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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

NATIONAL REVIEW.

An Illustrated Magazine.

EDITED BY GEORGE STEWART, JR.

VOLUME I.
FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1878.

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CANADIAN MONTHLY

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JULY, 1878.

THE HAUNTED HOTEL:

A MYSTERY OF MODERN VENICE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

THE FIRST PART.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 1860, the reputation of Doctor Wybrow as a London physician reached its highest point. It was reported on good authority that he was in receipt of one of the largest incomes derived from the practice of medicine in modern times.

One afternoon, towards the close of the London season, the Doctor had just taken his luncheon after a specially hard morning's work in his consulting-room, and with a formidable list of visits to patients at their own houses to fill up the rest of his day—when the servant announced that a lady wished to speak to him.

'Who is she?' the Doctor asked. 'A stranger?'

'Yes, sir.'

'I see no strangers out of consulting-hours. Tell her what the hours are, and send her away.'

'I have told her, sir.'

'Well?'

'And she won't go.'

'Won't go?' The Doctor smiled as he repeated the words. He was a humourist in his way; and there was an absurd side to the situation which rather amused him. 'Has this obstinate lady given you her name?' he inquired.

'No, sir. She refused to give any name—she said she wouldn't keep you five minutes, and the matter was too important to wait till to-morrow. There she is in the consulting-room; and how to get her out again is more than I know.'

Doctor Wybrow considered for a moment. His knowledge of women (professionally speaking) rested on the ripe experience of more than thirty years: he had met with them in all their varieties—especially the variety which knows nothing of the value of time, and never hesitates at sheltering itself behind the privileges of its sex. A glance at his watch informed him that he must soon begin his rounds

among the patients who were waiting for him at their own houses. He decided forthwith on taking the only wise course that was open under the circumstances. In other words, he decided on taking to flight.

'Is the carriage at the door?' he asked.

'Yes, sir.'

'Very well. Open the house-door for me without making any noise, and leave the lady in undisturbed possession of the consulting-room. When she gets tired of waiting, you know what to tell her. If she asks when I am expected to return, say that I dine at my club, and spend the evening at the theatre. Now then, softly, Thomas! If your shoes creak, I am a lost man.'

He noiselessly led the way into the hall, followed by the servant on tiptoe.

Did the lady in the consulting-room suspect him? or did Thomas's shoes creak, and was her sense of hearing unusually keen? Whatever the explanation may be, the event that actually happened was beyond all doubt. Exactly as Doctor Wybrow passed his consulting-room, the door opened—the lady appeared on the threshold—and laid her hand on his arm.

'I entreat you, sir, not to go away without letting me speak to you first.'

The accent was foreign; the tone was low and firm. Her fingers closed gently, and yet resolutely, on the Doctor's arm.

Neither her language nor her action had the slightest effect in inclining him to grant her request. The influence that instantly stopped him, on the way to his carriage, was the silent influence of her face. The startling contrast between the corpse-like pallor of her complexion and the overpowering life and light, the glittering metallic brightness in her large black eyes, held him literally spell-bound. She was dressed in dark colours, with perfect taste; she was of middle height, and (apparently) of middle age—say a year or two over thirty. Her lower features—the nose, mouth, and chin—possessed the fineness and delicacy of form which is oftener seen among women of foreign races than among women of English birth. She was unquestionably a handsome person | with the one serious drawback of her ghastly complexion, and with the less noticeable defect of a total want of tenderness in the expression of her eyes. Apart from his first emotion of surprise, the feeling she produced in the Doctor may be described as an overpowering feeling of professional curiosity. The case might prove to be something entirely new in his professional experience. 'It looks like it,' he thought; 'and it's worth waiting for.'

She perceived that she had produced a strong impression of some kind upon him, and dropped her hold on his arm.

'You have comforted many miserable women in your time,' she said. 'Comfort one more, to-day.'

Without waiting to be answered, she led the way back into the room.

The Doctor followed her, and closed the door. He placed her in the patient's chair opposite the windows. Even in London the sun, on that summer afternoon, was dazzlingly bright. The radiant light flowed in on her. Her eyes met it unflinchingly, with the steely steadiness of the eyes of an eagle. The smooth pallor of her unwrinkled skin looked more fearfully white than ever. For the first time, for many a long year past, the Doctor felt his pulse quicken its beat in the presence of a patient.

Having possessed herself of his attention, she appeared, strangely enough, to have nothing to say to him. A curious apathy seemed to have taken possession of this resolute woman. Forced to speak first, the Doctor merely inquired, in the conventional phrase, what he could do for her.

The sound of his voice seemed to rouse her. Still looking straight at

the light, she said abruptly: 'I have a painful question to ask.'

'What is it?'

Her eyes travelled slowly from the window to the Doctor's face. Without the slightest outward appearance of agitation, she put the 'painful question' in these extraordinary words:

'I want to know, if you please, whether I am in danger of going mad?'

Some men might have been amused, and some might have been alarmed. Dr. Wybrow was only conscious of a sense of disappointment. Was this the rare case he had anticipated, judging rashly by appearances? Was the new patient only a hypochondriacal woman whose malady was a disordered stomach, and whose misfortune was a weak brain? 'Why do you come to *me*, he asked sharply.' 'Why don't you consult a doctor whose special employment is the treatment of the insane?'

She had her answer ready on the instant.

'I don't go to a doctor of that sort,' she said, 'for the very reason that he *is* a specialist: he has the fatal habit of judging everybody by lines and rules of his own laying down. I come to *you*, because my case is outside of all lines and rules, and because you are famous in your profession for the discovery of mysteries in disease. Are you satisfied?'

He was more than satisfied—his first idea had been the right idea after all. Besides, she was correctly informed as to his professional position. The capacity which had raised him to fame and fortune, was his capacity (unrivalled among his brethren) for the discovery of remote disease.

'I am at your disposal,' he answered. 'Let me try if I can find out what is the matter with you.'

He put his medical questions. They were promptly and plainly answered; and they led to no other conclusion than that the strange lady was, mentally and physically, in excellent health. Not satisfied with questions, he carefully examined the great organs of life. Neither his hand nor his stethoscope could discover anything that was amiss. With the admirable patience and devotion to his art which had distinguished him from the time when he was a student, he still subjected her to one test after another. The result was always the same. Not only was there no tendency to brain disease—there was not even a perceptible derangement of the nervous system. 'I can find nothing the matter with you,' he said. 'I can't even account for the extraordinary pallor of your complexion. You completely puzzle me.'

'The pallor of my complexion is nothing,' she answered a little impatiently. 'In my early life, I had a narrow escape from death by poisoning. I have never had a complexion since—and my skin is so delicate, I cannot paint without producing a hideous rash. But that is of no importance, I wanted your opinion given positively. I believed in you, and you have disappointed me.' Her head dropped on her breast. 'And so it ends!' she said to herself bitterly.

The Doctor's sympathies were touched. Perhaps it might be more correct to say that his professional pride was a little hurt. 'It may end in the right way yet,' he remarked, 'if you choose to help me.'

She looked up again with flashing eyes. 'Speak plainly,' she said. 'How can I help you?'

'Plainly, madam, you come to me as an enigma, and you leave me to make the right guess by the unaided efforts of my art. My art will do much, but not all. For example something must have occurred—something quite unconnected with the state of your bodily health—to frighten you about yourself, or you would never have come here to consult me. Is that not true?'

She clasped her hands in her lap. 'That is true!' she said eagerly. 'I begin to believe in you again.'

'Very well. You can't expect me to find out the moral cause which has alarmed you. I can positively discover that there is no physical cause for alarm; and (unless you admit me to your confidence) I can do no more.'

She rose, and took a turn in the room. 'Suppose I tell you?' she said. 'But, mind, I shall mention no names!'

'There is no need to mention names. The facts are all I want.'

'The facts are nothing,' she rejoined. 'I have only my own impressions to confess—and you will very likely think me a fanciful fool when you hear what they are. No matter. I will do my best to content you—I will begin with the facts that you want. Take my word for it, *they* won't do much to help you.'

She sat down again. In the plainest possible words, she began the strangest and wildest confession that had ever reached the Doctor's ears.

Chapter II.

'IT is one fact, sir, that I am a widow,' she said. 'It is another fact that I am going to be married again in a week's time.'

There she paused, and smiled at some thought that occurred to her. Doctor Wybrow was not favourably impressed by her smile—there was something at once sad and cruel in it. It came slowly, and it went away suddenly. He began to doubt whether he had been wise in acting on his first impression. His mind reverted to the commonplace patients and the discoverable maladies that were waiting for him, with a certain tender regret.

The lady went on.

'My approaching marriage, she said, 'has one embarrassing circumstance connected with it. The gentleman whose wife I am to be, was engaged to another lady when he happened to meet with me, abroad: that lady, mind, being of his own blood and family, related to him as his cousin. I have innocently robbed her of her lover, and destroyed her prospects in life. Innocently, I say, —because he told me nothing of his engagement, until after I had accepted him. When we next met in England—and when there was danger, no doubt, of the affair coming to my knowledge—he told me the truth. I was naturally indignant. He had his excuse ready; he showed me a letter from the lady herself, releasing him from his engagement. A more noble, a more high-minded letter, I never read in my life. I cried over it—I who have no tears in me for sorrows of my own! If the letter had left him any hope of being forgiven, I would have positively refused to marry him. But the firmness of it —without anger, without a word of reproach, with heartfelt wishes even for his happiness—the firmness of it, I say, left him no hope. He appealed to my compassion; he appealed to his love for me. You know what women are. I too was soft-hearted—I said, Very well; yes! So it ended. In a week more (I tremble as I repeat it), we are to be married.'

She did really tremble—she was obliged to pause and compose herself, before she could go on. The Doctor, waiting for more facts, began to fear that he stood committed to a long story.

'Forgive me for reminding you that I have suffering persons waiting to see me,' he said. 'The sooner you can come to the point, the better for my patients and for me.'

The strange smile—at once so sad and so cruel—showed itself again on the lady's lips. 'Every word I have said is to the point,' she answered. 'You will see it yourself in a moment more.'

She resumed her narrative.

'Yesterday—you need fear no long story, sir; only yesterday—I

was among the visitors at one of your English luncheon parties. A lady, a perfect stranger to me, came in late—after we had left the table, and had retired to the drawing-room, she happened to take a chair near me; and we were presented to each other. I knew her by name, as she knew me. It was the woman whom I had robbed of her lover, the woman who had written the noble letter. Now listen! You were impatient with me for not interesting you in what I had said just now. I said it to satisfy your mind that I had no enmity of feeling towards the lady, on my side. I admired her, I felt for her—I had no cause to reproach myself. This is very important, as you will presently see. On her side, I have reason to be assured that the circumstances had been truly explained to her, and that she understood I was in no way to blame. Now, knowing all these necessary things as you do, explain to me, if you can, why when I rose and met that woman's eyes looking at me, I turned cold from head to foot, and shuddered and shivered, and knew what a deadly panic of fear was, for the first time in my life.'

The Doctor began to feel interested at last.

'Was there anything remarkable in the lady's personal appearance,' he asked.

'Nothing whatever!' was the vehement reply. 'Here is the true description of her:—The ordinary English lady; the clear cold blue eyes, the fine rosy complexion, the inanimately polite manner, the large good-humoured mouth, the too plump cheeks and chin; these, and nothing more.'

'Was there anything in her expression, when you first looked at her, that took you by surprise?'

'There was natural curiosity to see the woman who had been preferred to her; and perhaps some astonishment also, not to see a more engaging and more beautiful person; both those feelings restrained within the limits of good breeding, and both not lasting for more than a few moments—so far as I could see. I say "so far," because the horrible agitation that she communicated to me disturbed my judgment. If I could have got to the door, I would have run out of the room, she frightened me so! I was not even able to stand up—I sank back in my chair; I stared horror-struck at the calm blue eyes that were only looking at me with a gentle surprise. To say they affected me like the eyes of a serpent is to say nothing. I felt her soul in them, looking into mine—looking, if such a thing can be, unconsciously to her own mortal self. I tell you my impression, in all its horror and in all its folly! That woman is destined (without knowing it herself), to be the evil genius of my life. Her innocent eyes saw hidden capabilities of wickedness in me that I was not aware of myself, until I felt them stirring under her look. If I commit faults in my life to come—if I am even guilty of crimes—she will bring the retribution, without (as I firmly believe) any conscious exercise of her own will. In one indescribable moment I felt all this—and I suppose my face showed it. The good artless creature was inspired by a sort of gentle alarm for me. "I am afraid the heat of the room is too much for you; will you try my smelling-bottle?" I heard her say those kind words, and I remember nothing else—I fainted. When I recovered my senses the company had all gone; only the lady of the house was with me. For the moment I could say nothing to her; the dreadful impression that I have tried to describe to you came back to me with the coming back of my life. As soon as I could speak, I implored her to tell me the whole truth about the woman whom I had supplanted. You see, I had a faint hope that her good character might not really be deserved, that her noble letter was a skilful piece of hypocrisy—in short, that she secretly

hated me, and was cunning enough to hide it. No! the lady had been her friend from her girlhood, was as familiar with her as if they had been sisters—knew her positively to be as good, as innocent, as incapable of hating anybody as the greatest saint that ever lived. My one last hope that I had only felt an ordinary forewarning of danger in the presence of an ordinary enemy, was a hope destroyed for ever. There was one more effort I could make, and I made it. I went next to the man whom I am to marry. I implored him to release me from my promise. He refused. I declared I would break my engagement. He showed me letters from his sisters, letters from his brothers and his dear friends—all entreating him to think again before he made me his wife; all repeating reports of me in Paris, Vienna, and London, which are so many vile lies. "If you refuse to marry me," he said, "you admit that these reports are true—you admit that you are afraid to face society in the character of my wife." What could I answer? There was no contradicting him—he was plainly right; if I persisted in my refusal, the utter destruction of my reputation would be the result. I consented to let the wedding take place as we had arranged it—and left him. The night has passed. I am here, with my fixed conviction—that innocent woman is ordained to have a fatal influence over my life. I am here with my one question to put, to the one man who can answer it. for the last time, sir, what am I—a demon who has seen the avenging angel? or only a poor mad woman, misled by the delusion of a deranged mind?"

Dr. Wybrow rose from his chair, determined to close the interview.

He was strongly and painfully impressed by what he had heard. The longer he had listened to her, the more irresistibly the conviction of the woman's wickedness had forced itself on him. He tried vainly to think of her as a person to be pitied—a person with a morbidly sensitive imagination, conscious of the capacities for evil which lie dormant in us all, and striving earnestly to open her heart to the counter-influence of her own better nature; the effort was beyond him. A perverse instinct in him said, as if in words, 'Beware how you believe in her!'

'I have already given you my opinion,' he said. 'There is no sign of your intellect being deranged, or being likely to be deranged, that medical science can discover—as *I* understand it. As for the impressions you have confided to me, I can only say that yours is a case (as I venture to think) for spiritual rather than for medical advice. Of one thing be assured: what you have said to me in this room shall not pass out of it. Your confession is safe in my keeping.'

She heard him, with a certain dogged resignation, to the end.

'Is that all?' she asked.

'That is all,' he answered.

She put a little paper packet of money on the table. 'Thank you, sir. There is your fee.'

With those words she rose. Her wild black eyes looked upward with an expression of despair so defiant and so horrible in its silent agony, that the Doctor turned away his head, unable to endure the sight of it. The bare idea of taking anything from her—not money only, but anything even that she had touched—suddenly revolted him. Still without looking at her, he said, 'Take it back; I don't want my fee.'

She neither heeded nor heard him. Still looking upward, she said slowly to herself, 'Let the end come. I have done with the struggle; I submit.'

She drew her veil over her face, bowed to the Doctor, and left the room.

He rang the bell, and followed her into the hall. As the servant closed the door on her, a sudden impulse of curiosity—utterly unworthy of him, and at the same time utterly irresis-

tible—sprang up in the Doctor's mind. Blushing like a boy, he said to the servant, 'Follow her home, and find out her name.' For one moment the man looked at his master, doubting if his own ears had not deceived him. Doctor Wybrow looked back at him in silence. The submissive servant knew what that silence meant—he took his hat and hurried into the street.

The Doctor went back to the consulting-room. A sudden revulsion of feeling swept over his mind. Had the woman left an infection of wickedness in the house, and had he caught it? What devil had possessed him to degrade himself in the eyes of his own servant? He had behaved infamously—he had asked an honest man, a man who had served him faithfully for years, to turn spy! Stung by the bare thought of it, he ran out into the hall again, and opened the door. The servant had disappeared; it was too late to call him back. But one refuge against his contempt for himself was now open to him—the refuge of work. He got into his carriage and went his rounds among his patients.

If the famous physician could have shaken his own reputation he would have done it that afternoon. Never before had he made himself so little welcome at the bedside. Never before had he put off until to-morrow the prescription which ought to have been written, the opinion which ought to have been given, to-day. He went home earlier than usual—unutterably dissatisfied with himself.

The servant had returned. Doctor Wybrow was ashamed to question him. The man reported the result of his errand, without waiting to be asked.

'The lady's name is the Countess Narona. She lives at——'

Without waiting to hear where she lived, the Doctor acknowledged the all-important discovery of her name, by a silent bend of the head, and entered his consulting-room. The fee that he had vainly refused still lay in its little white paper covering on the table. He sealed it up in an envelope; addressed it to the 'Poor-box' of the nearest police-court; and, calling the servant in, directed him to take it to the magistrate the next morning. Faithful to his duties, the servant waited to ask the customary question, 'Do you dine at home to-day, sir?'

After a moment's hesitation he said, 'No: I shall dine at the club.'

The most easily deteriorated of all the moral qualities, is the quality called 'conscience.' In one state of a man's mind, his conscience is the severest judge that can pass sentence on him. In another state, he and his conscience are on the best possible terms with each other in the comfortable capacity of accomplices. When Doctor Wybrow left his house for the second time, he did not even attempt to conceal from himself that his sole object, in dining at the club, was to hear what the world said of the Countess Narona.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was a time when a man in search of the pleasures of gossip sought the society of ladies. The man knows better now. He goes to the smoking-room of his club.

Doctor Wybrow lit his cigar and looked round him, at his brethren in social conclave assembled. The room was well filled; but the flow of talk was still languid. The Doctor innocently applied the stimulant that was wanted. When he inquired if anybody knew the Countess Narona, he was answered by something like a shout of astonishment. Never (the conclave agreed) had such an absurd question been asked before! Every human creature, with the slightest claim to a place in society, knew the Countess Narona. An adventuress with a European reputation of the

blackest possible colour—such was the general description of the woman with the death-like complexion and the glittering eyes.

Descending to particulars, each member of the club contributed his own little stock of scandal to the memoirs of the Countess. It was doubtful whether she was really what she called herself a Dalmatian lady. It was doubtful whether she had ever been married to the Count whose widow she assumed to be. It was doubtful whether the man who accompanied her in her travels (under the name of Baron Rivar, and in the character of her brother) was her brother at all. Report pointed to the Baron as a gambler at every 'table' on the Continent. Report whispered that his so-called sister had narrowly escaped being implicated in a famous trial for poisoning at Vienna—that she had been known at Milan as a spy in the interests of Austria—that her 'apartment' in Paris had been denounced to the police as nothing less than a private gambling-house—and that her present appearance in England was the natural result of that discovery. Only one member of the assembly in the smoking-room took the part of this much-abused woman and declared that her character had been most cruelly and most unjustly assailed. But as the man was a lawyer, his interference went for nothing: it was naturally attributed to the spirit of contradiction inherent in his profession. He was asked derisively what he thought of the circumstances under which the Countess had become engaged to be married, and he made the characteristic answer, that he thought the circumstances highly creditable to both parties, and that he looked on the lady's future husband as a most enviable man.

Hearing this, the Doctor raised another shout of astonishment by inquiring the name of the gentleman whom the Countess was about to marry.

His friends in the smoking-room decided unanimously that the celebrated physician must be a second 'Rip-van-Winkle,' and that he had just awakened from a supernatural sleep of twenty years. It was all very well to say that he was devoted to his profession, and that he had neither time nor inclination to pick up fragments of gossip at dinner-parties and balls. A man who did not know that the Countess Narona had borrowed money at Homberg of no less a person than Lord Montbarry, and had then deluded him into making her a proposal of marriage, was a man who had probably never heard of Lord Montbarry himself. The younger members of the club, humouring the joke, sent a waiter for the 'Peerage;' and read aloud the memoir of the nobleman in question, for the Doctor's benefit—with illustrative morsels of information interpolated by themselves.

'Herbert John Westwick. First Baron Montbarry, of Montbarry, King's County, Ireland. Created a Peer for distinguished military services in India. Born, 1812. Forty-eight years old, Doctor, at the present time. Not married. Will be married next week, Doctor, to the delightful creature we have been talking about. Heir presumptive, his lordship's next brother, Stephen Robert, married to Ella, youngest daughter of the Reverend Silas Marden, Rector of Runnigate, and has issue, three daughters. Younger brothers of his lordship, Francis and Henry, unmarried. Sisters of his lordship, Lady Barville, married to Sir Theodore Barville, Bart.; and Anne, widow of the late Peter Norbury, Esq., of Norbury Cross. Bear his lordship's relations well in mind, Doctor. Three brothers, Westwick, Stephen, Francis, and Henry; and two sisters, Lady Barville and Mrs. Norbury. Not one of the five will be present at the marriage; and not one of the five will leave a stone unturned to stop it if the Countess will only give them a chance. Add to these

hostile members of the family another offended relative not mentioned in the "Peerage," a young lady.'

A sudden outburst of protest in more than one part of the room stopped the coming disclosure, and released the Doctor from further persecution.

'Don't mention the poor girl's name; it's too bad to make a joke of that part of the business; she has behaved nobly under shameful provocation; there is but one excuse for Montbarry—he is either a madman or a fool.' In these terms the protest expressed itself on all sides. Speaking confidentially to his next neighbour, the Doctor discovered that the lady referred to was already known to him (through the Countess's confession) as the lady deserted by Lord Montbarry. Her name was Agnes Lockwood. She was described as being the superior of the Countess in personal attraction, and as being also by some years the younger woman of the two. Making all allowance for the follies that men committed every day in their relations with women, Montbarry's delusion was still the most monstrous delusion on record. In this expression of opinion every man present agreed—the lawyer even included. Not one of them could call to mind the innumerable instances in which the sexual influence has proved irresistible in the persons of women without even the pretension to beauty. The very members of the club whom the Countess (in spite of her personal disadvantages) could have most easily fascinated, if she had thought it worth her while, were the members who wondered most loudly at Montbarry's choice of a wife.

While the topic of the Countess's marriage was still the one topic of conversation, a member of the club entered the smoking-room whose appearance instantly produced a dead silence. Doctor Wybrow's next neighbour whispered to him, 'Montbarry's brother—Henry Westwick!'

The new-comer looked round him slowly, with a bitter smile.

'You are all talking of my brother,' he said. 'Don't mind me. Not one of you can despise him more heartily than I do. Go on, gentlemen—go on!'

But one man present took the speaker at his word. That man was the lawyer who had already undertaken the defence of the Countess.

'I stand alone in my opinion,' he said, 'and I am not ashamed of repeating it in anybody's hearing. I consider the Countess Narona to be a cruelly-treated woman. Why shouldn't she be Lord Montbarry's wife? Who can say she has a mercenary motive in marrying him?'

Montbarry's brother turned sharply on the speaker. '*I* say it,' he answered.

The reply might have shaken some men. The lawyer stood on his ground as firmly as ever.

'I believe I am right,' he rejoined, 'in stating that his lordship's income is not more than sufficient to support his station in life; also it is an income derived almost entirely from landed property in Ireland, every acre of which is entailed.'

Montbarry's brother made a sign, admitting that he had no objection to offer so far.

'If his lordship dies first,' the lawyer proceeded, 'I have been informed that the only provision he can make for his widow consists in a rent-charge on the property of no more than four hundred a year. His retiring pension and allowances, it is well-known die with him. Four hundred a-year is therefore all that he can leave to the Countess, if he leaves her a widow.'

'Four hundred a year is *not* all,' was the reply to this. 'My brother has insured his life for ten thousand pounds; and he has settled the whole of it on the Countess, in the event of his death.'

This announcement produced a

strong sensation. Men looked at each other, and repeated the three startling words, 'Ten thousand pounds!' Driven fairly to the wall, the lawyer made a last effort to defend his position.

'May I ask who made that settlement a condition of the marriage?' he said. 'Surely it was not the Countess herself?'

Henry Westwick answered, 'It was the Countess's brother;' and added, 'which comes to the same thing.'

After that, there was no more to be said—so long, at least, as Montbarry's brother was present. The talk flowed into other channels; and the Doctor went home.

But his morbid curiosity about the Countess was not set at rest yet. In his leisure moments he found himself wondering whether Lord Montbarry's family would succeed in stopping the marriage after all. And more than this, he was conscious of a growing desire to see the infatuated man himself. Every day during the brief interval before the wedding, he looked in at the club, on the chance of hearing some news. Nothing had happened, so far as the club knew. The Countess's position was secure; Montbarry's resolution to be her husband was unshaken. They were both Roman Catholics, and they were to be married at the chapel in Spanish Place. So much the Doctor discovered about them—and no more.

On the day of the wedding, after a feeble struggle with himself, he actually sacrificed his patients and their guineas, and slipped away secretly to see the marriage. To the end of his life, he was angry with anybody who reminded him of what he had done on that day!

The wedding was strictly private. A close carriage stood at the church door; a few people, mostly of the lower class, and mostly old women, were scattered about the interior of the building. Here and there Doctor Wybrow detected the faces of some of his brethren of the club, attracted by curiosity, like himself. Four persons only stood before the alfar—the bride and bridegroom and their two witnesses. One of these last was a faded-looking woman, who might have been the Countess's companion or maid; the other was undoubtedly her brother, Baron Rivar. The bridal party (the bride herself included) wore their ordinary morning costume. Lord Montbarry, personally viewed, was a middle-aged military man of the ordinary type: nothing in the least remarkable distinguished him either in face or figure. Baron Rivar, again in his way, was another conventional representative of another well-known type. One sees his finely-pointed moustache, his bold eyes, his crisply-curling hair, and his dashing carriage of the head, repeated hundreds of times over on the Boulevards of Paris. The only note-worthy point about him was of the negative sort—he was not in the least like his sister. Even the officiating priest was only a harmless, humble-looking old man, who went through his duties resignedly, and felt visible rheumatic difficulties every time he bent his knees. The one remarkable person, the Countess herself, only raised her veil at the beginning of the ceremony, and presented nothing in her plain dress that was worth a second look. Never, on the face of it, was there a less interesting and less romantic marriage than this. From time to time the Doctor glanced round at the door or up at the galleries, vaguely anticipating the appearance of some protesting stranger, in possession of some terrible secret, commissioned to forbid the progress of the service. Nothing in the shape of an event occurred—nothing extraordinary, nothing dramatic. Bound fast together as man and wife, the two disappeared, followed by their witnesses, to sign the registers; and still Doctor Wybrow

waited, and still he cherished the obstinate hope that something worth seeing must certainly happen yet.

The interval passed, and the married couple, returning to the church, walked together down the nave to the door. Doctor Wybrow drew back as they approached. To his confusion and surprise, the Countess discovered him. He heard her say to her husband, 'One moment; I see a friend.' Lord Montbarry bowed and waited. She stepped up to the Doctor, took his hand, and wrung it hard. He felt her overpowering black eyes looking at him through her veil. 'One step more, you see, on the way to the end!' She whispered those strange words, and returned to her husband. Before the Doctor could recover himself and follow her, Lord and Lady Montbarry had stepped into their carriage, and had driven away.

Outside the church door stood the three or four members of the club who, like Dr. Wybrow, had watched the ceremony out of curiosity. Near them was the bride's brother, waiting alone. He was evidently bent on seeing the man whom his sister had spoken to, in broad daylight. His bold eyes rested on the Doctor's face, with a momentary flash of suspicion in them. The cloud suddenly cleared away; the Baron smiled with charming courtesy, lifted his hat to his sister's friend, and walked off.

The members constituted themselves into a club conclave on the church steps. They began with the Baron. 'Damned ill-looking rascal!' They went on with Montbarry. 'Is he going to take that horrid woman with him to Ireland?' 'Not he! he can't face the tenantry; they know about Agnes Lockwood.' 'Well, but where *is* he going?' 'To Scotland.' 'Does *she* like that?' 'It's only for a fortnight; they come back to London, and go abroad.' 'And they will never return to England, eh?' 'Who can tell? Did you see how she looked at Montbarry, when she had to lift her veil at the beginning of the service? In his place, I should have bolted. Did *you* see her, Doctor?' By this time Dr. Wybrow had remembered his patients, and had heard enough of the club gossip. He followed the example of Baron Rivar, and walked off.

'One step more, you see, on the way to the end,' he repeated to himself, on his way home. 'What end?'

Chapter IV.

ON the day of the marriage, Agnes Lockwood sat alone in the little drawing-room of her London lodgings, burning the letters which had been written to her by Montbarry in the byegone time.

The Countess's maliciously smart description of her, addressed to Dr. Wybrow, had not even hinted at the charm that most distinguished Agnes—the artless expression of goodness and purity which instantly attracted everyone who approached her. She looked by many years younger than she really was. With her fair complexion and her shy manner, it seemed only natural to speak of her as 'a girl,' although she was now really advancing towards thirty years of age. She lived alone with an old nurse devoted to her, on a modest little income, which was just enough to support the two. There were none of the ordinary signs of grief in her face, as she slowly tore the letters of her false lover in two, and threw the pieces into the small fire which had been lit to consume them. Unhappily for herself she was one of those women who feel too deeply to find relief in tears. Pale and quiet, with cold, trembling fingers, she destroyed the letters one by one, without daring to read them again. She had torn the last of the series, and was still shrinking from throwing it after the rest into the swiftly destroying flame, when the old nurse came in, and asked if she would see 'Master Henry',

—meaning that youngest member of the Westwick family, who had publicly declared his contempt for his brother in the smoking-room of the club.

Agnes hesitated. A faint tinge of colour stole over her face.

There had been a long past time when Henry Westwick had owned that he loved her. She had made her confession to him, acknowledging that her heart was given to his eldest brother. He had submitted to his disappointment, and they had met thereafter as cousins and friends. Never before had she associated the idea of him with embarrassing recollections. But now, on the very day when his brother's marriage to another woman had consummated his brother's treason towards her, there was something vaguely repellent in the prospect of seeing him. The old nurse (who remembered them both in their cradles) observed her hesitation; and sympathizing of course with the man, put in a timely word for Henry. 'He says he's going away, my dear; and he only wants to shake hands and say good-bye.' This plain statement of the case had its effect. Agnes decided on receiving her cousin.

He entered the room so rapidly that he surprised her in the act of throwing the fragments of Montbarry's last letter into the fire. She hurriedly spoke first.

'You are leaving London very suddenly, Henry. Is it business or pleasure?'

Instead of answering her, he pointed to the flaming letter, and to some black ashes of burnt paper lying lightly in the lower part of the fire-place.

'Are you burning letters?'

'Yes.'

'*His* letters?'

'Yes.'

He took her hand gently. 'I had no idea I was intruding on you at a time when you must wish to be alone. Forgive me, Agnes—I shall see you when I return.'

She signed to him, with a faint smile, to take a chair.

'We have known one another since we were children,' she said. 'Why should I feel a foolish pride about myself in your presence? why should I have any secrets from you? I sent back all your brother's gifts to me some time ago. I have been advised to do more, to keep nothing that can remind me of him—in short, to burn his letters. I have taken the advice; but I own I shrank a little from destroying the last of the letters. No—not because it was the last, but because it had this in it.' She opened her hand and showed him a lock of Montbarry's hair, tied with a morsel of golden cord. 'Well! well! let it go with the rest.'

She dropped it into the flame. For awhile she stood with her back to Henry, leaning on the mantle-piece, and looking into the fire. He took the chair to which she had pointed, with a strange contradiction of expression in his face: the tears were in his eyes, while the brows above were knit close in an angry frown. He muttered to himself, 'Damn him!'

She rallied her courage, and showed her face again when she spoke. 'Well, Henry, and why are you going away?'

'I am out of spirits, Agnes, and I want a change.'

She paused before she spoke again. His face told her plainly that he was thinking of *her* when he made that reply. She was grateful to him, but her mind was not with him: her mind was still with the man who had deserted her. She turned round again to the fire.

'Is it true,' she asked, after a long silence, 'that they have been married to-day?'

He answered ungraciously in the one necessary word:—'Yes.'

'Did you go to the church?'

He resented the question with an expression of indignant surprise. 'Go to the church?' he repeated 'I would

as soon go to——.' He checked himself there. 'How can you ask?' he added in lower tones. 'I have never spoken to Montbarry, I have not even seen him, since he treated you like the scoundrel and the fool that he is.'

She looked at him suddenly, without saying a word. He understood her and begged her pardon. But he was still angry. 'The reckoning comes to some men,' he said 'even in this world. He will live to rue the day when he married that woman!'

Agnes took the chair by his side, and looked at him with a gentle surprise.

'Is it quite reasonable to be so angry with her because your brother preferred her to me?' she asked.

Henry turned on her sharply. 'Do *you* defend the Countess, of all the people in the world?'

'Why not?' Agnes answered. 'I know nothing against her. On the only occasion when we met, she appeared to be a singularly timid, nervous person, looking dreadfully ill; and *being* indeed so ill that she fainted under the heat of the room. Why should we not do her justice? We know that she was innocent of any intention to wrong me; we know that she was not aware of my engagement——'

Henry lifted his hand impatiently, and stopped her. 'There is such a thing as being *too* just and *too* forgiving?' he interposed. 'I can't bear to hear you talk in that patient way, after the scandalously cruel manner in which you have been treated. Try to forget them both, Agnes. I wish to God I could help you to do it.'

Agnes laid her hand on his arm. 'You are very good to me, Henry; but you don't quite understand me. I was thinking of myself and my trouble in quite a different way, when you came in. I was wondering whether anything which has so entirely filled my heart, and so absorbed all that is best and truest in me, as my feeling for your brother, can really pass away as if it had never existed. I have destroyed the last visible things that remind me of him. In this world, I shall see him no more. But is the tie that once bound us, completely broken? Am I as entirely parted from the good and evil fortune of his life, as if we had never met and never loved? What do *you* think, Henry? I can hardly believe it.'

'If you could bring the retribution on him that he has deserved,' Henry Westwick answered sternly, 'I might be inclined to agree with you.'

As that reply passed his lips the old nurse appeared again at the door, announcing another visitor.

'I am sorry to disturb you, my dear. But here is little Mrs. Ferrari wanting to know when she may say a few words to you.'

Agnes turned to Henry, before she replied. 'You remember Emily Bidwell, my favourite pupil years ago at the village school, and afterwards my maid? She left me, to marry an Italian courier named Ferrari—and I am afraid it has not turned out very well. Do you mind my having her in here, for a minute or two?'

Henry rose to take his leave. 'I should be glad to see Emily again at any other time,' he said. 'But it is best that I should go now. My mind is disturbed, Agnes; I might say things to you, if I stayed here any longer, which—which are better not said now. I shall cross the Channel by the mail to-night, and see how a few weeks' change will help me.' He took her hand. 'Is there anything in the world I can do for you?' he asked very earnestly. She thanked him, and tried to release her hand. He held it with a tremulous lingering grasp. 'God bless you, Agnes!' he said in faltering tones, with his eyes on the ground. Her face flushed again, and the next instant turned paler than ever; she knew his heart as well as he knew it himself—she was too distressed to speak. He lifted her hand to his lips, kissed it fervently, and,

without looking at her again, left the room. The nurse hobbled after him to the head of the stairs: she had not forgotten the time when the younger brother had been the unsuccessful rival of the elder for the hand of Agnes. 'Don't be down-hearted, Master Henry,' whispered the old woman, with the unscrupulous common sense of persons in the lower rank of life. 'Try her again, when you come back!'

Left alone for a few moments, Agnes took a turn in the room, trying to compose herself. She paused before a little water-coloured drawing on the wall, which had belonged to her mother: it was her own portrait when she was a child. 'How much happier we should be,' she thought to herself sadly, 'if we never grew up!'

The courier's wife was shown in—a little meek melancholy woman, with white eyelashes, and watery eyes, who curtseyed deferentially and was troubled with a small chronic cough. Agnes shook hands with her kindly. 'Well, Emily, what can I do for you?'

The courier's wife made rather a strange answer: 'I'm afraid to tell you, Miss.'

'Is it such a very difficult favour to grant? Sit down, and let me hear how you are going on. Perhaps the petition will slip out while we are talking. How does your husband behave to you?'

Emily's light grey eyes looked more watery than ever. She shook her head and sighed resignedly. 'I have no positive complaint to make against him, Miss. But I'm afraid he doesn't care about me; and he seems to take no interest in his home—I may almost say he's tired of his home. It might be better for both of us, Miss, if he went travelling for a while—not to mention the money, which is beginning to be wanted sadly.' She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and sighed again more resignedly than ever.

'I don't quite understand,' said Agnes. 'I thought your husband had an engagement to take some ladies to Switzerland and Italy?'

'That was his ill-luck, Miss. One of the ladies fell ill—and the others wouldn't go without her. They paid him a month's salary as compensation. But they had engaged him for the autumn and winter—and the loss is serious.'

'I am sorry to hear it, Emily. Let us hope he will soon have another chance.'

'It's not his turn, Miss, to be recommended when the next applications come to the courier's office. You see, there are so many of them out of employment just now. If he could be privately recommended——' She stopped, and left the unfinished sentence to speak for itself.

Agnes understood her directly. 'You want my recommendation,' she rejoined. 'Why couldn't you say so at once?'

Emily blushed. 'It would be such a chance for my husband,' she answered confusedly. 'A letter, inquiring for a good courier (a six months' engagement, Miss!) came to the office this morning. It's another man's turn to be chosen—and the secretary will recommend him. If my husband could only send his testimonials by the same post—with just a word in your name, Miss—it might turn the scale, as they say. A private recommendation between gentlefolks goes so far.' She stopped again, and sighed again, and looked down at the carpet, as if she had some private reason for feeling a little ashamed of herself.

Agnes began to be rather weary of the persistent tone of mystery in which her visitor spoke. 'If you want my interest with a friend of mine,' she said, 'why can't you tell me the name?'

The courier's wife began to cry. 'I'm ashamed to tell you, Miss.'

For the first time, Agnes spoke sharply. 'Nonsense, Emily! Tell me the name directly—or drop the subject—whichever you like best.'

Emily made a last desperate effort. She wrung her handkerchief hard in her lap, and let off the name as if she had been letting off a loaded gun:—'Lord Montbarry!'

Agnes rose and looked at her.

'You have disappointed me,' she said very quietly, but with a look which the courier's wife had never seen in her face before. 'Knowing what you know, you ought to be aware that it is impossible for me to communicate with Lord Montbarry. I always supposed you had some delicacy of feeling. I am sorry to find that I have been mistaken.'

(*To be continued.*)

LOVE'S BURIAL.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

WITH folded wings and folded hands,
We laid him down upon the sands—
The white sea-sands—one night in June,
While o'er us shone the full-orbed moon.

We made his grave upon the beach,
A rood beyond the surge's reach!
With buds and flowers of rosy dyes,
We heaped his grave,—with tearful eyes!

You said, "Oh Love! that he should die!"
You said, "Oh Love! awaits the sky.
"Since Love is dead, what can remain,
But sorrow, darkness, doubt and pain?"

We kissed the flowers that o'er him lay!
We wept the lingering hours away!
The spot we haunted many a year,
With blinded eyes and hearts a-sear!

Where Love lies buried, you and I,
Though far apart, one day shall lie,—
Shall lie asleep—to waken not,
Our losses, like ourselves, forgot.

THE YELLOW TIBER.

BY GRACE GREEN.

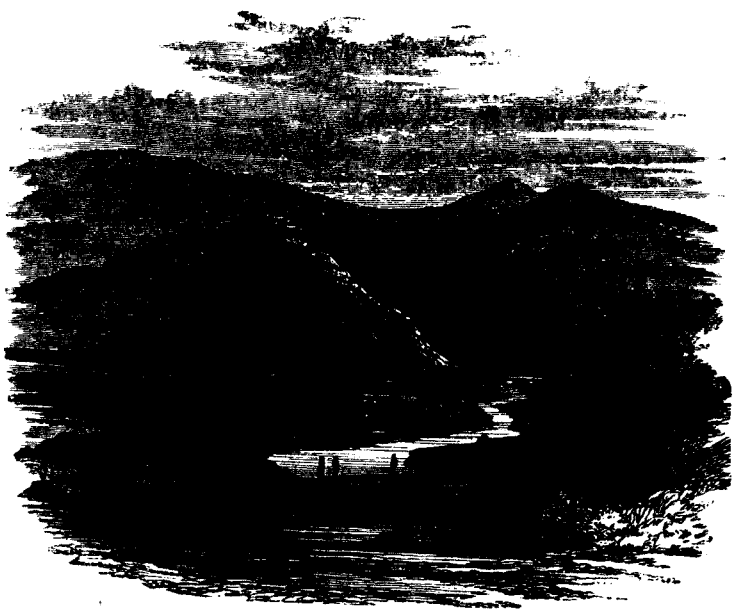
NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE TIBER.

I

"ECCE TIBERIM!" cried the Roman legions when they first beheld the Scottish Tay. What power of association could have made them see in the clear and shallow stream the likeness of their tawny Tiber, with his full-flowing waters sweeping down to the sea? Perhaps those soldiers under whose mailed and rugged breasts lay so tender a thought of home came from the northerly region among the Apennines, where a little bubbling mountain-brook is the first form in which the storied Tiber greets the light of day. One who has made a pilgrimage from its mouth to its source thus describes the spot: "An old man undertook to be our guide. By the side of the little stream, which here constitutes the first vein of the Tiber, we penetrated the wood. It was an immense beech-forest. . . . The trees were almost all great gnarled veterans who had borne the snows of many winters: now they stood basking above their blackened shadows in the blazing sunshine. The little stream tumbled from ledge to ledge of splintered rock, sometimes creeping into a hazel thicket, green with long ferns and soft moss, and then leaping once more merrily into the sunlight. Presently it split into numerous little rills. We followed the longest of these. It led us to a carpet of smooth green turf amidst an opening in the trees; and there bub-

bling out of the green sod, embroidered with white strawberry-blossoms, the delicate blue of the crane's bill and dwarf willow-herb, a copious little stream arose. Here the old man paused, and resting upon his staff, raised his age-dimmed eyes, and pointing to the gushing water, said, '*E questo si chiama il Tevere a Roma!*' ('And this is called the Tiber at Rome!') . . . We followed the stream from the spot where it issued out of the beech-forest, over barren spurs of the mountains, crested with fringes of dark pine, down to a lonely and desolate valley, shut in by dim and misty blue peaks. Then we entered the portals of a solemn wood, with grey trunks of trees everywhere around us and impenetrable foliage above our heads, the deep silence only broken by fitful songs of birds. To this succeeded a blank district of barren shale cleft into great gullies by many a wintry torrent. Presently we found ourselves at an enormous height above the river, on the ledge of a precipice which shot down almost perpendicularly on one side to the bed of the stream. . . . . A little past this place we came upon a very singular and picturesque spot. It was an elevated rock shut within a deep dim gorge, about which the river twisted, almost running round it. Upon this rock were built a few gloomy-looking houses and a quaint, old-world mill. It was reached from the hither side by a widely-spanning one-arched bridge. It was called Val Savignone." Beyond this, at a small village called Balsciano, the hills began to subside into gentler slopes, which gradually merged in the plain at the little town of Pieve San Stefano.

Thus far the infant stream has no history: its legends and chronicles do not begin so early. But a few miles farther, on a tiny branch called the



CAPRESE.

Singerna, are the vestiges of what was once a place of some importance—Caprese, where Michael Angelo was born some four hundred years ago. His father was for a twelvemonth governor of this place and Chiusi, five

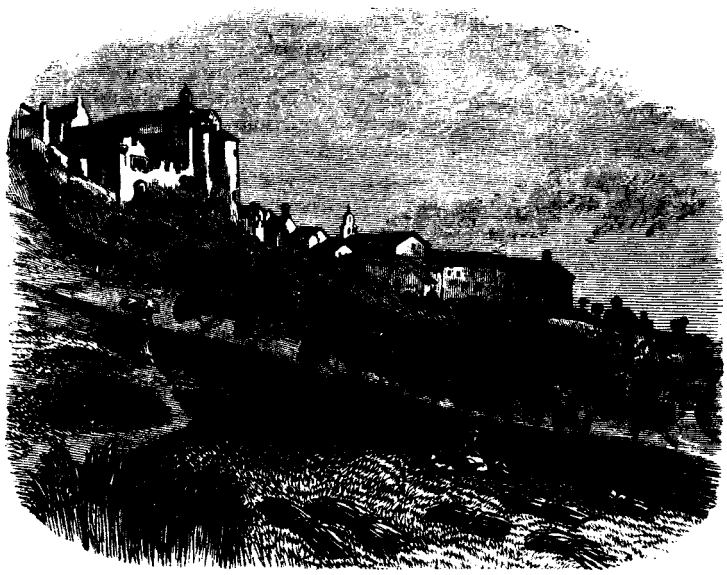
miles off (not Lars Porsenna's Clusium, which is to the south, but Clusium Novum), and brought his wife with him to inhabit the *palazzo communale.* During his regency the painter of the "Last Judgment," the sculptor of "Night and Morning," the architect of St. Peter's cupola first saw the light. Here the history of the Tiber begins —here men first mingled blood with its unsullied waves. On another little tributary is Anghiara, where in 1440 a terrible battle was fought between the Milanese troops, under command of the gallant free-lance Piccinino, and the Florentines, led by Giovanni Paolo (commonly called Giampaolo) Orsini; and a little farther, on the main stream, Città di Castello recalls the story of a long siege which it valiantly sustained against Braccio da Montone, surnamed Fortebraccio (Strong-arm), another renowned soldier of fortune of the fifteenth century.

As the widening flood winds on through the beautiful plain, a broad sheet of water on the right spreads for miles to the foot of the mountains, whose jutting spurs form many a bay, cove and estuary. It was in the small hours of a night of misty moonlight that our eyes, stretched wide with the new wonder of beholding classic ground, first caught sight of this smooth expanse gleaming pallidly amid the dark, blurred outlines of the landscape and trees. The monotonous noise and motion of the train had put our fellow-travellers to sleep, and when it gradually ceased they did not stir. There was no bustle at the little station where we stopped; a few drowsy figures stole silently by in the dim light, like ghosts on the spectral shores of Acheron; the whole scene was strangely unreal, phantasmal. "What can it be?" we asked each other under our breaths. "There is but one thing that it can be —Lake Thrasimene." And so it was. Often since, both by starlight and daylight, we have seen that watery sheet of fatal memories, but it never wore the same shadowy yet impressive aspect as on our first night-journey from Florence to Rome.

Then what historical associations, straggling away across three thousand years to when Perugia was one of the thirty cities of Etruria, and kept her independence through every vicissitude until Augustus starved her out in 40 B. C.! Portions of the wall, huge smooth blocks of travertine stone, are the work of the vanished Etruscans, and fragments of several gateways, with Roman alterations. One is perfect, imbedded in the outer wall of the castle: it has a round-headed arch, with six pilasters, in the intervals of which are three half-length human figures and two horses' heads. On the southern slope of the hill, three miles beyond the walls, a number of Etruscan tombs were accidentally discovered by a peasant a few years ago. The outer entrance alone had suffered, buried under the rubbish of two millenniums: the burial place of the Volumnii has been restored externally after ancient Etruscan models, but within it has been left untouched. Descending a long flight of stone steps, which led into the heart of the hill, we passed through a low door formerly closed by a single slab of travertine, too ponderous for modern hinges. At first we could distinguish nothing in the darkness, but by the uncertain flaring of two candles, which the guide waved about incessantly, we saw a chamber hewn in the rock, with a roof in imitation of beams and rafters, all of solid tufa stone. A low stone seat against the wall on each hand and a small hanging lamp were all the furniture of this apartment, awful in its emptiness and mystery. On every side there were dark openings into cells whence came gleams of white, indefinite forms: a great Gorgon's head gazed at us from the ceiling, and from the walls in every direction started the crested heads and necks of sculptured serpents. We entered one by one the nine small grotto-like compartments which surround the central cavern: the white shapes turned out to be cinerary

urns, enclosing the ashes of the three thousand years dead Volumnii. Urns, as we understand the word, they are not, but large caskets, some of them alabaster, on whose lids recline male figures draped and garlanded as for a feast: the faces differ so much in feature and expression that one can hardly doubt their being likenesses: the figures, if erect, would be nearly two feet in height. The sides of these little sarcophagi are covered with *bassi-rilievi*, many of them finely executed: the subjects are combats and that favourite theme the boar-hunt of Kalydon; there was one which represented the sacrifice of a child. The Medusa's head, as it is thought to be, recurs constantly, treated with extraordinary power: we were divided among ourselves whether it was Medusa or an Erinnys with winged head. The sphinx appears several times: there are four on the corners of an alabaster urn in the shape of a temple, exquisite in form and features, and exceedingly delicate in workmanship. Bulls' heads, with garlands drooping between them, a well-known ornament of antique altars, are among the decorations. But far the most beautiful objects were the little hanging figures, which seemed to have been lamps of a green bronze colour, though we were assured that they are *terra-cotta:* they are male figures of exquisite grace and beauty, with a lightness and airiness commonly given to Mercury; but these had large angel pinions on the shoulders, and none on the head or feet. There was not a scholar in the party, so we all returned unenlightened, but profoundly interested and impressed, and with that delightful sense of stimulated curiosity which is worth more than all Eurekas. With the exception of a few weapons and trinkets, which we saw at the museum, this is all that remains of the mighty Etruscans, save the shapes of the common red pottery which is spread out wholesale in the open space opposite the cathedral on market-days—the most graceful and useful which could be devised, and which have not changed their model since earlier days than the occupants of those tombs could remember.

But time would fail us to tell of the Baglioni, or Pope Paul the Borghese, or Fortebraccio, the chivalric *condottiere* who led the Perugians to war against their neighbours of Todi, or even the still burning memories of the sack of Perugia by command of the late pope. We can no longer turn our thoughts from the treasures of art which make Perugia rich above all cities of the Tiber, save Rome alone. We cannot tarry before the cathedral, noble despite its incompleteness and the unsightly alterations of later times, and full of fine paintings and matchless wood-carving and wrought metal and precious sculptures; nor before the Palazzo Communale, another grand Gothic wreck, equally dignified and degraded; nor even beside the great fountain erected six hundred years ago by Nicolo and Giovanni da Pisa, the chiefs and founders of the Tuscan school of sculpture; nor beneath the statue of Pope Julius III., which Hawthorne has made known to all; for there are a score of churches and palaces, each with its priceless Perugino, and drawings and designs by his pupil Raphael in his lovely "first manner," which has so much of the Eden-like innocence of his master; and the Academy of Fine Arts, where one may study the Umbrian school at leisure; and last, but not least, the Sala del Cambio, or Hall of Exchange, where Perugino may be seen in his glory. It is not a hall of imposing size, so that nothing interferes with the impression of the frescoes which gaze upon you from every side as you enter. Or no; they do not gaze upon you nor return your glance, but look sweetly and serenely forth, as if with eyes never bent on earthly things. The right-hand wall is dedicated to the sibyls and prophets, the left to the greatest sages and heroes of antiquity. There is something capricious or else enigmatical in the mode of presenting many of them—the dress



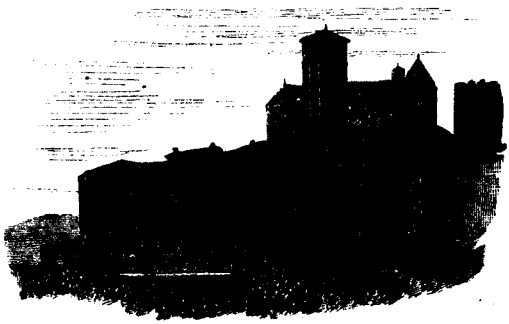
TODI.

attitude and general appearance often suggest a very different person from the one intended—but the grace and loveliness of some, the dignity and elevation of others, the expression of wisdom in this face, of celestial courage in that, the calm and purity and beauty of all give them an indescribable charm and potency. At the end of the room facing the door are the "Nativity" and "Transfiguration," the latter, infinitely beautiful and religious, full of quiet concentrated feeling. We were none of us critics: none of us had got beyond the stage when the sentiment of a work of art is what most affects our enjoyment of it; and we all confessed how much more impressive to us was this Transfiguration, with its three quiet spectators, than the world-famous one at the Vatican. Although there are masterpieces of Perugino's in nearly every great European collection, I cannot but think one must go to Perugia to appreciate fully the limpid clearness, the pensive, tranquil suavity, which reigns throughout his pictures in the countenances, the landscape, the atmosphere.

The cliff on which Assisi stands rises abruptly on the side toward the Tiber: long lines of triple arches, which look as if hewn in the living stone, stretch along its face, one above another, like galleries, the great mass of the church and convent, with its towers and gables and spire-like cypress trees, crowning all. It is this marriage of the building to the rock, these lower arcades which rise halfway between the valley and the plateau seeking the help of the solid crag to sustain the upper ones and the vast superimposed structure, that makes the distant sight of Assisi so striking, and almost overwhelms you with a sense of its greatness as the winding road brings you close below on your way up to the town. It is a triple church. The uppermost one, begun two years after the saint's death, has a magnificent Gothic west front and high steps leading from the piazza, and a rich side-portal with a still higher flight leading from a court on a lower level. As we entered, the early afternoon sun was streaming in through the immense rose-window and flooding the vast nave, illumining the blue star

studded vault of the lofty roof and the grand, simple frescoes of Cimabue and Giotto on the walls. Thence we descended to the second church, in whose darkness our vision groped, half blind from the sudden change; but gradually through the dusk we began to discern low vaults stretching heavily across pillars which look like stunted giants, so short are they and so tremendously thick-set, the high altar enclosed by an elaborate grating, the little side-chapels like so many black cells, and through the gloom a twinkle and glimmer of gold and colour and motes floating in furtive sunbeams that had strayed in through the superb stained glass of the infrequent windows. The frescoes of Giotto and his school enrich every spandril and interspace with their simple, serious forms—no other such place to study the art of that early day—but a Virgin enthroned among saints by Lo Spagna, a disciple of Perugino's, made a pure light in the obscurity: it had all the master's golden transparency, like clear shining after the rain. From this most solemn and venerable place we went down to the lowest church, the real sepulchre: it was darker than the one we had left, totally dark it seemed to me, and contracted, although—it is in the form of a Greek cross—each arm is sixty feet: in fact, it is only a crypt of unusual size; and although here were the saint's bones in an urn of bronze, we were conscious of a weakening of the impression made by the place we had just left. No doubt it is because the crypt is of this century, while the other two churches are of the thirteenth.

There are other things to be seen at Assisi; and after dining at the little Albergo del Leone, which, like every part of the town except the churches, is remarkably clean, my companion set out to climb up to the castle, and I wandered back to the great church. As I sat idly on the steps a monk accosted me, and finding that I had not seen the convent, carried me through labyrinthine corridors and galleries, down long flights of subterranean stone steps, one after another, until I thought we could not be far from the centre of the earth, when he suddenly turned aside into a vast cloister with high arched openings and led me to one of them. Oh, the beauty, the glory, the wonder of the sight! We were halfway down the mountain-side, hanging between the blue heaven and the billowy Umbrian plain, with its verdure and its azure fusing into tints of dreamy softness as they vanished in the deep violet shadows of thick-crowding mountains, on whose surfaces and gorges lay changing colours of the superbest intensity. Poplars and willows showed silvery among the tender green of other deciduous trees in their fresh spring foliage and the deep velvet of the immortal cypresses and the blossoming shrubs, which looked like little puffs of pink and white cloud resting on the bosom of the valley. A small, clear mountain-stream wound round the headland to join the Tiber, which divides the landscape with its bare, pebbly bed. It was almost the same view that one has from twenty places in Perugia, but coming out upon it as from the bowels of the earth, framed in its huge stone arch, it was like opening a window from this world into Paradise



CHURCH AND CONVENT OF ST. FRANCIS, AT ASSISI.

Slowly and lingeringly I left the cloister, and panted up the many steps back to the piazza to await my companion and the carriage which was to take us back to Perugia. The former was already there, and in a few minutes a small omnibus came clattering down the stony street, and stopping beside us the driver informed us that he had come for us. Our surprise and wrath broke forth. Hours before we had bespoken a little open carriage, and it was this heavy, jarring, jolting vehicle which they had sent to drive us ten miles across the hills. The driver declared, with truly Italian volubility and command of language and gesture, that there was no other means of conveyance to be had; that it was excellent, swift, admirable; that it was what the signori always went from Assisi to Perugia in; that, in fine, we had engaged it, and *must* take it. My companion hesitated, but I had the advantage here, being the one who could speak Italian; so I promptly replied that we would not go in the omnibus under any circumstances. The whole story was then repeated with more adjectives and superlatives, and gestures of a form and pathos to make the fortune of a tragic actor. I repeated my refusal. He began a third time: I sat down on the steps, rested my head on my hand and looked at the carvings of the portal. This drove him to frenzy: so long as you answer an Italian he gets the better of you; entrench yourself in silence and he is impotent. The driver's impotence first exploded in fury and threats: at least we should pay for the omnibus, for his time, for his trouble; yes, pay the whole way to Perugia and back, and his *buon' mano* besides. All the beggars who haunt the sanctuary of their patron had gathered about us, and from playing Greek chorus now began to give us advice: "Yes, we would do well to go: the only carriage in Assisi, and excellent, admirable!" The numbers of these vagrants, their officiousness, their fluency, were bewildering. "But what are we to do?" asked my anxious companion. "Why, if it comes to the worst, walk down to the station and take the night-train back." He walked away whistling, and I composed myself to a visage of stone and turned my eyes to the sculptures once more. Suddenly the driver stopped short: there was a minute's pause, and then I heard a voice in the softest accents asking for something to buy a drink. I turned round—beside me stood the driver, hat in hand: "Yes, the signora is right, quite right: I go, but she will give me something to get a drink?" I nearly laughed, but, biting my lips, I said firmly, "A drink? Yes, if it be poison." The effect was astounding: the man uttered an ejaculation, crossed himself, mounted his box and drove off; the beggars shrank away, stood aloof and exchanged awe-struck whispers; only a few liquid-eyed little ragamuffins continued to turn somersets and stand on their heads undismayed.

Half an hour elapsed: the sun was beginning to descend, when the sound of wheels was again heard, and a light waggon with four places and a brisk little horse came rattling down the street. A pleasant-looking fellow jumped down, took off his hat and said he had come to drive us to Perugia. We jumped up joyfully, but I asked the price. "Fifty francs"—a sum about equivalent to fifty dollars in those regions. I smiled and shook my head: he eagerly assured me that this included his *buon' mano* and the cost of the oxen which we should be obliged to hire to drag us up some of the hills. I shook my head again: he shrugged and turned as if to go. My unhappy fellow-traveller started forward: "Give him whatever he asks and let us get away." I sat down again on the steps, saying in Italian, as if in soliloquy, that we should have to go by the train, after all. Then the new-comer cheerfully came back: "Well, signora, whatever you please to give." I named half his price—an exorbitant sum, as I well knew—and in a moment

TEMPLE OF THE CLITUMNUS.

more we were skimming along over the hard, smooth mountain-roads: we heard no more of those mythical beasts the oxen, and in two hours were safe in Perugia.

II.

ONE branch of the little river which encompasses Assisi is the Clitumnus, the delight of philosophers and poets in the Augustan age. Near its source stands a beautiful little temple to the divinity of the stream. Although the ancients resorted hither for the loveliness of the spot, they did not bathe in the springs, a gentle superstition holding it sacrilege for the human body to lave itself in a stream near its source. They came by the Via Flaminia, the old high-road from Rome to Florence, which crosses the modern railroad hard by. Following its course, which takes a more direct line than the devious Tiber, past Spoleto on its woody castellated height, the traveller reaches Terni on the tumultuous Nar, the wildest and most rebellious of all the tributaries. It was to save the surrounding country from its outbreaks that the channel was made by the Romans B. C. 271, the first of several experiments which resulted in these cascades, which have been more sung and oftener painted than any other in the world. The beauty of Terni is so hackneyed that enthusiasm over it becomes cockney, yet the beauty of hackneyed things is as eternal as the verity of truisms, and no more loses its charm than the other its point. But one must not talk about it. The foaming torrent rages along between its rocky walls until spanned by the bridge

of Augustus at Narni, a magnificent viaduct sixty feet high, thrown from ridge to ridge across the ravine for the

THE FALLS OF TERNI

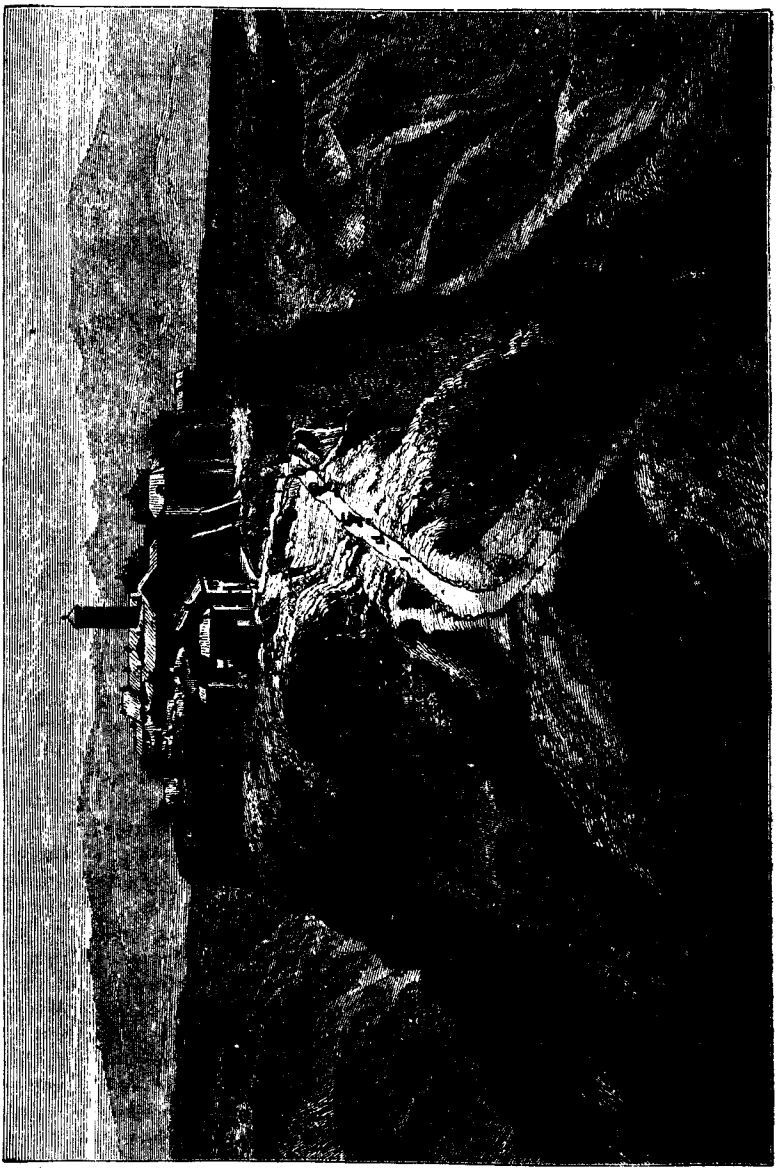
passage of the Flaminian Way—a wreck now, for two of the arches have fallen, but through the last there is a glimpse of the rugged hillsides with their thick forests and the turbulent waters rushing through the chasm. Higher still is Narni, looking over her embattled walls. It is one of the most striking positions on the way from Florence to Rome, and the next half hour, through savage gorges and black tunnels, ever beside the tormented waters of the Nar until they meet the Tiber, swollen by the tributes of the Paglia and Chiana, is singularly fine.

The discomfort of Perugia was luxury to what we found at Orvieto, and it was no longer May but December, when it is nearly as cold north of Rome as with us; and Rome was drawing us with her mighty magnet. So, one wintry morning, soon after daybreak, we set out in a close carriage with four horses, wrapped as if we were going in a sleigh, with a *scaldino* (or little brazier) under our feet, for the nearest railway station on our route, a nine hours' drive. Our way lay through the snow-covered hills and their leafless forest, and long after we had left Orvieto behind again and again a rise in the road would bring it full in sight on its base of tufa, girt by its walls, the Gothic lines of the cathedral sharp against the clear, brightening sky. At our last look the sun was not up, but broad shafts of light, such as painters throw before the chariot of Phœbus, refracted against the pure ether, spread like a halo round the threefold pinnacles: a moment more and Orvieto was hidden behind a higher hill, not to be seen again. All day we drove among the snow-bound hills and woods, past the Lake of Bolsena in its forbidding beauty; past small valleys full of naked fruit trees and shivering olives, which must be nooks of loveliness in spring; past defiant little towns aloft on their islands of tufa, like Bagnorea with its single slender bell-tower; past Montefiascone with its good old story about Cardinal Fugger and the native wine. We stopped to lunch at Viterbo, a town more closely connected with the his-

ORVIETO.

tory of the Papacy than any except Rome itself, and full of legends and romantic associations: it is dirty and dilapidated, and has great need of all its memories. Being but eight miles from Montefiascone, we called for a bottle of the fatal Est, which we had tasted once at Augsburg, where the host of the Three Moors has it in his cellar, in honour perhaps of the departed Fugger family, whose palace has become his hotel: there we had found it delicious—a wine as sweet as cordial, with a soul of fire and a penetrating but delicate flavour of its own—how different from the thin, sour stuff they brought us in the long-necked, straw-covered flask, nothing to attest its relationship to the generous juice at the Three Moors except the singular unique flavour! After this little disappointment we left Viterbo, and drove on through the same sort of scenery, which seemed to grow more and more beautiful in the rosy light of the sinking sun. But it is hard to tell, for nothing makes a journey so beautiful as to know that Rome is the goal. As the last rays were flushing the hill-tops we came in sight of Orte, with its irregular lines of building clinging to the sides of its precipitous cliff in such eyrie-wise that it is difficult to say what is house and what is rock, and whether the arched passages with which it is pierced are masonry or natural grottoes; and there was the Tiber—already the yellow Tiber—winding through the valley as far as the eye could follow. Here we waited for the train, which was ten minutes late, and tried to make up for lost time by leaving our luggage, all duly marked and ready, standing on the track. We soon began to greet familiar sites as we flitted by: the last we made out plainly was Borghetto, a handful of houses, with a ruined castle keeping watch on a hill hard by: then twilight gathered, and we strained our eyes in vain for the earliest glimpse of Mount Soracte, and night came down before we could descry the first landmarks of the Agro Romano, the outposts of our excursions, the farm-towers we knew by name, the farthest fragments of the aqueducts. But it was not so obscure that we could not discern the Tiber

between his low banks showing us the way, the lights quivering in the Anio, as the train rushed over the bridge; and when at length we saw against the



CIVITA BAGNOREA.

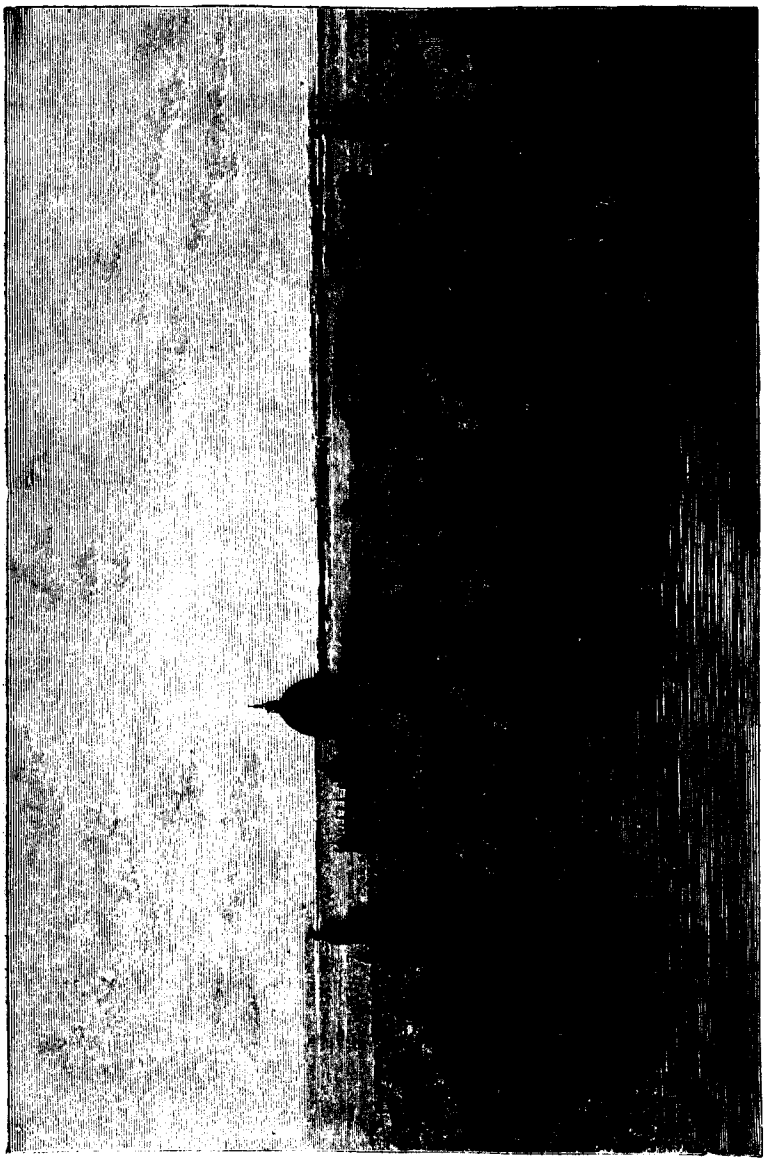
clear night-sky a great dark barrier stretching right and left, we knew that the walls of Rome were once more before us: in a moment we had glided through with slackening speed, and her embrace enfolded us again.

The Tiber winding as it does like a great artery through the heart of

Rome, is seldom long either out of sight or mind. One constantly comes upon it in the most unexpected manner, for there is no river front to the city. There is a wide open space on the Ripetta—a street which runs from the Piazza del Popolo, at the head of the foreign quarter, to remoter parts—where a broad flight of marble steps descends to the level of the flood, and a ferry crosses to the opposite bank: looking over at the trees and fields, it is like the open country, yet beyond are St. Peter's and the Vatican, and the whole of what is known as the Leonine City. But one cannot follow the Tiber through the streets of Rome as one may the Seine in Paris: in the thickly-built quarters the houses back upon the stream and its yellow waves wash their foundations, working wrath and woe from time to time, as those who were there in the winter of 1870 will recollect. Sometimes it is lost to sight for half a mile together, unless one catches a glimpse of it through the carriage-way of a palace. From the wharf of the Ripetta it disappears until you come upon it again at the bridge of St. Angelo, the Ælian bridge of ancient Rome, which is the most direct passage from the fashionable and foreign quarter to the Trastevere. It must be confessed that the idle sense of mere pleasure generally supersedes recollection and association after one's first astonishment to find one's self among the historic places subsides; yet how often, as our horse's hoofs rang on the slippery stones, my thoughts went suddenly back to the scene when Saint Gregory passed over, chanting litanies, at the head of the whole populace, who formed one vast penitential procession, and saw the avenging angel alight on the mausoleum of Adrian and sheath his sword in sign that the plague was stayed; or to that terrible day when the ferocious mercenaries of the Constable de Bourbon and the wretched inhabitants given over to sack and slaughter swarmed across together, butchering and butchered, while the troops in the castle hurled down what was left of its classic statues upon the heads of friend and foe, and the Tiber was turned to blood!

THE TIBER, FROM ORTE.

The scenery differs entirely on different sides of Rome. Here there is not a ruin, not a vestige, except a few low heaps of stone or brickwork hidden by weeds: on the other, towards Tivoli, much of the beauty is due to the work



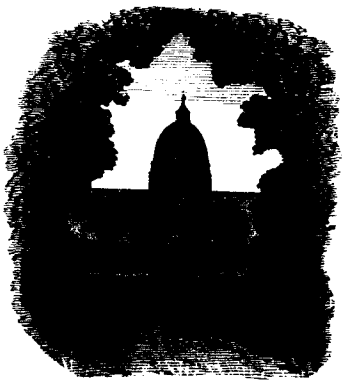
ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN, FROM THE FALLS OF THE TIBER.

of man — the stately remnants of ancient aqueduct, temple and tomb; the tall square towers of feudal barons, round which cluster low farm-build-

THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

ings scarcely less old and solid: the vast, gloomy grottoes of Cerbara, which look like the underground palace of a bygone race, but which are the tufa-quarries of classic times; the ruined baths of Zenobia, where the rushing milky waters of the Aquæ Albulæ fill the air with sulphurous fumes; and, as a climax, the Villa of Hadrian, less a country-place than a whole region, a town-in-country, with palace, temples, circus, theatres, baths amidst a tract of garden and pleasure-ground ten miles in circumference. Even when one is familiar with the enormous height and bulk of the Coliseum or the

ISLAND OF THE TIBER.



CUPOLA OF ST. PETER'S.

Baths of Caracalla, the extent of the ruins of Hadrian's Villa is overwhelming. Numerous fragments are still standing, graceful and elegant, but a vast many more are buried deep under turf and violets and fern: large cypresses and ilexes have struck root among their stones, and they form artificial hills and vales and great wide plateaus covered with herbage and shrubbery, hardly to be distinguished from the natural accidents of the land. The solitude is as immense as the space. After leaving our carriage we wandered about for hours, sometimes lying in the sunshine at the edge of a great grassy terrace which commands the Campagna and the Agro Romano—beyond whose limits we had come—to where, like a little bell, St. Peter's dome hung faint and blue upon the horizon; sometimes exploring the innumerable porticoes and galleries, and replacing in fancy the Venus de Medici, the Dancing Faun, and all the other shapes of beauty which once occupied these ravished pedestals and niches; sometimes rambling about the flowery fields, and up and down among the hillocks and dells, meeting no one, until at length, when completely bewildered and lost, we fell in with a rustic belonging to the estate, who guided us back. We left the place with the sense of having been in a separate realm, another country, belonging to another age. The whole of that visit to Tivoli was like a dream. The sun was sinking when we left the precincts

TIVOLI.

CASTLE AT OSTIA.

of the villa, and twilight stole upon us, wrapping all the landscape on which we looked back in softer folds of shade, and resolving its features into large, calm masses, as the horses laboured up the narrow, stony road into a mysterious wood of gigantic olives, gnarled, twisted and rent as no other tree could be and live. The scene was wild and weird in the dying light, and it grew almost savage as we wound upward among the robber-haunted hills. Night had fallen before we reached the mountain-town. Our coachman dashed through the dark slits of streets, where it seemed as if our wheels must strike the houses on each side, cracking his whip and jingling the bells of the harness. Under black archways sat groups of peasants, their swart visages lit up from below by the glow of a brazier, while a flaring torch stuck through a ring overhead threw fierce lights and shadows across the scene. Sharp cries and shouts like maledictions rose as we passed, and as we turned into the little square on which the inn stands we wondered in what sort of den we should have to lodge. We followed our host of the little Albergo della Regnia up the steep stone staircase with many misgivings: he flung open a door, and we beheld a carpeted room, all furnished and hung with pink chintz, covered with cupids and garlands. There were sofas, low arm-chairs, a writing-table with appurtenances, a tea-table with snowy linen and a hissing brass tea-kettle. Opening from this were two little white nests of bedrooms, with tin bathtubs and an abundance of towels. We could not believe our eyes: here were English comfort and French taste. Were we in May Fair or the Rue de Rivoli? Or was it a fairy-tale?

The Campagna has one more aspect, different from all the rest, where the Tiber, weary with his long wandering, rolls lazily to the sea. It is a dreary waste of swamp and sandhill and scrub growth, but with a forlorn beauty of its own, and the beauty of colour, never absent in Italy. The tall, coarse grass and reeds pass through a series of vivid tones, culminating in tawny gold and deep orange, against which the silver-fretted violet blue-green of

the Mediterranean assumes a magical splendour. Small, shaggy buffaloes with ferocious eyes, and sometimes a peasant as wild-looking as they, are the only inhabitants of this wilderness. The machicolated towers of Castel Fusano among its grand stone-pines stand up from the marshes, and farther seaward another castle with a single pine; but they only enhance the surrounding loneliness. Ostia, the ancient port, which the sea and river have both deserted, is now a city of the dead, a Pompeii above ground, whose avenues of tombs lead to streets of human dwellings more desolate still. It is no longer by Ostia, nor even by the Tiber, that one can reach the sea: the way was choked by sand and silt seventeen centuries ago, and Trajan caused the canal to be made which bears his name; and this is still the outlet from Rome to the Mediterranean, while the river expires among the pestilential marshes.

TO HELEN.

BY R. MARVIN SEATON.

WHEN old Anacreon twanged the lyre,
And sang his burning strains,—
When Sappho tuned her heart of fire,
To float o'er Attic plains;
Soft Delphic breezes bore their lays
To god-like ears above;
And Venus heard their songs of praise
Attuned to her and *Love.*

When Lesbian harps responsive rang
As Alceus touched the chords,
And tuneful bards of Ida sang
Their songs in Doric words
Of wondrous power, the zephyrs bore
The theme to mighty Jove,—
The theme which sweeps the wide world o'er,
The mystery of *Love.*

And should *I* now attempt to sing
My simple lays to thee,
As Cupid struck, of old, the string,
And tuned the melody,
So would my Muse, with eager wing,
Impassioned, sweep the chords;
And Love, and Love alone, would sing
The warm and tender words.

THE EARLY ENGLISH STAGE.

BY J. L. STEWART.

THE stage was honourable in Greece, but despised in Rome. The Roman actor, although patronized and applauded for his art, was accounted too despicable to be numbered with the tribes. This Roman prejudice against the player, which only genius like that of Roscius and Æsopus could overcome, has been inherited in part by modern nations. In France the actor was forbidden benefit of clergy, and even denied the sacrament of marriage, being forced to choose between celibacy and illicit union. In England the stage struggled for long years against the Church and the hostile element of society, and is even yet an object of more or less reprobation to the most of the dissenting sects. This prejudice on the part of devoutness and respectability is sufficient, in itself, to account for the lack of reverence and the disregard of appearances which have always been, to some degree, characteristic of the profession, without seeking for causes in the nature of histrionic art itself to account for levity and license. Proud of their calling, devoted to their art, rejoicing in their stage triumphs, actors are not likely to frequent churches where their business is disparaged, to reverence creeds which are construed as condemnatory of all they love, to listen respectfully to preachers who tell them that the first step towards salvation is the abandonment of their beloved mistress. The Church, by turning its back on the players, merely made itself an object of more or less hatred and contempt to them, accomplishing no good by its hostile attitude, because the love of art is stronger than the fear of clerical anathema, and doing harm by losing the influence for morality and sobriety which it might have wielded over those it banished from its pale. Society, also, by shutting its doors on the artist, made him, to a certain extent, heedless of its laws, reckless of its censure, and defiant of its prohibitions. So much may be said without pretending to decide whether, in the first place, the license of the stage provoked the hostility of these spiritual and social forces, or whether their hostility and indifference preceded the breaking away of the actors from the bonds of orthodoxy in doctrine and conduct.

The dramatic genius of the ancient Britons found expression in the Druidical ceremonial, and much of the success of these rites in impressing the minds of the worshippers was, no doubt, due to the artistic instincts of the people—instincts which recognized the truthfulness of the symbolism, and naturally took it as a faithful representation of truth itself. When the missionary visited the Anglo-Saxon he made use of the prevailing taste for the rude minstrel and theatrical performances of wandering players, and presented the doctrines of Christianity, and incidents in the lives of the Saviour and the saints, in dialogue and song. The best actor was thus the most effective preacher, and when St. Adhelm took his harp and sang a rattling ballad to an audience that was growing weary of his doctrinal dialogues, he simply supplied a precedent for some of the devices by which divines of later times have kept their congregations together. Later on, when the Church ruled all the land, and employed more dignified methods of imparting instruction, the profane element gained predominance in dra-

matic representations. The roving glee-men were gladly welcomed by the monkish communities, both for the gossip they brought and the entertainment they afforded. The monks wrote songs for them, and became enthusiastic amateurs in the profession themselves. The Church took alarm. As its priests were not able to withstand the fascinations of the men of harp and song, it was determined to protect clerical decorum by banishing temptation, and it was, therefore, decreed in solemn Council, and sanctioned by the sign manual of the King, that "actors and other vagabonds" named in the decree should no longer be admitted to monasteries. Was it for the same reason, in later times, that the Puritans became so hostile to the stage? Could they not trust themselves in the presence of its allurements? Had they more faith in the banishing of temptation than in resisting its seductive influences? It would seem so. The Council of Clovershoe merely guarded the monastic orders from contamination with showmen, while the Puritans forbade dramatic representations throughout all the land. The Puritans of the present day frankly acknowledge that they discountenance the drama, not because it is evil in itself, but because its associations are impure, its attractions too great for certain minds, and its aims and ends of no benefit to mankind.

When the Miracle-plays, which brought God down to dwell among men, and the Moralities, which showed how virtue and vice struggle for mastery, were finally abandoned by the Church, and the Chronicle-plays had served their purpose of reviving the past for the instruction of the present —doing for profane history what the Mysteries had done for sacred—the dramatic genius of the nation finally developed into legitimate tragedy and comedy; and art for art's sake, art that gave laws to itself, art that acknowledged no limitations except those imposed by the mind of man and the power of expression, found a home on English soil.

Amateur theatricals became the rage at court, in the great country-houses, and in the colleges. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, set the fashion of having a company of players among his servants, and allowed them to act for the public amusement when he was not in the mood to be entertained by them. His example was followed by others, and these companies were duly authorized by royal license, in 1572, to play wherever they pleased when their masters gave them permission. They "were generally of a roystering character," we are told, and "ill-regarded by the Church," and yet apparently great favourites with many members of the clergy, who composed plays for them, and even aided in their production. The pride of authorship was stronger than the fear of censure. The author of the first English play that can claim the title of comedy was a reverend Eton master, and the play was called "Ralph Roister Doister," a name which would be considered peculiarly appropriate in these days for a farce. He was ejected from his place a year after the production of his comedy, charged with having aided and abetted the robbery of the College plate, and, therefore, his connection with the stage was not likely to elevate it to a higher plane of respectability. But the fate of Nicholas Udall did not deter other clerics from engaging in dramatic composition. It was not long after his time that Bishop Bale, nicknamed the "Bilious," was upholding the Reformation and the throne of Edward VI. by embodying his ideas on theology and statecraft in lively comedies. Rome was the object of his coarse and vigorous satire, and his audiences were divided into those who applauded and those who hooted. Gosson, whose productions were not appreciated by the audiences who visited the theatres when Shakspere was a young man, dipped his pen in muriatic acid, or some other equally biting

liquid, and wrote "A School of Abuse," which, he said, "contained a pleasant invective against players, poets, jesters, and such like caterpillars of a commonwealth." He may have deemed it pleasant, but the actors must have regarded it as only less disagreeable than the author's plays. His censure was as severe and as personal as that of the latest reverend assailant of the stage, and his style as flippant and as full of sacred allusions. From Gosson to Talmage is a long way, but there is a strong family likeness between their writings on theatrical matters. Gosson's logic must surely have been the model on which Talmage formed his. Domitian favoured plays, he said, and was justly punished when a player disturbed his domestic felicity; Caligula allowed players and dancers more familiarity than he permitted to Senators, and the fitting catastrophe was his murder when returning from a play; when Britons lived on acorns and water they were giants and heroes, but since they had taken to plays they had degenerated into a puny people, incapable of patriotic and warlike deeds. But Gosson did not confine himself to abstruse disquisitions on the demoralizing effects of the drama. He described the audiences, and gave such detailed descriptions of the failings and vices of the actors and their associates as only could have been written by one who loved the subject. His pictures of the manners of the time are invaluable. "In our Assemblies at plays in London," says this worthy moralist, with a descriptive faculty that the modern newspaper reporter may envy, "you shall see such heaving and shouting, such pitching and shouldering to sit by women, such care for their garments that they be not trodden on, such eyes to their laps that no chips light on them, such pillows to their backs that they take no hurt, such masking in their ears, I know not what; such giving them pippins to pass the time; such playing at foot-saunt without cards; such ticking, such toying, such smiling, such winking, and such manning them home when the sports are ended, that it is a right comedy to mark their behaviour." It is to be feared that the parson of St. Bodolph's watched the women rather too much for one of his profession.

Elizabeth smiled on the players, and gave them just as much freedom as they seemed disposed to make what she considered a good use of. She patronized them liberally, and kept a jealous watch over their performances. They increased so rapidly in number under the sunshine of royal favour as to become a nuisance, and it was enacted that all players who presumed to give performances without the license of two Justices of the Peace at least would be treated as rogues and vagabonds. William Shakspere was eight years old at the time. Four years later the Earl of Leicester's theatrical servants were authorized, by royal patent, to play, "as well for the recreation of our loving subjects as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them." There was one play produced by them, something more than a score of years later, that was not very solacing. It was Shakspere's "Richard II." The representation of the deposition and murder of a king, applauded as it was by the public, was not calculated to enhance the serenity of a queen who was so conscious as she of having powerful enemies. Essex, Rutland and Southampton were constant attendants at the play, and Elizabeth listened not unheedingly to the whisper that they were promoting it for the purpose of familiarizing the people with a crime which they meditated. The hold this fear took of her is shown by her passionate exclamation to Lambard, Keeper of the Records, when he found her at the palace in one of her unguarded moods, "I am Richard! Know you not that!" And yet, characteristically enough, she

did not prohibit the play, but permitted it to run until it grew stale. It was revived for a night when the revolutionary attempt was about to be made. Essex and his followers screwed their courage up by watching the performance, on the stage, of the deed they were about to attempt in real life, but they learned that it was not so easy to depose a real queen as a stage king. She evidently had not learned the part they had written for her, and gave no heed to the prompter.

The magistrates sternly opposed the royal authority permitting the acting of plays in the city, and succeeded in driving the players out. They established themselves in Blackfriars, near the city limits, and were safe from legal interference so long as they behaved themselves. But they set their faces against authority in many ways: —ridiculing the aldermen and justices who had persecuted them, rehearsing during the hours of worship, playing on forbidden days, and introducing prohibited religious and political subjects. Punishments had only a temporary restraining effect, the players seeming to have an irrepressible desire to come in conflict with the magistracy. They prospered fairly, however, always having good friends at court to lessen fines and shorten terms of imprisonment, and theatres multiplied. Shakspere wrote his immortal dramas, aided in their production, and retired to dignified leisure in the country. The acquisition of some degree of wealth by the proprietors, and the consequent prosperity of all connected with the stage, had an excellent restraining effect, and offences grew much less common.

The plague was very severe on the profession in James I.'s reign, not by carrying off the players, but by leading to the prohibition of performances. When the plague raged badly plays were not permitted at all, and it was not until the deaths from it were reduced to thirty a week in London that the theatres were allowed to reopen. When the deaths fell to six a week the players were allowed to come to court. The fear of spreading the deadly disease by the gathering of audiences, and not faith in the pulpit declaration that the players were responsible for the calamity, led to the prohibition of theatricals while it raged.

But the theatre was not left long undisturbed after the plague had abated. The struggle between King and Parliament came, and the players were involved in the common doom. The Parliament, to use a modern parliamentary phrase, sat upon them, informing them in a solemn enactment that "they were no better than heathens; that they were intolerable to Christians; that they were incorrigible and vicious offenders, who would now be compelled by whip, and stocks, and gyves, and prison fare, to obey ordinances which they had hitherto treated with contempt." Their great author had scoffed at princes' favours, but they would have exchanged the rule of the Parliament of that day for the despotism of the most arbitrary and fickle prince in Europe. They struggled against the decree, and were vigorously hounded down by officers of the law and mercilessly punished. They gave up the unequal contest after a brief trial of strength, and most of them took military service, partly to escape starvation and partly to get revenge on the parliamentarians. But the cause they espoused was already hopeless, and they crossed swords vainly with Cromwell's Ironsides. The struggle ended, King Charles was headless, and the theatres remained closed. The players were in a sorry plight. They had lost, what Shylock protested so strongly against parting with, the means by which they lived. The musicians became itinerant street and tavern fiddlers; the supes became paupers; the playwrights took to the production of penny pamphlets, and the actors resorted to many shifts to keep up a threadbare respect-

ability and a partially filled stomach. Some of them started mixed entertainments which would now come under the head of variety business, and, by carefully banishing the word play, escaped being pounced upon by the authorities, but when a company came together quietly and reopened the Cockpit their performance was broken in upon by a body of Puritan troops, and they were captured and marched off to prison in their stage costumes. Several noblemen near London frequently opened their houses to the actors, and a messenger went around and individually notified the chosen audience and players when and where the performance would be given. Lady Holland, whom the Cromwellian headsman had made a widow, was one of the most hospitable in this respect, apparently taking much satisfaction in promoting the amusements which the executioners of her husband so strongly condemned. Collections were made for the players at the close, and the money divided according to their professional standing. Theatricals in those days must have borne the same relation to the drama in this as a drinking-den under the ban of the Dunkin Act does to the licensed bar-room of a first-class hotel. Prince Oliver, as Macaulay delights in calling him, could not tolerate Shakspere from the lips of an actor, but hired professional buffoons and laughed at their rude practical jokes.

All the players who lived through this period of dramatic starvation rejoiced when the Protector, who had done everything for them inconsistent with that title, yielded up the ghost, and when Monk arrived with his army they hastened to him for licenses to re-open the theatres, and once more the drama entered on a legitimate career in England. Thomas Betterton, a youth who had studied for the stage during the Puritan reign, and drank deeply of its traditions from the old actors, went at a bound to the top of the profession, and became the central figure of the resurrected drama. His genius filled the treasury, and the destitute old actors basked in the golden sunshine which his presence called forth. His reign lasted fifty-one years, during which time he created one hundred and thirty characters. A writer says of him that "he was as mirthful in Falstaff as he was majestic in Alexander; and the craft of his Ulysses, the grace and passion of his Hamlet, the terrible force of his Othello, were not more remarkable than the low comedy of his Old Bachelor, the airiness of his Woodville, or the cowardly bluster of his Thersites." The stage rose with more glory than it had when it fell. Betterton was not only a great actor, but an honourable gentleman, an honest man, and gave dignity to the profession of player. The poor old fellows with whom applauding audiences and good dinners were mere traditions, gathered around him and shared in the prosperity which he created. It was glorious summer after their long winter of discontent. The people patronized the theatre more freely on account of its having been so long closed to them. There was a reaction against straight-laced living, and the actors reaped the advantage of it. He was the pride of the play-going populace for half a century. Charles II., James II., Queen Mary and Queen Anne sent him admiring messages, and King William's Dutch pride was softened so much that he summoned him to a private audience, and, learning that the managers of Drury Lane were threatening a reduction of salaries, granted a license to "Thomas Betterton, Gentleman," to open a new theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. His wife was in every way worthy of his genius and goodness. They met and loved on the stage, where she enacted the hapless Ophelia to perfection, and lived happily all their lives. In an age when the court set the example of unchastity, when kept mistresses were granted patents of nobility and admitted to polite society,

when actresses increased their professional and social popularity by going off the stage for a time with some dissolute nobleman, these two were distinguished for the possession of all the domestic virtues.

The charming and virtuous Miss Saunderson, whom Betterton married, was one of the first actresses on the English stage, the female parts having been played by men or boys before the fall of Charles I. The supremely feminine heroines of Shakspere were thus presented on the stage in the time of the great dramatist. It would appear but natural, excusable certainly, if female characters, created for men to represent, were coarse, flippant, masculine; and the fact that they are so delicate, so etherial, so airily graceful, so bewitchingly womanish in every motion and speech, although their creator could not have looked forward to their impersonation by feminine beauty and grace, is another proof that the wonderful genius of Shakspere was not to be dwarfed by the circumstances of his time. He created according to the laws of nature, and left his creations to find fitting interpreters. The merely clever man of talent allows himself to be governed, in his choice of subjects and their treatment, by the tastes of the time, careful not to risk lack of appreciation by rising too high above the popular level, while the man of genius, possessed of the truth by patient seeking or divine inspiration, gives it to the world, confident of its acceptance, or regardless of the adverse fate which seems in store for his productions. It mattered not to Shakspere that he wrote only for the stage, only for the playgoers of his time, and that his women were to be impersonated only by men. He paid no heed to such discouragements. His women were thoroughly feminine. They were not adapted to the capacities of the male actors who were to interpret them to the audiences. No feminine characteristic that would seem out of place in a male representative of the part, no emotion that would be too subtle for a man to express, was omitted by the dramatist. He listened only to the voice of Nature, and gave expression to the truth as he found it, conscious of well-doing whether success attended his efforts or not. He should have seen his exquisitely delicate female creations impersonated by Miss Saunderson and the many beautiful women who have followed her in the same line. It must have been painful to him to see Ophelia, Miranda, Viola and Desdemona represented without the feminine instinct which only genius like his own endows a man with.

It was a great advance for the stage, considered as an exponent of art and also as a popular entertainment, when women were allowed before the footlights, but it did not elevate it morally or tend to lessen the antagonism between it and Puritanism. Miss Saunderson appears to have been almost the only woman on the stage in Charles II.'s time who was both beautiful and virtuous. Mrs. Hughes, the proudest and one of the most beautiful of them all, surrendered to Prince Rupert's wooing, and there was great joy in the gay court of the King when that martial philosopher fell into the fashion of the time by setting up housekeeping with a mistress from the stage. She led the Prince into all sorts of extravagances, and his jewels had to be sold to pay his debts when he died. So little disgrace was attached at that time to unions unsanctified by the Church or State that their beautiful daughter, named Ruperta, made an aristocratic marriage, and her descendants are among the English aristocracy. Mrs. Knipp, a pretty, wayward, sweet-voiced little woman, who played rakish fine ladies and saucy waiting-women, was pestered with a jealous and ill-tempered husband. Old Pepys speaks very affectionately of her in his diary, and seems proud of the fact that his wife

was jealous of the bewitching actress, whom she called a wench, and to whom he applied the pet-name of jade. He describes many a street ramble with her, and gives this picture of her home: "To Knipp's lodgings, whom I find not ready to go home with me; and there staid reading of Waller's verses, while she finished dressing, her husband being by. Her lodging very mean, and the condition she lives in; yet makes a good show without doors, God bless us!" If she had not been married her beauty and sprightliness might have gained her a luxurious home like that enjoyed by Mrs. Hughes. Anne and Rebecca Marshall, the two beautiful women whom Nell Gwyn, when she taunted them with their slips from virtue, called the "praying daughters of a Presbyter," did more honour to their art by their playing than to their clerical father by their lives. Pepys, whose eye for a pretty woman was as keen as that of any other man, admired these fair and frail sisters exceedingly. He says of Rebecca that she was "mighty fine, pretty and noble." Mrs. Boutel was prudent enough to take care of her surplus receipts, and amassed quite a fortune. She was distinguished for fascinatingly innocent looks and ways, and won hearts by the score. Mistress Davenport had the virtue or the wit to refuse the energetic suit of dissolute Aubrey de Vere, the twentieth and last scion of his race who held the earldom of Oxford, until he proposed marriage, which she assented to. He had the ceremony performed privately, by a trumpeter who served under him in the army, and kept the secret until they quarrelled. Then she threatened suicide, but thought better of it, and the King, to whom she appealed for redress, ordered the Earl to pay her an annuity of £300 per year, a respectable income in those days. Pepys "was very glad" to see "the old Roxalana in the chief box, in a velvet gown, as the fashion is, and very handsome." She was greatly disappointed at missing the title of Countess, but a velvet gown and a seat in the chief box were not so bad after all.

At least two of the actresses of this period won what was, to them, the distinction of Charles's roving fancy. He took Mary Davies, who danced and sang better than she played, off the stage, and gave her an establishment of her own, the only persons who were scandalized by the proceeding being his other mistresses and the Queen. Her Majesty showed her displeasure by leaving the room when the new favourite appeared in a play at Whitehall. Lady Castlemaine called Miss Davies "an impertinent slut," and Nell Gwyn invented a new practical joke for Charles's annoyance. Their daughter, Mary Tudor, became Countess of Derwentwater, and her son, the third Earl, lost his head in the cause of his cousin, the first Pretender. The other theatrical alliance of Charles was more lasting and absorbing than this. The name of the vivacious, witty, beautiful, and good-humoured Nell Gwyn is known wherever Charles II. has been heard of. She began her theatrical career as an orange girl, making the pit wonder at her beauty and the audacity of her ready wit. Charles Hart, the actor (a nephew of Shakspere's sister), was captivated by her peerless young beauty, taught her how to act, and placed her on the stage. She was not a success in serious parts, but when she took comedy roles, "stamped the smallest foot in England on the boards," and laughed with her peculiarly sympathetic laugh, she carried court and town by storm, and became the first favourite of the drama. Her dancing on the stage, her repartees behind the scenes, and the natural feeling she threw into parts suited to her, kept her in the position which she gained so quickly. When but seventeen, and having been on the stage two years, she left the boards to live at Epsom with Lord Buckhurst

afterwards Earl of Dorset, a wild youth, but one of the finest gentlemen of his time, an honour to the court and a patron of letters. Nelly wearied of housekeeping in a year, separated from Buckhurst, returned to the stage, and soon became a greater attraction to the King than the reigning favourite. She left the stage again, after a brief and brilliant term, was given a fine establishment, kept a carriage, and was the envied of all the female dramatic world of the day. Charles's infatuation grew rather than diminished, and her establishment became more magnificent as his indulgence increased. Their first son was born at her house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, their second at a fine establishment in Pall Mall, in the garden of which Evelyn used to see her and the King walking. The eldest boy was made Earl of Burford and Duke of St. Albans, becoming the founder of a long line. Her expenses, for the first four years of their union, were £60,000, and then she was granted £6,000 a year from the excise taxes, with £3,000 more for each son. She appeared at court and everywhere, blazing in diamonds, had a magnificent country house, and gambled like a princess. She was extravagant, generous by impulse, negligent in dress, natural in manner, thoughtless as a child, bright as the sunshine, and fascinating always. The populace did not take so kindly to her as the aristocracy, for while the latter visited her and made much of her, the common people frequently jeered at her in public, without disturbing her equanimity in the least. If she had been of aristocratic origin there would have been no hooting at her carriage by the vulgar. Charles was fond of her to the last, and with his dying breath commended her to his brother's care,—"Don't let poor Nelly starve." She died in her thirty-eighth year of apoplexy, before the end of James's short reign; her debts were paid out of the public purse by order of the king, and the great Archbishop Tennison preached her funeral sermon.

The next most celebrated actress of the seventeenth century was Elizabeth Barry, "the great Mrs. Barry," who was born about the time of the Restoration. Her father expended his fortune in raising a regiment for the King, and lost his life in the struggle. The fatherless girl, after studying for some time for the stage, without making much progress, attracted the attention of the witty and wicked young Earl of Rochester, who fell in love with her after the fashion of the day and took the direction of her theatrical studies. He took infinite pains with her education, superintending as many as thirty rehearsals for the purpose of making her at home on the boards. She impressed the town, when she appeared on the stage at fifteen, more by her beauty than her playing, gained in favour gradually, and rose to be the acknowledged queen of the stage when she created the part of Monimia in Otway's tragedy of "The Orphan." Colly Cibber says of her: "In characters of greatness she had a presence of elevated dignity; her mien and motion superb and gracefully majestic; her voice full, clear and strong, so that no violence of passion could be too much for her; and when distress or tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting melody, and softness. In scenes of anger, defiance, or resentment, while she was impetuous and terrible, she poured out the sentiment with an enchanting harmony." Aston says of her that "her face ever expressed the passions; it somewhat preceded her action, as her action did her words." Her versatility and industry equalled that of Betterton, in playing with whom her greatest triumphs were achieved. Her Belvidera, Cassandra (in Dryden's "Cleomenes"), Isabella (in Southerene's "The Fatal Marriage"), Lady Brute (in Vanbrugh's "Provoked Wife"), Zara (in Congreve's

"The Mourning Bride"), Calista (in Rowe's "The Fair Penitent"), and Clarissa (in "The Confederacy"), were triumphs that followed fast on each other, and she was soon rich as well as famous. She could invest an apparently commonplace phrase with a meaning that touched the deepest chords of the heart. Her utterance, in "The Orphan," of the words, "Ah, poor Castalia!" filled every eye with tears; and when, as Queen Elizabeth, she asked, "What mean my grieving subjects?" her queenly grace and dignity made the house ring with applause. Aston gives the highest praise to her power of pleasing in comedy, in which she was as unrivalled as in tragedy. "So entirely," he says, "did she surrender herself to the influences of the characters she represented, that in stage dialogues she often turned pale or flushed red, as varying passions prompted. Mrs. Betterton excelled her in Lady Macbeth, and she excelled all in every other important female character. Her lovers were many, but none of them could tempt her from the stage. She ruined them during the leisure she snatched from her profession. She defied the coffee-house wits who made epigrams on her love affairs, laughed at those who hinted at mercenary motives, and made no secret of the fact that her two daughters had different fathers—Sir George Etherege and Lord Rochester. She never lost the favour of the public, was petted and patronized by all the fine people of the day, and spent the last three years of her life, after her withdrawal from the stage, in dignified retirement at Acton. Dr. Doran says of her portrait: "They who would see how Mrs. Barry looked living, have only to consult Kneller's grand picture, in which she is represented with her fine hair drawn back from her forehead, the face full, fair, and rippling with intellect. The eyes are inexpressibly beautiful. Of all her living beauty, living frailty, and living intelligence, there remains but this presentment."

There was something royal in the manner in which the actresses of those days violated the laws of chastity without incurring odium or ostracism. The King could do no wrong, neither could their royal highnesses of the drama. Once crowned by the pit, and no obscurity of origin or looseness of conduct shut them out from polite society. This is illustrated fully as strongly by the lives of later actresses, Of those who gained reputation upon the stage during Mrs. Barry's reign only Mrs. Bracegirdle appeared to care for the reputation of chastity. But so incomprehensible did this appear to the wits of those times that they ridiculed her decorum as the affectation of an impossible virtue. As she would hardly have been ashamed of yielding to the solicitations of her noble lovers, in the then state of public opinion on the subject, it is fair to accept the assurances of Cibber and other admirers of hers that she was chaste as Diana. Her singularity in this respect did not prevent her being extremely popular on the stage and much sought after in private life. She inspired a thousand hearts—players, dramatic authors, lords and gentlemen—with passionate love, and offered them all friendship in return. Congreve was one of the sighing host. Other actresses grew rich by spoiling their lovers, but she coldly refused presents from hers. Walpole gives an instance of the manner in which she snubbed Lord Burlington, who had long persecuted her with his ardent attentions. He says: "One day he sent her a present of some fine old china. She told the servant he had made a mistake; that it was true the letter was for her, but the china for his lady, to whom he must carry it. Lord! the countess was so full of gratitude when her husband came home to dinner!" But so little was virtue like hers regarded in those days that an attempt to abduct her was

not looked upon as any great crime. Captain Hill was the hopeless lover who proposed to get possession of the beautiful brunette in this way, and so noble did the proposition seem in the eyes of the fashionable world that Lord Mohun readily engaged to render assistance. These worthies engaged a carriage, hired six soldiers to assist them, and attempted to carry the actress off from the house of a friend, where she was spending the evening with her mother and brother. But the friend and brother kept the rascals at bay with their good swords until the screams of the women drew a crowd, and the game was up. Was there any thought of having the gallant captain and the noble lord arrested? Nothing of the kind. They were allowed to unite with Mrs. Bracegirdle's friends in escorting her home, and there seems to have been no thought of punishing them for their base attempt. The worthy pair remained in the street, and when the actor Mountfort, one of Mrs. Bracegirdle's friends, came along and said something not very flattering to Hill, that energetic lover ran his sword through the actor's body before he could draw in defence. Hill fled and Mohun surrendered himself, was tried by his peers for murder, acquitted by a majority verdict, and lived to kill and be killed by the Duke of Hamilton in Hyde Park.

Mrs. Bracegirdle's star waned before the increasing brilliancy of Anne Oldfield's, and she left the stage to her younger rival. Anne Oldfield, like Mrs. Barry, was the daughter of a soldier, and was placed on the stage by one who appreciated her talents as well as her beauty. She went on the stage at fifteen, and at twenty became famous by the creation of Lady Betty Modish in Cibber's "Careless Husband." Cibber, Chetwood, Davies, and other writers of the time, seem never to tire of praising her eyes, her voice, her elegance of manner, her figure, her gracefulness, her intelligence, her humour and vivacity. She went to keep house for Maynwaring, without leaving the stage or troubling the clergy to grant the Church's blessing, and society took no notice of the irregularity, but made her as welcome as before to its polite circles. After his death she listened favourably to General Churchill's proposal to take the head of his establishment, and society smiled approval as before. One day, when the actress was at court, Queen Caroline said to her, "I hear, Mrs. Oldfield, that you and the general are married." "Madam," was the smiling reply, "the general keeps his own secrets." So little was thought of such a connection, then, between a favourite actress and a man of quality, that the Queen could gossip with her about it. "She was to be seen on the terrace at Windsor," says one of her biographers, "walking with the consorts of dukes, and with countesses, and wives of English barons, and the whole gay group might be heard calling one another by their Christian names." When she died her remains lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, an honour never before accorded to any one of her rank in life, the public thronged to the solemn spectacle as though royalty itself was awaiting the last sad rites, and she was lamented by friends in every walk of life. Lord Hervey and Lord Delaware were among the pall-bearers. Her two sons, Maynwaring and Churchill, were present, and it is a disputed point whether she had other children. The sons inherited her wealth, most of which she had honestly earned by her profession, and became fine gentlemen.

The modern theatre has to complain only of the fickleness of the public, but the fickleness of the court was a much more frequent cause of complaint in the seventeenth century. The players were called the servants of their majesties, and as servants they were often used. There was no standard of propriety, decency or legality, but the King's arbitrary will, and

the players were imprisoned, forced out of one company and into another, and the theatres closed, at his pleasure. Lacy, famous for his Falstaff, and without an equal as a comedian, spiced one of his parts with too many sarcasms on courtiers, and the King ordered him to be locked up, and kept him imprisoned several days. Lacy quarrelled with the Hon. Edward Howard, author of "The Silent Woman," in which he was playing when he offended the King, and called him more fool than poet. Howard struck Lacy on the face with his glove, and the actor smote the author on the head with his cane. Howard went to the King, and the theatre was closed as a punishment for the offence. Charles's wrath was not long-lived, however, while his love of Lacy's acting was strong, and the player was soon restored to favour. This is but one of many instances that might be given of the capricious tyranny of the court over the stage.

Many anecdotes of the actors of those days have come down to us in the memoirs of those times. Mohun, the rival of Betterton in versatility and some other respects, had been an officer in the army during the civil war, and did not cease to be a gentleman when he went on the stage. Cardell Goodman, whose rascally conduct gained him the name of "Scum," began his professional career with so small a salary that he and a brother actor shared the same bed, and had but one shirt between them. Goodman took to the road for relief from his necessities, and soon found himself in Newgate, with the catastrophe of Tyburn in prospect for the fifth act of his career. The King pardoned him, and the popularity he had won by his escapade gained him so good a professional salary that he could afford a whole shirt with ruffles without resorting to highway robbery. He became the favourite of the Duchess of Cleveland, the discarded mistress of Charles, who provided him with horses, wardrobe, and all the ready cash he needed. He was actually proud of this infamous connection, boasted of it, and lost none of his standing in the profession. His career of pleasure was cut short by his restless rascality. He was annoyed by two of the Duchess's children, and employed an Italian mountebank to poison them. The plot was discovered, and "Scum" once more narrowly escaped the hangman. Joe Haines, a favourite low comedian, was a great practical joker, like some popular comedians of the present day, and gained as much notoriety off the stage as on. He engaged an unsuspecting clergyman as "Chaplain to the Theatre Royal," and sent him behind the scenes to call the company to prayers. After Sunderland's conversion to Catholicism, under the proselytizing influence of James II., Haines tried to palm himself off on him as a convert, saying the Virgin came to him in a dream and cried: "Joe, arise!" Sunderland, too shrewd to be caught by chaff, replied that "she would have called him 'Joseph,' if only out of respect for her husband." Another incident of his life has been incorporated in plays and appropriated by biographers of other scamps. When in the hands of two bailiffs he saw the carriage of the Bishop of Ely approaching. "Let me speak to him," said Haines; "I'm sure he will satisfy you." The carriage was stopped, and the witty rogue put his head in and informed the Bishop that "these two Romanists were inclined to become Protestants, but had some scruples of conscience." "My friends," said the devout Bishop to the bailiffs, "if you will presently come to my house I will satisfy you in this matter." So Haines was set free, and the Bishop was so much afraid of ridicule that he paid the £20, when he came to an explanation with the officers in regard to their scruples of conscience, rather than have the story get out, and Haines and the bailiffs showed their gratitude by telling everybody.

The diary of the sharp-sighted Pepys gives graphic glimpses of the audiences of those days. The King and his mistresses were almost constantly in the boxes, the sight of them being sufficient recompense to such as Pepys for attending. He was not very well pleased with his visit to the Red Bull, an inferior theatre, 20th March, 1661, where he first went "up to the tireing room, where strange the confusion and disorder there is among them in fitting themselves, especially here, where the clothes are very poore, and the actors but common fellows. At last into the pitt, where I think there was not above ten more than myself, and not one hundred in the whole house. And the play, which is called 'All's Lost but Lust,' poorly done; and with so much disorder, among others, in the musique-room, the boy that was to sing a song, not singing it right, his master fell about his eares and beat him so that it put the whole house into an uprore." It is evident from this that struggling theatricals in those days were much as they are now. He was much better pleased, a month later, at the Cockpit, when he saw "The Humoursome Lieutenant" acted before the King. He says: "But my pleasure was great to see the manner of it, and so many great beauties, but, above all, Mrs. Palmer, with whom the King do discover a great deal of familiarity." In August of the same year he and his wife went to see "The Jovial Crew," where "the King, Duke and Duchess, and Madame Palmer were, and," adds Pepys, "my wife, to her great content, had a full view of them all the while." Soon afterward he and his wife were "seated close by the King, and Duke of York, and Madame Palmer, which was great content." Two days later he was at the play again, when, he says, "it was my fortune to sit by a most pretty and most ingenious lady, which pleased me much." The pleasures of the play-house, to gentlemen of Mr. Pepys' tastes, were by no means confined to the performance, for another entry informs us that "all the pleasure of the play was, the King and Lady Castlemaine were there; and pretty witty Nell Gwynn, at the King's house, and the younger Marshall sat next us, which pleased me mightily." Here is a longer and more interesting passage from the same, dated 4th Feb., 1666-7: "Soon as dined, my wife and I to the Duke's play-house, and there saw 'Heraclius,' an excellent play, to my extraordinary content, and the more from the house being very full, and great company; among others Mrs. Stewart, very fine, with her locks done up with puffes, as my wife calls them; and several other great ladies had their hair so, though I do not like it, but my wife do mightily—but it is only because she sees it is the fashion. Here I saw my Lord Rochester and his lady, Mrs. Mallet, who hath after all this ado married him, and, as I hear some say in the pitt, it is a great act of charity, for he hath no estate. But it was pleasant to see how everybody rose up when my Lord John Butler, the Duke of Ormond's son, come into the pit towards the end of the play, who was a servant to Mrs. Mallet, and now smiled upon her and she on him. I had sitting next to me a woman, the likest my Lady Castlemaine that ever I saw anybody like another, but she is acquainted with every fine fellow, and called them by their name, Jacke and Tom, and before the end of the play frisked to another place."

It is pretty plain from this that manners were rather free and easy, and that the pit was a great place for gossip. But here is another picture, dated a few days later, fully as suggestive: "To the King's house to 'The Mayd's Tragedy,' but vexed all the while with two talking ladies and Sir Charles Sedley, yet pleased to hear their discourse, he being a stranger. And one of the ladies would, and did sit with her mask on, all the play,

and, being exceeding witty as ever I heard woman, did talk most pleasantly with him; but was, I believe, a most virtuous woman, and of quality. He would fain know who she was, but she would not tell; yet did give him many pleasant hints of her knowledge of him, by that means setting his brains at work to find out who she was, and did give him leave to use all means to find out who she was, but pulling off her mask. He was mighty witty, and she also making sport with him very inoffensively, that a more pleasant rencontre I never heard. But by that means lost the pleasure of the play wholly, to which now and then Sir Charles Sedley's exceptions against both words and pronouncing were very pretty."

And here is an entry that would have increased Mrs. Pepys' jealousy of the gay little actress who was so great a favourite of her husband's: "To the King's house, where I did give 18d., and saw the last two acts of 'The Goblins,' a play I could not make anything of by these two acts, but here Knipp spied me out of the tireing-room, and come to the pit-door, and I out to her, and kissed her, she only coming to see me, being in a country-dress, she and others having, it seems, had a country-dance in the play, but she no other part; so we parted, and I into the pit again till it was done. The house full, but I had no mind to be seen."

The actresses of those days had very little privacy in their professional lives, all the secrets of their make-up being exposed to the gallants whom it was the custom of the time to admit to the dressing-rooms. Pepys tells us, in the following entry, of one of his visits to these apartments: "To the King's house: and then, going in, met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tireing-rooms: and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit. And here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part of Flora's Figarys, which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loathe them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was pretty."

When the actresses were ready for the stage these favoured gallants, among whom Pepys was on this occasion, stood at the side scenes, lounged into the pit and talked with the pretty orange girls, listened when they were pleased, and then back to the dressing-rooms when the act was over, the lady who attracted the greatest number of visitors having a feeling of superiority over the others. Sir Hugh Middleton very ungallantly made harsh criticisms on the appearance of the ladies, and Beck Marshall replied so sharply that he brutally threatened to kick her. She informed the King, and the titled ruffian employed a fellow to smear her face with filth as she was leaving the theatre. The result was that a royal decree forbade gentlemen to visit the dressing-rooms, but as this prohibition was as unpopular with the actresses as with the gallants themselves, it was soon disregarded, and the easy-going Charles paid no more attention to the matter.

With orange girls selling fruit and indulging in badinage in the pit, wits engaging in wordy wars with masked ladies in the boxes, fops oscillating between the dressing-rooms and the pit, footmen fighting for places in the gallery, and quarrels arising at times which had to be settled then and there, the theatre must have been an interesting place of resort in the seventeenth century.

A LAST NIGHT AT RIDEAU HALL, APRIL 5TH, 1878.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

I.

WHEN pain ends, and the fevered brow
With life's best blood again is flushed,
And friends again aloud may speak,
And footsteps are no longer hushed,

And through the open chamber door
Out and across the summer lawn,
We pass, a prisoner no more,
By nature's strong impulses drawn;

Even then, such strength in habit lies,
Some still regret may stir the heart;
For, formed in suffering, tenderest ties
Must sever, and dear friends must part;

The great world draws the working hand
Again to toil and daily strife,
And all the trouble of the land
O'erwhelms the quiet thoughtful life

Which late we led, with book and pen
Rehearsing, in the ebb of pain,
The movements of the waves of men
That rise and fall and rise again.

II.

So often, that last night, my Lord,
Which we shall pass beneath your roof—
That last fair scene, that last sweet word,
Which put our pulses to the proof,

I could not join the rapturous throng,
Whose hands, responsive to their hearts,
Gave tribute to the touching song,
And echo to the actors' parts.

For 'here,' I said, 'there comes an end
To these five years of pleasant play,
This night's the last that we shall spend,—
To-morrow dawns a darker day.

'Ring down the curtain, silent all,
Clasp hands with half a sob at heart,
Fling o'er the scene its proper pall,
And silent, with bent head, depart;

'We shall not witness in our time
Again such scenes of grace and joy,
Such blendings rare of prose and rhyme,
Such happiness without alloy.'

III.

Sir, you will pass to your high place,
Among the peers of mother land,
And matched with loveliness and grace,
Beside the Throne of England stand.

And we shall sigh as spring by spring
Returns in vain, for nights like those
Fair nights we saw when you would bring
Foes who forgot that they were foes,

At your desire; and faces fair
As any the sun shines upon,
To form a social gathering rare,—
But all that pleasure's past and gone.

Henceforth we hold your memory dear
As long ago in pleasant France
They worshipped him who was your peer,
Who carried first his knightly lance,

And saw old Barbazan die, and passed
To quiet scholar days, with song,
Love, art and letters, and at last
Breathed out a quiet soul though strong.

And later time still holds him dear
The good King René of Anjou,
And we will cherish till we die,
Like pleasant memories of you.

IV.

Yet not alone, for festive nights
And days of pageant and of pride,
And art that social life delights
Shall thy high name with us abide;

For you have shown the statesman's soul,
And the strong ruler's guiding hand,
Wit to convince, will to control,
And wisdom governing this land;

Have given us fame in every land,
And higher station in our own
Great Empire, and thy name shall stand
Forever here, as grand in stone

Still stand the names of those who gave
Grandeur to Greece and power to Rome—
We need not seek one classic grave,
We find our hero here at home.

Thou shalt not cease thy high career
When down the broad St. Lawrence stream
Thy great brave-breasted bark shall steer
And these five years become a dream;

Thy fame shall grow, thy hand be set
To higher tasks, and thou shalt show
We keep the breed of nobles yet,
That won us empire long ago.

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

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

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED IN THE FIRST THIRTEEN CHAPTERS OF THE NOVEL.

SISTERS AND BROTHERS OF THELEMA.

MIRANDA DALMENY (*Lady Abbess*).—A beautiful and wealthy heiress, owner of Dalmeny Hall, where she lives with her widowed mother. In love with Alan Dunlop. Has no hobbies. Possesses a sympathetic charm of manner, which makes every one confide in her.

NELLY DESPARD (*Sister Rosalind*).—Young and beautiful. In love with Tom Caledon, but forbidden by strict maternal injunctions from giving him any encouragement.

ADELA FAIRFAX (*Sister Cecilia*).—A Catholic. Plays beautifully on the piano and organ.

SISTER AWDREY.—A genius. Has written a play, which has been rejected by all the managers in London. Writes novels, and pays £50 each, besides cost of printing, &c., for the privilege of getting them published. Edits one of the three Abbey papers.

SISTER ROMOLA.—Scientific. Has a laboratory, and makes "really dreadful stinks."

SISTER CORDELIA.—Yearns to see womanhood at work.

SISTER HERO.—A bright-faced girl, not a bit fierce. A worshipper of "advanced" women.

SISTER SILVIA.—A Ritualist.

SISTER UNA.—Artistic.

CLAIRETTE FANSHAWE (*Sister Desdemona*).—An elderly widow. In her young days a great actress.

ALAN DUNLOP (*Brother Hamlet*).—Son of Lord Alwyne Fontaine. Owner, in right of his dead mother, of Weyland Court, formerly Weyland Priory (The Abbey of Thelema), a grand old pile. A youthful enthusiast, fresh from Lothian College, Oxford, with a mission to reform the world. An apostle of culture, and of "The Great Movement of the Nineteenth Century."

TOM CALEDON (*Brother Lancelot*).—In love with Nelly Despard. A member of the great army of ineligibles, being "passing rich" on a pitiful £700 a-year.

ROGER EXTON (*Brother Peregrine*).—A wealthy merchant, recently returned from Assam, where he has made a large fortune in tea or indigo. Although only a little over thirty, his face is lined with multitudinous crowsfeet. Apparently a suitor (not yet declared) for the hand of Nelly Despard. Has published a poem called "Lalnee and Ramsami, or Love Among the Assamese."

PAUL RONDELET (*Brother Parolles*).—Fellow of Lothian College, where he was a student with Alan. An intellectual prig; affects omniscience; so highly cultured that he cannot possibly avoid pitying his fellow-creatures. Talks in languid, dilettante fashion of the *Renaissance*, the Higher Culture, the Higher Art, &c.

BROTHER CHRICHTON.—Chose his own name, because he said he knew nothing, and could do nothing.

BROTHER BENEDICK.—Edits one of the Abbey papers.

BROTHER BAYARD.—Lectures on the Eastern Question.

BROTHERS MERCUTIO, LESMAHAGO, and PARIS.

OUTSIDERS.

LORD ALWYNE FONTAINE.—Fourth son of the fourth Duke of Brecknock. Alan's father, and a widower. Wealthy and epicurean, with a contented mind, a good heart, and an excellent digestion. Gets as much enjoyment out of life as possible. Looks upon his son's vagaries with a half-pitying, half-amused tolerance. Lives at chambers in London.

STEPHEN BOSTOCK.—Bailiff of Alan's farm. Vulgar-minded and dishonest.

THE VICAR OF WEYLAND.—Enjoys social gatherings—balls, dinners, theatres, concerts, &c.

Wrote a play when young, which ran twenty-five nights. Writes novels under an assumed name.

LUCY CORRINGTON.—Eldest of his three daughters. Pretty and good-natured.

PRUDENCE DRIVER.—Librarian in the village Free Library established by Alan.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I-XIII.

ALAN DUNLOP (formerly Alan Fontaine), the hero of the novel, is the owner of Weyland Park, in the midst of which Weyland Court rises in stately grandeur. Adjoining his estate stands Dalmeny Hall, the home of Miranda Dalmeny, an heiress, who, by her father's death, became one of the richest girls in the county. With her lives her invalid mother. Alan and Miranda (who is three years his junior) have known each other from infancy, having, as children, walked, ran, and rode together; as boy and girl, played, quarrelled, made it up, and told each other all their thoughts; and, as youth and maiden, grew up together, shared the same sympathies, had the same vague yearnings for that glorious future which is the dream of generous youth, and, like a new Paul and Virginia, rode about the country together, talking, thinking, and dreaming poetry, sentiment, and enthusiasm. On the principle that *il y a toujours un qui aime et un qui est aimé*, Miranda loves Alan, a feeling of which he is unaware, and which he does not return, at least consciously.

At the age of one or two and twenty, Alan leaves Oxford and returns to his country seat, eager to start on his career as a regenerator of the world. After consulting with Miranda, who, though sympathising with his aims, only half approves of his projects and method, he determines to begin with the labourers on his own estates, to whom he delivers a course of lectures in the village school-room. The labourers listen with the same stolid stare or closed eyes with which they receive the Vicar's sermons, and the result is absolute failure. Alan, convinced in this unpleasant way that a three years' residence at Oxford is not quite enough by itself to teach him the great art of managing and leading men, determines to take a trip round the world, and see men and things for himself. After travelling through Canada, the United States, Japan, China, India, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, and Russia, he returns home, and immediately sets to work on his mission of reform. Partly with a view to get at the real feelings and ideas of his peasantry, and partly in order to set a practical example of industry, sobriety, and culture, he determines to live as they live,—to hire himself out under his own bailiff as a common labourer on his own estate; to work as his labourers work, and to dress, feed, and lodge as they do. He takes one of the humblest cottages in the village, puts on a smock frock, and engages himself as a labourer at eighteen shillings a week, on which sum he makes up his mind to live—eschewing tobacco and beer as luxuries. One day in the week, however (Sunday), he devotes, dressed as a gentleman, to discussing his plans with Miranda. He raises the wages of his labourers, and shares with them the profits of the farm, on co-operative principles, after deducting expenses and interest on capital. He establishes a weekly Village Parliament, to discuss the affairs of the farm and the village; opens a Co-operative Store and a Good Liquor Bar; builds a Bath-House and Public Laundry; and establishes a Free Library and Reading-Room. He also entertains projects for a series of weekly lectures on scientific subjects, a night-school, a drill-shed, a picture and art gallery, village festivals and dances, a monthly ball, a small theatre to be open for a month in the year, a band of village musicians and a madrigal club, and expeditions or excursions to distant places.

Shortly after the commencement of this experiment, a discussion is had between Alan, Miranda, and Clairette Fanshawe, as to how to utilize Weyland Court, now that Alan no longer lives there, and Miranda starts the idea of founding a society where ladies and gentlemen can live together without any aims, either religious, political, or social,—a band of men and women who would simply lead the pleasantest life attainable, and never forget that they are gentlemen and gentlewomen. Upon this hint, and adopting the idea from Rabelais, Weyland Court is converted into The Abbey of Thelema, Alan insisting, as a condition of his consent, that Miranda shall be Lady Abbess. Accordingly, Weyland Court becomes an abode of pleasure—a sort of Castle of Indolence—inhabited by ten brothers and ten sisters of the Order of Thelema. Each brother and sister has two rooms, also one for his or her servant, making sixty rooms in all, besides plenty others to spare for guests. There is a grand dining-hall, also used as a ball-room, a beautiful drawing-room, and several breakfast and morning rooms; and there is stabling for fifty horses, and a kitchen fit for a City Company. Each pair of novices (male and female), on election, undergo a grand ceremony of initiation, upon which each subscribes to the three following vows:—First, to make no vow against the honourable and desirable condition of wedlock, not to defame the sweet name of love, and never to pledge oneself to live alone; second, to take joyfully whatever wealth the Heavens may send; and third, to be bound by no conventional rules, to live as one pleases, and to do and say whatever honour and gentlehood permit. The motto of the Order, adopted from the great master, François Rabelais, himself, is "FAY CE QUE VOULDRAS,"—do as thou wilt. An idea of the mode of life in this Abbey of Pleasure may be gathered from the following list of "Engagements for Tuesday, July 10th, 1877":—

11.00 A.M.—Brother Bayard will deliver a Lecture in the Hall on the Eastern Question.
12.30 P.M.—Organ Recital by Sister Cecilia.
2.30 P.M.—Polo in the Park, if the Brothers like to play.
5.00 P.M.—The Abbess will receive in the Garden.
6.00 P.M.—Carriages will be ready for those who want to drive.
7.30 P.M.—Dinner. Choral night (that is, the band will play and chorister boys will sing during the feast).
9.30 P.M.—Performance of an entirely new and original comedietta, in two acts, in the Theatre of the Abbey. Stage Manager, Sister Desdemona.

The members of the Order are free to attend these engagements or not as they please. There are also three weekly papers published in the Abbey—the *Thelema Gazette* and two others—all edited by brothers or sisters.

There is a secondary plot arising out of the mutual love of Tom Caledon and Nelly Despard. The young girl's mother is a widow, not over wealthy, ambitious, and anxious that her lovely daughter shall make a grand match. She has accordingly forbidden Tom to think of anything serious, and enjoined her daughter to favour the addresses of his rival, Roger Exton, an East India merchant, retired and wealthy.

One aim of the authors of this singular novel appears to be, to deal indirectly with the great problem of Rich and Poor, Capital and Labour, Producers and Consumers, Working Bees and Drones, by bringing into sharp contrast the life of the labourer on the one hand, whose lot is toil from year's end to year's end; and, on the other, the life of "society," whose only aim is "to enjoy." Whether the sequel of the story will indicate any solution to this painful problem, remains to be seen. So far, after a year or two's trial, Alan's experiment has resulted only in dismal failure. His labourers resent his coming to work among them as an intrusion; they will not attend his Weekly Parliament, nor patronise his Co-operative Store, Good-Liquor Bar, or Library. As regards them, and their lack of sympathy with his projects, Alan's ever-recurring complaint is, "I cannot enter into their minds;" and his want of success is gradually producing its natural effects—despondency and despair. Winter passes away, and spring; and summer finds him still plodding away among the furrows all day, and working for the rustics all the evening. But he grows worn and downcast, finding no fruit of all his toil.

Chapter XIV.

"With evening came the banquet and the wine;
The conversazione; the duet,
Attuned by voices more or less divine."

THE dinner-hour was half-past seven, a time fixed by Desdemona, as *Arbiter Epularum*. She said she did not want to turn night into day, and liked to have an evening. Dinner was served in the great hall, which made a noble refectory. Not only Desdemona, but one or two of the brothers exercised steady surveillance over the *menu*, of which the great feature was that it presented every day a dinner which was not only excellent, but also composed of few courses.

"There are," said Desdemona, "only two or three countries which have any distinctive dinners. But by judicious selections of *plats* we may dine after the fashion of any country we please."

So that sometimes they dined *à la Francaise*, and sometimes *à l'Espagnole*, when they had Olla Podrida; or *à l'Arabe*, when there was always a pilaw, or *à l'Inde*, when there were half-a-dozen different kinds of curry, from prawn curry, which is the king, prince, and even the emperor of all curries, down to curried vegetables; or *à l'Allemande*, when they had things of veal with prunes; or *à l'Anglaise*, when, in addition to other good things, there was always a sirloin of beef; or *à la Russe*, or *à l'Italienne*. As there is no cookery in America, it was impossible, save by the aid of canvas-backs, to dine *à l'Americaine*. A servant stood behind every other guest, and instead of the wine being brought round, every man named what he would take. The table was lit by wax candles only, which shed their soft light upon the flowers and silver. And all round the table stretched the great hall itself, the setting sun still lighting up the glories of the windows, and wrapping in a new splendour the painted glass, the black beams of the roof, and the silken banners of the fraternity. When the sun was set and the day ended, the hall was very dark and black save for the table itself, the lights upon the sideboards, and, on choral nights, the lights for the musicians and the choir.

Nelly sat between Tom and Brother Peregrine, who occupied his place by right of his age in the Order, which was that of the youngest. She thought she had never before assisted at a banquet so delightful and so splendid. Opposite to her was Miranda, at whose right was Alan Dunlop, fresh from the

fields, looking grave and even melancholy. Next to him, Desdemona, clad in a robe of heavy satin, looking animated and happy. There was music too, to make the feast more luxurious. The boys who sang the hymn at the Reception were there, in a sort of stage costume, and the band which played at yesterday's ball, which was, indeed, a company brought down from London expressly for the Abbey. They played soft music, old-fashioned minuets and gavottes, music selected by Cecilia, which was not intended to fire the blood, nor lead the thoughts into melancholy channels, nor constrain the talkers to give their undivided attention to it; music of a certain gravity, as becomes dinner music, which should inspire thought, recall memories, but not be sad. And from time to time the boys threw up their fresh young voices into the air in some tuneful old part-song, which fell upon the ears of the guests, bringing a sense of coolness as from the spray of a fountain on a summer noon. Dining was no longer the satisfaction of an appetite; it became the practice of one of the fine arts. And the claret was of the softest, the hock of the most seductive, the champagne of the brightest.

For dress, the men wore a black velvet costume, designed by Desdemona herself, though I think Mr. Planché would have recognised it. The sombre black was relieved by the collar of the Order, and the crimson rope which girded every waist. It was a dress which sat well upon men who were young and tall. The brothers were all young and mostly tall. As for the sisters, they wore what they pleased, and they naturally chose to wear what suited them best. But all had the collar, the hood, and girdle of the Order. Sister Desdemona surrounded her portly person with a magnifi cent robe of satin, in which she migh t have played a stage queen. Miranda had some gauzy and beautiful dress of a soft grey, and Nelly wore white.

"It is like a dream, Tom," said the latter. "It is so splendid as to seem almost wicked. Do you think it is really a dream? Shall I wake up and find myself in Chester Square again, with mamma exhorting on the sinfulness of dancing three times with a detrimental?"

"Especially if his name is Tom Caledon," said that brother.

They gave one toast every evening, which Alan, or Brother Hamlet, as the Public Orator gave, without speech or ceremony.

"The Master."

Then all rose, and murmured as they drank—

"Fay ce que vouldras."

The theatre had been built in the last century by a former Dunlop, owner of Weyland Court, after his own designs. The stage was small, but large enough for all ordinary purposes, and especially adapted for drawing-room comedy. The auditorium was semicircular, the seats being arranged so that every row was a foot-and-a-half above the one below it, like a Roman theatre. It is an admirable method for sight and hearing, but has the disadvantage of narrowing the number of the audience. The lower seats consisted of easy-chairs, in crimson velvet; the upper ones, which were given to the servants, who could bring as many of their own friends as they pleased, were padded benches, with arms and back. The house held about a hundred and eighty or two hundred, and on evenings of performance was generally quite full. It was lit by oil lamps and wax candles only, so that the pieces were necessarily of the simpler kind, and no effects of light could ever be attempted. Desdemona, by right of her previous profession, was naturally the stage manager. It was she who conducted the rehearsals, drilled the actors separately and together, suggested the bye-play, and sometimes, if a part suited her, went on the stage herself.

The piece played to-night was a little drawing-room comedy, taken, of course, from the French: time, and therefore

dress, the last century; dialogues sparkling with cleverness, and that kind of epigram which only the French dramatists seem able to produce; which has a point, but yet does not stab; which disarms an enemy, but does not fell him to the ground; which turns the laugh against him, but does not insult him—in fact, dialogues of the days when men respected each other on account of the appeals to duels.

It was a very little after-dinner piece and took less than an hour in all, so that one rose from the amusements refreshed and not fatigued, as one generally is by a long evening at the theatre.

Then they all went back to the drawing-room. It was an old-fashioned room, very long, narrow, and low, running along a whole side of the quadrangular court; its windows opened out upon lawns; it was dimly lighted by only a few lamps and candles, and these were shaded so that the rooms would have been almost dark save for the brightly-lit conservatory at one end.

The evening was all too short. One or two of the sisters sang and played; there was talking and, so far as Nelly's practised eye could discern, there was more than one flirtation—at least there was the usual symptoms.

Peregrine sat by her and began to talk, but his idle words jarred on the girl's ears, and seemed out of tune with the beauty of the day and the place. She escaped, and took refuge in the conservatory, where Tom Caledon was sitting with Miranda, Desdemona, and Alan Dunlop. She noticed then how heavy and careworn the young Squire, who was also a farm labourer, was looking.

"You like the Abbey, Nell dear?" asked Miranda.

Nelly sank upon a cushion at the feet of the Abbess, and took her hand.

"It is too wonderful and delicious," she said; "I feel as if I were in a dream. Miranda, if mamma knew the glorious time I am having here, and —and"—here she glanced at Tom—"and everything, I should be recalled like an ambassador."

"It is a great relief to me," said Alan, "coming over here after a rough day and finding myself among you all. My house was never put to so good a purpose before."

"How does your public kitchen get on, Alan?" asked Miranda.

"Nothing gets on well," he replied gloomily. "We started very well. We had five and forty women cooking their dinners at the same time. We gave them the materials for the first day, you know—chops and steaks. Next day, when no materials were given, nobody came; and nobody has been since, except my own woman."

Miranda sighed.

"Why do you persist in going into the troublesome village, Alan?" Desdemona murmured from her chair, which was close to some heavily-scented flower, the property of which was to soothe the soul with a sense of luxury and content and to make it irritable at the thought of struggle, discomfort, or unrest. Else Desdemona was generally the most compassionate and sympathetic of creatures. To be sure she never could quite sympathise with Alan's schemes, and she lost her patience when she drove out and, as sometimes happened, met him in a smock-frock driving a cart in the lanes. "Why do you go into the troublesome village at all, Alan?" she asked in such a voice as they acquire who linger too long in lands where it is always afternoon. "Come up and always stay here with us, in the Abbey of Thelema. Here you shall be wrapped in silk, and lulled to sleep by soft music: or you shall take your part, acting in the delightful comedies we are always devising. We will make much of you Alan."

But he shook his head.

Then that elderly lady, intoxicated with the perfume, went on murmuring softly:

"I take my part in the play and

make my points, and it is so like the stage that I look round for applause. Children, I will not be called Desdemona any more. I am in a glorified Bohemia—not the place where poets starve and artists borrow half-crowns, and both make love to milliners—but in Shakespeare's Bohemia, where Miranda is "Queen," and I am one of the Ladies-in-Waiting, and this is a Palace in the City of Prague."

Chapter XV.

"It was a lover and a lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino."

"I THOUGHT, Tom, we were to be Lancelot and Rosalind in the Abbey?" said Nelly.

They were in the park, sitting under the shade of a mighty chestnut. Outside, the stillness of a hot summer noon. For once, Tom had the girl all to himself, without the lean and crows'-footed young Nabob, who persistently intruded himself upon his proposed duets with her. Quite alone, she was very pretty that morning, he thought; prettier, even, than on the evening when, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, she danced the minuet with him in the robes of a sister.

Perhaps a corresponding vein of thought was running through her mind, too. Girls do not, I believe, fall in love with men for their beauty, and certainly no one ever called Tom Caledon an Adonis. Adonis is generally pictured as slender, delicate, effeminate. Tom was broad-shouldered, strong of limb and sturdy. There was nothing effeminate about his short curly hair, his ruddy cheek, his swinging stride. "Tom," Nell might have said to herself, "is the best of all the men I know, and the most considerate for me. He is not so clever as Mr. Rondelet: he isn't so full of projects as Mr. Dunlop: he is not so distinguished as Brother Bayard, V.C.; but he is the best of all the brothers, and I wish—I wish——"

I do not know what she might have wished, because Tom began answering her questions very slowly.

"When we are together, Nell, which is not often, on account of that confounded fellow who haunts you like a shadow, we may forget the monastic names."

"It is not my fault, Tom, that we are not oftener together. I can't *tell* people to go away and leave you and me alone, can I?"

"But you needn't encourage people," he grumbled.

"I had a letter from mamma yesterday," Nelly went on. "She has heard, she says, 'that a Mr. Roger Exton, who has made a large fortune in Assam, is at Weyland Court'—she won't give in to calling it the Abbey—and she hints that, so long as I behave properly to Mr. Exton, she will let me go on staying here."

Tom growled.

"So you see, Tom, if you want to see anything of me, you had better make up your mind to tolerate Mr. Exton."

"Hang Mr. Exton!"

"I am sure I should not care if you did. But don't be cross, Tom. Remember you are in the Abbey of Good Temper. Besides, it is not like what you used to be in the good old days. We will be a good deal together if we can. Perhaps," she sighed, "we shall never get the chance again."

"Do you like it, Nelly," Tom asked, "being—a good deal together, I mean?" His face was not so frank and open as his companion's.

It was a year and a day since he had put a question, similar in import, but perhaps of more special meaning, to the same young lady. It was on Ryde Pier, and in the evening, what time the summer waters of the fair Solent stretched broad and smooth on either hand, and the lights of the ships at Spithead, the yachts in the roadstead, and of Southsea five miles away,

made long lines across the ocean lake, while the summer air was soft and warm: while the lazy water of the flowing tide lapped at the supports of the pier and gurgled among the planks below: while, as they two leaned side by side, looking out beyond the pier, and picturing endless happiness, the steps of those who came and went upon the pier dropped unheeded on their ears, and the music of the band was only the setting of the love-song in their hearts.

A year and a day. Did she, he asked, in faltering tones, did she like him well enough to be always with him? No matter what answer she gave. It was what he hoped, and it filled his heart with joy unspeakable, so that the rest of that evening was spent within the gates of Paradise.

Well, it is a very pleasant place to visit even for a single night, and the memory of it lingers, and is a happiness to dwell upon. But, unfortunately, these visits never last long, and in Tom's case, he was promptly expelled by a person who, somehow, had the guardianship of his Paradise. The angel with the flaming sword in this instance took the form of the young lady's mamma. She was a person of commanding presence, great power of speech, trained by long battle with her late lamented warrior-spouse to use winged words like sharp arrows, and, being herself poor and of good family, filled with ambitious hopes for her daughter, so lovely and so sweet. Therefore, when Tom confessed that his income was under seven hundred a year, and that he had no prospects to speak of or prospects of the vaguest and most unreliable character, Mrs. Despard allowed wrath to get the better of politeness, and let Tom have it. He must never, under any circumstances, speak of such a thing again. She was surprised, she was more than surprised, she was deeply hurt, at what she could call nothing but a breach of confidence. She had trusted him with her daughter, feeling sure that she was safe with one who had known her from infancy. With his means, his very, very humble means, the matter was ridiculous and not to be thought of for a moment. Did he know the expenses of house-keeping? Did he know the cost of bringing up a family? Had he thought that her daughter, her Eleanor, was to become a common household drudge?—And, finally, she must wish Mr. Caledon good morning for ever. Henceforward, they were to meet as strangers.

So Tom found himself outside the door. It was a facer. And there was no help for it. The energetic widow followed up her onslaught by a letter, in which she said that she should feel more at her ease in Ryde, if Tom was out of it; and that, if he did not see his way to changing his quarters, she should be obliged to sacrifice the rooms which she had taken for two months at eight guineas a week.

So poor Tom had to go, packed up his portmanteau, and went mooning about by himself on the Continent. He did not enjoy himself much till he came to the Engadine, which was full of Rugby and Marlborough masters, so that the contemplation of their great superiority, and the listening to their artless prattle, soothed his soul and made him think of Mr. Rondelet, the man in whom Alan Dunlop believed.

A year and a day: and here he was again at the Pearly Gates, and no infuriated mamma as yet in sight.

"Do you like it, being a good deal together?" he asked, ungrammatically.

"Yes," she replied, frankly and without the least hesitation. "Haven't I told you so, over and over again? Men will never believe what one says. Does it please you, Tom, to hear me say it again? I do like it then; I like it very much; I like it too much for my peace of mind, Tom. Will that do?"

"Oh, Nelly!" cried the enraptured lover.

"I like being with you better than with anybody else, man, woman, or

child, in the whole world. I am sure it ought to be so. You have known me so long that you are a kind of brother by this time."

"Brother! oh!" Tom groaned.

"Which reminds me"—her manner changed suddenly. While she confessed her "'liking' for Tom's society, her face was glowing, and her eyes were soft and tearful. She was very near having a weak moment, only that stupid Tom was afraid, and let the opportunity for a bit of real love-making go by. "Which reminds me," she said, suddenly putting on a careless and even a flippant air, "that there are certain things which cannot be talked about."

"Why not, Nelly?"

"Because they are impossible things; yes, Tom; quite—quite. Isn't there a rule that the brothers are not to say foolish things to the sisters?"

"No rule of the kind, at all," he said. "In fact I was never in a country-house where so many foolish things are said. To be sure the place is full of charming girls."

"And of course you find it easy to say foolish things to all of them," she said with the least little delicate shade of real jealousy.

"Don't Nelly; you know well enough." Tom was again ungrammatical, but perfectly intelligible.

"This is a world, Tom, as mamma says, in which common sense is wanted. You have only got seven hundred a year. I have got—nothing. Can we—could we—does anybody live on seven hundred a year?"

"I believe Dunlop is living on eighteen shillings a week," Tom replied. "But we could, Nelly. I have calculated it all out on paper, and we really could. And you should have a horse to ride as well."

"And a season in town; and a run down to Brighton; and perhaps six weeks on the Continent; and you to have your club and hunter—oh! and my dress, because mamma has always said that she should not consider it her duty to help me after I was married. Tom, *can* we do all this on seven hundred a year? Ask your heart, as they say on the stage."

Tom was silent for a few moments.

"But we need not want all this, Nell. We could live somehow where things are cheap—beef at twopence, and potatoes free—you know; and we would be"—here he looked queer—"we would be economical, Nell."

She burst out into a merry laugh.

"You are a ridiculous boy, Tom. How *could* we be economical? Isn't the life we lead the only life we can lead with any pleasure? And are you not a most extravagant man? How much do you owe?"

"One can't be very extravagant on seven hundred a year," said Tom with a sigh. "And to think that you of all girls are ready to throw yourself away for money—oh, Nell!"

"Tom, I've heard that kind of thing said in novels and in plays, over and over again, but you know in real life it is silly. Lord Methusalem marries little artless Lily, and then the satirists talk about it as if it were so awful for Lily. Why, Tom, she isn't artless at all; she likes it. She knows perfectly well what she is doing. Am I artless, do you think?"

"You look artless, Nelly."

"You know very well, then, that my looks are a snare. I never had any secrets from you, Tom, had I? Who knows better than you that I must marry, if I marry at all, a rich man; and the richer the better? I suppose that men are not necessarily brutes and bears because they are rich. Why, there is Alan Dunlop; he is rich and not a brute; and half-a-dozen of the brothers; and lots of them I know. I really do not see why a rich man should not be as pleasant as a poor one, though he never is in the novels. My husband must be rich, and I only hope with all my heart that he will be pleasant."

"But it's such a mercenary—I mean—you know what I mean."

"I know, Tom," said Nell. "If we

could do just whatever we liked, there is nothing I should like better than to say 'yes' to you—just as I did in the dear old pier; you know that, Tom, don't you?—and go straight away to church, you and I together. Oh! how happy I should feel while the clergyman tied the knot! And what a rage mamma would be in! But that is all nonsense. We are born in a rank of life, as the Catechism says, and have to be contented therewith. That is, I suppose, we must accept our fate and make the best of it. And my fate is —not Tom Caledon—poor old Tom! but somebody or other—Lord Methusalem perhaps. And don't think I shall be miserable and die of a broken heart! I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall make a fair bargain. I shall marry a man who will give me a good income, a position, kindness, and—and—perhaps—what *you* make such a fuss about, Tom"—here she turned red and hesitated, picking at a flower —"what they call—Love. And I shall give him all I have got to give —all any woman can give—myself." She stopped for a moment, and seemed as if she was trying to collect her thoughts. "And it will be a bargain all to my advantage."

"What, Nell? A man gets *you*, and you think it is a bargain to your advantage?"

"Ah! Tom, you think that girls are artless, you see. That is the mistake that men make. My dear Tom, we are miracles of common sense and prudence."

Tom pulled the most dismal face in the world.

"Don't, Tom." Nelly laughed and then sighed. "Don't. It's hard enough as it is, not being able to—to have one's own way. You might at least help me."

"I will, Nell. I declare I will. I promise you that I will not ask impossible things—as you call them. But you must give me something for my promise. You must walk with me, dance with me, and ride with me."

"I will do all that," said Nelly. "But Tom, you must not be angry if I—flirt with anybody I like among the Brothers of the Order."

"I suppose," said Tom ruefully, "that I have no right to say a word, whatever you do. And there are plenty of men here for you to flirt with; and I suppose I shan't have a chance of edging in a word at all."

"Certainly not, if it is a disagreeable word," she said.

Tom got up.

"There *must* be something wrong in the management of the world," he said, "when two people like you and me, who are made for each other, can't be married for want of a few miserable dollars. Why, Nell, can you conceive anything jollier than for you and me to be always together, to do what we like, go where we like, and live as we please? Do you think you would get tired of me? To be sure I am not clever."

She shook her head; something like a tear came in her eye, and she did not look up.

"I should never get tired of you, Tom. It is the men who get tired of their wives, not the women of their husbands."

"I wonder, now," said Tom, whether I couldn't go in for something and make money. There was MacIntyre of ours, I remember. He went into the Advertising Agency business, and told somebody, who told me, that he was making a thousand a year over it. And there was another man who went into wine on Commission. And another who took to writing. And Tom Bellows went into manure."

"And I hope he stuck there," said Nelly. "Oh! Tom, to think that you will ever make anything. You? There's another point of resemblance between us, Tom, that we are both born to spend, not to save. It is a much happier condition of life. And now let us go home for luncheon. Is not that Peregrine coming to meet us?"

"I thought he couldn't let us alone very long," growled Tom.

CHAPTER XVI.

"So many hours must I tend my flock,
So many hours must I take my rest,
So many hours must I contemplate,
So many hours must I sport myself."

AFTER nearly a year of continual effort in the village, it was almost time that some results should be arrived at. And yet the young Reformer's countenance grew darker every day as he looked about for what should have been the fair and smiling harvest of his toil, and found only the same old weeds. Every one of his projected reforms had been by this time fairly commenced. The Parliament—the plan of which he had hoped to widen, so as to make it embrace the broad interests of the whole village instead of the comparatively narrow business of a single farm—was a House of empty benches. On the suppression of the gratuitous supper the rustics ceased to take any further interest in the proceedings. A show of a weekly conference was held, it is true, but it was like the Roman Senate under the Empire, having no power, and being the mere shadow of a name. It consisted, indeed, entirely of a duet between Alan Dunlop, himself, and his bailiff. Perhaps, now and then, the two young men of religious principle who had charge of the Co-operative shop and the Good Liquor Bar, put in a silent appearance. Occasionally, as has already been stated, the meetings were attended by the saturnine schoolmaster. He showed little enthusiasm for a movement which brought no good to himself. The cobbler of anti-religious sympathies abstained after his first visit. If you could not discuss Atheism, what was the good of Parliament? He considered all this talk of farm work sheer waste of time, which might much better be devoted to the destruction of Christianity, monarchy, and the aristocracy—to parcelling out the land and introducing communism. One night the young man they called William came and proposed, with greater liberty of expression than might have been expected of him, a vote for the increase of wages and the decrease of hours, which he supported on the plea that it would afford the labourers time to attend the night-school and the reading-room. But Mr. Bostock made short work of him, so that he came no more. Still the Parliament was kept up, and Prudence Driver entered the minutes regularly, acting as Clerk of the House. Also, Alan always introduced his new ideas first to the House, and then circulated them in the form of tracts.

In the course of the year quite an extensive literature of tracts grew up in the village, all written entirely by the Squire, and most generously given away for the exclusive use of the people. Among them were—

The *Tract on the Co-operation of Employer and Labourer*, with a Tentative Conjecture on the share which the latter ought to have in the Profits. This was the treatise presented to the first sitting of the Parliament, but as it was unfortunately mistaken for paper provided as pipe-lights, it became immediately out of print. I believe a copy is now as rare as an Editio Princeps of *Gargantua*.

The *Tract on Total Abstinence*, which followed, produced the results which such tracts always do. The women got hold of it and quoted figures. Then came domestic disagreements, and the men, to escape nagging, went to the *Spotted Lion*, where they agreed on the merits of the Tract, and wondered why no one followed the Squire's example. But the weekly chalks did not grow less.

The *Tract on the Good Liquor League* obtained an accidental importance, from the fact that the landlord of the *Spotted Lion* thought it was

meant as an attack upon himself, particularly when the writer spoke unkindly of treacle, salt, and sugar as additions to beer which ought not to be made. Otherwise, this Tract would certainly have fallen flat.

In the same way the *Tract on Co-operation in the Village shop* met with no readers except the one village shopkeeper. She, like the landlord of the *Spotted Lion*, resented its appearance as aimed directly at herself and her own interests. But her weekly lists of tick did not diminish.

The *Tract on Cleanliness in the Home* was kindly and even cheerfully received by the men. They snorted, chuckled, and grinned, wondering what the women would say to it. Their wives, however, thought the Squire had best keep to subjects more proper to man-folk, and spoke disrespectfully about meddlers, even throwing out hints on the subject of dish-clouts.

The *Tract on Art in Common Life* was, as Alan felt himself, a little above their heads. The beautiful language regarding Common Things, the Blade of Grass, the Tuft of Moss, the common wild flowers, and the singing of the lark in the sky, fell unresponsive on their hearts.

The *Tract which recommended daily bathing* was received with an apathetic silence which left no room for doubt as to the opinion of the village.

The *Tract about Free Libraries and a Public Reading-room* was considered to concern other people. Probably it had been printed and given out at their doors by mistake. The villagers, anxious not to think their Squire a madman, charitably put this down as the postman's error.

The *Tract on Amusements* excited surprise rather than curiosity. They were to dance every week—dancing was an Art strange and forgotten. They were to have a theatre—they had never seen a theatre—and a circus, and a band of music, and to go out all together for holidays. Like the boys and girls, which was degrading.

The *Tract on the Model Cottage*, showing how the garden and the pig-sty paid the rent and provided the Sunday dinner of beef and cabbage, with the pudding under the gravy, excited aspirations which were as fleeting as vague, and were speedily drowned in beer. It may be confessed that not one single cottage grasped the idea that roast beef and Yorkshire pudding were attainable objects.

The great difficulty was, that nobody wanted to read—nobody wanted to change—nobody wanted to improve. The duty of discontent had not been taught these simple rustics. It was sad for Alan to hear in the evening those voices of the real village Parliament raised in clamorous cheerfulness in their tap-room which were silent at his own Assemblies; it was sad to feel that his tracts fell unheeded on dull and contented ears; it was sad to meet the Vicar and acknowledge that, so far, he had done no better from his cottage than his reverence from his pulpit: or the Vicar's daughters, who respected him mightily and were unfeignedly sorry to learn how things did not advance a bit, and how the only purchasers at the Co-operative shop were themselves and Miss Dalmeny. Perhaps the failure of his shop and his bar was the saddest thing about the whole experiment, because, in establishing them he had, as he told Miranda, appealed to the very lowest principle, that of self-interest. Could people be so stupid as not to be alive to their own interests? Both the excellent young Christians who resided together and administered shop and bar stood, all day long, at the receipt of custom with brightly varnished beer-handles and polished counters, but had no custom. And yet the tea was good and the sugar good; and the beer was the bright and sparkling fluid from Burton, not the sugary mess of the *Spotted Lion*.

For this stiffnecked generation took

kindly to nothing except what was actually given to them. As long as soap was distributed the mothers came to the Public Laundry. When they had to bring their own soap, they preferred the seclusion of home. The men, for their part, gave a ready patronage to the Bar so long as the tap ran free, which was for the first week. During that blissful period every man was allowed a pint in the evening. By this it was intended to cultivate the village palate into a taste for real beer. The pint despatched, it was mournful to see them slouch across the road and enter their accustomed tap-room.

It was almost as painful to visit the Library where Prudence Driver sat every evening alone. Now and then, perhaps, the schoolmaster might look in to borrow a book and exchange gloomy remarks with her. Then he would go out, and the door would bang behind him, and the girl would sit by herself wondering *why* people preferred to be ignorant, and endeavouring to master the principles by which her Prophet was guided. Once the shoemaker, already referred to, came with a list of books beginning with Toland and Volney, and ending with Renan. As none of these works were in the Library, he explained to Prudence that she was an accomplice in the great conspiracy, of which every king, priest, and holder of property was a member, for keeping the people in ignorance. It is impossible, however, to satisfy everybody, and when the Primitive Methodist minister of the circuit visited the Library and found the works of certain modern philosophers upon the shelves, he asked the Librarian whether she realized the possession of a soul, and whether she knew of the punishment allotted to those who wilfully disseminate error. So that it seemed as if nobody was pleased. But the girl had her consolations. Sometimes Mr. Dunlop himself would sit in the reading-room all the evening, and now and then he talked with her over his plans. Sometimes Miss Miranda would call at the Library in the afternoon. And sometimes the young ladies from the Vicarage would come in and run round the shelves like butterflies, brightening up the place. Otherwise Prudence Driver's life was a dull one.

The *Public Laundry and Bath-houses* were as deserted as the Library.

After the work of nearly a whole year, was there nothing?

Yes; one thing there was. When the Squire, at vast expense, hired a whole circus company and had performances open to all the people—just as if they had been so many ancient Romans—for nothing, they appreciated the act at its highest possible value. Never was any performer more popular than the clown. And yet, in spite of the temporary popularity which accrued to him by reason of the circus, Alan did not feel altogether as if the success of this experiment was a thing, to the student of the Higher Culture, altogether to be admired. It was much as if a great tragedian were to step suddenly, and by no conscious will of his own, into the position of a popular Tom Fool.

Keenly conscious of this, Alan next got a company of comedians. They were going about the country playing a piece which had been popular in London. It was not a great piece, not a play of that lofty ideal which Alan would have preferred to set before his people, but it was something better than the clown's performance. On the first night the villagers came in a body. They expected another clown. What they saw was a set of men and women in ordinary costume, carrying on and talking just like so many ladies and gentlemen. That was not acting at all. No real interest in it; no red-hot poker; no tumbling down and dislocating limbs; no spectacle of discomfiture and suffering such as calls forth at once the mirth of the rustic mind. The next night

nobody came but a few children. Clearly, the dramatic instinct was as yet but feeble,

About this time Alan had a great consultation. It was in Desdemona's "cell,"—a luxurious apartment at the Abbey—on Sunday afternoon. Those who were present at the Conference were Desdemona herself, Miranda, Tom Caledon—who was rather short of temper in consequence of discovering that Nelly had gone for a walk with Mr. Roger Exton—Mr. Rondelet, and Alan himself.

The Abbey was very quiet that afternoon; the drowsy influence of the midsummer day lay upon all, and made them talk languidly and dreamily.

"After a year of work," said Alan, lying back in his chair and speaking to the ceiling, "there is nothing." He raised himself and addressed Miranda.

"I told you, Miranda, at the very outset, that Habit was the great enemy. I begin almost to believe that nothing can be done against that deadly enemy."

Then Mr. Rondelet, standing by the open window, toyed delicately with his eye-glass which he half raised twice, and as often dropped. I really believe that he could see as well without it. Then he stroked his smooth cheek and smiled languidly.

"You have proclaimed," he said . . . there was always a little difficulty about Mr. Rondelet's *r*'s, which had a tendency—a tendency only, not a brutal determination—to run themselves into *w*'s. Mankind are divided in opinion as to whether this is affectation or a congenital infirmity . . "You have proclaimed," he said, "the responsibilities of wealth. You have set an example which may be followed and must be quoted."

"It will be quoted," said Tom Caledon, who was sitting by Desdemona. "It will be quoted most certainly, but as for being followed——"

"I have made an experiment," said Alan, "in what I believe to be the right method. But the success has not been, I confess, altogether what I could desire. It seems almost impossible to enter into their minds."

"Perhaps," murmured Desdemona gently—"Perhaps, Alan, they haven't any."

"And perhaps," said Mr. Rondelet, "there is still something to be said in favour of the old method of imposing obedience and laying down rules. Our ancestors assumed to possess what *we* certainly do possess—the Higher Intelligence."

"That is driving, not leading," said Alan. "My principle is the Example. It was an old Oxford principle, Rondelet."

Miranda observed with a sigh, that she had hoped to see some development in the direction of Art.

It was an unfortunate remark, because the failure of the Picture Gallery was the most conspicuous of all Alan's late defeats. No one, after the first day, cared to go into the Picture Gallery at all.

"I hoped," said Alan, "that we should made the gallery into a sort of silent and continuous educator. That series of pictures showing the development of manhood from the flint-weaponed savage to—to——" here he looked at the Fellow of Lothian College—"to the highest product of modern civilisation, I thought would become at once a stimulus to the discontent I want to engender."

"Even the contemplation of the—the Highest Modern Product failed to interest them?" asked Mr. Rondelet, with a show of carelessness, as if he did not know that in the neglect of the Highest Modern Product he had himself been neglected.

"Yes; they took no interest in the progress of civilisation. Then I had a series to illustrate the History of England. But they cared nothing about the History of England."

"There were the dances," said Miranda, joining in the chorus of lament-

ation. "Oh, I did hope that something would come of the dances! A weekly dance, with an inexpensive supper—a real dance—of quadrilles and waltzes for the people. It seemed so delightful. And to think that we should break down from such a trifling cause as boots."

"Did they," asked Desdemona, languidly, "did they try to waltz in the boots of their working-hours?"

"Well," said Miranda, "the fact is we forgot that detail. On the first night Tom was good enough to give us his assistance. But there was only one girl, Alicia Bostock, who could be made to go round at all, and she being the daughter of the bailiff, is, I suppose, a little above the rest. Dancing is extinct among the English peasantry. It is a lost art."

"Begin again next winter," said Desdemona. "Provide plenty of thin shoes, and I will go down and teach them how to dance."

"You must give them a supper, too," Miranda said, "otherwise they will certainly not come. They are like little children, who must be approached by the temptation of something to eat."

"The night-school has to be shut now, Miranda," continued Alan, gloomily. "We have been going on for some time with a single pupil, Prudence Driver's brother. I have reason to believe that she bribed him into attendance, and that, as she is at the end of her resources, he refuses to attend any longer."

"Then," said Tom, "as you have gone quite through the whole of your projects, and they are all dead failures, I suppose you are ready to come back to civilisation again."

"And own to failure?" Alan replied. "Not yet. The last word has not been spoken."

Then Mr. Rondelet, leaning against the open window-frame and letting his white fingers roam daintily about his smooth cheek, spoke low and in a certain measured accent, as if the warmth and sunshine of the afternoon had entered into his soul:

"You have shown the way, Dunlop. You have taken the place which an Oxford man of our school was bound to take. You have illustrated what *should* be and what *will* be, perhaps, in the fulness of days. You have also shown how immeasurably in advance of the age is that school to which you belong. The common herd now know what it is—the Higher Life. You have done, we think,"—he spoke as if he was in himself the Common Room of *Lothian*—"enough for honour. In the centuries to come the tale will not be allowed to drop and be forgotten. It will grow and spread from this little centre of Weyland village till it becomes a great mythus. In the course of the generations, antiquaries will be trying to trace back your legend to the far more remote birth of the Sun-God Fable, and the allegories of Vishnu, Moses, Tammuz, and Apollo. It will be demonstrated that Alan Dunlop's history, as preserved in a fragmentary condition, was an allegory, constructed slowly, and bit by bit, of the progress of the year. You will be relegated to the præhistoric period. Treatises will be written to show that your *cultus* existed before Homer, and is referred to in the Iliad; that it was a branch of the great Aryan family of tradition, in spite of the inevitable German scholar who will try to make you out Semitic. And with all the talk no one will be able quite clearly to separate you from Hercules, Samson, or Apollo. You are doomed to become præhistoric. Round your name will gather proverbs, sayings, legends, and miracles. You will be accepted, and even worshipped, as the Founder of a new religion; men will dispute first on the genuineness of the miracles, then on the authenticity of the records; and lastly, on the broad fact whether you ever really existed or not. In fact, I see very well, and clearly prophecy, that everybody in the future will have to become Dunlopians or anti-

Dunlopians, and a High Place for your Worship will be set up in the Village of Weyland. So far, at least, you have succeeded."

Desdemona clapped her hands, and even Miranda, who was not always pleased with Mr. Rondelet's remarks, laughed. Alan alone did not seem to appreciate the fulness of the glory prophecied.

"Another thing you have done," said Tom, the practical, "is that, with your extra three shillings a week for your farm-labourers and your free feeds, the whole village has grown fat. I met two men yesterday, once thin, who positively waddle. They now bear before them, like an alderman——"

"And your festivals, Alan," asked Miranda. "Did the last go off well?"

Alan hesitated for a moment.

"So far as the children were concerned," he said, "we got on very well. The Vicar was there, with the girls, and we amused them. The women were less easy to please, and I am sorry to say that, owing to some confusion about the orders for beer, the men all got drunk. We left them behind, lying on the roadside in different stages of intoxication."

"It will be reported," said Mr. Rondelet, "in the *mythus*, that the young god was such that those men who gazed upon his face fell to the earth instantly, as if they were drunken with new wine: but that the women followed him singing hymns."

"We went to Weyland Priory," said Alan, unheeding. "I lectured in the ruins, but who knows with what result?"

There was silence for a space. And then Mr. Rondelet left the open window and sought a chair which stood in the midst of the group, just as if it had been left there for the Master. And laying his chin upon his left hand, in such wise that the fore-finger and the second finger were parted and lay on either side of his mouth, and sitting so that the elbow of the left arm rested on the chair, he spoke slowly:

"I have brought myself to think, notwithstanding all the talk we had in Oxford, when we were younger men, Dunlop, that the great men—the giants—of the Renaissance were right in leaving the common herd to their own devices. They lived like gods, apart, and enjoyed by themselves the true pleasures of the Higher Culture."

This Fellow of Lothian could never utter a dozen sentences without lugging in the "Higher Culture."

"Had they gone below, had they tried to improve, to change the vulgar crowd, they would have lost the cream and glory of life. In these days there is again a small school of Humanists—chiefly or wholly sprung from Oxford—of whom the world knows little. Therefore we live by ourselves. Shall we not, then, live *for* ourselves? Perhaps fate—the gods—chance—may throw in the way of one or two"—he looked, perhaps accidentally, at Miranda—"a companion, a woman, whose social and æsthetic taste may be our own, and whose lines of Culture may be the same. What more delightful life may be imagined than an atmosphere of art among a little circle, from which all ignoble people will be excluded, all contact with the uncultivated hedged out? This Abbey of Thelema partially, but only partially"—here he looked at Tom Caledon, as if that young man marred with his broad shoulders and stalwart figure the delicate effeminacies of his ideal—"only partially, I say, realises my ideal. So hedged in, our lives would become first a mystery and then an example to the admiring world; and in this way Culture would be helped by emulation. This, however, Dunlop, is a different method from yours. What do you think, Miss Dalmeny?"

"Your method seems to me the highest form of selfishness," she replied.

"But to return to your project, Alan," said Desdemona. "Are you

quite sure that you began in the right way?"

"I still think so," he said. "The fault is with me, not with my method."

"Everybody who has a method thinks that," said Tom Caledon. "I like having none, and using the world as I find it."

"The clown of to-day," said Desdemona, "is the clown of yesterday and of to-morrow. But if you really hope to make any change you must begin with the children. And for that purpose you want a woman's help. You must have a wife, Alan."

He gazed intently upon his adviser for a few moments, and was silent. And presently they began to talk about other things, and the church bells rang out pleasantly beyond the park, making the soft air of the summer day melodious. And the three men all fell to thinking about the same subject, each from a different point of view. For Tom was in love, and wanted to carry that sentiment to a legitimate conclusion by marriage; and Alan was in earnest, and thought to complete his experiment by marriage, and Mr. Rondelet was in debt, and wanted to clear off his liabilities and make himself free from similar annoyances for the future by marriage.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

IN years agone did glint about her hair
The sunshine sweet, and in her tender eye
The violet blossomed; Does it blossom there,
And with her cheek do envious roses vie?
I do not know! 'Twas once a thought of mine
That when she spoke the birds did gailier sing—
That when she smiled the sun did brighter smile—
That when she laughed all seasons were like spring.
Ah me! To me no season e'er can bring
The purple glories of the days of old—
The birds that sang as they no more can sing—
The morning's crimson, or the evening's gold!
The ear is deaf except to discord sore,
And beauty charms the eye no more, no more!

THE BAR OF ONTARIO EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

BY D. B. READ, Q.C.

EIGHTY years is not a long period in the history of a nation, but when, as in the case of Ontario, that period comprises the whole or nearly the whole of the legal history of a Province, the period has more significance. The infancy of a nation is of interest to every citizen; the infancy of law ought to possess an interest with the whole community, but is of especial interest to those engaged in legal pursuits.

The student of law does not care so much to examine into the origin of the law, as to travel on in beaten paths, the paths that lead to emolument or future fame in his calling.

It is well, however, that he should be reminded of the early years of the profession on which he has entered; and it is with that view that I have ventured to write a short essay on the subject of "The Bar of Ontario Eighty Years Ago."

The Bar of Ontario is, in some respects the offspring of the Bar of Quebec, as it existed prior to the division of the old Province of Quebec into the two separate Provinces of Lower Canada and Upper Canada, which took place in 1791, the 31st year of the Reign of His Majesty King George the 3rd.

In the year 1785, the 25th year of the reign of King George the 3rd, there was enacted in the Province of Quebec an Ordinance entitled "An Ordinance concerning Advocates, Attornies, Solicitors and Notaries, and for the more easy collection of His Majesty's Revenue." This Ordinance enacted that "No person shall be commissioned, appointed or permitted to "practise as Barrister, Advocate, Solici- "tor or Proctor, unless articled for five "years to some Advocate or Attorney, "duly admitted and practising in the "Province, or some other part of His "Majesty's Dominion, unless such per- "son shall have been already called to "the Bar or entitled so to be, and in "practice as an Advocate or Attorney "in some Court of Civil Jurisdiction "within some part of His Majesty's "Dominion."

The Ordinance further provided "That no person should be commis- "sioned unless examined by some one of "the first or most able Barristers in the "presence of the Chief Justice or two "Justices of the Court of Common Pleas "and found of fit capacity."

It was under this Ordinance that causes were advocated in the old Province of Quebec, comprising the Province of Upper and Lower Canada.

In 1791, 31st year of the Reign of King George the 3rd, the Imperial Parliament passed a law giving to each of the Provinces a Legislative Council and Assembly, and the Upper Canada Parliament, at its first Session in the following year, 1792, passed an Act enacting "That thereafter in all matters of controversy relative to Property and Civil Rights, resort should be had to the Laws of England as the rule for the decisions of the same."

Up to the passing of this Act the laws which had been in force in regard to Property and Civil Rights were the laws of Canada, the French law.

It was soon found, after the passing of this enactment, that it was necessary to have Advocates in the Province of Upper Canada, skilled in the Eng-

lish law, and to that end the Legislature on the 9th July, 1794, 34th year of His Majesty's Reign, passed an Act entitled "An Act to Authorize the Governor or Lieutenant-Governor to License Practitioners in the Law," by which it was enacted that the Ordinance of Quebec to which I have previously referred should be suspended, and "That it should be lawful "for the Governor, Lieutenant-Gover- "nor, or a person administering the "Government of this Province, by Li- "cense under his hand and seal, such "and so many of His Majesty's liege "subjects, not exceeding sixteen in "number, as he shall deem from their "probity, education and condition in "life best qualified to act as Advocates "and Attornies in the conduct of all "legal proceedings in this Province." The 4th Section of the Act provided "That nothing therein contained "should prevent any person duly quali- "fied according to the provisions of the "said Act or Ordinance (Ordinance of "Quebec) contained from being admit- "ted to the exercise of the practice of "the Law conformably to the said Act."

In 1803, several gentlemen availed themselves of the Act 34 Geo. 3rd., cap. 4, referred to. In the Journals of the Law Society there is this entry:

"6th April, 1803.

"The following gentlemen, William Dickson, D'Arcy Boulton, Jno. Powell, William Elliott, William Warren Baldwin were admitted to the Bar by License of Lieutenant-Governor Peter Hunter, made in pursuance of an Act of the Province entitled 'An Act to authorize the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, or other person administering the Government of this Province, to License Practitioners in the Law. The License is set forth in extenso in the record, and states that the gentlemen had been examined by Henry Allcock, Esquire, Chief Justice, and found fit."

Why these gentlemen availed themselves of this Act instead of passing the Law Society does not appear. Six years before their admission, on the 17th July, 1797, a meeting of Barristers took place at Newark, now Niagara, for the formation of a Law Society. The following is an extract from the books of the Law Society in Osgoode Hall.

"NEWARK, July 17, 1797.

"In obedience to the direction of an Act passed this session in the Parliament of the said Province, the following gentlemen assembled at Wilson's Hotel, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the above day:

JOHN WHITE, A. G.,
PETER DEGRAY, S. G.,
ANGUS MACDONNELL,
JAMES CLARK,
CHRISTOPHER ROBINSON,
ALLEN MCLEAN,
WILLIAM D. POWELL,
ALEXANDER STEWART,
NICHOLAS HAGERMAN,
B. C. BEARDSLEY."

The subject of the meeting being taken into consideration, it was moved by the Attorney-General, that the Act of Parliament of the Province be read, and it was read accordingly by Mr. Beardsley, the junior.

The subject of the meeting referred to was the carrying out of the Act read by Mr. Beardsley, 37 Geo. 3rd, cap. 13, passed 9th July, 1797, entitled "An Act for the better "regulating the practice of the law, "by which the persons theretofore "admitted to practise in the law, and "practising at the Bar of any of Her "Majesty's Courts in the Province "were authorized to form themselves "into a Society to be called the Law "Society of Upper Canada, as well for "the purpose of establishing of order "amongst themselves as for the pur- "pose of securing to the Province "and the profession a learned and "honourable body to assist their fel- "low subjects as occasion may require, "and to support and maintain the "constitution of the said Province."

These records from the books of the

Law Society, and the Acts of Parliament mentioned, are valuable to be referred to as showing

1st. That after the division of the Province of Quebec into the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada the Legislature of Upper Canada very soon saw the necessity of retaining and giving effect to the Ordinance of Quebec relative to Attornies and Advocates, thus at once giving license to trained practitioners in the law, not only those who had been called in the Province of Quebec, but, as the Ordinance expressed it, "those who had "been called to the Bar or entitled so "to be and in practice as an Advocate "or Attorney in some Court of Civil "Jurisdiction within some part of "Her Majesty's Dominions."

2nd. That the further necessity existed of having called to the Bar gentlemen licensed by the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada after examination as to fitness by the Chief Justice of the Province as one skilled in English law.

3rd. To crown all the formation of a Society "for the purpose of securing to the Province and the profession a *learned* and *honourable* body "to assist their fellow-subjects as occasion might require, and to support and maintain the *constitution* of "the said Province."

The young law students of this day hardly realize the fact that eleven years had not passed after the Treaty of Peace was signed declaring the Independence of the United States, before the Legislature of the Province of Upper Canada had set to work by legislation in the direction of providing that gentlemen of education and probity should be those privileged to conduct legal proceedings for their fellow subjects in the Province. There were no Inns of Court in 1797, yet, nevertheless, the gentlemen of that day had not forgotten the origin of some, at least, of the Inns of Court; for they met in Wilson's Tavern or Inn at Newark, to transact their business.

Cunningham, in his "Inns of Court," published in 1780, thus writes of settled places for students of the law, called Inns of Court and Chancery. He writes: "So that soon afterwards" (*i. e.* after Edward 1st had appointed John de Metingham Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and that the other judges should provide in every court attorneys and lawyers to do service in the court,) "though we have no memorandum of the direct time, or absolute certainty of the places, we may safely conclude that they settled in certain *hostels* or *inns*, which were henceforth called Inns of Court, because the students in them did there not only study the laws, but such other exercises as might make them the more serviceable to the King's Court, as Sir John Fortescue in the 49th chapter of his book *de laudibus legum Angliæ* observeth when he saith, *that the students in the University of the Laws* (for so he calleth the *houses of Court and Chancery*) *did not only study the laws, to serve the Courts of Justice and profit their country, but did further learn to dance, to sing, to play on instruments on the ferial days and to study divinity on the festival, using such exercises as they did who were brought up in the King's Court.*"

Whether or not the lawyers who met in Wilson's Tavern, at Newark, on July 17th, 1797, to discuss matters appertaining to their profession, did dance, or sing, or study divinity, there is no record. But if they did they were not without precedent, one of the dearest things to a lawyer's existence.

The names of those who attended the meeting of the 17th July, 1797, as well as those who were called to the Bar by the license of the Lieut.-Governor in 1803, after due examination as to fitness by the Chief Justice, are familiar to all those acquainted with our Canadian legal history. There are men now living who knew the majority of them, and many know

the high position those descended from them have won both on the Bench and at the Bar of Canada.

Much more could be written on this subject that would be interesting, not only to the student of the laws but to every citizen of our country. I have only opened the door that others may follow. Though not grey with age, there is some antiquity connected with Canadian law and Canadian lawyers that deserves place in the memory of all. Osgoode Hall stands as a monument, commemorative of the early founders of our Canadian law. The portraits of many Chief Justices adorn the walls. Alas! that she has not preserved the likeness of William Osgoode, Chief Justice in 1792, from whom her name was taken, and who was and is an honoured name in the judicial history of our land.

BUTLER'S "HUDIBRAS."*

BY L. C. ALLISON, M.B.

IN obtaining Dr. Zachary Grey for an editor, Butler has been hardly less fortunate than was Rabelais in his English translator, Sir Thomas Urquhart. Never, unless it be in that sole happy instance, has there been an editor more thoroughly and exactly in sympathy and harmony with his author, or who has taken more delight in echoing his sentiments and expatiating upon them with illustration and comment. His edition is, and always will be, *the* edition of *Hudibras*. Though the worthy Doctor has been dead and buried for more than a hundred years, and we have never seen his portrait, we can still conjure up before our mind's eye, a perfect ideal image of him as he must have existed in the flesh. A stout, jolly, rubicund, fuzz-wigged, shovel-hatted, clerical dignitary, an ardent Anglican ecclesiologist, a thorough Church and State man, and in every point most orthodox and loyal from his wig to his shoe-buckle—such seems the very man by nature, instinct, and education, prepared to be the applauder, expositor and illustrator of the great Church and State poet. Such a man in short as we can conceive of, only by supposing him the growth of a good old-fashioned divinity education in a good old English University at the commencement of last century, transplanted to, and raised in, a snug country living, and finally matured in the close of some old cathedral town. If this *eidalon* be the result of error, we only hope that no unkind antiquarian will ever break in upon our ignorance to correct it; at present we can fancy the commentator only such as we have described him.

His notes and illustrations amount in fine print to more than twice the bulk of his author's text. They are most curious and valuable, and contain many racy reminiscences of a most interesting period of English history, which is by no means too well illuminated, by the few of its authors

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"*The Chandos Classics.*"

* Hudibras—By Samuel Butler, Esq.—With Notes and a Preface, by Zachary Grey, L.L.D. London: F. Warne & Co. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co.

whose works have reached us in an available form. These illustrations have been disinterred for us by the Doctor, from, heaven knows what out-of-the-way sources, from old dusty manuscripts in college libraries, from the records of country parishes, from all sorts of quaint old books, broadsheets and pamphlets, famous in their day of from one to two hundred years ago, yet long since (but for the Doctor's pious care which has saved these relics by pinning them on at the tail of his immortal text) vanished in total and hopeless oblivion. The Doctor's faith in his authorities is simple and child-like—marvellous and boundless. In the way of reference, nothing comes amiss to him, so that abuse or ridicule of the detested Roundhead party comes withal, and when the wisdom, learning, honour, courage, or other amiable qualities of their loyal adversaries are to be commended and commemorated, the case is the same. Amongst all the thousand-and-one contemporary sources of authority mentioned in these laborious notes, scarcely any are known by name in our own day, even to scholars, excepting a few such as Heath, Heylin, Echard and Clement Walker, who have been preserved for a short time from total oblivion, chiefly as we presume, by their extraordinary powers of lying and the extra and singular incredibility of the wonders which they relate. For the characters of the leading independent ministers, Dr. Grey gravely cites Walker's *History of Independency*, for the biography of Oliver Cromwell, his most trusted guide is Heath, and for the proceedings of the sequestrators and committee-men he follows Cleveland and L'Estrange, which is much the same sort of thing as if a writer in A.D. 2000, were to describe Pope Pio Nono and the late Emperor of the French from the publications of Mazzini, give a sketch of the internal condition of England in 1850, from the *Decadence* of Ledru-Rollin, and draw the characters of George III. and Mr. Pitt, from materials furnished by the late Peter Pindar. But all this only renders the Notes more racy and piquant to the reader. The very violence of the partisanship which they display, prevents their doing any harm in our day as false history, while, as an exhibition of the lengths, to which party-spirit and an honest hearty hatred, can carry even a reverend author of the mature age of fifty-seven, who is writing about occurrences a century old in his own time, they are an exquisite literary treat and curiosity. But it is not in matters political alone, that the Doctor's credulity surpasses. In tales of witches, ghosts, spells, charms, apparitions, sympathetic powders, and in monstrous fictions by the privileged class of travellers, his collection is unrivalled, and his faith apparently implicit. We cannot recall an instance of a single one of these tales in which the most exorbitant draft upon the hearer's credulity does not seem to be punctually honoured at sight by the Doctor. Whether he is giving us a circumstantial record of an undisputed historical fact, such as the Self-Denying Ordinance, or the Westminster Assembly, or some breath-catching fiction by a traveller, compared with whom Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was a Humboldt for truth and knowledge, or some brutal falsehood by Heath* or Heylin, his manner is ever the same. He makes a calm, matter-of-fact statement of the circumstance, as of a thing quite satisfactory to his own mind, and requiring no comment confirmation or explanation to be addressed by him to anybody else. At the first glance, the reflection which these Notes excite, is that they furnish a most instructive commentary upon more things than the text of *Hudibras*. What must have been the status of University education, and the general diffusion of knowledge in England, a

* An infamous author, to whose authority nobody but Dr. Grey has ever had the courage to appeal. The general character of his work is best expressed by the adjective "carrion" with which Mr. Carlyle has not unjustly branded it.

hundred and thirty years ago, when a clergyman nearly sixty years old, holding the highest degree that his University can bestow—a man as one might think in every way qualified to represent the dignity of his profession and the general learning of the country, could have attempted to illustrate history for his readers by such references as these? A reader whose tastes and sympathies were strongly republican, might for a moment feel inclined to address him from his own text:—

* * * "Nothing but the abuse
Of Human Learning you produce.
Learning, that cobweb of the brain
Profane, erroneous, and vain—
A trade of knowledge as replete
As others are, with fraud and cheat.
An art to incumber gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit,
Makes light,* unactive, dull, and troubled
As little David in Saul's doublet—
A cheat that scholars put upon
Other men's reason and their own,
A sort of error to ensconce
Absurdity and ignorance
That renders all the avenues
To Truth, impervious and abstruse,
By making plain things, in debate
By art, perplexed and intricate,
For nothing goes for sense or light*
That will not with old rules jump right,
As if rules were not in the schools
Derived from Truth, but Truth from Rules.
This Pagan, Heathenish invention
Is good for nothing but contention."

But upon thinking a little, a different view suggested itself—that the Doctor is more probably "not essentially in madness, but mad in craft," and that the precise extent of his credulity, like that of Hamlet's lunacy, must always remain undetermined and undeterminable by the reader. We incline to believe that Dr. Grey was far from being the learned simpleton that he has represented himself, and that he has deliberately sacrificed some part of his reputation for sagacity with his readers, to the desire of making converts, were it only among the more careless and ignorant of them, to the truth of his political opinions and the righteousness of the royal cause. If this be the case, it only shows how weak upon an appeal to posterity that cause must appear, for which so much hearty good will, joined to so much multifarious learning and diligence can say so little.

Setting aside Dr. Grey's partisanship, which is of that kind, of which a reader soon ceases to take much notice, his notes are most amusing and entertaining reading. One cannot open the book anywhere without lighting upon some piece of information, which, if not valuable, is at least curious to know, and which he does not remember having met with anywhere else. Taking a random dip,* we find an account of Roger Bacon, and another of Dr. John Dee, the seer, containing particulars enough to delight an antiquary. A second opening,† gives us a satire upon the new justices of the peace under Cromwell, and another upon the curious and subtle debates of the Assembly of Divines and the ignorance of Biblical geography and antiquities displayed amongst them. The opposite page supplies a bitter and characteristic attack by Clement‡ Walker upon the committee-men, one of them "lately made of a basket-hilted yeoman, with a short-handed clerk tacked to the rear of him to carry the knapsack of his understanding." A third§ gives us some curious extracts from the old statutes relating to matrimony, which are very properly left in their original Latin, for the benefit of the learned only. A note upon St. George,‖ the patron Saint of England, ends by telling us how "Mr. Jacob Bobart, Botany Professor, at Oxford," did, about the year 1700, out of a dead rat ingeniously distorted and dried, manufacture what the learned men of time immediately pronounced to be a genuine dragon, "and one of them sent an accurate description of it to Dr. Magliabecchi, librarian to the Grand Duke of Tus-

* Wisdom.
* Wisdom.

* P. 177.
† P. 78.
‡ A gentleman whose baptismal name was not happily chosen.
§ P. 224.
‖ P. 64.

cany." The final event of this curiosity was to be "looked upon as a masterpiece of art, and as such deposited either in the Museum or the Anatomy Schools." Has any modern Oxonian seen or heard anything of this famous rat? And so might we go on dipping into these Notes all day, and in no instance fail to find some direct or indirect memorial of the quaint old times both of the commentator and his author. They appear to us fully to deserve the commendation which Lord Macaulay has bestowed upon the works of Horace Walpole. . . "A profusion of varieties of trifling intrinsic value, but so quaint in fashion, or connected with such remarkable names and events, that they may well detain our attention for a moment. A moment is enough; some new unique . . . is forthcoming in an instant. . . . . It is not in their beauty, it is not in their utility that their attraction lies. *Dr. Grey* is constantly showing us things, not of very great value indeed, but things which we are pleased to see, and which we can see nowhere else."

The epitaph upon Butler's monument calls him "the first and last of poets in his way," and equal praise may justly be claimed for Dr. Grey as a commentator.

Not in all points however. He does not put forward much pretension to delicacy of taste or acuteness of criticism in a literary point of view. When he has Homer, Virgil, or Shakspere to quote from, he has not much chance to make a poor selection, but of the extracts which he gives us from contemporary poetry we can only say that we hope that they are not fair samples of the general tastes and abilities of their authors. A collection of "*Loyal Songs, 1731*," which is frequently referred to, and appears to have been a great favourite with the Doctor, seems, even allowing for the times and the heat of party feeling, to be a perfect museum of scurrility and vulgarity, and as destitute of poetical as of all other merit. Oldham's satires, both in prose and verse, deserve the same character, and no better. Some affairs which the Doctor quotes to us as the unpublished productions of Butler himself, must surely have been imposed upon him. To us they seem to lack everything that Butler's verse should have, except his peculiar metre, which is about as poor a character as could be possessed by an imitation of Mr. Carlyle recalling only his peculiar literary style, or one of Burns reproducing nothing of that poet but his Scotch dialect. One curious instance, and so far as we know a solitary one, in which Butler has copied and extended the thought of a famous poet who preceded him, and has in his turn been closely copied by another famous poet who followed him, should have had a note upon it from any critic of ordinary observation. Chaucer says, in *The Frankleine's Tale:*

"Love will not be confined by Maisterie.
When Maisterie comes, the Lord of Love anon
Flutters his wings, and forthwith he is gone."

Butler makes the widow say, in her serio-comic argument against matrimony:

"Love, that's too generous to abide
To be against its nature tied.
For, where 'tis of itself inclined,
It breaks loose when it is confined,
And, like the soul its harborer,
Debarred *the freedom of the air*,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out and flies away."

And every one quotes, or has heard quoted, the celebrated couplet from Pope's *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard:*

"Love, *free as air*, at sight of human ties
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies."

Pope, in a note, acknowledges some obligation to Chaucer, but says not a word of the more elaborate expression which we are satisfied that he took directly from *Hudibras*. Chaucer

says nothing about "free as air," and Dr. Grey in this matter apparently knows nothing of either Chaucer or Pope, though the Epistle was published in 1717—twenty-seven years before the annotations upon *Hudibras*. Nor does he think the passage worthy of a note at all, but passes on in his usual quiet manner to quote his favourite subtleties from Dean Swift, Lipsius, Juvenal, and the "Salisbury Missal of 1554." But we are lingering too long over the worthy Doctor and his Notes, however great the temptation, and we must reserve some space for a few brief words about Butler himself.

It has often appeared to us a matter for legitimate surprise that such an author as Butler should not be much more generally read than he is. For, when we consider the attractive quaintness of his rhyme, the combined lightness and vigour of his fancy, and the exquisite brilliancy of his wit, we must place him in the very front rank of English poetical satirists, if not at the head of them all. In the important points of originality in style and manner, we think his claim of supremacy unquestionable. If it be true that "brevity is the soul of wit," he must stand equally high, for no other author has ever managed to pack up so much concentrated wit and fancy in so short a poem, composed, to speak generally, of such short lines and sentences. There is about all his utterances a curtness, a brevity, and a directness which goes straight to the point. Arrogant folly in high places, and ignorant impudence playing solemn masquerades in the garb of wisdom, are, to be sure, no novelties in any stage of the world's history, and earlier as well as later writers than Butler have often made them the objects of cutting satire. But no other author, either before or after him, has ever displayed so much of that power so invaluable to the caricaturist, of seizing at a single masterly grasp upon the most salient and vulnerable features of his subject and combining them within the compass of a few brief lines, into such a striking and mirth-inspiring portrait. His studies, while they excite our laughter and sometimes stir the depths of our disgust, produce so much the effect of real or possible human nature that we can hardly, without reflection, see that they are actually but caricatures. They remind us of nothing so much as of some of those inimitable sketches by Leech, in which five or six small touches of the pencil not only present to us a complete face or figure, but impart to the whole of that face and that figure, a most lively and characteristic expression. Unlike many other satirists, Butler deals in no roundabout insinuations, or artfully refined allusions, he never winds about his subject or confuses us with a series of views of it in several different oblique lights. He never attempts to heighten his effects by carefully toning and shading his colours, or repeating the minuter strokes of his brush. He selects in an instant, his standpoint—always an admirable one for his purpose, and from that point at once dashes off a sketch so lively and forcible that the reader never dreams for a moment of the possible existence of any other and truer point of view. Solid and well-fitted in every part must be the enemy's armour that does not somewhere or other present a fatal crevice to such a strong-handed and quick-eyed partisan, and tough must be the vitality which can survive many wounds from such keen and powerfully driven shafts. It is little to be wondered at that the Church and Court for whom he did so much, and from whom he received so little, should have rejoiced in the idea that he had given Puritanism its death blow, and enthusiastically welcomed the work, though they neglected and starved the man.

One of the most remarkable of Butler's superficial peculiarities is the short, broken and "jiggy" rhythm of his versification, a fashion which admi-

rably suits the curt and sententious manner in which he delivers his thought. So well does his style of expression harmonize with his manner of thinking that each seems a necessary concomitant to the other. This characteristic metre is so well known that many readers who never opened his book can recognise a quotation from Butler when they hear it, as one might single out a stranger in the distance by the fantastic cut of his clothes. Some have even gone so far as to consider this metre as a thing of beauty in itself, and an assistance to the poet in the expression of his ideas. In Butler's case for the reasons just stated, there may be some truth in this view, but assuredly it was not found so by his numerous imitators in his own time, now all dead and forgotten, nor will it be so found by writers in general. In literary as well as in physical feats, those which seem to the spectators to be performed with the greatest ease, are not always found to be the easiest to imitate. It requires masterly ability to play splendid and spirited tunes upon a homely instrument, and when such a thing has been done we are too apt to overlook the skill of the performer in fixing our attention upon the novelty and rudeness of the machine which he uses, and associating some peculiar inscrutable virtue with *it*. Many admirers of Burns appear to have fallen under a delusion of a similar kind. Of all the wonderful circumstances in the career of that extraordinary genius, not the least remarkable is that he should have made himself a world-wide renown through the medium of the Lowland Scotch dialect, a patois which like every other may have its beauties for a native ear, but in which it has always seemed to us a piece of the most bare-faced affectation for a foreigner to pretend to find anything attractive. Not so much from any natural proclivities of his own, as from the inexorable hardness of the social conditions under which his life was passed. Burns had also acquired some objectionable peculiarities in his ways of writing and thinking, a tendency to coarseness and vulgarity, and a want if not of actual reverence, at least of regard for the conventional decencies of expression in matters of moral and religious observance. Perhaps his chief reason for attacking these forms was their being held in high favour by the world which had used him so ill, but whatever their cause, the expressions remain and must always be regretted as unnecessary and accidental blemishes. Many of his admirers on the contrary regard them as virtues and worthy of imitation—the latter unfortunately an easy task to very ordinary powers. These things are to genius what heavy weights are to a fine racer, he may run well under them and even brilliantly, and that he does so, makes his performance all the more marvellous and splendid. Yet in witnessing it we cannot withhold a regretful wish that we could see the fine powers exhibited *without* the drawbacks. Almost every great genius has had about him some peculiarities of fashion, which seem to a careless observer to be his most characteristic features, merely because they lie mostly upon the surface and are the most easily copied. To an ordinary apprehension these things do not appear as what they really are—the mere occasional fashions and eccentricities of genius. They seem to be the thing itself, the charm or incantation in which lies the whole secret of the performance, and which now that it has been found out any person of ordinary ability and industry may repeat to as good advantage as the original discoverer. To people in search of short cuts to fame, the old suit of clothes, ragged enough in many cases, and thought ungraceful and unbecoming during the wearer's lifetime, seems a very mantle of Elijah. Wearisomely has the world been as it still continues to be, pestered by such people with imitations of Burns in which the coarsest and commonest vulgarity,

and the dreariest of platitudes and trivialities are thought to be rejuvenated and rendered attractive by being clothed in the horrid "harsh grumbling grunting guttural," which as the writers fail to see, represented, not the wings which raised the poet aloft, but the weight which he had to drag with him and sustain during his flight.

In a similar manner, during the time when his works were at the height of their popularity, many English satirists tried in vain to conjure with the old clothes of Butler. Several specimens of their performances are given in the foot-notes of this work, a few good, some indifferent, but mostly very poor. Their authors had plenty of zeal for the cause, but almost no other point in common with their original. His wit, his invention, and his fancy could not be imitated so easily as his grotesque versification, to copy which was within the power of any one possessing ability enough to improvise a nursery rhyme. Even Prior, by far the ablest of the imitators, soon discovered this, and abandoned the attempt. The truth is, that if Butler's short and broken metre had not harmonized so rarely with the curt and sketchy style of his word-painting, it would have been too heavy a burden for even his genius to carry. For his work is not a vulgar burlesque, with which every kind of mountebank-tumbling and trickery would be in harmony. It is a deep and masterly satire upon sectarianism, social foibles, and human nature in general, not wholly addressed to our sense of the ludicrous, but pointed throughout with reason and argument—that is reason from one single and limited point of view, and argument of that kind* which looks unanswerable until it is tested by discussion. To write pathos and sentiment, political argument, or even plain narration of any ordinary dignity, in the broken and hopping metres of nursery rhyme, has always seemed to us one of the most startling feats of literary legerdemain that can be attempted by genius. A well known, and as far as our knowledge goes, almost a solitary instance of what great talents can do in this direction, is Hood's "*Bridge of Sighs*," a poem which will be for ever memorable, not only for its exquisite and tender pathos, but as one of the most singular of literary curiosities, considered merely with reference to the contrast between its style and its subject. Of pathos and all the higher kinds of sentiment, Butler is well-nigh destitute; and the fervour of his political hatred appears to blunt in him even the ordinary sensibilities of human feeling, as appears in his jocular references to the mutilated ears of the pilloried Puritans, and to the brutal treatment of the remains of Cromwell and Blake at the Restoration. But in argument and description he makes his slipshod verse as effective and telling as the most polished of styles, and in some places he even makes it serve as a medium for conveying the truest beauty of thought and expression. The moon is a topic hackneyed enough among poets of the sentimental and romantic order; but Butler, who has very little in common with such, and one of whose leading characteristics is a hearty contempt for all metaphysical considerations, can treat her thus upon occasion:

"The sun grew low and left the skies,
Pulled down (some write) by ladies' eyes,
The Moon pulled off her veil of light
That hides her face by day from sight.
Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
At once her lustre and her shade,
And in the lanthorn of the night,
With shining horns hung out her light;
For darkness is the proper sphere
Where all false glories used to appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrowed lustre;
With sleep the weary world relieved
By counterfeiting death revived," etc.

The only other allusion which he makes to the moon has always appeared to us very beautiful:—

"The Queen of Night, whose large command
Rules all the sea and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains
In high spring-tides at midnight reigns."

* To wit, special pleading.

A bright full moon, in a placid midnight sky, a dead calm, or at most a very light breeze, and the full ocean lapping upon the very tops of the wharves and edges of the seaside paths in little silvery ripples, are influences that might excite into activity fancies more sleepy and brains less irritable than those of lunatics.

It is not to be wondered at that an author who can convey sentiments such as these in the metre of *Hudibras*, should find no difficulty in making that verse a medium for almost anything in the way of graphic description or closely reasoned argument. The lines in which Butler describes the character of the Presbyterian Puritan are well known, but will always bear quotation :

"For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit ;
'Twas Presbyterian true blue,
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church militant.
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun,
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks.*
Call fire, sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on
And still be doing, never done ;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding something still amiss ;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic
Than dog distract or monkey sick ;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong than others the right way ;
Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to ;
Still so perverse and opposite
As if they worshipped God for spite ;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long the other for ;
Free will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow ;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail they will defy
That which they love most tenderly,
Fall out with mince-pies, and discharge
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge," etc.

Here are embodied in a few forcible touches, all the most prominently disagreeable features of the extreme sectary of the day—his sour stupidity, his arrogant mental self-sufficiency, his love of unprofitable and irritating metaphysical argument, his ultra-Judaical intolerance, his love of tormenting his neighbours, and the morbid opposition of all his notions of true religion to every sort of innocent bodily pleasure and recreation. Such points of character could not fail to appear most odious to a man of Butler's temperament, which was that of an easy-going materialist—a man who loved to have his jest and his laugh at everything and everybody, to take the world as easily as he could find it, and make the best of everything in it. If any importunate counsellor should wish to worry him with uncomfortable suggestions about the deep importance of truth and justice in the abstract, and the necessity for adopting them as far as possible for practical guides in matters not only of religion, but of politics and social economy, his readiest answer would be, "Let me alone of your guidance." To him, the new scheme of manners and morals appeared to be in no respect more sound than the old ; while it was confessedly much less easy and pleasant to follow. He saw that these outward ensigns which to him were in substance the very thing called Puritanism itself, could be easily assumed and outdone at a moment's notice by the very worst of mankind, —nay, as the Puritan party grew in power, this *was* done every day before his own eyes. He could not see the earnestness, the truth, the self-denial, the high integrity, and the sound Christian principle which lay behind these outward shows and at their foundation. He had no eye for the folly and wickedness in high places, the deep corruptions in society, and the frantic misgovernment in Church and State which had called them forth, and made them the badges and party-ensigns of nine-tenths of all the earnestness, worth, and strength of the nation. In his view, they were simply hateful means, followed to a mean end, the elevation of an insignificant and repulsive sect to power, at the price of the

* Not "Knox," as some modern wags might suggest.

destruction of all the ancient and honourable customs and institutions of the nation.

Butler's chief defect was a want of earnestness, or rather of the power and habit of looking back to the causes and first principles of things. He was eminently a Conservative. If he found a custom or an institution of old standing, and such as it had been transmitted unaltered, or even somewhat improved, from the times of his ancestors, if the nation had upon the whole, progressed and prospered under it, if his own tastes and inclinations (for the foundations of his political opinions seem to have lain no deeper than these), were in harmony with it, he never thought it a point worth inquiry how far such institution or custom might have its foundation laid on truth, justice, or the "eternal fitness of things;" or how far amendment might be indispensably called for if whatever of good or beautiful there was about the usage was to be saved from sharing the inevitable fate of what was ugly and odious. Enough for him that the thing was there, that it had come legitimately into its place, and that attempts to disturb it would probably be followed by an immense amount of heart-burnings, of dissensions, and of public as well as private mischief. It was, according to him, the duty of every rightly-thinking citizen to stand by such an institution to the uttermost extremity, and to look upon all those who would try to alter it, as wickedly disturbing the public peace for the advancement of their own selfish interests. Choosing his party from the motives, he brought to its aid such a power of wit and fancy, and such a fertility of abuse and sarcasm as we can find exceeded by no writer of any period. From its first appearance his work was hailed by the then dominant Royalist party as the best and most successful vindication of their cause. A distinction which in our opinion, still belongs to it. We say nothing here of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, a work which, however clever in its reasoning and able in its composition, is beyond the reach of most readers, and can generally be called available or attractive only to scholars. A weak cause such as the Royalism of Clarendon is now pretty generally confessed to have been, is always better served by wit and banter than by more ponderous compositions against which the heavy artillery of controversy can always be brought to bear by any one who chooses to be at the trouble of doing so. Moreover, while Clarendon writes only for the studious and learned few, Butler writes for everybody, and appeals to the general faculties which are possessed by all mankind, the learned as well as the vulgar. No highly cultivated intellect nor extensive acquisitions of learning are needed in the reader to enable him to enjoy the burlesque encounters of Hudibras and Ralpho with the common sense of the country, or their delightfully absurd and ludicrous polemical controversies with each other. The author does not draw outlines for his reader's imagination to fill up or detain him with long disquisitions however learned and acute about persons and proceedings, which have by age lost to most people all their minuter features of interest. By the force of his genius he creates a mountebank figure, by his matchless powers of wit and ridicule he clothes it with every personal quality that can render its possessor hateful and contemptible. And this deformed likeness, of which every one who can read or understand at all, can appreciate the effect, he holds up to the inspection of a laughter-smitten world, as a true and faithful likeness of the typical Puritan leader. Such representations have with the majority of mankind, a power of immediate influence, which fifty elaborate compositions, such as Clarendon's could not exert in a hundred years. No one now quotes Clarendon, but *Hudibras* short as it is, has contributed more familiar

phrases to our everyday English speech than any other book, except Shakspere's works or the Bible. The story of the neglect and ingratitude with which Charles II. and his Court treated Butler is well known. Butler appears never to have followed any regular trade or profession by which he might have gained an independent livelihood, and the only posts which we find any record of his having filled, are those successively of tutor and secretary in two or three private families. Of his few patrons, the only one who appears to have afforded him anything beyond a mere maintenance in return for such labours, was the witty and gallant Lord Dorset, who introduced him at Court, and otherwise did what he could for him, which after all it appears was not much. Charles is said to have taken great delight in the poet's work, carried it about with him and often quoted from it, a story which appears probable enough, for there seem to have been many points in common between Butler and his royal master. Among these we may reckon a talent for raillery and satire, a taste for polite conversation and for brilliant retorts and jests, and a fondness for taking ingenious and fanciful rather than sensible or profound views of things and matters in general, combined with an aversion from or at least a carelessness for the less showy and more practical duties of life and society. Butler had many of the qualifications that usually keep men poor. His dependence upon literary patronage, his shifting and migratory employments, and the careless habits of life which he possessed in common with the majority of his party and of the society which he frequented, were all unfavourable to the prospect of much pecuniary accumulation. He must at most times have felt the pressure of poverty severely. Charles is said to have once presented him with three hundred pounds from which, however, he derived no further advantage than the honourable payment of certain pre-existing debts which absorbed the gratuity to the last shilling. Other substantial aid from the Court, he received none. In the preface of this edition, are some lines said to be his, but which we can by no means confidently accept as such without some better endorsement than appears to be procurable. Or likening them to coin rather than to paper negotiabilities we may say that they ring upon the counter with a very cracked and uncertain sound, to the effect that

> This prince* whose ready wit and parts
> Conquered both men's and women's hearts

Could not follow any of the ordinary pursuits of his life (into which we are sure that our readers will excuse our following him with the poet) without having *Hudibras* within consulting reach,

> But this good king it seems was told
> By some, that were with him too bold,
> If e'er you hope to gain your ends,
> Caress your foes and trust your friends.
> Such were the doctrines that were taught
> Till this unthinking king was brought
> To leave his friends to starve and die,
> A poor reward for loyalty!

These lines are probably a posthumous tribute from some literary admirer. But whether Butler ever condescended or not, to importune the Court for that recognition which his services not less to their own cause than to the literature of his native country had so well deserved, it cannot be questioned that they took no further notice of him, and that he died miserably poor. Wycherley, the dramatist, attempted to make interest for him with the Duke of Buckingham (Dryden's "Zimri",) and an appointment was made, but the Duke upon some passing impulse, ran off from it and thereby missed the opportunity of putting at least one good action upon record to offset the rest of his useless and worthless life. In 1680, Butler breathed his last and was buried as his biographer tells us with affectionate

* Charles II.

and affecting minuteness: "At the charge of his friend, Mr. Longueville, of the Temple, in the yard belonging to the church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, at the west end of the said yard, on the north side, under the wall of the said church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway." (This reads like being "squeezed into a corner" indeed). For forty years he lay covered by these two walls and no stone recorded his memory, till in 1721, "John Barber, citizen and alderman of London" handed his own name down to posterity along with that of the poet, by erecting a monument to the latter in Westminster Abbey, which asserts in the Latinity fashionable at the time, Butler's claim to the title of—The first and last of poets in his way—and the pious care of the friend who has raised it, "lest he who when alive was destitute of almost all things should likewise want a monument when dead." It afterwards gave rise to the celebrated epigram by Samuel Wesley, of which all our readers have probably heard:

When Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give;
See him when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust—
The poet's fate is here an emblem shown,
He asked for bread and he received—a stone.

HON. MR. MILLS' LAND BILL FOR THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

BY GEORGE S. HOLMESTED.

IN some former numbers of the *Canadian Monthly*,* attention was directed to an improved system of land transfer, which was inaugurated some years ago in South Australia, and subsequently adopted with great success in all the Australian Colonies; and the advantages likely to accrue from the introduction of that system into Canada—and, more particularly, Ontario—were pointed out. The merits of the Australian system, it would seem, have approved themselves to the Minister of the Interior, and, at the recent Session of the Dominion Parliament, he brought in a Bill providing for the introduction of that system into the North-West Territories.

Of the superiority of the Australian system, over that which at present exists in Ontario, there can scarcely be two opinions, and it is hardly possible to deny that a system which enables a man to say "here is a single document, which evidences my title to my land, compare it with the public register and, if it agrees, you are perfectly safe in dealing with me," bears no comparison with that other, by which you are driven to make inquiry into all the various transactions, by which the land has been transmitted from hand to hand, until it became vested in the person who claims to be the present owner,—transactions perhaps extending over a long period of years, and the evidence of which is often difficult to procure, and, even when procurable, very difficult to weigh; and yet the authenticity and legal validity of all which transactions must be ascertained, at the peril of incurring the possible loss of the estate. On the one hand you have a system which gives a legal sanction to each transaction as it takes place; on the other, you have one which leaves every transaction connected with the land open to litigation and

* Vol. IX., p. 322; Vol. XI., p. 76.

dispute, until a Statute of Limitations shall have barred the right to litigate—a right which may even now in Ontario, under some circumstances, be kept alive for fifty or sixty years, or even longer.

The only plausible objection that can be alleged against the Australian system is, that when applied to titles of any degree of complexity, the first step necessarily involves a certain amount of expense, because the title must be submitted to a judicial examination before it can be registered; but the increased security of title and facility for dealing with the property, which the registration would secure to the owner, would, in most cases, be more than an equivalent for the preliminary expense.

The objection of expense, however, loses all its force when it is sought to apply the Australian system to a country where, as in the North-West, the great bulk of the land is yet vested in the Crown, and the Minister of the Interior is acting wisely, in thus early endeavouring to give to those territories a land system adapted to the necessities of the people, and at the same time free from those artificial technicalities, which are such fatal defects in the English law of real property.

It would, of course, be out of place here to enter into any very minute review, of the measure which Mr. Mills recently submitted to Parliament, extending as it does, over forty-nine pages and comprising one hundred and eighty-two sections—at the same time a general glance at some of its provisions will doubtless prove interesting. Having to deal with a country where, as we have said, the land is still principally vested in the Crown, Mr. Mills has seen his way to dispense with any provision for the investigation of titles prior to registration—the number of grants already made, being, it is to be presumed, too trifling to need any special legislation.

The officials, by whom it is proposed to administer the Act, are to be called Registrars of Titles, and are to be appointed for certain districts, to be set off from time to time as occasion may require. It does not appear that it is intended to appoint any chief functionary to whom all the various district registrars shall be subordinated; whether this plan which forms a leading feature in most of the Australian Acts is departed from on principle, or merely on the ground of economy, the writer does not pretend to determine. It appears to be worth consideration, whether it would not be better to secure that uniformity of action, and that thoroughness of work which the existence of a controlling central authority would be likely to ensure, even though it should occasion some additional expense, rather than leave each district registrar to get along as best he can by his own lights, and according to his own individual views of his duty.

It appears to the writer that to some such central authority might be safely committed the determination of the various questions which must necessarily arise in administering the Act, and which could in time be more readily and satisfactorily adjusted by such an officer, who would be constantly accessible, than by reference to the law Courts; saving, however, a right of appeal to the Courts when the parties desired it.

The long distances and difficulties which in a newly-settled land prevent the ready communication of the inhabitants with one another are, however, arguments, it must be confessed, in favour of decentralization; but how far they are entitled to prevail, only a practical acquaintance with the country can enable one to say.

Mr. Mills has to some extent accepted the principle that the succession to lands and goods should be the same. It is a matter of regret, however, that he has not seen fit to adopt that principle without reservation. His not having done so in some measure ap-

pears to mar the symmetry of his proposed legislation. By the 36th section he has provided that grants from the Crown shall be in fee simple; but by section 63 he provides that the lands of a person dying intestate, except lands held in trust (an exception which appears to the writer a mistake), shall vest in the administrator "in like manner as chattels real." This appears likely to lead to a confusion of ideas, and needlessly so. If lands are to be granted in "fee simple," it is the inherent quality of such lands—unless a new definition is to be given to that term,—that they should vest in the heirs of the owner on his dying intestate. Mr. Mills appears to wish to bring a sort of hybrid estate into existence, which, while called "a fee simple," is not to go to the heirs, but to the personal representative. Is there any necessity to use the terminology of the feudal system? Why not treat the matter from the standpoint of common sense, and give to the word "ownership" a legal signification which shall denote the largest estate a subject can hold in land; and to the word "owner," the signification of a person entitled to such an estate?

It has been said that Mr. Mills has only to some extent accepted the principle that the succession to lands and goods should be the same. He has not accepted it in its fulness, in that he proposes that after payment of debts the residue of the land is to be transferred by the administrators to the persons entitled as heirs of the deceased proprietor, instead of his next of kin. He, moreover, proposes that, in the case of the owner dying testate, the land is to vest, not in the executor, but in the devisee.

Mr. Mills appears to have adopted the idea of a Bill which has been many times before the English House of Commons, and which, in like manner, proposed to limit the right of the personal representative to those lands, only, as to which there is an intestacy. Fortunately, Mr. Mills can find nearer home, in the Island of Newfoundland, an example of the more extended application of the principle, which, having been tested for over forty years, is at all events deserving of his thoughtful consideration. In that Island, in 1834, the succession to goods and lands in all cases was assimilated, and as the writer, through the kindness of a friend, has been enabled to procure from the learned Chief Justice of Newfoundland, a brief statement as to the state of the law there, both before and since the assimilation of succession took place, and his opinion of its operation, he cannot help thinking that its publication may be of interest, and that no apology is needed for introducing it here—merely premising that the statement was prepared in answer to a series of questions framed with the view of drawing forth, as far as possible, such information on the subject as appeared likely to be of practical use in considering the applicability of the principle to the Province of Ontario, and the probable objections that might be suggested against it.

The following is the statement of the learned Chief Justice above referred to:—

"Prior to the passing of the 'Real Chattels Act' in 1834 (*Con. Stat. Newfoundland*, c. 35), the law of Newfoundland regarding real property was in a very indefinite and unsettled state.

"The law of England was regarded as wholly unsuitable to a country, where for a long period under the operation of the Imperial Fishery Acts, the first occupant in the spring was entitled to hold for the season that part of the shore (the only part of the soil considered of value), of which he could take possession; where, until a comparatively recent period, Crown grants of land other than mere licenses of occupation would not be made, and where for several years after the commencement of the present century no one could build, or even substantially repair, a permanent dwelling

without the express permission of the Governor.

"Accordingly, Chief Justice Reeves, in 1792, held that land and plantations in Newfoundland were nothing more than chattel interests, and should, in cases of intestacy, be distributed as such (Archibald's Digest, 125), and in 1818 the same point was ruled by C. J. Forbes (*see Williams* vs. *Williams, Select Cases in the Supreme Court of Newfoundland,* 120).

"The late learned and talented Registrar of our Supreme Court, E. M, Archibald, observes in his Digest. p. 126, that he never knew or heard of a claim for dower in the Island, and that, though the Statute of Frauds had been held to be in force, a will of lands had not been regarded as invalid for the want of three witnesses.

"On the other hand, later Chief Justices, (Boulton and Bourne), seem to have been of opinion, that the laws of England in relation to lands, were in force in Newfoundland prior to the Real Chattels Act, and of this opinion have been, I think, the majority of the profession, at least of late years, and even C. J. Forbes held the Statutes of Limitation to be a bar both to the Crown's and a subject's claim to land. (*S. C.* 144, 195, 203.)

"To remedy this state of confusion and uncertainty the Local Legislature, immediately after the grant of representative institutions in Newfoundland in 1832, passed "the Real Chattels Act," at first with a proviso restraining executors and administrators from disposing of land for a longer term than one year without the consent of the Supreme Court, but afterwards (this clause being disapproved of as inconsistent with the principle of the Bill, by the Colonial Office,) in its present shape.*

"The Act was quite in accordance with public opinion and feeling on this subject, and there is no doubt it was a wise and salutary measure, particularly suitable to a young country, in which the complex laws springing from the feudal system, would seem to be entirely out of place.

"By one stroke it swept away primogeniture, entails, curtesy, dower and numerous other incidents of land in England; reduced to the condition of a literary curiosity, a large body of real property law, and by the substitution of a single and simple tenure for the complex titles by which land is held in the Mother Country, it lessened litigation, and rendered simple and easy the proof of titles, and the construction of deeds and wills.

"The transfer of land *inter vivos* is effected by any writing sufficient under the Statute of Frauds, accompanied by registration, as against subsequent purchasers and incumbrancers. Its devolution at death is regulated, in cases of intestacy by the Statute of Distributions, and where there is a will, by the provisions of our Local Wills Act, which are the same for a devise of land as for a bequest of money.

"The Statute of Uses has of course now no application here, but trusts of land are created, moulded and dealt with as trusts of terms are in England.

"A husband can dispose absolutely, during coverture, of lands of his wife not settled to her separate use. Where there is no such disposition or settlement they remain to the survivor.

"No public inconvenience, so far as I am aware or have heard, has attended the abolition of the English law of

*The Act as it appears in the Con. Statutes of Newfoundland is as follows:

"1. All lands, tenements and other hereditaments in Newfoundland and its dependencies which, by the Common Law, are regarded as real estate, shall in all Courts of Justice in this Island be held to be chattels real, and shall go to the executor or administrator of any person or persons dying, seized or possessed thereof, as other personal estate now passes to the personal representatives, any law, usage or custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

"2. All rights or claims which have heretofore accrued in respect to any lands or tenements in Newfoundland and which have not already been adjudicated upon, shall be determined according to the provisions of the foregoing section; but nothing herein contained shall extend to any right, title, or claim to any lands, tenements or hereditaments derived by descent, and reduced into possession before the 12th day of June, A.D. 1834."

inheritance. The proviso in the Act saving rights reduced into possession, of the effect of which I have found in former years a few instances, but the operation of which has now substantially ceased from the lapse of time, effectually guarded against this evil.

"Apprehensions were at first entertained lest the unlimited power over lands, given by the Act to personal representatives, should be attended by mischievous consequences; but experience has shown these fears to have been groundless, the security given by administrators, and the ready intervention of Courts of Justice having been found to be sufficient protection, for creditors, legatees, and next of kin.

"The administrator and executor deal with land as with a chattel, the latter where the claims of creditors do not intervene, having, of course, regard to the dispositions of his testator, and litigation has, I think, diminished rather than increased by reason of their being clothed with this power.

"I am not aware of any inconvenience having been felt by the abolition in effect of the Statute of Uses. The abolition of the power of creating entails, has been productive of good rather than evil, as apart from other important considerations, it defeats the desire to exercise a lengthened posthumous influence over the disposition of their property to which many testators are so prone.

"The principle of the Act is, I think, perfectly understood by the public, and is regarded with general satisfaction, as answering the demands of justice, by placing all the children in cases of intestacy upon the same footing, and as facilitating the recovery of debts.

"In fine after an intimate and practical acquaintance with the operation of this Act for forty years, I can heartily recommend it as a marked reform in the law of landed property.

"In Canada circumstances may exist of which I am ignorant which may render its introduction there impracticable or inexpedient, but of Newfoundland, it is not too much to say, that I know of no Act of the Legislature which has been more extensively useful.

"My brother Judge, Haywood, concurs in these observations, which you can use in any way you please.

"(Signed) H. W. HOYLES.

"St. John's, April 23rd, 1878."

No words the writer can use, can add anything to the force of the testimony, thus so ably and lucidly given by the learned Chief Justice, as to the practical benefits resulting from the principle of succession embodied in the Newfoundland Act.

To some people the writer may possibly have seemed to be somewhat revolutionary in his ideas upon the subject of the reform of our real property law; but it is to be noted that, in no material respect, has he suggested any changes save such as have been already actually tried elsewhere, and found by practical experience, to be a marked improvement on our present system.

The rights of wives and husbands in each other's lands seem of late years to have taxed all the ingenuity of our Canadian legislators, and Mr. Mills is no exception; he proposes, rightly enough, to abolish dower, and in lieu thereof he would provide that "when a husband dies, *whether testate or intestate* as to any land of which he is then owner in fee simple, leaving a widow surviving him, one-third of such lands shall descend to her in fee simple," provided her right is not barred as provided by the Act. And by the 70th section it would appear that he intends to exonerate the widow's share from liability for the debts of her deceased husband.

The writer has already in a former article (*a*) stated the injustice he conceives to exist in placing the widow's claim for dower paramount to the claims of creditors; those objections apply with the same force to Mr.

(*a*) CANADIAN MONTHLY, Vol. xii. p. 478,.

Mills', proposition. It is difficult to see on what principle of natural justice or equity such a proposal is based. The only ground which suggests itself to the writer is this, that it may be said that at a time when the head of the family is taken away, if the law allowed the whole of his property to be taken in satisfaction of his debts, the widow and children might be left destitute and become, perhaps, a charge upon the public; so, in order to prevent such a contingency, the creditors who have been foolish enough to trust the deceased debtor, must forego their just claims upon one-third of his lands, which third they could have made available in his lifetime—in order to provide means for the maintenance of the widow of the debtor. But if this is a just principle, why not extend it to personal property as well, and why not give the children of the debtor also, a provision at the expense of the creditor? It is even doubtful on the Bill, as brought in, whether the widow would not be able to defeat the rights of mortgagees who had express charges upon the land. As to that there ought surely to be no doubt or question, and the claim of the wife should, at all events, be limited to one-third of the land after payment of all charges actually existing upon it at the time of her husband's decease.

Although the Bill provides that the widow's share in her deceased husband's land shall be free from the claims of creditors, the right of the husband in his deceased wife's lands would appear to be made subject thereto, but on what principle this difference is made is not very plain.

It appears to the writer that the Bill under consideration would be sensibly shortened, and materially simplified by the introduction of the provision of the Newfoundland Act. Sections 51, 52, 53, 54, 63, 64, 69, 70, 113, 114, and 115 might then be dispensed with.

In addition to the objections already stated to the way Mr. Mills proposes to deal with the question of the share of the real estate to be allotted to the widow, or widower, of a deceased owner, there is the further objection, that it would seem that he intends that their respective interests, shall vest without the intervention of the personal representative, and this objection applies equally to lands devised, and lands held in trust.

With regard to trust estates, it would appear that they are not to pass to the personal representative, in any case, so that where there is a sole trustee it would seem that the trust estate would pass under the 38 Vic., c. 49 (D), to the heirs at law of the trustee, as defined by that Act, and thus it might happen that on the death of the trustee the trust estate would become vested in half a dozen or more infant children, than which nothing could well be more inconvenient. Surely there can be no doubt that it would be far better that a trust estate should pass to the personal representative, who is almost always a person *sui juris*, and capable of representing the trust estate, than that it should go to infants, involving as it does a law-suit to get the estate out of them again.

By permitting land devised, to vest at once in the devisee, without coming through the personal representative, how is the devisee to satisfy any one dealing with him, that his devisor's debts have been paid? Under the Newfoundland Act it would seem that the executor must assent to the devise in the same way that he does to a bequest of personalty before the title of the devisee is confirmed, and this seems to be the correct principle and at once obviates all enquiry as to whether or not the land devised, is subject to debts.

The transmission of property by death, under such a system, ceases to create any difficulty in the title. On the death of the owner, the whole of his property, real and personal, vests in the same person; a person empowered by law to administer it—such

of it as is necessary to apply in payment of debts is so applied, and what remains is distributed by proper transfer from the personal representative among the devisees or legatees in the case of their being a disposition by will, and in the case of intestacy, among the next of kin according to the Statute of Distribution.

The more the subject is considered, the more plainly apparent must it be, that this latter system is in accordance with common sense and best calculated to secure both simplicity of title, and at the same time the proper application of the estates of deceased debtors.

Mr. Mills, in addition to providing for the registration of titles and the succession to real estate, has also introduced into his Bill some useful provisions, facilitating the realization of mortgage debts, also for the ejectment of persons wrongfully holding possession of lands, and for enabling tenants in common and others to obtain partition. If the personal representative were empowered to deal with the real estate as fully as he is in Newfoundland, he would then have power to make partition, and that would in a great many cases, be found a simpler and much more effective way of securing the division of property amongst several persons claiming as next of kin of a deceased person, than that provided by the Act, besides being much less expensive.

Mr. Mills' Land Bill has failed to become law during the recent session, but it is to be hoped that it will not be lost sight of in the future, and although in its present shape it may not be all that could be wished, nor as beneficial as the writer ventures to think it might be made—at the same time it is so manifestly a step in the right direction that the future inhabitants of the North-West will, even if the actual legislation should go no further than at present proposed, have just reason to thank the learned gentleman for his labours in their behalf.

SONNET.

A QUIET valley by green hills surrounded—
Our friends, the brooks with willows overhung;
By these green hills and the blue sky was bounded
Our little world, when you and I were young.
What tales were told us and what songs were sung,
What dreams we dreamed, and what wild hopes we nurst;
On the far slopes to sight what castles sprung,
And through the clouds what glorious visions burst!
—As time rolled on our world grew wider,
I railed at fortune then—but can I chide her?
For you, oh friend, no doubt 'twere better so,
For what have I met since, but pain and sorrow,
Grief for the past, and doubt about the morrow!

H. L. SPENCER.

YACKERBENDERKELLIE.

A NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE OF CENTRAL INDIA.

BY ALFRED HARVEY.

At an accidental meeting of a number of military men in the "far west," the following among other stories, was related by a gentleman who vouched for the truth of the facts.

THE end of the year 1862, found me a "galloper," otherwise, an aid-de-camp to General M——, commanding at Mhow, Indore, Central India.

The wet monsoon had set in, and that dreary condition of deluge existed everywhere to such a degree, that every man stuck to his bungalow as a snail does to its shell. The cattle-tracks, which, by courtesy, are called native roads, were mere bogs in which any living thing heavier afoot than a snipe, stood the best chance in the world of suffocation, and even the government highway was so barely passable, that all travel over it save that which was absolutely necessary, had long since ceased. It was at this period that I was ordered with a batch of dispatches to Sir H—— M——, British resident at Marajah, Holkao, some 15 or 20 miles from Mhow.

I started, after the sweeping denunciation of the service, appropriate to the occasion, at as rapid a gait as my staunch little Arab mare would carry me. My constant companion, a magnificent man-hunting blood-hound, which had come into my possession at an assault on the slave pens at the Granite Needle, on the West Coast of Africa, some years previously, trotted by my side, sharing with me the benefit of the shower of mud which my horse dashed up at every swashing step.

My temper was not improved by the wild wind which swept my cloak aside, allowing the rain to soak thro' the stout uniform which I wore, and I felt rather savage, as I thought of the snug warm room and the well-supplied table the other fellows were nursing at the moment. I could almost sniff the fragrance of the brandy pawnee, and the pungent odour of the cigars, and as the darkness gathered closer and the bank of dense black clouds worked higher and higher in the sullen sky, I urged my mare to constantly increasing speed, cursing my luck as we went.

What with bad temper and thoughtlessness combined, I pushed the poor beast too hard, and between the heavy road and the speed at which we had been going, I felt her pace break and her flanks throb between my knees. It was now quite dark as far as any remnant of the day was concerned, and I pulled her up a trifle, keeping on at a smart canter, guided by the lightning in whose vivid and almost continuous light, I could see the streaming road stretching away before me like a river. Occasionally I called to the dog, for in the solitary night the deep bark with which he always answered me was more than good company.

"Cheer up, old girl," I said, patting the mare's wet neck, as the familiar white ten mile post flitted by us like a storm troubled ghost, "a short hour more and our night's work is over." She whinnied a reply and the instant after stumbled, going down upon her knees, and shooting me, unprepared as I was for such a movement,

straight over her ears. I dived deep into the mire, which fortunately, however, padded the road sufficiently to save my bones. Brushing the mud from my eyes as quickly as possible and scraping the thick coating of it from my bleeding face, I hastened to examine my fallen horse. I found that she had swerved a little from the beaten track, and set her off foreleg in an ant hill, badly breaking the leg above the joint. There was nothing for me to do but put an end to her misery with a pistol ball, which I hastened to do immediately. Pitching my saddle into the bushes by the roadside, I set out to tramp the remaining ten miles, to the Residency.

"Horse dead, uniform in rags, face looking as if I had been kissing a red hot gridiron, a pretty figure I cut for a Residency bungalow," I soliloquized, as I floundered through the deep mire. "D—— the service, being cashiered is a joke to this." To add to my misery the lightning ceased with a suddenness, which every student of East Indian storms will have noticed, leaving me in utter darkness.

What was to be done, it was quite as impossible for me to spend the night on the road, as it was to advance or retreat through the cimmerian gloom without a guide.

As a last resort, although with faint hope of a response, I emptied two chambers of my revolver in the air.

The wind swooped down upon me from the right of the road bringing, as I fancied, mingled with the sound of rushing rain and rustling foliage, the sound of a faint "hallo." I fired again. This time the sound was unmistakable. Faint, not so much from distance as from the nameless noise of the wind and rain, but clear and silvery, almost like the call of a woman. At the same time a light twinkled through the bushes which fringed the road, and plunging towards it, I found myself in a narrow path, down which I pushed, shouting with all my might. Suddenly the brush ended, and I stood looking over a blank black void, in which no distinction between earth and sky could be traced, at the light which had attracted my attention. It was not a bright light, but rather a singular, unearthly glow, full of strange gleams of fantastic colour, like the glowing gases over a retort of melting brass. A formless mass of fire, a lambent flame quivering with some approach to life, swaying and pulsing into misty figures, shapeless, yet suggestive of form, the whole body of light confined within a square black space, as if a rainbow had been cut in the chaos of gloom.

Urgent as my need of shelter was, there was something so extraordinary in this strange beacon, set like a gigantic fen-fire—a coloured Jack O'Lantern in the velvety blackness of the night, that I hesitated, and half turned back before it. Then ashamed of my weakness, I emptied the last chamber of my revolver, and listened.

The hallo came again. Clear, melodious, yet, like all else about the spot, unearthly, a part and parcel, in its weird sweetness, of the ghostly beauty of the pulsive light. It was undoubtedly the voice of a woman.

"Thank God it is a voice," I said, as the muffled echoes of my answering cry died away into the storm. "Now for a shelter at all events."

With the light for a guide, I made a few steps forward, heard a fierce growl behind me, and felt myself seized by the leg with such violence, that the teeth of the animal which had fastened on me, penetrated my stout riding boot. At the same instant, a tremendous crash of thunder came, quickly followed by a flash of lightning, so vivid, that I could distinguish every sharp feature in the fronds of a row of palms, which crested the summit of a distant hill. For a moment all the heavens glowed like a sheet of white hot steel.

In that glow I saw at my very feet, so close, that the convulsive movement which I made in my horror sent

a stone plunging with a responsive echo into a black chasm, a rift in the level plateau, on which I could distinguish the splintered columns and mutilated idols, of what had once been a native temple, now a mass of ruins amid long grass and thick, rank weeds.

The light by which I saw this, perished as suddenly as it had been born. Not daring to move, I waited, quivering in every nerve, for another flash, when I felt the massive head of my dog, rubbing against my cold hands. It was the sagacity of the faithful animal, which saved me on the brink of that terrible death.

I grasped the dog's head firmly; in the unutterable horror which froze me to the very marrow, I would have welcomed a cobra to my breast, for the sake of the life which animated it.

My light had disappeared with the lightning, all sound had died away with the thunder, even the wind held its breath and the rain fell silently with a hot heavy touch like the falling of drops of blood. The gloom was suffocating in its intensity. In the ebony-like darkness my optic nerves became as the conductors of an electric battery, and sparks of pale fire danced before me, every one of which, was in its minutest detail, a pigmy reproduction of the flaming spirit form, from which the voice had issued. Another minute and I would have gone raving mad.

It was another flash of lightning saved me. Less vivid and prolonged than the last it still endured sufficiently long to enable me to note that the chasm ended a short distance to my right, and that a broad but neglected path, led from it up a low hillock, to a European bungalow, with its compound rank with untrimmed vegetation. Scarcely knowing what I did, I bounded forward, beat the gate down from its rotting post, tore through the trailing shrubbery, and threw myself panting and exhausted, upon the broad veranda, clutching the grass that grew in tufts in the interstices of the sagging plants, and feeling the rain beat in on me in fierce gusts, as I would have felt the faint light breeze from my punkalo, on a June afternoon.

My weakness was, I fancy, now of brief duration. I say I fancy, for I might as well remark here that from the moment I first saw the light, I lost all count of time. I am not a coward, physically or morally, and once in contact with the evidence of human existence, all my fright rapidly passed away, my muscles relieved of the tension of terror, relaxed, my nerves found relief in rest, and I began to reason with myself, in no little disgust, at what I now considered an absurd and disgraceful weakness, from a fever-tempered blood and a brain excited by unusual events and surroundings, into that condition of excessive irritation, in which a molehill of fact becomes a mountain of fancy, and one sees phantoms in the sunlight and hears voices where no voices are.

"What an idiot I am," I thought, as I scrambled to my feet, and worked my stiff joints into pliability again by a few rapid turns up and down the long veranda. "One might fancy I was suffering from a delirium. I see lights, hear voices, and get frightened as easily as a woman. The chances are that the place is deserted, it certainly looks like it. But, at all events, I'll get in-doors for the night."

Advancing to the central door of the bungalow, I applied my foot vigorously to the mouldy, ant-eaten wood, and, with little difficulty, forced an entrance into the interior. The place, to all appearance, had for its sole occupants rats, mice, roaches, &c., &c., and with the faint light from a lucifer I could see them scudding away in all directions. Hastily collecting some wood, I soon, by the light of roaring fire, was able to view the quarters to which chance or fate had consigned me.

I found myself in a large and lofty room, which had evidently been unused for some length of time, but had at some period been occupied by persons of taste and refinement. On the plastered walls were the remains of what had once been silken hangings, but which were now reduced to shreds and tatters by the combined attacks of ants and other creeping things, while, scattered about the room in dire confusion, were pictures, bric-a-brac, and other chaste ornaments not often seen in an up-country bungalow.

What can this mean? I muttered, a bungalow so near the highway, deserted, as from all appearances it has been for years, is strange, to say the least of it. I will see if there be anything in the other rooms which may help to solve the mystery, and, converting the leg of a table into a torch, with my dog by my side, I explored, one by one, the rooms of the deserted domicile, but without success; I returned to the apartment I had first entered as ignorant as when I left it. Above, in the ceiling of the room in which I had installed myself, was, apparently, the abode of snakes, rats and other noxious creatures. A strange rumbling sound was heard, as the rats scampered about with loud, pattering feet. The combined effect of noise within and storm without was annoying in the extreme, but at last nature came to my assistance, and my tired eyes were closed in sleep. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by my dog, who lay crouching by my side, his whole body shaking as if in an ague fit.

The storm had ceased, and the yellow moonlight was streaming through the open door, making every object appear as clear as if seen by the light of day; bidding my dog lie quiet, I turned over, intending to resume my disturbed slumbers. As I turned, my eyes met those of a woman, who was standing by the open doorway. She was tall and magnificently formed, and dressed in a small close upper garment, partially open at the front, tightly fitted over the shoulders and ending above the waist, of a bright gold colour and sparkling with gems —showing minutely her form.

The face and features were of great beauty, but in her black velvety eyes there was a fierce vindictive look, curiously mingled with one of agony and terror, a look such as a face wears when struggling between two passions of hate and fear.

Her lips moved as if she was speaking rapidly, but no sound reached my ears.

I attempted to speak, but my parched tongue refused its office; a cold moisture gathered in thick heavy drops upon my brow. My whole body trembled with the intensity of my emotion. A terror took possession of my senses, such as I had never before experienced, even when facing the Russian guns, or in a hand to hand encounter against heavy odds.

There was something horribly weird and unnatural about this strange woman, and I was paralyzed with horror at seeing her lips move so rapidly without producing any sound.

She moved a step nearer, and I saw a hideous triangular gash extending from the ear to the shoulder, upon which the blood was clotted in a thick black crust, the wound almost severing the head from the body.

She now retreated towards the door, where she paused a moment and beckoned me to follow her.

How I gained my legs I know not, but with magnetic influence her eyes drew me as a magnet does a needle.

As I advanced within a few paces I noticed that a strong, and sickly corpse-like odour, emanated from the being, who with imperious hand beckoned me out into the moonlight. She moved backwards with a sort of gliding motion, with her great black eyes steadily fixed upon mine. The many noises incident to a tropical night, sounded around me as I followed close upon her track. Great bats and owls

flapped past, almost brushing me with their slimy wings, the night hawk uttered its dismal note, and was answered back from the jungle by the laughing cries of the restless jackal; my dog too, every now and then, howled mournfully.

This ghoul, or spirit from another land, I know not what to call her, led me on unresistingly till she reached the brink of a dark murky chasm, when she paused and stretched out her hand toward me. For half a second her eyes left mine and in that brief space of time I recognized my peril. I hastily threw myself face downwards and grasped the rugged edge of the precipice. With a low wailing cry of disappointment, the woman launched herself into the abyss, and vanished from my sight.

It was some time before my nerves recovered the shock they had received, and I was able to drag my weary limbs away from this fell spot.

Dawn was just breaking as I reached the part of the highway, from which I had turned the previous night, and I had not got far on my way to the Residency, ere I was overtaken by a party of brother officers, who had set off in search of me. My dead horse had been found on the road, by some native water-carriers the previous night, and they had reported the fact at headquarters.

For weeks I was so utterly unstrung and unnerved by what I had gone thro' on that awful night, and by fear of ridicule, that I was unable to enter into any explicit detail of the affair. At last, however, I could bear it no longer, and so took General M——— into my confidence and related to him everything that had occurred, even at the risk of being laughed at.

"Very strange," muttered the General, as I finished my narrative, "that bungalow used to be occupied by a man, when I came to the station seven years ago, of whom no one knew anything except that he had with him as pretty a native woman as I ever saw —they suddenly disappeared, however, the man leaving instructions that the place was to be left undisturbed until his return. I will send up a party to look about the place tomorrow."

The following day some coolies were sent up to search the bungalow and ravine. They found at the bottom of the chasm the body of a woman, the flesh being shrivelled and dried up like that of a mummy.

Some years afterwards it came to my knowledge that a man, who was about being executed for a barbarous murder committed in Bombay, confessed before execution, that years before in a frenzy of jealousy, he had slain his native mistress in that lonely bungalow, and had afterwards thrown the body into the ravine.

The natives, ever since the finding of the body, have called the spot Yackerbenderkellie — the vengeance seeker.

OUR FOREST TREES.

BY MRS. TRAILL.

IN the brief outline which I propose to give of the native forest trees of Canada, the pine seems naturally to claim preeminence, both on account of its noble growth and its great value as a source of wealth to the Province, whether we regard it in a commercial point of view or as a means for affording employment to a large portion of the industrial classes, especially the *habitans* of Lower Canada. It would require the knowledge of a practical merchant to enumerate the value of our pine forests when summed up in all its departments. Some idea may be formed of the importance of this branch of trade by even a casual glance at the vast piles of pine boards and timbers, laths and shingles that are ready at every port along the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, to freight the vessels that are waiting to bear off the ever accumulating mass to the destined markets—east and west, to England or the United States, to distant islands and foreign lands, our noble trees, in the form of lumber, find their way. It would be a curious history could we follow one of our grand old forest pines from its first development in the backwoods—a tiny slender thing, of a few thready-spiney leaves—to its towering height and pillar-like grandeur, lifting its dark plumy head above its compeers, drinking in the light and rains of heaven, to the time when it measures its giant length upon the ground, brought low by the axe of the sturdy chopper. It would be vain to follow out the destiny even of one such mighty pine, or to weave a romantic history of its voyagings, its wanderings, and its uses. So, leaving the imaginary, we will take up again the sober thread of our subject.

Extensive as is the reign of the pine tribe in this country of woods and forests, forming a large proportion of the native trees, it has probably at some more distant period occupied a still further range than it now does. In the hardwood lands—where the largest pine trees are now found growing, singly or in isolated groups, from three or four to perhaps a small group—the resinous substance commonly known as *fat pine* is found in larger quantities and in finer quality than that on the pine ridges where the trees are more abundant. This fat pine is the residue of concentrated resinous knots, and roots, where the mighty trunks of which they formed a part have long since crumbled into dust, where oaks, and beech, and maples, in every stage of growth, from the hoary tree in extreme old age to the tiny seedling, occupy the soil where once those giant pines grew and flourished. The decay of the pine is a slow process—more than a century, perhaps two or three, must have passed over before one of the massive trunks to which those knots and roots belonged would have become so completely decomposed as to leave no trace behind excepting these almost imperishable portions. Some of the pieces of fat pine are so saturated with the oils and resinous secretions as to assume somewhat the colour and fragrance of fat amber, an article that is often found in small nodules and water-

washed fragments on the beaches on the eastern shores of England.

The forced marches of civilization have wrought such wondrous and rapid changes in what used to be the backwoods of Canada forty years ago, that now it seems almost a thing of the past to write about or to speak of such matters. The writer recalls to mind the old time when in early spring the waters of the still lake, with its dark pine-clad shores used to be enlivened with the canoes and skiffs of the fisher, stealing out from the little bays and coves, with the red glare of the fat-pine all ablaze, casting its stream of light upon the dark surface of the waters, from the open-grated iron basket or jack, as it was called, raised at one end of the little vessel on a tall pole. In those days the lakes and inland waters swarmed with fish, which formed one of the resources for the table of the backwoods settler. But now, the sawmills and saw-logs, the pine-bark and the saw-dust have driven away the fish by rendering the waters unhealthy and poisonous, and the game laws have told hard upon the poor Indian also. The little fishing skiff, the lighted jack and the fish-spear, like the natives, are passing away.

The pine-knots still however have their uses in lighting up the caboose fires on the lumber rafts, and, may be, in the far backwoods shanty. The settler's wife still performs her evening tasks of sewing and knitting by the blaze of the pine roots and knots which the younger children have collected before the wintry snow has hidden them away under its cold, fleecy covering.

There are still lingering among some of the older settlers those who can recall to mind the time when lamps and candles were hard to obtain, and the evening light was supplied by these homely gleanings from the forest. I have seen a cheerful circle gathered round the wide hearth so lighted up. The little ones shared the rugs of bear and wolf skin with the favoured hound and shaggy retriever, while the glancing light fell on the swiftly plied knitting needles of the mother and elder sisters, and the father sat quietly enjoying the cheerful scene, and rest from a day of manly toil, or superintending some rustic work of his sons. Nor was there any want of pleasant talk or memories and tales of better days, to entertain us as we sat listening in that log-house by the light of the pine-knots. Ah, well! if those days of the old pioneers in the backwoods had their privations, they also had their pleasures; they remain as way-marks on the journey of life, and are not without their use.

The white pine generally occupies the ridges of light land above the shores of lakes and streams, rejecting the low alluvial flats and swampy ground. In wettish soil, such as old beaver meadows, the tree becomes gnarled, and knotty and misshapen, throwing out many rugged, twisted branches and is utterly useless as timber.

On casting your eye along the border land of any of our inland waters a distinct series of vegetable productions may be noted, each belt distinguished from the other.

1st. Then we perceive on the ground nearest to the water, rooted in the deep alluvial soil, dwarf willows of several kinds, the red-barked cornel, black alder, winter berries (known also as pigeon berries, high-bush cranberries (American guelder-rose), sallow poplars, and some kinds of hawthorn; and wreathing these in leafy-tangled masses, the frost and fox grape vines. Then come cedars, black ash, the fragrant tacamahac (balsam poplar), and balsam fir. These moisture-loving trees fill up the lower range. The stately white pine towering above takes the higher ground, often in a continuous belt, while the deciduous, or hardwood trees, which seem ever pressing onward, take the tableland—a Benjamin's portion—

seeming ever bent on encroaching on the *pine limits*, fulfilling their great mission, that of preparing for man a more fertile soil, better suited for the operations of his hands and the growth of the life-supporting cereals. The decomposition of the leaves, bark, and woody fibre of the oak, basswood, beech, maple, cherry, and other deciduous trees, is in God's kind providence a source of fertility, of the blessings of which man is ultimately the recipient. Yet he that receives the gift is often unmindful of the way in which for unnumbered ages it has been preparing for him, by agents appointed for the work. These unconscious labourers have silently been fulfilling the will of Him "who commandeth and it is done."

A noble object is one of our stately forest pines rising in one uninterrupted column. The grander to the eye as it measures it, for the very simplicity of its outline, and we repeat with the poet:

"Than a tree—a grander child earth bears not."

Looking upwards, the eye follows its massy shaft rising in solitary majesty—"fit mast for some high Admiral;" and such its probable destiny if chancing to grow in the vicinity of lake or river's shore it come within the ken of some adventurous lumberman (your Jean Baptiste has a specially keen eye for a good stick of timber), its fate is sealed.

Soon the lonely echoes of the forest are ringing with the blows of the sturdy axeman on the devoted trunk—and many a vigorous blow is struck before that forest giant inclines its dark-plumed head, and with a rending crash, measures its length upon the groaning and trembling earth.

The height of one of these large pines varies from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in height, and occasionally reaches a higher altitude. A lumberman told me that he had cut nine saw-logs, each measuring twelve feet in length from one pine, besides, leaving the butt end in the ground, four feet high.

Yet even a tree of this size sinks into insignificance when compared with the pines of Oregon and California. The Wellingtonia gigantea which reaches the enormous height of two hundred and fifty feet, three hundred, and even nearly four hundred feet. Or the gigantic auracarias of the ancient world.

The roots of the pine do not strike so deeply into the ground as you might suppose, but send them more horizontally along almost on the surface. This one circumstance accounts for the frequent sight of upturned trees of great size. The feathery heads of the pine rise on an average fifty feet above the tops of the tallest hardwood trees. In the rich and generous soil of the beech, and maple woods, the pine attains its greatest bulk and height. There, straight, tall and robust it looks indeed the monarch of the woods, unequalled even by the stately oak so often called the king of trees.

When growing in open ground as on some of our plains-land where the soil is light, the pine develops an abundance of lateral branches and a bushy head which gives it so different an appearance, that you might be inclined to regard it as a distinct species quite unlike the pine of the forest. These branching feathery pines scarcely attain to any great size and are very handsome objects with their dark evergreen boughs clothing the stem even to the ground, but they are only useful for ornament in the landscape. As timber they are worthless for building purposes.

In the dense forest it is not till it has surmounted the tops of the adjacent trees which have hitherto disputed its right to a fair share of air and light that the pine is able to develop its branches. Up to this period of its life its course has been upwards, always upwards—its branches few and weak and but scantily clothed with leaves, scarcely give promise for

its glorious future—it has had to work its way under many difficulties, but having once obtained access to freer air and sunshine, it increases in growth rapidly. The comparative height of the pine may be seen at a glance by casting your eye along the dark line that divides them from the hardwood trees. They stand in serried ranks, their arms extending on either side in a horizontal direction like an army drawn up in line. Each whorl of branches answers for a year's growth. The usual way in which the age of a tree is ascertained is by counting the rings of wood, each ring counting for a year, but this is not a perfectly accurate method, as in its early infancy these woody deposits cannot be ascertained, and a time may come when the tree having attained to its perfect maturity may continue to exist as a tree, long after its vital functions have ceased to add to its yearly substance. There is another way in which we may approach to the knowledge of the tree's age. This is by counting the whorls of branches which are added year by year till it has attained its full meridian height, and the leaves deepen in colour till about the beginning of July when they have reached their usual size. This growth of leaves endures the intense cold of winter, but as the frost intensifies they lose their verdure and acquire a sombre blackish hue. A perceptible change has come over the evergreens, even these hardy natives of the forest seem to mourn the absence of the warm sunbeams, and to be sensible of the iron rigours of a Canadian winter.

In April the rising of the sap is felt in every branch, fresh energy pervades the tree in every part. A deep refreshing greenness enlivens the dark dull foliage, and the pine tribe, retouched by the breath of returning spring stands forth in renewed beauty long before the bare, leafless trees of the forest have put forth one single green bud. The new growth of the yearly shoots does not take place till the month of May; it is but the refreshing and retinting of the old leaves that comes to cheer our eyes thus early in the season; and as we look upon their rich verdure we call to memory those sweet lines in Mrs. Hemans' Voice of Spring, so familiar and so descriptive of our pine woods:

"I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the earth looks bright where my steps have been."

The cone of the white pine appears about the same time as the new shoots, but below the wood of the former year's branch, they are narrow, curved of a deep or rather bluish green, soft and leathery, slightly pointed, and often covered with clear drops of turpentine, which becomes white and hardened in the course of the year. The winged seed lies at the base of each scale, imbedded in the leathery covering, carefully secured from injury during its embryo state. The ripened seeds form the food of a large number, both of our birds and smaller animals. The seedling pine is a pretty, tiny, tufted thing, with a slender stem, and a number of dark green needle-like leaves. Look at this pigmy, can it be the original of yonder stately tree? And yet it's so. Every year a new set of shoots spring from a conical scaly head at the top of the main central stem of the former year's growth. From this head are developed from five to seven straight upright shoots; of these the middle one is the longest and strongest, and forms the leader; sometimes accident, as wind or frost, as in ice storms, injures this central shoot, and two of the nearest and stoutest take its place, so that a double crown is formed.

After a little while the scales that had protected the young spiney leaves fall away,* leaving the leaves in clus-

* These enveloping brown scales are considered by botanists to be the original, but effete leaves of the pine; the needle-like spiney leaves that they have nursed and cherished, are a secondary growth; each

ters of fives, clothing the fibrous woody stems of the new growth which hardens as the season advances. The leaves deepen in colour, and by the latter end of June and July the cones begin to form in the older trees.

* The yearly growth of the new pine shoots measures from eighteen inches to full two feet, in a healthy free-growing young tree; but in the dense forest the length of the main shoots are still longer. The bark of the pine for many years remains smooth and green. As the trunk increases from within, rifts in the surface, near the roots, begin to appear, increasing year after year as the tree comes to maturity. The bark has roughened and divided into rugged masses, deeply channelled somewhat lozenge-wise, becoming of a whitish grey without, but of a deep, brick-red within, lying in thin layers one upon the other. In the red pine the bark exfoliates, and is thrown off in shell-like plates in the older trees. In very old pines, the bark thickens to the depth of some inches. Within this crust various flies deposit their eggs—each trunk containing a world in itself of insect life.

The great red-headed woodpecker, with others of the tribe, attack these trees; instinct teaches them where they may find the hidden food in the greatest abundance.

From early dawn till sunset calls them to their rest, the forest resounds with their noisy labour, tapping, rapping, rending, till large sheets of bark already loosened by the worms beneath, strew the ground in broken fragments while the tree, naked and bare and desolate, stands among its fellows with death and decay stamped upon its pillar-like trunk. It is a curious sight that stately column all graven as with some curious grooving tool in a thousand fanciful devices—some like a rare intaglio all deeply cut in curved and wavy lines, as by some cunning hand, the tracery varying in length, and depth, and breadth according to the size and nature of the insect labourer. There are some forming the most delicate and elaborate lace patterns, others as if an attempt had been made to imitate the stem and branches of a tree. These things are the work of the borers and sawyers.

The inmates of a new log house or shanty in the bush are often startled by the curious sounds that arise during the still hours of the night, for it is then that they are chiefly noticed, and the wakeful good-wife wonders what can cause the monotonous creaking, rasping noise that she hears for hours together, or what has made those heaps of fine sawdust lying on the cleanly swept floor below the unbarked walls of her cabin. These sounds and these heaps of sawdust are the work of the indefatigable sawyers enlarging their domiciles within the bark of the pine logs.

These sawyers are large flat-bodied worms of a yellowish colour, with red noses and strong forceps; the upper part of the creature's body is broader than the lower, which is composed of many flexible rings. The surface of the body is rough and adheres to the finger when you touch the skin. The creaking sound is produced by the animal drawing the body up and down and causing an abrasion of the wood as if by the action of a file. These insects are among the countless hosts that make their dwelling in the forest trees and bring them to destruction by slow but certain steps.

"In the pine forests of the Southern States," says Nuttall "thousands of acres of trees have been destroyed by insects in their dormant state, some not bigger that a grain of rice."

The woodpeckers, which have borne the charge of destroying the trees in search of these worms, only attack those in which these insidious ene-

ormation has an important part to play in promoting the growth and welfare of the tree.

* The age of a pine tree, till it reaches its meridian height, has been reckoned at a period of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years. This, as regards its upward growth; but this does not include the full duration of the tree while living.

mies have already destroyed their vitality. In the bark of the healthy tree the bird finds nothing to repay his labour—let us give the woodpecker due credit for his sagacity.

"In all labour there is profit," says the wise king, and, depend upon it, the woodpecker does not spend his hard work for nought.

Though the pine tribe, with the exception of the larch, which is deciduous, does not lose the foliage of the spring at the time the hardwood trees cast their leaves, yet they too throw off their leaves, but it is of former years, some say the leaves of three years age—certain it is, that no sooner has the increase of the present year ceased than a gradual fall of leaves begins to take place silently and imperceptibly all through the last summer months. And so on to the fall, the dead and useless foliage drops to the earth till a deep carpet of the pale, golden, thready leaves is strewed beneath the tree, on which the foot of the passer by may fall unheard, as if shod with velvet shoes.

How beautiful, how grand are those old pine woods! The deep silence that pervades them! How solemn the soul feels—as if alone with the great Creator, whose mighty person is shadowed dimly forth in His works! There is music, too—deep, grand, solemn music—when the wind is abroad, and sweeps the tops of those mighty crested pillars above you; in softer, lower cadences it touches those tender harp-strings, or swells with loftier sound in one grand hymn of praise.

It seems as if one could never exhaust the subject, so much might yet be written on the pines of our own Canadian forests.

ROUND THE TABLE.

ANONYMOUS letters are sufficiently annoying, but not calculated to harrow up the feelings like an announcement of this kind, which appears as an advertisement in the *Globe*:—

A GENTLEMAN WHO IS PESTERED WITH the too frequent visits of his friends takes this method of requesting they will not call in future unless invited. VERBUM SAP.

Who is the gentleman? is the question which rises up and stares the reader menacingly in the face. Perhaps he is one of my friends; perhaps, horrible thought, I am one of his friends, and am included in those to whom the notice is directed. I go over the list of my acquaintances and try to fix on the one. Have I been boring any one with too frequent visits? No, no. Yes, there's the Smiths—pshaw! The girls like my visits well enough, and the old man is not the one to rush into print in that mysterious manner. When he concludes to stop my visits he will abruptly tell me to keep out of his house; that's the kind of man he is. Could it be Jones? Well, hardly, although I feel conscious of having called for a chat with his

pretty and interesting wife oftener than the average husband could reasonably be expected to like. Is it Robinson? He's a stingy fellow, and begrudges the cup of tea a visitor drinks, but would hardly have expended fifty cents on an anonymous expression of his irritation. There's old Grocery; could he be the man? No, he would not use Latin. Who is the man? Am I aimed at? Such are the harrowing questions which haunt me. I am resolved to cut all my acquaintances, for fear of longer intruding on any of them. No; I will visit oftener than ever, and try and discover the pestered party. What an ignoble animal it is, anyway. "Pestered with the too frequent visits of his friends," indeed. Just as though a fellow like that could have any friends. "Not call in future unless invited." A long time they will have to wait for an invitation, unless he sees a chance of making something out of them—of talking them into some scheme for his own profit over his coffee or wine. The hook will be altogether too plain in that case, and he will not succeed. When the hermit leaves his cave and moves among the habitations of men it is either to beg or steal, and when this man opens his doors and asks his fellows in they will naturally say to themselves, "What's his little game?" No, old Verbum Sap, it won't do; no washee, washee. If your friends discover your identity they will stop calling, no doubt, and will also return your invitations unanswered. Your intimation that their calls are unwelcome is an insult they will never get over. People, modest people at least, are always haunted with a lingering doubt about the manner in which their visits are regarded by their friends; fight against this doubt as an enemy, and never forgive the man who says or does anything to make it stronger. You will be left alone if you are discovered, never fear. And you ought to be discovered. What right have you to render thousands who never knew you uneasy, and suspicious of themselves and their friends by your anonymous announcement? What right have you to set every visiting man to wondering whether his friends are weary of him? You old curmudgeon, you ought to be choked with a visiting card. A pretty spectacle you are, grinning an ear-to-ear welcome to your acquaintances, making them believe you are delighted to see them, and then insulting them in this fashion! I have one comfort, however, and cling to it fondly. It is the belief that you will never have the moral courage to make your sentiments on visiting known, and will be forced to suffer on in silence, knitting your brows, biting your nails, and grinding your teeth because people will persist in mistaking your artificial smiles for genuine good-will. I can see you now, old boy, and hear your profane utterances when the visitor you have fawned on has got beyond hearing. How I enjoy them! You are a fraud, a coward; you deserve your punishment; you ought to be overrun with visitors. If I could discover you I should cause a report to go abroad that you intended remembering every visitor in your will, the amount of the legacy to depend on the number of their calls. Thus I would punish you for the embarrassment you have caused me. How you would groan under the infliction, and pray heaven to relieve you of a burden which a word from yourself, if you were not the sneak you are, would remove.

J. L. S.

Ministers of the Gospel have frequently been found fault with for not dealing, from their pulpits and elsewhere, with those mixed questions of religion and science which form so prominent a portion of current discussions. In reply it has been claimed on behalf of the clergymen that it is impossible for most of them, out of the slender stipend which barely enables them to eke out a subsistence

for themselves and their families, to devote anything to the purchase of those works, containing the latest results of modern thought, which are pouring in so plentiful a stream from the press; and that it is consequently impossible for them to keep *au courant* with the literature of scientific or critical doubts and difficulties. The claim is just. The pay of most clergymen in this country, especially in rural districts, is utterly inadequate to meet any such demand. The remedy which I would suggest is that, wherever a minister is provided with a manse or parsonage, one of the rooms should be fitted up as a library and well stocked with suitable theological and scientific works, and that a sum of one or two hundred dollars should be expended annually in the purchase of new works and periodicals as they come out. The library would not be the property of the minister, but would merely be available for his use during his incumbency, and would devolve upon his successor on like terms. Another scheme which occurs to me as suitable for the larger cities, such as Toronto and Hamilton, is the establishment, at the united cost of all the congregations in the city, of a Theological Library, similar to the Law Library at Osgoode Hall, to which access for reference might be had by all resident clergymen and theological students, as well as by others who might be accorded the privilege by ticket as in the case of the British Museum Library. Of course no amount of mere reading will enable anyone to speak with authority on a purely scientific question, such, for instance, as the variation of animals and plants under domestication, as discussed by Darwin after forty years' patient observation and reflection. But a course of reading in Lyell, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Haeckel, Fiske, Tylor, Lubbock, Max Müller, and others, would unquestionably enable clergymen of average ability to deal with religio-scientific questions such as the Mosaic cosmogony, the age of the world, the origin, descent, and antiquity of man, and the origin of language, religion, and civilization, far more satisfactorily than it is possible for them to do at present. And surely this is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

F. T. J.

—The "Monks of Thelema" will probably remind more than one of our guests to take down his Rabelais and turn up the well-known page where that sarcastic fragment is to be found. How great a favourite Rabelais has been, and with men of what different minds! In his own country it is even now the highest praise that can be bestowed on a young man, aspiring to make a position in the world of letters, to remark "il sait bien son Rabelais." In England we must not forget the shockingly bad rhyme with which Browning commemorated his delight, when, after pitching away some diabolically dull work that had been vexing his soul, he sat down with

> "Half a loaf and a bottle of Chablis;
> Made up his mind to forget the oaf
> Over a jolly chapter of Rabelais."

Kingsley too, as can be seen by the Rabelaisian structure and idiom of his 'Water Babies' (at least in those parts where Kingsley is not purely himself and at home among the water weeds or the king fern) was an ardent lover of Rabelais. I can lay my finger on the passage which gave Kingsley the idea of one of his most thoughtful short poems. Here it is,

"Item, and forasmuch as in those days no women entered religion save such as were wall-eyed, or who limped or rejoiced in a hump behind their shoulders or were in other ways ugly and misshapen, foolish, stupid, bewitched or somewhat damaged in character; neither any man except he were a sniveller, or of low birth, a ninny or a lazy-bones-stay-at-home (By the way, said the monk, what end can a woman serve who is neither fair nor good? Why, to enter religion, replied Gargantua.

True, said the monk, and to hem shirts)—therefore it was ordained that the Abbey of Thelema should only receive men and women of handsome form and feature, well born and gently nurtured." (1)

Compare the interjection of the Monk Frère Jean with the little poem of the "Ugly Princess" and see how Kingsley has brought out the sad side of the same thought, the pathos of the soliloquy culminating in the lines,

> "I was not good enough for man,
> And so am given to God."

But what first put it in my mind to speak about the Abbey at all was to call the attention of my fellow-guests to the fact that two hundred years before Rabelais was born the Abbey was in existence, under another name it is true, but yet the same in all its main points. The monastic system was too broad a mark to escape the shafts of ridicule till the time of Rabelais, and even as early as the days of Edward I. men's minds, shaken up by the political activity of the Barons' war, dared to parody the extravagances and caricature the corruption of the monastic orders. Besides songs to this effect in doggerel Latin (probably the productions of the regular clergy, who hated the monks with the double hatred of professional competition and of national antipathy, for most of the monks were foreigners) there is extant a powerful satire in Norman French, descriptive of the Order of Bel Eyse.

The rule of this order, the ballad-singer tells us, adopts a point from each of the other orders. In language which, being so much earlier than Rabelais, must be excused if it sometimes reminds us of his coarseness, the author tells us that the Order of Fair Ease resembles that of the Abbey of Sempringham (now long ago forgotten) in that the brothers and sisters live in the same building, only with the variation that the dividing walls which disfigure the Abbey of Sempringham find no place in Bel Eyse. From another Brotherhood is taken the rule that all inmates shall eat "well and plentifully" three times a day, and if company comes the fare shall be none the worse on that account. The Franciscans of Beverly were found worthy of imitation in one very important particular. From them was borrowed the laudable custom of drinking well both at and after meals, and during the burning of a candle at collation. Since regulations are nothing if not precise, it was ordained that this candle (horrible to relate!) should be as long as a man's arm below the elbow. Nor was dress forgotten. The long dragging mantles and richly housed palfreys of the Hospitallers were taken for patterns.

The rule of the Canons, who eat flesh every day (except Friday and Saturday) commended itself as just and worthy of being followed and with considerable forethought it was also provided that in case fish should fall short on Saturday, the hungry brethren might eat anything which "fut en la mesoun." Then from the Black Monks (Benedictines) they took the comfortable doctrine that it was good to be drunk for the sake of society, and as a drinking bout over night notoriously makes one bad company the next morning, it followed as an unfailing corollary that the brethren must be in bed late to sleep off the fumes. It was not too much to ask a member of this order to imitate the Minor Friars and swear never to lodge with a poor man. In fact charity to the poor man and respect to one's own victualling department alike forbad it. Finally the Dominican preachers were clearly right in holding it no pride to mount a horse when their feet were sore, but "we" the gay monks of Bel Eyse, "always ride."

Thus closes this peculiar song(1), so

(1) Gargantua—Bk I, Chapter 52.

(1) I have omitted in my note-book to state the edition of English Political Songs from which this specimen is taken: but believe it is one of the publications of the Camden Society; the page is 137.

akin in spirit to the "Fay ce que vouldras" of Rabelais' Abbey,

> "E c'est l'ordre de Bel-Eyse
> K à plusours trobien playse."

F. R.

—Will the friend who spoke last at the table, in May, pardon me if I say that his course of remark brought forcibly to my mind some points made by the Duke of Argyll, in a suggestive article on "Hibernicisms in Philosophy," published some years ago in the *Contemporary Review*? Many of the guests will, no doubt, recall the article. As a nearly perfect specimen of the confusion of thought which marks the genuine Irish bull, the Duke mentions that a young lady (Scotch, by the way) on being asked in his hearing "Do you remember Donald Ferguson?" made the following discriminating reply: "No, I recollect his face, but I don't recollect him by name." Instances where the contradiction in thought is almost as striking, though so veiled by metaphysical verbiage as to be less obvious, are adduced from the philosophers. J. S. Mill, for instance, after reasoning with his usual cogency in the *Fortnightly* that the fact of the "Non-existence of Abstract Ideas" was one of Berkeley's three great metaphysical discoveries, goes on to analyze with his usual acumen the meaning of the term "abstract idea"—which must, of course, by hypothesis be meaningless. The result is that he clearly proves it to be complex, and so shows that it is non-existent by resolving it into its elements, and proving it to be composite. "Abstract ideas are thus summoned into the witness-box, examined and urged to confess, like the poor Irishman, that they 'lie dead in a ditch.'" The full beauty of Mill's Hibernicism stands out to view when we put in the back ground the fact that it is this same philosopher who afterwards contends "that an abstract idea—abstract up to the double distilled essence of abstraction—is the only reality of which we have any assurance in the world." The reference is, of course, to his famous definition of matter as a "potentiality of sensation."

The "bulls" of philosophers would afford a not uninteresting topic for table talk, and did time and space permit—as they do not just now—one might venture, not having the fear of the author of "Little Great Men" before his eyes, to collect a small herd for exhibition. Meanwhile it is high time I should say why the page on the Mystery of Matter, reminded me of Argyll's article. The whole article seemed to me to be a Hibernicism. Its aim is, manifestly, to suggest and favour the doctrine of Monism as opposed to Dualism. The arguments adduced, or suggested, to prove that "the Universe is a unity," or that there is no basis for the common belief that the essence of the mind is distinct from that of matter, are, if I have rightly analyzed the paper, about as follows:—

The essence of spirit is identical with that of matter, because

First.—We know absolutely nothing about the essence of *either*.

Second.—Boscovich and Faraday, and others, hold that matter is simply a congeries of force-points, and so "*in its nature spiritual.*"

Third.—Some cannot conceive of spirit but as occupying space, and if it *occupies space* it must be material.

It is not my purpose here to point out the defects in the argument, though it seems singularly inconclusive. What strikes me is the constant recurrence of terms which assume, and assume as a matter of necessity, the existence of the very difference whose existence it is the object of the writer to deny. Notice, in proof of this, the italicized words. It would not be easy, I fancy, to find a better illustration of Sir W. Hamilton's remarks on "Love of unity" as a source of error in philosophy. There is hardly a sentence in the paper which does not tacitly assume that radical dichotomy which seems so

inseparable from both thought and speech. This dichotomy, forced upon our mind in virtue of their constitution, by the very nature of things, is the real difficulty that not only underlies, but suggests all the theories in question. Matter reveals its phenomena to sense, spirit to consciousness. The one set of phenomena suggest space as a logical *sine qua non* of their existence, the other cannot be conceived in terms of space. The one is described by adjectives, the other demands the use of verbs. The two things, in short, seem to be as broadly distinguished as it is possible to conceive, in thought, in language, in manifestation—hence, by Hibernicism, they must be one in essence.

For a specimen, Hibernicism in a single sentence, take the following: Monism, we are told, proclaims "that force cannot exist without matter, nor matter without force; that force and matter, spirit and substance, mind and body, are essentially one and indivisible."

Now, if "force" and "matter" are essentially one and indivisible, the words must be synonymous, or at least equivalent. If so, why not substitute algebraically in the above formulæ, "Force cannot exist without force," &c. Is it not obvious that these very sentences derive their only meaning from the assumed diversity of the very things they are proclaiming to be identical? Let the reader try a similar substitution of terms in almost any philosophical work, and he will soon get a conception of the havoc which literal Monism would make of much of our best thinking. If then the tendency, not only to distinguish but to contrast broadly the two things (the one thing [?]), is so deeply ingrained in the texture of the mind itself, what sufficient ground can there be for assuming Duality to be a delusion and a snare, and Monism the only true philosophy? Why is it harder to conceive of two diverse "Unknown Realities" than of one as indicated by the too widely contrasted sets of signs?

I must stop. But in doing so I must confess to an intense curiosity to know how it can be shown that "the idea of the spirituality of the soul" was derived by Christianity, not from the Old or the New Testament, but from the Platonists. Surely it cannot be that both these Testaments contain the idea *passim;* surely it cannot. But I give it up. J. E. W.

—It strikes me as a disquieting symptom of the feverish activity of our times, that one so seldom meets now-a-days a person who, while quite above mere animalism, can yet enjoy a thorough and systematic bit of idleness. I feel sometimes quite shame-faced beside the incessant energy of my friends because of my natural capacity for the *dolce far niente*. Nevertheless, believing it to be a good, as it certainly is a pleasant thing, I have the courage of my convictions, and make a point of devoting at least half an hour a day to absolute, premeditated and studied laziness. We are always being admonished as to the necessity of regular exercise, regular meals, and regular sleep; and in the face of the proverbial readiness of an ever-officious personage to find mischief for idle hands to do, it requires some boldness to plead in plain language for regular idleness. A little recreation and more or less sleep are quite orthodox; but my heterodoxy on this point carries me far beyond these; and the consequence of it is, that every evening after dinner I become semi-recumbent, and totally quiescent for half an hour or so, and hide what many good people will consider a very bad example under clouds of tobacco-smoke. The smoke, by the way, is merely an adjunct,—a personal arrangement between myself and my nerves, which I will neither urge upon others nor relinquish myself. The main principle is involved in the "lolling," as it is called by superficial

and inconsiderate acquaintances. This, I am free to confess, I enjoy *per se*, with a zest that comes of deliberate cultivation of an innate taste for it; and as an epicure relishes an *entre-met* which, to the untrained palate may be quite insipid. Let me hasten to disclaim for it even the merit of being a short period of meditation or self-examination. It is nothing of the kind. My thoughts have less weight than the thin rings of smoke rising about me; and my condition is one of pure passivity and human oysterhood. Now I repeat distinctly that I consider this not only pleasant, but profitable and exemplary; and I have played Asmodeus to my own domestic privacy in no spirit of egotism, but with a purpose; that of urging upon all restless souls at this Table, or within hearing of it, that they would be very much the better in body and mind if they would "lie off" similarly for some short period every day; or, if they are scandalized at this proposition, that occasionally, at any rate, they should altogether cease from troubling and be at rest. With many —a daily increasing number—this has become almost an impossibility. They are losing the very faculty, if ever they had it, of absolutely resting for short or long spaces of time. They are wound up to such tension that they must always be "still achieving, still pursuing,"—using every spare minute, and lamenting that the day has not twenty-five hours. I know several men to whom quietude is vanity and vexation of spirit; and who, if they do attempt to play the *fainéant* for a little while, can succeed no further than in keeping their hands idle, while their brains take to "worrying." With some men this is natural; they are happy I suppose, and useful; although I cherish the opinion that a man who cannot sit still is a nuisance. With the majority, however, it is neither natural nor healthy, but one of the morbid results of the high pressure at which we are most of us forced to live in these days. The victims are many, yet it is not the work that kills, but this very feverishness and nervous intensity which is kept up until relaxation brings only dejection and "fidgetiness," unless spiced with some excitement. There is a moral here for our prohibitionist friends, which, however, I shall not stop to point just now.

As I feel bound to suggest some practical application of the doctrine I have been preaching, let me beg that the sale of hammocks this summer be very large; and end with a little parable. Two hammocks were hanging the other day under trees which overlooked the blue waters of the St. Lawrence where they commence to wind their way down among the Thousand Isles. It was the Queen's Birthday, but all the sulphurous abominations of a noisy loyalty were far out of hearing, and instead of them the birds were twittering among the fresh young leaves, and the soft breeze sighing for us that we could not always be there. One of the hammocks was rocking violently to and fro, kept in jerky motion by a leg which hung over the side and gave energetic kicks at the grass beneath. The other hammock swayed gently in the wind, and its curve was broken only by a protruding hand which held a cigarette. First hammock, loq.: "forty and eighty,—a hundred and twenty,—and B.'s fifty, a hundred and seventy; C. ought to give a hundred, and Z., too, but they need persuading; I might be drafting letters to them now;—have you a pencil about you?" Second hammock: "rum tum ti tum, fal lal deedum,—look at that nest up there,—eh? A pencil? No; have a cigarette." First hammock, an active philanthropist of appalling energy, with a new charity "on the brain;" second hammock,—a passive holiday-maker who has left his energy at home and is uncertain and indifferent as to whether he has a brain or not;—myself.

A. W. G.

—When a man commits murder and is hanged for it, or beats his wife into a jelly and is cautioned and let go, or fined ten shillings, in proportion to the enormity of the offence, the demands of justice are said to be satisfied and the world breathes freely until the next offence against law and order is committed. The Statute books, in their ancient but inexpensive bindings, and looking very formidable and wise on the justices' shelves, contain a list of the penalties, made and provided, for almost every crime in the calendar, save one. This latter crime is unmentioned in the whole category of the dry but legitimate literature which the descendants of Lycurgus, in their wisdom, provided for the coming generations of mankind. We know what we will get if we fire our neighbour's barn, or rob his granary, or indulge in the African pastime of stealing his chickens. We know that garrotters are sometimes whipped, and till-tappers occasionally get "six months." We cannot even attempt to take our own life with impunity. If we manage it successfully we stand a chance of being buried in the cross-roads "with a stake in our inside," and if we fail in the attempt to take ourselves off and the vigilant policeman hears of it, we are marched off to jail and allowed to reflect on the value of life in a seven but not very benign cell. Indeed the most trifling misdemeanor is open to that poetic justice which, we are told on good authority, is inseparable from the commission of crime. The offence against mankind, which the gentlemen in long robes have strangely omitted from the respectably long list of evil deeds and their penalties, is by no means a trivial one. Some sins are more heinous than others, but this one is beyond all question *the most* heinous of them all. When a man commits murder he does it perhaps under great provocation, for one cannot always live pleasantly with his mother-in-law. He may be driven to the deed of manslaughter by an over-indulgence in an inferior quality of whiskey, or in the heat of passion, he may have struck a talkative county map-agent, a blow which resulted in the depopulation of a race that has sprung up quite regardless of the provisions laid down in the Malthusian doctrine, and unmentioned in the published works of the truly good Mrs. Besant. There is reasonable excuse for the commission of murder, and even horse-stealing sometimes, and we would not always hang a man for forgery, unless the amount of money involved was too disgustingly small, and even then a life term in Kingston, in the penitentiary, or in one of its hotels, would be quite sufficient punishment. As we remarked before there is one crime unknown to the law, and the penalty for its commission should be nothing short of hanging. We have no patience with those literary dogs who worry the toothsome things out of Burns, and Byron, and Milton, and Spenser, and Shelley, and then let loose into the world what they call an expurgated edition of Mr. So and so's works, carefully prepared, like an apothecary's dose, for the use of children and boarding-school girls. Mr. Fields mentions somewhere, in his "Underbrush," I think, the story of an old gentleman who indulged in the custom of tearing out of his books, every leaf that contained anything particularly bright and good, and putting the same into his pocket. These expurgated books, like the abridged novels of Scott and Dickens, should be burned at the stake, to which their editors should be appropriately and securely bound. Respectable publishers should discountenance every attempt which is made to destroy the force and beauty of an author's work. Surely the creator of a poem or a story knows what he wants to say. Then, for Heaven's sake let him speak out. No one is forced to read what he has written. Let us have the whole story without abridgement, alteration or mutilation. Did you see that last book of Swinburne's, bound

in a certain white purity of style? How modest they are getting in New York to be sure. Did you notice the little lines of stars—those sheet-anchors of the composing-room—hiding the suggestive passages of those translations from Villon? What a cunning publisher it is. Why the old story is being forgotten. Bluebeard forbade his wife to open the little door which revealed the secrets of one room, and —of course, she opened it. Of course, Eve ate of the forbidden tree. Of course, when the English edition of Poems and Ballads comes to town,—well, we know what pages will be opened first!

T. E.

CURRENT EVENTS.

IT appears to be understood now that the Dominion elections will not be held until the autumn. Meanwhile, no doubt, the party journals will continue to devote, or rather lavish, their "valuable space" in confusing statistics which practically go for nothing; the public ear and the public patience are sure to be vexed sorely by a series of oracular deliverances, stereotyped in form and substance, and which, like what are called "orations" in the American Congress, may be taken as delivered by common consent. It is a little hard upon human nature that, in the genial season of ease and relaxation—that breathing interval from the oppressive air of the working world—when the "young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and Paterfamilias is ransacking guide-books, and furbishing up portmanteaus, and weighing the probable strain upon his balance at the bank from the long-anticipated escape to sea-shore, or lake retreat, that politicians should persist in being troublesome. "'Tis very strange," as Tom Hood says, "them kind of men won't let a body be," particularly at the very time when he wants to "be"—to be away from care and anxiety, and to be comfortable. What, in the name of common sense, if such a thing exists, does any man care about Pacific Scandals, Secret Service, Kaministiquia, Georgian Bay, Neebing Hotel, and other jobs, in the sultry term, when it is the height of human felicity to lie out on the grass, *sub tegmine fagi*, in the fresh, pure breezes of heaven, "thinking of nothing at all?" Unhappily there are thousands of us who cannot escape from the eternal grind of the labouring mill—chained there, without respite, from year's end to year's end, like Mantalini to his mangler. And what a prospect is theirs, when it is considered what our newspapers will be like, during the dog-days! The ten digits dancing in the mazes of infinite combinations, statistics run mad and partizan rancour run madder, will sum up the political banquet of the ensuing four months. If Mr. Rine or some other apostle of abstinence would make a crusade upon the partizans and bind the million not to read a party editorial or pamphlet or countenance a single dreary pic-nic prior to the elections, he would deserve a statue as the benefactor of his race and generation. Nobody cares a rap about the

factitious agony the journalists heap up; there is a stolid indifference growing upon the people which, so far as the factions are concerned, may be salutary, but considered in relation to the welfare of the state, may easily pass into that numbness which foreshadows paralysis. It is time that the intelligent man shook off the lethargy which is premonitory of decay and dissolution, and a few earnest words, honestly and ingenuously meant, may serve to arouse them to a sense of their duty to Canada, its hopes and its progress.

In a speech at Brantford on the twenty-fourth of May, Sir John Macdonald uttered these notable sentences, "It was all very well for men to try to divide the people into Tory and Grit, Conservative and Liberal, Liberal-Conservative and Conservative-Liberal. They might do so, but there was a great body of people in this country who cared for the interests of Canada, and not for the interests of party; people who were brought up as either Conservatives or Reformers, but who were determined to take the course which would best advance the best interests of their country, of those they loved, and those who loved them." Of course, the Opposition leader wished it to be understood that every patriotic man, answering to his description, must and would go over to his camp; indeed he unfortunately added—"He had found, wherever he went, this class of men rallying around him." It is certain that the number of men who prefer country to party is increasing with encouraging rapidity; and, to our view, this is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. But a mere change of masters, a transference of ownership and allegiance is, by no means, an emancipation from party thraldom. "Under which King, Bezonian, speak or die," said Pistol to Shallow; but an independent citizen in a free state is not, or at least ought not to be, a "Bezonian"—a needy hanger-on of any body. He should think and act for himself, as a man—a rational and intelligent unit of political power. How will either the elector or country be benefited, if the only change in the aspect of affairs be desertion from one abject serfdom to another? It is true that Sir John Macdonald offers a tempting bait to all preferring country to party, in a fiscal policy which is at least national, rather than cosmopolitan and *doctrinaire;* but what does he propose to do with the fish, after he has secured them? If they are to be henceforth the merely inferior creatures destined for the sport or profit of the party, they might just as well have been netted by Mr. Mackenzie; one party fish-pond is just as shallow, foul and brackish as the other.

Complaints are heard on every hand of the intrinsic, or at all events, the practical unworthiness of politics and political life. That there is a plausibility in them, no one can venture to deny; and yet, after all, at whose door does the chief *onus* of responsibility lie? The cause of this public degradation is certainly partyism, kept above ground after it has become dead and offensive—dead for any useful purpose and offensive, because of that foul and loathsome activity engendered in the unburied dead. But who is to blame that it is not buried out of sight? Clearly, those who enjoy the benefit of free institutions without caring what becomes of them. If all those, referred to by Sir John Macdonald, and others, who run in the ruts of party simply because their fathers did, or their acquaintances do, or for any other lazy reason which may languidly prevail, would awaken to the fact that there is such a word and such an authoritative thing as duty, upon the discharge or neglect of which depend momentous issues, the face of Canadian politics would emerge from its eclipse. It is passing strange that men who pride themselves upon their personal integrity, upon the scrupulous and painstaking zeal with

which they fulfil every social obligation in the family, the counting-house or elsewhere, are rather proud of the repudiation of all duties to the great country in which they live, and under whose liberal institutions they flourish, grow rich and at last die in the odour of sanctity. If a man were heard proclaiming that he did not care for his family, that his commercial credit might shift for itself, or that reputation was only one counter in his game of craft or chance, he would be set down as a knave or a fool; and yet, it is no proof of fatuousness, rather the contrary, it would seem, for the upright citizen to imagine that he has no duties to perform to his country, or that if he sacrifices any thought or time to it, the offering is deemed absolutely a free gift, surrendered grudgingly and with no expectation of return.

Has any man the right to say, "I do not care for politics?" Is it any excuse for his apathy or his ostentatious disregard of his civil duties, to urge that parties are bad, that all public men are equally corrupt and that the good man—the Horatian *integer vitæ scelerisque purus*—ought not to defile himself with the unclean thing? No man's life is rounded and complete, who neglects one duty which his position as a man and a member of society imposes upon him—least of all those obligations which are entailed upon him by the enjoyment of free and unfettered movement and action in a country like ours. People prate of rights *ad nauseam*; do they ever reflect that there is no right, which fails to impose a corresponding duty? It would, perhaps, be better if the demagogue did his work less thoroughly than he does. It is the modern fashion to treat the liberal institutions which cost our sires their blood, much as the spendthrift heir treats the fortune his parents painfully accumulated in weary, anxious years of toil. The virtue of representative government lies in the use that may be made of it; it has been hard to win in most countries, and has survived in but a few; and yet some men appear to imagine that the plant will endure a foul atmosphere and an arid soil, flourish in darkness and survive neglect. If the party system, now obtaining, has outlived its usefulness, whose fault is it that the besom of destruction has not been applied? If politics are base and sordid, what are they doing, who should elevate and dignify them? The very fact that our public life is so unworthy as it is, should be a standing reproach—a sting in the conscience—to all who fold their arms and stand by "to let things take their chance" because, forsooth, both parties and all politicians alike "are tarred with the same stick."

Mazzini had the reputation of being a leveller and a Socialist; but he was not by any means forgetful that God and duty were words of solemn import. To him the people were at once the source of power and the clientage for which he was a zealous and faithful advocate while he lived. But he knew that whilst man was jealous of rights and self-assertion, with or without reason, he was apt to forget that he owed any correlative obligation in return. "I love you too well," were his manly words in the preface to 'The Duties of Man,' "either to flatter your passions or caress the golden dreams by which others seek to gain your favour. My voice may sound too harsh, and I may too severely insist on proclaiming the necessity of virtue and sacrifice, but I know, and you will soon know also, that the sole origin of every right is in a duty fulfilled." * The Republican triumvir of Rome, who proclaimed as his motto "God and the people," had a different conception of man's obligation from that in fashion where easy-going folk find free institutions ready to their

* See "Giuseppe Mazzini," a paper by Mr. Frederick Myers, in the April number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

hand, and yet are quite willing that they should go to the dogs if they cannot take care of themselves. What do the people of this generation possess of civil and religious freedom that they have not received? Will they not be responsible in the court of conscience, and at the bar of posterity, if they fail to bequeath the precious heritage, pure and unimpaired as it descended to them? Our fathers used to boast of "hearts resolved and hands prepared" to guard those political blessings they enjoyed; but then they knew how to prize what they had toiled so hard to win. Now, forsooth, it is even vaunted by some men, otherwise scrupulous enough in the discharge of duty, as if it were the acme of sublimated virtue, that they are political Gallios, quite ready to let their governmental system run to seed sooner than raise a finger in its behalf. Political ethics, in fine, appear to be the only branch of morality to which human responsibility does not attach, and in which a man may shirk his duty with a sort of supercilious pride. A great deal is urged about the unworthy strifes of party and their unsavoury character, and with too much truth; but whose fault is that, if not the fault of those who shirk the duties they owe to their country and its future? Will a stagnant pool, where "slimy things do crawl with legs upon a slimy sea," empty and purify itself? That it has become so foul and offensive is the fault of the men who stand aloof with folded arms, or, if they act at all, throw all their influence in favour of perpetual miasmas. The old fable of Hercules and the carter was not irreverently applied by the stern Puritan when he replied to one who exclaimed in despairing impotence "Well! God mend all!" "Nay, but we must help Him to mend them." If those who profess a fastidious sense of honour, purity, and delicacy refuse to help the waggon out of the slough because it is miry and may soil their fingers, they must not be surprised if it remains there or sinks still deeper in the mud.

The approaching general elections will determine the complexion of Dominion politics for half a decade; and therefore it becomes all who can exert influence by tongue or pen upon the electorate, to urge earnestly and solemnly the important nature of the trust each voter has received and the serious responsibility it entails upon him. So long as the peccadiloes and short-comings of party are treated either as food for contemptuous jest or coarse vituperation, there is little hope of any change for the better. What is needed just now appears to be serious, honest and well-balanced judgment on public affairs—less scandal and invective, and more earnestness in thought and action. "Measures not men" said Junius, "is the cant of affected moderation;" but he canted himself when he urged that plea in extenuation of his scurrilous personalities. In Canada we ought to pay some regard to both, but our politics have sunk so low that measures cease to trouble most men, and abuse of men seems the only resource of partizans on either side. There is too much Jack Hornerism in our political life; and if the old nursery rhyme had depicted that exemplary stripling when he was standing disgraced in the corner, with a dunce's cap on his head, as well as sitting there eating his Christmas pie, we should have had the type of Jack out of office and Jack in it. The latter, as usually represented when putting in his thumb, and proclaiming, with every plum he takes out, "What a good boy am I!" The former stands under the shadow of the rod, scowling and muttering naughty words at his self-complacent mate. Ought not the conduct of public affairs, to be something more serious and dignified than such interminable and unworthy child's play as this?

To say that politics must necessarily be degrading and unclean is absurd; because the remedy is in the hands of

the people; and if they choose this autumn to aid in the continuance of the prevailing system, it will go far to prove that the politics are quite good enough for them. A low tone in public men may be occasioned by many temporary causes, such as the withdrawal of any questions which can reasonably divide men into factions; but this ought not to be endured one hour longer than the country can help it. If parties have decayed and their usefulness, whatever it may have been, is fatally and hopelessly impaired, why not sweep them out of existence as plagues, spreading mischief and moral disease all around them. It may be said that the existing parties are too well organized to be successfully resisted; but what can withstand the all-pervading might of a healthy public spirit, bent upon making a reformation in political affairs? Nothing is wanting but a resolute determination to effect a cure, and the task is as good as done. Of course those who think that government is an ingenious device, ordained by Providence, for the benefit of place-hunters will cling desperately to partyism; but, after all, they form a small and insignificant minority. The moment the people refuse to pay the piper, or to dance to his discordant notes, the political atmosphere will be purified of dust and vile noise and everything grow clear, and calm, and bright. So long as men continue to vote blindly for any man, however incapable or unworthy he may be, solely because the wire-pullers bid them do so, it is impossible to hope for any beneficent change. On the other hand, if each elector will cast his vote and wield his influence under a solemn sense of duty to his country, breaking away from the irksome and irrational bondage of party and acting like a free man, the factions now playing their puny parts on the stage will disappear like gossamer before the evening zephyr. It is because we are firmly persuaded that the preponderating majority of the people are heartily tired of the party system as it now exists, that we earnestly, and without the suspicion of a sinister motive, urge them, as they love this glorious Canada of ours, to arouse from their lethargy, acquit themselves like men, and not only be strong but prove their strength at the polls.

The Premier has addressed public meetings at Lindsay, Toronto, and in Lambton, whilst the leader of the Opposition has delivered himself at Brantford. Naturally, after all the chaff of recrimination is abstracted from these speeches, there remains as solid grain, only the discussion of the fiscal question. It would be exceedingly fortunate, if we could add that they threw any light upon this subject; instead of that, it is not going too far to say that they have confused and perplexed the question, and darkened what they affect to elucidate. The question which the electorate will be asked to determine—and it is really the only principle at stake—is whether this country is to have a national policy, defensive, not retaliatory, encouraging, not forcing industries which may and can flourish amongst us? Is Mr. Cartwright's policy of discouraging manufactures to prevail any longer, or shall a fiscal scheme suitable to the needs and the environment of the Dominion be inaugurated? With Free Trade or Protection as theories we are not concerned; the issue before the country is pressing, concrete, practical. The Finance Minister not only refuses incidental protection to Canadian industries, but when he might do even a little on their behalf, actually goes out of his way to avoid even the suspicion of a duty which might possibly be of benefit to the community. If there be two articles, one of which can neither be produced, prepared nor manufactured in Canada, and another which may be either or all of these, Mr. Cartwright is sure to choose the first as the subject of taxation, even if it be a necessary of life. Now it certainly

seems to ordinary common sense, that such a policy is simply suicidal, and that no scheme, better calculated to stunt the growth, and impede the progress of the Dominion, could possibly be devised. What have we to do with the results of American Protection—excessive to the verge of insanity—or with Cobden's Free Trade in corn, thirty years ago, in England? The problem to be solved is, what fiscal system is best suited to Canada, here and now, considering the neighbours with whom she has to deal, and the way she is treated by those neighbours. Nothing is more provokingly irrational than those constant appeals to an old country—having a monopoly in shipping and manufactures—such as form the style of Ministerial speeches. In an English review lately, an instructive paper on "Politics in Australasia," contained this pointed remonstrance with the theorists: "Colonial politics, when discussed in Great Britain, are invariably treated from a home point of view. Free Trade has proved remarkably successful in promoting the commercial prosperity of the Mother Country; therefore the colonists of Victoria ought to adopt a Free Trade tariff, and are rank heretics for presuming to think that Protectionist principles are better suited to the peculiar circumstances of the colony. The argument, indeed, is not put in that bold shape—there is much talk of immutable principles and the like, but that is the pith of it." In fact, the economic theory, so far as it bears upon this question, is grounded on the fallacy that any set of scientific axioms of universal application can be dogmatically asserted, where the subject matter is so variable and complex as human society. It is as reasonable to ask assent to principles stated, with mathematical precision on fiscal matters, as to scrawl out a constitution, in the continental fashion, to be adopted by all peoples or forced upon them. Mr. Mackenzie, like most of the school, went back to the Anti-Corn Law Agitation in England; but what analogy can be drawn between the Mother Country in 1845-6, and Canada in 1878. In the former case, there were then three factors in the calculation, over population, an insufficient supply of grain, and established manufactures, fearing no rival. Here we have sparse population, grain is so abundant as to be very largely exported, and there are no manufactures in proportion to the resources of the country; and yet the *doctrinaire*, having found the benefit, at home, of Free Trade in corn, insists upon applying his two-foot-rule, where it is absolutely useless or worse. In England, the measure which gave the people cheap bread, may be called Free Trade, if the ring of that phrase pleases any one, but it was in reality, a policy which fostered the national industries, as certainly and perhaps more surely than if it had been called Protection, and taken the form of bonuses, bounties or customs' duties. Free Trade in corn meant, in fact, rapid fortunes to the cotton lords of Manchester, and the cutlers of Sheffield. It was thus a contest between the farm and the factory—a hard running match in the pursuit of wealth. There was nothing elevated, still less cosmopolitan, or even humane in the movement; it was, from its first inception, purely selfish in aim, however financial its results. England, at that time, adopted the policy her internal condition and relative position amongst the nations dictated; why should our rulers refuse to act in the same common sense now? What seems imperatively demanded is a fiscal system based upon an intelligent and comprehensive survey of the circumstances in which Canada is placed, first, as a new country, struggling for its rightful place among the nations, and secondly, as being conterminous with a more powerful, wealthy, energetic, not over scrupulous and commercially hostile Republic. The man would be deemed an idiot who should insist upon the dismantling of Eng-

land's forts and fleets, because they do without them in Iceland or Madagascar. Our Cherbourg, Cronstadt and Sebastopol are out of doors, bristling with fiscal barriers and offensive weapons from New Brunswick to Vancouver. No one ever yet proposed uniform laws, martial equipments or systems of Government, why is this rage for an impossible uniformity of system only carried into the infinite variety of phase manifest in trade relations and exigencies. The country has a right to insist that its rulers shall shelve their text-books, and set to work upon hard facts—the facts written in broad characters upon the fair face of this noble Dominion and enforced with peculiar emphasis by the menacing aspect of its surroundings. And yet thousands, who sincerely believe that a radical change in fiscal policy is a vital necessity, will nevertheless do all in their power to perpetuate the unpatriotic system now in vogue, solely because they cannot escape from the malign influence of partyism.

Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper claim popular confidence because they advocate a National Policy; what is it in fact, if there be any basis of fact, tangible and persistent, about it? There is an air of jaunty charlatanism about the Opposition campaign which is not assuring. The National Policy which is susceptible of as many interpretations as there are Provincial interests seems to be unhappily named. Everybody who is suffering from bad times is promised a commercial millennium; everybody is to grow rich, and nobody to be any the worse. The phrase, moreover, of which Sir John is so particularly proud and fond, "a reciprocity of trade or a reciprocity of tariffs," sounds like the jingle of a baby's rattle, rather than the sober and well-considered dictum of experienced statesmanship. The appeals constantly made to Casey, Greeley, and other ultra-Protectionists across the lines are suspicious; and the statistics the journals manipulate with so much deftness are as misleading as figures always are in the hands of thaumaturgic theorists, or as that agony of the digits through which Mr. Mackenzie led the Toronto workingmen. What this country needs is neither Free Trade nor Protection gone crazy; but a Canadian fiscal system, suited to its stage of progress, and the peculiar character of its environment. Can we hope to get such a system from either of the parties which are now appealing to the people!

It has been already hinted that the vacation speeches recently delivered, have not been of a profound or enlightening kind; and, therefore any close criticism of them seems needless. But there is one feature in party tactics which imperatively calls for public censure. Of late years political addresses, and even rather heated discussions have been carried on decently, and with some regard to the ordinary amenities and proprieties of life. There are indications, however, that the unruly elements are about to assert their continued existence, and that, in the cities, at least, there may be a return to the unseemly, we had almost said brutal, scenes people were accustomed to in the early days of Responsible Government, and the political storms over the Clergy Reserves and other now extinct issues. It is not at all pleasant to be compelled to say it, but it is the truth, nevertheless, that the rowdyism which interrupts public meetings, howls, groans, and hisses, like wild beasts in a menagerie at every political opponent, no matter how conspicuous he may be as a party leader, or a public man, is for the most part in the service of the Opposition. It seems necessary to call attention to this unsavoury subject, and to invoke public reprobation upon all who are rude and cowardly enough to resort to so despicable a practice. Years ago, in the public halls of Toronto, we have seen crowds of men, interchanging cheers and yells for hours together,

during which not one intelligible sentence uttered by those who essayed to speak was permitted to reach the ear. It might have been hoped that people had emerged from that stage of uncouth savagery; but it painfully appears that the coarse spirit of these days has been dormant, not dead. There is no doubt a base residuum in both political parties, and wherever it shows its appearance in uproar and disturbance, it ought to be at once sternly rebuked and silenced by all decent and honourable men. It is perhaps the meanest and most ungenerous, because it is the easiest thing to do, and the most difficult to protect a public man against, for any set of fellows to band together for the sole purpose of crushing liberty of utterance, and preventing anything like fair play to those from whom they differ. The unmannerly, as well as the unmanly, treatment of Mr. Mackenzie at the Skating Rink is the latest efflorescence of this ruffianism, and it becomes a serious question how far any political party can afford, with advantage to itself, to give impunity and even indulgence to its lawless members. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Mackenzie's administration of public affairs, of his railway and financial policy—and we have what appear to us substantial reasons for censuring them—he is the Premier of the Dominion, and his station ought to be respected by those who oppose his views or his acts. Moreover, he is, at any rate, an honest and patriotic man, about whom there is no sham or personal guile, as his candid opponents need not be ashamed to admit. Those who persist in maligning him have overshot the mark, and may perhaps find that, instead of serving the country by their vituperation, they may rally about the Cartwright policy all those who suspect the root of all this vindictiveness is to be sought in the uneasy gnawings of a self-accusing conscience. It is not a noble practice, on the other side, to sneer at "the gentlemen's party;" would that there were a greater power of gentlemanly instinct in our party polemics; only it must be of the sterling sort, percolating through the mass and impregnating it with a generous love of chivalrous dealing and old-fashioned fair play. A veneering of gentility on a rotten wood-work only makes bad worse; for it keeps out the free, fresh air and concentrates and preserves the essence of decay. Canadians are mostly too intelligent to tolerate a "jingo" party, that can only boast of such advantages which accrue to a country from the union of fashionable vice at the clubs with the coarse and brutal animalism of Bethnal Green or Ratcliffe Highway. Having pointed out the danger and the mischief, it may be safely left to honourable Conservatives to apply the remedy.

It is more pleasing to turn to the other side of the picture. Sir John Macdonald has addressed the people in divers constituencies this year, has always received a patient hearing, and made himself personally acceptable. Those who talk of "bogus" testimonials and fictitious demonstrations deceive no one, not even themselves. Whatever be his faults, the Opposition leader is by far the most popular man in the Dominion. He is a great sinner, some may urge, but then he is no hypocrite; never attempts to deny his mistakes or shield them under a cloak of puritanic pretence. There is a refreshing manliness in his confessions which reminds one of Fielding's heroes, who were always sinning, always repenting, and always being forgiven and caressed. It is the *bonhomie*—the frank, free good nature of the man—which attaches Sir John to the popular heart, and convinces people that he cannot be the political reprobate his adversaries would fain persuade them that he is. Moreover, he stands before the country as the exponent of a national policy in finance—a policy which at once appeals to the common sense and to the substan-

tial interests of the electorate. Most men never pause to consider whether a leader "doth protest too much" or calculate what he is to do with the protectionist, or any other elephant to be won in the approaching raffle; it is sufficient for them that he does protest, and claims to be a competent keeper of the animal he professes to covet. At Brantford, the appearance of Lady Macdonald as the recipient of a free-will offering from the people, added grace and a touch of human sympathy to the demonstration. It speaks volumes for the tone of Canadian feeling, that men love to link their political bias with the genial and mellowing influence of home and the domestic affections. Pleasing and altogether beneficent as Lady Dufferin's example has been in our public and social life, not the least notable of its effects is to be traced in the unobtrusive and womanly delicacy with which Lady Macdonald and Mrs. Mackenzie have taken their places by the side of their husbands, and occupied at rare intervals, and for a brief space, the public eye and the public interest and regard. Nothing could have been more graceful or in better taste than her ladyship's neat little speech of thanks to the workmen of Brant, and it may fairly be accepted as an omen of better things in political life—that female influence, on both sides, is beginning to shed its benign light abroad, to soften, let us hope, the harsh asperities of the time.

A *mot* of Sir Robert Walpole's is every now and then used, and always perversely misquoted. It was at the time when all the discontented spirits, Whig and Tory, the "Patriots" as they called themselves under Pulteney, Carteret and Bolingbroke, assisted by "that terrible cornet of dragoons," the impetuous Pitt, were barking at the heels of the great Premier. "I know those men well," said he, "and every man *of them* has his price." By leaving out the italicized words, the phrase has been tortured into a cynical belief in universal venality. Our esteemed contemporary, the *Journal of Commerce*, appears, unintentionally no doubt, to do us a similar dis-service. About party government in the abstract, it is not worth while to argue, although its benefits, even when at the best, seem to be grossly exaggerated; but we did not say that parties are *per se* an unmitigated evil, but only that these parties—the *soi-disant* Reform and Conservative factions of the day—are nuisances, pure and simple, have no pretext for existence, and ought to be swept away by the fury of popular indignation. The *Journal* has said the same thing itself over and over again, and, to us, it seems a duty we owe to the public, and calculated to be of great service in the interests of the country, to urge and reiterate it again and again. On the eve of a general election, no amount of vituperative rhetoric, muddled statistics or pic-nic recrimination in every form can possibly effect an amelioration in contemporary politics. Nothing can change the face of affairs, but the firm conviction rooted in the public mind, that the greatest foe to Canada and its progress is not this party or that party, but both of them together; and we could quote partizan authority for every word we have uttered against them. Lord Macaulay is cited to establish what no one ever denied, and what has been insisted upon in these columns, that the two parties have never been the whole nation—"nay, that they have never, taken together, made up the majority of the nation." But in Canada it is necessary to go a step further, and say, in addition, that the two parties are so managed by wire-pulling and scheme that not even the partizan minority rules, but an insignificant minority of that minority. Party is defined as a combination of men united to secure the common weal by carrying out some policy or urging some principle upon which they are agreed; pray what policy or what principle can the exist-

ing factions call distinctively their own? Take any subject of vital moment, the Pacific Railway or the Tariff, for instance, and does the party system of the day meddle with it or anything else that it does not muddle and addle almost before it has chipped the shell? One has only to compare the unpatriotic Reformers who affect to believe in a national fiscal policy, and yet sacrifice it at the bidding of party leaders, with the perverseness of the Conservatives in relation to the affairs of Quebec. It is the spirit of "Canada First," although the *Journal* sneers at it, which is gradually alienating the mass of the people from these parties and gradually sapping their foundations. No one asserts that public men of any political stripe "desire the prosperity of other parts of the Empire in preference to that of Canada." Our contemporary is condemning what it evidently does not adequately understand. Nationalists claim that the Dominion shall have a policy suited to its circumstances, and containing some promise of a fruitful future; and, inasmuch as the existing parties are the chief obstacles in the path, they ought to be swept as rubbish out of the way. The present system means party first, with or without principle, the country and its interests afterwards, if compatible with party success. An old and faithful public servant, Mr. Wicksteed, is quoted as bearing testimony to the really sincere desire for the public good, animating the leaders during a long series of years. No one desires to blur that roseate portraiture; but, taken in the most literal sense, it does not invalidate our position. It is partyism, not Nationalism, which blackens the characters of public men, denies their honesty of purpose and impeaches their integrity; it is an essential feature in the very system we condemn. Ministers, and legislators generally, have, no doubt, patriotic impulses, and do not wantonly initiate measures calculated to injure the country; but then the good they would do must be effected "by the party, through the party, and for the party." The organization, in the end, ceases to be merely an instrument to secure desirable ends, and becomes an end in itself, with which the public good is at last unwittingly confounded. Because it seems beyond dispute that the present factions have ceased to represent any principle or to have any aim except their own success at the polls, that, in our view, every patriotic and enlightened elector is solemnly called upon to aid in their disintegration to the best of his power. If even a considerable portion of that majority referred to by Macaulay, and recognized measurably by Sir John Macdonald, will only do their duty, the work will be decisively accomplished in a few months. It appears as certain as anything in the future and depending upon human volition can be, that neither party will have much to boast of at the polls; as in Quebec the breaking up can hardly be delayed, and then, but not before, Canada may expect the reconstruction of its political system and an awakening of its national life, hopeless in the existing paralysis of sound principle and energetic action. Since the *Journal of Commerce* desires the same consummation, why does it causelessly complain?

Mr. Blake's Arms Act has been proclaimed in the district comprising the City of Montreal and the County of Hochelaga. So far, so good; but it is much to be feared that unless some more impartial and vigorous a magistrate than Mayor Beaudry takes the matter in hand, the proclamation and the law will prove a *brutum fulmen*. In the Council, he stated that it was not purposed to take any steps to preserve the peace, on the frivolous pretext, which appears to be a figment of his imagination, that the Police Committee stand in his way. Clearly, the new Act ought, supposing the step constitutional, to have contained a clause authorizing the Government to intervene whenever there is reason to

fear riot and bloodshed, which the civic authorities are either unwilling or unable to prevent. The public peace and security to life and property are far too precious to be jeopardized by the crafty inertness of Mr. Beaudry and his friends, who do not appear to care what blood may be spilt on the 12th so long as the Orange procession is broken up. The action of grand juries last year in ignoring bills where there was much more than a *primâ facie* case against the accused; the partizan conduct of petit juries in convicting or acquitting according to the sectarian bias of the accused; and the verdict of the coroner's jury in the Colligan case afford melancholy evidence that Montreal justice is wretchedly one-sided and inadequate. The poor man, shot on the night of the Concert, was engaged himself in a lawless act, lying in wait for a number of people who had done him no harm. He was prepared to commit a felony, and yet, in the verdict, there was no censure passed upon him or his gang of cowardly ruffians. The jury found that to be wilful murder, with malice aforethought, which could not be more than manslaughter, and might turn out to be justifiable homicide—that is to say, in the technical sense of the term. An Act to put down party processions was demanded by these jurors, but the death they investigated had nothing to do with any procession at all, but was occasioned primarily by the man's own unlawful act. Whether the Quebec Legislature will pass such a measure this session or not it is premature to ask; it is a step which ought not to be resorted to, if any less harsh and arbitrary means can be devised to preserve Montreal from the bloody and disgraceful scenes which appear to be imminent.

The Toronto Orangemen represented their case to Mr. Mackenzie; but as they probably knew before, the Premier can legally do nothing, save upon requisition from the municipality. It seems likely that a disingenuous attempt will be made to get party capital out of any riot on the 12th. The Dominion is called upon to do an unlawful act—to transcend its legitimate sphere in order to protect the procession in spite of the Mayor. There is no doubt that if he listened to the tempters, they would be the first to denounce his course, as "unconstitutional," and if he persists in his refusal, they can, of course hold him responsible for the *fracas* and the bloodshed he is powerless to prevent. It is Mayor Beaudry's duty to preserve the peace, and if he is determined to shirk it, there ought to be some means of inflicting exemplary punishment upon him, proportionate to the gravity of his offence; but, as Mr. Mackenzie remarked, it will not make the discharge of that onerous duty any lighter, if some thousands of Ontario Orangemen repair to Montreal, armed to the teeth, and flaunt their flags and sashes, or play offensive airs before the exasperated Roman Catholic Irish. It should be clearly understood that every man who enters the proclaimed district with a revolver on his person breaks the law; and if, as their leaders urge, the Ontario Orangemen cannot walk there in procession, unarmed, it is quite plain that they cannot legally walk there at all. To go without weapons is not to add anything to the fighting strength of the Order; to carry them is to be a transgressor of the statute; why then go thither, when it is necessary either to be of no use as allies, or to be effective only by defying all law and authority? It is easy to understand the difficulty the Orange brethren have in saving their pride and yet acting as Christian men ought to act; and it may readily be admitted that they have not met with any show of fair play or conciliatory temper. At the same time, they ought to feel that there is nothing disgraceful in concession where the result of perseverance in enforcing an alleged right may lead to fearful scenes of violence and bloodshed. In such cases, to yield gracefully, and from a conscientious

regard for the public peace and welfare is a proof of that religious temper and influence Orangemen profess to cherish. But let them remember that the spirit of Christ admits of no compromise with the spirit of Belial, and that the value of a zeal or fervour which delights in ripping up old sores and perpetuating the enmities of creed and race is more than questionable. These annual party demonstrations, menacing and often gratuitously offensive as they are, appear to us an unalloyed mischief; and where the tone and temper of mind displayed in them as well as the incalculable mischief wrought to youths, and even children, by training them up in an atmosphere of bigotry, uncharitableness, and pugnacity are considered, it is impossible not to deprecate firmly and earnestly this sinister feature in Canadian society.

The defeat of the Exhibition by-law in the City of Toronto, although the difficulty has been tided over, will probably lead to an amendment in the Municipal Act. The Property-Owners' Association has been the victim of unmeasured abuse; but if there be any fault at all, it is in the law which puts excessive power in the hands of a class, and does not rest with those who are legally entitled to exercise it. The motives of the freeholders were no doubt laudable and honourable in themselves; for it was certainly full time that some drag should be applied to the reckless down-hill pace of the municipal coach. But this stand was made at the wrong time, and in the wrong place. The credit of the city had been doubly pledged, first to the Agricultural Association, and secondly to the Government, when a lease of the Common was obtained. It was altogether too late to question the propriety of entering into these obligations; the honour and good faith of Toronto were solemnly plighted and to reject the by-law at the last moment was to tarnish the city's reputation, and to injure most seriously its credit at home and abroad. Moreover, the combination of property-holders had too much the appearance of a "ring," formed to advance class interests, without the slightest regard to the risk of injury to the public reputation, or even to the trade or everyday business concerns of the people as a whole. And when these gentlemen, whose motives we do not impugn, laboured under the marvellous hallucination that they, and not their tenants, really pay the taxes, their singular course seems to be the result either of ignorance or the absence of reflection. Something very absurd was said about Communism, and about the people being allowed to mortgage property-holders' estates, and such nonsense really appeared perfectly sound sense to men who ought to know better. What is mortgaged is not the landlord's houses but the people's industry for the next generation—the industry which has given value to the property, and made property-owners a present of "the unearned increment," which they have neither worked nor paid for. The present law may foolishly foster the economic delusion which possesses these people. It rests upon the untenable notion that no tax-payer has an interest in keeping down civic expenditure, unless he is a freeholder or a leaseholder for a term of years. The owner of a shanty, thirty or forty years old, whose income has been yearly increasing through the labour and enterprise of others, is supposed to be superior to the man who, because he does not happen to have a lease, although he may have paid twenty times as much to the revenue during a quarter of a century, the law disfranchises. A leaseholder may be here to-day, assign his lease, and off to-morrow; and therefore, that qualification is equally sophistical and fanciful with the other. It would be well if this matter were brought prominently before the people at the next local elections, if the Government fail to deal with it during the next and final session.

The Quebec Legislature has met, and M. Joly has so far held his own; and although it is not yet clear how the debate on the Address will terminate, it is tolerably clear, from the unbounded rage and intemperate language of the Opposition, that all is over with the old *régime*. Three of the five old Ministers were ignominiously defeated at the polls, and in the present House, Messrs. Chapleau and Church alone remain to mourn and scold over their untoward fate. The former is certainly a host in himself, so far as mad passion and impotent vituperation goes; but it is vain and foolish for a man to make so vile a use of his unruly member when caged in the pillory. Certainly coarser vituperation was never before vented in a deliberative assembly than that indulged in by the ex-Provincial Secretary and some of his supporters. The closeness of the division on the Speakership does not by any means fully express the state of public opinion. By a very large numerical majority the country has undoubtedly sustained the Joly administration, indirectly approved the Lieut.-Governor's action, and given the reckless and extravagant party their *coup de grâce*. It is a matter of very slight importance whether this Government shall endure or what is to succeed it; the great and valuable issue of the struggle is a cleansing of the Augean stable and the inauguration of a new political era in Quebec. Messrs. Turcotte and Price have been loaded with abuse because they have resolved to give effect to the popular verdict, and to extend fair play to the Joly Cabinet. They are consigned to "eternal infamy," "dishonour," and so on, through the copious vocabulary of party vindictiveness. It is all in vain, because most men know both the real meaning and significance of abusive language of this sort. The De Boucherville Government was all that its opponents alleged, according to the Opposition journals, and even more; and yet they are now raging, like baffled conspirators, because Messrs. Turcotte, Price, and Lovell will not aid in giving them another lease of power, another opportunity of abusing the trust committed to them. The speech from the Throne has the true ring about it, and makes a courageous attempt to grapple with the mischief at once by vigorous and sorely-needed retrenchment. The abolition of the useless Legislative Council and economy in other directions form a preliminary policy which cannot fail to work the best results. If the entire Dominion will only deal with parties at the next elections on the Quebec plan, insure the return of men who will consider their country first and their party afterwards, there will be some prospect of an end to scandal and a healthy and patriotic tone in the conduct of public affairs.

The attempts made upon the life of the Emperor William of Germany, both, we most fervently hope, ineffectual, have sent a thrill of horror and sympathetic feeling through the heart of the civilized world. That an octogenarian monarch, during whose reign so much has been achieved for the fatherland, and who has always striven to be the affectionate father and friend of his people, should be marked out for destruction by a band of fanatical and reckless assassins, shocks the moral sense of humanity. A deed so gratuitously wicked and useless, even had it proved successful, passes and puzzles the understanding. Unhappily all the mischief is not confined to mere nervous alarm in high quarters, or the panic and shock public confidence has so rudely encountered. The bureaucracy of Berlin can comprehend but one method of dealing with the disease of which these insane attempts are but symptoms. The centralized system will tighten its cords, the military spirit will grow more imperious and exigent, and liberty of speech and opinion, with all other liberties, will

be trodden under foot. That will be, in short, the net result to Germany of the brutal deeds of Hoedel, Nobling, and their set. It is impossible in the fever of exaggerating alarm which prevails on the Continent to judge how far the Socialist conspiracy may have spread its odious toils. That its ramifications are traceable from Moscow to the Atlantic there can be little doubt, and, unfortunately, its real character, now that it gets to be better understood, shuts out the hope that it is amenable to any considerations to be urged on grounds of religion, morality, or the interests of society. It is ostensibly based on a denial of God or a hereafter; it opposes and would overthrow the institution of marriage, the rights of property, and the entire social fabric. It recognises no duties, acknowledges no moral responsibility, respects not law, order, decency, life, or human rights—it is nihilism, blackness, and blankness, rapine, lust, and murder incarnate. It is singular that to the French influence of the eighteenth century, fostered by Frederick the Great, Prussia owed its bureaucracy and its military spirit; and now again the revolt against that order, which is the complement of freedom, was drawn from the Parisian frontier. Both were thoroughly irreligious in their essence, and this generation groans under the load heaped up from Voltaire and Rousseau to the diabolical creed of the Commune. Who shall say, in the lurid light gleaming from Germany, that a decline in religious belief does not menace the very foundations of morality, of order, and of society?

CURRENT LITERATURE.

TO thoroughly appreciate all the advantages which Mr. Davenport Adams's Dictionary of English Literature* possesses one must consult it frequently. It is, beyond all question, one of the most satisfactory works of its kind ever issued. It is a perfect mine of information about everything connected with English literature, and as its usefulness becomes known few editors and men of letters will find themselves able to do without it. Its pages may be consulted on almost everything bearing on literature, and with, generally, gratifying results. While not aiming to be a biographical dictionary, it goes pretty fully into such details in an author's life as are considered pertinent or necessary. In almost every instance where an author has published several books, the dates of their issue are given in chronological order, as well as such facts about them as are likely to prove interesting. First lines of poems, obscure as well as noted names in fiction, odd phrases, noms de plume of literary persons, little scraps of criticism, familiar quotations, definitions of some of the things one finds in literature, notes, short articles on the drama, novels, poetry, newspapers, &c., with numberless facts and fancies interesting, useful, and necessary have all a place in this exhaustive work. The dictionary is comprehensive and particular, and fills a place peculiarly its own. Mr.

* *Dictionary of English Literature.* By W. Davenport Adams. London: Cassell, Petter & Galpin; Toronto: G. Mercer Adam.

Adams has exercised great care and has aimed at accuracy and thoroughness. Almost every literary man and woman of any prominence who writes in the English language receives mention here, and the names of translators of foreign books are also noted and their work described. In only a few cases have we found errors and omissions made, but these are of very little moment. One cannot have perfection in a work of the extent to which this one goes, and the volume before us is as near perfection as possible. Great diligence and care have been exercised by the editor, and a want which has long been felt is at length supplied.

After all, perhaps, the best way to describe Mr. Adams's Dictionary, and the uses to which it may be put, is to make a quotation or two from it.

"MAUD, a 'dramatic poem,' by Alfred Tennyson, published in 1855; the section beginning 'O that 'twere possible' having been published in *The Tribute* in 1837. '*Maud*,' says Robert Buchanan, 'is full of beauties; it positively blossoms with exquisite expressions. It is invaluable as revealing to us for a moment the sources of reserved strength in Tennyson, and as containing signs of passion and self-revelation altogether unusual. In a hundred passages we have glimpses that startle and amaze us. We see what a disturbing force the Laureate might have been, if he had not chosen rather to be the consecrating musician of his generation.'"

And again.

"'DEGENERATE DOUGLAS! O THE UNWORTHY LORD!' First line of a sonnet by William Wordsworth, composed at Neidpath Castle, in 1803."

"POUNCE, MR. PETER, figures in Fielding's novel of *The Adventures of Joseph Andrews*."

WE must confess that powerful and interesting as the Earl of Desart's new story* undoubtedly is, it is by no means a desirable book for the average reader. It teaches a healthy enough moral, but the story as a story is most vicious. We hope the Earl has largely exaggerated the phase of London society which his pencil so glowingly depicts, and that crime is far from being the glaring and popular thing which he describes so vigorously and so well. It is not agreeable to read of the adventures of *roués* and gamesters and titled blacklegs, nor are the morals of the community benefited by stories of the intrigues of fast women and faithless wives. There are several minor plots in the book, all conceived with more or less dramatic skill, but the turning point, or rather the *denouement* in each, develops into a first-class case of social dishonour narrated with careful regard to detail. The book is by no means dull, nor at all uninteresting. Indeed, it is very interesting and clever, and the author strives to show the evil and folly of crime, and denounces rather strongly feminine and masculine flirtations, and looseness among the sexes. And he tells us, after the approved manner of the most gentle Sunday-school book, how wrong it is to do ill and how good it is to do well, and the good young man dies and the bad but amorous lord marries a fair and opulent bride, after breaking the hearts of an army of young women. And yet the "Children of Nature" would not make a good Sunday-school book. Lord Desart is an interesting writer, and combines the characteristics of Bulwer and Thackeray. Indeed, his satiric vein is modelled after that of the author of "Pendennis," and he has much in common with him in another way. There are bits of description and character-drawing in the story which are ably and strikingly formed, and many of the scenes and bright conversations are managed quite skilfully. The caricature of the Eccentric Club is an excellent piece of humorous description, the burlesque on a certain style of literary criticism, too palpably copied, however, from Burton's Cyclopædia of American Wit and Humour, is rather neatly sketched, and the poetic parody after Walt. Whitman is very good indeed. The scene which ensues before the funeral of Jack Chillingham is repulsive and disgusting, and

* *The Children of Nature.* By the Earl of Desart. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

the interview between Spencer Chillingham and Alice is revolting, horribly unnatural, and shocking to all sense of feeling. The death of Jack, after the accident, is a powerful piece of writing, and fully equal to anything we have seen in English. The *fêtes*, and balls and parties, incidents of club life and gossip, and matters associated with a gay life in the great metropolis are described with admirable spirit and taste. No one will be disposed to quarrel with the Earl of Desart's art. He is a novelist who gains the ear of the public at once. We are only sorry that he should have added to the race of Lord Steyne's a Windermere and a Sir John Glorme.

Of a slightly different character from the *Children of Nature* is the translation from the French of André Theuriet*, which forms the ninth volume of a new collection of foreign authors. *The Godson of a Marquis* is a dull and insipid story. It is characteristically French, but there is no snap to it. We miss the spirit and movement of the true French novel, the dash of Gautier and the dramatic vigour of Daudet and his followers. We have not seen the original, but the translator of this romance has done his work like a Frenchman. It is full of queer expressions and curious sentences, and reminds one of the odd phrases in Ollendorf. The language is sometimes stilted, and there is a good deal of sentimental twaddle introduced, which is dwelt upon with painful minuteness. The story, almost wholly devoid of plot, is a simple narrative sketch of the career of a wronged woman and her son, the natural child of a proud Marquis of France, whose facilities for getting into difficulties, and troublesome ones at that, seem sufficiently boundless. This young offspring, the result of Sophie's unwise love, conceives a hopeless passion for almost every woman he meets, and, of course, frequently comes to grief on that account. Possessing a handsome person and being quite attractive in many ways, this godson amuses his leisure hours in falling in love with engaged women, to the intense chagrin of the lovers, and the rapturous delight of their loves. But the author's genius does not seem to lie in taking advantage of such fortuitous characteristics of his hero, for he lets such stirring incidents drag, and they soon became wearisome. The translator, perhaps, is to blame for this, though we fancy the author himself has a good deal to do with it. In the course of the story we are introduced to a number of vulgar people, a few high-born members of the French aristocracy, and some of the middle classes, who are rather tiresome in their way. As an attempt to write a French novel on an English model, this story may safely be pronounced a failure. Of course, the tale is suggestive, and readers of delicate appetites will find some pages, and even chapters, quite offensive, not to say shocking to their sense of modesty and propriety.

Mr. Elihu Burritt, in the preface to his latest book,* refers very pleasantly to Canada and her literary activity and spirit, and indulges in the hope that her intellectual development will be as honourably recognized by the world as her material prosperity and political progress. His volume is made up of stray papers treating severally, in a sincere and delightful way of a variety of subjects, many of them covering a wide range of thought, and all of them specially interesting and valuable at this time. The veteran author will find many old admirers to agree with him that "Chips from many Blocks" is by all odds his best work, while readers who take up Mr.

* *The Godson of a Marquis*, from the French of André Theuriet. New York: S. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *Chips from many Blocks*, by Elihu Burritt. Toronto, Rose-Belford Publishing Company.

Burritt's words for the first time will be pleasantly surprised at the scope of the book, and the vigour with which the different topics are discussed. Mr. Burritt writes with freedom and a certain fearlessness of tone. His words are earnest words. His language is simple. His thought is suggestive, and he is never theoretical where he can be practical. His life has been one long and useful lesson to mankind. He has not been wasteful of his talents, but with both his voice and pen he has laboured hard for the betterment of his fellow-man's condition. In his way he is a philanthropist, and his kindly word has often been a cheering word, indeed, to suffering mortals. There are more brilliant writers than Mr. Burritt, but few as sincere and truthful. He is not one who reasons out his subject and develops it until there is nothing left of it but a shadow. He is sound, practical and honest. His views on public questions are made from no false stand-point, nor based on fictitious premises. On this account his utterances command and receive the respect which is due them.

Several of the papers in this volume have appeared in print before, and have created considerable discussion. They have been re-edited and re-written for their publication in book-form. The Canadian reader will be interested in reading Mr. Burritt's opinion on several pertinent international questions, as well as his solution of the Eastern difficulty—which places that great enigma in an entirely new light. Every class of people will find some thoughtful and well-considered advice in the chapters devoted to economical and industrial topics, and the educational and religious problems of the day. A very charming chapter is composed of fireside talks with school children, which will interest children of almost any age, from "eight to eighty," while the little talks with small children on the law of kindness are well calculated to do a world of good. These talks are written in words of one syllable, and will no doubt prove extremely helpful to mothers in instructing children at home.

The book is dedicated to the people of Canada, and Mr. Burritt's kindly words should ensure for his first Canadian book a warm welcome in the homes of our people.

THE trite quotation, "infinite riches in a little room," may be applied with much reason to these popular little books.* One wishing to become familiar with the Greek poets, dramatists, and philosophers who have from time to time charmed the world, can find in the *brochure* before us all that he requires in a preliminary way. In a small space the beauties of their works are shown, the character of their writings are explained, and much that is valuable about them is discussed in an easy and intelligent manner. The booklet is not only useful to Greek scholars and to those who do not know Greek, but also to students, who, like Emerson, never read the original when a good translation can be had. The contents embrace a wide range, and treat of epic poetry, lyric poetry, the elegiac and iambic poetry, the drama, prose history, oratory, philosophical prose, and the literature of the decadence. The companion volume is a sound digest of the principles of political economy. It is one of the ablest *résumés* of the subject published, and while not quite as thorough as we could wish, it is a safe manual for the beginner who wishes an incentive to commence the study of one of the foremost sciences of the age. It is written in earnest but simple language, and by a master of the subject.

NUMBERS three and four of a new series† of pamphlets destined to be-

* *Primer of Greek Literature*, by R. C. JEBB, M. A., and *Primer of Political Economy*, by W. S. JEVONS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *A Vision of the Future: a Series of Papers on Canon Farrar's Eternal Hope.* Toronto: Rose-

come very popular have just been issued. The first of these is the second series of articles on Canon Farrar's notable book—Eternal Hope—and the question of future life is discussed from various religious standpoints, and with marked ability. Six of the most eminent divines in England enter the lists with the reverend gentlemen who have preceded them in the former pamphlet on the same subject, and combat or accept Canon Farrar's views as the spirit moves them, and the humour takes them. Professor Plumptre leads the debate and the Rev. Prof. Gracey closes it, while Dr. Allon, Dr. Rigg, Rev. S. Cox and Canon Birks uphold the argument in its intermediate stages. Each writer advances his special views with fine catholic spirit and a total absence of intolerance or bigotry. It is refreshing in this day to find disputants so wide-minded, and while differing on many side issues, continue to preserve an even temper and a positive gentleness of manner towards each other. It cannot be denied that the question opened up by Canon Farrar, and believed in by Canon Kingsley before his death, has awakened much enquiry throughout the civilized world, and led many earnest men to a new line of thought. Of course the whole question is shrouded in mystery, and the argument at its best is but speculation. On the whole, however, if the material hell of the unopened future can be disposed of by the clerical brethren in a satisfactory way, one's belief in that 'something after death' will be somewhat more comfortable than formerly. A new pamphlet closing the discussion would be in order.

The other *brochure* before us is likely to interest the more general reader, for it contains a well-written account of that marvel of the nineteenth century, the Phonograph, by the inventor, Thos. A. Edison; an attractive description of the Auriphone; and Professor Huxley's able disquisition on the hypothesis that Animals are Automata. The first two of these topics exhibit the wonderful scope which Mr. Edison's inventions will ultimately reach, and the stage to which they have already come. The author believes that they will together, when perfected, revolutionize the whole social, moral, and political economy of the universe. His argument is ingenious, and even now much that he predicted a few weeks ago have become verified. The Phonograph *does* give back the human voice at will, no matter how long after words have been spoken into it, and it will do this as often as required. The Auriphone is amusingly described by an anonymous writer, and if only one-third of what is said about it is ever realized, it will eventually prove sufficiently startling to satisfy the most sanguine temperament. The paper by Professor Huxley which follows, is a masterly article on the scientist's favourite subject. It is enlivened with anecdote and experiment, is exhaustive in its treatment, and cannot fail to create a stir in the scientific world. The publishers are acting wisely in issuing this capital series of pamphlets. They are ably edited, and the reader gets at a small cost the masterly utterances of the foremost thinkers and philosophers of the age.

Mr. J. M. LeMoine, of Quebec, promises in time to become fully as voluminous an author as Balzac. His books appear with startling rapidity, and we no sooner digest one portly volume than a new one comes quickly on the scene. It is only the other day since we turned the pages of his valuable and interesting "Quebec: Past and Present," and now we are called on to read a fresh contribution* to the

Belford Publishing Co.—*The Phonograph and its Future.* By THOS. A. EDISON.—*The Auriphone and its Future.* ANON.—*On the Hypothesis that Animals are Automata.* By PROFESSOR HUXLEY. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

* *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence.* By J. M. Le

increasing pile of books on subjects, particularly pleasing to the native Canadian. For eighteen years and more Mr. LeMoine has devoted his time and energy to the study of our early history, and from 1862 he has regularly given his fellow-countrymen the benefit of his labour.

The early days of Canada were marked by a web of romance, as delightful in its way, as the legendary things which obtain in old European countries and some places in the distant Orient. Mr. Le. Moine's soul is full of romance. He naturally loves the picturesque and the beautiful. He has an eye for the poetic and a mind overcharged with the things in which a historian takes delight. He is a liberal Frenchman, confined by no narrow prejudices, and a man disposed to give and take opinions. He does not adopt the sober style of Hallam but rather inclines to the eloquent and highly coloured manner of Macaulay. His books are full of stories of early Canadian life and character, and while his *facts* may be relied on as indisputable, he frequently enlivens a page now and then with some charming Indian tale, which he is careful to tell us in the context, is a purely imaginative sketch, and is only added to his work because it is interesting and likely to prove attractive to some. He reminds us of Thackeray, sometimes, by the half confidential way in which he forgets the *rôle* he is performing, and comes down for a pleasant ten minutes' chat with his reader. It is in these places that he relates some quaint legend of life on the Canadian border during the time of Frontenac, the Intendant Bigot or the great Bishop Laval. His industrious research has brought him in contact with thousands of old books and musty manuscripts, and he has made splendid use of his opportunities. He writes fluently French and English, and has given us nine books in the latter tongue and six in the former, besides furnishing the magazines and literary papers of Canada with a goodly supply of articles. His English books are tinctured by the flavour of his mother tongue, and this rather adds a certain piquancy which makes them all the more delightful reading. Perhaps Mr. LeMoine is better known among literary men by his excellent series of Canadian annals, entitled "Maple Leaves," of which three volumes have already appeared, and a fourth, doubtless, would be warmly welcomed.

Chronicles of the St. Lawrence is a rather ambitious work. It is a sequel to "Maple Leaves," "Quebec; Past and Present," and an English companion to the "Canadian Album." It is really a very agreeable guide for the tourist who contemplates making a trip through some of the more striking parts of the Dominion. It is full of gossipy anecdote, traditionary lore, light legends, glimpses of travel and observation, and here and there a bit of historic description and fact. It is written in a happy narrative style, light, sketchy and bright. It is divided into two parts. The first is devoted to the round trip which Mr. Le Moine made a short time ago, and the details of that journey are given with great originality and a certain naturalness of description which are eminently enjoyable.

The traveller-historian in this volume confers a boon on the tourist. He tells us what to see along the journey, how to see it, and where to go. Every stopping place is described with a loving hand, and the amiable character of the inhabitants pointed out and their frugality commended. The voyageur who has a taste for things possessing an ancient smell, will be especially enraptured with the account of the oldest country curé in Canada, and the curious legends which figure in almost every chapter. The visits to the cities, notably those of the

MOINE. Montreal, Dawson Bros. Toronto, Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

Maritime Provinces, are invested with peculiar interest. Mr. LeMoine's sketches of St. John, N.B., and of Halifax, N. S., are fair specimen bricks of his independent style, and exhibit quite a faithful portraiture of the rival sister cities as they appear to-day. In the smaller places along the route he has had ample scope for his pen, and the pictures which he gives us of the lazaretto at Tracadie, the graphic story of the survivor of the shipwreck, and a hundred other accounts of scenes, incidents and adventures, cannot fail to interest the most indifferent reader.

Part second is formed of even lighter texture, and our author skilfully makes us feel at home in the kingdom of herring and cod. Here we have a well-considered description of the Lower St. Lawrence, the Enchanted Isles, Gaspe, Rimouski, Bic, St. Fabien, L'Islet au Massacre, &c., &c., and many traditions of more than ordinary interest. But the cream of the whole work is the delicious account of the cruise of the "Dolphin," which exhibits our author in a totally different character. This part of the Chronicles will be read first, after the manner, perhaps, of Mr. Emerson, who, it is said, begins new books by reading the last page first, and then skims the foregoing ones. Few can read this humorous account without being pleased, and the story of the whale and the difficulties into which that monster of the deep plunged its unfortunate owner, is certainly an incident of keen dramatic power, and very entertaining.

The Canadian tourist and the visitor to Canada cannot get along very well without a copy of the "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence." No carpet-bag is complete without it.

WITHOUT being a great writer, Mrs. Stowe has succeeded in becoming one of the most popular novelists of her time. She has written one celebrated book and many thoroughly enjoyable ones. In one particular field she has no rival—no successful rival at least. In the delineation of "Yankee" life and character, she holds a position entirely her own. Her descriptions of New England almost equal some of the robust things which John Wilson wrote of Scotland, while her charming pictures of domestic life endear her books to thousands of readers everywhere. "Old Town Folks," "We and Our Neighbours," "My Wife and I," are all volumes of pleasant reading, rich in a certain flavour and piquancy all their own. Mrs. Stowe seldom gets beyond her depth, and never attempts those severely intellectual types of character which appear in the fashionable novels of the day. Her puppets do not speak by the card in the drawing-room, nor talk meagre philosophy in the kitchen, nor chop logic on the lawn. Her books always please even if they fail to instruct; they amuse if they do not teach.

"Poganuc People"* is a story without a plot. Its frame-work is slight and sketchy. It is full of incident, and some of the situations are dramatic enough. There is fine scope in it for Mrs. Stowe's peculiar powers, and she is artist enough to make the most of her position. It is full of humour of the shrewd and quaint kind, and when not too "goody," the story is clever and interesting. There is, of course, some "padding" in the book, and this is sufficiently tiresome when it darkens the page, but, happily for the reader, this only occurs at intervals. The character-drawing is on the whole quite attractively done, though it is by no means new nor much out of the common. "Poganuc People" is a book which will attract many readers. It will please, particularly, those who enjoy light, sketchy writing, while admirers of a quiet narrative style will find something very much after their own heart in these bright pages, even if they do not always sparkle

* *Poganuc People.* By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

with very great brilliancy. The chapters are bound together by a thin thread, and they tell the story of life in a Connecticut village sixty years ago. The reader will find his sympathies awakened at the start, and Dolly, the eight-year-old daughter of the Parson, Nabby, Hiel Jones and his mother, Dr. and Mrs. Cushing, old Zeph Higgins and his helpmeet, Deacon Peasley and Deacon Dickinson, the colonel, the judge and young 'Piscopal Sim Coan, and the village boys, their haps, mishaps, their adventures, the drives, courtships, parties and nuttings are characters and incidents which many will recognize and appreciate. The moral which the story teaches is healthful and good, and there are several bits of clever description throughout, which must render the narrative doubly interesting to those who admire that sort of writing. Mrs. Stowe's last work shows no falling off in her powers and we predict for "Poganuc People" a very wide popularity.

No more dainty collection of poetry exists than the charming series of "Poems of Places,"* which Mr. Longfellow is editing in so scholarly and pleasant a manner. Already, some eighteen or twenty volumes have appeared uniformly printed and bound in the "Little Classic" style which, however, unnattractive and slight it may be for essays and tales, is just the desirable shape for neat books of verse. The paper and binding are excellent, the type legible and clear, and the matter comprises the very cream of English and foreign poetry. Mr. Longfellow is a most judicious and painstaking editor. At great sacrifice of time and labour, he has personally attended to the getting out of this novel collection. The scope of the work is very wide, the material is really stupendous in its magnitude, and the nicest critical skill has been employed in making suitable selection. It has been a labour of love with the poet-editor. His reading is varied and extensive, his library is well stocked with treasures from every clime, his taste is admirable and Catholic, and his capacity for book-making so excellent, that the reader is sure of a precious volume whenever anything bearing his name as author or editor falls from the press. The idea of these "Poems of Places" is a happy one, and affords in a pleasing way an opportunity of publishing the songs and sonnets, and poems, which the poets of the world have from time to time written about the nooks and corners of strange lands, the legendary waters of vast continents, the great cities and the peaceful hamlets everywhere. Mr. Longfellow is a traveller, and he has seen much of the places which are described in quite mellifluous words in these books of song. He has carefully and happily selected only the best, and has drawn liberally from the stores of the old world poets, as well as from those of the new land. Even from our own Canada he has taken an occasional bit of verse, Mr. M. Sabiston, of St. John, N. B., and the late Dr. F. K. Crosby, of the same place, furnishing four or five pleasant poems for the volumes on Germany and Spain. The series are now nearly completed, and when finished no finer or more attractive set of books can ornament the shelves of the library, or while away the hours of the leisurely reader. The ingenious plan of the collection, the taste of the poet which is displayed on every page, and the perfect beauty of every poem, cannot fail to secure the admiration of all lovers of artistic and genuine poetry. The volume before us is devoted to the poetry of Greece and Turkey in Europe. In it we find a number of old favourites and we feel constrained to say that in their new guise they have a more gorgeous glow

* *Poems of Places, Greece and Turkey in Europe*, Edited by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

and setting, and a renewed freshness which make them all the more delightful. Byron's "Maid of Athens," in the pretty page which lies open on our table, wears a greater charm than it did before, and it is the same with Bryant's Greek Boy, Keats's elegant ode on a "Grecian Urn." Milton's Athens, Swinburne's two poems on the same topic, Thomson's ditto, and Lord Houghton's verses on the same, the Mar's Hill of Praed, "the Town and Harbour of Ithaca," by L. E. Landon, Byron's vigorous "Isles of Greece," Wordsworth's "Corinth," Thomas Gray's Helicon, Halleck's Marco Bozzaris, and several others descriptive of spots and streams in old Greece. Besides these we have translations by practised hands from the copious works of Pindar, Homer, Ovid, Seneca, Catullus, Æschylus, Sophocles, Virgil, the German Schiller and others. In the seventy pages devoted to Turkey in Europe and the Principalities, we have the very choicest gems from Longfellow, Byron, Edna Dean Proctor, Lady M. W. Montagu, Sam Johnson, Trench, Houghton, Tennyson, Keats, Gautier, Schiller, R. H. Stoddard, Leigh Hunt, and some other tuneful singers. At this time the volume possesses a fresh interest, the troubles in the East adding largely thereto. Some five or six more books will complete the series, one or two of which, we believe, will be devoted to North American subjects.

In these hot days when the railroads and steamboats are packed with tourists, and everybody is going to Europe or to Niagara or to California or to shoot the rapids or visit Quebec, it is a relief, perhaps, as well as a change to stay at home and read the impressions of travellers who know how to write. A good book of travel possesses a fascination for the reader, and this, perhaps, is its own best recommendation. One feels a natural repugnance towards a stupid book of travel, and a certain hesitancy about turning the leaves of such a work as the recent volume written by Dr. Fields. A book of travel should be bright and lively, and full of colour. It should not be too minute or too superficial either. Besides, the traveller should give us something more than mere glimpses of what he sees. He should show an intimacy with the region he describes and a proper knowledge of the subject which, for the moment, occupies his attention. He should give us his own impressions, and avoid the guide-books. The traveller must have a poetic eye, a natural taste for colour and art, a certain genius for description, a spirit of humour, and a mind capable of appreciating Nature in her various moods. A book by a traveller having these requirements is sure to find appreciative readers.

One of the acutest observers of her time is Mrs. Helen Hunt—a true poet and an author of much refinement and culture. Her simple verses in a magazine, written under the pseudonym of H. H. first attracted attention a few years ago, and since then several small prose volumes bearing her name on the title page, have been issued. These books, Bits of Talk about Home Matters, Bits of Travel and Bits of Talk for young folks, have steadily won their way into the hearts of the people. This was accomplished by the sheer genius of their author. The subjects treated were homely and unlikely to awaken enthusiasm, certainly not excitement. But the author's charming style and spirit claimed first attention, and finally admiration from almost every class of reader. Her humour was delicate and neat, her diction picturesque and faultless, and her fancy was poetic and artistic. Add to this a grace of expression unlike that of any other modern writer. In 1871 her volume of "Verses" appeared, and these soon became world-wide, and admirers compared her to L. E. L. She became the Mrs. Browning of America, and this was all the more surprising for she was unknown then, and the great

army of readers only knew her by the initials H. H. Her book was announced simply. There was no ostentatious advertising or pushing. The "Verses by H. H.," came out in a modest unpretentious little volume, printed and bound in the square 18 mo., cloth, red edges style. In this age of poets and poetry, and of so much good poetry, too, one must have genius to enlist attention and find readers. Mrs. Hunt gained both. Her book contained her best things and as new editions were published fresh poems were added. Her verses held a place distinctively their own, among the poetry of to-day. In pathos, in tenderness, in sweetness, and in delicacy they are unequalled by any living American poet of her sex.

Her prose writings enriched our literature. Bits of Travel was issued in 1872. It is an account of a year's tour on the continent of Europe, and its gossipy and quaint description as well as subtle colouring, impart to it all the charm and beauty of a romance. It was followed in 1873 by Bits of Talk about Home Matters—an admirable book for family reading. The picture of children in Nova Scotia, that "country of gracious surprises," and fertile meadows, is written with rare power and freshness, and exhibits Mrs. Hunt's pleasant manner very strikingly. The other chapters in the book discuss, with more or less vigour, home life and character, home affections, home rulings and home matters generally.

The latest volume of Bits is entitled, "Bits of Travel at Home," and it is a worthy companion to its fellows. We are not quite sure that it is not the better one of the series. It is fuller in description and more complete in narrative. It is richer, too, in that quaint humour, which first shone through the chapters in the former book devoted to European travel. It is riper in fun, not loud and boisterous, but that quiet fun which brings the smile to the face, and is all the more enjoyable, because it is not bold and noisy. It is more picturesque, and the traveller dwells more lovingly on the spots she describes so well, because perhaps, she is describing the characters and characteristics of her own country. She is describing the undescribed. She is painting new pictures. The wonderful scenery which rises up before her at every turn is new and startling, and beautiful and grand. Her fancy is enlisted. Her eye searches out the gorgeous things which nestle on the waters, repose in the valleys and ravines, and lie almost hidden on the tops of mountains. No flower is too tiny to escape her watchful gaze, no incident is too trifling for mention in her chronicles. She takes the cars at Chicago, and the account of her journey is a new revelation. It is full of surprises for the reader. All along the journey to Ogden, she finds material worthy of print, and one is astonished and amused at the range of her powers and the terseness of her narrative. Salt Lake City is described with a freshness, which is positively delicious. The Tabernacle with its huge, weird dome and the great lake are also effectively portrayed. Let us quote a passage here of clever description:

"Fancy a roof, smooth, glistening, gray, and of a faultless oval, large enough to shelter seventeen thousand persons, comfortably seated. If it surmounted anything that could be properly called a building, it would be as grand as St. Peter's; but it is placed on low, straight brick walls, and the whole effect, near at hand, is like nothing more nor less than half of a gigantic egg, split lengthwise. However, into all the distant views of the city it enters well, and seems strangely in keeping with the long slopes of the mountain bases. Beyond the gray alkali plains lies the shining lake, full of mountain islands; beyond the shining lake and the mountain islands rise snow-topped mountain ranges, running to the north and to the south as far as the eye can see. The sun sets behind

these. It turns them to purple mist, then to golden, then to pale gray, and sends their vivid shadows away across the lake and plains. It rises beyond the Wasatch range, and then that shadow also is flung out beyond the city and the plains, till it quivers on the lake. So the mountains might almost be said to clasp hands over the city's head. At noon, when the sun was hot, I looked out through the tops of the green locust-trees, and saw the whole eastern range blue as sapphire —so blue that the blue sky above looked white; and the snow on the summit was so white that the clouds above looked gray. The air is so rarefied that the light shimmers dazzling along all outlines, and the sense of distance is deceived. Peaks thirty miles distant seem near at hand; hills five miles off seem within a few minutes' walk; and the sunshine seems to have a colour and substance to it which I never saw elsewhere,—no, not even in Italy. It takes up room!"

The book is divided into three parts. The first is descriptive of California and life on the Pacific, with an account of the Geysers, and a lively description of a day in the Wilderness at the close. The second portion is occupied by a characteristic sketch of New England, in four minor parts, taking up Hide and Seek Town; the miracle play of 1870, in Bethlehem, N.H.; a glimpse of country winter in New Hampshire, and a Morning in a Vermont Graveyard. These sketches are delightful reading, Hide and Seek Town especially so. The latter part of the volume is, perhaps, the more attractive portion of the whole. It affords fine scope for Mrs. Hunt's play of emotion and feeling, and her Colorado trip must certainly take very high rank as a bit of descriptive writing. Cheyenne Canyon is a strong paper, and we may be pardoned for making one more excerpt.

"As I looked up from the ford to the mouth of the canyon, I was reminded of some of the grand old altar-pieces of the early centuries, where, lest the pictures of saints and angels and divine beings should seem too remote, too solemn and overawing, the painters used to set at the base rows of human children, gay and mirthful, leaping and laughing or playing viols. So lay this sunny belt of sparkling water, glistening sand, and joyous blue blossoms, at the base of the picture made by the dark mouth of the canyon, where two great mountains had recoiled and fallen apart from each other leaving a chasm, midway in which rose a smaller mountain of sharp rocks, like a giant sentry disputing the way. Forests of pines fill the rift on either side this rock, and their dark lines stretch high up, right and left, nearly to the top of each mountain. Higher and ruggeder peaks rise beyond, looking as if they must shut the canyon sharply, as a gate closes an alley; but they do not. Past them, among them, in spite of them, the creek took its right of way, the mountains and rocks yielded, and the canyon winds.

"Entering it, one loses at first the sense of awe, of grandeur. It might be any bright, brook-stirred wood. Overhead a canopy of fir and willow boughs, with glimmers of sky coming through; thickets of wild roses, spiræas, glittering green oak bushes, and myriads of lovely lesser things on each hand; tiny, threadlike streams lapsing along gently between green, grassy paths and sandy rims; great boulders, however, and bits of driftwood here and there, telling a tale of glides and freshets; and presently, even while looking back, we can see glimpses of the wide distances of the plain; and, almost before we know that we are in the canyon, the path narrows, the walls grow high, and the brook has become a swift, leaping, white-foamed torrent, which we must cross carefully on a slippery, dead log. In a few moments we cross again. The path seems a caprice; but there is small choice of footholds in the sides of this

canyon. This time we cross on a superb pine-tree, fallen, still green, with every bough on the upper side waving, and those on the lower side dipping and swaying in the swift water below. Here we come to a sheer rock wall on the right, and on the left three high, jagged red-sandstone rocks, hundreds of feet high, marked, and, as it were, mapped, with black and green lichens. Tall firs, growing in the edge of the creek, reach one-third of the way up these walls. Tall firs, growing on their very tops, look like bushes. Climbing a little further, now in shadow, now in sun, now in thickets of willows close on the waters' edge, now in bare and gravelly slopes higher up, we come to the third crossing. This is a more serious affair. Stones and driftwood. That is all. It is a species of dam. It would give way if the water hurried much. Around every stone is a white line of foam. Above the dam, is a smooth, clear space—so clear that the shadow of the upper edge of the rock wall, with the shrubs waving there, is marked distinct and dark on the shining gravel-bed. Tiny tufts of fern nod from crevices, and one brave strawberry vine flings out its scarlet runners in the air far above our heads. The path grows wilder; fallen trees cross it, piled boulders crowd it; the rock walls are hollowed, hewn, piled, and overpiled; they are scarred, seamed, lined with the traces and records of ages, of glaciers and avalanches, of flood and perhaps of fire. Surely the black seams and lines look as if they might have been burned and branded in. Still the firs, and pines, and willows make beautiful shade along the brook. It is still a flowery, spicy, sunny summer wood through which the path climbs. Clematis and woodbine tangle the trees together. Up the whole length of the tallest pines races the woodbine, and flings out shining streamers at top; while the clematis, as much humbler as it is more beautiful, lies in long trailing wreaths on the lower bushes, even on the ground. Again and again the path crosses the brook, we forget to count how many times. Each crossing is a new picture. Now sharp stone peaks, seeming to wheel suddenly across the canyon, if there could be no going further; now the walls widening and curving out into a sort of horse-shoe shape, with a beautiful little grove of pines in the hollow; now, turning a sharp corner and springing, for a rod or more, from boulder to boulder, in the widest part of the creek, we come to a spot where, standing midway in the stream, we look down into a huge stone fortress half-filled with pines, and up into another stone fortress half-filled with pines. Just above these close-walled fortresses comes a wider space, where the rocky sides take gentle slopes, with here and there soft grassy spaces, even to their very tops,—grassy spaces where yellow columbines and white spiræas wave, safe from all touch save that of winds and birds, and insects. What an estate for a lark or a butterfly, such a little grassy bit as this, a thousand feet up on a rocky wall, with Colorado sun to keep him warm, and all Cheyenne creek to drink from! Below these pine-tufted, grass-tufted walls the brook runs slower. Shadows of every thing growing on the banks flicker on its bed, and the flickering shadows on the bed are thrown back again in flickering lights on shelving rocks which overhang it. A lovely mertensia, with its tiny pink and blue bells, hangs over the edge of the water, and a great yellow daisy stands up triumphant in a sunny corner, giving the one bit of strong colour needed to make the picture perfect. To make the picture perfect to eye, and to make it perfect to the heart, two babies lie cooing in the shade. A German family—father, mother, children—friends, and neighbours are dining just here, between services. They are poor people, but the table-

cloth spread on the ground is snowy white, and the babies look fresh and clean. Who can reckon the good which such a day may do in the labouring man's life? Soul, body, heart, all refreshed, stimulated, purified. The very canyon itself seemed glorified in our eyes as we passed this cheery bit of home in it."

The chapter entitled, The Procession of flowers in Colorado is most valuable apart from its originality and brilliancy, and every lover of flowers and of nature will be pleased and edified by reading it. The Cradle of Peace and A Calendar of Sunrises in Colorado, will also delight the reader. Indeed the whole book from cover to cover, is most interesting and delightful. We have not pointed out one-half of the beauties which a careful perusal of the book will develop. Bits of Travel at Home will be warmly welcomed everywhere.*

STARTING out with the idea that sentiments unite men and opinions separate them, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child collects into a small volume† a number of specimen utterances from various sources, old and new. Her motive is to show how generally mankind agrees upon certain fundamental rules, and without presenting the theological aspects of any particular religion, she accepts the view that the "rules of morality are the same with good men of all ages and countries; the idea of immortality has been present with them all; and all have manifested similar aspirations toward an infinitely wise and good Being, by whom they were created and sustained." From these points, of course, there are diverging paths; but in them Mrs. Child does not look. She merely attempts to show that the first impulses of the human soul have been the same everywhere. The introduction is simple, and plain, and earnest. It is written in an admirable tone, unselfish, and in all sincerity. After this comes the Chain of Opals. This chain consists of quotations from every class of authority to illustrate certain ideas of the supreme Being, praises of the supreme Being, prayers, immortality, worship, inspiration, truth, temperance, personal purity, &c., &c. The book is quite an ingenious compilation, and shows not only wide culture and extensive reading, but much honesty of purpose.

THE death of Mr. Bryant has created a fresh demand for his works, and many will be glad of the opportunity which is presented of getting the new part book,* which bears his name on the title page as editor. This new edition of a popular collection of poetry, is sure of a wide circulation. Mr. Bryant's taste and liberality of sentiment, his scholarship and extensive reading, admirably fitted him for his task. The success of the previous editions may be accepted as a good omen, and the many improvements which have been made in a book hitherto deemed almost faultless, will ensure for the new Library of Poetry and Song, a fresh lease of popularity and value. Some twenty steel portraits of distinguished authors have been added, together with thirty autograph manuscript *fac similes* of poets, twenty finely executed silhouette title designs, and twenty well engraved illustrations on wood. The book, when completed, will contain fully two thousand of the choicest poems in the language, culled from the literatures of all countries, on every variety of topic and illustrative of almost every age in history. The publishers promise to complete the work in twenty parts. When finished, it will be one of the handsomest gift books of the year.

* *Bits of Travel at Home*, by H. H. Boston: Roberts Brothers; Toronto: A. Piddington.

† *Aspirations of the World*: A Chain of Opals, collected, with an Introduction by L. Maria CHILD. Boston: Robert Brothers; Toronto: A. Piddington.

* *A new Library of Poetry and Song*, edited by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.; Toronto; Rose-Belford Publishing Co.