger, and gone on and addressed himself first of all to his hostess. But he did nothing of the kind.

'How do you do, Lady Sylvia?' said he, and stopped and shook hands with her.

She never saw him at all. Her eyes were fixed on the floor, and she did not raise them. But she placed her trembling hand in his for a moment, and murmured something, and then experienced an infinite relief when he went on toward Mrs. Blythe.

She was glad, too, when she saw that he was to take his hostess in to dinner. Had they heard of this secret, might they not, as a sort of blundering compliment, have asked him to take her in? As it was, she fell to the lot of a German gentleman, who knew very little English, and was anxious to practice what little he knew, but who very soon gave up the attempt on finding his companion about the most silent and reserved person whom he had ever sat next at dinner. He was puzzled, indeed. She was an earl's daughter, and presumably had seen something of society. She had a pale, interesting, beautiful face and thoughtful eyes; she must have received enough attention in her time. Was she too proud, then, he thought, to bother with his broken phrases?

The fact was, that throughout that dinner the girl had eyes and ears but for one small group of people—her cousin and Balfour, who were sitting at the further corner of the table, apparently much interested in each other. If Lady Sylvia was silent, the charge could not be brought against Honoria Blythe. That young lady was as glib a chatterer as her brother. She knew everything that was going on. With the bright audacity of seventeen, she gossiped and laughed, and addressed merry or deprecating glances to her companion, who sat and allowed himself to be amused with much good-humoured coolness. What were poor Sylvia's serious efforts to attain some knowledge of public affairs compared with this fluent familiarity which touched upon every thing at home and abroad? Sylvia had tried to get at the rights and wrongs of a question then being talked about—the propriety of allowing laymen to preach in Church of England pulpits: now she heard her cousin treat the whole affair as a joke. There was nothing that that young lady did not know something about; and she chatted on with an artless vivacity, sometimes making fun, sometimes appealing to him for information. Had he heard of the old lady who became insane in the Horticultural Gardens yesterday? Of course he was going to Christie's to-morrow; they expected that big landscape would fetch twelve hundred guineas. What a shame it was for Limerick to treat Lord and Lady Spencer so! She positively adored Mr. Plimsoll. What *would* people say if the Shah did really bring three of his wives to England, and would they all go about with him?

Poor Sylvia listened, and grew sick at heart. Was not this the sort of girl to interest and amuse a man, to cheer him when he was fatigued, to enter into all his projects and understand him? Was she not strikingly handsome, too, this tall girl with the heavy-lidded eyes and the cherry mouth and the full round chin curving in to the shapely neck? She admitted all these things to herself; but she did not love

her cousin any the more. She grew to think it shameful that a young girl should make eyes at a man like that. Was she not calling the attention of the whole table to herself and to him? Her talking, her laughing, the appealing glances of those audacious black eyes—all these things sank deeper and deeper into the heart of one silent observer, who did not seem to be enjoying herself much.

As for Balfour, he was obviously amused, and doubtless he was pleased at the flattering attention which this fascinating young lady paid him. He had found himself seated next her by accident; but as she was apparently so anxious to talk to him, he could not well do otherwise than neglect (as Lady Sylvia thought) Mrs. Blythe, whom he had actually taken in to dinner. And was it not clear, too, that he spoke in a lower voice than she did, as though he would limit their conversation to themselves? When she asked him to tell them all that was thought among political folks of the radical victories at the French elections, why should he address the answer to herself alone? And was it not too shameless of this girl—at least so Lady Sylvia thought—who ought to have been at school, to go on pretending that she was greatly interested in General Dorregaray, the King of Sweden, and such persons, merely that she should show off her knowledge to an absolute stranger?

Lady Sylvia sat there, with a sense of wrong and humiliation burning into her heart. Not once, during the whole of that dinner, did he address a single word to her; not once did he even look toward her. All his attention was monopolized by that bold girl who sat beside him. And this was the man who, but a few days before, had been pretending that he cared for nothing in the world so much as a walk through Willowby Park with the mistress thereof; who had then no thought for anything but herself, no words or looks for any one but her.

Lady Sylvia was seated near the door, and when the ladies left the room, she was one of the first to go. You would not have imagined that underneath that sweet and gracious carriage, which charmed all beholders except one ungrateful young man, there was burning a fierce fire of wrong and shame and indignation. She walked into the drawing-room, and went into a further corner and took a book—on the open page of which she did not see a single word.

The men came in. Balfour went over and took a seat beside her.

'Well, Sylvia,' said he, lightly, 'I suppose you won't stay here long. I am anxious to introduce you to Lady ——; and there is to be a whole batch of Indian or Afghan princes there to-night—their costumes make such a difference in a room. When do you think you will go?'

She hesitated; her heart was full; had they been alone, she would probably have burst into tears. As it was, he never got any answer to his question. A tall young lady came sweeping by at that moment.

'Mr. Balfour,' she said, with a sweet smile, 'will you open the piano for me?'

And again Lady Sylvia sat alone and watched these two. He stood by the side of the piano as the long tapering fingers—Honoria had beautifully formed hands, every one admitted—began to wander over the keys; and the dreamy music that began to fill the silence of the room seemed to lend something of imagination and pathos to a face that otherwise had little in it beyond merely physical beauty. She played well, too; with perfect self-possession; her touch was light, and on these dreamy passages there was a rippling as of falling water in some enchanted cave. Then down went both hands with a crash on the keys; all the air seemed full of cannonading and musketry fire; her finely formed bust seemed to have the delight of physical exercise in it as those tightly sleeved and shapely arms banged this way and that; those beautiful lips were parted somewhat with her breathing. Lady Sylvia did not think much of her cousin's playing. It was coarse, theatrical, all for display. But she had to confess to herself that Honoria was a beautiful girl, who promised to become a beautiful woman; and what wonder, therefore, if men were glad to regard her, now as she sat upright there, with the fire and passion of her playing lending something of heroism and inspiration to her face?

That men should: yes, that was right enough; but that this one man should—that was the bitter thing. Surely he had not forgotton that it was but one week since she had assigned over to him the

keeping of her whole life; and was this the fashion in which he was showing his gratitude? She had looked forward to this one evening with many happy fancies. She would see him; one look would confirm the secret between them. All the torturing anxieties of absence would be banished so soon as she could reassure herself by hearing his voice, by feeling the pressure of his hand. She had thought and dreamed of this evening in the still woodland ways, until her heart beat rapidly with a sense of her coming happiness; and now this disappointment was too bitter. She could not bear it.

She went over to her father.

'Papa,' she said, 'I wish to go. Don't let me take you; I can get to the hotel by myself—'

'My dear child,' said he, with a stare, 'I thought you particularly wanted to go to —— House, after what Balfour told you about the staircase and the flowers—'

'I—I have a headache,' said the girl. 'I am tired. Please let me go by myself, papa.'

'Not at all, child,' said he. 'I will go whenever you like.'

Then she besought him not to draw attention to their going. She would privately bid good-night to Mrs. Blythe; to no one else. If he came out a couple of seconds after she left the room, he would find her waiting.

'You must say good-by to Balfour,' said Lord Willowby; 'he will be dreadfully disappointed.'

'I don't think it necessary,' said Lady Sylvia, coldly. 'He is too much engaged—he won't notice our going.'

Fortunately their carriage had been ordered early, and they had no difficulty in getting back to the hotel. On the way Lady Sylvia did not utter a word.

'I will bid you good-night now, papa,' said she, as soon as they had arrived.

He paused for a moment and looked at her.

'Sylvia,' said he, with some concern, 'you look really ill. What is the matter with you?'

'Nothing,' she said. 'I am tired a little, and I have a headache. Good-night, papa.'

She went to her own room, but not to sleep. She declined the attentions of her maid, and locked herself in. Then she took out a small packet of letters.

Were these written by the same man? She read, and wondered, with her heart growing sorer and sorer, until a mist of tears came over her eyes, and she could see no more. And then, her grief becoming more passionate, she threw herself on the bed, and burst into a wild fit of crying and sobbing, the letters being clutched in her hand as if they, at least, were one possession that could not be taken away from her. That was a bitter night—never to be forgotten; and when the next day came, she went down—with a pale and tired face, and with dark rings under the beautiful, sad eyes—and demanded of her father that she should be allowed at once to return to Willowby Hall, her maid alone accompanying her.

CHAPTER X.

REPENTANCE.

BALFOUR was astounded when he learned that Lord Willowby and his daughter had left without bidding him good-by; and he was more astounded still when he found, on calling at their hotel next morning, that Lady Sylvia had gone home.

'What is the meaning of it?' said he in amazement.

'You ought to know,' said Lord Willowby. 'I can not tell you. I supposed she and you had had some quarrel.'

'A quarrel!' he cried, beginning to wonder whether his reason had not altogether forsaken him.

'Well,' said his lordship, with a shrug, 'I don't know. She would come home last night, though I knew she had been looking forward to going to Lady ——'s. And, this morning, nothing would do but that she must get home at once. She and Anne started an hour ago.'

'Oh, this is monstrous—this is unendurable,' said Balfour. 'There is some mistake, and it must be cleared up at once. Come, Lord Willowby, shall we take a run down into Surrey? You will be back by four or five.'

Lord Willowby did not like the notion of being dragged down into Surrey and back

by an impatient lover; but he was very anxious at this time to ingratiate himself with Balfour. And when they did set out, he thought he might as well improve the occasion. Balfour was disturbed and anxious by this strange conduct on the part of his sweetheart, and he was grateful to Lord Willowby for so promptly giving him his aid to have the mystery cleared up. He was talking more than usual. What wonder, then, that in the course of conversation Lord Willowby should incidentally allude to the opportunities which a man of means had of multiplying his wealth? If he had a few thousands, for example, how could he better dispose of them than in this project for the buying of land in the suburbs of New York? It was not a speculation; it was a certainty. In 1880 the population of New York would be two millions. The value of this land for the building of handsome boulevards would be enormously increased. And so forth.

'I heard you were in that,' said Balfour, curtly.

'Well, what do you think of it?' said Lord Willowby, with some eagerness.

'I don't know,' answered the younger man, absently looking out of the window. 'I don't think there is any certainty about it. I fancy the Americans have been overspending and overbuilding for some time back. If that land *were* thrown on your hands, and you had to go on paying the heavy assessments they levy out there, it would be an uncommonly awkward thing for you.'

'You take rather a gloomy view of things this morning,' said Lord Willowby, with one of his fierce and suddenly vanishing smiles.

'At any rate,' said Balfour, with some firmness, 'it is a legitimate transaction. If the people want the land, they will have to pay your price for it: that is a fair piece of business. I wish I could say as much—you will forgive my frankness—about your Seven per Cent. Investment Association.'

His lordship started. There was an ugly implication in the words. But it was not the first time he had had to practice patience with this Scotch boor.

'Come, Balfour, you are not going to prophesy evil all round?'

'Oh no,' said the younger man, carelessly. 'Only I know you can't go on paying seven per cent. It is quite absurd.'

'My dear fellow, look at the foreign loans that are paying their eight, ten, and twelve per cent.—'

'I suppose you mean the South American republics.'

'Look how we distribute the risk. The failure of one particular investment might ruin the imdividual investor: it scarcely touches the Association. I consider we are doing an immense service to all those people throughout the country who *will* try to get a high rate of interest for their money. Leave them to themselves, and they ruin themselves directly. We step in, and give them the strength of co-operation.'

'I wish your name did not appear on the Board of Directors,' said Balfour, shortly.

Lord Willowby was not a very sensitive person, but this rudeness caused his sallow face to flush somewhat. What, then, must he look to the honour of his name now that this sprig of a merchant—this tradesman—had done him the honour of proposing to marry into his family? However, Lord Willowby, if he had a temper like other people, had also a great deal of prudence and self-control, and there were many reasons why he should not quarrel with this blunt-spoken young man at present.

They had not remembered to telegraph for the carriage to meet them; so they had to take a fly at the station, and await patiently the slow rumbling along the sweetly scented lanes. As they neared the Hall, Balfour was not a little perturbed. This was a new and a strange thing to him. If the relations between himself and his recently found sweetheart were liable to be thus suddenly and occultly cut asunder, what possible rest or peace was there in store for either. And it must be said that of all the conjectures he made as to the cause of this mischief, not one got even near the truth.

Lady Sylvia was sent for, and her father discreetly left the young man alone in the drawing-room. A few minutes after the door was opened. Balfour had been no diligent student of women's faces; but even he could tell that the girl who now stood before him, calm and pale and silent, had spent a wakeful night, and that her eyes had been washed with tears; so that his first impulse was to go forward and draw her toward him, that he might hear her confession with his arms around her. But there

was something unmistakably cold and distant in her manner that forbade his approach.

'Sylvia,' he cried, 'what is all this about? your father fancies you and I have quarrelled.'

'No, we have not quarrelled,' she said, simply; but there was a tired look in her eyes. 'We have only misunderstood each other. It is not worth talking about.'

He stared at her in amazement.

'I hear papa outside,' she said; 'shall we join him?'

But this was not to be borne. He went forward, took her two hands firmly in his, and said, with decision,

'Come, Sylvia, we are not children. I want to know why you left last night. I have done my best to guess at the reason, and I have failed.'

'You don't know, then?' she said, turning the pure, clear, innocent eyes on his face with a look that had not a little indignation in it. It was well for him that he could meet that straight look without flinching.

'I give you my word of honour,' said he, with obvious surprise, 'that I haven't the remotest notion in the world as to what all this means.'

'It is nothing, then?' said she, warmly, and she was going to proceed with her charge, when her pride rebelled. She would not speak. She would not claim that which was not freely given. Unfortunately, however, when she would fain have got away, he had a tight grip of her hand; and it was clear from the expression on this man's face that he meant to have an explanation there and then.

So he held her until she told him the whole story—the red blood tingling in her cheek the while, and her bosom heaving with that struggle between love and wounded pride. He waited until she had spoken the very last word, and then he let her hands fall, and stood silent before her for a second or two.

'Sylvia,' said he, slowly, 'this is not merely a lover's quarrel. This is more serious. I could not have imagined that you knew so little about me. You fancy, then, that I am a fresh and ingenuous youth, ready to have my head turned if a school-girl looks at me from under long eye-lashes; or, worse still, a philanderer—a professor of the fine art of flirtation. Well, that was not my reading of myself. I fancied I had come to man's estate. I fancied I had some serious work to do. I fancied I knew a little about men and women—at least I never imagined that any one would suspect me of being imposed on by a girl in her first season. Amused?—certainly I was amused—I was even delighted by such a show of pretty and artless innocence. Could any thing be prettier than a girl in her first season assuming the airs of a woman of the world? could any thing be more interesting than that innocent chatter of hers? though I could not make out whether she had caught the trick of it from her brother, or whether she had imparted to that precocious lad some of her universal information. But now it appears I was playing the part of a guileless youth. I was dazzled by the fascination of the school-girl eyes. Gracious goodness! why wasn't my hair yellow and curly, that I might have been painted as Cupid? And what would the inhabitants of Ballinascroon say if they were told *that* was my character?'

He spoke with bitter emphasis. But this man Balfour went on the principle that serious ills needed prompt and serious remedies.

'Presented to the Town Hall of Ballinascroon,' he continued, with a scornful laugh, 'a portrait of H. Balfour, M.P., in the character of a philanderer! The author of this flattering and original likeness—Lady Sylvia Blythe!'

The girl could stand this no longer. She burst into a wild fit of crying and sobbing, in the midst of which he put his arms round her, and hushed her head against his breast, and bade her be quiet.

'Come, Sylvia,' said he, 'let us have done with this nonsense at once and forever. If you wait until I give you real cause for jealousy—if you have no other unhappiness than that—your life will be a long and fairly comfortable one. Not speaking to you all through dinner? Did you expect me to bawl across the table, when you know very well your first desire was to conceal from those people the fact of our being engaged? Listening to no one but her? I hadn't a chance. She chattered from one end of the dinner to the other. But really, Sylvia, if I were you, I would fix upon some more formidable rival—'

'Please don't scold me any more,' said she, with a fresh fit of crying.

'I am not scolding you,' he said. 'I am only talking common-sense to you. Now dry your eyes, and promise not to be foolish any more, and come out into the garden.'

After the rain the sunshine. They went out arm in arm, and she was clinging very closely to him, and there was a glad, bright, blushing happiness on her face.

Now this was the end of their first trouble, and it seemed a very small and trivial affair when it was over. The way was now clear before them. There were to be no more misunderstandings. But Mr. Hugh Balfour was a practical person, not easily led away by beautiful anticipations, and the more he pondered over the matter, in those moments of quiet reflection that followed his evenings at the House, the more he became convinced that the best guarantee against the recurrence of misunderstandings and consequent trouble was marriage. He convinced himself that an immediate marriage, or a marriage as early as social forms would allow, was not only desirable, but necessary; and so clear was his line of argument that he never doubted for a moment but it would at once convince Lady Sylvia.

But his arguments did not at all convince Lady Sylvia. On the contrary, this proposal, which was to put an end to the very possibility of trouble, only landed them in a further trouble. For he, being greatly occupied at the time—the Parliamentary session having got on into June—committed the imprudence of making this suggestion in a letter. Had he been down at Willowby Hall, walking with Lady Sylvia in the still twilight, with the stars beginning to tell in the sky and the mist beginning to gather along the margin of the lake, he might have had another answer, but now she wrote to him that in her opinion so serious a step as marriage was not to be adventured upon in a hurry; and she added, too, with some pardonable pride, that it was not quite seemly on his part to point out how they could make their honeymoon trip coincide with the general autumn holiday. Was their marriage to appear to be a merely trivial or accidental thing, waiting for its accomplishment until Parliament should be prorogued?

He got the letter very late one night, when he was sorely fatigued, harassed, and discontented with himself. He had lost his temper in the House that evening; he had been called to order by Mr. Speaker; as he walked home he was reviling himself for having been betrayed into a rage. When he saw the letter lying on the table, he brightened up somewhat. Here, at least, would be consolation—a tender message—perhaps some gentle intimation given that the greatest wish of his heart might soon be realized. The disappointment he experienced doubtless exaggerated what he took to be the coldness of its terms. He paid no attention to the real and honest expressions of affection in it; he looked only at her refusal, and saw temper where there was only a natural and sensitive pride.

Then the devil took possession of him, and prompted him to write in reply there and then. Of course *he* would not show temper, being a man. All the same, he felt called on to point out, politely but firmly, that marriage was, after all, only one among the many facts of life; and that it was not rendered any more sublime and mysterious by making it the occasion for a number of microscopic martyrdoms and petty sacrifices. He saw no reason why the opportunity offered by the close of the session should not be made use of; as for the opinion of other people on the seemliness of the arrangement, she would have to be prepared for the discovery that neither on that point nor on any other was he likely to shape his conduct to meet the views of a mass of strangers. And so forth. It was a perfectly sensible letter. The line of argument was clear. How could she fail to see her error?

But to the poor fluttering heart down there in the country these words came with a strange chill; and it seemed to her that her lover had suddenly withdrawn from her to a great distance, leaving the world around her dark enough. Her first impulse was to utter a piteous cry to him. She sat down and wrote, with trembling fingers, these words:

'DEAREST HUGH,—*I will do whatever you please, rather than have you write to me like that.*

'SYLVIA.'

Probably, too, had she sent off this letter at once, he would have been struck by her simple and generous self-abnegation, and he would have instantly refused to demand from her any sacrifice of feeling whatsoever. But then the devil was abroad. He gener-

ally is about when two sweethearts try to arrange some misunderstanding by the perilous process of correspondence. Lady Sylvia began to recollect that, after all, something was due to her womanly pride. Would it not seem unmaidenly thus to surrender at discretion on so all-important a point as the fixing of the wedding day? She would not have it said that they were waiting for Parliament to rise before they got married. In any case, she thought the time was far too short. Moreover, was this the tone in which a man should ask a woman to fix the day of her marriage?

So she answered the letter in another vein. If marriage, she said, was only one of the ordinary facts of life, she at least did not regard it in that light at all. She cared for tittle-tattle as little as he; but she did not like the appearance of having her wedding trip arranged as if it were an excursion to Scotland for grouse-shooting. And so forth. Her letter, too, was clever—very clever indeed, and sharp. Her face was a little flushed as she sealed it, and bade the servant take it to the post-office the first thing in the morning. But apparently that brilliant piece of composition did not afford her much satisfaction afterward, for she passed the night, not in healthful sleep, but in alternate fits of crying and bitter thinking, until it seemed to her that this new relationship into which she had entered with such glad anticipations was bringing her sorrow after sorrow, grief after grief. For she had experienced no more serious troubles than these.

When Hugh Balfour received this letter he was in his bedroom, about eight o'clock in the evening; and he was dressed for the most part in shabby corduroy, with a wisp of dirty black silk round his neck. His man Jackson had brought up from the kitchen some ashes for the smearing of his hands and face. A cadger's basket stood on the table hard by.

CHAPTER XI.

DE PROFUNDIS.

A MORE ruffianly-looking vagabond than the honorable member for Ballinascroon could not have been found within the area of London on that warm June evening. And yet he seemed fairly pleased with himself as he boldly took his way across the Green Park. He balanced his basket jauntily over the dirty seal-skin cap. He whistled as he went.

It was his third excursion of the sort, and he was getting to be quite familiar with his *rôle*, In fact, he was not thinking at all at this moment of tramps' patter, or Covent Garden, or anything connected with the lodging-house in which he had already spent two nights. He whistled to give himself courage in another direction. Surely it was not for him, as a man of the world, occupied with the serious duties of life, and, above all, hard-headed and practical, to be perturbed by the sentimental fantasy of a girl. Was it not for her interest, as well as his own, that he should firmly hold out? A frank exposition of their relations now would prevent mistakes in the future. And as he could not undertake to play a Cupid's part, to become a philanderer, to place a mysterious value on moods and feelings which did not correspond with the actual facts of life, was it not wiser that he should plainly declare as much?

And yet this scoundrelly-looking hawker derived but little consolation from his gay whistling. He could not but think of Lady Sylvia as she wrote the letter now in his pocket; and in his inmost consciousness he knew what that tender-hearted girl must have suffered in penning the cold, proud lines. She had none of his pressing work in which to escape from the harassing pain of such a discussion. He guessed that weary days and sleepless nights were the result of such letters as that he now carried with him. But then, she was in the wrong. Discipline was wholesome. So he continued his contented trudge and his whistling.

He crossed St. James's Park, passed through Queen Anne's Gate, and finally plunged into a labyrinth of narrow and squalid streets and lanes with which he seemed sufficiently familiar. It was not a pleasant quarter on this warm night; the air was close and foul; many of the inhabitants of the houses—loosely dressed women, for the most part, who had retreating foreheads, heavy jowls, and a loud laugh that seemed scarcely human—had come out to sit on the door-step or the pavement. There were not many men about. A few

hulking youths — bullet-headed, round-shouldered, in-kneed—lounged about the doors of the public-houses, addressing each other in the most hideous language apropos of nothing.

The proprietor of the common lodging-house stood at the entry in his shirt-sleeves. He took no notice of Balfour, except, that on his approach, he went along a passage and unlocked a door, admitted him, and shut the door again: this door could not be re-opened on the other side, so that there was no chance of a defaulter sneaking off in the night without paying his fourpence. Balfour went up stairs. The doors of the various rooms and the rickety little windows were all wide open. The beds—of coarse materials, certainly, but clean—were all formally made. There was not a human being in the place.

He had a room to himself—about eight feet square, with two beds in it. He placed his basket on the bed; and then went downstairs again, and out into the back yard. The only occupant of the yard was a grizzled and feeble old man, who was at this moment performing his ablutions in the lavatory, which consisted of three pails of dirty water standing on a bench in the open shed. The man dried his face, turned, and looked at Balfour with a pair of keen, ferrety eyes, said nothing, and walked off into the kitchen. Balfour was left in sole occupation of the yard, with its surroundings of tumble-down out-houses, and dilapidated brick walls. He lit a pipe and sat down on a bench.

It was not a good time of the year for these researches, the precise object of which he had formerly explained to Lady Sylvia. The summer weather draws tramps, hawkers, and other branches of our nomadic population into the country, where they can cadge a bit for food, and where, instead of having to pay for a bed in a hot room, they can sleep comfortably enough beneath an empty cart, or by a hedge-row, or in a new drain-pipe. Nevertheless, a good many strange people turned into this lodging-house of a night; and Balfour, on his first appearance, had rather ingratiated himself with them by pretending to have had a drop too much, and insisting on standing beer all round. As he muttered his determination to fight any man who refused to drink with him—and as there was a brawny and bony look about the build of his shoulders—the various persons present overcame their natural modesty, and drank the beer. Thereafter the new-comer relapsed into a gloomy silence; sat on a bench in a corner which was hidden in shadow; and doubtless most of his companions, as they proceeded to talk of their experiences of unions, guardians, magistrates, and the like—the aristocracy, of course, preferring to talk of the money they had made in by-gone times, when their particular trade or lay had not been overrun with competition—imagined he was asleep.

On the following night he was well received; and now he entered a little more into conversation with them, his share in it being limited to occasional questions. But there was one man there who, from the very first, regarded him with suspicion; and he knew that from the way in which this man followed him about with his watchful eyes. This was an old man called Fiddling Jack, who, with a green shade over his eyes, went about Lambeth as a blind man, accompanied by his daughter, a child of nine or ten, who played the violin and collected the coppers. Whether his care of the child was parental or merely prudential, he always brought her back to the lodging-house, and sent her to bed by nine o'clock; the rest of the evening he spent in the great kitchen, smoking a black clay pipe. From the very first, Balfour knew that this old man suspected something; or was it that his eyes, being guarded from the light all day, seemed preternaturally keen when the green shade was removed?

But the man whom Balfour most feared was another old man, who in former days had been the owner of a large haberdashery business in the King's Road, Chelsea, and who had drunk himself down until he now earned his living by selling evening papers on one of the river piers. His brain, too, had given way; he was now a half-maudlin, amiable, harmless old man, whose fine language and courteous manners had got for him the title of 'Mr.' Now Mr. Sturt excelled in conversation, and he spoke with great propriety of phrase, so that again and again Balfour found himself on the point of replying to this old gentleman as he would have done to a member

of the House of Commons. In fact, his only safeguard with respect to Mr. Sturt lay in complete silence.

But indeed, on this third evening of his explorations, his heart was not in his work at all. As he walked up and down the squalid yard, occasionally noticing a new-comer come in, his mind was filled, not with any social or political problem, but with a great compunction and yearning. He dared not take Lady Sylvia's letter from his pocket, but he tried to remember every word in it; and he pondered over this and the other phrase to see if it could not somehow be construed into an expression of affection Then he began to compose his answer to it; and that, he determined, would be a complete abandonment of the position he had taken up. After all, was not a great deal to be granted to the woman one loved? If she was unreasonable, it was only the privilege of her sex. In any case, he would argue no longer; he would try the effect of a generous surrender.

Having come to this decision, which afforded him some internal comfort, he bethought himself of his immediate task; and accordingly he walked into the kitchen, where a number of the *habitués* had already assembled. An excess of courtesy is not the order of the day in a common lodging-house, and so he gave no greeting and received none. He sat down on a rickety stool in the great, dusky den; and while some of the odd-looking folks were having supper, he lit another pipe. But he had not sat there five minutes when he had formed a distinct opinion that there was an alteration in the manner of those people towards him. They looked at him askance; they had become silent since the moment of his entrance- Moreover, the new-comers, as they dropped in, regarded him curiously, and invariably withdrew to the further end of the big apartment. When they spoke, it was among themselves, and in a low voice.

So conscious did he in time become of all this that he resolved he would not spoil the evening of these poor folks; he would go up to that small room above. Doubtless some secret wish to re-read Lady Sylvia's letter had some influence on this decision; at any rate, he went out into the yard, took a turn up and down with his hands in his pockets; and then, with apparent carelessness, went up stairs. He sat down on the edge of the small and rude bed, and took out the letter.

He had not been there five minutes when a woman rushed into the room, greatly excited. She was a stalwart woman, with an immensely broad bust, keen gray eyes, and a gray mustache that gave a truculent look to her face.

'For God's sake, get out o' this, sir!' she said, hurriedly, but not loudly. 'The boys have been drinking at the Blue Tun, and they're coming down on you. Look sharp, Sir. Never mind the basket; run for it—'

'But what's the matter, Mrs. Grace?' said he, stubbornly, refusing to rise. He could not submit to the ignominy of running without knowing why.

'It's all along o' that Fiddling Jack—by the Lord I'll pay him out!' said the woman with an angry look. 'He's been about saying you was a buz-man—'

'A what?'

'He says it was you got Billy Rowland a lifer; and the boys are saying they'll do for you this very night. Get away now, sir. It's no use talking to them; they've been drinking.'

'Look here, Mrs. Grace,' said he, calmly, as he removed a false bottom from the basket beside him, and took out a six-chambered revolver. 'I am a peaceable person; but if there's a row, I'll play ducks and drakes with some of them.'

'For God's sake, don't show them that, or you're a dead man,' said the woman. 'Now, Sir, off you go.'

He seemed in no great hurry; but he put the pistol into his breast pocket, put on his cap, and went down stairs. There was no sound at all—no unusual excitement. He got the proprietor to unlock the dividing door, and went along the passage. He called a good-night to Mrs. Grace.

But he had no sooner got to the street than he was met by a great howl, like the roaring of wild beasts; and then he saw before him a considerable crowd of people who had just come along, and were drawing round the entrance in a semicircle. He certainly turned pale for a moment, and stood still. It was only in a confused sort of way that he perceived that this hoarsely murmuring crowd was composed chiefly of women—viragoes with bare heads and arms—and louts of lads about nineteen or

twenty. He could not distinguish their cries; he only knew that they were mingled taunts and menaces. What to do he knew not, while to speak to this howling mass was on the face of it useless. What was all this about 'Billy Rowland,' 'Scotland Yard,' 'Spy,' 'Buz-man,' and the rest?

'What is it you want with me?' he called aloud; but of what avail was his voice against those thousand angry cries?

A stone was flung at him and missed him. He saw the big lout who threw it dodge back into the crowd.

'You cowardly scoundrel!' he shouted, making an involuntary step forward. 'Come out here and I'll fight you—I'll fight any one of you. Ah! skulk behind the women, do!'

At this moment he received a stinging blow on the side of the head that sent him staggering for a yard or two. A woman had crept up by the side of the houses and pitched a broken piece of tile at him. Had she thrown it, it must have killed him; as it was, it merely cut him, so that instantaneously the side of his head and neck was streaming with blood.

He recovered his footing; the stinging pain awoke all the Celtic ferocity in him; he drew out his revolver, and turned to the spot from whence his unexpected assailant had attacked him. There was one terrible moment of hesitation. Had it been a man he would have shot him dead. As it was, he paused; and then, with a white face, he threw his revolver on the pavement.

He did not quite know what happened next, for he was faint from loss of blood, and giddy. But this was what happened. The virago who had pitched the piece of tile at him, as soon as she saw the pistol lying on the pavement, uttered a screech of joy, and sprang forward to seize it. The next moment she received a stinging blow on the jaw, which sent her reeling senseless into the gutter; and the next moment Mrs. Grace had picked up the revolver, while with the other hand she caught hold of Balfour as with the grip of a vice, and dragged him into the passage.

'Run!' she said. 'The door is open! Through the yard—there is a chair at the wall. Don't stop till you're at the Abbey!'

She stood at the narrow entrance and barred the way, the great brawny arm gripping the revolver.

'Swelp me,' she shouted—and she knew how to make herself heard—'swelp me God, if one of you stirs a foot nearer, there'll be murder here this night! I mean it. My name's Sal Grace; and by the Lord there's six of you dead if you lift a hand against me!'

At the same moment Balfour, though he felt giddy, bewildered, and considerably weak about the knees, had bolted down the back yard until he came to the brick wall. Here he found a rickety cane-bottomed chair, and by its aid he managed to clamber over. Now he was in an open space of waste ground—it had just been bought by the Government for some purpose or other—and, so far as he could see, it was closely fenced all round. At length, however, he descried a hole in the paling that some children had made, and through that he managed to squeeze himself. Presently he was making his way as fast as he could through a series of slums; but his object was less to make straight for the Abbey than to rout out the policemen on his way, and send them back to the relief of his gallant defender, and this he most luckily and successfully accomplished. He had managed too, during his flight, to partly mop up the blood that had streamed from the wound in his head.

Then he missed his way somehow, for otherwise a very few minutes running and walking must have taken him either to the Abbey or the Embankment; and now, as he felt faint, he staggered into a public-house.

'Well, my man, what's the matter with you?' said the burly publican, as he saw this new-comer sink down on a bench.

'Some water—some brandy,' said Balfour, involuntarily putting his hand up to the side of his head.

'Good Lord! you've 'ad the worst of it, my lad,' said the publican—he was familiar with the results of a free fight. 'Here, Jim, get a pail o' water, and let this chap put his 'ead in it. Don't you let that blood get on the floor, my man.'

The cool water applied to his head, and the glass of brandy, vile as it was, that he drank, pulled Balfour together. He rose, and the publican and the pot-boy were astonished to find the difference in the appearance of this coster's face produced by the pail of water. And when, on leav-

ing, he gave the pot-boy half a crown for his attention, what were they to make of it?

By some means or other he finally managed to wander into Victoria Street; and here, with some difficulty, he persuaded a cabman to drive him up to Piccadilly. He was secure himself, and he had little fear for the safety of Mrs. Grace. He knew the authority wielded over the neighborhood by that stalwart Amazon; and in any case, he had sent her sufficient police aid.

He got his man to wash that ugly cut along the side of his head before sending for a surgeon to have it properly dressed.

'Will you look at your letters, Sir?'

'No, not to-night,' he said, for he was feeling tired.

But on second thoughts, he fancied he might as well run his eye over the envelopes. He started on finding there one from Lady Sylvia. Had she then written immediately after the dispatch of her last?

'*Dearest Hugh*,' the girl wrote. '*It will be when you please. I can not bear quarrelling with you. Your Sylvia.*'

As he read the simple words—he was weak and feverish—his eyes became moist. This girl loved him.

(To be Continued).

THE PULPIT AND REVIVALISM.

A LAY SERMON.

'The influence of the pulpit has declined, is declining, and ought to be increased.'—*Dunning's famous Resolution,—altered.*

A sermon on the declining influence of the pulpit may seem strange in a secular review; but a sermon from the pew, addressed to the pulpit, with the avowed object of helping to regain a lost influence, is a necessity, if the misunderstanding which exists between pulpit and pew is to be cleared up.

In a plain practical discourse, the present writer will seek to set forth some of the hindrances to pulpit influence as they are seen from a hearer's standpoint. It may be that, in the course of the discussion, doubts will be advanced that to some will appear as heresis, but the wisdom of at once uncovering a smouldering heresy, if it be such, will commend itself to every thinking mind.

The subject will be treated under two heads: First, the general diffusion of knowledge amongst the people; and secondly, the introduction of extraordinary means in religious services. These will again be subdivided for the sake of convenience, but under one or other of these heads will be found all the hindrances to pulpit influence which it is proposed to discuss in this paper.

First, then, as to the general diffusion of knowledge amongst the people. No reformation is possible where the first ministers of that reformation are not clothed with an authority that overawes the popular mind. Men look for leaders in every movement, and expect to find in those who take the lead, qualities of mind or of character that elevate them above the masses. This is a feeling inherent in the human breast, and man's self-respect, as he surrenders himself to the lead of another, demands that the qualities of leadership shall be so evident as to be instinctively recognized. Much has been done by the church to fill the pulpit with trained men, qualified in every respect to act as leaders, but with all the advantages thus given it will not be contended that the average occupants of the pulpit exhibit, as compared with the occupants of the pew, any very marked signs of ability, education, or intellectual superiority. All these they possess to a greater or less degree, but they possess them in common with the men before whom they have to stand at stated times as preachers and teachers. And if ever there were men who had a claim upon the sym-

pathy of their fellow men, these are they who have to stand week after week expounding or enforcing a message, every phase of which is as familiar to the hearer as it is to the preacher. Thus, that which is desirable in itself—the increase of knowledge—by its equalizing tendency lessens that respect which is the first step towards submission, and by so much it is a hindrance to the influence of the pulpit.

But as the natural result of such widespread information, there lurks in the minds of the people an amount of latent infidelity, the existence of which is not dreamt of in the philosophy of the pulpit. It is not active; it takes no tangible form; it is not even acknowledged by its votaries; but it exercises an influence all the more potent because it is vague, shadowy, and undefined. In many of the most religiously disposed minds, there is a vague sense of insecurity, as if the groundworks of religious belief were crumbling somewhere, and there is a yearning for more solid support.

This is but the rocking caused by the disturbing elements of controversy as they sweep hither and thither over the land, and it would soon subside if it were not kept in agitation by the injudicious, nay, the reckless manner in which the mysteries of religion are too frequently presented in the pulpit. Young ministers, or impulsive ministers of any age hearing the distant echoes of religious controversy everywhere rife abroad, are roused into a thoughtless activity in defence of certain doctrines which find a place in their creeds, and congregations are not unfrequently treated to flippant discourses on such themes as the Foreknowledge of God and Foreordination, the Atonement, future rewards and punishments, and others of a kindred character. It is not contended that all such doctrines are to be avoided in the pulpit, but it is one of the imperative demands of the age, that the teacher who undertakes to expound them shall be fully and thoroughly equipped for his work, not with the rusty armour of a bygone age, but with something that will stand the keenest criticism of the present day. Better far to avoid any disputed point than touch it so as to betray an ignorance that is pitiable. There are doctrines held in every church creed which by common consent ought to be allowed to lie in abeyance. And yet these are the very doctrines that are assailed or defended, as the case may be, by overheated disputants when the rage for orthodoxy is upon them. The preachers in every instance mean well, and have unbounded confidence in their own logical powers, but the frequent result on a congregation is a vague feeling that common-sense is in some way hopelessly at variance with portions of scripture.

To give an instance of what it meant, and how it acts upon a congregation, let it be supposed that the doctrines already named are under discussion—Foreknowledge and Foreordination. With what confidence will the young enthusiast rush in to explain how easily they are reconciled. Passage after passage of scripture is quoted, and a round of syllogisms, as full and complete as Aristotle himself could make them, are showered upon the bewildered hearers, until there seems to be no room for further argument. And what is the effect upon the congregation? The probability is that one man only has been convinced, and that man the preacher himself. Running round and through and ahead of the preacher's reasoning, there has been a logic of instinct working amongst the people, and its conclusion is the very opposite of that which he has tried to establish. With them, Foreknowledge and Foreordination are one and the same thing. Common-sense has put the question to a practical test and decided against the preacher. Let the reasons for the decision be put into the form of an argument, and they would shape themselves in this way: If I know, and my knowledge is absolute, that on a certain day I shall be in a certain church at a given hour, then there is no power in heaven or on earth or under the earth, that can prevent me from being in that church at that identical hour. All the powers of nature may combine to hinder me, but in that church I must be, at the time specified, or my foreknowledge is at fault. If, with the same absolute knowledge I know every step that brings me to the church, that it will be laid on a certain spot and at a certain moment, then, it follows just as inexorably that no power on earth or in heaven can prevent a single step from being taken at the exact time and place. No part of this may be foreordained, but if there be an absolute foreknowledge of

every step leading up to the final result, the difference between foreknowledge and foreordination is one that had better not be too frequently dwelt upon by the average preacher. The more passages of scripture he advances to establish his position, the greater the strain upon the common-sense of his people, and common-sense in the end will triumph, even though it has to contend against a man's own superstition. There is not in the whole range of opposition to pulpit influence a more dangerous foe than this. It is the logic of instinct asserting its supremacy over the logic of the schools. But by the same instinctive logic I *know* that I have power to go to church or stay at home on that very given day. There is therefore a contradiction that cannot be reconciled, and my reason bows to the incomprehensible and submits to be led through the darkness by the light of Revelation. Why should it not be allowed to rest there and not be dragged out into opposition by the weak arguments of self-satisfied logicians?

Let the preachers but understand that the newspapers of the present day have so educated the masses, that nine-tenths of any congregation will readily detect a flaw in their reasoning, and they will avoid dangerous subjects, or come to them only after much preparation. Let them but consider that the argument which does not convince, unsettles the mind, and introduces doubt, and there will at least be less self-confidence owing to the sense of responsibility resting upon them. Let them remember, what they not unfrequently teach, 'that some doctrines have to be accepted by faith,' and they will not vex the souls of men by a reasoning that brings the doctrine into disrepute. Faith is often more easily exercised when going into a church than it is when coming out.

What has been said with reference to the treatment of the doctrines of Foreknowledge and Foreordination is equally applicable to other great doctrines of the Bible. What man in his senses would attempt to solve the mystery of the Atonement? or explain how it is that guilt is removed by the death of the innocent? And yet there are ministers who seem to think the undertaking a light one. Their mission, one would think, is to make clear what the Holy Spirit has left in obscurity. Future rewards and punishments, Heaven and Hell, have no difficulties for them, nor do they see any force in the objections to Prayer. Darwin, Tyndall, and Huxley are denounced with a flippant assurance that only proves how little their writings have been studied. If the mischief ended here it could be borne by the church, but unfortunately it is just these ministers that are sapping the foundations of the pulpit, for if it has been shown that the people are educationally on an equality with the preacher, and if as the result of that education, there is much latent infidelity even in the bosom of the church, and if this infidelity is fostered and fanned into a flame by the self-confident assertions of men who rashly rush into arguments upon subjects so profound that Angels have feared to look into them, then the responsibility for a declining influence in the pulpit is largely due to ministers themselves. Ministers are but men, and the very wisest men will sometimes overestimate their strength; but the man who lightly and wilfully introduces a controversy without having mastered all that is to be said on either side, is inexcusable, and to a large extent he is accountable for a decline of ministerial influence.

The second division of the subject is surrounded with many difficulties, and the lay preacher will have to walk warily to avoid as well as he can the rocks of stumbling and offence that lie strewn in his pathway. But in order to show how the introduction of extraordinary means into religious services can possibly be a hindrance to the just influence of the pulpit, it may be well to take a glance at some of the attendant circumstances of religious revivals as they present themselves to the ordinary mind, and see if their tendency in most cases is not to create a distaste for the ordinary means of grace, and a trust only in special instruments. That times of religious revival have their place in the economy of grace is admitted; that they are productive of enduring good cannot, in view of well known facts, be denied; but that they ought to be the natural outgrowth of a religious fervour that has been steadily gaining strength under the ordinary means until it passes ordinary bounds is as stoutly affirmed. This, however, is a very different thing from the revivals got up to order, to be delivered at certain seasons of the year

under the patronage of this or that church; and it is to such revivals that reference is here made. It is not denied that even these are productive of good in some instances, but the general tendency is to produce an artificial warmth or life that can only be sustained by powerful stimulants. Here, then, is where the injury is done. A very large class of church members whose religious life is sustained by stimulants, find that the dose must be repeated at regular intervals or the tone of the system is lost; there is a relaxation of nerve, a want of vigour, a morbid craving for something to fill an unsatisfied want, ending in a most unhealthy state, which is communicated by sympathy or by contact to the whole church. Doubt is a leaven that is easily diffused, and as the conversation of such members is always burthened with doubts as to the state of religion in the church, not unmingled with fears as to the pastor's sense of duty or responsibility in the matter, it is no matter of surprise if these doubts and fears take possession of other minds, and the church very soon becomes what its members believe it is; then there is a spasmodic effort for relief, not in the use of the ordinary means of grace, but in the abuse of the extraordinary. There could scarcely be a surer way of bringing the ordinary preaching of the Word into contempt. And yet pastors unite with people in exalting special services until the faith of the church in the ordinary preaching is lost. If there was a corresponding gain in the services themselves, there might be some excuse for conduct that certainly has not in it either the wisdom of the serpent or the harmlessness of the dove. And to show what that gain is, perhaps it would be as well here to attempt a description of the meetings as they come under the notice of unprejudiced observers. They are usually held in winter, when the nights are long and time is not too valuable. The services are continued night after night for two, three, or four weeks, as the case may be. It will be safe to say that of those who attend, three-fourths are already church members in good standing, who are divided into three classes:—First, Those who find their enjoyment in religious excitement; Secondly, Those who from loyalty to the church lend their countenance to the services because the church has decided that the services shall be held; and Thirdly, Those who look upon such services as a kind of protestant pilgrimage, and go with a vague idea that there must be something meritorious in what is pressed upon them so strongly as a duty. The first class are the most active and exercise most influence, exhorting, beseeching, coaxing, and denouncing, when they are not engaged in prayer. The second class are earnest, thoughtful, and observing; they would not for the world say a word that might hinder a good work, and yet they are not satisfied that the work is good. Most of their time is taken up in wondering whether their want of enthusiasm is a sign of better sense or declining grace. The third class lend themselves to the predominant feeling of the moment, but the merit of having attended makes them happy. Besides these there is the remaining fourth of the meeting for whom the services are specially held. These are made up of two classes: the curious who would flock to any place where numbers congregate; and the seriously disposed whose presence is an evidence that under the ordinary means of grace they were awakened. With very rare exceptions it will be found that the additions made to any church during a season of revival are from this latter class. Whether it required the stimulus of a protracted meeting to bring them into the church may be an open question, but the danger of losing them is certainly more than counterbalanced by the risk incurred in saving them. For obvious reasons this danger has only been lightly indicated, not fully treated. It would not serve any good purpose to point out with much particularity actions which, however offensive in the sight of some, are associated with things sacred in the minds of others. But the very fact that some of the practices are becoming offensive in the eyes of a growing and intelligent class of members, ought to have its weight with the pulpit, and its influence ought to be exerted in restraining rather than in stimulating the exuberant zeal that is carrying the services to such an extreme.

Revival services at the best are an anomaly. They presuppose the salvation of souls to be dependent upon the caprice of men. Hold the services and souls will be saved. Do not hold them and souls will be lost. There is an assumption in

this that is really appalling. And yet, how easily men can be brought to imagine that the keys of heaven are committed to their trust. As has been already observed, revival services have their place in the economy of grace, but it is not a good sign in any church to see minister or people looking forward with eagerness for special seasons and special instruments. There is an instinct that tells the most thoughtless hearer that if special services are necessary, they are always necessary, and that the church which believes in their efficacy is culpable if it does not keep the door of safety continually open.

In conclusion let it be observed that the object of this discourse has been to point out some of the causes which have led to the declining influence of the pulpit, as these present themselves to the minds of the pew. In doing this it may seem to some that the argument has taken some strange turns, and yet there has been a unity of purpose throughout, which, owing to difficulties in the way, may not have been made as clear as it ought to have been. The great danger to pulpit influence lies in this: That ministers and people, under the spell of a magnetism which proceeds from numbers united for one common object, have their enthusiasm so roused in favour of special services, that all confidence in ordinary means is growing weak and cold, just at a time when, owing to the education of the people, it is most necessary that the ordinary means shall be conducted by a pulpit of marked ability, jealous of its honour, and well versed in all the phases of modern thought.

The remedy is with the pulpit. Let it exalt its office. Let it remember that no man can be too well armed who comes before a congregation as a teacher; that it is extremely dangerous in a mixed audience to attack or defend doctrines upon which the church is evenly divided; that a weak attack or defence is mischievous; that every word or act which tends to lower the ordinary means of grace in the estimation of the people is suicidal; and with the ability and earnestness which now characterizes the preachers, it will not be long before the ground lost will be fully recovered.

BILDAD.

CONSTANTIA TO HER LOVE.

Say shall I see thee after all these days?
   Time may not name them, cannot count their length;
God only in His wisdom knows the ways
   By which we have been led with hourly strength.

Farewell past years, lone memories of thought!
   My hand shall rest in thine and feel thy touch;
The waiting time is o'er, the battle fought;
   And can I trust thee, love thee, dear, too much?

For love like that which thou to me hast given,
   It seems to those who view this life aright,
That Truth and Love are both the gifts of Heaven,
   The glorious lights that shine o'er earth's dark night.

Grey hairs and wrinkles, accidents of time,
  May come to thee,—ah, love! we will grow old
Together; we will share our Summer's prime,
  Our Autumn's harvest and our Winter's cold.

Old! yet our hearts shall never cease to be
  Young with the beauty of eternal youth
That's born of love and deathless constancy,
  A life that springs from bright and heavenly truth.

Each smile and look of thy remembered face,
  Each turn of speech, thy grave and earnest mien,
Comes to me with a sweet and hidden grace—
  I've proved the worth that others have but seen.

Yes, heart to heart, thank God, and mind to mind,
  There shall be no unequal steps it seems
Between us twain; we will not fear to find
  Fresh paths that we have travelled oft in dreams.

And ancient books shall ope for us their store
  Of learning, ah, my love, for us full sweet
As subtlest essence of a violet floor
  That careless ones do crush beneath their feet!

We do not care for flaunting colours gay,
  The tricks of trade, the art that's made to sell;
We gaze upon a palace high and grey,
  And in our inmost minds we love it well.

We feel the beauty of the column's height
  That seems to cleave the clouds of endless space,
We see the beauty of the bindweed light
  That clings around the broken marble base.

Kind words, bright looks, a love that self denies,—
  These *trifles* are the things that make or mar
A life. Our sympathy and love shall prize
  This union, shadow of the bliss afar.

The cares, the wear and tear that come each day,
  The frets, the burthens that we all must bear,
Will vanish one by one and fade away,
  For light shall be the load that Love can share.

C. L. R.

SCHOOLS OF ITALIAN ART.

I. THE TUSCAN SCHOOL.

'All delight in art and all love of it, resolve themselves into simple love of that which deserves love.'—RUSKIN.

THE term school, as applied to the art of painting and employed in its widest sense, means the painters of any country, without reference to their style or the time in which they lived. The Tuscan school, is chiefly distinguished for form, and amongst its long list of painters, a few of the most generally known may be mentioned.

Florentine art flourished from the 13th to the 14th century, beginning with Cimabue and ending virtually with Michel Angelo. Florence, Tuscany's capital, became an independent Republic about 1198, and it was not till the 15th century that the Medici influence prevailed. That enlightened encouragement began with Cosmo de' Medici, 'the father of his country,' he and his successor, Lorenzo being the great patrons of art of their day, and any pretension to artistic or literary fame was the 'open sesame' to their splendid gardens. This, however, was many years after the revival of the arts by Cimabue and Giotto. Before their time only Greek or Byzantine art existed.

The Byzantine School began as early as the fifth century. The style is so purely conventional that every artist followed the same pattern; there being not only orthodox subjects chosen for all, but the treatment, costume, age, and feature of every character was laid down in a regular guide-book. If a person was represented in the act of blessing, the first finger was to be drawn straight, the second slightly curved, the thumb holding down the third, the fourth slightly curved, so that the first and last letter of the name of Christ, Ἰησοῦς Χριστός, might be formed. How greatly the early Tuscans deviated from these rules may be easily seen.

CIMABUE, called the father of modern painting, was born at Florence in 1240. Though he did not entirely leave the conventional way of painting of the Byzantine School, he combined with it some study of nature, which till his time had been utterly neglected. His most famous picture is that of a Madonna, called the Rucellai Madonna, from the chapel it was painted for, which caused such a sensation in his time that it was carried in procession from his house to the chapel.

To judge from a Madonna and Child of his in England, one can hardly imagine such enthusiasm. This last is painted on a pale gold background, perspective being then unknown. No attempt was made in those early times to delineate human passion, the only thing aimed at being mechanical excellence; expression, and all the poetry and luxury of art were reserved for Raffaelo and the 15th century.

GIOTTO, born in 1276, was a shepherd boy, and was one day discovered by Cimabue sketching a sheep; the painter was so struck with his talent that he took him into his *atelier*, and Giotto became his pupil.

> 'Cimabue smiled upon the lad
> At the first stroke which passed what *he* could do;
> Or else his Virgin's smile had never had
> Such sweetness in't.'

Giotto soon excelled his master, and strove more and more to imitate nature, his works having a freshness about them that reminds us of Browning's words:—

> 'An exquisitest touch
> Bides in the birth of things; no after-time can much
> Enhance that fine, that faint, fugitive first of all.'

He painted in a sort of fresco, and chiefly in the interior of abbeys and chapels in Florence and Padua. He was so skilful a draughtsman that when Pope Boniface VIII sent an envoy to him to demand a specimen of his ability, he merely seized a brush, dipped it in red paint, and with one sweep of his hand made a perfect circle. He was employed by this Pope in decorat-

ing St. Peter's. A story is told of Giotto that once he swore he could deceive his master with his painting, and, taking the opportunity when Cimabue left the room, he painted a fly on the nose of a portrait, which, when Cimabue returned, he tried to brush off, much to the delight of Giotto. Perhaps his best known work is a series of frescoes from the life of St. Francis of Assisi. He died in 1336, and was buried with great ceremony in Florence Cathedral. He was a friend of Dante, and is mentioned by him in his 'Purgatorio.' The National Gallery in England possesses a fresco work by this master. After Giotto came several others, but none so famous as he till the time of Angelico.

FRA GIOVANNI ANGELICO was a brother of the order of Predicants, at Fiesole, and was so holy a man that after his death he was solemnly beatified. He is said to have often painted on his knees, and to have never begun a picture without prayer. He was born in the Mugello in 1387, and began his career as an artist when he was a monk, by illuminating manuscripts.

'The creative art,
Demands the service of a mind and heart.'

'"Let us rejoice and be exceeding glad, for to-morrow we die, and shall be with God." said Angelico and Giotto, and left eternal monuments of divinely-blazoned heraldry of heaven.' Fra Angelico painted in *tempera* (colors unmixed with oil), and Ruskin says of him, 'he determined forever what tempera painting is.' His most important works are those he executed for his own convent of St. Mark, which occupied him nine years. But he did not always remain at home. Invited by the Pope, he went to Rome, where he was employed in painting a chapel at the Vatican. From Rome he went to Orvieto, but before he had completed decorating a chapel there, he had to return to Rome, where he remained till his death in 1455. His paintings have often been engraved and are remarkable for devotional fervour. In the National Gallery, England, is an Adoration of the Magi, from his brush, formerly at Pisa.

One of the greatest of his successors was LEONARDO DA VINCI. 'The powers of this great man,' says Q. De Quincey, 'so far surpassed the ordinary standard of human genius, that he cannot be judged of by the common data by which it is usual to estimate the capacity of the human mind.' He was born in the Val D'Arno, below Florence, in 1452. He so rapidly surpassed his master, Verocchio, that the latter, unlike Cimabue with his pupil, threw up his profession in disgust at his own performances, and became a sculptor. Leonardo was a man of most varied accomplishments, and in a letter to an Italian prince, to whom he offered his services, he says of himself: 'I will also undertake any work in sculpture, in marble, in bronze, or in terra-cotta; likewise in painting, I can do what can be done as well as any man, be he who he may.' Besides all this he was a proficient in architecture, engineering, and mechanics; in botany, anatomy, mathematics, and astronomy; and lastly, he was a poet and something of a musician.

In 1485 he established an Academy of Arts in Milan, and ten years after produced his great picture of the 'Last Supper.' His treatment of the subject, in which only three sides of the table are used by the disciples,—novel in Leonardo's hands,—has since been followed by a long series of inferior artists. It is worthy of remark that Judas is represented as spilling the salt, an allusion to the still current superstition of the ill-luck attending such an accident. The picture is now all but in decay at Milan. Only half a century after it was executed it was nearly obliterated. It has, however, been well engraved, and there is a fine mosaic copy of it in the palace of the Lower Belvedere in Vienna, done by Napoleon's order.

After executing some paintings in his native city of Florence, he went to Rome, where Leo X. was pontiff, and it is much to be lamented that this great artist, the rival of Michel Angelo and the painter of the 'Last Supper,' should have had no opportunity of displaying his powers in the 'golden days of Leo X.' On Leonardo's arrival at Rome he had the misfortune to offend the Pope. His Holiness, coming into the Vatican one day, found Leonardo surrounded with paints and varnishes, but nothing begun. 'Ah! this man will do nothing,' he exclaimed; 'he thinks of the end before the beginning of his work.' This, and a misunderstanding with Michel Angelo, disgusted Da Vinci, and he left Rome.

Afterwards he went to France with

Francis I, but his health being feeble owing to his age, he executed no fresh work while there, even refusing to color a cartoon of St. Anne and the Virgin, which he had brought with him from Italy. He died in France at St. Cloud, in 1519.

Leonardo Da Vinci may be called the inventor of *chiaroscuro*, or the mutual relationship of bright and obscure masses. He painted in three different styles at different times of his life, his third, or Florentine, style exhibiting most freedom and least mannerism. His most famous work as a sculptor was a model of an equestrian statue of Francis Sforza, which was destroyed by the French in 1499. Of his writings very few have been published. The chief of these is his 'Treatise on Painting.' He wrote much on physics, and some of his unpublished works were taken to France by Napoleon, who carried these and 'Petrarch's 'Virgil' to his hotel himself, allowing no one to touch them, saying 'these are mine.' They were afterwards restored to Milan, where they are still preserved. In the royal library at Windsor Castle are shown some of Leonardo's anatomical sketches. It is remarkable that many portions of the human body supposed to be unknown to anatomists till a century later, are well defined in these pen and ink sketches. Leonardo seemed to grasp truths intuitively, and, without going through any process of sound reasoning, to throw them out in his writings as revelations, foreshadowing problems afterwards solved by Galileo, Kepler, and others. This celebrated man had many scholars and imitators, but none of any mark.

MICHEL ANGELO, the contemporary of Leonardo Da Vinci and Raphael, was born at Castel Caprese, Tuscany, in 1474,* of which place his father was Governor. At an early age he showed a taste for drawing, and was apprenticed to the painter Ghirlandajo, who soon became jealous at the praises heaped upon the young student, a feeling which he carried to the point of refusing him drawings that Michael Angelo was desirous of copying. Ghirlandajo deserves praise, however, for being the first painter who discarded gold and silver ornaments in his pictures, and who showed that they could be imitated with much better taste in oil color. Michael Angelo made such rapid improvement and shewed so much originality and strength in his designs, that Lorenzo de' Medici took him under his especial protection and employed him in his garden academy.

Michel Angelo soon became anxious to try his skill in marble, and one day examining a mutilated head of a faun, he copied it, supplying from his own invention what was wanting in the original. Lorenzo found him at his work, and remarked jestingly: 'You have restored to the old faun all his teeth, but don't you know that a man of such an age has generally some wanting.' Michel Angelo, immediately when alone, broke a tooth from the upper jaw, and drilled a hole in the gum to show it had fallen out, which much delighted his patron when he saw it again. After Lorenzo's death in 1492, Michel Angelo went to Bologna to avoid the disturbances which were troubling the Government at Florence, but he returned in 1494. On his return he made a statue of an infant St. John, and also one of a Cupid sleeping. At this time there began to be a great rage for antiquities, and hardly anything was admired that was not dug up from some old ruin or other. A friend of Michel Angelo, aware of this, advised him to stain the Cupid as if it were an antique. It was then buried in a vineyard near Rome, and afterwards excavated. Every one was full of praises of this wonderful specimen of art, and even when it was discovered who was the real sculptor, it received so much admiration that Michel Angelo was induced to go to Rome. It was during this, his first visit to Rome, that he produced his famous Pietà, a group of the dead Christ on the knee of the Virgin, now at St. Peter's. It may here be remarked that a representation of the Virgin weeping over the dead body of the Christ is always known as a Pietà, that of the Christ or the Virgin enthroned is called a Maestà.

About 1503 he was commissioned to decorate one side of the Council hall at Florence, Leonardo Da Vinci having the other. For this Michel Angelo executed his celebrated 'Cartoon of Pisa.' It represented some Pisan soldiers surprised by a party of Florentines while bathing. 'The actions and attitudes of the figures,' says Vasari, 'were as contrasted as the circumstances might be supposed to create, and

* The fourth centenary of his birth was celebrated at Florence, in 1874, with imposing ceremonies.

difficult foreshortenings characterized the deep knowledge of the artist, and his powers of execution.' Of this glorious masterpiece not one atom remains. The students had free access to it for purposes of study, and they gradually mutilated and at last quite destroyed it. One student especially used to let himself in with a private key, and tear great pieces off and take them away. Only one person made a complete copy of the principal group in the picture.

A few years after this, Julius I. employed him to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel at Rome. Michel Angelo was not so fond of painting as of sculpture, and did not much like the task. He was, however, prevailed upon to accede to the Pope's wishes and he finished the whole work in four years. The frescoes represented the Creation of the World and of Man; his Fall; and the Early History of the World. During the whole of the time that Leo V. was Pope, Michel Angelo was employed in the ignominious task of getting marble from the quarries of Pietra Santa for the façade of a church at Florence. In 1533 he commenced his cartoons of the 'Last Judgment' for the Sistine Chapel. After this he did but little more painting, and employed himself as architect of St. Peter's, already begun under the auspices of Bramante. Michel Angelo, however, altered the entire design, and made an original one on the plan of a Greek cross. Bramante's design was according to the Saracenic principles of architecture, which Michel Angelo would have adopted but for the difficulty of raising money for such a gigantic undertaking. He received no remuneration whatever for his unwearied labours, being

'content to give his mind
To the enrichment of mankind.'

His own plan was on a smaller scale, though the form was grander. He carried the building to the base of the dome.

Michel Angelo died at Rome in 1564, aged 88. He was buried at Florence in the Church of the Santa Croce. Besides being a painter, a sculptor, and an architect, he was also a poet. Roscoe says of him, 'the history of Michel Angelo forms that of all the arts which he professed. In him sculpture, painting, and architecture seem to have been personified.'

'God sends his creatures unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men.
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind.'—*Lowell.*

AMY RYE.

SONNET.

Ah Rose so sweet, the sweetest of all flowers,
No sister hast thou to compare with thee;
The rich, the poor and humble, watch to see
Thy early bloom, thou queen of summer bowers!
'Hush!' spake a pleading voice, 'no blossom towers
Supreme o'er all her sisters of the lea;
Flowers are associate by you or me
With Time or Race,—from these derive their powers.
The yellow Broom that decks my native shore
And fragrant Heather on the mountain's brow,
Forever must my truest favourites stand;
To me they're linked with all poetic lore,
And memory dwells with pride upon them now,—
Loved emblems of a wild, romantic land!'

GOWAN LEA.

THE EVOLUTION OF MORALITY.

A REPLY.

I DESIRE to make a few remarks on a singularly able and striking article in the October number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY—an article in which some of the thoughts flash from the mind of the writer with a rare vigour and freshness, and are clothed in such terse and nervous language that they can scarce fail to impress us vividly with a sense of their author's cultivated powers, and to excite in us high expectations of his future. Still, while acknowledging with pleasure the marked ability displayed everywhere by Professor Watson in this remarkable essay, I am forced to withhold my assent from some of his conclusions, and to criticise his strictures on the theory propounded by Mr. Darwin.

Professor Watson, in speaking (page 323) of Mr. Darwin's idea, that, in the social instincts of the lower animals, continued to early man, we ought to seek *the root* of the morality of civilized man, and that these instincts not being extended, in the case of animals, to all the individuals of 'the same species,' but to those only of 'the same community,' it was naturally to be expected that the same instincts, in savage races of men, would be directed exclusively to the welfare of the tribe, not to that 'of the species or of the individual'; and then, quoting from Mr. Darwin that 'as man advanced into civilization, and small tribes became united into larger communities, the simplest reason would tell each individual that he ought to extend his social instincts and sympathies to all members of the same nation; and that that point being once reached, there was only an artificial barrier to prevent his sympathies extending to the men of all nations and races,' Mr. Watson thus comments: 'According to this theory, moral progress consists in strengthening and widening from generation to generation the social instincts originally inherited from some lower form of animal,' adding: 'This theory attempts to account for moral progress by the convenient method of leaving out all that makes it moral.' This last is, indeed, a very neat and well-put sentence, as sharp-cut and polished as a diamond, and as clear.

For the present, I apply to this paragraph, as a whole, the general remark, that writers on ethics will be disappointed if they expect to find in Nature everything mathematico-logically demarcated—limited here, bounded there, by well-defined lines; whereas in Nature all is development, and in development we have to do, not so much with the sharp-cut crystal, as with the amorphous colloid and proteid. Development is such a gradual shading off—a growth dim, vague, insensible—a melting of colours into one another, of varieties into species, of sympathy into morality, of sensation into instinct, of instinct into thought, that we cannot draw a line and say of it, on this side instinct absolutely ends, and, on its opposite side, thought begins. This, indeed, is implied in the very idea of development—insensible change, each change so slight as to refuse to be formulated.

Now, when a man like Mr. Darwin, with his finger on the pulse of Nature, who has won for himself a position of acknowledged eminence amongst the leaders of scientific thought, sums up for us the results of generalizations founded on the widest and minutest and most accurately observed facts, it becomes a duty, before pronouncing judgment against him, that we be sure—first, that we fully understand him; and, secondly, that we have a truer insight into the economy of Nature than he has.

Now, what does Mr. Darwin say? 'As man,' says he, 'advances into civilization, and small tribes are united into larger communities, the simplest *reason** would tell

* In this paper, when quoting from Mr. Watson, or any one else, I have taken the liberty of *italicising* any words to which I wish to call the reader's special attention. For this I beg the author's pardon.

each individual that he *ought* to extend his *social instincts and sympathies* to all the members of the same nation. This point being once reached, there is only an *artificial barrier* to prevent his sympathies extending to *the men of all* nations and races.'

Mr. Darwin's argument throughout is of this kind: the social instincts and sympathies having proved advantageous to some of the lower animals, became theirs permanently through natural selection, and were, so, continued to man; and as among animals they were confined in their exercise to the members, not of the species, but of the community, so, in the case of man, they were limited to the tribe; but as soon as *reason* came into play, it was perceived that this sympathy *ought* to be extended to the nation; and once the narrow clan-feeling having broken down under the weightier sense of good-will and obligation to the nation as a whole, there remained nothing but a *feeble conventional barrier* to oppose itself against the rising tide of right-feeling extending itself to *the whole* family of man. If this be not the truth, it is certainly very like it: as the French say, *vraisemblable.* For is it not the old story of the Sioux against the Blackfeet, or of Rome against Alba Longa or the Volces, grown at length into Italy against the world? And now that *reason*, like the morning sunbeams, has lifted the fogs that once had hung over the mental horizon, and has poured a flood of light on the sanctity of the rights of universal man, deeds once done unblushingly in the interests of selfishness have to be weighed in the balance of justice, or at least (for 'hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue') disguised, like a nasty pill, with a sugar-coating of right:

> 'Thus *conscience* doth make cowards of us all;
> And thus the *native* hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of *thought*,
> And enterprises of great pith and moment,
> With *this* regard, their currents turn awry,
> *And lose the name of action.*'

It is not so very long since the Englishman regarded the Frenchman as his hereditary foe, or since the increase in power or prosperity of a nation was deemed no very ill grounds for an attempt to cripple it; and even to-day we seem to hear occasionally the distant rumble of such a thought.

In the passage quoted from Mr. Darwin there are three distinct divisions in the chain of the mental powers: Firstly, there are '*the social instincts and sympathies;* secondly, the '*reason*' to guide us to the end to which, thirdly, they '*ought*' to be directed; that is, he tells us, to the well-being of *man* wherever found. For now that good-will to the clan has expanded into a sense of obligation to the nation, its further extension is a foregone conclusion, and every barrier to stop the flow of good-will to all men is pronounced to be a mere conventional cobweb.

Now, assuredly, Mr. Darwin speaks here, as elsewhere, of man as governed by something more than mere instinct. He has even exhibited to us the distinct steps in the process, the *first* in order of which is 'the social instincts and sympathies.'

Elsewhere, too, he says: '*Ultimately* his habitual *convictions* controlled by *reason* afford him the safest rule. His conscience *then* becomes his supreme judge and monitor. Nevertheless, the *first foundation or origin* of the moral sense lies in the social instincts, including sympathy; and these *instincts* no doubt were *primarily* gained, as in the case of the lower animals, by natural selection.' Again, he says: 'The fact that man is *the one* being who, with certainty, can be designated "a moral being," makes the greatest of all *distinctions* between him and the lower animals.'

Now, let me ask, if such passages as the above justify the criticism of Professor Watson (page 324)?—'Granting that man has inherited from some lower form the "*instinct*" *of sympathy* for others; still so long as we conceive this "instinct" as a *blind impulse that hurries him towards a goal* from which he cannot retract himself, just so long he is neither moral nor responsible.'

Again, Professor Watson asks: 'Why should an instinct which does not extend beyond one's tribe be regarded as lower from a moral point of view than when it is extended so as to embrace a larger number of persons?' (323). But this is not the exact way of putting it, and is hardly fair to Mr. Darwin. The extension is not to a *larger* number of persons, but to *all* persons, to 'the men of all nations and races.' As stated by Mr. Darwin, it certainly would be lower. The instinct, the sympathy, is right

so far as it goes. Its defect is that it is incomplete; that it goes not far enough; that, whilst unfolding, it is not unfolded; that, while embracing some, it embraces not all; that the narrower obligation has not expanded into the universality of conscience. It is an idea only half worked out by the imperfect reason. The 'sympathy,' not yet instructed by the 'reason,' and not stimulated by the sense of 'ought,' is as yet scarce strong and deep and full enough to flood the life, and, overflowing the narrow tribe-channel, to enfold the whole family of man.

Let us suppose that a certain individual's sense of moral obligation embraced, not only every member of the tribe and nation he belonged to, but every member of the family of man, with the exception of *only one*, whom, an outlaw without guilt, he treats with capricious injustice. Should we not, without hesitation, pronounce his morality 'lower from a moral point of view' than when extended so as to embrace the all without the exception? Nor, so considered, is it 'difficult to see how the mere extension of a feeling should so mysteriously alter its nature.' The feeling that I am at liberty to treat even one person with discriminating injustice is an immoral feeling; whilst the feeling that I cannot relieve myself of the obligations of right towards individuals or nations is an essentially moral one: so that the extension of a feeling may wholly alter its nature; and to say, as Professor Watson does, that the feeling is '*absolutely unchanged*,' seems to me a *petitio principii*, or a pronouncing of judgment beforehand on the very question to be discussed.

Again: Professor Watson objects to Mr. Darwin's '*test* of morality, the general good or welfare of the community,' . . . the term 'general good' being 'defined as the means by which the greatest possible number of individuals can be reared in full vigour and health, with *all their faculties perfect*, under *the conditions to which they* are exposed.' To this Professor Watson replies: . . . 'Provided only that "the greatest number of individuals" is reared "in full health and vigour," the end of morality is achieved,' &c. But Mr. Darwin does not say this, or, rather, he says *a great deal more;* for he adds to 'full vigour and health' the important words, 'with all their faculties perfect'; and, further, 'under the conditions to which they are exposed'—under the conditions of the interaction of the forces of a complex and ever-advancing social state.

And what nobler end can be aimed at, what grander test of morality proposed? *The greatest possible* number of individuals in the full vigour of elastic life, 'with all their faculties perfect'—feeling, passion, reason, conscience, all working harmoniously—mind attuned to body, and body to mind—reason recognizing the law that only 'in self-identification with others can one's true nature be realized,' and conscience urging the fulfilment of this law—our natures pulsing responsive to the claims of all other men, and the natures of all other men to ours—a world of harmonious adjustments, a more than poet's dream of the Golden Age; and all this without painful strain or effort, the enlarged and adjusted brain making what is hard, uphill work to us, only healthy, happy exercise to them. I think that Professor Watson would be satisfied to pursue amongst such men his lofty speculations, and to trace feeling, reason, conscience, entity, backwards, each to its primal cell, and down through the ages to their maturity of grace and strength.

But, to return, I know of no test by which the morality of any action can be decided as an ultimate fact out of consciousness, but its utility; that is, its utility full, perfect, universal, all-sided, without any drawback. As to the flavour of morality *in* the consciousness, that is another matter wholly. The test and the thing tested are not identical. Things have their obverse sides. The morality is not in the utility: the utility is in the morality; so that morality has something in it not included in the utility. It has its subjective as well as its objective side. That 'honesty is the best policy' is a maxim of general utility, but is scarcely a high ethical principle of action. Indeed, strange as it may sound, an action may be, at the same time, moral and immoral—moral as regards the doer, the feeling, and the motive; and immoral as regards the thing done. Paul's act, when he persecuted the Christians, was moral so far as related to himself. He says of it: 'I thought I ought'; but the act, looked at, not in its motive, but in itself,—in *esse*, as good or bad,—as the thing done, was a subversion

of all morality: for morality is a compound of two elements, motive and utility. The combination perfects the idea, making it *totus teres atque rotundus.* A man might found a hospital from mere ostentation, in which case his act would lack the leading, *the essential,* element which would constitute it moral; for it is the absence of right motive, not the mistakes of the understanding, which affects us with the painful feeling of culpability. Of this more hereafter.

'But,' proceeds Professor Watson, 'if the standard of conduct is the preservation of the species, the cat in catching mice is *as much* performing a moral act as the patriot who sacrifices himself for the good of his fellow-men.' I have pointed out before, that, in Mr. Darwin's theory, it is not the preservation of the species merely that is contemplated, but their advancement likewise in all that is intellectually and morally high and noble; and this I conceive to be a sufficient reply. Still I have no fault to find with the cat. She is acting blindly for an end the fulness of which she never contemplates. The cat obeys all the instincts of her nature, sublimely indifferent to the pains or pleasures of other creatures, and disobeys none. This, in its order, constitutes her non-immorality. But Darwin's man acts with conscious intelligence, and with a sense of obligation for that nobler end, in which his own good is merged in and harmonized with the good of all; hence *the order of the act* is higher far—as far higher as altruism is than egoism; as noble self-denial is than brutish selfishness; as a high-souled man than a selfish infant; as developed humanity, with its moral faculties in full play, differs *toto cœlo* from the undeveloped brute.

One of the most differentiating minds and profoundest thinkers the world has ever seen, Bishop Butler, came to this conclusion: that from the idea of the constitution of human nature, 'it *as fully* appears that our nature is adapted to virtue, as from the idea of a watch it appears that its nature is adapted to measure time;' and he adds, 'what in fact or event commonly happens is nothing to the question. Every work of art is apt to be out of order;' and this position he has shown to be impregnable.

Now, if man's nature be adapted to virtue as a clock is to measure time, though liable to get terribly out of order through the unequal strength of particular passions, the want of proportionate keenness of the reason, of vigour of the will, or of power and tenderness of the conscience, what a glorious consummation it would be to witness a whole society, with all their faculties perfect, working together in full proportionate health and vigour, and realizing as their natural outcome this music of virtue of which Butler speaks.

Yes, Mr. Darwin is right. Our noblest end is health and vigour of body and mind—*our whole* being, mental and moral, working without a jar, and this extended to the whole family of man—blessing and blest, and blest in blessing. This idea of his has, after all, something in it, and is not a wholly wrong or barren idea—the cat notwithstanding. His end is the harmonious adjustment and full developement of the nature of man; and the best *test* of its morality, whatever is best calculated to achieve this end.

Again (page 326) says Mr. Watson, 'if *man* does not differ *toto cœlo*' (by the whole breadth of the heavens) 'from the animals in his capacity of turning against any or all of his *immediate* impulses, of weighing them in the balance and rejecting those that are found wanting, of subordinating them to an end *consciously determined* by himself, not only is his ineradicable sense of responsibility a delusion, but it is inconceivable that it should ever have got into his consciousness at all. I hope to show how it did get there. Again (p. 324) he says, 'so long as we assume nothing but a ceaseless, unarrestable flow of impulses, we can give no valid reason for choosing *man as moral,* and animals as non-moral.' Now let me ask, if this 'ceaseless, unarrestable *flow of impulses*' fairly represents or is at all the equivalent of Mr. Darwin's statement, in which he couples with instinct 'reason' and 'ought.' But passing over this, for the present at least, I wish to remark *in limine,* that it is impossible—and this impossibility grows out of the very idea of evolution—to so define morality as to *include* every 'featherless biped' of the genus Homo, and to *exclude* every creature outside him. The definition is always too wide or too narrow. It includes too much or not enough, and this owing to the insensible shading-off of nature, by which one colour gets run into another. *Natura non agit per saltum;* for

in her domain, there is no vaulting into the saddle by the creature that had only crawled. Her course with each one of us, as with life in the past æons, has been development, growth, as noiseless and unnoticed—piling the invisible atom upon atom—as the expanding of the foliage in the spring.

The astonishment which I felt, says Mr. Darwin, 'on first seeing a party of Fuegians on a wild and broken shore, will never be forgotten by me. . . . These men were absolutely naked, and bedaubed with paint, their long hair was tangled, their mouths frothed with excitement, their expression was wild, startled, and distrustful. They possessed hardly any arts, and like wild animals lived on whatever they could catch. They had no government, and were merciless to every one not of their own small tribe.' Is there in this graphic, though terrible picture, revealing itself on the part of these men, the feeblest glint of a conception of the truth that 'only in self-identification with others can one's true nature be realized?' though there is that in them which, through the working of the slow, complex machinery of society, is capable of this development.

The faithful dog, whom neither blows nor bribes will turn away from guarding his master's person or property, who not only abstains from the tempting joint himself, but prevents another unconscientious dog from stealing it; or that heroic little monkey, who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of his keeper; or that old baboon, who, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs; do they not, one and all, postpone a natural craving, an 'immediate' fear or desire, to a higher or more unselfish motive? And is there not in such the *germ or embryo* of a conscience—a kind of half-blurred feeling that there is that which is higher than *bare* appetite; and, if so, is it true that the Fuegian savage or the Carib cannibal 'differs *toto cœlo* from the animals in his capacity of turning against any or all his *immediate* impulses.'

In short, we cannot draw a definition—evolution forbids it—so sharply that it will prove to be inclusive and exclusive and yet conclusive. If too loose, it shuts in too much for theory: if too tight, it snaps under the strain. Have we never seen a dog deliberate, swayed by adverse motives, dragged now hither, now thither, by conflicting emotions, now mastered by the 'immediate' desire, and again actuated by the mean of the ensemble of the thoughts and feelings that go to make up his canine character—his permanent self. We cannot draw a rigid line of separation by which to mark off the vague, confused image of right in a dog's inchoate conscience, and that of the very little child or low-type savage. We cannot draw the line hard and fast anywhere. The insensible nature of the changes, the slow, gradual pace of evolutionary upward movements forbid that. What takes place under our own eyes in the case of the individual infant, in his growth into manhood and intellect and the claims of conscience, is only the same that has taken place in the past millenniums in the growth and development of the genus, man.

When my dog, seduced by his appetite or betrayed by some momentary impulse, violates some better habit of his, does he not experience a dim, diffused feeling of wrong-doing—a vague, momentary, depressed sense of dissatisfaction. Indeed the full-grown dog shews a nearer approach to intellect and moral sense than the little child. True, my dog has reached the utmost length of his tether, whilst the child keeps on developing, reaching many a milestone further on the road of progressive life, and often attains high mental and moral stature. Still they both alike began low down in the scale of being, were fellow-travellers for some time toward a goal that lay beyond them; and though the one has outstripped the other far, yet is it only a case of arrested development in the one instance, and of development continued in the other. And speaking my honest thought, without regard to theory or consequences, I think there is a greater difference in the degree of the development of the honest, intelligent dog over the crawling worm, the oyster, or the jelly-fish, than in that of the Fuegian savage over the dog.

Away with our prejudices in the presence of immortal truth! If you let in our moral Fuegian, can you shut out the honest dog? If you exclude the dog from the *root-germ* of a sense of right, I doubt if our Fuegian's title is terribly secure; and the selection of

impulses 'consciously and with the mind *alert*,' is truer of a Locke or a Butler than of our 'merciless' and remorseless friend. I do not assert that the dog's sense of right and wrong is not *very* slight, imperfect, embryonic; for his brain is small, undeveloped, and undifferentiated; but I do think that the sense in some dim way is there, that our humanity has its roots deep down in animal nature, and that the doctrine of evolution and of the survival of the conditionally fittest, affords the truest scientific key to the history of our origin, prôgress, and present life.

Nor have *we* much to boast of on the score of morality. Our life is conducted pretty much on a system of *manœuvring and out-manœuvring*, and our lofty morality and high bearing need not be a trouble or perplexity to our judges or jailors yet. And I fear the definition of a moral being given by Professor Watson would cut off a good slice from the human world, and consign a large portion of the outsiders to the limbo of the brute; especially if (p. 325) 'the beginning of all morality, whether in the individual or the race, *lies in the condemnation* of mere impulse or passion—in looking down upon it as *beneath the dignity of a rational being*;' and if, 'until this *divine contempt* of the old Adam has been felt, the *notion* of a moral law is an *impossibility*.' I wonder if our Fuegian or Carib savage feel this 'divine contempt,' or discuss among themselves 'the dignity of a rational being.' But perhaps their feelings are too deep for words. The Carib, however, is said to have very strong impulses towards his fellow man; but there are those who hardly regard this in the light of a virtue

But, trifling apart, I cannot avoid thinking that Mr. Watson, when writing with such masculine vigour and beauty these true and noble passages on the play of the moral sentiments, had before his mind, not man, but men. And I am the more confirmed in this view by a passage in a pamphlet on 'Hedonism and Utilitarianism' (page 5), in which he says, if it is 'only meant that *man* in a primitive state . . . . . is *destitute* of moral ideas, and that *these* are *only slowly and gradually* developed by the interaction of *social* forces, no reasonable objection *could* be raised.' Why, this is the very thing I have been contending for. They are the very matured views of Mr. Darwin, expressed too in most exact and apposite terms. Man in his *primitive* condition destitute of *moral* ideas, but *acquiring* them by a long, slow, gradual process, through the inevitable interaction of the more complex social forces. When, a few days since, I read this passage, I was completely staggered, and asked myself if I really understood Professor Watson, or if he excluded the savage races from the catagory of *man*. For if, as Professor Watson thinks (page 324), *man* is distinguished from the 'non-moral animals' by the posession of 'moral' ideas, and if the savage be destitute of them, then this savage is not a man. I confess I am puzzled; for evolutionist as I am, I am not prepared to go so far as this: for though we are related to the lower animals; though, in the rudiments of the mind and feelings, in the structure of the brain and nervous system, in the viscera and the limbs, in the kind and number of the senses, we exhibit together a common working plan; yet our dumb, stationary fellow-traveller has been left far, very far behind, more especially since men have been gifted with the power of articulate speech—μεροπες ανθρωποι—speech, that mighty instrument of progress, that stimulator of the brain, constantly forcing currents of rich arterial blood to flood it to its remotest parts, and so to nourish and augment this prime organ of the mind; speech, that great world-lever that gave the most advanced thought of the one to be the property of the tribe, and gives it to-day to be the common heritage of all, enabling each new generation—'the heirs of all ages'—to begin their career from a fresh table-land of new and more differentiated ideas, with the advantages of a clearer horizon and of the accumulated experiences and implements of the past, and urging the lowliest on a path of progress, so that he soon distances all his mere animal competitors, even subduing them to his ends. We have, however, amongst ourselves our higher and our lower types, with distances between them approaching those which separate the lowest men from the highest of the Quadrumana yet discovered on the earth or amongst its strata; though I must say I think the missing link (or links) is missing yet.

Compare the low-browed, ferocious, mer

ciless Carib, mean and cunning, and roused to action only by strong animal excitements, with that hearty, open-browed, large-souled Norman McLeod. Put him side by side, and say if he belong to the same order of being, if he be at all related to this lordly man. Yes, he is related, but only as the savage is related to the higher brute. Appeal to his finer feelings! He is as deaf to such an appeal as a member of Parliament, and stares at you half-vacantly as if you deemed him a fool. Touch the other on the side of his moral feelings, and his organ-soul vibrates and responds in rich and noble melody. Whence the difference? The one has passed many a milestone of the successive stages of development into the opening morning of civilization, *on the road to* the serene and steady light of day. The other still lingers on the borderland of the half-human, in the flickering twilight, with a narrow horizon, a pinched understanding, and a cold and selfish heart. But education, you know! Yes, and you might educate him to the crack of doom and yet knock into his undifferentiated brain only the most simple ideas, for it is not sufficiently developed and the nervous connexions are not adequately established.

You may, indeed, educate persons of a very low tribe, up to a certain point, which means, up to a certain age, and impart to them many simple and useful ideas. They may even improve up to this age more quickly than most of the children of the civilised man: but when the latter are only beginning to unfold their powers; when the intellect is just expanding into vigour, and gathering day by day new stores of assimilated ideas; the others, children that never grow, become suddenly stunted, making henceforth little or no advance. Their ideas, except the simplest, get confused and tangled and run into one another, being seldom seen in their distinctness; nor are the links in a concatenated argument seen simultaneously in their separateness and in their connexions, or the conclusion reached, to be a compelled result. In short, 'pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,' they are children with an arrested development, who never grow beyond the child-state.

Look at Jamaica, with its religious and educational machinery in full operation for the last forty years, and with what results? The Negro, religious after his fashion, is, owing to his highly emotional and childish nature, quite capable of being worked upon to the pitch of even enthusiasm by preachers of the highly sensational order. But the moral feelings seem so dominated by the emotional as scarcely to oppose any practical barrier to very gross vice, even amongst those who are admitted within the inner circle of religious profession. Indeed, this child of nature has but a slight hold on morality. 'Consciously and with his mind alert,' his 'capacity' for, or sense of the obligations of ethical law—of the tie which binds him to his fellow man—is thin as gossamer, if not wholly embryonic; but he is, when wound up to it, often deeply moved, and highly and sincerely excited by the rocking and swaying of his religious emotions. But, by the side of these, how tame and cold are the claims of morality, and of 'determining which' of his impulses 'is most congruous with his rational nature.' I think our Hottentot or Bushman has not even a 'feeble conception of the truth that only in self-identification with others can his true nature be realized.' I think he simply never thinks about it at all, and has, speaking of him as an individual, scarcely a developable 'capacity'—so embryonic is it—for such high speculations at all.

Again, says Professor Watson (324), 'it is manifestly in defiance of the facts to go on talking of *man* as if he were still governed by instinct.' To this I replied before. But so much has been written, and written so well, about the dignity of man and the beauty of free-will as contrasted with mere instinct, that one feels torn by opposite sentiments—'*la variété est charmante*'—by a desire to get out of the old worn wheelways or common ruts of thought, and, driving recklessly over all the wayside fences and barriers, strike out into the free and beautiful open country; and, then again, by the danger of saying something so horribly unorthodox as to shock and wound.

Still, since '*magis amicus veritas*,' I must say, I should be satisfied to resign my free-will to do wrong for a nature so constituted that I must always love and do the right. What, by instinct? Yes, by instinct or by anything else. I should like to be always *instinctively* inclined to good, as the bee

to make honey. But if I am denied this; if our nature is not yet adjusted to the requirements of the golden age; it is something to possess an unchangeable instinct of right at the very core of our being, in the Holy of Holies of our innermost nature, which can neither be plucked out, nor enslaved by the will, nor silenced by terror, or bribes, or flattery. But instinct! How undignified to be forced to do right by compulsion! What? By the compulsion of our own nature, by the imperious and imperial sense of our obligations to our fellow men? On the contrary, I think we should be ennobled by the possession of such a moral force. Even conscience, however blind or feeble, raises us in the scale of being, though, in its roots and essential nature, it be simply an instinct, and an instinct too of a very composite character: for though recognized now by consciousness as a single force, it is made up of many impulses or sentiments. But as the properties of a proteid, of a salt, or other compound, afford us but slight indications of the properties of its elements, so we must be prepared to find the conscience made up of elements unsuspected, perhaps, before analysis.

Now, if we accept the theory of evolution, we are forced to admit that as our limbs and mental faculties have been evolved, so the moral sense has been evolved likewise; and it is further necessitated by the theory, that we go back to a creature that had *no* moral sense, and, further still, to a creature so wholly animal as to be simply selfish. Now, if this be true (and no evolutionist will withhold assent), the moral sense must have had its roots in selfishness—must have been evolved out of it. But at this period of our human history, none can be sure that his analysis is perfect, or that it embraces all the elements of conscience, so indissolubly knit together, or, like a bundle of fused metallic rods, so welded into one by time and association and heredity, that we intuitively accept it as a single soul-force. And yet as evolutionists—and, of course, Professor Watson is one—we are obliged to believe that it sprang not at a bound into being, full-formed—a Minerva from the head of Jove—but was, by small increments and modifications, fashioned slowly and insensibly by the hands of time. Let me illustrate.

The sense of property-rights seems to me an essential one of the elements that go to make up conscience; thus, this coat belongs to A., and this other coat to B., but C. attempts to take by force the coat of B., and, by the very act of doing so, menaces A.; for as A. and B. hold by the same tenure, whatever weakens or extirpates the rights of B., tends, by parity of reasoning, to render precarious the rights of A.; for A. must feel (*tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet*) that the wrong done B. in action, is done to A. in principle; and thus are enlisted the feelings of A. in behalf B., and his indignation against C. *Sibi quisque timet quamquam est intactus et odit.*

In short, we can only retain rights for ourselves by retaining them for others. Hence our own rights are bound up in the *common bundle* of human rights, and the sense of this growing in us throughout the ages, has become part and parcel of our moral economy, and the more fiercely self-love burns in us,—the higher the estimate we place on our own rights, and the more horrible we conceive their violation,—the more indelibly are we engraving on our moral nature the equal obligation of the rights of everyone else, so that even self-love ministers to universal well-being.

I shall put this in another shape. Every man is an I (an ego). The world is full of I's—I1, I2, I3, I4, and so on. Now the different I's are indiscriminately entitled, so that we cannot single out from amongst them any particular I—whether I1, or I2, or I3, or I4—and affirm of him that he is differently entitled, more or less. In the scales of justice, I2, I3, I4 weighs each exactly the same, and each one singly as much as I1. Thus justice—the equal interest of every man—takes in the whole circle of human relations, helping the whole social machine to work smoothly, reconciling the rights of the ego and of the alter, treating the I, and the other I, and all the I's, alike, making them all interchangeably equal, however posited in consciousness, so that change or exchange or shuffle them as we will, wherever you draw, an I is drawn with his entitlement, nor more nor less. Whereas it is of the very essence of injustice that the rights of one I (the ego-ego) be held to override the rights of any or of all the other (1,000,000,000) I's.

Now, this alternating process of substitution has been going on in men's minds—consciously, sub-consciously, unconsciously—for ages, until, the multiplicity and the endless variety of the cases that come up for decision invigorating the reason and purifying and sensitising the moral sense, the original purely personal element gets eliminated out of consciousness, and by degrees is forgotten and ignored; while the sacred sense of right, as right, remains, purged of the selfishness out of which it sprang.

'Ipsa utilitas justi prope mater et equi.'

The maxims of morality, more or less true, come down to us by tradition and root themselves in our youthful minds; but the solidified moral sense is transmitted by heredity, and forms an integral part of our very selves. It is, so to speak, our experiences—not from, but—*in* our grandfathers; the result stereotyped in our constitutions of all the ictuses of the various forces in this direction which had affected the whole line of our ancestry from the very first—transmitted feelings in transmitted structure.

Again, natural selection would adopt and continue the sentiment of justice as tending to benefit the race; for in the wake of injustice follow murder and rapine and idleness: for who would be at pains to acquire what he could not be secure to enjoy? who would sow what another might equally reap? This in process of time must lead to thinness of population in the tribe and possible extinction. Whereas a tribe practising justice and giving security to property acquired by industry, with abundance in her train, would in time increase in number, and thus be in a position to *transmit* to a numerous and growing posterity *the sentiment* intensified.

Pity, too, forms an element in conscience. Our pity in its origin was, probably, pity for ourselves. Then, in the process of evolution, pity for ourselves in others, pity for others through pity for ourselves—a kind of reflex pity; but now, in its perfect phase, transmuted into pity for others irrespective of ourselves. And I think that, when we hear of the sufferings of others through wrong-doing, we cannot divest ourselves of the belief that in the amalgam of conscience pity is an integral and powerful element—a force in the rear.

Fear seems another element. Thou shalt do no murder, is the voice of conscience. The mind had painted the whole horrid scene,—the deadly blow, the struggle, the agony of the hour,—and transferring it all to self, had shuddered at the deed and hated the doer, and registered it in the brain *with the feelings it had awakened* as a foul and hideous act that *ought not* to have been committed. and had emphasised the ought with the fiercest energy of the will, and affixed to it her blackest mark, tabulating it in the memory as the first and worst of crimes, to be followed by dire, indiscriminating vengeance, including thus the I (ego); for if the I be exempted, he who commits the crime is always an I to himself, and is by parity of reasoning to be exempted too.

Hate, too, is an element in the indignation felt against the wrong-doer for his wrong.

Hope, too, sees in the establishment of right as an immovable principle, the only sure foundation on which to build for the realization of her golden dreams; and the love of liberty enfolds the liberty of others equally, and so on to the end.

Thus is added strand after strand of transmuted feeling, till, growing into a coil solid and homogeneous, it tends to become strong enough to resist the strain of all the forces of self. And right, grown into a necessity of social well-being, and now recognized more and more as such, still extends her sway on all sides, till, hallowed by hoary usage and religious adoption, her claims to supremacy are no longer disputed by civilized men, and thus the inner feelings and the outer facts become harmonized and afford to each other a mutual support. Thus conscience, the moral sense, becomes the very key-stone of the arch of the whole social edifice, *to disturb which were to imperil the very existence of society* itself, and reduce all to universal anarchy. Thus from a seed of self-interest has grown this lordly tree whose roots have penetrated into the deepest soil and twined themselves round every fibre of our most inward nature, and under whose shadow only can the nations repose in peace.

From primal selfishness (1); to self-interest, including by very necessity the interest of others (2); to enlightened self-love, with the well-being of others as a con-

scious end (3); to the moral sense enthroned supreme and demanding obedience to right as right (4); the change has been so great and so gradual that the simplicity and poverty of the elements out of which this mighty power has been evolved, become all but lost to view in the grandeur of the solidified and transformed moral sense.

But great as has been the change, it is not without parallel in the physical world, for who, prior to analysis, would have suspected that a glass of water was a hydrogen cinder, a burnt metal, an oxidized gas. Of course, what I have written of the imperiousness of the moral sense is true only of it in its principle—true only of it in the souls of the most morally advanced—of the noble few, the vanguard of the world. Still we all are, all *must* be, marchers upward, though the stragglers and laggers are to be found on every stage of the great highway, and some are content even to belong to 'the invincible rear.'

But conscience is still simply an *instinct*, though a lordly one. Existing outside the sphere of the will, she acts automatically and uncontrolled, not as one among competing impulses, but supreme above them all. With her prime-minister, Reason, on her right hand, she sits on her throne, conscious of the legitimacy of her sway. He makes the laws, and she enforces them. She impresses on him the necessity that the laws enacted by him, both in their present effects and future consequences, shall bear with even impartiality on all; and he on his part (I speak, of course, of functions and assigned duties) weighs in the balance the probable effect of each enactment before making it; whilst she, whose influence pervades all consciousness, from its centre to its circumference, suffers the pain of each infraction, and, by suffering, inflicts it. She guides not to the theoretic right, nor informs us respecting it; is passive rather than active; and, strange as it may appear, is sometimes gratified even when we are pursuing a course of evil. But this is the fault of her prime-minister, not her own. For conscience (all heart but no head) is essentially an instinct—what Professor Watson calls a 'blind, unreasoning impulse' (324) to all rightdoing—but which, when enlightened by her prime-minister as to what is right in any particular case, always urges its being done.

Let us take as an illustration the case of Paul. Paul's conscience looked on approvingly when he was committing to prison men and women for honestly obeying the profoundest convictions of their souls; and it afterwards looked on equally approvingly when he was preaching the very faith he had formerly destroyed. Though my reading serves me with no instance in which these two powers of the soul—reason and conscience—have been adequately differentiated and held apart, yet great confusion is bred by not keeping them distinct. For conscience is only a kind of moral thermometer (ethometer) in which the mercury of pleasure or of pain rises or falls in exact proportion—constitutional and acquired sensitiveness being taken into account—as we obey the dicta of the reason, be those dicta right or be they wrong. The obedience, *as obedience*, yields the needful warmth to the gratified conscience: whilst disobedience, *as disobedience*, chills it down to dissatisfaction; to the freezing point of pain; or to the zero of anguish and remorse. In short, reason guides; conscience feels. Reason without conscience might develop a man into a Mephistophilean fiend: conscience without reason, into a scourge and curse of the world—into a Mahommedan propagating his faith by fire and sword; a Thug committing murder as a religious duty; an Inquisitor, for some old lumber of a dogma, roasting his human victim at the stake. To be of any real, permanent utility, these two powers of the mind must work in harmony. Though the imperious sense of right rings with the voice of authority through every corridor of the soul, yet must it not be forgotten, that it is only an *instinct*, to be instructed by the reason; hence the necessity of a well informed, well balanced judgment, else the great engine, if running off the track of right, may, as in the case of Paul, produce mischief in proportion to the greatness of its power.

The selfish appetites and passions of our nature may, indeed, seduce and suborn the cunning intellect to go in quest of arguments to becloud and sophisticate the judgment, and, so, mislead the conscience; or the commands of conscience may be

wholly disregarded and trampled on. But when reason affirms that this and nothing but this is right, conscience must urge, you *ought* to do it. But without this imperious ought-power—this lord of the vassal will —to enforce the decision of the reason, I believe the machine would prove a failure, needing the propelling energy of conscience to enable it to work.

Though man's nature is as truly made for virtue as a clock to keep time (Butler), yet our passions and our moral nature are not so evenly balanced, so nicely adjusted, but that they come into constant and fierce collision. The lower animals yield themselves unreservedly to the immediate or momentary passion; the higher animals, not always absolutely; the lowest savages are swayed almost wholly by their passions and by little else: persons of low natures among civilized men are, as a rule, governed more by their passions than by their moral sense; and it is only the élite of humanity, the aristocracy of nature, who strive habitually to subordinate their passions to their higher nature, who seek to be true to their whole selves, and to discipline their minds to the control of that principle within them, which, under the guidance of reason, is plainly stamped with an authority from which there is no appeal. I speak not of punishment or reward, but of an education of obedience to right as right; else

> 'Tolle periclum,
> Jam vaga prosiliet frenis natura remotis.'

As civilized men we are yet only in the *transition* stage of our moral life. Our brain it not enough differentiated, grown, and sensitive. But the process is going on, and the result certain. Vice is such a disturbing element in the adjustment of the social and human systems, that it tends perpetually to be squeezed out of both.* Being an impediment to the movements of the social machine, it tends to extinction. Our nature is adapted to virtue, but, adds the great thinker, 'every work of art is apt to be out of order; but this is so far from being *according* to its system, that, let the disorder increase, and it will totally destroy it.' (Butler, Pref. to Sermons). Vice jars the machinery, and the multiplied vices of individuals—the multiplied jars—are sometimes so great and so many, as to throw even the whole social machine out of gear; whereas virtue—the smooth, free working of the machine—tends to advantage, and therefore to be selected.

Thus vices, *i.e.* moral *weaknesses*, tend to die out, if there be any truth in the survival of the fittest; whilst virtue, *i.e.* moral *strength*, tends to live. Sympathy for our fellow-men, affectionateness, the love of right, strengthen the individual and benefit society, and therefore look towards survival; whereas envy and hatred depress and lower the vital powers, as well as injure society, and therefore tend towards extinction. Love warms the heart, and exalts the life; but envy and hatred, ever their own worst avengers, prey upon both mind and body.

> 'Invidus alterius *macrescit* rebus opimis;
> Invidia Siculi non invenere tyranni
> Majus tormentum.'

'The permanent self of reason' (p. 325) only means *ourselves*, our whole selves, ourselves regarded as a 'system or constitution,' as Bishop Butler would say. Now, if our nature, regarded as a *constitution*, be adapted to virtue as a clock's to keep time, adapted constitutionally to all the requirements of morality and universal well-being; if this be the great present realized outcome of the ages—the development out of selfish self-gratification—the necessary result of the creature's constitution *once*—into a constitution *now* which impels to, and tends to compass, and can never be satisfied with anything short of compassing, the well-being of all; and if this grand upward movement be, not an accidental, but a compelled result—a result that, as I have shown, grew up

* Let not our police be frightened. Our moral Utopia may need a thousand millenniums or more for its establishment. But as we have grown out of the brutish animal and the degraded savage to our present *very* imperfect state, so are we advancing, if slowly yet surely, to that state in which life will flow on more calmly, but suitably to our milder and more adjusted nature, and in which the well-being of others will be pursued eagerly as an end in itself. We have, it is true, a long, long, weary way to travel yet. Our Lincoln elections forbid the belief that the golden age is about to commence to-morrow, or the day after. Our politicians and legislators, with a few exceptions, play 'the game of Politics' as they do the game of chess; nor are we ourselves in a position to complain that we are unfairly represented; so that life is a very small and sorry affair at best.

naturally and necessarily;—I think we may acquit Mr. Pollock (p. 322) of any grave error, when he affirms that there is '*some* scientific *presumption** in favour of existing morality.' Indeed, the whole outcome would be the same, if the evolution had to be gone over again, similar principles similarly conditioned being ever productive of similar effects—a necessary corollary of the adequacy of cause. And if the line along which the animal has travelled up to the human, and by which humanity has reached its fullest development, be the line of strength; if morality has proved a source of advantage and has, therefore, been selected and made permanent, and anything short of morality a source of weakness; if, in the stationary or savage races, immorality—an immoral, tribe-confined habit of regarding things, coupled with an ignoring of obligation to anything outside the tribe—has shown itself a ground of feebleness; if vice has ever proved a moral dry-rot of the body politic, and, like a ship studded with barnacles, is encumbered everywhere with disadvantages; if our social life (as it has become) is still becoming more and more complex, and therefore needs nicer adjustments to the requirements of a more exercised and advanced reason, and of a more delicate moral sense;—then, in proportion as our nature grows increasingly into harmony with virtue, more adapted to the complexities of this advancing life, so will those who lag behind in the race of virtue, and whose lives are in discord with their more complex environment, be (cæt. par.) at a vast disadvantage, and, as the struggle goes on with increasing severity for the less developed natures,† will gradually thin out and probably become extinct.

But if this be in any large measure true; if no time can arrive when the savage races *in* their savagery can supplant the Caucasian *in* his civilization—the Blackfoot and the Carib, the Teuton and the Gaul—how can we assent to the argument of Professor Watson (p. 321), that 'the truth of the physical laws of inheritance and variability will not be overthrown, if the golden age is placed in the past and not in the future.'

So many start aghast from the very name of Evolution, as if they believed that they had been dropped suddenly from the heavens with full-grown minds and bodies, and had not been evolved out of a protoplasmic germ, and, by gradual increment and modification, become slowly unfolded into rational and moral men. So much difference does our familiarity with any fact make in our mode of regarding it. For what is the difference, in the question of dignity, whether the development took for its completion a few years or as many æons. Is not the end achieved everything? Who could have imagined prior to experience, that—to go no further back—a lump of dull-eyed, sucking humanity, would, instead of being arrested in its development like the lower creatures, unfold into a man of flashing thought and profound investigation. And does it not come to but this, that the period of our germ-life ought not to have been placed so far back in the eternities; and that what we see taking place under our own eyes *now*, could not have taken place then, because we were not there to witness it.

In this connexion, I must quote a late beautiful utterance of Professor Maudsley: 'There are,' says he, 'men who have not only shirked positive enquiry from indolence, but have hated it from hostility. They dread the thought of being shown to be *one with nature*, and repudiate with abhorrence the suggestion that their bodies and minds will ever receive scientific *explanation;* as if their bodies and minds would be degraded to something quite different from what they are by being *understood*, like other natural phenomena, and described in terms of scientific thought.'

But whatever others may dread, men who, like Professor Watson, spring with joy and alacrity into the open arena of free thought, are hardly the men to start back from the pursuit of truth, scared by any spectres of the imagination. To such I appeal.

J. A. ALLEN.

* A 'presumption' standing for the lowest and weakest link in the chain of probabilities, and that even qualified by the word 'some.'

† In this connexion Prof. Watson quotes a passage from the works of that man of profound thought and colossal intellect, Herbert Spencer. But Mr. Spencer is there speaking of the lowest creatures, and is careful to add, 'when the life led by the species does not demand higher attributes,' whereas the question in debate is in reference to the higher animals and to man, whose life does demand them. But that Mr. Spencer is no believer in the golden age in the past, and not in the brightening future, is left nowhere doubtful by him.

JULIET.*

BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WATTIE ELLISON DECLINES AN INVITATION.

FLORA TRAVERS sat on the box seat of the 99th drag at the Eton and Harrow match.

The sun beat down fiercely upon the bright scene—upon the crowds of carriages, the sea of faces, the dazzling masses of pale and dark blue, which encircled the smooth open green sward in the middle, where every eye was fixed eagerly upon a handful of slender boys in white flannel.

I know not a more characteristically English scene than this same great annual cricket-match. In no other nation of Europe could such an intense excitement be created by so small a cause.

Merely a game between a few schoolboys! Yet it is a thing of national interest. There is not a heart in all that vast assembly that does not beat with intense apprehension as to the final result of that two days' game, from the grey-haired statesman who remembers his own Eton days, and proudly watches his slight grandson fielding among the light blue Eleven, down to the fat-cheeked ten-year-old Harrow boy in the lowest form in the school, who sits among his schoolfellows, hallooing and shouting he hardly knows at what.

And the ladies, bless them, are as eager as the men! Have they not all of them brothers, cousins, sons, or grandsons, in one or other of the two great schools? And, if these are wanting, the lover possibly was a 'Harrow man,' or at all events they have a pair or so of gloves on the result, enough to give to one and all a feeling of enthusiastic partisanship.

No game is to the uninitiated so uninteresting to watch as cricket; yet all this great mixed multitude, three-fourths of whom hardly know swift from slow bowling, and have not the remotest idea what is meant by longstop or short slip, sit out here for hours and hours in the shadeless sunshine, watching every ball in breathless and almost in silent suspense, as if their very lives depended on it.

Flora Travers sits on the box seat of the 99th drag in her dark-blue bonnet and white muslin dress, with a plate of cold salmon on her lap, and a glass of champagne in her hand. Captain Hartley is on one side of her, and another gallant Lancer clinging on between earth and heaven, one foot on the wheel and one on some step midway, stands on the other side of her helping her to salad. Flora looks and laughs from one to the other, utters her little sallies, dimples over with pretty little smiles, registers her little bets, and looks and is supremely happy.

Every thought of Wattie and his displeasure has gone out of her head. It is very delightful to be where she is; Captain Hartley is devoted to her; she is conscious of being well dressed in spite of the dark-blue bonnet; the sunshine is bright, the scene is all new to her, and she is seventeen! What more can she want? The young are very philosophical; the passing hour is of more value to them than the look-out of their whole lives.

And then in the very middle of it all, just as the day was nearly over—when in half an hour six o'clock would be struck on the big clock across the ground, and the wickets would be drawn—just as she was laughing her gayest and looking her brightest and happiest, down in the moving crowd below she catches sight of Wattie's face looking up at her, stern and displeased.

She half rose from her seat and made a little gesture to beckon him to her; but he only lifted his hat distantly and coldly, and passed on and was lost among the sea of black coats.

And all at once the sushine and the bright

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ness and all the freshness seemed to have gone out of everything, and nothing seemed pleasant or happy to her any longer.

When she reached home an hour later, Juliet met her at the door.

'Well, dear, have you had a pleasant day? have you enjoyed it?' she asked of her young sister-in-law. But Flora answered her dejectedly and wearily.

'Oh yes, I suppose so; it was very hot, and I am dreadfully tired;' and she passed languidly upstairs.

'It was a delightful day, Juliet!' cried Mrs. Dalmaine, who had come home with her. 'You poor dear, not to have gone at all! There was Lord George wandering about in misery, looking for you. He had to come and console himself with me. Such lots of people! and such a splendid lunch we had! And there is no doubt about it that Jack Hartley is quite struck by your Flora; you may take my word for it, that will be a match!'

With all Mrs. Dalmaine's flirting propensities, she always took a true woman's interest in the making up of a match.

A marriage, she was in the habit of saying, often spoilt a man, but generally made a woman; and any addition to the sacred sisterhood of 'frisky matrons' was hailed by her as a benefit to the community at large. She looked upon Flora as a very hopeful sort of young woman—'really, you know, not bad for a girl,' she would say—and she would have been genuinely pleased to see her married to some one in her own set.

With all her faults, Rosa Dalmaine never grudged a younger and prettier woman her triumphs. She had suffered too much herself from the spiteful and envious tongues of other women to be anything but generous to a possible rival.

Mrs. Dalmaine had long ago forgiven Juliet for disappointing her about the water party to Maidenhead, but she had not forgotten her friend's promise of a dinner at Hurlingham to make up for it.

The day was now fixed for this dinner, and the invitations were sent out. Cis promised Juliet that he would go, and Captain Hartley was, of course, among those invited.

'Would you mind very much asking one more, Juliet?' Flora said to her sister-in-law with a trembling voice, coming up and standing nervously behind her chair.

'And whom do you want me to ask, Flora?'

'Wattie,' answered the girl, with a deep blush. Juliet turned round and looked up at her for a moment.

'If you think you can manage to keep all your lovers in order, my dear,' she said, laughing, 'I will ask him, by all means.'

'Oh, thank you, Juliet dear!' cried Flora with alacrity; and in her own mind she determined to show Wattie once for all how mistaken he was in being so jealous, by snubbing Captain Hartley and being everything that was gracious to himself. It should go hard with her, she thought, if she did not manage somehow to reinstate herself in his good graces during that evening.

The following morning the answer to Juliet's invitation lay on the breakfast table. Flora, who was down first, recognised the handwriting of the note, but would not seem to notice it; she busied herself with teasing the kitten and putting lumps of sugar into the canary's cage, and would not even look round when Juliet came in and began opening her letters.

'Pretty dickey—pretty dick!' said Flora, standing in front of the cage stuffing her fingers through the bars, to the no small alarm of its fluttering and tweaking occupant. 'Pretty little dickey!' and all the time her heart was beating and thumping so that she could hardly breathe.

'I am so sorry Wattie can't come on Saturday, Flora!' broke in Juliet's voice from the breakfast table.

'Pretty dickey!' said Flora again, but this time in a fainter voice, and her heart seemed to stop altogether for an instant, and then she stood quite still, staring into the cage for a moment or two before she spoke.

'Oh, can't he? Well, I dare say we shall be very happy without him.' And then she sat down to the table and helped herself rather largely to curried eggs.

Juliet had thrown the note carelessly across the table to her, and presently she took it up and read it—merely a formal answer—he was very sorry to be unable to accept Mrs. Travers's kind invitation—that was all; he did not even plead another engagement!

'I suppose you don't want to keep it,' she said, and then solaced her angry feel-

ings by tearing it up viciously into very small pieces.

When the morning of the dinner arrived, Cis said to his wife after breakfast—

'I am afraid I shan't be able to go with you to Hurlingham, Juliet.'

'Not go, Cis? Why, you promised me that you would, and I think it will be hardly civil to our guests if you do not,' said Juliet in some dismay.

'I am very sorry,' he answered, looking down and shuffling his feet nervously up and down the hearth-rug. 'Of course I meant to go—but the fact is, I have had a letter from home—my father is not very well—nothing to speak of, of course, but I think he wants to see me, and in short I think I had better run down to-day, and I know you can do very well without me.'

Juliet looked into her husband's face, and something in its weak irresolute lines told her that he was not speaking the truth to her.

'Oh, very well,' she answered coldly and contemptuously; 'please yourself, of course.'

Cis kissed her with some effusion, feeling rather thankful to be let off so easily, but Juliet shrank involuntarily from the conjugal salute.

'There, that will do; there is nothing to kiss me about; I suppose there is no occasion to say anything to Flora about your father's indisposition!' with a ring of scorn in the last words.

'Oh dear no, certainly not!' said Cis airily, and went his way into his study; and, having carefully shut the door, he drew out of his pocket and proceeded to read over a small note written in cramped foreign-looking characters.

'Will you come and see me to-morrow as early as you can?' ran this note. 'I have an idle morning and a great deal to talk to you about—in fact, I want your advice and counsel upon a most important matter—you never have anything to do, so I know you will come if you can; and perhaps you will take me out to Hampstead, where I am due at three o'clock to play at a charity concert. I will make you benefit the charitable purposes of it by taking a ticket and listening to my performances.

'Yours sincerely,

'GRETCHEN.'

Half-an-hour later, Cis Travers had put himself into a hansom and was bowling along swiftly westwards towards Gretchen Rudenbach's little suburban villa.

'So Mr. Travers has thrown your dinner over!' said Mrs. Dalmaine, as the two friends were driving down together that afternoon to Hurlingham in the victoria, Flora having gone on with some other members of their party.

'Yes, he has gone down to Broadley,' answered Juliet, putting a good face on her husband's defection; 'his father was not very well, and he thought he ought to go. It is tiresome, of course, but ——'

'But, neither you nor I ever thought he meant to come!' interrupted her friend with a laugh.

'I don't know why you should say so,' said Juliet, a little nettled. 'Cis had every intention of going last night; I assure you it was only this morning, when the letter came from his father, that he thought it right to go down.'

Mrs. Dalmaine threw back her pretty little blonde head, and burst out laughing.

'My poor Juliet! and you don't mean to say you believe that story? How wonderfully easily some wives are duped!'

'What do you mean, Rosa? You do not, surely, think——'

'I do most surely think that, having been up to lunch to-day with my old aunt, who lives at the back of the Zoological Gardens, as I came southwards in a hansom I encountered your husband coming up northwards, also in a hansom, with——'

'Ah, for heaven's sake don't say it!' cried poor Juliet, clutching hold of her arm; but Rosa Dalmaine was relentless.

'Why do you get so upset about things, my dear? You had much better know who it was—it was that little German pianiste with the big innocent eyes, who played at your musical party.'

And then Juliet leant back in the carriage with a very white face, and did not speak another word during the rest of the drive.

It was not jealousy—she did not love her husband well enough to be jealous—it was the shame of it that she felt so acutely.

That he should stoop to deceive her, to invent paltry lies to mislead her, that he should put it in the power of others to twit her with his desertion and his double dealing, made him appear so utterly contemptible in her eyes, that every shadow of affec-

tion and respect that lingered in her heart towards him died away out of it from that very minute. What duty, she asked herself bitterly, does a wife owe to a husband who has thus lost all claim to her respect? what meaning, what binding power is there in those old vows to 'love and to honour' where it has become impossible to do either? Poor storm-tossed, well-nigh despairing woman! Only the temptation seemed now wanting to complete her most utter loss. And even that was not far off.

About an hour later on that same afternoon it so happened that Colonel Fleming was standing idly lighting his cigar on the steps outside his club, listening with half-attention to some old Indian reminiscences which Major-General Chutney was volubly pouring into his ear, when a phaeton and showy pair of high-stepping cobs pulled up at the door, and Hugh recognized with a nod his cousin, that lord of whom mention has before been made in these pages.

'My dear Hugh!' cried this august personage, 'delighted to see you! I came after another fellow, but you'll do much better—come, jump up here; I've got a few men to dinner at Hurlingham this evening—will you join us? Jump up, and I'll drive you down. The man who was going with me has lost his grandmother, or his uncle, or somebody, and just sent to say he can't go—and it is so dull, driving alone; and, by Jove, I'd rather have your company than any one else's; so jump up.'

'Thanks,' answered Hugh, with no great eagerness; 'you are very kind, but I don't think Hurlingham dinners are much in my line. I have been so long away you know. It's very kind, all the same, of you——'

'Kind, be ——!' exclaimed his lordship, with good-tempered heartiness. 'Don't stand making speeches to me. What's the good of a cousin if he can't take a short notice and come and dine with one in a friendly way! I really want your company, man; so make no more fuss about it, but jump up, and don't keep these fidgeting brutes waiting any longer.'

'Oh, if you put it in that way, of course I shall be delighted,' said Hugh, and straightway mounted into the phaeton, and, nodding farewell to the little General, was driven off.

Major-General Chutney, who knew the great man well by sight, gazed after them with admiring awe.

'How pleased Mrs. Chutney will be to hear about it!' he reflected, rubbing his hands together; 'called him "Hugh," too, as chummy as possible, and off they drove like a couple of brothers! Mrs Chutney will like to hear about it; she was so angry with her sister the other day for saying she didn't believe his cousin the lord ever noticed him. It will be quite a little triumph for Mrs. Chutney, quite—she'll want to ask him to dinner at once, I believe.'

So it was that Fate brought these two, Juliet Travers and Hugh Fleming, together once more that day.

There is no pleasanter, sweeter spot in and about all our dusty, toiling capital than that cool, green, river-side Club, that has of late years taken so important a place in London's yearly gaieties. The afternoon sunshine comes slantingly down upon the somewhat weather-beaten façade of the old-fashioned house, that has no pretensions to architectural beauty, yet has a certain old-world dignity which gives it a quiet charm of its own. On the smooth green lawn before it are spread out numberless little tables with snowy cloths, where tea and strawberries are being rapidly consumed by the gay, chattering crowd, in many-coloured butterfly garments. Further on is a background of green—the shaded meadow, with glimpses of the white shining river beyond it through the gaps in the chestnut trees; whilst the faint popping of the guns beyond the garden hardly detracts from the rurality of the scene.

English people have few out-door recreations; yet there is hardly a nation in Europe that values and appreciates so well the few it has.

'By-and-by the crowd disperses, carriages drive off, and the gardens are deserted. Two parties ramaining to dine are alone left in the big empty house and its grounds.

'There is another dinner-party in the next room,' whispered Flora to her sister-in-law, as they went into the house; 'I wonder who they are.'

'Only some men, I think; I hope they won't be very noisy,' answered Juliet carelessly.

The dinner was long and hot, and, as far as Juliet was concerned, interminably wearisome.

It struck her for the first time, too, that Flora was talking to Captain Hartley with an eagerness and an excitement that were hardly natural to her, and that Captain Hartley was drinking a good deal of champagne, and seemed to be drawing her on into a more marked and noticeable flirtation than she quite approved of. She began to feel sorry that he had been invited, and to hope that no harm would come of it.

Rose Dalmaine, too, was full of life and vivacity, and kept the talk going with untiring energy; the other two ladies of the party also seemed full of enjoyment, and to be equally delighted with themselves and the men who sat on either side of them.

Only Juliet herself felt dull and spiritless and weary—her head ached, and talking was an effort to her. She longed to be alone, to think out the miserable story of her husband's duplicity, which saddened and revolted her even more than his supposed infidelity could do.

She was very thankful when some one proposed leaving the hot dinner room and adjourning to the gardens. The long windows were thrown open, and in a few minutes the whole party had gladly dispersed itself out of doors.

Wrapping her shawl hastily around her, Juliet fled alone into the dark summer night. The perfect silence and solitude, succeeding to the noisy clatter of the dinner table, were a relief to her; the cool night-breezes fanned her heated brow; heavily scented lime-trees, and rich clusters of cream and crimson roses, filled the air with a thousand subtle perfumes, and seemed to calm and soothe the turmoil in her heart.

Presently she came to the river—it sped along swiftly, but silently—a wide white flood in the silver moonlight.

She walked slowly, her arms folded upon her bosom, her head bent downwards, her long silk draperies trailing heavily upon the gravel walk behind her.

And, all at once, just where a bright gleam of summer moonshine broke through an opening in the dark trees, some one stood in front of her, and called her by her name:

'Juliet, is that you?'

She stood still, and looked up.

Hugh Fleming stood before her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BY THE RIVER.

'YES, it is I,' she answered. 'How did you come here? I did not know you were here: were you dining in the next room to us?'

He drew her into the deep shade of the trees before he answered her.

'Yes, I was dining with my cousin; he asked me this afternoon. I did not want to come, but he made such a point of it that I could not well refuse. Believe me, had I known that you were to be here, I would not have come.'

'How many apologies, Hugh, for the misfortune of meeting me!' she said, not reproachfully nor bitterly, but very, very sadly.

He did not answer.

They stood together, those two, in the utter silence of the night, alone, and yet apart; they were side by side, yet she did not even look at him; the dark trees threw their sheltering shadows about them, the wide river flowed on at their feet. Against its white, hazy flood, Juliet's tall, dark figure stood out clear and distinct; he could see every line of the delicate profile turned away from him, every fluttering lock of her soft hair, that the light breeze had ruffled upon her brow, and the slender white fingers, clasped listlessly together, that shone out like ivory against her dark dress.

'Shall I go? would you like me to go?' she asked, very gently, turning to him and holding out her hand.

He took the hand, but held it fast.

'No, as we have met, let me say good-bye to you here. I must have seen you once again.'

'Good-bye?' she asked falteringly.

'Yes, good-bye. I have made up my mind to go back to India as soon as I possibly can. Until then, I shall leave town and go into the country, to Paris perhaps; anywhere away from London and from you. It is better so, believe me.'

Back upon her memory there came that scene at Sotherne, long years ago, when once before he had told her he was going to leave her: the darkened room, the flickering fire-light—his words so nearly the same as those he was speaking now—the faint sickness at her heart, and then her own mad words of despair.

Are things perpetually thus repeated and reproduced in this world in an ever revolving circle? she wondered vaguely, with a dull, aching wonder that was hardly pain.

'I am much stronger than I was,' he continued, in an unmovedly calm voice. 'My doctor tells me there is no reason why I should stay in England longer than I like. I cannot well sail before the end of October or the beginning of November; but, meanwhile, I have one or two invitations to Scotland, and an uncle in the south who would like to see me before I go back, and I can always spend a week or two in Paris with an old friend. I mean to leave town next week, and should have called to wish you good-bye in a day or two; but, as we have met, let us say our good-bye here; it will be better, don't you think so?'

But Juliet stood still, with head low bowed upon her bosom, and did not answer.

'You know very well how bitter it is to me to leave you.' he went on after a few moments in a lower voice, and clasping the hand that he held tighter within his own. 'But you know also that there is no other course left for me, after—after what has happened. As long as I am here, you can have no rest, no peace, my poor child—but when I am gone, and you are no longer in daily dread of coming across me, you will be able to take an interest once more in your ordinary duties and occupations—the memory of much that is now painful to you will become softened and dimmed by time and absence, and you will grow reconciled to that life which my unfortunate presence has for a while troubled.'

Then all at once the flood-gates of her heart were opened, and she burst into a wild and passionate cry:

'My life! what is my life? What have I to live for? What one single thing have I in this world to make me love it? Hugh, my love, my darling—do not leave me, for pity's sake, do not leave me again—I cannot live without you—take me with you—take me with you!'

Her arms were round his neck, her warm breath, her passionate words in his ear, her heaving bosom upon his heart. With a smothered cry, he clasped her there tightly, despairingly, and showered down mad, hot kisses upon her sweet, quivering lips.

And then upon his heart she poured forth all the story of her wasted life, all the love she had given to him long ago, all the miserable despair that had driven her to marry Cis, all the honest struggles, the hard warfare that she had waged ever since with her own heart. All the story of her husband's falseness and duplicity, his coldness to her, his contemptible weakness, his powerlessness to ensure even regard and esteem—she told it all, the long pent-up misery of a lifetime, in broken sobbing words, clasped upon his heart; and then came again the wail.

'What have I left—what have I to live for, if you leave me? Oh, Hugh! take me with you, take me with you!'

In the moments of silence that succeeded her passionate words—words in which all pride, all shame, all self-consciousness, every lesser feeling was merged in the one great love that, through all its sinfulness, had yet something almost divine in its utter self-devotion, like the impress of a master's chisel on the ruined temples of antiquity—in those few moments, when the beating of their own hearts seemed to sound in the ears of those two louder than the soft sighing of the wind in the branches above them, than the subdued slush of the river against its banks, at their feet—in those moments God knows what reckless agony of despair was not in the heart of the woman, what fierce heat of soul-consuming temptation in that of the man.

And then he spoke, brokenly, tremblingly at first, but more steadily, more clearly, as he went on.

'Dearest,' and his hand tenderly strayed over the soft dark head that lay on his bosom, 'I do not think I ever loved you so well as at this moment. Do you remember in the old days how once before you offered your sweet self to me, love? and how I left you then because honour bade me?—fatal error, that I have ever since regretted, and never more bitterly than at this moment! Then it was myself that I considered; I was afraid of being thought to have taken an unfair advantage over you, to have sought your money, to have wooed you as the heiress, and not as the woman. If such scruples were strong enough to make me leave you then—leave you as, before God, I believed, to forget me shortly in a more suitable marriage with another—do you not think I have ten thousand times stronger reasons for leaving you

now—now that it is not my honour, but yours, that is at stake? Can your dishonour, your disgrace, bring happiness to either of us? Darling, I love you too well to take you at your word!'

'You despise me!' she sobbed, moving uneasily in his arms.

'Not so, love. Can a man, worthy of the name of man, ever do otherwise than honour the woman whose only sin is that of loving him too well? To me you must ever be the same—it is of the world's slanders that I was speaking—you do not know how cruel and how blighting they can be, my child. You think you would not feel them; but, believe me, I should feel them for you. My Juliet, my darling! second, but dearest and strongest love of my life, that no other woman can ever displace from my heart whilst I live—by your own dear words you have placed yourself and your life in my hands. Well, then, I will dispose of it. I give it you back, as the most precious gift I can offer you! I tell you that, lonely and miserable as it is, it is still better and holier than the life you would spend with me—that there are duties still left for you, in the patient fulfilment of which you may still find—if not happiness, at least peace.'

He ceased speaking. Juliet's cheek, wet with tears, was pressed against his arm in silence.

Across the river, the lights on the opposite bank gleamed out in the darkness, and flung long streaks of broken red flame across the water. A bird, awakened, perhaps, by the sound of their voices, twittered for a moment in the branches above them. A gust of distant laughter came up from the great white club-house behind them, so faint, so distant, that its merriment scarcely jarred upon them. All his life long, Hugh could see that scene before his eyes, and hear those sounds in his ears.

'Hugh, I cannot—I cannot leave off loving you,' she said, raising her heavy eyes, glistening with tears, to his.

'God forbid that you should,' he answered. 'I do not think the impossible is ever expected of us in this world—to tell you to do that would be to tell you to work miracles. Why should you not love me, my poor child? You have nothing else to love! Away with those who would see a sin in love! Love is divine—intense, honest love, however mistaken, however unfortunate the circumstances of it may be, must for ever be ennobling to him who loves and to him who is loved. Love me, my child, as I shall love you; but, darling, we may not meet—not again in this world, if we can help it. I will keep out of your way even if I ever come back from India again; and for the present, for many years probably, there will be half the earth between us; and I will write to you often. We may at least be friends, dear friends, since we must be nothing more.'

'You will write!' she said, in a brighter voice—'that will comfort me; and I may write to you?'

'Yes, indeed, I shall look for your letters—letters that, I trust, will not tell me of a thoroughly empty and wasted existence—that will not be filled from January to December with nothing but the doings of fashionable life; of the sayings of such women as Mrs. Dalmaine; of such men as Lord George Mannersley. Your heart is too noble, your mind is too refined, my Juliet, to waste on such companions as these. Go down to Sotherne again, whether your husband go with you or not; live on your own land and among your own people; and then see whether life has not left you much to occupy and to interest you. It grieves me to think that Sotherne has been so long neglected by your father's daughter—dear Sotherne! Will it make you like to be there oftener, Juliet, if I tell you that I love the place, that when I am far away it will make me a little happier to think of you there than here? For my sake, if for nothing else, will you make it your home again?'

'I will do everything you tell me,' she answered humbly, looking up at him.

He was not looking at her; his eyes were turned away across the shadowy river, and a gleam of moonlight lit up his strong brave face, that was neither beautiful nor young; yet out of his deep-set thoughtful eyes there shone the steadfast light of the great true heart within him, giving it a beauty of the soul which is lacking in many a more regularly chiselled countenance.

At that moment Juliet felt she hardly could pity herself and her lot. It was so good, she felt, to be so loved and so cared for by such a man. It was something to have lived for, to have won such a heart as

his! And if, indeed, as he told her, they must never meet again in this world, surely the memory of this night alone must console her for ever for the blank years that were to succed it.

'You are so good to me!' she whispered.

He looked down at her with one of those quick tender smiles which seemed to come into his face like a flash of sunlight for Juliet alone.

But the sight of her white face of misery, of her dark upturned eyes, wet with unshed tears, and solemn in their unspeakable woe, seemed almost too much for him. The smile faded from his face, and his lip trembled.

'Say good-bye to me, my darling,' he whispered hurriedly. Once more their lips met in a kiss wherein there was no longer any joy nor any passion, but only the blank despair of an eternal farewell. 'God help you, my child,' he said; and turned from her suddenly, and left her standing there, a dark, silent, motionless figure, alone by the white swift river.

Not looking after him, she stood there listening—listening with every faculty within her—to the sound of his footsteps as they gradually died away upon the gravel path. Fainter and fainter they came to her ears, till at last a total silence succeeded to their irregular sound. It was the last of Hugh Fleming! So had he passed away from her for ever. Thus was the tragedy of her life played out!

With a long, shivering sigh, Juliet turned and walked a few steps in the opposite direction; then stopped again, feeling strangely weak and feeble, and, leaning against the trunk of a tree, looked out again across the river.

As she stood there, a boat dropped noiselessly down the stream, close in to the shore. A man was rowing, a boy stood up in the front of the boat, and in the stern was a woman muffled up in a shawl, crouched down with her head bent forward upon her knees, her face buried in her hands.

Afterwards Juliet recollected noticing this silent boat-load, and speculating with something like a keen interest upon what was the history of this little family, whose faces she could not see, and whose forms alone stood out in 'chiara oscura' against the white background of the water. Whence did they come? Whither were they bound? What sorrow had bowed down that poor woman into that attitude of dejected grief?

'God help her, whatever her trouble may be, poor soul!' murmured Juliet half aloud, as the boat passed out of sight round a bend of the river, And who knows whether that short prayer from the woman who knew her not, yet felt for her with that keen sense of human fellowship with suffering which sometimes, with a flash of God-like pity, seems to sweep away all distinction of class and caste, and to make us one with the beggar in the street—who can say that that prayer was not indeed heard and answered to that other sorrow-laden woman, who did not even see the dark pitying figure of her who prayed for her upon the river bank as she passed by!

In those first moments, Juliet hardly realised her own trouble. She could not have shed a single tear. If you had asked her the most trivial question, she would have answered you in her usual voice, as if nothing had happened. A numb feelingless apathy was upon her; she could not even fix her thoughts upon what had passed. She wondered vaguely if she was heartless, if she had turned into stone, if she had lost all power of sorrowing!

'He is gone!' she kept on repeating to herself. 'I shall never see him in this world again; never hear his voice; never see him smile; never, never, as long as I live!' And yet the words seemed like so many meaningless empty sounds to her as she uttered them.

All at once the voices of her every-day life broke in upon her. Some of the gay party amongst whom she had sat at dinner-time—ah, how long ago it seemed now! and what a lifetime she had lived through since she had last seen their faces!—came laughing and chatting along the river-walk, talking about some of the hundred little topics of daily life, about the bets upon the last week's cricket-match, the plans for next week's gaieties, the prospects and arrangements for Goodwood. Juliet shrank closer under the shadow of the tree against which she leant, until the talkers had gone by. Everything was going on just as usual, the world was hurrying on gay and careless from one bright scene of enjoyment to another; and she herself—ah, God! how utterly alone in it she was!

With a sudden pang of suffering she

roused herself, and walked hastily back to the house. She found Flora and Captain Hartley lingering among the rose-beds.

'It is getting late, Flora; we had better go home. Do you think my carriage is here? Captain Hartley, will you kindly go and enquire for it?'

'Are you tired, Juliet?' asked Flora, in a sort of dreamy voice, as Jack Hartley hurried off.

'Yes, dear, very tired; I have a headache. Has any one of our party gone yet?'

'No, I think not; but all those other men have left who were dining in the next room.'

'Ah!' and she drew a long breath. Then he was gone!

'You are not half clad, Flora, in that thin muslin dress. Come, child, fetch your cloak, and let us go.'

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CAPTAIN HARTLEY RETIRES GRACEFULLY.

SOMEBODY tapped at Mrs. Travers's bed-room door at about eleven o'clock the following morning.

'May I come in Juliet?' said Flora, half opening it. 'Is your headache better?'

Juliet lay on the sofa wrapped in a white dressing-ground; her dark hair fell in thick masses on the cushions behind her head, and her face was as white as marble. There were heavy circles around her lustreless eyes, which made them look as if they had been open all night. Her appearance was sufficient to have attracted notice to her wan and miserable face, but Flora did not seem conscious of it. Something else was on the girl's mind.

'I have come to tell you something—a piece of news,' said she, standing a little behind her sister-in-law, so that her face was hidden from her.

'Well, what is it?' said Juliet listlessly.

'Juliet, Captain Hartley proposed to me last night, and I accepted him.'

And then Juliet sat bolt upright on the sofa and looked at her.

Flora hung her head; there was none of the exultant joy, none of the shy gladness of a girl who had won a longed-for lover, in her face,—only white cheeks, and heavy eyelids that were swollen with tears and sleeplessness.

'Accepted Jack Hartley, Flora!' cried Juliet. 'Why, you don't care for him any more than I do. What can have possessed you?'

'I have accepted him,' repeated Flora with a certain doggedness, and looking away from her sister-in-law out of the window.

And then Juliet got up and stood in front of the girl, and, taking both her hands in hers, forced her to look into her face.

'Flora, my dear,' she said gently, 'you have got yourself into a great scrape, for you know very well that you care for Wattie Ellison and for no one else.'

'You have no right to say that, Juliet.' she cried impatiently, her eyes filling with sudden tears; 'that is all at an end. I have promised to marry Jack, and I must abide by my word.'

'You shall do nothing of the sort,' cried Juliet passionately. All at once she seemed to see in herself almost a divine mission to save this young, ignorant girl from the consequences of her own folly. In the old days no one had put out a hand to save her from a loveless marriage, but it should not be her fault if Flora fell into the same fatal error that had shadowed her own life. Here was a duty and an occupation even such as Hugh had told her she would find in her life; something to do at once for another that should leave her no time for vain and selfish repinings over her own fate.

'Listen to me, Flora,' said she in a voice that was solemn from the earnestness of her meaning; 'never, if I can prevent it, shall you be guilty of the sin of marrying one man whilst your heart belongs to another.'

'Sin, Juliet!' faltered Flora.

'Yes, for sin it is, and nothing less. Do you know, child, that a wedding-gown and a gold ring and a few spoken words have no possible power to change the heart? Girls seem to think that with their wedding-day everything is altered and swept away,—that their present life is ended, and a new self ushered in that will remember no more, nor feel nor think any longer the feelings or the thoughts of old. I tell you, Flora, it is not so. The man that you love to-day you will love after you are married to another, possibly all the

more intensely because he is so hopelessly beyond your reach; the thoughts, the hopes, the longings that belong to Wattie Ellison to-day, will be his on the morrow of your wedding, though a triple wedding-ring and thrice-told vows were to bind you to Jack Hartley. If girls thought of this oftener, there would be fewer unhappy marriages in the world. Quarrel with your Wattie if you like, and die an old maid—you will be ten thousand times happier so than if you become that most wretched and miserable of God's creatures, a loveless wife.'

The earnestness of her words impressed the girl with a sort of terror—Flora was trembling in every limb. 'What shall I do?' she cried, clasping her hands together despairingly. 'You see I have promised—how can I possibly get out of it now?'

'Did Captain Hartley say anything about calling here to-day?'

'Yes, he was to come about half-past twelve this morning to see me. I don't know how to meet him, I am so miserable!'

Juliet glanced at the clock.

'Very well, Flora, if you will do exactly as I tell you, and leave everything to me, I will see if I can get you out of this trouble.'

'How good you are!' cried Flora, and she flung her arms round Juliet's neck, and amid floods of tears, confessed many things to her about her foolish infatuation for Jack Hartley's face, which had made her behave so badly to Wattie—and how she loved Wattie with her whole heart and soul, but was afraid he was too angry and disgusted with her heartless flirting ever to forgive her or to care for her again.

'You are a very naughty, silly girl,' said Juliet to her; 'but I am determined that you shall not be a wicked one as well. Now you must do exactly as I tell you. Go and put on your bonnet, and tell William to call a cab. You are to go straight to Mrs. Dalmaine, and tell her I have sent you to lunch with her, and you can take those dress patterns, and talk about that new dress I promised you, and stay there till I call for you this afternoon in the carriage. If she is going out you can still sit quietly there till I come for you, but you must promise me not to come away from her house till I fetch you.'

'I will do anything you tell me, Juliet,' answered the girl meekly and gratefully.

So it came to pass that when Captain Hartley was ushered half an hour later into the cool, flower-scented drawing-room in Grosvenor-Street, he found sitting there, not his pretty, grey-eyed, fair-headed *fiancée*, but her handsome sister-in-law, calm and self-possessed as usual outwardly, but inwardly awaiting the interview with no little trepidation.

Now, to say the truth, Jack Hartley had been all the morning in a very disturbed and uncomfortable frame of mind, and had been ever since a very early hour reflecting with some dismay and a very bad headache on his last night's after-dinner escapade.

To say that he had been drunk overnight would perhaps be rather overstating the fact—but he certainly had taken more champagne than was usual to him, and, as he grimly reflected, it had been beastly sweet stuff, and had flown to his head in an unaccountable manner.

He certainly admired and even liked Flora Travers very much indeed. He had sat next her at dinner, and had wandered about among the rose-beds in the darkened garden with her afterwards. The night air had been soft and balmy, the night-odours had been sweet and soul-entrancing; there had been no listeners save the grass-hoppers and the night moths with folded wings among the flower beds, and no lookers-on save the silver stars and one jewel-eyed frog upon the gravel path, staring at them with all his might and main.

Given all these fortuitous circumstances, and a young man and a maiden wandering about alone together in a shadowy garden, and given that the young man is of a sentimental and impressionable turn of mind, and has taken rather more than is good for him, and that the maiden is fair to look upon; that her slight, white-robed figure gleams out with graceful distinctness in the darkness, that her eyes shine upon him in the starlight with a softness which no gas-burners have ever imparted to them before; given all this, and you can have but one inevitable result—love-making. It may be only a little sham manufacture—a pretty make-believe on both sides; or it may be that, carried away by a temporary exaltation, the love assumes a more serious aspect, and is made in real sober earnest; but in some shape or other you may be very sure that love-making will go on.

Now, Jack Hartley had been so carried away into making much more serious love than he had any idea of.

When he drove down to that Hurlingham dinner he had no more intention of proposing to pretty Flora Travers than he had of eloping with his grandmother. So that when he awoke the following morning, and realized that he had not only proposed to her, but had also been accepted, he was, to say the least of it, very much disturbed.

Not that he in any way objected to the little spoilt beauty. She was charming, a dear little girl, a prize any man might be proud of; but our friend Jack was not exactly in a position for marrying anything but an heiress with five thousand a year.

His own income was small, and his debts were alarmingly large, and had a way of increasing weekly and yearly with a fearful steadiness and regularity; and Jack knew very well that Flora was no heiress, and that with no money of hers could that long list of debts be paid off.

Nevertheless, Jack Hartley was a gentleman, and no idea of not keeping to his bargain entered for one moment into his head.

As he pulled on his boots, and rang the bell for his shaving water, he cursed himself for a fool to have been carried away by a pair of grey eyes and a soft little white hand, and all the witchery of a midsummer night, into doing so very mad a deed as he had been guilty of the evening before; but, all the same, he sent for a button-hole flower, and took very particular pains with his dress and general appearance, and started off with eager punctuality for his interview with the girl who had promised to become his wife.

'I called to see Miss Travers,' he said, when he had shaken hands with Juliet.

'Yes, I know, Captain Hartley,' she answered; 'but Flora has gone out to lunch.'

'Gone out!' he repeated, in astonishment.

'Yes, I have sent her out; and, if you will not mind, Captain Hartley, I want to have a little talk to you myself.'

'Oh, certainly, Mrs. Travers;' but, man-like, as soon as he scented opposition, he began to make up his mind to stick to Flora with all his might.

'Do you know, Captain Hartley,' began Juliet, rather nervously, fidgeting with the trimmings of her dress as she spoke, 'I am afraid this is rather a foolish business altogether between you and Flora.'

'How foolish?' he asked, a little stiffly.

'Well, I need not tell you that a marriage between you would be utterly out of the question. I do not think that, from all I have heard, you are in a position to support a wife at all; and Flora would have nothing but what her father might allow her—which would not be much, were she to marry you—as I am sure he would most strongly object to it. And—forgive me if I appear impertinent—but it is said that you have extravagant habits, and are very much in debt—is it not so? Of course her father would expect you to relinquish the one and to clear yourself from the other—may I ask how you would propose doing so?'

Jack Hartly was silent. He sat forward on his chair, and twisted his hat about in his hands, and looked rather sulky.

'Flora has been entrusted to my care,' continued Juliet, 'and I consider myself answerable to her parents for any imprudence she may be led into whilst staying with me; so you must forgive my speaking to you so openly upon this subject. Captain Hartley, excuse me for telling you that I don't believe that you are prepared to alter your whole style of living for Flora's sake, neither do I think that she is the sort of girl who would be happy as a poor man's wife.'

'How can I propose to a girl one evening and give her up the next morning?' said Jack, surlily; 'how can you expect me to do such a blackguard thing? At all events, let me plead my cause, such as it is, to her parents.'

'That is precisely what I want to avoid; at present, no one knows anything about it but you two and myself—let us all three settle that it is a foolish and impossible idea, and there need be nothing more said about it.'

'But Flora herself will not consent to give me up, Mrs. Travers; and if the dear little girl is willing to stick to me, by George, I will stick to her!'

'Flora,' answered Juliet, with a smile—for she had no intention of lowering her sister-in-law's dignity, nor of wounding Captain Hartley's feelings, by revealing to

him that Flora was not in the least in love with him, and had only accepted him from pique with another man—'Flora is, I am happy to say, too sensible to wish to carry on an engagement which she knows can never result in marriage, and which can only bring trouble to you both. I have had a long talk with her this morning, and she has decided to be guided by me entirely; and if you will consent to look upon your last night's words to her as a piece of folly on both sides which had better be forgotten as soon as possible, she has commissioned me to tell you that she will do the same, as she is sure that it will be better for your happiness to forget her.'

'You mean to say that she wants to break it off, then?'

'Yes, I think she does; and fortunately you have not known each other long enough for it to be more than a transient pang to either of you. I shall send Flora home in a few days; and if you do not meet her till next season, you will probably have got over any little awkwardness by that time, and be very thankful to me for having spared you the misery of a marriage on a very small and inadequate income.'

Jack Hartley began pacing up and down the room. It was really a wonderful piece of luck to have things so comfortably taken out of his hands, and to have an honourable retreat as comfortably opened to him. Of course the idea of marriage with a penniless girl was madness—it couldn't be thought of; he ought to be too thankful to any one who saved him from the misery of a comfortless lodging, a badly dressed wife, possible babies, ill-cooked dinners, cheap cigars, and a maid-of-all-work. Even a passing thought of these things made him shudder with horror and disgust. Mrs. Travers was quite right; he was not sufficiently in love with Flora to be able even to contemplate with equanimity such an utter revolution in his life for her sake; he had better by all means resign her at once, and be satisfied that he had done all an honourable man could be expected to do to fulfil the rash engagement he had so foolishly entered into; he had been perfectly ready to fulfil his part of the contract, and if she and her relations had seen fit to draw back, why, he ought to thank his stars for getting off so easily, and be perfectly content.

Perfectly content, of course.

And yet there was a hankering at his heart for another sight of the grey eyes, and the small fair head, and the saucy red lips that somehow, now that they were to be taken away from him, seemed to become more precious in his sight than they had ever appeared before.

'I suppose I might not see her again—just to wish her good-bye?' he said, rather piteously, stopping in his uneasy walk about the room in front of Juliet's chair, whilst a vision of one more kiss from those sweet lips floated temptingly before his imagination.

'Certainly not,' answered Juliet; and she could not help laughing, for she pictured to herself at once how Flora would weep and deplore her wickedness, and probably confess the whole truth about Wattie in her self-reproaches, and so break down the whole course of her own strong line of argument. 'Certainly not; no possible good could come of it, and it would be only a very painful ordeal for her.'

'Well, I dare say you are right,' said Captain Hartley ruefully. 'Will you tell her I am sorry—I spoke rashly to her; I ought, of course, to have considered everything—I wouldn't drag her down to a wretchedly poor marriage for the world. I shall always be fond of her, and grateful to her for being willing to have me—but it is better not; and now I think I will go, Mrs. Travers.'

So, with a tremble of real emotion in his broken words such as he had hardly believed himself capable of feeling for little Flora Travers, Captain Hartley took his leave, walked somewhat unsteadily down Grosvenor Street, owing to an unusual dimness before his eyes, then turned into Bond Street, where he encountered a friend, into whose arm he linked his own, and by the time he had reached his club in Pall Mall had, under the influence of congenial society and a good cigar, completely recovered his equanimity and his usual good spirits.

Wattie Ellison was hard at work at his chambers in the Temple. No painting litter, no easels with half-finished pictures upon them were to be seen about his rooms now, as in the old days when he had aspired to be a Royal Academician, and had copied Gretchen Rudenbach's gentle face

as a study for his 'Joan of Arc.' Somewhere or other up in the lumber-room, behind several dusty portmanteaus, and a pile of very much dustier law-papers, that same canvas was leaning with its face to the wall, just as it had been left on the morning of Georgie Travers's death—with the figure of Joan of Arc drawn in, and Gretchen Rudenbach's face, fairly finished, shining like the head of a saint out of the blank canvas, whilst a confused mass of black chalk scratches all round it served dimly to shadow forth the howling, raving multitude that were to have been seen struggling and fighting below her scaffold.

Long ago had Wattie Ellison done with such idle fances of a short cut to fame and fortune. His table nowadays is covered with briefs, his clerk looks in every now and then to receive orders and directions, and his face looks very stern and aged since the days when he was poor Georgie's penniless lover, who rode his uncle's horses, and had much ado to keep himself in boots and breeches through the hunting season.

Presently the clerk comes in with a cup of coffee and a piece of dry toast on a tray, announcing it somewhat pompously as 'your lunch, sir.' Mr. Ellison answers, 'All right, put it down,' and goes on with his reading and taking notes till the coffee gets stone-cold, when he drinks it all off at a gulp, and munches the toast with his eyes still riveted upon the blue pages of the draft in his hand.

Little enough time has a rising young barrister, with a fast-spreading reputation for talent, for any such trival occupation as luncheon!

Presently the clerk looks in again.

'If you please, sir,' he says with some hesitation, 'there is a lady who wishes to speak to you.'

'Eh, what—a lady? Some begging governess, I suppose. I can't possibly see her, Adams.

'So I told her, sir,' said Adams doubtfully; 'but she seemed to think you would be sure to speak to her—and she is a lady, sir, and none of your begging-women.'

'Very well, go and ask her her name.'

Presently Adams came back with Mrs. Travers's card between a very much ink-stained finger and thumb.

'Show her in at once.'

And Juliet enters.

'I am very sorry to disturb you, Wattie,' says Juliet, when she had shaken hands with him, and had taken the chair he hastened to offer her. 'I won't detain you one moment; I only want to ask you if you will go down to Broadley next Sunday.'

'Why, is Mr. Travers ill?' he asked quickly.

'Not at all, that I know of; but the old man is always, as you know, glad to see you; and, besides, Flora will be at home ag[illegible]n,' added Juliet, looking down demurely at the threadbare carpet below her feet.

'I don't see what that has to do with me,' answered Wattie, with stern disapprobation of Flora and her movements in his voice.

'Don't you?' cried Juliet, looking up at him suddenly in her impetuous way; 'then I will tell you—I think it has everything to do with you. I am a very old friend of yours, Wattie, so I am going to take the liberty of telling you that you are just throwing your happiness away; and I can tell you that, if you won't take the trouble to put out your hand to take her, somebody else will save you the trouble.'

'If Flora prefers somebody else——' began Wattie stiffly.

'She does nothing of the sort,' broke in Juliet angrily; 'and the proof is that she is going back home to Broadley again as free as when she came to me; and I can tell you,' she added, with a free translation of events that had happened which was thoroughly feminine, 'that if she had chosen she might have gone home engaged to Captain Hartley, and that she is not ought to be a proof to you that, whatever little faults she may have, her heart, at all events, is in the right place.'

'Do you mean to say that Hartley proposed to her?' asked Wattie excitedly; for the idea of a rival is never pleasing to any man.

'Certainly I do; and somebody else will probably do the same unless you look after her yourself. I have no patience with you Wattie—letting a nice affectionate girl like Flora slip through your fingers, just because you don't choose to take the trouble to speak to her.'

'It is not that, I assure you, Mrs. Travers,' began Wattie eagerly, and flushing a little as he spoke. 'I never meant to force Flora's affections—and I have fancied

lately that she did not care for me except as an old friend. She has been cold in her manner to me, and has done several things which she knew I did not wish her to do, and which I had expressly asked her not to do. For instance, there was the day at Lord's—could anything prove more plainly to a man that a girl did not care for him than that?'

'Oh, what fools you men are!' cried Juliet; 'why, her coldness to you and disregard of your wishes was just what showed how much she was thinking of you; and as to the cricket-match, why, she went in a dark-blue bonnet which made her look almost plain, just because you are a Harrow man!'

'So she did!' exclaimed Wattie, remembering the fact for the first time. 'I did not notice it then.'

'Why, you were blind! A more marked encouragement could not have been given to you. You men always seem to think a girl must throw herself into your arms before you can believe in her sincerity. Now, don't be a fool, my dear friend; go down to Broadley next Sunday, and see if I am right or not about her affection for you.'

Wattie Ellison promised somewhat shamefacedly that he would go down to Broadley, and Juliet shook hands with him and took her leave.

From the Temple Mrs. Travers drove to Mrs. Dalmaine's house, where Flora was waiting impatiently for her.

'Well, Flora, I have settled it all for you,' said Juliet, as the two drove off together. 'Captain Hartley has behaved very well, and acknowledged the wisdom of all I said to him. I have convinced him that an engagement with you would be the height of folly, as there would never be money enough for you to marry upon, and your father would never hear of it; so it's all at an end, and he has sent you a pretty message, and we are neither of us ever going to allude to the subject again; he is not at all angry with you, and thinks you are quite right—and I don't think he is very broken-hearted; so let us never speak of it again.'

'Oh, Juliet, how can I ever prove my gratitude to you?'

'Why, by doing exactly as I tell you. I am sorry to put an end to your visit, my dear, but I am going to send you home to-morrow.

'Not really?—oh Juliet!'

'Yes, really, Flora. Believe me, after what has passed, it would be very awkward for you to meet Captain Hartley; besides, I have promised him that you shall go—it is only right and fair to him.'

Flora shed a few tears behind her veil. 'I have been very foolish and wrong, I know, Juliet dear,' she said; 'but losing the rest of the season seems a dreadful punishment.'

'Well, take your punishment patiently,' said Juliet, laughing, 'and then perhaps it will turn out better than you expect; and be thankful, you foolish child, that you are not punished much more severely than by missing a few balls and *fêtes*.'

But of that other interview with Wattie Ellison at the Temple, and of his proposed visit to Broadley on the following Sunday, Juliet, like a true tactician, said not a single word.

They were passing down Bond Street, and stopped for a moment at one of the large jewellers' shops.

'You needn't get out, Flora; I am only just going to ask if my bracelet is mended,' said Juliet, as she got out of the carriage.

She went into the shop. A gentleman stood with his back to her, leaning over the counter. It was her husband.

A shopman was holding up before him a very handsome diamond locket, for which he was apparently bargaining, whilst several others of the same kind lay spread out in their velvet cases on the counter.

'I don't think I can do better than have that one,' said Cis.

'Certainly, sir; it is quite the handsomest thing of the kind we have had for some time, and I am sure would give satisfaction. Where shall I send it for you, sir?'

'To Miss Rudenbach—120 Victoria Villas, Notting Hill,' answered Cis in a distinct voice, dictating the address to the man, who wrote it down.

'I will call again,' said Juliet, turning to the door, to the man who had come forward to her. 'I find I have forgotten something. I will call to-morrow.'

And she got herself out of the shop and into her carriage with the sort of bruised, giddy sensation one has after one has had a severe fall or a severe blow.

'Was the bracelet done?' said Flora. 'Why, how white you look, Juliet.'

'Home!' said Juliet to the footman, who was waiting for orders, and spoke not another word all the rest of the drive.

(*To be continued.*)

A GLANCE AT THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

ONE of the most persistent faults to which authors of history are liable, is the continual manipulation of facts in the interest of so-called patriotism; and as patriotism is nowhere more boastfully avowed than in the great republic, so in no literature do we find the fault alluded to so glaring.

To read some accounts of the Revolution, with their exaggeration of every success, their careful shading of every failure, and even their entire suppression of disagreeable facts, might well astonish a believer in the bravery of English armies. Is it probable that soldiers who could enrol the victories of Marlborough and their own deeds in India and Canada on their colors, and who afterwards under the great Wellington first brought defeat upon French veterans and French Marshals,—is it probable that such soldiers as these would suffer nothing but disaster and disgrace at the hands of undisciplined levies and inexperienced commanders during a seven years' war?

But it may be asked, why did they not crush the rebellion in one or two campaigns? Why did Napoleon fail to subdue Russia in 1812? or why cannot the descendants of these revolutionary heroes conquer the very Indians who threaten their borders? The answer is in each case found in the vast extent of country to be traversed. It was not the genius of Washington, nor the elasticity of his defeated troops, that compelled the British commander to give up almost all he had won by the successful campaign of 1776, but the impossibility of defending his extended position along the Delaware, in the midst of a hostile people. It was not fear of the dispirited and reduced American army, that compelled Sir H. Clinton to evacuate Philadelphia a couple of years later, but the danger of a French fleet sailing up the tortuous Chesapeake and cutting off his communications. Learning by experience the dangers that threatened positions in the interior, the royal troops in the north were concentrated in a few important centres along the coast. This, with the wretched condition of the American forces, accounts for the inactivity of the main armies during the latter years of the war. It may be remarked that after Cornwallis had surrendered, the British ministry announced their intention of carrying on a 'war of posts;' implying the abandonment of all interior operations, and limiting their defence to the most important points.

When it was discovered that the Southern States were more favourable to British connection than their Puritan brethren of New England, the principal efforts were directed to that quarter. Georgia was first conquered, then South Carolina, and after the battle of Camden, in fully one-half of the states of the Union not an enemy was to be found. The prospects of the Revolutionary cause at this time were exceedingly gloomy. The enthusiasm which had placed 27,000 men in the field two years after the war began, had long died away under suffering and defeat. It is true that Burgoyne's army had been captured; but, if the loss to the stronger side was great, the gain to the weaker side was small.

The forces under Washington, on account of the delay in receiving their remuneration, began to grow mutinous. The first thought of an insubordinate regiment was to compel Congress to pay arrears; and if refused, to overturn the ephemeral institution, and set up one after its own heart. On one occasion Gen. Wayne rode among them with a cocked pistol in each hand; but he was told if he fired he would be a dead man. When the assistance of France was denied because of the embarrassment of her own finances, the credit of the embryo republic was insufficient to raise money except at exhorbitant rates; one firm in Holland offering as a condition, to hold a mortgage on the real and personal property of the realm. Taxation was resorted to in vain; for the people could ill brook a heavier rate than that they had taken arms to escape. Paper money was then issued, at first sparingly, then more freely, as demands pressed, then extrava-

gantly, until, when $200,000,000 was in circulation, a dollar bill endorsed by the Congress of the U. S. A. was only worth two and a half cents. But as the treasury could pay debts in this money at its nominal value, the prices for supplies for the army rose to an exhorbitant figure, and the problem remained unsolved. As if to properly complete this ruinous financiering, Congress fixed a certain value that goods were not to exceed. But as none were obtainable under these restrictions, this rate of value had to be rescinded.

A brief *resumé* of the principal actions between the main armies, based on American authorities, may not be unacceptable.

The skirmish at Lexington has been correctly described in the CANADIAN MONTHLY as a combined defeat and victory. A detachment of British regulars, after destroying the stores at Concord, suffered severely on their return, from a hidden enemy, who, emboldened by their success, were only repulsed when reinforcements arrived. From this time, the cause for which the war began was no longer the cause for which the war was continued. The redress of all evils, and pardon of all offences, were shortly afterwards refused by men whom nothing but independence would satisfy.

A host of undisciplined levies, with their self-styled generals, blockaded Boston; and during a single night, fortified Breed's, *alias* Bunker's Hill, which commanded the town. 3,000 Royalists were directed to capture this post. By an unfortunate mistake, the ball sent from the city was too large for the British cannon. But, as soon as they became available, the entrenchments were cleared.

From this time we trace the secret assistance of France and the sympathy of Spain. Washington, formerly a colonel in the Royalist service, was next year appointed to the command of the army, which he massed on the heights of Long Island, to cover New York. The British general succeeeed in getting a large force behind, and, attacking in front and rear, the enemy fled in the utmost confusion, leaving 3,100 killed, wounded, and prisoners, while the loss to the victors did not amount to 400 men. By skilful manœuvres, the Americans were driven from position to position, until, in December, a remnant of not one-tenth of the original army found refuge across the Delaware. Tempted by the negligence of the over-confident British in their scattered camp, Washington, with his force augmented to 6,000 men, very cleverly captured a body of Hessians, who at daybreak were yet sleeping off the effects of their Christmas festivities. Retreating from his aroused enemy, the American general conceived the plan of surprising their magazines; but on the way encountered two regiments, who immediately formed on a hill to receive him. These regiments, numbering together less than 2,000 men, at first repulsed the entire American army; but, becoming separated, were obliged to retreat. These were the boasted victories of Trenton and Princeton. The next year, Washington, to save Philadelphia, made a stand on the heights of the Brandywine; where, however, he suffered a complete defeat, and the city was evacuated. Attempting again the policy of surprise, he failed for a second time, at Germantown, with a loss equal to that of the former battle, viz:—1,200 men.

The sufferings of the Americans at Valley Forge exhibited the invincible determination of their leader; to add to whose troubles, an ungrateful Congress was openly favouring the pretensions of Gen. Gates to the supreme command. Gates had effected the surrender of Burgoyne and his British army at Saratoga; and the people, ignoring the ease with which a force entangled in a hostile country was captured, compared this great achievement with the failures of Washington, forgetting that many of them were due to the short-sighted policy of the Government. Soon afterwards, France, and then Spain, declared war against Britain, and, not only were the colonies in America in danger of being lost, but every dependency of the Empire in every part of the globe. In 1778, Savannah was captured by the British, and with it all Georgia; and during the next year, a desperate attempt to retake this post, by a combined French and American army, was brilliantly repulsed with a loss to the enemy of one-fifth of their number. Early in 1770, Sir H. Clinton, then Commander-in-Chief of the Royalist forces in America, sailing from New York, invested and soon captured Charleston, with 6,618 prisoners; inflicting a loss on the enemy greater than that of the Royalists by the surrender of Burgoyne's army.

Lord Cornwallis was left to follow up this advantage; and to check his alarming progress, Gates, with an army variously estimated at 4,000 to 6,000 men, gave battle at Camden. Here a British force of 2,000 routed them so completely, that few were ever collected in any army again; and the General, whose star had forever set, fled eighty miles from the scene of his defeat. During the last year of the war, Guildford Court House and Hobkirk's Hill were added to the long list of victories won by British valour. Entaw Springs was, like Lexington, first a defeat and then a victory. The English right being forced back, the whole line retreated to a large brick house, before which the entire American army were repulsed, with a loss of 500 prisoners and 4 cannon. As the enemy retreated eleven miles immediately, it is almost absurd to call this a drawn battle.

Washington, from the wretched state of his army, and the continual reinforcements needed in the south, had been compelled to remain idle until a French force doubled his numbers, and more than doubled his efficiency, when operations against New York began. But Cornwallis, having established himself in a tempting position at Yorktown, the destination of the combined forces was quietly changed, and the siege of the latter post was prosecuted with such vigour, *that the British were compelled to* surrender, just five days before Clinton arrived off the harbour with 7,000 veterans.

It will be seen from the above unbiassed statements, that, with the exceptions of the capitulations of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, to which American boasting should be confined, the actions of the Revolution were entirely in favor of the British.

Washington, who never gained a pitched battle in all his life, has been compared to Alexander and Wellington, who never lost one. If we study the campaign of 1776, we shall see how often he was out-generalled by his opponent Howe.

The qualities most to be admired in the 'Father of his country,' were buoyancy, uprightness, and indomitable perseverance. Against the breaches of faith of which Congress were so often guilty, he protested in the strongest language. When defeat and suffering had brought the army to the verge of ruin, his courage never faltered, but carried him triumphantly over every difficulty. It seems that Providence, in allowing a nation to be born under such circumstances, was teaching a lesson of humility that should never have been unlearned.

Louis XVI., speaking of the terrible effects of this revolution on the mind of France, which culminated in the 'Reign of Terror,' said to his Ministers: 'I never think of the affair of America without regret. My youth was taken advantage of *at that time, and we are suffering for it now.* The lesson is too severe to be forgotten.'

W. E. C.

THE COMEDY OF AN UMBRELLA.

IN THREE SCENES.

I.

THE day was drawing to a close, and, oppressed with the still intense heat of the afternoon, all nature seemed languid and drowsy. The air was dense and motionless; the leaves drooped limp upon the branches; the few cattle visible here and there in the sun-parched fields which stretched back from the river, hung their heads and dreamt of the pastures of June. Even the grasshoppers, which had all day long indulged in excessive laudation of the sunlight, had paused in their tuneful toil, and were enjoying well-earned leisure in comparative silence.

Johnson's Island, encircled by the gelid waters of the St. Lawrence, and looking from the thirsty mainland as cool as a sleeping lily, partook of the general drowsiness. The breeze, awake at most times on the river, and whispering in the tree-tops, was in a fitful sleep. The moon hung high above the island, struggling with eclipse in the still fierce rays of the sun. A milky blurr upon the sky, it looked like a fragment broken from a cloud and blown far into the heavens. In the languid stillness of the afternoon, deepened by the slumberous undertone of the river, in its own seclusion and wild beauty, Johnson's Island might have called to the imaginative mind visions of the restful land of the lotus-eaters.

On the island, in a sort of natural amphitheatre whose floor sloped to the granite edge of the river, and whose walls were interlacing trees, except on one side where the moss-covered rock rose sheer to a height of twenty feet, a man lay at full length upon the sun-dried grass. Beside him were a book, an artist's easel, a camp-stool, and a huge umbrella, such as artists use, resting open on the ground, and completely guarding him from view on one side. He was not sketching; he was not reading; he was meditating deeply, and if we could read his thoughts we should find that the universal calm had not reached his soul. In his present mood, the landscape which was spread before him, the music of the river which flowed at his feet, had no charm for his senses. There was one bitter thought, insistent on his mind, which made him fretful, malcontent, and cynical.

As he lay there, reproaching alternately himself and the world in general, a slight rustling in the branches on the rocks above him disturbed his bitter reverie. He pushed back his straw hat from his eyes and looked up lazily. To his incurious gaze nothing unusual was apparent but a slight trembling in the bushes, which shewed that they had for a moment been displaced.

Had he been more alert, he would have caught sight of that which, in his present frame of mind, would have displeased him exceedingly—a woman's dress. A young girl had for a moment come to the edge of the cliff which overlooked him. She had parted the bushes and peeped over, and then, with a little feminine exclamation of alarm, drawn back and hurriedly retreated. The girl had apparently expected to gain from her vantage-ground upon the cliff, a view, of which the natural beauty would not be marred by the presence of humanity, and that in the form of the less excusable sex. Robinson Crusoe on his desert island was almost thrown into convulsions by finding the imprint of a human foot upon the sand. Imagine the feelings of a young, defenceless woman, suddenly coming upon the monster himself on an island supposed to be unoccupied, with only a precipitous cliff of twenty feet between herself and him.

And yet, had she dared to look a moment longer, she would have found nothing to excite terror. The monster was young and rather good-looking, and his recumbent

figure, in a blue serge suit which spoke of civilization and tailors, was not without grace of outline. Even in his savage mood he looked far from dangerous, except perhaps in the way of moral suasion. Happily ignorant and indifferent as to the cause of the disturbance, he turned over listlessly and opened the book which lay beside him, and read aloud.

> 'O solitude, if I must with thee dwell,
> Let it not be amid the jumbled heap
> Of murky buildings.'

'This is nonsense,' he soliloquized; 'to an unhappy man solitude like this is madness. In a city you have at least the consolation of seeing other people miserable. I was a great fool to leave the yacht, and settle down here alone. I'm not alone either, as I wanted to be. That beggarly little Englishman, Diggs, will be poking about the whole time. Inquisitive little beggar—he is dying to get into my confidence. I'm sure he suspects I've robbed a bank, or even something less gentlemanly.' (*Reading again*).

> 'But the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
> Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
> Is my soul's pleasure.'

'"The sweet converse of an innocent mind!" I enjoyed the luxury of that fool's paradise once. I suppose I shall never enjoy it again. What matter? I can get on without it. I'm not the first man who has been deceived by a coquette. But is she a coquette? Have I judged her rightly? Am I quite certain about it all? Hang it, why can't I keep my thoughts off that subject? The women may all go to —— Oh!'

He cut short the disclosure of his views as to the particular paradise to which he would consign woman as her sphere, with a shuddering cry. Springing to a sitting posture, he shook himself violently and tossed his arms wildly in the air. Had he now been beheld by feminine eyes, he would have created just alarm. Poor young man, his sorrows have touched his brain. But no; it is only a cockroach which he dislodges from somewhere about his neck, and crushes vindictively with the poems of the divine Keats.

The second interruption in the thread of his fancies caused a second change of position. He now sat, instead of reclining on the ground, and except for an occasional nervous twitch of the shoulders, and an action expressive of repelling some creeping thing, he remained for some time as moveless as a statue. And no wonder that for a while he became unconscious of himself and his troubles, for he read 'The Eve of St. Agnes.'

While still engrossed in his book, there stole towards him from the side guarded by the great umbrella, a short man with a ruddy and cheerful countenance. He was the sort of man who impresses you at once with the sense that he is a humorist of a rather boisterous sort. Like many humorists, he was shabby and mean in his attire, and, though in 'camping out' a man is justified in wearing poor clothes, he gave one the impression that poor clothes were his usual outfit. The short man stole quietly across the open, reached the cotton barricade before referred to, and elevating his chin till he could see over it—he had to stand on a log to accomplish this feat—gazed, with an amused expression on his face, at the unconscious reader.

Having at length exhausted the delights of silent contemplation, he threw back his head, and shouted with a vigor which could only have been rendered necessary by the fact that the person addressed was stone deaf—'Hi—i—i!'

The reader started to his feet, and raised his clenched hand. Apparently recognizing the shouter, he lowered his hand, and sitting down upon the camp-stool, said coldly, 'You needn't yell like an Ojibway.'

The other laughed loudly, so that an observer might have inferred that the ardour of his greeting had been due, not so much to an organic defect in the person addressed, as an excess of animal spirits in the shouter.

The disturbed reader went on with his reading, as a hint that the presence of the other might be dispensed with. That hint, however, was lost upon its object, who continued to survey the artist with the same look of amused enquiry.

'Lockwood, old fellow, how are you?' he at length said, with the same tendency to wake the echoes.

'I had nothing to complain of—till you appeared,' was the chilling answer.

'And what have you to complain of now?'

There was no reply to this direct interrogation.

'Oh come! Lockwood,' the humorist burst out, 'hang it, if you and I are going to live together on an uninhabited island, we must have more geniality. I admire your style, my friend. It is lofty; it has tone about it. It would become you in an aristocratic and brilliant society, but in these wilds it is absolutely lost. Here, drop that confounded book, and let us be genial. You don't happen to have your pocket flask about you?'

Won to something like graciousness by the imperturbable cheerfulness and *nonchalance* of the intruder, Lockwood looked up with a less clouded face.

'Excuse me, Diggs,' he said, almost pleasantly, 'for not responding to the warmth of your greeting. The fact is, I failed for the moment to see why you bellowed so. Now that I understand your war-whoop was merely the expression of geniality, I appreciate it, however unnerving. Accept my flask.'

Mr. Diggs accepted the flask as frankly as it was offered. Nodding to his companion, with the remark, 'Here's to our better acquaintance!' he elevated it to his lips, and, with a just perceptible jerk, transferred what seemed to be a well calculated dose to a receptacle somewhere in the throat. He retained it there for an instant, and then released it in its passage further down, apparently through some valve in the larnyx which opened with a click. It may be observed that during the operation just described, Mr. Diggs, for the first time, looked serious.

The two men were now both lounging on the turf, Lockwood, being, as it were, at home at this end of the island, and having entertained Diggs with his pocket flask, seemed to feel an uneasy sense of being in the position of host, and bound to encourage conversation.

Lockwood.—What have you been doing with yourself all this beastly hot day?

Diggs.—I? Oh, I rowed this morning to the big hotel about six miles down the river. I met some pretty girls there at a hop last night, and had to pay my *devoirs.*

Lockwood. — Yes? did you find them agreeable?

Diggs.—I didn't find them at all. I sent up my name, and they sent down word that they were so used up with the dance that they wouldn't be down for three hours. They hoped I would enjoy my row home. Very likely on a blistering day like this!

Lockwood (*laughing fiercely at this naive confession*).—That's like them, Diggs. They're all the same. But I wonder, Diggs, that a man with your social qualities and misplaced love of society should choose to pass the summer camping out here alone, with all the cockroaches and other inconveniences.

Diggs (*dropping his voice into the hoarseness of confidence*).—I've got to do it.

Lockwood (*suggestively*).—Extradition?

Diggs.— No, Sir; economy. I don't live on this raft of an island from choice, I can tell you. To be candid with you, I'm uncommonly hard up. I've lost all the money I ever had, not that it was much to lose, lost my situation, lost my friends. In fact all is lost save honour, and that won't pay my board bills. I've become a by-word and a reproach amongst boarding-house-keepers, and I feel that I can't abuse their confidence any longer. Having nothing to do and nothing to get, and being fond of fishing and boating, I made up my mind that the best thing I could do would be to paddle down the river, pick out an island not too far from civilization, and live an uncivilized life. It isn't bad. I sleep sound, eat hearty, whenever I can get anything fit to eat, and haven't the annoyance of explaining things to creditors. When those remittances come from England I'll make a fresh start. Here's at you again, old fellow?

Lockwood. — Diggs, you are a philosopher.

Diggs.—So people tell me. But I don't know yet what brought you here.

Lockwood. — I think I mentioned that it was a yacht.

Diggs.—I knew that.

Lockwood. — Then it was not like a philosopher to ask the question.

Diggs. — What the deuce are you staying here for, living in a tent on red herrings and captain's biscuits, when you might have the luxury and fun of a yacht? This sketching of yours is a hollow pretence. No man who draws as badly as you do would turn himself into an amateur Robinson Crusoe for the sake of painting a few commonplace rocks and trees.

Lockwood.—Diggs, you remember the story of Jonah? But no, it would be unreasonable to expect that.

Diggs.—Don't be insolent.

Lockwood.—Well! I was the Jonah of the *Ariadne.* My friends thought that I was in such a devilish cynical and unpleasant frame of mind that I was exercising, morally and meteorologically, a bad influence. Their own extravagantly high spirits struck me as imbecile. At my own request they dropped me on this island. I expected that here I should not be irritated by the companionship of people ridiculously contented and happy.

Diggs.—My dear fellow, you shall not be. No companion of yours could feel contented or happy. That would certainly be ridiculous. Nevertheless—here's at you again. (*A moment of seriousness on the part of Diggs*). By the way, some of those ladies at the hotel were talking of exploring these islands. They'll want to find out the one I'm on, sure. You'll have to keep dark or you'll be irritated by the sight of some more youthful happiness.

Lockwood.—The Island is not mine, so I suppose I can't keep them off it. I only ask them to let me alone. If there is anything I hate it is these frivolous butterflies who flutter about a summer watering-place. 'Man delights not me, no nor woman either' of that sort. Pardon me, Diggs, if I seem needlessly savage. The fact is, I'm in deuced bad spirits and I want to be let alone. I'm a sort of melancholy Jacques at present.

Diggs.—It was a party of that name who discovered this execrable country, wasn't it? No wonder he was melancholy. I wish he hadn't discovered it, for in that case I shouldn't have been dead-beat and imprisoned on a desolate island with a cynic.

The ignorance displayed by Mr. Diggs of the classics of his country seemed to remit the artist to his original gloom. He ceased speaking and whistled softly to himself. Diggs got up rather wearily. It was uphill work trying to be genial in this company. He lit his pipe silently, and seating himself on the camp-stool, inspected Lockwood's uncompleted sketch.

'Your clouds and capes,' he said at length, inquisitively, 'have a curious faculty of taking the outlines of a girl's face.'

Lockwood arose quickly and without a word clambered up the rocks, at a spot where there were some natural steps, and disappeared in the bushes.

Diggs opened his small eyes to their full extent, and gave a long, low whistle. 'A woman in the case,' he said, significantly. Then, with a sudden descent from the romantic, he added, 'I must go and forage for some supper, as I'm not going to get any here,' and rising, strolled away in the direction whence he came.

II.

THE moon, modest and pale in the splendour of the declining sun, like Cinderella beside one of her gorgeous sisters, had plucked up courage, now that her gaudy relative had disappeared, and shone bravely in the bright attire with which the fairy godmother Evening had dressed her.

For a few moments she looks down upon the scene of the late conversation, and sees nothing but the deserted easel, camp-stool, and sun-shade of the artist.

Presently she sees enter on the scene, with light but deliberate foot, one of the fairest of her daughters. It is the girl, the skirt of whose airy summer dress we have before caught sight of amongst the trees. How did she get to this wild and secluded spot? Mayhap she is some dryad of the wood, surveying her realm in the brightening moonlight.

As she steps into the open, it is clear that she is no unsubstantial mystery of the woodland, but a distracting certainty of flesh and blood. Her rough straw hat is tied down with a veil of silver-gray, which was never made in the woods, round her plump and dimpled cheek. There is nothing rustic about her, from the yellow locket on her bosom to the absurd heel of her little boot.

She gazes with pensive brown eyes at the river beginning to reflect the tender moonlight, the rocks and trees now soothed by the stirring breeze, and—hapless maiden!—she sighs.

Presently, as she gazes round the lovely glade into which she has wandered, she starts with an air of recognition. She looks up at the rock on the opposite side, and

catches sight of the great umbrella. She has seen this before and the discovery fills her with alarm, for she gathers up her skirts in both hands and prepares for flight.

She has not taken half-a-dozen nervous steps, when she pauses and reconsiders her plans. The result is that she turns again, and fixing her eyes resolutely on the umbrella, proceeds to describe a circle round it, with a radius equal to its present distance. She goes about this movement with the firmness and caution of a well-planned reconnaissance. When she reaches a position from which she can see the inner side of the umbrella, she finds, what she had doubtless suspected, that there is no one beside it.

Unlike most women she is adventurous; and like all women she is curious. She determines to find out something more about these mysterious instruments of art. It is as light as midday; there is nothing to fear; so, first carefully looking round, as if considering the possibilities of ambush, she with lifted skirts approaches and reaches the easel.

Heaven preserve us! what is she doing? She has fallen upon her knees; her arms are thrown about the inanimate easel; she is—yes—she is kissing the insensate paper. An 'old master' probably never excited such a sudden display of emotion, and the art here is very indifferent. This strange agitation cannot be due to æsthetic causes.

Presently the sound of footsteps recalls this strange young person to her senses and her feet. She hurries across the open, and seeks to retreat along the narrow path by which she entered.

The footsteps are those of Mr. Diggs, who suddenly reappears, whistling vigorously. He ceases his whistling with a jerk, when he beholds a young lady coming towards him. The young lady herself pauses in her walk when she finds her retreat cut off by a man, and holds her clasped hands to her breast in helpless alarm.

'Miss Henleigh!'

'Mr. Diggs!'

These two people had met before.

'I'm so glad it's—only—you,' said the girl, gasping slightly. 'I thought it might be—somebody else.'

In the pleasure of learning that his appearance was considered preferable to that of an unknown 'somebody else,' Diggs overlooked the doubtful compliment conveyed by her first words. He approached her, blandly smiling and with hand extended.

Diggs.—Miss Henleigh—this is kind of you. My casual invitation to visit me on my lonely island, I hardly expected to be accepted so soon.

Miss Henleigh (innocently).—Did you ask me to come? Then I shall cease to feel an intruder. The fact is, some of us from the hotel have been exploring this Ægean for a romantic island to take our tea on, and we lit upon this. I have strayed away from my friends; I must return to them at once.

Diggs (with a gesture deprecatory of departure).—Let me bring your friends here. It is the prettiest spot on the island.

Miss Henleigh.—I'm sure they won't come. They must have had their tea by this time; besides they have kettles and things to carry about. I really must go.

Diggs.—Then, if you will just wait a moment, I will see you safely through these savage wilds. I left a valuable knife here, given me by a friend, which I wouldn't lose for the world.

The knife was in reality Lockwood's pocket flask, which it had occurred to Diggs ought not to be left to moulder in the dew. Miss Henleigh seemed irresolute whether to stay and accept the little Englishman's escort, or go and take the chance of stumbling alone upon more monsters of the male sex. Politeness and safety said stay; inclination said go, with all its risks. A motive stronger than either politeness or regard for safety suddenly determined her action. She gazed wistfully at the artist's traps, and sat down upon a fallen tree, while Diggs proceeded to search for the missing keepsake.

When Diggs had found it and returned to the young lady, she shewed no disposition to depart.

'You are not alone here,' she said, with a nervous gesture towards the great umbrella.

'They belong to a fellow who has no right to be here,' Diggs replied grandly. 'I want company sometimes and I tolerate him for my own purposes. The island is mine by right of discovery and occupation.'

Englishmen have frequently asserted a

title to territory on grounds as slender as Diggs's. Miss Henleigh said nothing, but turned her brown eyes with an air of pensive indifference on the river.

At length she asked, with a manner implying utter want of interest:

'Who is this trespasser?'

To a man of ready mendacity and brilliant fancy, an opportunity for an interesting fiction here presented itself. Diggs proved himself to be gifted with both.

'He is a sort of wandering Jew, I think,' the humorist said. 'There is something weird and mysterious about him. In the summer he lives the life of a hermit amongst these islands: where he burrows in the winter no one knows. He is the victim of several delusions; one is that he can paint, which has led him to steal this odd umbrella and easel. Another is that he can read peoples' destinies in the stars. He makes a precarious livelihood by advising young people in their love-affairs, and prophecying the course of their lives.'

'How strangely interesting,' exclaimed Miss Henleigh, her attention being now, apparently, strongly excited.

'Yes,' said Diggs, encouraged to more daring flights by the unquestioning innocence of his companion. 'He is believed to be quite old, though by some infernal arts he retains the appearance of youth. Many years ago he was crossed in a love affair with a person much above him in station, and he has never got over it. He has lived the life of a wanderer and a recluse ever since. He interests me, so that I don't object to him camping out for a while on my island.'

Miss Henleigh, through all this relation, had gazed at Diggs with open-eyed wonder. She evidently drank in the remarkable story with unsuspecting faith. It was, no doubt, highly agreeable to Mr. Diggs's sense of humour to fall in with so easy a victim as this.

'Did you say that this—hermit—is consulted by people in—affairs of the heart?' Miss Henleigh asked with bashful hesitation.

'Constantly. He drives quite a thriving trade.' Diggs had forgotten what he said a moment ago.

Miss Henleigh meditated for a few moments, as if trying to make up her mind to some desperate step. She cast down her eyes; she blushed; her confusion was most charming as she said:

'Do you think—you could get—me a chance—to consult this hermit.'

This was delicious. It was with difficulty Diggs could keep from bursting out laughing.

Diggs.—I am afraid the old man can't be got at very well to-night. You must come up some other day.

Miss Henleigh.—We go to the sea-side to-morrow.

Diggs.—I'm very sorry. I believe he paddles himself into a neighboring swamp about this time to cull the herbs used by persons of his profession. Besides, he hates people of the world like you, and generally confines his custom to the country-folk. But I could take any communication to him.

This generous offer was not accepted. For Miss Henleigh suddenly grasped Diggs tightly by the arm, and exclaiming with sudden agitation, 'Hush, here he comes,' drew the surprised romancer into the shadow of a bush.

III.

THE hermit appeared at the opposite side of the glade and scrambling down from the cliff, took his seat on the camp-stool, behind the white umbrella.

'How did you know that was the hermit?' asked Diggs, suspiciously.

Miss Henleigh.—Is he not the hermit—I fancied he looked like one.

Diggs.—Ye-es, that's the man.

Miss Henleigh.—I'm determined to have an interview with him. If he is what you say—and you could't be *so cruel* as to deceive me—he may be able to tell me something I want to know *very*, *very* much. Please go and tell him that an unhappy girl wants to consult him about her future.

Diggs (*with embarrassment*).—I'm afraid he won't show himself to-night.

Miss Henleigh.—He needn't shew himself; he can keep behind his big umbrella if he's so bashful. Oh Mr. Diggs (*pleadingly*), if you knew how miserable and friendless I am: no one to advise me: no one to confide in—

Diggs (*eagerly*).—Confide in me!

Miss Henleigh.—But you have had no experience, and besides you know nothing about the stars. Come, go and prepare the hermit.

Diggs (*in perplexity*).—I really don't see how it can be arranged.

Miss Henleigh (*pouting and in a tearful voice*).—How very, *very* unkind of you, after exciting my interest in this hermit, and raising my hopes, and *promising* I should have a talk with him. I thought you pretended to be a friend of mine.

Diggs.—I'll do any thing in the world for you.

Miss Henleigh.—Then manage that I shall have five minutes' conversation with your hermit. He musn't see me, or I should die with embarrassment, and of course you musn't mention my name, for if this ever came out I should never hear the end of it.

Diggs stepped from behind the bush with despair on his usually cheerful face. He looked at the great umbrella; it was still unmoved, and a little thread of smoke rising from above it, indicated that the artist had lit a cigar. With his hands deep in his pockets, Diggs slowly crossed the open space.

If this comedy were being enacted on the stage, the embarrassed humorist would here advance to the footlights and confide his secret thoughts to a sympathising public, while Miss Henleigh behind the bush, and Lockwood behind his umbrella, from whom it would be necessary to conceal these secret thoughts at any cost, listened attentively for their respective cues. But this being a drama in real life, enacted on a practicable island in the St. Lawrence, in the presence of no public but some distant unappreciative cattle on the opposite shore, Diggs did not express his thoughts in an audible aside. They must therefore be imagined.

We can imagine then this mendacious Englishman, as he lounges towards the artist, musing somewhat in this fashion.

'This is rather a go. I've got either to confess to Miss Henleigh that I have been lying to her, or try and carry out a desperate practical joke. I'm not quite sure whether I'm making a fool of the girl, or she's making a fool of me. She has either the most sublime innocence, or the most consummate cheek—and yet if it is cheek, it is the loveliest cheek! But no, she must be serious. She is much too reserved and ladylike a girl to go in for practical joking of this sort. I think she likes me. It would be a great satisfaction to know what is troubling her mind, whether there is another fellow in the question. If she tells Lockwood, Lockwood will tell me. But Lockwood will never have anything to do with a plot of this sort. If it occurred to him there was some humour in the thing he would be down on it at once. Still, I shall have to keep up the idea. I can easily say the hermit refuses to be interviewed, though she's sure not to believe that. She'll say that I don't want to oblige her. We'll see what Lockwood says about it. She can't blame me any way if I try to be even with her for not seeing me when I called this morning.'

By this time he was again at the umbrella and gazing on the artist, who tranquilly smoked a fragrant cigar. The latter could not value his water-colour very highly, for the dew was beginning to raise the surface in irregular lumps.

'Look here, Lockwood,' whispered Diggs hoarsely, not because he could be overheard, but all conspirators do the same thing; 'here's the most magnificent lark you ever heard of.'

Lockwood (*projecting a slender column of smoke from his lips*).—I'm not enthusiastic about larks.

Diggs.—Very proper, but this is something outrageously good. I've got one of the girls from the hotel here, the most romantic little simpleton in the world. She thinks you are a hermit and an astrologer, and all that sort of thing, and she wants to consult you about a love-affair. It would be a shame to spoil the joke—you just s[illegible] here—you needn't show yourself; I'll place her on this side the umbrella, and you'll hear the most interesting revelations—the confessional won't be a circumstance to it.

Lockwood.—Tell as many lies about yourself as you like, Diggs—but I wish you wouldn't tell lies about me.

Diggs.—I didn't say I told her. Come now, don't spoil a joke. I'll bring her—

Lockwood.—Don't you dare to—

Diggs.—She's an interesting little thing.

Lockwood.—I don't care.

Diggs.—She's young.

Lockwood.—I don't care.

Diggs.—She's deuced pretty.

Lockwood (*hesitatingly*). — I — don't — care.

He who hesitates is lost. The man who had just been railing at women, who had been willing to consign them all to some unnameable place, who had begged to be spared the misery of beholding them, grew weak in his resolve to have nothing more to do with them, when he heard he was near a pretty face. Diggs evidently saw his advantage, and urged it. There was a chance of carrying out his brilliant practical joke after all.

Diggs.—Yes, she's as pretty a girl as you could find in a summer day's journey—comes from the South I think.

Lockwood.—It's a pity she's such a goose.

Diggs.—It's only plain girls that are not.

Lockwood.—She's one of the girls of the period I suppose—silly—frivolous—romantic—vain—

Diggs.—You've hit her off exactly.

Lockwood.—I'd like to give her a bit of my mind.

Diggs.—It would do her a world of good.

Lockwood.—As you say—I might be of service to her. If she's really in trouble, I might give her some useful advice.

Diggs.—Of course you could: just sit still now: she needn't see you if you don't want it; it will make the mystery greater, and the dusk will add to it also.

Lockwood.—Diggs—I won't consent—stop!

But he was gone. The artist gazed meditatively at the glowing end of his cigar. A smile crept over his face; he was probably not without a sense of humour himself. Then he stroked his yellow moustache and looked serious. Perhaps he hoped that his boisterous friend had no real intention of carrying out his project. Perhaps he was thinking that for two men to take advantage of the innocence of a simple, gushing girl was not manly, not even gentlemanly. But it was too late to think of this now.

'The hermit will consult with you,' said Diggs mysteriously, to the fair victim of his cruel jest. 'Don't be surprised if he is surly and doesn't shew himself. Sit down on this side the umbrella, and take him into your confidence.'

The young lady had thrown over her shoulders a light shawl which she had carried on her arm, and which now concealed the outlines of her figure, and had drawn her veil about her face. Diggs motioned to the log in question, and hastily retired in the direction of the river's edge. At that moment the breeze, which had collected a flock of clouds in the west, drove them across the face of the moon.

Miss Henleigh tremblingly approached the white umbrella, as a wild creature might approach a possible trap. She seated herself noiselessly upon the moss-grown log, and gave a nervous cough.

The umbrella seemed to grow attentive.

'Sir,' she began, in a tremulous voice, addressing herself to the handle of the umbrella, protruding through the cotton, 'I am told that you are a wise man who can give good counsel to poor girls in trouble like myself.'

At her first utterance the umbrella quivered.

Did the sweet voice recall to its old ribs the song of some siren which had thrilled them when they formed part of the anatomy of some sensitive whale? Or, was it the artist's hand which, resting on the handle, was shaking violently? Probably the latter, but it is certain that for some reason, the umbrella became much agitated, and showed a disposition to move itself hastily out of the way. The young girl noticed its restlessness, and it seemed to give her courage, for she went on more firmly.

'I had a—friend, whom I—liked rather, and he has been very *cruel* and *unjust.* He was not at all clever, or nice-looking,'—this with a malicious glance at the attentive umbrella knob,—'or anything of that sort, but I thought he had a good heart and cared for me, and I—cared for him—a little. Indeed we both liked each other, and I thought everything would be nice and just as I wished it, when he took the *strangest* fancies into his head.'

The girl paused a moment, that the knob might have time to take in the story, and proceeded with a spice of malice again.

'He was rather an obstinate, prejudiced young man this. He had not seen much of the world, and had imbibed from books the stereotyped notions of the fickleness and superficiality of womankind. So that he was full of suspicions and anxiety about my—affection, and made himself *very dis-*

agreeable in consequence. But I bore with him, because you see—I—rather liked him. But at last, because I was compelled to be rather attentive to a rich gentleman to whom my family were indebted in many ways, he broke through all restraint completely. He accused me of transferring my liking to the first wealthy man who presented himself. We had a quarrel, and we both spoke our minds. He vowed he would never see me again till I explained the necessity of corresponding with Mr. E. I told him I would not explain. Perhaps I was wrong—but I never can explain to him—but I shall tell you of course.'

She paused again for breath. The umbrella seemed to listen with all its might.

'The fact was, my friend—in whom I took more interest than I had ever taken in any one before—was fond of art, which he practiced in whatever intervals he had in his business. It was his great desire to spend a year amongst the art galleries of Europe. He could not afford it out of his own income: he was too proud to accept aid from any one. My wealthy correspondent was interested in the wine-trade in France and Italy. He had carelessly let fall that he had a position of trust at his command which would require travelling in these countries. I thought if my dear friend could but get this for a time! I wrote to Mr. E—.'

The umbrella heaved and shook like an umbrella possessed. It rose, it fell, and finally shot down the slope to the water-side, like the wheel of Ixion.

'Agatha!' exclaimed the artist, standing upright, and white as his umbrella, 'tell me for goodness' sake, what does all this mean? How did you come here? Why didn't you tell me this before? Will you ever forgive me? I was a ruffian, a scoundrel, to distrust you; I have told myself so a thousand times.'

'Walter! Mr. Lockwood!' ejaculated the young lady, starting up, throwing aside her veil, and elasping her hands in amazement, or feigned amazement, 'I thought it was a hermit!'

Lockwood (*passionately*).—I will be a hermit for the rest of my days, if you don't say you forgive me.

Miss Henleigh.—But explain—aren't you an astrologer—a wise man who gives advice in affairs of the heart?

Lockwood (*with an embarrassed laugh*).—Nonsense, that fellow Diggs has been trying to take you in with some of his chaff.

Miss Henleigh (*pouting and hanging her head*).—But you have helped him to deceive me; you have been an accomplice.

Lockwood.—Dearest, it was not my fault. He said you were a romantic little simpleton from the hotel, and I really wanted to be kind to her. I could not have formed such a wild suspicion as that you were anywhere near her.

Miss Henleigh.—A romantic little simpleton indeed! I'll teach your *friends* to malign *me*. But I am a romantic little simpleton—to care so much about a man who slights me—as you do.

Lockwood (*making an attempt at an embrace, which is skilfully eluded*).—Agatha, I am as passionately fond of you as ever. How can you say I slight you?

Miss Henleigh.—Because you wanted to have a private interview with another girl.

Lockwood.—Agatha, I know you are not serious. You have given me a just rebuke, though you have chosen a curious way to do it. You knew perfectly well who was behind that umbrella. That double-dyed traitor Diggs told you. You two have conspired to make a fool of me. I (*with an imperfect attempt to stand on his dignity*)—I am the one who has a right to complain.

Miss Henleigh.—Well sir, I did know who was behind the umbrella, but not through Mr. Diggs, whose conduct to me has been shameful. But if you think you have any right to complain of what has happened, pray do so.

Miss Henleigh turned away and lifted her small chin in the air, with the manner of a Cleopatra. This gave the impatient artist an opportunity to fold her in his arms, of which he cheerfully availed himself.

'Agatha!'—'Oh Walter!'—Mysterious sibillations—inarticulate murmurings—et cetera—et cetera.

Lockwood.—I don't see, Agatha, why you couldn't have made your little explanations before; a letter would have saved me a month of misery.

Miss Henleigh.—And do you suppose I have no pride. I intended to bring you to your knees, sir, and would have done so before I offered any explanations had I not come upon you accidentally to-day.

Lockwood.—You are at the hotel down the river?

Miss Henleigh.—Yes, the Lesters made me come with them; not that I cared to go anywhere when a certain person wasn't there.

Another overture in the direction of an embrace, with a resolute rejection.

Miss Henleigh (continuing).—By the merest chance I came up here to-night, little dreaming whom I should find. I was wandering about alone, and stumbled on the umbrella. I thought at once of an artist I knew, and courageously reconnoitered and invested it. If you want to keep your individuality secret from a romantic little simpleton, you musn't cover your paper with her monogram.

Lockwood (dreamily).—Darling!

Miss Henleigh.—But Walter, seriously, you will not distrust me so readily again, will you? And you'll give up this hermit's life.

Lockwood (blushing slightly).—I never meant to do more than spend a quiet week here. You see Agatha, I didn't care for society much when I had parted from you in anger. The hermit's life doesn't suit me at all; it is damp, and troubled with cockroaches and other reptiles. Believe me, dear, you shall never again have cause to complain of my want of faith in you. Oh Diggs, my boy, let me introduce you to an old friend— Miss Henleigh: but I forgot, you know each other.

Diggs had entered with the large umbrella in his hands; it was dripping with water, and had evidently been rescued from the river. Diggs looked rather sheepish when he found the unsuspected turn affairs had taken. His brilliant ruse had hardly turned out to the advancement of his own interests.

Miss Henleigh (severely).—I have a crow to pick with Mr. Diggs at some more convenient time. As he has been the means of making up a little disagreement between friends, we must forgive him for the present. It is getting late; my people will think I have fallen into the river. Come, we must get some tea.

Diggs.—One moment, Miss Henleigh. I have been reproaching myself with the idea that I had been guilty of taking in an artless, simple-minded girl in a most unmanly fashion. It is very gratifying to me to find that the only person taken in was myself.

Lockwood.—And I.

Diggs.—Yes, you have been taken in too, and it is only what your disagreeableness deserved. But perhaps your temper will improve now.

Lockwood (with a tender look at Miss Henleigh).—I think it will.

Miss Henleigh.—Come, let us go. The row home will be delicious in the moonlight. Both you gentlemen must come to the hotel.

Lockwood.—

> 'The moon shines bright: on such a night as this,
> When the sweet winds did gently kiss the trees
> And they did make no noise: in such a night—'

Diggs (parenthetically).—Oh confound your poetry!

Lockwood.—was a curious little comedy enacted on a lonely island in the St. Lawrence.

Miss Henleigh.—Yes, the comedy of an Umbrella. (*She takes Lockwood's arm*).

Diggs.—I haven't the slightest idea what the whole thing means of course, and of course I don't want to have; but if you'll kindly tell me what part mine is in this comedy, tragedy, or whatever it is, I shall use all my humble efforts——

Lockwood.—You are the heavy villain.

Miss Henleigh.—No, the amiable conspirator.

Diggs.—The benevolent parent is more in my line. (*He opens the umbrella over the heads of Lockwood and Agatha*). Bless ye my children!

ELLIS DALE.

SWIFT AND THE WOMEN WHC LOVED HIM.

IV. STELLA AND VANESSA.

MR. FORSTER has told us that his object in writing the life of Swift, was to clear the memory of that greatly wronged and misunderstood genius from the dark stains which have hitherto clouded his fame.

On Mr. Forster's own showing it was no light task he had set himself. He had to expose and refute the monstrous misconceptions and baseless slanders with which the general incompetence and untrustworthiness of his early biographers, the prejudices of Johnson, the party zeal of Jeffrey, Macaulay's love of strong colours and pointed antitheses, and Lord Stanhope's undiscriminating censures—to say nothing of the sensational exaggerations of Thackeray and Taine—have darkened and distorted the portrait of England's greatest wit and humourist. An attempt to convict all these great writers—some of whom had made the period in which Swift lived a special study—of having so profoundly mistaken his character and conduct, was a bold and chivalrous undertaking, but it was one in which we do not think Mr. Forster, with all his ability and acumen, could have succeeded; though he might perhaps have softened and subdued some of the harsher lines and deeper shadows of the picture which stands out so strongly and vividly on their pages. This conjecture may be fairly hazarded, now that we have seen how little his first volume has done to alter the conception previously held of Swift's character and circumstances in his youth. But be this as it may, it must always be a matter of deep regret to lovers of literature, and students of human nature, that his labour of love was so soon and so sadly cut short.

Sir Walter Scott, as well as Mr. Forster, and some of Mr. Forster's reviewers, have laboured hard to take away from Swift the reproach of political apostacy. It is claimed for him that while he led the greatest party fight that ever was fought in England, he was never a party man, his intellect being of that great and comprehensive order which cannot be confined within such narrow limits. But to put forward such a plea for a man who knew no medium in political hostility, who wrote the most vituperative and acrimonious party diatribes that ever were penned, and who sought by every weapon he could grasp to wound his opponents, only exalts his understanding at the expense of his sincerity. Nor is it any valid excuse for his dereliction from his early principles, that most of the politicians of the day were veritable Free Lances, ready to sell their swords for the highest pay; and that many of their foremost men, besides the Duke of Marlborough, fought more 'for their own hand,' than for their country's good. Swift had learned worthier lessons from Sir William Temple, and had felt a nobler ambition when he wrote,

> 'Stoop not to interest, flattery, or deceit;
> Nor with hired thoughts be thy devotion paid;
> Learn to disdain their mercenary aid.'

And in fact nearly all his literary friends, led by the pure and high-minded Addison, remained true to the Whigs. In going over to the Tories, Swift placed himself on a level with Prior, a man of brilliant talents, but over whose morals, as well as his poetry, still lingered the taint with which the second Charles and his courtiers had infected the Muses and their train; and we find their names coupled together by Duchess Sarah. 'The Rev. Mr. Swift and Mr. Prior,' she wrote, 'quickly offered themselves for sale.' 'I think principles are at present quite out of the case,' Swift wrote to Steele, 'and that we differ and dispute wholly about persons.' There is, indeed, evidence enough in the Journal to

Stella that he left the Whigs simply from personal pique and resentment, because they had undervalued his abilities and his claims, and had proved themselves 'a set of ungrateful rascals.' Mr. Forster says, 'He was free from the taint of Grub Street; he was no mere mercenary writer, and was never in any one's pay.' Certainly his price was not money. The rewards he coveted were admission to the highest social circles on terms of equality, power over his fellow-men, and such consolation as a mitre could give him for the cassock which had 'entangled his course.'

It is often said that the greater the intellect the stronger the personality, and the more exacting the demands of self. Swift's name may be used to point this moral, for his self-assertion and egoism were as remarkable as his intellectual power. We have been told by George Eliot that Daniel Deronda 'did not belong to that type of men whose coarse ambition is inflamed by a defiance of accidental disadvantages, a type which has been painted for us in Edmund of Gloster and Faulconbridge.' This was the type to which Jonathan Swift belonged. He was no hardened villain like Gloster, but he had Gloster's scorn and hatred of mankind,—a sin against human nature which by the most subtle of retribution never fails to degrade those who are guilty of it,—and of Faulconbridge's reckless daring, arrogance, and scoffing levity, he possessed no small share. He believed himself deeply wronged by the accidents of birth and fortune, and early confronted the world in an attitude of defiance. 'I will tell you,' he wrote to Pope, 'that all my endeavours to distinguish myself were only for the want of a great title and fortune, and that I might be *used like a lord* by those that have an opinion of my parts, whether right or wrong is no great matter, and so' (that) 'the reputation of learning does the office of a blue ribbon, or a coach and six horses.'

For a while he seems to have been absolutely intoxicated by the favour and flattery of Harley and St. John, and by the keen satisfaction he felt in wielding his powerful pen against the 'false deceitful rogues' who had so deeply mortified his haughty spirit. And while in this state of elation, he certainly betrayed not a little of that vulgar ostentation and insolent assumption proverbially attributed to *les nouveaux riches* or a beggar on horseback. An amusing description of his airs of state and patronage while waiting for Harley in the antechamber at Whitehall, is given by Bishop Kennet in his Diary. 'He was the chief man of talk and business there,' says the Bishop, 'and acted as a master of requests.' He gave promises of chaplains' places, and salaries, to two or three petitioners, took down memoranda in his pocket-book of what he was to do for others, looked at his gold watch (a present from Harley, afterwards bequeathed by Swift to Mrs. Whiteway's daughter), and complained that it was very late. 'A gentleman told him he was too fast. "How can I help it," says the doctor, "if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right." Then he instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribers; "for," says he, "the author *shall not* begin to print till *I have* a thousand guineas for him." Lord-Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him, and they went away together.'

Bishop Kennet was a zealous Whig, and Scott says his picture of Swift was drawn with a coarse invidious pen, but he does not deny the likeness; and its truth is confirmed by much that we find in the Journal to Stella. When he hears from M D that Dr. Raymond is coming to London, he asks if they expect him to see much of their Vicar of Trim. Dr. Raymond truly was like to have much of his conversation! Did they think he was going to introduce him to the Lord Treasurer and the Secretary of State? 'It is hard,' he writes, 'to see these great men use me like one who is their better, and the puppies in Ireland with you hardly regarding me.' Lady Lucy Stanhope and her sister, formerly great friends, were now 'plaguy Whigs,' and altogether insupportable. They had 'run down' his lampoon of Sid Hamet and the last Examiner, 'the prettiest he had ever read,' not knowing that the author was Swift. 'Will Ppt wonder that he don't like women as well as he did? M D you must know are not women.' He affects great indignation with Harley for presuming to offer him money for his services, and requires the most am-

ple apologies before he will be reconciled. He warns St. John never to show any airs of coldness to him, for he would not be treated like a schoolboy; he had felt too much of that in his life already; it was what he would hardly bear from a crowned head, and he thought no subject's favour was worth it. 'If we let these great ministers pretend to too much,' he writes, 'there will be no governing them!' He ostentatiously sent the Lord Treasurer into the House of Commons to tell the Secretary of State that if he dined late Swift would dine with him.

Yet there are frequent signs in the Journal of depression and despondency, and of a mind and conscience restless and ill at ease. He has described St. John as having been 'adorned with the choicest gifts God has yet thought fit to bestow on the children of men;' and the brilliant genius which so deeply fascinated and influenced Pope, had apparently a strong attraction for Swift also. Yet when sitting with him in his 'desperate drinking fits,' and though allowed to pass the bottle himself, unable to get 'the toad' away from his revels till two o'clock in the morning, Swift could scarcely have felt himself in a suitable place. 'They' (Harley and St. John) 'call me nothing but Jonathan,' he writes, 'and I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me, and that I never knew a ministry do anything for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; and I believe you will find it so; but I care not.' The pupil of Temple, the friend of Addison, knew what true greatness is, and though by a haughty assumption of independence, and a stern rejection of all pecuniary rewards, he tried to persuade himself that he still preserved his integrity, and was 'acting up to the most exact points of honour and conscience,' as he said in the Journal, he well knew how far he had fallen from the high ideal he had cherished at Moor Park. But he had set the ball rolling, and must now wait, he said, to see where it would stop. 'The die is cast,' he writes, 'and is now spinning, and till it settles I cannot tell whether it is an ace or a size.' 'To return without some marks of distinction,' he says again, 'would look extremely little; and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am.' And again: 'Pray God preserve MD's health, and Pdfr's, and that I may live far from the envy and discontent that attends those who are thought to have more favour at court than they really possess. Love Pdfr, who loves M D above all things.'

Swift really seems always to have loved Esther Johnson 'above all things,' except power and mastery over his despised fellow-mortals; but in his present dissatisfied and unquiet state, his Journal lost much of its former charm. Every day the diary grows briefer, and though the old fond expressions in the little language are repeated continually, and its fantastic formulæ of farewell never omitted, there is no longer the tender trifling that overflowed the earlier letters—the fanciful reminiscences and imaginings, in which the past and present were so lovingly blended, the playful jests and fantastic rhymes, the roguish stealing to her side, as it were, to watch her in the midst of her daily occupations and amusements, the tender lingering over the pictures he had conjured up, the fond reluctance to tear himself away from his talk with her image, only settling himself to sleep at last that he may dream of his own dear, pretty, saucy, beloved Ppt. 'Good-night, little dears both, and be happy, and remember your poor Pdfr that wants you sadly as hope saved.' And before he folds up this letter, he has counted, besides the postcript, one hundred and ninety-nine lines in it. 'There was a long letter! longer than a sermon, i' faith!' But during his last months in London, his letters had grown very brief indeed. And there is another cause for this besides his political vexations and disappointments.

From his arrival in London, his intercourse with the Vanhomrighs had grown more and more intimate; and his dinners with Mrs. Van, as he usually called her, are recorded in the Journal with increasing frequency, though always briefly, and with seeming indifference. Miss Vanhomrigh is never mentioned by name, and only alluded to three or four times as 'the daughter,' or 'the eldest daughter.' One day Swift goes there to dine, having a special request to prefer that they will buy him a scarf; and Lady Abercorn is to buy him another, to see who does best. He goes again to pay for the scarf; another day because the weather is too bad to go

anywhere except next door; and from one cause or another, dines there three or four times in one week. Then there is a rather significant occurrence, which, however, he relates; probably not having yet acknowledged to himself that there was any cause for reticence about so foolish an affair; or perhaps fea ·ng that if Esther Johnson should hea: of the joke from some one else, it might seem more important to her than he should like. A message has been sent to him, as if from Mrs. Vanhomrigh, requesting him to come to her daughter, who had been taken suddenly ill and wished to see him. He goes at once, but finds that it is all a trick, or 'bite,' as a joke is called in fashionable slang, of Mrs. Armstrong and her niece 'Moll,' Lady Lucy Stanhope's daughter. The jest undoubtedly seems to show that Miss Vanhomrigh's preference for Swift was already remarked by her lady friends, but his only remark is, 'I rattled off the daughter.' This was on the second of February; the fourteenth was Miss Vanhomrigh's birthday, so Swift and his friend Ford paid a special visit on the occasion, dined there, and drank a bowl of punch—to the young lady's health, of course—in the evening. Often, after mentioning that he had dined with his neighbour, Mrs. Van, he adds that he 'studied in the evening,' and as we know he had constituted himself Vanessa's tutor, it seems very probable that the 'studies' were carried on at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's house, and shared by his new pupil—another Esther, who had, for the time at least, usurped the place of the Esther of Moor Park.* No doubt, hints of these frequent dinings with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and 'studies' with her eldest daughter, reached Esther Johnson from other sources than Swift. She seems at last to have made some enquiries about these new friends of his, apparently expressing some surprise that he saw so much of them, as she had thought they were people of no consequence. To this he makes no immediate reply, but the night after he had received her letter, mentions in his Journal that he had dined that day with his neighbour Van, the weather being so dismal he could not stir farther. Soon after, he again records having dined with Mrs. Van, and then condescends to notice Esther's questions. 'You say they are people of no consequence,' he writes. 'Why they keep as good female company as I do male. I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them. I saw two Lady Bettys there this afternoon. The beauty of one, the breeding and good nature of the other. and the wit of either would make a fine woman.'† Again, wher the journals have grown brief and hurried, Esther ventures to say something about the company he keeps being so charming that he cannot leave them to write as long letters as he used to do. '*Hot* a stir is here about your company and visiting,' he cries out, as if not at all understanding her, yet determined she should have no encouragement to speak more plainly. 'Charming company, no doubt?—I keep no company at all, nor have I any desire to keep any. My only debauching is sitting late where I dine.' But dining so often as he did with the Vanhomrighs, his 'sitting late' with

* There seems to be something of the same uncertainty about the Christian names of Stella and Vanessa, which is attached to so many circumstances in the lives of these celebrated women. Mr. Forster gives the name of Esther to Stella, and that of Hester to Vanessa, and a late writer on Swift in *Blackwood's Magazine* says, in so doing he transposed their names, Vanessa's name being Esther, as the signature to her will proves, while Stella's was Hester, as is shown by the incription on her monument. Scott gives the name of Esther to both, and in this we believe he was right. Certainly Stella's Christian name seems always to have been written Esther during her life. Swift wrote in several of the books she presented to him, 'Esther Johnson's gift to Jonathan Swift;' and if it was by his direction that Hester was inscribed on her monument, it must have been because he considered that form of the name more dignified, or more correct, though in a punning letter to Archdeacon Walls, he says, 'You know h is no letter.' Hester and Esther are of course the same name, altered by the subtraction or addition of a letter, and that letter one which the English have a natural tendency to drop in the pronunciation of words. Mrs. Thra'e spelled her name Hester, or Hesther, while from that of her daughter, Queeney, the initial H was dropped.

† Lady Betty Butler, daughter of the Duke of Ormond, and Lady Betty Germaine, daughter of the Earl of Berkeley. It was Lady Betty Germaine who 'tacked on' a verse of her own to one of Swift's *jeux d'esprit* about the Berkeley household and their amusements, which she had found in his room.

'With these is Parson Swift,
Not knowing how to spend his time,
Does make a wretched shift
To deafen them with puns and rhyme.'

them was doubtless the very thing of which Esther would have complained had she dared.

At first Swift had written as if he were determined to return to Ireland as soon as the affair of the First Fruits was arranged. When he thanks M D for keeping his birthday and drinking his health, he wishes to God he had been there with them, or anywhere else but where he was, where he had no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business on his hands. He should grow wise in time—but no more of that. Only he said Amen, with all his heart and vitals, to little M D's wish that they might never again be asunder ten days while Pdfr lived. A long line ——— follows, and then he continues, 'I cannot be merry so near any splenetic talk, so I made that long line and now all is well again.' As he finishes his letter he again protests that he has not had one happy day since he left dearest beloved M D, and prays them to love poor poor Pdfr, whose sole desire is to make them easy.

But as she sees his return becoming more and more uncertain, Esther grows a a little impatient, and drops a playful hint about some people who went to England and never could tell when to come back. 'Did she mean that as a reflection upon Pdfr?' Swift asks. 'Saucebox! He would go back as soon as he could, and hoped with some advantages, unless all ministers were alike.' By degrees she seems to have shown her uneasiness more plainly, and Swift, always fiercely intolerant of anything like blame or reproach, growing as angry as it was possible for him to be with his own dear, saucy, pretty Ppt, proceeds to punish her in his own whimsical way. He tells her that on reading her letter he immediately sealed it up, and would read it no more 'for this twelvemonth at least.' 'The reason of my resentment at it is that you talk of a thing as glibly as if it was done which for aught I know is farther from being done than ever. I believe you thought I would affect not to tell it to you, but let you learn it from newspapers and reports . . . Pray send me again the state of M E's money, for I will not look into your letter for it.' But then he softens, and lest he had wounded her too severely, has recourse to the little language and Laracor. 'Won't oo go see poo Laratol? Pray observe the cherry trees on the river walk. But oo are too lazy to take such a journey.' And the letter closes with the old cabalistic symbols, in which M D, M E, F W, Ppt, and Pdfr are inextricably blended.

It is an extraordinary proof of the depth and tenderness of Swift's love for Esther Johnston, that in spite of his haughty and irritable temper he bore her complaints and remonstrances, however gentle and timid, with so much patience and indulgence. He takes pains to sooth and satisfy her anxiety, and has always plenty of reasons to account for his still remaining in London. 'For all oo rallying, saucy, Ppt, as hope saved, I expected they would have decided about me long ago, and as hope saved as soon as ever things are given away from me, and I not provided for, I will be gone with the very first opportunity, and put up bag and baggage. I am confident by what you know yourselves you will justify me in all this. The moment I am used ill I will leave them. Pray God Almighty bless oo, and send oo ever happy, but burn politics and send me from courts and ministers.' If he says an angry or hasty word, he quickly repents, and tries to atone for it. 'I'll answer oor rattle hen I, Pdfr, think fit,' he writes, and closes the journal with a hurried 'Nite M D.' But next day he is remorseful for this little ebullition of temper. 'Methinks I writ a little saucy last night,' he says, 'God give [forgive] me!' Indeed it is always evident that he cannot bear to pain or grieve her.

'I hate this suspense,' he writes. But when the suspense is over, and he knows that all he is to get is an Irish deanery, he is still reluctant to leave England, still making excuses for his delay. 'I must finish the book I am writing before I can come over, and they expect I shall pass next winter here, and then I will drive them to give me a sum of money. However, I hope to pass four or five months with M D, and whatever comes of it M D's allowance must be increased, and shall be too i' faith, iss truly.' 'Write me a good-humoured letter immediately,' he begs, 'let it be ever so short. I will buy your eggs and bacon, D D, and dee deelest, Ppt, your caps and Bible, and pray think immediately, and give me some commissions, and I will perform them as well as a poo Pdfr can.' When at last his departure can be no longer

delayed, he determines to make the journey to Holyhead on horseback, long rides or walks being his constant recipe for bodily illness or mental vexation. At Chester he receives a letter from Esther which he answers immediately. 'I resolve on Monday to set out for Holyhead as weary as I am. It is good for my health mar'm . . . I will come when God pleases; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I will be three days going to Holyhead. I cannot ride faster say hot oo will. I am upon Stay-behind's mare. . . . . I mightily approve of Ppt's project of hanging the blind parson. When I read that passage upon Chester walls, as I was coming into town and had just received the letter, I said aloud, Agreeable Witch.' And with these words the celebrated Journal concludes.

Before coming over to Ireland he had written—'I cannot feel joy at passing my days in Ireland, and I confess I thought the ministry would not let me go, but perhaps they could not help it.' His anger and mortification at having been sent into exile, as he always considered his residence in Ireland, were increased by the cold reception he met with in Dublin. No doubt he had gone over determined to carry out such plans and arrangements as he should think proper to make, with a high hand, but he soon found he had a strong opposition to encounter from his own Chapter, supported by the Archbishop.* Nor could his pleasure in being again with little M D have been wholly without alloy. The thought of Vanessa, about whom there could hardly have been perfect and unlimited confidence between them, must have been continually present to both, while his morbid state of mind and wretched health must have cruelly marred the joy of their reunion to Esther. But that they met with unaltered tenderness on his part, and unchanged devotion on hers, there is no reason to doubt. Anxious that she should benefit at once by his increased income, he took new logdings for her and Mrs. Dingley on Ormond Quay across the Liffey, and though it has been thought strange that he should have chosen to settle them so far from the deanery, it must be considered that the fashionable part of the town was then on that side of the river. As soon as he could escape from the ceremonies and duties of his new dignity, he retreated to Laracor, and it is perhaps indicative that the relations between him and Esther Johnson were somewhat disturbed, that he did not take her and her companion with him, though it was then summer.

Before leaving England, Swift had written to Miss Vanhomrigh, that he would probably never visit England again, that he would write very seldom to any one there, and was determined to forget it and everything in it as soon as possible. But if this was intended to put a stop to their correspondence, it had no such effect. Vanessa's impassioned letters soon followed him to Ireland. 'If you are very happy,' she says, 'it is unkind in you not to tell me, except it is such as is inconsistent with mine.' This refers, no doubt, to Esther Johnson, whose connection with Swift she must have regarded with jealous suspicion; but as this is the only hint of the kind to be found in her letters, we must suppose that all such allusions were sternly prohibited by her imperious correspondent. However, the letters Swift wrote to her from Laracor must have relieved any fears she had felt that he was happy in Esther Johnson's company, while she was distracted with jealousy and regret. 'I stayed but a fortnight in Dublin,' he writes, 'and returned not one visit of a hundred that were made to me, but all for the Dean and none for the Doctor. I am riding here for life, and I think I am something better. I hate the thoughts of Dublin, and prefer a field bed and an earthen floor to the great house there which they say is mine. . . At my first coming I thought I should have died

* The verses given below were nailed on the Cathedral door the day of Swift's installation. They are said to have been written by Jonathan Smedley, afterwards Dean of Clogher, one of those who deservedly suffered from Swift's knotted lash, and to whom Pope gave a place in the Dunciad.

'To-day the Temple gets a Dean,
  Of parts and fame uncommon,
Used both to pray and to profane,
  To serve both God and Mammon.

This place he got by wit and rhyme,
  And many ways most odd,
And might a bishop be in time,
  Did he believe in God.

Look down, St. Patrick, look, we pray,
  On thy own church and steeple;
Convert the Dean on this great day,
  Or else, God help the people.'

with discontent. I was horribly melancholy while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off and change to dullness.'

Certainly Swift could not have avoided answering such letters as Vanessa wrote to him, without treating her with a stoical indifference, not to say cruelty, which was utterly foreign to his nature; yet the tone and tenor of the above extracts seem to show that he found some satisfaction in exciting the sympathy which he knew she would so thoroughly give him for having been transported, as it were, to a land which he hated, and whose people he detested and despised. On this one point at least, Esther Johnston could not share his feelings so completely as Miss Vanhomrigh, especially as the change he so bitterly regretted had taken him away from her rival, and brought him back to herself.

Letters summoning him to England to mediate between Oxford and Bolingbroke, whose dissensions threatened the total ruin of the Tory party, roused him from the fit of moody despondence into which he had fallen. The prospect of escaping from that hapless country, where he felt himself 'bound in shallows and in miseries,' to the scene of his political and social triumphs, was like the opening of a path to sunlight and the upper world to a soul imprisoned in darkness and Hades. He obeyed the summons so quickly that he did not even take leave of the Archbishop, who was so indignant at this slight that he threatened to take steps to make him reside at his deanery. He was warmly welcomed by all the Tory party, succeeded in making a hollow peace between Oxford and Bolingbroke, threw himself into politics with more vigour and vehemence than ever, and in a wonderful series of merciless diatribes poured out the pent-up vials of his wrath on all the opponents of the party he had come to support. In his 'Public Spirit of the Whigs,' he spoke of the Scottish nation and the Union with such scorn, that the Scotch nobility in London, with the Duke of Argyll at their head, went in a body to the queen to demand satisfaction for the insults they had received. The ministers were compelled to disown the pamphlet, institute a prosecution against the printer, and offer a reward of three hundred pounds for the discovery of the author. No doubt, Swift revelled in the excitement of the storm he had raised, and when, by the adroit management of Oxford, the clamour of the opposition subsided and the matter was quietly dropped, his fame and prestige stood higher than ever.

All things now flattered Swift's hopes; and the long desired mitre seemed ready to drop on his head. He was more than ever the inseparable friend and companion of Oxford and Bolingbroke, and partly perhaps to unite them more closely to each other as well as to himself, persuaded them to join him in founding the Scriblerus Club, of which Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gay were the other members,—a unique association of brilliant wits and scholars, destined to but a brief existence; and with its dissolution died also Swift's term of pride and power in England. The contest between the two great Tory leaders for supremacy, only suspended for a while, broke out more violently than before, and Swift's remonstrances and entreaties were no longer of any avail. Determined not to take the part of either, and seeing no hope of their reunion, he left London, and retreated to the house of a friend in Berkshire. Here he occupied himself in writing his 'Free Thoughts on the State of Public Affairs,' which from Scott's account seems to have been written very much in the interest of Bolingbroke and his policy; but we are told that when Bolingbroke, to whom the manuscript had been shown by Barber the printer, altered some passages to suit his own views, and make it still more favourable to his political intrigues, Swift demanded it back, and would not allow it to be printed. However this may be, as soon as Bolingbroke entered on his short ministry, he caused a warrant on the treasury to be signed by the queen for the thousand pounds which Swift had so long solicited to pay the expenses he had incurred on his induction to his deanery. He also commissioned Barber to urge Swift's immediate return, with assurances that he would reconcile him with the Duchess of Somerset, place him on a right footing with the queen, and follow his advice as to sweeping away all the Whigs left in office. These were tempting offers to Swift, but whether he would have accepted them and aided Bolingbroke and Lady Masham in placing James III. on the throne, will perhaps never be known. He had had a

letter from Oxford, telling him that he was going alone to his country-seat in Herefordshire, and entreating him to share the melancholy journey, if he could throw away so much time on one who loved him. Swift chose the generous part, and wrote to solicit a renewal of his license for absence, then on the point of expiring, that he might accompany his beloved friend and patron to neglect and seclusion.* Swift had in fact no time to show plainly what course he intended to pursue, before the death of Queen Anne brought the brief ministry of Bolingbroke to an end, and involved the whole of the Tory party in ruin. Swift at first refused to acknowledge that the blow was a fatal one. He called upon Bolingbroke to put himself at the head of the high-church party, and offered his services to support the cause. 'Dean Swift,' said Dr. Arbuthnot, 'keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries.' But the end soon came. Bolingbroke and Ormond fled to France; Oxford was imprisoned; and the whole Tory party dispersed in dismay and confusion. Swift, whose high hopes were again cheated by the fickleness of fortune, and who, through the queen's sudden death, had lost even the thousand pounds granted him by Bolingbroke, returned to Ireland, where he was to spend nearly all the rest of his life, an exile, as he called himself,—

> 'Where folly, crime, and faction sway,
> Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay,—'

but where he was to achieve the only truly great and honourable triumphs of his life.

Dublin was then in such dread of a Jocobite rising, that it was thought advisable to proclaim King George privately at midnight by torchlight, and as Swift was suspected of having been in league with the late government to bring in the Pretender, he was received by the Protestant and Whig oligarchy that ruled the city, with every sign of dislike and distrust. The higher classes, with scarcely an exception, refused to associate with him, and the mob that in a few years were to make him an object of slavish idolatry, hissed, hooted, and pelted him as he passed through the streets.

But though not perhaps deserving of the praise of being, 'equal to either fortune,'—never carrying his faculties meekly, and apt to grow arrogant and audacious in prosperity,—Swift's self-reliance and dauntless resolution showed great in adversity. Biding his time to let the fire burning within him burst into flame, he set himself to regulate the affairs of his cathedral, to perform the duties of his office, and to maintain the rights and privileges of the church, especially those of the inferior clergy. For most of the Irish bishops, who were chiefly low-church Whigs, he had a fierce hatred and contempt, as his violent philippics against them, and his furious opposition to what he called their schemes for enslaving and beggaring the clergy below their own rank, and thereby destroying the church, abundantly proved.*

For society he soon gathered about him a circle of clever and educated men, with talents and culture enough to appreciate the superiority of his genius, and tempers sufficiently accommodating to submit to that predominance he was apt to assume in all companies, and which he probably thought one who had often shone supreme among such fine spirits as Steele and Addison, Bolingbroke, Prior, Pope, and Gay, was fully entitled to exercise over less gifted mortals. Among these the most distinguished were the Grattans, a remarkable band of brothers, who, Swift told Lord Carteret, 'could raise ten thousand men,' and one of whom was grandfather to Ireland's great patriot and orator, Henry

* In a letter to Vanessa, Swift says, 'I am wrote to earnestly by somebody to come to town and join with those people now in power; but I will not do it. Say nothing of this, but guess the person. I told Lord Oxford I would go with him when he was out, and now he begs it of me I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state; but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive. He distinguished and chose me above all other men while he was great; and his letter to me was the most moving imaginable.

* Excellent and moral men, Swift said, had been appointed by the Court. 'But unfortunately it has uniformly happened that as these worthy divines crossed Hounslow Heath, on their road to Ireland, to take possession of their bishoprics, they have been regularly robbed and murdered by the highwaymen frequenting that common, who seize upon their robes and patents, come over to Ireland, and are consecrated bishops in their stead.'

Grattan; Dr. Sheridan, the ancestor of six generations of men and women of genius, and himself remarkable for learning, and a fluent facility of humorous rhyme and repartee, combined with much simplicity of character and absence of mind, for which, no doubt, Swift did not like him the worse; Dr. Delany, greatly esteemed in his time for his talents and virtues, and whose wife (whom he married some years later) was the 'venerable Mrs. Delany,' the friend of George III. and Queen Charlotte. With Sheridan and Delany, Swift kept up a continual interchange of Latin and English verses—epigrams, satires, fables, and lampoons.

In these poetical amusements Esther Johnson shared, and it is probable that it was at this time Swift gave her the name of Stella. Sir Walter Scott says that if she really wrote the lines ascribed to her in the Epistle on Demas the Usurer, she wrote the best lines in the poem. Her address to Swift on his birthday is beautiful, but Scott thinks she may have received some assistance in her poetical pieces, if not from Swift, perhaps from Dr. Delany. She and Mrs. Dingle always dined at the deanery when Swift entertained his literary friends, and also joined the circle that assembled at Dr. Delany's villa every Wednesday. Mrs. Delany, who must have heard much of her from her husband, told a friend who was afterwards known to Scott, that Stella had few female friends, and that her intercourse with her own sex was chiefly formal; a proof that in spite of Swift's cautious care to observe all the rules of propriety towards her, the tie that bound her to him separated her from conventional society. Mrs. Delany only saw her once by accident, and was then struck with the beauty of her countenance, and particularly by her fine dark eyes; she was very pale, and looked pensive, but not melancholy, and had raven black hair.

'No one sends me verses now,' said the lively Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson on her thirty-fifth birthday, 'but Stella was fed with them till she was forty-six.' Every year, on her birthday, Stella received a copy of verses from Swift, filled with the warmest expressions of admiration and regard, but a regard carefully distinguished from the love he had chosen to renounce.

'Thou, Stella, wert no longer young
When first for thee my harp I strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts.
With friendship and esteem possessed,
I ne'er admitted love a guest.'

In some of these verses, however, there are hints at occasional symptoms of anger or resentment on Stella's part; of virtues which

'suspended wait
Till time has opened reason's gate;—'

and some lines on Jealousy, said to have been composed by her, but which Scott believes to have received some finishing touches from Dr. Delany, are preserved among Swift's poems.

On Jealousy.

'Oh, shield me from his rage, celestial Powers!
This tyrant that embitters all my hours.
Ah! Love, you've poorly played the hero's part;
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
When first I bent beneath your gentle reign
I thought this monster banish'd from your train;
But you would raise him to support your throne
And now he claims your empire as his own;
Or tell me, tyrants, have you both agreed,
That where one reigns the other shall succeed?'

Of course the object of Stella's jealousy was Vanessa, whose part in this strange drama was becoming more and more prominent. Early in his Journal, Swift writes—'Vanhomrigh's eldest daughter has come of age, and is going to Ireland to look after her fortune and get it into her own hands.' This plan of Miss Vanhomrigh's, however, was not carried out till Swift left England, after the fall of Bolingbroke's ministry. Her mother and brothers were then dead, no one was entitled to control her movements, and with the excuse that she wished to live where her property was situated, she followed Swift to Dublin, accompanied by her younger sister. Probably in the early days of their friendship, while her homage and admiration gave unmixed pride and gratification to Swift, and he was yet unconscious that his spells had raised a spirit he was powerless to lay, he may have encouraged, if he did not suggest, Vanessa's desire for independence, and her wish to live wherever she could constantly enjoy his society; but afterwards, when she had thrown off all disguise, when he had learned the strength and passion of her nature, and knew that she had staked her whole exist-

ence on winning the love he had refused her, he, no doubt, dreaded unhappy consequences to her, to himself, and to Stella, from her choosing to live in his vicinity; and he seems to have seriously tried to dissuade her from making Dublin her place of residence. He had corresponded with her almost from their first acquaintance, 'letters from Mishessy' (the name he first gave to Vanessa) having been entered in one of his note-books for 1709. But his letters to her are totally unlike his letters to Stella. In them he keeps no diary of his own doings, and draws no picture of hers, he pours out no intimate confidences, no fond effusive tenderness, no loving memories, and regrets, and longings, no pretty prattle in the little language. His letters, though they sometimes allude to politics and important affairs, are chiefly filled with advice and exhortations to her to ride and walk, and take constant exercise, to seek relaxation and amusement in general society, and to divert her mind by every means from the unfortunate and hopeless passion that was destroying her peace. Sometimes, as if carried away by her pathetic appeals, and her hints at the tragic results which might follow his too great harshness and severity,* he soothes and flatters her with professions of the highest admiration, regard, and esteem; but the warmest of these seem cold and formal compared with the tender utterances that dropped spontaneously, as it were, from his pen when writing to little M D. What degree of intimacy he kept up with her and her sister after her arrival in Dublin, we do not know, but it would seem from the tone of Vanessa's letters that his visits were not very frequent. 'You bid me be easy and you will see me as often as you can,' she writes. 'You had better have said as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much, or as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long!'

But Swift was now to suffer a deeper and more painful anxiety than Vanessa's complaints and reproaches could inflict on him. The reports of Miss Vanhomrigh's devoted attachment to Swift and his peculiar regard for her, which had reached Ireland during his absence, had sorely tried Stella's trust and confidence in her autocratic friend and master; Vanessa's arrival in Dublin and continued residence there increased her disquiet; it seemed almost a repetition of her own story, and her apprehensions of being supplanted in Swift's heart by her younger and more vivacious rival became to her a terrible reality. Her health rapidly failed, and Swift, alarmed for the life which he used to say was a thousand million times dearer to him than his own, made a compromise between his fixed resolve, and what, under the circumstances, would have seemed to others the only right and natural thing to do. To prove to her that she was still in his eyes the fairest and dearest of women, the lustre of whose charms time could never take away, and to relieve her from any dread in the future of his marrying Vanessa or any one else, he decided to make her his wife, but at the same time conditioned that the marriage should be a private and secret one, and that they should continue to live separately, only meeting in the same formal manner as before. Stella, of course, agreed to whatever conditions Swift chose to impose, and in the summer of 1716, in the garden at the Deanery House, they were married by Dr. St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, an old and intimate friend of both.

Such is the story of the marriage of Swift and Stella, varying in particulars, but always agreeing in the chief circumstances, given by Lord Orrery, Dr. Delany, and all Swift's early biographers, and accepted, though not without some hesitation, by Scott. But Mr. Monck Mason, who in his history of St. Patrick's Cathedral gave an elaborate and critical notice of the great Dean, says that after an examination of all the evidence as to his marriage that could be collected, he found no authority for such a statement, except a 'hearsay story, very ill-founded.' And Mr. Forster has expressed the same opinion.

Another romantic, but as Scott has shown,

* 'It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last,' Vanessa writes. 'I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more, but those resolves to your misfortune did not last long. For there is something in human nature that prompts one to find relief in this world; I must give way to it, and beg you would see me and speak kindly to me, for I am sure you would not condemn any one to suffer what I have done did you but know it.'

perfectly impossible tale, was that Swift and Stella were both the children of Sir William Temple, and that the secret of their relationship was made known to them immediately after the marriage ceremony. Alluding to this mysterious story, Delany related that about the time the marriage was supposed to have taken place, he had met Swift one day rushing out of Archbishop King's library in a distracted manner, and on entering the room found the Archbishop in tears. 'You have just met the most unhappy man on earth,' said the Archbishop, 'but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question.'

There is, indeed, abundant proof that it was not only among the vulgar that extraordinary and improbable stories about Swift and Stella were circulated and believed; his closest friends, such as Delany and Sheridan, looked upon his conduct towards the woman he was known to love so fervently, as so strange, inconsistent, and unaccountable, that they were forced to imagine some mysterious cause for what they could not otherwise explain.

Married or not, however, Swift and Stella remained to all outward seeming only attached and constant friends, as they had been before. Though she and Mrs. Dingley frequently dined at the deanery, they never spent a night there except during Swift's attacks of illness, when they remained to attend and watch over him, and as soon as he got better they returned to their lodgings on Ormond Quay. And surely to Swift, as well as to Stella, the joy of his recovery must have had some alloy in the separation that followed it.

As for Vanessa, she seems to have found herself nearly as much separated from Swift in Dublin, as if the sea had divided them. She appears to have been a good deal sought after and admired in society, but she cared for no company but Swift's, and that he does not seem to have often indulged her with. 'Oh, how have you forgot me!' she cries out in one of her impassioned letters. 'You endeavour by severities to force me from you, nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion I behold myself the cause of uneasiness to you. Yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare that it is not in the power of time or accident to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for ——,' a blank which Swift well knew how to fill.

She received two proposals of marriage after she was settled in Ireland, one from Dean Winter, and another from Dr. Price, afterwards Bishop of Cashel, but she refused both in the most peremptory manner. Restless and unhappy, seeing little of Swift, and not caring to see any one else, she left Dublin, and retired to a small property she possessed near the village of Celbridge, ten miles from Dublin. It had formerly been the site of one of those monastic institutions for which Ireland was once famous, and the house, built in imitation of a cloister, still retained the name of 'the Abbey.'* On one side it was divided from the outer world by a piece of woodland and a high stone wall, broken by a solid oaken gate of immense strength and thickness, heavily studded with huge iron nails; on the other side part of the old monastic garden still remained, and a grove of pines and other melancholy evergreens screened the more modern entrance which there pierced the old convent wall. Beyond flowed the gentle winding Liffey, placid and full, bordered by green pastures and fertile fields. Here Vanessa, who had once shone conspicuous among the gay groups of London society, and who was still in the bloom of womanhood, led a life almost as monotonous and secluded as if she had been one of the cloistered nuns who had dwelt there in days gone by. Swift strongly objected to the solitary retreat she had chosen, which, with its stillness and its shade, was too well suited to feed the passionate melancholy that was preying on her life, but she was not to be moved from her purpose, and it is said that, annoyed with her obstinacy, he never went to see her at Celbridge, till the death of her sister in some degree softened his heart towards her. In the meantime she occupied herself with the studies in which Swift had been her instructor, in writing letters to him as often as she dared, and in pouring out her love and her anguish in poetry which, whatever

* It afterwards became the property of an uncle of Henry Grattan's, and was called Marlay Abbey. Grattan has said that his patriotic convictions were strengthened and confirmed by his solitary musings among the groves and bowers of Swift and Vanessa.

its merits may be, no one has denied to be her own.*

Three years after her retirement to Celbridge Abbey her sister died, leaving Vanessa literally alone in the world, and wholly dependent on Swift (for whose sake she had given up all other friends) for sympathy and consolation. Under such circumstances it was impossible for him to deny her the joy his presence alone could give, and for the next two or three years he visited her frequently.

When Scott was writing his memoirs of Swift, a correspondent gave him an account of a visit which he had paid to Celbridge Abbey. The grounds had been showed to him by an old man who said he had worked in the garden with his father, when a boy, and that he remembered Miss Vanhomrigh very well. She avoided company, he said, and passed her time reading and walking in the garden; she was always melancholy except when Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was crowded with laurels, and the old man said that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean, she always planted a fresh laurel with her own hand against his arrival. He showed a cluster of laurels which had formerly been trained into an arbour and called Vanessa's Bower. It held two rustic chairs and a table, and sitting there a beautiful glimpse of the river could be caught, and the murmur of a little artificial cascade came softly through the trees. Here Vanessa often wrote and studied when alone, and here, when Swift was with her, they sat together with books and writing materials on the table before them.

* The following lines are from 'An Ode to Spring,' written by Vanessa.

'Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows
As when Cadenus blest the scene,
And shar'd with me those joys serene.
When unperceived the lambent fire
Of Friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung
Divine imprest their gentle sway
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
(Dear names) in one idea blend;
Oh, still conjoin'd your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies.'

Whether Swift, touched at last by her devotion, and moved by that pity which melts the soul to love, showed Vanessa more tenderness in these last years of her life than he had ever done before, and was led, as they sat in Vanessa's Bower, to 'temper love and books together,' who can say? But if she cherished any secret hopes at this time, they were soon to die out for ever. She had, no doubt, heard rumours of Swift's secret marriage to Esther Johnson, and she was unable to account for Swift's continued obduracy, if no insuperable obstacle to his making her his wife existed. Distracted with conflicting emotions, and desperately determined to know the worst, she wrote to Stella, asking if Swift was bound to her by any tie of marriage or plighted troth. Stella sent the letter to Swift, who, on reading it, instantly rode off to the Abbey in the most terrible state of rage. On entering the house he met Vanessa without any greeting, except one of those stern, relentless looks which she once told him, had power to strike her dumb. Throwing a letter on the table, he turned away without a word, mounted his horse again, and rode back to Dublin. When Vanessa was able to look at the letter he had thrown on the table, she saw it was her own letter to Stella 'It was her death warrant!' says Scott. She sank under the final end of all her hopes, and the wrath of him for whom she had given up every thing that could make life worth having. Her agony of mind acting on a delicate constitution brought on fever, and she died in a short time. She left her property to her executors, Judge Marshall and the famous Bishop Berkeley—having previously, it is said, revoked a will she had made in favour of Swift—and confided to them her correspondence with Swift, who, in his violent anger, seems to have returned all her letters as a sign that their friendship and correspondence were ended.

But that her life also was to end so sadly and suddenly, he had never imagined, and he was so overwhelmed with grief and remorse, on hearing of her death, that he hastily left Dublin, and according to his custom, sought relief in a rapid journey to the south of Ireland. Stella was then staying at the country house of a friend, where, it is said, she had gone after receiving Vanessa's letter, refusing to see Swift,

and deeply offended at his having allowed Miss Vanhomrigh to form such hopes as her letter implied. Much, however, of this tragic story remains, and probably will always remain, doubtful and obscure.

Many of the circumstances related by the early writers on Swift's life and character, have been questioned or contradicted by later critics, who yet seem to have no talisman against falling into errors of their own. Had Mr. Forster lived to conclude his work, his researches would probably have given us better means of forming an accurate judgment on the many obscure passages in Swift's life than we have ever yet possessed. But if there was really any estrangement between Swift and Stella, it did not last long. Soon after Swift's return to Dublin, she and Mrs. Dingley returned to their lodgings on Ormond Quay. He welcomed her back from her visit to the country in some verses written in the old affectionate and playful style, and their life went on as before.

About this time Swift began that great and memorable struggle for the freedom and independence of Ireland, which has given him his noblest title to immortal fame. 'In the day of Ireland's deepest gloom,' wrote an eloquent writer, quoted by Sir Walter Scott, 'one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry. Swift first taught Ireland that she might cease to be ruled by a despot. His gown impeded his course and entangled his efforts; guiding a senate, or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England. As it was, he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents, and exalted her by his fame. . . The foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected, were laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift.' It is painful to have to detract something from this well-deserved eulogium, by the confession that it was only for the 'English in Ireland' Swift claimed the rights for which he so bravely fought. The native and Catholic Irish were utterly contemned and ignored by him, and his intolerance of the Presbyterians and Dissenters was even more strongly marked. But he had sowed the seeds of free and vigorous thought, which once scattered abroad, bear a more liberal and bountiful crop than any gift of prevision in the sowers ever taught them to foresee, and remembering the results that followed his leadership, the just and generous judgment passed upon him by an Irish Celt and Catholic of our own day—one whose name must always hold an honourable place in the annals of Canada—* will be heartily endorsed by all large minded men. 'In a country so bare and naked as Swift found Ireland, with a bigotry so rampant and united before him, in "a cassock entangling his course," it needed no ordinary courage and capacity to awake anything like public opinion, or public spirit. Let us be just to that most unhappy man of genius; let us proclaim that Irish nationality, bleeding at every pore, and in danger of perishing by the wayside, found shelter on the breast of Swift, and took new heart from the example of that bold churchman, before whom the Parliament, the bench of bishops, and the viceroy trembled.'

What an idol of the Irish people Swift became, is well known. The 'Drapier's Head' became the most popular sign in the kingdom; it was struck upon medals, woven on handkerchiefs, and displayed in every possible manner. 'While he was able to go abroad,' says Scott, 'a thousand popular benedictions attended his steps, and when he visited any town in Ireland, his reception resembled that of a sovereign prince.' The slightest idea of danger or insult to 'the Dean,' raised a wild, but formidable army in his defence, and Sir Robert Walpole, when he threatened to have him arrested, was checked by an enquiry if he could send ten thousand men to guard the messenger.

To recruit his health, somewhat shaken by his battles, his triumphs, and his ovations, Swift retired to Quilca,—a little country place on the banks of Loch Ramon, in a wild and sequestered part of Cavan, which belonged to his friend Sheridan. He was accompanied by Stella and Mrs. Dingley, and as the cottage was small, its little inconveniences, and the various contrivances caused by its want of accommodation, suggested to him some humorous poetical pieces, which he called 'Family Trifles.' While at Quilca, he acted as Sheridan's steward, overseeing the work-

*Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

men, and making various improvements with which he delighted in surprising Sheridan, who sometimes escaped from his duties in Dublin to spend a pleasant day or two with his guests. True to his Dutch taste, Swift made a canal, planted out rows of young trees, and formed an arbour of his favorite willows, which he called Stella's Bower. These were peaceful and happy months for Swift; country occupations and long country rides amused and interested him, his mortified pride was now soothed, and his ambition gratified by his political victories, and while correcting and transcribing his immortal 'Gulliver's Travels,' he doubtless enjoyed, by anticipation, the triumph, in a very different but not less mighty arena than that in which he had lately been engaged, which the wonderful powers it displayed were certain to obtain. Still more was the residence at Quilca a happy time for Stella. Swift was now all her own; jealousy and fear and doubt had vanished, and all the delights of the early days at Laracor seemed to have come back again.

In the spring of 1726, Swift visited England, after an absence of twelve years. Bolingbroke had now returned from exile, and with Arbuthnot, Gay, and other friends, welcomed Swift with open arms, and 'with the melancholy pleasure of sailors,' says Scott, 'who meet after a shipwreck, from which they have escaped by different means.' With Pope he now formed one of the closest and warmest friendships of his life, and his time seems to have been chiefly divided between Pope at Twickenham, and Bolingbroke at Dawley. He was recalled from England in July, by tidings of the dangerous illness of Stella, who, it was then thought, could not survive many days. To Swift's intense anguish on receiving this intelligence, was added a nervous terror, springing probably from the same source as his dread of impending madness, at the idea of seeing this beloved friend breathe her last, and he conjured Sheridan to inform him if she was really at the last extremity, that he might be spared the agony of witnessing her death. 'I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me,' he writes to Sheridan, 'but all my preparations cannot suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a Christian. Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. The very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest soul in the world has left its body. I have been long weary of the world, and shall for my small remainder of days be weary of life, having forever lost that conversation which could only make it tolerable.'

But the blow was not to fall yet; Stella rallied again, and on his arrival in Dublin, he found her much better. He was received by the citizens with enthusiastic honours, bells were rung, bonfires kindled, and a joyful and triumphant procession escorted him to the deanery.

The following spring, Swift visited England for the last time. He had formed the project of passing the ensuing winter in the south, perhaps in the hope that its mild climate might benefit Stella's delicate health, as well as his own, but the project was never to be realized. A fresh attack of illness brought Stella to the verge of the grave, and Swift, on learning her hopeless state, was seized with a violent paroxysm of his constitutional disease. Hastily leaving Twickenham, where he had been staying with Pope, he shut himself up in lodgings in London, miserably afflicted in body and mind. He wrote to his friends Sheridan and Worrall, lamenting in a distracted manner the loss he was about to undergo of 'that person for whose sake only, life was worth preserving.' Yet he entreated that if her health permitted it, she might be removed from the deanery, lest her dying there might cause scandal. He had enemies, he said, who would interpret such a circumstance injuriously to his character. He did not take leave of any of his friends before setting out for Ireland, but he wrote an affectionate farewell to Pope. 'If it pleases God,' he said, 'to restore my health, I shall readily make another journey. If not we must part as all human creatures must part.' Over this letter Pope wept like a girl; he and Swift never met again, nor did Swift ever again see England.

He found Stella in the last stage of decline, but still able to go out occasionally in a sedan chair, and to visit him at the deanery. A painful scene between her and Swift has been related by Sheridan, in which Stella is said to have entreated Swift to acknowledge their marriage, and Swift to have left her in anger, vouchsafing no re-

ply, and never seeing her again. But this story is too utterly incompatible with all the circumstances of their lives for belief. On the contrary, the touching and tender lines he wrote to her on her visiting him in sickness shortly before her death, and the prayers which he composed expressly for her use, and read by her bedside, show that her last days on earth were soothed by his religious consolations and affectionate attentions. A circumstance related by Mrs. Whiteway has more appearance of truth than Sheridan's story, though the explanation she attached to it seems clearly a forced one. Stella, Mrs. Whiteway said, was carried in a chair to the deanery shortly before her death. Swift was expecting her and had prepared some mulled wine for her which he kept warm before the parlor fire. When she came in, she drank some of the wine, but afterwards grew so faint that she had to be taken up stairs and laid on a bed. Swift sat beside her holding her hand and speaking to her tenderly. Mrs. Whiteway left them alone together, but remained in the next room, the door of which was left open for air. For some time they conversed in a low tone, and then Mrs. Whiteway heard Swift say audibly, 'Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned,' to which Stella answered with a sigh, 'It is too late!' Mrs. Whiteway believed that Stella's wish referred to the acknowledgment of their marriage, but there seems no reasonable ground for such an assumption. Many things besides marriage might have been referred to, and when heard in an imperfect manner many words—the word 'done' for instance—might easily have been mistaken for 'owned,' especially when a conception into which the latter word fitted was in the hearer's mind.

When sufficiently recovered the invalid was taken back to her lodgings, and this is the last glimpse we get of the living Stella. Three months after Swift's return to her, on Sunday, the twenty-eighth of January, 1728, at six o'clock in the evening, she died. True to his stern resolves, or perhaps unable to bear the parting pang, Swift was not with her when she passed away. It is sad to contemplate him sitting in his grief and solitude waiting for the tidings of her death. When at last he hears that all is over, he strives to calm his anguish and maintain his stoical composure with the help of pen and paper which had so often afforded him a safety-valve for the vehement passions that, without such escape, would most likely have early driven him to madness or the grave. 'This day, being Sunday, January 28, 1727-8,' he writes, 'about eight o'clock at night, a servant brought me a note with an account of the death of the truest, most virtuous and valuable friend that I or perhaps any person, ever was blessed with. She expired about six of the evening of this day, and as soon as I am left alone, which is about eleven at night, I resolve for my own satisfaction to say something of her life and character.' And he continues to write about her till his head aches and he can write no more. On the 30th of January he writes again—'This is the night of the funeral which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night, and I am removed into another apartment that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bedchamber.'

Stella was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral, at nine o'clock at night; and eighteen years later, Swift was laid by her side. It is said that he never named her without a sigh, and this reminds us of those 'short sighs' so often mentioned when he alludes to their separation in the Journal. Among his papers was found a lock of hair, supposed to be Stella's, and on the envelope he had written, 'Only a Woman's Hair.'*

Swift had now lost the tender tie which for so many years had linked him to humanity. Henceforth his cynicism and misanthrophy grew apace. His fits of deafness and giddiness came oftener and stayed longer; his temper was so irritable and tyrannical, that his mostattached friends could hardly endure it; and on the slight-

* Millais has painted companion pictures, three-quarters length, of Stella and Vanessa, which it is said have been admirably engraved. Stella stands at a table on which are a china jar, an inkstand, and some folded papers. She holds an open letter with both hands. Her features are regular, delicate, and clear, the expression is deeply sad, but gentle and serene; her long black hair falls from beneath a white lace cap. Vanessa's face is more in profile, and indicates a more haughty and impassioned character, but the expression is hardly less sorrowful. She is more richly dressed than Stella, wearing a brocaded silk elaborately trimmed. She too holds a letter in her hand, and writing materials are on the table near.

est provocation, he broke out into frantic fits of uncontrollable passion; mournful symptoms that the doom he had dreaded all his life was about to overwhelm him. Many years before, when Dr. Young, the author of the 'Night Thoughts,' was walking with him near Dublin, the sight of a lofty elm withered and decayed at the top while living below, arrested his steps. 'I shall be like that tree,' he said, 'I shall die at the top.' Once he heard some one spoken of as a fine old gentleman. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'have you yet to learn that there is no such thing as a fine old gentleman. If the man you speak of had either a mind or body worth a farthing, they would have worn him out long ago!' 'God bless you!' he would say to his friends when they took leave of him, 'I hope we shall never meet again!' Almost his last rational utterance was a letter to Mrs. Whiteway:

'I have been very miserable all night and to-day, extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded that I cannot express the mortification I am under, both in body and mind. All I can say is, that I am not in torture, but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.

'I am for these few days,
'Yours entirely,
'J. SWIFT.

'If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, July 26th, 1740.'

He survived this most pathetic letter five years, part of the time in a state of violent madness, and afterwards sunk in utter silence and oblivion. At last he died without a pang or a struggle, so quietly that those who watched him did not know when his caged and tortured spirit was released. He was buried in the same grave with Stella, and a Latin inscription composed by himself was placed over his tomb. In it he has recorded his efforts for liberty, and that indignation at the baseness and ingratitude of men which lacerated his heart.

LOUISA MURRAY.

ROUND THE TABLE.

I HEARTILY concur in all that has been already said by a friend at the 'Table,' on the subject of reading parties, and the woful lack of intellectual interests or higher interests of any kind in even our 'best' Canadian society. I fear that, in this respect, we are falling behind both our American neighbours and our British cousins. In both the United States and Great Britain, young men and especially young women of the wealthier classes pursue study—either for its own sake, or as an end to a means—much longer and further than is generally done in this country. Moreover it is much more general for them to cultivate some special interest—intellectual, æsthetic, or philanthropic—which tends to develop their faculties and their judgment,—to give them an 'object,' as well as subjects for rational conversation. Where there is utter vacuity of mind as regards higher interests, there is of course no resource but trivial gossip or more exciting and dangerous flirtation,—both of which leave the mind more 'demoralized' than they find it. I fear the 'School for Scandal' is not obsolete yet, in Canadian society. And there can be no remedy except trying to secure better furnished minds, since 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Teachers might, one would be inclined to think, do much more than they do to awaken an *interest* in literature among their older pupils, and nduce them to learn for themselves something at least about the more prominent writers of the day. In how many circles of average young people can one attempt to discuss such well-known English writers as Carlyle or Ruskin or Stanley, with any hope of

eliciting a response? You are only voted a prig or a bore for your trouble, and your embarrassed interlocutors speedily take refuge again in the gossip or 'chaff' which does duty with them for conversation. And, as 'evil communications corrupt good manners,' you may end by growing demoralized yourself and forgetting how to converse at all. In such circumstances it is no wonder that all parties which are not mere dancing parties are voted '*slow*,' and that sensible people who have not time to throw away, eschew 'society' altogether. I believe that reading parties, such as have been suggested, would tend to alter this state of matters, and would help to wake people up to a practical recognition of the fact that there are in the world wider interests than those of their own little circles. Only, such parties would need some judicious and liberal direction to keep them from running in one narrow groove, and to guard them from the danger of becoming 'mutual admiration societies,'—an influence most fatal to any real growth. Unless there is some catholicity of mind, some wide-awake readiness to see what is useful and important, to pass beyond the narrow range of a denominational or social *clique*, there cannot be much real progress. I have known so-called 'literary societies' hold their own meetings to listen to their own little papers, on an evening on which some subject of literary interest and importance was being lectured on by a man who had made his subject a life study, and could therefore give his hearers information which they could only have acquired otherwise at the expense of much time and trouble. Neither literary societies nor reading parties should be *microscopic*—perhaps it would be better to say, allow themselves to become *near-sighted*. They should have their glasses ready levelled to catch any beam of light that may come to them from any quarter of the literary sky. Yet there is another danger also, that of becoming desultory,—picking up mere scraps of information here and there, without any unity or connexion. A good way of avoiding this is to pursue a general plan adopted in some American reading parties. Some particular author, musician, or artist is chosen as the subject of a particular evening, and each member is requested to contribute something of interest regarding him—a Magazine article, an original contribution, selections from his works, &c., &c.,—of course including some outline of his life. If it be a musician who is chosen, the musical members of the party play selections from his musical works; if it be an artist, any one who may have copies of his pictures, brings them for the general benefit, with, if possible, some capable criticism upon them. By this means, each great name brought before the party becomes the centre of some definite ideas and associations, and the salient characteristics of the style of each writer, or painter, or composer are fixed in the memory and become a part of the 'mental furniture' of the members, none of whom will thereafter be destitute of ideas on that subject. And it is *ideas* we must cultivate before we can have much rational conversation.

—It would not be an easy task to estimate what the world owes to the periodical literature of the last hundred years, and our gratitude to it is perhaps the greater when we contemplate its benefits as a vague whole rather than in detail. Yet, when we recognize how peculiarly applicable to it is that law of mental and moral progress by which we find effects reacting upon and developing their causes, we must regard with considerable anxiety the enormous and ever-increasing influence of the periodical press, both as representing the tendencies of the age, and as giving them, by this reflex action, a renewed and most powerful impulse. To dwell on the bright side of the outlook would be pleasant enough, for I should have only to enunciate a series of laudatory truisms; but I intend to glance for a moment at a cloudy point in the horizon, that has already assumed dimensions which allow no comparison with a man's hand; nor is the keen eye of its first discoverer mine, by any means. In fact, I rather pride myself on an exercise of moral courage in a new direction; that of consciously and deliberately indulging in platitudes. The cloud, then, darkening the fair promise of our periodical literature and daily obtruding itself more conspicuously upon our notice, is that it is developing abnormally in us that which first gave it birth, our craving 'for some new thing;' in this particular aspect, our love of the sensational. I leave altogether out of consideration that

grosser form which disgraces much of the serial fiction of our day, and most of that semi-fiction which we call 'startling intelligence.' This is perhaps the more dangerous and more wide-spread evil, and is distinctly traceable in some degree to the influence of periodicals; but it can be shown to result neither inevitably nor only from them, while it appeals to the purely imaginative faculty, and is in that respect clearly capable of division from the form on which I would now dwell, and which may be styled conveniently, intellectual sensationalism. This I take to be the legitimate, though very undesirable offspring of the periodical form of publication, and it is growing very rampant. It is seldom possible now to take up a magazine or review, even of the highest class, without finding some instance of it. The avowed exingency of magazine writing is the regular and unfailing production of something fresh, something, as it is expressed, 'taking.' In our libraries we are well content to cherish venerable volumes, in which we find old truths in old familiar words. But as we cut the crisp pages of 'this month's ——,' we look for and we find novel ideas (mark, gentle reader, how I spoil my antithesis for the sake of cautious neutrality as to the degree of truth that is theirs) expressed in new form. Now, I have not enough 'good old conservatism' about me to take exception to novelty *per se.* But it is self-evident that, as the deficiency of new things under the sun is proverbial, monthly or weekly draughts upon genuine originality must soon outrun the supply; and then there is nothing left for it but sham-originality. There is a large class of periodical writers now in the very flood-tide of success through their proficiency in the manufacture of this staple commodity. The majority of them have sterling abilities and a very high degree of culture, such as raise them completely out of the rank of mere literary pretenders, and fairly entitle them to be taken as representatives of this intellectual sensationalism. Their stock-in-trade consists of an inexhaustible budget of paradoxes, brilliant where possible, startling always; an air of perfect infallibility; and a reckless audacity. Taking as raw material the generally accepted ideas on any given subject, they proceed to work these into form by referring to them as 'the common misconceptions on this point,' '*the unfounded popular notions*' of those whom they amiably class under the heads of 'the vulgar reader,' or 'the ill-informed.' They are perfectly well aware that nine-tenths of their readers must be hit by these epithets, and they probably rely upon that peculiar obliquity of our vision that is so quick to see how well the cap fits Brown and Robinson, and so slow to perceive its adaptability to ourselves.

As one instance out of many, I remember a writer who is both distinguished and notorious, in the pages of a magazine now peacefully reposing under dust and the weight of a good deal of this 'originality,' making contemptuous allusions to the 'vulgar reader' who was incapable of seeing with him that metrical form in poetry was not only superfluous, but absolutely opposed to its spirit. The proposition from which he had started being somewhat threadbare, he was stating and developing it with the sensationalism of sham-originality. If the reader does not recognize the genus to which he belonged, he cannot sympathize with the pangs I have felt when convictions I had always thought founded on truisms, and tastes I had regarded as innocent and legitimate enough, have brought me within range of painfully brilliant articles which dismissed them as almost unworty of notice. There lingers in my mind a clever essay of this description in some magazine, on the 'Vice of Reading,' a title in itself typical of my subject. It left me in remorse to find that I had been indulging more or less for years, although I was by no means steeped in this 'vice;' until a little reflection relieved me by suggesting that the author's 'smart' arguments were somewhat out of keeping with his presumable intention in publishing the article.

London has of late been the birthplace of a number of weekly papers which make this intellectual sensationalism their chief attraction. Ably conducted, having as contributors men of considerable reputation and talent, and maintaining in some respects a very high tone, they flourish by an artificial brilliancy that is attained by viewing every subject from an eccentric standpoint; cultivating a strained, though witty cynicism, and being nothing if not paradoxical and audacious.

Even were it allowable, I do not think

it would be necessary for me to quote the many titles of articles that have appeared recently, in further illustration. They may be found on subjects literary, social, and even scientific; in papers, magazines, and even staid reviews. If need were, they would demonstrate that novel-writers and newspapers are responsible but for one aspect of the sensationalism of to-day, and that the more dignified departments of our periodical literature supply to different readers merely a different sort.

—Doesn't it seem to you, dear fellow guests, that (if one may judge from our 'high converse') our attention is too much devoted to intellectual food, even to the exclusion of more substantial viands? We may not desire to imitate even if we could (and we certainly *can't*) the Pre-raphaelite detail of gastronomy indulged in by Kit North in the Noctes Ambrosianæ. But we might now and then give a passing illusion to such congenial subjects, and mention any instances we may have come across of quaint modes and curious habits of feeding. For my own part I think that the sight of an extremely fat man at dinner would deter me from my customary 'second-helping,' and would act as a danger signal, or like the notice-board which warns skaters in England off a risky piece of ice. But it can't affect all men alike, or how should we account for the 'Fat Men's Club' of old time in London? unless, indeed, the members adopted the idea in order to keep each other in countenance. These individuals (if you can call any one of them an individual who could well have been divided up into three ordinary mortals) had a singular mode of election, less liable to falsification than the most ingenious modern plan of ballotting, and one which forced every ineligible candidate to blackball himself. Only one qualification was necessary, breadth—not of mind, but of body. A door of large dimensions led to their Hall or Symposium redolent with the gravy of fat victims and steaming oblations. The novice, lured by the attractive clatter of knife and fork within, hurled his huge limbs at the entrance. If he passed between the door-jambs he was led out again with ignominy, and rejected, but if he stuck by the way, folding doors opened gently to receive him, and he became a well esteemed guest. Men are wiser now-a-days, you say, my dear *convive*. Not at all. I can tell you of a Rat Club, now or very lately extant, consisting of a few young musical amateurs, who on their stated feast days ate their chops and steaks with a running accompaniment, in imitation of the noise made by those destructive Rodents in nibbling their (generally purloined) victuals. They use knife and fork, lift cup and glass, and perform the customary movements of a person eating, in time, and following the measured cadence of a tune set by their President. Fancy what a power he must wield! To bring your hungry pack in sight of their food, and when they are prepared to dash in to the tune of the 'No Thoroughfare' galop, to gravely start the 'Dead March in Saul.' The idea is really painful, and we will hope such an arbitrary step is never taken, lest the President should meet the fate that befel that bad bishop Hatto, who was gnawed to death by those other rats in his little wave-washed castle on the Rhine.

Then there is the tale, whispered among literary circles, of the Red Lion Club of savants, held at the annual paripatetic meetings of the British Association. It is not scrupled to be alleged, that such men as Huxley and Tyndall appear in the mental guise of lions, wag their coat tails, growl over their plates, and impose heavy fines on any one who dares speak a word of sense. We would suggest that this legend may enshrine a truth, and that such proceedings, or the fruit and rumour of such proceeedings, may be designed to protect the noble animals from being bored to death by the inflicted company of the terrible local dignitaries of science, bursting with the importance of having once dug up an old bone, or seen a grave-mound opened at little Peddlington, or else big with the honour of having contributed a 'Monograph on Stoke Pogis' to the county scientific periodical.

—As a pendant to the paper on 'the Jelly-fish,' in the last number, by Mr. J. A. Allen, the following little *jeu d'esprit*, written some time ago by Professor Grant Allen, late of Queen's College, Spanishtown, Jamaica, may prove interesting. It was thrown off simply for the writer's own amusement and that of his friends, and I take the liberty of giving it for the entertainment of any meta-

physically inclined members of the company 'round the table.'

A jelly-fish swam in a tropical sea,
And he said this world it consists of ME;
There's nothing above and nothing below
That a jelly-fish ever can possibly know,
Since the highest reach we can boast of sight
Is only the vaguest sense of light,
And we've got, for the final test of things,
To trust to the news which one feeling brings.
Now all that I learn from the sense of touch
Is the fact of my feelings, viewed as such;
But to think these have any external cause
Is an inference clear against logical laws:
Again, to suppose, as I've hitherto done,
There are other jelly-fish under the sun,
Is a pure assumption that can't be backed
By a jot of proof or a single fact:
In short, like Hume, I very much doubt
If there's anything else at all without;
And so, I have come to the plain conclusion,
If the question is only set free from confusion,
That the universe centres solely in me,
And if I were *not*, then *nothing* would be!
Just then, a shark, who was passing by
Gobbled him up in the twink of an eye,
And he died with a few convulsive twists,
But, somehow—the universe still exists!

—This is emphatically an age of material progress. It is the new Iron Age, the age of railways, telegraph lines, iron ships, iron monster-guns, iron houses, and iron churches. Experience bears testimony that men's minds are usually in accord with the work of their hands; and in our day the human intellect is essentially practical and materialistic in its objects and tendencies. Each period of the world's history has been marked by distinct characteristics, to be succeeded by others having widely different features. We have a familiar instance of this in the change which took place in England, in the seventeenth century, from the austere puritanism of the Commonwealth to the frivolous immorality of the reign of Charles the Second, not to speak of similar examples, both in ancient and later times. At what stage the rebound may come, it is difficult to foresee; but come it will, soon or late, as circumstances may determine. When is our Iron Age to cease? Has it to harden and brighten into an Age of Steel, or are we to see the obverse side of the medal, with an entire change of scene and things, when Vulcan's forge and Thor's hammer shall be transformed into harp and cymbal, and all shall be music and song? I should not wonder, for my part. ''Tis a mad world, my masters,' and I greatly fear that, even in this enlightened era, so styled, people are not much superior to their forefathers, Darwin's monkey inclusive. I fancy however, that the days of hard facts, of the Manchester school, of the Gadgrinds, are coming to a close, and that another psychological phase is about to embellish the motley record of our race. Literature especially is becoming weary of the clanking and jingling of metal, and poetry has too long sought nutriment in the mellifluous treacle of Tennyson and his followers, mistaking it for honey of Hybla, or forced to be content with it for lack of better. I opine in this respect that the literary metamorphosis will largely assume a theological and metaphysical complexion; for the Scientists, as they are called, are forcing the religious leaders and masses to resume their old arms and forge new, wherewith to repel the attacks made upon them from various strange quarters, and with weapons which even Voltaire and the Encyclopædists had not learned to wield. This fight, we suppose, must be fought, until some fresher novelty shall take its place and consign it to that limbo in which so many kindred 'philosophies' have been entombed for the last two thousand years and more. I shall not venture to discuss such high matters; but will tell these learned revolutionists one thing, which is, that man has been taught that he is only a little lower than the angels; the new teachers would convince him that he is only a little higher than the brute. Which is the wiser and more elevating doctrine of the two, apart from other considerations? The civilized world has made its choice, and will not depart from it, charm these sages never so learnedly. They are preaching to deaf ears, and well it is for humanity that it should be so. But more of this on another occasion.

—In the April number of this magazine, Shebaygo put in a fervent plea for the restoration of its Indian name to Lacrosse. The writer has fallen into an error which I remember seeing in a book on Lacrosse, which should have been free from such a blunder. He abuses the Jesuit missionaries who were the pioneers of colonization on this continent for 'likening the peculiar racket-ended bat with which it is played, to the Cross.' I need scarcely say

that *crosse* means 'crosier,' and is also the French name for 'a hockey-stick'; *croix* being the form which retains the meaning of *crux*. It may be worth while to add that 'crosier' in the first place was the name of the cross-staff of an Archbishop, but was afterwards improperly applied to a Bishop's pastoral staff. In heraldry the word is still restricted to its proper signification. As the Lacrosse bat in shape resembles nothing more than a pastoral-staff, with the crook netted, it seems to me that the Jesuit missionaries exhibited considerable 'regard for the eternal fitness of things,' in christening this game. Intimacy with the old records of the first travellers who penetrated the American wilderness, has filled Shebaygo with intense enthusiasm for the unfortunate Indian tribes—an enthusiasm which is only equalled by his old-fashioned English antipathy to the French. By restoring to Lacrosse its euphonious Indian name of 'Baggatiway,' 'tardy justice' may, he thinks, be done to these injured races, and some compensation made for the wrongs of which they have been the victims at the hands of Europeans. This is certainly attributing to the noble red-skin a delicacy of sentiment which the careless observer would be slow to credit him with. Shebaygo's sympathetic frenzy carries him so far that, while he admits that he does not know the meaning of 'Baggatiway,' he magnanimously assumes that there can be no doubt that 'it is significant, and adapts itself accurately to the character of the game it represents.' I am afraid that he assumed with equal reason that the French name was 'unnatural and absurd.' With the regret which he expresses, that so few Indian names of places have been retained, one is at the first blush inclined to sympathize, but that sentiment soon vanishes with the effort to spell such a musical polysyllable as Kazezeekeedgewaigemog, which is the nearest approach we can make to the name in which a lake near Fort William rejoices. The names collected from almost all nations and tongues and languages on the face of the earth, which diversify the map of the Dominion, however badly chosen, are not without interest. They indicate, in most instances at least, the nationality of the earliest settlers, and the voyager over Lake Superior is constantly reminded by the French names of islands, bays, or streams, of the heroism of the Jesuit missionaries. And even though such names as McTavish, Crooks, Pardee, &c., which have been oddly intermingled with Indian names of places round Thunder Bay, may be very objectionable on æsthetic grounds, they have at least one advantage —they are comparitively easy to spell. When a poet of the English, named Milton —to imitate Shebaygo's queer expression, 'a chief of the Ottawas, named Pontiac'—asks :

> 'What is harder, sirs, than Gordon,
> Colkitto, or McDonnel or Galasp?'

I unhesitatingly reply, 'such barbarous combinations of difficult sounds as Nanahpahjunikase, or Jebing-neezho-shinnant, which have an unaccountable charm for Shebaygo.' Of such names the poet's succeeding lines will never be true, I fear:

> 'Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
> That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.'

Shebaygo reproduces Henry's account of the capture of Fort Michilimackinac, apparently unaware that the history of the struggle of which that incident formed a part, has been told finally in Parkman's 'Conspiracy of Pontiac.'

—I have one or two points of controversy with the reviewer of the Autobiography of Thomas Guthrie, in the February number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY,

> 'which the same
> I rise to explain.'

Firstly, the reviewer says that Dr. Guthrie 'appears never to have doubted the propriety of making home, on one day of the week, a prison on the silent system, or rather something worse.' Now, no one who ever knew Dr. Guthrie could possibly believe that any home with which he had anything to do could possibly be anything like a prison or *any* system. His overflowing geniality could not have helped making Sunday at least as sunny, if not a more sunny day than any other in his own home. Secondly, the reviewer explicity demurs to the 'good Doctor's' opinion that it is better 'to lean to the side of scrupulousness than laxity,' 'as if all history . . . did not inculcate a different moral.' Now, without taking any 'sternly Sabbatarian' view, I

maintain that the institution of the Sabbath cannot be of its highest, or any use to man, without a decided 'leaning to scrupulousness.' Without the 'scrupulousness' which hedged it about in the Mosaic law, it would long ago have disappeared from among men, with all its beneficent influences; and owing to the lack of 'scrupulousness' on the continent of Europe, it has already to a great extent disappeared there, so that many a hard-working artisan has never a day either of rest or worship, to break the weary round of toil. I do not in the least believe in mere *conventional* rules for Sabbath keeping, founded on man's inevitable tendency to formalism,—rules which would make a quiet thoughtful walk among the pure influences of Nature an infraction of the sacredness of the Sabbath, while an hour or two of it worse than wasted in gossiping or censorious conversation, awakens no compunction. These are among the inconsistencies in which a blind unintelligent conventionalism lands those who should know better, and against which no one would have more strongly protested than He who claimed lordship over the Sabbath. But, believing that 'the Sabbath was made for man,' I believe that, as a blessed gift, it should be 'scrupulously' kept intact. Every thoughtful observer of this hurrying age knows how the tide of mere secularism is continually encroaching upon all that belongs to the higher part of man's nature. His spiritual nature cannot be nourished without intervals for quiet thought and for communion with the source of his spiritual life. Both revelation and philosophy tell us this. And every one who has steadily kept the Sabbath sacred to the higher uses for which it was given,—kept it as far as possible free, not only from ordinary secular *work*, but ordinary secular *thoughts*,—can testify to its inexpressible value as a strengthening and refreshing influence, not only spiritually,—its highest benefit,—but intellectually also. And those who follow a different plan starve themselves spiritually, and lose even intellectually. We do most urgently need this green oasis in the dusty highway of life; and we need to keep up the barriers with some 'scrupulousness' if we still wish to have it 'no thoroughfare.' Even to take it in one of its lowest aspects, it is much to have one day in seven of home quiet, free from the inroads and exactions of ordinary acquaintanceship, which run away with so much of our week-day life. The religious history of the continent of Europe bears distinct testimony to the evil of 'laxity' in Sabbath-keeping, to which, I think, much of the indifferentism and practical atheism of France and Germany are due, a striking contrast, all must admit, to the religious earnestness of Scotland, with its 'scrupulousness.' Where there is no time set apart for the consideration of spiritual realities, these are apt to disappear from man's view altogether, in the hurry and bustle of modern life. More than ever Jews needed it do we need our Sabbath. Let us guard, as one of our most precious possessions, this 'pearl of days.'

—The second point of controversy which I have with the said reviewer is a side issue, founded on his pointing his 'moral' with 'the after career of the average clergyman's son.' This is obviously a reference to the often repeated and often refuted libel on clergymen's sons, which it seems impossible to dislodge from people's minds, although it has been repeatedly protested against and disproved, so far as such an assertion could be disproved by actual statistics. My own observation in actual life extends over a good many clergymen's sons—many of them the sons of Scottish clergymen—and I can emphatically say that it contradicts the idea that these do not, *as a rule*, turn out well. There are black sheep in every class, but so far as my knowledge and experience go, the black sheep are fewer in this class than in any other, though probably much more observed when they do occur. Out of a large number of sons of clergymen within my own personal acquaintance, I can hardly recall one who has not turned out a respectable and useful member of society, while a large proportion of them have distinguished themselves, morally as well as intellectually, in the professions they have chosen. The most distinguished of modern Scottish clergymen, Dr. Norman Macleod, was a Scottish minister's son, and as every one knows, he has left behind a vivid picture of the happy life of a Scottish manse. Another of the most distinguished and the best of Scottish clergymen, Dr. McLeod Campbell, was a clergyman's son, and perhaps no man has

had a stronger influence on the best theological thought of the day than he has had. Other eminent men, and men rising into eminence in other walks of life, are Scottish clergymen's sons,—among whom I may instance Mr. George J. Romanes. Many other excellent men might be mentioned who have been brought up in Scottish manses, and several of our own most distinguished clergymen are also clergymen's sons. A floating libel should not be kept up, in the face of facts like these.

SPRING BIRDS.

From southern shores and summer seas,
Where wanders wild the fragrant breeze,
Where mangrove copse and stately palm
In still lagoons are mirrored calm,
O'er orange groves, on tireless wing,
Northward they've come, our birds of spring.

What impulse strange their flight hath sped?
Their course what guiding thought hath led?
From climes where summer reigns alway,
What fancy led their flight to stray,
And pour, our leafless boughs among,
Their ecstacy of joyous song?

We know not now; nor can we tell
Why those same songs our pulses swell
With bounding life and waking dreams
Of rustling leaves and murmuring streams;—
What magic o'er our spirits bring
The rainbow-tinted skies of spring;—

Whence comes the rapture, vague but sweet,
With which each wilding flower we greet,
Inhale the breath of budding trees
That fill with balm the April breeze;
And why the weariest heart is stirred
By carols of the early bird.

We cannot thread the mysteries
Through which our human pathway lies;
Enough to know that all the range
Of form and thought, of life and change
In countless types, develop still
One central Unity of Will.

We are a part of one grand whole,
Dead matter linked with living soul,
While dimly each to us reveals
The Presence Nature still conceals
Beyond our highest thoughts to trace;
And yet—our Home and Dwelling-place!

FIDELIS.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE late Sir Allan McNab is said to have declared that railways were his politics. That was in the old time, when men's allegiance was undivided; now-a-days, although railways still maintain some claim upon political fealty, a Mayor of the Palace exercises the real power, the public good being only an effete Merovingian. Or to cross the Pacific, the Tycoon of railways is virtually, though not confessedly, supplanted by the Mikado of slander. By May-day the Dominion Parliament will have been prorogued, and it may not be too much to hope that His Excellency will be advised to take some cognizance of the distinctive feature of the Session. The Royal Speech, for instance, might congratulate the House, when thanking them for the supplies, not only upon the practical character of its legislation, but also upon the urbanity of its manners and the dignity which has uniformly characterized its debates. In the one case, there would be a genuine compliment; in the other, a salient example of delicate irony. Never since principles died out, and party became all in all, have our Parliamentary proceedings been so utterly unworthy and repulsive as during the Session of 1877. The political atmosphere has become fetid with pestilential vapours, and the sea, nearing the ebb, has stranded us, with reptiles and creeping things, amongst the ooze and slime. Once, and only once, Mr. Blake raised his voice on behalf of decorum and good manners, and yet, in the end, we fear it must be said that even he proved the truth of a remark by one of Shakspere's heroines—'If to do, were as easy as to know what it were best to do,'—we need not continue the quotation. Hon. members on both sides of the House seem to be marvellously gifted either with the genius for discovery or fertility in invention. Nothing seems to have come amiss, from the purchase of steel rails to some paltry fees received by an ex-Premier, or even the dismissal of a tide-waiter. The Public Accounts have been ransacked with mischievous industry for something that may keep the party pot boiling. Every passing whisper, borne on the passing breeze, has formed the nucleus of a charge against some one in or out of office. Trivial matters, unworthy of a thought, are first quietly manipulated doubtfully and with misgiving, to be brought forth at last to light in the shape of full-blown scandal—*parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras.* Another 'School for Scandal,' has arisen under the eyes of Sheridan's descendent, in which the Lady Teazles, the Sneerwells, Crabtrees, and Backbites, are all politicians, the only difference being that the modern school has improved upon its model, having acquired assurance enough to do its unworthy work in public.

There have been times, it is true, in the past history of Canada, when the tide of political passions ran high, and rash words, as well rash charges, were in vogue. But there was at least this to be said in extenuation, that slander and vituperation were not indulged in for their own sake. Our public men were usually inspired by zeal for some principle which they held dear, and took no pleasure in abusing one another, with no ulterior objects but place and pelf. Now all is changed; the cartridges are not blank, but the solid shot is spent, and like the sea-captain whose cannon-balls had run out, our politicians are firing round Dutch cheeses, devoting the smoke to the public eye, and the bewildering fragments to the party foe.

That both sides are conscious of the humiliating position of affairs is evident from their anxious efforts to cast the blame upon each other. The only debateable question appears to be that of the quarrelsome schoolboy—'Who began it?' or else the inevitable *tu quoque* bandied from one side to the other. On the part of the Opposition, there seems to be a misty notion that the *revanche* for which the French are supposed to be yearning, is to be reaped now, in the shape of retorts churlish and counterchecks quarrelsome, often the lie with circumstance and it may be the

lie direct. It is not intended to charge one party, more than the other, with the initiation of this unfortunate state of things; since both are equally involved, it is difficult if not impossible to apportion the responsibility. Yet it is certain that the law of retaliation has resumed its sway in our political world, and is being administered as strictly as the Roman fabulist would have had it—*si quis vero læserit, multandum simili jure.* Hence the feverish eagerness with which the most insignificant points are snatched at, if there is any probability that they may be made available as return fire. Most of the accusations preferred on both sides are beneath notice, and, although they have a most demoralizing effect upon the public mind, and are rapidly bringing politics into odium and contempt, may safely be passed over in silence. Yet there are two matters which have assumed so important an aspect that they deserve some attention—the Secret Service Money and the Independence of Parliament.

It is still our firm conviction, notwithstanding the clamour of the Ministerial party, that Sir John A. Macdonald has not been fairly or equitably treated in the matter of the Secret Service Fund. It is hard to divest oneself of the feeling that there has been a want of what we patriotically term British fair play about the prosecution, we shall not say the persecution, of the ex-Premier. If it is not exactly like kicking a man when he is down; it certainly resembles nothing so much as smiting him in the face when his hands are tied behind his back. In short, notwithstanding facts plausibly stated and precedents glibly cited, it is hard to reconcile the action of Mr. Charlton and his committee to one's sense of common justice, and we believe that is the general feeling throughout the country. To begin with, it is obvious that the charge preferred against Sir John Macdonald is not the real one. The prosecutors in this case do not set the regularity or constitutionality of the right hon. gentleman's act at a pin's fee, however plausibly they may dilate upon them. Their ulterior object is, as Mr. John Macdonald forcibly pointed out, to fasten upon the ex-Premier a charge of misappropriation or embezzlement. Surely no one who desires to uphold the reputation of our public men or the dignity of public life would make such a charge idly, or as the member for Centre Toronto put it, 'without the slightest proof.' But the cowardly part of it consists in this, that it is also incapable of disproof. Sir John's opponents were well aware that even if he had been prepared at once to prove the negative of their assertion, it was not in his power to do so. He cannot betray confidence by producing the vouchers, and therefore he was defenceless when the brave blow was aimed at his face, and the wound inflicted, or attempted, upon his reputation. Both will fail of their object, for whatever view may be taken of Sir John Macdonald's political career, no one, friend or foe, will for a moment entertain an honest doubt of his thorough integrity.

So far as relates to the expenditure of the Secret Service money prior to the resignation of the late Government, the case of Mr. Charlton entirely breaks down. It is quite true, as we pointed out last month, that there is a so-called audit of the fund in England, but it can only be a matter of form, since the items are not examined, neither are the vouchers produced. There only remains the dispute regarding $6,600 retained by the ex-Premier for liquidation of claims admittedly due, but not finally adjudicated upon, and the retention of the money for some time after his resignation. With regard to the latter, there appears to be nothing at worst but a certain degree of remissness. Sir John Macdonald had not the money in his possession, for it lay as a special deposit in the Bank of Montreal, and the right hon. gentleman states that he had informed the Auditor-General of its being there. Touching the amount retained after handing over the balance to the Receiver-General, there is this to be said, that the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie could not possibly deal with the claims it was drawn out of the Bank to adjust, so well as his predecessor. It must be remembered that the debts had been incurred for secret service purposes not subsequent, but prior to the resignation of the late Ministry, and might have been settled even at the last moment, by the parties. Technically, no doubt, the Government is right in objecting to the course of the Minister of Justice, but then the Secret Service Fund is so exceptional in its character that ordinary constitutional rules cannot be

strictly applied to it. Indeed, if the authority of Mr. (now Lord) Hammond is to be accepted, 'the secret service money should never be surrendered, because, inasmuch as it had been granted for Secret Service purposes, and the responsible persons had taken an oath to spend it for secret services, it could not be surrendered.' This passage is quoted at second-hand from Mr. Macdonald's speech, and may possibly not have the full construction it appears to bear; still it seems clear enough to cover such an expenditure as the disputed $6,600. However, admitting that Sir John's course was irregular and of doubtful consitutionality, why should so terrible a bother be raised over it? The answer can only be, that it is not the ostensible, but the covert, accusation—the *arriere-pensée* to which only muttered expression is given—that the prosecutors desire to keep in public view. The picture in itself would fail to attract attention were it not for the dark and shadowy phantom which fills the background.

The admitted or alleged violations of the Independence of Parliament Act fall under another category. It is obvious to every one, that, unless we are to open the door to abuses such as those which notoriously taint the American system, and render ourselves liable to reproaches similar to those heaped upon it, the provisions of the statute must be rigidly enforced. Doubtless, cases of peculiar hardship to individuals will arise from time to time, but they do not make a feather's weight when balanced against the imperative necessities of the community. Stringency may occasionally appear inequitable, but relaxation would be fatal. And, after all, it only needs a little caution on the part of hon. members to save them from the consequence of careless or unthinking dealings with the Government either personally or by their partners. To admit it as an excuse that the member of Parliament did not know of any particular transaction jeopardizing his seat, would be to open the door to abuses of all kinds. 'Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, till thou applaud the deed,' were the words of Macbeth, after having made arrangements for Banquo's murder; and so, in like manner, might partnerships be carried on, leaving their Parliamentary members in blissful ignorance of illegal transactions by preconcerted understanding. The only safe and straightforward course for a Member of Parliament is at once, upon his election, to secure from his partners an assurance that they will not enter into any dealings with the Government whatsoever, without previous consultation with him. He would then be act and part in any such transactions, and must stand or fall according as they are legally defensible or the reverse. Politicians are seldom immaculate, and it would be too much to expect them to rise much above the society in which they live; yet it is not too much to require of them that they shall not sink below the general level. The endeavour to keep on the windy side of the law—to be able to grasp the forbidden fruit with out-stretched arm, and yet not overpass the legal line—is not one of the virtues, and those who practice it come near mistaking Satan for an angel of light. It has been proposed to exempt hon. members from the operation of the law, if they had no personal knowledge of agreements made by their partners or agents. If mercantile or equity law were administered according to such a principle, the bonds which knit society together would be burst asunder, and the result would be a social chaos. *Qui facit per alium facit per se* is the maxim of the law, and it must continue to be that of the Legislature in the important matter before us. The law is not Draconic, or even exceptional, in its character, and, therefore, there is no middle course between its rigid enforcement and its unconditional repeal.

Of the three cases which have been particularly brought under the notice of the House, two appear to be, on the whole, clear enough—those of Messrs. Currier and Norris. They are examples of apparent hardship in the operation of the law. Mr. Currier is a partner in two lumber firms—a 'sleeping partner' for some time, it would appear. The other members of these firms supplied lumber for the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, and for the Department of Public Works. The hon. member was clearly free from any knowledge of these transactions; but we are not prepared to admit that he was free from blame. When he entered Parliament two courses were open to him. If the interests of his firms were likely to be prejudiced by his position as a legislator, he could have

withdrawn from them; if not, he should have displayed forethought enough to exact from his partners a pledge that they would do nothing which might imperil his seat or subject him to the imputation of either breaking or evading the law. Mr. Norris was also ignorant of the freight transactions which have got him into trouble; yet he was not only careless, but acted in an unbusiness-like manner. A paper, apparently under seal, was signed by him 'as a mere formality,' without examination, and this turned out to be a contract with the Government. Certainly if Mr. Norris has any right to complain, it is of his own fatuous conduct, not the law, and no amount of apology or pleas in extenuation can free him from the culpability attaching to his act. Both these hon. members have resigned, and will no doubt be re-elected; it is to be hoped that not only they, but our legislators as a body, will take the lesson seriously to heart. When Mr. Currier resigned, the *Globe* stated that his resignation was 'manifestly an attempt to prevent a full investigation.' Mr. Norris followed his example and the Parliamentary representative of that journal declared that the member for Lincoln had taken precisely the same step as the member for Ottawa, by the advice and with the hearty approval of his friends. So much for party strategy.

The case of Mr. Speaker Anglin is a delicate one, both in itself and because of the exalted position he occupies in the councils of the Dominion. When the present Government was in process of formation in November 1873, Mr. Anglin, presumably in answer to solicitations from Mr. Mackenzie, gave the new Premier some 'satisfying reasons' why it would be injudicious on his part to enter the Cabinet. Shortly afterwards the Postmaster General (now Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario) met Mr. Anglin, and stated that he would transfer a large amount of job printing to the office of the St. John *Freeman*, Mr. Anglin's paper. It may be taken for granted that the present Speaker made no objection to the arrangement, although he denies that it was an agreement. His Honour tells us that he subsequently informed Mr. Anglin of the execution of the transfer. The work was performed and the money paid, and the receipts were signed by the hon. gentleman. Schedules of prices had been sent from the Department, and by an inadvertence, according to the Speaker, the words 'as per agreement' crept in somewhere. Now whether all this constituted an 'agreement' or not, must be left to the lawyers; to men of ordinary common-sense, it clearly did, or there is no meaning in words. If a quibble like that set up in this case be admissible, then Governments may corrupt right and left, and any one may drive a coach and six through the Independence of Parliament Act. This ought surely to be clear enough, and to Mr. Anglin it was clear enough that if he had not transgressed the letter of the statute, he had unquestionally violated its spirit. If not, why did he caution his manager to be careful that his transactions with the Department did not assume the form of a contract—or, in plain English, instruct his agent to evade the Act, whilst securing the fruit it was intended to forbid?

The attempt to place job printing on a large scale in the same category with Government advertising is futile. In all our cities there are job printing offices and even newspaper offices to which Government work might be given without incurring even the suspicion of illegality; but with advertising the case is entirely different. Government notices must appear in the newspapers, and, as the press is now conducted, these must, in almost every locality, be party newspapers. In such cases it would be too much to require Ministers to select an Opposition Journal. Take Belleville, which has been mentioned. The late Government inserted its advertisements in the *Intelligencer*, in which Mr. Bowell has an interest; but what were they to do, unless, with a severity of political virtue not to be expected, they had employed the Opposition paper? And even then, they would have been charged with an attempt to corrupt it. It may be readily admitted that notices which can be of no possible use where they are printed, are sometimes sent to the journals, to serve for 'pap,' as it called; but the abuse of a legitimate practice is no argument against its proper use, while on the other hand, giving departmental printing to a member of Parliament, is an abuse, *pur et simple*, from first to last. The newspaper is the people's highway, by which every man may hold communication with his fellows, anticipating their wants and

proclaiming his own. It is what the market-place was of old, or the parish-church door, where every one sought his customers, and every customer found a supply for his needs. As such it is open to Governments as well as to individuals; indeed it must be used by them, whether they desire it or no, to secure publicity, where publicity is necessary. To supply forms for a Post Office, on the contrary, is the same as supplying cordwood, flour, and building material, or engaging to construct a section of the Pacific Railway. Between the cases there is no such analogy as Mr. Anglin suggests; indeed we might almost suppose the hon. gentleman had passed from the wholesome region of purity into the scented air of prudery, if it were not clear that he is trying to establish a fanciful set-off which has no existence.

It is with reluctance that these words have been written. Nothing would have been more to one's taste than to clear the skirts of Mr. Anglin. 'Speaking evil of dignities' is sometimes a sin; yet when the evil is not in the speaker but in the dignities, it may become an ungracious duty. Thoughtlessness on the part of the Postmaster-General, who merely looked upon the affair as a transfer of patronage, was at the root of the mischief, and what predecessors did will neither exculpate him nor Mr. Anglin. At the same time, we may at once cast to the winds the insinuations of the Opposition press that the agreement—or understanding, if that be preferred—between Minister and member was to serve as a *solatium* for the portfolio Mr. Anglin might have reasonably expected, but missed. It is the business of partisans, we suppose, to malign and to attribute the worst out of all possible motives which may be imagined. Both honorable gentlemen were clearly innocent of anything worse than a too ready acquiescence in current party maxims, and an unthinking eagerness in giving them practical effect. Sir John Macdonald's party has been guilty of similar practices and worse, and they would repeat them on the morrow of their return to office. A party which had been out in the cold for many a long year may be to some extent excused, if they were, at first, rather reckless of the fuel, and not too curious as to the source from whence it came. And although this is no complete defence against a clear violation of the statute in the eyes of a non-partisan, it ought to operate as an estoppel against those whose hands are not clean, and whose sublime virtue is as novel as the first backward step of their opponents is strange and unfortunate. It is said that between twenty-five and thirty hon. members have been rowing in the same boat and must be transferred to the banks of the same galley as those already mentioned. Two of these are Ministers of the Crown, and there will, no doubt, arise an "Io triumphe" from the gentlemen on the Left. Yet we beg them, or at least the public, to note that if the burden of blame fall upon Ministers and their following, it is not that they are more guilty than the Opposition, but only because the latter has lacked opportunity. Those who dwell securely in Jerusalem have before to-day appeared less guilty than those who fell under the battlements of Siloam. The root of the mischief lies beneath, and forms the support of the party system. Patronage, pelf, 'pap,' and all the other sinister devices by which Governments build themselves up, and, at the same time, support their supporters, are the *fons et origo mali*. So long as public men are not ashamed to speak of their followers as those who 'have claims on the party,' so long as the Civil Service is prostituted and enfeebled for party purposes, so long as preferment goes by favour, not by merit, and so long as the resources of the country are squandered in enriching party printers, grocers, and contractors, it is vain to hope for better things. Any change in the *personnel* of our rulers—for principles there are none—would probably be for the worse. One party keeps a long and dreary Lent, whilst the other is gorging itself to repletion and satiety, and when their turn arrives, the first come back with whetted teeth and voracious maw, bringing, perhaps, with them seven devils in the shape of extravagant hopes and inordinate desires. The present elevation of the standard of purity may or may not confer substantial and permanent benefits. It may warn both parties from the ground forbidden by the Independence of Parliament Act; but we have very little faith in any such reformation, so long as party, with its self-seeking maxims and shady practices, remains what it is.

The *Mail*, in leaded type and peremptory

terms, calls upon Mr. Mackenzie to dissolve Parliament. If, writes our contemporary, a general election was necessary at the end of 1873, because the House was tainted by the Pacific Scandal, *a fortiori*, the present House should be dismissed, seeing that one-tenth of its members, including the Speaker and two Ministers of the Crown, are suspected—for it is not yet proved—of violating the statute. There is one remarkable difference between the cases, apart from the absurdity of dissolving Parliament upon hearsay, and that is, that, in the last Parliament, the Premier was in the minority and could not work with it. The casual vote against the late Administration gave no guarantee of support firm enough to build the hopes of a new Government upon. Now, although the majority of January, 1874, has been materially reduced, Mr. Mackenzie has still a good working majority—quite as good as he wants, or is good for him. Besides, it appears to us bad policy on the part of the Opposition to clamour for a dissolution at present. Even although a reasonable proportion of the charges preferred against Ministers were true and credible by the bulk of the electorate, it would seem better to wait until they have filled up the measure of their iniquity and to make assurance doubly sure. It may be urged that this course, on the part of the Conservatives, would indicate a want of faith in the accusations they have made, or a want of confidence in the gullibility of the people; yet, after all, they cannot feel any satisfying confidence in the reaction of which they boast, and therefore it would be acting a prudent part to wait patiently, or impatiently, until the time for waiting shall be over and gone. It is true that the proceedings of the Session, now drawing to a close, have tended to loosen the ties of party, if not to make the people detest it utterly, and that the Opposition may hope to gather some waifs from the general break-up. But if one lesson rather than another has been impressed upon the public mind by the discussions and wranglings of the past year, it is that one party much resembles the other, and that both are alike bad; the result of this conviction may be a resolution to bear the ills they have rather than fly to others that they know not of. Thus the Ministry occupy a vantage ground of which it is not probable an immediate election would dispossess them.

It is not our province, even if the space were at command, to examine in detail the legislation of the year; yet it is only due to Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake especially, to yield them a high meed of praise for the activity they have displayed in debate and in the framing of practical measures of reform. The Premier's work being mainly administrative, is, we fear, but imperfectly understood and appreciated out of doors. His name has appeared on the back of few bills, yet the burden of office must at times be overwhelming. The Public Works Department now overshadows all the rest in the labour required from its chief, and, although Mr. Mackenzie is too conscientious to shirk any portion of his duty, and perhaps performs much himself that might well be left to others, the labour required is, in any case, onerous enough to task to the utmost the powers, intellectual and physical, of the most indefatigable administrator. While Parliament sits, save during the recess, Mr. Mackenzie must attend to debates, answer innumerable questions, meet countless attacks, and take part in every important discussion, and that from three in the afternoon till the small hours of the morning. All this toil and anxiety, it is too much to expect any one man to bear, and it cannot long be borne with impunity. The time seems to have arrived when Canada, following English precedent, should dissociate the Premiership from all Departmental work. Upon Mr. Blake rests the responsibility of public legislation, and he has, like his chief, manifested unceasing energy in his work. The number of measures of practical value introduced by this Minister can hardly be less that a score, besides other work which is not ostensibly his—and this has all been accomplished notwithstanding his fruitful mission to England. That he has succumbed beneath the labours of his office is most sincerely to be regretted, yet, it can hardly be a matter for surprise.

The intellectual strain, the nervous irritability, and general physical exhaustion caused by so much exertion ought to be applied as a set-off to the infirmity of temper and intemperance in language of which so much is made by the Opposition. Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake have lowered themselves on more occasions than one by sacrificing their personal and official dig-

nity to the momentary satisfaction of aroused passion. They must certainly bear their full portion of responsibility for the disgraceful course of the Session, for they, as well as their opponents, have been *nimio verbis et linguâ feroces.* On the other hand they have not been without great provocation. The attacks of the Opposition have throughout been galling and irritating in the extreme. Not only have Ministers been charged with blundering and incompetence, but their honour, integrity, and veracity have been impugned more than once during the Session. Now they have certainly not grown pachydermatous, or perhaps we should say, are not well seasoned enough yet to bear patiently these unceasing assaults; their sensitiveness may therefore seem to entitle them to some indulgence. At the same time they cannot too soon learn in patience to possess their souls. The first and great commandment for a statesman is—Thou shalt keep thy temper. The *bonhommie* of Palmerston was the secret of his success, and although Lord Beaconsfield's temperament is cold and unsympathizing, he manages to attract men by drawing upon his cynicism and coining it into epigrammatic irony and banter. In moral enthusiasm Gladstone surpasses them both, and he can rally the nation round him by one fervid appeal, but he soon repels his followers by that tetchy and irritable temper which mars the symmetry of his earnest soul. Even throughout the present stormy Session Sir John Macdonald has never lost his self-control, or his wonted equinamity. He can be excited, but he is never in a downright passion, and perhaps the smile which perpetually plays upon his lips is, to an opponent, his most provoking characteristic. Some Ministerialists appear to think that the right honourable gentlemen is cowed by the trenchant attacks made upon him, or dispirited at the slow progress of his followers on the path to office. But this is an entire mistake. Sir John's easiness of temper is a natural gift, strengthened and confirmed; he possesses, in short, the temper of a statesman. All that can be said in extenuation of the faulty conduct of the present Ministers is that they lack experience and have not yet been able to acquire official equanimity.

Moreover, although the Opposition has been exceedingly factious and annoying, it would not be safe to assert that it excels in these unamiable qualities other Oppositions we have had in Canada. Indeed, when it is taken into account that the area in which holes may be picked is largely extended, and that we have succeeded in obtaining the services of some able vituperators from the sea-board, the present Opposition is not worse than that which stopped the wheels of legislation in the old Province over twenty years ago. Nor is Sir John Macdonald's party so strong as to give reasonable ground for apprehension to the Government. When a crisis has arrived, and majorities are counted by twos and threes, there is room for excitement and passion; but that is not the case at present. After the next general election, Parliament may have a different complexion, although we doubt it; at present certainly, the men in power have a more than good working majority of from fifty to fifty-five. On the Secret Service question, it was only twenty-two; but there were only one hundred and forty names on the division list altogether, and although it may be readily believed that some absent Ministerialists were glad that they were not there to be dragged through the mire, through it they would have gone, had they been present, even were it as dense and filthy as the Slough of Despond. The Opposition journals are fond of pointing to the fact that Mr. Mackenzie's majority has been considerably diminished since 1874. This is true; but it does not show that he would be defeated or his Government seriously imperilled by an appeal to the country. Parliaments elected in times of popular excitement seldom maintain the same relative proportion of parties to the end of their term. Mr. Disraeli's Government, the fruit of a great Conservative reaction, has lost, and is losing, ground, although it can hardly be said to be in jeopardy. The force of the Pacific Scandal fever is nearly spent, and as old scores are fading from the tablets of popular memory, men begin to lapse back again to their old party allegiance. Still, unless next year should bring forth something startling in the political sky,—unless a *deus ex machina* comes to the assistance of the Opposition, —the triumph of Ministers is more than probable. There seems no reason, therefore, why the party to the right of the

Speaker should return railing for railing; for they should laugh, not scold, who win.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has given the party journals an opportunity of repeating their dastardly attacks upon himself and his opinions. Professing to believe that he is rejected in England as a false prophet, despised in the United States, and regarded as a political Ishmaelite in Canada, they yet deem him of sufficient importance to require the employment of their heaviest rhetorical artillery. That his ideas are whimsical and *bizarre*, his mind perverse and crotchety, and that he is utterly without political allies, unaided and alone, form altogether the most singular bundle of reasons for assaulting a man, in private station, it has ever been our good fortune to see put together; indeed, it seems impossible to drive paradox further into the region of absurdity. If Mr. Goldwin Smith and his views are so completely beneath contempt, why vex their righteons souls about either? If, on the contrary, as the acerbity of their strictures sufficiently proves, they recognize in him a formidable free-lance whom it is necessary above all things to unhorse, why not frankly and honestly acknowledge it? To outsiders, it seems utterly inexplicable that party journals, fresh from tearing each other's throats, should combine in this unseemly persecution of a solitary scholar, who has committed no more serious offence than that of fearlessly expressing his opinions. One would think that the bear-garden at Ottawa had given party men sufficient scope for the display of their peculiar abilities; why should they turn aside to wreak their feeble vengeance upon one whose motto is, 'A plague o' both your houses'? It may be envy of Mr. Goldwin Smith's distinguished abilities, or, as is rather certain than probable merely, there may be a spice of personal pique and resentment at the bottom. To whatever extent one or other of these motives may be at work, it may be safely affirmed, in spite of their affected nonchalance, that theirs is only the courage of the bravo—the 'who's afraid?' of arrant cowardice aping valour. They dislike their critical adversary, because living in constant apprehension of him. That this should give the latter any uneasiness is unlikely; for a retired student as well as a bad Roman Emperor, may exclaim, though in a worthier sense—'*Oderint dum metuant*.'

Not only do these assaults seem, upon the surface, causeless and gratuitous, but they are also idle and unnecessary. Vituperation of this kind has passed out of fashion east of the Mississippi River, and although some of our rural papers occasionally break out in the obsolete style, it has been reserved for the Toronto press to cherish it as a precious institution of the past in all its pristine ugliness. Long after the general tone of our journals has sensibly risen with the intelligence and cultured polish of the time, the 'organs' continue, tropically speaking, 'to bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk.' The method is ineffective, since it tends to worry and disgust, instead of convincing, and also wanton and uncalled for, because it is easy to reply to one from whom we differ, without abusing him. Mr. Goldwin Smith may be completely mistaken in his forecast of the Canadian future, and we think he is, but there is no need of abuse and scurrility in combating his views. He has been called a traitor and what not, because, after a meditative survey of Canada's position and necessities, he believes that she is gravitating towards the American republic. He had anticipated the attack in his *Fortnightly Review* paper—'No one can be in a less revolutionary frame of mind than he who foresees a political event without having the slightest interest in hastening its arrival.' If this be treason, what shall be said of Cabinet Ministers and Reformers in Quebec, who do not 'foresee,' but long for, and are doing their best to hasten, the severance of the Colonial tie? It is not long since Mr. Brown himself stated that the existing relations between Great Britain and Canada must soon undergo serious modification. What did he mean? Or rather does he know what he did mean? These questions must remain *in nubibus*, unanswered and unanswerable, for your hack politician never sees an inch beyond his own nose. Let things remain as they are and leave us to our repose, is his cry—*parce somnum rumpere*. Mr. Smith thinks that he can cast the political horoscope of Canada's future, and he has the manliness to state the conclusions at which he has arrived; the Senatorial Sphinx winks and blinks, uttering never a word. In a country which

boasts of its freedom of speech and discussion, it is marvellous to find the press, which ought to be the *avant courier* of the age, striving to hound down a man for the frank expression of his sincere opinions.

It is not our intention to attempt a criticism of Mr. Goldwin Smith's paper, still, as we differ from his views of the Dominion's future, it may be well to state briefly our own. To begin with, it appears to us that Mr. Smith's notions of the French population are founded upon an imperfect knowledge of them. It is not correct to say that instead of being assimilated by the English, the latter are, to some extent, being absorbed by the French. It would be just as legitimate to lay stress upon the Scottish allies of France during the 'Hundred Years' War' who have settled and become French, upon the Irish, as the O'Donnells and McMahons, who have ceased to be Irish, or the Christians who have been 'absorbed' by the army and navy of Turkey. The Highlanders of whom Mr. Smith speaks were, for the most part, officers under Wolfe, who obtained seigniories, and, being surrounded by French Canadians, intermarried with them; it was only in the natural order of things that their descendants should be French. The emigration of *habitans* to the United States is the result of an impulse which operates everywhere—a distaste for agriculture and a taste for the life of the artizan. Certainly it affords no evidence of a predilection for American institutions, social or political. Moreover, the French Canadians, if we exclude coteries of the doctrinaire genus in the cities, are thoroughly attached to British connection. A more loyal, peaceable, and contented people do not live under the benign sway of Queen Victoria. In speaking of their past history, the writer seems to have forgotten the part taken by Col. de Salaberry and his brave men in 1812, and as for the Fenian raid, if we mistake not the Montreal *Chasseurs Canadiens* was the first regiment to volunteer for the front. In short, Sir Etienne Taché knew well the loyal disposition of his fellow-countrymen, when he said that the last shot for British rule in America would be fired from the citadel of Quebec by a French Canadian. Mr. Smith's views of the German population are also open to animadversion; but upon that there is no space to enter. Coming to the main question, it is only necessary here to state conclusions. It is our firm conviction that instead of converging, the United States and Canada display a constant and steady progress in divergence. The people of the Dominion are growing more and more a distinct and alien people from the Americans, and the Americans have ceased to hope for, or even desire, annexation. Our tastes, habits, and political views grow, day by day, more unlike theirs. Indeed, so far from believing that annexation is to be anticipated, either in the near or remote future, it seems more probable to us that notwithstanding the blood and treasure expended to preserve the Union, it is destined, sooner or later, to be broken up into three or four separate nationalities. The people of Canada are thoroughly loyal to the English crown, and it will require a wrench of the most intolerable kind to alienate their affections from the mother-country. Annexation as a political issue is dead and would be buried, if a band of noisy visionaries in the neighbouring Province had any regard to the fitness of things. The commercial trouble, so far from attracting our people to the United States, clearly repels them, and if any other motive were wanting, their pride and self-respect would be sufficient to provoke the deepest aversion to any closer connection with the Republic, fiscal or political. It is unnecessary to discuss the proposed Zollverein, because it is incompatible with British connection and with our progress as a manufacturing people, to say nothing of the fact that it would sweep away nearly a moiety of the revenue. It will thus be seen that we differ *toto cœlo* from Mr. Goldwin Smith's conclusions, although it has appeared an imperative duty to enter a firm and decided protest against the virulent assaults which are unceasingly made upon him.

A paper by Principal Tulloch in the Contemporary Review, and a valedictory at St. Andrew's by Dean Stanley have served to arouse the *odium theologicum* here and elsewhere. Those who still cling slavishly to obsolete formularies of faith cannot or will not see that religion—the Christian religion we mean—did not derive its power and efficacy from creeds or standards, but that what is true and of

permanent value in them was drawn from the Christian religion. Losing sight of that pellucid spring which rises in the eternal hills and pours down its pure stream, leaping and bubbling to the plain, they point to a morass, and persist in terming it the source of the sluggish and turbid river which issues from it, and bears on its bosom traces of the defilement. The theologian of the pseudo-scientific class seems utterly oblivious of the distinction between the divine and human elements in the established schemes or systems framed by fallibility. In some respects the Ultramontane possesses a notable advantage over the rigid dogmatists of the Reformed Churches; he appeals to the living voice, they mumble their *ex cathedrâ* enchantment over fossil creeds and confesssions. What the Vatican Council is to him, the Westminister Assembly or the Lambeth Convocation is to them; the former decreed the infallibility of the Pope, which must not only be accepted, but believed; the latter framed a Confession and Catechisms, or a series of Articles, which must be accepted, but need not now be believed. It is vain to urge that when the 'Standards' were a a living force, inspiring men's thoughts and directing their conduct, they were nerved to noble and heroic deeds; they are so no longer. It would be as vain to strive once more to rekindle an interest in the puerilities of the patristic literature or the subtleties of the schoolmen, as to endeavour to stir up, by creeds that are effete, a zeal which has long since waxed cold. To be an effective power in the world a scheme of theology must never cease to be fruitful; it must permeate the entire being of the individual and embody the thoughts, the feelings, the aspirations of the age. The moment it becomes barren, it is fit only for the lumber-room of the antiquarian or as fuel for the burning. 'The eternal verities' doubtless are always the same, but man's conception of them is in perpetual flux and flow. The religious life of the world, as Lessing pointed out, is subject to progressive development in the course of the ages, as truly and certainly as the spiritual part of the individual man. The Bible itself, and, on a broader scale, the history of the world from its dawn in the cloud-land of antiquity until now, bear witness to the fact. Mr. Buckle, in his uncompleted work, purposely ignored the moral side of human life, on the ground that, unlike the intellectual, it never changed, and was, therefore, unprogressive. This fallacy which underlay his system has been sufficiently exposed, and yet, strange to say, the champion of creeds is never weary of delivering homilies from Mr. Buckle's text. If we may trust sturdy defenders of the faith, the anomaly must be accepted of progress obvious everywhere in nature and man, except in the sphere of religious conception and insight. It must be assumed, contrary to fact, that the spiritual ideas shaped to the needs of successive ages, from the Council of Nice to the Convocation of 1662, have been petrified in their antique moulds, and sharply outlined for all time to come. That this is the true history of the religious life of our race no one really believes. The Catholic takes his stand upon the creed of Pius IV. or the decrees of Trent; the Protestant refuses to go further back than the seventeenth century. According to both, humanity at some definite period reached the bottom of a *cul de sac*, beyond which it is impossible to go—unless, indeed, he admit that the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception and of Papal infallibility are progressive steps in theology. Yet it is beyond dispute that the religious conceptions of the present half century have undergone, and are destined still more completely to undergo, serious modification. The mass has been leavened by the ferment set to work by those who have the courage of their opinions, and upon whom the rage of men who have not yet taken their bearings or considered whither they are drifting, is vainly exhausted. The bulk of theologians prefer to follow the advice of Mr. James Mill to his son, stiffling thoughts that will arise, shunning the light, and too successfully persuading themselves that to inquire, much more to doubt, is sin. Prof. Robertson Smith has been frightened by the echo of his own voice, as given back by Principal Tulloch; and yet, not to speak of other heterodox opinions, what can be said of an article which characterizes an inspired book of Scripture as 'an Oriental love tale.' The unrest which is manifest in Scotland is 'the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual' revolution in theology which will make itself felt before many years have rolled away. What is called

zeal for the faith in some quarters, is really want of faith, exposing itself in perpetual qualms, lest something should be irrefragably proved by science or criticism which may raze religion itself from the foundation. Hence, like the boy whistling in a churchyard to keep his courage up, the professional theologian fancies himself valiant for the truth, as he wanders amongst the graves which yawn for obsolete formularies of the faith. Those who undoubtingly believe are not fearful; because they feel an abiding assurance that though man's vision may be dim, and his scheme of spiritual things may be distorted and inadequate, the truth of God abideth for evermore.

President Hayes has at length succeeded in solving the Southern problem by the easiest of all methods—the withdrawal of Federal protection from the usurping minority. If Gen. Grant had taken a similar course, two or three years ago, the cotton States would long since have been pacified and contented. From the day when he assumed the supreme authority until the inauguration of Mr. Hayes, the Republican policy was sordid, selfish, and tyrannical, irritating to the South, and perilous to the Union. The wounds inflicted by the war were purposely kept open for the benefit of harpies and carpet-baggers, so that nearly twelve years after Lee surrendered his sword, reconciliation was as far from being *un fait accompli* as ever. One can commiserate the vanquished and make allowance for their bitterness of feeling; they had sacrificed everything that was dear to them, their country had been ravaged, their property confiscated, and the hope of victory, to which their desperate valour seemed to entitle them, was swept away by mere force of overwhelming numbers. The North had no excuse for the display of evil passions, much less for letting loose and then protecting a horde of voracious vagabonds upon the fair lands of the South. President Hayes has so far made amends, that, although the results of his policy shew that he is *de facto* and not *de jure* the head of the Republic, the internal affairs of the States in controversy are to be fairly committed to those whom the majority of the people have chosen. With the withdrawal of the troops, Nicholls dislodges Packard, and Hampton sends Chamberlain to the right about. In Florida, Drew recovered his legal position before the settlement of the Presidental question. In all three, there can be no doubt Tilden was clearly elected; still, that a peaceful solution has been discovered, is something to be thankful for. The disappearance of ex-Mayor Hall of New York, and the confession of Tweed, open the last act of the drama of the Ring. In the face of some contradictions of the latter, and the absence of clear proof from the prisoner, it is as well to await further details.

At length the Eastern question has advanced to a stage which is at least comprehensible, however much it is to be lamented. Russia is about to draw the sword on behalf of the outraged Provinces, and the *casus belli* must be admitted to be adequate by all the Powers which have signed the protocol. In it was drawn up, with every consideration for the pride and prejudices of the Mussulman, a sketch of the reforms absolutely necessary for the security and protection of the oppressed Christians, and this the Porte has definitively rejected. Turkey desires to try the old game of delusive promises, and essays to play at Parliament, and palter with Europe under the transparent pretence of establishing constitutional government—the latest of the shams she has unblushingly palmed off upon the indignant nations. The gauntlet has been thrown down, and Alexander II. has taken it up. He has every advantage over his predecessor Nicholas. The latter, seizing upon the paltry squabble about the holy places at Jerusalem, entered upon a war of conquest after endeavouring, through Sir Hamilton Seymour, to bribe England by a slice of the property of the 'sick man' who might 'die on our hands.' He was in the wrong from first to last, and we can look back now with a smile at his magniloquent declaration of war which wound up with a prayer from the *Te Deum*, unheard and unanswered—'In te, Domine, speravi, ne confundar in æternum.' Alexander's cause is admittedly just, so long as he fights, as he professes to do, solely and entirely for justice to the Christians. Further than that he dare not go, in the face of the combined Powers, and so far, every hater of ruthless cruelty and oppression must wish him and his army complete success.

April 21st, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MAJOLICA AND FAYENCE. Italian, Sicilian, Majorcan, Hispano-Moresque, and Persian. By Arthur Beckwith. With photo-engraved illustrations. New York: Appleton & Co.

The influence of the Centennial Exhibition, which was richer in pottery and porcelain than in any other department of the decorative arts, must be appreciably felt in an increasing and more intelligent interest in ceramics. Many visitors to the Exhibition made there a first acquaintance with the rare old Majolica which has descended to us from the middle ages—outlasting much that seemed more durable—of which the celebrated Castellani collection contained a number of fine specimens. Many, too, doubtless first found out there the meaning of the word *Faïence*, or *Fayence*, as it is now more generally spelled, which is believed to take its origin from *Faenza* in Italy; just as the word Majolica is the old name of the island of Majorca. Both words, used at first to designate the particular wares coming from these places, came afterwards to be applied to decorated *glazed* pottery in general. There is another Fayance in the south of France, also noted for its pottery, which has disputed the name with Faenza, but there seems to be little doubt that the Italian town is the true sponsor.

To meet the 'growing appreciation of this phase of art,' and the interest exhibited as to its history, growth, &c., Mr. Beckwith's neat little volume contains a concise sketch of the rise and progress of ceramic art, more particularly in its Italian, Moorish-Spanish, and Persian developments. A brief notice of the great names of Italian art in general, with the dates at which they flourished, precedes the history and description of the various kinds of Majolica and Fayence. As to the latter, we are told that 'the body of Italian majolica and fayence is a plastic clay, mixed with a limey, sandy clay. It is easily scratched with an iron point. It is once baked and coated with an enamel containing lead, tin, quartz-sand, salt, and soda. This opaque enamel is then painted upon with hard fire colours, either before the second firing, as was the practice in the sixteenth century—a difficult process, but one giving great brilliancy of tone—or it is coloured over the fired enamel with softer colours and fired again. Sometimes a slip of white clay is substituted for the tin enamel.' The styles of the chief Italian artists in ceramics are briefly described, with interesting illustrations of their work, showing its main characteristics. These illustrations are drawn faithfully and with spirit, and should give the reader a good idea of art-treasures which have latterly seemed to excite almost a disproportionate share of interest among connoisseurs, and about which every well educated person should know something, as a by no means unimportant development of the artistic impulse and faculty. The Persian and Moorish styles of ceramic decoration receive also a considerable share of the author's attention, though we think he might have given a little more space to the ceramic art of Japan, which furnishes some very curious developments; illustrating an almost entirely different phase of life and of the sense of beauty, but most especially of the sense of the humorous and grotesque.

Hints on the general principles of art, and some practical directions in regard to painting on pottery, add to the usefulness of this handbook, the circulation of which among ourselves may tend to give an impulse to a beautiful and lucrative industrial art, which might afford to many—and especially to young women—a new sphere of remunerative occupation and artistic interest. Canada has as yet done nothing in this direction, but there is no reason why she should not begin. Possibly the step recently taken in the establishment of a School of Art in Toronto may prove to be a step in this direction also. If we had facilities for baking the pottery after it was painted, as well as for procuring the particular kind of colours needed, many might be stimulated to cultivate this interesting art who have a natural aptitude for excelling in it. Many American ladies have already attained considerable excellence in painting on tiles and pottery, as will be seen by Mr. Beckwith's description of the *modern* fayence at the Exhibition of 1876. Why should not many of our Canadian ladies do likewise? We have numberless beautiful natural forms to copy, and no need to resort to a barren conventional imitation. We might, in short, develop a Canadian 'school' of ceramic art. In the meantime, any one whose taste tends in this direction will find a good deal of useful information and guidance in Mr. Beckwith's seasonable book.

LE CHIEN D'OR, (THE GOLDEN DOG). A LEGEND OF QUEBEC. By William Kirby. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co., 1877.

Until within a comparatively recent period, the English portion of the Canadian population has signally failed to produce its fair share of the national literature. The rich historical mine was left to be worked by our French Canadian brethren, to whom no small meed of praise is due for their patriotic labours and researches. For English works of the first order of merit, we have been indebted to Americans. Mr. Parkman is our best chronicler, and Mr. Longfellow, in his Evangeline, our national poet. It is satisfactory to note that there are signs of an awakening amongst us, and that unmistakable tokens of promise have at last begun to appear. The impetus given to the national feeling by Confederation, is beginning to bring forth fruit in a nascent literature, redolent of the soil, and entirely our own. Last month, we noticed a noteworthy book, 'The Bastonnais,' by Mr. Lesperance, of Montreal; this month it is our pleasing duty to call attention to another, 'Le Chien d'Or,' by Mr. Wm. Kirby, of Niagara. This admirable historical fiction deserves the warmest commendation, not merely for its lucid and flowing style, and the artistic construction of its plot, but especially for the light it throws on the institutions of the old French *régime* and the real causes of the collapse of Bourbon power in the Dominion. The scene is laid at Quebec and in its vicinity, in the year 1748, eleven years before Wolfe fell victorious on the Plains of Abraham. Two historical episodes are interwoven with the fabric, both of which are connected together and linked with the name of a vile and dissolute ruler. Let us first take a brief survey of the man and the time.

The palmy days of the *Grand Monarque*, which ended in clouds and ominous gloom, and the madness of the Regency, with its Mississippi schemes and general recklessness, had passed away. Louis XV. sat upon the throne, the toy and instrument of his mistresses, a heartless and heedless voluptuary, with wit enough to foresee the approaching deluge, and selfishness enough to rejoice that it would not arrive until he had been shuffled off the scene. The colonies, especially Canada, the fairest of them, were left to pine neglected and almost forgotten, the prey of harpies who despoiled the goodly vintage with impunity. The trade of the Province, internal and external, was monopolized by the company of the Grand Associates, who plundered the settlers, plundered the king, and plundered France. The same men who directed its nefarious operations, ground the faces of the poor by outrageous exactions, reduced New France to the verge of starvation, and made it an easy victim at last to the English invader. When the shock came, France practically left her noblest colony to its fate, and the result of this neglect and of the misrule of the vultures who preyed upon its vitals, could not be doubtful. Louisburg and Nova Scotia fell into the enemy's hands, and this misfortune seemed to the desponding Canadians like the handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's palace, to forbode, with melancholy clearness, the fate of French rule on the St. Lawrence.

The *Intendants* of New France—superintendents or administrators, as we may call them—were invested with extensive powers of an arbitrary character. They were, in fact, in all matters not connected with the army, the real rulers of the colony, as government was understood by Frenchmen of the ante-revolution period. It was patriarchal rule, presumably so-called, *lucus a non lucendo*, because it was the reverse of fatherly, being rapacious, cruel, oppressive, and dissolute. Not that all the Intendants, any more than all the Governors, were faithless or incompetent; far from it. Yet the natural fruit of a vicious system began to appear the moment France neglected her colony and bad men assumed the reins of power. After the brave Count De la Gallissonière, who was afterwards the unwilling occasion of the shameful sacrifice of poor Admiral Byng, the miserly De Jonquières, and the incompetent Vaudreuil, aided Bigot, the last and worst of the Intendants, in consummating the ruin of New France. It is hard to conjecture what might have been the issue of the Seven Years' War for Canada had Champlain or Frontenac been in the place of Vaudreuil, and the wise and energetic Talon had ruled instead of Bigot.

It appears to have been the aim of François Bigot to emulate the vices of his master to the letter, and to rival at the Intendant's Palace or at his hunting-seat of Beaumanoir the orgies of Versailles and the *Parc-aux-cerfs*. His companions, like his master's Pompadours and Du Barris, were selected from the lowest class, and were the most obsequious dependents as well as the most unscrupulous tools a bad ruler could desire. The two episodes connected together in this work are the Golden Dog and the mysterious Caroline whom Bigot jealously concealed at Beaumanoir. These two are deftly united by an ingenious plot, and as it may be necessary to point out how far this is inconsistent with the received accounts, justice requires us to state that there are more versions than one of these points in Bigot's career. Moreover, even supposing Mr. Kirby to have taken some liberties with the traditions, he has not destroyed the main features of the tragic story, and has managed his work with so much skill as almost to disarm criticism. As compared with Scott, he is accuracy

itself. The story of the Golden Dog must be almost too well known to need recapitulation. The rude gilt effigy, with its menacing inscription, can still be seen at Quebec. Philibert, the merchant, was a rival and a foe to the monopoly, and suffered for it; having no other means of revenge at hand, he erected this image with the quartrain beneath—'I am a dog, gnawing a bone, while gnawing it, I take my repose; a time will come, which has not yet arrived, when I shall bite him who has bitten me.' To satisfy the rage of Bigot, a young officer named De Repentingy slew the hapless merchant, at his own doorstep. Years afterwards Pierre Philibert avenged his father by killing his murderer in a duel at Pondicherry. Caroline, Bigot's fair Rosamond, was an Indian or half-breed girl of the Abenaquis tribe, and the Intendant had probably no other motive for hiding her than a fear that the knowledge of her existence might impede his Quebec amours. One writer represents her as having been stabbed to the heart by Bigot's wife; but it is quite certain that Mr. Kirby is right in representing him as unmarried. Before referring cursorily to the story, and we have no intention of doing its author the injustice of detailing the plot, the fate of Bigot and his vile crew may be mentioned, for it is eminently satisfactory to one's sense of justice. After the Conquest, they all returned to France—Bigot, Cadet, Varin, Penisault, and others who figure in these pages. They were thrown into the Bastile, and sentenced at the end of fifteen months to various punishments. Bigot received 'perpetual banishment, his property was confiscated, and he was ordered to pay 1000 livres fine and to refund 1,500,000 livres.'

It has been stated already that Mr. Kirby's plot is eminently ingenious and artistic. He has evidently a keen eye for the dramatic *mise en scène* and uses it to great advantage. By making the son of Philibert first the boyish playmate, and afterwards the betrothed lover of Amèlie de Repentigny, the sister of the rash youth who became his father's murderer, he brings all the parties on that side into immediate connection. On the other hand the firmly-drawn figure of Angélique des Meloises appears, first as the lover, so far as a heartless coquette could love, of poor Le Gardeur de Repentigny. Heloise de Lotbinière is secretly and hopelessly in love with him indeed, and it is to be regretted that we do not see more of her. Ambition and jealousy of the unknown Caroline causes Angélique to compass her death. The murder of Philibert the elder, of course, precipitates the *dénouement*.

The characters are nearly all historical, including Kalm, the philosophic Swede, who, at that time, was engaged in compiling a work on the fauna and flora of New France, and also the bravē and bluff La Corne St. Luc. So far as the historical facts are concerned, the reader may consult with advantage the first series of Mr. Le Moine's *Maple Leaves*, and his recent work on Quebec Past and Present; a sketch of the brave La Corne St. Luc, who appears as a prominent figure in the work under review, will be found in *Maple Leaves*, third series. It would seem that Philibert *père* was not a widower with only one son; his wife long survived him, and he was the father of six children, of whom the Pierre Philibert of Mr. Kirby's story was the third, and only 11 years of age in 1748. It was after he had grown up that he killed De Repentigny. These facts are clear from a letter to his mother: "My dearest mother, we are avenged, my father's murderer is no more." Still, as we have already observed, the slight liberties taken with the received accounts, not only do not mar the story, but were absolutely necessary to ensure the unities of time and action, and give completeness to the plot.

The character of Angélique is admirably drawn; at first she is nothing worse than Gwendolen in *Daniel Deronda*, but, at last, led down step to step by the demons of pride and ambition, she contrives murder, and ends as Madame La Pean, by being false to her husband with the Intendant. The latter fact is historically true. Amélie de Repentigny is one of those most lovable and pure-minded girls who immediately take captive a reader's affections, and her mother, the Lady of Tilly, is a fine courtly dame of the old seignorial type, the mother of her censitaires and habitans. La Corriveau, the poisoner, is inimitably drawn, and the skill with which Mr. Kirby has woven his account of her ghastly practices with the *Aqua Tofana* into the narrative is exceedingly clever. Pierre Philibert is a noble young soldier, worthy of Amélie, and even poor weak Le Gardeur attracts one's sympathies. The sketches of manners and institutions under the old *régime* are exceedingly well wrought in without the slightest obtrusiveness, The style is flowing and often extremely beautiful, and, as a whole, the work deserves to be attentively read by all who relish an interesting book, but more especially by those who love Canada and her traditions, and desire to foster and encourage native literature.

CLYTIE. By Joseph Hatton. Lake Champlain Press Series. Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co., New York.

Divide your novel into two parts, separated sharply by a hard and fast interval of ten years. In the first half, drag your heroine through mud and filth, carefully bringing her to the verge of a dozen moral precipices, and leaving the dizzy brain of the spectator half uncertain whether her foot has slipped or not.

In the second section, make your chief feature a trial for libel, 'which, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along,' and in which all the ambiguous scenes, all the besmirching incidents, of the earlier chapters are laboriously gone over again, in the jargon, and with all the petty circumstances, of a police court reporter, garnished by the foul inuendoes of a renovated Sampson Brass. Wind up with a touch of melodrama, a murderous assault, a murder, and a coroner's inquest (for fear the public has not had enough of legal incidents), and drag your heroine out of the mire again, through the cleansing medium of a brain fever.

That is Mr. Joseph Hatton's ideal novel, judging from this specimen. And it is our duty to denounce it unsparingly, as a pernicious and doubly false ideal. False in its morals, for if unfortunate human nature is compelled to read with loathing such an attack as was made upon an innocent lady's reputation during the trial of Arthur Orton (an attack, by the way, to which we are in all probability indebted for this novel), there can be no need to have such revolting details thrust upon us in book form; false from a literary point of view, inasmuch as the dual character of the work already alluded to takes us twice over the same ground, and compels us to observe that the whole of the first part of the book was written simply as a groundwork for the trial scene in the second.

We have read many trial scenes in fiction, some heavy and some flippant, some painfully incorrect in their technicalities, some escaping the risk of error by a cautious vagueness and ambiguity that was almost touching as a tacit confession of the author's ignorance. But it was reserved for Mr. Hatton, and we fancy no author yet to come will try to share his laurels with him, to devote ten mortal chapters (besides a subsequent adjournment) to the report of one trial, out of which seven chapters, or fifty-seven pages, are taken up with the examination of the heroine, and which affects to reproduce with painful fidelity the questions of the lawyers, the points of law argued, the demeanour of prisoner, witnesses, and bystanders, to recount when the attorney opened his blue bag, how the court regularly sat, and on whose request it adjourned from day to day.

Let Mr. Hatton take counsel with the works of the modern masters of fiction. He is an admirer, a would-be imitator of Dickens (witness the impersonated description of a theatrical office at p. 104: 'It was a swaggering, bullying, coaxing, humbugging room, a pretentious imposter of a room . . . it seemed to bounce and look down upon her,' and so on *usque ad nauseam*); let him read the police cases in Oliver Twist, or calculate what proportion the trial scene in George Eliot's 'Adam Bede,' bears to the whole number of pages. Let him try to make his heroines a trifle more proper, even at the expense of their superabundant innocence, though we do not ourselves see why the two qualities should be incompatible. Clytie improves with marriage, but her accepting jewellery from the heavy villain, her exchanging looks of 'conscious triumph' with him, her beckoning-signals for him to visit her in the garden, and her hand-squeezings in the summer house, do not prepossess us in her favour in the first few pages of the work. She has not even the excuse of loving him; she is never in any doubt about that, despite his 'new clothes and shiny hat,' which tell so much upon her inexperienced mind. Moreover, Mr. Hatton has much to learn as to the manners and customs of noblemen and church dignitaries. When he meets a Dean who will avow downright fatalistic doctrines, he will probably find an Earl who will venture to blaspheme in that Dean's presence, but not *till* then.

Enough has been said. Mr. Hatton has a pleasing power of description, but it occasionally betrays him. To say of a heroine that 'she seemed to fill the street,' *may* be a delicate compliment, but seems to us be grotesque, even to the point of becoming ludicrous.

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE. A Novel. By Frances Eleanor Trollope. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1877.

Miss Trollope is to be congratulated upon having written a very satisfactory and praiseworthy novel, though, perhaps, the congratulation would be more justly tendered to the generally unfortunate novel reader. There is neither murder nor suicide throughout the book, the passions of the characters, though sufficiently excited, never lead them into a mad tilt against the ten commandments; yet the interest is unflagging throughout, and is sustained even to the last page. The plot is a simple one, and we are not long left in doubt as to the happy outcome of the adventures of the chief and most pleasing characters; and the frustration of the greedy hopes of the covetous Lady Lowry, and of her cross-tempered but overmastered husband, is foreshadowed (at least to the experienced novel reader) at a pretty early date. But more mystery involves the probable future of some of the minor characters, such as Œnone, and we are in doubt up to the end, how the author will dispose of them; and in the case alluded to, the disposition made seems a little foreign to the character, and resembles an arbitrary and convenient way of getting rid of a supernumerary, rather than a natural outcome of the girl's character.

One of the best personages in the book is Dr. Flagge, the American medium, in whose portrait, though limned by a hand that trenches at times upon the prerogatives of the cari-

caturist, we recognize a powerful and skilful touch. The ordinary stock writer would have been incapable of depicting the scene in which he avows his love for Œnone. The mixture of true feeling with unconscious charlatanry is admirably treated, and, though the chapter progresses in interest throughout, it never becomes really sensational.

The book derives its name from the part borne by spirits in the discovery of a lost will of Sir Rupert Lowry. These 'tricksy sprites,' with Dr. Flagge's help to guide their vaticinations (for our author is decidedly a disbeliever in spiritualistic experiences), lead Sir Cosmo Lowry and his wife a fine dance in pursuit of a handsome competency which had been left away from him by his father. Very cleverly is it shown how the baronet's greedy nature gradually impels him to follow the lead of his coarser and more vigorous-minded wife, and from a sceptic to become, if not a believer, yet, at any rate, an obedient follower of the mysterious guidances vouchsafed to him by means of knocking tables, clairvoyant trances, and dubiously authenticated visions. Few characters in recent fiction have such a clear personality as Lady Lowry, a vulgar country girl, of an eminently commonplace mind, whose paltry and petty nature, with all its meannesses, is thinly varnished over by a superficial education in those accomplishments which simply serve to draw attention to the entire absence of real ladylike feeling in her heart. In one sense how true is the remark her character calls forth from Captain Peppiatt: "The power of stupidity is an awful force in this world. Now Cosmo has some brains, and that puts him at an immense disadvantage with his wife. Oh, by Jove, when you get pure, unalloyed stupidity like Lady Lowry's, it's an awful power! It's Heaven's own mercy that it's generally adulterated with a gleam or two of intelligence, or I don't know what would become of us! There is a great deal of talk about the intellectual development of women, —but if the sex knew where real power lies, they'd try to be stupid.'

We have said enough to show that we have formed a high opinion of this book, and we are sure that those of our readers who follow our advice and buy it, will thank us for directing their attention to a humorous work, written in good style and language, and bearing a wholesome moral in anything but a medicinal form.

HISTORY OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA AND OTHER PARTS OF BRITISH AMERICA. Montreal: Lovell Printing and Publishing Company.

This is a revised edition of the well-known School History in Lovell's series. It is embellished with new plates, and the course of events has been traced downward down to the year 1873. It is scarcely necessary to give an extended notice of a manual which has been so widely circulated. The arrangement of the work under separate Provinces is preferable to the plan which endeavours to carry on the entire history simultaneously and synchronously. Then again the division of the chapters into numbered paragraphs with side-headings is exceedingly convenient. The body of the work, so far as we have examined it, appears to be accurate both in facts and dates; the engravings also are much superior to those in the previous edition, besides being increased in number. It would be a great advantage, if in future editions, small maps were added, somewhat on the scale of the battle-plans already inserted. By some oversight the name of Lord Monck is omitted from the list of Governors, and it might be well if a list of the Intendants of Quebec under the French *regime* were given.

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UNIVERSITY CONSOLIDATION.: A plea for Higher Education in Ontario. By Canadensis. Reprinted from "Belford's Magazine," with extentensive additions. Toronto: Hunter, Rose, & Co. 1877.

THE FAMILY DOOM; OR, THE SIN OF A COUNTESS. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF D. L. MOODY; Related by him in his Revival Work. Compiled by Rev. J. B. McClure. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

THE THEORY OF ART, AND SOME OBJECTIONS TO UTILITARIANISM. By Guy D. Daly, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877. Paper.

POPULAR SAYINGS FROM OLD IBERIA. By Aitiaiche and Fieldat. Quebec: Dawson & Co. 1877. Paper.

THE CRUISE OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIP "CHALLENGER." By W. J. J. Spry, R.N. With Map and Illustrations. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

OCEAN TO OCEAN. Sanford Fleming's Expedition through Canada, in 1872. By the Rev. George M. Grant. Enlarged and revised edition. Illustrated. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

A VINDICATION OF THEOLOGY: Being an address to Theological Students. By J. Clark Murray, LL.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, McGill College, Montreal. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 1877.

ACROSS AFRICA. By Verney Lovett Cameron, C. B., D. C. L. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper Bros. 1877.

NORA'S LOVE TEST. A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay. New York: Harper Bros. 1877.

HARPER'S HALF-HOUR SERIES. Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles and Mary Lamb. I. Tragedies. II. Comedies. New York. Harper Bros. 1877.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE performances of Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' by the Toronto Philharmonic Society were so fully noticed by the daily press, that there is little left for us, except to agree in the generally expressed opinion that, in an artistic sense, they were probably the most satisfactory yet given by the Society. The most marked improvement is in the ochestra, which played admirably throughout, one vice from which hitherto it has never been free—drowning the solo singers by the accompaniments—being carefully avoided. There were, unfortunately, as is almost inevitable with amateur bands, three or four players whose efforts to mar the general result were very industrious, and to a certain degree successful. If these incorrigible offenders could be eliminated, the gain in quality would far more than counterbalance the loss in quantity. Still, Mr. Torrington is to be congratulated on having done wonders with the somewhat intractable materials at his command. The chorus also exhibited improvement, attacking with more precision, and singing generally with greater freedom and delicacy. Of the numbers allotted to the soloists the best rendered was the duet 'Power Eternal,' sung by Mrs. Bradley and Miss Hillary with all the ease and finish of the professional artist. Among the other solo singers was a young lady whose appearance might have been advantageously deferred for a couple of years longer, her voice being neither fully formed nor half trained. The desire for personal display is a rock upon which the Society has already nearly split, and Mr. Torrington would show wisdom by firmly declining to give way to it.

At the Grand Opera House the entertainment during the past month has been unusually good. Mr. and Mrs. Walcott (a sister of Mrs. Morrison), from Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, appeared in 'Amy Robsart,' and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' The former play is an adaptation from Scott's 'Kenilworth,' which it follows closely except in the catastrophe. Mrs. Walcott, as the luckless *Amy*, shewed a good deal of power, but her elocution is marred by an unpleasant trick of catching her breath. 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' has all the coarseness of the age which produced it, and is hardly fit for presentation before a modern audience. Mr. Walcott's *Falstaff* was excellent, though rather overdone. In the following week Miss Louise Pomeroy (wife of the well-known 'Brick' Pomeroy, we believe) appeared in Juliet, Pauline, Rosalind, and Lady Macbeth. Gifted with a good voice, a fine stage presence, and a graceful bearing, Miss Pomeroy possesses the physical requisites for a great actress, and, if, as is said, she appeared in public for the first time only six months ago, her aptitude for the stage is really wonderful. Her best performance was Juliet, though the influence of Miss Neilson was very apparent. She has been trained in a good school, and is remarkably free from vices, the only one worth speaking of being a tendency to drawl in pathetic passages. Her faults are mainly those of omission, the result simply of inexperience. Should she redeem her present promise, there is undoubtedly a very brilliant future before her.

'The Mighty Dollar' is intended to be a society drama, but is mostly mere farce and buffoonery. On its own merits it would not keep the stage a week. The characters are either nonentities or caricatures; and the plot—well, after waiting patiently through two acts for the story to move, the truth began to dawn upon us during the third that there was no story to move. The dialogue—the only redeeming feature—is at times humorous, though occasionally verging on vulgarity and profanity. The production owes its success entirely to the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Florence, as *Bardwell Slote* and *Mrs. Gen. Gilflory*, both characters being impersonated with the ease and finish of the veteran artist, though, it must be admitted, with a good deal of exaggeration. The part of *Mrs. Gilflory* reminds us of a story of an ambitious young English actress, about to attempt Lady Macbeth for the first time. At the final rehearsal a sister actress was congratulating her on the splendid opportunity for display which the character would give her: the other replied: "Yes, the part *is* a good one: there are four changes of costume." In this aspect, the part of *Mrs. Gilflory* must be pronounced exceptionally fine. The daily press was careful to inform the public of the fabulous sums paid for the five elaborate dresses worn by Mrs. Florence; as also of the fact that they were the offspring of the genius of the illustrious Worth, of Parisian fame, the protagonist of that noble outcome of nineteenth-century civilization—the man-milliner. That "the clothes make the man" is a truth so well recognized as to have attained to the dignity of a moral axiom; whether they make the actress is a point which Mrs. Florence no doubt well considered before adopting the practice of laying so much stress upon her outward semblance. The only other character requiring mention is *Libby Ray*, a gushing simpleton of a girl, played with much naiveté and intelligence by Miss Wright.

As it is now some fourteen years since Lincoln proclaimed the emancipation of the slave, and thereby deprived 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of its principal vital interest, it might have been supposed that the novel and the numerous plays founded upon it would long ago have been consigned to that limbo of things forgotten to which they are ultimately destined. It would seem, however, that the story has still an interest for some minds, and its recent production here drew larger than average audiences. The version given, however, is a very dreary one; three long-drawn-out death-scenes in one play is something too much of the doleful, even for the most capacious appetite for the sentimentally pathetic. A good deal of the dialogue is of that peculiarly offensive description which, though intended for piety, is, to those who object to the vulgarising of sacred things, simply cant and irreverence. The adapter has done his worst to degrade the heroic Tom to the level of a snivelling Chadband, and convert Eva into an infantile moral prig of the most objectionable kind. We are happy in the recollection of never having met with any such impossibly precocious incarnation of early piety. Had we ever come across an *enfant terrible* of this description we should have strangled her on the spot, as being far too good for this wicked world. The tone throughout seldom rises above the level of a Sunday-school story carefully adapted to the capacity of children. There were some redeeming features: the cotton plantation scene was admirable in its way, and the singing of the Georgia Cabin Singers was really beautiful. The *Topsy* of Miss Kunkel, in spite of occasional vulgarity and a general too-muchness, was clever and amusing, and the *Legree* of Mr. Vernon sufficiently brutal and repulsive.

of the United States, visited Halifax, whence he sailed for Europe.—The Hon. John Haliburton, member of the Council of Nova Scotia, died on 11th July.—On 24th November Sir George Prevost opened the fourth session of the ninth General Assembly of Nova Scotia. He announced his approaching departure in command of an expedition to the West Indies, and informed the House that during his absence the civil Government would be administered by the Judge of the Admiralty Court, the Hon. Alexander Croke.—Sir George Prevost left Halifax on 6th December, at 9 a.m., in H.M.S. *Penelope*, Captain Dick, and arrived at Barbadoes on 29th December.—On December 7th Mr. Croke was sworn in as President of the Province, and Commander-in-Chief during the absence of the Lieutenant-Governor.—July 5th. The General Assembly of New Brunswick met at Fredericton, when the session was opened by Major-General Martin Hunter, President and Commander-in-Chief of the Province of New Brunswick. Five acts were passed during this session, the most important of which was an "Act for the greater security of the Province by the better regulating the military thereof."—On 30th July the General Assembly was prorogued to the second Tuesday in October.

1809. The fifth session of the fifth Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was opened at York by Lieutenant-Governor Gore on the second* of February. Samuel Street Esq., was chosen Speaker of the House of Assembly. Nine Acts were passed during this session, which closed on the 9th March. The possible contingency of a war with the United States appears to have been ever present with the Governors of the several North American Provinces, as we find the most important Act of this session was "An Act for quartering and billeting, on certain occasions, His Majesty's troops, and the militia of this Province."—February 13th. The Honorables James Baby, Richard Cartwright, and Robert Hamilton, and Thomas Talbot, and William Allen, Esquires, were appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor, Commissioners for the purchasing of merchantable hemp, the growth of Upper Canada.—Postal communication between the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada was still tedious and infrequent, as the following notice, taken from the *York Gazette* of 4th January, 1809, sufficiently testifies: '*For General Information*, the winter mail will be despatched from Quebec for Upper Canada, on the following dates, viz.: Mondays 2nd January, 6th February, 5th March, and 3rd April, each mail may be looked for here from 16 to 18 days after the above periods. The courier from Kingston is to go on to Niagara without making any stay (unless found necessary) at this place so that all persons will have time to prepare their letters by the time he returns for Kingston again. (Signed), W. Allan, Dy. P.M. York. 2nd January, 1809."—The *Quebec Gazette* of 2nd February, contains the following notice relating to Postal matters: "An advertisement dated Terrebonne, 26th December, 1808, signed *Mackenzie, Oldham & Co.*, and *Thomas Porteous*, having appeared in the *Quebec* and *Montreal Ga-*

ernor Sir George Prevost to Viscount Castlereagh. Vice-Admiral Sir J. B. Warren, who was at the time in Halifax appears to have been consulted in the matter, and to have concurred in recommending Mr. Burr's plans to the favourable consideration of the British Government, Mr. Burr's mission was a failure. In 1809 he was, on the complaint of the Spanish ambassador in London, who represented that Mr. Burr was engaged in enterprises against the possessions of Spain in America, ordered to leave the United Kingdom. Mr. Burr never recovered his former position and influence. He died on 14th September, 1836, on Staten Island, New York.

* The Statutes (edition printed at Kingston, U.C., 1831) give the date as the *second*, the York *Gazette* of 3rd February, 1808, says *this day*, that is the *third*.

zettes, intimating that a courier has been engaged to pass between Montreal and Terrebonne, to carry all letters, newspapers and packages not exceeding a certain weight, and such establishment of a post having been made without the authority or knowledge of the Deputy Postmaster General of British North America, the parties therein concerned shall be prosecuted with all possible expedition." The notice goes on to quote at length the provisions of the Post-Office Act, 9th Queen Anne, Cap. 10, and is signed *Geo. Heriot*, Deputy Postmaster General of British North America. Messrs. Mackenzie, Oldham, and Porteous, published a card in reply, stating that although they did, as alleged, carry correspondence between the points indicated, they did so without charge, and had been driven to adopt the course of action complained of, solely on account of the defective arrangements made by the Post-office authorities.—April 10th. The first session of the fifth Parliament of the Province of Quebec was opened at Quebec by His Excellency, Sir J. H. Craig, Governor General. Mr. J. A. Panet was again elected Speaker.—May 5th. It was resolved by the House of Assembly of Lower Canada, "That Ezekiel Hart, Esquire, professing the Jewish religion, cannot sit nor vote in this House."—May 15. His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief prorogued the Parliament of Lower Canada. Five acts were assented to, all of which were to continue or amend existing laws. The Governor in his speech upon this occasion censured the members of the Assembly very severely for their frivolity and inattention to public business. His Excellency, addressing the members of the Assembly spoke a follows: "You have wasted in fruitless debates, excited by private and personal animosities, or by frivolous contests, upon trivial matters of form, that time and those talents, to which within your walls, the public have an exclusive title; this abuse of your functions, you have preferred to the high and important duties which you owe to your Sovereign, and to your constituents; and you have thereby been forced to neglect the consideration of matters of moment and necessity, which were before you, while you have at the same time virtually prevented the introduction of such others as may have been in contemplation."—June 17th. The corner stone of the new goal at Quebec was laid by His Excellency the Governor General, assisted by the members of the Royal craft.—June 23rd. The foundation stone of the Scotch Church in Quebec, was laid by the Rev. Alexander Spark.—June 26th. Governor General Sir J. H. Graig, reached Three Rivers on his way to visit Montreal. An address was presented, to which His Excellency made a suitable reply. Sir James Craig reached Montreal on 28th June, and was received with every mark of respect.—July 18th. Notice is given in the Quebec papers that the "Vermont" steamboat will leave St. John's every Saturday morning at 9 a.m., and reach White Hall about 9 a.m. on Sunday. Returning will leave White Hall at 9 a.m. on Wednesday. The *Quebec Gazette* of July 20th, published in full an act, 49 Geo. III Cap. XVI, to encourage commercial intercourse between *Lower Canada* and *Bermuda*, by which it was provided "that from and after the passing of this act, any Rum or other spirits, being the produce or manufacture of any of His Majesty's sugar colonies in the *West Indies*, legally imported into the island of *Bermuda*, may be legally imported into the *Province* of *Lower Canada*, and landed and admitted to an entry upon payment of the same rate of duty as if the same had been imported directly from any of His Majesty's sugar colo-

nies in the *West Indies*, and under the conditions and restrictions contained in the said act, without payment of duty, in the same manner as if such rum or other spirits had been imported directly from any of the said sugar colonies." An Act (149 Geo. III Cap. 27), "for establishing Courts of Judicature in the Island of Newfoundland and the islands adjacent; and for re-annexing part of the coast of Labrador and the islands lying on the said coast to the Government of Newfoundland," appears at length in the *Quebec Gazette* of the 24th August. By this act such parts of the coast of Labrador from the river St. John to Hudson's straits and the island of Anticosti, and all other smaller islands (except the Magdalen Islands), are separated from the Government of Lower Canada, and re-annexed to the Government of Newfoundland. The Honourable G. E. Taschereau, Colonel of the 2nd Battalion Quebec Militia, Member of the Legislative Council, Grand Voyer of the District of Quebec, died at the Manor House, Ste. Marie, Beauce, on the 18th September. Mr. Pierre Marcoux, who succeeded Colonel Taschereau as Grand Voyer of the District of Quebec, died on the 20th November.—January 26th. The General Assembly of Nova Scotia (4th Session of the 9th Assembly) was prorogued by the Honourable Alexander Croke, President of the Province, who administered the Government during the absence of Sir George Prevost. The President had declined giving his assent to the Appropriation Bill, and in his prorogation speech, he stated his reasons for such refusal by declaring that the Government would appropriate the revenue of the Province more beneficially and economically than the Assembly had provided for by their Bill. The Speaker of the Assembly desired to address his Honour, remonstrating against the disallowance of the Bill, but the President of the Council declared the House prorogued. —April 15th. Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost, Bart., arrived at Halifax, on his return from the West Indies, and resumed the administration of the Government of Nova Scotia. The Lieutenant-Governor's return caused very great satisfaction to the people of Nova Scotia, the inhabitants of Halifax presented him with an address, in which allusion was made to the capture of Martinique, and a public ball and supper were given by the gentlemen of Halifax in his honour. The fifth Session of the 9th General Assembly of Nova Scotia, was opened at Halifax on Wednesday, 7th June, by Sir George Prevost. An Address was presented to his Excellency by the Assembly, complimenting him upon his success in the expedition to Martinique, and a sum of 200 guineas was voted to purchase him a sword or a piece of plate. The session was closed on 10th June, three acts, one being the appropriation act, were assented to. No allusion was made, either by the Assembly or by the Lieutenant-Governor, to the misunderstanding which had arisen between Dr. Croke, whilst administering the Government, and the Assembly, so that what might have caused a serious embroglio, was thus quietly and effectually disposed of by the exercise of a little tact, supported by common-sense. The fifth Session of the General Assembly of Nova Scotia, having been called for a special purpose, it did not interfere with the general arrangements for the meeting of the Assembly; the sixth session was therefore held at the usual time, and was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Sir George Prevost, at Halifax, on Thursday, November 9th, and closed on 22nd December. During this session, a petition was presented to the Assembly, alleging that two young men named McTray and Allan, natives

of Nova Scotia, who had sought redress for the value of some timber they had been unjustly deprived of, by suing the aggressors, had, through a conspiracy, been impressed and carried away in the *Thetis* frigate, to the West Indies, and praying that the House would take action in order to procure their release, and to punish the conspirators ; whereupon the House passed an address to the Lieutenant-Governor for their relief. The Assembly of New Brunswick did not meet for despatch of business during the year 1809.

1810. January 12th. Mr. William Allan, Deputy-Postmaster at York, announces in the *York Gazette*, that 'A regular intercourse with Lower Canada once a fortnight, by post, has now commenced, and will be continued for the ensuing six months, or even for the whole year should it be found necessary."—The second Session of the 5th Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was opened at York on the 1st February, by His Excellency Francis Gore, Esq., Lieutenant-Governor. In his opening speech, Mr. Gore thus alludes to the unsatisfactory state of the relations between Great Britain and the United States : "It would have been an additional source of satisfaction to me to have been enabled to announce to you the restoration and renewal of friendship and amity between Great Britain and the United States of America, which, until of late, have so happily existed. And should the repeated efforts of His Majesty to accomplish so desirable an end not succeed, I trust that his brave and loyal subjects in this Province will evince, as many of them have already done, an unconquerable attachment to their King and Constitution." Thirteen Acts were passed during this session. The laws respecting the making and repairing of public highways and roads were amended and consolidated; provision was made to prevent the forging and counterfeiting of foreign bills of exchange and promissory notes ; an act was passed for levying a duty upon billiard tables; an alteration was made in the law respecting the barring of dower, and sundry other minor matters were attended to. The session terminated on the 12th March. On the 8th March, an address to the King was voted by the Legislative Council of Upper Canada, congratulating His Majesty on his having attained the fiftieth year of his reign, and a similar address was voted by the House of Assembly on the 9th. His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, was requetsed to transmit the same. During this session, the attention of the Legislative Assembly had been called to a pamphlet, published over the signature, "John Mills Jackson," and on the 10th March, it was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Crowell Wilson, seconded by Mr. James McNabb, "that the pamphlet entitled 'A View of the Province of Upper Canada,' signed 'John Mills Jackson, contains a false, scandalous and seditious *libel;* comprising expressions of the most unexampled insolence and contumely towards His Majesty's Government of this Province, the grossest aspersions upon the House of Assembly, the Courts of Justice therein, and the officers of the civil establishment of the said Government, and most manifestly tending to alienate the affections of the people from His Majesty's Government of this Province; to withdraw them from their obedience to the laws of the country, and to excite them to insurrection." An address was also presented to the Lieutenant-Governor expressing the abhorrence and detestation of the Assembly at the aforesaid libel. A presentment was made by the Grand Jury against Mr. Willcock's, a member of the Assembly, and publisher of the *Upper Canada Guardian*, for seditious libel against the Government and the Lieutenant-Gover-