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THE
MARITIME MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

H. L. SPENCER, (ENYLLA ALLYNE), EDITOR.

VOLUME III.

ST. JOHN, N. B.:
PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS AT THE STEAM PRINTING
ESTABLISHMENT OF J. & A. McMILLAN,
78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.
1874.

MARITIME MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE

The Maritime Monthly Club.

OF

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VOLUME III

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JANUARY, 1874.

J. & A. McMILLAN, ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. & W. MACKINLAY, 123 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.
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1874.

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THE
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VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1874.

No. 1.

A DISCUSSION ON BEAUTY.

(Concluded.)

HAVING stated the theory we have undertaken to criticise, and made a remark or two on its general tendency, we may now proceed with our discussion as if no break had been made in it. If the reader wants to catch the thread of the argument, he may refer back to the paragraph which closed with the quotation from Fichte's *Destination of Man*.

But a theory which logically leads to such a consequence must be fundamentally wrong somewhere, however difficult it may be to detect where the fallacy lies. The truth of the matter seems to be, that while the maintainers of the theory in question are right as to many of the facts they adduce, they are wrong as to the inference they draw from those facts. Take the first general argument, the infinite variety and contrariety of objects to which beauty is ascribed. That is simply a statement of fact which proves nothing but the universal presence and prevalence of beauty. To infer that *none* of them are beautiful from the fact that *all* are said to be so, is a curious way of reasoning. If it be said there must be something which is common to all these various objects which entitles them to the epithet, I may answer, Yes! they are all alike in this at least, that they are beautiful; but what exactly beauty is, or wherein it consists, I may not be able to tell you, any more than I can tell you what power is, or space is, or time is. No one can tell us what these are; that is, give an exact definition of them: yet, in spite of the difficulties which the Kantian philosophy, and that of Herbert Spencer,

might beget as to their objectivity, we are sure that they have an existence independently of us—that we neither make them nor unmake them. And why may it not be so with beauty? If I should say that because power is said to reside in an infinite variety of objects, objects so unlike as a thought and a piece of wood, a smile and a cask of powder, it must be a creation simply of the human mind and not an inherent property of material objects, who but a Hume would assent to my statement? or would I be right or near the truth? The only legitimate inference that can be drawn from the fact that an infinite variety and contrariety of objects are called beautiful, is, not that beauty is not a quality of things, but that like life and power, of which it is a phase, it may be hovering and impalpable. It may be real though we may not be able to analyze it into its component elements, or say what it is that makes them beautiful—though we may not be able to seize it and enclose it in a formula, or lay down rules and principles by which we may be able in every case infallibly to determine its presence. It is suggestive always, incomprehensible, and runs with us into the illimitable and infinite.

But further. So far from regarding the fact that such an immense variety of objects go under the name of beautiful as an argument in favour of the Alison-Jeffrey theory of beauty, I think it is one of the very strongest arguments that could be produced against it. For who can say, or pretend to believe, that even one third of the objects which are called beautiful, and which he judges to be beautiful, has ever been associated in his mind, by even the most “casual bond of connection,” with previous agreeable sensations or emotions? Why, we go abroad into the world, and we come upon a thousand things with which we could not possibly have had any previous agreeable experience, and we pronounce them beautiful *at once*, and without being conscious of any resemblance or analogy in the things to objects which we have seen or felt before, or having any agreeable train of thought awakened in us by them, and we think them all the more beautiful *because of their novelty*. We may not know what they are or anything about them, and if we discover in them any resemblance to anything with which we are acquainted, that may be an *additional* trait to their beauty and *enhance* their value to us, but it is not the reason of our instantaneous decision respecting them. If only a small number of things with which we are

familiar were beautiful, it might reasonably be maintained that our ideas of beauty could be explained on the principle of association alone; but since an infinite number, the greater part of which we pronounce at first sight to be beautiful, pass under that title, it is impossible that such a principle can account for all the facts to be explained—unless, indeed, our instinctive perception of beauty be an inherited tendency, like Huggins' famous English mastiff keeper's antipathy to butchers and butchers' shops—the result of an agreeable association with the phenomenon now called beautiful in the experience of our progenitors.

But even that supposition, the supposition, viz., of a transmitted experience, which is dwelt upon by scientific men now-a-days *usque ad nauseam*, only comes the difficulty a step or two further back, and obliges us to ask, by what conceivable or inexplicable process could the sensation or emotion of the agreeable become transformed into the perception of the beautiful in our ancestors or in any one else? We derive pleasure from the perception of beauty, it is true; but we should be careful not to confound the subsequent or contemporary pleasurable emotion with the original and causative perception as has often been done. For if we start with the agreeable alone, we can never make a single step towards the perception of the beautiful. For, observe, if we have had an agreeable experience in connection with any object, all that the laws of association will lead us to, or can be supposed to lead us to, in the future, is the reproduction of our agreeable impressions in the form of ideas of the agreeable, but not of the beautiful. We must have the beautiful to begin with, or we never can get it from association merely,—there can be no association where that condition is wanting; the materials for the associating principle to operate upon are not supposed to be given. That Jeffrey himself substantially admits. The nature of beauty, he says, “is no more explained, nor is less absurdity substantially committed, by saying that things are beautiful because they are agreeable, than if we were to give the same explanation of the sweetness of sugar; for no one, we suppose, will dispute, that though it be very true that sugar is agreeable because it is sweet, it would be manifestly preposterous to say that it was sweet because it was agreeable.” Yet he subsequently says, and his whole theory—all against which we are contending—is founded on the idea “that every feeling which it is agreeable to experience, to recall, or to witness, may

become the source of beauty in external objects, when it is so connected with them as that their appearance reminds us of that feeling." But how does that agree with his previous admission and assertion "that though the agreeableness of such objects depends plainly enough upon their beauty, it by no means follows, but quite the contrary, that this beauty depends upon the agreeableness?" The agreeableness of such objects, it is admitted, depends upon their beauty—beauty, that is, first in thought and the natural order of things; but if beauty be thus the *cause*, it cannot well be the effect of an agreeable sensation or emotions. And so it would seem to be granted that beauty, in some cases at least, is a property of outward things appealing to our sympathies through a constitution harmonized with nature.

So far, then, as any argument can be drawn from the infinite variety of objects to which beauty is ascribed, it seems to point in an altogether opposite direction from that to which it has been supposed to point. Instead of supporting, it seems to bear directly against the association theory. And the longer we consider it, the more are we convinced that so it is. For beauty is no fixed and definite quantity in nature's garner; it moves and shifts and reappears perpetually, and never at two moments of our lives, perhaps, do we see the same things exactly to admire. All is in a flux; perpetual motion within permanent law is the order of nature everywhere; and as to individual forms and phases of it at least, beauty is evanescent and fleeting as a shadow—never the same, except in memory it may be, where, as Keats has sung, "a thing of beauty" may be "a joy for ever." But where perpetual flux is, there can be no association—the conditions are wanting. Yet we are bathed in beauty as in an ether; it is all-pervading and omnipresent almost as the spirit of the Eternal. It may make for itself new forms, and show itself in an infinitude of ways, but always it is there in Nature—in tree or fruit or flower, on mountain and in valley, in wreathing clouds and rippling stream, in gathering storm or glistening dew, in twinkling star and falling snow and setting sun, in coral reef and murmuring shell and roaring ocean. It looks o'er ruined walls and peeps through copse and fern; it streams in the light and steals through dusk and shadow; it waves among the leaves and grass, and haunts the depths of earth and sea; and traverse the globe from pole to pole, it will encompass your path, your lying down, and your rising up. It may not,

it does not, show itself equally to all everywhere and always; but always some faint traces of it may be seen, to gladden the eye and cheer the heart of pilgrims on life's busy highway.

It is time, however, that we were turning to the second general form of argument with which we have to deal. Not only is there that contrariety which we have been discussing in things that are called beautiful, but there is no agreement among men, it is said, as to what is beautiful; and hence it is inferred that beauty is not a quality of outward things at all, but only an affection and projection of the mind. That is an argument which may be used, as we have said, to undermine our ideas of truth and virtue and religion as well as those of beauty. It has been used for that purpose before and ever since Protagoras condensed it in the dogma that "man is the measure of the universe;" and now Spencer and his school are employing it under the convenient phrase, the Relativity of Knowledge, to prove that all our knowledge is merely phenomenal—phenomenal of the Unknown, and that if there be a God we can never know anything about him, He must remain for ever the "Infinite Unknowable." But let us think of it now in relation to our subject, for we have nothing to do with it in the meantime in its wider applications to morality and religion.

There is no agreement in taste, you say. Well, supposing that your statement was strictly and to the utmost true, it would not prove that beauty was not inherent in things; for we might still legitimately hold that it appeared in manifold degrees and ways, and that each mind seized that which by constitution, education, or association, it was fitted to perceive. That there is an endless variety in tastes is just another side of the thought that there is a countless diversity of objects that pass under the name of beautiful; and it may be turned in the same way into a proof of the substantial reality of beauty instead of an argument to the contrary, and of the mutual adaptation of nature to mind and mind to nature. Suppose, and we need not suppose it, for we may find examples of it in actual life almost any day; but suppose that ten or twenty persons on hearing a discourse, or on reading a book, all bring away a different impression of its several parts, and that each differed from all the rest as to the part he liked and approved of, would it not be even a stronger testimony to the real, substantial beauty of the composition as a whole that ten or twenty individuals, who were each of a different mental constitu-

tion and calibre and differently informed, perceived a beauty in ten or twenty different parts, than that they should all agree in declaring that they saw only one and the same beauty in it? If while those of a poetic temperament were in raptures with its imagery, its diction, and the easy flow and rythm of its composition, the logical mind enjoyed its reasoning and pronounced it faultless, and the bold, the sensitive, the gentle, and the loving all found much in it which pleased their taste and called forth their admiration, we would naturally say, wouldn't we? it must surely be an altogether excellent piece of composition when all shades of disposition and grades of understanding find in it their element. The man of hard and reasoning faculties with no emotion, might think its tender passages more or less ridiculous or silly, and the emotional and imaginative might see nothing attractive in its close, consecutive reasoning; but the very excellence, the real perfection and beauty of the work as a whole, would just consist in this, that it suited all—all temperaments and capacities and forms of mental action. Well, to turn to no lower source, we have surely such a book in nature. There the subtle and the weird, the tender and the melancholy, the gentle and the awful blend harmoniously together, and are governed by laws as strict in their sequence as the most rigorously logical mind could wish; and every one, from the child which has hardly learned to distinguish self from things to the astronomer who weighs the spheres and predicts the return of comets, may find in this broad round earth beneath us, or in the heavens above us, something which appeals to his sense of order and beauty and sublimity, and though each may see a different beauty, and in strangely contrasted objects, the fact that all see something beautiful there would seem to point, we humbly submit, to the infinite wealth of nature rather than to the illusiveness of her fair appearances.

We are conscious of a seeming paradox in the argument we have just adduced, and we may at once answer an objection by way of anticipation. We have said, not dogmatically, but by way of question, that we may have a stronger testimony to the substantial beauty of an object in the fact that each of twenty different persons perceives a different beauty in it than that they should all agree in declaring that they saw the same; and hence we may be charged with maintaining that the testimony of one is stronger evidence to the existence of a fact than that of twenty. But it

is to be observed that though each of the twenty perceives a different beauty, they are all supposed to see it *in the same object* though in different parts, and that thus we still have the testimony of twenty, and not of one only, to the fact that the object is beautiful. But further, and more especially, it is to be noted that the twenty are all supposed to be *differently constituted and trained*; and it is only by not observing and allowing for that condition that our statement is not seen to be as clearly true as that the denial of it would be absurd. For we hold it as incontrovertible, and as practically acknowledged by all, that persons of a certain bodily framework, and mental constitution and development, stand in the same position relatively to certain aspects of beauty as the blind to colours, the deaf to sounds, or those without an ear to music, or as persons who see, say, standing in different relations and positions to an object of sight. To demand that all should see the same beauty in all things as a proof of the reality of beauty when all are not possessed in an equal degree of the same faculties and training, and do not stand, so to speak, at the same angles of observation, is like demanding that a thing should be before it exists, or like insisting that the blind should give their testimony to the existence of an object which can be perceived by sight alone before we who see should believe in its existence.

It was long ago observed by Addison that what we call a difference *in taste* is not so much that as a *difference in what is perceived* from the degree of attention given, or the difference in the development of the sensibility or imaginative power. "We find one transported with a passage," he says, "which another runs over with coldness and indifference; or finding the representation extremely natural, where another can perceive nothing of likeness or conformity. This different taste must proceed either from the perfection of the imagination in one more than another, or from the different ideas that several readers affix to the same words. For, to have a true relish, and form a right judgment of a description, a man should be born with a good imagination, and must have well weighed the force and energy that lie in the several words of a language, so as to be able to distinguish which are the most significant and expressive of their proper ideas, and what additional strength and beauty they are capable of receiving from conjunction with others. The fancy must be warm, to retain

the print of those images it hath received from outward objects; and the judgment discerning, to know what expressions are most proper to clothe and adorn them to the best advantage. A man who is deficient in either of these respects, though he may receive the general notion of a description, can never see distinctly all its particular beauties; as a person with a weak sight may have the confused prospect of a place that lies before him, without entering into its several parts, or discerning the variety of colours in their full glory and perfection." (On the Pleasures of the Imagination, Paper VI., No. 416 of *Spectator*.)

To the same effect Burke observes, in his ingenious Discourse on Taste prefixed to his "Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," that it is from "*a difference in knowledge* that what we commonly, though with no great exactness, call a difference in taste proceeds. A man to whom sculpture is new, sees a barber's block, or some ordinary piece of statuary; he is immediately struck and pleased with its likeness, because he sees something like a human figure; and entirely taken up with its likeness, he does not at all attend to its defects. * * * * Some time after, we suppose that this novice lights upon a more artistic work of the same nature; he now begins to look with contempt on what he admired at first; not that he admired it even then for its unlikeness to a man, but for that general though inaccurate resemblance which it bore to the human figure. What he admired at different times in these so different figures, *is strictly the same*; and though his knowledge is improved, his taste is not altered."

The quotations seem to add the weight of authority to the idea expressed in the preceding paragraph, that the seemingly great variety in tastes and diversity of deliverances respecting what is beautiful, is an argument not so much for the illusiveness of beauty as for the infinite fulness of nature in degrees of beauty and her adaptation to all the varying wants and capacities of man. The beauty is there in nature—in things external, but it needs an eye to see it and certain conditions of mind and heart to catch it in its subtle and ever-shifting evolutions. The practised ear can detect a jarring note in music which passes unperceived by others, and there is no disputing that it was produced though it was not heard by some; the blind can tell the colours of a cloth by touch, when we, whose fingers have not been used for such a

purpose, can perceive no difference; and so, as we unfold through growth, experience and education, we may see a deeper and different kind of beauty, it may be, in art, in nature, and in human life; and as a consequence of our own advancement and progress in humanity, things which once appeared so pleasing may look comparatively dull and unattractive. But still it is to be noted that we are not thus passing from one illusion to another, but from one degree of perfection in perceptive power to another. Indeed, it might be argued that if beauty were a quality with which we clothed an object from our agreeable experience in connection with it, and not a quality in things themselves, we could not thus connect our ideas of it with different objects in a progressive scale, but that our sense of the beauty of things must intensify according to the length of our acquaintance with them; and that as our past agreeable experience with an object must remain an absolute and eternal fact, that object must so far continue to appear to us as beautiful for ever. But as this is a point which we may return to in the sequel, we need not dwell upon it now.

So far we have argued on the supposition of an absolute and irreconcilable diversity of opinion as to what is beautiful; but we may now stop for a moment in our career and ask the simple, yet very important question, is the disagreement after all so great as some would seem to represent? And the answer, we think, must in all fairness be, that on broad and general grounds there is as perfect a unanimity of thought and sentiment as to beauty, as there is in the tastes of the palate and the perception of colours, and that difference emerges only in questions of detail comparatively. There are things which every one with reason probably would at once allow to be beautiful. There may be differences of choice or preference with reference to form or size or shade of colour, but what savage, or child, or educated man or woman of any age or nation, would not be pleased with a full-blown, perfect rose? Take any individual rose, and you might find some who would say that they had seen one more beautiful; but every one would agree with every other probably in recognising some beauty in every flower of the species. And it is the same more or less with all other flowers and forms in nature. No matter what your age or nationality or associations, you will see a glory in some sunsets and a grandeur in the starry sky. One may see more

splendour and beauty in them than another, but all would agree in classifying them under the name of beautiful. There is a universal agreement too, for instance, as to the comparative beauty of certain species of animals or plants. Who would say that the crocodile was as pretty as the race-horse, or as graceful in its motions as the sailing swan? or that an unfledged sparrow was as pleasing to the eye as a brilliant cockatoo? Who would prefer a stunted slae-bush to the shading elm as an ornament for his lawn, or deck his garden with the dandelion and the gowan, rather than the cactus and the rose? Or take human life and character. There are deeds and lines of conduct which command the admiration of all who hear of them and are capable of judging. There are musicians and orators who take all audiences as by storm, and gain a world-wide fame. There are poets and painters who by common consent of ages take the lead in literature and art. Does not that shew agreement as to what is beautiful? And how can we account for facts like these, if there is no intrinsic beauty in things—if it be wholly a web of our own experience and sensibility?

A good deal has been made of the different ideas of beauty among different nations; but the difference is all on the surface, and is not so great as at first sight it might seem. There may be a difference which can be seen by all in customs and dress and general habits of life; but that difference does not always indicate a difference in taste. It may be and often is the result in a large degree of the necessities of temperature and climate, and so forth. For people are influenced in their choice of dress and the formation of habits, etc., not only by ideas of beauty, but by feelings of comfort and convenience, and a thousand other things as well. We see that in the case of men of different nationalities assuming the costume and habits of their adopted country. When Europeans go to India, they don the native garb not as a matter of taste, but of necessity. And that there is no great difference in our ideas of beauty is seen in this, that when foreigners do assume the native dress of any nation, they frequently display even greater taste in details of choice and arrangement than the natives, the natives themselves being judges. And as to the delight with which we "catch the strains of our native melodies in strange or in distant lands," that delight may arise from the comparatively greater actual beauty of our national airs, or, which is more frequently

the case perhaps, simply because they recall bygone days and old associations, but not because we judge them finer than those we hear in foreign lands. We may like to hear a tune which we heard in our youth, although we may consider it anything but beautiful. For there is a conservative element in us all, and we like old habits and ways sometimes, and whatever suggests or recalls old associations, and prefer them frequently for the time being to others, though we may regard them as decidedly less graceful in themselves. But these habits and prejudices and preferences, or whatever you may call them, are not to be confounded with our decisions respecting beauty. They are distinct in reality, and they ought to be regarded as different in our speculations.

But allowing that there are differences in national tastes from an original difference of temperament and constitution, and it may be of training and climate, that does not affect the truth of the belief that there is a beauty of things as we have seen; and the difference after all is but slight and superficial. For in works of art, in the disposition of colours in the making of ornaments for the house or person, there is a general consensus of opinion among all, and there has been from the first of times. The untutored Indian and the "heathen Chinese" make ornaments which vie in beauty with any that can be produced by the most ingenious and cultivated among the nations of Europe or America, and they are ready in turn to admire the trinkets and flowers, and paintings which we admire and think so fair. They receive our poetry and classic authors according to their education and development in mental power, and we go back three thousand years and find ourselves at one with Homer and other ancient Greeks, with Moses and Miriam as they chant their song of deliverance from the foe, and with the Chinese and Egyptians in the constructing of their walls and pyramids. "Beautiful is the love of nature in the Philoctetes," says Emerson in that remarkable essay of his on History. "But in reading those fine apostrophes to sleep, to the stars, rocks, mountains and waves, I feel time passing away as an ebbing sea. I feel the eternity of man, the identity of his thought. The Greek had, it seems, the same fellow beings as I. The sun and moon, water and fire, met his heart precisely as they met mine. Then the vaunted distinction between Greek and English, between classic and romantic schools, seems superficial and pedantic. When a thought of Plato becomes a thought to me,—when

a truth that fired the soul of Pindar fires mine, time is no more. When I feel that we two meet in a perception, that our two souls are tinged with the same hue, and do, as it were, run into one, why should I measure degrees of latitude, why should I count Egyptian years."

If there is anything at all on which different tribes and nations substantially agree, it may indeed be said to be in their ideas of beauty. The difference is no more than is necessary to set off their general unanimity of sentiment, and to illustrate the principle, as applied to the nations as a whole, which some lay down as the most general expression and fundamental law of beauty, and which lies at the root of being, unity in variety.

As to the third objection which has been urged against the idea of beauty being an inherent quality of things, a very few words in answer may suffice. If colours were beautiful in themselves, it is said they would be beautiful wherever they were seen, and no matter how arranged. And the simple answer is, You are right; and so they are. But distinguish: there *may be an incongruity in their relations which is not beautiful*. Sky-blue is just as beautiful on the nose of a woman, or any where else you may like to put it, as in the vault of heaven, *when we regard the colour alone and without relation to its position*. And so it is with the forms of things. A beautiful face is beautiful no matter who possesses it. The rosy, chubby cheeks of childhood would be just as beautiful in a man of forty as a boy of five years old when regarded by itself; but there would be an incongruity *in the relation* between age or manhood and such features which would not be pleasing to our "home-bred fancies" and associations. It would not be natural. And now observe. In that there are such relations, and such perceptions of relations, which we cannot alter or reverse at will, and in the reversal of which would be the reversal of nature's order, we have the very strongest evidence that beauty is not, and cannot be, wholly the result of association, but that it must be inherent in the very nature of things. The very fact that there are relations of things which we cannot alter without a sense of incongruity, or, in other words, that there is a place for all things which is *natural*, involves as a fundamental idea that there is an order and law of nature *given us in experience*, but not made by it, which we must observe before we can make things beautiful in art; and therefore that there are laws

of beauty antecedent to and pre-supposed in all association, and on which experience, or association itself, must rest as a basis. And to go further and ask, "If the smile, which now enchants us, as the expression of innocence and affection, were the sign attached by nature to guilt and malignity; if the blush which expresses delicacy, and the glance that speaks intelligence, vivacity, and softness, had always been found united with brutal passion or idiot moodiness; is it not certain, that the whole of their beauty would be extinguished, and that our emotions from the sight of them would be the reverse of what they now are?" is really nothing more, though it sounds very profound and puzzling, than to ask whether, if the order of things were changed, it would not be different from what it is. Of course, if it were different from what it is, it would not be the same; but that is nothing to the point, and the question might very pertinently be asked, whether such a change as is supposed is at all conceivable or within the bounds of possibility.

Then as to the statement that sounds affect us differently according to the circumstances in which they are heard, and as we conceive of them, there is no question as to the fact. But let us here again distinguish. The falling of a drop of water is just as insignificant when heard in a subterraneous vault or cave, *when considered abstractly and apart from its surroundings*, as when we hear it above ground in the light of day. And so with the scream of an eagle, the hooting of an owl, etc. They would be the same, and have the same effect upon us, whenever or wherever they could be heard, if they were considered abstractly and in themselves. But since the effect is different, the cause must be different. And the reason why we have at one time the emotion of the sublime on hearing a sound, and at another are not affected at all or remain indifferent on hearing the same sound, is, that in the two cases *the mental perception is different*. That is to say, it is not the slow dripping of water alone, nor the hooting of the owl alone, nor the scream of the eagle alone, nor the mere sound as of thunder that awakes the emotion of the sublime, but *the whole mental perception*—the sound *and* the circumstances, the dripping of water *with* the silence and emptiness, the hooting *and* the darkness of night and the gloom of the adjacent wood, the scream of the eagle *with* the conception of freedom and height, the sound *with* the ideas of power and of danger as connected with

thunder and the artillery of the skies. So then it is not the same sounds that affect us differently, but the different circumstances and our perception of them. No insignificant sound can ever by itself be otherwise than insignificant. It seems a truism, but yet we need to maintain as against some philosophers, that things are just what they are.

It will now be evident to all, I think, that a pretty good defence may be made of the truth of the general assumption that beauty is an inherent quality of things, and not a mere projection of the feelings on them. But to finish the discussion of our subject satisfactorily would require as much again as we have written thus far, and more perhaps, and we are afraid that our readers may have already got tired following us; so we will retire from the scene at the conclusion of the first part of our discussion, and leave them to their reverie.

WILLIAM P. BEGG.

A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT was that hour of all the twenty-four, the darkest, wherein one feels, amid the horror of thick darkness, the profound agony of earth sighing drearily through the ineffable silences of the night for the coming dawn, and the absent sun.

A creek opens out at the innermost angle of the Bay on the south side of the promontory of the Dog's Nose; a creek, walled all round by scarpèd rocks, higher than the width of it.

It seemed a very pit of blackness dug out of the murky gloom. The abyss yawned as if to swallow up those three shrinking figures we might dimly descry groping along the verge.

There is but one practicable path downwards; and they are straining their eyes, and feeling all along with their hands to find its beginning.

A low whistle from the central one of their number apprises the others of his success, and they prepare to descend.

“What will we do with this accursed brute?” says one. “If we turn him loose, he will draw the redcoats on us again. And we dare not shoot him either. Sound travels far in the night.”

“Push him over the cliff—it’s the quietest way;” grumbled another voice in reply.

As if aware of their amicable intentions towards him, and resolved that at all events he should not *quietly* be put out of the way, the steed pricked up its ears, and sent off into the night a shrill, resonant neigh.

“Curse the brute; stab him!” said one.

The other moved forward in act to strike; when Inkerman, for it was none other, resenting this base return for his *super-equine* exertions in their cause, suddenly wheeled round, and letting fly both heels, gave his assailant a taste of his mettle and a parting *souvenir* in the shape of a broken knee-pan; and then dashed off on the homeward route.

A howl of pain and rage burst forth from the disabled ruffian.

“*Sacre!*” hissed Delaval. “Cease, or you shall taste the knife yourself. Be quick. They are upon us.”

He was right. Rising shouts, and the sound of galloping hoofs came distinctly to their ears. They commenced the descent.

Their progress was hurried and painful. Vaguely here and there on the projections of the slope could be distinguished the twists and turns of the path which wound, full of knots and elbows, down the almost vertical incline.

It was a path fitter for goats than for human feet. A stranger might wonder what could induce those three fugitives to risk their necks there,—and in the dark, too,—where the hardy peasant will scarce venture in broad day.

They have a motive, though—concealment; not only concealment, but flight, as presently appears.

One dragging, half-carrying the other, the two men come foremost; the woman brings down the rear.

We have seen evidence before of Delaval’s abilities as a cragsman. They are all needed in the present venture.

Enough; they finally arrived in safety at the little shelf in the rock which does duty as a beach.

A warp attached to an iron ring in the stone, led the eye outwards to where a black lustreless blot on the lustrous black of the water, shewed where a fishing hooker lay moored.

A plank is found on the marge by Delaval, and is slid along the warp till it strikes the gunwale. A second more, and he and Marie between them are helping the lame man aboard.

The woman cuts the warp. One man with a pole thrusts off from the rock; the sails are being slowly hoisted by the other. Finally they begin to fill away and draw off from the shore. Not a second too soon either: for momentary flashes are illuminating the cavernous depths; and rattling reports, and the sharp ping! of plunging rifle-bullets tell them their enemies are probing the darkness for the secret of their mysterious flight.

A few passing glimpses by the fitful blazing of their pieces,—the point of a mast, the tip of a gaff, a few shroud-lines relieved in sudden white against the murky sky beyond, a vision gliding ghost-like over the summit of the rent crag through which the narrow mouth of the creek winds its serpentine way, that was the last ever seen by mortal eye of the hardy hooker and its flying crew.

Larry, the groom, who had led the pursuit, mounted on Calvert's rough-riding mare *Bob-na-Sheelah*, as he lost sight of the last spar, roared out after the fugitives by way of valedictory:

“Bad scran to yez, for murdherin', thavin villians! An' sure it's the land is the loighthier for the loss av yer weight. Away wid ye, away wid ye; and bad luck attind ye! Many's the dhry eye ye'll lave aafter ye. A bloody death, a suddint, an' a chokin', may ye die; a wet grave, an' a wide, an' a onaisy one be your portion; the hottest hole beyant there to dhry yez; an' the back av His hand to yez on the Day av Judgment, for iver an' iver, Amin! That's all the harrum I wish ye. Bad cess to yez, ye thaves o' the wurruld!”

With which final adjuration, feeling mightily relieved, the worthy ostler wheeled about, and tightened his clasp on Inkerman's bridle, who, as he galloped back, had suffered himself to be caught. Finally, he led off on the home-route, and entertained his comrades by the way with marvellous accounts of the old horse's prowess and sagacity. He stoutly averred his belief that, both in his own interests and in those of society at large, the veteran steed had “lint one of the bloody Turks a loundherin' larrup by way of good-bye—for,” said he, “didn't I hear him give that nate bit squal av his that always manes mischief: an', more be token, he hit hard, too; for the varmint wouldn't ha' let out the yelp he did, if he could have helped it.”

All that day and the next, the party in the fishing craft urged their flight, steering almost by chance, and only eager to escape pursuit.

Vain to attempt putting into any British port! Were they even safe in their native land? The telegraph must, ere this, have flashed the news of their daring attempt and its failure over the civilized world. Retribution must be even now on their track. Each distant sail filled them with nervous tremors, and their only anxiety was to place as great a distance as possible betwixt themselves and their fellow-creatures.

They cursed the light and variable breezes that wafted them on, now swiftly, now slowly, by fits and starts, and anon died utterly away, leaving the sails idly flapping against the sun-bleached mast. Was this a time to be made the sport of capricious breezes—the plaything of the inconstant elements—when life itself hung upon their expedition?

Delaval sat gloomily doubled over the tiller-bar. He had counted upon falling in with the mail steamer for America, now due. Or failing that, he was anxious to come up with some craft outward-bound:—whither, it little mattered,—anywhere to escape the avenger.

But his course, at first—due west, to throw his pursuers off the track, and then in a south-east direction—had left him far out of the usual track,—far too from land, where he might have replenished their meagre store of provisions.

The locker was empty. A few scraps of stale biscuit, some potatoes and salt fish, that was all from the first; and all was gone now. Starvation stared them in the face. The anker of water, too, was all but done.

Barillot, wounded and feverish, had drawn heavily upon their small supply. He himself had exceeded, for he had not escaped scatheless in his hand-to-hand struggle with the American; but, in his bruised body and aching bones, had learned that even naked fists, wielded boxer-fashion, can do stern work in a righteous cause.

Marie alone sat firm and collected, facing the posture of affairs.

The two men were completely demoralized, though each shewed it in a different way.

Barillot was sulky, growling, ravenous, dangerous, like a trapped and starved bear in spring time.

Delaval, affecting not to notice his comrade's querulousness, but

to be scanning the distant horizon, was nevertheless painfully repressing his rising irritation; and one could see that at any moment his pent-up wrath might leap forth in sudden violence.

It was Barillot who spoke, and this in a grumbling monologue, sufficiently exasperating at any time, but doubly so now to Delaval.

“*Diantre!* Is this our grand estate we were to pick up in yonder accursed land of savages? I have got nothing but hard blows, and hard lines, and hunger! The dogs have bit me, the horses have kicked me, the children have stoned me, the women have spit upon me. I have been hounded and beaten, mangled on the rocks, and half-drowned in the breakers, scorched, and maimed, and massacred; and all for what? To lie here and starve—that Monsieur may have plenty—that Monsieur may succeed in the grand affair! It is my mangled body that must form the stepping-stone to Monsieur’s grandeur. From my bleeding entrails I must spin the web that is to catch Monsieur’s flies for him. Honour and wealth for him; the torture, the gibbet for me. It is all one. I am only Barillot,—Barillot the serf,—Barillot the villain: Monsieur is *le grand seigneur!* A Barillot has only to sin and to suffer, that Monseigneur may rise and rule. What matter what comes of us others? We are only the *canaille*. For him my wife murders, and goes mad;—for him my Lisette must soil her soul with the slaughter of the innocents, and herself gets murdered; for him *Le petite* must forget his old grandfather—must sell herself body and soul. What matter? It is all to minister to Monseigneur’s pleasure, to Monseigneur’s success:—and what a success! *O mon Dieu!*”

“Cease, grandfather,” said the girl; “you annoy Monsieur; you outrage me.”

“*Pauvre petite!*” he continued, “thou wert to be Madame la Comtesse, so soon as the game was won. Now thou art—what! *Une p——!*”

“Silence, scum! or I will make fish-bait of your brains!” thundered Delaval, turning at the insulting epithet with livid lip and flaming eyes upon his confederate in crime; and his hand stole ominously to his bosom.

“Adolphe!” screamed Marie, starting up between the two; “What is it you would do? In shedding his blood, it is mine you would spill.”

His head turned away with something of a softened look at this

appeal. But the infatuated and desperate ruffian seemed only the more goaded to madness by the younger man's menaces. Struggling up to a sitting posture, he glared on Delaval with his one bloodshot eye. The other eye, useless and defaced, was hidden under a mass of gangrene, into which his festering wound had turned. This, with his fierce, heavy jowls, and tusks like those of a wild boar, bared and snapping viciously, made his whole physiognomy appear inexpressibly loathsome and ferocious.

"Ha, scum!" said he; "but the scum sometimes boils over. Tread on the worm; at last he may turn. Beat the hound without mercy, and one day he will bite. Guard thyself, insolent! It is my turn now." Thus muttering to himself, his lurid eye kept roving restlessly round, as if in search of some weapon. At length a heavy iron pintle caught his gaze. With a savage growl he grasped it, then ramping on one hand and knee, with his disabled limb trailing uselessly behind him, and the new-found weapon brandished over his head, he moved painfully with a slow but horrible persistency aft.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WITH set teeth Delaval watched the oncoming vengeance he had provoked.

Marie, for once losing her self-possession, sat petrified with horror. Once, twice, she opened her lips to speak; but voice failed her in this supreme moment of need. Her eye, which in its really marvellous magnetic power, had never before failed to quell the lower intelligence of this man, was powerless now. He did not even glance at her.

All the revenge, the rage, the madness of a blasted lifetime were concentrated in that murderous glare that shot past her to his foe. Still onwards he crawled, relentless as Fate.

At that instant the words dropped behind her,—

"This must end!" Then a shot was heard.

Whether it was that the pistol was badly aimed, or that the ball had glanced off the iron weapon which Barillot had instinctively thrust forward as a guard, certain it is, that beyond shattering the ruffian's jaw, and making him still more hideous and furious than before, the shot had utterly failed of effect.

"Curse it all!" said Delaval, in an undertone. "It was my last;" and he hurled, with his full force, the now useless revolver :

at his antagonist. This stroke, too, was caught, and in part parried, by the rude weapon, though it still further laid open the cheek, and rendered still more diabolical the aspect of the infuriated madman.

Delaval was now at bay. He drew his dagger, and caught it between his teeth. With one wrench he unshipped the tiller-bar, grasped it with both hands, and prepared to sell his life dearly.

Marie had, meanwhile, by a supreme effort of will, forced an instant's reflection.

How shall she prevent the shock? Between these opposing and fulminating electric poles, how shall she prevent contact? how avert the inevitable explosion? how interpose the non-conductor?

An inspiration! She dives into the locker, draws in haste Delaval's pocket-flask of brandy; then in a simple calm voice says, as she thrusts its open orifice under her progenitor's bleeding and battered muzzle,—

“Have a drink, little grandpa?”

The grateful aroma in his nostrils, the strangely familiar voice in his ears, and lo! the wild beast in all the ardor, the passion, the accumulating impulses and energies of the final spring upon his prey—swerves, stops short, stops to smell—to smile—to drink—ay, and—to *die!*

That instant's diverted attention has cost him his life!

Delaval, profiting by the momentary diversion, has darted forward, and plunged his keen dagger in the throat of the man who has served him with life, with honour, with the shame of wife, of child, of grandchild.

The poor wretch's one eye, fast glazing in death, glares with an unutterable curse on his own idolized darling, who has betrayed with a kiss, and helped on the murder of the one only parent she ever knew. And for whom has she done this thing? For him the remorseless villain, the tyrant, the instigator of all the murders that had been, or were attempted to be perpetrated; for him who has even now been refusing her justice, and taunting her with the degradation he himself had produced. And this from her? when he had but risen up to right, or to avenge her wrong!

Such were the speechless accusations, the overwhelming menace, the despairing imprecations that spoke to the girl's conscience with avenging clearness from the dead man's eye.

And now the black night swoops down upon the guilty pair all alone in mid-ocean—alone with the butchered corpse glaring ghastly up to the murky heavens. This thing, no longer a man; these remains, no longer a presence; how frightful to have this kill-joy forming a third at their *tête-à-tête*—to have this skeleton at their frenetic feast of delight to which they would fain have given themselves up—to have this silent, uncompromising witness, even more redoubtable in death than in life, sternly forbidding the indulgence of their lawless loves.

For these two loved: that is to say, they had loved—devotedly, to distraction.

Was theirs a love, though, that would stand the crucial test of distress, of famine, of probable death? Ah, no! It was but a guilty flame. The pure in heart alone can face death unblenching, and enter Heaven triumphing in their love.

Was that love; was it not rather guilty terror, which—as they drew together an instant clinging lip to lip—suddenly sent them shrinking back as the hand would chance to encounter the slippery blood, or the eye would casually fall on the viscous shimmering of the dead man's face?

Alas! There was that between them henceforth they never could away with—that which murdered sleep, which murdered love.

And so they sat apart in silence—two phantom forms watching a spectre: terrible to each other, and terrified more and more at their handiwork. Their eyes dwelt with a horrible fascination on their victim; and yet they could not summon courage to heave overboard the mute witness of their crime.

With the darkness came the storm—God's messenger of wrath—upon them.

The sky, a black vault, was rent by the fiery flashes of God's sword of vengeance. The thunder-tones of his fury rolled over the heads of the doomed ones.

The sea, a seething, shimmering, phosphorescent sheet of flying foam, and wind-driven billow, and multitudinous fire glistening and leaping at them from every ripple and dashing spray-cloud, and dancing up and down the masts and spars and playing in a ceaseless glimmer over the dead man's face—these were the frightful surroundings, and that the central horror of the great darkness wherewith these two lost souls were environed.

And so the night wore on, ever more and more terrible; and the phantom-ship, with stripped spars, and its ghastly freight of the living and the dead, swept on ghost-like before the irresistible might of the tempest—on through unknown seas to unknown shores. And these two motionless figures sat—drenched, starving, frenzied—through it all, waiting and wishing for the day.

But when the day finally came, they cursed it in their hearts, and wished for night again. For the dawn but showed them the more clearly the ruin to which they were given up, and that dread thing which would not suffer them to loose their horrified regards from the blasting spell of its vitreous stare.

The frightful lungs of the tempest sobbed and heaved, and blew stronger and stronger, its gusty respirations through space becoming momentarily more monstrous.

The light showed the ruin which the darkness only suggested. They could see the waves now, they could only hear before: like sleuth-hounds they came on—tireless, implacable, scenting them from afar, chasing them, hounding them down. Each tenth wave, like a crouching tiger, seemed crawling on its belly over the sea; then it bounded raging, resistless upon the hapless craft: and each, as it swept over them, carried with it something away in its teeth of foam—some morsel, some fragment of their shattered bark.

It was a mere question of time now, how long they would float.

The ocean was leisurely making its meal of them, bite after bite. When would it be satiated?

The sails were gone, spirited away in the darkness. The night-storm had whipped them out of the boltropes, like a pickpocket snatching a handkerchief. The spars, creaking and straining, had one by one snapped their stays and come down by the run; the masts, swaying wildly, had followed with a crash, and at each surge of the vessel kept thumping like battering-rams outside. The rudder was long gone; the bulwarks were gone; everything seemed going—but one; the dead man's corpse was still there.

Night, and storm, and foaming ocean all united in respecting that.

And so the long day in turn wore through, terrible in its utter monotony of spoliation and dismemberment, and oncoming destruction.

And another night was upon them—with storm and starvation,

and the ever-haunting dead man's face. Through what dread dangers they passed, by what beetling crags, and ironbound coasts, and foam-girt reefs, and half-sunk ledges, can never be known.

But at last came the calm, and the light of day once more; but it was a light more formidable than all the darkness, a calm more redoubtable than any storm. Over the fair summer scene there seemed written in characters of flame the dread Dantean legend "*Lasciate ogni speranza.*" Perforce, they must "lay aside all hope" now.

The bright sun, the blue sky, the joyous day, what was it all but a horrible mockery? The purple streak of the shores inviting them, the land birds flying out and beckoning them, what was it but a redoubling of their misery? For what hope was there? They were chained there, helpless; and death, like a huge kraken, was reaching up from the depths, and slowly, surely sucking them down.

The hardy hooker had gallantly fought the storm, but now she must succumb: she had sprung a leak. Delaval and Marie, with their wasted strength laboured by turns at the pump: but they could make small impression; the water gained steadily.

Oh, the frightful calm! The tempest was gone, the wind had quitted them; and this that they had taken for their salvation was their destruction. Welcome rather the tornado, and the bounding billow! These may dash and buffet you about; they may even send you crashing against a reef or a precipice; but they still drive you on, and you have at least a chance of being hurled against some propitious strand. But no wind, no hope!

The water, without haste, and without interruption, irresistible and stolid, mounted inch by inch. The dead man's body was floating higher and higher; and they, his murderers, in proportion sank lower and lower. There was plenty of time though. It might be hours yet before they would be quite on a level. Meanwhile they waited; glared all round, seaward, landward—no sail: glared at each other's pinched faces, hungry eyes—no hope!

The supreme hour was then come at last. They must prepare to meet death.

But how?

They have not exchanged a word for twenty-four hours. Not a hand-pressure, not even a touch has passed since the bloody deed of two evenings before. Their lips are parched, baked with thirst,

glued to their palates : speech is denied them. Only their eyes glare hungrily at each other.

A thought strikes Delaval.

He pulls out of a pocket book where they have long lain secreted, sundry yellow, creased parchments ; and shews them to Marie who nods approval.

Then she ventures over beside him, and pulling out a pin begins industriously picking and sucking her bare arm till the blood flows freely. He sits silently by her, plying with feeble fingers his pen, and dipping from time to time into this living standish.

Absently he puts the point to his lips before each dip ; he envies the girl whom he sees sucking so eagerly.

At last the task is accomplished, and he passes the pen to Marie. Whilst she prepares to append her signature, she is a little surprised to feel his mouth on her arm. Nevertheless she smiles encouragement : he too sucks greedily.

The paper is signed, and Marie disengages herself.

Her companion then bends over the floating corpse beside them, and undoes from the dead man's gripe the bottle he died in drinking. He empties it carefully of the last drop of water ; rolls up his documents into tight spills ; inserts them into the flask ; snaps close the spring-stopper ; smears over it a clot of pitch the sun had caused to boil up from the calked seam beside him : finally, he entrusts the whole to Marie.

Three words pass between them. These words are,—

“Reparation ;”

“Confession ;”

“Restitution !”

It seems they can speak now : their lips have been reddened and moistened.

They relapse into their mournful silence. Only the lap-lap of the waters rising higher and higher marks the approaching end.

The girl keeps sucking. The man watches her askance ; and his lips twitch uneasily at times.

One hour more of their fast-shortening time is behind them ; then another hour is gone, and the sun shines blistering hot in the zenith, as their sun of life fast sets.

Still the same silence, save the slumberous sound of filtering water that marks the stealthy oncoming tread of the Destroyer.

At last Marie looks up, and essays to speak. Her voice is pathetic in its husky efforts as she whispers:—

“Adolphe, *bien-aimé!* Let me hear your voice once more. Turn to me that noble brow; those flashing eyes that naught can dim. I love thee: even in death I adore thee! One little petition. Let me hear you once name me by the holy name of ‘wife.’ There is nothing to sunder us now. Only say it this once, my lover, my husband! Ah, why avert the head? Let me meet death sanctified by that name. Give me the right to die in your arms. Come; one little word, one last embrace.”

She spoke these words in a low tone, vibrating with passionate love. She was leaning over upon his knees, and stole her hand up to smooth his cheek and draw his attention.

At last she succeeded.

He turned with eye bloodshot and blazing, and gave her a wolfish glare.

Ah! Why does she cower back before him? Why does she hide her eyes with her hand? Why, as he suddenly springs forward, as he clutches her in his tiger claws, as his burning lips seek the maiden’s soft and palpitating bosom,—why does shriek after shriek of unutterable horror and exhercising agony rise over that lonely sea?

It is that reason has fled; she is in the embrace of a madman. He is no longer a man, but a ravening beast. The horrible *hunger-rabies* is on him!

A few last despairing shrieks, a gurgling death-rattle, and all is over for her.

All too tardily the waters whelm the last of the murderers in their troubled embrace.

Their life was a horror: their love was a crime: their death agony and madness: their eternity despair.

“The mill of God turns slowly;
But it grinds exceeding small.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

WE left our hero and his friends in hospital, so to speak; and all in evil case enough. None had come off unscathed; and it was feared that the injuries sustained by some would go near to touch the life.

The apartments in the Lodge had all been given up for the better convenience of the sufferers.

With that self-forgetfulness so natural to a true-hearted woman, Madeline, despite the severe burns on her limbs, insisted on sitting up and taking charge of the Colonel and his son, who lay hovering between life and death.

Harvey—who had escaped with the loss of his hair and eyebrows, a dislocated wrist got in his fall, and some minor contusions in his after struggle with Delaval—formed a valuable coadjutor. His never-failing flow of spirits cheered and comforted all in the sick-room.

The housekeeper, tender and motherly, hovered about preparing bandages and administering medicines.

And so the fussy little doctor in the fullness of his content declared he had never walked a better hospital, not even that of his *alma mater* Dublin, which he would uphold against any in the universe.

“Troth, Dochter darlint, an’ I hope ye’re contint now;” whispered poor Barney from his bed of pain. “Ye need nivir raise the cry av starvin’ the dochter wid our disthressin’ good health any more. Did ivir ye see the bates av it since the day afther the blow-up av the Redan?”

There was other trouble abroad, too. In the ill-considered assault of the Fenian band some few men had got hurt on both sides, and one dragoon had lost his life in the conflagration. In spite of the dubious circumstances attending the case, the authorities persisted in holding the organization to account for most, if not all the mischief that had occurred. It is true that McWhirter, alarmed at the possible consequences to himself, was completely non-committal. But the public mind was at the time in a state of ferment: and this was loudly trumpeted abroad as the latest and most frightful atrocity perpetrated by the insurgents.

Half the peasantry around were in hiding. Many of their poor cabins had been given to the flames. The military were quartered upon those who, sensible of their innocence, had the boldness to remain.

They were daily employed in hunting down hapless fugitives who, wounded and starving, were forced forth from their concealment.

The gaols were fast filling. The harvests were trampled down,

or rotting on the ground for want of men to gather them. Danger, starvation, and ruin were abroad.

The trade of the informer flourished. The lawyers and the police had their hands full. The soldiers lived in clover.

Meanwhile women and children were starving. They might be seen all along the beaches digging for a few shellfish; or scattered through the fields gathering nettles and other weeds to help keep the life in.

At one lonely cabin, a poor woman near her time, whose husband had been dragged off to gaol from her side, whither he had ventured to come during the night; this poor unfortunate was found outside her door, dead with hunger, and the grass between her teeth.

You see, in the interest of law and order, the people had to be taught that it is dangerous to play with edge-tools; that in exercising "the sacred right of Revolution," needs must that some one be made to pay the piper.

In the midst of all this, news came to the Lodge one day that put a new face upon affairs.

The night had been a severe one for the watchers. Madeline, relieved by the housekeeper from her post by the Colonel's side, had come forth to the light and airy ante-chamber.

She had seated herself on the floor. Her tired head was resting on the arm of the fauteuil where Calvert lay extended. His disabled shoulder through which Delaval's shot had gone crashing, was in a fair way of mending. Fever had left him emaciated and weak as an infant.

With the thin fingers of his uninjured hand he was absently thridding the masses of his fair cousin's golden curls. Harvey sat with his back half turned to the pair, running over the contents of the post-bag. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation:

"Why, Maddie, what's this? a French paper! who sent it?"

As he ran his eye over the contents he came across a paragraph marked with a cross. Then in an excited voice he began to read the following notice:—

"Found drowned. On the beach of La Falaise, near Quimper in Brittany, there was found by a fisherman, on the morning of ———, the body of a young and lovely female entangled in his net. It is supposed the unfortunate deceased, whose body-linen was marked, M. de L., had been amongst the number of those

who perished in the late violent storm * * * . The corpse was frightfully mutilated about the throat and chest. Evidently a shoal of mackerel, or some ravenous sea-monster had fallen in with the remains. In her hand was tightly clasped a spirit-flask hermetically sealed containing documents of importance. These together with the *procès verbal* of the finding of the body, and the inquest thereupon, have been forwarded to the authorities. It is understood that the interests of one of the noblest families of the Empire are involved in the affair."

"M. de L——! Can that be Marie? Oh, what a dreadful fate!" cried Madeline; and the three sat without speaking, pondering the dreadful intelligence.

At last Harvey remarked sadly:

"I am afraid it is too true. The time corresponds. The small fishing-craft they made off in could never live through the awful storm that raged some two or three days after. Perhaps, Calvert, this official-looking packet that has come addressed to your father may throw some further light upon the sad circumstances. Shall we open it?"

"By all means," answered the youth. "Besides, I don't know if father is at all in a fit state to bear any excitement."

"Well, here goes;" said Harvey, breaking the seal. "Hallo! It's for you, Maddie; I beg pardon, '*A Mdlle Madeline de Laval, (dit Harvey,) Comtesse de Courtenaye, etc.*'"

He was right. It was a communication through the F. O. from the French Government, briefly summarising the case to which the newspaper notice had drawn their attention. The facts of the finding and identifying of the body were clearly detailed. Then followed a synopsis of the papers recovered.

First, came duplicates deeds of the Courtenaye estates and titles, together with a genealogical statement of the family descent; among which were specially noted the last entries:—e. g. *Roland*—last in direct line of the seignory aforesaid. ob. 1857. Issue, two daughters; 1, *Madeline*; 2, *Angélique*. 1, *Madeline*; married Roger de Laval, Maréchal de la France, etc., c.—ob. 1854; issue *Marie*, born—53, present heiress. 2, *Angélique* M. Herbert Ansdell, Col. des forces de S. M. Britannique; ob.—54; issue *Calvert* born—54. By terms of last will and testament of Roland, last Comte aforesaid, the title and half the estates descend to said Marie de L.; the rest of estate reverts to Calvert A.; the title

also on condition that he marry his cousin Marie before or immediately upon the completion of their 21st year.

Secondly; In the event of death of Marie, failing issue, or the non-fulfilment of the aforesaid conditions, an act of the French Legislature, of date——, named Adolphe de Laval, half-brother of Marie de L. next heir-at-law to whole estate and titles, to the exclusion of Calvert aforesaid, in virtue of the alien act.

Thirdly; There followed a statement made by Delaval, *in articulo mortis*, by which it appeared that at his instigation, on the death of his father and stepmother Madeline (née Courtenaye), he had through the intervention of the midwife, Nanette Barillot, procured the lapse of her sister *Angélique*, Madame Ansdell: and had effected the abduction of his half-sister; but had failed in his attempt to remove Angélique's child Calvert. Barillot's letter to his daughter Lisette, identifying Madeline with the abducted heiress was returned, with directions on the reverse written in Marie's blood describing her whereabouts. The remainder of his confession, attested to by his companion in guilt the false Countess Marie, can safely be left to the reader's penetration. One portion, however, drew the attention of all. Thus it ran:

“It is probable that the misguided peasantry will be held to account for the attack on Ansdell Hall. I declare that by my agents and management, and for my own criminal purposes, I induced the people ignorantly to form a seditious league, to accept arms provided by me, and thereafter goaded them on to attempt the rescue of one of their comrades. Under cover of which assault Jacques Barillot, now lying dead beside me, fired the spirit-cellar at my command, in order thus to destroy the whole remaining descendants and connexions of the Courtenaye family at one stroke. Thus I alone am chargeable with the outrage; the intended murderous results of which, Heaven in its mercy has been pleased to avert.”

Expressions of penitence and despair closed the singular confession.

Three months have rolled past. The wan leaves are drifting by on the chilly autumn wind. A funeral knell is pealing at measured intervals over the gloomy waters of the lake. A solemn procession is winding its way across the old Gothic arch, and along the desolate road to yonder Chapel, whose spire you see piercing the greenery on the further shore.

With arms reversed, and the solemn Dead-march sounding, they are bearing the veteran warrior to his rest, amid the tears of his children, and the wailings of his attached tenants.

His aged frame had never rallied from the reiterated assassin strokes, aggravated as his injuries were by the poison he had inhaled, and by the dreadful excitement of the fire.

But his last days were days of almost unalloyed pleasure. With unspeakable delight he had clasped to his heart the fair girl; his late-found treasure, and his boy's destined bride. But sweetest of all was it for him to gaze in silent reverie upon the angel-face and see restored before him his own lost Angelique.

Once, as the end was near, he glanced up after a period of stupor, and as he perceived the two golden-haired children bending tearfully over him, he whispered, with a smile of peace and content:

"I go, my children. Yonder sweet saint has brought me the final summons from the great Captain in whom is all my trust.

"Thank God I have lived to see some of the wrong righted; though it's been a hard battle to fight, and I have to go under at the last. I leave you safe from them that sought your young lives. That is one comfort. The long march, and the lone bivouac are almost over. Your mother and I will meet soon now, my boy. I saw her smile as her eye rested upon you both brought together at last, and happy. Cherish the dear girl, my son, as I would have cherished your mother, had God spared her for me on earth. And oh, my daughter, be to him what his mother has ever been to me, in life and in death, my true guardian-angel."

They laid him away among the ashes of his fathers; and when the last strains of the hopeful resurrection psalm were dying faintly aloft among the vaulted arches, before any had turned from the spot, a figure advanced. This was no other than Barney. The poor fellow, half-blind and maimed as he was, had insisted on heading the cortege, and now stood forward the spokesman of the people. In accents of rude eloquence he broke the dead stillness:

"An' is it gone from our head ye are, chief of the bold heart and the iron arm? Just an' ginerous, open of heart, and free of hand, nivir did ye turn the coward back to the foe, nor the cowl'd shouldher to a frind. Tindher an' trusty, the frind av' the poor, the stay of the widdy an' the fatherless, it's many's the salt tear will wash the dust from yer grave, and many's the prayer will go up

to Heaven that God may rest yer sowl. Long, long will the light on our hearth-stones burn dim, for the light of our eyes is quenched. O it's proud were yer people to follow where yer voice rang first in the battle; an' it's sorrowful hearts ye lave behind ye this day, now that yer head is laid low in the dust."

The wild wailings of the women drowned the further words of the speaker to the ears of the sorrowing Calvert and his sympathizing friends.

* * * * *

And now the parting hour has come. "The young Master," the last of the Ansdells, and his fair betrothed, the last of the Courtenayes, whom God has helped me to save for him from the freezing bosom of Death and the Moloch arms of fire, go forth to-day on their year's tour over that Old World which ever is new.

Sobs and tears and invocations of blessing, from the kneeling multitudes around, speak the deep devotion that throbs in the heart of the Irish peasant for his landlord, where, as here, kindness and mutual trust and love, and dangers shared together, are the bonds that bind together the people and the children of their chiefs.

Poor Barney, with streaming eyes, and speechless for once in his emotion, is grasping and kissing the hands of "the young squireen, and his angel-face," as the women have dubbed the pair. The scene becomes too painful to be longer borne.

"Come, brother Reginald!" cries a silvery voice.

"Good-bye, my friends;" says Calvert: "and look out for a happy meeting a year hence."

"May Heaven an' all the holy saints and angels have ye in their keeping! An', O come back soon wid the weddin' favors, ye darlints! an' we'll make a bonfire to welcome ye home as high as the Hill o' Howth, right on the top of

THE DOG'S NOSE!"

POMPEII.

BY THE REV. M. HARVEY.

PART I.

[The Story of the Doomed City.]

IN the annals of the world there is hardly any record to be compared, in singularity of interest, with the history of the Roman city of Pompeii; nor have we a parallel instance of the complete preservation of a populous city, with all the appliances of busy life, precisely as it stood, bright, active and joyous, eighteen hundred years ago. This it is which attaches such an imperishable interest to the remains of "the City of the Dead."

Almost eighteen hundred years ago, while Titus was upon the throne of Rome, there stood on the shore of the Bay of Naples, at the base of Mount Vesuvius, a prosperous city, containing about twenty thousand inhabitants. It was a fair specimen of a third or fourth rate provincial town of the Roman Empire, bearing about the same relation to the mighty capital Rome, as Brighton now does to London. Enjoying a delicious climate, and surrounded by the most lovely scenery in this beautiful world, it was a favourite resort, as a watering-place of the Roman patricians and gentry, whose villas lined the shores of the bay, and whose chariots whirled along the streets and suburbs of Pompeii. The Bay of Naples was then, even more strikingly than at present, a scene of enchanting beauty. All that was most magnificent and charming in scenery, and soft and delicious in climate, combined to render it an earthly Elysium. No where else could you find a spot where the handiwork of nature was so manifestly divine, fair enough to be trodden only by the footsteps of angels. No where else did heaven's breath smell so sweet and wooingly, laden with perfumes from groves of citron and cedar. These Campanian plains approached an ideal loveliness which is only pictured in the brightest pages of poetry. The waters of the most beautiful bay in the world laved their margin; while in the back ground grandly towered Vesuvius, not as now ravaged by the volcano's scorching fires, and torn and seamed by earthquakes, but clothed to the very summit with an almost tropical vegetation. The testimony of antiquity represents Vesuvius as luxuriantly beautiful before the eruption which destroyed Pompeii. The whole slope of the mountain was covered

with fair gardens, vineyards and olive-yards, among which gleamed the gay villas of the wealthy Roman patricians, who left behind them the dust and din of the great city, to seek a cooler and more wholesome air on these delicious shores. Even Roman Emperors had their summer-palaces here and revelled in the most sumptuous entertainments and the wildest extravagances. At intervals around the base of the mountain, and along the shores, stately cities gleamed in the bright sunshine; the three nearest the mountain being Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiae. Possessed of the advantages of a busy seaport, a country around, the fertility of which was almost fabulous, and the patronage of wealthy Rome, Pompeii became a prosperous city, with beautiful public buildings, the remains of which still strike us with astonishment; with magnificent theatres, amphitheatre, forum and public baths, with stately temples, costly mansions and gaily decorated shops, where all that the most luxurious taste could crave or money purchase was presented for sale. The tide of busy life rushed in tumultuous waves along its stony arteries, with the flush and flow, the gaiety and animation which mark the phases of a heated and feverish civilization.

Our tale opens on the 24th of August, in the year 79 of our era, nine years after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, and eleven years after the Apostle Paul had closed his heroic life by a martyr's death. Subdued by the victorious arms of Titus, the chosen race had been scattered over the earth, as by the rushing of ten thousand storms. But an event had occurred in Judea, seventy-nine years before the destruction of Pompeii, which was destined to change the whole current of the world's history—"the desire of all nations" had been born. Even at the date of our story, the christian faith had made wondrous progress, Rome had received "the glad tidings of great joy," and there were "saints in Cæsar's household." Imperial Rome was beginning to show symptoms of decay, and already the barbarian hordes, which were destined three centuries later to close in upon the devoted empire—the giants of the north were mustering along her frontier.

But there were no whisperings of coming down in the gay city of Pompeii, in the days of Titus. On a beautiful morning in August, in this year 79, the Pompeiians awoke as usual to their pursuits of business and pleasure. There was not the slightest indication that the day was likely to close differently from other

days. The people went about their usual occupations; the streets were thronged, as on other days; the shops exhibited their usual tempting wares; the merchants were fitting out their galleys for distant ports and bringing their goods to the crowded market. An election contest was in progress; and a gladiatorial show in the Amphitheatre was announced, which was sure to attract an immense crowd of all ranks. As to danger from their beautiful vine-clad mountain,—no such fear was ever dreamed of. For ages it had been as quiet as any other hill; and there was no record, in all the history of the past, to show that it had ever been the seat of volcanic action. The idea of their grand Vesuvius being a burning mountain, holding imprisoned within its bowels fiery torrents which were ready to leap out treacherously and overwhelm them!—how the gay Pompeiians would have laughed, that August morning, at such a wild tale, had any one been bold or foolish enough to suggest it! True, indeed, on the summit of the mountain there was a crater or cup-like cavity, more than a mile across and several hundred yards deep, which was rather suggestive of former fiery activities; but then it was all overgrown with wild vines and shrubs, and for generations had been the abode of deer and wild boars. Never was the pulse of life bounding more gaily than on that morning. The patricians, in robes of Tyrian purple, flashed along the streets in chariots drawn by prancing steeds; the priests were sacrificing at their altars; men pledged one another in the wine-cup, and bought and sold in the forum; and the beautiful fruits and flowers of Campania filled the market-stalls. As the hour of noon approached, the excited and expectant multitudes began to fill the benches of the Amphitheatre, with such feelings as are expressed in the song which Lord Lytton has put into their lips in his “*Last days of Pompeii*”:

“Ho! ho! for the merry, merry show,
 With a forest of faces in every row!
 Lo, the swordsmen, bold as the son of Almena,
 Sweep side by side o'er the hushed arena.
 Talk while you may, you will hold your breath
 When they meet in the grasp of the glowing death,
 Tramp! tramp! how merrily they go!
 Ho! ho! for the merry, merry show!”

The games in the crowded Amphitheatre were progressing merrily, when suddenly a dark shadow seemed to fall on the arena and

on the bright sun-lit landscape without. Instinctively the spectators looked up at the mountain's summit, and lo! it had shot up to a prodigious height a vast pillar of smoke, in the form of a stem, long and straight, and at the top spreading itself out like the head of a mighty Italian pine tree. Sometimes it was blackish and sometimes bright or spotted, as if impregnated with red-hot cinders. It was evident that Vesuvius had kindled its awful furnaces, and that the crater was now puffing out, fast and furious, vapour and smoke of inky blackness, like escaping volumes of high-pressure steam, which, shooting up to the height of ten thousand feet, spread far and wide, darkening the earth for leagues around, and turning the bright summer noon into midnight blackness. The gloom was lighted up at intervals by blue and sulphurous flashes from the overhanging cloud. An awful stillness followed. The very air seemed extinct, and all life, as if anticipating its doom, lay spell-bound in silence. The wild beasts, in their cages in the Amphitheatre, were alternately moaning and crouching in terror, and flying into paroxysms of fierceness. The spectators rushed out in pale, terror-stricken masses into the darkness, which was again illuminated by snake-like flashes darting here and there, imparting a lurid glare to their woe-struck countenances, and to the marble walls. The black curtain closed again for a moment, and the flashes of light ceased to play around the top of the mountain. The heavy moanings of the sea, as if in agony, were distinctly heard. Then followed a mighty crash, as if Vesuvius had split in twain. Deep in the bowels of the earth rolled heavy thunderings, making every building in the city tremble to its foundations, rending walls and overthrowing statues by the concussion. Now the dreadful artillery of the mountain began to play. High into the air—higher even than the cloud-tree—burning stones, flames, ashes all fire, shot up in a terrific shower of destruction. Masses of red-hot rock were hurled aloft, and, striking against one another in their rapid ascent, burst into pieces, scattering fire and light in all directions. And now upon the doomed city and all around, thick and fast, a dense rain of ashes began to fall, quickly followed by showers of cinders and small hot stones, and emitting stifling mephitic fumes. But—more fearful still—amid the hissing showers, the thick darkness and the crashing of falling roofs and walls, a sound of approaching torrents was heard. The side of

the mountain had opened, and steaming rivers of dense black mud rolled out, creeping along the streets and finding their way through every crevice, into the houses.

Meantime the terror-stricken Pompeians were flying for their lives in all directions, hastily snatching up whatever was most valuable. Some hurried at once to the harbour and embarked; some took to the roads and fields, the earth heaving and rolling beneath their feet like the waves of the sea. The strong and energetic were able to battle their way; the young, the feeble and aged were trampled down by the rushing crowd, jostling each other in the darkness, and ere they could rise again, the hot ashes and cinders had buried them forever. What scenes of mortal terror did that hour present!—struggles, and cries of despair terrible to hear—children calling on their parents, who were unable to help them—parents, in wild distraction, seeking for their children—shrieks of despair, as the unhappy victims sank down with wild appeals to the gods for help and mercy! But, even amid the awful terrors of that hour, the basest passions were let loose. Greedy avarice seized the opportunity for robbery and plunder. Slaves avenged themselves on their masters for years of cruel treatment; beauty appealed in vain to strength for aid; and pleading childhood was trampled down. Yet were there two instances of love stronger than death. The daughter was seen leading out her aged father and mother, preferring death with them to life without them; and even the poor, down-trodden slave was seen endeavouring to save his master's child, and sheltering it in his brawny arms from the falling showers. The mother, in many an instance, forgot all but her babe in this hour of danger; and the stern Roman soldier, disdaining to desert his post, preferred an awful death to a dereliction of duty. The most unhappy victims were those who had shut themselves up in their cellars, or the arched recesses of their houses, vainly hoping that the fiery shower would soon exhaust itself. The fine ashes searched out the smallest crevices; the thin mud penetrated every opening, the poisonous fumes crept after them, and they were shut in for ever. For three days, according to Pliny the Younger, the darkness and falling showers continued, and at the end of that time the gay, luxurious Pompeii lay buried from twenty to thirty feet deep under volcanic discharges, consisting of ashes, pumice-stones, and hardened mud, to which subsequent

eruptions added fresh materials. Statue and altar, palace and villa, forum and fane, temple and tower, the mansion of the rich and the hovel of the poor, all were sealed up in that ashen discharge, and remained so for seventeen hundred years.

Some touching episodes connected with the destruction of Pompeii have come to our knowledge, the most interesting of which is the death of Pliny the Elder. About twenty miles from Pompeii, on the opposite side of the Bay of Naples, stood the port of Misenum, where a Roman fleet was stationed on this memorable day. The commander was Pliny the Elder, whose famous work on natural history is still read as a curiosity. Pliny was a man eminent for his virtues,—studious, learned, and possessed of a strong passion for natural science. On the day of the eruption he was ashore at his sister's house at Misenum, where was also his nephew, Pliny the Younger, who, fortunately for us, has described all that happened in two letters, to the great Roman historian, Tacitus. From these letters we gather that about one o'clock in the afternoon, when the Elder Pliny was in his study, his sister asked him to step outside to see a curious cloud which had been for some time gathering over the top of Mount Vesuvius, and which, after shooting up to a vast height, extended itself flatly in the shape of a parasol, and was now visible, at the distance of twenty miles, where Pliny stood. The old Admiral's curiosity was roused by the sight of this strange phenomenon, and he determined to cross the bay and have a nearer view of it. Accordingly he ordered his boat to be got ready, but just as he was stepping on board, a note arrived from the wife of one of his friends, entreating him to come to their assistance, as their villa was right under Vesuvius, and there was no way of escape from the imminent danger but by sea. Pliny then saw it was no time for scientific observations when the lives of thousands were at stake, and he at once ordered all the galleys under his command to put to sea, and steered right to the point of danger, with the view of rescuing the sufferers. As the vessels approached the shore, red-hot cinders, pumice stones and pieces of burning rock began to fall thickly on the decks; the sea too was fearfully agitated, and retreating suddenly at intervals, threatened to leave them aground. Fragments of rock were rolling down the mountain and obstructing all the shore. The sailors were terrified at the awful scene,—the flames bursting from the mountain, the

black cloud enveloping earth and sea, and shutting out the light of day, the rumbling of the earthquake's shocks, and the agonizing shrieks of thousands from the shore, trying to escape in the gathering darkness. The Admiral saw that nothing could be done at this point, but he refused to yield to the entreaties of the sailors, who wanted him to turn back. "Fortune favours the brave," he exclaimed, "let us go to Stabiae." Here lived his friend Pomponianus, of whose danger he thought at this terrible moment. On arriving at Stabiae, a town about ten miles distant from Vesuvius, Pliny managed to land, and met his friend, who, in great consternation, was trying to escape. The Admiral embraced him tenderly, told him not to be afraid, and, in order to encourage him, ordered a bath, and afterwards sat down to dinner with a cheerful face. Not even the blazing mountain and the reeling earth could strike terror into the heart of this stern old Roman, or even disturb his tranquillity. He went to bed and slept soundly, for, as his nephew informs us, the attendants heard him snore. But, meantime, as the night advanced, the eruption flamed out more violently, and the burning stones and ashes fell thicker and faster. Still, the old Roman commander slept tranquilly. At length the rest of the company, who were watching all night in terror, observed that the courtyard was nearly filled with ashes and cinders, and that escape would soon be impossible. The walls of the house, too, trembled with the violent concussions, and threatened every moment to fall. They awoke the Admiral, and all the household, with pillows on their heads to keep off the burning cinders, fled into the open fields. The sea was now raging so terribly that it was impossible to set sail. Pliny complained of feeling tired, and lay down for a little on a sail which they spread for him. But in a moment there came a rush of poisonous vapours and a horrible smell of sulphur, and, after vainly trying to rouse the Admiral, all had to fly for their lives, and leave him to his fate. Three days afterwards, when it again became light, they found him lying dead upon the sea shore, with a face as calm as that of a sleeping infant. So died this grand old Roman—a hero's death—in the cause of humanity, gallantly trying to save others.

There is every reason to believe that the greater part of the inhabitants of Pompeii managed to escape from the city; but how many perished in the fields and roads can never be known. It is

calculated from the number of skeletons found in the portion hitherto excavated, that not more than from 1,300 to 1,800 perished in the city. Some of these met their death in a manner rather singular. There was one old Roman gentleman, by name Diomedes, who had a splendid mansion just outside the Herculaneum gate. Had he been gathered to his fathers in the ordinary course of nature, he would never have been heard of, but death overtook him in the fiery shower in a way which has secured for him an earthly immortality, giving him a name almost as widely known as that of Cicero. When the ruins of Pompeii were uncovered, his villa was found in a state of almost perfect preservation; and now his wine-cellar, his kitchen, his baths, his garden are as great objects of curiosity as the palace of all the Cæsars. Apparently this old patrician determined to hold his ground, and accordingly, early in the day, he stored his cellar amply with provisions, and collected there his family and slaves, believing that the massive walls would be proof against the volcanic storm. Vain hope! The fine ashes penetrated the narrow apertures, and the hot cinders fell around in heaps. At the last moment, Diomedes snatched up some treasure, and, attended by a single slave, attempted to escape. He had got as far as his garden gate when a shower of stones struck him dead, and, on the spot, his skeleton was found seventeen hundred years afterwards with the key of the gate still clutched in his bony fingers. But, alas! for the poor women and children in the cellar! Stifed by the mephitic fumes, they perished; and the fine ashes and hot water penetrating by the windows formed a paste around their bodies, preserving the impression of form, and even clothing, as perfectly as a sculptor's mould. Even the texture of the fine linen worn by the women was imprinted on the paste, and the blond hair of the mother was found, still retaining its colour. But there was a still more touching relic—the impression of a female breast, matronly, full and fair, and of an entire female head, every feature perfect as in life, was found here, and is now placed in the museum of Naples. It exhibits a portrait of rare beauty and regularity.

One poor mother, with her children, tried to escape by the Herculaneum gate. They had got as far as the portico of the inn, when utterly exhausted the mother sank down, and clasped in one another's arms, their remains were uncovered seventeen centuries afterwards.

The thin mud which poured from the opening in the side of the mountain and overflowed the city, speedily hardened, and thus secured a perfect cast of any object around which it gathered. Wonderful results have been secured in consequence. The happy thought suggested itself to the mind of one thoughtful explorer, to fill some of these hollows, at the bottom of which were observed human bones, with liquid plaster, just as the sculptor does with his mould. The result was surprising. Perfect casts were thus obtained of those who, in the last agonies, had been enveloped in the ash-mud, and death itself was thus moulded with a terrible truthfulness far beyond the reach of art. The most interesting is the cast of two women, probably a mother with her daughter about fifteen years of age, who had been driven out from their house by the stifling fumes and choking ashes; but the streets were already knee-deep in the loose pumice stones which had fallen for many hours. Overcome by the noxious vapour, the hapless pair sank to rise no more. The mother seems to have died calmly, but the girl struggled hard for life. "Her legs are drawn up convulsively. Her little hands are clenched in agony. In one, she holds her veil, or a part of her dress, with which she had covered her head, burying her face in her arm, to shield herself from the falling ashes and from the foul sulphurous smoke. The form of her head is perfectly preserved. The texture of her coarse linen garments may be traced, and even the fashion of her dress, with its long sleeves reaching to her wrists. Here and there it is torn, and the smooth young skin appears in the plaster like polished marble. On her tiny feet may still be seen her embroidered sandals."

There is another figure of a woman who had also been overtaken by the fiery shower, and in whose case a terrible struggle appears to have preceded the last agony. "One arm is raised in despair; the hands are clutched convulsively. Her garments are gathered up on one side, leaving exposed a limb of beautiful shape. So perfect a mould of it has been formed by the soft and yielding mud, that the cast would seem to be taken from an exquisite work of Greek art. She had fled with her little treasure which lay scattered around her—two silver cups, a few jewels, and some dozen silver coins. Nor had she, like a good housewife, forgotten her keys, after having probably locked up her stores before seeking to escape. They were found by her side."

In one of the houses the perfect skeleton of another woman was found—probably the mistress of the house. She, too, had attempted to fly on that fatal day, and thought to save her jewel-case—"the woman's all." Around her lay the contents—the woodwork having all perished—her golden ear-rings, ivory comb, and bronze looking-glass, jewelled rings and small bottles of ointment and perfume. Near her lay a terra-cotta lamp which had fallen from her hand as she groped her way in the thick darkness.

In the ruins of the temple of Isis, a skeleton lay in an outer room with an axe still grasped in its bony hands, with which, it is conjectured, the unhappy victim had been trying to cut his way through the walls, finding the doors blocked up by the falling ashes and cinders. In "The Last Days of Pompeii" he figures as Burbo, the gladiator, who had entered the temple with the priest Calenus for the purpose of plundering. In the sacred precincts are many other skeletons, supposed to have been the priests of Isis, who had perished before the altars, faithful to the last to their goddess.

Just outside the Herculaneum gate was a niche where a soldier constantly mounted guard. On this eventful day, the stern power of Roman discipline was triumphantly vindicated, and a striking memorial left at this gate, of heroic obedience to duty. Here stood one of Rome's legionaries on guard as usual; but the trembling earth, the volcano's thunders and all the sights and sounds of terror failed to drive the soldier from his post. There he died, a nameless hero, without any hope of fame, and there, lance in hand, for seventeen hundred years he mounted guard. Men never withhold their applause when a deed of true heroism is done, and the story of this brave soldier will long continue to make generous hearts throb quicker:—

"Do you see that strange old picture,
With its sketches of broken wall;
The leaning and prostrate columns
Where the sunshine seems to fall?
And the skeleton shapes all scattered,
Looking so grin and hard?—
But this one—this is a hero,
A Roman who fell on guard.

"But what of the deep-buried city
Under the fire-smitten hill?

Pompeii.

What of the maidens and matrons,
 Lying there, hidden and still?
 Off with their ashen covering!
 Bring them out into the light:
 Let the old halls of Pompeii
 Break on the world's waking sight.

“ So the toilers slowly lifted
 The shroud from off the past:
 Statue and tomb and temple
 Stood out in the day at last.
 But the grandest thing they found there,
 His fame by time unmarred,
 Was the valiant Roman soldier,
 Who had fallen while on guard.

“ Do you see what a radiant glory
 Rests on his royal head?
 Is it the summer sunshine,
 On his brave broad forehead shed?
 Is it a mystic token
 That valor for ever lives?
 Or is it my soul that crowns him
 For the lesson that he gives?

“ For in that terrible ruin,
 Men fleeing in pallid fear;
 Some grasping their gold and jewels,
 He found his duty here.
 The temple might open its portals,
 The palace unbar its gate,
 But the soldier on guard was unheeding;
 He must bravely watch and wait.

“ What are Mosaics and marbles?
 What are bright jewels and gold?
 What are the antique treasures,
 Out of the gray dust rolled?
 Nothing besides the master—
 Lord of a royal heart—
 Whom frenzy nor wild disaster,
 Could drive from his task apart.

“ So in life's tumult and tempest,
 Let us stand firm for the right,
 Whether we toil with the weakest,
 Or under the banner of might.
 Then, when the dead world is summoned,
 When the dark tomb is unbarred,
 God's blessed angels shall find us
 Fallen while standing on guard.”

Under the fiery discharges from the throat of Vesuvius the three cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiae were overwhelmed and lay buried, many feet deep, beneath volcanic matter. Happily, however, in the case of Pompeii, the matter by which it was filled up was not lava, which scorches and destroys whatever it touches, and when cooled is almost as hard as flint. The destroying and preserving agent was ashes and small pumice stones, like cinders. The Italians call these pumice stones *lapillo*. In addition to these, torrents of boiling mud, formed by ashes and other volcanic substances, mingled with water, abundantly ejected from the crater, rolled down from the mountain, penetrating every nook and cranny, and packed the whole city solid, preserving while destroying. When this liquid matter cooled, it became a soft, spongy, porous stone, called by the Italians *tufa* or *tuono*. This was the shroud in which Pompeii was wrapped and so admirably preserved, in every feature.

Time rolled on. Other eruptions buried the city deeper still, till at length, the very site was forgotten, and the catastrophe remembered only through the records of history. Centuries sped their round. The Hun, the Goth, the Vandal came, and Imperial Rome, "the mother of empires," sank in ruins. Wars, desolations, the gnawing tooth of time, the conflagration's fiery breath left but few vestiges of ancient Rome's grandeur. Another world began on its ruins. The Middle Ages dragged their slow length along, and the new era at length dawned. Seventeen hundred years had elapsed since Pompeii's fiery burial, and still she lay undisturbed in her volcanic shroud. At length, more than a hundred years ago, in the year 1750, in cutting a water course, the workmen struck on the foundations of the buried city. Excavations were commenced, which have proceeded so slowly that as yet not one half the city is uncovered. But the discoveries already made are of priceless value. Roman life, in its minutest and meanest detail, and therefore in its most impressive form, is before us. The city is laid bare just as it stood on the memorable 24th of August, 79, when the people fled from it in consternation. Here are the houses, the shops, the streets, the temples, just as the Pompeiians left them 1800 years ago—nothing moved, nothing lost, only the wooden roofs of the houses crushed in or burned, and some of the perishable woodwork rotted or destroyed, but the whole in a wonderfully perfect state of preservation. No care or

contrivance of man could have guarded the whole as the shroud of ashes, cinders and mud has done. And now, when these are cleared away by human hands, there stands old Pompeii, torn and dilapidated, but still recognizable. The fresco paintings on the walls are as fresh, in many instances, as when first laid down. Here are all the commonest appliances of the every day life of the Romans, just as they left them,—their bedsteads, both wooden and iron; their earthenware, gridirons, colanders, ladles, moulds, urns, spits, kettles, table-knives, portable fireplaces, lanterns, cooking-stoves, horses' bits, cruppers and stirrups, lamps and candelabra. Here are the scales and weights on the counter, as they were dropped when the shop-keeper fled from the fiery shower; and the very marks of the drinking cup on the marble slab of the wine shop. Here is the baker's oven, with the very batch of loaves, stamped with his name, which was placed inside, on that August morning, and destined not to be drawn out for eighteen hundred years. Here still are the ruts in the streets worn by carriage and chariot wheels which have long since become mere oxide of iron. Here is the amphitheatre whose arena was soaked with the blood of the dying gladiator, while from its seats the multitude gazed, in excited rapture, on his expiring agonies, and greeted his slayer with thunders of applause. Here are the theatres in which the actors "strutted their little hour upon the stage;" and the temples where Jupiter, Apollo and Venus were worshipped, and "now none so poor as do them reverence." Here, too, are the funeral urns of the proud Romans ranged in niches around their stately tombs. So complete are all the appliances of daily life that when we enter the empty houses in this city of the dead, we could almost fancy that the owners had just stepped out to make a call on a neighbour and would return presently. The block of marble is here partially sculptured with the pattern at hand and the sculptor's tools scattered on the floor. The long sliding mark of the mason's trowel is still on the wall, as though the workman had just given the outer stroke and fled too hurriedly to complete the job. The kitchens are here, with their saucepans and spits and other utensils ready for use as when the cook dropped them, and ran for dear life, out at the back door, eighteen hundred years ago. Here is the fine lady's chamber, with her toilette-ware complete,—her paints, perfumes, unguents, combs, mirrors, and brushes, just as she left them on the fatal day. The dining and

reception rooms, the baths, the beds, the couches of the proud conquerors of the world are all here. In fact, we have a complete picture of Roman life and civilization. We know, as we could never have known from all the Roman classics that have come down to us, how the stout-hearted race lived, and in what aspect the world presented itself to their eyes. Rome contains few remnants of antiquity, with the exception of the mighty Coliseum and the Pantheon; but these give us no idea of the every day life of the Romans. To learn this we must repair to Pompeii. On its walls the traveller sees the very electioneering squibs of the day in which it was entombed, as well as the rough witticisms and caricatures on the walls of the houses, scribbled there by idle loungers, who little dreamed that their poor scratchings would be read eighteen hundred years afterwards, and obtain an earthly immortality. On these walls, too, are announcements of approaching gladiatorial shows and theatrical performances—now unavoidably and indefinitely postponed. Gilded pills and quack medicines are still seen in the apothecary's shop, and in a medical establishment an array of surgical instruments almost as formidable as those of to-day. The world contains no such complete record of an age so distant. The ruins of Nineveh furnish little more than the sculptured marble slabs which lined the palace walls, and the winged human-headed bulls which guarded their entrances. Ancient Jerusalem has left behind only the foundations of her temple wall. Babylon is a shapeless mound, and has yielded little. But thanks to the fiery giant that, in apparently destroying, saved this Roman city, and has thus transmitted to us such a priceless record of the past.

But deeper thoughts on the evanescence of all wordly things spring up in the mind as we muse over the city of the dead. The stillness of a mighty death has enveloped all—the Pompeian populace, the gay Campanians—the multitudes which once thronged the streets of these busy marts. Even great Rome herself now sits “the lone mother of dead empires,” and the traveller plods his way over steps of broken temples; and of all her splendour and magnificence what remains but these skeleton ruins—these monuments of vanished greatness which so eloquently proclaim the fragility of all human things! Here are the Pompeian halls, which once resounded with the song and shout of revellers; here are the very couches on which, crowned with the

flowers, they reclined at the banquet, while jests flew thick and fast, and music's subtle power and beauty's charms lent grace to the scene. How awful the silence which now reigns in these banquetting halls of the dead! Here, too, are the temples once thronged with earnest worshippers—where incense floated and the smoke of sacrifice now ascended. Now all is changed. In all the world there is not a single believer in Olympian Jupiter—no one to offer a sacrifice to Mars or a prayer to Pallas Athene. The deities are mere fossils now embedded in buried creeds; no one thinks them living gods to-day. They live only in their beautiful marble statues, which have outlasted the deities they represent, and in the glorious literature of Greece and Rome. And is not this the very tale told by all the ruins of antiquity, wherever the past lifts up the veil for a moment from the remnants of buried greatness. Thebes, the pride of old Egypt, with its hundred gates: Baalbec, with its gigantic temple, the very ruins of which baffle the imagination; Nineveh, under its shapeless earth mounds; Jerusalem, of which hardly a vestige remains—with all their splendour and might, they have vanished, like a bubble on the fountain—like the visions of a morning dream. And yet the lesson of the past is not merely “vanity of vanities, all is vanity.” The past warns and instructs us that power, and prosperity, and valour will not secure the prosperity of a nation; but rightly read, its lessons still breathe unwavering faith regarding the destinies of humanity. That old Roman world perished, and deserved to perish; but it did a vast and important work in the education of our race. It passed away when that work was done; but whatever in it was just and true, and good remains, as vestiges of ancient Rome's grandeur. Another world began on its ruins. The Middle Ages dragged their slow length along, still, a precious legacy to our race. A far better day shines on the world now than when the dying gladiator's blood stained the arena. A new civilization has arisen and spread, and on it hangs the hope of our race, because its foundation rests on the religion of love, and that can never pass away. Whatever was true and noble in Grecian and Roman art and philosophy, lives still, and is truly imperishable. It has taken new and brighter shapes in our modern thought, in our truer developments of art, in our nobler philosophy. Let us seek to be true workers; and though our civilization may all disappear, yet will its spirit live in coming

ages, and we shall be able to help forward a brighter and better future for our race.

In a second paper I propose to give some account of the discoveries made among the ruins of Pompeii.

WEST AFRICA AND THE ASHANTEE WAR.

“Cry, *havock*, and let slip the dogs of war.”

—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 3, Scene 1.

TO Englishmen, except those who man our ships, and lead our troops, lies, beyond mountainous rollers, an almost unknown shore. The surging waves of a vast ocean lash this tropical coast, forbidding even the access of civilization, and warning off the approach of the white man to a region which has been accepted as his grave. Vast primeval forests, of an almost impregnable character, guard the entrance to the haunts of a savage monarch, whose principal defence consists in the difficulty of getting at him, and with whom we Britons now find ourselves at war. This war is not a great war, but a difficult war, because it cannot be conducted upon the ordinary principles of modern attack, and is of a perfectly obnoxious character. These few words, and the title of this article, naturally attract the reader's attention to West Africa and the Ashantee War. Our ideas of West Africa are associated with visions of arid sands and dismal swamps, fever, pestilence and misery. If we are told that mighty forests and vast rivers are found there, we cannot banish the notion that, though abounding in beauty, this land forbids our advance; indeed its climate almost bears the motto “*nemo me impune lacessit*,” so fatal is it said to be to those who are rash enough to wander to this part of the torrid zone. The information possessed by most of us respecting West Africa is very vague, as little or no interest is attached to a country to which so few Europeans resort. A reference to Sierra Leone is suggestive of malaria and fever. The name of Lagos depicts placid but dreaded lagoons. The Gambia reminds us of naval fights and boat attacks. Cape Coast Castle recalls the memory of L. E. L., whose remains lie buried within a short distance of the favorite palm, beneath which she

used to sit and watch the incessant heave of the mighty Atlantic. Such may be accepted as the prevailing knowledge of our African settlements. Yet, if we seek information of them, the dreaded phantoms which the minds of the uninitiated invent, disappear. The climate is not so bad as most of us imagine; the arid sands are interspersed with rolling hillocks of luxuriant grass; the vast forests may be pierced by intricate but practicable paths; magnificent leek trees cover countless acres, and a voyage to the Gambia comes within the scope of imagination. Our attention has been with the past few months attracted in a more than ordinary manner to West Africa, and a strong desire to know something of that country with which we are at war has been evinced by all, and compassed by some Englishmen. To the former this paper is offered. It has for its object the succinct description of our West African Colonies, together with a slight review of the causes and operation of the present Ashantee war. Any reference to our African possessions involves the statement of a number of facts, as the limits of this article do not permit verbose narration. But these facts will to many bear the charm of novelty, a feature which it is hoped will dispossess them of their usual dry character.

Sierra Leone, in respect to the number of its European residents, is the most considerable of the British possessions on the west coast of Africa. The colony consists of a peninsula terminating in Cape Sierra Leone, which is bounded on the north by a river of the same name. The Cape lies in $8^{\circ} 30' N.$ lat. and $13^{\circ} 18' W.$ long. The colony is eighteen miles in length by twelve in breadth, has an area of three hundred square miles, and consists of a plateau one thousand feet above the level of the sea, with hills and peaks, one of which rises to double that height. On the hill-district are several villages, the inhabitants of which supply the market of Freetown with vegetables and fruit. Freetown the seat of Government is built on a terrace which runs along the base of the plateau, its aspect is pleasing and picturesque, with streets of a rich red clay, bordered with town like strips of Bahama grass, filled with people of cheerful and intelligent mien, who wear a semi-English dress and speak a semi-English patois. Sierra Leone differs in composition from the other settlements on the coast, inasmuch as in our other possessions the people who live under the forts are natives of the locality they inhabit, whereas the people of Sierra Leone are negro emigrants from other lands; and

the history of this emigration may interest the reader. In the last century American planters used to bring their slaves for sale to England. The lawfulness of this traffic was put to the test by Granville Sharp before Lord Mansfield, whose famous decision emancipated all slaves on English soil. As this decision cast a number of freedmen as paupers and beggars upon the streets, certain philanthropists founded a company in which charity and commerce were combined; a plot of land was purchased from the native chiefs in 1787, at the mouth of the Sierra Leone river, where several hundred British negroes were sent to form a settlement. These "Granvilles," as they were termed on the coast, soon died or took to the bush, but on the breaking out of the American war, many negroes having joined the Royal Standard, they were sent to Nova Scotia and afterwards to Sierra Leone. The descendants of these, however, are few, and the Colony has been continued from another source, principally from slaves taken on board prizes, who were landed in Sierra Leone, and who, at first, settled apart from one another according to their tribe, but now they are rapidly amalgamating, and probably before many years the old tribal distinctions will be extinguished. The climate of Freetown is most unhealthy, the town being situated at the mouth of a broad river laden with vegetable decomposition, which is partially driven back to the settlement twice every day by the tide, and being hemmed in at its rear by a range of hills which tend to keep the products of evaporation suspended over the streets. Twenty-four Europeans, out of its population of ninety-eight, died during nine months of the year 1872. This extraordinary mortality is, however, confined to Freetown, the mountain district, according to the Registrar General's returns, being as healthy as any part of England, or indeed as Madeira, the climate of which it closely resembles. In 1872 a large tract of country called the Sherboro was—through the instrumentality of Colonel Hill, the then Governor of Sierra Leone, now Governor of Newfoundland—handed over by treaty to this Colony, causing a great increase in customs dues levied on English goods, and representing an increase of trade of not less than £75,000 per annum, and securing for Her Majesty's Government the best teak timber rivers in that part of Africa.

It was some years ago decided at Downing street, that the Central Government of the settlements on the west coast of Africa

should be established at Sierra Leone; accordingly, Gambia, the Gold Coast, and Lagos, were placed under one General Government in 1866, and styled the Government of the West African Settlements.

The population of Sierra Leone, so called because the thunder of tornadoes rolling through the hills is supposed to resemble the roaring of lions, amounted in 1871 to thirty-seven thousand and thirty-nine, of which one hundred and twenty-nine were whites, thirty-one of the latter being females. In the same year the value of its imports and exports was respectively £305,849 and £467,755 sterling.

The Gambia, which next claims attention, is a great river of Western Africa: it falls into the Atlantic by a large estuary, measuring in some parts twenty-seven miles across, but contracts to ten miles between Bird Island and Cape St. Mary, and to a little more than two miles between Barra Point and the town of Bathurst, on St. Mary's Island. The advantages of this fine river for carrying on trade with the natives of the interior of Africa, were known to our merchants in the sixteenth century, a patent having been granted by Queen Elizabeth to some merchants of Exeter to trade in this river. In 1618 a company was formed in England for the purpose of carrying on trade on this river. This speculation, however, did not succeed, and another company established two years later experienced a like want of success. In 1816 the formation of a new settlement on St. Mary's Island revived the general commerce between Great Britain and the Gambia, which, since the abolition of slavery, had greatly decreased. The climate of this colony does not appear to be very unfavourable to Europeans—Sir Richard Graves McDonnell having, in 1850, reported that for several months in the year the thermometer at Bathurst varies from 58° to 64° , and that for the greater portion of the year refreshing land and sea breezes blow over the town; that while the number of Europeans visiting Bathurst every year is little short of twelve hundred, and there are often between one hundred and two hundred in port during the rainy season, the mortality among these casual residents was only twelve during five years. This is endorsed by the Colonial Surgeon in 1872, who reports the colony in a healthy state, and mentions that the gain in favour of life may be claimed as the legitimate result of the improved hygienic condition of the colony. In speaking of

temperature, it may be here stated that the thermometer in the interior indicates a temperature never reached on the Coast, the ordinary range of heat being—at McCarthy's Island— 95° to 106° from ten a. m. to three p. m., while at Bathurst it was, in the month of September 1821, 85° to 89° , and in the month of January of that year 75° , with a maximum of 80° . Bathurst, which has a population of five thousand, is the leading port of the Gambia, affording a convenient means of intercourse with the interior of Africa to a distance of several hundred miles. The total population of the colony in the year 1871 was estimated at fourteen thousand one hundred and ninety. The value of imports and exports during the same year was respectively £102,064 and £153,100 sterling.

In the year 1862 a commission dated the 13th March was passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, declaring that the Port and Island of Lagos, together with all the territories which do now or may hereafter belong to the Crown of Great Britain, on the coast of Africa, between the 1st and 10th parallels of east longitude, and the south of the 10th parallel of north latitude, shall constitute a separate government under the title of the settlement of Lagos, the occupation of this territory having been deemed necessary for the more complete suppression of the slave trade in the Bight of Benin, for the protection and development of the important trade of which Lagos was the seat, and for the benefit of the surrounding tribes.

On the 6th August, 1861, the treaty ceding the island of Lagos and its territories to Her Majesty was signed by Daceino, and he was guaranteed a pension of £1,000.

Lagos is a place of considerable commercial importance, and appears each year to advance in prosperity. Its imports and exports, which still preserve their relative proportion to one another, were valued at, in the year 1871, £391,658, and £589,802. The latter consists of palm oil, palm kernels, indigo, ivory, ground nuts, native manufactured cloth, cotton, calabashes, and benniseed.

In 1871 a census was taken of the districts, towns and villages surrounding Lagos, showing a population of 12,665 males, and 15,548 females, which, combined with the Lagos settlement, 31,988, makes a total of 60,201, of whom 94 are Europeans.

Next to the natives of the place and the interior, the Brazilian Emancipados are the most numerous. They are constantly arriv-

ing by every opportunity at Lagos, doubtless, in consequence of the late Emancipation Law in Brazil. Their number is estimated at 6,000.

In Lagos there are 103 brick, 3 frame, 2 iron, and 3,789 mud houses. The roads and streets are admirably laid out, though, on account of the sandy soil, they are much broken up in the rainy season. The merchants' houses, especially those belonging to the foreigners, are substantially built. The commerce of this place would be much benefited by the erection of a breakwater, on the principle of that constructed at Natal, for rendering the bar deeper. Such a work, says Governor Hennessy, in a recent report upon the West African settlements, "would make Lagos the Liverpool of the West coast."

Fever of a bad type frequently, indeed almost invariably, prevails at Lagos. Her Majesty's steamer *Coquette* entered the lagoon there during the summer of 1872, and had to proceed to sea in a few days, as thirty-seven out of fifty-seven of her crew were soon down with fever.

As an instance of the rapidity with which coast fever sometimes produces its effect, Governor Hennessy, in 1872, thus writes :

"I may mention that the despatches that reached me on the 8th October from the Gambia, were in the handwriting of Mr. Caper, the acting first writer, and were signed by Mr. Simpson; but the captain of the steamer wrote me a note reporting that they had both died after the mails had been made up."

It is now necessary to refer to the Gold Coast, the chief town of which is Cape Coast Castle, on approaching which a white surf raging along the beach first attracts the attention of the stranger. Behind this beach appears a natural rampart of clay covered with green vegetation, and about one hundred feet high. The Castle lays in a kind of gorge, with a lighthouse upon an eminence to the left, and a battery on a hill to the right. The town has a brown aspect, interspersed with the gleaming white houses of European merchants and rich negro traders. The process of landing is not without excitement. The large surf canoe which conveys the stranger on shore, is at one moment, as it were, in a watery ravine, with a canoe behind toppling on the summit of a wave as if about to drop upon the heads of foremost passengers. The next moment the canoe is riding on a huge wave, then strikes with violence against the ground, when the canoemen, who are

naked to the waist, seize the travellers and carry them up on to the dry sand.

Gold Coast is the name given to a portion of Upper Guinea, between 5° and $4^{\circ} 20'$ E. long., striking along the Gulf of Guinea from the River Assini on the west, to the River Volta on the east, between which points are the settlements of Apollonia, Axim, Dix Cove, Elmina, Cape Coast Castle, Anamboe, Apam, Accra, Christiansborg and Fredericksborg. The name of Guinea is applied to the whole of that vast angle on the western coast of Africa, formed by the general shape of the entire continent, which recedes eastward very abruptly to the extent of nearly 30° of longitude, from about the tenth degree of north latitude. The upper Guinea coast, between Sierra Leone and the Cameroons, should, properly speaking, be divided into the Grain Coast, the Ivory Coast, the Gold Coast, and the Slave Coast, to which may be added the Palm-Oil Coast, these names indicating the chief commodities of merchandize for which those shores were resorted to by early navigators. But we need not dwell upon Guinea *en masse*, but only upon that portion of it to which the attention of the public is now directed by the stirring news received by each mail from the Gold Coast.

The Portuguese, succeeded by the Dutch, were the first commercial colonists of the coast. Their place is now taken mainly by the British, who, in 1750, traded there under the name of the African Company, and between that year and 1807 obtained Parliamentary grants for the erection of forts and settlements, which, in 1821, were transferred to the Crown, and, on the recommendation of Sir Charles McCarthy, only four forts were retained, one of which was Cape Coast Castle. In 1827, on account of the heavy expenses incurred by the Government on account of the Ashantee war, which broke out in 1824, and the decline of commerce along the coast, the public establishments were withdrawn, but some years later the whole of the coast was again placed under the direct control of the Home Government. An exchange of territory took place in January, 1868, between the Dutch and British governments. The transfer, however, did not work well, so that some new arrangement was thought necessary. After a short period of diplomatic negotiation, a Royal Convention signed at the Hague in February, 1872, doubled Her Majesty's Gold Coast Colony in extent and population. This newly acquired

territory has, it is said, led to the present Ashantee invasion, inasmuch as the Dutch, while in possession of the Castle of Elmina, paid a certain tribute to the King of Ashantee, which the British government withheld. But this is not the case. The transfer did not take place without the full concurrence of King Coffee Calcalli, and, although we do not recognize his right to a tribute in relation to Elmina, we pay the black King, as an annuity, double the sum given him by the Dutch. Moreover, the invasion happened at a time when we were engaged in friendly negotiations with Ashantee Envoys, who professed their ignorance of the cause of the hostilities. The possession of Elmina cannot, therefore, be said to have caused the present raid upon our Protectorate. To any one gifted with ordinary reasoning powers, and with even a superficial knowledge of the African character, the advent of an Ashantee invasion would have been easily foreseen had no negotiations whatever taken place with the Dutch. The reduction of Her Majesty's troops on the coast from two West India regiments to two companies, and the premature consideration of the expediency of giving the Ashantees a port on the coast, are not frail premises from which to deduce the conclusion that the King of Ashantee, finding the troops had been withdrawn, inferred that the British were too weak to resist him, and therefore seeks to crush them in accordance with the traditional policy of his predecessors, in order to subdue the Fantees, and to add their territory to his own, doubtless with the view to bring his power up to the coast, and command all the trade from the ports into the interior. The inference that the King of Ashantee considered the British too weak to resist him, is further strengthened by the abstention of our authorities on the coast from active participation in the Fantee resistance, and the exhibition of such incomprehensible policy, as permitted the present invaders to advance without serious resistance, to within a few miles of the seat of government there. But these reflections are somewhat premature. The sequence of this article requires the attention of the reader to be concentrated upon Ashantee. The causes of the present war will, hereafter, be more clearly pointed at, and more fully discussed.

The kingdom of Ashantee is composed of a number of petty kingdoms, each of which is governed either by a king or a chief of the Royal blood. It extends from beyond the interior of Assinee

to the river Volta—a boundary line of from four hundred to five hundred miles. In the interior it extends as far as Soudana, and is bounded only by the range of hills known as the Kang mountains. The population of the kingdom of Ashantee cannot be computed at less than two millions, *i. e.*, including the tributary tribes of the interior; but if we reckon only those who are subjects of the King of Ashantee, and who regard themselves as vassals or serfs, the number may be fairly stated at about eight hundred thousand. From this number, if the King is fairly put to the stretch, he can easily muster from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand armed men. The capital of Ashantee is Coomassie, situate in the populous district of the same name. The town is about one hundred and thirty miles distant from Cape Coast Castle in a direct line, or about one hundred and eighty miles by the Forest path. It is built on high ground, encompassed with marshes or creeks of a river, beyond the dense forest which secludes the interior of West Africa from our settlements: it is about one and a half miles long by a mile broad, and is defended by an earthen wall. The streets are wide, the houses mostly uniform in structure, and built in blocks or squares. The side next the street is called the public seat—the floor of which is raised two or three feet above the level of the street, and open to it to afford protection from the sun or rain. The district of Coomassie contains a population of about one hundred and twenty thousand, of which fifty thousand are able to carry arms. The different districts which enter into the formation of Ashantee, besides the tributary interior tribes, are: 1st. Jabein, which can send into the field about fifteen thousand men. Its late king (Boachin) rebelled and fought with the King of Ashantee, and attempted to dethrone him and usurp the crown, and but for the timely interference of the King of Beguele, he would have been the victor. 2nd. Guacofu, which can send about ten thousand men into the field. 3rd. Beguele, about twenty thousand men. 4th. Sulah, about ten thousand. 5th. Inchuransah, twenty thousand. 6th. Nampoon, about twelve thousand. Besides these, there are the Gamene and other interior tribes not noted. The resources of the enemy, then, are not to be despised, and require no small preparation on our part before we attempt to attack him on his own ground.

The features of the Ashantee country are generally mountainous,

except some small tracts to the east and west, though the mountains are neither abrupt or precipitous. It is well watered by many rivers, among which may be named the Assinee and the Volta, or Osweda, as being the principal—the latter running a course of four hundred miles before reaching the sea. The heat and insalubrity of the climate are believed to be exaggerated, though the former from October to March—the hot season—is excessive. During the rest of the year fires and warm clothing are used. The nights are always cold, and in the forest, fires are as necessary against the cold dews as against the wild beasts which abound in the jungle. Owing to chilly nights, followed by scorching days, and to a kind of miasma which rises from the valleys and the neighbourhood of rivers, the climate on the coast is unhealthy for Europeans, but the interior* is not so. Isert has even been recommended as a sanitary station for invalids. The air is usually calm in this region, although tornadoes rather frequently break the placid monotony, as does also the harmattan or desert wind, which is felt between December and February, blowing sometimes for days together, and owing to its dryness, causing destruction by the absorption of moisture from everything with which it comes in contact. There are two rainy and one dry season in Ashantee. The first rains occur about June, and are followed by fogs and hazy weather, very dangerous and powerful, in July and August. The second rains commence in October, after which, till April, is the hot weather. Between the Assinee and Volta rivers, and in other portions, the country is a mass of forest, the trees of which are all on an immense scale, varying, however, on the coast, where are found the cactus, the mangrove, various specimens of palms, the caltaa, and other large trees, all mixed with a wild entanglement of thorny brush, itself growing to an inconceivable size. Towards the north, the country is covered with jungle, interspersed only with patches of trees. The guinea grass here grows to an enormous height and thickness, and which, when fired, is used to manure the plantation. The sugar-cane grows wild, and there are also tobacco, maize, yams, rice, potatoes, and every kind of tropical plant in abundance, as well as gums, aromatic plants, dyes, and hard woods. The animals are numerous

* Touching the climate of the interior, Sir Samuel Baker, in his recent expedition, in eighteen months only lost one man out of a force of two hundred and twelve.

and various. There are elephants, rhinoceri, giraffes, deers, civet cats, monkeys, lions, tigers, a gigantic rat peculiar to Ashantee, an odoriferous mouse, and the arampo, or man-eater, which digs up and devours dead bodies. The rivers swarm with hippopotami and alligators, and reptiles of every size abound. Among the birds peculiar to the country, mention may be made of the pookoe, useful in destroying field rats, and a bird larger than a sparrow, with a shrill, hollow note, the sound of which is held by the natives to be of ill-omen. All the Ashantee birds are remarkable for their plumage; but none have pleasing voices—the only songstresses being the nightingale and the thrush. The woods are full of bees, and a species of ant, so numerous and rapacious, that a sheep attacked by them in the night has been found a skeleton in the morning. Fire-flies, dragon-flies, a fly like cantharides in appearance, and, indeed, all tropical insects but the mosquito are found here. Whales and plenty of sharks are to be seen on the coast. The latter form the common food of the Gold Coast negroes. The rivers yield corals and oysters, which feed on the branches of the mangrove and other trees, but are not good for food when taken in fresh water. The Ashantees are not an utterly savage race, but have lately gained some knowledge of the useful arts from their Mahomedan neighbours to the north. Missionaries have occasionally visited Coomassie, where they have been received with marks of distinction by the King. When the public reception had been given and received, the strangers were allowed to move freely about the town. It appears that the great stone palace of Coomassie, described by Bowditch,—the object of so much derision among merchants and traders on the coast—really exists, with its courtyards, walls, etc. Early in this century, the Ashantees pushed forward to the sea, took the town of Cormantine, where the only masons of the coast dwelt, and carried off these artificers, with a sufficient supply of hewn stone to build the palace of the then reigning King. The palace stands to this day, although much dilapidated.

With respect to the physique of the Ashantees: the native is not a tall man, but on the contrary, smaller than the tribes on the coast, who, as a rule, are undersized. He is lean and wiry, and not very courageous, except when lurking behind trees or walls. The King and high chiefs are distinguished from the rank and file by tall and brawny figures, with comparatively fair skins and

strikingly martial mien. It is fear of their own chieftains that makes the Ashantee so terrible to his enemy. "As well die by sword in front as the sword behind" is a saying among them. The Fantees, it is true, have never failed to their hereditary enemies face to face, but they cannot resist the inevitable movement towards the flank and rear. Thus, in the present war, they lost the battle of Yancoomassie—defeated in the moment of victory. This triumph of the Ashantee army, under the skilful and experienced General Assah Moquantal, has led to the subjection of all the Fantee tribes under the British "Protectorate" throughout a country as large as England, and to the investment, as it were, of Her Majesty's forces in the forts along the coast. Speaking of Yancoomasie, it may here be stated that there are three Coomassies, including Coomassie the capital, sometimes called the Golden, from the amount of gold supposed to be stored there. The Ashantees, cowed by superstition, do not dig for gold themselves. They however, have no scruple in making slaves work for them, in this as in other respects. It may be added that the Ashantee army would have about 40,000 men armed with trade guns and matchets, the remainder would have, probably, no better weapons than bows and native arms.

The habits of the Ashantees do not differ much from those of other African savages, and need not now be dwelt upon, as the purport of this article is not to fully instruct, but simply to initiate the reader as to the state of a people whose acquaintance has been forced upon us, in a manner not calculated to sooth the feeling of a class less exacting in relation to rules of warfare than the British public. The custom, however, of wakeing for the dead is an institution in Ashantee, and deserves more than a passing allusion. This custom is based upon the belief that there is another world, such as this, after the one at present. Thus a king or chief will rule in the same capacity hereafter, and must have his wives, and slaves, etc., to attend to him, but, as these personages do not die at the same time as the chieftain, they are killed, so that their souls may attend the spirit of the deceased in the land of shades. With respect to cannibalism, several missionaries have stated that this charge is not supported by fact against King Coffee Calcalli and his subjects, who are said to have as great an abhorrence of this crime as civilized nations.

The physical and other characteristics having now been referred

to, it is proposed, before entering upon the discussion of the present Ashantee war, to refer succinctly to our previous wars with that nation. Our first hostilities with these people occurred about half a century ago in the year 1824, when Sir Charles Macarthy, at the head of a native force, was defeated and slain. It is said that the skull of this General is still at Coomassie, filled with gold, in token of the bravery which he exhibited. This war lasted some years with indifferent success, and although the Ashantees did not actually attack our settlements, the British Government, owing to the expense incurred by this war, withdrew our public establishments from the coast, but, owing principally to the revival of commerce, again placed the forts, in 1843, under the direct control of the Home Government. Various raids were subsequently made by the Ashantees upon the British possessions, one of which, in 1853, was checked by the prompt action and vigour of Colonel Hill, then Governor, now Governor of Newfoundland. On that occasion the Ashantee army, without any declaration of war, crossed the Prah, and invaded British territory with 20,000. Colonel Hill, on hearing this, immediately called all the troops at his disposal, and, with a battery of small guns dragged by Fantees, cut his way through the bush. Joined by several confederated chiefs and 20,000 Fantees, His Excellency pushed boldly forward, and, on nearing the camp of the enemy, prepared to attack, giving them, however, twenty-four hours to recross the Prah, which the Ashantees did, and retired without firing a shot, or causing the English Government any expenses. The forces under Colonel Hill, besides some native troops, only consisted of about one hundred and fifty men and officers of the Gold Coast corps, but his dash deterred the enemy, and secured peace for ten years, until the year 1863, when the measures adopted to check the Ashantees were not fraught with such success as those which attended Colonel Hill's efforts and judgment.

In 1863 the Ashantees descended simultaneously upon the Dutch and English settlements, and meeting the Fantees, defeated them after a gallant resistance at Bobblescomb by resorting to the usual Ashantee outflanking strategy. After this, there was no further resistance, and the victorious King harried the country east of the Amissa river, and as far as the frontier of his allies the Aquapimi. Meanwhile, the 4th West India regiment, under Colonel Couran, arrived at Cape Coast Castle, where preparations

were made by him. These preparations of attack lasted from July to December, on the 5th of which month he started from Mansu with the 4th West India regiment, with detachments of the 2nd and 3rd West India regiments, and some of the Gold Coast artillery, in all about sixteen hundred men. The Ashantees, however, having ravaged the country, and being laden with spoil and prisoners, with wise precaution retired from Couran's line of march, who advanced without opposition to Prahsu, the crossing place of the Prah, and encamped there. Couran then reconnoitered the woods and swamps in the neighbourhood of his camp, but, of course, found no Ashantees. The camp was fearfully unhealthy even for that pestilential climate. The river overflowed during the rainy season, and the loss of life is described as awful. Couran finally retired towards Cape Coast Castle, but not until June, 1864, was the camp broken up, and in all these months no Ashantees had shown. Thus ended this ill-advised, ill-executed, calamitous war, which, although brought to a successful close solely by the enemy doing as he pleased, and not by any skill whatever on our part, either in military tact or diplomatic art, cost the country so much both in money and valuable lives, that a very general desire prevailed in England to get rid of these Colonies. To this end a Committee of the House of Commons (known as Sir C. Adderley's Committee) was appointed to consider the state of British possessions in Africa. This Committee made its report in June, 1865. The purport of which was, that it was not possible to withdraw the British authority wholly or immediately from the African settlements; that all further extension of territory, or the adoption of new treaties offering any protection to native tribes, would be inexpedient, and that it was desirable to encourage in the natives those qualities which would fit them to govern themselves, with a view to our ultimate withdrawal from all our possessions, except, probably, Sierra Leone. The latter idea referred to the natives then included in our Protectorate, and who, on being taught to govern themselves, required also such instruction as would enable them to defend themselves from the attacks which must take place from barbarous neighbours, and which must eventually fall upon us, as it would be undignified for a great nation to play a secondary part in affording support to those whom we guarantee to protect. As the amount of protection to be given to those under our shield would vary, according to the efficiency

of their forces, it is not making a very bold assertion to state that our policy, unless we kept a large military force on the coast, should have been to have perfected the Fantees as much as possible in the art of self-defence. It is true this policy was initiated by Mr. Cardwell, before the appointment of Sir C. Adderley's Committee, in June, 1864, when the Secretary of State wrote to Governor Pim that the duty of defending themselves rested with the chiefs, and that he was "to give them advice, to supply them judiciously with military stores, and, in concert with the officer in command of the forces, to furnish them with such assistance as he may be able to afford." Lord Granville pursued a similar line of policy, and in 1869 addressed Governor Kennedy in the same strain as Mr. Cardwell had Governor Pim, and added, "that the British Government is unable to make itself responsible for their defence in case they should prove unable to defend themselves." This seems singular language. Its meaning, however, does not appear obscure. The reader will probably translate it: "The British Government will defend the Fantees as long as they can defend themselves, but not after."

The announcement of this line of conduct on the part of Great Britain, however vague the despatches may be, ought, we would imagine, to be the prologue to the performance on the part of the representatives of the Crown in West Africa of the rôle written for them by Mr. Cardwell and Lord Granville. But the successive Governors seem to have forgotten the text, as we find Colonel Harley, as late as the 15th March, 1873, writes in reference to the Ashantee invasion from the Gold Coast as follows: "I confess, that the position is one of some embarrassment; for while, on the one hand, the instructions of the Secretary of State (*vide* despatch of the 23rd of June, 1864) are definite and specific as to the extent of the assistance to be given to the tribes of the Protectorate upon such an emergency arising as at present, it is difficult to find that these instructions have been expressed or even communicated to the people after the war of 1864: so that ten years of an indolent ease have been allowed to pass without the tribes taking any active measures, as far as I can ascertain, for their defence. Indeed, the fact declares itself openly, as they are as helpless now as they were found to be in 1863, when the Ashantees invaded the Protectorate."

The reader will have now, doubtless, gleaned that the inactive policy of the Home authorities, or in other words, the "doing

nothing policy" has contributed to produce the present war, and to make it formidable and unfortunate when it began; for, in addition to the hostilities, we must submit to the misfortunes of having our forts filled with as many panic-stricken fugitives as they will hold, and bear the burdens which charity imposes, as well as yield with a good grace to the duty of protection—duty which our pledge of good faith demands. Speaking of protection in relation to the Fantees, it is, perhaps, needless to remark that in assuming that responsibility, it was incumbent upon us, in order really to protect ourselves, to keep these people in order, and to see that they did not commit acts of violence against the Ashantees; but we seem to have ignored this ordinary precaution, as the recent great outrages committed by the Fantees upon the Ashantee traders to Elmina are undoubted, and it is equally certain that nothing was done by the British authorities to check these depredations, which, if asserted as one of the causes of the present outbreak, reflect unfavourably on the Home Executive or upon their representatives in West Africa.

At this juncture the reader, probably weary of these strange acts, will anticipate as their epilogue the narration of the withdrawal of Great Britain from the West African settlements, or the recital of the steps taken to establish a strong military force on, and suitable to that coast. But, however tedious the play may appear, the author of this paper cannot yet afford the peruser any relief, on the contrary he must submit to listen to the performance of a sixth act tragedy—to be told that we extended our territory in Africa and withdrew the troops to a great extent.

The history of the acquisition of new territory is familiar to us, and having been already referred to in this article need not now be further reviewed. The story of the withdrawal of the troops is of importance to the completion of the present paper, and the story, although brief, must be told even at the expense of wearying the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY.

In December, 1873, Governor Hennessy, in a despatch from Sierra Leone, writes in reference to Military expedition as follows: "Sir Harry Ord pointed out to the Committee of 1865 that the Military Expedition, which then amounted to a charge of £127,897 on the Imperial Exchequer, could be considerably reduced when the Government-in-Chief of the four settlements was concentrated at Sierra Leone, and local forces substituted for some of

the West Indian detachments. This policy has been steadily pursued and with such success (the author of this paper may here observe with such success as to bring on the Ashantee war) that, though the trade with the United Kingdom has considerably increased, the Military expenditure chargeable to the United Kingdom has fallen to one-fourth of what it was in 1865. In 1871 it amounted only to £29,331. * * * *

“In 1863, Governor Freeman purchased four hundred stand of arms for a force he was raising from a wide-spread Mahomedan tribe, the Houssas. In July, 1864, he reported that he could maintain one hundred armed Houssas at an annual cost of £1269. Before his death, which occurred soon after, he anticipated the substitution of his Houssas for Imperial troops, and this was accomplished under Sir Arthur Kennedy’s instructions in 1869. An armed police force has also been substituted for the Imperial troops on the Gambia.”

“Under your Lordship’s instructions I tried the experiment in May last of moving one hundred Houssas from Lagos to the Gold Coast. They are now doing garrison work at Elmina; and are found to be, for the sort of duty required in the Protectorate, more useful than the West Indian troops.”

As to the utility and fighting qualities of these Houssas, the following extracts from the letter of a correspondent, who, in referring to this tribe, writes as follows: “Our native allies are far worse than worthless as companions in a fight. The Houssas may be trained to be valuable scouts, but their wild excitability and ill-directed fire are calculated to confuse and bewilder the troops, and do more harm than good.

“The Houssas were by no means particular at whom they fired, banging away miscellaneously in the direction of any shots, whether by friend or foe. Fortunately, their aim was utterly wild, or we should have had a heavy list of casualties.

“The tendency of the Houssas, when fired at, is, at present, to run away.”

When this conduct, on the part of the Houssas, is contrasted with the gallant conduct of a small detachment of the First West India Regiment, who, not many months ago, defended the outpost of Orange Walk, in British Honduras, against a host of Indians, and drove them off, we fail to comprehend the reasons which could have induced Mr. Hennessy to pen the foregoing despatch unless

he wished to pander to the wishes of the Home Cabinet, whose inclinations evidently pointed at military reduction, as the following extract, from Mr. Cardwell's speech on the occasion of moving the Army Estimates in 1870, will testify: "We have much more pleasant reason for discontinuing the services of the Third West India Regiment. When I first went to the Colonial Office, I found two West India regiments quartered on the West Coast of Africa. These two regiments were not considered sufficient for the duties they had to discharge, and there was a continual pressure for an additional force. However, the government of our colonies on the West Coast was changed. Our Governor from Sierra Leone now superintends the whole of these colonies. This gentleman was in London last October, and my noble friend and I had the pleasure of hearing from his own lips, that what two regiments could not do a few years ago, two companies are perfectly competent to do now." The sequel to these utterances need not be dwelt upon. The reader has already more than gleaned it. He has already seen that two companies were not sufficient, and that the substitution of Houssas for West Indian troops was a grave error.

The conduct of the successive Governors in recommending Military reduction, although not commendable, is not difficult to understand, when we reflect upon the fact that all the Administrators who advocated the disbandment of the Imperial troops in West Africa received promotion. Of course they performed other duties with ability and zeal, and doubtless deserved advancement, but the fact of their furtherance remains undisputed. Sir Harry Ord was made Governor of the "Straits settlements;" Sir Arthur Kennedy was given Hong Kong; Mr. Hennessy received the Bahamas—a change certainly to a better climate, although the emoluments are not so great as in "Sierra Leone." Colonel Harley had no time to play the same rôle as his predecessors. The King of Ashantee was too premature, otherwise the gallant Colonel might have acted the part of his "predecessors."

With respect to the present war, Colonel Harley seems to have experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining information as to the strength of the enemy engaged in the first incursion, for, in a despatch to the Colonial Office about March last, he wrote that he believed that the number of Ashantees did not exceed four thousand, and stated that, in addition to the forces that the tribes

might be expected to supply, he had on the spot two hundred and seventy men of the 1st West India regiment, two hundred and twenty Houssas, two hundred volunteers, and one hundred and fifty native police, besides four vessels of war on the coast. And writing in a despatch of the 8th April, Colonel Harley says, "I may add that a feeling of complete security is felt here and along the coast, which the presence of four of Her Majesty's ships at present in the roads, no doubt, strengthens." Mr. Cardwell seems to have been pleased with the tenor of this despatch, for in the House of Commons on the 2nd May last, he spoke respecting the letter as follows: "When the military administrator spoke in those terms, there could be no doubt that confidence was felt in the resources at hand."

But Mr. Cardwell and Colonel Harley were both mistaken. The best politicians are sometimes deceived. Even Mr. Hammond, who had an experience of nearly fifty years in the foreign office, announced the settled tranquillity of Europe to Lord Granville, on his assumption of office at the death of Lord Clarendon. The prophecy was falsified in a few days by the outbreak between Prussia and France, but it is presumed it was as difficult for Mr. Hammond to secure the confidence of M. Olivier or Bismark as it was for Colonel Harley to pry into the secrets of the King of Ashantee. Lord Kimberley, however, in the House of Lords, on the 20th May, admitted that sufficient importance had not been attributed to the attack of the Ashantees, and that the report which had been received in the first instance of the number of the attacking force had been under estimated. The Colonial Secretary added, that further measures had been taken for the protection of the Settlements. The Government, having despatched fifty marines, and fifty marine artillery, and issued instructions to have the whole of the 1st West India regiment hurried to the coast, Lord Kimberley further added, respecting the discrepancy between the earlier and later statements of Colonel Harley as to the number of Ashantees forming the invading army, that he would read the explanation of the Administrator, taken from a despatch dated Cape Coast Castle, 12th April, 1873, the extract is as follows, viz: "I fear that there can be little doubt now that the Ashantees are in considerable force. I had not thought so, and my conclusion was not without reason, as knowing something of the resources of the food supply in the districts they

occupy, I imagined they could not maintain so large a force as has been variously represented at twelve, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, and as much as forty thousand men, but from reliable and intelligent evidence this is said to be the whole fighting strength of the Ashantee power." Having read the extract, Earl Kimberley said: "This was no doubt a serious state of things; but the Administrator had taken prompt and active measures, and it was only due to Colonel Harley to state that, as far as he was aware, the Colonial Office had great reason to be satisfied with his proceedings."

Thus it is admitted that a large army which, had we taken proper precaution and acted promptly, might have been driven back at the outset, but we had no troops, or next to none there, so that no active measures could be taken. We then, as it were, delivered up the whole country, until within a few miles of Cape Coast Castle, to the enemy, and being thus bearded, had no alternative but to fight. Thus we have an Ashantee war—a war which Lord Derby says "will be a doctor's war, and an engineer's war quite as much as a soldier's war." He also says: "The liability to quarrels of this kind is one of the penalties we pay for an extended empire, and as long as we have an enemy in our front, even though that enemy should be a Gold Coast savage, there will be no difference of opinion among politicians of all colours as to the necessity of defending British territory, or of vindicating our honour by resisting attack." There is encouragement in such words as these for the gallant men who are now called upon to vindicate our honour. Politicians have now quitted the stage. The settlement of the difficulty is now in other hands. The Snider rifle, and the Gatling and shell guns must now decide the dispute, and these weapons are wielded by soldiers whose ancestors, in the hour of their country's need, have never failed.

Having at length entered into the present fray, the Government use the most vigorous means to prosecute it successfully. The authorities, doubtless, follow Shakspeare's advice:

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,

Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.

It is possible there is some excess of preparation, but this is a step in the right direction, because the season during which alone

active warfare is possible, is rather a brief one for a campaign, which is evidently contemplated to extend to a distance of nearly two hundred miles. The government and medical authorities evince every desire to compass the important object of preserving the health of the men, and are determined, even at the sacrifice of professional routine, to obtain so desirable a result as the preservation of many valuable lives. The clothing of the troops has been especially looked to, and a large number of medical officers have been despatched to the coast, with a view not only to attend to the sick soldiers, but to endeavour, by the introduction of sanitary precaution, to hinder the outbreak of disease.

As to the details of the present raid, the reader, it is presumed, is so familiar with them that it is only necessary to refer to them in the briefest manner possible. It will be therefore sufficient to state that soon after the invasion of the Ashantees into the "Protectorate," the town of Elmina, about seven miles from Cape Coast Castle, was either captured by them, or had revolted in their favour. It was destroyed by our bombardment about midsummer, and Chama, at the mouth of the Bussum Prah, was the scene of the disaster that befell Commodore Commerell and his party of sailors on August 11th, in a boat expedition to survey that river. At this sad news being received in England, Sir Garnet Wolseley, with a number of officers, was despatched to the seat of war, and at the same time the 23rd Welsh Fusileers, and the first battalion of the Rifle Brigade were placed under orders to follow him, when required, to the Gold Coast. These regiments have since left England. However to be regretted may be the disaster at the Prah, it must be regarded as an incident inseparable from all campaigns, and the first news of it should have been borne with as much patience as exultation when called forth by the knowledge of a victory. We should be slow to condemn the operations of our commanders without being thoroughly acquainted with the country in which the tactics are being carried on, although, in the present case, it is difficult to comprehend the reasons which induced Commodore Commerell to place so much trust in the Chiefs of Chama. An African savage must be a friend or a foe. However the term neutral may be applied to European diplomacy, it cannot be applicable to potentates whose lax ideas with respect to murder are not conducive to their comprehension of, or acquiescence in the rules of national honour. It would have been

better for Commodore Commerell to have taken the Chama Chief with him in his boats, so that these rulers would have been in a fair way to receive the fatal volley which, had this precaution been adopted, would never have been fired, but then we must not judge too hastily, or offer an opinion touching an attempt for prosecuting which grave reasons may have existed.

The choice of Sir Garnet Wolseley as the leader of the present expedition has given the utmost satisfaction. He entered the service in 1852 and served in the Burmese war of 1852-53. He took part in the Crimean, Chinese and Indian mutiny campaigns. He commanded the Expedition sent in 1870 from Canada to the Red River Settlements. He is a C. B. and a K. C. M. G. His recent reconnoissances against the Ashantees was a strikingly neat and complete piece of African warfare, reflects the greatest credit on the General and the officers and men under him, and calls for acclamation, which the genius displayed by him in so well masking his intentions, enforces from us. The result of this recent operation is most satisfactory in many ways. Indeed, the discovery of the hasty expenditure of ammunition on the part of our troops is a great point gained. This waste is one of the results of breech-loading rifles. The rapid process of loading them, in comparison with the muzzle-loader, causes our troops, in the heat of action, to expend too much ammunition, and when we take into consideration that officers at Aldershot on ordinary field days have great difficulty in checking their men from firing too rapidly, we can readily understand the difficulty of restraining from committing this error when excited by real action. But it is a matter which must be looked to.

The plan of the present campaign will, no doubt, be to advance on Coomassie. This will probably be accomplished by continuing the measures which had been commenced previous to the arrival of our General. Colonel Festing and Lieut. Gordon had already completed a road for twenty-four miles in the direction of Coomassie, they had driven the enemy from the immediate neighbourhood of Elmina and Cape Coast Castle and the Fantees had commenced to return to the deserted villages in the vicinity of the coast. Captain Glover and other officers are now engaged in levying additional troops among the Mahometan tribes, and there can be little doubt that as soon as sufficient troops arrive to protect the working parties, the road will be extended to the Prah.

Beyond the river the country is rather open and on a higher level, so that the advance on Coomassie may probably not be found impracticable. If a sufficient road can be constructed, the traction engines which the Government have despatched will wholly or partly render the use of beasts of burden unnecessary; and in a comparatively open country English troops can scarcely fail to defeat any number of even the most warlike Africans. Indeed, in a few words, one may say that Sir Garnet Wolseley's duty is to keep our men healthy and to make roads they can travel on. The fighting part is left to our soldiers and from it they will not flinch. If our General performs these two duties he will have accomplished a great end and will deserve the gratitude and admiration of his country.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, on arrival at Cape Coast Castle, immediately assembled the Kings and Chiefs, and, in explaining his views, instructed these rulers as to the course he wished them to adopt. In the course of his address, the General said: "This war is not Her Majesty's war, but is your war." This sentence, and, indeed, the whole speech, has been much criticised by the press, and various are the opinions respecting it. While the *Times* endorses its tenor, the African *Times* says: "There is a cold, hard tone in his words, not calculated to induce that hearty co-operation so desirable and so essential to success;" and the *Pall Mall Gazette* refers to it as follows, viz.:—

"The first reflection which must suggest itself on reading this highly diplomatic deliverance is the extreme want of conformity between almost every one of its statements and the true facts of the case. This war is not a Fantee war, but our war in every sense of the word—ours, that is, in the sense that we gave the provocation, whatever it was, and that the stake which is at issue on its event is found entirely by us. It is not true that Her Majesty has no other interest on the Gold Coast than to secure the blessings of peace and civilization to the Fantees, or that it is for the furtherance of those interests, in any but the most indirect and accidental of senses, that Sir Garnet Wolseley has been despatched to that coast. It is not true that Her Majesty, if she consulted her own interests alone, might content herself by keeping her troops within the forts; on the contrary, her interests, both military and commercial, imperatively demand the opposite course. Sir Garnet Wolseley was, however, it will be said, addressing not Englishmen, but those Fantees amongst whom our only interest is to spread the blessings of civilization, and one of these blessings is the art of using language to conceal the thoughts.

We do not wish to lay too much stress on the moral anomaly of the situation, or on the somewhat odious effect of the contrast between our lofty and transcendental account of our mission on the Gold Coast and the decided earthliness, not to say meanness, of the policy by which it is to be carried out. But, morality aside, we cannot help questioning the prudence of the course which Sir Garnet Wolseley has apparently been instructed to pursue. From a mere worldly point of view it can never be wise to 'say a thing that is not' unless there is a chance of being believed, and what sort of a chance is there of this in the present instance? Sir Garnet Wolseley's speech is, in effect, a *rechauffe* of a despatch of Lord Kimberley's of several months back in the earliest days of the war, and he has been directed to reproduce it, quite regardless of the change of circumstances which has occurred in the mean time."

The author of this paper, although not disposed to accept intact the leader of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, cannot refrain from observing that it appears strange to call a war in which Her Majesty's sailors and soldiers are shot, and in which a British Protectorate and even British possessions are invaded, not Her Majesty's war but that of a people whom we are in honour bound to protect, treating their quarrels as our quarrels. But then if the pen of Sir Garnet Wolseley is guided by Downing Street, his sword is at least free, and that, judging by his late bold attack upon the Ashantees, is unfettered, and will be used by him to some purpose. What we must look to are deeds and not words, and the latter are to be valued by the effect they produce. Notwithstanding the so called coldness of his words, our General's address seems to have made a favourable impression upon our native allies, as the following extract from the *London Standard* will show:

"Sir Garnet Wolseley's energy has fairly communicated itself to the chiefs, and although it is by no means certain that they will be able to raise an army for us, it is now certain that they will endeavour to the utmost of their power to do so. Those who know them best are the most surprised to find that the kings are really keeping their word and departing for their own countries. The greater portion of the officers who came out with us are leaving with these potentates, and will, by their presence, show the people that England is in earnest in their behalf."

The reader has now been offered almost all that is known of the Ashantee war up to the present date. Probably before these pages are in print, the veil of the future will have been torn aside, and the valour of our troops will be deeds of history. But the author does not profess to be prophetic, however proud he

may feel to chronicle the triumph of our soldiers, and the present effort to induce his readers to lend an ear to Africa must be concluded. It is pleasing, however, to add as a last piece of information that, although there is no wish to underrate the perils of our brave garrison in Guinea, latest communications respecting the health of the troops, and the sanitary prospects during the winter months are of a highly encouraging character.

Let us, therefore, look forward to a satisfactory solution of the present difficulty—a difficulty which should never have arisen. Had successive Ministers imposed a microscopic tax upon the British public, the present large periodical outlay would have been avoided, and we would have cheated of further victims the yawning white man's grave.

CONSERVATOR.

ANITHER'S AWA.

My mither, puir body, her hairt it was sair,
For the sad, dreary thocht, she might see me nae mair,
Had filled her whole soul; and the tears doon did fa',
As she uttered these words, 'Anither's awa.'

It's twa years or sae since I've seen her auld face;
But oft in my day-dreams she comes to my place;
And my hairt it grows fu' as I think o' us twa
Embracing each ither: Anither's awa.

The seas row atween us; but naething that's here
Can loosen the ties that bind us sae dear;
And often I've thocht it was guid for us a',
These words yince were uttered, Anither's awa.

For, mither, dear mither, I thankfully see
'Twas God's ain kind grace that brocht tears to your e'e;
For, though seas row atween us, I'm nearer you a'
Than when you said, sobbin', Anither's awa.

Your true hairt devotion and kindness tae me,
That then were not noticed—or only a wee,
Tak' now due proportions,—are twice mair than a'
This world's rich treasures: Anither's awa.

And not only that; but the fact o' itsel',
 That we yince were sae patient, has wrocht like a spell;
 And I'm nearer tae Jesus, and nearer tae a'
 My brithers on earth, since Anither's awa.

It may be that yet we will meet ither here;
 But if't's not sae granted, we need never fear;
 For we'll meet up abuin, whar there's nothing ava
 Tae mak' us say sadly, Anither's awa.

Sae, then, we'll work trusting firm in His grace,
 Wha's blessed us sae far wi' the licht o' His face;
 And there's naething that's ill shall e'er us befa':
 Sae blythe be and glad though Anither's awa.

W. P. BEGG.

THE FOLK-LORE OF BRITISH PLANTS.

ARTICLE II.

BY JAMES MASON.

Lily—Lily of the Valley—Daisy—Forget-me-not—Rush.

THERE are some plants which fortune has thrown together, and which, in our minds, at least, are always found in company. Of these the lily and the rose furnish the most prominent example. These two flowers have been called rival queens of the garden: but let us not look at them so. Let us rather consider them as existing in harmony, each proud of the other's attractions; the lily, out of courtesy, giving the rose the first place, and the rose taking it, not vaingloriously, but to avoid disputing about what, after all, is a matter of no importance. It is but right, then, as I commenced the first article with an account of the folk-lore connected with the rose, that I should begin this paper by telling all that is interesting about the LILY.

The first thing that occurs to me to mention is, that the name of the lily has been conjectured to refer to some old personification of the night, which Orpheus described as "the mother of gods and men." In the Syrian dialects, and in the Hebrew, we have *Lil*, *lilleh*, etc., as denoting the evening. Mr. Conway, from whose articles on "Mystic Trees and Flowers" I have already done myself the pleasure of quoting, remarks on this head:—

“The similarity of the name of the lily to Deleilah and to Lilæa, the beautiful nymph and daughter of Cephissus, is worthy of note. That the cold golden-haired Lilith, and the chaste, man-hating Diana, should be personifications of the moonlight, and that their emblem should be the pale golden-headed lily, is not wonderful, but it is still more significant when we associate it with the only white lily known to the Orientals—the water lily. Pliny and others speak of the water lily as one of the normal antidotes to the love-philtre.”

The lily appears to have been a favourite flower with the ancient Greeks, and in the wedding ceremonies of the modern Greeks the priest is supplied with two chaplets of lilies and ears of corn, which he places on the heads of the bride and bridegroom, as emblems of purity and abundance.

The East Indian *Nelumbium*, which is found in great abundance in hot countries, and with which the ditches about Peking are reported by travellers to be literally choked, is supposed to have been the sacred bean of Pythagoras, the object of religious veneration in Egypt. The priests were forbidden even to look at it. Its singular seed-vessels, in whose cells the bean-like seeds lie, are thought to have suggested the cornucopia of the ancients.

The sacred lily of the East is the lotus, and there is hardly an oriental mythology in which it has not a place. It was considered in Egypt to be the throne of Osiris, the god of day.

In the early centuries of our era the lily had the good fortune to become mixed up with the history of the Virgin Mary. The lily which generally appears in pictures and elsewhere in connection with her, is the great white lily (*lilium candidum*) of our gardens. The pure white petals have been held to typify her body, and the golden anthers within to represent her soul, sparkling with divine light. This lily, by the way, was believed by the Jews to counteract witchcraft and enchantment. Judith is said to have crowned herself with a wreath of white lilies before setting out for the tent of Holofernes.

There is a legend of the Cistercian friars, exhibiting the blessed Virgin in connection with the lily. It seems that there was a brother of the order so rude and unlettered that he could retain nothing in his memory beyond the *Ave Maria* of the angelical salutation. But this he repeated incessantly. At last he died, and was buried; and from his grave a lily of gold sprang up, with *Ave Maria* inscribed on every leaf.

As a token of purity, the lily was frequently placed by artists of old in the hands of female saints. It was specially dedicated to the patroness of music, St. Cecilia.

Perhaps one of the strangest features about the folk-lore of the lily is the subtle relationship which the plant was held to bear to life. It is a northern superstition that, if one is unjustly executed,

white lilies will spring from his grave in token of innocence. And from the grave of a maiden three lilies spring, which may be gathered by no one but her lover. In many of the Swedish ballads, lilies as well as roses grow out of graves. And many examples are to be met with of persons changed by death into lilies. A curious incident in which the lily plays the leading part is given by Thorpe in his "Northern Mythology," from the "Niederländische Sagen" of Wolf, Leipsic, 1843:—

"There was once, in days of yore, a conjuror who cut people's heads off and set them on again. One day, when he was practising his art, a travelling journeyman entered the room as a spectator. On the table before the conjuror there stood a large glass filled with distilled water, out of which grew a white lily every time the conjuror had cut a head off, which he called the Lily of Life. When the conjuror had cut a head off, the traveller quickly stepped up to the table, and, with a sharp knife, severed the stalk of the lily, without being observed by any one; so that when the conjuror would replace the head, the operation failed, whereupon he was seized and burnt for a murderer."

This took place, the narrator says he has often heard his father relate, in the year 1528, and he adds that, anterior to the French Revolution, the judicial acts concerning the trial were to be seen.

The Water-lily is gathered in Germany with certain rites, as a charm against witchcraft. In Spain it is said that those who have by magic arts been transformed into animals can be restored by the aid of the lily. There used to be a famous lily at Lauenburg. It was said to have sprung up when a poor and beautiful girl was spirited away out of the clutches of a dissolute baron. It appeared annually, and the event was anxiously looked forward to by the inhabitants of the Hartz, many of whom made a pilgrimage to behold it. They returned to their homes, it is said, overpowered by its dazzling beauty, and asserting that its splendour was so great that it shed beams of light on the valley below.

The lily was the national emblem of France till the revolution of 1789, when the tri-colour (white, red, and blue) was adopted. It was popularly held to have been brought from Heaven by an angel to Clovis in 496, he having made a vow that if he proved the victor in a pending battle with the Alemanni, near Cologne, he would embrace Christianity. Another legend is that after one of the battles of the Crusades the white banner of France was found covered with it. Likely enough, the sanctity with which the words of Christ in the Sermon on the Mount had invested the lily were the chief cause of raising the flower to the position of a national emblem. It really ought, however, in all fairness to be mentioned that the identity of the lily with the fleur-de-lis of France has been questioned. An attempt has been made, but not successfully it seems to me, to show that the fleur-de-lis is not the

iris or royal lily at all, but merely an ornamented spear head or sceptre. This is not the place to pursue the subject, so I shall do no more than refer the inquiring reader to Mr. Lower's "Curiosities of Heraldry" (p. 80 *et seq.*) where it is fully discussed.

I have alluded to the flower mentioned by Christ when he called attention to the superiority of the adornment of the lilies of the field to that of Solomon in all his glory. What that lily was has been asked from the earliest times to the present day. If we could but certainly identify it, with what interest would it be regarded, how closely it would bring home to us one of the most important lessons ever taught on earth! The Lily of the Valley used to be regarded as the plant in question, but quite erroneously. This humble flower loves the north and is unknown in tropical climates. The flower at which our Saviour pointed was probably one of a brilliant red colour belonging to a plant about half the size of the common tiger lily. Probably, I say, because there are a few other flowers, which, in claiming to occupy the honorable position, make out a fair case for themselves.

The Lily of the Valley is dedicated to the Virgin, and always held to be symbolical of purity and holiness. In some parts of St. Leonard's Forest, in Sussex, it grows freely, and a legendary tale is there related of it. It is reported to have sprung from the blood of St. Leonard, who once encountered a mighty worm, or "fire-drake" in the forest, and fought with it for three successive days. The saint came off conqueror, but he was severely wounded in the struggle, and the ground was red with his blood. Wherever the blood fell Lilies of the Valley sprang up in profusion.

In some country places the Lily of the Valley is called "Ladder to Heaven," a name evidently suggested by the graceful arrangement of the flowers. In Hanover the people are very fond of this flower, and go out on Whit-Monday in large numbers to the woods to gather it: when evening falls there is hardly a house without a large bouquet.

From the coy Lily of the Valley, which "shuns eminence and loves the dale," to the DAISY is no very violent transition. The latter is about as modest and lowly as the former.

"The Daisy scattered on each mead and downe,
A golden tuft within a silver crowne:
(Fair fall that dainty flowre, and may there be
No shepherd graced that doth not honour thee!)

So says the old poet Browne. His love for the plant has been shared by all the tuneful tribe, to such an extent, as fully to justify Wordsworth's styling it "the poet's darling." The allusions to it in Spencer, Milton, Ben Jonson, Shakspeare, Burns, Keats, and many other writers of high rank, are no doubt familiar to you. You recollect the enthusiasm of Chaucer for the "modest crimson-tipped flower"--

“Of all the flowres in the mede,
 Than loye I most these flowres white and rede,
 Soch that men callen Daisies in our town,
 To them I have so great affection,
 As I sayd erst, whan comen is the Maie,
 That in my bedde there daweth me no daie,
 That I n'am up and walking in the mede,
 To see this flowre ayenst the sunne sprede ;
 Whan it up riseth early by the morrow,
 That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow.”

Report will have it that this plant takes its name from “day’s eye,” because the flower opens and closes as daylight comes and goes. It is popularly looked on as the emblem of modesty, and is the badge of Maid Margaret, that was so meek and mild, a very popular saint in the olden time. “It may have been assigned to her,” says Mr. Prior, in his ‘Popular Names of British Plants’ (p. 112), “from blossoming about her day, the 22nd of February.” In France the daisy is called Marguerite.

“The daise, a flowre white and rede,
 In French called La Belle Margarete.”

—Chaucer.

The device of Marguerite of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI., was a daisy, in allusion to her name. It is also known by the name of La Paquerette.

In Ossian, the poet makes the first daisy be sown over a baby’s grave by the hands of infantine angels. “From that day forth the maidens of Morven have consecrated the little daisy to early infancy. It is, they say, the flower of innocence, the flower of a new-born babe.”

It used to be employed in an interesting way in the days of chivalry. A knight, when an accepted lover, was allowed by his lady-fair to engrave a daisy on his arms; but when the damsel would neither say yes nor no, she wreathed her head with a coronet of wild daisies to show that she would consider his proposal.

For purposes of love divination, the daisy is much made use of in France. Lovers, in order to ascertain the warmth of each other’s affections, take a daisy and pluck its leaflets off, one by one, saying “Does he [she] love me?—a little—much—passionately—not at all.” The phrase which falls to the last leaflet is the answer to the enquiry. In England the marigold, and in Germany the star-flower, or aster, is generally used for the same purpose. An odd piece of advice given to a man to enable him to dream of his mistress, or to a woman to enable her to dream of her lover, seems to have been: “Hide a daisy root under your pillow, and hang your shoes out of the window” (Scott’s Play of the “Mock Marriage,” 1696.) Probably it is some piece of love divination that W. Browne alludes to when he speaks of—

“The gentle daisy with her silver crown,
 Worn in the breast of many a shepherd lass.”

In the North of England the peasants judge of the advance of the year by the appearance of our flower, saying that "spring has not arrived till you can set your foot on twelve daisies."

In Thuringia it is said that he who has a tooth extracted must eat three daisies to be free from tooth-ache in future. Who would not make trial of so simple a remedy?

About the identity of the FORGET-ME-NOT there exists some popular misapprehension. There is little doubt that the plant really entitled to bear this fanciful appellation is the Creeping Water Scorpion Grass.

The following tale, explanatory of the origin of the name Forget-me-not, is given from Mill's "History of Chivalry," 1826, where it is quoted from Anthony Todd Thomson :

"Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake on a fine summer's evening, when the maiden espied some of the flowers of the *Myosotis* growing on the water, close to the bank of an island, at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them, when her knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot, cropped the wished for plant; but his strength was unable to fulfil the object of his achievement, and feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers upon the bank, and, casting a last affectionate look upon his lady-love, he cried, 'Forget me not,' and was buried in the waters."

There is a Persian legend regarding the Forget-me-not given by the poet Shiraz. It has a more delicate poetic tone than belongs to the European legend :

"It was," says Shiraz, "in the golden morning of the early world, when an angel sat weeping outside the closed gates of Eden. He had fallen from his high estate through loving a daughter of earth, nor was he permitted to enter again until she whom he loved had planted the flowers of the forget-me-not in every corner of the world. He returned to earth and assisted her, and they went hand in hand over the world, planting the forget-me-not. When their task was ended, they entered Paradise together—for the fair woman, without tasting the bitterness of death, became immortal, like the angel whose love her beauty had won, when she sat by the river, twining the forget-me-not in her hair."

So much, then, for "the sweet Forget-me-nots that grow for happy lovers."

RUSHES have not given rise to a great deal of folk-lore. Perhaps, in the olden time, they were too much before the eyes of the people to acquire any mysterious attributes: men were too familiar with them. Rushes as well as sedge were used in summer to strew the floors of houses. The English stage also was at one period covered with rushes.

Long ago it was a custom at marriages to strew rushes, along

with herbs and flowers, from the house of the bride to the church. To this practice we have an allusion by Braithwaite in his "Strapado for the Divell," 1615:

" All haile to Hymen and his marriage day,
Strew Rushes, and quickly come away;
Strew Rushes, maides, and ever as you strew,
Think one day, maides, like will be done for you."

In churches, also, rushes were regularly strewn. The Rev. G. Mills Cooper, in his paper on the Abbey of Bayham, in the Sussex Archæological Collections (vol ix., 1857), observes, with reference to this custom:—

" Though few are ignorant of it, it may not be so generally known that the strewing of churches grew into a religious festival: dressed up in all that picturesque circumstance wherewith the old Church knew well how to array its ritual. Remains of it linger to this day in remote parts of England. In Westmoreland, Lancashire, and districts of Yorkshire, there is still celebrated, between hay-making and harvest, a village fete called the Rushbearing. Young women, dressed in white, and carrying garlands of flowers and rushes, walk in procession to the parish church, accompanied by a crowd of rustics, with flags flying and music playing. There, they suspend their floral chaplets on the chancel rails, and the day is concluded by a simple feast. The neighbourhood of Ambleside was until lately, and may be is still, one of the chief strongholds of this popular practice; respecting which I will only add, as a curious fact, that up to the passing of the recent Municipal Reform Act, the town-clerk of Norwich was accustomed to pay to the sub-sacrist of the cathedral an annual guinea, for strewing the floor of the cathedral with rushes on the Lord Mayor's Day, from the western door to the entrance into the choir. This is the most recent instance of the ancient usage that has come to my knowledge."

Not quite such an Arcadian account of the ceremony of rush-bearing is given by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (p. 358), dating from Runcorn, in Cheshire. He exhibits the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of that place as a rude, hearty, masculine race, contrasting pleasantly with Mr. Mill's " young woman dressed in white, and carrying garlands of flowers and rushes."

" At the annual wakes," he says, " a large quantity of rushes are collected together, and loaded on a cart almost to the height of a load of hay, they are bound on the cart, and cut evenly at each end. On the Saturday evening a number of men sit on the top of the rushes, holding garlands of artificial flowers, tinsel, etc. The cart is drawn round the parish by three or four spirited horses, decked out with ribbons—the collars being surrounded with small bells. It is attended by morris-dancers, dressed in strange style—men in women's clothes, etc. One big man in woman's clothes, with his face blackened, has a belt round his waist, to which is attached

a large bell, and carries a ladle, in which he collects money from the spectators. The company stop and dance at the principal public-houses in their route, and then proceed to the parish church where the rushes are deposited, and the garlands hung up very conspicuously, to remain till the next year."

The withered state of the tops of the rushes is explained in an original way in Kilkenny. It is the result, say the natives there, of the curse of St. Patrick. The saint had been in the act of denouncing the vengeance of heaven against some rapacious chief, and had uttered the words, "I curse," when the friends of the chief fell on their knees and begged for mercy. St Patrick yielded; but it seems to have been necessary for him to conclude his sentence, so, instead of adding the name of the chief, he said, "the tops of the rushes and the red stones of the Dinan," a small stream in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny. The tops of the rushes, ever since this terrible curse, have been withered, and the Dinan has been a river of misfortune, liable to rise suddenly and sweep away any one attempting to ford it.

For one complaint, at any rate, the rush is held by country wiseacres to be efficacious. In Devonshire, it is used as a charm for the thrush. Three rushes are taken from any running stream, passed separately through the mouth of the infant, and then thrown back into the water. As the current bears them away, so, it is said, will the thrush depart from the child.

It will be remembered by the classical reader that the Spartans crowned themselves with rushes in the Promethean festivals.

THE THREE EAGLES.

THREE Eagles sped in their rapid flight,
Unto the banquet gathered the three,
Their quarry it was a fallen knight,—
One lit by his head and one by 's knee,
One solemn paced by, the luckless wight,
A grave high pavin grotesque to see.

Screamed eagle the first: "pick out his eyes!
Because he looked on the poor with scorn,
No grief had he for his vassals' sighs,
No care that babes and women should mourn,
He held their lives as his lawful prize
For reason that he was Norman-born."

Screamed eagle the second: "tear his hand!
It never was given in honest clasp,
Clutched his fingers the vengeful brand,
Ever 'twas ready to smite, or grasp
The prostrate foe or the weaker's land,
To seize his prey and to hold like hasp."

Screamed the third eagle: "tear his heart!
For reason that it was stern and cold,
In man's affections he had no part,
He loved not even the yellow gold,
All other feelings froze with art
For pride of place and of lineage old."

Screamed all the eagles: "gobble and drink!
Sip and soppet! tear sinew and limb,
Crest and talon! with flutter and wink
Sharpen the beak for the banquet grim,
Gnaw at his vitals! surfeit and prink,
Bury our necks in this wreck of him."

A white dove passing cried: "spare his face,
Weeps one in the turret that loved it well,
Its smiles beguiled her of Heaven's grace,
It was false, but fair, though his ruth was fell,
She was true to him if not to her race,
She would barter heaven and welcome hell

To toy once more with his tresses brown,
To pour her soul on his lips of clay;"
The sated eagles, with eerie stoun,
Heavily rose on the dying day,
The white dove fled, and the sun went down,
And there on his back the dead man lay.

THE LEMMING OR NORWAY RAT MIGRATIONS.

THE lemming multiplies so rapidly that in the course of ten or twelve seasons food becomes scarce, and, on the approach of some winter when the food-question has become one of life or death, the over-stocked market is relieved by an expedient unparalleled in its nature among four-footed animals. This singular little creature is so local in its habits, that, unless under the circumstances we are about to narrate, it never leaves the mountain-regions to establish itself on the plains, where food is more abundant.

The inhuman suggestion of a modern writer that our paupers should be packed into rotten ships, which should be sent out to sea and scuttled, is something like the method adopted by the lemmings themselves to avert the famine which threatens to annihilate the entire species. When the time for the settlement of the question of partial extermination for the benefit of the race, or total extermination by starvation, can no longer be delayed, they assemble in countless thousands in some of the mountain valleys leading into the plains, and, the vast army of martyrs being selected, they pour across the country in a straight line, a living stream, often exceeding a mile in length, and many yards in breadth, devouring every green thing in their line of march; the country over which they have passed looking as if it had been ploughed, or burned with fire. They march principally by night, and in the morning, resting during the day, but never seek to settle in any particular locality, however abundant food may be in it, for their final destination is the distant sea, and nothing animate or inanimate, if it can be surmounted, retards the straight onward tide of their advance.

When the reindeer gets enveloped in the living stream, they will not even go round its limbs, but bite its legs until, in its agony and terror, it plunges madly about, crushing them to death in hundreds, and even killing them with its teeth. If a man attempts to stem the living torrent, they leap upon his legs; and, if he lay about him with a stick, they seize it with their teeth, and hold on to it with such determined pertinacity that he may swing it rapidly round his head without compelling them to loosen their hold. If a corn or hay rick be in the way, they eat their way through it; and, on arriving at the smooth face of a rock, they pass round it, forming up in close column again on the other side. Lakes, however broad, are boldly entered, and the passage attempted; and rivers, however deep and rapid, are forded, impediments in the water being as boldly faced as those on shore. They have been known to pass over a boat, and to climb on to the deck of a ship, passing, without stop or stay, into the water on the further side.

Their natural instincts are not in abeyance during this migration, as females are frequently seen accompanied by their young, and carrying in their teeth some one which had succumbed to the fatigues of the march, which might not be stayed until the helpless one was recruited.

Foxes, lynxes, weasels, kites, owls, etc., hover on their line of march and destroy them in hundreds. The fish in the rivers and lakes lay a heavy toll upon them, and vast numbers are drowned, and die by other accidents in "flood and field;" but the survivors, impelled by some irresistible instinct, press onward with no thought of stopping, until they lose themselves in the sea, sinking in its depths, as they become exhausted, in such numbers that for miles their bodies, thrown up by the tide, lie putrefying on the shore. Comparatively few ever return to their native haunts, but there can be no doubt that some do so, as they have been seen on the return, pursuing their backward journey in the same fearless and determined manner as their advance.

The peasants witness this dread incursion with terror. Until lately they believed that the vast horde was rained from heaven as a punishment for their sins, and during the time of their passage they used to assemble in the churches, the priests reciting prayers specially composed for such visitations. It was also believed that the reindeer ate them, and that they so poisoned the ground they passed over that they would not eat on it for a considerable time. As we have seen, the reindeer bites them with its teeth in its agony and terror, and the complete sweep they make of every blade of grass on their line of march satisfactorily accounts for its declining for a time to graze upon it.

Travelling rapidly and by night, their sudden irruption into a locality, together with the complete destruction of the field and garden crops, tended to make the ignorant peasantry look upon them as a special visitation from Providence for their sins, and will readily account for the extraordinary notions held regarding them.

Many animals migrate from place to place, or take possession of new territory, when food becomes scarce; but we have only one other instance of a living creature migrating in vast numbers to certain destruction, and that is the locust. When their numbers increase beyond the food-producing powers of their natural habitat, they pour in countless millions into the colder regions beyond, smothering each other in their flight, until the ground is covered with their dead bodies to the depth of several inches, and water-courses are choked up by them, until the air is tainted with the smell of their putrid bodies for miles. None of them ever return whence they came. Their course is always onward, until those that escape death by accident are killed by the first cold weather they encounter. And in this way Nature compels, from time to time, a vast body of these creatures to an act of self-destruction in order that the species may not be annihilated.—*Abridged from Temple Bar.*

HÄCKEL'S MONERS.

BY AIME SCHNEIDER.

THE moners are the simplest organisms we know of—we might even say, the simplest that can exist. In them, life is exhibited under the form that is best fitted to give us an idea of its essential characters, stripped of all secondary attributes. The first moner was discovered by the celebrated Prof. Häckel, of Jena, in 1864, and the number has gone on steadily increasing ever since. These discoveries have made a great stir in the scientific world, owing to their bearing on our theories of organization.

The moner which best typifies the entire class is the *Protomyxa aurantiaca*. This little creature, hardly visible to the naked eye, and, at most, as big as a small pin-head, is of a fine orange-red color, consists of a perfectly homogeneous and transparent mass of jelly, and offers the paradox of *an organism without organs*. Nor is this absence of organs merely apparent, or owing to the imperfection of our magnifying-glasses; it is real, and every thing about these little creatures goes to prove their perfect simplicity of structure. This gelatinous, homogeneous, contractile substance has been called *sarcodæ*, and also, but improperly, *animal protoplasm*.

In repose, the moner is nearly spherical, and gives no sign of life. But soon this little ball flattens itself out, its mass expands in various directions, and these expansions, which have received the name of *false feet*, or *pseudopodes*, keep up a continual movement of protrusion and retraction. Sometimes the moner *flows* all in one direction, and this is its way of moving from place to place. When, in the course of this slow progress over the calcareous slime of the sea-bottom, the moner falls in with one of those microscopic organisms called diatoms, it embeds it in its own body; the alimentary substances contained in the diatom are dissolved and assimilated, and the indigestible portions are left behind as the creature moves along. Thus, we have the curious phenomenon of a creature which feeds without mouth, without stomach, without apparatus of any kind, simply by incorporating into itself, as it moves, prey of every kind. In taking food, the animal appears to be passive, its seizing on its prey being a mere incident of its moving about.

In this way, the moner attains by degrees a certain size, and then stops growing and moving. It then becomes a little ball, exudes from its surface a colorless, homogeneous matter which hardens, forming a protecting envelope for the inclosed mass. Then, a very singular phenomenon occurs: by an act entirely spontaneous, the inclosed mass breaks up into a certain number of parts, which soon become independent, constituting so many little

spherical masses lying side by side within the common envelope. The original moner then exists no more; it has reproduced itself by dividing itself up, without any intermediary, into these new individuals, its progeny. Each young moner is a determinate part of the mother-animal, and, leaving out of consideration what she exuded to form the envelope, all the rest of her substance is exempted from death, and is now to begin a new life, which in turn will pass through the series of transformations already described. The envelope will soon break up and set at liberty the young moners, which, from the first, resemble the mother-animal.

At the grade of extreme simplification of life presented to us in the moner, we have organization reduced to pure sarcode, and life manifesting itself by nutrition, reproduction, and contractility, each reduced to its barely essential function—nutrition reduced to mere assimilation, reproduction to a spontaneous fission into a group of young (fissiparity) and contractility to the slow, diffusive movements of the pseudopodes.

Moners are mostly inhabitants of the sea. Some of them live at inconsiderable depths; but there is one, the *Bathybius Hæckelii*, which lives at the enormous depth of twelve thousand feet, and sometimes even of more than twenty-four thousand feet. There is only one fresh-water moner.

Many naturalists rank moners among animals, classing them as rhizopods. Hæckel, who discovered them, regards them as the representatives of an entire category of beings intermediate between animals and plants, the *protista*, so called from *protos* (first), because, according to this author, they are the first representative of terrestrial life, from which all other forms of life are developed, on the modern theories of Darwinism.—*La Nature*.

WHETHER ANIMALS COMMIT SUICIDE.

A DOUBT has been raised—whether brute animals ever commit suicide; to me it is obvious that they do not, and cannot. Some years ago, however, there was a case reported in all the newspapers of an old ram who committed suicide (as it was alleged) in the presence of many witnesses. Not having any pistols or razors, he ran for a short distance, in order to aid the impetus of his descent, and leaped over a precipice, at the foot of which he was dashed to pieces. His motive to the “rash act,” as the papers called it, was supposed to be mere *tedium vitæ*. But for my part, I doubted the accuracy of the report. Not long after a case occurred in Westmorland which strengthened my doubts. A fine young blood horse, who could have no possible reason for making away with himself, unless it were the high price of oats at the time, was found one morning dead in his field. The case

was certainly a suspicious one: for he was lying by the side of a stone-wall, the upper part of which wall his skull had fractured, and which had returned the compliment by fracturing his skull. It was argued, therefore, that in default of ponds, &c. he had deliberately hammered with his head against the wall; this, at first seemed the only solution: and he was generally pronounced *felo de se*. However, a day or two brought the truth to light. The field lay upon the side of a hill; and, from a mountain which rose above it, a shepherd had witnessed the whole catastrophe, and gave evidence which vindicated the character of the horse. The day had been very windy; and the young creature being in high spirits, and, caring evidently as little for the corn question as for the bullion question, had raced about in all directions; and at length, descending too steep a part of the field, had been unable to check himself, and was projected by the impetus of his own descent like a battering ram against the wall.—*De Quincy*.

WHETHER SHE WILL COME.

(From the German of M. G. Saphir.)

I FAIN would know, if soon I must
 Be laid deep in the ground,
 And upon my lonely grave
 A cross or stone be found,

And when, with grass grown rank and high,
 The mound does scarce appear,
 Whether she, on All-Souls day,
 Will come and drop a tear.

Whether she a mournful look
 Will cast upon the ground,
 Where there lies a royal heart,
 Beneath a grassy mound.

Whether she will on the stone
 A little garland lay;
 And will for my soul's happy rest
 A Pater Noster say.

Yes! surely she will come,
 And pray on bended knee;
 She knows that there is none but her
 Now left to pray for me.

TURKISH PROVERBS.

THE English and Scotch language is rich in proverbs, but other nations have ample lists. The Turk has his pithy sayings, of which many are similar to our own. We may here quote a few, which will show how pithy the Mahomedan can be:—

A horse is his who mounts it, a sword his who girds it on, a bridge his who passes it.

The horse and mule kick each other; between them the donkey dies.

He sees a glow-worm and thinks it a conflagration.

The hungry man is not satisfied by looking in the full man's face. For a *man*, what need *words* of blame? a look is enough.

A *man* is one who is faithful to his word.

A man becomes learned by asking questions.

The hind-wheel of a carriage will pass where the fore-wheel has passed.

He gives grass to the lion, meat to the horse.

He who gives little, gives from his heart; he who gives much from his wealth.

The lining is more costly than the original material. (Lit., "The *face*.")

The eye of the master is the horse's grooming.

That man is to be feared who fears not God.

The vein of shame in his forehead has burst.

Would that his mother had given birth to a stone instead.

One may not boast of father and mother.

Talking with him is like playing with a snappish dog. (Lit., "a biter.")

A distinguished house! his father a radish, his mother a turnip.

His mother an onion, his father garlic, himself comes out conserve of roses.

You must stretch out your feet according to the size of your coverlet.

You have the meat, I'll take the bone.

There is a remedy for all things but the appointed time to die. (The last five words *one* word Turkish.)

It is no time to gossip with the dying.

The courteous learns his courtesy from the discourteous.

If you are a *man*, show yourself.

A man dies, his name remains.

The old Osmanlies have mounted the old-time horses and departed. (A striking confession of national degeneracy.)

Don't rummage among old straw.

The donkey dies on the mountain, his loss comes home.

Don't let escape the opportunity of the present moment, it will not return.

He knows neither Moses nor Jesus—only himself.

If a diamond be thrown into the mire it is a diamond still.

The owner has one house, the renter a thousand.

The master of the house is the guest's servant.

He who has no rest at home is in the world's hell.

He who does not beat his child will afterwards beat his own breast (same verb, transitive and reflexive.)

He that does good shall find good: he that does evil shall find evil.

Good for good is natural; good for evil is manly.

Well-doing is the best capital.

Well-doing is not lost.

Good advice can be given; a good name cannot be given.

One already wet does not fear the rain.

Ague and fever says, "I know one I have once seized forty years afterwards."

Sweetmeats have been carried to the priest's house! Well, what is that to you?

A man doesn't seek his luck, luck seeks its man.

You see a man: what do you know of what is in his heart?

Man is harsher than iron, harder than stone, more delicate than a rose.

Equity is half of religion.

He wants work and then runs from work.

He became an infidel remaining between two mosques.

Two watermelons cannot be held under one arm.

Two captains sink the ship.

When two persons are conversing together, don't you make the third.

The beginning and finishing of this work remains.

I've shot my arrow and hung up my bow.

Like the conversation of ducks, nothing but wah, wah, wah, wah.

He bites those before and kicks those behind.

Those who are sorry for the orphans are many; there are none who give them bread.

A shameless face and endless gab.

Don't awaken the sleeping lion.

Eat the fruit and don't inquire about the tree.

A father gave his son a vineyard; the son gave his father—not even a cluster of grapes.

The bird of prosperity has lodged on his head.

Content is an inexhaustible treasure.

Any one can kill a bound foe.

The mouth is not sweetened by saying, Honey, honey.

The fish comes to his senses after he gets into the net.

A man had better die than lose his good name.

A nightingale was put in a golden cage;—"O for my home," she said!

- Be my enemy far from me,—he may live a thousand years.
 To-day's egg is better than to-morrow's hen.
 One affliction is worth a thousand exhortations.
 The Sultan's interdict lasts three days.
 He neither fears God nor knows Turkish.
 Just like trusting a cat with a piece of liver!
 To a lazy man every day is a holiday.
 Don't fall into the fire to be saved from the smoke.
 Bagdad is not remote for a lover.
 He that gives quickly gives trouble.
 It is the cat and dog that go where they are not called.
 Of lawful wealth Satan takes the half; of unlawful wealth, the whole and the owner too.
 He who accomplishes his ends by deceit shall render up his soul with anguish.
 A traitor is a coward.
 He who has not learned to serve cannot command.
 It is better to be sick than care for the sick.
 Rejoice not in another's sorrow.
 If people praise you for virtue you do not possess, take care! be not proud, but sorry the rather.
 He that conceals his grief finds no remedy for it.
 If the judge be your accuser, may God be your help!
 Like carrying water to the sea.
 The world is the infidel's paradise.
 But yesterday out of the egg; to-day he despises the shell.
 The kick of a camel is soft, but stunning.
 Why is your neck crooked, was asked of the camel. What have I that is straight? he said.
 The female bird builds the nest.
 The tongue kills quicker than the sword.
 He steal's money from the beggar's dish.
 No road is long with good company.
 If the time don't suit you, suit yourself to the time.
 Beauty comes not by forcing.
 Unless you wish to have your enemy to know your secret, tell it not to your friend.
 We eat and drink at your house, and laugh and play at mine!
 His tongue has never had fever and ague.
 Let me cook you an egg,—but the egg is at the vineyard and the vineyard is on the mountain; "obaghda, bagh da daghda."
 When one hits you with a stone, you hit him with a piece of cotton.
 You don't know the difference between alum and sugar.
 A weapon is an enemy even to its owner.
 Peace is in holding one's tongue.
 Marry a girl who is your inferior; don't give your daughter to a superior.

The scales you are hunting for are weighing chestnuts at Brusa.
 The sheep that wanders from the flock the wolf seizes.
 If to speak be silver, to be silent is gold.
 For a poet, even a rush may be vocal.
 It does not thunder till the lightning has struck.
 They say fame is a calamity—take care!
 The sheikh's miracles are those of his own telling.
 Satan's friendship reaches to the prison door.
 To the well man every day is a feast-day.
 Patience is bitter, but its end is yellow gold.
 Patience is the key of paradise.
 Even the hen, when it drinks water, looks towards heaven.
 A true word needs no oath.
 The prayer of the stranger is accepted.
 God makes the nest of the strange bird.
 Usage is preferable to purism (a translation of the sense, not
 literal.)
 Profit is loss, brother.
 The worth of good is not known but by experience of evil.
 The fish that escapes is a big one.
 Women have long hair, but short intellect.
 You should believe one word in forty that a woman speaks.

BOOK NOTICE.

Nova Scotia in its Historical, Mercantile, and Industrial Relations, by Duncan Campbell, Halifax, N. S. John Lovel, Montreal.

THIS is a neat, handy and useful volume. Two valuable works, one by Thomas C. Haliburton, and another by Beamish Murdoch were written some time ago—the former bringing down the history to 1763, and the latter, so far as published, to 1828. The work now before us brings down the history to the consummation of Confederation of the Provinces. There are several additional chapters treating of the position, extent, features, soil and climate of Nova Scotia; of the coal fields and iron ores; of the gold fields; of the fisheries; of the population; of the manufactures; with a note on immigration; and a valuable appendix of various matters. There is also an index which gives facilities of reference, and without which no history can be considered complete. Biographies of several prominent individuals give additional interest. Prominence has been given to the events of the last fifty years. No doubt many facts and transactions have been

omitted with a view to brevity. We believe, however, that nothing of great importance has been left out. The history under review is not too large—a charge which those who are frightened with “big” books might bring against Murdoch’s three volumes. The price is also quite reasonable. Who would be without such a truly readable and reliable history of the sister Province for two and a half dollars? We are glad to learn that the sale has already been quite large, and that the author will be at least moderately remunerated for his seven years of hard work in reading, collecting, collating and compiling. We may add with regard to the literary merits of the work, that it is well written, and—which is a most admirable quality in history—readable. The volume is well printed from the press of Lovell, and nicely bound. We wish Mr. Campbell all the success which his enterprise and ability richly deserve. As a specimen of the style, taken at random, we may quote his description of the basin of Annapolis:

“That portion of Acadia at which the voyagers had now arrived is distinguished by the beauty of its scenery. The coast along which they had previously sailed is comparatively rugged, presenting, when viewed at a distance, few attractive features. But on entering the basin of the Annapolis river the scene is changed, many of the peculiar elements which lend a charm to the Acadian landscape being found in harmonious combination. The basin itself is a great expanse of water, so large as to be scarcely comprehended in all its proportions by the keen glance of unaided vision. We can imagine the day one of unclouded splendour, the heat of summer being tempered by the cooling sea breeze. Fleecy clouds may have occasionally floated across the sun’s disc, casting a temporary shadow on wood and water, alternate glimpses of shade and sunshine producing by contrast a pleasing variety in the variegated colours of the ‘forest primeval.’ Or we can fancy the vessel, wafted in the evening through the strait by a gentle breeze, and when fairly within the basin, the wind to have died away, leaving the sails hanging loosely, and the surface of the water resplendent in the distance with the reflected rays of the declining sun. Towards the east, islands repose on the bosom of the deep, their forms being vividly mirrored on its placid surface, and from which canoes may be seen darting towards the mainland, with their paddles fitfully flashing in the sunlight. In the distance are no ranges of lofty mountains with snow-clad peaks shooting heavenward, but there are graceful, undulating hills, thickly clad, from base to summit, with wood, constituting an admirable background to the whole scene. In silent admiration the voyagers gazed on the enchanting picture, and particularly Poutrincourt, on whom the impression is such that he resolves to make the place his home. An examination of the land confirms the opinion as to its suitability, and he obtains a grant from De Monts which, as we shall find, was afterwards confirmed to him by royal warrant.”

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE people have, so far as they have been appealed to, endorsed the action of Mr. Huntingdon in the Pacific Railway scandal; and there is little doubt that the whole country approves of it. Had there been a dissolution of Parliament it would have been difficult to return as many of the out and out supporters of the McDonald Government as would have made a respectable opposition. As it is always good that there should be two parties in Parliament, it is, perhaps, not to be regretted that a general election did not take place. We trust that the new government will do what is right, but it is no harm that they should be kept from swerving to the wrong by keen critics, ready to expose their errors. It is a great misfortune to have no enemy. We are never more likely to trip than when we think there is no danger. We hope when the Parliament assembles the administration will find a goodly number of sharp eyes on their doings to aid them in the difficult task of good government.

We shall not be able to tell whether the men now intrusted with power are worthy of it till they have had an opportunity of presenting their scheme of policy to the country. We shall not assume the province of the prophet, nor attempt a criticism of probable ministerial measures which have been imagined by opponents.

THE Spanish difficulty with the United States is almost settled. This is well for both nations. Neither Spain nor the United States is in a position to go to war. The former country has fallen very low from being one of the first powers of the world. Her regular army consists on paper of two hundred thousand men, but not one-half of that force is available; and even with the national militia and reserve, the Government is incapable of making head against the Communist insurgents on the one hand, and the Carlists on the other. The navy is in a very bad condition also. In June 1870, the total naval forces consisted of ninety-seven steamers, carrying eight hundred and sixty-one guns, and thirteen sailing vessels with two hundred and two guns. Many of the vessels, however, are transports, coast-guard vessels, and gunboats utterly worthless for war service. But since then (1870) the naval power of Spain has received a terrible blow. In the civil war which now rages, the best part of the navy joined the insurgents. Of the seven iron-clads which she possessed, four of the most formidable are under the red flag of the Commune. The navy is thus a terror and a curse rather than a protection to Spain. On the other hand, though the United States could very soon fit up a navy which could sweep the navy and commerce of Spain from the ocean and take Cuba, yet this would cost a good deal of money, and the American Exchequer is by no means

plethoric at present. It is well that this quarrel is hushed up. Spain, let us hope, will soon be able to compose her intestine quarrels, and the United States devote all her energies to manufacture and commerce.

THE Ashantee war develops itself slowly. For a full account of the country, and of the British policy in regard to it, we refer our readers to the long and exhaustive article on the subject in our present number.

THE agitation for "Home Rule" has increased of late, and is still increasing; and Gladstone is suspected of being not unwilling to make some concessions in accordance with the Home Rulers' views. The Conference held some weeks ago is said to have been attended not by the rank and file of the movement, but by the leading politicians in various walks of life, who are the recognized heads of the agitation throughout the country. Attention also has been called to the circumstance of there having been a larger number of members of Parliament present than ever followed O'Connell in the palmiest days of the repeal agitation. It is anticipated also, that "at least sixty-eight Home Rulers will be returned to Parliament at the next election." Although under a different name, the movement is virtually the same as that in which O'Connell failed. Whether it might not receive aid and impetus from the schemes which are being launched regarding the consolidation of the Empire, is a question of some importance. Various portions of the Empire are becoming alive to the necessity of doing something to bind together the various parts of the Empire in a homogeneous whole. Mr. Jenkins, lately in St. John, propounded his ideas, and in the November number of *Frazer's Magazine* we find a proposition of a similar character from Australia.

This writer thinks that a time has arrived "when, if England is to retain her position among the nations of the world, she must thoroughly revise her institutions, with a view to strengthening them and making them more able to deal with the constantly growing difficulties of her complex society. A nation is something more than a collection of individual units; its strength lies mainly, if not solely, in its institutions, that is in certain groups of individuals, having fixed and definite relations to one another and to the rest of the community, and endowed with certain powers, to be used for the general good. If then, as this paper has endeavoured to show, there has been for some time past a perceptible weakening of our old institutions going on, while no new ones have been built up, we are clearly in a dangerous condition, and one likely to be still more dangerous should we come into collision with any Continental Powers whose institutions either have not been weakened by the constant attacks of the Liberal party or are

of recent growth and in full vigour, such, for sample, as Russia or Germany. It is not that the institutions of these nations are on the whole better than ours. Far from it. The English Government is very greatly in advance of any of the Governments of the Continent. But though of a higher type than these, it may not necessarily be stronger than some of them. It may be necessary, in order to render us able to cope with the less advanced but powerful Governments of Europe, to undergo still further development—to become still more highly organized. We have either gone too far, or not far enough, in our divergence from the type represented by the Continental States. In lessening the power of the Government over the individual members of the community, we have also lessened its power over the enemies of the community—both internal and external. And in this lies great danger to the country.

“With a view to remedying this state of things, three measures will now be proposed, which it is believed would give to the English Constitution far more than its old strength and efficiency and render the Government quite able to deal both with the possible attacks of external enemies, and also with the many difficult and complicated problems offered by the structure of our society, upon the correct solution of which will depend the future welfare and prosperity of England. The first measure is the creation of a really Imperial Parliament, in the place of the English, Scotch, and Irish one that wrongly goes by that name. There are two precedents in English history for such a measure. Early in the last century, Scotland was united with England in a common Parliament and Government; and at the close of the century a like measure was carried with respect to Ireland. Every English Statesman admits the immense advantages that all three countries have derived from these measures, by being formed into one nation, and subjected to a uniform government, as well as the great increase of strength that can be used against any foreign enemy. All, then, that need be done is, following those precedents, to admit representatives from the English Colonies into the House of Commons in numbers proportioned to their population. It might not be advisable to follow the previous examples so closely as to abolish the Colonial Parliaments. These might be left to legislate for purely local requirements, but deprived, of course, of the extensive power they now possess, which would be transferred to the Imperial Parliament. The advantages of such a measure are obvious. There would then be free trade and a uniform system of laws throughout the Empire; the Colonies could no longer refuse to contribute their share to the military and naval expenses of protecting the empire; and above all England and her Colonies would really become one—would feel themselves parts of one great State—and all danger of separation and a breakup of the Empire would vanish. Although a majority

of the people both in England and the Colonies appear not to see any danger of this event happening, yet there are some who, having looked deeper into the question, are firmly convinced that unless such a measure is carried, it is merely a question of time when this catastrophe will take place. The Colonies are now, in all but name, independent. The appointment of their Governors is almost the sole tie that binds them to England, and this might be severed without producing any immediately perceptible change in their relations to one another. The English Government has the right of vetoing any Colonial legislation it may disapprove of, but this right has been becoming yearly more nominal, and recent Colonial Secretaries have shown less and less desire to interfere in Colonial affairs. This is a state of things full of danger to the connection, and it is with a view to averting the danger that the above measure for creating an Imperial Parliament has been suggested.

“It is not too much to say that upon the manner in which this question is settled, depends the future of the English race in every part of the world. Even if there should be some difficulty in carrying out this plan, it ought to be seriously grappled with by any English Government worthy of the confidence of the nation. The measure is one that is not inconsistent with the traditional policy both of Liberals and Conservatives; and has two important precedents in its favour. It ought, then, to encounter no opposition from either of the great political parties that alternately govern England; while as to any difficulties there might be in dealing with the Colonies, there is no reason to suppose that they could not easily be surmounted by a Government that is really anxious for a settlement of the question. One such chance England lost a century ago; for it seems beyond a doubt that if the American Colonies had been offered representation in the English Parliament at the time they were required to contribute to the expenses of carrying on English wars, the rebellion and separation of those Colonies from the mother country would have been avoided. A second and last chance is now offered to England of uniting with herself all her remaining Colonies; and if this chance is lost, and they are allowed to separate from her, there are those who believe that her days as a first-rate Power are numbered, even if it be not a question of time when she will become subject to some more powerful Continental neighbour.

“The second measure proposed is one for such a reform of the House of Commons as will increase its ability to deal with the immense amount of work that is now necessarily thrown into its hands. It has long been a matter for comment in the newspapers, of whatever shade of politics, that this amount of work increases very greatly every year, while every year the House of Commons seems to grow less and less able to get through it; the time of the House being wasted night after night in useless discussion, and

the measures that are in the end passed being little better than patchwork, utterly unsystematic and inconsistent in their different parts. It is this growing evil that gives some apparent basis of truth to such statements as that of Carlyle that 'England and America are going to mere wind and tongue;' and that frequently uttered by men of very different political views that 'Parliamentary government is on its trial.' Now, if no remedy could be found for the state of things complained of, these utterances would be justly entitled to some consideration, and there would be serious grounds of alarm for the future of England; since the most dangerous state for a country to be in is that in which the machine of government is constantly growing more inefficient, while the problems to be dealt with are constantly growing more complex and difficult. But there seems to be a simple remedy for the evil, and one that requires no radical alteration to be made in the English Constitution, but only such a moderate change as is strictly in accordance with the past history and growth of that Constitution. The House of Commons, as now constituted, is far too unwieldy and miscellaneous a body to deal satisfactorily with any difficult question of legislation, even if strictly under the control of the Ministry; while the frequent changes which the latter undergoes are a fatal impediment to a consistent policy and systematic course of legislative improvement. As a consequence of this, nearly all the changes in our laws and in our foreign and Colonial policy have been the result of popular clamour, and not owing to a conviction of the necessity for the changes in our Legislature.

"The proposed remedy is, that the House of Commons should be divided into a number of permanent committees, each of which would have to deal with a particular class of subjects, and would therefore be composed of such members of the House as are most fitted to deal with those subjects. For example, there would be a committee of foreign affairs composed of such members of the House as had given special attention to that subject, a finance committee composed of the most eminent financiers and political economists in the House, and committees similarly constituted for dealing with military, naval, colonial, ecclesiastical affairs, crime, public works, law amendments; in short, there would be a committee for every important class of subjects. * * *

"The third measure which appears necessary to complete the renovation of the English Government is one for a reform of the House of Lords. It must be clear to everyone who has watched the recent course of events, that this body has been losing influence in the country at a rate which should alarm those who believe that a second Chamber, if properly constituted, has important functions to fulfil. The only measure that seems likely to restore it to anything approaching to its former influence, by giving it that estimation in the public opinion which it has of late years so

much lost, and without which it is powerless, is one for gradually changing its constitution, and transforming it into a House composed practically of life members. * * * These, then, are the three measures which suggest themselves as being calculated to stay the growing weakness and incompetence of our governing institutions, and to give to the British Empire such fresh energy as would enable it, beyond all question, to hold its own against any hostile power or combination of powers that might choose to attack it, besides enabling it to deal satisfactorily with the innumerable and complicated problems that our society offers. * * * Unless some similar, if not necessarily identical, scheme be carried out within the next few years, it is to be feared that the ever-changing course of events may sweep away the opportunity for ever. The Colonies may break away from England: the House of Lords may become utterly powerless; and even the House of Commons may become hopelessly discredited in the eyes of the nation. Should such be the case, the days of England's prosperity, and even of her independence, are numbered, and her fate will be that of other nations which, obstinately closing their eyes to the signs of the times until it is too late, have been overwhelmed and swallowed up in the great catastrophes they were unable then to avert."

Whether such a scheme be practicable we do not know. Certainly it would be unwise to allow the various portions of such an Empire as that of Great Britain to drift asunder without an endeavour to bind them together. We are ready to give most earnest attention to any feasible scheme by which Great Britain should become one, and by which, it might be, Ireland would become reconciled to the Empire. With Local Parliaments for England, Ireland, Scotland, Canada, Australia, etc., and a super-imperial Parliament, drawn according to population from all parts of the Empire, Ireland might be induced to renounce all rebellious feeling, and each portion of the Empire would become a source of power.

THE conviction of Boss Tweed and his associates is an event of great importance, showing that honesty is, after all, the best policy; that money may be purchased too dear, and that, though the mills of the gods grind slowly, they grind surely; that dishonesty walks in a lane which has no passage at the end, or a very high stile over which the passage is dangerous, and from which the fall is deadly. We have no desire to insult fallen greatness, but we like to see the fall of dishonesty that others may be taught not to offend—especially of that dishonesty which lords it over honest worth, and rejoices in the great harvests of crime.