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BELFORD'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1877.

AN ADVENTURE IN JAPAN.

THE contributions of Japan to the American Centennial Exposition have familiarized the minds of a large number of Canadians with the physiognomy, the dress and the arts of the Japanese. In the engraving on the following page many will recognise the curious night lamp or lantern, the little low table, and especially the screens or partitions presenting those ever recurring storks or flamingoes on the wing, the sketchy, struggling vegetation and the conventional pyramidal mountains; but the bed may surprise some whose notions of a Japanese couch are derived from that wonderfully elaborate carved bedstead which was one of the marvels of the exposition. The bed here shown is the common one found everywhere in Japan. The sleeping arrangements are heroically simple, requiring no extra rooms, the bed and sleeping apartment being improvised anywhere with large screens, a thin mattress of rice straw and a wooden pillow—the latter a sort of guillotine-block with a hard cushion on the top covered with many sheets of white paper. These sheets are turned or changed as they become soiled. This strange head-support, the same, we are told, as that used by the ancient Egyptians, preserves an elaborate coiffure, like that of the Japanese, from all danger of derangement during sleep.

The illustrations of this paper are from sketches made on the spot by a French gentleman, M. Collache, who was one of the corps of American military officers sent to Yeddo, in 1868, to instruct the Japanese troops in the art of European warfare. On one occasion he was received by some ministers of a provincial prince in a tea-house (*otchaya*). His description of the dinner is very interesting. Hot *saki*—a fermented liquor made from rice—was passed from hand to hand in a delicate

porcelain cup, thin as an egg-shell. Eggs variously prepared, a sort of radish preserved or pickled, fish, raw and cooked, boiled bamboo-roots, and shell-fish, formed the first course. Tables about a foot high were



PORTRAIT OF M. COLLACHE IN JAPANESE COSTUME

then brought, and placed one before each guest, who squatted on his heels, if able to do so; which Europeans seldom are, at least, for any considerable length of time. They generally sit on the mats cross-legged. The little tables on this occasion bore each a huge bowl of rice and two lacquered bowls, each containing a different soup, the principal ingredients of which were eggs, mushrooms, vegetables, rice-cakes and tiny fish. Broiled fish was served also, chopsticks, of course, being used in place of knives and forks. The dinner was enlivened

by singing, the performers being young girls, accompanying themselves with odd-looking, long necked guitars of three strings. The

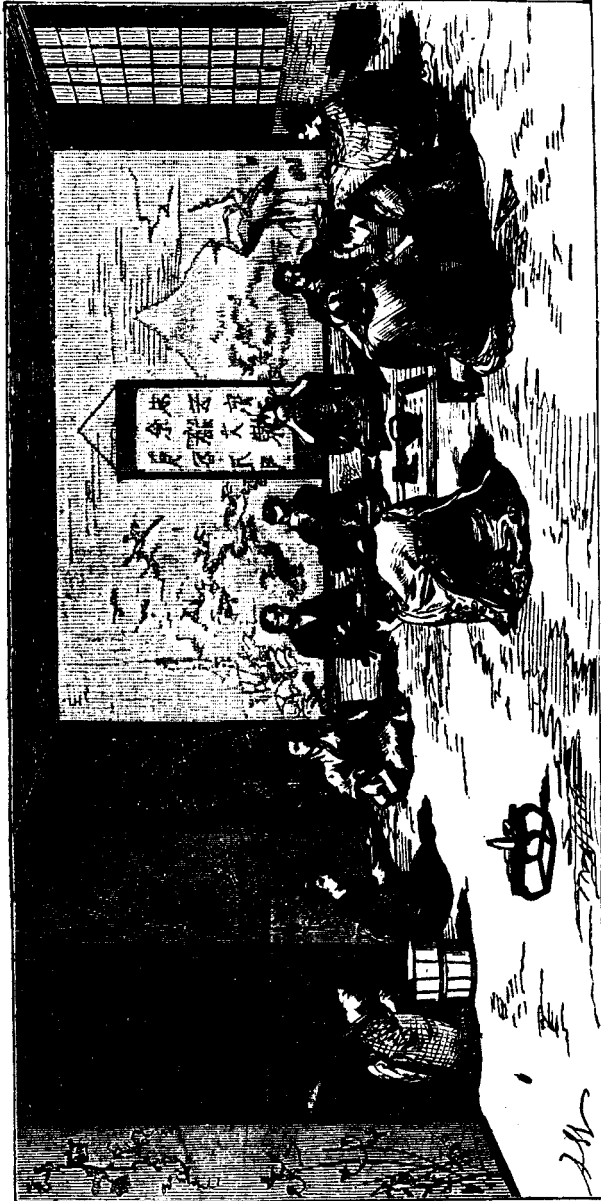
dinner ended with tea, served in little cups ; afterward came smoking in tiny little pipes, and the performance of dancing girls.



A JAPANESE BED.

The military instruction of the troops was interrupted by grave political troubles, the insurrection of the daimios or feudal lords against the

tycoon, who represents the temporal party and the party of progress of Japan. The French commission, however, remained in the country, and took up arms for the tycoon.



DINNER GIVEN BY A JAPANESE MINISTER.

On one occasion during the struggle it was decided to surprise and

attack the enemy's fleet, lying in the little harbour of Nambou. It consisted of eight ships, large and small, one being a powerful iron-clad



THE "ASCHWELOTTE" AGROUND.

bought in America, while the attacking force numbered three only—the "Kaiten," the "Aschwelette," and the "Hannrio," the first being

a steam corvette, armed with twenty-two guns of different calibres ; M. Collache commanded the "Aschwelotte. The expedition failed in its object, but the experience of the commander of the "Aschwelotte" is full of interest. At Saminoura the "Kaiten" sent a boat ashore for news. Scarcely had the boat returned, when a Japanese boat left the shore and came out to the fleet, which, in order to make this landing safe, had run up the enemy's flag. The "Aschwelotte" stopped, and some *yacounins*—Japanese officers—came on board to present their compliments. They had been deceived by the flag, and were amazed when they saw M. Collache, whom they recognised, having met him before. Here was a dilemma ! To keep these men as prisoners of war was not desirable, and to allow them to return was to betray the object of the expedition. The former course was decided upon, and the *yacounins*, having had the matter explained to them, took it very philosophically, or, in other words, with true Japanese indifference to the inevitable.

The next event of importance was the running aground of the "Aschwelotte" upon reefs in a fog, and the hailing of a fisherman, who came on board, and served as pilot. This was but the beginning of disasters. A severe storm not only delayed the attack, but so injured the machinery of the "Aschwelotte," that she was obliged to put into a port beyond Miako, the destination, for repairs. During the storm the "Hannrio" was lost sight of, but the "Kaiten" accompanied the "Aschwelotte" into port, the former under the American, the latter under the Russian, flag. The repairs of the "Aschwelotte's" machinery proved very unsatisfactory. Her speed was greatly retarded, and the other ship went ahead and engaged the enemy, expecting the "Aschwelotte" to come up with her fresh troops in the heat of the combat.

The expedition proved an utter failure. The "Aschwelotte's" crew heard the cannonade with terrible impatience at the slow progress of the ship, which could not reach the scene until after the action had ceased. Entering the Bay of Miako, they saw the "Kaiten" come out and sail north with all speed, refusing to reply to the signals of the "Aschwelotte." This was a mystery which was not explained until long after. M. Collache now saw himself, his ship and his men in imminent peril. Capture was inevitable, unless the ship could be run ashore and the crew escape into the mountains of Nambou. About thirty yards from the shore the ship ran on the rocks. Then occurred a scene of indescribable confusion. M. Collache, revolver in hand, compelled the men to defer lowering the boats until the cargo was thrown overboard, to prevent its falling into the enemy's hands. They spiked the guns, smashed the engine, and the commander, being the last to leave the ship, prepared a fuse for blowing it up. For this pur-

pose all the ammunition had been heaped together in the hold. Most of the crew of seventy natives had gone ashore in the boats, and were



THE LOVERS ROCK.

ordered to wait while a boat returned to the ship for the rest ; but seeing the " Stonewall " and another ship of the enemy close upon them,

they were seized with panic and scrambled up the cliffs in terror; leaving M. Collache to swim ashore—a feat he accomplished with one hand, holding his arms above the water with the other, to prevent their getting wet. The enemy's ships now opened fire upon the flying crew, but only two were killed. The rest reached the summit of the cliffs safely, just as a terrible explosion and a dense column of smoke announced the blowing up of the "Aschwelotte." The enemy sent some of his force ashore to pursue the fugitives, and a shower of bullets fell around them while ascending a hill some distance from the river. No one was hurt, however, and the pursuit was abandoned.

While passing along a romantic path through a wood, the party came across a rock upon whose numerous points were hung bits of folded paper. M. Collache put out his hand to take one of them. His companions cried out to hinder him, and explained that these papers were *yen mousoubis* (*yen*, "marriage," and *mousoubai*, to "bind"), bearing the names of unhappy lovers disappointed in their hopes of marriage. Before these rocks, thus consecrated, they come to pray to God to remove the obstacles to their union. "I perceived in this," says M. Collache, "one of the most touching traits of Japanese sensibility. Very grave in their outward bearing, the Japanese affect, especially before Europeans, indifference to everything relating to tender sentiment; but beneath this conventional mask beat generous hearts, loyal to the family affections and to friends."

The first night after abandoning the ship, the whole party slept crowded in two rooms of a small village, which was so poor that it did not possess a grain of rice. All that could be obtained was a small quantity of yellow and rather insipid grains or seeds, which keen hunger made palatable, as it did also an old and tough fowl, which M. Collache shared with his Japanese officers. A cordon of sentinels was stationed around the house, to prevent a surprise.

The next morning, M. Collache held a council with his men, to discuss the situation. He proposed that the party should separate—that the Japanese, disguising themselves as peasants, should each seek whatever destination he desired, while he, their chief, sure to be captured sooner or later, should give himself up to the enemy. The rest would not agree to this, but proposed that they should all surrender, commending themselves to the clemency of the victor. This seemed to the chief like a lack of courage, and he reproached them spiritedly, but finally said, "I am not a Japanese: do as you think best;" and without waiting for a reply, he ordered an immediate departure, the destination being a village on the sea, not far distant, where an abundance of rice and other provisions could be obtained. At this place the sight of fishing vessels anchored in the bay suggested the possibility of hiring

a junk to take them to Hacodaté, the place from which the expedition had set out. M. Collache made this proposition to his first officer, who received it with many idle objections, and, being pressed for better reasons, confessed that after a council held among themselves, he had written to the Prince of Nambou, surrendering the party as prisoners, the chief being mentioned as one of the number. To leave after this would be an act of bad faith, and not to be thought of for a moment. This prince had been on the side of the tycoon during the insurrection of the daimios, and had not abandoned his cause until after repeated defeats.

The following morning four yacounins arrived, and after a long conference with the Japanese officers, announced that the prince, their master, received the party under his protection, engaging himself to conduct them safely to Yedo at his own expense. All the men were then called, one by one, to lay down their arms, the chief alone excepted. This was a signal mark of respect, and most gratefully received. An escort of soldiers next appeared, with horses and oxen bearing pack-saddles. Each one chose the mount he preferred. "I confess," says M. Collache, "that I could not but laugh at the odd figure of my Japanese soldiers astride these horned beasts, which nearly all of them chose, not knowing how to ride a horse." Each prisoner had two guards, who walked one on each side of his horse or ox, and thus the cavalcade, numbering nearly four hundred, moved on toward the capital of Japan. The weather was magnificent, and the kindness of the Prince of Nambou unremitting. He gave to the chief and to each of the Japanese officers ten rios each (about sixteen dollars), and half that sum to each of the men, for the purchase of extras necessary on the journey. Everywhere they were treated courteously; and, as the messengers sent on ahead to engage lodgings carried the news that among the rebels there was a European prisoner, they found a considerable crowd gathered before every inn where they dismounted; but as M. Collache was beardless, bronzed by exposure, and wore the costume of the country, he was never suspected of being the European. They always mistook one of the Japanese officers for him—a man wearing a moustache, and dressed in the uniform of an American naval officer.

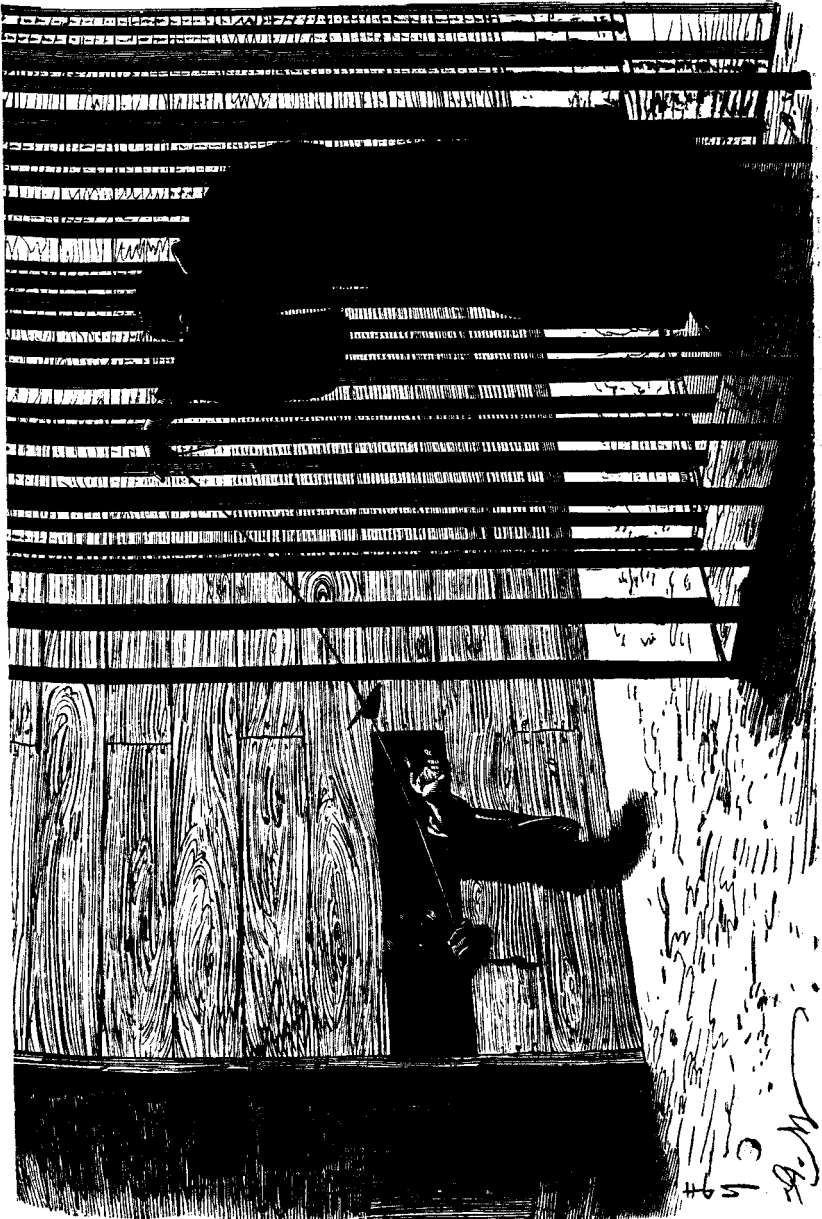
When the cavalcade reached the suburbs of Yedo, one of the officers came to M. Collache, and announced with evident embarrassment, that he had received the cruel order to take away his arms. Another came with a present of fifteen rios (one hundred and twenty francs) from the Prince of Nambou, and a gracious message demanding pardon for all the discomforts experienced during the journey, and apologizing for the modest sum remitted; the state of his fortune did not permit him to

do more. M. Collache was profoundly moved by the kindness of the prince, and returned a message to that effect.

From this last halting place the prisoners were carried in *cangos*, a kind of sedan-chair, to the prison. There they were divested of whatever they carried about their persons, an exact inventory being made in every case, and then conducted to their cells, which were literally cages, having a double row of bars. M. Collache was put in a cage with fourteen others. The sole article of furniture was a bucket of water. He remarks upon the gaiety of spirits of his companions, which, from the first, never left them, and adds, that this gaiety so reacted upon him, that he found himself, despite his position, and the fact that he might at any moment be led out to execution, joining in their laughter and their devices to while away the time.

Three meals were served to the prisoners daily, composed exclusively of rice, except at mid-day, when salt fish was added. M. Collache, not liking salt fish nor a diet exclusively of rice, asked for some of the money taken from him on his entrance to the prison. The request was granted, and this enabled him to procure soup at each meal, prepared by one of the jailers. On the third day his companions were taken away, and he was left alone in the cage. "I should have suffered intensely from solitude," he says, "but for a singular adventure which happened the next day. The barriers of my cage were sufficiently far apart for me to pass my arm between them. On three sides I had a view of prison walls, but they were distant from me about six feet. In these walls, high up, there were very small windows, through which my cage was lighted. By climbing up my bars I could see a small patch of sky, and the few trees embraced by my narrow horizon. The fourth side of my cage looked out on a board wall of a neighbouring prison. My companions had left me on the morning of the preceding day. As the night approached, and as I felt myself gradually being overcome by a gloomy melancholy, I heard some one call me in Japanese. I trembled in every limb at this call; I could not imagine from whence it came. It was a muffled voice, seeming to come from under the ground. To the prisoner every unusual sound suggests the hope of escape. Visions of trap-doors and underground passages rushed into my mind. I listened intently. The voice called again, but this time all mystery vanished. It came from the board partition. It was only a prisoner, like myself. Still, it was a pleasure to have any one to talk with, and an animated conversation ensued. My neighbour was also a prisoner of war. Captured at the opening of the campaign, he had been confined eight months in a dark cell, so low that it only permitted a sitting posture. I expressed pity for his horrible position. He replied, laughing, that he began to be perfectly habituated to his narrow dwelling, and, more-

over, he had found a way to render it more agreeable. Before revealing his secret he made me promise the most perfect discretion. Immediately



AMUSEMENTS OF THE CAGE.

one of the boards of his wall was silently removed, and in the opening there appeared the head of a young man. His face, which was fright-

fully pale, wore a pleasant smile. I cannot express the emotion I experienced at witnessing the sudden opening of this solid wall, and the appearance of a human face. It was like the opening of a coffin by the dead."

The prisoner explained that in the long silence and darkness of his cell, he had occupied his hours in creeping about and feeling every part of his wall, until at last he found a nail whose head projected slightly beyond the surface. To work at this nail, and finally loosen and remove it with his teeth and nails, and then to remove the board was an easy task for him. Thus he had been able to admit a little air and daylight to his gloomy prison. The conversation was kept up until far into the night. The next day, as soon as the guardians were out of the way, the board in the wall was again silently removed, and M. Collache had a better view of the unhappy prisoner. "His face was that of a man intelligent and sincere, but the darkness in which he had so long lived had made his complexion the colour of porcelain. Still, he was all smiles, and appeared to support his misfortunes in the most philosophical manner in the world."

A way was soon found for other communication than that of words. The French prisoner, with some soft Japanese paper, braided a cord some four yards long, and fastening a small weight upon one end, threw it to his friend. On this cord he sent him a little money, with which to procure much-needed articles, through the turnkeys. The things most coveted were India-ink and pencils. These were strictly forbidden, but M. Collache, by great perseverance, and especially by promising to give the turnkey some sketches, obtained them at last. These he shared with his neighbour, and from this time the continued interchange of sketches of all kinds became the most precious pastime.

Eight days passed. The cage was then opened, and two yacounins appeared. They came to conduct M. Collache before a council of war, held in a hall of the prison. A large part of the room was occupied by a platform, in the centre of which sat the president, assisted by two judges. On each side sat a reporter with writing materials. By one of the judges sat an interpreter. The four central figures held fans in their hands. Behind them was a folding screen, which concealed a person evidently of high rank. Papers, apparently bearing questions to be put to the prisoner, were continually passing from behind this screen. The prisoner knelt upon an old mat placed before the platform between the two officers who had introduced him, and who also knelt. After the first words, the interpreter said to the prisoner, that it would be better for him to state his case himself, as he spoke Japanese far better than he, the interpreter, spoke French.

After certain preliminary questions establishing the identity of the

prisoner, he was asked why he had espoused the cause of the *Toucoungavas* (the supporters of the Tycoon). "I explained as well as I could," he says, "making prominent the fact that the object of the French was one eminently calculated to benefit Japan—that the English, on the contrary, sought to exploit the Japanese. I added that the English, by lending immense sums of money, intended to cripple the government by an enormous debt, and then, having the country at their mercy, dictate their own terms of settlement. I then explained at length the project that we entertained with regard to Yesso, and the method we proposed to make it a grand centre of civilisation."

The Japanese listened attentively, and gradually the marked hostility with which they first received the prisoner disappeared. Four times he was led before this council, and each time, on being dismissed, the president asked what he could send to his cell that would be agreeable to him. On each of these days a plate of chicken was added to his rations. He was interrogated in every way, and cross-questioned, to make him admit that he had been sent on a hostile mission by the French government; and he had great trouble to disabuse their minds of this belief. The examination finally ended: the prisoner was condemned to die.

"You have been taken," said the president, "bearing arms against the Japanese. Now, when a Japanese kills a Frenchman, what is his punishment?"

"He is condemned to death and executed," replied the prisoner.

"What then do you think will be your punishment?"

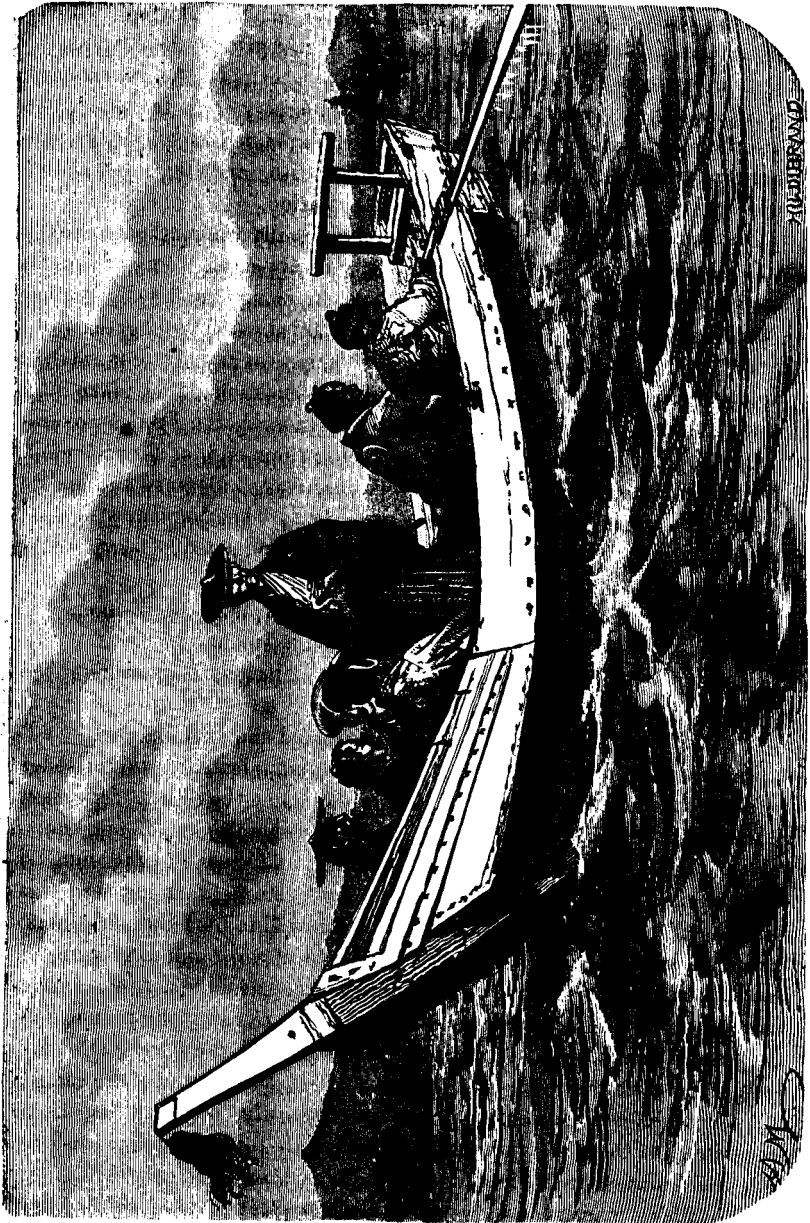
"You will cut off my head," replied M. Collache, emphasizing the sentence with a gesture.

"Right," said the president; and this ended the examination.

The details of the trial were, of course, communicated to the prisoner before mentioned. He appeared deeply moved at the result. The next morning at sunrise, the cage was opened by yacounins, who, not knowing that the prisoner understood Japanese, and not wishing him to entertain any illusion, intimated to him by gestures, that his head was to come off. He asked permission to bid farewell to his fellow-prisoners, and was conducted from cage to cage for a brief word and a pressure of hands. In the court of the prison, full of armed soldiers, there was a cango and four stalwart bearers standing ready to carry the prisoner to the place of execution. "I do not wish to attempt the portrayal of my feelings," writes the prisoner, "as the soldiers closed around the cango, and the march commenced. I was calm outwardly, for I had long been accustomed to the idea of death; moreover, my pride made me wish to show the Japanese that Frenchmen can die as bravely as they."

After a long march through the populous streets of Yedo, the prisoner was set down in an immense court, bounded on three sides by high

buildings, on the fourth by a canal. The troops all retired, leaving the prisoner alone. He opened the door of his cango, got out, but not



CROSSING TO YOKOHAMA.

knowing where to go, he stood dazed, looking around the court. Presently a door opened, and a Japanese, whose costume showed him to be

of high rank, appeared. The prisoner approached him, and asked what was to be done with him.

"We are waiting," he replied, "for a boat, which is to take you to Yokohama, where you will be delivered to the minister of France."

"I am not, then, to be executed?"

"No."

A terrible weight was removed from the heart of the prisoner by this one word. In a few seconds a boat touched the landing, rowed by two men, and bearing an escort of four yacounins. At the French legation a receipt was given for the body of the prisoner. There M. Collache found every article taken from him on entering the prison carefully preserved. A boat was waiting to take him on board a French ship, where he was amazed to find all his French comrades. Long explanations ensued. The "Hannrio," disabled by the storm, had put back to Hacodaté. The commander of the "Kaiten" had been grievously wounded, the ship had been captured by the Japanese admiral, and this explained why the signals of the "Aschwelotte" had not been answered.

SONNET.

My soul goes forth and searches through the dark
 To find a passage for the weary bark,
 That would pilot to the light beyond ;
 But like the dove comes back my vital spark.
 My eyes shall never see, with longings fond,
 The top of the celestial Ararat,
 Until the dove shall leave this tossing ark,
 My body, never to return again.
 And so man's spirit-feet can find no rest.
 Though oft in contemplation we have sat
 Together, O, my Soul, on shores of pain,
 Counselling how the great gulf might be spanned,
 Our thoughts returned, void, weary and oppress'd,
 A golden mist still fell between us and the land.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

Ottawa, Ont.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE last leap of Mr. Benson toward the darkness was a long one, and he realized that there was a great difference between trying to save himself from falling and endeavouring to defend himself after having fallen. The passage downward was marked by frantic efforts to catch at crags and jutting trees by spasmodic hopes and fears, by wild prayers and exclamations, but he was at the bottom and found the ground unexpectedly firm. As a man in a nightmare falls from some beetling cliff, and with the very grasp of death in his heart, plunges toward the profound, and alights, in breathless surprise, like a feather, and without a conscious wound, so had Mr. Benson fallen. He was half paralyzed with fear at first, but he felt the firm earth under him, and it was actually pleasant to him to know that he could fall no further. Whatever he had to do could be done at that level. There was nothing worse to be done than he had already accomplished. He could stand there and fight for his life, with such weapons as might be necessary for his purpose.

When he arrived there and realized his position, and saw how much respectable company there was around him, he was strangely content. He did not understand it. It was conscience already wounded and lame—that made the outcry in his long descent. It was conscience that inspired him to catch here and there at the feeble stays scattered down his headlong progress. It was conscience that had filled him with fear and pain; but conscience unknown to him had perished with the fall; and he was left alone with his pride and his blind sense of duty toward religious things, unmindful that the divine voice within him was dead.

The first thing to be done, after he had paid his creditors with the money, secured by the hypothecation of bonds that did not belong to him, was to raise money for their redemption at the earliest moment. To do this he would be obliged to sell property at any sacrifice or obtain a loan. His own property acquired during his prosperous and speculative days was so heavily mortgaged that he found it a hopeless resource. He could not deal with men, because they knew too much for him. He did not like to go to Miss Larkin, because she had lost faith in him, and had humbled him; but he seemed to be driven to her for help. He had made her



MISS LARKIN FAINTS AND MR. BENSON FALLS.

investments carefully and she was comparatively safe. The interest on some of these had been defaulted, and they were at his mercy.

It did not take him long to conclude that his most hopeful way of securing his grand object was in obtaining a loan from her. The first thing to be done was to make up a schedule of her possessions, and a statement of their condition, in accordance with her wish, that had been so frequently and urgently expressed. With these in his hands, he called upon her one morning, and, in his calm and confidential way, went over the whole matter with her, and secured her hearty thanks for the service.

"You are all right," said Mr. Benson, with a sigh, "but I am all wrong. I ought not to hide from you the fact that I am in the most urgent distress. I am threatened with bankruptcy, and my family with beggary. I tell you, in confidence, that I am so pressed that I do not know which way to turn for relief. If I could raise money on my own property until times change—and times always do change—I could carry through everything, but, as it is, I see nothing but ruin before me. I have so many widows and orphans depending upon me—I shall carry down with me so many livings and so many hopes—I shall be obliged to surrender a reputation so precious to myself—that I might well choose death as a happy alternative."

Mr. Benson's voice trembled as he said all this, looking sadly out of the window,—for he could not meet Miss Larkin's questioning eyes—and at the close of his revelation he leaned back in his chair and buried his face in his handkerchief.

"Is it so bad as this?" inquired Miss Larkin in genuine sympathy.

"My child, it is worse that I can tell you," replied Mr. Benson. "I don't know why I should have said all this to you. You have troubles enough to bear without any burdens of mine; but I get weary, sometimes, of carrying my load alone."

Miss Larkin was much distressed. She had no doubt that her guardian was in great trouble. Her heart sprang up with an impulse to help him, but with her knowledge of the man, and her keen instincts, there was something about the whole performance that she apprehended as a trick. He had never approached her with any confidences before. He had steadily shunned her and refused compliance with what had been her most strenuous wish. She knew him to be profoundly selfish, and while it was hard for her to believe that he would wrong her deliberately, it was quite as hard for her to doubt that he had come to her for a selfish purpose.

In truth, the more she thought of it, the more plainly she saw that Mr. Benson had been playing upon her sympathies, in order to draw from her a voluntary offer of assistance. He was sitting and waiting for

this offer, in painful but earnest expectancy. His nature was a strong one, and it wrought upon her quick sensibilities with a power that almost determined her to lay her fortune at his feet, and risk the consequences. How could she gain time? How could she fight the approaching fatal determination?

Then there came to her aid an opposing tide of remembrances.

"Mr. Benson," she said, reddening, "do you know that you have treated me very badly?"

"My child, I confess it. Do not upbraid me. I have had great trials to carry, and until this hour I have tried to hide them from you, and spare you pain."

"Do you remember that I owe you nothing—that for every morsel of food I have eaten, and every service you have rendered me, you have been royally paid—that you have almost lived upon me?"

"Why do you put me these questions?" inquired Mr. Benson, roused into a moment of petulant anger.

"Because, as nearly as I can apprehend the object of your visit, you have forsaken the ordinary ways of a business man, and come to a girl who would be utterly helpless but for what she possesses, to obtain her aid—to get her voluntary offer of money. If I felt under the slightest obligation to you—if I could trust you—if you had been an affectionate father, or even friend, to me—I would give half my fortune to save you."

Mr. Benson's plan was not prospering, and he saw that he should be obliged to change his tactics.

"Grace," he said, "I came here relying upon your forgiveness—upon your generosity. I have never dreamed that you could harbour a spirit of revenge. I thought it would be sweeter to you to offer the help I need than to grant a formal request. But I must have the money. I must have it soon; and you compel me to put the responsibility for my future upon yourself. You can save me or you can ruin me. You can save or ruin my poor family. My fate—their fate—is in your hands. Circumstances over which I now have no more control than I have over the waters of the sea, force me to put the awful responsibility on your shoulders. Shall I die, or live? Shall a hundred widows and orphans curse me to the last day of their miserable lives, or bless me and my memory? The decision is with you."

"Oh, Mr. Benson!" almost screamed Miss Larkin. "Must you be so cruel? Horrible! Horrible!"

She rose upon her sofa, sitting upright, staring wildly into his eyes. Then she burst into a fit of crying, and fell back and buried her face in her pillow.

Mr. Benson sat and coolly watched her. He had made an impression. After her sobs had begun to die away, he said:

"My child, I have told you the simple truth. In the stress of my trouble I do not see how I could have said less."

"Then you must give me time to think about it," said Miss Larkin.

"Unhappily," responded Mr. Benson, with a firm, dogged voice, "I can do no such thing. My needs are desperate—this day, this hour, this moment."

Miss Larkin during all this interview had held in her hand a note. It had been read, but it had been unconsciously crumpled in her hands, and was wet with her tears. It was from Nicholas, saying, in a few words, that he would call upon her during the morning, on a matter of business. Why did he not come and interrupt this awful scene? Whither should she turn for help?

"I must have time to think—two hours—one hour," she said.

"Grace, this is a very simple question, and one which no person, whether friend or enemy of mine, can help you to answer. Besides, it is a matter that is not to be bruited. The question simply is whether you are willing, on security that I believe to be good, to lend me the money that will carry me over to a time of prosperity. If you will not lend it, I shall be a hopeless bankrupt within ten days. If you will, I firmly believe that I can reimburse every dollar to you and to every person I owe."

"Go to your library ten minutes, and let me think of it," said the distressed girl.

"Very well," said Mr. Benson, looking at his watch as he left the room.

"In ten minutes I will return."

Miss Larkin kissed the note she held in her hands, and exclaimed:

"O my friend! my friend! why don't you come!"

But the ten minutes passed away in a tumult of apprehension and expectation, and then Mr. Benson returned, with a pen and ink in one hand, and written documents in the other.

"Well, my dear," he said, "I'm sure of your conclusion. A nature like yours can possibly come to but one."

"But I ought to ask counsel," said Miss Larkin, appealingly. "You cannot be my counsel in this matter, you know. You are personally interested in it. You are so much interested in it that your advice is good for nothing."

"Will you sign these documents, my child?"

"What are they?"

"They are a power of attorney for selling property, and a pledge to me that you will lend me the proceeds. The deeds will be brought for

your signature in good time. The pledge I propose to use to get extensions with, until I get hold of the money."

Mr. Benson moved a table to the side of his ward, placing the papers before her, dipped the pen in the ink, and, without looking into her face, tried to place the pen in her hand. She did not take the pen, and when his hard eyes sought her face she was in a fainting fit, and the crumpled note had fallen in her lap.

He first grasped and opened the note. The moment his eye apprehended its contents, he understood her hesitation. Crumpling the note again, and restoring it, he rose, without calling for assistance, and, sprinkling water in her face, brought her back to consciousness.

"Here is the pen, my dear," he said, "I am sorry you should permit yourself to be overcome by so insignificant a matter."

She took the pen in her trembling hand, and then she heard the door bell ring.

"Now! Before interruption!" sharply exclaimed Mr. Benson.

The servant knocked at the door, partly opened it and announced Mr. Minturn.

Not a word was said.

"Shall I ask him to come up?" inquired the servant.

"No!" said Mr. Benson, spitefully.

"Yes! oh yes!" half screamed Miss Larkin.

Mr. Benson was so angry that he could have smitten her upon the mouth, if he had dared to do so dastardly a deed with retribution so close at hand.

Nicholas was at the foot of the staircase, and had overheard every word. His quick apprehension detected the tone of distress in Miss Larkin's voice, and he did not wait for the servant's return, but mounted the stairs in a breath, and presented himself at the open door. Miss Larkin gave a cry of joy, and sank back into another swoon.

The young man and the old man bowed stiffly to each other, Mr. Benson saying quietly:

"Our friend does not seem to be quite well this morning. Perhaps you had better call at some other time."

Without saying a word, Nicholas stepped to Miss Larkin's side and rang her bell. It sounded the knell of Mr. Benson's purposes and expectations, for, in a moment Miss Bruce appeared, and entered with profound alarm upon the ministries of restoration.

Mr. Benson bit his lip, gathered up his papers, his pen, his ink, and, with an angry glance at Nicholas, started for his library.

"Can I see you a moment, this morning, Mr. Benson?" said Nicholas, as the latter passed him.

There was an air of restraint about both. They would not quarrel in

the presence of Miss Larkin, but both recognized the elements of a quarrel in the situation.

"It doesn't strike me that it is advisable for us to meet this morning," said Mr. Benson, coolly. "I'm in no mood for it. I doubt whether you are."

"Miss Bruce," said Nicholas, "if Miss Larkin can see me before I leave the house, I will return." Then to Mr. Benson: "I shall beg the privilege of a few minutes in the library with you. You know I don't trouble you very often."

Mr. Benson found himself under a strange self-control. He had deliberately proposed to lie, in the event of detection in any of his fraudulent transactions, and to take the consequences, whatever they might be. He would never submit to a confession of his misdeeds. When he had reached this point, he had found what seemed like solid ground.

The two men passed into the library together. Nicholas helped himself to a seat, and Mr. Benson took one between him and the sharp light that came in at the window.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me what has so agitated Miss Larkin this morning?" inquired the young man.

"No; it's none of your business."

"Shall I tell you?"

"No; I know it already; and if a man may be permitted to speak his mind in his own house, I may say that your presence in Miss Larkin's room this morning was an impertinent intrusion, and that your presence here possesses quite the same character."

"I have not the slightest objection to your opinion on these points," said Nicholas, reddening with choler in spite of himself, "but it seems to me that you and I have quite a fund of knowledge in common. We both know why it is that you dare not resent my presence here. We both know that you were in Miss Larkin's room for the purpose of cheating her out of her fortune to save yourself. We both know it was one of the meanest acts of your life. But there is one thing that you do not know, and that I propose to tell you. I am here for the purpose of saving her from you. I apprehended this before I left home, and I have come here for no other object than that of thwarting your schemes. I propose to accomplish this object before I leave this house. I have just left Mr. Glezen's office, and if she will accept him, he will henceforward act as her adviser. Have you any objection to this?"

"Not the slightest."

Nicholas expected an explosion, but it did not come. He had no doubt that Mr. Benson lied, but his apparent compliance with his plan embarrassed him.

Mr. Benson, seeing that his words had had the effect he desired, then said :

"You ought to know that my time is very precious to me, and that you have no justification for compelling me to tolerate your presence here for another minute. Shall I bid you good morning, and leave you to your plotting against a man who never did you harm ?"

"Not yet," said Nicholas, who began to feel very uncomfortable. "You have been kind enough to profess some interest in the recovery of the bonds that were stolen from me at Ottercliff."

"Well, what of the bonds ?"

"I have a clew to them."

"Have you ?"

Nicholas watched his *vis-à-vis* very closely, but he did not start. There had been a change in him which he did not comprehend. He had seen the plastic lime harden into stone. He had seen the molten iron flowing like water, and cooling into unimpressible forms. He had drank of the water in summer upon which he had stepped in winter ; but never before had he seen a man in whom nerves had once tingled with vitality and blood had coursed warmly, transformed to adamant.

"Yes," said Nicholas, "I have a clew to them. I have a letter now in my pocket which I know to have come from one of the robbers. He has told me—or rather the lawyer to whom I committed the matter has told me—just what has been done with the bonds. I know the night on which they were transferred to the hands that now hold them. I know who has them in his possession."

"Does the man who holds them know them to be yours ?" inquired Mr. Benson, in the most quiet manner possible.

"I have no doubt that he is morally sure that they are mine," said Nicholas.

"So you haven't found the record of the numbers yet ?"

"No."

"Then what are you talking about ? If you know where your bonds are, and know who holds them, why don't you claim them by due process of law ? Perhaps you are morally sure where your bonds are, as the holder may be morally sure that they are yours ; but moral certainty will not answer in a case of this kind. You are undoubtedly a sharp man,—for one of your age and experience,—and although I have not much reason for favouring you, I will give you some advice that you can use to your advantage. You have taken the word of a confessed thief, and believed it against some man whom I do not know, of course, but one who is likely to be a man of good standing. The thief is after money, and he has proved to you that he doesn't care how he gets it. Practically, he has confessed this to you, yet you talk as if you

were sure he had told you the truth. Now if he had known me, he would be just as likely to charge me with holding the bonds as anybody. No matter whom he charges with the act of purchasing, it is an affair that it will not do for you to talk about. I don't want you to tell me whom you suspect, for, if I should find a man slandering me in that way, I should prosecute him for libel at once. Take care of yourself, my good fellow, even if you lose your bonds."

Poor Nicholas was at his wit's end. He could make no headway against such flinty assurance as this. He had expected to bring Mr. Benson to his knees, as he had done on former occasions. He had pictured to himself this trembling victim of his righteous wrath, begging for his mercy and restoring his property. Glezen had been right, for once; and he was mastered, though he was just as sure of Mr. Benson's guilt as he was when he entered the house. In the present condition of Mr. Benson's mind, he saw that his plan was hopeless. Moral certainties were of no more account. There was no way by which Mr. Benson could be reached, except by legal process and legal evidence. He saw that his case was weak,—utterly hopeless in fact,—that his moral certainty was a legal uncertainty and that his evidence, in a court of justice, without such corroboration as he could not command, was not worth a straw.

He saw that charging Mr. Benson with guilt would not help his case, and so—disappointed, stunned, helpless—he rose to take his leave.

He had learned that the lion running for his life, and the lion at bay, were two very different animals.

After Nicholas went out, Mr. Benson was filled with a strange emotion of victory. He had lost Miss Larkin, but he had reached the point where he was ready to fight for the hypothecated bonds as his own, which made him independent of Miss Larkin. She was quite at liberty to choose her own advisers, and he would take care of himself in the only way that she had left possible to him—at her friend's expense! He found himself enjoying a subtle sense of revenge in this, and went out of his house at last in a state of mind more collected and calm than he had experienced for many weeks.

When a man is lost in a thicket, and all the ways which lead toward the light are closed against him, he has no choice but to go on in such paths as he can find, and take the chances. The path he takes may lead him to a precipice, and it may not. He will die if he remains—that he is sure. There is, at least, excitement and hope in action. This was precisely Mr. Benson's condition. He would fight for life to the last. He apprehended the fact that Nicholas believed in his guilt, and knew that he had made no change in the young man's convictions; but he had learned that no reliable legal evidence was at command for

fastening conviction upon himself, and he believed that at this far distance from the robbery, the probabilities were all against the discovery of the only evidence that would place him *hors de combat*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MISS LARKIN had felt for many weeks that a malign influence was upon her. She knew that Mr. Benson was in trouble, and she strongly suspected or feared that she was to be disastrously associated with it. She had endeavoured in vain to get from him a knowledge of her affairs, and she had dwelt upon the trial of her faith and patience until she had found herself morbidly depressed. Her progress toward the recovery of her strength seemed to have been arrested, and her hope had begun to die out. Her attendant had noticed with alarm the waning of her courage, but there was one cause of depression which even the keen eye of Miss Bruce did not discover.

Miss Larkin could not but be aware of the fact that Nicholas was her lover; and she had come to a determination with regard to it, which had cost her the most heroic effort of her life. The moment her hope began to waver, under the depressing circumstances which environed her, this determination was always ready to crush her into the dust. She wept in secret over her awful sense of sacrifice—a sacrifice of which the quick heart of Nicholas had given him a prophecy. She was sure that, sometime, Nicholas would reveal what had long since ceased to be a secret to her, and she intended for his sake, to refuse him. Her heart had discounted the great trial, and she had taken the result into her bosom long before its time. Of course it was poison to her. In her sensitive organization, brain and nerve that responded so readily to the quickening influence of hope, slackened and sank back before the front of despair. In some natures the mind lives upon the body, in others the body seems to live upon the mind. It drops before the fall of a hope as quickly as before the blow of a hand.

It was in her depressed mood that Mr. Benson found her when he sought her on the morning of the events which have been narrated. She was poorly prepared to resist his unyielding demand, and nothing but her fainting fit had saved her from the accomplishment of his scheme.

When Nicholas had come and retired, and she, returning to consciousness, realized not only that her fears in regard to her fortune were groundless, but that she had been saved from endangering or ruining it by her own hand, she was inexpressibly relieved. A great burden was lifted from her mind, and all her vitalities reacted, as the grass

rises after a rough foot has pressed it. Then she wanted to see Nicholas again, and perfect and confirm the work which had been so happily begun.

When the young man emerged from the library, after his fruitless interview with Mr. Benson, he saw Miss Larkin's door ajar, and recognized the seeming accident as an invitation. As he knocked, and quickly entered, Miss Bruce retired, and he found Miss Larkin sitting in a chair. Her eyes showed that she had been weeping, but her eyes met him with a cordial smile, and a blush that proved that her heart was beating bravely once more.

Nicholas had met with a great discomfiture, and his heart was heavy ; but her welcome warmed him and invited him to confidence.

"You have escaped a great danger, Miss Larkin," he said.

"For which I am indebted to you," she responded with a grateful smile. "Isn't it strange that in the great emergencies of my life you always come ?"

"Especially when you are to be saved from your guardian," he said bitterly.

"Have you quarreled again ?"

"No ; I feel that there are to be no more quarrels between Mr. Benson and myself. I am positively awed by the change that he has undergone. I must not tell you of what has happened, but I am just certain that a great calamity is coming to him and to this house as I am that a great sin has been committed here."

"You astonish me, Mr. Minturn."

"I have been astonished—almost terrified—myself. I want you to get away from him. I cannot bear to have you live another day under this roof."

"You are nervous," she said, looking smilingly into his solemn face.

"No, I'm not nervous. My nerves seem almost dead. It is a conviction and not an impression. You must see that I am perfectly calm. Miss Larkin, there is a cloud over this house, and there is lightning in it, and vengeance in the lightning.

"I have noticed the change in Mr. Benson of which you speak," she said, "but I'm not afraid now."

"Do you know Miss Larkin that all the life went out of me this morning ? I can deal with men, but not with the devil, or a soul in his possession. I cannot tell what the influence was. I shrank before it as if it came from one whom God had forsaken,—one so given up and bound to sin that I could not willingly give him occasion for further perjury."

"You distress me. Let us not talk about it any more."

"One thing you must promise me first," said Nicholas. "Mr. Benson

has come to the conclusion, I think, that it will be of no use to seek aid from you, after this morning, and the interview which he saw I was to have with you ; but you must promise that whatever may be his demands and importunities you will not yield to them without consulting Mr. Glezen. I have told Mr. Benson that Glezen will act as your adviser, and he has assured me that he has not the slightest objection."

"Then he has made it easy for me to give the promise, and I do it most heartily and gratefully," said Miss Larkin.

Another burden was thus lifted from her heart, and the business of Nicholas was completed ; but he lingered. He had been full of pity and apprehension for her, and his love for her had sprung to her defense. He had her promise, but he wanted something more. He had watched her as she sat before him, in her momentarily freshening beauty, and felt that the hour of his destiny had come.

"Miss Larkin," he said, while the colour forsook his trembling lips, "I have carried a thought in my heart from the first day of our meeting, and I must speak it now."

Miss Larkin apprehended the long-dreaded announcement. She had warded it off more than once, and intended to do it again, and always ; but she saw that there was no help for it now, without an interruption which she was not rude enough to make. She turned away her face, that grew pale under his earnest gaze.

"I must tell you that you have changed my whole being. When I first met you, I was aimless, and of course, useless. The touch of your hand has fructified my life. Whatever I am to-day, and whatever I am doing, are the record of your work upon me. I can no more help loving you than I can help breathing. Whatever may come of it—whatever may be your feeling toward me—you must permit me to tell you this, for you are a constant presence in my daily work and my nightly dreams, you are my angel of inspiration. It seems as if God himself had expressed his love for me through you, and that my return for the gift has been made through the same channel. Humbly, and without boasting, let me say that what I have given has been as pure as that which I have received. And now that I see you in danger,—when I know that you are in hands unworthy of your keeping,—my heart and hands spring to your defense. I wish to shield you. I long to make you mine—to hold the right to stand between you and all danger.

These words, inspired to such winning eloquence by the passion that moved him, came so swiftly and impetuously that Miss Larkin could not have interrupted him had she attempted to do so. At their close, she gave a convulsive sob, as if her heart had risen to her mouth, and she had forced it violently back to its place. Overcome by her emotion, it was a long time before she could speak.

"Mr. Minturn," she said, after a period of painful silence, "it is a hard return to make for such a confession as yours, but I must say to you—however much it may cost me—that you have given me the most terrible pain of my life. It cannot be! It cannot be!"

"It must be!" exclaimed Nicholas starting to his feet. "It shall be! What have I lived for? Why did God bring us together? Does he delight in mocking his poor creatures? Does he rejoice in their torture? Does he set traps for them, and beguile them into bondage, that he may laugh at them? Why has he spoken to me through you? Why has he held you before me as a prize and a reward, and made every moment of these last months more precious than gold with the thought of you? It must be! It shall be!"

Nicholas walked the room, back and forth, like a tiger newly caged, pausing at Miss Larkin's chair, and looking into her upturned eyes to emphasize his wild questions.

"My dear friend, do not talk in this way," she said, at length. "You cannot know how much you distress me."

"Then why do you say it cannot be?" said Nicholas, pausing at her side. "If you say"—and his voice grew low and tremulous—"that you do not love me—that you cannot love me—I will try with God's help to bear it, and bear a life shorn of hope and every aim except forgetfulness, but there is no other reason in God's world that I will accept. Do you tell me that you do not and cannot love me?—that all the blood that has flowed out of my heart has gone into the sand? Oh, my God! my God! why was I born?"

Miss Larkin had dropped her eyes, and did not dare to raise them. Oh, that she could feel at liberty to respond to this tide of passion, every drop of which was filled with life for her!—every drop of which was feeding her at life's fountain!

"Mr. Minturn!"

He came back to his seat, arrested and calmed by her quiet voice.

"You are a man," she said. "Can you bear pain? Can you bear pain like a woman? Can you bear pain with me?"

"I can bear anything with you," he responded.

"Can you bear separation with me?"

"I can bear any separation that is necessary. I should be a fool to bear any that is not."

"You have done me a great honour," said Miss Larkin.

"Don't! You humiliate me," exclaimed Nicholas almost fiercely.

"Oh, what shall I say to you? What can I say to you? What would you think of me—what would your friends think of me—if, in my helplessness and uselessness, I were willing to appropriate your life? I should forever be ashamed of myself were I to do so base a thing."

"You do not love me! You cannot love me," exclaimed Nicholas, hotly.

"I don't see why that should matter," she said.

"Are you so cold? Is it all a mistake? Do you suppose that I could be so base as to forsake and deny the woman I love, or permit her to sacrifice herself on any such considerations as seem to have weight with you. Why, your helplessness is to me the very glory of my love. It forever sets the seal of genuineness upon my passion. I'm thankful that God has put the purity of my love beyond question. I tell you that the contemplation of the task of taking care of you and administering to your pleasure and your comfort, has filled my future with its sweetest light."

"My friend—my best friend—cannot you understand that the measure of a woman's love is to be found in the measure of her self-denial?"

"What are you saying?" said Nicholas eagerly.

She looked up into his eyes while the tears rolled down his cheeks. He read it all. What divine intuition gave him light, what a revelation of the power of love was whispered in his ear, what miracle had been wrought upon her for which he had been made unconsciously ready, he did not know, but he extended his arms where he stood, and she rose and was folded in his strong embrace.

"Mine!" he said. "Mine forever!"

He held her to his breast in a long transport of happiness, and then, for the first time, he realized the change in her.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, putting her head away from him. "Do you know that you are on your feet?"

"Am I?" she asked with a start.

This was too much for Nicholas. He had fought his way through all the difficulties of the hour, sometimes desperately and always bravely. But this miracle touched the deepest fountain of his emotions, and, leading her back to her chair, he abandoned himself—like the simple-hearted boy that he was—to his tears.

All her burdens were lifted now. The hand of love had touched her, and healed her. "Maiden, arise!" it had said; and she had obeyed the command, and felt that she was whole again. Full of gratitude, possessed by a glad peace that made heaven of the little room where she had so long been a prisoner, she sat and watched the young man at her side whom Heaven had bestowed upon her, and realized with ineffable joy that despite herself her life had been united to his. How long her new strength would last, she did not know. Her hopes had been roused more than once to be crushed; but she could not but believe that the new stimulus from without, and the refreshed and strengthened

faith and courage within, would confirm the cure so auspiciously begun.

She touched his hand.

"Why do you weep?" she said.

"My dear Grace, God has been here this morning," he responded. "He only knows how almost madly I have prayed for this; and now that, by what seems to me to be a veritable miracle, he has answered my prayers, I am awed and humiliated, I hardly dare to lift my eyes and look around me, and when I think how precious a prize I have won, with what boyish petulance I have fought for it, and how unworthy of it my impatience proved me to be, it almost makes an infidel of me. It seems as if God could not have respected such greedy and inconsiderate beseechings, and that all this change must have come through some happy chance."

"You'll soon run through this mood, I am sure," she said. "Let us walk."

She rose from her chair, steadied to her feet by his strength, and clasping his arm with her locked hands, they paced slowly back and forth through the room.

The newly recovered powers did not fail, and it was only after the persistent persuasions of Nicholas that she consented to resume her seat.

Then he said:

"It can be?"

"Yes."

"And it shall be."

"Yes."

"Now," said Nicholas, "I must get you out of this house. I do not wish to enter it again. It is a house in which I have experienced the greatest happiness of my life, but something terrible is going to happen here, and you must not be here to witness it, or share its consequences."

"Why, Nicholas! It seems to me that you are unreasonable—almost superstitious."

"I cannot help it," he responded.

"How can I forsake Mrs. Benson?"

"God pity her!" exclaimed Nicholas, sadly.

"And why should not I?"

"Pity her, by all means, and leave her to her griefs and mortifications undisturbed."

"But where can I go?"

"Leave that to me."

"Very well, since you so strongly wish it."

"Can I speak of this?" inquired Nicholas.

"Our engagement?"

“ Yes.”

To the man—glad and triumphant—this would be an easy matter. To the woman, there came considerations which embarrassed her. The cure and the engagement came too near together.

“ Only in confidence, for the present,” she said.

She rose to her feet and bade him good morning, and Nicholas went out into the cold sunshine, and saw men hurrying by on their petty errands, heard the empty roar of the streets, saw the vulgar traffic that was going on on every hand, and wondered that nobody had known about, or cared for, the events which had wrought so powerfully upon himself. His memory went to and fro between the darkness and the light of the two rooms in which he had spent the morning—between the chamber that had seemed forsaken of the divine presence, and that which was flooded with it ; between the man who was sinking in the darkness, and the woman who was rising into light ; between the man who had robbed him of his gold, and the woman who had given him herself, until, almost before he knew, his hand had rung the bell at the door of the Coates’ mansion.

He could tell Miss Coates all about it, “ in confidence.” He found her at home, and watched her swimming eyes while he made his revelation. He could not tell her why he wanted to have Miss Larkin removed from her home, but he assured her that it must be done.

“ I should be delighted to have her here,” said Miss Coates, quickly. “ I think my mother will consent to my inviting her to make us a visit.”

“ Suppose we ask her,” said Nicholas, anxious to have the matter disposed of.

Miss Coates was too familiar with her mother’s weakness to trust any hands but her own with the management of that question. Mrs. Coates did not approve of having young ladies in the house who would divide attention with Jenny, and fearing an awkward scene if she admitted her to the conference, Miss Coates said :

“ If you will leave the affair with me, I think I can arrange it.”

Nicholas was profuse with his thanks.

“ No, you owe me nothing. I am only too glad to be of the slightest service to one to whom I owe so much,” she responded. “ You have made me very happy by your confidence, and by telling me of the fulfilment of a hope that has been one of the strongest of my life. I have seen it all from the first in both of you.”

“ Have you ?”

“ Yes, and I have approved of it.”

She gave him both her hands at parting, and said :

"I am profoundly grateful for your happiness, and I congratulate you. I could wish for both of you nothing different and nothing better."

Before night, Miss Coates, charged with her invitation, called on Miss Larkin, and the following morning was fixed upon for the commencement of the visit.

Mr. Benson received the announcement without a frown and without a smile,—in the business way in which he would have received any statement on 'Change. He realized that she was dead to him, and that her affairs would soon pass out of his hands. Still, he would appear to be interested in her; and when Nicholas and Miss Coates drove to the door, he was there with helpful service and polite attention to see her off. He bore into the street, as she entered the carriage and drove away, a semblance of his old, courtly manner.

"Don't stay long, my dear! Don't stay long!" he said, as he lifted his hat at parting; and then he went back into the house, past his sad wife, to whom he did not even give a glance, up the staircase, into his library.

But Miss Larkin did stay a long time. Indeed, she never returned.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NICHOLAS, with all the hopefulness of his temperament, and all the confidence that was engendered by his persistent activities and their grateful results, had many hours of doubt and discouragement. The longer he lived in the city, the larger it seemed to him. The more he became acquainted with the sources of pauperism, and comprehended the influences which fostered it, the more incurable it appeared. The unwillingness of the pauperized masses to be lifted from their degradation, the organized falsehood that prevailed among them, their disposition to transform all the agencies that were employed for their help into means for enabling them to live without work, their absolute loss of all manly and womanly impulses and ambitions, their intemperance, their apparent lack of power to stand even when placed upon their feet with a remunerative task before them, were circumstances which, in some moods of his mind, so sickened and disgusted him that he felt like retiring from the field.

He saw great rascalities in progress of growth, or in the descent of disaster, every one of which was bending with its crop of pauperism—organized bodies of speculators making haste to be rich without the production of a dollar, and getting rich at the expense of the impoverishment of large masses of men—single operators rising upon the topmost waves of affluence, while down in the dark hollows their victims were

crying for help or drowning—great industries overdone through the strifes and competitions of capital, and then thousands thrown out of employment and reduced to beggary!

He saw at the corner of every street the magazines of liquid death doing their poisonous work on body and soul, licensed and cherished by the politics of a great city, and entrenched behind the strongholds of law and public opinion. He saw comfortable men going in, day after day, and coming out poor and debauched, imbibing with their intoxicating and debasing draughts the habits of idleness which inevitably made paupers of them and of their wives and children. He saw ten thousand grog-shops absorbing not only the hard earnings of the poor, but the mistaken gifts of the benevolent, who were trying to give them bread. He saw uncounted masses of men, women and children, poisoned through and through with drink, and dark figures moving among them inflamed to cruelty and crime; and he realized that the little he had done to stem this tide of degradation was only to be compared to the holding of his hand in the rapids of a Niagara. He looked around him, among the rich and the good, and saw them apathetic—overawed by, or content with, the respectability of a traffic and a practice which were the daily source of more misery, debasement, poverty and crime, than any which he knew, and felt that he was regarded by them either as a weak enthusiast, or an impracticable fanatic. No voice of warning that he could raise would be heard amid the jeers of the scoffing crowd. No importunities for reform that he could utter would be thought worthy of a hearing!

Then he looked about him to count up the influences for relief. He had studied these in every aspect with persistent inquiry. He had visited the hospitals, the charitable guilds, the great societies. He had found much conscientious labour in progress, but everything was for relief, and next to nothing for reform. Pauperism had been accepted as a fixed fact, and the great anxiety of the benevolent societies seemed to be to ward off suffering. Their work was done if nobody starved or froze. The causes of pauperism had little consideration, and less attempt to remove them. On one side lay the great world of poverty, and suffering, and deliberately chosen helplessness. On the other, the benevolent endeavour to shield this world of helplessness from the consequences of its dissipations, its idleness, and its misdeeds. Now and then, undoubtedly, worthy poverty was helped; but in nine cases out of ten, pauperism was cherished. People had learned to live upon these societies. They knew that in the last resort—however basely they might part with their means of living earned in fitful labour, or picked up in the streets from door to door—they would not be permitted by these societies to starve. He saw, too, that the disease of pauperism was infectious, and that even

those who had the means of living hid them, and, with the basest lies, cheated the societies into their support.

More than all this, and sadder even than all this, he saw that these associations were in competition with each other for the public support, and that their officers were magnifying their importance at the expense of their neighbours—that they were the nurseries of political and church influence, and schemes for office, and personal support and aggrandizement. He saw petty jealousies among them, and heard the bruited of rival claims to consideration and usefulness.

Outside of these he saw an army of devoted Christian workers, engaged in the almost fruitless attempt to make Christians of those who had not the energy, or truthfulness, or ambition, to be men. Even these were engaged in rivalry. Sect was striving with sect for the possession of children—for the privilege of teaching them—holding them by the power of gifts and amusing entertainments. Sympathizing profoundly with the aims of these workers, but distrusting their means and machinery, he could hope for but little in the way of useful results. Here and there he could find a man who understood the work to be done—a man who understood that he could do little for a child whose home, in every influence, was wrong. Where there was one of these, however, there were a hundred whose influence was tributary to, and conformatory of, the pauperism in which the children of their Sunday charge had their birth and daily life. They were instructed without being developed. The chapels and school-rooms instituted by the churches had the fixed and everlasting fact of pauperism for their corner stone. There the teeming generations of paupers were to come and go, without even the opportunity to develop themselves into self-supporting schools and churches, or to attain any influence that would be tributary to their sense of manhood and womanhood. Building without a basis for issues without value there were thousands of Christian men and women spending time and comfort and money. They were winning much for themselves; they were doing but little for others.

This awful chasm between the rich and the poor!—what could come of it? This nether world and this upper world!—how could they be brought together? Envy upon one side, pity upon the other!—how could these widely separated realms be made to understand each other? How could they be brought into mutual sympathy and mutual respect?

These were the great facts and great problems that stared the young man in the face at every angle of vision. Surface views, surface work, surface results, everywhere! Nothing radical anywhere! much for palliation, nothing for cure! A world of benevolent intent and beneficent action, more than a moiety of which went to the nourishment of the monster who held the pauperized poor in its toils!

Yet, when Nicholas undertook to push his views, or express his apprehensions, or criticise the movements and operations of the benevolent people around him, he was always met with protests and discouragements. He was assured that the great charities were in the wisest hands the city possessed ; that the men who directed them had great experience and long observation ; and often it was kindly hinted to him that he was young, and told that he would probably change his views somewhat after having lived a little longer and seen a little more. He could not point them to what he had already done, for the final outcome of that was not yet apparent.

It was fortunate for him that he was young—that his heart was not dead, that his insight was not blunted, and that he had no preconceived notions to influence his judgment, or hinder his action. It was fortunate, too, for him that he had that boldness of youth which does not pause to consider personal consequences, or the possibilities of failure. To a certain extent he was conscious that he was working in the dark, but he definitely saw something to be done, he had no question that the instrumentalities which were in operation around him were incompetent to produce the desiderated result, and he was quick and fertile in expedients.

A great scheme unfolded itself to him ; how could he accomplish it ? How could he propose it ? ”

With the exception of the little speech he had made upon the spur of the moment at “The Atheneum,” on the night of the opening of that institution, he had never undertaken even the humblest public address. Still, he believed that he could talk if he could keep his head. He realized the difference between an audience of ignorant men and men of the class whom he wished to reach ; but he believed that if he could get his idea definitely into his own mind, he could at least express it in a manner to be apprehended, though he might do it somewhat clumsily.

His first thought was that he would invite a number of gentlemen to his own rooms, but as he wrote out the names of those who were engaged in benevolent efforts, in private and official positions, he found that his apartments would be too strait for the number he desired to call together. Then he determined to invite every man connected with the different societies, every clergyman, every missionary, every agent and almoner, and a large number of private citizens, to meet him at “The Atheneum.” So he immediately secured the printing and the distribution of his invitations.

The men whom he invited had all heard of Nicholas and his operations, and many of them knew him personally. His wealth and social consideration, his unique devotion to benevolent efforts, and a personal reputation which began with his heroism upon the lost “Ariadne,” and

had been fed by the reports of his operations at "The Atheneum," brought together not only a respectable and willing, but a very curious audience. He trembled when he saw it enter,—the men of age, the men of substance and social importance, the men of eloquence and influence, the officials of the societies,—the great and learned and good, and those who lived in their shadow or their sunshine; but he was sure of his motives, at least, and he needed not to be afraid.

Without any formality of organization, Nicholas came modestly forth upon the platform, and was received in blank silence. He looked so young and assumed so little, as he appeared before them, he had seemed so old and assumed so much in calling them together, that his audience naturally assumed a critical and questioning mood. The atmosphere in which he found himself was not calculated to re-assure him; and during the first minutes he became aware that he was standing face to face with immovable prejudice and jealous conservatism. They had come to see him and hear what he had to say, without the desire to learn, and without a doubt that they knew more than he upon the subject of his communication. They had come to hear an interesting school-boy declaim, to pat him on the shoulder with approval if he should do his work well, and then good-naturedly to go home to their own plans, and self-complacently to resume their labours.

"It has occurred to me," said Nicholas, making his modest bow, "that you, who have had so much experience in dealing with the poverty of the city, and you who are interested in all benevolent enterprises may like to know what I have been doing here, and with what results. It is possible that I ought, at the beginning, to ask your pardon for not having consulted you upon my plans, but I beg you to remember that where there are so many rival claims to pre-eminence, and so much conflicting wisdom, a young and inexperienced stranger would have a difficult task in determining the truth."

A smile went around the audience, who appreciated the very palpable hit.

"I confess, however," he went on, "to having discovered in myself a certain inaptitude to work in an organization which I cannot myself direct. This may look to you like presumption, but I do not think it is. At any rate, I am satisfied with my experiment, so far as it has gone, and now, with your leave, I will give you a brief account of it."

Then Nicholas gave in detail the history of "The Atheneum" enterprise, with which the reader is already familiar.

Every friend and official representative of the charitable societies listened to the story with profound interest, trying to find something to ingraft upon his own enterprise. Each was alert to pick up suggestions which would add capital and practical working power to his own scheme,

and, at the close of the narrative, Nicholas was almost overwhelmed with questions from the various dignitaries before him.

When these questions were answered, and the brief discussions to which they gave rise had died away, Nicholas said :

“ Gentlemen, the story of my work here is but the prelude to a proposition which I have to make. It should come through weightier words than mine,—from an older man and a man more widely known,—but if the proposition has any strength, it has it in itself and not in me. It is well, perhaps, that it will come to you without any great name and influence behind it, so that you may consider and handle it on its own merits.

“ I have, during my few months of experience, become most discouragingly aware of the utter incompetency of the present modes of dealing with pauperism, and I have come to the profound, and what seems to me the irreversible, conviction, that there need not be one hundred willing paupers, at any one time, in the City of New York.”

“ Oh ! ” “ oh ! ” “ oh ! ” came up in tones of incredulity from every part of the hall.

Nicholas felt the sting, and it did him good.

“ If there had ever been in this city,” he went on, “ a single great great organization, either of benevolence or police, which embraced every district of the city in its surveillance and its offices of administration, and that organization had fallen into a hundred pieces, which had been grasped at and appropriated by opposing sects and rival guilds and associations, we could come to but one conclusion, viz., that the great enterprise of helping the poor was in a state of organized disorganization. That, as I apprehend it, is precisely the condition of this great enterprise to-day. Our organization is disorganization. These warring parts, informed and moved by discordant aims, vitalized by differing and often jarring motives, seeking incongruous ends, ought to be the factors of a harmonious whole. What are you doing now, gentlemen, but paddling around among palliations ? What are many of you doing but nourishing—not designedly, of course, and not directly, perhaps, but still nourishing, in spite of yourselves—the very vice whose consequences you are endeavouring to assuage ? What are you doing but trying to build up separate interests in a cause which, in its very nature, has but one ? How much of private, church and political interest stands organized, aggressive and self-defensive at the head of your great charities ? And what have you done ? The station-houses are thronged every night with disgusting tramps and paupers who haunt your kitchens for food, who hold out their hands to you in the street, who refuse work when it is offered to them, and who shame the sun-light with their filthy rags. Does your work grow less with all your expenditures ?

Is pauperism decreasing? Is it not coming in upon you and beating upon your sympathies and your efforts in constantly augmenting waves?

Nicholas was entirely aware that he had assumed a tone and directness of address that were unbecoming to him, but he had been stirred to them by the sneers and the quiet, amused glances that he witnessed before him.

"I do not intend to make myself offensive to you," he said, "and I beg you to forgive such extravagance as may spring from my deep feeling on the subject."

"Will Mr. Minturn kindly give us his scheme?" said a bland-faced gentleman who rose in the audience.

"With pleasure," Nicholas responded. "I would like to see every charitable organization existing in this city, including my own enterprise, swept out of existence. I would like to see established in their place a single organization whose grand purpose it is to work a radical cure of pauperism. I would like to see the city government, which is directly responsible for more than half the pauperism we have, united in administration with the chosen representatives of the benevolence of the city, in the working out of this grand cure. I would like to see the city divided into districts so small that one man can hold in each, not only a registry of every family living in it, but obtain and preserve a knowledge of each family's circumstances and character. I would have a labour-bureau in every district, in connection with this local superintendent's office. I would have the record of every man and woman even more complete than any that has ever been made by your mercantile agencies. I would have such vagrancy as we find illustrated by the tramps and dead-beats who swarm about the city, a sufficient crime for condemnation to hard labour in prisons and factories built for that purpose. I would make beggary on the street a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment. I would have every helpless person understand where help in emergencies can always be had by a representation of facts, subject to immediate and competent examination. I would see the matter so arranged that a premium would be put upon the truth and a ban upon falsehood. Temperance and intemperance should always be considerations in dealing with the poor. There is no limit to the benefits which such an organization as this would have the power to inaugurate and perpetuate, and, gentlemen, I verily believe that under its intelligent and faithful administration we could banish beggars from the streets, introduce a new era of prosperity and virtue among all the suffering poor, and save ourselves forever from the terrible pauperization that curses and almost kills the cities of the old world."

It was a great scheme, or a great dream, and the audience listened to it in profound silence.

“Such, roughly sketched and with but few details, is the outline of a plan in which I have such perfect faith that I am willing to pledge for its support all the money that I feel at liberty to spare from my fortune. I believe in it so entirely, that I should be willing to give my life to it. No argument could heighten my conviction, no demonstration could make me surer of my conclusion.”

A curious change had passed over the audience during the quick sketching of this grand scheme. The men who had come in, representing various organizations and enterprises, were at once united in a common front against a plan which would abolish their offices, level the eminences on which they stood, and not only subordinate but destroy their hold upon the public. There was perfect mutual understanding among them in a moment.

One after another rose, uttered his little compliment to Nicholas, expressed his conviction that the people were not ready for so sweeping a measure as this, admitted that the policy of cure had not yet received the attention which its importance demanded, and then each agreed with somebody else that this great army of labourers in the field of public beneficence, fighting their way toward one great end, under different generals, with different motives and watchwords, was a most inspiring sight. Sentiment and rhetoric were harnessed together to draw the dead bull out of the arena, and flowers were tossed upon the carcass as it disappeared.

Nicholas was sick at heart. He had seen the old, shabby trick of attributing to the people the lack of readiness for a desirable reform by leaders whom such a reform would carry out of business too often to fail to gather its meaning. He had been complimented and tolerated; but the scheme from which he had hoped so much, and to which he was willing to sacrifice so much, had been carefully and politely pooh-poohed out of the realm of possibilities.

So far as he was concerned, the work of the evening was done; and he was about to say this to the audience before him, when an old gentleman in spectacles arose, and, in moving a vote of thanks to the young man to whom they were all so much indebted, begged the privilege of saying a word on behalf of his Master.

“I have deeply regretted,” he said, “that in the whole course of the discussion I have heard no reference to the religious aspect of the matter before us. Christianity, as I apprehend it, is the only available cure for the evils which we are trying to mitigate, and so far as we may be able, to remove. There is a great harvest before us, and what we want is reapers. We want the truth preached to these benighted masses. We need to have the quickening motives of our holy religion implanted

in these dead hearts and unworthy lives. When we accomplish this, we accomplish the only radical cure that seems to me to be possible."

Nicholas could not understand, with his view of the case, why these remarks should receive the secret approval and open applause with which they were favoured, but he had no time to reply before a thin man, with a thin voice, rose to indorse the speech in all its length and breadth,—a task to which a very small man was quite equal,—and to second the motion of thanks.

After the vote of thanks was rendered, Nicholas rose and said :

"Gentlemen, I accept your thanks for all that they mean, and more ; and you will confer a still greater favour upon me if you will all go home and read the parable of the sower. I think that in it you will find that soil is quite as necessary as seed,—indeed that the seed is thrown away, where the fowls of the air pick it up, unless a soil is prepared in advance. I regard an able-bodied pauper as beyond the reach of Christian motives. You might as well preach to a dog as to a liar by profession, which is what every able-bodied pauper is. Christianity is for men and women, and not for those in whom the fact and sense of manhood and womanhood are lost. Don't comfort yourselves with the idea that you are doing what you can for the cure of pauperism by preaching to it. I have a friend who believes in external applications. I do not agree with him entirely, but if I am to choose between a sermon and a rawhide, I am inclined to think that the rawhide will produce the deepest and most salutary impression. I believe in Christianity, but before I undertake to plant it I would like something to plant it in. The sowers are too few and the seed is too precious to be thrown away and lost among the thorns and the stones."

Strangely enough, this pertinent speech, with its very patent truth, received quite as much applause as the speech that drew it forth. Nicholas did not smile. He was not even pleased. He saw that his audience was ready to be moved in any way except that in which he had tried to move them with regard to his scheme. That scheme was dropped by unanimous consent ; and while many pressed around him after the breaking up of the meeting, and tried to assuage his sense of disappointment, he was sick at heart. After all had departed, he went out into the street, weary and despondent. Whither should he go for comfort ?

Whither does any young man go, in like circumstances, when there waits for him the affectionate and sympathetic welcome of one who believes in him, trusts him wholly, and never doubts the wisdom of his schemes any more than she doubts her possession of his heart ?

(*To be continued.*)

ONLY A PORTRAIT.

AH, lost for aye!—I see again
 The features, still so dear to me,
 Of one who crossed the angry main,
 To fly a love that might not be.

Unrighteous rites, that bound me fast
 With worldly mammon's golden chain!
 I dread the future, mourn the past,—
 For all my love was loved in vain.

No words could tell how hard to bear,
 No idle tears my sorrow show;
 I lost the true, and did not dare
 To strike for freedom one bold blow.

We parted:—All that now is left
 Is this poor portrait, that I hold
 And cherish till, of life bereft,
 My broken heart is still and cold.



ONLY A PORTRAIT

DUTY AND PLEASURE.

BY JOHN SCHULTE, D.D.

THESE are the two factors of all human actions. Some men pursue pleasure without regard to duty ; others pretend to mind their duties without any expectation of pleasure. As it is in our days so it has always been. Whilst on the one hand the wise saw, "Duty before pleasure," gives us little encouragement in our hard work, so that we are tired of having it dinned into our ears, on the other we are disgusted with the fast living and greedy pursuit of pleasure that meets us on all sides. And this is only a repetition of the experience of former ages. The Stoic philosophers made the path of duty irksome, and deterred men from its pursuit by depriving it of those attractions which nature has associated with it. They plucked the roses, throwing them away as vain allurements, and left the thorns alone in the path, teaching men that true wisdom consisted in being insensible to the pains and difficulties they had to encounter in the pursuit of stern duty. Their maxim, *Virtus per se amabilis*, had the effect of making virtue unloveable in the eyes of those who were unable to see any beauty in mere abstract ideas, but wanted something concrete and practical to stimulate them to perform those things which duty required of them. The Stoic philosophy was not calculated to benefit the masses, as its disciples did not understand the requirements of human nature.

The Epicureans went to the other extreme, measuring duty by the standard of pleasure. According to them nothing was good, attractive, and powerful enough to call forth the energies and pursuits of man, but what afforded pleasure either to mind or body. The constant chase of pleasure was thought by them to be the only business of life. True, they did not exclude mental or æsthetic pleasures. They rather gave them a preponderance over the sensual gratifications, and endeavoured to make them a motive power in the civilization of society, but practically the sensual element of pleasure gained the upper hand, so that to be a follower of Epicure meant the same as to be *unus e porcis Epicuri*.

The fact that meets us everywhere, both in our own experience and on every page of history, is that men want to be pleased. Such is, therefore, their nature ; and if they are required to do their duty, that duty, in some respect or other, must appear pleasant unto them. The orator or author desiring to inculcate the different duties of man will not be successful in his endeavours unless he know how to remove their

stern aspect, and to present them to the eyes of the public in their agreeable and pleasing character. The danger which our leaders in moral and intellectual pursuits and social progress have to encounter, is, that they may be too much given to mental abstractions, and feel inclined to present their abstract ideals for man's imitation, demanding that no element should be found in the concrete and practical act of duty, which is not contained in the abstract idea they have formed of it. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that duty becomes irksome, even detestable, if we have no other idea of it than what these would-be leaders of men give us, separating it from all the agreeable elements which enter into its composition, divesting it of all those pleasing aspects and surroundings with which nature has clothed it, and depriving it of all those delicious fruits which its due performance has to bring forth.

There is, indeed, a seeming antagonism between pleasure and duty ; but most of this has arisen from the limited horizon in which men have viewed either. The wise man knows how to combine and harmonize both together, so as to make pleasure subservient to the perfection of duty, and to derive from duty a reasonable amount of pleasure. Whilst penning these lines, the remark of a fellow-student, who now occupies a conspicuous place among the literary men of Germany, occurs to the mind of the writer. Whilst he used to partake freely of all the amusements of his fellows, he attended also to his studies, so as to be always among the first of his class. At one time he was strongly solicited to join a very agreeable pleasure party, but regretted that he could not do so on account of some important studies which he was bound to accomplish with honour. When his companions would not take his refusal, but temptingly suggested that he should neglect those studies rather than deprive himself of the pleasure the occasion afforded, he replied : "The idea of this neglected work would haunt me all the while, and instead of finding pleasure I would feel miserable." Likewise, many a great man has courageously resisted the temptations to enjoyments which were opposed to the career of duty and honour in which he had resolved to walk.

Yes, we should so combine duty and pleasure, that the performance of the former enhances the value of the latter, and the latter removes all disagreeable accompaniments of the former.

But in order to bring about this harmony, we must view them from a higher standpoint, and consider more deeply than is usually done the relations which God and nature assigned them ; and in doing so we shall endeavour to avoid all abstruse remarks which may weary the attention of the reader.

We said above that pleasure and duty are the two factors of all human actions. In order to understand fully this psychological fact we

have to bear in mind that in all our actions we have an end in view. Without any further argumentation on this point, we hold that this end is our own perfection. But when can we be said to be perfect? When all our faculties and powers have obtained their object. Man is composed of soul and body, and endowed with a number of faculties, each of which has its own particular class of objects, which it pursues with a natural tendency. According to the nature of these objects, and the manner in which they are apprehended, these faculties may be divided into higher and lower. When a faculty has arrived at the full apprehension and possession of its object, it may be said to have attained to its own perfection. And when *all* the faculties, in harmony with each other, have obtained full possession of their objects and are enjoying the fruition of the same, man is complete and perfect; and the fruition which results from this perfection is called happiness.

Having arrived at this point in our reflections, we are on the threshold of two orders, viz., the moral and the physical. These faculties, with their necessary and natural tendencies towards their respective objects, and the natural impulse of the whole man towards his final end, viz., his own complete perfection and happiness, are all lying within the physical order, independent of man. But so to direct his activity that the object of one faculty be obtained without encroaching upon the other, neither impeding nor destroying any God-given power; so to maintain order between the acts and states of these faculties, that the inferior ones never dominate over the higher ones, but all work together in due subordination and harmony; so to steer his course that all his faculties converge towards, and arrive at, the final end proposed by the Creator: all this lies within the sphere of the moral order. It is a practical order not, as yet, realized, but proposed to man's free will to realize it. It comprises all those actions which *must* be put if he wishes to arrive at his ultimate end. This *must* indicates a *moral*, not a physical, necessity. It constitutes what we call the *duty* of man. It is not a mere theoretic order, indicating the relation between certain actions and our final end: there is something more. That end is not posited by us; we perceive that our happiness, or the fulness of our pleasure, depends on our arriving at it; we feel, also, that we have a necessary physical influence towards it; we perceive, too, that this moral order contains the *practical* directions for obtaining it. The connection of such an order, yet to be realized, with the free will of a being that has a natural tendency towards a final end, produces what we may call the *categoric imperative*.

We shall not enter here into all the controversies that have arisen about the nature of this *must*, this command, or categoric imperative. It is agreed by all that it expresses our duty, and is evidently connected with our happiness or pleasure; nay, the very nature of duty consists in its being the means of leading us to happiness.

As such a means ought certainly to be pregnant with pleasure, there can in reality be no antagonism between duty and pleasure. How, then, shall we explain the fact that the performance of duty is often so wearisome? Whence that seemingly hostile attitude that it often assumes towards our pleasures? Why are some pleasures forbidden, as contrary to duty? The answer lies in the very nature of duty. Duty, though manifold in its precepts, is in reality one, for it has regard to man in his oneness. It purposes to lead all that is in man and belongs to him, to one and the same end; and that end the harmonious concentration of man's faculties in their object, which constitutes his perfection or happiness. Every duty, therefore, regards the *whole* man, and is a rule of happiness for his whole being; whereas the pleasures arising from the activity of a faculty have regard to the gratification of that faculty alone; and if it be unduly gratified, even to the detriment of other faculties, there arises a disorder which is injurious to the perfection of the whole man. Hence duty, on account of its protecting the whole man, forbids such an excess of pleasure. Duty, promoting the fulness of man's pleasure, steps in with its stern voice whenever that fulness is threatened by the excess or waywardness of the gratification of any one faculty, whether it belongs to a higher or lower class. Hence, whenever the indulgences of the senses, of whatever kind they may be, destroy the light of the intellect, or deaden the moral sense, or weaken the power of the will, there is an antagonism to duty, and, indeed, a destruction of all those pleasures which are derived from the development of the intellectual, moral, and spiritual man.

So, likewise, when the pleasures derived from intense mental studies wear out the bodily frame, rendering it unfit, not only for the enjoyment of life, but also for bearing our daily burdens, there is a contradiction of duty, which deprives us of many an exquisite pleasure. Again, when the out-and-out man of business becomes so absorbed in the pursuit of gain, that he neglects body, soul, and spirit, and loses all sympathy for the joys and miseries of others, there is a palpable antagonism between his sordid pleasure and his duty, which deprives him of all the best enjoyments of life. The maxim, "Business before pleasure" may be true in one sense, while erroneous in another. It depends on what kind of business it is, and on the spirit in which we pursue it. It is true, if that business is our duty and leads us to our final perfection, and if the spirit in which we pursue it does not injure or destroy our other sensibilities; for duty may be performed in a way that is contrary to duty. It is false, if the business we pursue be contrary to our duty, or be considered as a means enabling us to indulge afterwards in forbidden pleasures. All pleasures are forbidden which injure or destroy the equilibrium and harmony which duty endeavours to

establish in man, or are detrimental to the fulness of a pleasure to which the performance of duty leads the whole man.

Any one that has given some attention to this study will perceive that the harmony between duty and pleasure is the harmony between the moral and physical order in man. Any violation of the former is also a violation of the latter. As the physical laws cannot be transgressed with impunity, so neither can the moral ones. Whosoever neglects or despises the precepts of duty may expect to have man's physical world in arms against him. It is not necessary that he be punished by others, further than he may have injured them by his acts of transgression ; he has punishment enough in himself. Spiritual things are as real and physical as material ones ; there is a physical order in the former as well as in the latter, an order that arises from the very nature of things. Whosoever therefore transgresses the precepts of duty has to undergo all the punishment which a violated physical order in spiritual things inflicts upon him. There is the internal disturbance of order, the loss of equilibrium and peace, the void that unsatisfied and undeveloped faculties, instincts and tendencies leave behind, and the consciousness of having violated that law of duty which is all calculated to make man perfect and happy ; and is not all this, with many other things which it is not our sphere here to consider, a severe punishment indeed.

He who tries to enjoy pleasure, contrary to duty, not only earns unhappiness for himself, and embitters those very enjoyments which he fancied he obtained, but he loses also all those pleasures which duty would give him ; for, as the reader will have perceived from the whole tenour of this essay, pleasure and duty are intimately connected. Not only does duty regulate pleasure, keeping it within due bounds, and directing the physical, intellectual, and æsthetic instincts of man, but pleasure also promotes duty, especially if it comes in the shape of exercise and recreation. Well-regulated pleasure gives us strength, and smoothes the roughness of the path of duty. Who does not know that the pleasures arising from the intercourse with our fellow-men make us feel more kindly towards them, so that we are disposed to encounter dangers and undergo hardships in their behalf ? Pleasure removes the dulness that the daily routine of our duties is apt to beget.

But if pleasure promotes duty, duty also, on its part, produces pleasure. It is the very essence of duty to take charge of the perfection of the *whole* man ; and is not perfection the acme of pleasure ? Indeed, there is no true happiness unless it consists in the perfection of man. And although we do not arrive at perfection here below, yet we must confess that the very road of duty is a perennial source of true happiness ; and we feel restless and uneasy until we walk therein.

THE PANTEKALIDESCOPENECROPOLIS COFFEE-MAKER.

The following paper was found inside of a volume that formed a part of a tied-up parcel of books knocked down to me at a New York auction. It was written in a small crabbed hand, on fine foreign paper, and the writer had dotted every *i* and crossed every *t* with the most perfect regularity. The auctioneer could give me no satisfaction as to the author, beyond stating that "he guessed the lot had remained over from Pyncheon's or Morlack's pile." In answer to a gentle enquiry, I found that Pyncheon was a clergyman of the Congregational body, lately deceased; and that Morlack was "a fool of an old bachelor that cut his throat." Following up the trail of Morlack by further enquiries, I was told that there was an account of his death in some issue of the *New York Times* of March, 1877. A visit to the office of that paper somewhat disappointed me, as there was nothing more on record than a short paragraph, stating that a Coroner's inquest had been held on Mr. Morlack, that the verdict was temporary insanity, that the deceased was known to a few friends as a gentle, inoffensive man, chiefly remarkable for his hatred of all the improvements of modern life and for writing magazine articles that were religiously rejected by all editors. Beyond this, I never heard anything of Mr. Morlack; but the oftener I studied his paper, the more I saw marks of that insanity, which, developing into a hankering after razors, ended in an incurable sore throat. I give the paper now to the public, feeling sure that that was the defunct Morlack's intention when he wrote it:—

MORLACK'S PAPER.

Once upon a time, in a certain house in a suburban region, there was an old-fashioned silver coffee-pot, in which the household coffee had been made for years. Unfortunately, some fiend in human shape bewitched the head of the establishment, Mr. Fashionsetter, to buy a new coffee-pot called The Pantekalidescopenecropolis coffee-maker. This engine was a marvel of mechanical ingenuity, worked by weights, wheels and cranks, and warranted to make coffee for forty people in three minutes. Well, it came home, and the old coffee-pot was consigned to an honourable tomb on the upper shelf of the pantry press, and forty friends were asked to a small coffee-party on the strength of the new investment. After receiving her guests Mrs. Fashionsetter slipped out of the room; in a few moments Fashionsetter himself followed her example; and then Fashionsetter, his wife, two servants, and the boy page, got around

the Grecian instrument (which was placed on the kitchen table), and put in the coffee. Off went the wheel with a whir-r-r, on went the whole apparatus for three minutes, making a noise like a well-to-do saw-mill, a railway engine at a crossing, and a nursery in an infants' home, and at long last (for the three minutes seemed like an hour) the coffee was made, and in due time brought up to the guests. Well, it was horrible coffee. In the first place, it was cold. In the second, it was full of gritty matter, defiant of all chemical analysis; and in the third place, it was bitter as gall. "How do you like the coffee?" asked Mrs. Fashionsetter, "I am really anxious to know for it is the first time we have tried our Pantekalidescopeneecropolis coffee-maker." With a face on which agony was written—internal agony, deep, vital, and searching,—the lady nearest to her replied, "it's perfectly beautiful." "Oh, dear Mrs. Fashionsetter," said another verging on sudden death, and evidently a member of the defunct Washington family, who could not lie, "dear Mrs. Fashionsetter, I never tasted anything like it." "Oh," said a gentleman throwing his eye heavenward—possibly in gratitude, probably in pain—"what coffee." That gentleman was preparing to run as a member of Parliament, and was practising oracular expressions full of daring dubiousness. Well, the upshot of that party was, that, in spite of sick headaches, sick stomachs, sick morals (for an amount of ejaculations the reverse of blessings that lay round that drawing-room floor was awful); in spite of all these things, that coffee-pot became fashionable, and every guest invested in one, and that suburban region was cursed with vile coffee for at least one season. It came to pass, however, that one night I happened to drop in on Fashionsetter without any notice, and found him drinking coffee made in the old coffee-pot. Lovely coffee—coffee with an aroma sweet as a Persian garden—coffee worthy of a Mohammedan's Paradise. "Why Fashionsetter," I asked, "what has become of your infer—endowed Pantekalidescopeneecropolis coffee-maker?" "Oh," said Mrs. Fashionsetter, coming to the aid of her husband, who was a poor hand at telling a quick, common lie, "we only keep that for our friends, the fact is, it makes the coffee too strong for the dear children." Here Billy (a godchild of mine, and fully able to bring me to the bishop as far as necessary knowledge is concerned) became communicative, stating that his mother had called it "a nuis—" but was cut short in his eloquence by being ordered out of the room; Fashionsetter scowling, his wife's face blazing, Billy's knuckles excavating the corners of his eyes, and the boy page on a broad grin.

Now why should reasonable men and women enter into a voluntary slavery such as this? If Fashionsetter had asked me to spend that evening with him, on which Billy was disgraced for telling the truth, he would have gulped down bad coffee, and so would I, and probably both

would have complimented Mrs. F. on the perfection to which she had attained as a coffee-maker. The coffee-pot trouble, however, is a very small part of the evil, for the real trouble lies in the fact that fashion will be followed anywhere, even when its sole object appears to be that of making laughing-stocks of us, turning us into ridicule, making us thoroughly miserable.

Take public singing for instance. A crowd of English, Irish, Scotch and Canadian people get together to enjoy a musical entertainment; admission, reserved, one dollar; unreserved, seventy-five cents; humility seats one quarter. The majority come out to enjoy themselves, to gratify their musical tastes, and please their musical ear. Not one in fifty of them are first-class musicians, but all have a keen taste and relish for melody.

If it became fashionable to slip in a small dose of castor oil between the first and second course of a private dinner-party, and a spoonful of senna and salts between the pie and the nuts and almonds, would the guests put up with it? Certainly. What is it? Not as bad surely as badly rendered and worse understood Italian songs, hauled into English programmes, made up for the benefit and comfort and enjoyment of ordinarily educated English-speaking people. Out comes an amateur, a lady never out of Canada in her life, a lady that believes that what she is singing is Italian, but beyond that knows nothing of the language, and off she starts in this unknown tongue, out into the unknown regions of musical geography. Now shaking on a high note as if she had the palsy, now balancing a note till her eyes get very large and her face very red, now up in the sky, now down in a coal pit, and finally ending with a mournful cry as if something had snapped inside, and that she had hurt herself—poor girl. I turn round to my friend Fashioncopy who is sitting beside me in the reserved seats, and say, "Fashioncopy, you are musical, you play the flute, you sing in a choir, what do you think of that?" "It is exquisite," he replies. "Fashioncopy," I say, "look me straight in the face and from the depths of your heart and intellect, tell me the honest truth, what do you think of that?" "I think it is horrible, Sir." "Then why did you applaud and cry *encore*, and injure the floor, and the small toe of my left foot with the ferule of your walking stick?" "Because," whispers Fashioncopy, "it's fashionable to do so. Miss So-and-so is all the rage just now in Italian music."

Now, unfortunately for fashion, I had heard real Italian artists sing that song, and real artists, English born; soul artists, and every note seemed laden with a message of beauty, and the effect of the whole was as if some fairy vessel, rich freighted with spicery and balm, had anchored in the harbour of my soul. Such SOUL (thus in MS.) Singers are as much beyond fashion as an angel, whose lips tremble beneath its message

of Divine praise, is superior to a lifeless butterfly. You may set any words, Tartar, Mohawk, Cherokee, to Soul music, it makes no matter to what barbarian you wed the child of beauty, you cannot seal her lips, or snap the magic chord that binds heart and lip together,—the music thrills out its loving notes careless of earth and earthliness, soaring aloft to gain its destiny of universal admiration. Neither can you imitate Soul music; as well expect the galvanized corpse to blush your cheek with thoughts of love as it presses your trembling hand, or the painted canvass to give forth the sound of rippling water or roar of awful thunder.

And yet though I have no soul to throw into a foreign song, I may have a rich ripe soul that I can throw into some simple ballad or old-fashioned melody. It has been my fate more than once to sit on the platform during public concerts, and I have often felt amused in watching the faces of the audience—those tell-tale faces, those true indexes of spontaneous criticism. Out comes the singer, with the soulless song, and before the first verse is over, all sense of enjoyment has passed away from ninety per cent. of the faces present. Out comes the same singer half an hour after, and the first notes of "Kathleen Mavourneen," or "Coming thro' the Rye," or "Home they brought her warrior dead," lights up the singer's face with such a glory of soul life, that the faces of ninety per cent. are baptized with the reflection of its radiance. Ten per cent. (these are the gods, great Jove and Juno) shrug their fair or manly shoulders, and talk of a low school of music—but high or low or broad it matters not, for real music, after all said and done, is like real speaking, real preaching, real love, real anything; it should touch the heart, a touch that fashion hates, for it has no heart about it.

[The next paragraph seems to give the first plain evidence of that morbid feeling which finally blossomed into the actual madness of the author.—EDITOR.]

A "High School of Music" with its harmonious discords and marvelous fugues may touch the high-strung souls of the highly educated, but why force them on the masses who are only fairly educated? Why should organists, who are supposed to play in aid of worship, destroy the plain simple music of divine service by the introduction of harmonious discords that are perfectly revolting to the uneducated ear? As a rule, three parts of the congregation put down such trophies of art to gross negligence, to want of taste, to actual bad playing, and hence the musical genius who presides at the organ is as much out of his element in an ordinary American church as a fish would be out of water. The day may come (we hardly know if we can say, God speed it) when the public taste shall be so educated that this strong meat will suit them, but it is not now so educated, and it is not fair to a magnificent organist, that he should gain the reputation of being a bad player,

because he gives a crowded congregation, Sunday after Sunday, these classical performances. But the fashion says he must, and where is the Reformer who will dare to say her, Nay? Come ye organists, children of another world, musical prodigies, born before your time, authors of the jarring discord and murdered melody, come here—all of you, under my hands of benediction till I bless you. Go my children, go from this rough world of common melody, to some cool grot,—anywhere, so as you go. Emigrate where lofty winds will prize your every note. Try Boston, and if that fails, stand together my children, apart from vulgar mankind, and wait the openings of the glorious future.

[The next paragraph has madness in every word of it.—EDITOR.]

But singers and organists are nothing, the terrible evil worked by fashion has yet to be described. If I were going to cultivate some lots that I possess in the Moon, at the base of the Appennines, fourth concession of the County of Herschel, I would like previous to emigration to gather a tremendous audience round me, and assault, like a brave coward, the tyranny of fashion over the dress of women. I would not be very hard on men for the simple reason that taken at their best they are a poor awkward lot. I do not wonder at them trying anything that will make them better looking. But I would be hard on women. God has made them as a rule, pretty, It is not an uncommon thing to find them beautiful, and almost always graceful. Why women so formed and made should allow fashion to mar their prettiness, and injure their beauty, and destroy their gracefulness, it is to me amongst all the enigmas of womankind the strangest.

A witty writer (American of course) has fancied how puzzled one of the pilgrim passengers in the old *Mayflower* would be if he came back into the world and saw its changes. Amongst other questions the Puritan Warran is represented as asking the following:—

“ Once more we stepped into the street,
Said Warran—‘ What is that,
Which moves along, across the way,
Like a badly injured cat ?

“ ‘ I mean that thing upon two feet
With feathers on its head,
With monstrous lump bedecking it,
Like an infant’s feather bed.

“ ‘ It has the gift of speech I hear,
But sure it can’t be human ?’
‘ My resurrected friend,’ said I,
‘ That’s what we call a WOMAN.’”

Now nature never meant a woman to walk “ like a badly injured cat.” There is nothing so beautiful as the free, easy, ladylike carriage of a well

made woman "in whose step the goddess stands confessed." Nature never distorted the female form with a feather bed appendage, or intended that the graceful spinal curve should look like a fishing rod with a twenty pound salmon tugging at the line ; and surely nature never meant that that exquisitely shaped head, arched and dome-like, should be degraded into the position of a hay-cart, with a load of hay toppling to the fall. Not from nature came the order that woman should encase herself in coloured sacks so tightly drawn in warp and woof across the form as to destroy, once, forever and finally, the easy graceful carriage, the majestic and ——— yes, out with it—the modesty of the fair sex. Nay, nature intended woman to be, what she is, a fool, if she is not, the loveliest, the most graceful, the most perfectly moulded, of all the living things of God's creation.

O ye women—O deadly fashion ! O--

Here the manuscript of Morlack came to a sudden end. I fancy that he never ended it, or can it be (awful thought !) that the terrible picture of womankind that his own morbid fancy had created so acted on his fevered imagination that he laid down his pen, and taking up the deadly razor gave it its final strapping. "Morlack ?" replied the auctioneer, "he was a fool of an old bachelor that cut his throat."

JAMIX.

CAPTURE OF FORT DETROIT.

A. D. 1812.

THE summons spread throughout the land, the summons to the brave ;
 It speeded west to far Saint Clair and north to Huron's wave.
 And fast into the forest wild its thrilling notes did float ;
 It called the woodman from his toil, the fisher from his boat.
 And high upon the mountain lone and deep within the dell,
 The red man heard it's stirring tones and answered to them well.
 In haste they came responsive to their country's call for aid,
 The young, the old, the white, the red, for Truth and Right arrayed.
 Their arms were strong, their mettle true, but few in numbers they—
 To cope in arms upon the field against the great array
 That came with pomp and martial blare, with banners flaunting free,
 To hurl the Lion from the land, and drive him o'er the sea,
 So that the Eagle might have room it's pinions to expand,
 And shake its gaudy feathers over our Canadian land.
 On marched the force invading, looking at their foe in scorn,
 And sure that they would vanish like the mist before the morn,

But hearts of giant might were there that know not how to fear,
 And willing hands were waiting to provide a bloody bier,
 And warmly did they welcome the approach of that proud band,
 That came to conquer and subdue their fair, free, noble land.
 And then in haste and terror back unto their native shore
 The boastful host went surging, their advance was quickly o'er.
 Behind them thronged the heroes, while a bright chivalric glow
 Went flashing o'er their faces as they chased the beaten foe.
 "No time for rest!" cried Brock the Brave, "Let's conquer now or die
 And swart Tecumseth at his side re-echoed back the cry.
 And fast and far, from rank to rank, the thrilling orders came,
 That they must cross the river in the face of shot and flame.
 And on they went undaunted, they, the bravest of the brave,
 They thought then but of honour, and they thought not of the grave.
 Their leader's tow'ring figure stood erect in his canoe,
 And o'er him England's banner out upon the breezes blew.
 Ah! who at such a moment, and with such a leader there,
 With such a flag above him would of victory despair?
 Not one, I ween, who followed through the midst of shot and shell,
 The grand heroic figure that they knew and loved so well.
 They reached the shore, they scaled the beach, and from a favored post,
 They hurled like chaff before the wind the huge opposing host;
 That fled for shelter to the fort, where shelter there was none,
 For flashing fire on ev'ry side boomed out each leaguer's gun.
 "Advance! advance!" rang out the cry along the line of red,
 "Advance! advance!" in trumpet tones their noble leader said.
 With ans'ring cheers upon their lips obeyed the willing men,
 While far and wide on ev'ry side upstarting from the glen
 The painted Indians whooping came and raised a dreadful din,
 And rushed along with bounding step the carnage to begin.
 But—oh, what now? The charge is checked, and all along the line
 The men in wonder see, and stop in answer to the sign—
 That by their leader's hand is made. My country, can it be
 That he has craven-hearted turned? No craven heart is he!
 See high above yon bastioned wall that flutt'ring flag of white,
 Where Stripes and Stars a moment since were glitt'ring on the sight,
 And list adown the joyous ranks the thrilling tidings go:
 "The fort has fallen into our hands, and with it all the foe!"
 A cheer triumphant rang aloud o'er forest, field, and plain,
 And distant echoes caught its notes and pealed them forth again.
 Right proudly beat the hearts I trow of all that gallant few,
 As flaunting o'er the battlements the flag of England flew,
 While clad in blue, with looks as blue, long lines of captives came,
 Who answered back with sullen look the victors' loud acclaim,
 As from the ramparts of the fort they made the welkin ring
 With plaudits loud for Brock the Brave, and cheers for England's King.

C. E. JAKEWAY, M. D.

Stayner, Ont.

THE DOUBLE EVENT.

I.

"Two to one we beat them easily."

"What do you call easily? Put it in betting form, and I'll say 'Done.'"

"Well—of course it may be by runs or wickets, you know, but I'll give two to one in V's we beat them by thirty runs or four wickets."

The scene was the ante-room of a military mess—the time, after dinner,—the speakers, an officer and a civilian; the latter being captain of an eleven that was going down the next week to play against Port Hope, and who was quite ready, as we have seen, to back his team for an easy victory.

At that time the —th were stationed in Toronto, and although not a particularly strong cricketing regiment, they had several very fair players, and were to contribute three of them for service in the forthcoming match. Amongst these, it is scarcely necessary to say, was *not* to be found Captain Reginald Gordon, who had so readily accepted a bet offered as the readiest answer to his sneer as to the prowess of the military contingent of the Toronto team. For Captain Gordon was, with all his faults, far too much of a gentleman to utter a word which would reflect upon a guest or any of his civilian friends of the mess; while Bertie Osborne, the captain of the eleven, was quite ready to back his choice against all comers.

Have any of our readers ever met the bully of a military mess? If not, it is of little consequence, for he differs in no particular worth mentioning from those of the same *genus* who are to be met with in the family circle. There is a gentlemanly gloss, an observance, especially when guests are present, of a military etiquette, very rigid upon certain points, but the bully stands out none the less plainly; the man of whom the lovers of peace and quietness are all afraid, and who, though he has not one warm friend, has more done for him, and gets more of his own way, than the pet of the regiment.

Bertie Osborne, on the contrary, was a light-hearted, easy-going, good-natured fellow, who was very popular with men, as well as with ladies, a rather rare combination. He was short and squarely built, with grey eyes and light wavy hair, and looked, as indeed he was, the picture of health and activity.

Between these two gentlemen there had existed lately an unacknowledged rivalry for the favour of Miss Blanche Raymond, who was then the reigning belle of Port Hope. Osborne and she had been fast friends

for some time, although nothing of positive lovemaking had passed between them, and the question now was whether, owing to the great prevalence of *scarlet fever* (as the mania of young ladies for the military was then termed,) she would not throw him over for the sake of the captain, if he really made an effort to induce her to do so.

The opinions of the youngsters of the mess were divided upon this point, as they were also upon the result of the cricket match, and bets were freely given and taken, Bertie Osborne being backed to win or to lose *the double event*. And indeed matters were not as much in his favour as might be supposed, for the Port Hope Club were particularly strong that year, and Captain Gordon had made great running with Miss Raymond at a picnic the week before, and there lay up stairs in his room at that moment a pair of ear-rings, of the delicate pink shade of coral then so fashionable, which he intended giving her for a philopœna which she had won on that occasion.

Very probably Gordon had some idea of what was going on in the matter, but if so he kept it pretty much to himself, allowing his hangers-on to back him, with perfect confidence as to the result, at least as far as the love part of it was concerned; for the cricket he did not care much, beyond a dislike to Captain Alison, one of the team, and a habit of running down any sport which he did not himself care for.

"Oh! Alison," said Bertie Osborne, "don't forget that there is to be a dance afterwards at the Raymonds'—of course you will be asked, they will probably send an invitation to the Regiment; so you must take something more than your flannels."

"Yes," put in Gordon, with an assumption of entire indifference, "they will invite the Regiment, but I don't suppose many will go down, beyond the players, and they will be so used up with their exertions in fielding, that they won't be good for much."

"No doubt of it," said Osborne, "for we expect a good score from each of them besides. But they can look in for a little while."

"Ah! What they do between the wickets won't tire them," said Gordon. "Are you going to take your servant down, Alison?" he asked.

"No, but Llewellyn is; and he can do all that the three of us want. In fact, he is such a drunken brute he doesn't care to leave him behind."

"Fact," said Lieutenant Llewellyn, "he is a first rate man if you keep your eye on him, but—aw—if I left him, he might shut himself up in my room and drink all day, great man for the whiskey—is Flood."

"Well," said Gordon, "I haven't made up my mind yet whether to go down or not, but I certainly shan't take my man. You'll let Flood see after my traps, won't you?"

By what process of ethics Captain Gordon reconciled the foregoing

statement with his conscience, it is hard to say—perhaps he did not do so at all. Certainly he had not the slightest intention of being absent on that occasion ; on the contrary, he intended to make a very decided assault upon the citádel of Miss Blanche's heart, and was reserving the ear-rings to take down with him, rather than send them by post.

II.

Blanche Raymond was a frank, lively, good-hearted girl ; rather quick-tempered, but equally ready to forgive and forget. She was somewhat vain, however, and, as is not uncommon with vain people, very sensitive as well. Her's was a rather rare sort of beauty—dark hazel eyes, and a beautiful clear, fresh complexion, with the golden red hair which was then, and still is, we believe, so very popular.

The Raymonds were one of the leading families in Port Hope, both as regards family and wealth, and their beautiful grounds were admirably adapted for supplementing the fine ball-room at any festivity in the summer season. Mrs. Raymond, the mother, had been a widow for many years, but the family had had as its head, until about six months before our story opens, Frank, the eldest son. Just after Christmas he had married, and settled in Toronto, where he pleased his mother, and deluded himself, (but not his friends), with the idea that he was studying law. There was no pecuniary necessity for this as he had been amply provided for by his father's will, but the family thought it better he should have some occupation. It was during her last visit to him, terminating about a fortnight ago, that Blanche first met Captain Gordon, and seemed to hesitate between him and Bertie Osborne, whose undivided allegiance she had hitherto graciously accepted, and whom she now seemed half unwilling to throw over, although dazzled by the dashing audacity of the soldier, and the novelty and glory of having a military lover. Bertie had the doubtful advantage of being an old friend, and the undoubted one of being on such intimate terms with the family, that their house was always his home when in Port Hope. His greatest chum, Charley Raymond, was then at home for the vacation, from Trinity College, where he was studying with the intention of taking Orders. He was a first-rate cricketer, and was to play against Toronto in the forthcoming match.

The eventful day at length arrived, bright and hot enough to suit the most enthusiastic lover of the game. The Toronto Eleven had come down the night before, and Bertie Osbornè and Charley Raymond were enjoying their cigars on the lawn after breakfast, reclining at the foot of a fine elm, where Blanche and her younger brother "Pudgey" as he was familiarly called, had been chatting with them. Pudgey was a mischievous imp of fourteen, who never hesitated at anything that answered

his purpose, and was at once the idol and terror of his only sister. He was her sworn ally in all proceedings offensive or defensive, and her chap-eron in the absence of his elder brothers, and yet for a good bit of fun he would not hesitate to sacrifice even her, and Blanche lived in constant terror of his allusions to the *old buffer*, as he termed Captain Gordon, whose thirty-six years seemed in his youthful eyes little better than the age of Methuselah.

"I think I ought to offer a cigar-case," said Blanche, "to whichever of you two makes the highest score."

"Pshaw, Blanche!" said Pudgley, "do talk grammar! say 'higher score.' Besides, you don't suppose Charley would care for a cigar-case of yours. You had better say that if Mr. Osborne doesn't beat his score, you'll give it to the Old Buf——"

"Oh, Mr. Osborne!" broke in Blanche, rather excitedly, considering the commonplace nature of her question, "What would be the best time for us to go to the ground? Would three be too early? we want to see as much of the game as possible."

"Oh, no!" said Bertie, "I am sure the earlier you come the better; as far as the game is concerned, it will encourage us to put forth all our powers."

"Four would be soon enough," said Pudgley, "I heard Captain Gordon say he would not be there before, as the ladies did not come until then, and they were all that was worth looking at"—. And he gave a hideous grin at the cricketers.

"Now Pudgley," said Blanche, "you have not seen Captain Gordon, so don't talk nonsense."

"Indeed then, I did," said Pudgley; "I saw him at the hotel last night, and I believe he was half screwed. He arranged with Dick Bal-four to play a billiard match—three games of 100 points—for twenty dollars, at two this afternoon, and they would be done in plenty of time to go to the match. He said he could beat any d—— Canadian in that time, even at the American game."

After which speech Pudgley seemed to think that he had put his foot in it sufficiently, so he made off as hard as he could, and Blanche following him, Bertie and Charley were left to prepare for a start to the ground.

III.

When the Raymonds reached the cricket field, shortly after three o'clock, the Port Hope Club were near the end of their second innings. They had gone in first and scored seventy-eight, which the Toronto men had followed with 103. Now they had six wickets down and had made about sixty, so that the more sanguine of them still entertained great hopes of winning the match. But these hopes did not seem likely to be

speedily realized, for though the *tail* of the eleven made a very fair stand, the last wicket fell for eighty-three runs, leaving Toronto only fifty-nine to win. Bertie Osborne and Llewellyn then went in, and playing a little carefully at first, seemed to demoralize the bowling before long, and knocked the ball about the field with apparent impunity. Bertie was in his element—his eye was in, and he was thoroughly warmed up to his work, nor did there seem much prospect of disturbing his timber-yard. Unfortunately, however, his eye caught the figure of Captain Gordon coming on the field, just as a *bailer*, which required careful handling, was bowled. Thinking only of the Captain, he hit at it with all his might, and though he managed to catch the ball, it was only to send it up into the air, making an easy catch for long-off. Still as the wicket fell for thirty-one runs, of which twenty-three were Bertie's, he seemed in a fair way to win his bet.

It was a source of consolation to him, too, that he was now at liberty to join the Raymonds, and that Gordon could not monopolize Blanche while he was occupied with the game. Captain Gordon, however, looked upon the matter in a very different light; he would almost rather have lost his bet, and let Bertie beat them off his own bat, if he could have a good talk with Miss Blanche that afternoon. He had the ear-rings in his pocket, and was looking out for a good opportunity of giving them to her. But the opportunity did not seem to present itself. Had it been otherwise, the cream of this truthful narrative would never have happened, and the "Double Event"—take it in what sense you will—would not have been worth recording. All along, indeed, circumstances had gone against the gallant Captain. He found that his servant had packed his portmanteau very carelessly; had left out all his white ties, and put in an old pair of dress trowsers which had no less than two buttons off, and one loose. He had looked around in vain to find Flood, and had to tip one of the hotel men to take them to a tailor's for the necessary repairs. Then he could not find any white ties to his liking in all the shops he enquired at, and had at last to trust to Llewellyn, or one of the other officers, having brought some spare ones. In this frame of mind he met Dick Balfour, to play the match of billiards he had engaged to—an enterprize which had seemed much simpler after dinner the night before than it did by daylight. Nor did the defeat which he suffered at the hands of the valiant Canadian Champion tend to put him in a more amiable frame of mind. And no sooner had he made his salutations to the family, and addressed one or two commonplaces to Blanche, than he saw Osborne coming out of the dressing-room, with the evident intention of joining them.

"Really, Miss Raymond!" he said, taking but little pains to hide his annoyance. "It does seem as if I were fated never to have a word with

you. I had so much to say to you, and something to give you as well, if those horrid people would only let us alone. Do you remember the picnic in Toronto, and the——?”

“See the conquering hero comes!” shouted Pudgery, as Bertie approached them, and the whole attention of the party was drawn to him. “We congratulate you, old fellow! go in and win—win a better match than this,” he added, with a wink at Blanche, and a very knowing look, which caused Bertie and Blanche as well as Captain Gordon to turn very red, the latter with indignation at the whole affair.

“Be quiet, Pudgery! do!” exclaimed Blanche, in a whisper, “this is no place for such jokes.”

“All right, Sis!” said Pudgery, with unusual meekness. “I tell you what,” he added, “she’s the girl to keep a fellow straight! give her her head, and she’ll pull well, but if you try to drive her with a tight rein you’ll find——”

“I suppose you must stay till the game is over,” said Blanche, addressing Bertie, scarcely knowing, and not caring, what she said, so long as Pudgery was silenced.

“Not if you wish to go,” replied Bertie. “I must take off my cricket shoes, but that will not keep me a moment,” and he disappeared.

“Don’t be in such a hurry, Blanche,” said Pudgery, in a brotherly aside; “he didn’t come down in his cricket trousers, and he can’t leave the other ones behind. He might as well give ’em to you now, for if he ever gets you, you’re bound to wear them sooner or later; and I’ll bet——”

“Pudgery, this is intolerable!” said poor Blanche, turning scarlet. She could not tell whether Captain Gordon had overheard this last speech or not, but felt so miserable that she joined her mother, who was seated a few yards off. Now the Captain had not heard it, and could not understand Miss Blanche’s conduct at all. So he contented himself with engaging her for the first valse that evening, and then left the ground, resolving to hunt up Flood, and send him to the house with the ear-rings and a note immediately.

In the meantime Bertie returned, having proved the truth of Pudgery’s remark by changing his cricketing-dress; and he, too, was surprised and somewhat puzzled to find the Raymonds had no apparent intention of leaving; but, as Blanche seemed to be put out, he said nothing.

However, the game was not long in coming to a conclusion; for shortly after five o’clock Toronto was declared the winner, with five wickets to fall, and so Bertie Osborne won his bet.

IV.

Meanwhile Captain Gordon walked moodily to his hotel. He was angry with himself and angry with Blanche for not showing the more decided preference for him which he was sure she felt, and giving him

an opportunity of seeing more of her. It would have given him great pleasure to get hold of anyone with whom he could find a just pretext for a quarrel, and he laid up in his mind a store for his own servant and Flood, if he could find him, which would have struck terror into both their hearts.

It was not until nearly six, when Llewellyn came back from the match, that he was put into a better frame of mind by the lieutenant promising him two white ties, if he required them, and finding Flood for him to fulfil his demands. Flood, unfortunately, was not exactly in that state of clearness requisite for the execution of a very complicated message; but he was an old soldier, so he mustered all his steadiness and stood at attention, looking as wise as an owl. The waiter who had taken the trowsers to be mended, described the shop where they were to be found; and Captain Gordon and his master impressed upon him the locality of the Raymonds, and he was told to call at the tailor's for the trowsers, and then to leave the *small* parcel and the note at the Raymonds, and bring the *large* one from the tailor's to the captain at the hotel. At the start he was not very clear about the exact destination of anything, and a glass of whiskey which he took to clear his intellect had anything but the desired effect. However, he managed to find the tailor's, and they gave him the parcel he asked for. Then he started to fulfil the rest of his errand, taking one glass more at a tavern to assist him in the task. Fortunately (or the reverse, whichever our readers may prefer), he had the note addressed to Miss Raymond, and by shewing it to almost every person he met, he contrived to reach the Raymonds about seven, just as they had finished a hasty dinner, the invitations being out for eight o'clock.

The maid-servant who opened the door was half-frightened at discovering a very red-faced, gooseberry-eyed, individual, who held in his hands a parcel and a note.

"Parshl—Mish Raymon—howshe?" he muttered, standing stiffly at attention.

The girl took them from him, and carried them into the drawing-room, just as the gentlemen came in from their wine.

"Why, Blanche, my dear," said Mrs. Raymond, "what can it be? I did not know you expected anything to-night. But I suppose the note will explain."

"Yes, mamma," said Blanche, as she opened the note. "Oh dear," she added, glancing at its contents, "how very unnecessary. It is a philopœna that I took with Captain Gordon in Toronto, and which he seems to think it necessary to pay."

"Come, Sis," exclaimed Pudgley, "let us see the love token. What has the Old Buffer considered worthy of being offered at such a shrine?"

"Yes, Blanche," said Charley, "we're all friends here, you may as well open it."

Blanche glanced at her mother.

"I dare say Mr. Osborne will excuse you if you do, my dear," said Mrs. Raymond, who was not devoid of curiosity, and having her own preference for Bertie, wished him to be treated as one of the family, and no secret made of the payment of a philopœna by Captain Gordon.

Accordingly Blanche proceeded to untie the knot, while Pudgley snatched up the note, and read aloud :

"MY DEAR MISS RAYMOND,

"Please accept the accompanying philopœna, which I would have given you before if I had had an opportunity. Will you wear them to-night for my sake.

"Ever yours,

"—— Hotel,

"REGINALD GORDON.

"Wednesday afternoon."

Just as he finished, his sister removed the string, and with a look of bewilderment which increased each moment, she opened the parcel, and unfolded *a pair of black dress trousers!*

"Good gracious! there must be some mistake," exclaimed the horrified Mrs. Raymond.

"Just the very thing for you, Blanche!" shouted Pudgley, while his sister turned crimson. "And of course you will wear them to-night, for his sake, dear Old Buffer!"

"It is perfectly disgraceful," exclaimed Charley, "I'll horsewhip the fellow myself, as sure as my name's Ray——"

"No, no, Charley," put in Bertie, "let me do Captain Gordon the justice to say that I am sure he would not be guilty of such a coarse joke upon any lady, far less upon Miss Blanche."

"But the note," replied Charley, "you can't get over that." And then, in spite of his indignation, he was obliged to laugh. "What do you think, mamma?" he asked.

"Well," said Mrs. Raymond, "it is certainly very extraordinary, but I agree with Mr. Osborne, that it must be a mistake."

"Not at all," said Pudgley, "you know what I told you this afternoon, Sis. He must have heard me, and he's of my opinion in the matter."

"If I might suggest," said Bertie, "the wisest course would be to suspend judgment. Captain Gordon will be here soon to answer for himself, and then the mystery will be solved."

And this was agreed to *nem. con.*

V.

But Captain Gordon did not appear to solve the mystery. He waited impatiently for the return of Flood, but that individual did not put in

an appearance. Finally, his brother officers, and the rest of the Toronto team who were staying at the hotel, started off, leaving him to follow, not without some suggestions that he ought to exchange into a Highland regiment, as in that case he would have no occasion to wait. None of this did Gordon take very good-naturedly, but he said little, being resolved to wreak his vengeance on Flood.

On arriving at the house, and paying his respects to his hostess, Llewellyn was surprised at a very pointed inquiry from Mrs. Raymond as to the reason of Gordon's non-appearance. He was rather embarrassed as to what reply to make, and so stammered something to the effect that he believed he was not very well, but perhaps would come later.

"Mr. Llewellyn," interposed Charley Raymond, "you would not, I am sure, purposely conceal anything, or be guilty of any prevarication; and when I tell you that we have a serious reason for asking you the question, I have no doubt you will answer it."

"Aw, certainly," said Llewellyn. "Fact is, he is, aw, delayed by my man not having returned from the tailor's with an article of dress; and he was to have called here on the way, too, with a parcel for Miss Raymond, so,—aw,—you may be able to tell us something as to his whereabouts."

"May I ask you what the parcel was?" said Mrs. Raymond.

"It was—aw,—I believe, a philopœna, a pair of ear-rings, Gordon said; but I have not seen them."‡

"I think that will explain matters quite satisfactorily to everyone but the gallant captain," said Charley Raymond. "However," turning to Llewellyn, "I must get you to set matters right with him," and he drew him aside with a suppressed chuckle. "Fact is, his trowsers didn't come home, that was it, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, they are here."

"Here?"

"Yes. Your man left them here for my sister, and has taken back the ear-rings for Gordon to wear this evening, I suppose;" and both of them, as they realized the absurdity of the mistake, burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"But look here, Llewellyn," said Charley, as the full bearing of the matter dawned upon him, "this must be kept perfectly quiet. It puts my sister in a very awkward position. You see," he very innocently added, "in the note he asks her to wear them this evening for his sake—meaning the ear-rings, of course."

"Oh,—aw—of course,—I see;" rather drily, and with a tremendous effort to look serious. "Perhaps it would be better for me to run

across—aw—and explain matters to Gordon,” he added, “I don’t mind taking the trowsers over.”

“Well, it would be very kind of you, I am sure, and you could bring Gordon back with you.”

“Yes, that is—aw—if he will come,” said Llewellyn, rather dubiously.

“Come? of course he will come!” exclaimed the hospitable Charley, “the story won’t go any further.”

But Captain Gordon would not come. He was perfectly furious while Llewellyn, who laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, described the whole scene, with such additions as his fancy painted. As soon as he satisfied himself that the Raymonds knew that it was entirely a mistake, he declined to have anything to do with them, or the party, or indeed Port Hope. He got the ear-rings from Flood, who was brought back later in the evening in a helpless state, but he never sent them to Blanche, or made any explanation.

Meanwhile a very enjoyable evening was spent by the guests at Mrs. Raymond’s, though the absence of Captain Gordon was remarked by all the young ladies with surprise and regret. They knew he was in town, for they had seen him in the street and on the cricket-ground, and the explanation that he was “not very well” given by his friends with a smile (tho’ they were ignorant of the best half of the story), only served to make it more mysterious.

The most that could be got out of them was a remark made by Captain Alison to a Miss Dove, from Cobourg, that he believed he was meditating an exchange into a highland regiment. And she having cross-questioned Miss Raymond on the subject without getting much information, resolved to settle the matter by an appeal to Captain Gordon himself the very first time she saw him.

The whole story was never known in Port Hope, and any of the inhabitants reading this, who may remember the Raymonds’ party, will learn for the first time the real reason of Captain Gordon’s non-appearance. Llewellyn was so far faithful to his promise of secrecy that he said not a word out of the regiment. In it, however, the gallant Captain had a very unhappy time; his old *prestige* was gone, and though little was said to him, the quiet smile was worse than the most direct taunts. A few weeks afterwards, too, he met old Mr. Dove, of Cobourg, at a large dinner-party in Toronto, and was very innocently asked if the report he had heard from his daughter was true, and that he was about to exchange into a highland regiment.

This settled the matter, for Gordon felt sure that the whole story was known, and he obtained leave of absence on “urgent private affairs,” and shortly afterwards was successful in negotiating an exchange though *not* into a highland regiment. And so Bertie Osborne won THE DOUBLE EVENT.

TO-NIGHT.

How thou wilt smile to-night,
 And witching seem, to other eyes than mine ;
 Whilst my poor eyes,
 Bending beneath my lonely candle light,
 Con some sage line,
 And seek to grow more wise.

I almost hear the sound
 Of thy sweet laughter, charming other ears ;
 Whilst mine hear naught
 In the sad stillness compassing me round,
 And nothing cheers
 My melancholy thought.

My foolish wandering hands
 Half fancy that they feel thy snowy fingers,
 That thrilling touch
 Another's palm, weaving those unseen bands :—
 Oh, memory lingers
 About thy form, too much !

My throbbing anxious heart
 Half hopes that thine will be a little sad,—
 More sad than gay,—
 Because we are so very far apart ;
 Yet thou art glad,
 Hearing what others say.

Heart, hands and listening ears,
 Mourn not for what you never may attain ;
 But calmly bear
 Your weary burden through the coming years,
 Hoping to gain,
 At last, a rest from care.

AN ORIENTAL POCAHONTAS.

It is somewhat alarming to observe how many of the historical verdicts long thought unquestionable have latterly been seriously challenged, if not wholly set aside. Looking through the spectacles of Mr. Froude, the Eighth Henry, almost universally deemed a moral monster, ranking with Nero, Domitian, and the like, becomes, not indeed a very scrupulous monarch, or refined or considerate gentleman, but an energetic and sagacious ruler, and a bluff, hearty, and rather deservedly popular man. Trusting Mr. Carlyle, Bosworth Smith, and others, Mohammed, long regarded as Anti-Christ, or Apollyon incarnate, was an inspired prophet of the Lord, as he is the accepted prophet of a hundred millions of people, and worthy a prominent place in the pantheon of history. Following De Quincy, Judas Iscariot, whose name has not hitherto been very savoury in Christian nostrils, was a weak, vain, and somewhat sordid creature, yet probably well meaning, certainly evincing by his subsequent penitence no slight susceptibility to good, and, however sinning, quite as much sinned against by humanity since.

Nor, only are we asked to revise our opinions of many of the prominent personages of history, but of many of its most interesting events—or alleged events—as well. For the book-worms, boring their way through shelves of dusty old tombs, that nobody but themselves cares a brass farthing for, are ungraciously assuring us that most of the charming stories wherein a heroic virtue was manifested, and a poetic justice done, and which were so dear to our youthful hearts, are all sheer illusions : or with so slight a substratum of truth, that they might about as well be. Thus, our ideal friends, Damon and Pythias, contending which should die for the other, that the wretched despot might not fail of a victim, have vanished into air. The story of Tell and the apple, dear to all tyrant-haters, as one that certainly ought to be true, is resolved into a delightful myth without the slightest foundation in reality. And now come Messrs. Bryant and Gay, in their "Popular History of the United States," telling us that the romantic legend of Pocahontas saving the life of that dashing knight-errant, Capt. John Smith, by throwing herself upon his body just as was about to descend the fatal blow, must share the same fate. What might have been in the dusky Desdemona's heart to do for the fair and evidently captivating Othello, who seems to have been about equally successful in arms and amours, had opportunity offered, it is of course impossible to say. What she did do for him appears to have been *nil* ; though, that Smith, or some other

equally veracious historian of new-world adventures, is responsible for the tale is evident. But, if obliged to give up Pocahontas, in the rôle of the generous saviour of her people's foe, we may still cling to her in the character of the beautiful young wife of Rolfe, and the ancestress of some of the first families in Virginia. And this, if not quite as pleasing to the imagination, may be pronounced quite as useful a part to enact as would have been the rescue from death of the vagabondish and braggart Smith.

Nor are these, say our terribly incredulous friends, the only delightful illusions under which men have long lived. The animating story of regicide Goffe, appearing to rally the Massachusetts' colonists, when defeated by the Indians, and leading them—his white hair streaming on the wind—to victory; the legend of Casabianca, the boy-hero of the Nile, who would not leave his post till his father summoned—so finely celebrated by Mrs. Hemans; and the tale of the boy, Washington, confessing that he could not tell a lie, and that, with his little hatchet, himself had felled the favourite tree—are all relegated to the fruitful fable-land. In some terror we ask, What revered image is to be shattered—what long-credited history is to be invalidated—next? Perhaps Washington himself—we hope he will be spared through this century at all events—will be proved a myth; and Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts," concerning Napoleon be deemed conclusive of the non-existence of that doughty hero of a hundred battles. Possibly we may reach the condition of universal scepticism; doubting with Berkeley the existence of matter, and with Hume the existence of spirit—or at least the provableness of neither.

But before surrendering all faith in historical accuracy, and perhaps in objective reality, it will do us no harm to listen to a pleasant tale of an eastern, and, as the world goes, barbarous princess. Be it true or false we know not. We know that it is largely, and in its main features universally, credited amidst the scenes of its alleged occurrence. Its perusal may beguile a few leisure moments. Resembling so greatly the story before-mentioned, the scene of which was laid on the western continent, we venture to christen it a tale of *An Oriental Pocahontas*.

The little island of Mauritius lies about five hundred miles east of Madagascar, and just north of the southern tropic. So far as natural scenery is concerned, it is one of the most picturesque places on the globe. Though not its original discoverers, the Dutch twice attempted and twice abandoned its colonization; finding it apparently a somewhat more difficult enterprise than *the capture of Holland*, in which, as all the world knows, they have been remarkably successful. Soon after their final departure from the island, it was occupied by the French, and be-

came one of their most interesting and prosperous colonies. Who does not know it as the scene of St. Pierre's charming little prose-poem of Paul and Virginia ?

Though the Dutch, in essaying their settlement, had imported a considerable number of Malagash slaves into the island, they were quite unable to retain them in subjection. Many of them fled to the mountains immediately on landing, where they bade defiance to all efforts for their re-capture. Yet the French did not profit by the experience of their predecessors ; nor did they take warning from the presence of many maroons in the island, by whose depredations they were constantly annoyed. Scarcely did they touch the shore before they, also, dispatched vessels to Madagascar for human cargoes. The Malagash, however, are a very different people from the continental Africans. They are reputed to have more or less Arab blood in their veins ; are of a war-like temperament ; and have made some progress in civilization. Many of them have straight hair, regular features, and a rich, olive complexion, making them fair to look upon ; while more erect and comely forms than some we remember, it would be difficult to find anywhere. Such a people would not meekly accept a yoke of slavery. To protect the officers and crews of vessels engaged in this nefarious traffic against probable uprisings of the captives, it was found necessary to send on each ship a considerable armed force. The sort of persons that enlisted in such undertakings, those who remember the American slave-traders and slave-hunters of twenty-five years ago, will readily understand.

On one occasion it happened that a certain Grenville de Torval, was sent in command of the ship's guard. From the name and the traditions he seems to have been a somewhat superior person to most of those employed in the same business. The vessel in which he sailed, instead of seeking a harbour along the shore of the mainland, for some reason dropped anchor beside the little isle of Ste. Marie, a short distance from the coast of Madagascar, and where the French at this day have a settlement. Here de Torval and his suite landed, and entered into communication with the chieftian of the region. They were received with no little seeming frankness and cordiality ; were rarely and sumptuously feasted ; and amused with such primitive games and pastimes as the barbaric king and court could devise. To all these the legends abundantly testify, though they require no description here. After spending a day and an evening in boisterous revelry, and before the object of his unexpected visit had been fairly broached, de Torval and his attendants retired to rest in a house assigned him by his host. There, wearied by the pleasures of the day, suspicious of no danger, and lulled by the soft soughing of tropic breezes and the gentle murmur of the waves lapping

the sandy beach, the Frenchmen were soon wrapped in the embraces of sleep.

The slumber of de Torval, however, was not broken by the morning light, but by a gentle pressure on his arm. Looking up, he was just able, in the gloom, to recognize the form of the young and graceful daughter of the Malagash chief, of whom he had caught several glimpses during the day. Silently, and as by instinct, she had threaded her way, amongst his companions lying around, to the leader whom she sought. Allowing him no time for exclamations of surprise at this nocturnal and unmaidenly visit, she hushed him by expressive symbols to silence, and beckoned him to follow her outside the building, whither she at once made her way with surer and more stealthy steps than the scarcely yet awakened Frenchman could well imitate. Once in the open air, and out of ear-shot of possible listeners, she needed no entreaties from de Torval to detail the reason of her strange escapade.

Her father's hospitality, she said, was seeming, and not real. All the feasting and amusement of the preceding day were only to lull the possible suspicions of his visitors, and conceal his own treacherous purposes. Already had a plot been devised for the complete destruction of de Torval and all his followers. It had been arranged that the chief was to pay a formal visit to the Frenchman on the next day; and her story was that, under pretext of doing him greater honour, her father would come to the meeting with a great retinue of his bravest warriors. Should the strangers be found at any moment off their guard, the king would break above his head a stick which he was to carry, as a signal for the onslaught to begin. But if anything, even at the last moment, should render the intended assault impracticable, then the king would throw his hat in the air as a sign that not only should no attack be made, but that the previous appearance of good-will should be kept up toward these unwelcome visitors.

Such was the plot formed for the massacre of the French. But how could she, a young and tender-hearted maiden, see it executed? Besides, she had seen the person and heard the voice of the gallant and fascinating young man at her side. To see and hear him—as the legend says her American prototype confessed of the adventurous Smith—was to love. And to love was to rescue from impending peril at whatever personal hazard. In what language, or with what signs, the dusky maiden revealed her love, who shall say? Lacked ever love ability to manifest itself! Have gentle hand and tender tones, have gleaming eye and heaving bosom, no significance? But whether by word, or gesture, or sweet osculation, she was not long in persuading the susceptible Gaul of both her own love and his danger. That she at once awakened some gratitude and tenderness in his heart in return would be but natural.

Was ever wretch so vile as not to bless the hand that snatched him from impending death ?

But sweet as was this meeting in the gloom and stillness of the midnight, under o'er hanging bamboos, the young princess could not tarry long. Every moment that she lingered rendered the discovery of her absence from her own people, and the consequent sounding of an alarm more imminent. It was with a tender embrace, and many protestations of affection and protection, that de Forval parted with his innocent young visitor, and returned to his couch—not to sleep, but to revolve the best method of action for the morrow.

With the first dawn of light the French commander aroused his attendants, and broke to them the news of their danger. After no little consideration it was decided not to retreat to their ship as might easily have been done, but to make all preparations to thwart a treacherous assault, and await results. Every man was ordered not only to look well to the condition of his weapons, but to have gun and pistol well loaded, and ready, with sword and cutlass, for instant use. Nor long were they in suspense. Before noon word came that the barbarous chief was approaching, attended by an immense retinue. De Forval, not to be outdone in seeming civility, had his little company drawn up in the usual military order to receive him. On coming near, friendly salutations were exchanged, and apparently none but friendly purposes entertained. To amuse the King, de Forval put his soldiers through such military manœuvres as they could execute, keeping meanwhile as near the chief as he well could, and where he had him under constant surveillance. At length, seeing what he regarded as a favourable moment for the attack, the monarch, lifting above his head a small stick which he had carried in his hand, snapped it in twain. Instantly de Forval, with a loud cry, and with sword in one hand and pistol in the other, rushed upon the king, and would have slain him on the spot had not the frightened chief, taken wholly by surprise, thrown up his hat as a signal to his followers for peace. Of course the most profuse protestations of good-will followed. Nothing else was intended by the presence and war-like attitude of such a train, than a little grim sportiveness ! He would only frighten ; for the world he would not harm ! O no, no ! With these assurances were coupled tenders of any service he could render, and urgent requests that his guests would prolong their stay upon the island.

For various reasons, de Forval was unwilling to take summary vengeance on his treacherous host. It was wiser, he thought, to accept the explanations offered, and to regard the whole affair as a practical joke. His experience of Malagash hospitality, however, was quite sufficient. The following night, accordingly, he contrived not only to embark all

his followers, but to transport on board his vessel the tender-hearted maid, who, at the risk of her own life had warned him of the danger to his. For she, like so many another of every complexion, under the impulse of mighty love was only too glad to leave home, parents, people, and accompany him whithersoever he pleased to go. The morning light, kindling over the palm-girt isle, revealed the ship at some distance in the offing, speeding as fast as all sails would carry her to the beautiful *Ile de France*.

There, in due time, it arrived; and whether by rites of nature, or of Holy Church, de Forval took the young princess as his bride, and installed her as the mistress of his home.* And there, as the legend goes, she passed several happy years. To his credit be it said, de Forval treated her with uniform kindness; while her love neither faltered nor waned with the lapse of time. She readily accepted, and in good degree adapted herself to the customs of civilization; soon learning to preside over her husband's household with success and dignity. Numerous children were born to her, filling in her heart whatever vacancy might have been caused by the absence of parents and childhood's friends. From her former home, infrequent and vague were the rumours that reached her; and none of such a character as to re-awaken any profound interest therein. Her early life apparently well nigh faded from her memory; or became like the confused and broken images of a long past dream.

At length, however, authentic tidings came of her father's death, and of his bequest to her of all his wealth and royal position. The news stirred in her half-civilized bosom long-slumbering emotions. What should she do now? Leave her husband and children, and return to her people and their barbarous ways? For surely she could do little to lift them out of their ignorance and degradation. Or should she quietly remain where she was, renouncing all claim to the wealth and savage dignity to which she was both the lineal and designated successor? No little time and reflection were necessary to decide. But the decision when reached, was to revisit her former home; not to remain, but to gather up what she could of the possessions of her father, and return to her Mauritian home. To her friends what more preposterous determination than this? Did she once more set foot upon the islet of Ste. Marie, her people would never allow her to leave them again. Or if they allowed her to leave, they would permit her to take none of her father's wealth. But spite of all such representations she persisted that she

* A century and a-half ago, mixed marriages were not uncommon in that part of the world, especially among Frenchmen. A dozen years ago, when in Mauritius, the writer frequently saw, on gala occasions, not a few seeming gentlemen, apparently without a drop of African or Asiatic blood in their veins, gallanting their wives about whose blood just as evidently had no European or Circassian tincture. Such marriages, however, are far less common now than formerly. There, as elsewhere, mixed blood is at a social discount.

would go, and that she would return. All efforts to change her resolution failing, arrangements were made with the master of a vessel bound to the coast of Madagascar, to land Madame de Forval on the island from which she had fled years before. As she sailed away, her friends bade her, in thought, an everlasting farewell ; not one of them ever expecting to behold her face again.

Months came and went ; but no tidings of our Pocahontas reached Mauritius. The longer her absence, the fainter, if possible, the hope of her return. At length, as when one drops out of any community, her name almost ceased to be mentioned, even if her memory still lingered in the hearts that were nearest. But something more than a year after her departure there appeared one morning in the roadstead of Port Louis a vessel which had come directly from Madagascar. The rumour ran and soon reached de Forval that it brought him news of his long-absent princess. Repairing on board, what was his surprise to find that the ship had not only brought news of her, but herself. In accordance with her word, and notwithstanding his incredulity, she had returned. Nor had she come to ask him or any of her children to go back with her, and share her inheritance of savage wealth and power, but to live and die with him for whose dear sake she had, years before, ventured forth into a new and unknown world. Nor had she returned as she went out, or as she originally came from her native isle, empty-handed, but with hands well filled with what were once her father's possessions.

It appears, says the legend, that for some time previous to the old chief's death, his heart had warmed towards this long lost daughter. Whether he had other children to comfort him in his decrepitude and inherit his greatness, we know not. But to see and embrace once more this favourite though disobedient one, he passionately yearned. Disappointed in this, but believing her to be still living, and that she might be persuaded to return to her own people, her father, a little time before dying, very distinctly and impressively designated her as his successor. Nor, strange to say, in the considerable interval between the king's death and the daughter's appearance, had any other claimant to the position arisen.

On her arrival at Ste. Marie the way was both open and inviting to the succession of her sire in both respects. Nay, it was at once almost forced upon her. More ardent partisans already hailed her as Queen of the tribe. That she, or any one born amongst them, could reject the wealth, barbaric pomp, and power now laid at her feet was something these simple children of the sun could not understand. So kindly and urgently persistent were they that she should accept their homage and become their ruler that she could hardly persuade them to the contrary. A woman, she assured them, should not rule over a tribe so war-like. She could not wisely advise them in council, much less worthily lead them in battle. If her father wished her to be his succes-

sor that was because of his parental partiality, which certainly should not be allowed to interfere with the welfare of the people. Besides, she had no wish for power, and no aptitudes for the discharge of its duties. Far dearer to her were the quiet and seclusion of her own household, to which, with such portion of her father's possessions as she could easily transport, it was her purpose to return as soon as she could.

Finding all efforts to persuade her to accede to their wishes fruitless, her dusky kindred ceased their importunities. Nor did they interpose any hindrance to her removal of what she could take of her inheritance. On this point her arrangements were made with little difficulty; then there remained for her only patient waiting for an opportunity to return to husband, children, and the pleasant home she loved so well. Nor was this waiting to be very long. A vessel, on a trading voyage in those waters, touched at Ste. Marie on its way to Mauritius. The opportunity was promptly embraced, and her effects soon transferred to the ship. But before going on board herself, she called her people together, relinquished for the common good all her father's possessions which had not been removed, renounced for herself and her descendants all right and title to the ancestral throne, exhorted them to live at peace with themselves and the neighbouring tribes, and to receive kindly whatever white persons might be cast upon their shores. Then she bade them a gentle and affectionate farewell. That many regrets were uttered, and some tears shed as she left the beach, and climbed up the side of the little vessel is very probable. No more than than now were the Malagash insusceptible to frankness and kindness.

With her arrival at Mauritius, her bestowal upon de Forval of all the wealth she had brought, and the nine-day's wonder which her return excited in the little community, the legend takes leave of this Indian princess—the Pocahontas of the Orient. How long did she subsequently survive? What children did she leave? What descendants, if any, still remain in the island? are questions which the writer has no means of answering. Judging from the various shades of complexion which one encounters there, it would be a small surprise to learn that not a few of the pretty young creoles of Mauritius had royal blood in their veins. Certainly some of them had a royal bearing in their manner. And since Randolph of Roanoke made it one of his proudest boasts that in his shrunk arteries coursed somewhat of the vital tide of Powhatan's famous daughter, with what reason for shame might any of the first families of *Ile de France* regard it that in their veins was flowing somewhat of the wild yet gentle, the affectionate yet heroic, blood that long ago sported under the palms of Ste. Marie, that rescued the gallant young Frenchmen from destruction, and that, whatever its tint, proved itself by its temper and conduct of the highest nobility.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

“What!” cried Ella, in a flame, “did they dare say that? Then they told an infamous and cruel falsehood.”

“Of course they did, my darling; such a falsehood as I should not have ventured to repeat to you, and which I only so much as hinted at in my letter, in order that it might be contradicted by the proper person.”

“I see, Gracie dear, I see; don’t suppose for a moment that I am angry with you. But the disgrace of it, the shame of it! That our name should have become a by-word! How good of you, it was, Gracie, to come and see a woman of whom such tales were told.”

“My dear Ella, how you talk! Do you suppose I believed such a story? I only heard it once——.”

“Who told you?” broke in Ella, passionately.

“My darling, that is not fair. It was an idle, gossiping woman, and I answered her as you would have had me answer her, you may be sure. I said that you were the frankest girl I had ever known, and quite incapable of any deception. I said that I would lay my life upon it, that Ella Mayne was Ella Mayne, and no one else. I said——. My darling, what’s the matter?”

Ella had covered her face with her hands, and burst into a passion of tears.

“It was true, Gracie, it was true,” sobbed she; “not about the marriage, of course—the marriage was good enough; but I did pass under a false name.”

It was curious enough that, anxious and apprehensive as she had been when she made her confession to her husband, Ella had not felt so ashamed as she did now in the presence of her friend. After all, it had been in a manner for Cecil’s sake, in order to make sure of him as her own, that she had deceived him; but in Gracie’s case there were no such mitigating circumstances. She had been false to her without excuse, though indeed it had been necessary, if she must needs deceive at all; and then this girl was herself so true and simple.

“You did pass under a false name?” echoed Gracie, like one who can scarce believe her ears.

“Yes, I did. It was forced upon me. You should know all before

you presume to judge." Gracie's tone, and a certain look of pain and disapprobation she unconsciously wore, had offended her. "Listen to me, while I tell you all, and then tell me what you would have done in my case."

And then Ella told her the whole story, just as she had told her husband.

"It is all very sad and deplorable, my darling," said Gracie tenderly, when her friend had finished; "and I pity you from the very bottom of my heart."

"I am sure you do," returned Ella, who wanted an ally, however, rather than a sympathiser, and was by no means satisfied with this commiseration; "never was such a victim of circumstances, you must admit, as poor me."

"It was a difficult position, indeed," said Gracie.

"Yes; there was nothing else to be done, was there?"

Gracie was silent.

"Nay," said Ella boldly, "if you would have acted differently, pray say so. What would you have done? Come, would you have told Cecil?"

"I should certainly have told Mr. Landon before I married him."

"But that, my uncle told me, would have invalidated the marriage; and, at all events, I feared that Cecil would never have consented to let me marry under a false name."

"I should have run that risk, Ella. You insist upon my giving my opinion, else I would much rather not; but merely answering the question as you put it, I should have thought it my duty to tell the truth."

"Perhaps you would have also thought it your duty to break your oath," said Ella scornfully.

"Most certainly I should," was the unexpected reply. "It was an oath like Herod's, that ought never to have been made, and still less kept."

"It is very easy to talk of Herod," said Ella, remembering that her husband had instanced the same historical personage in support of his own view of the matter; "but the cases are in no way identical. I cut nobody's head off, nor indeed did anyone any injury but myself, by bearing a feigned name."

"Does not your husband think himself injured?"

"Certainly not. He was annoyed, of course; but my explanation satisfied him better than it seems to satisfy you, Gracie?"

"I am truly pleased to hear it, dear Ella; whether I am satisfied, as you call it, or not, is a very small matter, if he is so. I should not have taken upon myself to offer an opinion upon the subject had you not compelled me to do so. If you really kept your feigned name—though I think

you were mistaken in so doing—because you had sworn to do so, and for no other reason——”

“Why, what other reason could there be?” interrupted Ella impatiently.

“I don’t know; but if there was none, you were not so very wrong perhaps after all. It seems to me that your Uncle Gerard was more to blame than yourself.”

“Well, yes; he knew that my discarding my proper name would pain my father, and that was so far agreeable to him, their quarrel being so very bitter. You look like Rhadamanthus and Minos rolled into one, Gracie,” continued Ella, forcing a laugh. “If I had had an idea that you would have been so severe upon me, I don’t think I should have had the courage to plead guilty; and it is no use, it seems,” added she, bitterly, “throwing myself upon the mercy of the court.”

“My dear Ella, I am passing no judgment upon you, believe me. I am only very, very sorry. You have a father, who, with all his faults——”

“I had a father, Gracie, once; I have none now.”

“You try to persuade yourself so, Ella; but you are not such an adamant as you would have me believe. I have no doubt your treatment at home was very injudicious, harsh, and even bad. But time is a healer of all injuries, and nature is not to be denied. There will come a day when your father will open his loving arms to you once again, and you will run to them to nestle at his heart.”

“Never, never,” cried Ella, not defiantly, however, only incredulously. “You do not know my father. Don’t let us talk about it, please.”

There were other subjects that these young women, for various reasons, made “taboo” between them. When Ella observed, rather by way of “saying something” to break the silence that followed her last words, than from any interest she felt in the subject, “I must say it was very good of your papa to spare you to me, Gracie,” her friend had replied, “Yes, he will, however, be doubtless a good deal at the commandant’s,” so very drily, that it was plain that *her* father also must be excluded as a topic of conversation. Ella remembered what Mr. Whympers-Hobson had told her about the commissary and the governess, and understood at once that, however charitable Grace might be to her father for her mother’s sake upon all other points, she could not forgive his transgressions against her mother. Again, there was another subject upon which Ella ventured, and found it very delicate ground.

“Have you seen anything of our friend Mr. Darall lately?”

At the sound of that name poor Gracie’s face flushed up, and the

hands, which as usual were diligently engaged about some useful piece of work, began to tremble over their task.

"Yes; he came over from Chatham, where he is quartered, you know, so soon as he saw the notice of dear mamma's death in the paper; and he—he—left his card upon us the day after the funeral."

"But did you not see him, Gracie?"

"Yes, I saw him; just for a little while."

"We were so glad, Gracie, to find he had got the Engineers; for though, if ever anyone deserved them he did, yet prizes don't always go by merit. It is the only corps, Cecil says, in which a poor man has 'chances,' appointments and things which enable him to marry and live in England. But doubtless," added Ella slyly, "Mr. Darall told you all that himself?"

"Yes, he told me; but it is no use, Ella, and it is very painful to me to talk about it."

And Gracie's eyes began to soften and melt. Then, of course, Ella kissed her, and they were very happy, in girl fashion, mingling their tears together. Ella understood that though, for the present, she must not flatter her friend's hopes by hinting at an engagement, the hopes existed, and that nothing would please her better than talking of Mr. Darall, so long as it was not in direct relation to herself.

"Cecil's regard for him is so great that I am quite jealous of it," said she, it must be confessed, with a little sacrifice of truth; she would have been well pleased if no one had ever given her more cause for jealousy than Mr. Darall. "Though circumstances have separated them of late, my husband has the same friendship for him as ever."

"And so has"—she was within an ace of saying Hugh—"so has Mr. Darall for your husband. But indeed his leaving the Academy was felt to be quite a public misfortune. He was far the most popular cadet, Mr. Darall says, in all the company. So brilliant, and so light-hearted."

"He can certainly make himself very agreeable," said Ella, with that mock-modesty which a loving wife always puts on when her husband is praised.

"Can! Yes, and does!" returned Gracie, with genuine enthusiasm. She knew little of Cecil herself, but saw him through her lover's eyes. "Everybody says you are such a lucky girl."

"I don't complain of the lot I have drawn from the marriage bag," said Ella, to whom Gracie's words afforded a genuine comfort. "I have surely no real reason to complain," was what she was saying to herself.

"No, indeed; nor has he anything to complain of in his wife, I am very sure. How grateful he ought to be to you for having reconciled.

him with his father. Do you remember that dreadful visit of ours, Ella, to Wethermill-street ?”

And then the two girls began to laugh together, and Ella protested that she would ask the old gentleman to dinner, that he should renew his acquaintance with her friend. “If you play your cards well with him, Gracie, I am not at all sure that you may not become my step-mother.”

Altogether the meeting between the two “old friends,” as these young people called themselves, was very satisfactory, and Ella felt that, now she had made her confession to her, and had been absolved, Gracie’s company would be a great comfort.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ELLA DOES NOT ENJOY HER NEWSPAPER.

If there were no men in the world, it is my belief that women would keep house very differently. They think more of being warm and well-dressed themselves than of their dinners being so, and, indeed, care little or nothing for eating and drinking. Many of them—though this is not so universal a fault as some wicked men aver—are downright stingy, and have a natural yearning for saving and cheese-paring; and when a female friend comes to visit them, will preface their system of economy by the treacherous observation, “Well, my dear, I know nothing will please you better than my making no stranger of you;” and thereupon they put her on short rations. Ella had none of these notions of retrenchment about her—which are horrible when not dictated by necessity—but yet she fell at once into a different way of living, now that Gracie and she were alone, from that she had practised with her husband. Their meals were less protracted, but on the other hand were very seldom punctual; they drank little or no wine, but were very extravagant in candlelight, for they would sit up talking in one another’s rooms till all was blue—or almost so—that is, till the small hours of the morning. Ella would have taken her to the theatre every night had circumstances admitted of it, but of course Gracie had no desire for amusement at present; so they talked together all the more. It is but fair to add that they did something else. For three hours every day Gracie pursued her studies in French and German, with the object of fitting herself for that educational calling she had in view; and as for Ella, she was an omnivorous reader.

“There is one great advantage, Gracie, in my dear husband’s absence,” said she gaily, as they sat down to their first morning’s meal together, “that we shall have the newspaper to ourselves at breakfast; otherwise

I never get a sight of it till he is off to the City. I daresay the commissary hides himself behind the broad sheet of *The Times* just in the same way, so that you never get a word out of him."

"Papa doesn't take in any newspaper," said Gracie; "he finds them all in the mess-anteroom, you know."

"I shouldn't like that at all. I should feel lost without my newspaper. You must read all the tit-bits out to me while I make your tea, if you please."

"But what do you call the tit-bits?" inquired Gracie, taking up the paper in obedience to her friend's directions.

"Well, I think I like the accidents and offences best," returned Ella, gravely; "especially the offences; not the police reports exactly, though they are very interesting in their way; I am not a bit ashamed of saying I like the police reports."

"Oh, Ella!"

"My dear, it's all cant and nonsense; a person of intelligence, as I flatter myself I am, may read of anything that happens. I never read wicked books, I hope; I consider I ought to have got a good mark to my credit somewhere for eschewing almost all French novels. I might have read a thousand of them, for no one ever forbade me to do so, when I was a girl; but, having heard, upon what I believed to be good authority, that most French novels are not written for young ladies at all—though, I am sorry to say, some English young ladies seem to be of a different opinion—I always used to ask advice before venturing upon any of them. I can imagine harm being done to the mind by bad fiction; but to shut one's eyes to facts that go on under one's nose, is, in my opinion, weakness."

"But are not some of the facts quite horrible, Ella?"

"Of course they are; and those are the most delightful. Nobody wants a ship to be wrecked, of course; but if it *is* wrecked everybody goes down to the seaside to see it. Similarly I disapprove as much as you do, I hope, of murders; but when they have occurred why should I not get my little enjoyment out of them? I absolutely dote on murders. Come, I believe you have found one now, and are gloating over it all to yourself, you selfish thing."

"No, indeed, I have not," said Gracie hurriedly, and, unseen by Ella, changing the direction of her eyes to another part of the sheet.

"Well, what are you reading? What is it that seems to interest you so?"

"The Queen and the princesses walked out this morning on the slopes," read Gracie, aloud.

"Well that's not my notion of a tit-bit, Gracie," laughed Ella; "but pray go on. What dress 'did the Princess Mary wear at the Grove's

ball last night? I beg to say I was asked to that myself, but the claims of friendship intervened."

"Oh, I am so sorry, Ella; I should have been quite content to be left alone."

"My dear, I didn't 'care twopence,' as my father-in-law says, about the ball, especially as dear Cecil could not have accompanied me."

"Have you heard from your husband this morning, darling?"

"No, nor did I expect to do so. He is rather naughty about writing at all times, and it was only just possible—if it was even that—that he could have written from Wellborough by the evening post; he did not arrive there until quite late. It is a long way off, you know."

"Yes! and the line is not direct. He had to change at Pullham, had he not and then at Middleton, to get on to the branch line."

"Why, you are Bradshaw personified, Gracie."

"No, you told me about Middleton yourself, and as to Pullham, that is in the paper. Now don't be frightened, darling, because there is nothing the matter; your husband is quite safe; but there has been an accident at Pullham."

"An accident!" Ella's face had become a picture of horror; it was certain that all kinds of facts were by no means welcome to her—nor even, as it afterwards appeared, the narrations of them.

"How do you know my husband is safe;" cried she, "that he is not killed?"

"Because nobody is killed, Ella; and the names of everybody that are hurt are mentioned. There is nothing very shocking in the account; you can read it for yourself, darling."

"No, no, not I," answered Ella, with a shudder. "You are quite sure all the names are mentioned; there is nobody 'unknown' to whom the most dreadful thing of all always happens."

"No, darling; there is nothing of the kind. All the passengers, with the exception of those named in the list, it says, were sent on to Middleton by the next train."

"Thank heaven," said Ella fervently. "Now tell me all about it Not in the newspaper words—it always exaggerates things so horribly—but in your own."

"Well, it seems the forty minutes past eleven train from London——"

"The very train he went by," murmured Ella; "yes, go on."

"Well, that arrived at Pullham in good time, and proceeded on its way; but the train for Middleton was kept waiting there for a certain up-train. It had to cross the main line it seems——"

"How horrible," cried Ella, wringing her hands; "it was cut in two."

"No, darling, it wasn't that. After waiting a long while, the station-master telegraphed to the next station to stop the up-train, while he sent the branch-train down the line to the point of junction which was some little distance off."

"Ah! I see," cried Ella, like one who is suffering an intense physical pain, "and the message never arrived: so the trains met."

"No, darling, that wasn't it. The up-train was stopped till the branch-train started, after which the former was released by another telegram, and came on. There was plenty of time for the smaller train to have got across out of harm's way, but the pointsman at the junction made a fatal mistake, and turned it on the main up-line; and before it could be stopped the up-train ran into it."

"How very, very dreadful!" shuddered Ella.

"Yet it was not quite so bad as you would think, for the line was fortunately a straight one, and the engineman of the up-train saw what was about to happen, and slackened speed. However, there were a great many casualties—broken bones and contused faces—but nothing worse; and all the passengers that are not in this long list escaped, it says, 'unhurt.'"

"But why did not Cecil telegraph to me that he was unhurt?"

"Well, my darling, that may not have occurred to him. When we are all safe ourselves it does not strike us that others may have their fears for us. You will, doubtless, hear by this evening's post."

"I shall telegraph at once to Wellborough, to make sure," said Ella.

She was one of the few women in the world who recognise the practical advantages of the "wire." This was done at once, before breakfast was proceeded with; for which indeed the poor hostess had quite lost her appetite. She had gained courage, however, by this time, to peruse the account of the catastrophe herself.

"What a brave fellow that must have been, Gracie, who jumped with his young wife out of the train!"

"Yes; it must take a good deal of courage to do that; the poor girl could not have done it by herself, no doubt. But I think he might have contrived to fall undermost. As it was, you see, she got her arm broken, while he escaped scot-free."

"He did his best, Gracie, you may be certain."

"Yes, indeed. I was only joking, in hopes to keep up your spirits, darling; but I think she must have loved him very much, to consent to jump with him from the carriage while it was in motion."

"I should jump with Cecil from the Monument—if he told me it was the best thing to be done," said Ella.

"Ah, that's what comes of marriage, I suppose! For my part, I

think I should exercise my own discretion ; or, at all events, see how it went with him before I followed his example."

"I wonder how long it will take ?" said Ella thoughtfully.

"What? To reach the ground from the top of the Monument ?"

"No, no ; for that telegraph to get to Cecil."

"Well he may not be there, you know—I mean, at his place of business—when the message comes."

"But where can he be else, Gracie ?"

"Well, I don't know ; there may be a thousand things that prevent a telegram reaching him immediately. A man is not a magnet, my darling, that he should attract it himself."

In the days to come, Ella often thought of these attempts of Gracie's to preserve her from anxiety and disappointment from the very first. But, alas ! not the most loving care can avert the arm of Fate. Poor Ella could "settle down" to no occupation that morning ; but flitted like a ghost, from room to room—but all were rooms that looked towards the street. And yet when, about noon, the telegraph-boy knocked at the door, she waited for the missive to be brought up to her, and trembled with apprehensions of she knew not what, and which only love can suggest.

"Why, Gracie, there are two telegrams !"

She opened one, and uttered a shrill cry of delight.

"Cecil is safe," said she. "Oh ! I am so thankful."

"I never had any fears, my darling ; but what does he say ?"

"I am all right, dear, though there was an accident to the train at Pullham. Full particulars by post to-day."

"Is not that just what I said, Ella ? He had forgotten the news would be in the paper this morning, and not being hurt himself, he did not think it worth while to telegraph."

"But there is the other message, not from Cecil at all, but from the manager of the house at Wellborough. 'I opened your telegram, thinking it might require an immediate reply. Mr. Cecil has not yet arrived, but will do so, he sends word, this afternoon. There was an accident to the train, which delayed him, but he is unhurt.' Why, what can this mean ? Cecil telegraphs from Wellborough."

"Yes, my dear—but if you look at the date, you will probably find it a few minutes later, He must have arrived just after the manager had sent off his dispatch."

"No ; they are both dated Friday, of course, but Cecil's telegram was despatched a few minutes earlier than the other."

"Let me look at it, Ella. Ah, I see ; the office this came from is at Middleton. He sent word from there, you see, both to you and the manager."

"But what business had he at Middleton to-day? The paper says that all the passengers that were unhurt were sent on yesterday, by next train."

"Well, you will hear all that to-morrow morning, darling," said Gracie, laughing. "The main point is that your husband is none the worse for the collision, and with that assurance, I do think you should be content."

"But he must have received some serious hurt, Gracie," persisted Ella. "He is not one to be stopped by a trifle. If it had been a mere shaking, he would still have been taken on; for that could have done him no harm."

"Very likely, my dear, it might even have done him 'good,' " laughed Gracie; "'before taken to be well shaken,' is a recommendation of the faculty. But I think I know your husband well enough to understand that the delay and discomfort at Pullham Station were not at all to his taste. He probably drove into the town, and slept at an hotel."

"Then why did he not telegraph from Pullham, instead of Middleton?"

"Nay, my dear Ella, you have now 'tracked suggestion to her inmost cell,' so far as I am concerned. To-morrow morning all will be clear as daylight, and in the meantime there is nothing to fear."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TWO VISITORS.

A YOUNG gentleman who weighs fifty thousand pounds in the estimation of good society cannot be thrown into eight feet of water without making some splash; and it was not long before the rumour of that incident reached Ella's ears. She had not questioned her husband respecting the details of Mr. Whympers-Hobson's immersion—the subject having been painful to her, as we know, upon a collateral account—nor had he volunteered any description of it; and very much disappointed her friends were upon getting no information on the matter from what they had very naturally considered to be head-quarters. Lady Elizabeth Groves called on the very afternoon succeeding the catastrophe, with the ostensible purpose of "hearing all about it from first to last." As the giver of the entertainment at which the mischance occurred, she deemed it her perquisite and privilege to learn the particulars of it at first hand; and, besides, it was necessary to her dear Julia's interests, as regarded Mr. Whympers-Hobson, that she should take some action in the affair. She was therefore far from pleased, on being shown up into Ella's drawing-room, to find Gracie sitting there with her friend. She had in readiness a number of questions which had been framed for a tête-a-tête interview, and which, if put in the presence of a third person, would require modi-

fiction. She was not a person, however, inclined to alter her plans on account of obstructions that could be swept away by the brush of brusquerie. Indeed, for so great a lady, she was, to say truth, by no means hampered at any time by a too delicate sense of politeness.

After a few words of conventional civility, she at once observed: "I had rather hoped to find you alone this afternoon, my dear Mrs. Landon; as I had something to talk to you about."

Gracie at once rose from her chair, but Ella, with a rapid gesture, signed to her to remain.

"Gracie Ray is my intimate friend, Lady Elizabeth," said she, "and is quite cognisant of the matter about which I conclude you wish to speak to me."

"Oh; she knows about Mr. Whympers-Hobson having been thrown into the water, does she? I think it would have been better to have spoken of that to as few people as possible."

Poor Gracie looked the picture of astonishment, as well she might, since it was the first time that she had heard of the catastrophe in question.

"She doesn't know about his being thrown into the water," observed Ella, quietly; "but she knows why it was done."

"Then be so good as to make me also your confidante in the matter," said Lady Elizabeth, promptly. "Why was it done?"

"It was all caused by his meddling with a business that did not concern him," answered Ella drily. The application of the remark was unmistakable, and her visitor did not affect to misunderstand it.

"The business, however, whatever it is, is certainly my business," returned she. "The occurrence happened, I may almost say, under my roof; and, at all events, affected one of my guests. I have a right to demand the particulars of it, Mrs. Landon, and I do demand them."

"I know nothing more of the matter, Lady Elizabeth, than your nephew told me; and the same source of information is open to you. Mr. Hobson was insolent, I believe, and my husband punished him; but he did not describe to me how it was done."

"Everybody knows, unfortunately, how it was done, Mrs. Landon. It was a positive mercy that the poor young man was not drowned; in which case, your husband would have been tried for murder. What I wish to know—and have a right to know—is, why it was done? What was the provocation given that could have—I do not say justified—but in any way accounted for, so violent an outrage? You say that Mr. Whympers was insolent—that is a very vague accusation."

"It is, however, supported by evidence. I understood from your nephew that other gentlemen, besides himself, were witnesses of Mr. Hobson's misconduct."

“Mr. Whympers-Hobson did not misconduct himself, Mrs. Landon ; or, at all events, there are two opinions upon that subject. Whereas, there is no doubt that an attempt was made upon his life.”

“Which is doubtless very valuable,” said Ella scornfully. “In future he will be more careful not to risk it by scandalous and malicious observations.”

“But that is the very point of the whole matter, Mrs. Landon—the question is whether they were scandalous and malicious. I am justified in stating, am I not, that they had reference to the circumstances of your marriage ?”

“You are justified in believing it, Lady Elizabeth.”

“And I take leave to say, Mrs. Landon,” answered the other, in a louder key, “justified in much more. For the character of the ladies that I ask to my house I am answerable to society.”

“Your ladyship must have a considerable responsibility on your shoulders,” answered Ella sweetly.

“She is a regular bad one,” thought her ladyship. “Her impudence is shameless.” But she only observed with dignity : “Up to yesterday, however, madam, I have never had any cause to regret my good nature. No lady, I repeat, has hitherto entered my doors, on whom the breath of scandal has rested for an instant ; whose conduct, whether after or before marriage, cannot bear the strictest investigation.”

Her ladyship paused, not so much perhaps for a reply, as in the expectation of some outbreak. If she had been a man, one would have said of her that she enjoyed a “row” rather than other wise ; she was certainly never afraid of one.

But Ella’s face showed nothing.

“This account of your friends is very satisfactory, Lady Elizabeth,” said she drily ; “indeed, considering their heterogeneous character, one might almost say unexpectedly satisfactory.”

The remark was sufficiently irritating, even as it stood, but the “heterogeneous” was too much for her ladyship ; if Ella had said a “scratch lot,” as others had done, she would have known what it meant, and could have borne it better.

“How dare you say such things of my friends ?” cried she, in passionate tones. “You, who I don’t believe were ever married at all !”

At this Ella laughed right out ; a laugh that was worth fifty protestations of respectability, had not her ladyship been too angry to accept her testimony. Even as it was, however, she saw that there was something in it, and changed her ground.

“If you were married, your husband didn’t know it,” exclaimed she viciously.

"Gracie," said Ella, in cold grave tones, "be good enough to touch the bell."

"I don't wish to be hard upon you, Mrs. Landon," continued her ladyship, in more conciliatory tones, for she felt that she had gone too far; "but I came here for an explanation, and I must have it. That there was something wrong about your marriage there can be no doubt. It will be better for you to tell me the whole truth. Society——"

Here appeared the footman.

"Show that—lady—out," said Ella. She had been within a hair's breadth of saying "that woman."

Lady Elizabeth was fond of "scenes," and "experiences," but she felt that she had had one experience too much on her way to the front door.

"My dearest Ella, what have you done?" exclaimed Gracie, as soon as they were alone.

"Got rid of a friend that was not worth keeping," said Ella. She spoke with cold indifference, but the passion within her, compared with that of her late visitor, was as a Siemen's furnace is to a gas-stove.

"But she has gone away with such an erroneous impression," argued Gracie. "Would it not have been better to tell her the—how the case really stands?"

"Certainly not. She is an impertinent, insolent woman, and I owe her no sort of explanation whatsoever."

"You should know your own affairs best, dear, but you have made an enemy of her, I fear; and she will go about 'saying things,' you may depend upon it."

"No doubt she will. Fortunately everybody knows her, and therefore nobody will believe her—— There's the bell again; another visitor, come, doubtless, upon the same errand. If it is disagreeable to you to see these people, Gracie, don't stay."

"I shall certainly stay," said Gracie, loyally.

"Lady Greene," announced the footman, and in walked a very different visitor from the preceding one. Lady Elizabeth was comparatively young, and still a beauty, though of a mature and Juno-like type. Lady Greene was a little, weazened old woman, who might in the good old times have been burnt for a witch.

"How charmingly you look, Ella," cried she, "notwithstanding your fatigues of yesterday? Miss Ray—did you say Ray, Ella?—I am delighted to make your acquaintance; all Ella's friends are my friends, are they not, my dear?"

"We have a pretty large common acquaintance, at all events," said Ella smiling.

"Common enough some of them, eh? Did you ever see such funny people as were at the picnic! That Mr. Rufus Bond, for example?"

"They say he owns half South America," said Ella.

"Does he, indeed? Then he must have a house there somewhere, and I wish he would live upon his property. I didn't think much of Miss Julia's young man that is to be. Did you?"

"I didn't know she had a young man."

"No more she has at present; but Lady Elizabeth has bespoken one for her—Mr. Whympier-Hobson."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ella, with an unexpected touch of interest.

This was the cause, then, of Lady Elizabeth's severity! She had been taking up the cudgels for her future nephew-in-law, in order to ingratiate herself and her Julia with that young gentleman. Ella had been so full of her own trouble on the day in question that her usually quick observation had failed to detect her hostess's manœuvres, but now all was plain enough. She had not done her ladyship the injustice of crediting her with a disinterested indignation in the cause of social morality, but had set down her behaviour to mere inquisitiveness.

"Oh yes, she looks upon the affair as good as settled. She has caught him young, you see, before he has felt his wings; and if I had a daughter or a niece I should not envy her her catch. The lad looks to me like a barber's block, though he can't be that, or he would have floated, wouldn't he? My dear Ella, what made that dear delightful husband of yours throw him into Virginia Water?"

Lady Greene was one of those persons whose genuine good nature protects them from the consequences of "naturalness." If you could have said of her without a bull that she always spoke without thinking, and said exactly what she thought, that would accurately have described her character. She had strong opinions, though they had certainly not been induced by reflection; and since Ella had run counter to them she had not hesitated, upon many occasions, to reprove her; nay, as we have seen, she had even spoken to Cecil upon the subject in the most maternal fashion. With most persons who had taken any such liberty Ella would have been very angry, but with Lady Greene's naïveté it was difficult to be angry, as with the candour of a child. Though Ella was by this time fully cognisant of the hostility she was likely to meet with from Lady Elizabeth on account of this very matter, and of the grave influence it must needs have on her future relations with society, she could not restrain a smile at the point-blank question of the old lady's: "Why did your dear delightful husband put Mr. Whympier-Hobson in the water?"

"He was very impertinent, Lady Greene," said she, "and impertinent to me, which, of course, my husband could not stand."

"That's just what my Frank says." Frank was her nephew in the Guards, who had been one of the guests at the picnic on the previous

day. "Hobson was injudicious in selecting Cecil Landon of all men in the world to say unpleasant things to about his wife, and still more foolish to choose the waterside for the communication."

"Your ladyship and Mr. Greene seem to be already acquainted with the particulars," observed Ella dryly.

The thought that her late confession to her husband had been made the subject of debate by others, even before it had passed her own lips, was very galling to her.

"Of course we are acquainted with them so far, my dear. Everybody knows that Mr. Hobson took upon himself to rally Mr. Landon upon the subject of his marriage, but nobody knows what was queer about it. That it was something more than a runaway match—at all events of the usual kind—is generally agreed. Some say you ran away with Mr. Landon, others say he tried to impose upon you by a mock marriage. Others again go so far as to say——"

"What?" asked Ella; she looked so pale and grim, that the garrulous old dame had suddenly pulled up, in unaccustomed alarm. "What do 'others again say?'" repeated Ella, imperiously.

"Well, my dear Ella, people will say anything, you know, except their prayers. I am not speaking my own ideas upon the subject. Frank says that he will bet five to two that you are as 'straight as a die,' that's his expression. And he is not a young man to bet odds unless he feels almost certain."

"Almost certain, do you mean, Lady Greene, that I am an honest woman?" inquired Ella, speaking very slowly and deliberately.

"Well, no—— There can be no doubt of that, of course. Frank means—— But there, you shall come and dine with us—some day—you and Miss Ray too—and you shall get it all out of him yourself."

To this unpromising proposition Ella did not condescend to reply; but it did not escape her that the invitation—such as it was—was indefinite. Lady Greene was a hospitable old lady, and when she asked folks to dinner was always wont to name her days.

"The fact is," she went on, "so far as Frank is concerned, although he is a staunch friend of yours, my dear, the matter has made the strongest impression upon him in its humorous aspect. He says it was just like his luck to have missed seeing your husband throw Whympier-Hobson in, and then the others throwing the sweep after Whympier-Hobson."

"The sweep!—what sweep?" asked Ella.

"How should I know. A sweep who could swim at all events, and whom they sent in after him like a retriever. I thought Frank would have expired with laughter, when he was talking to me about that sweep."

"I think it must have been an oar," observed Gracie quietly; "a long oar is sometimes called a sweep."

"Is it indeed, my dear?" said her ladyship. "Then that explains what I thought so funny—that they took no trouble about the poor sweep when it was all over, just because he was a poor man, and this Hobson has fifty thousand pounds. He doesn't look like a gentleman to my mind, and Frank says he is a prig, if not a sneak. Now, if he is a sneak, he is not likely to have spoken the truth about your marriage."

"If he said anything which would imply that my marriage was not a valid and a proper one, he told a wicked and malicious lie," said Ella gravely.

"Just so; now that is so perfectly satisfactory. I felt sure it would be so, my dear; and, as I say, Frank even offered to bet five to two upon it. You are not one to deceive an old friend like me, I know—especially when the whole thing must come out sooner or later. I don't quite understand, however, what was a little amiss in the affair, even now. You both married under false names, I believe."

"We did no such thing, Lady Greene, and I cannot permit you, or any other person, to suggest it," said Ella, haughtily.

"Quite right. 'You will find she will stick to her guns,' said my nephew Frank, and so you have done. It is such a relief to my mind that I have your authority to contradict all these rumours." Here she rose from her chair and her hostess rang the bell.

"I have ventured to assert upon my own responsibility, my dear Ella, that your husband has not left town for fear of Mr. Whympet-Hobson taking vengeance upon him."

"I think you may say that much, Lady Greene. I don't think Cecil was ever afraid of anybody."

"Quite so; so courageous and also so affectionate; I don't know a young husband so devoted. It isn't as if he had got tired of you, as Frank says, in which case he might have cut the painter; taken advantage, he means, of any informality in your marriage contract. Even if it was ever so wrong, you know—especially as you have no children—you have only got to marry again, and there you are. Good morning, my dears, and God bless you."

The blessing escaped Ella's ears, but not the remark that had preceded it, and which wounded all the worse for the lightness of the speaker's tone. She looked like one to whom a blow has been given, and who dares not return it. Now that the occasion for it had departed, all her courage had fled.

"My darling Ella, that good lady meant no harm," said Gracie, consolingly. "If she meant anything she meant good."

"It is not she that I fear, Gracie; she is but the mouthpiece of others,

who have not her good nature. I shall be the target for the public scorn ”

“ You will live it down, my darling, and that soon, since you have done nothing really wrong—at least nothing such as your enemies would impute to you. It must seem so hard—I know it must—to you who have been so happy.”

“ No, Gracie, I have not been happy.” The tone in which these words were spoken went straight to Gracie’s heart.

“ But only about this business, Ella, surely,” said she, throwing herself on her knees beside her.

“ No—there is nothing else, only about this business,” answered Ella, with hesitation. “ But it was never out of my mind. I knew that this blow must fall some day.”

“ Poor darling,” murmured the other.

“ ‘ I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet ; yet trouble came.’ Oh, how true that is, Gracie.”

“ Yes, it comes from the Book of Job. I have known one who suffered as evil things as he did, though of another sort ; and who was never rewarded ; and yet who did not complain.”

Ella knew that Gracie was talking of her mother, but she answered nothing. Her own troubles monopolised her wholly. Moreover, Mrs. Ray was out of the reach of trouble. For the first time in her life—for even yet she was very young—Ella wished that she was dead likewise.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

WELL was it for Ella Landon, in that time of trial and trouble, that she was not alone, and, above all, that such a friend as Gracie Ray was with her. Gracie possessed all the loving sympathy that a woman looks for when in trouble, and was not chary of exhibiting it ; and, in addition, she had strong common sense, which Ella lacked. It was by her advice that her hostess denied herself to no caller that terrible day, but met them all—and they were many—with a resolute front. None of them were so outspoken as Lady Elizabeth and Lady Greene had been, but it was evident enough that they came upon the same errand. To have refused to see them would have been, if not a confession of wrong-doing, at all events a sign of weakness ; and it was above all things necessary that Ella should show no such sign. For herself—as to what these people thought or said of her—she was indifferent ; but

for her husband's sake it behoved her to be wise as a serpent, that she might seem harmless as a dove.

"You have put me in a very unpleasant position," he had said; and it was now plain enough he had spoken truly; it was therefore her duty to do all that in her lay to extricate him from it.

She had been unable to avoid a breach with Lady Elizabeth. Not for one instant would she permit a slur upon her own fair fame and her husband's honour; but with the rest she had done her best to conciliate them. Lady Greene, for one, was favourably disposed towards her, and there was Frank Greene, the Guardsman—a very popular young fellow—to stand up for her. It was a question, however, whether the latter ally would be advantageous. A woman's case is not enviable when men take up her cause against women. The best she could hope for, for the present, was to have the majority of her female friends upon her side. Terrible as it was to acknowledge it, she confessed to herself that it was a comfort to her that her husband was away, and out of hearing of the scandals of which she was conscious of being the subject. If he took it in hand to avenge her, it would now be necessary to throw half of London into the water.

Never had Gracie and she been so confidential together as they were upon that unhappy evening, yet not one word did Ella drop of any doubt of her husband's love; nor, indeed, could she now be said to doubt it. Matters had come to that sad pass with her that she could not believe that, in addition to all her troubles, the consolation of his love should be denied her. One does not understand, in youth, how misfortune can follow on misfortune as wave comes after wave—save that there is no ebb. It is only the old who know how pitiless Fate can be. That Gracie thought very seriously of Ella's misdoing in that matter of the false name she did not attempt to conceal, and it was well that this was so; for her friend's disapproval afforded Ella some sort of measure of the feeling which would be entertained against her by those who were not her friends. She had so smoothed the matter over in her own mind, that she would otherwise have been unable to regard it from their point of view at all, and would have resented even the advances of those who were inclined to be her partisans—since they still blamed her—with impatience and indignation. Her position was, in fact, extremely difficult; she could not bring herself to tell these people the whole truth. To reveal the story of her quarrel with her father would be, perhaps, after all, but to give them a new subject for scandalous talk, and even if she had felt sure of its acceptance, she would have shrunk from such a disclosure; and yet if she refused any explanation, it would seem even to her friends suspicious; while to her enemies she would be "brazening the matter out."

Under these circumstances such an adviser and consoler as she found in Gracie was invaluable indeed.

But for all that, where she looked for comfort most was from her husband. She was up and about, next morning, hours before the post came that was to bring his promised letter; and when it came—at breakfast-time as usual—her emotion was such that her fingers could scarcely open the envelope. Gracie, in her tender discretion, had hidden herself behind the *Times*, and there remained waiting for her friend to speak. So long a time, however, passed by in silence that, at last, she ventured to look up at her. Ella was staring straight before her, with a strange look of woe and wonder in her eyes, and with the letter crumpled up in her hand.

“What is the matter, dear Ella? Is there bad news?”

“There is news I do not understand,” said Ella, in hard unyielding tones. “Read it,” and she put the letter in her hand. “Read it aloud please.”

Gracie hesitated for a moment, and then obeyed her.

“WELLBOROUGH, Friday.

“MY DEAR ELLA,—I did not get here in time to write to you by yesterday’s post. I could not have accomplished it in any case, I believe; but as it happened, there was a breakdown on the road, and, indeed, what might have been a very serious accident. Our branch-line train was run into by the up-express, and a good many people were injured. As you will learn by my telegram of to-day, however, I escaped unhurt, except for a bit of shaking. The points were turned on wrong by some poor devil, who, I suppose, as usual, had been sixteen hours at his post; but I spare you the details, which you will read in extenso in the newspapers. I have not seen Montague, our late manager, yet; but, from what I hear, I have got a good deal of work cut out for me. It may not, however, necessarily be at the office; and, on the whole, it will be better for you to direct to me at the Eagle Hotel, which will be my head-quarters. I am very glad to think that Miss Gracie is with you; pray give her my kindest regards. Imagine me alone in a second-class hotel of a country town, and be thankful for your own lot. At the same time, I am truly glad that you are not with me. I shall get through my business all the quicker, though, as I have said, I expect it will be a long job.

“Your affectionate husband,

“CECIL LANDON.”

“What is your explanation of that letter?” said Ella, when her friend had finished.

“My explanation, dear Ella? What do you mean?”

Gracie had a vague idea that it was the tone of the letter with which

her friend was dissatisfied; and certainly it did not strike her as being the sort of communication she would herself have liked to have received from an absent husband. It seemed to be somewhat cold; and especially so when it hinted at the length of time he might have to be away. Still, there was nothing in it that to her mind required any explanation in the usual sense of the word. Its meaning seemed plain enough.

"Look at the date, Gracie. 'Friday. I did not get here in time to write to you by yesterday's post,' he says. He means it to be inferred that he reached Wellborough on Thursday night; yet Mr. Montague's telegram informed us he had not arrived yesterday morning."

"That is easily explained, Ella. He got in late, and went straight to the hotel; then, being doubtless very tired, he did not go down to the office till sometime after it was opened. The manager therefore concluded that he had not arrived."

"But Cecil's telegram of yesterday is dated Middleton."

"To be sure, I had forgotten that," said Gracie. "Perhaps he went to Middleton on business before he went to his office."

"Middleton is thirty miles from Wellborough, Gracie; and besides, if he had business there, why did he not stop there on his way down?"

"Perhaps he did," said Gracie. "He says he got 'a bit of a shaking,' and after leaving Pullham he might have felt the effects of the accident, and thought it better to stay at Middleton than to proceed that night. He did not tell you all that lest he should make you anxious, but telegraphed to the manager—as Mr. Montague says—and also to yourself."

"That may be so," said Ella, thoughtfully, and her set face began to soften a little. "It is just possible."

"Of course it is, and there are plenty of such possibilities. Whatever inconsistency may appear in your husband's letter, Ella, should be surely set down to his credit, so far at least as you are concerned. In my opinion it is always safest as well as best to be straightforward, but if his care for you has suggested another course, it is very ungrateful to find fault with him."

"I found no fault with him," said Ella.

"You looked very displeased, my dear, just as though you suspected something; and yet what could you suspect?"

It was upon the tip of Ella's tongue to cry out with bitterness, "Ah, you are not married;" for in fact she was consumed with doubts and jealousies of she knew not what or whom. Cecil was kind, but not considerate enough to take such precautions as Gracie had suggested. She felt sure that there was deception somewhere; and the tone of her husband's letter aggravated her suspicions. He seemed to wish to prepare her for an absence of indefinite duration. And "my dear Ella" and "your affectionate husband" were not the loving terms which he was

accustomed to use in his correspondence with her. It was cruel of him to make her feel, now that he was away from her, that things were different between them. Even if they were so he might have concealed it for her sake, for the pen, unlike the tongue, can distil honey and balm at its owner's will.

She was irritated and wretched, and ill at ease, but she already regretted that she had given the impression to Gracie of having any want of confidence in Cecil. Matters must be bad indeed when a woman complains to her female friend—and she unmarried—of the conduct of her husband ; it is—for one thing—high treason against the married state.

"I suspect nothing, dear Gracie," said she, in answer to her friend's question. "'Suspect' is not of course the word to apply to Cecil. But I felt aggrieved, I confess, that he should have had any concealments from me, even for my own good, as he may have thought it ; it is treating one like a child. However, it was doubtless foolish to be so 'put out,' and not very civil to you, my dear. Some guests would have felt 'huffy.'"

"Never you mind me, dear Ella. I am not likely to feel 'huffy,' as you call it, and you, on your part, must not be 'huffy' if I speak quite frankly upon matters on which you think proper to consult me."

"That means to say," said Ella, smiling, "that you want to give me a scolding."

"Not a scolding, Ella ; but I do think that you are inclined to be rather hard upon your husband."

"I hard upon Cecil ?"

There was a world of affection in her tone that witnessed for her beyond any protestations. "Does love then make one hard ?"

"It sometimes makes one exacting. It seems to me that you have disturbed yourself quite unnecessarily for example about this letter from your husband. When he comes home, he will probably make everything that now appears to you mysterious quite clear in half-a-dozen words."

"You are right, my dear," said Ella, rising and embracing her friend. "I was going to worry him for an explanation, but now he shall be let off, and only begged to come home as quick as he can. What a model wife you will make, Gracie, when Mr. ——Mr. Right has had the luck to win you."

Certainly Gracie was a great comfort to her friend in those first days of doubt.

CHAPTER XXX.

CECIL'S RETURN.

THERE is a pretty little story of an Irish gentleman who was asked to dine and sleep at a friend's house, and who remained there five and forty years ; and to this in after times, in intervals of sunshine, Gracie Ray would playfully refer when speaking of her residence with Ella. She had been invited, it is true, for a more indefinite period than her Hibernian prototype, nor did she stay quite so long ; but the parallel held good in some respects, and especially in the all important one that she didn't tire out her welcome.

Days and weeks rolled on, and still Cecil Landon did not return to his wife and home. The Wellborough manager had left soon after his arrival, and he was " up to his elbows," he wrote, in the dyeing vats. Nor did he express any objections to the calling that had formerly been so hateful to him, and against which he had been so lavish of objur-gation. His letters were affectionately, if not lovingly, worded ; but to Ella's sensitive ear—for she would often read them aloud to herself, before she sought her pillow—even the affection seemed forced and strained. There was never the least allusion to what she felt to be the cause of their altered style. She would almost have preferred that he should have reproached her, that she might have opened her heart to him, no matter whether in self-defence, or in self-accusation ; but as it was, he gave her no opportunity of appealing to him. To all her entreaties for his return, he had replied that she might surely take it for granted that he would come home as soon as circumstances permitted ; nay, once he had even had the cruelty to hint that it did not become her to be impatient, since the business which detained him was one in which, but for her, he would never have been engaged at all. To this she answered nothing, but it prevented her from urging his return, which she sometimes thought to herself, with bitter sadness, was the very effect he desired to produce.

This little " rift within the lute," that had robbed her home life of its music, was, she felt, widening day by day, and she had no power to remedy it. Only next to seeing the natural provision of our dear ones diminishing day by day, and the pitiful looking forward to the inevitable hour when they shall be in want, with none to help them, is the consciousness of the loosening of the bonds of love. To the truly loving heart, indeed, the pangs of starvation may in such a case be said to have already begun. The duration of the process may, however, be infinitely long. Sometimes a reaction would occur. A phrase, or even a word, in her husband's letter would kindle the fading embers of hope. She would

endeavour to persuade herself that there was after all not much amiss ; a few weeks, or even a few months, might be absolutely necessary for the rearrangement of an important business ; when Cecil once undertook an affair, it was his wont to do it thoroughly ; no doubt her presence at Wellborough would tend to retard rather than hasten matters ; and when at last her husband did come home, he would—it was surely reasonable to conclude—make up for his lengthened absence by an unwonted devotion.

At other times she would feel very bitter and resentful, and as the long weeks dragged on this became unhappily her more usual frame of mind. Like the genius shut up in the bottle, in the Arabian Tale, she had been at first inclined to conciliation if Cecil would only return, and release her from her solitary imprisonment ; but now she felt that even in that case she would not have much cause for self-congratulation, and that he had earned small welcome at her hands. This upas tree of change and coldness nourished by continuous droppings of neglect, is, however, in kindly soil but of slow growth. It is not too much to say that at no time would it have been impossible for Cecil to have brought the love-light once again into those tear-worn eyes, by a few lines of genuine tenderness, in which she would have recognised him as of old. But those lines were never written, and on the other hand, it was become but too plain to her that no matter how tenderly she wrote, the words never reached his heart. Indeed it seemed as though when she endeavoured thus to move him, that he purposely ignored the attempt. To an ordinary reader of her husband's letters, this idea might have appeared fanciful, but the eye of love is not easily deceived, unless it desires to be so, and poor Ella, alas ! had passed the stage of self-deception, and almost reached that point wherein it would fain know the worst.

Six weeks had now elapsed since her husband had gone down to Wellborough, and still his letters, which came regularly enough—indeed they were so like one another, and were dispatched at such equal intervals, that she had bitterly written to him that he treated her like a business correspondent—contained no word of his return. He spoke as before of the pressing nature of affairs at the west-county office, but dropped no hint of their becoming less urgent.

In this strait, and contrary to Gracie's advice, Ella resolved upon appealing to Mr. Landon, senior. Gracie still took the more hopeful side of the matter, though her confidence in Cecil was greatly shaken, and she thought his conduct both inconsiderate and unkind. She said, " If I were in your place, dear Ella, nothing should induce me to call in a third party to settle any disagreement between myself and my husband—though if it must be done, I allow that his own father is the fittest person to select. What I should do, if I felt the unhappy distrust which it is

evident you entertain—and in which you must allow me to say I still do not think you are justified—is to go down to Wellborough yourself. Letter writing is well enough, and indeed the best plan possible in case of all ordinary misunderstandings, but between husband and wife, pen and paper are very unsatisfactory substitutes for words, and tone, and looks. Go down to him Ella with your ‘heart upon your sleeve.’”

“For him to peck at,” broke in Ella passionately. “No, Gracie, he shall not do that. If it is not worth his while to come to me, neither will I stir a step towards him. Should the presence of a wife be requisite to remind her husband of her existence? No, it would be a humiliation both to him and me,” she added vaguely.

The fact was, she was not only too proud to take such a course, but afraid to venture upon the experiment, lest it should reveal some wrongdoing upon Cecil’s part. Like some women who have loving natures, Ella was inclined to be jealous upon very slight grounds, and the grounds in this instance could hardly be called slight. There must certainly be some attraction to keep Cecil so long in a country town, which he had himself described as dull and uninteresting, and when the occupation with which he was supposed to be engaged was notoriously unsuited to his taste. Moreover—and in this poor Ella felt lay the chief danger—Cecil had parted from her in no affectionate mood, and with a root of bitterness against her in his heart. She feared therefore to go to Wellborough, though at the same time she yearned to win her husband back to her by any means.

The latter fact Gracie well understood, but she had no suspicion of the former. Ella had opened her heart to her friend by this time as to the relations between herself and Cecil, but not all her heart; that secret chamber of it was still closed, which is—and should be—the last to be opened to human eyes; the one which held the suspicion of her husband’s fidelity. And Gracie, who had not had the advantage of a first-class education, or of mixing in fashionable society, did not even suspect its existence. Her advice, therefore, was—in a measure—given in the dark, and occasionally met by arguments which seemed weak to her, because the root of them was hidden from her view. If her friend shrank from going to Wellborough, she thought it was through an unfounded fear of her husband’s anger.

“I am sure he will forgive you, darling,” she said, “because he will understand that it was your love for him that caused you to take such a step.”

“I do not need his forgiveness, it is he that needs mine,” replied Ella, haughtily. “As to my love he is well assured of it, and yet it moves him not at all.”

“I would not speak to his father, dear,” said Gracie, ignoring this

bitter speech ; “ first, for the reason I have mentioned about third parties ; and, secondly, because in the present case you are placed at a disadvantage. Remember it was contrary to your father-in-law’s wishes, or at all events his advice, that your marriage took place. In his ignorance of your feelings, and also, generally, of the matter in hand—for Mr. Landon is not, I should say, a person of much sentiment—he will perhaps reply : ‘ This is only what I expected, and what must be looked for in all such boy-and-girl marriages. You have made your own bed and must lie on it.’ If I was you, Ella, I would not give him the opportunity of saying anything disagreeable of that kind.”

It must be confessed that Gracie had not a very favourable opinion of Mr. Landon, senior ; she had not quite forgiven his behaviour towards her upon that memorable occasion in Weathermill Street. Ella understood this, but, nevertheless, she felt the strength of her friend’s argument. It would be a humiliation to her only second to that which she had in her mind, to seem to confess that her marriage had been a failure to the very man who had, in a manner, foretold it.

“ I tell you what, Gracie,” said she suddenly, “ it is you who shall write to Cecil.”

“ I ? I write to your husband to complain of his conduct to his own wife ! I am sure you cannot be serious, Ella.”

“ I am serious enough, heaven knows, Gracie. I don’t wish you to complain of him, however ; I want you to write as if of your own head, and not at any suggestion at all, to tell him what is the simple truth ; that his continued absence—and especially the indefinite extent of it—is making me very wretched. It will be an unpleasant thing to do, dear, but how much more unpleasant must it be for me—his wife—to ask it of you ? ”

And for the first time poor Ella burst into a flood of tears.

Gracie was shocked and frightened, as well as deeply pained ; for this catastrophe was also a revelation. There are some tears, those from “ the depths of a divine despair,” in which, the poet tells us, there is mystery ; but there are others which disclose more than words can tell. Those that flowed from Ella’s eyes were of the latter kind, and revealed to her friend the full extremity of her woe.

“ I will do anything you please,” said Gracie tenderly.

“ Then write to him, dear,” sobbed Ella ; “ I don’t wish to see the letter ; tell him what you please, only let it be something that will bring him back to me.”

No confession of her own incompetency to effect that object could have been more ample and exhaustive, no cup more bitter—it seemed to her—could ever be presented to her lips, than that she drained as she spoke those words.

"I will write to-day, darling," was all that Gracie replied to them, and she did write ; though never had she penned a letter more uncongenial to her mind, or which cost her such pains to compass. She scarcely knew how to address the husband of her friend, and much less what to say. At last she composed the following :

" Private and Confidential.

" DEAR MR. LANDON,—I take the liberty of addressing you upon a subject, that certainly does not lie within my province, and for venturing upon which you may very reasonably blame me ; nevertheless, since I do it out of affection for your wife, I have good hope of your forgiveness. Ever since I have been with her, but more especially during these last weeks, she has been very unhappy. I could not help observing it, and I cannot now refrain from informing you of the fact. It is mainly owing, there is no doubt, to your long absence, and to the indefinite terms in which you speak of your return. Of course, you are the best judge of your own affairs, and of the claims that business may have upon you, but if they be not very urgent, I think they should be postponed—or settled as soon as possible—for your wife's sake. I am very glad to be with her ; but I feel that I am, in her eyes, a wretched substitute indeed for yourself.

" Again apologising to you for what I fear you will think an unjustifiable interference, I am yours, very truly,

" GRACIE RAY."

Gracie was by no means satisfied with this piece of composition, but it was to her mind the best out of many efforts, and in order that no servants' gossip might be aroused by the circumstance of her writing to their master, she posted it with her own hand.

"The invention of letters," as the historians term it, is upon the whole no doubt beneficial to the human race ; but it has brought with it many evils. In old times, for example, that hateful form of selfishness—the not answering one's correspondent—could not have been exhibited. It is quite an extraordinary and morbid growth ; for no man would dare to be so brutal as not to answer if one spoke to him ; and yet when the question is really important enough to be put in black and white, he does not reply. And again, even worse—in its effect at least—than the not writing a letter which we ought to write, is the writing a letter which we ought not to write. What agonies have men and women—especially women—endured after letting a letter slip through their fingers into the post-office, which ought to have been kept outside it and torn up ! How often, if they had waited but twenty-four hours longer, would they have " thought better of it," or would the necessity—as they foolishly imagined it to be—for their sending it, have been shown not to exist ? A spoken word may be recalled, but the

manet of the *litera scripta* is irrevocable. Sometimes a telegram is sent after the fatal missive: "Tear up my communication of this day, I beseech you, without reading it." But human nature is weak, and one can never be sure that our wish has been complied with. In the case of Gracie's note one would have thought there could have been no harm done, yet directly she had posted it, she was sorry that it had gone, not on her own account, of course, but on Ella's. And Ella, though she declined to be acquainted with its contents, was sorry also. If her friend had written, "I send this without your wife's knowledge," she would have been better satisfied, but Gracie's sense of right had not permitted her—she knew—to make that statement, and now Cecil would be sure to lay it to her own instigation. These misgivings became bitter regrets, when a note arrived from Cecil the next morning, to announce his return on that very day.

"DEAR ELLA,—You will see me to-morrow before dinner time. In great haste. Yours affectionately,

"CECIL LANDON."

His words were brief indeed, and by no means so loving as they might have been; but he was coming home. Both the women felt that a great mistake had been made.

"Will he have got my letter before he leaves Wellborough?" asked Gracie anxiously.

"I am afraid so, dear; it is very unfortunate; though, after all, it will only tell him the truth."

"But the truth is sometimes so unpalatable. Don't you think, Ella, it will be better that I should be away somewhere—out of the house, I mean—when your husband arrives. I can scarcely go back home, without notice, I fear; else I do think that would be the best plan."

"It is not to be thought of, Gracie. It is a great comfort to me, that you are here."

It was indeed. To say truth, it was on the tip of her tongue to ask Gracie to be with her in the drawing-room when her husband arrived. She was a prey to cruel presentiments. Her only ground for solace was that he was coming of his own free will, or at least at her request, and not in consequence of her friend's intercession. By the help of Bradshaw they found out the time of his arrival, and Gracie set out for a walk as the hour drew nigh. Then Ella waited by herself in the drawing-room, consumed with anxiety, apprehension, dissatisfaction—as she had never thought to have waited for her Cecil. From behind the window curtain she saw his hansom drive up to the door, and noticed the glance he cast up at the upper floor. To her fevered fancy it was not a glance of loving expectation. It was the look rather of a truant schoolboy, uncertain or apprehensive of the character of his reception. Should she run

down and reassure him with a loving welcome, as she had been wont to do on similar occasions? No; there would be the servant in the hall, and servants' eyes are keen to mark the least thing amiss between their master and mistress. She would wait where she was. He was—or seemed to her to be—a long time below, giving orders or asking questions, which was not his wont, and then his step came up the stairs, not three at a time, nor even two, as she had known it, but with a slow deliberate foot-fall, such as might have belonged to his father.

“ Well, Ella, how are you? How is Gracie? ”

She had run towards him as he entered, and he had kissed her cheek; but his arms had not encircled her. He had a book and some newspapers in his hand, which might seem his excuse for that omission, but she felt at once that this cold greeting was designed.

“ You have been absent from me a long time, Cecil,” said she piteously, “ and do not seem to be very glad to see me even now.”

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD HOSPICE.

WE had passed a glorious day among the towering heights of the upper Alps. At nightfall we reached Bourg St. Pierre, the last village on the Swiss side of the hospice of the Great St. Bernard, and entered the defile of Marengo, so-called because the army of Napoleon passed that way on its march to the conquest of Italy. Imagine yourself in a narrow gorge or ravine. On either side there is a high steep wall of rock. Across your path arise the ceaseless mountain torrents. A river roars and foams and dashes onward at your side. Over your head is a starlight sky; in your ears are the fearful whispers of the pines. Sometimes you catch glimpses of your companions, weird shadows flitting before or behind you in the darkness. Sometimes you laugh and talk and are gay with them. But oftener you linger behind, and, leaning on your mountain-staff, yield your thoughts up to the mighty shadow which lowers over the place—the shadow of Napoleon.

Almost seventy-seven years! And yet it was as real to me that night as the day it happened. It was weird, awful, ghostly, that midnight walk in Napoleon's footsteps. I thought then that Napoleon's passage across the St. Bernard could only be worthily expressed by music. The hope and vigour of the start; the glad presentiment of victory; the one great master-strain, pervading, governing and showing through all the lesser tones; the weariness by the wayside; the lingering behind

to die in the snow; the tramp of horses, the beat of drums; the last desperate, struggling march onward, and the great glad cry when the glory of Italy, the promised land of victory, dawns upon their weary gaze,—can only be perfectly embodied in sound. With this I would weave some mystical strains of landscape—the starlight night, whispering pines, the roaring torrent, the moaning wind. And through all the splendid sweep of the march there should be a faint wailing undertone of human misery.

At midnight we passed two small stone houses, standing back from the path. I knew afterward that one of them was the old Morgue, and that its floor was strewn with human bones which had lain there neglected for years.

An hour later a great shapeless mass loomed up before us in the darkness, and we greeted it as the hospice. As we approached it a double flight of white steps gleamed out a welcome. We entered a dark hall and rang the great bell of the convent. The first thing that greeted our astonished eyes was a woman-servant with a candle. A woman-servant in a monastery and that monastery the St. Bernard! Alas for the illusions of youth! She directed us up stairs into the vestibule. Here were a black marble tablet to Napoleon, a staircase and a door, over which, instead of the quaint, delightful word "Refectory" that we had respected and hoped for, was written "Salle à Manger."

"Why, it is exactly like a hotel!" was the universal remark, with a shade of disappointment in the tone.

In a few moments a gentleman came down the stairs to receive us. For an instant we doubted. Then we felt that it must be a monk of St. Bernard, but it was not the monk whose image we fondly cherished from our earliest years. Our monk the old and gray-bearded, bare-footed, dressed in coarse brown, wore a rosary and a rope, and was not over-scrupulous on the score of cleanliness. But this monk was simply a gentleman. He was clad in a long black gown, belted at the waist, and a little square cap with a tuft on the top. A very narrow white ribbon was fastened on his breast, passed across his shoulders, and was gathered into the belt behind. He was young, handsome, and closely shaven.

In spite of our disappointment we could not resist the courtesy with which the young monk welcomed us. He had been receiving people all night, and continued unto a late hour in the morning, we afterwards learned, but his smile was as cordial as though we had been his only guests for months.

"We are very full to-night," he said; "I am so sorry. There is one room vacant for the ladies, but you gentlemen will be forced to sleep on the floor of the dining-room. I will send you in some mattresses

and pillows. But you must be hungry if you came all the way from Martigny to-day."

He showed us into the dining-room, requested us to be seated, and gave some orders for our refreshment to a fat boy, who laboured under the extremely romantic name of Camille. Then he sat down, inquired in his soft, well-tuned voice the particulars of our journey, and commented upon the large number of young ladies our party included, asking if we were a boarding-school.

Camille presently announced that our supper was prepared. Some of us sat down and ate a little bread and cheese or drank a little wine, but the greater number had no appetite and stood in need only of sleep. The young father asked if they were ready, took a candle from the mantelpiece, and escorted us up stairs through a broad hall to the door of our room. He gave us the candle, bade us all "good night," and left us to our own reflections.

We found ourselves in a long narrow apartment which contained eight beds, four in a row. They were four-posters, curtained with chintz, and looked like embryo mountains by reason of the immense pink calico feather-beds with which they were covered, and under which we were expected to stow ourselves away. At the farther end of the room there was a window, and near it stood a table with eight bowls and pitchers, eight towels, eight glasses, two soap-dishes and a mirror.

The next morning we rose with the sun, looked out of our window, saw snow lying just below it, shivered and went down stairs in search of the dogs. At the front door we found a man in a white jacket, whom I immediately inferred to be the cook. I asked him where the dogs were kept.

"Over there," he answered, pointing to a large building on the other side of the road. "But they are not out yet; at seven o'clock the door will be unbarred. From May to October they sleep in there at night; in the winter they are let loose."

Finding it was too early to see the dogs, we went down the steps and turned our faces toward Italy. Great was my delight to discover on the other side of the hospice a most enchanting little lake, embosomed in green turf and reflecting the flower-starred and snow-covered slopes which made up the landscape of the St. Bernard. The snow never melts entirely up there. Patches of it were gleaming in the sunrise all about the buildings. Think of stepping out of your front door on to a snow-bank in the month of July!

There is no view from the hospice. It lies in a hollow formed by the heights that press about it and shut it in. On the Swiss side a great snow-capped mountain soars up in the distance, and on the Italian

side sharp, jagged, bare needles shade purple and pink, orange and brown, in the varying lights. We took the path along the shore of the lake, and in a few moments were in Italy! Half of the dainty little gem of water belongs to Italy, half to Switzerland. At the other end of the lake valley after valley opens out, reaching down at last to Aosta and the pleasant Italian plains.

We promised ourselves a walk down that way after breakfast, and bent our steps hospiceward again. But what exquisite purple pansies were these raised up in the path along the lake! They nodded and smiled at us as we passed, and I am sure there was a tiny laugh among them when we had gone by. I could not bear to gather them, they were so beautiful. I left them to laugh and smile on in the fresh mountain-breeze. And the forget-me-nots! Larger and bluer and clustered more heavily than below in the plains. Just the colour of the sky they were, as though a bit of it had one day fallen and taken root in the mountains. All the hill-slopes were starred with these beautiful blossoms—these and no others. I wondered then if it meant something that just those two lovely things should grow there on the edge of the endless snows.

Just then I heard a succession of deep-mouthed bays in the direction of the hospice, and caught a glimpse of tawny coats flashing in the morning sun. I hurried toward them, and there on the open space in front of the house I saw the pious dogs of St. Bernard—eight magnificent creatures, dancing and galloping, playing and jumping, and giving vent to their joy in short, quick barks, they were so glad to be let out once more into the free Alpine air. Such wagging of tails! Such confusion of brown and white and black and yellow and tawny backs!

A great many erroneous impressions are abroad concerning the St. Bernard breed of dogs. Before I made their acquaintance face to face I had a vague idea that they were long-haired, long-nosed, and in colour a kind of grizzled iron-gray. The real St. Bernard dog is, and has always been, short-haired. His head is magnificent—large, square, compact, massive, with drooping ears, the upper lip very long and hanging low, the eyes dark, deep-set and expressive. His coat is mottled, tawny, black and white. He is the most perfect combination of physical strength and power with docility, gentleness, affection and intelligence. These dogs are conscious of what their mission is. They know they were born to save lives: you can read it in their faces.

A few hours later, when we were talking with our handsome young host of the evening before, I said to him, "My father, is it true that there are only two dogs left of the real St. Bernard Breed, and that the others are only hunting hounds from Württemberg? Baedeker's guide-book says so."

“Baedeker is mistaken,” he answered mildly. “Our dogs are at this moment what they have been for hundreds of years. And if you are going down the Aosta path to-day, you can stop at St. Oyen where the young dogs are kept, and you will see that they are exactly like those we have here.”

We parted from the dogs for the time being, and went up the steps into the hospice. As you enter the building you are struck by the massive Romanesque arches which support the walls and testify to their antiquity for this is the original edifice which Saint Bernard's holy thought called up from the barrenness so many hundred years ago. The structure is long, high and narrow, almost ungainly, squarely built, with a sloping roof. A short corridor from the front door to the back is divided half-way by a long passage, which leads on the right to the kitchen offices and the rooms where the poorer guests are lodged. On the left it is lined with more dormitories, and at the extreme end is the entrance to the chapel. We heard music coming from this side, and we went in.

I sat there some moments before I could shape a distinct impression. Then, like the keynote of my thoughts, came into my mind Milton's line, “And bring all heaven before mine eyes.” There was something not of earth in the full, beautiful tones of the organ and the rich, solemn voices of the monks. Remember, we were among the highest Alps, and the mystics of the ancient time always sought the mountain-tops. From Moses to Saint Francis of Assisi, the dreamers of dreams and the beholders of visions have always made their home on the heights.

Sitting there among the everlasting snows, with the grand old Latin chant ringing through my soul, I knew for one moment what religious mysticism meant. The whole marvelous power of asceticism stood revealed to me. I felt that the exaltation which for one moment took possession of me was what had glorified the lives of martyrs and saints, persecuted or inspired, since Christianity began. It was as though the chasm of years which separated me from Saint Bernard and the spirit of self-abnegation he represented were bridged over, and I were walking by his side through the snow, consoling the sick and comforting the dying.

It was when the cloister-life was in its best and most ideal phase that he lived, the blessed saint ! when it was a refuge for the poor, the sick, the troubled, the desolate, the pursued, the weary in mind or body—the one green spot in a desert of war and rapine, murder and bloodshed, violence and hatred between prince and people. Such did he make his mountain-sanctuary, such did he leave it, and such has it been from then until now. Thank God for this one precious monument of what was best, purest and holiest in mediæval religion ! Like the blue forget-me-

not growing on the slopes about, it is a bit of sky, that has taken hold of earth in the mountains to draw it nearer to heaven, and has spread its grace and beauty over thousands of suffering human souls and bodies.

Directly in front of me, on the right of the chancel, was a picture of Saint Bernard, dressed in his priestly vestments, pointing the way he shall take to the dog which stands by his side. The dog carries a basket in his mouth, and looks up most lovingly into the saint's face. A beautiful face it is—youthful, dark-eyed, reverent, tender, thoughtful—the face of one who, having recognised the sum of human misery, was manfully striving to lessen it. It is the face of a poet, dreamer, student and lover of humanity, and the painter has cast a glorifying white light, seemingly reflected from the snow which lies about him, over his face and garments. A beautiful thought, that his halo as a saint should shine up from the snows midst which he wrought out his canonization.

Just under the picture the young monk who had received us the night before was saying mass at a side-altar. His vestments were the same as those of the figure above, and there was also a certain resemblance in the faces, for they were nearly the same in age, and both wore that mild, benign expression common to all whose lives are given up to others. Near the organ-loft, in the back of the church, is the tomb of Desaix, who, dying on the battle-field of Marengo, made his friends promise to bring him back to the hospice and there bury him.

Mass being over, we went up stairs to the dining-room, and saw the young monk who had prefigured Saint Bernard to me so perfectly breakfasting with a party of English, and talking with them upon different subjects connected with the hospice, smiling now and then so cheerfully that I wondered how any one could associate him with the idea of an ascetic life. In fact, by this time I had discovered that this was not at all the convent of romance—of scourging and penance, of long fasting and superhuman strain of mind and body. It is simply a kind of Utopian community, as though a number of young men (for none of these pious monks have reached the prime of life) of lofty aspirations and longings for higher, purer devotion of self than can be found in the plains below, with love for study and reflection, with adoration of Nature in her wildest, grandest phases, with noble underlying purpose to make their lives a sacrifice to their kind, were to form themselves into an association, take upon themselves vows, and make their home up here in the mountains the better to further their unselfish ends. It is only a kind of "Brook-Farm" ideal realized, or one of those primitive republics which Southey and Coleridge dreamed of founding in America, where poets and philosophers should be rulers, and noble deeds and beautiful thoughts the occupation of all.

From a more worldly point of view it was like visiting one's friends in a luxurious country-house. We were seated at a nicely-set table, and had plates of dry toast before us, flanked by cakes of thick honey with whole acres of Alpine roses embodied in it. Then Camille poured out coffee for us, and we began our breakfast. The monks do not eat in this room, but in a real refectory situated somewhere in the interior of the building. Only the few who are appointed to do the honours of the hospice sit at the table with their guests. This room is reserved for the better class of travellers: the poor are served in a room down stairs.

Just seat yourself with me at the table, and you will see what a charming apartment it is, the "Salle à Manger" of the hospice of St. Bernard. The table extends across two sides of the room. On the mantelpiece are stands of artificial flowers, which are reflected in the mirror behind. In the corner is a small upright piano, and near it a stand holding a quantity of music—masses, chants, English ballads, mazurkas and opera scores, among them *L'Africaine* and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Near the door is a table bearing the visitors' record, our own hats, and other domestic articles. On the other side of the door is a sideboard, Camille's province, and near the fireplace is a writing-desk.

But the pictures form the chief beauty of the room. Over the door there is a fine copy of Carlo Dolce's exquisite Magdalen in the Uffizzi Gallery in Florence. It bears the inscription, as do others of the pictures, "Presented to the fathers of the St. Bernard as a testimony of gratitude and affection." On either side of the door are engravings of G r me's "Golgotha" and "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," and on either side of the fireplace are "Christ Healing the Sick" and "Christ Blessing Little Children." Behind us is a photograph of "Little Samuel in Prayer" and a companion to it. On the pannels between the three windows are a little gem of a water-colour—a copy of some old Tuscan tabernacle of saints and angels—and an engraving from Ary Scheffer's beautiful picture of St. Augustine and his mother. Do you notice anything conventual or restrained about the little parlour? True, it is furnished with a view to the comfort of guests from the outer world, but in winter I fancy it is made the abiding-place of the good fathers themselves.

The hospice of St. Bernard is the centre of good works for miles around. The poor wretches who live in the sterile wilds about depend upon it largely for succour in time of sickness and trouble. As we stood in the corridor that morning we saw such miserable humans, some with goitres, some cr tins, and all barefooted and tattered. They had received their night's lodging and their breakfast, and now each had some favour to ask of the young monk who stood there. It was the one who typified Saint Bernard to me, and never have I known an ideal more

perfectly realized than when I saw him moving, a gracious spirit of consolation, among that mass of misery-stricken humanity, promising to write a letter for one, listening with a face of compassion to the bodily ailments of another, comforting a third who was lamenting his miserable lot, having a kind and soothing word for every one, and followed wherever he went, by their blessings. The spirit which animated Saint Bernard's life of self-devotion had fallen upon this young ascetic, I was sure. He had been courteous to us and to his other guests of the better class, but these poor, tattered, lonesome souls he treated with an exquisite grace and politeness and consideration which sprang from a large-hearted charity, a great and tender pity for their sufferings, and a supreme longing to give them help.

They do not live for themselves, the monks of St. Bernard. They put all thought of self aside when they climb to the snow-bound hospice, for they know they are going to certain death. No human being can live a dozen years together in the rigorous climate of this almost the highest winter habitation in Europe. There is a hospital in Martigny where the monks go every few years to recover the health they have lost among the snows of the St. Bernard, but even then they die before their hair is gray. Could there be any higher type of that self-abnegation after which Christianity bids us strive than the monk of St. Bernard waiting for death among the snows, with smiles of polished courtesy and graceful charity upon his lips?

We were on the point of setting out for Italy when somebody exclaimed, "There! We have not yet seen the Morgue! We must see that before we go. It may be dark when we come back."

A small, rude stone house, with a square aperture in the wall through which the stranger gazes and feeds his love of the horrible—a small open space outside, where skulls and ribs and hands and feet have been bleaching in ghastly confusion for years—that is the famous Morgue where are preserved until they fall to dust the corpses which are found among the snows of the St. Bernard. The monks cannot bury them because the ground is so hard. But oh, it was a horrible sight, what we saw through that little opening in the wall! There is no glass between: you are brought face to face with Death. There are a dozen skeletons propped against the wall in various positions—some standing erect, as they met their fate; some sitting on the ground, with their heads drooping on their breasts, as they fell asleep in the snow; some with their hands clutched in agony; some in attitudes of prayer, and all wrapped in fast-decaying winding-sheets. In one corner there is a mother standing over her daughter to shield her from the grinning Death that threatened them. Her empty eye-sockets glare out at you now as the eyes did at the spectre which met her on the mountain-path. They

make you shudder as you look. You feel that Death clutched her in that awful instant of dark, agonized despair, of deep, fatal horror. The daughter's fleshless frame crouches at her feet and clings to her for safety. Her face is turned away as though she had hidden it in the mother's dress to shut out the dreadful figure that was creeping toward them.

There is a soldier leaning against the wall of the Morgue as he leaned that fatal night upon his gun to take breath and pray for help. His head rests on his hands, and his hands are folded over the muzzle of his gun, but the gun is not there now: it has fallen to dust. Beneath the folds of his winding-sheet his tattered gaiters are still visible. Poor pitiful skeleton! You were once a young Italian soldier, setting out across the mountains to see your sweetheart or your parents, with a song on your lips to shorten the way, and bright thoughts in your gallant young breast. The snow fell: you wandered from the path, grew weary, leaned on your gun to rest, the song died on your lips, the fatal mountain-sleep crept over you: your sweetheart waited and waited, but you never came.

"Is it long since any one has been found dead on the mountain?" we asked the monk who had opened the window for us.

"Three years. This was the last," he replied, pointing to a blackened skeleton which lay at full length under the window. Its shroud was whiter than the others. "He was a young man of good family. We went to his friends to see if they wished his body, but they said 'No, it was too much trouble to bring it down the mountain; they lived some distance off; better it should stay where it was.' That winter three years ago was very severe: there were several people found dead."

"How is it they lose themselves? Is not the path well defined?"

"Sometimes a heavy fall of snow will cover it altogether, but oftener it is because they stop to rest and fall asleep, and to sleep in the snow is certain death. We often find corpses sitting or lying at the foot of rocks where they have sought shelter. In winter we mark the path with a cord for several hundred yards on either side of the hospice."

"But now that the Mont Cenis railway is open, why do people ever come this way?"

"The poor find it cheaper. A great many of those who pass are workmen who come from Piedmont to Switzerland to find employment."

The monk closed the shutter and locked it. We who were bound for the Aosta side started. When we returned late in the afternoon we asked the others how they had spent the day.

"Oh, we've been taking short walks and playing with the dogs."

“Did you dine with the monks at noon?”

“In the room where we breakfasted. And oh, we had such a dear little monk to entertain us! He talked to us all the time. And so young!—not more than twenty.”

I asked what had become of the dogs, and somebody said they were in the kitchen. Accordingly, three or four of us intruded ourselves upon the cook's province. It was a small room, and in and about it were lying all the dogs. They were cold, poor things!

“Ah,” said one of the cook's helps, “they get frightful rheumatisms up here, poor beasts! just like Christians. It shortens their lives.”

“What are their names?” I asked.

“This one with a black patch over his eye is Pluto, mademoiselle. This one is Jupiter, this one Castor, and that one in the corner Pollux.”

“Is it possible to buy a St. Bernard dog?”

“Yes, mademoiselle. One two months old can be bought for three hundred francs. The fathers never sell the old dogs.”

When we went up stairs to the dining-room we found only one or two secular strangers, two visitor priests reading their breviaries, and two St. Bernard monks presiding over the social circle.

“There's the little monk who dined with us,” said one of the girls. “He's such a dear!—so charming! He promised to show us the library before dinner. Why doesn't somebody remind him?”

He must have thought of it just then, for he came forward and offered to show us the way. We followed him up the stairs into a room lined with bookcases. There were works on botany, chemistry, medicine, physics and ethics, besides travels, histories and essays, in a dozen different languages, ancient and modern. In one corner of the lowest shelf there was a score of English novels, kept for the benefit of travellers. In the centre of the room was a case of antique bronzes which had been found in the neighbourhood. The walls of the little cabinet adjoining were covered with paintings and engravings. Nearly all these pictures have a history: many of them were given by distinguished people.

“You have a splendid library here, my father” (the title seemed supremely ridiculous applied to him) I said to the “dear little monk.” “It must be a charming life—so many books, magnificent dogs, and doing good all the time. I should wish for nothing better. One can never know what *ennui* is.”

“Yes, in winter we study a great deal. Each has his special branch of learning to pursue. But sometimes we are very lonely when the snow rises up above the dining-room windows and we cannot go out for days together. Then there are the avalanches. The building opposite was erected to keep them off, but nevertheless sometimes they slip down at the sides, and we are almost covered.” He was interrupted by the great

bell of the convent, which rang just then for dinner, and we went back to the dining-room to take our places. You may imagine my delight when I found that the little monk was to sit next to me. Such a modest little monk he was! When he was not talking he kept his eyes rigidly fixed upon his plate, and upon the slightest provocation blushed as prettily as any girl of us all. I stole a look at him when he was eating his soup, and seeing how very young and timid he was, it wickedly occurred to me that it would be much better for him to take an alpenstock in hand and come along with our party of gay young people than to stay in that solemn home among the avalanches. I wondered what his mother had said to his taking the vows, and speculated as to whether he thought he had found his vocation in becoming a monk.

Of course you will be interested to know what we had for dinner up among the eternal snows. Soup first: then bones stewed with gravy; roast veal with boiled potatoes; boiled rice with prunes for dessert; bread and wine. It would be a very good dinner anywhere, and if you consider that everything, even the wood for fuel, is brought up from Martigny or Aosta, you will agree with me that it becomes a sumptuous repast by comparison.

"Does nothing at all grow up here?" I asked the little monk.

"Nothing. We tried to raise a little lettuce this year on the hill-slope opposite, but it is blighted already, and it gave us a great deal of trouble. Next year we shall do better. We mean to take the old Morgue for a hot-house and grow flowers. They are sure to succeed there."

He said this with so much enthusiasm that I was sure it was his pet project. With Alpine heartsease and forget-me nots at his very door this poor little monk was sighing for lowland blossoms. And a curious hot-house it will be! Flowers springing from dead men's bones in that little stone cabin of six feet square.

"We suffer a great deal from the cold in winter," he went on. "Some of us are always ill. Consumption and rheumatism are our besetting evils. Then in winter we are not allowed to walk out separately; we must go altogether, for fear of being lost. We usually walk out on Saturdays—an hour from the hospice and back again."

"Please tell me what has become of the little barrels the dogs always wear at their throats in pictures. I asked the men down stairs to show them to me, and they did not seem to know anything about them."

The little monk smiled. Probably everybody he talks with asks the same question: "We did away with that custom long ago. We found it did not answer. When the dogs were sent out alone with barrels of wine at their throats, those people passing who did not stand in need of it would call the dogs and drink it all themselves, leaving none for the faint and weary who might follow. You noticed that small stone house

near the old Morgue? In winter we send a servant there every day with bread and wine. The dogs go with him, and if there be any one buried under the snow they are sure to find him."

When we had finished our dinner we strolled forth, and clambered up the slopes before and behind the hospice. We gathered a few pale pansies for "thoughts" when we should be far away from this Alpine tabernacle, and a cluster of rare forget-me-nots to make it ever present to our fancy. I am sure it was ordained that those two significant flowers should grow upon the St. Bernard to consecrate its memory to the traveller who should carry them away with him.

It was dark now, and we went home. We saw the poor little lettuce-patch of which the monk had spoken, sending up its few, puny, pale-green leaves through the gathering dusk. I felt sorry for it, I hardly knew why, it seemed so lonely and out of place.

We found a bright fire of logs in the dining-room, and a circle formed about it of our people and a few strangers. Presently the little monk came forward, opened the piano and invited such of us as were disposed to play or sing. A gentleman seated himself and offered to accompany all the young ladies.

"Only the piano's so bad," quoth he. "The Prince of Wales gave it to them, so it must have been good in its day, but it's in a dreadful state now."

"Perhaps we can dance to it, if we can't sing," said another stranger. "Do you think the monks would allow dancing? Let's ask them."

He was sternly informed that none of our party were capable of showing such disrespect to the pious brotherhood. Dancing! The Dance of Death, as Holbein drew it, is the only one that would not jar upon the temper of that Alpine sanctuary.

We were up before sunrise the next morning, breakfasted, went to chapel, put into the poor-box what paid for our two nights' lodgings, subsidized Camille, said good-bye to our hosts, had one last romp with the pious dogs of St. Bernard, and started down the mountain. From the distance I looked back at the beautiful great creatures with tears in my eyes. It was all over now. I had dreamed a dream all my life, and now it was realized, and the realization, perfect as it was, made me unhappy. It was one experience more, one anticipation less. The hospice, the dogs, the snow, the dying wanderer, were now a vision of the past, as before they had been of the future. I had seen and lived through it all. I had fathomed the depth of Saint Bernard's work of blessedness. I had been dwelling midway between heaven and earth, in an atmosphere of exaltation and ecstasy within, of rarest, purest æther without, and now I was going back to the plains to live a dull, uninspired existence all my days.

Current Literature.

MADemoiselle DE LA RAMEE has changed her tactics. We cannot believe that any honest compunction or virtuous scruples have visited her, prompting and guiding the writing of her two latest works, for in that case they would never have been written at all. But it is quite evident that some force has been at work compelling, if not converting, her to a less openly offensive immorality in plot and character. Probably the cynical discontent and sickening *ennui* which reduce all things, even "enjoyment," to "vanity," and which "Ouida" has laboured so long to establish as the reigning attributes of all high-born and high-bred personages, have at length seized on her, and the ghosts of Chandos and De Vigne may be pursuing her as the man-demon of Mrs. Shelley's terrible narrative pursued its creator. However, let it not be imagined from the foregoing that there is before the world the grand and glorious and refreshing spectacle of "Ouida" turned the professed champion of innocence and purity and truth and honour. The Ethiopian is content, it seems, for the present to hide his skin; the day may come when he may change it, but it is vastly improbable. "Ouida" is evidently writing with Burke's line in view, "that vice loses half its evil when it loses all its grossness," and a greater falsehood was never penned; a fact with which, we presume, she is already acquainted. Accordingly, the grandly-limbed, golden-haired, white-handed English aristocrat, who finds his highest enjoyment in being crowned with wine-steeped roses (uncomfortable, to say the least, for ordinary men), and in leading generally the vilest and most abandoned of lives, which we are expected to admire as the consequence of "blood," is banished, along with his mistresses and his money. We have instead a hero of the old school, worthy of Miss Porter or the voluminous James. Of course he is immensely handsome, but in a new way for "Ouida," he is "grave, pensive and poetic," and carries himself "with stateliness and grace." He is noble—a Prince, Duke and Marquis, rolled into one—and, *mirabile dictu*, he is poor. We are told that he had been brought up to regard marrying for money "as a painful but inevitable destiny," and until the heroine, Lady Hilda Voraclberg, appears on the scene, "he had never seen amongst the many young persons pointed out to him as possessing millions any one to whom he could prevail upon himself to sell his old name and title." Fortunately for his dignity and his pride, which the authoress felt must not be imperilled rashly, Della Rocca* concludes no such bargain, but resolves to make the Lady Hilda love him, he being interested in herself and her money. It is something new to read in "Ouida"

* *In a Winter City*, by "Ouida," Author of "Ariadne," "Under Two Flags," "Strathmore," "Chandos," "Puck," &c., &c. Crown 8vo. Paper, 75cts; cloth, \$1. Toronto: Belford Bros., Publishers.

the following sentiment: "It is not a *beau rôle* to woo a woman for the sheer sake of her fortune, and he was too true a gentleman not to know it. 'After all, she would despise me and I would despise myself,' he thought; the old coronet had been sadly battered in war, but it had never been chafered and bought." The object of this righteous sentiment is the Lady Hilda, who is beautiful, "and knows it," has an extraordinary way of dressing herself and her hair, the latter in one place described as being "in a cloud in front, and in a club behind," a widow immensely rich, terribly artificial, "very passionless and cold," in fact a woman "*without a past*." "Ouida" having introduced two such proper characters to the reader and to each other, seems to think she is entitled to somebody and something more pungent; her soul longs for the flesh-pots of Egypt. And they very soon arrive, in the person of Madame Mila, Countess de Caviare, an Englishwoman, who had been "grandly married in her first season to a very high and mighty, an almost imperial Russian, himself a most good-humoured and popular person who killed all his horses with fast driving, gambled very heavily, and never amused himself anywhere so well as in the little low dancing places round Paris." This is the usual "popularity" of "Ouida's" world. Madame Mila is a detestable compound of enamel, Worth costumes, silliness and vice, who is not above "risque stories," or taking "a little nip of some stimulant at afternoon tea," and who is not happy (!) unless "Maurice" be with her, of which attendant "the Count de Caviare never complained," but "was careful to dine with her in the Bois and pass at least three months of each year under the same roof with her, so that nobody could say anything." The Duc de St. Louis, a great friend of Della Rocca, and who is vastly interested in the future fate of the Duke, is called a gentleman but his claim to the title is something vague. Speaking of the Lady Hilda, "I confess," he added, with a sigh, *as if confessing a blemish in a favourite horse*, "that, perhaps, she is a little too cold, a little too unimpressionable. That gives, perhaps, a certain hardness *Une petite faiblesse donne tant de charme*." However, if one could expunge all this dallying with morals and writing up of social and domestic evils, which "Ouida" assuredly does not lessen by her attack, and read only the story of Della Rocca and the Lady Hilda (why always the article ?) there is much that is interesting and instructive, unpolluted by even a suspicion of vice. There are true pathos and touches of feeling, genuine and innocent in their way. Take this passage: "The Lady Hilda was gazing at the clouds of angels in the picture, who bore aloft the martyred souls in their immortal union; and from them she glanced at the little fair, wondering faces of the peasant children. She had never thought about children, even in any way, save as little figures that composed well in Stothard's drawings, in Sir Joshua's pictures, in Correggio's frescoes. Now, for a second, the thought glanced through her that women were happy who had those tender, soft ties, with the future of the world. What future had she? You cannot make a future out of diamonds, china and M. Worth." There is a pretty picture, too, in the love and adoration with which the people of Palestrina regard Della Rocca. "He was their prince, their lord, their idol, their best friend; as their fathers had followed his to the death, so would they have followed him. Half-a-dozen flew to do each word of his bidding; brought in the horse, brought out an oaken settee

for her in the sun, brought fresh water from the spring, fresh lemons from the tree, fresh violets from the hedges. . . . The green and gracious country was around, the low sun made the skies of the west radiant, the smell of the woods and fields rose fresh from the earth." And certainly "Ouida" has risen higher than one might expect in such a passage as the following: "In her great misery, her soul was purified. The fire that consumed her burned away the dross of the world, the alloy of selfishness and habits and vain passions. 'Oh, God! give me his life, and I will give him mine!' she cried in her heart through those terrible hours." With glimpses, like these, of faith, and feeling, and appreciation of beauty in nature and character, it is a great pity that the genius of "Ouida," which seems to be realizing in some small degree its obligation, should stop short of the morality which alone will rescue it from condemnation and contempt.

Few clergymen have done more, in a brief time, to bring themselves into prominence in Canada than Mr. Bray, pastor of Zion Church, Montreal; whether the means by which he has achieved this prominence are to be commended or condemned it is not within our province to say. Mr. Bray rejects many old ideas. Sacerdotalism is to him an abomination. He is but one of the people. The mere preaching of theology, to which so many pulpits are confined, he does not regard as his mission. He preaches upon an infinite variety of topics, as readily denouncing the municipal government of Montreal as those sins incident to humanity which the Roman Catholic Church designate mortal. Such a man will, at all events, find a large constituency; and it may be assumed of him that he is a pretty strong liberal at heart.

Mr. Bray's lectures on the Churches of Christendom,* recently delivered at Montreal, attest the character of the man's mind. Those who look to him to find additions to the general knowledge of Church history will be disappointed. The lectures are sharp criticisms, and yet wanting neither in warmth nor in balance. The time at his disposal limits him to six representative Churches—the Eastern, the Roman Catholic, the Waldensian, the Episcopal Church of England, the Puritan, the Unitarian. With great plainness of speech he brings into relief what he considers the good and the bad points in all these Churches. Those who are in the habit of regarding Constantine as a demi-god, fighting nobly for the truths of revelation, will not find much comfort in what Mr. Bray has to say of him. We have but place for a single extract. "In dress, Constantine was a barbarian, in eating, a beast; all the world knows him for a glutton. He murdered his son, Crispus, also his nephew Licinius, and then suffocated his wife, Fausta, in a steam bath. A great saint surely! He was converted after a fashion of his own. For he put off baptism until the pains of death had taken hold upon him, that he might sin in safety through life, be washed in dying, and thus float clean and safe into heaven upon the broad bosom of baptismal waters." A man is usually supposed to speak well and reverently of his own order. Let us see how Mr. Bray speaks on this point. "To me that is one of the strangest things I meet in the way of experiences, clerical opposition

* *Churches of Christendom*. Being Critical and Historical Sketches by Rev. Alfred James Bray. The Melton League. 1877.

to all and every reform. Christ found His deadliest foes in the rabbis and priests; they it was that hated Him most, and crucified Him at last. When Wesley and Whitfield came with a lofty purpose and a work of life, it was the clergy who raised the mob against them and often imperilled their lives. Thousands of honest men were now longing to see the Episcopal Church set free, that she may take her right place in the nation, and, unfettered, do her part in the work, and the clergy again bar the way of reform." He regards the ritualists as the most powerful agents for disestablishment in England. Athanasius he calls "the most refined and elaborate curser of any age." There are many points in the several addresses we should like to dwell on, but we must content ourselves with referring the reader to the pamphlet.

The biography of eminent living personages is at all times a difficult task, and seldom, if ever, undertaken with impartiality. In such biography, the writer is either a partizan or an opponent. In either case, just and fair treatment is out of the question. While the latter has no access to documents necessary to a comprehensive criticism, the former makes use only of such materials as will place his hero in the most favourable light. Such considerations as these lead naturally to the conclusion that an eminent man's life should not be written until after his death; for death hands him over to history, which is the only impartial biographer.

These reflections are suggested by reading a history of Pope Pius IX. by the Rev. Richard Brennan.* The author is evidently a "Hebrew of the Hebrews"—an ultramontane of the ultramontanes. We have read carefully every page of the volume before us; but not one line can we find which could be construed in a light unfavourable to Pius IX. We think a biography should not be a mere eulogy; but, whilst it places before us the good qualities of a man, it should not be silent as to his faults—and all men have their faults, Pius IX. not excepted. The author believes, with all his religious ardour, not only in the infallibility of Pius IX., in matters of faith and morals, but he goes further, he has an intense admiration of all his acts, both of a private and political character. Not a scintilla of censure anywhere.

There are few dispassionate and sober-minded men who do not admire the private character of Pius IX. The writer of this review had occasion to have more personal knowledge of him than, probably, Mr. Brennan ever had. It will, therefore, be satisfactory both to the author and his readers, when he here expresses his conviction that the facts put forth in the biography are historically correct, and that the character of Pius IX. is truthfully portrayed. In this sense, the book will be interesting both to Protestants and Roman Catholics; but whenever the author leaves the legitimate sphere of the biographer, his intense ultramontaniam manifests itself in glaring colours. The superstitious element obtrudes on many a page: miracles are related to

* *A Popular Life of our Holy Father, Pope Pius the Ninth, drawn from the most reliable authorities* By Rev. Richard Brennan, A.M., Pastor of St. Rose's Church, New York. Second edition, revised and enlarged. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benzinger Brothers, Printers to the Holy See. 1877. A. H. Hovey, & Co. 48 King Street E., Toronto, Sole Agents for Ontario (Sold only by subscription.)

have been wrought on behalf of the Pope, and the Pope is represented as a worker of miracles for the benefit of others. The mere tyro in criticism will smile at the pious credulity of the author. Mariolatry occupies a prominent part in the life of this pontiff. The definition of the "Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary" is held forth as one of the crowning acts and glories of his pontificate.

In regard to the politics of Europe in general, and of Italy in particular, the author is altogether at fault. In this point, his ultramontanist blinds him completely. He misjudges, in an unjustifiable manner, the motives and acts of the Italian patriots. Such men as Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel, not to mention the Roman patriots, are portrayed in the blackest colours and held forth to the scorn of all Roman Catholics. He does not understand the spirit of modern civilization, and is blind to the signs of the times. The temporal government of the Pope appears to him immaculate, affording no pretext whatever for introducing a new order of things, while the many abuses of this government are well-known facts. Did not Pius IX. himself acknowledge the necessity of political reforms, in the beginning of his pontificate? If the masses of his subjects were content with his government, why the rebellion in 1848? Why the French invasion and protectorate? Why the enlistment of foreign soldiers? Why the powerful and unanimous union of the subjects of the Papal States with the people of united Italy? The author maintains, in different parts of his book, that the temporal sovereignty is necessary to the Pope for the efficient discharge of his duties as head of the Church, and yet the whole biography shows that there is no greater hindrance to such a discharge than this very sovereignty. Almost all the troubles of Pius IX. arise from his being a temporal sovereign; his high priestly and spiritual duties recede into the background in order to make room for the many engagements which his secular dignity as king places on his shoulders. The whole book bears witness to the incompatibility of the priestly and kingly offices. The faithful discharge of the one involves the neglect of the other. Mr. Brennan and his co-religionists will see that the papacy will become more spiritual and more efficient for good as soon as it resigns itself to the inevitable and irrevocable loss of the temporal dominion. Of course, we admit that Pius IX. is placed in a peculiar position: for on his accession to the papal throne he swore that he would preserve intact the temporal sovereignty. He is unwilling to violate his solemn oath; hence his "*non possumus*" in reply to all the overtures of the Italian government is quite intelligible. We can, also, well understand his wounded feelings at the loss of his temporal crown, and are not astonished that he secludes himself within his palace and gardens, in a city where he formerly reigned supreme. We do not belong to those who ridicule the expression "Prisoner of the Vatican," for a prisoner he is, but a voluntary one. His successor will, probably, not be trammelled by any oath of office in regard to the preservation of the States of the Church. We hesitate not to say that, if the dogma of infallibility stood not in the way, a better and more glorious day would soon arrive for the papacy, in which, untrammelled by the dictating cares of temporal sovereignty, it would solely and exclusively devote all its energies to the spiritual welfare of its adherents. And, even

in spite of this dogma, a spiritually-minded Pope, free from temporalities, might bring about mighty and salutary reforms. All the hope of Roman Catholicism for the future lies in a good Pope. We are therefore of opinion that the biographies of the future Popes will be of a new style and character ; for the Pope shorn of royal dignity will run a different course from the former *Papa-Rè*—the Pope-King.

In reading the present biography we noted many pages with which we found fault, principally because the author views the events in the life of Pius IX. too much from the ultramontane standpoint. But, perhaps, it would be of little avail to dwell upon them. We give the author credit for sincerity. The work is written in an easy and elegant style, captivating the attention of the reader. The life itself we have reason to believe to be true, and, as Pius IX. is really a good man, the biography cannot fail to be highly interesting. The book contains many fine engravings, all of which are true and correct.

The educational features of the Philadelphia Exhibition were not only full of interest and novelty, but, in their bearing upon the progress and civilization of the world, of the first importance, in that magnificent display of human skill and industry. All nations claiming to be civilized and aiming at higher civilization are in sympathy with educational progress ; and, probably, no subject of human interest, now agitating the world, not even religion, commands higher consideration amongst the advanced nations of the earth than that of educational development and improvement. The formal recognition of education as an art, at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, was, therefore, a wise and timely response to a great public opinion, which, in advance of governments, had long asserted the necessity for the best education of the masses, and now desired and demanded a place for its results and its aspirations, as far as these can be represented by mechanical and material appliances. The products of mechanical and manufacturing skill necessary to life or luxury, and forming the special objects of trade and commerce might claim precedence with the mere business man ; but to the philanthropist and politician who regarded questions from a higher stand-point than that of commercial prosperity, this educational exhibit presented features of profound interest, speculation, and hopefulness. The recent exhibition in this department at Philadelphia presented gratifying and satisfactory evidence of the good results of the Paris exhibition. Not only was there a striking advance in the variety and magnitude of the objects displayed, but the general arrangements presented more of that scientific aspect which would make the exhibit easy for historical record and valuable for its educational usefulness. It is in this view that the elaborate and admirable report* of Dr. Hodgins commends itself to public attention. It professes to be a special report on the Ontario Exhibit, and in that character it is a valuable record of the efforts of a British Province which, in the excellence and magnitude of its display in this regard, took the foremost rank amongst the nations. The report quotes the opinions of distinguished visit-

* *Special Report on the Ontario Educational Exhibit and the Educational Features of the International Exhibition at Philadelphia.* By J. G. HODGINS, LL.D., Deputy Minister.

ors and the press of the United States and the Dominion on the character of the Ontario Exhibit—all of which bear undoubted and gratifying testimony to its excellence and superiority. It is, however, not alone as a record of our provincial success in this department that the report is interesting. As an educational display the exhibition at Philadelphia would only be useful to those who saw it. But Dr. Hodgins, under the uppretending title of a special report on the efforts of a British Province has with great labour and judgment prepared a comprehensive digest of all the educational features and statistics connected with the international exhibition. Each country had its specialties and excellencies; and the peculiar features which distinguished the exhibit of one nation from another, whether to its advantage or otherwise, would naturally excite enquiry and speculation upon the methods, and educational and financial statistics in relation to each country. It is in this view that we attach so much importance to this Report. It is an abstract of the educational history and condition of the world. Whatever was done by the States of the Republic, by nations or by eminent institutions to swell the magnitude and strengthen the educational value of the display has been preserved and presented with great clearness and beauty in the Report. But in addition to this valuable record of what has now passed away, Dr. Hodgins has added valuable abstracts of the educational systems of the civilized world, including methods of organization, programmes of studies, regulations for the training and instruction of teachers, and their qualifications and compensation, with such ample statistics and deductions on the merits of various systems which only a writer of long experience in this special field and great judgment could supply. When we state that not only is the most ample information on the educational systems of every part of this continent to be found in the Report; but that Dr. Hodgins has added equally full details of the educational condition of all the States of Europe, of South America, of Australia, of China and of Japan, we are doing but slight justice to a work of solid and permanent value. The Report does not simply commend itself to the people of Ontario as an interesting record of their present educational standing, and of their admirable exhibit at Philadelphia, but it presents a mass of such valuable and rare information on educational legislation and results as cannot fail to make it a most necessary book of reference to all who need facts and instruction in the important subjects on which it treats.

While we thus express our high estimate of this Report we feel how necessary it is to exercise caution in judging of the merits of a system, or its actual operations, either by these exhibitions or by mere statistics. The exhibits of natural products, of apparatus, of maps and books and other school appliances are suggestive, but give no evidence that the people are educated; and the statistics and organized system of public instruction which every country can so easily produce upon paper, are like all other statistics and documentary evidence, only proofs of what is done, and give us no light on what is left undone. With reference to our own exhibit, while in our leading cities, school-houses and materials for instruction are a great advance on the past, in rural districts the parsimony of the people or the present want of means presents us often with hovels utterly unfitted for the high ends to be aimed at by an advanced system of education, and even in towns and cities, our school-houses are too

often dark, dingy, and untasteful and unattractive structures, with none of the materials for mental culture which appear to such advantage at the exhibition. It is true that neither ours nor any other exhibit is intended to convey the belief that the country has reached the excellence indicated by the display of material and appliances at the exhibition. But there is a twofold danger attached to such exhibitions. The one danger is, that visitors may be misled and form a wrong estimate of the actual educational character of a country by these displays. The other is, that we may be too easily satisfied with an exhibition of the imaginary character of our system, and neglect to realize the benefits to which it points. The one great lesson we have to learn and to practise is, that in the culture of the nation, we can scarcely be too extravagant, that all expenditure in the direction of mental discipline and elevation of taste, will amply repay itself, and, that therefore, well-built and elegant school-houses are as necessary as elegant churches or private residences, as a means of aësthetic training and sanitary improvement, and that if materials and scientific apparatus and appliances are necessary to Model and leading city schools, they are just as necessary to the rural district, or the backwood settlement. The other great lesson—greatest probably of all—is that while we may make the most ample provision for educating the people, we shall effect but little unless we have some means to compel the ignorant to be educated. The report before us shows us how every civilized and many half civilized nations are aroused to the present importance of education, but it also shows and the overwhelming logic of facts and experience shows that there are multitudes who grow into adult ignorance and crime in defiance of all these great efforts; and that while poverty and indifference continue to strengthen the hosts of darkness and vice, the best efforts of governments and the most liberal expenditure fail in securing the great end in view—the education of the ignorant, the salvation of those who are born to fill the ranks of crime, unless they be compelled to receive the education offered to them. We regard these periodical exhibitions of educational effort and progress as hopeful signs of public opinion, and as they abound in suggestive hints and instruction which we cannot afford to lose, we regard this Report as a valuable and indispensable contribution to educational science.

The greatest purist that ever lived could scarcely put down "*Ariadne*,"* Ouida's most recent novel, without some feeling of pleasure, and yet one need not be altogether a purist to affirm that, beautiful as the book undoubtedly is, and comparatively free as it is from those vices of writing which have made the name of Ouida almost a synonym for license, there is still much in it that must be condemned. Less of that unpruned and luxuriant expression, which becomes mere rhapsodical mooning in some instances, is to be found in this book, than in her previous works, less too of the senseless extravagance in dress, habits and conversation of her characters, which was so ridiculously untrue to life, but which never failed to appear as the chief ingredient in the composition of noblemen and ladies of high degree. Heretofore, her works would have been amusing, had they not been offensive, so utterly absurd were

* *Ariadne*, by Ouida. Toronto: Belford Bros.

many of the situations and characters. However, in "Ariadne," we have much less of this, and what hyperbole there may exist in it can be forgiven, as it is of Rome and Italy, and the people of the south, "bright and fierce and fickle," that she writes. In fact, the book at first sight appears to be a new sort of Baedeker, with just enough narrative carefully woven in to entice one to the perusal of long and high sounding names, and after careful reading, one remembers the book more as a reminiscence of Rome, than as a novel, strictly speaking; because the story is so very much like what she has given us before. Her favourite hero, usually an Englishman, appears only faintly disguised as one Hilarion (what unlikely names does she always give her characters), whose father had been a German noble, his mother a Greek princess, and who is, of course, "tall, and fair, and beautiful, with something imperious and cruel on his face, who possesses a *delicate, bitter, amorous, cruel* voice;" who has the "temper of Heine and the music of Musset," who is brilliant, and polished, and eloquent, and fascinating, and everything in short, that a hero of Ouida's should be, not forgetting his open licentiousness, cultivated cruelty, and artistic brutality. What a gulf in refinement in knowledge and in manner, between Bill Sykes the professional burglar and worse, and Hilarion, the beautiful and polished creation of Ouida, and yet how infinitely more the villain is the latter, though he be in the likeness of a Greek god! Gioja too, is only Folle Farine or Cigarette, on a new back ground, with more wistfulness in her eyes, and a truly remarkably innocence (so we are told) in her heart, though she does manage to ask an occasional question which seems strange from the lips of the pure-minded being she is supposed to be. Maryx, the sculptor, is finely drawn; but no character in the book is equal to the old cobbler, Crispin, "son of old Beredine Quintilio, king of the beggars," who tells the story. His love for Rome amounting to a passion, his natural and artistic mode of living, and his great unselfish love for the girl he calls his "Ariadne," are the best things in the book; as the final catastrophe where Maryx is killed, Gioja dies, and the brute Hilarion repents becomingly, just as he is beginning to know what true love is, for the first time in his life, is the worst. What pleases most in the book is the constant beauty of description, rich, and varying, and true; there is, too, the recurrence of really noble passages, full of a higher faith and purer emotion than one would credit Ouida with. That greatest of all works of fiction, "Daniel Deronda," purer in plot and character than "Ariadne," is yet chilling and startling in its calm, cold philosophy of will, and consequence, and apparent human government, beside the occasional warm touches of a "nobler yearning" that Ouida's perverted genius has given us.

Not so very many years ago a universal grievance was said to be the want of suitable text-books for the young. That this want is being overcome in our day can scarcely be doubted by anybody who will, just for one instance, carefully look into the alluring little *Primers* now being published by Appleton. There are the *Science Primers*, compiled by such Titans as Huxley, Balfour, Stewart, Geikie, Roscoe and Hooker; the *History Primers*, which include the names of Dr. Freeman and Charlotte Yonge: and the *Literature Primers*, with the Rev. Stopford Brooke for English literature, and the Rev.

Dr. Farrar on Latin literature. The Primer of which we wish to make special mention is one of the History Series*—subject, Geography—by George Grove, Esq. It seems at first almost a distinction without a difference to include in the Science series a Primer of Physical Geography, and another on Geography in the History series, but as Mr. Groves tells us his book is to treat only of maps and map-making, of the general structure and arrangement of the Earth and Ocean, and some particulars of Land and Water, it will be seen that there is plenty of matter left for Prof. Geikie to elaborate in his Physical Geography. Mr. Grove's book is captivating in appearance and in style, and not the least useful part of it is the Appendix, containing the statistics of distance and direction. We hope that some of these very excellent little books may speedily be found worthy to supersede the too cumbrous and diffuse school manuals, which frequently only confuse and tire the scholar.

The Report of Progress for 1875-6, of the Geological Survey of Canada, is fully equal in interest to those of former years. Mr. Selwyn's introductory report was rather fuller than usual, and no one can read it through without being particularly struck with the forbearance shown by Mr. Selwyn, towards the Canadian Commissioners for the Philadelphia Exhibition. Having informed those gentlemen that from eight to ten thousand dollars would be required to carry out the object in view, viz : the adequate representation of the mineral resources and geology of Canada ; \$5,000 was placed at his disposal, with a verbal intimation that if more was required, a further appropriation would be made. It was made out of Mr. Selwyn's own pocket, "repeated communications to the commissioners not even being acknowledged." Dr. Harrington's very excellent obituary notice of Sir William Logan, which appeared in the *Canadian Naturalist* and the *American Journal of Science*, follow Mr. Selwyn's introductory report, and is a fitting tribute to the memory of that great and good man. The other reports comprise one by Mr. Selwyn, on British Columbia, with three appendices, by Prof. Macoun, J. F. Whiteaves, and Prof. Le Conte ; one by George M. Dawson, also, on British Columbia ; and one by Hugh Fletcher, B. A., on explorations in Cape Breton, N. S. The volume is embellished with maps and illustrations, and most of it is charming reading, that need not be confined to geologists. ‡

* *History Primers*. Edited by J. R. Green. Geography. By George Grove, F.N.G.S. With Maps and Diagrams. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

‡ *Report of Progress, for 1875-1876*. Geological Survey of Canada. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

Musical.

DR. T. L. PHIPSON has given us an amusing book entitled "Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of celebrated Violinists." In the preface the violin is said to have done as much for the world as the steam engine ; and the writer maintains that no connection exists between the *violin* which came to us from Italy and a "much older instrument," the Welsh and Irish *fiddle*.

We are told that "ignorant vulgar minded persons" alone confounded the instruments. However, as the Doctor allows a greater antiquity of "many hundred years," and the modern merit of extreme cheapness—twenty shillings for a fair specimen—to the fiddle, he can hardly refuse a great civilizing power to the fiddle, as well as to the violin ; albeit it may have been chiefly exercised upon "ignorant and vulgar-minded persons," Lulli is the first celebrated violinist, of whom Dr. Phipson takes account. Lulli commenced life as page to Madame de Montpensier ; thence was promoted or degraded to the kitchen of Louis XIV., distinguishing himself both as cook and violinist ; was taken thence by the Comte de Nogent, to Court, where his advance was rapid. He became Court Musician and Director ; and there may be said to have created the French Grand Opera, composing himself nineteen operas during a space of fifteen years. But he never abandoned his violin, and left behind him many very talented pupils. The second chapter is devoted to Corelli and his pupils, about whom there is little to be said that is new. Corelli is said to be the first *chef d'orchestre* who insisted on uniform motion of the bows ; in his own solo performances "his countenance was distorted, his eyes red as fire, and his eyeballs rolled as if in agony." He had many pupils—the most famous, perhaps, Geminiani and Philador. A chapter on two Englishmen—the Bannisters—is very brief, and is chiefly occupied with Britton, the "musical small coal man," who is credited with the institution of private concerts. In the chapter devoted to Tartini, a few lines are given to Thomas Linley, Tartini's "*Trillo del Diavolo*"—the composition and its name is thus accounted for by its author:—"One night in 1713," he says, "I dreamt that I had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at my service on all occasions. Everything succeeded according to my mind, my wishes were anticipated, and desires always surpassed by the assistance of my new servant. At last I thought I would offer my violin to the devil, in order to discover what kind of a musician he was ; when to my great astonishment, I heard him play a *solo* so singularly beautiful, and with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music I had ever heard or conceived in the whole course of my life. I was so overcome with surprise and delight, that I lost my power of breathing, and the violence of this awoke me. Instantly I seized my violin, in the hope of remembering some portion of what I had just heard, but in vain ! The work which this

dream suggested, and which I wrote at the time, is doubtless the best of all my compositions, and I still call it the *Sonata del Diavoli*; but it sinks so much into insignificance compared with what I heard, that I would have broken my instrument, and abandoned music altogether, had I possessed any other means of subsistence."

Tartini's greatest pupil was Paganini, who paid the common penalty of greatness, in being mercilessly caricatured, and becoming the hero of many ludicrous and apocryphal stories.

Viotti receives a due measure of discriminating praise; he was the instructor of almost all creditable players, amongst others, of Mori. The rise of the German school of violin players, of whom Louis Spohr is the greatest member, is briefly noticed. Spohr was born in the same place as Paganini, and some rivalry between the two, seems to have been imagined. Spohr could well hold his own as a violinist, in every other respect he was immeasurably Paganini's superior. Sixty pages—a fourth of the entire work—are devoted to Paganini, in many respects the most wonderful violinist who ever existed. Few will gainsay this, though exception has been taken to his proceedings, musical and otherwise. An angelic vision—or dream—heralded Paganini's career; a radiant angel promised to fulfil any wish of his mother, and she chose that he should become the greatest of all violinists. Whether the promise was literally kept we need not enquire, but certainly no violinist ever affected his audience like Paganini. Dr. Phipson gives the details of his life, but we fail to realize from them either the musician or the man. When he was in England, the enthusiasm for his playing did not preserve his personal character from attack. He certainly gave his enemies opportunity for severe animadversions; but he was envied by many, and we believe the worst possible was said of him. Dr. Phipson thus excuses him:—

"Paganini has been often accused of selfishness and unruly habits, but he knew also how to be generous, when the occasion offered. He was of great service to several fellow artists, and frequently gave concerts for the poor. But when we reflect on his neglected education, save as regards music—his utter ignorance of almost everything that was not directly related to his art, and the wretched associates of his youth, it is wonderful that his character should have remained so naïve and so good as it certainly was. That he was a man of peculiarly eccentric manners no one can doubt; in fact, some may well fancy him slightly crazed. His very appearance gave strength to this notion, his entrance upon the platform of the concert room, was more than once greeted with an outburst of laughter, so singularly eccentric was his every movement, and entire demeanour. He had also a habit of speaking aloud to himself when alone; and if at such moments a stranger approached, he greeted him with a ghastly smile, that was peculiar to him, and occasionally lit up his features for a moment when he was cheered after his performance in public. In society he was naturally taciturn, but could be high spirited and full of anecdotes, when among intimate friends. His natural irritability was much increased by his having frequent recourse to a quack medicine then in vogue, in which he was unfortunate enough like many

others, to place implicit confidence. . . . He was exceedingly polite to artists. . . . His miraculous dexterity seems to have been kept up entirely by the numerous concerts which he gave, and by his exceedingly nervous and delicate temperament."

The repair by M. Vuillaume of the favourite Guarnerius forms a pretty story. The instrument had been injured by a fall, and was entrusted to Vuillaume to take to pieces and repair, but only at the house and in the presence of Paganini. He afterwards consented to Vuillaume taking it to his workshop whence after three days it was returned perfect, much to the delight of its owner. For the rest we quote Vuillaume's own words:—"A few days afterwards I met him on the Boulevards, when he took my arm and said to me: 'I thank you, my dear friend; it is as good as it was before.' He then drew from his waist coat pocket a little red morocco box, saying, 'I have had two pins made, the one for the doctor of my body, the other for the doctor of my violin.' I opened the little box and I found the pin was ornamental with a capital P formed with twenty-three diamonds." Vuillaume had also taken the opportunity of copying the instrument, and subsequently presented the copy to Paganini, who received it with mingled surprise and horror; he found that placed side by side the old and new instruments were hardly to be distinguished from each other.

An artist who commenced his career with a vision, should not close it after the manner of ordinary mortals. Paganini's last effort on his death-bed seems to have been a kind of apotheosis of Lord Byron:—

"The name of Lord Byron, whom Paganini most admired, is intimately connected with the last moments of the great violinist. Under the blue sky of Nice, in a warm bright atmosphere, and surrounded by a circle of intimate friends, Paganini sat at his bedroom window, whilst the sun sank towards the horizon, bathing the clouds, the sea, and the earth in tints of the purest purple and gold. A soft tepid breeze flowed into the room, bringing with it the perfume of a thousand flowers; the birds were singing joyously in the green boughs over head, whilst a crowd of gay promenaders were enjoying the cool evening upon the shore. After having examined for some time these animated groups of pleasure seekers, the eyes of the artist suddenly turned to a portrait of Lord Byron, that hung near his bed. A flash of animation spread over his features, whilst he took up his violin, and illustrated the career of the great poet—his genius, his troubles, his successes—by one of the most beautiful musical poems that the illustrious *virtuoso* ever invented. In this brilliant improvisation, he followed the English bard through all the details of his stormy career; there were the accents of doubt, of irony, of despair, just as they come to us from the pages of 'Manfred,' of 'Lara,' of 'The Giaour'—then came the cry of liberty, exciting Greece to break her chains—and the tumult of triumph Paganini had scarcely finished the last phrase of this magnificent drama, when his bow remained as if petrified in his icy fingers. The shock of this moral effort proved too great for him, and from that moment he never quitted his bed."

Dr. Phipson's book is enthusiastic, careful, and impartial; and those interested in the violin, or in music generally, should become acquainted with "Celebrated Violinists" for themselves.

The sapling of 1857 has, in twenty years, expanded into a giant oak. In 1862 it was decided that the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace should, like the great music meetings of Birmingham and Norwich, and the less imposing gatherings of the cathedral choirs, be constituted triennial. It was justly concluded that if Birmingham could support, once every three years, a festival on an enormous scale, London, with its principal singers, its orchestra, and half its chorus immediately at hand, might, without much difficulty, do the same. Sydenham is but an outpost of London, and Sydenham can boast an edifice unrivalled in the world for originality and elegance of structure, for enchanting aspect, and for vastness of accommodation.

But there was still another incentive. "Handel, though a German, is the greatest and most universally popular of English musicians." In the land of his birth, not to speak of other countries, his music is not a tenth part so familiar to the majority of the people as it has long been in England. Handel, in short, it may be said, without irreverence, has stood foremost among those preachers, whose persuasive discourse has been most effectual to strengthen a faith in the inspired beauty of the Christian doctrine. It is a stale aphorism, that "The Messiah"—or "Messiah," as it should properly be named—is the most eloquent of sermons; and yet it cannot be too frequently reiterated—for the good it effects is perennial—and has every chance of being perpetual. That art may well be called divine, which gave existence to such a work. German critics have often pointed to the English nation as setting an example, without example, in their constant and always increasing veneration for Handel, who was, nevertheless, a German—Saxon born. In England, they say, and say truly, that not only Handel's best operas and his best oratorios were composed, but that in England the best parts, at least, of his best oratorios are very generally known; while some of them are no less familiar than the noblest and most poetical of Shakespeare's plays. We should, at the same time, remember that it was the religious feeling of a large portion of the English community to which Handel so successfully appealed, when, after abandoning opera, he gave himself up almost exclusively to the composition of oratorio. That not only the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt"—the oratorio of the Gospel, and the oratorio of the Bible—the oratorio of the New Testament and the Old—should have been produced, but so many sacred musical dramas, founded upon prominent characters and incidents in Holy Writ, should have been given successively and successfully to England, is a testimony to that firm and ardent faith in revealed religion, which, despite uncontrolled sectarianism, distinguishes the English before all other nations. Handel has spoken to our common sentiment of religion, just as Shakespeare has spoken to our common feeling of humanity; and Handel enjoys this advantage—that, having spoken in a language which is universal, what he has said can be made intelligible to the whole Christian world without translation. It is right, therefore, that he should be *fêted* by the people to whom he directly and repeatedly addressed himself, and by whom he was always honoured, though occasionally misunderstood, amid the struggles of a life which terminated as prosperously as it had been conducted, with manful vigour and unswerving integrity, through a sea of troubles. It is a consolation to know that, notwithstanding his theft-

ing vicissitudes of fortune, Handel lived long enough, and died rich enough, to bequeath to the Royal Society of Musicians a legacy of £1,000. His "Messiah" has brought tens of thousands upon tens of thousands to charity after charity, and though very considerably more than a century and a quarter old, was heard with the decorous attention and enthusiastic delight at the recent Festival, which has never yet failed to accompany even a moderately efficient revelation of its wonderful beauties. The soloists this year were Madame Adelina Patti and Mademoiselle Albani, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Madame Edith Wynne, Madame Lute and Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Cummings, Signor Foli, Herr Henschel, and Mr. Santley. The name of Mr. Sims Reeves is alone absent.

Madame Titiens is quite convalescent, is now at her summer residence at Worthing. It is thought that her voice has received no injury from her serious and protracted illness, and she may yet sing before the end of the season.

The celebrated violinist Vieuxtemps has been stricken by paralysis of the left side and is unhappily in a state which gives the most serious anxiety to his many friends.

Dr. Von Bulow will arrive in London in October to give pianoforte recitals and possibly to appear at the Monday popular concerts and to play and conduct at the Crystal Palace. He will remain in England till March, when he will be succeeded by Rubinstein.

The season at Her Majesty's Theatre will close July 21 or 28.

Madame Pauline Lucca's forthcoming St. Petersburg season will be her "very last" farewell.

Cherubino says that the election of Theodore Thomas to the post of conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society may have a serious effect upon music in the States. It will certainly Wagnerise the Philharmonic Society and it may break up the renowned Theodore Thomas band.

Albert Steinway's will has been proved in New York at under £80,000 personalty.

Madame Trebelli and Mr. Behrens start for their Scandinavian tour the first week of August, it will last three months.

The concert which was given some weeks ago in the Horticultural Gardens by the choir of St. Paul's Church, Buffalo, assisted by a band from the same place, was at least successful in point of attendance. As for the music, the singing of Mrs. Imogene Brown was alone perfectly satisfactory, the effect of the choruses, which were really being well sung when one could hear them, being utterly ruined by the persistent violence of the band. The singers being on a level too was unfortunate, as nothing but soprano could well be heard, the tenor, bass, and even alto being out of hearing as well as out of sight. If our Buffalo friends are organizing another concert in our midst, they will do well to remember to make the programme shorter, the selections better, (who wants to hear a school-girl arrangement and performance of *Tanhauser*?) and the artists fewer. Another song or two from Mrs. Brown that evening could have pleased what was really a cultivated and appreciative audience in place of a badly-sung quartette and ill-chosen duet.

THE LAND OF LONG AGO.

Words by T. WESTWOOD.

Music by DOLORES

Poco allegro.

Piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and accompaniment in the left hand.

Vocal entry with piano accompaniment. The melody begins with a *p* dynamic. The piano accompaniment includes a *p* dynamic and a *cres.* marking.

1. Do you ask me lit - tle
 2. You may laugh my lit - tle
 3. Now the por - tal clo - ses,

Vocal entry with piano accompaniment. The melody begins with a *p* dynamic. The piano accompaniment includes a *f* dynamic marking.

peo - ple, Where I find my songs and dit - ties? Oh, it's
 peo - ple, But be sure my story's true, For I
 clo - ses, And the dark - ness walls it round, Leaving

far from tow'r and steeple, Far from fields, and far from
vow, by yon church steeple, I was once a child like
child-hood with the ro-ses, Age up-on the flin-ty

Poco piu lento.

cities; Ay, so ve-ry far that never, Tho' your
you; Just as fris-ky in the wild wood, Just as
ground. Nay, my chil-dren not in sadness, Nor re-

Poco piu lento.

feet were like the wind, Could you reach the place for
nim-ble in the race; But I lost my hap-py
-proach, these words I say God is good and gives new

ev-er Out of sight and out of mind.....
child-hood; Do you ask in what strange place.....
glad-ness, When the old he takes a-way.....

f *PC*

Wait my chil - dren, time will show it, Thro' the
 In what dark - some lanes and al - leys It slipp'd
 But where all my songs and dit - ties I go

p *cres.*

gloom of years 'twill grow Clear to all your eyes— You'll
 from me? You shall know; It was in the dew - - y
 seek - ing now you know, Far from fields and far from

f

know it As the Land of long a - go.
 val - leys Of the Land of long a - go.
 ci - ties, In the Land of long a - go.

p

f