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CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

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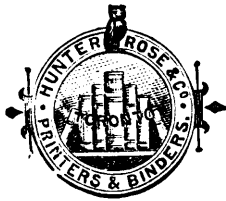
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ROSE-BELFORD'S
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JULY, 1881.

JOHN JOHNSTON, OF SAULT STE. MARIE.

A Passage in Canadian History.

BY WM. KINGSFORD, OTTAWA.

THERE are many facts having a bearing upon history which should be preserved by those who learn them. For what is history but a generalization of several minor narratives turned into one main line of record. There is much in the lives of even the most commonplace which is useful under this aspect, and if care be taken in obtaining the facts correctly when these several records are grouped together, we have the means of honestly representing a past condition of events, and so profiting by their teaching. There is no particular lesson to be learned in the career of Mr. Johnston, useful and honourable as it was. But there is much, in the opinion of the writer, worth perpetuating. He has accordingly thrown together the short narrative which follows from papers placed in his hands, which he believes contain only what is well founded and true: he trusts that it may obtain

attention and be held of value by those who may read it. It may be a slight but it is certainly a positive contribution to history, as setting forth the early settlement of the town of Sault Ste. Marie, and being the forerunner of its present characteristic as a depôt of Indian trade. It is only a few years ago that it was the *ultima thule* of civilization. The Red River settlement, established by Lord Selkirk in 1821, was far removed from the Sault; indeed, at that date, it was supplied, as a rule, from the North by way of York on Hudson Bay, and the Nelson River,—the old canoe route by the Kaminstiquia to the height of land, and by the Lakes Shebandowan and Kashabowie, and crossing the watershed by the waters which led to Rainy Lake and the Lake of the Woods—this route was known—but was not used as the ordinary means of communication with Fort Garry—

now Winnipeg. For Canada the Sault Ste Marie was, until the last few years, the end of civilization ; and we proceed to give the life of one of its principal founders.

Mr. John Johnston was born in the North of Ireland of a family of high respectability. He held in his own right the estate of Craig, near Coleraine, not far from the Giant's Causeway. His father, a Civil Engineer, planned and executed the Water Works at Belfast. His mother was the sister of Lady Mary Saurin, wife of Bishop Saurin, Bishop of Dromore ; her brother being at the time Attorney-General of Ireland. We cannot tell the precise period of his birth, but he was a young man when, in 1790, public attention in England was strongly directed to Canada. In 1774 what is known as the Quebec Acts were passed by the Imperial Parliament. One established the Province of Quebec with a Constitution and form of government ; the second dealt with the revenue and the means of meeting its expenses. In the intervening period between the conquest and this date, the country had been governed in accordance with the letter of the royal proclamation, and some anxiety was felt as to its scope and power. The English settler required English liberty. The French Canadian, except with some rare exceptions, was literally without ideas of political freedom, and his own personal life was so trammelled that restraint was to him a normal condition of being. He looked with extreme suspicion on any change, and however much he felt the onerous nature of his old government, the distrust that he felt with regard to the new order of things led him to look with disfavour on the changes which had only in view the common advancement and prosperity of the whole people. The English settler, on the other hand, desired a continuance of the political liberty, imperfect as it was, viewed by modern theories, which he held as his birthright. In criminal law there

was little divergence of thought. The French Canadian early saw the fairer and more liberal nature of the new system, even with its imperfections of that time. In the laws of property and government there was no concord. In the meantime the American Revolution had commenced, and ended with the loss of the old colonies. The Quebec Act, therefore, was looked upon unfavourably, and in 1791 the Canada Act was passed which divided the Provinces into Upper and Lower Canada, and remained in operation half a century. Lord Dorchester was the Governor, and no less a person than the Duke of Kent, then Colonel of the 7th Fusiliers, arrived in Quebec in August of that year. As 90 years later we speak of the gracious and honoured lady now amongst us as the 'Princess,' her grandfather was at that date 'the Prince' doing his duty as an officer of the garrison.

No doubt a great impulse was given at home to any proposition to emigrate to Canada. Mr. Johnston was somewhere about twenty-one when the events we sketch were occurring, and, doubtless they had no little influence on his life,—for, in 1792, he arrived in the country. He was the bearer of letters of introduction to Lord Dorchester and became his guest, and thus obtained a passport into the best society of the place. It was under these favourable auspices that he became acquainted with some of the leading members of the North-West Company, and he received an invitation from them to visit their head-quarters in Montreal. These were the halcyon days of the North-West Company. The fur trade had completely recovered from the blow it received at the Conquest. Until 1755, or so, the west had been greatly under the control of the French in Canada, and the succeeding wars and the reverses which changed the fate of French Canada had caused it to languish. After the Conquest it fell into British hands, and for a time became greatly narrowed. The In-

dians had been taught to look with suspicion on the British. Their sympathies were entirely French, and hence they were disinclined to enter into new arrangements with the new comers. In a few years after the establishment of the new order of things the trade had re-established itself. It was, however, more the proceeding of individual effort than of an organized Company. There were to be met accordingly all the artifices of competition according to the scruples of those who practised them. There was the usual effort of traders to outbid each other. Liquor, which the French prohibited, had been introduced to the ruin of the Indian. The scenes which took place after the frequent orgies were marked by all the repellent features which accompany besotted and quarrelsome drunkenness, and in addition to this dark condition of the traffic, feuds broke out when rival traders met, ending not unfrequently in bloodshed. Two parties, representing opposite interests, crossing a common path, each had to trade in the heart of the wilderness, where law was unknown. Power fell often to those who in the pitched fight proved the strongest. To end a condition of affairs which, even in its commercial aspect, threatened only ruin, some merchants of Montreal, in 1783, entered into a partnership. A few years after, some of these partnerships were extended, and in 1787, the celebrated North-West Company was formed. It then consisted of twenty-three partners; but its staff of Agents, factors, clerks, guides, interpreters, and *voyageurs* amounted to 2000 persons.

The heads of this Company were in full ascendancy when Mr. Johnston reached Canada. They affected a profuse hospitality, not merely aided by large resources, but they endeavoured to mark it by refinement and elegance. Their entertainments are alluded to by Washington Irving,* who

as yet a stripling youth, 'sat at the hospitable boards of the "mighty North-Westers," the lords of the ascendent at Montreal, and gazed with wondering and inexperienced eye at the baronial wassailing, and listened with astonished ear to their talks of hardship and distress.' The names of the McTavishes, McGillivrays and the McKensies are still remembered, and representatives of their families are constantly to be met. In those days, the leading partners of the great North-West were among the magnates of Society, and it was in this *entourage* that Mr. Johnston was thrown when he had to determine the course of his future life.

It was under this influence that his mind was excited by the descriptions given of the Indian Trade, and he imagined that he saw in its lucrative enterprises a field for his exertions. He accordingly determined to visit Sault Ste Marie—a journey of a very different character to that taken by the modern traveller. The trader from Montreal now-a-days reaches Sarnia in twenty-four hours, and, taking a *Beatty Steamer*, reaches the Sault by nightfall—that is to say he makes the Sault in seventy-two hours. At that date the Ottawa was the channel of communication. The present generation see little realism in Moore's boat song of 'Row, Brothers, Row;' but at the date we speak of it described a well-known phase of voyageur life. Saint Anne's Rapid, now spanned by the Grand Trunk Bridge, was the first rapid met by the expedition on leaving Lachine. The course taken was to follow the Ottawa to the Matawan, which was ascended to its source, where the waters falling into Lake Huron were followed, and the passage to the Sault was then made in quiet water. The journey took several weeks. Arrived at Lake Superior, Mr. Johnston commenced 'prospecting' for a habitation. He finally selected La Pointe, on the south shore of Lake Superior, and he determined to es-

* 'Astoria,' chapter i. pp. 22-25.

tablish himself there to purchase furs and to pay for them by goods. He obtained his supplies at Montreal, from the mercantile houses there, among whom the then well-known Hebrew firm of David Davids & Co. prominently figured, and he settled himself down in this wilderness to live an Indian life, to trade in what the region produced, and to reap some of those profits which had so fired his imagination.

The Indian Chief who was all powerful in this region, was named Waubogieg (the White Fisher). His power extended, by all accounts, down to the Falls of St. Anthony, on the Mississippi. His wigwam was then at La Pointe. As the fairy tale says, this Chief had one lovely daughter, Oshagushkodawequa—the woman of the green mountain—and as a matter of course, the trader saw and loved. Mr. Johnston found doubtless, the solitude of his life not always pleasant. He had been accustomed to society, and hence he sighed for companionship. One fact, however, is evident, he was not looked upon as a *jeune homme à marier*. We can find here no trace of mature feminine scheming to obtain a *bon parti*. We leave out of sight the history of the courtship; but there can be little doubt, that when the Indian Chief received the proposition from the new comer, he looked upon it with some suspicion. The tradition is preserved in the family that the old chief recalled the fact that many white traders had visited the west and obtained young squaws as their wives, and had often deserted them and their children—leaving the whole behind, or brought them to civilization to treat them with cruelty and disregard. Steele's exquisitely told tale in the *Spectator* of Inkle and Yorice, we fear has had many a prototype. We have lying before us a speech of the chief, which we are assured has been preserved in the family, and is considered in every sense genuine.

'Young man, you have come across the great Salt Lake, and found your way to my country. You have told us that it is your intention to remain here and to open an honourable trade with us, giving us such goods as we require in exchange for our furs. You further say that you intend to enlarge your trade, and to enable you to do so, you will visit your native land and carry out your intentions. During your absence I will think over your proposal for my daughter, and if, when you return you are in the same mind, I will then decide as to your marriage.'

Accordingly, there was no alternative but patience. Mr. Johnston left La Pointe and returned to Ireland; he sold his estate of Craig, and with the money he received increased his operations. A year elapsed before he was back at Lake Superior, when his offer of marriage was again urged. The chief, it would seem, held that there was proof sufficient of fidelity, and his consent was given. The lady with the difficult name became Mrs. Johnston, bringing with her all the traditions of her ancient Indian lineage and birth, and there is every reason to think that no one of the parties, whose happiness was dependent on this connection, ever looked upon it but with fondness and trust.

Waubogieg, the Indian chief in question, was a man of no ordinary character. Like most of his race, his feelings and sympathies were with the French. The influence obtained by the French was remarkable; but it can be explained. The Jesuit priest on one hand went amongst them and taught them a religion adapted to their intellect. It was accompanied by a pageantry which the Indian love of display could appreciate. The objective side of Roman Catholicism, in its ceremonies and rites, must always be powerful to take the imagination of those who require to be led and controlled; while the philosophic arguments of Protestants exact seriousness,

sobriety of thought, and reflection to master and to accept. We can account for the success of Messrs. Moody and Sankey by that appeal to the imagination and feeling, and by inculcating the necessity of earnest prayer as something tangible and plain, and of making imperative the duty of singing, as an act of worship, hymns which partake much of the character of the Music Hall. A man will make an effort for his religion of this kind, which really involves little abnegation and self-sacrifice, and he is easily cheated into the belief that he is religious and devout. That religion which makes unselfish duty to your neighbour and forgiveness of injury a primary principle, must often appear too abstract and impossible, and too little emotional. The Jesuit, by the contrary course, obtained the full confidence of the tribes whom he placed in subjection to his rule. There was also another element in the popularity of the French. The *Coureur des bois* became in most cases a part of Indian life, he married a squaw and adopted the customs of the people. He sunk to their level and assumed their habits. The English traders, on the other hand, were, it is feared, more frequently guilty of conduct which awoke the chief's suspicion when his daughter was asked in marriage.

News in those days travelled slowly, but nevertheless they did travel, and the report reached Waubogieg that his old friends and allies were sorely pressed by the *Bostonnais* before Quebec. His duty was plain to him. He summoned his braves and prepared without delay to go to the assistance of his old friends and allies. He started and reached Quebec to take part in the final struggle and to see their power for ever broken. Thirty years had passed since that date, and he had learned in the interval to accept the new order of things.

Mr. Johnston's life passed quietly on. He found the Sault better adapted for his operations, and accordingly he

moved there, and established the trade which has since increased to make the Sault the favourite place it now is. He lived there in a free hospitable way. His life was happy. He had in the course of time eight children; and his own leisure and what aid he could obtain, were given to the education of his four sons and four daughters. He was a Justice of the Peace, and he was living a useful patriarchal life, when the war of 1812 broke out.

One of the earliest plans which the genius of Brock had conceived, was the taking of Michillimackinac. This post which is situate in the Straits of Mackinaw, on the north of the great peninsula, dividing Lake Huron and Mackinaw, had been held during the war of Independence by an English garrison, and on the establishment of the boundary was surrendered to the United States. The fort was one of importance, for before the days of steam it commanded the entrance into Lake Michigan. On its transfer, a military post had been established on the Canadian island of Saint Joseph, over fifty miles to the north-east. Without delay, when war was declared, Brock directed Capt. Roberts, who was the commandant at St. Joseph, to take possession of Michillimackinac. On receiving his instructions, Roberts started the following morning, and the place which was feebly garrisoned capitulated without a blow. The surrender of Detroit by the Americans on August 16, 1812, made an effort to retake it impossible. But in 1814, the United States fitted out an expedition to regain it; but the station had been reinforced by the way of Nottawasaga in May. The garrison was even able to be aggressive, and a detachment was detailed for the purpose of attacking Prairiedu Chien on the Mississippi, which was taken, and the gunboat which lay there was forced to descend the stream. Mackinaw was too important a position for the United States to have in an enemy's possession, and a force,

under the command of Lieut.-Col. Grogan, was sent to retake it, an event which had the most disastrous effect on Mr. Johnston's fortunes. Col. McDowall, who commanded the British garrison, felt that he had no ordinary task before him, and accordingly sent to Mr. Johnston an urgent appeal for assistance. The distance from St. Joseph's to the Sault is but trifling, and in quiet water is passed over by a canoe in a few hours. Col. McDowall's appeal to Mr. Johnston was to bring with him all the men at his command, and at this season he had a large force. Devoted to the mother country, to his mind there was only one course to which honour and duty pointed. He called his men together (about one hundred), as rapidly as possible, provisioned them, and armed them at his own cost, and embarking on two large *batteaux*, proceeded to Michillimackinac. The American commandant, no doubt fearing a proceeding of this character, or having received intelligence of the reinforcement, despatched two armed gunboats, with a force under Major Holmes to intercept it. There are two channels to the Sault, one now followed, which passes by the Neebish rapids and Lake George, bounded on the east by Sugar Island and the Saint Mary's river. The second channel leaves the Sault and passes to the west of Sugar Island, by Hay and Mud lakes; whatever the cause, the United States gunboats failed to intercept the relief. It is no unfair inference that Johnston's prudence suggested to him to take the more difficult and less known route—to the men of his party a matter of little moment. But to the United States commander, it was a serious necessity to follow the known channel. Mr. Johnston took with him his second son, George, and arrived safely at Mackinaw. His eldest son, a lieutenant in the navy, was then a prisoner at Cincinnati.

The United States expedition proceeded to the Sault. There was no

force to oppose them. The powerless women and children could only look on while Major Holmes plundered Johnston Hall. As there was no fighting there was 'loot.' The memorandum placed in the hands of the writer runs to the effect that Major Holmes and his men took everything of value, plate, linen and wearing apparel, and plentifully supplied themselves with provisions. They tore up the floor to see what articles of value were concealed. The stores were filled with goods for distribution among the Indians, many of the bales not having been opened. Everything that was possible to put on board the gunboats was placed there. There was cloth of a finer description. Its ultimate destination was the United States flag-ship, 'Niagara,' where it was divided amongst the officers and men. On the arrival of the force, Mrs. Johnston and her children fled to the woods. She remained there while the enemy was in possession of the property, supporting herself on roots, and what she could obtain. Christie, in his History, relates that many of 'the buildings were reduced to ashes.' McMullen tells us that, in this raid, 'where there was not a single military man, all the horses and cattle were killed, and the provisions and garden stuff which could not be removed, destroyed.'

Major Holmes returned to join in the assault. It was made on the 4th of August; but it ignominiously failed—the expedition re-embarking, leaving 17 men dead on the shore—among them Major Holmes. His sword was taken from his side and presented to the second son of the unprotected household he had plundered.

The danger at Michillimackinac over, Mr. Johnston returned to the wreck of his property. His loss was considerable. His trade had been extensive, and his private means, which were sufficiently ample, had obtained for him much of the luxury which refined wealth can command. In a few hours the whole had been irretrievably de-

stroyed. It was useless, however, to count the cost, the duty of the hour was to repair the injury. Mr. Johnston was in no way unequal to the occasion; with his old energy and ability he commenced his business. But the check it received, and the competition which arose, prevented it ever again taking its old form or attaining its former extent. At the close of the war Mr. Johnston applied for compensation for his losses, which must have been very heavy. He himself estimated his loss at many thousands of pounds. These war losses were one of the vexed questions of the day, and remained the source of trouble for years. It was Mr. Johnston's fortune never to obtain recognition. He received nothing. There is little doubt that this treatment preyed on his mind and impaired his health. His nature was exceedingly sensitive, and he could not but feel the ill requital of his services, and the injustice with which his claim for indemnity had been received.

But his usefulness was not yet a thing of the past. We cannot enter here into the difficulties which existed between the two rival Companies of the North-West and the Hudson's Bay Company. But when an amicable arrangement was made, he acted as a Commissioner in adjustment of the points in dispute, and greatly aided in the settlement secured in 1821, when a coalition of the two Companies was effected. He returned to Toronto, then York, where he was the guest of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland. Subsequently, with Mrs. Johnston, he revisited the mother country, and his eldest daughter, Jane, a young girl of surpassing beauty, and of great sweetness of disposition, then twelve years of age, accompanied him. In England, both the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland were so charmed with her that they desired to adopt her and make her their heir. Mr. Johnston did not feel justified in accepting their offer. After a year's residence, he returned

to Canada with his family against the wishes of his friends, who were desirous that his daughter should remain to complete her education. But he felt that her fortunes were in Canada, and hence, that her presence was called for there.

Mr. Johnston was always a man of strong religious convictions. So far as in him lay he had given a sound education to his children, and the Sunday had been observed at the Sault by such observances as he could command, he himself generally reading the service of the Church of England and a sermon or homily, and his room was open to all who saw fit to attend. When in England he engaged a clergyman to come out with him, but at Quebec, the new incumbent of Sault Ste Marie heard such accounts of what was then the Far West, that he declined proceeding there. Mr. Johnston had himself to carry on the duty of assembling with his family all who were willing to attend such ministrations as he could give. He was a man of sincere piety and of unblemished life, and well educated. He continued his course of duty till his death, which occurred in 1828, after an attack of typhoid fever. The family tradition is that the treatment he received on the conclusion of the war permanently affected his health and strength.

Of his children Louis, the eldest son, held the appointment of lieutenant in the navy, and served on board the *Queen Charlotte* at the period of the defeat of the British Squadron, by Commodore Perry, in which he was seriously wounded. He was taken prisoner and sent to Cincinnati, where, with several others he received severe treatment. His family assert that from this he never recovered. After the war he held an appointment in the Indian Department till his death. He was buried at Amherstburg with military honours. The eldest daughter, Jane, already spoken of as attracting great attention in England, became the wife of Henry Rowe Schoolcraft,

the United States Indian Agent at Sault Ste Marie, known as the author of the 'History of the Indians of North America,' published by the United States Government. The immense cost of this publication, \$650,000, attracted considerable attention at the time; but the book is a valuable addition to Indian archeology. Mrs. Schoolcraft was a woman of culture, some of her fugitive poems being of a high order. The second daughter, Eliza, now seventy-eight years of age, never married, we believe, and is still living at the Sault. The third daughter married Arch-

deacon McMurray, of Niagara. At the time of her marriage, September, 1833, her husband was missionary to the Indians on the North Shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, being the first clergyman who performed that duty. She died at Niagara, in January, 1878. Maria, the youngest daughter, married James Laurence Schoolcraft, brother of her elder sister's husband. Both are dead.

The three sons of Mr. Johnston have also passed away, excepting John McDowall Johnston, who resides at the Sault, on the American shore.

CANADA.

BY F. S. SPENCE, TORONTO.

WE boast no volumed history, dry and long,
 We envy none such storied lore of wrong;
 A better, brighter record we can claim,
 Our nation's tale of youthful might and fame:
 Our right to honour, all the world can see
 A country noble, worthy, grand and free.

A land a thousand leagues in length we own,
 Dense-peopled countries, climes well-nigh unknown,
 Alike where tideless, inland oceans shine,
 Or wrathful tempests toss the restless brine,
 Our dear Dominion's standard is unrolled;
 The Maple wreath gleams on its flowing fold;
 From east to west, from wave to farthest wave,
 It vaunts its snowy pinions pure and brave.

It floats o'er all New Brunswick's pine-clad coast,
 The store house of far nations' naval boast;
 Prince Edward's wealthy wooded hills and dales,
 And fair Acadia's fertile plains and vales,
 Where, past rich banks in forest splendour dressed,
 A mighty commerce borne on its broad breast,

The ocean river sweeps in stately pride
 To meet the broad Atlantic's restless tide ;
 And peaceful fleets, with gleaming sails unfurled,
 Speed on with bread to feed a waiting world.

Where old Quebec's high cliff of martial fame
 Grows ruddy in the earliest Orient flame,
 That hastes to crown his stern, defiant crest,
 The strong Gibraltar of the ancient West.

Where fair Mount Royal rears his summit green,
 Where dash the rushing torrents of Lachine,
 Where Ottawa's proud legislative halls
 Look o'er the rainbow-flashing Chaudiere Falls ;
 Where all of scenic beauty, wild and grand,
 Meet in the Thousand Islands' fairy land.
 Its pure white folds are hailed with loyal pride,
 Where fair Ontario, fertile, wealthy, wide,—
 From Thunder Bay's far rocky heights, to where
 Toronto stands in steepled beauty rare—
 Spreads its deep valleys, lovely lakes and hills,
 And Nature's lavish hand its vastness fills—
 From where Niagara's mighty thunders roar
 To far Superior's silver shining shore—
 Whose fruits enrich, whose lustrous landscapes please,
 Girt by that glorious chain of inland seas,
 Where smiling peace, and joy and plenty bless
 The fairest, freest land that men possess.

And westward still it finds a welcome home,
 Where wild Keewatin's hardy hunters roam.
 And farther on, where fresh and fair and bright—
 Just waking up to beauty, life and light,
 In quick response to Labour's stern command—
 The Prairie Province yields the virgin land,
 A great, strange land, as yet but little known,
 Till late, the home of wandering tribes alone,
 With all its mighty rivers, wooded fells,
 Majestic lakes, fair islets, lovely dells,
 Now yielding up to patience, toil and pain,
 The wondrous wealth of its most fertile plain.
 And far beyond are boundless wilds, where still
 Great herds of savage bison roam at will,
 And countless leagues of richest soil invite
 The coming tide of civilizing might.

And westward still where, towering to the skies,
 In rocky ridge the mighty mountains rise,
 And fling from crests forever wrapped in snow
 An earlier twilight o'er the vale below.
 An Arctic realm where Nature still and dead,
 Lies lonely, lofty, desolate and dread :

Where eagle never soars nor vulture shrieks,
 But silent glaciers sleep, and frozen peaks
 And icy crags loom up, for Winter drear
 Has reigned crowned king for countless cycles here.

And on, where steeper cliffs look toward the West,—
 Where burst the torrents from the glacier's breast,
 And through the chasm to join the distant tide
 The new-born river bounds in foaming pride,
 Leaps down the dizzy heights that bar its way
 A roaring cataract of sparkling spray ;
 Rends the hard rock, the solid stone uptears,
 And down the gorge the granite boulder bears.

Where waving woods once more their branches spread,
 Once more the hardy settler toils for bread ;
 Where herds of cattle pasture in the dale ;
 Where diggers' huts gleam in the Fraser vale ;
 And Mammon's eager votaries crowd to drain
 The golden life-blood from the quartz-rock vein ;
 Where crashing cradles rock, where crushers roar,
 And force from flinty grists their yellow store.

And farther still where restless, rolling wide,
 The proud Pacific heaves its hoary tide,
 And flings the flashing surge his billows boast
 Along that wealthy, wild, Columbian coast ;
 While wanton waves that sport and shout the while
 Sweep through the Sound and round Vancouver's Isle.

All ours ! The verdant vales, the fertile farms,
 Or snow-clad mountains more majestic charms.
 Alike o'er prairie plains and spreading seas
 Fair floats the Beaver Banner to the breeze.

And falsehood foul is Slander's whispered tale,
 That dares our Nation's noble name assail ;
 For they who this great heritage command,
 In pride of strength and conscious virtue, stand ;
 No slave can tread our soil, no tyrant's frown
 Can crush a yearning cry for pity down.
 We boast the best and bravest blood that runs—
 What were our sires of old ? We are their sons,
 And leal and faithful to our Queen, our laws,
 Our country's weal and Freedom's holy cause.
 Our bosoms glow with Honour's hallowed flame,
 Our hearts beat high to Duty's sacred name,
 And thrill with loyal pride, where floats above
 The sacred symbol of the land we love.

Dear Canada, where'er we rove, we turn
 To thee with longing hearts : our bosoms burn

To do thee honour. We will write thy name
 Where it should stand—first on the roll of Fame.
 That name has ever been the oppressor's bane,
 Their watchword who would spurn his galling chain ;
 And we, while God will give us heart and might,
 Will jealous keep its fame unstained and bright,
 And fervent pray, where'er our footsteps roam ;
 ' God bless our own fair, free Canadian home.'

ONLY A MILLION.*

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT MR. CAWLEY.

LET me get a million and I shall be quite happy.' That was poor Samuel Cawley's cry. Poor?—yes, you will understand presently ; he had the million when he died. He had a moderately comfortable start in the world, thanks to the industry of his father, who left him a small steady-going business and the requisite knowledge to carry it on successfully. Samuel Cawley did carry it on successfully, and various political and commercial events operating in his favour enabled him to transform his moderate business into an extensive one. He was devoted to his work, and having the quickness to use the lucky events of the day advantageously, he found himself in a few years at the head of an establishment into which money seemed to flow of its own sweet will. At first he was humbly grateful, then he became excited, and next the craving to become a millionaire seized him.

That craving fairly mastered him ; it was the mainspring of his every act and thought ; he had no hope, no care—almost no religion, above or outside that desire to possess a million. Everything prospered with him and his ambition was realized. One morning he found that he possessed a million ; and, singular as it may seem, he closed his books with a sigh of relief, satisfied !

But he was somewhat puzzled to discover after the first few days, which were occupied in self-congratulations, that he was not quite happy. There was something he wanted still, and what that something was he did not know. He opened his eyes, as it were, for the first time upon life outside his ledger. He had never had any real experience of youth, had never known play as a boy, or sport as a young man : the world of business had so completely absorbed him that the world of pleasure was unknown to him. Being still young—just turned forty—he determined to explore this strange world in search of that some-

* From advance sheets forwarded by the author in England.

thing which he still required to make him happy.

He left his business to take care of itself; that is, he spent a couple of hours daily in his office instead of ten or more as he had done formerly; and the two hours were sufficient to keep everything straight. He took a large house in the West End; he purchased an old mansion in Sussex with about a thousand acres attached, and abundant shooting and fishing also—unfortunately not having had any training in these sports, they afforded him no enjoyment. However, they would please his friends. The appointments of his town and country residences were perfect—that is as perfect as his servants would permit them to be. The cooking—when the cook was in good humour—was excellent; the wines were the best that money could obtain. Mr. Samuel Cawley was surrounded by troops of friends; he was put up at half-a-dozen clubs, blackballed by two—much to his astonishment—and accepted by the others; he found himself, in short, courted on all hands as a man of sterling worth—a man whom it was a privilege to know. He was amazed by his own popularity; he had never suspected that he possessed the qualities requisite to shine in society, until he found himself in society and shining with all the brilliancy of a newly discovered planet.

All this was very agreeable. After he had got over the awkwardness of his first appearance, he began to enjoy himself: he began to think the world of amusement a very good world indeed, and the people in it a kindly and sensible people, with few prejudices comparatively speaking, and most ready to recognise native talent—for had they not recognised him? He was the hero of the hour, and he was highly delighted to recognise himself in that character; ladies admired his taste in art (his portrait by an R. A. was soon in the Academy), and spoke of his sympathetic nature; gentlemen praised his possessions, and professed

the most friendly envy of the gifts which Nature and Fortune had bestowed upon him. Cawley was gratified exceedingly; but he never thoroughly understood what a great man he was until, at a large dinner party (for which he provided), his health was proposed.

Then he saw himself in his true colours. He was not only a successful man (cheers—why, nobody knew, for there was nothing novel or striking in the observation; probably it was only meant as a sign of the universal worship of success); but he was a man endowed with the sublime philosophy which could recognise that there was something nobler in the world than mere success in money-getting (a bit of humbug cordially appreciated, and therefore cheered); a man who said to himself—‘Enough, I shall enjoy life, and I shall help others to enjoy life, as we are doing at this moment, thanks to our generous host (more cheers), to what better, to what nobler purpose could a man devote himself? (Hear, hear—quite justifiable this time.) He was rendering a great moral service to the world, and the speaker did not doubt that the world looking on—especially the poorer classes, who were not privileged to share in these magnificent hospitalities, would learn a valuable lesson (still more cheers). In the glorious roll of British benefactors of their species the name of Samuel Cawley would go down to posterity as one of the brightest examples of how a true gentleman should live and help others to live, etc., etc., etc., and more and more cheers as the champagne circulated. It was quite settled that he was a great man who ought to live for ever in the flesh, but who assuredly would live for ever in the grateful memory of posterity.

Cawley was not a fool; and tumbling into his bed in the small hours of the morning, he said to himself, ‘That is very nice; but of course we must take it all with large proportions of salt.’ Nevertheless, he swallowed a

large quantity of what was very nice without any salt at all, and he was not in the least aware of the mistake.

He did do good, though: he subscribed liberally to miscellaneous charities; he helped many a poor wretch out of monetary scrapes (life or death to the wretch, but nothing at all to him, beyond the trouble of filling up a cheque); and he did not even turn his back upon poor relations. He had a troop of pensioners. But he had a weakness: he liked his benevolence to be recognised. He professed with becoming frankness that he did not want thanks; he was only too glad when a few pounds could help anybody; at the same time he liked people to be grateful. He liked to hear his own praises sung, and was inclined to look discontentedly upon those dolts who accepted his disclaimers literally and remained silent. He would even, to particular friends, report what he had been obliged to do for poor So-and-so, lamenting all the time that So-and-so should have been so unfortunate as to require his help, which he gave so cheerfully, or rather willingly, as So-and-so was such a deserving fellow, only rather careless and extravagant. So-and-so, in fact, would never 'get on,' unless he altered his ways and acted according to Mr. Cawley's instructions. But poor fellow, he was a good creature, and the great Mr. Cawley felt obliged to give him the money to help him over his present strait, although Mr. Cawley fully expected that he would have to do the same thing again in a very short time. This confidence was repeated, in confidence of course, to Mr. Cawley's visitors, much to that gentleman's glorification, whilst poor So-and-so found himself presently looked upon with pitying eyes by everybody, heard the goodness of Mr. Cawley hummed in his ears, until he became conscious that people were shrinking from him the more they buzzed round the millionaire, and he felt ready to curse Cawley instead of regarding him with honest gratitude.

That was Cawley's weakness; he had found the flourish of his cheque-book apparently such a potent 'open sesame' to people's homes and hearts, that whilst really desirous of acting kindly he lost all sense of the necessity for the generous thought which is even more essential in the composition of kindness than the free hand; the one being the product of a good heart, the other of good fortune.

Surrounded by friends, his society eagerly sought by clever poor people and by dull rich people; the proprietor of an excellent estate and the master of a million, there seemed to be nothing left for Mr. Cawley to desire; and yet Mr. Cawley felt that there was something still wanting to complete his happiness. He began to be cynical and to quote the line, 'Man never is, but always to be blest.' He did not know where the line came from, and he did not care; it looked like a truth, and that was enough for him. He several times thought it would be the best thing for him to return to business, and to apply himself to the accumulation of another million, or to the losing of the million he possessed. But that was a very wild idea, and he easily reconciled himself to the theory that his hand was somewhat out of business, and his health would no longer endure hard work. He even thought of marriage. He examined various desirable objects in the marriage market; but being a man accustomed to making a good bargain, he turned away from the numerous available ladies offered for his inspection without making up his mind. Indeed he felt somewhat dissatisfied; his wealth and position were so clearly the main conditions of his acceptability. Of course it was unnecessary to indicate the absurdity of Mr. Cawley's dissatisfaction. He had some bitter thoughts, though; he felt that he was not in himself the great creature his flatterers would have him believe he was, and whilst the humour lasted he was somewhat disagreeable in his in-

tercourse with the flatterers. But flattery, administered in sufficient doses and with proper discretion, is sure to overcome and drown any self-discoveries; and there are always greedy or ambitious persons about who are ready to live by the proper supply of that article, or, at any rate, to help themselves forward by the use of it. Mr. Cawley withdrew from the matrimonial market, a little disgusted and annoyed, perhaps, but without resigning the idea of matrimony.

His friends, however, thought he had made up his mind never to wed, and the most distant relatives found their interest in their dear kinsman suddenly awakened in curious ways. He blossomed out again into the great Mr. Cawley, in his own eyes as he had been always in the eyes of others, and he decidedly liked the position much better than the one of doubt and bitterness into which his matrimonial speculation had betrayed him. From this time—without definitely deciding to do so—he cast away all doubt of himself; but he suspected everybody who came near him; he was pleased by the sound of his own praises, whilst he was filled with contempt for the persons who uttered them. He did not express that feeling, however, and he gave to those who in his estimation were likely to be influential friends, all the regard which he ought to have given to those who loved him.

He, however, had sense enough to make an attempt to escape from the jovialities of such a life, and having his place in Sussex, he proceeded thither.

His cousin, Ruth Hansford, was there to receive him.

'You have got everything very nice, Ruth,' he said, after he had gone over the place.

'Yes, Cawley, I wanted to make everything comfortable for you when you came. I have been so anxious to see you; and I am so glad that you are quite well.'

'That's all right,' he muttered irritably. 'I want something to eat.'

Ruth, who was a girl with large blue eyes and fair hair, looked at him with an expression which was so mingled that it would be difficult to describe it: there were regret, laughter, and astonishment, in it. At one moment she seemed ready to make fun of her friend; and at the next, to scoff at him; and again, she had an undefined desire to try and rouse him from his morbid self by dragging him along with her to the wild dissipation of a walk in the moonlight.

'Now, will you leave me alone, Ruth? I will tell you presently what I mean to do.'

He drew a long breath. 'You know what I mean to do? I am going to have a lot of people down here; I am going to have a lot of fun, and we are going to have all the people in the neighbourhood coming to us, and you must attend to that.'

'I am afraid it will be too much,' she said with an alarmed expression.

'Nonsense!' he cried, petulantly. 'You will be married some day; you will have to attend to these things, and the sooner you begin to learn the better. By-and-by you will thank me for being hard upon you—as I seem to be now.'

'Very well, I shall do as you tell me,' she said, bending her head, and there were tears in her eyes. He saw them, and suddenly caught her in his arms.

'Ruth, Ruth, what is this? Have I been unkind?'

She remained passive whilst he patted her on the head, and looked earnestly into her eyes. They remained silent for a moment—she not knowing how to answer; he not knowing how to say more. Then she dashed her hand across her eyes, and tried to draw back from him.

'No, Cawley, you are not unkind,' she said, meekly, 'but I am not well, and should like to go upstairs.'

'Certainly. You shall do as you please—I was only anxious to comfort you; but of course if you think it bet-

ter that you should be alone, I shall leave you.'

Ruth drew herself away from what was really intended to be only a fatherly embrace, but which had become to her the touch of a lover.

When she had gone, Cawley rose and looked at himself in the mirror, then, with a 'humph' not expressive of much admiration of his personal appearance, turned away and paced the floor with hands clasped behind him and head bowed.

'What on earth could she be crying for? I did not say anything to offend her—surely she could not object to my embraces!'

He paused there, for a curious thought presented itself to him. Whilst he had been flitting about in London society, seeking a suitable wife, he had never thought of this simple girl who had been living lonely in his country house. How admirably she had arranged everything, and how handsome she was. That had never occurred to him before. Could it be possible that after all the women that he had seen, he should find in his own home the one most suitable to be the companion of his life?

But this was nonsense: he had made up his mind never to marry, and he gave himself credit for being a man of resolution. He went out to the lawn and walked meditatively up and down, with Ruth's fair face flashing in his mind's eye.

CHAPTER II.

THE REASON WHY.

HAD he known the meaning of Ruth's tears he would not have been so calm. She had been indeed very lonely in this large house with few friends to visit or receive except the family of the Vicar, the Rev. John Ware. But his family was a large one and supplied her with society enough

for her modest requirements. There were six young ladies, and a son, the youngest of the family, and about as mischievous a boy as could be found in the country. He was petted by his sisters, and still more petted by Ruth, with whom he professed to be desperately in love.

At the quiet evening gatherings at the Vicarage, Ruth met another person who became her friend; that was George Mowbray, a young surgeon, who had recently set up in practise in the village. He was a very calm young fellow but with a certain amount of humour in his conversation and ways which pleased the Vicar, and therefore he was as frequent a visitor as Ruth herself, and so they often met. His practice was still moderate, and he had plenty of time to talk to her about books and botany. In the latter science she was much interested; and by-and-by it came about that Ruth and the young Doctor would occasionally be found walking in the lanes studying the wild flowers which grew plentifully by the hedgerows.

The meetings were innocent of all thought of love on either side, and their conversation entirely related to the subjects of their study. The nearest approach to an expression of anything beyond friendship was when the Doctor sent her a Christmas card.

He meant nothing by it; and yet when he had written her name on the envelope he lingered over it, and when it was finished eyed it with an expression half critical and more than half tender. He repeated the name to himself, and the sound seemed to please him. He was smiling as he placed that simple card in the envelope. He did not expect that she would send him one, and yet he was disappointed when none came. He did receive a goodly number of letters and cards on Christmas morning, and he hastily turned them over, seeking the dainty penmanship which he knew well from the lists of plants and wild flowers which she had drawn up.

But he was perfectly calm as he proceeded to examine the contents of the envelopes before him. Somehow, his breakfast did not agree with him that morning, and it suddenly occurred to him that he ought to have visited on the previous night an old lady who lived on a distant part of the weald, and who was always comforted by his appearance, although her ailment was one which he knew could not be cured.

When Ruth saw the card which the Doctor had sent her, there was a momentary flush on her cheeks, her eyes brightened, and she examined it with much more attention than she gave to any of the others which she had received. The design was a very simple one, only a forget-me-not resting by the side of a Christmas rose. There was no inscription on the card.

For the first time the thought flashed upon her that her feeling towards George Mowbray was that of very warm friendship indeed; and when she met him at the Vicarage on the following evening, the flush again appeared upon her cheeks, and her bright blue eyes sparkled as she shook hands with him.

Then came the early spring, and the walks in the lanes—botany and new books being still the subject of conversation—and each seeming to the other to have no thought of anything else.

Suddenly Dr. Mowbray was summoned away from the village, and a young college friend of his came to take charge of his small practice during his absence.

Ruth asked the Vicar why Dr. Mowbray had gone away so suddenly.

‘Poor fellow?’ was the answer; ‘he has met with severe losses. His mother is dead; she possessed a little money; and that was taken from her by one who was very dear to her. The blow killed her.’

Ruth’s expression was one of pity and distress.

‘But will not Dr. Mowbray find the man and punish him?’

The Vicar shook his head.

‘No; he will not seek him even. This man is his brother, and this leaves poor Mowbray without the slender support he had to enable him to work on here until his merits were recognised, and secured the reward they deserve.’

She went home that evening thinking much about George Mowbray, and her heart full of pity—pity so intense that it was more than akin to love. In such a mood she had an earnest desire to help him in some way. How could she help him except by sympathy? She could give him that, but if she could have given him practical aid, that would have made the sympathy perfect. She was vaguely conjuring up all sorts of dismal pictures of poverty and hardship; and it occurred to her that she might ask her cousin Cawley to do something for him. She shrank from that idea, however, knowing how Cawley would patronise the young doctor, and how the latter would resent such patronage.

So she pitied him, and wondered what he was to do, and by the end of the third day she was anxious to learn when he would return, in order that she might offer him all she had to give—her sympathy. Her inquiries at the Vicarage about his movements were constant, but always made so simply that the Vicar suspected nothing. The girls, however, began to smile, and at length young Ware, suddenly starting up from a book with which he had been lounging on the couch in the drawing-room, cried out before the whole family:

‘I say, Ruth, look here, I am getting jealous!’

‘Jealous of what, you foolish boy?’ she said, smiling and blushing.

‘Oh, you know,’ he answered, sulkily; ‘and I know.’

Happily the Vicar was present, and checked the boy.

'What is this rudeness, sir?' he said, sternly; 'leave the room.'

The boy rebelled against the commands of his sisters, but he never dared to disobey his father. As he moved towards the door, Ruth took his hand kindly, but he snatched it away, and dug his knuckles into his eyes as if to hide his tears.

'Why, Bob is crying, papa,' said one of the girls as she hurried after him.

The Vicar was amazed at this singular conduct of his son; but he was an easy-going man in most domestic affairs, and except some flagrant wrong was committed allowed his children to have pretty much their own way.

'I am afraid Bob's stomach is out of order,' he said, practically; 'you had better give him some castor oil, Cissy.'

Ruth, who understood what Bob was hinting at, made her excuses and got away as early as possible to the lonely house of her cousin.

Would he come back, or would this distress and shame drive him away from the place altogether? It was not of her cousin she was thinking.

Dr. Mowbray returned, a very pale man, and looking much older than he did when he went away. But there was a steadiness in his eyes and a firmness about the lips which indicated that, if he suffered much, he was determined to keep his pain within doors. He spoke to no one of his loss, or of the bitter degradation which he felt in thinking of his brother and the wrong he had done.

His first meeting with Ruth was as quiet as if he had never left the place; she thought there was a symptom of reserve in his manner when he touched her hand. Formerly he smiled when they shook hands; now he was quite grave, and gave her the conventional salutations in a conventional manner. They did walk through the lane which led towards the Vicarage; and they did speak of plants and flowers; but there was certainly constraint in his manner.

As the days passed she became conscious that he was trying to avoid her. At first her pride bade her turn away from him and forget him, and for a little while she followed the dictates of her pride. But from her window one day she saw him passing along the road with shoulders bent as if beneath some burden that was too heavy to bear, and pride was thrown away.

The day was foggy; the afternoon was dark; and the doctor sitting in his consulting room dreaming whilst apparently engaged in the study of some scientific work, was roused by the announcement of a visitor.

'Show him in,' he said, wearily.

'But it's not a "him," sir, it's a "her,"' said the stout middle-aged lady who acted as his housekeeper and general servant.

'Very well: I can see the lady.'

His visitor was dressed in black, and a thick veil covered her face; but he knew at once who it was, and starting hastily from his seat, exclaimed:

'Miss Hansford!'

She threw back the veil at once, and replied quickly:

'Yes, Dr. Mowbray, I have come to ask your advice.'

'Are you ill?' he inquired hastily.

'No; but there is a friend of mine who is ill, and I wish you to tell me what may be done for him.'

The two stood regarding each other—she with a perfectly expressionless face, he with an earnestly inquiring gaze, and even the shadow of a frown upon his brow. But the shadow cleared away and he placed a chair for his visitor.

'I shall be happy to attend to anything you have to say, Miss Hansford: but it would have been more satisfactory if your friend had come himself. I gather from what you have said that it is a gentleman about whom you wish to speak.'

'Yes, Dr. Mowbray, it would have been better had he spoken for himself; but his chief illness seems to be that he cannot speak for himself; and so,

without his leave I have come to speak for him.'

'Is it a case of melancholia?'

'I think so.'

'Then I had better see him at once,' he said, half rising from his chair.

'First let me tell you the symptoms, sir. He is suffering from great mental distress, and it appears to cause him the greatest pain whenever anyone attempts to win his confidence. Even I do not possess his confidence—although I am here to consult with you as to what may be done to help him. He avoids his friends; he will not enter into any cheerful society; and his whole effort appears to be to conquer his grief by hard work.'

'An excellent remedy for such a state of mind,' said Mowbray, watching her closely.

'But then the benefit of the hard work is spoilt by his solitary broodings, and out of these no one appears to have the power to rouse him. Do you think anything can be done for him?'

There was a pause. The Doctor rested his elbow on the table and his brow on his hand; with the fingers of the other hand he beat a monotonous tattoo on the book he had been reading. At length:

'The case is not a very unusual one; there is evidently a greatly disturbed mental condition combined with some power of will—or obstinacy it might be called—which induces your friend to make an effort to fight through his trouble, whatever it may be, without bothering anybody.'

'It is obstinacy, for in the course he is adopting he is causing more pain to those who—those who respect him than he would do were he to give them the greatest trouble in the world. If he would only speak out he would make us all happy by placing it in our power to do something to comfort him.'

She spoke earnestly, and there was a sweet cadence in her tone which thrilled the man who pretended to be

listening to her with professional stoicism. Another pause, and then he turned to her with such a white, wearied-looking face, that the faint smile upon it seemed to render the expression the more sad.

'You are very kind, Miss Hansford, and your friend is very grateful to you.'

'Do you know him, then?' she inquired, with a startled look.

He seemed to fling all reserve, all hesitation, from him in the instant, and, seizing her hands, he said in a low, passionate tone:

'Yes, I know him—I am that patient, and you are the physician!'

She had started to her feet, but made no effort to withdraw her hands from him. Her eyes expressed joy mingled with doubt, as if the first impulse had been to throw herself into his arms and cry, for she knew now that he loved her. But she checked herself and drew back a little. He instantly released her—she had not altogether wished him to do that; but she was much agitated, and scarcely knew how to act.

'I have offended you,' he said sadly, as he too rose from his chair; 'please forgive me. It is a kind of madness that possesses me. So many things have pressed hardly upon me, and I have never been able to relieve myself by boring my friends with my affairs. Do not be angry with a piece of absurdity—but you have been like sunlight to me.'

She seemed to make a great effort to speak calmly, and she did look straight into his sad face.

'You must think me very bold in coming here to speak to you of yourself; but I acted as I thought a sincere friend ought to do. I see that I have done no good.'

'A friend and not do good?' he exclaimed with a slight laugh. 'You have done good: you have banished some wild dreams which haunted me in spite of myself; and you have extinguished a will-o'-the-wisp of a hope

which might have ruined me. Allow me to see you home.'

There was no confession; indeed they were uncomfortably formal on the way to the house. But, when they stood at the door, he held her two hands again, and gazing into her earnest blue eyes, the temptation to kiss her was so strong that he hurriedly turned away.

That was why her conduct was so strange when Cawley arrived.

CHAPTER III.

MR. CAWLEY IS SURPRISED.

THE plan which he had roughly sketched for his life at Cedar Lodge was fairly carried out by Mr. Cawley. He had troops of visitors from London, and many of the families residing in the neighbourhood helped to enliven his evenings. His days were spent in irritable inquiries about the arrangements for dinner, or in solitary wanderings across the weald.

But as he had tired of the festivities in London, he also grew weary of this superficial country life. It was not country life; it was only the town and the votaries of fashion carried in to the midst of green fields. He was glad to see his guests; he was still more glad when they departed. It was not exactly selfishness which actuated him; it was simply that he had diverged from the course to which he had become accustomed, and had attempted to follow another of which he knew nothing. He began to think that a life of pleasure was much harder than a life of real work. He had spent his money freely; the people who came to him were known as clever people, as very intellectual people, and on the whole had been very kind to him. They had been most indulgent to his shortcomings in those graces of which people who have long lived in

'Society' are possessed. Still there was something unsatisfactory to himself.

One morning he saw his last guest depart, and he saw before him a whole week without any dinner engagements. For the first hour the prospect seemed to be a dull one; during the next hour, he felt as if he had been suddenly released from some self-imposed thralldom; he immediately went to his room and put on the old office coat which had served him many years, sat down in his easy-chair, and gleefully gasped—'I am free!' It was such a refreshing sensation to feel that he could now dress as he liked, and do as he liked, without any fear of incurring covert smiles at his ignorance, or of discovering that he had committed some gross blunder in manners, that he thereupon came to a resolution. He would have no more guests: no more dinner parties; and instead of dining at a quarter to eight, he would return to the good habits of his father and dine at one o'clock. Then he would look after the home-farm, and, if he could manage it, he would try to hold a plough himself. It was quite clear to him that his nervous system was out of order, and this was the way to set it right.

He held manfully to his resolution; but it was somewhat awkward for Ruth that wherever he went, or whatever he had to do, he required her to be with him. She attended cheerfully, and was often amused by his violent efforts to imitate the horny-handed sons of labour, in hacking wood, or in carrying hay or straw to the stables. The ploughing was a complete failure. The plough would not go straight for him, and he made such zigzags that his servants groaned. He blamed the horses, then he blamed the plough; at last he blamed himself, and withdrew from the shafts in disgust.

'You are laughing at me, Ruth,' he said, taking her arm and walking towards the house; 'but you might pity me a little. Everybody says I am the

most fortunate man in the world, and upon my soul I begin to think I am the most miserable.'

'Are you not a little like the spoilt child who cried for the moon?' she queried archly.

'That is just it—I am crying for the moon. Come into my room, and I will tell you what the moon is.'

They went into the library, the walls of which were lined with the uncut volumes of the best works in modern and ancient literature.

'Sit down, Ruth. I am going to speak to you very seriously as soon as I recover breath.'

Ruth took the chair with no other impression about the serious subject of conversation than that he was going to give her directions for another dinner party. He took a strange method of trying to recover his breath; instead of sitting down, he paced to and fro uneasily, at intervals glancing furtively at his quiet companion, occasionally halting as if about to speak, and then starting off again on his parade.

'Well, Cawley, I thought you had something very serious to say to me,' she observed, after waiting some time.

He stopped as abruptly as a horse suddenly pulled up by a strong hand.

'Yes, Ruth, it is serious—at least to me.'

There was something so peculiar in his tone—it was so unusually low, and so unlike the resolute tone in which he was accustomed to speak—that she turned and looked at him. His back was towards her, and he seemed to find something of unusual interest in the title of 'Macaulay's History of England' on the backs of the volumes at which he was gazing intently.

'Is there anything wrong?' she inquired in surprise, 'and can I help you?'

'Yes, there is much wrong, and you can help me if you will.'

'Then tell me what it is, and it will give me more comfort than you can imagine to feel that I am able to do something for you.'

He turned his head very slowly and gazed at her with such a keen expression in his eyes that she felt as if he were trying to penetrate her innermost thought. Then with a sudden jerk he moved towards her, and stood behind her chair.

He seemed to be afraid to meet her eyes; but he made an effort to speak in a cool, practical way.

'You would be glad to be able to do something for me—and you shall be glad, for I believe that it is in your power to make the rest of my days happy.'

This was such a singular speech coming from a man like Cawley, that Ruth did not know whether to laugh at it or to ask him if he were ill. However, she only said quietly, 'I wish you would tell me what you mean, Cawley; you are not like yourself today.'

'Ruth,' he said, leaning his hand upon her shoulder, 'can you not guess what I mean? I am not a—not a very old fellow. You were left as a legacy to me, and you have been very useful to me. But of course some day you will be wanting to go away, and I want to prevent that.'

Whilst he was speaking Ruth slowly rose from her chair, her eyes opening wide in wonder as he proceeded.

'I have no thought of leaving you, Cawley,' she answered in a low voice, for she was beginning to understand him.

'Not just now, I dare say, but by-and-by the thought and the wish will come.' Then abruptly changing his tone as if angry with himself: 'Confound it, Ruth, I am a man of business and don't know how to make love. I'll put it in my own way—I want you to be my wife, that's all!'

The declaration was so sudden that Ruth was startled by it. She was, however, in her own way as prompt as Cawley himself. She took his hand frankly.

'I know you would not make a joke of such a serious subject; but if you

had desired to drive me away from the house you could not have adopted a better plan than that of making such a proposal. I like you very much—very, very much, Cawley, but not in the way you wish.’

He dropped her hand; the answer had been plain, and the subject was not one which he felt disposed to argue about. He walked to the window, and as he looked out upon the lawn and rich grounds which might be all hers if she pleased, he could not help a slight feeling of bitterness in thinking that, with all his wealth, he could not obtain the hand of the only woman he had ever really cared for.

He wheeled sharply round.

‘Is there anyone else?’ he asked, and there was a harsh note in his voice.

It was a difficult question for Ruth to answer, for the image of Mowbray’s pale face seemed to rise before her. She had been obliged to own the truth to herself that if he had put the question she could have answered him; but she could not answer her cousin. Her eyes were turned upon the floor, and her head drooped a little as she replied honestly,

‘Yes.’

Cawley stood for a minute as if dumb-stricken, as much surprised by the directness of the reply as by the fact which it conveyed. So this timid young creature, whose isolation from the world he had been lamenting, had been consoling herself with a lover; and, no doubt, that was why she had been perfectly content to remain at Cedar Lodge. At first he was inclined to be angry; he was disappointed; but presently he became calm.

‘Who is the man, Ruth?’ he inquired, and there was no harshness in his voice now.

‘I would rather you didn’t ask that,’ she said, awkwardly; ‘the matter is known only to myself and now to you. He knows nothing.’

‘Do you wish him to know? If he is the right sort of fellow, I don’t see

why you should conceal his name from me. Come now, make a clean breast of it. Who is he? what is he? where does he live?’

He was again excited, and advanced to her as if he would force the secret from her.

‘I cannot tell you,’ was her firm response, as she moved towards the door.

‘Very well, I shall say nothing more at present; but I warn you that if he does not satisfy me, you and I will not be long friends.’

Ruth felt that if she remained any longer in the room the emotion which he had roused would overcome her, and she would begin to sob.

‘I don’t think there will ever be any necessity to tell you more than I have told you now.’

Cawley’s eyes sparkled as a hope rose within him that this was some sentimental fancy that would soon pass away.

‘Don’t you think there is something ridiculous in this mystery, Ruth? If anything is to come of it, you know that you must speak to me. But there, let it rest. I shall know all in time. Will you tell Harris to get out the waggonet?’

She was glad of the opportunity to escape from the room.

‘Now I understand why she did not like me to embrace her—she was thinking of that fellow, whoever he is. She has managed it slyly, and I don’t like it. She would not have refused to tell me if there had not been some good reason for her silence; but she’ll get over it, and then I can speak again.’

Although he maintained an appearance of calmness, the chagrin he felt worked within him, and whilst he was being driven across the weald at as rapid a pace as he could induce Harris to urge the horse to, Ruth’s conduct developed itself into a serious offence.

A long circuit brought him into a lane lined on either side by thick hedges from which at intervals sprang

clumps of May, now budding and even at this time, perfuming the atmosphere. On one side was a ditch, and on the banks of it grew many wild flowers and long grass. The drive had refreshed him, and he had got into a better humour.

After all, why should he be selfish? Why should he attempt to force a girl's will? He did not know that in certain natures love is always selfish; indeed, until within a few days he always thought of the thing called love as the mere folly of youth. His idea had been that such affairs should be arranged on a plain, practical business basis: thus, here is a house and furnish it as you please; here are your servants; here are your horses and carriages, and you can have as much as you like for your milliner and dress-maker; you can have as much pocket-money as you please.

What more, in the name of all that was sensible, could a woman desire?

He had never read a novel, because all novels were trash and corrupted the mind; people were fools enough without being educated to become bigger fools. He had never had the time to engage in the absurd amusement of flirtation; indeed, he didn't know the meaning of the word. Once he had found a clerk in his office who had been most diligent and useful suddenly change in all his ways—not exactly neglecting his duties, but blundering so in them that Cawley had been obliged to speak to him privately. The poor fellow had been very quiet, and could give no satisfactory answer about the change, and impulsively resigned his situation. Cawley was certainly a strict master, but he was a just one; he told the young man he would give him a month's holiday, and if at the end of that time he persisted in his resignation he would accept it. During the month he learned that the young man had been what is called 'jilted,' and he instantly set him down as a — fool.

At the end of the month the young

man resumed his situation and was apparently contented.

Cawley put the question to himself, Was he as silly as that young fellow whom he had called a fool?

He was answered immediately.

Turning a bend of the road he saw two figures close by the hedge, a man on one knee holding something up to a girl and looking earnestly in her face which was bent close to his.

Mowbray and Ruth.

To his mind there could only be one interpretation of the position of the two notwithstanding the publicity of the place. The fact was that the Doctor was simply dilating upon one of the plants which he had gathered, and Ruth was interested.

Cawley bent forward and snatched the reins from Harris, pulling the horse up with a sudden jerk.

'Turn, go round the other way,' he said gruffly.

His command was obeyed. Whatever petty passion there was in the man's nature had been aroused. He knew Mowbray to be penniless and to be related to a man who had committed forgery, which was in his eyes even a more heinous offence than murder itself. The thought that Ruth could cast him and his wealth aside for such a man drove him mad, and he was in a furious passion when he reached home. The roundabout way he had taken delayed him much, and Ruth was in the house before him.

She had come into the hall to meet him, but he passed her without a word and went to the library. He could not speak to her, he would write.

Seated at his desk he seized his pen and wrote hastily. He commenced without any date or form of address:

'I have seen you and your lover together. I thought I could have looked upon such a sight and remained calm. I misunderstood myself. I shall say nothing about him further than that. I think he has done you wrong, and should have considered his own position before he gained your affection.'

'As it is, I must ask you to find another home for yourself, and I will make a suitable provision for you. I cannot see you again.

'SAMUEL CAWLEY.'

Poor Mr. Cawley, although he was writhing with strange pain whilst he wrote, did not even now understand that the phrase 'winning affection' is a false one; there is no such thing; love which is the highest form of affection comes without seeking, and takes possession of us whether we will or no.

He rang the bell and a servant entered.

'Take this to Miss Hansford at once.' It was a peculiarity in Mr. Cawley's manner that he rarely said 'Please' or 'Thank you' to a servant.

The moment he had sent away the letter his misery increased tenfold. He sat down; then sprang to his feet and paced the room uneasily. Should he call the servant back and destroy the note? He ought to wait until he had time to think the matter over coolly.

Nearly an hour passed in this restless mood, and he could stand it no longer. He went down to the drawing-room; she was not there. He went to her own room, knocked, but there was no answer. He opened the door; she was not there. He hastily summoned a servant, and on inquiring where Miss Hansford was, learned that she had left the house about half-an-hour ago.

'Do you know where she was going?'

'I don't know, sir.'

'Did she say when she would return?'

'No, sir.'

Cawley examined her room and found everything in much confusion. On the dressing-table was an envelope addressed to himself. He tore it open; the sheet of paper within bore only these words:—

'I obey. Good-bye.

'RUTH.'

His first feeling was one of shame and regret, but there followed a tide of indignation that she should have been so ready to take him at his word and go without seeing him.

'It is Mowbray who has done this,' he muttered bitterly.

But despite his vexation, he was anxious to know what had become of her, and at once guessed where she had taken refuge. He was about to despatch a note to the Vicar when that gentleman arrived. Ruth was at the Vicarage and was to remain there until her arrangements for the future could be made. The Vicar saw that it was no time to preach to Mr. Cawley about the harshness of his conduct; he simply assured him that Ruth was safe and took his leave.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

THE sudden appearance of Ruth at the Vicarage in a state of much agitation created great commotion in that quiet establishment. Mrs. Ware took her upstairs, and in a little while learned the whole story of her love for Dr. Mowbray and of her cousin's conduct.

Mrs. Ware was a sensible woman, and whilst making excuses for Mr. Cawley, contrived to soothe her guest by those delicate suggestions of compromises which might lead to future happiness only perceptible by the keen eyes of a woman. She persuaded her that the best thing she could do was to take a long rest, and in the morning she would be able to discuss the affairs of the future. Ruth was so weary and distressed by all that had happened within such a short period, that she yielded to all her kind hostess suggested.

Then Mrs. Ware rejoined her husband, and after a long conversation with him he put on his hat and proceeded to Cedar Lodge. He had not

been able to accomplish all that he had intended to do; but he was resolved that on the following morning he would tell Mr. Cawley very plainly that he had been most unkind to his cousin. Up to a late hour that evening, the good-natured Vicar half-expected, or hoped, that Mr. Cawley would come to him for some information about Ruth, if not to ask her to return to the house which had been so long her home.

But he put out his lights and went to bed without having received the visit he had looked for.

Dr. Mowbray made an early call at the Vicarage next day to see one of the young ladies who was suffering from a slight cold which she had magnified into a severe attack of bronchitis. Then he heard something about the rupture between Ruth and her cousin—not much, certainly, for the girls had been told nothing more than that Miss Hansford was to stay with them for a few days. But this was enough to make the young doctor seek a full explanation from the Vicar. To the latter, the position was an awkward one; he did not know how much of his information he was at liberty to repeat—especially to Mowbray. He discovered an excellent way out of the difficulty.

‘Ahem! I think, Mowbray, you should see Miss Hansford in your professional capacity. She is really very ill and requires advice. Then as her friend, I have no doubt she will give you all the particulars which you require, and which—well, in fact—which I feel some reluctance to give without her sanction. I will ask Mrs. Ware to inform her that you are here.’

‘Thank you. I am anxious to see her, whether she will make me her confidant or not.’

The Vicar went in search of his wife. In a few minutes Mrs. Ware appeared, and after a formal greeting, conducted the Doctor to a parlour overlooking the garden; she was brisk in manner, and her expression dis-

tinctly suggested that she was very sanguine as to the result of this visit. There are few women, whatever may be their age, who do not take an interest in a love affair.

Ruth was seated in a large easy chair beside a comfortable fire. She was dressed in black, and this rendered the pallor of her face the more noticeable, but a slight flush for a moment suffused it when Mowbray advanced to her. She rose, extending her hand, which he seized with more eagerness than would be requisite if he only intended to feel her pulse.

‘Pray be seated, Miss Hansford. I see that you are very weak, and you must not task your strength.’

Smiling faintly, she resumed her seat. He arranged the cushions behind her with the tenderness of a mother nursing a loved child; then he drew back and knew that his own pulse quickened with pleasure at sight of the expression of gratitude on the pale face.

‘You must not think that I am very ill, Dr. Mowbray. It is only—only a little weakness due to much excitement last night. Will you not be seated?’ she added abruptly.

The Doctor took a chair, and his earnest eyes examined her closely. Although no word had yet been spoken to suggest anything between them more than the ordinary relationship of doctor and patient, both were conscious that an important crisis in their lives was at hand. He saw that she hesitated to explain to him fully the nature of her trouble; and he hesitated to attempt to win the secret from her. But that the cause of the breach between her and her cousin was a serious one, he could easily divine from the effect it had upon her.

‘I may tell you,’ he said gently, ‘that I know something of what has happened. You have left Mr. Cawley’s house owing to some misunderstanding between you; but surely it can be explained away? Mr. Cawley is a gentleman of sound sense, and

would not, I am sure, cause you unnecessary distress.'

She turned her head aside; and her lips trembled slightly; she could not tell why Mr. Cawley had acted as if he had very little sound sense indeed.

'I am afraid that reconciliation is impossible,' she answered, without looking round. 'Even if Mr. Cawley were to ask me, I could not return to his house.'

'Then what are your plans for the future? Have you any relative to protect you?'

'None' (this with a slight sob).

'Any friends, then?'

'None save the Vicar and his wife. You know that I have scarcely stirred beyond the village since I was sixteen, and have, therefore, had few opportunities of making such friends as I might ask to help me in my present position.'

The Doctor himself grew pale now; and it was evident by his blanched lips and the slight tremor of his hands that he was greatly agitated. At length he bent towards her, and his voice was very low and earnest as he spoke.

'Miss Hansford, I am going to say something that will startle you, and perhaps add to your distress. Shall I risk doing so? Do you think you are strong enough to hear me?'

'Go on,' she faltered.

'It is very little that I have to say. Some three years ago I met a lady whose face and character roused sentiments which had long lain dormant under the pressure of severe work and much privation. I was poor then, and I am not much richer now. I understood the lady to be the probable heiress of a large fortune, and I resolved to stifle those feelings which had so suddenly sprung into life. We frequently met, however, and I was too weak to deny myself the happiness of speaking to her and of being near her. The thought of her helped me through many severe trials. You know that the lady is yourself, Miss Hansford; your position is altered now, and I

may therefore tell you that I love you.—Have I offended you?'

She had started at the sound of those words which always thrill the hearts of men and women. For answer she placed her hand in his. He bent over her and kissed her.

The Vicar and his wife were not at all surprised when the engagement of Ruth and Dr. Mowbray was made known to them, for they had long seen what the lovers had been afraid to own to themselves. The Vicar decided that Mr. Cawley should at once be informed of the matter; and again hurried to Cedar Lodge, to find for a second time that he could not fulfil his mission.

At the door was a brougham, and in the hall he found Dr. Walpole (the most popular physician of the district) drawing on his gloves and giving instructions to two servants who were listening with an expression of terror on their faces.

'Good morning, Mr. Ware,' said the great physician, condescendingly. 'I am afraid we have a bad case here. Our friend Mr. Cawley has passed a very restless night, and is now in a state of delirium. The indications are those of small-pox. I have left one of my men with him, and have telegraphed to London for properly qualified nurses. Hope you are well at home. Excuse me, I am very busy—good morning.' And the pompous gentleman entered his carriage and drove away.

The diagnosis proved to be correct: an epidemic of small-pox had been for some time raging in the county, and it had seized Mr. Cawley in its most virulent form. Nurses came and went; the servants fled in terror from the plague, and the millionaire was left almost alone. As the delirium slowly subsided he was vaguely conscious of shadows flitting around his bed; when the crisis had passed and he awakened, as from a long and horrible dream, he saw a slender figure, dressed in black,

standing beside him, and tenderly moistening his feverish lips with some liquid. Behind this figure was that of a tall man who was watching him intently.

'Ruth—Mowbray,' said the invalid, feebly. And then, after a long pause, 'What does it all mean?'

'You may speak,' whispered Mowbray to Ruth; 'I believe he is saved.'

'You have been very ill, Cawley,' said the gentle voice which he had thought he would never hear again; 'but you will soon be well now.'

He closed his swollen eyes, and tried to puzzle out the meaning of this strange dream; then he fell into a natural sleep. His attendants were no shadows now; and as he slowly recovered he learned bit by bit how when he had been deserted by nearly everyone else, Ruth and Mowbray had nursed him throughout his terrible illness.

On a bright June morning, when the air was perfumed with roses, the bells in the tower of the old parish church rang out a merry wedding peal, and Ruth, in bride's attire, advanced to the altar where Dr. Mowbray waited. The Vicar was in his place ready to make his two friends man and wife. A gentleman whose face was deeply pitted by small-pox was brought up to the altar in a wheelchair, and gave away the bride. When the bride and bridegroom were stepping into the carriage, he shook hands with the man, he kissed the lady, muttering, 'God bless you, my child! May your life be long and happy! I am happy now.'

And it was the first time that Mr. Cawley had been really happy. His illness had proved a blessing to himself, to Ruth, and to George Mowbray.

NIAGARA.

From the French of Louis Honoré Frechette.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

MAJESTIC moves the mighty stream and slow,
 Till from that false calm's semblance, suddenly,
 Wild and with echoes shaking earth and sky,
 The huge tide plunges in the abyss below,
 —It is the cataract! from whose thunderous ire
 The wild birds flee in terror far away—
 From that dread gulf when with her scarf of fire
 The rainbow sits above the torrent's sway!
 Earth quakes, for sudden that vast arching dome
 Of green is changed to hills of snow-white foam,
 That seethe and boil and bound in tameless pride.
 Yet this Thy work, O God, Thy law fulfils,
 And while it shakes the everlasting hills,
 It spares the straw that floats upon its tide.

FOR FATHER'S SAKE.

LET us take a look at one of our large and busy cities, across the water. What a sound of ceaseless activity comes from all sides. Everything is stirring. What dense clouds of heavy black smoke come from those tall, narrow, gaunt chimneys, that stand up so high above the busy factories. They seem in their perpendicular majesty, soot-crowned, to glory in their tallness, and narrowness and gauntness. They seem to rejoice in being able to flood the pure air above with their black miasma. They revel in their supremacy over the humbler chimneys which only reach half-way out of the murky cloud that shrouds the city.

Far up, above the cloud of smoke and dust, that seems like an evil demon to brood over the city, rivalling even the black chimneys in height, stands the church spire. How majestically it lifts its graceful figure above the noise, and tumult, and defilements of earth. Ever pointing upwards, with that reverent aspiration toward things not of earth, with which the whole of the noble gothic pile seems instinct. Not pointing us with the stoney finger of a faultless symmetry, to the perfect ideal of earthly beauty like the temples of Athens, not pointing with the cold correctness of Greece, but in a truer, nobler, higher way, plain enough for the dullest to comprehend, it points straight to heaven,—an imperfect emblem of that God-given philanthropy—Christianity.

High up above us, just where the spire springs from the solid masonry of the tower, are seen the huge dials of the great clock. How large everything looks now that we are standing just under it. How long the hands are

that stretch across its face. What a pendulum, and what weights the clock must have. And what weary work it must be to wind it up every week. We seldom realize its size, or think of this, when on our way to business we glance hurriedly at the silent, though tireless timekeeper of the city.

But come! it is getting dark, and the noises in the streets are growing fainter. We have something else to look at besides the great Church. Come into this narrow street, black with filth. In the small upper room of a crazy, tumble-down dwelling, surrounded by poverty, are two children. They are alone. The figure of a little boy, wasted with consumption, is lying on a straw mattress on the floor in the corner of the room. Beside the poor little fellow sits his sister. She is a few years older than he, and is dressed in a soiled and ragged frock. The sick child asks for a drink. His sister gives him a taste of the tepid unwholesome water of the city; more calculated to poison than to refresh. But there is nothing else to give him. 'Sadie,' he says, after he had eagerly swallowed the few drops, 'what time is it?' 'It's near eight, and father's not home yet,' she replies. 'Come here and sit beside me, Sadie.' She sits down beside him, and takes one of his thin wasted hands in her own little palm. 'Oh, Jim, I'm afraid father will be drunk again, when he does come,' she says sadly. 'Yes, and it's Friday night too.' There is silence for some time in the room, close with the unwholesome odour of sickness, and bare with the poverty of a drunkard's home. It seems to grow darker without, for the little figures are lost in the deep sha-

dow. At last the little fellow breaks the silence, almost as oppressive as the gloom, and speaks in a hurried, anxious tone. 'Oh Sadie, the clock will run down to-night, and father 'll be too drunk to wind it.' 'Yes Jim, so it will, what shall we do—if mother was only alive.' 'Couldn't you tell somebody?' Jim asks. 'Oh no, no, I'd have to tell WHY Father couldn't wind it, and no one cares enough for him to do it for him.' 'But Sadie, perhaps father's not drunk, he always keeps sober on clock nights.'

Poor children, their father has charge of the clock in that magnificent Church we were admiring only a short time ago. He must wind it up every Friday night. Though an inveterate drinker, the wretched man has sense enough to keep sober for the two hours he is engaged in winding the clock every week. Indeed, it is about the only time he is sober. It is now past his usual time for being home, and he is not in yet, and it is 'clock night' too. It is getting later, and the poor little things are speaking of the clock again.

'Could we wind it up, Jim?' she inquires. 'If I were a man I could, Sadie,' says little Jim, with great seriousness. 'But there is eight hundred pounds for the clock alone, and fifteen hundred for the "striking," and they've each got to be pulled up about a hundred feet,' he adds, despairingly. 'But Jim, the whole clock won't run down to-night,' she says. Jim tells her that he remembered father once saying that the 'striking' ran down at twelve o'clock on Friday nights, but that the clock itself would go on till morning. 'Oh Jim, if they don't hear the clock all night, father will be discharged, and then——. The clock must be made to strike somehow, or poor father will be discharged.' Jim does not contradict her. But the darkness is too deep to show the anxious look on his pale face.

The children speak to each other again, and their tones show the ear-

nestness of a steady resolve. They will not let their miserable father be discharged. But how will they do it? Nothing more is said now, but they wait to see if their father will come home.

It has struck midnight, and the old clock has laboured through the twelve strokes in an uncertain voice, as if exhausted with the long week's work, and the heavy weight just reaches the floor. But the hands will silently point to a few more hours yet.

What does it matter to the sleeping city if the few hours snatched from the cares of the day are silent? Who, of all the busy thousands that look up at the clock from the noisy street in the day, will care if the hours are not rung to-night? The drowsy city will not miss the bell; the midnight reveller would not heed it if it did ring; the night-watchman may not even notice it; the stealthy robber will be glad of its silence; the busy workers of the night have no time to notice whether it rings or not; and the sick count the minutes for hours, and the hours as years; who cares if one bell in the city is silent for one night in the year? The child does not think of all this? The clock *must* strike somehow or father will be discharged! Mistaken though she be, the hand of Duty seems to point out her difficult path; and led on by a love too pure and holy for her degraded father, she will attempt the herculean task. The clock *shall* strike to-night, somehow,——

Drops of rain are falling from the ragged clouds, that are hurrying by, overhead, and the moon just shows through the cloud-rifts, in uncertain and almost ghastly gleams. Look at the church now, black and gigantic in the darkness. A little figure stands at the great door, far down under the clock. She is alone; poor Jim cannot leave his wretched bed, though his brave little heart longs to try. She reaches up and puts the large key in the iron-studded door. With a ner-

vous and determined wretch, that makes her heart throb, she turns the heavy lock back and presses the door open. She hurries inside and pushes the door shut with childish fear, to keep out the night, and the rain, and the dull, chilling, white moonlight, that comes and goes so like a spectre. She stumbles up the dark stairs to the gallery, but the long, narrow windows let the white spectre look in at her again. She reaches the door leading to the tower. How loud and fearful her own footsteps sound, for she has left the matting on the gallery stairs, and how ominously still everything else seems. She puts the smaller key in the door that looms tall and black before her, and again resolutely turns the key. The lock moves more easily, but it seems to groan. She pulls the door open, but starts back. The black darkness seems to pour out. The damp odour of the tower smells like a vault. She pauses a moment in terror, and shudders at the gloom before her. Christian facing the lions in the path had to face real, tangible dangers, that could be seen and encountered. But the nameless dread of the haunted darkness is chilling, depressing, awful to the lonely child. Yet the path of duty, mistaken though it be, leads into the black darkness before her. Guided by the hand of Love, she must face it. She dare not close this door, she cannot shut herself in with this dark, shivering, cold fear. She leaves the door wide open, and, almost closing her eyes, she hurries up the steep steps in the tower,—ever and anon looking back at the streak of light that hovers like a ghost at the door where the pale spectre without meets the black spirit of the place. Up, up, up, the tower seems to be higher, and the stairs steeper and longer than when she came here with her father. She reaches the first turn of the stairs, and is in utter darkness. The sound of a mouse, far down below appals her, but the stillness appals her more. Will she never reach the top? Pant-

ing, frightened, exhausted, she at length reaches the last turn of the stairs, and sees a dull streak of light from one of the narrow lancet windows, heavily crossed with slats. She hears the clock, but it does not seem to tick as she had remembered; every beat sounds like the stroke of a sledge on an anvil. It shouts; 'Go back! go back!' She climbs on, and stands trembling and alone by the huge clock as the hands on the great dials away above outside point to a quarter to one. She goes round and examines the small dials inside, used for setting the clock, by the dull light of the window. There is a chime of bells in the tower on the next floor above her, but the ropes are all fastened to handles down here beside the clock. She gropes her way round to where the handles of the chime stand in their high wooden frame, grim, like some instrument of torture—a relic of the dark and blood-stained days of the Marian persecutions. They are too high for her to reach, but she knows where the old music-books are kept. She drags two of the larger books out, and placing them under the lowest handle brings it just within her grasp. A sigh of relief; father may be saved now.

But a new difficulty presents itself. How can she tell when the hour comes? The little inside dials are round at the other side of the clock. She sinks down on the books, with her hand pressed to her forehead. She cannot watch the dials and then grope her way round to the bell. She dare not ring it a second after the exact time. She is in despair of saving her father, even though she has braved the darkness and gloom. She presses her hands tighter on her forehead. Oh, my dear little child, may God help you, for no human aid is near?

Yes, she brightens up. She will succeed at last. She hurries round to the little dials again. In two minutes she will have to ring. She remembers, when here with her father,

how he showed her that the hands of great clocks like these do not move steadily like the hands of our watches. She remembers her father showing her how the hands of this clock move in half-minute jumps. Thirty beats of the pendulum, and the fans of the clock spin round, while the great hands move instantaneously over a half-minute on the dials, and remain quiet till the next half-minute has been measured out by the pendulum. Going back again, and mounting her impromptu platform of books, she grasps the handle of the bell with both hands, while the beating of her heart shakes her whole body. Slowly the pendulum counts out its thirty, the fans released, spin round, beating the air like the wings of a bat, and the hands have moved half a minute nearer the hour. She has three half-minutes yet to count. Holding her breath, her hands clasped tightly around the lever above her head, she counts the beats and waits the flapping of the fans. Another! How slowly the pendulum swings. It seems to take a whole minute between its very beats. Only one more minute to wait. The fans turn again! Half a minute to the hour! How very, very slow the pendulum seems to go now. What crowding thoughts! Can the clock be nearly run down, too, that it goes so slow? Will she be able to ring the bell? The knocker may be too heavy for her to raise. A hundred thoughts of hope and fear seem well nigh to render her dizzy. The city is fast asleep, yet she can only think of the million ears listening for the bell—waiting to detect her father in the failure of his duty. Twenty-eight! on the pendulum, a pause—twenty-nine! agony—now or never—thirty! The fans drowsily flap round. The hands of the clock spring to the hour. With one thought for her father, by a convulsive effort, she throws her whole weight on the handle. Down it comes, and the great bell in the darkness above her booms out one! Thank God

the hour is struck at last. She clings to the handle for several seconds before she can let it go. She sinks down upon the books, her whole strength exhausted by the mental and physical strain. But the hour has been struck. One o'clock rung out in the night to the dark sky. One o'clock! oh, city of luxury and toil. One o'clock! oh, men of business and pleasure. One o'clock! oh, sleeping thousands. One o'clock! drunken father. One o'clock! poor dying Jim lying alone, eagerly listening for the welcome sound. One o'clock! oh, God in Heaven, rung in darkness and alone by the hand of one of Thy children. The harsh sound dies away on earth, and is gone; but lives among the harmonies of Heaven—is heard above the song of the holy cherubim and seraphim, as it floats in through the pearly gates which are not 'shut at all by day,' till it reaches the great white throne.

The first few minutes fly rapidly away in the excitement she feels. What did it matter that the sound was a little muffled, for the poor child had unconsciously held the knocker against the bell as she clung to the handle. What did it matter, that the smallest bell of the whole chime was rung. What matter, that the hour was rung by the trembling hand of a weak child. What matter,—the work was done! The duty had been fulfilled, and her father had not been disgraced. She goes round and crouches where she can see the small dials. How soon the first quarter passes, but when at length the half hour comes, it seems a long time since she rang the bell. She is calm and quiet now, and a feeling of peace, and of duty performed, comes over her. But the time drags on again. It seems more like a week since the hour was chimed.

Oh, kind reader, stop and think. What resources in herself can a child at her age have to make the weary hours pass? In a church tower, surrounded by strange objects, distorted

and huge in the gloom. Alone!—She crouches where she can catch sight of the dials, while the rain beats in gusts against the tower, and the wind whistles cold and shrill through the open belfry above her, making the bells hum in discordant monotone. We cannot realize her feelings, sitting comfortably in our homes. We cannot, till we, alone, with all her dread, have gone and tolled the hour, to save a drunken father from disgrace.

The hands creep on towards two. Anxiety again comes upon her, and drives away the happy peace of mind. Her heart beats violently as before, and she holds her breath to count, that there may be no mistake. The pendulum ticks on with aggravating slowness, as before. Twenty-eight,—twenty-nine,—thirty! Two o'clock is boomed out to an unconscious city by the iron-tongued monitor above her. With a sigh of relief, she brushes the cold perspiration from her forehead. Two o'clock has been rung, but the hour of watching has told on her, and the bell had to be rung twice. Little Jim, away in his poor room, lying close by the open window to listen, is the only one, perhaps, who has watched the hour through, and longed for the bell to sound. Another long, long, weary hour, slow and tedious, and three is tolled by that childish hand. One more age rolls over, and, with scarcely any strength left, four is struck. The work grows heavier as her strength goes, and the long watches between seem to lengthen into years. Will it ever be five? Each of the quarters seem to go as slowly as the first hour itself did. Five o'clock comes at last. Rousing herself to the heavy task by a strong effort, she rings, one—two—three—the handle seems almost immovable—four, only one more stroke with the heavy lever—five; the last stroke is almost muffled, as fainting yet clinging desperately to the handle she falls forward. May God give her strength—five o'clock has been chimed. An early straggler may, perhaps,

have heard it, or the busy worker extinguishing the street lamps far down below.

One bell in a chime is not hard to ring, at least not to us, but think of only a child, weakened by a tedious night of watching, unnerved by anxiety, without help, in the church tower, ringing the slow hours all through the night. No wonder she dreads six to come. The hands have begun to approach the awful hour, when, hark! an uncertain footstep is heard. The child is too frightened to cry out. The heavy tread comes slowly up, and a wretched man, scarcely fully sobered, with bleared eyes and shaking hand, crawls up and looks anxiously and fearfully around. Over there, in that dark corner, its damp shawl pulled tightly around it, shivering in the cold, grey, dripping morning, with blue eyes dimmed with tears, gazing intently on the dials; its little hands clasped tightly together, he sees his little Sadie.

Who shall describe the meeting of father and child? He who deserved so little; she who had done so much. No one save the old clock saw the long, tight embrace, that pressed the blood from his shaking hands. Only the turning wheels heard the promise he made her there. Only the dials she had watched so patiently saw them kneel together in the dark corner.

Yes, six o'clock is rung out to the busy city again; people are out, stores are opening, carts are rattling along the streets. The hum of life begins again to be heard, as the father carries a little tired figure along the fast-filling thoroughfare. The world goes on as usual. The hour is rung with a deeper tone and a firmer stroke, but no one notices the difference. The old clock works on the same, and yet not the same; it does not ring the hours as it used; at least, not to everybody. Three, out of the busy multitude of that vast city, gathered together in the small room

in that noisome street, hear its tones fraught with a new meaning. The bell speaks to Sadie of a reclaimed father. It speaks to the poor father of his little daughter's love.

Let us not say it was no matter if the old clock had been silent for one night in the year. It did matter; though the father's neglect of duty might never have been discovered. The child acted from the highest, purest, yes, holiest motive,— unselfish love.

Never does the father enter the tower on 'clock nights' without remembering his dear little child, in all that loneliness and cold, putting forth her utmost strength, gladly sacrificing herself to shield him, without any hope of reward save that of success in the undertaking and the inestimable possession of a good conscience towards God and man.

REMOVED.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN, KINGSTON.

'Blind and deaf that we are: Oh, think, if thou yet love anybody living, wait not till death sweep down the paltry little dust-clouds and idle dissonances of the moment, and all be at least so mournfully clear and beautiful, when it is too late!'—*Carlyle's 'Reminiscences.'*

OUT of the foregone silence whose place is hidden
 In the dark backward of time, a strong swift stream
 Flows, and is heard not of man, whose thoughts, unhidden,
 Dream, and heed not the vision within the dream,
 Or the manifold voices calling, and hands that hold,
 Till the voices are dumb, and the hands that he loved are cold.

The slow rain falls on the grave that the winds blow over,
 Yet the sweet, still face beneath heeds not, nor hears,
 Though the drops that fall be wrung from thy heart, fond lover,—
 Tears, and the rain are one to her who hath done with tears,
 In the land where the twilight reigns, and the shadows be,
 And the soundless river of time sinks into the Silent Sea.

There the heart is at rest from the anguish of hope's delaying,—
 Lips that spoke not, and hands too busy for love's warm press;
 The sad curved eyelids rise not for all thy praying,—
 The clinging hands, unclasped, fall loose from love's caress,
 And the tender mouth smiles on in a calm so strange
 Thy passionate kisses change not—nought shall change.

The slow rain falls on the grave that the winds blow over,
 And the long grass waves, and anon the sun shines bright,
 And the mould is sweet with the smell of the blossoming clover,
 And the winter follows the spring as the day the night;
 But the days return no more when thou couldst make,
 For one, the whole world blossom for thy love's sake.

EMULATION AS AN ELEMENT IN POETRY.

A Literary Note.

BY R. W. BOODLE, MONTREAL.

IN a previous number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY I attempted to estimate the effect that passing events exercise upon the mind and works of poets, and illustrated these tendencies by a detailed analysis of the 'Idylls of the King.' In the present short paper I propose to consider one of the many elements that go to make up the poetic nature. We learn upon the best authority that the poet is born—

'Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,

The love of love.'

Nor would it be uninstrucive to attempt to trace and differentiate the effects of the different passions upon poetic and ordinary natures. The present small contribution to a great subject was suggested by observing the curious fate of Scott's beautiful description of the Trosachs in 'The Lady of the Lake.' Suggested itself by a passage in Milton (which was possibly due in part to a description in Boccaccio), it has been outdone by Wordsworth in one of his most magnificent passages. Wordsworth's own description in turn served as a model to Tennyson and to James Russell Lowell. I shall come to this part of my subject presently, but, before doing so I would suggest a few thoughts on the part that Emulation has played as a poetic motive power.

Potent, to some extent, in all periods of poetic growth, Emulation is never so powerful as it is in the earliest periods. Keats has compared human

life to a large mansion of many apartments; the first is the Infant or Thoughtless Chamber; the second the Chamber of Maiden Thought, in which, as the soul lingers, the light becomes gradually extingished, and the soul begins to feel the 'Burden of the Mystery.' And as in human life, so in the growth of poetic stature there is an infant or thoughtless period, during which Emulation, or, as we should rather call it in this case, Imitation, is of paramount importance in the formation of style. The imitation is often indirect, unconscious, but still it is imitation. As a good illustration of which I will take the last verse of Tennyson's poem 'To ——' (published in 1830). [I must apologize to my readers for my frequency of quotation; but notes like these are useless unless profusely illustrated.]

'Weak Truth a-leaning on her crutch,
Wan, wasted Truth in her utmost need,
Thy kingly intellect shall feed,
Until she be an athlete bold,
And weary with a finger's touch
Those writhed limbs of lightning speed;
Like that strange angel which of old,
Until the breaking of the light,
Wrestled with wandering Israel, —
Past Yabbok brook the livelong night,
And heaven's mazed signs stood still
In the dim tract of Penuel.'

Here there is only one word that betrays the source of inspiration; but who can doubt that from the fourth line onwards the youthful Tennyson is attempting to catch the inimitable movement of the last part of Keats'

'Sonnet' on Chapman's Homer,

'Off of one wide expanse had I been told,
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his de-
mesne :

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and
bold :

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look at each other with a mild surmise—
Silent upon a peak in Darien.'

Of course, as thought is 'more and more' in the poet, direct imitation becomes less and less; still there are many expressions and passages, especially in the Greek and Roman masterpieces, that have been the source of frequent imitation, rising even to Emulation, by mature poets. Tennyson, I need hardly say, is a mosaic of classical recollections such as when he uses Virgil's

'Dixit: et avertens rosea cervice refulsit,'

in the following lines of 'The Princess,

'She turned: the very nape of her white neck
Was rosed with indignation.'

Æschylus' famous *ἀντίρθρον γέλασμα* must have had a crowd of imitators, though I can only recall at the moment Keble's 'many-twinkling smile of ocean,' and 'the innumerable laughter of the sea,' of the 'Epic of Hades.' Horace's

'Deliberata morte ferocior
Sævis Liburnis scilicet invidens
Privata deduci superbo
Non humilis mulier triumpho,'

written of Cleopatra, was most certainly in the mind of Shakespeare, if only as a recollection of school days, when he wrote

'My resolution 's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me.'—*Antony and Cleopatra*.

So, too, Tennyson wrote to the same effect,

'I died a queen. The Roman soldier found
Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,
A name for ever! Lying robed and crown'd
Worthy a Roman spouse.'

And Cowper probably had Horace

in his mind when describing the death of Boadicea—

'She, with all a monarch's pride,' &c.

I will not tire my readers with further illustrations of this point. It will be sufficient to say that the influence of the great classics upon the early style of poets can hardly be over-estimated. The manner of a young poet is necessarily to a great extent built up out of that of his predecessors, and until the time has come when he feels the consciousness of something specially his own that he has to give the world, his highest poetical efforts are little better than *tours de force*, written in the style of any poet under whose influence he has lately fallen. But as I have said before, the part of poetic emulation does not end here. There are certain 'commonplaces' or topics that are the property of poets, whether Epic, Lyric or Elegiac, and these once called into being are constantly reappearing. In this case the thought is immaterial, and the excellence of the poet lies in the perfection of workmanship with which he handles his subject. I know not who it was who first compared the ocean swayed by the moon to the lover and his mistress, but the idea has been, perhaps, as fruitful as any other in poetry. Here are a few instances of the use to which this comparison has been put. I will start with Shakespeare:—

'He says he loves my daughter ;
I think so too : for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes.'

— *Winter's Tale*, iv. 3.

Coleridge's lines on the subject in the 'Ancient Mariner' are perhaps the most perfect of all—

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast ;
His great bright eye most silently,
Up to the Moon is cast—

'If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

In Bailey's 'Festus' the same figure reappears in Helen's song—

'Thine eye was glassed in mine
As the moon is in the sea,
And thy shine was on the brine—
Rosalie!
The rose hath lost its red,
And the star is in the sea,
And the briny tear is shed—
Rosalie!'

Such an idea could not escape Tennyson, and we find it in his 'Dream of Fair Women :—'

'Once, like the moon, I made
The ever-shifting currents of the blood
According to my humour ebb and flow.'

Even after these passages one can appreciate the beauty of James Russell Lowell's lines,

'And, as the sea doth oft lie still,
Making its waters meet,
As if by an unconscious will,
For the moon's silver feet,
So lay my soul within mine eyes
When thou, its guardian moon, didst rise.

'And now, how e'er its waves above
May toss and seem unceasing,
One strong, eternal law of Love,
With guidance sure and peaceful,
As calm and natural as breath,
Moves its great depths through life and death.'

I will now turn to the group of passages, the similarity, between some of which has, I believe, never been pointed out, but which led me originally to put these few notes together on the subject of poetic Emulation. The passages are interesting not only for their intrinsic beauty, but for the curious exemplification they give of the transmission of ideas, as well as for the capital illustration that they afford of the different styles of their authors. The idea of comparing the labouring hand of Nature to the works of human architecture must have often struck poets, but it was never so fully brought out before, as by Sir Walter Scott in his description of the Trossachs. In the passage of Milton, that was in Scott's mind when he wrote his description, the idea is not present. Still it will be interesting to have all the passages before us. We need not begin with

'The Decameron' as, though it was possibly Milton's original, there is nothing in it of sufficient account to merit quotation. Milton's description of Paradise (P. L. iv. 236, &c.) is as follows :—

'To tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crispéd
brooks,

Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice
art

In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and
plain,

* * * * *

Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums
and balm,

Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden
rind,

Hung amiable, Hesperian fable true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.'

Such was the passage that was apparently in Scott's mind as he wrote the famous description that appears in 'The Lady of the Lake' (1810)*—

'The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way ;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle ;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair ;
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.
Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child ;
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;

* This is the date of publication, that of writing was during the summer of 1809, when Sir Walter was in the midst of the Trossachs. He has a very similar description in Rokeby II. 8.

The primrose pale and violet flower,
 Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;
 Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
 Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Group'd their dark hues with every stain
 The weather-beaten crags retain.
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,
 Grey birch and aspen wept beneath ;
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
 His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
 Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
 His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
 Where glist'ning streamers waded and danced,
 The wanderer's eye could barely view
 The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
 So wondrous wild the whole might seem
 The scenery of a fairy dream.'

—(Canto I., 12, 13.)

Unhappily for Sir Walter, his magnificent description attracted the attention of a genius of mightier mould, and, in 1814, it appeared in 'The Excursion' (Book II.), at once etherealized and transformed. But we must give to Scott, at least, the merit of suggesting the following passage :—

'A single step, that freed me from the skirts
 Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
 Glory beyond all glory ever seen
 By waking sense or by the dreaming soul !
 The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
 Was of a mighty city—boldly say
 A wilderness of building, sinking far
 And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
 Far sinking into splendour—without end !
 Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
 With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
 And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
 Uplifted ; here, serene pavilions bright,
 In avenues disposed ; there, towers begirt
 With battlements that on their restless fronts
 Bore stars—illumination of all gems !
 By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
 Upon the dark materials of the storm
 Now pacified : on them, and on the coves
 And mountains—steeps and summits, where—
 unto
 The vapours had receded, taking there
 Their station under a cerulean sky.
 Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight !
 Clouds, mists, streams, watery rock and emerald turf,
 Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
 Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
 Molten together, and composing thus,
 Each lost in each, that marvellous array
 Of temple, palace, citadel and huge
 Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
 In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped.
 Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
 Of open court, an object like a throne
 Under a shining canopy of state
 Stood fixed ; and fixed resemblances were seen
 To implements of ordinary use,
 But vast in size, in substance glorified ;

Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
 In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power
 For admiration and mysterious awe.
 This little vale, a dwelling place of man,
 Lay low beneath my feet ; 'twas visible—
 I saw not, but I felt that it was there.
 That which I saw was the revealed abode
 Of Spirits in beatitude.'

Such a passage as this could not fail of imitators, and has found two at least. In 1827-8 the Poet Laureate was writing his 'Lover's Tale'—a poem interesting if only as a work in which the student of literature can trace the different styles that contributed to form that unique medium of elegance and thought, which is the most perfect part of Tennyson's poetic work—his style. The following passage comes from the first part of the 'Lover's Tale' :—

'The path was perilous, loosely strewn with
 crags :
 We mounted slowly ; yet to both there came
 The joy of life in steepness overcome,
 And victories of ascent, and looking down
 On all that had look'd down on us ; and joy
 In breathing nearer heaven ; and joy to me,
 High over all the azure-circled earth,
 To breathe with her as if in heaven itself ;
 And more than joy that I to her became
 Her guardian and her angel, raising her
 Still higher, past all peril, until she saw
 Beneath her feet the region far away,
 Beyond the nearest mountain's bosky brows,
 Burst into open prospect—heath and hill,
 And hollow lined and wooded to the lips,
 And steep-down walls of battlemented rock
 Gilded with broom, or shatter'd into spires,
 And glory of broad waters interfused,
 Whence rose as it were breath and steam of
 gold,
 And over all the great wood rioting
 And climbing, streak'd or starr'd at intervals
 With falling brook or blossom'd bush—and
 last,
 Framing the mighty landscape to the west,
 A purple range of mountain-cones, between
 Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding bursts
 The incorporate blaze of sun and sea.'

Few critics would be inclined to claim for this passage any high merit in itself. Whatever beauty, however, it possesses belongs to Wordsworth rather than to Tennyson. In the last passage which I shall quote, the writer has made the idea thoroughly his own. The origin of the passage is clear enough, but it is quite worthy of a place by the side of Scott and Wordsworth. It comes from the 'Vision of Sir Laun-

fal' (1848) by J. Russell Lowell, and very happily describes the work of a severe American winter :—

'Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,

From the snow five thousand summers old ;
On open wold and hill-top bleak

It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek ;

It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare ;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof ;

All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams.
Slender and clear were his crystal spars

As the lashes of light that trim the stars :
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight ;

Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees

Bending to counterfeit a breeze ;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew ;

Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesque of ice-fern leaf ;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear

For the gladness of heaven to shine through,
and here

He caught the nodding bullrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystallised the beams of moon and sun,

And made a star of every one :
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice :

'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,

Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry,
By the elfin builders of the frost.'

I cannot conclude these jottings without noting a further part that is played by the poetic motive power of Emulation. We have seen that, as Imitation, it determines the form that the poet's earliest efforts at expression

take ; and, further, that in the imagery and expression of even mature poetry Emulation has an important part. It remains to be noticed that in some poets it is, after all, the main motive power. If we may believe Ovid, his poems were the mere outcome of the love of poetic expression. Whatever he wrote, he tells us, fell into verse. In his 'In Memoriam' the Laureate compares himself to the linnet—

'I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.'

And notwithstanding the fact that these 'short swallow-flights of song' bear unmistakable signs of the labour of the file we may believe him. For 'In Memoriam' was the inspired utterance of the spiritual hopes and fears of its time ; to this fact is to be attributed alike its immense prestige in the past and its sensibly lessened hold upon the present age.

But in the case of such poets as Virgil and Milton we have to look for some other motive power than the inspiration of a burdened heart. Such a motive power we find in Emulation, in the wish inspired by the masterpieces of other poets to produce something the world will not willingly let die. With this master-force, if it is to be effective, other things must cooperate. Poetical sensibility, a well stored mind, practice in verse, are all necessary to give form to the poet's words. But in such cases the motive power is to be found in Emulation.

THE BATTLE-CALL OF THE ANTICHRIST.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came there out blood and water.—St. John xix. 34.

A SHADOW of the coming reign of peace
 Falls heavy on my spirit : soon He comes
 To end my hard-won mastery on earth,
 And mock me with His pity from His throne !
 And never more
 Shall human suffering pain the Son of Man,

Whose brightness tortured me in paradise,*
 And now whose sorrow solaces in hell.
 But I'll not fret myself before my time,
 And, while my sway endures, I'll hound my slaves
 To wield the spear
 And stab the spirit of the Prince of Peace.

Rouse, tyrant trembling for a blood-bought crown !
 The smouldering flame that threatens thine own house
 Hurl at another's ; lead thy people on
 With flaring lights of glory to their bane :
 Ever the spear
 Draws drops of anguish from His hated side !

Aspiring statesman, bide thy time to break
 The trustful slumber of a rival race
 With sudden summons ; buy historic fame—
 Shunning the grim face of thy creature, War—
 With others' blood ;
 For human blood flowed in the veins of Christ.

Flushed with a spotless triumph, patriots,
 Pass from defensive to defiant strife
 And urge the war of races, till you leave
 A heritage of hatred to your sons ;
 For motherland,
 Piercing His soul who ' came not to destroy.'

Yoke victory to thy chariot and ride on,
 Trampling the pride of nations, conqueror !
 Let thy maimed warriors writhe alone ; for thou
 Art scorn of God† for His vile images,
 And scorn of mine
 For Him who pleads for them at God's right hand !

Why stay to rest thee—fiends disdain to rest—
 Why dream of rest in thy predestined course?
 Why shrink to win a deathless name by death?
 Are sighs of orphans heard in the acclaim
 Of multitudes?
 Do hosts in triumph reckon the grief of Christ

Wake, silent trump of holy discord! Sword
 Of God and Gideon, hew the Gentiles down!
 Smite for the love of graceless babes unborn!
 Clash, rival crosses; mock the Crucified!
 Blaze, fires of death!
 I will accept the incense that He loathes.

Poets sublime, that sway the souls of men,
 Sing still of arms and human hecatombs,
 And wrath and glory and the pride of race:
 Let rhymsters mumble of love, pity, peace;
 Sing ye the spear
 That glances from its victims to His heart.

And thou, enthusiast, whose genius caught
 The soul of Revolution and enchained
 Its fiery essence in a song, thy strains
 Again shall stir rapt throngs to fratricide.
 To arms! to arms!
When Christ was dead, the spear-point drew His blood.

Sound, trump and drum and fife and clarion,
 Sound to the rhythmic march of myriads,
 With Christian benedictions on their pride,
 And beauty's smile upon their waving plumes.
 In pomp march on
 To wound the wearied spirit of your Christ.

Oh, pygmy pomp and blazon of man's war!
 Where Michael strove with Satan mid the stars,
 There were seraphic deeds and agonies,
 And not this earthly death! Nathless, I crave
 Large heaps of slain—
 The sin of His own slayers tortured Him.

Dear is the murderer's dagger; dear the rack
 That strains the frame of one who testifies
 With his last breath to Christ; dearest the spear
 That stabs Him ceaselessly—each human wound
 Another thrust,
 To feast my memory upon in hell.

* It is not wholly by a verse-monger's license that the Antichrist is depicted here as an arch-fiend. Several early Christian writers believed him to be Satan himself, incarnate or otherwise. Jerome described him as the son of the devil; so did Origen, who added that he was 'the counterpart of Christ.' In the Jewish-Christian 'Ascensio Vatis Isaie,' according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 'the angel Beriah, prince of this world, identical with Samael or Satan, and representing Antichrist, is said to descend in the last days.'—F. B. C.

† 'Son lo sdegno di Dio; nessun mi tocchi!'—ALFIERI, of Napoleon.

AMATEUR SOLDIERS AND PERMANENT PROTECTORS.

BY MACHAON.

IF an extensive landed proprietor had, twenty or thirty years ago, commenced the erection of a large mansion on his estate, but had never brought it to completion; if he had periodically summoned the aid of a skilful builder, and requested him to report the condition of the structure and enumerate the operations and materials necessary for its completion, and if, after paying for the report, he had responded to it with an indignant assurance that it was not a castle he wanted, but the skeleton of a house that might some day be habitable, the behaviour of this proprietor would very much resemble that of our Governments in the matter of the Militia system. Scientific military men are brought from the Imperial Army, and placed in command of our battalions. They review the raw levies, hastily thrown together to make a show, but finding them imperfect in their drill, poorly equipped and inadequately remunerated, they report accordingly, and suggest remedies for existing evils. Such reports do not seem to arrest the attention of the ruling powers, and civilians, generally, are inclined to treat them with derision. The comments made by one leading journal on the last report sent in, a very able one, was to the effect that the reforms suggested might do very well for a military nation, which we were not, and that the expense involved in carrying them out would be far beyond our means or requirements. Nor was such sentiment unreasonable. We have never received anything like value for the expenditure that has

been made on our present system of military defence. We are obliged to acknowledge that the safety we enjoy does not depend on this system, but on the improbability of our being involved in war. Amongst our population we have excellent material for soldiers—plenty of muscle, abundance of patriotism and unquestionable bravery—but soldiers who will be steady under fire cannot be made by two weeks' drill every second year. In actual warfare seasoned men are also required; and those youths, particularly in city regiments, who have engaged in military training as a calisthenic exercise, or a social amusement, would find, if called into active service, that they could not long hold out against the shocks and privations of a campaign. This was abundantly verified by the results of the expedition to Ridgeway, although it was brief in duration and accomplished in the pleasant weather of the early summer. Predatory raids, such as that which our volunteers then went forth to resist, seem to be the only hostile attacks from abroad which we have any reason to apprehend; and in view of this fact many are of opinion that it is not consistent with good government to keep up at a heavy annual expense a nominally large but really inefficient military force. Whilst our present relations with England exist, it could happen only by her action that we should be embroiled in a contest with a foreign enemy. But the policy of England has long been against any great war, and the petty ones in which she thinks proper to engage on

the remote points of the Empire cannot directly affect us. Should any of the great Powers challenge her, as France challenged Germany, she would, of course, have to fight: but this is a very improbable contingency considering, amongst other things, her maritime supremacy. None of these Powers could annoy us much by land save the United States and, perhaps, Russia. The latter might, at the commencement of hostilities, disembark a few troops, under cover of its Pacific Squadron, amongst the settlers and aborigines of British Columbia. But our eastern coast would be so well protected by British cruisers, and, additionally, in the winter season by ice, that it would be almost impossible for a hostile fleet to land troops numerous enough to penetrate far into the interior. It is, then, only from our powerful but peaceable neighbour, the United States, that a land attack of any importance could be dreaded. Such an attack is not by any means likely to occur; but should unhappily a quarrel arise between that great nation and our mother-country what would our thirty or forty thousand inexperienced troops avail against the masses that could be poured over our border at a thousand points? The United States could with ease bring against us twelve men for every one that we could put into the field, and should it be announced in that country that Grant or Sherman required men to invade Canada, an army of three or four hundred thousand might be enrolled within a few weeks. After our experience of the civil war, it would be absurd to imagine that the contingent which England could spare and transport to our aid would avail in repelling the attack. No doubt there are many who will say, as many have said before, 'Never mind; we drove the Yankces back in the last American war, and we can do so again.' But things are in a very different position now from what they were in those days. Since then our

population has certainly increased, but what are four, or even five millions, to fifty millions? The United States have proved themselves to be a strong military Power, and the never-ceasing influx of emigration from Germany is tending to make the country still more military in its character. Facilities for the concentration of troops now exist which were scarcely dreamed of in the War of 1812. But it is a consolation to know that nothing save a very grave cause could now precipitate the United States into a war with England, as both nations could not fail to suffer in consequence, commercially and otherwise, almost beyond computation.

What have we actually received in return for our heavy expenditure on the Militia? Doubtless that expenditure has fostered a loyal, a patriotic and a military spirit amongst our people. It has improved the *physique* and the bearing of many of our young men. It has established a frame-work for defensive purposes, incomplete indeed, but which may eventually be filled up should the necessity of so doing arise. It has supplied guards of honour and escorts for distinguished persons. It has provided a force for police purposes which has been useful on four occasions, at least; namely, during two Fenian incursions; on the occurrence of a riot among engineers at Belleville; and when employed to warn off a pair of professional pugilists who were anxious to fight on Canadian soil. The sentimental and æsthetic benefits mentioned above are duly appreciated, but might, perhaps, be more cheaply secured. Omitting these, the conclusion to which we may reasonably come is that it is as a peace-preserving force that the Canadian Militia, for many years past, has proved itself most valuable. The question then naturally arises—could not an efficient force which would perform most of the duties now discharged by peace-officers, and yet possessing a thorough military organiza-

tion and training, be established and maintained at a cost no greater than is involved in our present unsatisfactory expenditure for military purposes? A reply in the affirmative may be justified from considering that a smaller number of men would be required for the necessities of the country, and that those who should be in its pay might have their services utilized in discharging duties which are now performed by civil officers who receive a large amount of the public money. To speak briefly, the sort of a military force best adapted to the wants of the Dominion would be one which, though thoroughly trained, armed and equipped as soldiers are, would yet be ordinarily engaged in the discharge of police duties.

At present there are in Europe two organizations of this class which have proved themselves admirably adapted to the purposes for which they were intended. These are the Royal Irish Constabulary, and the *Guardia Civil* of Spain. In many particulars these two bodies resemble each other. Each is armed, clothed and drilled in military style; each has a mounted arm of the service; each demands a good education and a high character on the part of candidates for admission to the force; and each discharges the duties of peace-officers in the small towns and rural districts of their respective countries. But if Canada were seeking a model on which to establish a similar force for herself, it would appear that the Civil Guard of Spain would be the proper one to select. The chief reason for this preference is that this force is even more military in its character than the Irish one. The latter is certainly drilled in military fashion, but has no direct communication or relation with the army. The Spanish Guards, being chiefly recruited from the best class of men in the line, being subject to military law, having at their head a distinguished military man who has seen actual service, and being occasionally

called upon to act in masses with the troops, possess more of the characteristics of soldiers. It must also be borne in mind that the Irish force is trained and fitted to act in a country whose condition, socially and politically, is a very exceptional one. It may be interesting briefly to examine some particulars connected with the organization and functions of the *Guardia Civil*, and in doing so the reader will perceive how closely the requirements of Spain resemble those of our own country, and how invaluable such a body of men would be in our own rural districts. The original members of the force having been military men, the sons of these, who have served faithfully, are educated at the expense of the State, and trained as cadets in a college connected with the force. These, when duly prepared, are admitted into the ranks. Well-educated volunteers from the army are, under certain conditions, received also. No person is eligible as a candidate for admission who has ever been tried for a criminal offence, or who has even been the defendant in a civil action. The original standard of height was 5 ft. 8 in., but it is now somewhat lower, and no one is accepted under the age of twenty-two or over that of forty-five. The men act in bodies as soldiers and in pairs as policemen. They also assume the duties of detectives, but are not allowed to resort to anything like mean *espionage*. The foot-guard carries a Remington rifle, and sometimes a revolver; the mounted guard, a carbine, sword and revolver. Both live in barracks, which are models of cleanliness and good order, and their wives, if they have any, are allowed to live with them. A *Cartilla*, or short code of instruction, is drawn up for the use and guidance of the corps. The first part relates to the general duties of its members, and commences with the important notification that 'Honour must be the chief object of the Civil Guard.' Then follow admonitions and

directions, as the case may demand, on the subjects of *prestige, morale*, personal cleanliness, good behaviour, rudeness of speech, respect for the uniform, faithfulness, calmness, dignity, gentleness, protection of the afflicted, rescue of those in danger of burning or drowning, acceptance of rewards, modes of salutation, avoidance of nicknames, respectful manners towards civil and military authorities, courtesy towards ladies, the watching of suspected characters, conduct towards wounded or otherwise injured persons, impropriety of listening to private conversations, with other particulars as to the guard's duty in relation to the civil authorities. The second part of his instructions refers to service on the highway. Thickets, taverns, etc., must be searched for suspected characters, if any are around. Patrol duty must be performed by pairs of guards, ten or twelve paces apart, the pairs not observing a particular hour for their patrol, and seldom returning by the same road. Gipsies must be watched. The owners of broken down conveyances, and other unfortunate travellers must be assisted and directed. The blind, dumb, lame and destitute requiring shelter must be cared for. Assistance and protection may be given to road-makers, and an escort provided for conveyances carrying valuables. A watch must be kept lest any one should injure any landmarks, roads or bridges. Boats may be impressed for public use. By the third part of the code the guard is taught how he is to act in case of fires, earthquakes and tempests. He is told his duty as regards protecting trees, crops and vineyards. The fourth section regulates his conduct in relation to passports. The fifth points out how he must act towards those who carry unlawful weapons. The sixth prescribes what is to be done for the preservation of game, and briefly summarizes the law concerning hunting and fishing. The seventh section treats of deserters from the army and from ships. The

eighth relates to smuggling. The ninth enumerates games which are unlawful, and directs the guards to stop them at once. The tenth explains how he is to conduct himself in the escort of prisoners, whether on foot or in a conveyance; and informs him that if he allows any such to escape he shall himself be considered as the prisoner's substitute, and *must suffer his sentence*. As regards the control and organization of the force, it is in charge of the Minister of War. An army general must always be at its head. Fifteen mounted men, at least, and a company of foot-guards form a command (*comandancia*), under a commandant, and two to five commands under a higher officer form a sub-division, or battalion, which is called a *tercio*. The force is composed of approved soldiers of two years' service, discharged soldiers of good character, and cadets. It has given the greatest satisfaction to the country. Since its organization, cases of, wounding and assassination are much less frequent, and brigandage has almost disappeared.

Any one who has taken the trouble to read the above sketch of the duties which the Spanish Civil Guard has to perform must be struck with the similarity of these to the service which would be demanded from a similar force in Canada. Who can deny that we want, scattered abroad through the country, *patterns of courtesy, honour, self-respect and correct morals*? Who that has ever witnessed a conflagration in a country district unprovided with the ordinary appliances for extinguishing fires, would not wish for the presence of an aiding and directing power on such occasions? Who that has lived in an unincorporated village and had his rest perpetually broken by a chorus of barking curs, the vocal melodies of the worshippers of Bacchus, the tin-pans, horns and horse-fiddles whose sounds give *éclat* to the nuptials of a neighbour; or who has from year to year been regularly deprived of his choicest tree-fruits and melons when

they were just fit to be placed on the table, would not recognise the benefits to be derived from the vigilance of a well-ordered force whose duty it would be to preserve the peace and vindicate the law? Due precautions and interference might save the life of many destitute, or perhaps dissipated, wanderers who perish on our roads in winter, and of numbers of thoughtless youths who break through the ice, or, in summer, are drowned while bathing. To say nothing of the well-being of the settlers in the townships, how much might the Government have saved in expenses for the administration of justice if a dozen members of a Guard similar in character to the Spanish one had been stationed in Biddulph during the last ten years! The services of such functionaries, too, could be made available in a number of ways. The sergeants might, in rural districts, be employed as assessors, *school and general census enumerators*, registrars of vital statistics, and collectors of municipal taxes. As country constables are, when wanted, usually engaged in their ordinary occupations, which sometimes take them a considerable distance from home, it would be a great convenience to magistrates and coroners if they could always calculate on the prompt assistance of intelligent members of a police force. These could also take the places, without extra expense, of the tipstiffs now employed in the county Assize Courts. It would be their business to take cognizance of broken bridges and culverts, and dangerous holes in the roads, and compel the pathmasters to attend to these, as well as to the extermination of thistles and other noxious weeds. They would prosecute in case of furious driving and other offences against the Road Acts. They would attend at country fairs to keep order and protect the property of exhibitors, and add to the comfort of the people in many other ways. In domiciling a body of such men it would be well to observe the system

adopted in the case of the Irish Constabulary, whose barracks, in the form of neat cottages or snug houses, are scattered over the country at the most suitable points. In our case much stable accommodation might not be required, as the proportion of mounted men to foot-guards, in the old settled districts at least, would not be large. For stabling, portions of our numerous drill sheds might be made suitable.

A very important advantage connected with the organization and maintenance of a force of Dominion Civil Guards, similar in character to the Spanish corps, would be that if the Government wished a portion of our available militia to be thoroughly drilled, the existence of such a body of men would afford great facilities for the attainment of this object. A nucleus, and a very efficient one too, would already be formed for a larger military force if, unfortunately, we should have any need for such. To the Dominion Guards might be intrusted the militia rolls, and they could be empowered to compel a certain proportion of those liable to service to go through a course of drill at stated times. Volunteer companies, if it were thought proper that such should still be encouraged, might also avail themselves of their assistance. One-half of the Guards stationed throughout a large district, say a union of counties or an electoral division, might go into camp for a week or two in the beginning of June, and the other half towards the end of September; and the drilled members of the militia might, by acting with them, attain a knowledge of, at least, battalion movements. As regards the formation of the force the material for a beginning would have to be sought, in part, amongst discharged soldiers of good character and education, young enough to attend to their duties satisfactorily. As the terms of service in the British army are now much shorter than formerly, many eligible men could be obtained who would gladly accept of

such a position as we could offer them with a prospect of promotion. Well trained and otherwise suitable members of the active militia might also be admitted, and, afterwards, undrilled recruits. Perhaps even from the first some of the commissioned officers might be selected from the graduates of our Military School. The Spanish Civil Guards retain the military titles for their officers and men, and perhaps it might be well to follow their example. The relations of such a force to the active and sedentary militia, and the propriety of reducing the numbers of the former force receiving pay, on the establishment of a smaller but more efficient and trustworthy military body, would require to be very carefully considered.

The expense connected with establishing and maintaining a Dominion Civil Guard would form an objection sure to be raised. At present we pay between \$600,000 and \$700,000 annually for the support of our militia system. Out of the cities, does there exist a really efficient battalion? Even in the cities, has the volunteer system been a success? Have we not witnessed, albeit in distinguished city corps, private feuds, envy, suspicion, jealousy and disaffection—all of these being factors tending to inefficiency? Under the volunteer system *the bond of duty is not sufficiently strong, nor is personal responsibility sufficiently realized.* An organization such as has been described could be depended upon, and would be a benefit to the country, even if it implied a reduced expenditure for militia purposes, in order to give it a fair chance of success. But as a large number of the services which the Guards would render *have already to be paid for* in addition to militia expenditure, and as their presence and vigilance would *repress crime and thus decrease the expense of prosecutions*, the cost of supporting such force might be actually much smaller than would at first sight be imagined. Many of the duties of these men would be of a

municipal character, and, therefore, the counties might reasonably be expected to contribute something to the support of those who were stationed within their respective limits. The experiment of establishing such a force might at first be made on a small scale in some of the most populous or less peaceful localities, and its numbers could, if expedient, afterwards be augmented. When the Civil Guard was first established in Spain, 5,000 men were enrolled. It was found so well adapted to the necessities of the country that 20,000 now wear its honoured uniform. It is maintained on economical principles. The staff comprises four officers, whose united annual salaries amount to \$4,920. The approximate pay of service-officers is—captains, \$660; lieutenants, \$485; ensigns, \$420; sergeants, \$195.60; corporals, \$178.20. There are two grades of privates whose pay is, respectively, about \$160.40 and \$140 *per annum.* The Guards on joining have to purchase their uniforms, but are supplied with arms and appointments. The mounted men are provided also with horses, forage and saddlery, and their pay is five per cent. higher than that of the foot-guards. There exists a laudable *esprit de corps* amongst the men, and the service is regarded by all classes as a very respectable one. The officers insist on the observance of personal neatness, the code of instructions mentioning even the cleaning and paring of the nails! The men are not permitted to frequent taverns or make companions of low characters. They are allowed in bodies to take a part in the public receptions of foreign potentates and in other military spectacles and demonstrations. Nor are they more distinguished for their courtesy, suavity, forbearance and imposing appearance than for their resolution and daring. As regards their number, this is, in proportion to the population, rather in excess of what our necessities would demand. By the last census the popu-

lation of Spain amounted to 16,301,851. According to this there would be one member of the Guard to about 815 of the people. As many parts of the Dominion are either not at all or very sparsely inhabited, and as a local police force already exists in the North-West, the proportion of one member of a similar Guard to 2,000 of the population might, for a time, serve our purpose. Such a force, strengthened by a reserve of 6,000 thoroughly drilled and equipped members of the active militia, would be quite competent to resist any horde of

Fenian raiders that would venture across the border, or quell the most serious *émeute* likely to arise amongst our own people. We really need a rural police; for many necessary police duties are never performed. Both political parties, whilst deprecating a standing army, agree that we ought to have something in the shape of a military force. By establishing and maintaining such a Civil Guard as Spain possesses, we may have at once a superior peace-preserving organization and the easily-developed germ of an actual army.

ON THE LATE DISASTER IN LONDON, ONTARIO.

BY GARET NOEL, TORONTO.

WE will not rise and come away ;
 We will not cease our sorrowings ;
 Nor leave the hand of cold decay
 To steal amongst our precious things.
 How shall we drink this bitter cup,
 And take life's daily burden up ?

This way they past, their lips were pale,
 Their sad eyes fixed in sudden dread,
 They had such haste they might not veil
 Their troubled sight before they fled,
 Nor leave us greeting : let us wait,
 We will be patient at Death's gate.

He hath them all, true hearts and sweet
 That brought us comfort on life's way,
 The clinging hands, the tiny feet,
 We jealous guarded from the fray,
 Lest earth should bring them sudden pain :
 See how our labour was in vain.

Oh let us in, oh let us in,
 We will come gently and be still,
 We will not bring our outward din
 Thy grey and ghastly courts to fill,
 But only walk with quiet pace
 Until we meet them face to face.

We would but *know* if they're at rest,
 But hope they suffered not much pain,
 But see the smile we loved the best
 Dawn on their palid lips again :—
 There were some words of idle fret
 We fain would ask them to forget.

We have their old remember'd deeds,
 Their tones, their laughter, tricks of speech ;
 They fell from thee as idle weeds,
 When thou didst bear them out of reach ;
 And sitting in our mute despair,
 We shape us ghosts of empty air.

We cannot turn and walk alone,
 We cannot stand up in the light,
 And meet new joys beneath the sun
 While *they* are wrapt in endless night ;
 Life's glaring splendour lies around,
 We would be quiet underground.

They would arise and grant us room,
 And whisper low, true hearts and kind,
 That would not leave us in the gloom,
 Nor linger in the light behind ;
 And with their kisses on our lips
 We too would sink into eclipse.

Is life at best so glad a thing
 That we must needs be tutor'd so ?
 Doth not each day its sadness bring,
 And link itself to further woe ?
 Did we forget and laugh too loud,
 That so Death met us with his shroud ?

Vain, vain, they will not hear us speak,
 We shall not move them with our trust
 They turn from us, and with cold cheek
 Sink down and mix them with the dust.
 Is there a hope, a joy behind ?—
 Oh, teach us, we are sorrow blind.

MOSES AND THE RED SEA.

BY THE REV. JAMES ROY, M.A., MONTREAL.

DID Moses cross the Red Sea? The question is not whether a great deliverance of the Israelites did or did not take place; nor is it asked whether the Bible is true or false; but the point is: Assuming the correctness of the Scriptural narrative of the Exodus, are we right in saying that Israel under Moses crossed the Red Sea?

In Exodus xiii. and xiv., and in Numbers xxxiii. 3-9, the Israelites are said to have started from Rameses, pitched in Succoth for the first halting place, in Etham for their second, thence, by Pi-hahiroth before Baalzephon, 'between Migdol and the sea,' for their third station, thence through the wilderness of Etham to Marah and Elim. Is the sea here mentioned the one known as the 'Red Sea?' The answer to the question proposed depends upon our ability to fix the position of these places on the map of Egypt. Here, for the information of those who wish to know what literature to consult, in forming conclusions on the subject, it may be stated that we meet with a host of authorities, some on mere names of places, and some on the Exodus itself, amongst them being Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, Josephus, Hengstenberg, Burckhardt, Niebuhr, Lepsius, Robinson, Stanley, Rowlands, Olin, McDonald, Wilson, Dr. Beke, R. Payne Smith, Unruh and Schleiden, the Septuagint, etc. To follow the details of the routes marked out by such of these writers as treat of the Exodus would be a toilsome and fruitless effort, especially when one of them, the Rev. Donald

McDonald, a writer in the 'Imperial Bible Dictionary,' says of the spot where the crossing took place: 'There are not, in fact, sufficient materials to settle it one way or the other.'—*Imp. Bib. Dict.* i. 70. Yet, to ascertain the fact of the crossing of the Red Sea, the starting point and the various stations must be fixed. Strange to say, by almost all the writers mentioned, the only point assumed as fixed is the one here questioned; and every locality is arranged to accord with that assumption. By tracing the places, we may find whether the assumption is warranted.

Where, then, was Rameses? Dr. George Smith, the author of a work entitled 'The Hebrew People,' says it is uncertain whether, by Rameses, we are to understand a district or a store-city so called. Dr. Lepsius, partly, at least, from the fact that at Aboo Kesheyd a statue was found bearing the name of Rameses, puts that city in the Wady Toumilât, a water-course or valley running from Pi-Beseth, or Bubastis, to Birket Timsah, or the Crocodile Lakes; and he identifies it with Heroopolis. Robinson puts it at the west end of Wady Toumilât. Others put it near On, or Heliopolis, or near old Cairo or Babylon. The location of it in that vicinity is made in order to comply with the narrative, which makes the interviews of Moses and Pharaoh take place near the residence of the Sovereign, this being assumed as Memphis. (Exod. xii. 42.) Memphis is chosen as the supposed residence of Pharaoh at the time of the Exodus for the following rea-

sons: Avaris, or Auaris, another supposed residence of Pharaoh, supposed to be on the Bubastic branch of the Nile, could not be Zoan on the Tanitic branch. Though it might be Silae or Salahiyeh, it was possibly Heroopolis or Pithom. This being supposed to be in Goshen, the Sovereign's presence there would remove him from the scene of the plagues; and it could not, therefore, be his home. Besides, an objection is made to Auaris as the royal residence at the time of the Exodus, from its being the summer residence, and because the time of the Exodus is supposed not to suit that, though, in fact, the Exodus took place on the 15th of Abib, or about the end of March or beginning of April, while the Egyptian harvest was in March, and the simoom blew in May. Of course, the location of Succoth must be decided by that of Rameses, and by the place of crossing, as well as by the time spent in passing from one place to the other. The actual point of crossing has been supposed by some to be Suez; by Dr. Beke, to be at the Gulf of Akabah, and by others at Râs Atâkah, a place forty-five miles farther down, or at a spot called in the 'Imperial Bible Dictionary' Clymsa, and by Keith Johnston, Clymsa, in the vale of Bedea.

On the map of the route of Israel, accompanying the article 'Rameses,' in the 'Imperial Bible Dictionary,' ii, 743, Rameses is placed on the east bank of the Nile, south of Babylon, and opposite Memphis. Succoth is situated to the east of On, or Heliopolis, near Birket el Hadj, 'the Pool of the Pilgrims,' the ancient *Scenæ Veteranorum*. Goshen lies along the eastern shore of the Bubastic or Pelusiac branch of the Nile, with Pithom, or Heroopolis, about midway from the extremities of this branch, Pi-Beseth being farther north. The field of Zoan lies between the Pelusiac and Tanitic branches of the Nile, with the city of Zoan-Tanis, the modern Sâu, at the

extreme north of the Tanitic branch, near Lake Menzaleh. Migdol lies south-west of Etham, and in a direct line north-east of the ridge called Jebel Atâkah, though, in the article 'Migdol,' the 'Imperial Bible Dictionary' locates Migdol near Pelusium in the north, and says, 'there seems no reason to suppose the existence of more than one Egyptian town of the name of Migdol.' The same article also says: 'The materials for judging are so scanty that it is scarcely possible either to defend or oppose, with anything like convincing arguments, the opinion that another Migdol possibly existed.' Baal-Zephon is near Suez, and Pi-hahiroth is at the south-east of Atâkah. Opposite the latter place lies Râs Musa, or the headland of Moses, with the wilderness of Etham and Shur stretching away to the north. The passage across the sea is marked to Râs Musa.

To notice the arguments for and against the identification of each of these places would involve one in almost interminable discussion of details, where the balance of opinion is decided by probabilities which often seem to writers on this subject great or small, as they do or do not favour the craving or antipathy of the several writers for the prodigies of miracle. Suez is rejected because it is not wide enough to contain the army, nor deep enough to meet the supposed necessities of a miracle. On this subject, it is interesting to notice how differently the several writers accept this term 'miracle.' One brands others as Rationalists because they lean to hypotheses which do not involve a violation of the laws of nature. Another says: 'The essence of the miracle consists in the attestation of the Divine presence with his messenger by the time and circumstances of an act which may, nevertheless, be in itself an application of what we call the laws of nature to a particular case.' In the 'Bible Educator,' i. 156, the Rev. J. P. Norris, Canon of Bristol, says: 'The in-

spired narrative distinctly states that *natural* agency was employed to accomplish the divine purpose. And yet the result was no less distinctly miraculous; for these natural agents were placed at the command of Moses.' That is, one writer takes the miraculous to lie in the nature of the act, and another puts it in what may be called the accidents of the act.

The difficulties of the more southern locality seem to be great enough to warrant the belief in a miracle, and lend their countenance to traditional names in favour of that as the precise locality of the passage. But all is confessedly uncertain. Rameses is located to accord with the assumption that Memphis was the royal residence where Moses met Pharaoh. Memphis is so considered, partly because Auaris is supposed to be identical with a place inconveniently situated to meet the necessities of the case and the season, and partly on the authority of the Greek historians, while Zoan is rejected on want of evidence that, in Ps. lxxviii. 12, the town is alluded to at all. Succoth is located to suit Rameses, and so on, while everything is arranged on the ground that the one fixed point is the crossing of the Red Sea.

Certainty, or even strong probability, can be gained only by geographical exploration, aided by philology, and by a careful examination of the Hebrew and Septuagint Scriptures. Has any one investigated the localities where the events of the Exodus might be traced? Has he found on the scattered and broken monuments of Egypt any records which may bring order and certainty out of the confusion and guess-work? Unfortunately, the Egyptians seem to have had the habit of either not recording their national calamities, or mutilating and destroying the records of them, thus rendering almost futile all attempt to trace them.

Yet of many Egyptian explorers, one man, Dr. Henry Brugsch-Bey, has spent twenty years in the examina-

tion of that old land; and the results of his work are given us in a book, issued by Lee & Shephard, of Boston, and entitled 'The True Story of the Exodus.' So important are the conclusions of this author, that the opinion of the learned in regard to them must be awaited with more than ordinary interest. Meanwhile, it may be well to see what Dr. Brugsch-Bey has to say on the matter.

First, it is important to notice that wherever the term 'Red Sea' occurs in the English version of the Old Testament, except in one passage, so far as I can ascertain, the Hebrew gives the words *Yam-Souph*, 'the Sea of Weeds' or 'reeds,' instead of 'Red Sea.' The exception is in Numb. xxi. 14, where the word *Yam* does not occur, and where the margin gives another reading from that in the text. In every one of the twenty-two passages consulted, except three, the Septuagint uses the terms equivalent to 'Red Sea,' to translate the Hebrew 'Sea of Weeds.' The exceptions are Numb. xxi. 14, where the word *Zoob* occurs; Jeremiah, in the English version, xlix. 21, in the LXX., xxix. 21, where the equivalent of 'Sea' without 'Red' is used; and in Judges xi. 16, where the equivalents of 'Sea of Siph' occur. Various reasons are assigned for naming this sea 'Red,' by the Greeks. It is said to be derived from a King Erythrus, or from the colour of the subjacent sandstone or coral. It is also said that the inhabitants of the eastern coast called it *Yam-Edom*, Edom meaning 'red;' and when the Greeks translated *Yam-Edom*, they used the equivalents of 'Red Sea,' so handing down the name to us through the Septuagint. The question to be solved is: When the writers of the Old Testament used the term *Yam-Souph*, did they mean the sea now called 'Red'? Whatever induced the writers of the Septuagint to translate the Hebrew by 'Red Sea,' we have been led to adopt their meaning rather than that of the Hebrew original, literally

rendered. The fact that no weeds are found at the spot where the passage of the Israelites is marked on the map in the 'Imp. Bib. Dict.' has puzzled the defenders of that supposed place of crossing; and some writers imagine the branching forms of coral said to exist there to be the 'weeds' or 'reeds' referred to. That sedge, reeds or weeds abound in the Red Sea is as confidently asserted in general terms by some, Gesenius, for example, as it is denied, with reference to the locality of the supposed crossing of Moses, by others. If the sea is not called 'Sea of Weeds' from the existence of such weeds in it, but because of the branching coral which may resemble weeds, it is strange that the Rabbinical writers do not use the word *Souph* to represent coral, but rather the term *Almûj*. Had *Souph* ever signified coral, from its resemblance to weeds, no doubt the lexicographers would have found traces of its use with that signification. That they have not argues that, when the term was first used, it referred to some place where actual weeds and not coral were common. So far, therefore, as a return from translations, comments and traditions to the original Scriptures is concerned, we are not compelled by the word, as it stands, to accept what has been regarded as the one fixed fact in the discussion, provided that sufficient evidence is produced to convince us that, by *Yam-Souph*, some other place was really meant.

What, now, were Dr. Brugsch-Bey's facilities for tracing the residence, route, and halting-places of the fugitives? To what conclusions does he come? By what arguments does he support these conclusions? These points must occupy the remainder of this paper.

To say nothing of the value to Dr. Brugsch-Bey of the labours of his numerous predecessors in this field, it should be remembered that he was a companion of Mariette-Bey, and was in the employ of the Khedive Ismaël

I., as explorer, commander of an expedition, and delegate to the International Congress of Orientalists, in 1874. What learning, energy, and fidelity this implies may be imagined. He spent twenty years in travel and research throughout Egypt, thereby almost restoring the lost records of the designations of towns in that country, his list of certified names amounting to over 3,600. He has, it is said, verified, in the main, the chronological tables of Manetho, a point of great importance in deciding the royal residence. Of his spirit, one may judge by his own language. He repudiates the charge of attacking 'the statements of Holy Scripture,' in the words 'from which may God preserve me,' and says: 'Far from lessening the authority and the weight of the Books on which our religion is founded, the results at which the author of this memoir has arrived—thanks to the authentic indications of the monuments—will serve, on the contrary, as testimonies to establish the supreme veracity of the Sacred Scriptures, and to prove the antiquity of their origin and of their sources.' So much for Dr. Brugsch-Bey's qualifications.

What, now, are his conclusions? Those which immediately concern us may be gathered from his map. The Pelusiac branch of the Nile has disappeared, being traced only by ruined cities once flourishing on its banks. The land of Goshen lies to the north-east of the Delta. Rameses lies to the north of this. Succoth lies to the east of Rameses, Etham to the south-east of Succoth, Migdol a little north of east from Etham, Pihahiroth north-east of Migdol, Baal-zephon farther east, the *Yam-Souph*, identified with Milton's 'Serbonian Bog,' ('Par. Lost,' ii. 592-594,) lying south of the road passing between Pihahiroth and Baal-zephon. The wilderness of Etham lies south of Pihahiroth, and Elim is south of Marah, at Heroopolis, east and north of Suez. Thus, according to Dr. Brugsch-Bey, the Red Sea is not

crossed at all; but all the localities are accounted for in a direction wholly different from that which is commonly supposed to have been taken. A conclusion which so completely contradicts the traditions of the past, even if we do remember that Josephus (Ant. ii. 16) speaks of Jews in his day who rejected the accuracy of the narrative of the crossing of the Red Sea, and partly on that very account, demands most careful investigation. What evidence, then, has Dr. Brugsch-Bey to offer for the identification of Goshen? In the Arabian nome, one of the forty-two divisions of Egypt so-called by the Greeks, is a town named by the Copts *Qous* (Coos), and by the Arabs *Fagous*. This he identifies as the city of Phacoussa, or Phacoussan, which the Greeks (Pliny, v. 9) put as the chief city of the Arabian nome. The Egyptian monumental lists give this place the name Gosem, which suggests at once the 'Gesem of Arabia,' of the Septuagint, in Genesis xiv. 10, and other passages, used to translate the Hebrew *Erets Goshen*. The Article 'Goshen,' in the 'Imp. Bib. Dict.' written by the editor, says: 'The district itself is nowhere circumstantially described, or even definitely indicated in Scripture;' and of two cities, Pithom and Rameses, by which its location might be tested, it says: 'the site of neither is certainly known.' Of Zoan, another city by which the location of Goshen may be fixed, the same article says: 'we want the materials for determining with any certainty the precise city in which either Joseph ruled with one Pharaoh, or Moses negotiated with another. On such a subject conjecture may be hazarded, and disputes renewed ever so frequently.'

The map of the 'Imp. Bib. Dict.' makes Goshen extend along the Pelusiatic branch of the Nile, from south of 30° to some distance south of the parallel of 31°, thus including the territory adjacent to Memphis. The question here arises: Has Dr. Brugsch-Bey found any clue to the cities before

named, so that the limits of Goshen may be reasonably determined? On his map, Goshen does not reach farther south than 30°30', and extends up to 31°. What says he of the cities named? Let us begin with Pithom. On the sandy banks of the Pelusiatic, lay a district or nome, the eighth in the enumeration of such nomes, which is designated on the inscriptions 'the point of the east.' The name of the district was Suko or Sukot, and its chief town was called Pi-tom, 'the town of the sun-god Tom.' This is situated in the nome called Sethroites. The latter word is, according to Brugsch-Bey, the Greek rendering of the Egyptian word Set-ro-hatu, 'the region of the river-mouths.' The city Pitom, of the monumental lists, answers to the classical Heracleopolis Parva, and does not lie where the map of the 'Imp. Bib. Dict.' puts it, southwest of the Wady Toumilât. Semitic and classical names generally translate the Egyptian terms into their equivalents; and, as Herakles represented the Sun, Heracleopolis just translates Pi-tom, the city of the Sun.

On the Tanitic branch of the Nile, in a section of country inhabited by foreigners, a section denominated Ta Mazor, 'the fortified land,' the land of fortresses or 'khetams,' from which the Hebrew name for Egypt, Mazor or Misraim, is derived, lay a gorgeous city, the key of Egypt. Here Ramessu held his court and built his fortifications, and the city Zoan was known henceforth as Pi-Ramessu, 'the city of Ramses.' On the plains before the city, armies practised their military manœuvres. At its harbours landed the ships and their crews. Riches and delights were found in it. From it went forth military expeditions. Here King Ramessu-Miamun was worshipped as a god, the god of war. From this city, Zoan-Tanis, or Pi-Ramesses, a road led to Pithom, a distance of twenty-two Roman miles. A vast sandy plain, now called San, and covered with ruins of columns,

sphinxes, stelæ and stones of buildings, still show its site; and the inscriptions give it the name of Sokhot Zoan, 'the plain of Zoan,' the very name spoken of in Psalm lxxviii. 12, 43, as the site of the miracles of Moses and of God. Near here, at Zor, dwelt the warrior priests, called, in the Egyptian language, Khar-toh, evidently the original of the Hebrew Khartumim, the name of the magicians who encountered Moses only to find their highest skill defeated. Here the papyri locate the mighty works in stone and brick, to complete which the workmen were overburdened. From this city ran a military road, along which an expedition under Thutmes III., 1600 B.C., set out for an attack on Canaan. Hither Rameses II. repaired, after a victory over the Khetians. Here 'the Ramessids loved to reside, in order to receive foreign embassies, and to give orders to the functionaries of their court.' Everything answers to the demands of the scriptural narrative, which speaks of the departure from Rameses. Here, then, and not near Memphis, does Dr. Brugsch-Bey believe we must locate the starting point of the Exodus. A question arises now: Are there any traces of the residence of a foreign or Semitic population in this neighbourhood? Have the names of places or offices in Hebrew any trace of an Egyptian origin? Have the Egyptian names any traces of a Semitic or Hebrew origin? These would be results likely to arise from a long residence in any neighbourhood of a foreign population. If the time should ever come when English-speaking people should be driven from the Province of Quebec, and antiquarians should turn up the signs of merchants and the remnants of literature, in this use of words he would find not a few evidences of English influence on the French, even though all direct evidence of their former presence should disappear. 'Shope de Seconde Main,' 'Stim-bote,' &c., would reveal that the

English had been here. Are there any such traces in Egypt? The word Khartumim has already been noticed, as has, also, Mizraim from Mazor. The marshes, rich in water-plants, now known as Birket Menzaleh, were formerly known by a name common to all such waters in that neighbourhood, Sufi, or with the Egyptian article prefixed, Pa-Sufi. In the similarity of both sound and sense to the Hebrew Souf, can we fail to trace the residence of a Semitic race? In the name of the district of Pithom, Sukot, who fails to recognise the Hebrew and scriptural plural Succoth from Sucha, a booth or tent, especially when the place so called in Egyptian was a place of meadows where wandering tribes pitched their temporary residences? In the Sethroitic nome, another place bears the name of Maktol or Magdol. When the Egyptians wrote this word, they put before it the sign of a wall. This was needed, in order to explain its meaning, it being a foreign word, a Hebrew, Semitic term for 'town' or 'fortress,' Migdol. The northern fortress was also called by the natives Samut; and its site is marked by 'the heaps of rubbish at Tell-es-Samut on the eastern side of Lake Menzaleh.' To the north-east was another place of defence, called by the Egyptians Anbu, 'the wall.' The Greeks named it, after their fashion of translating the native terms, 'to Gerrhon,' or in the plural, 'ta Gerrha,' meaning 'fences' or 'enclosures.' To this same place the Hebrews gave the name 'Shur,' also meaning 'a wall.' The adjacent desert is called, in Ex. xv. 22, 'the wilderness of Shur,' and in Numb. xxxiii. 8, 'the wilderness of Etham.' This word 'Etham,' the Hebrew rendering of the Egyptian Khetam, another word for 'fortress,' represents several places in Egypt. One such place lay at the mouth of the Pelusiac; another is often accompanied, in the Egyptian texts, by the remark, 'which is situate in the Province of Zor,' or Tanis-Ramses. On the monument of

Sethos I., at Karnak, is a drawing of this latter Etham. It is on both banks of the Pelusiac. Behind these double fortresses lies a town called, in Egyptian, Tabenet. They were connected by a bridge called, in the Arabic, Qanthareh or Kantara. Herodotus (ii. 30) (*ἐν Δαφνησι τῆσι Πελοουσίῃσι.*) calls by the plural name Daphnae two such fortresses on opposite banks of the Pelusiac. To-day, the ruins of two such places in the very position described are found, and the name given to them is Tell-Defenneh, or the hillock of Defenneh. Near by is a place called Guisr-el-Qanthareh, 'the dike of the bridge.' The interest of all this lies not so much in the discovery of Semitic influence on the names of this locality as in the identification of a place leading out of Egypt to more eastern lands. In the similarity of the places described by names so much alike as Tabenet, Daphnae and Defenneh, and in the coincidence of the occurrence of a word Qanthareh in the very neighbourhood where the object signified by that word, a bridge, once stood, seems to settle the locality of the Etham of the Bible narrative. Much more might be said to prove the former presence of a powerful Semitic influence on this particular part of Egypt. Enough has been said, however, to show that, so far as Dr. Brugsch-Bey's investigations are trustworthy, the evidence is in favour of this northern locality as the home of the Hebrews, and not a part more to the south.

But, are there evidences of a road running between the places Ramses, Succoth, Etham, and Migdol, the location of which Dr. Brugsch-Bey claims to have determined? Read the following letter, from a papyrus in the British Museum, written more than 3,000 years ago, by an Egyptian who pursued from Ramses two fugitive domestics:—

'Thus I set out from the hall of the royal palace on the 9th day of the 3rd month of summer, towards evening, in

pursuit of the two domestics. Then I arrived at the barrier of Sukot on the 10th day of the same month. I was informed that they had decided to go by the southern route. On the 12th day I arrived at Khetam. There I received news that the grooms who came from the country [the lagoons of Suf said] that the fugitives had got beyond the region of the Wall to the north of the Migdol of King Seti Mentah.'

Here, then, was a road from the place whence Moses started, to places of the same name as those at which he halted, at exactly the same distances as those of the Bible narrative, and travelled for the same purpose as that which animated the hosts of Egypt in the days of Israel.

Tradition, assuming the crossing of the Red Sea as its one settled fact, finds itself hopelessly baffled in determining the halting-places of Moses, as well as his starting-point. So far, Dr. Brugsch-Bey has, by his geographical and philological investigations, rendered his view of the route in the highest degree probable.

But, other names must be traced. After leaving Migdol, the Israelites passed on from 'before Pi-hahiroth' to Baal zephon, whence, after the disaster to their foes, they turned to the wilderness of Shur, to Marah, and to Elim.

Have these places been identified? Khirot means gulfs of weeds and water-plants. Pi-hahiroth means the entrance to such gulfs. To trace this place, we must remember that formerly a narrow slip of land ran from Anbu, or Gerrhon, or Shur, as it was variously called, along the borders of the Mediterranean and the gulfs of weeds known to the Egyptians as the Khirot, to the Greeks as the Serbonian lake, and in the Hebrew as the Sea of Souph, or weeds. Baal-zephon, a Semitic rendering of the Egyptian name Amon, the bird-catching god of the lagoons, the 'Lord of the North,' to whom the Egyptian inscriptions give

the title 'Lord of the Khivot,' or gulfs of papyrus plants, is found in a papyrus in the British Museum as Baal-zapouna. The Greeks called this god Zeus Kasios, from the name Hazi, or Hazion, 'the land of the asylum.' Baal-zephon, then, seems to have been a sanctuary, or asylum, erected at the end of that dangerous, narrow path which, amidst the sand-hills, skirted the muddy and often sand-covered lagoons, in whose 'wonderful depth,' (Diodor. Sic. i. 30) whole armies had, on several occasions, been swallowed up, while Pi-hahiroth was the entrance to that dangerous path. Here, then, by the 'sea,' while the Israelites appeared to be hemmed in by the Mediterranean, the lagoons, or Sea of Souph, and the wilderness, the wind drove back the waves till, in the morning's calm, the waters returned and covered the hosts struggling amid the treacherous mud of the 'Serbonian bog.'

Once arrived at the asylum of Baal-zapouna, or Baal-zephon, the Hebrews had a choice of two roads, one leading straight on to the country of the Philistines, where war would surely await them, and another southward into and through the wilderness of Shur and Etham, to the bitter lakes of Marah and the halting place of Elim, with its palm-trees. This corresponds exactly to the demands of the Bible account of the deflection from the ordinary route, and of the reasons for making it.

After having traced the route as marked by Dr. Brugsch-Bey, and noticed the strange uncertainty of every locality referred to by previous writers, except, perhaps, Unruh and Schleiden, to whose general accuracy Brugsch-Bey bears willing testimony, it seems as if only two great questions need a positive answer; for, assuming them to have been answered, every other condition of the Scriptural story seems to be met. These questions are: Does chronology point to the time of Moses as the time when Zoan-Rameses was the royal residence, and did

the Hebrew writers of the Scriptures, by the term *Yam-Souph*, mean the body of water we call the Red Sea?

No record on stone or papyrus gives the slightest definite allusion to the Israelites; and, so far as known; only one reference to Moses is found. On a record of the time of Ramses II., a place is mentioned as lying in central Egypt, with the name T-en-Moshé, 'the island,' or 'river-bank of Moses.' It lay on the eastern side of the river, and the name conveyed to the Romans the impression that it alluded to the Muses. It was not far from Tell-el-Amarna, the modern name for Khunaten, the capital of the monotheistic, and therefore, at that time, heretic, king Khunaten. Yet all the evidence points to the time of Ramses II., as that of the oppression. Then, a domestic ferment, foreigners, and evil-disposed subjects are dimly referred to in the records. The Hebrews, in Ex. i. 11, are said to have built for Pharaoh 'Pithom and Raameses.' Of Ramses II., Dr. Brugsch-Bey says: 'that the Pharaoh we have named was the founder of the City of Ramses is so strongly demonstrated by the evidence of the Egyptian records, both on stone and papyrus, that only want of intelligence and mental blindness can deny it.' But, speaking of Abydos and Heliopolis, he also says: 'Yet neither these nor other cities formed his permanent abode. On the eastern frontier of Egypt, in the lowlands of the Delta, in Zoän-Tanis, was the proper royal residence of the Pharaoh.' 'Ramessu transferred his court to Zoän.' ('True Story of the Exodus,' p. 175.) 'Zoän — became henceforward the especial capital of the empire.' Zoän, then, in the time of Moses, under Mineptah I. about B. C. 1350, a date nearer our own times by nearly a century and a half than the date of our common chronology, was not a mere summer resort of a king whose capital was at Memphis, but was the capital itself. Hence the starting-point of the Exodus fixed.

The question whether the Scripture writers used the word *Yam-Souph* of what we know as the Red Sea is not answered by the use of the term after the publication of the Septuagint, which perpetuated to Jew and Gentile a rendering based, as is probable, on a misconception of the reference in the word *souph*. But the usage of the term in the Bible itself must decide how the writers of the Bible employed it. In Ex. x. 19 a west wind is said to have taken the locusts and cast them into the Red Sea. Now, from the quarter in which the royal residence was situated, to what we know as the Red Sea, a west wind could not convey the locusts, but would take them by an almost direct line to the 'Serbonian bog,' on the borders of the Mediterranean. To carry the locusts to the Red Sea, a wind would need to blow from a quarter north of north-west. The allusion to the avoidance of the way of the Philistines in chap. xiii. 18, answers exactly to the route described by Dr. Brugsch-Bey. The account in chap. xv. 4, 5, describes the sinking in a morass better than a walking on a solid sea-bottom. 'The depths have covered them: they sank into the bottom as a stone'—Ex. xv. 5. The conditions of ver. 22, are accurately met by the route of Dr. Brugsch-Bey, better then by the popularly supposed route. The same may be said of chap. xxiii. 31. The allusion in Numb. xiv. 25, does not demand the interpretation usually given to *Yam-Souph*. The reference in Numb. xxi. 14, is not certainly to the sea, as *Yam* does not occur; and if the reference were certain, it would not necessarily imply the 'Red Sea' as we understand it. The same remarks apply to the following passages—Deut. i. 40; xi. 4; Josh. ii. 10; iv. 23; xxiv. 6; Judg. xi. 16; Nehem. ix. 9; Ps. cvi. 7, 9, 22; cxxxvi. 13, 15; Jerem. xlix. 21. Indeed, on the latter passage, the marginal note in our reference Bibles is 'Weedy Sea.' No reason exists why

a similar marginal note should not be placed opposite every such passage. By Numb. xxxiii. 10, 11, as compared with Ex. xvi. 1, where the wilderness of Sin is put between Elim and Sinai, it would at first seem strange if the Israelites retraced their steps from Elim to the neighbourhood of the Serbonian Lake, only to return immediately to the country between Elim and Sinai, even if Elim is put at the more northerly point accepted by Dr. Brugsch-Bey. Hence, the encampment 'by the Red Sea,' is usually put at Taiyibeh, though, like all other locations of places on the old hypothesis, without any foundation of certainty. The narrative in Numb. xxxiii., seems to put no encampments between Elim and the Red Sea, and none between the Red Sea and the wilderness of Sin. This, even on Dr. Brugsch-Bey's hypothesis, would involve a journey over the breadth of a degree of latitude between each two encampments for the first day's travel after leaving Elim, and much more for the second. Of course, what is here said, demands our recollection of the fact that Marah and Elim, as located by Dr. Brugsch-Bey, differ from the Marah and Elim of other writers. On the map of Israel's wanderings in the 'Imperial Bible Dictionary,' ii. p. 1088, Marah is put, on the authority of Burckhardt, at Ain Hawarah, though this is opposed by Tischendorf and Lepsius, and though even Stanley says that 'neither the Tawarah Arabs, nor the inhabitants of Suez, nor the monks of the convent, so far as we could learn, had ever heard of it.' Even the supposition of the permanence of miraculous effects on the water, to account for its present lack of bitterness, has been resorted to, to give this place a claim to be recognised as the scriptural Marah. Of Elim, the 'Imperial Bible Dictionary' says: 'Authorities still differ as to the precise spot where this delightful encampment is to be sought.' Dr. Brugsch-Bey identifies Marah with the bitter lakes north of

Suez, and Elim with the Egyptian Aa-lim or Tent-lim, 'fish-town,' not far south of these lakes.

The account in Ex. xvi. 1, however, puts the arrival of the Israelites at the wilderness of Sin 'on the fifteenth day of the second month after their departing out of the land of Egypt,' thus rendering it certain that many days were spent in wandering in the wilderness between the points mentioned. What seems then, at first sight, from the account in Numbers, to be a weak spot in Dr. Brugsch-Bey's view proves, on examination of Exodus xv. and xvi., to be a very strong point in his favour.

Thus, from an examination of every passage noticed in the Old Testament, no use of the word, and no geographical allusions demand that *Yam-Souph* should be rendered 'Red Sea,' as the Septuagint translators have done, and as tradition from the time of the Septuagint has led the Christian world to do, while several passages allude to circumstances which could arise in the Serbonian bog rather than in what we call the Red Sea. Before concluding, it may not be out of place here to notice that the expressions 'passed through the midst of the sea,' and 'to the midst of the sea,' in Numb. xxxiii. 8, and Gen. xiv. 22, 23, 27, favour Dr. Brugsch-Bey quite as much as they do the popular view. The common use of the Hebrew words 'in the midst,' is met by the exit of the Israelites along the passage which, at Mount Casius, divides the Serbonian Lake or sea into two parts, and leads southward to the wilderness, thereby avoiding the 'way of the Philistines,' quite as fully as it is met by the common supposition. The popular impression too, that the east wind produced such an elevation of the waters that they formed a double

line of wall on the right and left of the people, becomes modified upon examination. That the notion of a wall was taken metaphorically as a defence from attacks or inroads, rather than literally, has already been seen from what was said about Migdol and Shur. On comparing the Septuagint with the Hebrew, we find that the Greek translation favours the view of a double wall, literally taken, by repeating the word for wall, while the Hebrew uses it but once, as if by this single use of it, and in the singular number, too, to indicate a metaphorical rather than a literal signification. It seems, then, to favour the idea that the sea became a defence on both sides of the Israelites, to prevent any flank movement against them by the pursuing army. A reference to the map of Dr. Brugsch-Bey, will show how accurately this view is carried out by his theory. That this is the correct view of the wall made by the sea, appears from the note of the 'Speaker's Commentary' on Ex. xiv. 22, where this very explanation is given.*

If Dr. Brugsch-Bey has not made out his case, it will be interesting to discover what the learned have to present against his arguments.

* In reference to the popular impression of mountains hemming the Hebrews in, the Bible does not say 'mountains,' but 'wilderness'—Ex. xiv. 3. The impression has been created by Josephus, who speaks of a ridge of mountains or precipices obstructing their way. The very confident statement of the Rev. Mr. Rowlands, in the 'Imperial Bible Dictionary,' ii. 628, that the term 'wilderness,' 'always denotes' a 'wild mountainous region,' is not borne out by facts. The word 'Hammidbar,' wilderness, comes from Dabar, to lead, and means, first, pastures, and then waste places, or deserts, and has no relation to the Hebrew 'Har,' mountain, which comes from 'Harar,' to swell. It does not, therefore, necessarily imply a mountainous region; and is rather helpful to Dr. Brugsch-Bey's view, than otherwise.

MANHOOD—A PORTRAIT.

BY G., CHATHAM.

A STALWART form, a manly port,
 A fearless brow, an eye of truth,
 A step as free as that of youth,
 A presence fit for camp or court :

A knee a child would love to climb,
 A face a woman needs must trust,
 Quite free from guile and clean from lust,
 Nor marred, though nobly marked by time :

An arm on which may safely lean,
 The aged man, the timid maid,
 And yet which well may make afraid
 The rude, the cowardly, the mean :

A kindly speech, a cordial voice ;
 A smile so quick, so warm, so bright,
 It speaks a nature full of light ;
 A laugh as merry as a boy's :

A generous though a prudent hand,
 Which never yet hath sent the poor
 Uncheered, unaided, from his door,
 Fit to caress as to command :

A mind of broad and rigorous scope,
 A penetration quick and keen,
 An insight into things unseen,
 A liberal dower of Faith and Hope :

A restless, strong, impetuous will,
 Eager to do and dare the worst,
 Emulous ever to be first,
 Attaining, yet aspiring still :

A spirit, pure and fine and true
 As ever dwelt in human form,
 A love, as deep, as fond, as warm,
 As ever loving woman knew.

A FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITY.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

Author of 'Venetian Life,' 'A Chance Acquaintance,' 'The Undiscovered Country,' etc.

I.

EVERY loyal American, who went abroad during the first years of our great war, felt bound to make himself some excuse for turning his back on his country in the hour of her trouble. But when Owen Elmore sailed, no one else seemed to think that he needed excuse. All his friends said it was the best thing for him to do; that he could have leisure and quiet over there, and would be able to go on with his work.

At the risk of giving a farcical effect to my narrative, I am obliged to confess that the work of which Elmore's friends spoke was a projected history of Venice. So many literary Americans have projected such a work that it may now fairly be regarded as a national enterprise. Elmore was too obscure to have been announced, in the usual way, by the newspapers, as having this design; but it was well known in his town that he was collecting materials when his professorship in the small inland college with which he was connected lapsed through the enlistment of nearly all the students. The president became colonel of the college regiment; and in parting with Elmore, while their boys waited on the campus without, he had said: 'Now, Elmore, you must go on with your history of Venice. Go to Venice and collect your materials on the spot. We're coming through this all right. Mr. Seward

puts it at sixty days, but I'll give them six months to lay down their arms, and we shall want you back at the end of the year. Don't you have any compunctions about going. I know how you feel; but it is perfectly right for you to keep out of it. Good-bye.' They wrung each other's hands for the last time—the president fell at Fort Donelson; but now Elmore followed him to the door, and when he appeared there one of the boyish captains shouted, 'Three cheers for Professor Elmore!' and the president called for the tiger, and led it, whirling his cap round his head.

Elmore went back to his study, sick at heart. It grieved him that even these had not thought that he should go to the war, and that his inward struggle on that point had been idle so far as others were concerned. He had been quite earnest in the matter; he had once almost volunteered as a private soldier: he had consulted his doctor, who sternly discouraged him. He would have been truly glad of any accident that forced him into the ranks; but, as he used afterward to say, it was not his idea of soldiership to enlist for the hospital. At the distance of five hundred miles from the scene of hostilities, it was absurd to enter the Home Guard; and, after all, there were, even at first, some selfish people who went into the army, and some unselfish people who kept out of it. Elmore's bronchitis was a disorder which active service would

undoubtedly have aggravated; as it was, he made a last effort to be of use to our Government as a bearer of despatches. Failing such an appointment, he submitted to expatriation as he best could; and in Italy he fought for our cause against the English, whom he found everywhere all but in arms against us.

He sailed, in fine, with a very fair conscience.

'I should be perfectly at ease,' he said to his wife, as the steamer dropped smoothly down to Sandy Hook, 'if I were sure that I was not glad to be getting away.'

'You are *not* glad,' she answered.

'I don't know, I don't know,' he said, with the weak persistence of a man willing that his wife should persuade him against his convictions; 'I wish that I felt certain of it.'

'You are too sick to go to the war; nobody expected you to go.'

'I know that, and I can't say that I like it. As for being too sick, perhaps it's the part of a man to go if he dies on the way to the field. It would encourage the others,' he added, smiling faintly.

She ignored the tint from Voltaire in replying:

'Nonsense! It would do no good at all; at any rate, it's too late now.'

'Yes, it's too late now.'

The sea-sickness which shortly followed formed a diversion from his accusing thoughts. Each day of the voyage removed them further, and with the preoccupations of his first days in Europe, his travel to Italy, and his preparations for a long sojourn in Venice, they had softened to a pensive sense of self-sacrifice, which took a warmer or a cooler tinge according as the news from home was good or bad.

II.

He lost no time in going to work in the Marcian Library, and he early applied to the Austrian authorities for leave to have transcripts made in the

archives. The permission was negotiated by the American consul (then a young painter of the name of Ferris), who reported a mechanical facility on the part of the authorities—as if, he said, they were used to obliging American historians of Venice. The foreign tyranny which cast a pathetic glamour over the romantic city had certainly not appeared to grudge such publicity as Elmore wished to give her heroic memories, though it was then at its most repressive period, and formed a check upon the whole life of the place. The tears were hardly yet dry in the despairing eyes that had seen the French fleet sail away from the Lido after Solferino, without firing a shot in behalf of Venice; but Lombardy, the Duchies, the Sicilies, had all passed to Sardinia, and the Pope alone represented the old order of native despotism in Italy. At Venice the Germans seemed tranquilly awaiting the change which should destroy their system with the rest; and in the meantime there had occurred one of those impressive pauses, as notable in the lives of nations as of men, when, after the occurrence of great events, the forces of action and endurance seem to be gathering themselves against the stress of the future. The quiet was almost consciously a truce, and not a peace; and this local calm had drawn into it certain elements that picturesquely and sentimentally heightened the charm of the place. It was a refuge for many exiled potentates and pretenders; the gondolier pointed out on the Grand Canal the palaces of the Count of Chambord, the Duchess of Parma, and the Infante of Spain; and one met these fallen princes in the squares and streets bowing with distinct courtesy to any that chose to salute them. Every evening the Piazza San Marco was filled with the white coats of the Austrian officers, promenading to the exquisite military music which has ceased there for ever; the patrol clanked through the footways at all hours of the night,

and the lagoon heard the cry of the sentinel from fort to fort, and from gun-boat to gun-boat. Through all this, the demonstration of the patriots went on, silent, ceaseless, implacable, annulling every alien effort at gayety, depopulating the theatres, and desolating the ancient holidays.

There was something very fine in this as a spectacle, Elmore said to his young wife; and he had to admire the austere self-denial of a people who would not suffer their tyrants to see them happy; but they secretly owned to each other that it was fatiguing. Soon after coming to Venice, they had made some acquaintance among the Italians through Mr. Ferris, and had early learned that the condition of knowing Venetians was not to know Austrians. It was easy and natural for them to submit, theoretically. As Americans, they must respond to any impulse for freedom, and certainly they could have no sympathy with such a system as that of Austria. By whatever was sacred in our own war upon slavery, they were bound to abhor oppression in every form. But it was hard to make the application of their hatred to the amiable-looking people whom they saw everywhere around them in the quality of tyrants, especially when their Venetian friends confessed that personally they liked the Austrians. Besides, if the whole truth must be told, the Elmore's found that their friendship with the Italians was not always of the most penetrating sort, though it had a superficial intensity that for a while gave the effect of lasting cordiality. The Elmore's were not quite able to decide whether the pause of feeling at which they arrived was through their own defect or not. Much was to be laid to the difference of race, religion and education; but something, they feared, to the personal vapidness of acquaintances whose meridional liveliness made them yawn, and in whose society they did not always find compensation for the sacrifices they made for it.

'But it is right,' said Elmore. 'It would be a sort of treason to associate with the Austrians. We owe it to the Venetians to let them see that our feelings are with them.'

'Yes,' said his wife, pensively.

'And it is better for us, as Americans abroad, during this war, to be retired.'

'Well, we are retired,' said Mrs. Elmore.

'Yes, there is no doubt of that,' he returned.

They laughed, and made what they could out of chance American acquaintances at the *cafés*. Elmore had his history to occupy him, and doubtless he could not understand how heavy the time hung upon his wife's hands. They went often to the theatre, and every evening they went to the Piazza, and ate an ice at Florian's. This was certainly amusement; and routine was so pleasant to his scholarly temperament that he enjoyed merely that. He made a point of admitting his wife as much as possible into his intellectual life; he read her his notes as fast as he made them, and he consulted her upon the management of his theme, which, as his research extended he found so vast that he was forced to decide upon a much lighter treatment than he had at first intended. He had resolved upon a history which should be presented in a series of biographical studies, and he was so much interested in this conclusion, and so charmed with the advantages of the form as they developed themselves, that he began to lose the sense of social dulness, and ceased to imagine it in his wife.

A sort of indolence of the sensibilities, in fact, enabled him to endure *ennui* that made her frantic, and he was often deeply bored without knowing it at the time, or without a reasoned suffering. He suffered as a child suffers, simply, almost ignorantly: it was upon reflection that his nerves began to quiver with retroactive anguish. He was also able to

idealize the situation when his wife no longer even wished to do so. His fancy cast a poetry about these Venetian friends, whose conversation displayed the occasional sparkle of Ollendorff-English on a dark ground of lagoon-Italian, and whose vivid smiling and gesticulation she wearied herself in hospitable efforts to outdo. To his eyes their historic past clothed them with its interest, and the long patience of their hope and hatred under foreign rule ennobled them, while to hers they were too often only tiresome visitors, whose powers of silence and of eloquence were alike to be dreaded. It did not console her as it did her husband to reflect that they probably bored the Italians as much in their turn. When a young man, very sympathetic for literature and the Americans, spent an evening, as it seemed to her, in crying nothing but '*Per Bacco!*' she owned that she liked better his oppressor, who once came by chance in the figure of a young lieutenant, and who unbuckled his wife, as he called his sword, and, putting her in a corner, sat up on a chair in the middle of the room and sang like a bird, and then told ghost-stories. The songs were out of Heine and they reminded her of her girlish enthusiasm for German. Elmore was troubled at the lieutenant's visit, and feared it would cost them all their Italian friends; but she said boldly that she did not care, and she never even tried to believe that the life they saw in Venice was comparable to that of their little college town at home, with its teas and picnics, and simple, easy, social gaieties. There she had been a power in her way, she had entertained, and had helped to make some matches: but the Venetians ate nothing, and as for young people, they never saw each other but by stealth, and their matches were made by their parents on a money basis. She could not adapt herself to this foreign life; it puzzled her, and her husband's conformity seemed to estrange them, as

far as it went. It took away her spirit, and she grew listless and dull. Even the history began to lose its interest in her eyes: she doubted if the annals of such a people as she saw about her could ever be popular.

There were other things to make them melancholy in their exile. The war at home was going badly, where it was going at all. The letters now never spoke of any term to it; they expressed rather the dogged patience of the time when it seemed as if there could be no end, and indicated that the country had settled into shape about it, and was pushing forward its other affairs as if the war did not exist. Mrs. Elmore felt that the America which she had left had ceased to be. The letters were almost less a pleasure than a pain, but she always tore them open and read them with eager unhappiness. There were miserable intervals of days and even weeks when no letters came, and when the Reuter telegrams in the *Gazette* of Venice dribbled their vitriolic news of Northern disaster through a few words or lines, and *Galigani's* long columns were filled with the hostile exultation and prophecy of the London press.

III.

They had passed eighteen months of this sort of life in Venice when one day a letter dropped into it which sent a thousand ripples over its stagnant surface. Mrs. Elmore read it first to herself, with gasps and cries of pleasure and astonishment, which did not divert her husband from the perusal of some notes he had made the day before, and had brought to the breakfast-table with the intention of amusing her. When she flattened it out over his notes, and exacted his attention, he turned an unwilling and lacklustre eye upon it; then he looked up at her.

'Did you expect she would come?' he asked, in ill-masked dismay.

'I don't suppose they had any idea

of it at first. When Sue wrote me that Lily had been studying too hard, and had to be taken out of school, I said that I wished she could come over and pay us a visit. But I don't believe they dreamed of letting her—Sue says so—till the Mortons' coming seemed too good a chance to be lost. I am so glad of it, Owen! You know how much they have always done me: and here is a chance now to pay a little of it back.'

'What in the world shall we do with her?' he asked.

'Do? Everything! Why, Owen,' she urged, with pathetic recognition of his coldness, 'she is Susy Stevens's own sister!'

'Oh, yes—yes,' he admitted.

'And it was Susy who brought us together!'

'Why, of course.'

'And oughtn't you to be glad of the opportunity?'

'I am glad—very glad.'

'It will be a relief to you instead of a care. She's such a bright, intelligent girl, that we can both sympathize with your work, and you won't have to go round with me all the time, and I can matronize her myself.

'I see, I see,' Elmore replied, with scarcely abated seriousness. 'Perhaps, if she is coming here for her health, she won't need much matronizing.'

'Oh, pshaw! she'll be well enough for *that*. She's overdone a little at school. I shall take good care of her I can tell you; and I shall make her have a real good time. It's quite flattering of Susy to trust her to us, so far away, and I shall write and tell her we both think so.'

'Yes,' said Elmore, 'it's a fearful responsibility.'

There are instances of the persistence of husbands in certain moods or points of view on which even wheedling has no effect. The wise woman perceives that in these cases she must trust entirely to the softening influences of time, and as much as possible

she changes the subject; or, if this is impossible, she may hope something from presenting a still worse aspect of the affair. Mrs. Elmore said, in lifting the letter from the table:

'If she sailed on the 3rd, in the *City of Timbuctoo*, she will be at Queenstown on the 12th or 13th, and we shall have a letter from her by Wednesday, saying when she will be at Genoa. That's as far as the Mortons can bring her, and there's where we must meet her.'

'Meet her in Genoa! How?'

'By going there for her,' replied Mrs. Elmore, as if this were the simplest thing in the world. 'I have never seen Genoa.'

Elmore now tacitly abandoned himself to his fate. His wife continued:

'I needn't take anything. Merely run on, and right back.'

'When must we go?' he asked.

'I don't know yet; but we shall have a letter to-morrow. Don't worry on my account, Owen. Her coming won't be a bit of care to me. It will give me something to do and to think about, and it will be a pleasure all the time to know that it's for Susy Stevens. And I shall like the companionship.'

Elmore looked at his wife in surprise, for it had not occurred to him before that with his company she could desire any other companionship. He desired none but hers; and when he was about his work he often thought of her. He supposed that at these moments she thought of him, and found society, as he did, in such thoughts. But he was not a jealous or exacting man, and he said nothing. His treatment of the approaching visit from Susy Stevens's sister had not been enthusiastic, but a spark had kindled his imagination, and it burned warmer and brighter as the days went by. He found a charm in the thought of having this fresh young life here in his charge, and of teaching the girl to live into the great and beautiful history of the city: there was still much of

the schoolmaster in him, and he intended to make her sojourn an education to her; and, as a literary man, he hoped for novel effects from her mind upon material which he was, above all, trying to set in a new light before himself.

When the time had arrived for them to go and meet Miss Mayhew at Genoa, he was more than reconciled to the necessity. But, at the last moment, Mrs. Elmore had one of her old attacks. What these attacks were I find myself unable to specify, but as every lady has an old attack of some kind, I may safely leave their precise nature to conjecture. It is enough that they were of a nervous character, that they were accompanied with headache, and that they prostrated her for several days. During their continuance she required the active sympathy and constant presence of her husband, whose devotion was then exemplary, and brought up long arrears of indebtedness in that way.

'Well, what shall we do?' he asked, as he sank into a chair beside the lounge on which Mrs. Elmore lay, her eyes closed, and a slice of lemon placed on each of her throbbing temples with the effect of some new sort of blinders. 'Shall I go alone for her?'

She gave his hand the kind of convulsive clutch that signified, 'Impossible for you to leave me.'

He reflected.

'The Mortons will be pushing on to Leghorn, and somebody *must* meet her. How would it do for Mr. Hoskins to go?'

Mrs. Elmore responded with a clutch tantamount to 'Horrors! How could you think of such a thing?'

'Well, then, he said, 'the only thing we can do is to send a *valet de place* for her. We can send old Cazzi. He's the incarnation of respectability; five francs a day and his expenses will buy all the virtues of him. She'll come as safely with him as with me.'

Mrs. Elmore had applied a vividly thoughtful pressure to her husband's

hand; she now released it in token of assent, and he rose.

'But don't be gone long,' she whispered.

On his way to the *café* which Cazzi frequented, Elmore fell in with the consul.

By this time a change had taken place in the consular office. Mr. Ferris, some months before, had suddenly thrown up his charge and gone home; and after the customary interval of ship-chandler, the California sculptor, Hoskins, had arrived out, with his commission in his pocket, and had set up his allegorical figure of The Pacific Slope in the room where Ferris had painted his too metaphysical conception of a Venetian Priest. Mrs. Elmore had never liked Ferris; she thought him cynical and opinionated, and she believed that he had not behaved quite well toward a young American lady,—a Miss Vervain, who had staid awhile in Venice with her mother. She was glad to have him go; but she could not admire Mr. Hoskins, who, however good-natured, was too hopelessly Western. He had had part of one foot shot away in the nine months' service, and walked with a limp that did him honour; and he knew as much of a consul's business as any of the authors or artists with whom it is the tradition to fill that office at Venice. Besides, he was at least a fellow-American, and Elmore could not forbear telling him the trouble he was in: a young girl coming from their town in America as far as Genoa with friends, and expecting to be met there by the Elmore, with whom she was to pass some months; Mrs. Elmore utterly prostrated by one of her old attacks, and he unable to leave her, or to take her with him to Genoa; the friends with whom Miss Mayhew travelled unable to bring her to Venice; she, of course, unable to come alone. The case deepened and darkened in Elmore's view as he unfolded it.

'Why,' cried the consul, sympathetically, 'if I could leave my post, I'd go.'

'O, thank you!' cried Elmore, eagerly, remembering his wife. 'I couldn't think of letting you.'

'Look here!' said the consul, taking an official letter, with the seal broken, from his pocket. 'This is the first time I couldn't have left my post without distinct advantage to the public interests, since I have been here. But with this letter from Turin, telling me to be on the look out for the *Alabama*, I couldn't go to Genoa, even to meet a young lady. The Austrians have never recognised the rebels as belligerents: if she enters the port of Venice, all I've got to do is to require the deposit of her papers with me, and then I should like to see her get out again. I should like to capture her. Of course, I don't mean Miss Mayhew,' said the consul, recognising the double sense in which his language could be taken.

'It would be a great thing for you,' said Elmore,—'a great thing.'

'Yes, it would set me up in my own eyes, and stop that infernal clatter inside about going over and taking a hand again.'

'Yes,' Elmore assented, with a twinge of the old shame. 'I didn't know you had it, too.'

'If I could capture the *Alabama*, I could afford to let the other fellows fight it out.'

'I congratulate you with all my heart,' said Elmore, sadly, and he walked in silence beside the consul.

'Well,' said the latter, with a laugh at Elmore's pensive rapture, 'I'm as much obliged to you as if I had captured her. I'll go up to the Piazza with you and see Cazzi.'

The affair was easily arranged; Cazzi was made to feel, by the consul's intervention, that the shield of American sovereignty had been extended over the young girl whom he was to escort from Genoa, and two days later he arrived with her. Mrs. Elmore's attack was now passing off, and she was well enough to receive Miss Mayhew, half-recumbent on the sofa,

where she had been prone till her arrival. It was pretty to see her fond greeting of the girl, and her joy in her presence as they sat down for the first long talk; and Elmore realized, even in his dreamy withdrawal, how much the bright, active spirit of his wife had suffered merely in the restriction of her English. Now, it was not only English they spoke, but that American variety of the language of which I hope we shall grow less and less ashamed; and not only this, but their parlance was characterized by local turns and accents which all came welcome back to Mrs. Elmore, together with those still more intimate inflections which belonged to her own particular circle of friends in the little town of Patmos, New York. Lily Mayhew was, of course, not of her own set, being five or six years younger; but women, more easily than men, ignore the disparities of age between themselves and their juniors, and, in Susy Stevens's absence, it seemed a sort of tribute to her to establish her sister in the affection which Mrs. Elmore had so long cherished. Their friendship had been of such a thoroughly trusted sort on both sides that Mrs. Stevens (the memorably brilliant Sue Mayhew in her girlish days) had felt perfectly free to act upon Mrs. Elmore's invitation to let Lily come out to her; and here the child was, as much at home as if she had just walked into Mrs. Elmore's parlour out of her sister's house in Patmos.

IV.

They briefly dispatched the facts relating to Miss Mayhew's voyage and her journey to Genoa, and came as quickly as they could to all those things which Mrs. Elmore was thirsting to learn about the town and its people.

'Is it much changed? I suppose it is,' she sighed. 'The war changes everything.'

'Oh, you don't notice the war much,'

said Miss Mayhew. 'But Patmos is gay,—perfectly delightful. We've got one of the camps there now; and such times as the girls have with the officers! We have lots of fun getting up things for the Sanitary. Hops on the parade-ground at the camp, and going out to see the prisoners—you never saw such a place.'

'The prisoners?' murmured Mrs. Elmore.

'Why, yes!' cried Lily, with a gay laugh. 'Didn't you know that we had a prison-camp, too? Some of the Southerners look real nice. I pitied them,' she added, with unabated gaiety.

'Your sister wrote to me,' said Mrs. Elmore; 'but I couldn't realize it, I suppose, and so I forgot it.'

'Yes,' pursued Lily, 'and Frank Halsey's in command. You would never know by the way he walks that he had a cork leg. Of course he can't dance, though, poor fellow. He's pale, and he's perfectly fascinating. So's Dick Burton, with his empty sleeve; he's one of the recruiting officers, and there's nobody so popular with the girls. You can't think how funny it is, Professor Elmore, to see the old college buildings used for barracks. Dick says it's much livelier than it was when he was a student there.'

'I suppose it must be,' dreamily assented the professor. 'Does he find plenty of volunteers?'

'Well, you know,' the young girl exclaimed, 'that the old style of volunteering is all over.'

'No, I didn't know it.'

'Yes. It's the bounties now that they rely upon, and they do say that it will come to the draft very soon. Some of the young men have gone to Canada. But everybody despises *them*. Oh, Mrs. Elmore, I should think you'd be so glad to have the professor off here, and honourably out of the way!'

'I'm dishonourably out of the way; I can never forgive myself for not going to the war,' said Elmore.

'Why, how ridiculous!' cried Lily. 'Nobody feels that way about it now!'

As Dick Burton says, we've come down to business. I tell you, when you see arms and legs off in every direction, and women going about in black, you don't feel that it's such a romantic thing any more. There are mighty few engagements now, Mrs. Elmore, when a regiment sets off; no presentation of revolvers in the town hall; and some of the widows have got married again; and that I don't think is right. But what can they do, poor things? You remember Tom Friar's widow, Mrs. Elmore?'

'Tom Friar's widow! Is Tom Friar dead?'

'Why, of course! One of the first. I think it was Ball's Bluff. Well, she's married. But she married his cousin, and, as Dick Burton says, that isn't so bad. Isn't it awful, Mrs. Clapp's losing *all* her boys—all five of them? It does seem to bear too hard on some families. And then, when you see every one of those six Armstrongs going through without a scratch!'

'I suppose,' said Elmore, 'that business is at a stand-still. The streets must look rather dreary.'

'*Business* at a stand-still!' exclaimed Lily. 'What *has* Sue been writing you all this time? Why, there never was such prosperity in Patmos before! Everybody is making money, and people that you wouldn't hardly speak to a year ago are giving parties and inviting the old college families. You ought to see the residences and business blocks going up all over the place. I don't suppose you would know Patmos now. You remember George Fenton, Mrs. Elmore?'

'Mr. Haskell's clerk?'

'Yes. Well, he's made a fortune out of an army contract; and he's going to marry—the engagement came out just before I left—Bella Stearns.'

At these words Mrs. Elmore sat upright,—the only posture in which the fact could be imagined. 'Lily!'

'Oh! I can tell you these are gay times in America,' triumphed the

young girl. She now put her hand to her mouth and hid a yawn.

'You're sleepy,' said Mrs. Elmore. 'Well, you know the way to your room. You'll find everything ready there, and I shall let you go alone. You shall commence being at home at once.'

'Yes, I am sleepy,' assented Lily; and she promptly made her good-nights and vanished; though a keener eye than Elmore's might have seen that her promptness had a colour—or say light—of hesitation in it.

But he only walked up and down the room, after she was gone, in unheedful distress.

'Gay times in America! Good heavens! Is the child utterly heartless, Celia, or is she merely obtuse?'

'She certainly isn't at all like Sue,' sighed Mrs. Elmore, who had not had time to formulate Lily's defence. 'But she's excited now, and a little off her balance. She'll be different to-morrow. Besides, all America seems changed, and the people with it. We shouldn't have noticed it if we had stayed there, but we feel it after this absence.'

'I never realized it before, as I did from her babble! The letters have told us the same thing, but they were like the histories of other times. Camps, prisoners, barracks, mutilation, widowhood, death, sudden gains, social upheavals—it is the old, hideous story of war come true of our day and country. It's terrible!'

'She will miss the excitement,' said Mrs. Elmore. 'I don't know exactly what we shall do with her. Of course, she can't expect the attentions she's been used to in Patmos, with those young men.'

Elmore stopped, and stared at his wife.

'What do you mean, Celia?'

'We don't go into society at all, and she doesn't speak Italian. How shall we amuse her?'

'Well, upon my word, I don't know that we're obliged to provide her amuse-

ment! Let her amuse herself. Let her take up some branch of study, or of—of—research, and get something besides "fun" into her head, if possible.' He spoke boldly, but his wife's question had unnerved him, for he had a soft heart, and liked people about him to be happy. 'We can show her the objects of interest. And there are the theatres,' he added.

'Yes, that is true,' said Mrs. Elmore. 'We can both go about with her. I will just peep in at her now, and see if she has everything she wants.' She rose from her sofa and went to Lily's room, whence she did not return for nearly three-quarters of an hour. By this time Elmore had got out his notes, and, in their transcription and classification, had fallen into forgetfulness of his troubles. His wife closed the door behind her, and said, in a low voice, little above a whisper, as she sank very quietly into a chair:

'Well, it has all come out, Owen.'

'What has all come out?' he asked, looking up stupidly.

'I knew that she had something on her mind, by the way she acted. And you saw her give me that look as she went out?'

'No—no, I didn't. What look was it? She looked sleepy.'

'She looked terribly, terribly excited, and as if she would like to say something to me. That was the reason I said I would let her go to her room alone.'

'Oh!'

'Of course she would have felt awfully if I had gone straight off with her. So I waited. It *may* never come to anything in the world, and I don't suppose it will; but it's quite enough to account for everything you saw in her.'

'I didn't see anything in her—that was the difficulty. But what is it, Celia? You know how I hate these delays.'

'Why I'm not sure that I need tell you, Owen; and yet I suppose I

had better. It will be safer,' said Mrs. Elmore, nursing her mystery to the last, enjoying it for its own sake, and dreading it for its effect upon her husband. 'I suppose you will think your troubles are beginning pretty early,' she suggested.

'Is it a trouble?'

'Well, I don't know that it is. If it comes to the very worst, I dare say that every one wouldn't call it a trouble.'

Elmore threw himself back in his chair in an attitude of endurance.

'What would the worst be?'

'Why it's no use even to discuss that, for it's perfectly absurd to suppose that it could ever come to that. But the case,' added Mrs. Elmore, perceiving that further delay was only further suffering for her husband, and that any fact would now probably fall far short of his apprehensions, 'is simply this, and I don't know that it amounts to anything; but at Peschiera, just before the train started, she looked out of the window, and saw a splendid officer walking up and down and smoking; and before she could draw back he must have seen her, for he threw away his cigar instantly, and got into the same compartment. He talked awhile in German with an old gentleman who was there, and then he spoke in Italian with Cazzi; and afterward, when he heard her speaking English with Cazzi, he joined in, I don't know how he came to join in at first, and she doesn't, either; but it seems that he knew some English, and he began speaking. He was very tall and handsome and distinguished looking, and a *perfect* gentleman in his manners; and she says that she saw Cazzi looking rather queer, but he didn't say anything, and so she kept on talking. She told him at once that she was an American, and that she was coming here to stay with friends; and, as he was very curious about America, she told him all she could think of. It did her good to talk about home, for she had been

feeling a little blue at being so far away from everybody. Now, I don't see any harm in it; do you, Owen?'

'It isn't according to the custom here; but we needn't care for that. Of course it was imprudent.'

'Of course,' Mrs. Elmore admitted. 'The officer was very polite; and when he found that she was from America, it turned out that he was a *great* sympathiser with the North, and that he had a brother in our army. Don't you think that was nice?'

'Probably some mere soldier of fortune, with no heart in the cause,' said Elmore.

'And very likely he had no brother there, as I told Lily. He told her he was coming to Padua; but when they reached Padua, he came right on to Venice. That shows you couldn't place any dependence upon what he said. He said he expected to be put under arrest for it; but he didn't care, — he was coming. Do you believe they'll put him under arrest?'

'I don't know—I don't know,' said Elmore, in a voice of grief and apprehension, which might well have seemed anxiety for the officer's liberty.

'I told her it was one of his jokes. He was very funny, and kept her laughing the whole way, with his broken English and his witty little remarks. She says he's just dying to go to America. Who do you suppose it can be, Owen?'

'How should I know? We've no acquaintance among the Austrians,' groaned Elmore.

'That's what I told Lily. She's no idea of the state of things here, and she was quite horrified. But she says he was a perfect gentleman in everything. He belongs to the engineer corps, — that's one of the highest branches of the service, he told her, — and he gave her his card.'

'Gave her his card!'

Mrs. Elmore had it in the hand which she had been keeping in her pocket, and she now suddenly produced it; and Elmore read the name

and address of Ernst von Ehrhardt, Captain of the Royal-Imperial Engineers, Peschiera.

'She says she knows he wanted hers, but she didn't offer to give it to him; and he didn't ask her where she was going, or anything.'

'He knew that he could get her address from Cazzi for ten soldi as soon as her back was turned,' said Elmore, cynically. 'What then?'

'Why he said—and this is the only really bold thing he *did* do—that he must see her again, and that he should stay over a day in Venice in hopes of meeting her at the theatre or somewhere.'

'It's a piece of high-handed impudence!' cried Elmore. 'Now, Celia, you see what these people are! Do you wonder that the Italians hate them?'

'You have often said they only hate their system.'

'The Austrians are part of their system. He thinks he can take any liberty with us because he is an Austrian officer! Lily must not stir out of the house to-morrow.'

'She will be too tired to do so,' said Mrs. Elmore.

'And if he molests us further, I will appeal to the Consul.' Elmore began to walk up and down the room again.

'Well, I don't know whether you could call it *molesting*, exactly,' suggested Mrs. Elmore.

'What do you mean, Celia? Do you suppose that she—she—encouraged this officer?'

'Owen! It was all in the simplicity and innocence of her heart!'

'Well, then, that she wishes to see him again?'

'Certainly not! But that's no reason why we should be rude about it.'

'Rude about it? How? Is simply avoiding him rudeness? Is proposing to protect ourselves from his impertinence rudeness?'

'No. And if you can't see the matter for yourself, Owen, I don't know how any one is to make you.'

'Why, Celia, one would think that you approved of this man's behaviour,—that *you* wished her to meet him again! You understand what the consequences would be if we received this officer. You know how all the Venetians would drop us, and we should have no acquaintance here outside of the army.'

'Who has asked you to receive him, Owen? And as for the Italians dropping us, that doesn't frighten me. But what could he do if he did meet her again? She needn't look at him. She says he is very intelligent, and that he has read a great many English books, though he doesn't speak it very well, and that he knows more about the war than she does. But of course she won't go out to-morrow. All that I hate is that we should seem to be frightened into staying at home.'

'She needn't stay in on his account. You said she would be too tired to go out.'

'I see by the scattering way you talk, Owen, that your mind isn't on the subject, and that you are anxious to get back to your work. I won't keep you.'

'Celia, Celia! Be fair, now!' cried Elmore. 'You know very well that I'm only too deeply interested in this matter, and that I'm not likely to get back to my work to-night, at least. What is it you wish me to do?'

Mrs. Elmore considered awhile.

'I don't wish you to do anything,' she returned, placably. 'Of course, you're perfectly right in not choosing to let an acquaintance begun in that way go any further. We shouldn't at home, and we sha'n't here. But I don't wish you to think that Lily has been imprudent, under the circumstances. She doesn't know that it was anything out of the way, but she happened to do the best that any one could. Of course it was very exciting and very romantic; girls like such things, and there's no reason they shouldn't. We must manage,' added Mrs. Elmore, 'so that she shall

see that we appreciate her conduct, and trust in her entirely. I wouldn't do anything to wound her pride or self-confidence. I would rather send her out alone to-morrow.'

'Of course,' said Elmore.

'And if I were with her when she met him, I believe I should leave it entirely to her how to behave.'

'Well,' said Elmore, 'you're not likely to be put to the test. He'll hardly force his way into the house, and she isn't going out.'

'No,' said Mrs. Elmore. She added, after a silence: 'I'm trying to think whether I've ever seen him in Venice; he's here often. But there are so many tall officers with fair complexions and English beards. I *should* like to know how he looks! She said he was very aristocratic-looking.'

'Yes, it's a fine type,' said Elmore. 'They're all nobles, I believe.'

'But after all, they're no better looking than our boys, who come up out of nothing.'

'Ours are Americans,' said Elmore.

'And they are the best husbands, as I told Lily.'

Elmore looked at his wife, as she turned dreamily to leave the room; but, since the conversation had taken this impersonal turn, he would not say anything to change its complexion. A conjecture, vaguely taking shape in his mind, resolved itself to nothing again, and left him with only the ache of something unascertained.

V.

In the morning Lily came to breakfast as blooming as a rose. The sense of her simple, fresh, wholesome loveliness might have pierced even the indifference of a man to whom there was but one pretty woman in the world, and who had lived since their marriage as if his wife had absorbed her whole sex into herself: this deep, unconscious constancy was a noble trait in him, but is not so rare in men as women would have us believe. For

Elmore, Miss Mayhew merely pervaded the place in her finer way, as the flowers on the table did, as the sweet butter, the new eggs, and the morning's French bread did; he looked at her with a perfect serene ignorance of her piquant face, her beautiful eyes and abundant hair, and her trim, straight figure. But his wife exulted in every particular of her charm, and was as generously glad of it as if it were her own; as women are when they are sure that the charm of others has no designs.

The ladies twittered and laughed together, and as he was a man without small talk, he soon dropped out of the conversation into a reverie, from which he found himself presently extracted by a question from his wife.

'We had better go in a gondola, hadn't we, Owen?' She seemed to be, as she put this, trying to look something into him.

He, on his part, tried his best to make out her meaning, but failed. He simply asked:

'Where? Are you going out?'

'Yes. Lily has some shopping she must do. I think we can get it at Paziotti's, in San Polo.'

Again she tried to pierce him with her meaning. It seemed to him a sudden advance from the position she had taken the night before in regard to Miss Mayhew's not going out; but he could not understand his wife's look, and he feared to misinterpret if he opposed her going. He decided that she wished him for some reason to oppose the gondola, so he said:

'I think you had better walk, if Lily isn't too tired.'

'Oh, I'm not tired at all!' she cried.

'I can go with you in that direction, on my way to the library,' he added.

'Well, that will be very nice,' said Mrs. Elmore, discontinuing her look, and leaving her husband with an uneasy sense of wantonly assumed responsibility.

'She can step into the Frari a mo-

ment and see those tombs,' he said. 'I think it will amuse her.'

Lily broke into a clear laugh.

'Is that the way you amuse yourselves in Venice?' she asked; and Mrs. Elmore hastened to re-assure her.

'That's the way Mr. Elmore amuses himself. You know his history makes every bit of the past fascinating to him.'

'Oh, yes, that history! Everybody is looking out for that,' said Lily.

'Is it possible,' said Elmore, with a pensive sarcasm, in which an agreeable sense of flattery lurked, 'that people still remember me and my history?'

'Yes, indeed?' cried Miss Mayhew, 'Frank Halsey was talking about it the night before I left. He couldn't seem to understand why I should be coming to you at Venice, because he said it was a history of Florence you were writing. It isn't, is it? You must be getting pretty near the end of it, Professor Elmore.'

'I'm getting pretty near the beginning,' said Elmore, sadly.

'It must be hard writing histories; they're so awfully hard to read,' said Lily, innocently. 'Does it interest you?' she asked, with unaffected compassion.

'Yes,' he said, 'far more than it will ever interest anybody else.'

'Oh, I don't believe that!' she cried, sweetly, seizing the occasion to get in a little compliment.

Mrs. Elmore sat silent, while things were thus going against Miss Mayhew, and perhaps she was then meditating the stroke by which she restored the balance to her own favour as soon as she saw her husband alone after breakfast. 'Well, Owen,' she said, 'you have done it now.'

'Done what?' he demanded.

'Oh, nothing, perhaps!' she answered, while she got on her things for the walk with unusual gravity; and, with the consciousness of unknown guilt depressing him, he followed the ladies upon their errand,

subdued, distraught, but gradually forgetting his sin, as he forgot everything but his history. His wife hated to see him so miserable, and whispered at the shop-door where they parted: 'Don't be troubled, Owen. I didn't mean anything.'

'By what?'

'Oh, if you've forgotten, never mind!' she cried, and she and Miss Mayhew disappeared within.

It was two hours later when he next saw them, after he had found the passage which would enable him to go on with his work for the rest of the day at home. He was fitting his key into the house-door when he happened to look up the little street toward the bridge that led into it, and there, defined against the sky on the level of the bridge, he saw Mrs. Elmore and Miss Mayhew receiving the adieux of a distinguished-looking man in the Austrian uniform. The officer had brought his heels together in the conventional manner, and, with his cap in his right hand while his left rested on the hilt of his sword and pressed it down, he was bowing from the hips. Once, twice, and he was gone.

The ladies came down the *calle* with rapid steps and flushed faces, and Elmore let them in. His wife whispered, as she brushed by his elbow:

'I want to speak with you instantly, Owen.—Well, now!' she added, when they were alone in their own room, and she had shut the door.

'What do you say now?'

'What do I say now, Celia,' retorted Elmore, with just indignation. 'It seems to me that it is for you to say something—or nothing.'

'Why, you brought it on us.'

Elmore merely glanced at his wife, and did not speak, for this passed all force of language.

'Didn't you see me looking at you when I spoke of going out in a gondola, at breakfast?'

'Yes.'

'What did you suppose I meant?'

'I didn't know.'

'When I was trying to make you understand that if we took a gondola we could go and come without being seen! Lily had to do her shopping. But if you chose to run off on some interpretation of your own, was I to blame, I should like to know? No, indeed! You won't get me to admit it, Owen!'

Elmore continued inarticulate, but he made a low, miserable sibillation between his set teeth.

'Such presumption, such perfect audacity, I never saw in my life!' cried Mrs. Elmore, fleetly changing the subject in her own mind, and leaving her husband to follow her as he could. 'It was outrageous!'

Her words were strong, but she did not really look affronted; and it is hard to tell what sort of liberty it is that affronts a woman. It seems to depend a great deal upon the person who takes the liberty.

'That was the man, I suppose,' said Elmore, quietly.

'Yes, Owen,' answered his wife, with beautiful candour, 'it was.' Seeing that he remained unaffected by her display of this virtue, she added: 'Don't you think he was very handsome?'

'I couldn't judge at such a distance.'

'Well, he is perfectly splendid. And I don't want you to think he was disrespectful at all. He wasn't. He was everything that was delicate and deferential.'

'Did you ask him to walk home with you?'

Mrs. Elmore remained speechless for some moments. Then she drew a long breath, and said, firmly;

'If you won't interrupt me with gratuitous insults, Owen, I will tell you all about it, and then perhaps you will be ready to do me justice. I ask nothing more.' She waited for his contrition, but proceeded without it in a somewhat meeker strain: 'Lily couldn't get her things at Pazienti's, and we had to go to the Merceria for them. Then, of course, the nearest

way home was through St. Mark's Square. I made Lily go on the Florian side, so as to avoid the officers who were sitting at the Quadri, and we had got through the Square and past San Moisè, as far as the Stadt Gratz. I had never thought of how the officers frequented the Stadt Gratz, but there we met a most magnificent creature, and I had just said, "What a splendid officer!" when she gave a sort of stop and he gave a sort of stop and bowed very low, and she whispered, "It's my officer." I didn't dream of his joining us, and I don't think he did, at first; but after he took a second look at Lily, it really seemed as if he couldn't help it. He asked if he might join us, and I didn't say anything.'

'Didn't say anything!'

'No! How could I refuse, in so many words? And I was frightened and confused, any way. He asked if we were going to the music in the Giardini Pubblici; and I said no, that Miss Mayhew was not going into society in Venice, but was merely here for her health. That's all there is of it. Now do you blame me, Owen?'

'No.'

'Do you blame her?'

'No.'

'Well, I don't see how *he* was to blame,' she said.

'The transaction was a little irregular, but it was highly creditable to all parties concerned.'

Mrs. Elmore grew still meeker under this irony. Indignation and censure she would have known how to meet; but his quiet perplexed her. She did not know what might not be coming.

'Lily scarcely spoke to him,' she pursued, 'and I was very cold. I spoke to him in German.'

'Is German a particularly repellent tongue?'

'No. But I was determined he should get no hold upon us. He was very polite and very respectful, as I said, but I didn't give him an atom of encouragement; I saw that he was dy-

ing to be asked to call, but I parted from him very stiffly.'

'Is it possible?'

'Owen, what *is* there so wrong about it all? He's clearly fascinated with her; and as the matter stood he had no hope of seeing her or speaking with her except on the street. Perhaps he didn't know it was wrong—or didn't realize it.'

'I dare say.'

'What else could the poor fellow have done? There he was! He had stayed over a day, and laid himself open to arrest, on the bare chance—one in a hundred—of seeing Lily: and when he did see her, what was he to do?'

'Obviously, to join her and walk home with her.'

'You are too bad, Owen! Suppose it had been one of our own poor boys? He *looked* like an American.'

'He didn't behave like one. One of "our own poor boys," as you call them, would have been as far as possible from thrusting himself upon you. He would have had too much reverence for you, too-much self-respect, too much pride.'

'What has pride to do with such things, my dear? I think he acted very naturally. He acted upon impulse. I'm sure you're always crying out against the restraints and conventionalities between young people, over here; and now, when a European *does* do a simple, unassuming thing——'

Elmore made a gesture of impatience.

'This fellow has presumed upon your being Americans—on your ignorance of the customs here—to take a liberty that he would not have dreamed of taking with Italian or German ladies. He has shown himself no gentleman.'

'Now, there you are very much mistaken, Owen. That's what I thought when Lily first told me about his speaking to her in the cars, and I was very much prejudiced against him; but when I saw him to-day, I must

say I felt that I had been wrong. He *is* a gentleman; but—he is desperate.'

'Oh, indeed!'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Elmore, shrinking a little under her husband's sarcastic tone. 'Why, Owen,' she pleaded, 'can't you see anything romantic in it?'

'I see nothing but a vulgar impertinence in it. I see it from his standpoint as an adventure, to be bragged of and laughed over at the mess-table and the *café*. I'm going to put a stop to it.'

Mrs. Elmore looked daunted and a little bewildered. 'Well, Owen,' she said, 'I put the affair entirely in your hands.'

Elmore never could decide upon just what theory his wife had acted; he had to rest upon the fact, already known to him, of her perfect truth and conscientiousness, and his perception that even in a good woman the passion for maneuvering and intrigue may approach the point at which men commit forgery. He now saw her quelled and submissive; but he was by no means sure that she looked at the affair as he did, or that she voluntarily acquiesced.

'All that I ask is that you won't do anything that you'll regret afterward. And as for putting a stop to it, I fancy it's put a stop to already. He's going back to Peschiera this afternoon, and that'll probably be the last of him.'

'Very well,' said Elmore, 'if that is the last of him, I ask nothing better. I certainly have no wish to take any steps in the matter.'

But he went out of the house very unhappy and greatly perplexed. He thought at first of going to the Stadt Gratz, where Captain Ehrhardt was probably staying for the tap of Vienna beer peculiar to that hostelry, and of inquiring him out, and requesting him to discontinue his attentions; but this course, upon reflection, was less high-handed than comported with his present mood, and he turned aside to seek advice

of his Consul. He found Mr. Hoskins in the best humour for backing his quarrel. He had just received a second despatch from Turin, stating that the rumour of the approaching visit of the *Alabama* was unfounded; and he was thus left with a force of unexpended belligerence on his hands which he was glad to contribute to the defence of Mr. Elmore's family from the pursuit of this Austrian officer.

'This is a very simple affair, Mr. Elmore,'—he usually said 'Elmore,' but in his haughty frame of mind, he naturally threw something more of state into their intercourse—'a very simple affair, fortunately. All that I have to do is to call on the military governor, and state the facts of the case, and this fellow will get his orders quietly and *definitively*. This war has sapped our influence in Europe,—there's no doubt of it; but I think it's a pity if an American family living in this city can't be safe from molestation; and if it can't, I want to know the reason why.'

This language was very acceptable to Elmore, and he thanked the consul. At the same time he felt his own resentment moderated, and he said:

'I'm willing to let the matter rest, if he goes away this afternoon.'

'Oh, of course,' Hoskins assented, 'if he clears out, that's the end of it. I'll look in to-morrow, and see how you're getting along.'

'Don't—don't give them the impression that I've profited by your kindness,' suggested Elmore, at parting.

'You haven't yet. I only hope you may have the chance.'

'Thank you; I don't think I do.'

Elmore took a long walk, and returned home tranquillized and clarified as to the situation. Since it could be terminated without difficulty and without scandal, in the way Hoskins had explained, he was not unwilling to see a certain poetry in it. He could not repress a degree

of sympathy with the bold young fellow who had overstepped the conventional proprieties in the ardour of a romantic impulse, and could see how this very boldness, while it had a terror, would have a charm for a young girl. There was no necessity, except for the purpose of holding Mrs. Elmore in check, to look at it in an ugly light. Perhaps the officer had inferred from Lily's innocent frankness of manner that this sort of approach was permissible with Americans, and was not amusing himself with the adventure, but was in love in earnest. Elmore could allow himself this view of a case which he had so completely in his own hands; and he was sensible of a sort of pleasure in the novel responsibility thrown upon him. Few men at his age were called upon to stand in the place of a parent to a young girl, to intervene in her affairs, and to decide who was and who was not a proper person to pretend to her acquaintance.

Feeling so secure in his right, he rebelled against the restraint he had proposed to himself, and at dinner he invited the ladies to go to the opera with him. He chose to show himself in public with them, and to check any impression that they were without due protection. As usual, the pit was full of officers, and between the acts they all rose, as usual, and faced the boxes, which they perused through their *lorgnettes* till the bell rang for the curtain to rise. But Mrs. Elmore, having touched his arm to attract his notice, instructed him, by a slow turning of her head, that Captain Ehrhardt was not there. After that he undoubtedly breathed freer, and, in the relaxation from his sense of bravado, he enjoyed the last acts of the opera more than the first. Miss Mayhew showed no disappointment; and she bore herself with so much grace and dignity, and yet so evidently impressed every one with her beauty, that he was proud of having her in charge. He began himself to see that she was pretty.

VI.

The next day was Sunday, and in going to church they missed a call from Hoskins, whom Elmore felt bound to visit the following morning on his way to the library, and inform of his belief that the enemy had quitted Venice, and that the whole affair was probably at an end. He was strengthened in this opinion by Mrs. Elmore's fear that she might have been colder than she supposed; she hoped that she had not hurt the poor young fellow's feelings, and now that he was gone, and safely out of the way, Elmore hoped so too.

On his return from the library, his wife met him with an air of mystery before which his heart sank.

'Owen,' she said, 'Lily has a letter.'

'Not bad news from home, Celia!'

'No; a letter which she wishes to show you. It has just come. As I don't wish to influence you, I would rather not be present.'

Mrs. Elmore slipped out of the room, and Miss Mayhew glided gravely in, holding an open note in her hand, and looking into Elmore's eyes with a certain unfathomable candour, of which she had the secret.

'Here,' she said, 'is a letter which I think you ought to see at once, Professor;' and she gave him the note with an air of unconcern, which he afterward recalled without being able to determine whether it was real indifference or only the calm resulting from the transfer of the whole responsibility to him. She stood looking at him while he read:

'Miss,

'In this evening I am just arrived from Venice, hours afterwards I have had the fortune to see you and to speak with you—and to favorite me of your gentile acquaintance—ship at rail-away. I never forget the moments I have seen you. Your pretty and nice figure had attached my heart so much, that I deserted in the hope to see you at Venice. And I was so lucky to speak with you cut too short, and in the possibility to understand all. I wish to go also in this Sunday to Venice, but I am sorry that I cannot, because I must feel now the consequences of the de-

sertation. Pray Miss to agree the assurance of my love, and perhaps I will be so lucky to receive a notice from you Miss if I can hope a little (happiness) sympathie. Très humble
'E. VON EHRHARDT.'

Elmore was not destitute of the national sense of humour; but he read this letter not only without amusement at its English, but with intense bitterness and renewed alarm. It appeared to him that the willingness of the ladies to put the affair in his hands had not strongly manifested itself till it had quite passed their own control, and had become a most embarrassing difficulty—when, in fact, it was no longer a merit in them to confide it to him. In the resentment of that moment, his suspicions even accused his wife of desiring, from idle curiosity and sentiment, the accidental meeting which had resulted in this fresh aggression.

'Why did you show me this letter?' he asked, harshly.

'Mrs. Elmore told me to do so,' Lily answered.

'Did you wish me to see it?'

'I don't suppose I *wished* you to see it; I thought you ought to see it.'

Elmore felt himself relenting a little.

'What do you want done about it?' he asked, more gently.

'That is what I wished you to tell me,' replied the girl.

'I can't tell you what you wish me to do, but I can tell you this, Miss Mayhew: this man's behaviour is totally irregular. He would not think of writing to an Italian or German girl in this way. If he desired to—pay attention to her, he would write to her father.'

'Yes, that's what Mrs. Elmore said. She said she supposed he must think it was the American way.'

'Mrs. Elmore——' began her husband; but he arrested himself there; and said, 'Very well, I want to know what I am to do. I want your full and explicit authority before I act. We will dismiss the fact of irregularity. We will suppose that it is fit and becoming for a gentleman who has

twice met a young lady by accident—or once by accident and once by his own insistence—to write to her. Do you wish to continue the correspondence ?

‘No.’

Elmore looked into the eyes which dwelt full upon him, and though they were clear as the windows of heaven, he hesitated.

‘I must do what you *say*, no matter what you mean, you know ?’

‘I mean what I say.’

‘Perhaps,’ he suggested, ‘you would prefer to return him this letter with a few lines on your card.’

‘No, I should like him to know that I have shown it to you. I should think it a liberty for an American to write to me in that way after such a short acquaintance, and I don’t see why I should tolerate it from a foreigner, though I suppose their customs *are* different.’

‘Then you wish me to write to him.’

‘Yes.’

‘And make an end of the matter, once for all ?’

‘Yes.’

‘Very well, then.’

Elmore sat down at once, and wrote:

‘SIR: Miss Mayhew has handed me your note of yesterday, and begs me to express her very great surprise that you should have ventured to address her. She desires me also to add that you will consider at an end whatever acquaintance you suppose yourself to have formed with her.

‘Your obedient servant,

‘OWEN ELMORE.’

He handed the note to Lily. ‘Yes, that will do,’ she said, in a low, steady voice. She drew a deep breath, and, laying the letter softly down, went out of the room into Mrs. Elmore’s.

Elmore had not had time to kindle his sealing-wax when his wife appeared swiftly upon the scene.

‘I want to see what you have written, Owen,’ she said.

‘Don’t talk to me, Celia,’ he replied, thrusting the wax into the candle-light. ‘You have put this affair

entirely in my hands, and Lily approves of what I have written. I am sick of the thing, and I don’t want any more talk about it.’

‘I *must* see it,’ said Mrs. Elmore, with finality, and possessed herself of the note. She ran it through, and then flung it on the table and herself into a chair, while the tears started to her eyes. ‘What a cold, cutting, merciless letter!’ she cried.

‘I hope he will think so,’ said Elmore, gathering it up from the table, and sealing it up securely in its envelope.

‘You’re not going to *send* it!’ exclaimed his wife.

‘Yes, I am.’

‘I didn’t suppose you could be so heartless.’

‘Very well, then, I *won’t* send it,’ said Elmore; ‘I put the affair into your hands. What are you going to do about it?’

‘Nonsense!’

‘On the contrary, I’m perfectly serious. I don’t see why you shouldn’t manage the business. The gentleman is an acquaintance of yours. I don’t know him.’ Elmore rose and put his hands in his pockets. ‘What do you intend to do? Do you like this clandestine sort of thing to go on? I dare say the fellow only wishes to amuse himself by a flirtation with a pretty American. But the question is whether you wish him to do so. I’m willing to lay his conduct to a misunderstanding of our customs, and to suppose that he thinks this is the way Americans do. I take the matter at its best; he speaks to Lily on the train without an introduction, he joins you in your walk without invitation; he writes to her without leave, and proposes to get up a correspondence. It is all perfectly right and proper, and will appear so to Lily’s friends when they hear of it. But I’m curious to know how you’re going to manage the sequel. Do you wish the affair to go on, and how long do you wish it to go on?’

'You know very well that I don't wish it to go on.'

'Then you wish it broken off?'

'Of course I do.'

'How?'

'I think there is such a thing as acting kindly and considerately. I don't see anything in Captain Ehrhardt's conduct that calls for savage treatment,' said Mrs. Elmore.

'You would like to have him stopped, but stopped gradually. Well, I don't wish to be savage, either, and I will act upon any suggestion of yours. I want Lily's people to feel that we managed not only wisely but humanely in checking a man who was resolved to force his acquaintance upon her.'

Mrs. Elmore thought a long while. Then she said :

'Why, of course, Owen, you're right about it. There is no other way. There couldn't be any kindness in checking him gradually. But I wish,' she added, sorrowfully, 'that he had not been such a *complete* goose ; and then we could have done something with him.'

'I am obliged to him for the perfection which you regret, my dear. If he had been less complete, he would have been much harder to manage.'

Well," said Mrs. Elmore, rising, 'I shall always say that he meant well. But send the letter.'

Her husband did not wait for a second bidding. He carried it himself to the general post-office that there might be no mistake and no delay about it ; and a man who believed that he had a feeling and tender heart experienced a barbarous joy in the infliction of this pitiless snub. I do not say that it would not have been different if he had trusted at all in the sincerity of Captain Ehrhardt's passion ; but he was glad to discredit it. A misgiving to the other effect would have complicated the matter. But now he was perfectly free to disembarass himself of a trouble which had so seriously threatened his peace. He was responsible to Miss Mayhew's family,

and Mrs. Elmore herself could not say, then or afterward, that there was any other way open to him. I will contend that his motives were wholly unselfish. No doubt a sense of personal annoyance, of offended decorum, of wounded respectability, qualified the zeal for Miss Mayhew's good which prompted him. He was still a young and inexperienced man, confronted with a strange perplexity ; he did the best he could, and I suppose it was the best that could be done. At any rate, he had no regrets, and he went even gayly about the work of interesting Miss Mayhew in the monuments and memories of the city.

Since the decisive blow had been struck, the ladies seemed to share his relief. The pursuit of Captain Ehrhardt, while it flattered, might well have alarmed, and the loss of a not unpleasant excitement was made good by a sense of perfect security. What-ever repining Miss Mayhew indulged was secret, or confided solely to Mrs. Elmore. To Elmore herself she appeared in better spirits than at first, or at least in a more equable frame of mind. To be sure, he did not notice very particularly. He took her to the places and told her the things that she ought to be interested in, and he conceived a better opinion of her mind from the quick intelligence with which she entered into his own feelings in regard to them, though he never could see any evidence of the over-study for which she had been taken from school. He made her, like Mrs. Elmore, the partner of his historical researches ; he read his notes to both of them now ; and when his wife was prevented from accompanying him, he went with Lily alone to visit the scenes of such events as his researches concerned, and to fill his mind with the local colour which he believed would give life and character to his studies of the past. They also went often to the theatre ; and, though Lily could not understand the plays, she professed to be entertained, and she

had a grateful appreciation of all his efforts in her behalf that amply repaid him. He grew fond of her society ; he took a childish pleasure in having people in the streets turn and glance at the handsome girl by his side, of whose beauty and stylishness he became aware through the admiration looked over the shoulders of the Austrians, and openly spoken by the Italian populace. It did not occur to him that she might not enjoy the growth of their acquaintance in equal degree, that she fatigued herself with the appreciation of the memorable and the beautiful, and that she found these long rambles rather dull. He was a man of little conversation ; and, unless Mrs. Elmore was of the company, Miss Mayhew pursued his pleasures for the most part in silence. One evening, at the end of the week, his wife asked :

‘Why do you always take Lily through the Piazza on the side farthest from where the officers sit? Are you afraid of her meeting Captain Ehrhardt?’

‘Oh, no! I consider the Ehrhardt business settled. But you know the Italians never walk on the officers’ side.’

‘You are not an Italian. What do you gain by flattering them up? I should think you might suppose a young girl had some curiosity.’

‘I do; and I do everything I can to gratify her curiosity. I went to San Pietro di Castello to-day, to show her where the Brides of Venice were stolen.’

‘The oldest and dirtiest part of the city! What could the child care for the Brides of Venice? Now do be reasonable, Owen!’

‘It’s a romantic story. I thought girls liked such things—everything about getting married.’

‘And that’s the reason you took her yesterday to show her the Bucentaur that the Doges wedded the Adriatic in! Well, what was your idea in going with her to the Cemetery of San Michele?’

‘I thought she would be interested. I had never been there before myself, and I thought it would be a good opportunity to verify a passage I was at work on. We always show people the cemetery at home.’

‘That was considerate. And why did you go to Canarregio on Wednesday?’

‘I wished her to see the statue of Sior Antonio Rioba ; you know it was the Venetian Pasquino in the Revolution of ’48 —’

‘Charming!’

‘And the Campo di Giustizia, where the executions used to take place.’

‘Delightful!’

‘And—and—the house of Tintoretto,’ faltered Elmore.

‘Delicious! She cares so much for Tintoretto! And you’ve been with her to the Jewish burying ground at the Lido, and the Spanish synagogue in the Ghetto, and the fish-market at the Rialto, and you’ve shown her the house of Othello and the house of Desdemona, and the prisons in the ducal palace ; and three nights you’ve taken us to the Piazza as soon as the Austrian band stopped playing, and all the interesting promenading was over, and those stuffy old Italians began to come to the *cafés*. Well, I can tell you that’s no way to amuse a young girl. We must do something for her, or she will die. She has come here from a country where girls have always had the best time in the world, and where the times are livelier now than they ever were, with all the excitement of the war going on ; and here she is dropped down in the midst of this absolute deadness : no calls, no picnics, no parties, no dances—nothing! We must do something for her.’

‘Shall we give her a ball?’ asked Elmore, looking around the pretty little apartment.

‘There’s nothing going on among the Italians. But you might get us invited to the German Casino.’

‘I dare say. But I will not do that,’ he replied.

'Then we could go to the Luogotenenza, to the receptions. Mr. Hoskins could call with us, and they would send us cards.'

'That would make us simply odious to the Venetians, and our house would be thronged with officers. What I've seen of them doesn't make me particularly anxious for the honour of their further acquaintance.'

'Well, I don't ask you to do any of these things,' said Mrs. Elmore, who had, perhaps, mentioned them with the intention of insisting upon an abated claim. 'But I think you might go and dine at one of the hotels—at the Danieli—instead of that Italian restaurant; and then Lily could see somebody at the *table d'hôte*, and not simply perish of despair.'

'I—I didn't suppose it was as bad as that,' said Elmore.

'Why, of course, she hasn't said anything—she's far too well-bred for that; but I can tell from my own feelings how she must suffer, I have you Owen,' she said tenderly, 'but Lily has nobody. She has gone through this Ehrhardt business so well that I think we ought to do all we can to divert her mind.'

'Well, now, Celia, you see the difficulty of our position—the nature of the responsibility we have assumed. How are we possibly, here in Venice, to divert the mind of a young lady fresh from the parties and picnics of Patmos?'

'We can go and dine at the Danieli,' replied Mrs. Elmore.

'Very well. Let us go then. But she will learn no Italian there. She will hear nothing but English from the travellers and bad French from the waiters; while at our restaurant—'

'Pshaw!' cried Mrs. Elmore. 'What does Lily care for Italian? I'm sure I never want to hear another word of it.'

At this desperate admission, Elmore quite gave way; he went to the Danieli the next morning, and arranged to begin dining there that day. There is no denying that Miss Mayhew

showed an enthusiasm in prospect of the change that even the sight of the pillar to which Foscarini was hanged head downward for treason to the Republic had not evoked. She made herself look very pretty, and she was visibly an impression at the *table d'hôte* when she sat down there. Elmore had found places opposite an elderly lady and quite a young gentleman, of English speech, but of not very English effect otherwise, who bowed to Lily in acknowledgment of some former meeting. The old lady said, 'So you've reached Venice at last? I'm very pleased for your sake,' as if, at some point of the progress thither, she had been privy to anxieties of Lily about arriving at her destination; and, in fact, they had been in the same hotels at Marseilles and Genoa. The young gentleman said nothing, but he looked at Lily throughout the dinner, and seemed to take his eyes from her only when she glanced at him; then he dropped his gaze to his neglected plate and blushed. When they left the table, he made haste to join the Elmore's in the reading-room, where he contrived with creditable skill, to get Lily apart from them for the examination of an illustrated newspaper, at which neither of them looked; they remained chatting and laughing over it in entire irrelevancy till the lady rose and said: 'Herbert, Herbert! I am ready to go now,' upon which he did not seem at all so, but went submissively.

'Who are those people, Lily?' asked Mrs. Elmore, as they walked toward Florian's for their after-dinner coffee. The Austrian band was playing in the centre of the Piazza, and the tall, blond German officers promenaded back and forth with dark Hungarian women, who looked each like a princess of her race. The lights glittered upon them, and on the groups spread fan-wise out into the Piazza before the *cafés*; the scene seemed to shake and waver in the splendour like something painted.

'Oh, their name is Andersen, or something like that; and they're from Heligoland, or some such place. I saw them first in Paris, but we didn't speak till we got to Marseilles. That's his aunt; they're English subjects someway; and he's got an appointment in the civil service—I think he called it—in India, and he doesn't want to go; and I told him he ought to go to America. That's what I tell all these Europeans.'

'It's the best advice for them,' said Mrs. Elmore.

'They don't seem in any great haste to act upon it,' laughed Miss Mayhew. 'Who was the red-faced young man that seemed to know you, and stared so?'

'That's an English artist who is

staying here. He has a curious name—Rose-Black; and he is the most impudent and pushing man in the world. I wouldn't introduce him, because I saw he was just dying for it.'

Miss Mayhew laughed, as she laughed at everything, not because she was amused, but because she was happy; this child-like gaiety of heart was great part of her charm.

Elmore had quieted his scruples as a good Venetian by coming inside of the *café* while the band played, instead of sitting outside with the bad patriots; but he put the ladies next the window, and so they were not altogether sacrificed to his sympathy with the *dimostrazione*.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA.

SERENE is yon deep blue expanse above—
 Bright symbol of the tranquil human mind—
 The hurricane well passed; now calm, resigned,
 And shining with the universal love.
 Low down upon that placid brow of heaven,
 A floating cloud, as if it sought a star,
 By music-loving summer winds up-driven,
 Appears—a white-winged thought blown from afar.
 Transcendent thought! with thee in gloomy fears,
 We mourning sink into the vale of tears,
 Forsaking not the sorrow of thy night;
 Or joyful follow in thy glorious lead,
 To wander with thee through the starry mead,
 Companions of thy glory, of thy light.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

BY JASPER H. PRESTON, MONTREAL.

THIS is a subject which at no distant day is sure to command more attention in this country than it has hitherto received. It is viewed with anxious apprehension by the writers and thinkers of the British Australasian colonies, who foresee the gradual invasion of the Pacific Islands by emigrants from China, who are already found there in great numbers. In Australia and New Zealand they are regarded with a jealousy and dread which assume the form of contempt, but the dread especially is not the less real on that account. In California, the Chinese question has been the cause of much trouble, and is certain to attain to more dangerous proportions, if the last treaty between China and the United States should not have the effect of assuaging the wrath of the democracy of the Golden State. The two parties at variance in this matter are the buyers of labour and the sellers of labour. Philanthropists and lovers of peace benevolently insist that the working men and their employers, instead of considering themselves natural enemies as they now do, ought to be the closest friends and allies, the prosperity of the one class being the prosperity of the other, and their interests being identical. But there is an unavoidable antagonism between the man who wishes to dispose of an article, whether goods or work, and the man who desires to purchase that article; and this is a state of things which has always existed and will continue to exist, in all human probability, under any conceivable circumstances. The antagonism of capital and labour, one of the difficult

problems of the age, is yet unsolved, and is apparently unsolvable, but it may be modified and regulated, in the course of time, of which there is sore need. Strikes and lockouts will not secure that object, though they show the need of it. In the long struggle of centuries, labour was always beaten in the fight. As far back as the reign of Henry the Sixth, the English labourer could earn twice as much of the necessaries of life with his week's wages as he could in the first half of the present century. Such is the testimony of Hallam, the most accurate of historians; and the fact is corroborated by more recent writers. During this period, particularly in the latter portion of it, the wealth of the country increased to a vast extent, and manufacturers and traders accumulated immense fortunes, while the working-man became poorer and poorer, as, after a short interval of prosperity, he still remains. We do not wish to see the working-man of this continent reduced to the same abject condition by being forced by their employers, as in Europe, or by the competition of Chinese cheap labour, to accept 'starvation wages' for their work. This would neither be justice nor a wise policy, however much one class of the community might be pecuniary gainers by it. Nor would the working-men of America long submit to the evil, for they have the *ultima ratio* of force and numbers on their side, and their outbreaks in California, however reprehensible, prove that they are prepared to use the advantage that these possess. The two main elements of industry and business are capital and labour, and

labour has hitherto taken to itself more than the lion's share of the profit of what is the joint product of both. This course cannot be persevered in, or worse will come of it in the end; likely a war of races, preceded by a new version of the Sicilian vespers.

But besides all this, the introduction of Chinese cheap labour would arrest or retard European immigration to this Continent, which would derive the increase of its population from a race physically and mentally inferior to that from which it has hitherto been supplied. It has been the boast of America that it is the poor man's country, but it has the further claim to praise, of being the country in which the poor man may become rich, or at all events, be relieved from the pressure of poverty prevailing in Europe among his class. The tendency of Chinese immigration is to bring down the working men's earnings to the European standard, a consummation which is neither desirable nor to be attained without a contest which, as I have intimated, would be attended with deplorable consequences. That the Chinese who have come, and are likely to come to America, are, in physical development, inferior to the European races, is unquestionable, although the Chinaman is endowed with remarkable powers of enduring continuous toil and privation. He can live and work on food which, in quality and quantity, is wholly inadequate to sustain the strength and vigour of the workingman of European origin. But the same comparison holds as between the ass and the horse, yet no one denies that the horse is the superior and more valuable animal of the two.

Apart, however, from this phase of the question, we have to consider other consequences of a preponderance of the Chinese race in any part of the Continent. This may be regarded as a somewhat chimerical speculation, but the history of the world records more extraordinary revolutions in hu-

man affairs. If a Roman citizen of the era of the Antonines, had been told that Scythian chiefs or military adventurers, members of barbarous tribes which the Romans still despised, and had not yet learned to fear, would sit on the throne of Augustus and Trajan, we may imagine the contemptuous anger and incredulity with which the prediction would have been received. Nevertheless, the event came to pass. Heretofore, the Chinese Government and governing class have been strongly averse to emigration, and the numerous Chinese inhabitants of Borneo and other Pacific Islands, must have surreptitiously left their country, by evading the vigilance of the authorities. But the policy maintained on this head can no longer be enforced, owing to the intrusion of foreigners and foreign trade into China. The country is overpeopled in various districts throughout its vast extent, the means of subsistence, especially by the poorer classes, are hard to win, and if the floodgates of emigration are once freely opened, the exodus will probably be such as has not been known since the hordes of Central Asia, in the early Christian period, precipitated themselves on Europe, and finally destroyed the Western Empire. Many of these emigrants would naturally seek the islands of the Pacific, but their main objective point would be the American Continent. Landing on the North American coast, they would spread over the land, from Vancouver's Island to Newfoundland. They would get possession of the labour-market, and it has been well remarked that those who do the work of the world will govern the world. I speak seriously, when I say that, judging from the experience of the past, it is within the bounds of possibility that, by the action of the ballot-box, future generations may see 'Ah Sing' sitting in the Presidential chair in the White House at Washington, as the head of the state. Let us consider who and what

these Chinese are. They are supposed to number from one-fourth to one-third of the population of the globe. Wherever they dwell they retain their own religion, habits and manners, which, from ignorance and conceit, they place immeasurably above those of the Europeans with whom they come in contact. Freedom is unknown to them, for among them everything is regulated by old hereditary laws and customs, from which they never depart. Education, if not universal, is general, but scarcely of much more value than speech is to parrots. Their civilization, such as it has been, is effete and worn out, and their intellect is of a low order, being confined to cunning, which we are told is the wisdom of the weak. They have the talent of imitation, but do not possess the inventive faculty. They never add to the little they will consent to learn. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Jesuits taught their statesmen and scholars some of the European arts and sciences, as then known; but the Chinese attempted no improvement on what they had acquired, except by mingling European science with their own crude and foolish notions. Lord Elgin, an observant and intelligent diplomatist, informs us that the many high officials with whom he had to deal in framing a treaty between England and China, appeared to him to be little better than grown-up children.

We must not forget that there are four hundred millions of the Chinese race, and that if emigration on a large scale once begins, they could pour into this Continent in such multitudes, male and female, as would check, if not wholly arrest, European immigra-

tion, particularly as Chinese cheap labour would leave the labour market in their hands, and in which Europeans could not compete with them.

Worst of all, these extraordinary people would degrade or destroy the Christian civilization of America, by the substitution or admixture with it of their own inferior civilization, of which they are so proud, and to which they cling with great tenacity. The recent introduction of Chinese labourers into British Columbia brings this subject home to the people of Canada; and the opinions expressed by the representatives of that Province in the Dominion Parliament leaves little room to doubt that their celestial visitors are as unwelcome there as they are in Australia and California. And no wonder; for the Chinese are only birds of passage, while the white labourers would become permanent settlers, which is what British Columbia of all things wants. This, I suspect, is a loss for which even the construction of the Pacific Railway will scarcely be a sufficient compensation to that far-off member of the Dominion.

I expect that I shall be accused of illiberality in consequence of the views I have advanced on this question; but though I call myself a Liberal, I have no respect for the cant of Liberalism, which is more prevalent in these days than it should be. Much has been said about the sacred character of treaties, and the duty of the American Government to fulfil the engagements into which it has entered with China. All true; treaties should be religiously observed; but if prejudicial to the public welfare, they ought not to have been made, and, above all, they ought not to be prolonged or renewed.

SORROWS AND SOLACES OF AN EYE-GLASS. !

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON, B. A.

SHORT-SIGHT is one of those minor trials which win too little sympathy from the ungalled majority. This may be partly owing to the ludicrous embarrassments and mistakes arising from it ; but it is more largely due to the inability of long-sighted people to understand the nature of the affliction. It is not altogether like normal sight dimmed by twilight, for when an object comes within a certain distance, varying according to the degree of the disorder, the short-sighted person can see it quite as plainly as anybody else. The minute features of an object, which, when quite within his range, he can see perhaps more distinctly than ordinary mortals, become blurred and then invisible to him at an incredibly small distance beyond his range. If suffering from a medium degree of myopia, he may dine opposite three ladies of somewhat similar ages and complexions, and, if he has not used his glass, be unable to distinguish one from another after dinner. Yet he could tell whether they were dark or fair, or perhaps could guess their ages within ten or a dozen years ; and he might risk a nod to an acquaintance at the farthest corner of the same table, whom he has identified by a peculiar coat or the peculiar outlines of his figure. He can, moreover, read smaller print, and in a dimmer light, than most people.

Such apparently inconsistent qualities of his vision puzzle his acquaintances, who are sometimes tempted to doubt his infirmity altogether, or even to fancy themselves insulted by his

occasional failures to recognise them. They seldom take the trouble to consider that, if he has no glasses on when he passes them by, he is practically blind until they come fully within his ken, which extends from one to six paces at the most. He may *guess* their identity a few feet before he is sure of it ; but he may have made too many laughable and humiliating mistakes by acting on a mere guess. In most cases, it is they who really 'cut' him, for, looking in his face at *their* usual distance, and fancying his eyes have met theirs and not seeing any preliminary signs of recognition, they peevishly look in front of them. Very possibly, a side-glance shows them that he has half turned, or started, or looked wistfully at them at the last moment (that is the *first* moment he has recognised them) ; but, before he has had time to bow, they are past him, their heads stiffer than before. From their point of view, this staring after snubbing is adding insult to injury.

If he has had his glass or glasses on, it never strikes them that, with this aid, he sees somewhat worse than they do, and that even they themselves are liable to oversight. They treat him as they would an Argus, who had sighted and slighted them with magnifying glasses upon all his eyes. They would as soon forgive a man who, they know, knows that they have injured him.

Of course, such misunderstandings are much more common among ignorant and ill-bred than among educated and well-bred persons, and in small

towns than in large cities. To suspect one of dropping your acquaintance from pride or contempt argues a lack of healthy self-respect on your part : to suspect him of doing so causelessly argues that you think him a fool, or are one yourself ; to suspect him of doing so from some unknown and un-guessed motive argues that you think somebody has been indulging in the cheap excitement of lying about you—a form of dissipation that is still more rife, I fear, in peaceful villages, than in wicked towns.

Many mistakes of short-sighted people would evoke pity if they did not excite laughter. The following incidents I can vouch for. A myopic Irishman, passing three gentlemen in Nassau street, Dublin, mistook one of them for a friend of his, named Keys, whom the passer-by resembled somewhat in face and figure and dress. 'Halloa, Keys!' exclaimed the myope, turning and slapping the stranger familiarly on the back. The three pedestrians wheeled round and eyed him superciliously. They were Englishmen, probably officers of the garrison, certainly of the order of 'swells.' 'Keys of what?' asked the one addressed : 'Keys of a lunatic asylum?' The blunderer stuttered an explanation and turned away—indignant but crushed.

The same Irishman, visiting Halifax, Nova Scotia, for the second time, saluted a stranger who, he fancied, was a resident of the place whose acquaintance he had made the summer before. 'How do you do, Mr. H.?' he said, at the same time shaking hands. On this occasion he met no rebuff, but was informed civilly enough that he was mistaken in his man. Half-an-hour afterwards he came upon the genuine Mr. H., as he supposed, in another street. 'Do you know,' he said, extending his hand, 'I have just mistaken another fellow for you.' 'You mistook me for another fellow before, you mean!' answered

the very stranger he had spoken to half-an-hour earlier!

The social disadvantages of short-sight are increased by the adoption of a single eye-glass. To raise one's glass as a stranger approaches, apparently seems rude to many people. Young women sometimes blush under the inflection ; even matrons seem to think that this vitreous instrument possesses a magic power, not possessed by spectacles or healthy eyes, of magnifying freckles, of penetrating the thickest veil, and detecting their powder or their rouge, or the flaws in their apparel. There certainly is a rude way of staring with a glass, as there is a rude way of staring with the naked eye ; but if the innocent offender had not used his glass, the comer might have turned out to be an acquaintance and have been ignored. Again, in company, a short-sighted guest may be uncertain whether a speaker is addressing him or the person next to him. He has then to run the risk either of blundering or—if he raise his glass to see the direction of the speaker's eyes—of being again thought rude. It happens accordingly that, though the wearer of spectacles or double glasses may gaze intermittently at a person half an evening without being noticed, the wearer of a single glass who only glanced at the same individual half-a-dozen times, with the most legitimate of objects, is sometimes charged with basely staring that individual out of countenance.

In the United States, the woes of the single eye-glass are more pitiable than elsewhere. Here the public are mainly familiarized with it through its use by Dundreary and other scenic fops ; and its habitual wearer is *ipso facto* set down as a dandy by about nine-tenths of the sovereign people. He is constantly forced to choose between Scylla and Charybdis. Introduced to an untravelled American lady, he must either look at her tolerably often through his odious 'quizzing-

glass,' or else, when he next meets her, confirm her suspicion of his foppery by utterly failing to recognise her. For people are everywhere too liable to overlook the plain fact that, after a single conversation between a short-sighted person with, and a long-sighted person without, a 'quizzing-glass,' the former is much less likely to recollect the latter's face than the latter is to recollect the former's, when they may meet a second time. Supposing that they talked for half-an-hour at a few feet's distance, and that the former used his glass for an average proportion of the time, he has seen the other's features for hardly five minutes, while the latter has seen his for thirty.

There are other objections to a single glass, besides the misunderstandings it may cause, and the prejudices it may arouse. It is hard to hold in extreme heat and extreme cold—the one induces perspiration, the other numbs the muscles of the eye-brow. People with prominent eyes never hold a single glass without grimacing. In most people it produces permanent wrinkles, or changes the natural curves of one or both brows. In a life-time it creates a difference in power between the more and the less used eye, varying from a fraction of a degree to two or three degrees. In some cases it has entirely destroyed the sight of an eye; in others it is said to have impaired the reasoning powers.

You cannot judge distances with one eye. It is an angle whose sides extend from your eyes to the point on which they are fixed that enables you to do so. The acuter this angle, the farther the object appears, and *vice-versá*. Now this angle does not exist when one eye only is aided by a glass, for the unassisted eye is so far behind its companion in power that it is practically sightless for the nonce. This defect of the single glass is sometimes felt by its patrons when they are in strange places, and there are no familiar objects about, whose known

magnitude may help them to conjecture distances. But it is more noticeable in the case of moving objects. When both eyes are observing a ball in the air, the angle of which the middle of the ball is the vertex, and the eyes the extremities of the base, changes with the changing distance, rendering the observer's consecutive estimates of the ball's position comparatively correct. But a person watching an approaching ball with one eye has only the increasing size of the ball to guide his estimate of its distance; and this is not enough, even if he knows the true size of the ball, to enable him to tell its position to an inch or two when it is actually within his grasp. Hence some people, who play such games as croquet or billiards (where the ball is stationary before it is struck) better with a single than a double glass, discard the former for the latter when playing cricket or rackets, in which they have to strike at balls in motion. Others who ordinarily use the single glass, prefer even their unassisted eyes to its deceptive aid in games of the latter description.

It seems apposite to mention here that a friend of mine once overheard a lady charging him with wearing a glass only for appearance (!), because he played lawn tennis *without* it. His doing so, in truth, rather indicated that his infirmity was real; for had it been pretended, he would doubtless have worn a piece of ordinary glass instead of a piece of decidedly concave glass. As the former would not have impaired his power of judging distance or affected his sight in any other way, he would have had no reason for discontinuing the sham when doing so was most likely to attract notice.

A double glass, being, as a rule, worn much more constantly than a single one, extends the wearer's facilities for observation. He is more apt to become familiar with the outward peculiarities of his neighbours; to be a critic of architecture, dress, and decorations; to learn to distinguish be-

tween similar trees and ferns and flowers, beast and birds, and insects.

Why, then, not assist both eyes at once, and let them work together as Nature intended them to do? Why seek an ally that is so treacherous and has so many enemies as the single glass? Simply because its patrons—at least those whose brows are so formed as to favour its use and to obviate contortions and the premature growth of wrinkles—find its merits outweigh its defects.

In the first place, it fits more closely to the eye than the double glass possibly can. Hence, on an average, quite as much of the horizon is visible at a glance through the former as through the latter instruments, for, while its range is more contracted at one side, owing to the obstruction of the nose, at the other side it covers a large space that would be uncovered by a double glass. From the same cause, the single glass becomes useful in clouds of dust, enabling its wearer to keep one eye open. Again, the single glass is steady and free from that vibratory motion which, often unperceived except by its effect, seriously mars the usefulness of the double glass, especially in a wind or when the wearer has suddenly moved his head. That one eye can see almost, if not quite, as well as two anybody, with or without glasses, can ascertain for himself by shutting one eye. The strain on the sight is not so constant when you wear a single glass as when you wear a double one. From the greater ease and quickness with which it can be dropped, you will not keep it nearly so long in your eye. You can bring it into action in a second, and

can drop it without raising your hand. At elections, and on other imaginable occasions, this facility might prove specially valuable by preventing the glass being broken in your eye. It certainly a favourite threat with loafers and small boys to smash your — glass or glasses. The same comparative merit of the single glass makes it the easier to wipe. Lastly, when you really have occasion to cut an acquaintance, a single eye-glass makes you some slight amends for the many wanton 'cuts' you may have been falsely accused of. Artistically used, it conveys to your late friend the assurance that he is both seen and ignored; it steadies your facial nerves throughout the ordeal; it adds to your calmness and to his embarrassment; it makes you look cool and makes him feel chilled.

On these conveniences, actual and possible, to its wearer the defence of the maligned 'quizzing-glass' must rest. Only fops or fools can really think that any fancied superiority in point of 'style' or 'form' is at all an equivalent for the decided, if ignorant, prejudices existing against it and the frequent misconceptions it creates.

On the whole, spectacles seem the most sensible and satisfactory aids to short-sight. They are steadier and fit closer than double glasses. Few young myopes who, undeterred by 'The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green,' are philosophical enough to disregard a slight appearance of seriousness or austerity, will regret adopting 'gig-lamps.' On some noses the double, on some eyes the single, eye-glass is heavily handicapped; but nearly everybody can wear spectacles.

EVENING.

BY H. KAY COLEMAN.

NOW the quiet evening shadows
 Shed around a holy calm,
 Holding wrapped in mysteries' shackles
 Wondrous thoughts of the 'I am' :—
 Thoughts, beyond a full expression,
 Thoughts, which soar, we scarce know where,
 Filling with a fond emotion,
 Bidding farther fly dull care.

Slowly now in matchless splendour
 Twinkling sentinels appear,
 And the graceful elm-tree shadows,
 In the moonlight, fringe the mere.
 As we gaze with reverence kindled
 On Ontario's placid breast,
 Well we know the wild wave's Ruler
 Giveth His beloved rest.

Gentle stream, whose tiny ripples
 Half their melody forego,
 Art thou fearful lest thy babbling
 Should disturb the lull below ?
 Balmy zephyrs blow but gently,—
 Come with just the faintest breath,
 Lest the forest leaves should flutter
 And the evening calm meet death.

Hearts are full, but lips are speechless ;
 Hands are clasped, eyes turned on high.
 Oh, to live, that like this day-time
 Still and peaceful we may die !
 May resign the glare and glamour,
 With the race of life well run,
 As the golden-tinted hill-tops
 In the West at set of sun !

PORT HOPE.

THE WELFARE OF CANADA.

BY WM. CANNIFF, M. D., TORONTO.

A REVIEW of political parties in a magazine ostensibly from a neutral stand-point, it might be expected, would be free from that strong language and imputation of corrupt and impure motive which too often disgrace newspaper party articles. Moreover, if we wish to elevate the tone and soften the asperities of party conflict, those who profess to look upon the parties from a higher plane—from a national point of view—should set an example of moderation in tone and exhibit some of that charity which always becomes a preacher, especially a preacher of a new doctrine. In criticizing the 'Review of Political Parties in Canada,' by Mr. Wm. Norris, a difficulty is met with in the style adopted, which, although it may be after a high model, makes it hard to understand exactly what the writer means, and it is a style which may lead one to express directly opposite views in the course of the same article.

Mr. Norris commences by telling us that the two parties in Canada are kept divided, 'not by principle, but by tendencies, and love of office, and that these tendencies had their origin many years ago, and are the legacies inherited from the American Revolution.' In the following paragraph we are informed that after Responsible Government was conceded the tendency toward Britain and British Institutions was the programme upon which the Conservative party was founded. It does seem strange that tendencies inherited from the last century should only lead to the formation of a pro-

gramme near the middle of the present century; and still more remarkable, that the U. E. Loyalists of 1776 should not before this have manifested a tendency toward Britain and British Institutions. Now is it not a fact, as any student of Canadian history must know, that it was attachment to Britain and British Institutions that made them U. E. Loyalists, made them the pioneers of Western Canada, and the fathers of the Dominion? Except a few rebels in 1837, and the Americans, who from time to time came into the country, all Canadians, all British Canadians, at least, professed the same attachment to the mother land. Even to-day, if the number of those opposed to British connection were added up, they could not be counted by the hundred out of the four million or more in the Dominion.

We are gravely told that 'it strikes the ordinary observer, that the programme of the Conservative party is finished.' Well, we should like to know what Mr. Norris calls an ordinary observer. Is he one with an artificial eye, or one who is short-sighted, or long-sighted, or is he a candidate for the Blind Asylum? Then, the uninformed toiling slaves of Canada have to learn that it was a fatuous dread of the United States, which, with a desire for office, led to the adoption by the Conservative party of the National Policy. However, this policy, Mr. Norris makes known, 'is successful and will be maintained The industries and manufactures founded on the faith of the National Policy being per-

manent, will be the means of preserving it in the future.' Now, with all humility it is submitted, that an ordinary observer with his two eyes in a normal condition would conclude, if he thought as well as saw, that a party which had created such a policy, would find its natural function in maintaining it, and protecting it against a party pledged to an opposite policy. Mr. Norris is no ordinary observer, if he thinks that the Conservative party, which, after taking part in securing Confederation, has, under the leadership of Sir J. A. Macdonald, devoted itself to working out the problem of Canadian national life, and promoting its growth and development, will not, as time passes on, find work almost, if not quite, as important as the creation of a National Policy, and the construction of a National Railway. It is very generous to say, that 'we have received from the Conservative party all we could expect and more;' but the writer quite fails as a political Seer, in supposing that 'the Conservative party, like its chief, is drawing to the close of its existence.' Principles do not die when a teacher passes away or goes off the stage, and the Conservative party will not perish, so long as we call this country the Dominion of Canada.

The remarks made by Mr. Norris, with respect to Sir J. A. Macdonald, manifest a feeling of bitterness and want of charity, which unfits one for a calm and impartial review of Parties. And, from one posing self-complacently as a Canadian *par excellence*, a better spirit might have been expected. How does Mr. Norris know that Sir J. A. Macdonald, had been 'approached before he was appointed on the High Joint Commission' to treat at Washington, and is it just and honourable, or unjust and dishonourable, to say that 'it is possible that he (Sir John) had the promise of his K. C. B-ship in his pocket before he left Canada?' Mr. Norris is in favour of the National Policy; but he will not allow that Sir John Macdonald deserves any thanks

for its introduction. He says, Sir John never anticipated the success at the polls which he met with. 'With his usual cynicism, he placed his reliance on the differences and jealousies of the people of the different nationalities Pocket and patriotism combined made it the winning card.' Now that may sound nice to Mr. Norris, but it has no meaning in view of the facts fresh in the minds of the people. What, in the name of common sense, was it, if not the contention for a Canadian National Policy by the Conservatives, under the leadership of Sir J. A. Macdonald, which carried the elections in 1878? It was because the differences and jealousies of the people were forgotten in the overwhelming demand for such a National Policy. Those who know best can affirm that Sir John Macdonald and the Conservative party did anticipate success. A more inappropriate epithet could not be applied than that of cynic to Sir J. A. Macdonald. Mr. Norris has got Sir John and Mr. Blake so mixed up, in his efforts to disparage one and give the other a character and purpose he does not possess, that he forgets the plain facts of yesterday. In pursuance of this course towards these two gentlemen, he insults the intelligence of the people of Canada, by hazarding the statement that the previous character of Sir John Macdonald 'leads any one to think that the good of Canada was no the object of the National Policy;' and in support of this absurd statement, he refers to Sir John's course with respect to the Supreme Court, as if the one had anything to do with the other. After this we may cease to be surprised at the statement that 'the success of the National Policy deterred Sir J. A. Macdonald from repealing the Supreme Court Act,' and then in the following sentence, 'that it is probable that next Session we shall find him putting this threat into effect.' According to Mr. Norris's logic, as the National Policy is successful, Sir John was deterred, and as it will continue to be

successful, he will not be deterred, but put his threat (?) into execution.

We are told that 'it is not to be denied, that the Pacific Railway has been instigated by the Imperial Government.' How any one with a knowledge of Canadian events since Confederation can make such a statement passes understanding. And it would be a real curiosity to see one Englishman to whom it is a constant source of irritation to have to travel over the American Union Pacific. Surely we have a right to know who 'those people' are, who 'talk about the time when they will have an all-way route through our territory, at the expense of the Canadians.'

Mr. Norris goes in wildly for Independence, but a crowned King at Ottawa would spoil it all. Republicans will, no doubt, rejoice to hear that the air of North America is not good for Monarchs. But it does not seem to be the air after all, for it appears that when three great questions are settled in England, as all good Republicans wish, 'probably in twenty years, the Monarchy will not last long.' This is all very startling, and will cause the Royal family sleepless nights; but what has it to do with political parties in Canada?

In his review of the Reform party, referring to the late Senator Brown, Mr. Norris sagely asserts that 'it is an evil thing for a party, for its leader to be a foreigner.' Is not this Canadianism run mad? A little further on we are informed, regretfully, that the influence of the *Globe* is still immense, and that it may keep the Reform party out of power for the next twenty years; but on the other hand, in the next paragraph, we have it stated that the class represented by Mr. Mowat and Mr. Gordon Brown have passed their last days; and there is 'nothing to dread in this old remnant of Toryism,' the *Globe*.

The Reform party, it seems, according to Mr. Norris, is made up of two classes—fossilized Tories, and men of

American proclivities. The latter are to be feared; they are dangerous to the usefulness of the Liberal party, because they secretly favour Annexation, but have not the moral courage openly to advocate that measure. We are left in doubt as to why they are dangerous, whether it is because they are Annexationists, or because they have not the moral courage to advocate it openly. After claiming that they have a right to discuss the benefits they think Canada would derive from the Union with the United States, a right which no body denies, Mr. Norris invites these timid people, and all Annexationists, to act the hypocrite. He tells them that Annexation cannot be attained directly, 'they are losing their time and delaying the success of the national cause.' They must first be satisfied with Independence, as 'it surely helps toward their aim, if they only take the right way to attain it.' If this is the programme, the cause of Independence will indeed be a failure. There are many Canadians who believe that some time in the future, when Canada shall have sufficiently grown and developed its resources, it will, like the ripe fruit, drop into Independence. But the admission that Independence is to be, or may be, a stepping stone to Annexation, will prevent all thoughtful and true Canadians from supporting a scheme which might, not to say would, lead to national extinction. Probably the Liberals with American proclivities will not accept the invitation to pull in the same boat with Mr. Norris, for he states after all that 'Annexation directly is possible, as we have only to consult ourselves, the Americans and England.'

Mr. Norris has a liking for Mr. Blake, although 'hitherto he has not shown that strength of character so necessary in a leader.' It is true that he opposes the National Policy, which is a mystery to Mr. Norris; but that is nothing. He was fortunate in his having shirked a party vote in the Letellier affair, according to Mr. Norris's ethics.

True, again, Mr. Blake talks of Imperial Federation ; but at the request of Mr. Norris, he is to relinquish this, as well as his hostility to the National Policy and the Syndicate contract ; for does not Mr. Norris say, that 'the people will not tolerate disturbing either!' Mr. Blake has sounded a note ; it is something about 'subjects of subjects,' and thereupon his utterance as a party leader, in and out of Parliament, about the National Policy and the Syndicate, have been untrue. He meant all the time just the opposite to what he said. And so he is to take the banner from the falling Conservative Chieftain, and lead on the supporters of the National Policy and the Syndicate contract to Independence, and then to Annexation. How charmingly consistent all this is !

Perhaps the most amusing thing in the 'Review,' is the outburst about the dishonour and degradation of being Colonists. A new fact has been discovered, 'the history of a colony cannot be anything but contemptible.' It is declared that 'the present generation of Canadians will be despised in a generation or two hence.' Well, perhaps some of them will be ; but that hardly justifies one in distorting history. We need not go farther than the United States to find the people who are proud to trace, back their lineage to anti-Revolutionary times, and who delight to recall the events of their colonial life. All Americans look back with pleasure upon their colonial history, as the grown man looks back upon his life prior to maturity. It is sad that Canadian colonists are 'a grade just above the coolie ;' and 'so much the worse, we do not feel our chains,' because we are ignorant and degraded like the slaves of the South before Emancipation. Now, all this would be inexpressibly sad if it were not extremely silly. In view of the fact that we legislate as we please, irrespective of the wishes of England ; that the National Policy is inimical to British trade ; and that the London *Times*, the ad-

herents of the Manchester School, and many public men in England have repeatedly told us, that we are at liberty to sever the colonial tie when we please, this sort of writing will, by many, be regarded as unintelligible.

We do not propose in this article to discuss the Future of Canada, not that we think it inexpedient ; but from want of space and leisure. Much, however, can be said in support of the view held by Sir Francis Hincks, that it is undesirable to do so. The growth and development of the Dominion is most probably as rapid as is consistent with the stability of our institutions. Precocity in natural life is as likely to be followed by early death, or a want of manly vigour at maturity, as in the individual man. The person who is ashamed of being a Colonist is like the irrepressible youth, who runs away from home before he is able to take care of himself. By all means, however, let every one who thinks he has a mission preach immediate Independence or Annexation ; but it is to be hoped that the few who wish for national extinction will not take Mr. Norris's advice, and say they only mean Independence. While we would give Annexationists every opportunity to parade their arguments in its favour, we take the liberty of presenting the views of one who having prophesied that it must come to pass loses no opportunity of showing that his prophecy must or ought to come true. Professor Goldwin Smith has done what he could to indoctrinate Canadians with a belief in such manifest destiny, and we cannot be accused of giving the opinion of one hostile thereto, if we quote from his writings. Sir Francis Hincks, in the *Fortnightly Review*, produces statements made by Prof. Smith in the *Bystander* for 1880, concerning the United States, which are submitted for the consideration of the readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, especially those in favour of Annexation, either directly or by way of premature Independence. It will be seen that the

United States is not such a delectable country that Canadians should on any account allow their autonomy to be imperilled, by listening to any cry, or to such dulcet strains as a 'Continental Policy,' or 'Commercial Union.' Canada can prosper and become a great Northern nation without such a scientific frontier. The following are the quotations from the *Bystander*, culled by Sir Francis Hincks, to which I have referred:—

'But there is a greater peril than the Irish element, or even the foreign element generally, as the best citizens begin already to see. It is faction, which, unless it can be arrested in its fell career, will soon threaten the very life of the Republic. . . . That government by faction will in the end ruin self-government, is the lesson which all free communities, if they would save themselves from anarchy, must learn. . . . A national conflict once in every four years for that office, 'the Presidency,' and the enormous patronage now annexed to it, must bring everything that is bad in the nation to the top, and will end in a domination of scoundrels. . . . Where is the security against the foulest malpractices on the part of a faction, which feels itself tottering, but has still a majority in the House? Disastrous experience shews that it is

not to be found in the morality of party. . . . To all thinking men the perilous tendencies of the elective Presidency, must have been revealed in a glaring light. . . . For our own part, we never can treat the subject of a Presidential election, or of any party contest in such a community as the United States, without repeating that we hold these conflicts to be the greatest of evils, and fraught with danger to the stability of the Republic; that we deny the necessity of party government, and of organized parties altogether; that we do not believe in the usefulness of an elective Presidency. . . . The country is plunged into all the turmoil and bitterness of an unarmed civil war. The commonwealth is divided into two hostile camps; rancorous and anti-social passions are excited; the moral atmosphere is darkened with calumny; bribery and corruption, with all their fatal effects on national character, are rife on both sides; commerce quakes; business is interrupted; a legion of roughs is poured into Indiana, and for some days that State is in peril of a murderous affray.' And after Garfield's election, Mr. Goldwin Smith says, 'Again we are constrained to ask how the political character of any nation can withstand forever the virus of evil passion and corruption which these vast faction fights infuse?'

ODE TO NATURE.

BY C. E. M.

WHEN I was yet a gay and careless child,
 Thy spell hung o'er me like a beauteous dream;
 And as I strayed where the tall beeches wild
 Threw tremblingly-dark shadows on the stream
 I felt I loved thee: though my fancy caught
 No words to music thy weird awfulness,

Or win into vague being filmy thought,
 That men might sing in sunny after-time.
 O Love of Loves ! come, bless
 The yearning soul that pineth overwrought,
 As thou did'st me, in life's ecstatic prime.

From passing year to year I loved thee more,
 As love in age exceedeth love in youth ;
 I learned the secrets of thy hidden lore ;
 The thousand forms of thy eternal truth—
 Quaint palaces of some old-fabled Pan—
 Would haunt me with their magic flitting hues,
 Which never yet were limned by skill of man,
 Since first that happy slave of Beauty's power,
 A passioned recluse,
 Fain wandered where the moss-rimmed streamlet ran,
 And rioting in wealth, pourtrayed thy dower.

The crowning glory of our human kind
 In thine abiding glory seemeth dim ;
 The cycles roll their course nor shalt thou find
 The scattered dust of yonder sculptured limb :
 The story will have vanished past recall,
 How some unknown with cunning hand and brain
 Graved it upon the Parthenon's fair wall,
 And leaped in madding joy as all the throng,
 With heaven-sent refrain
 Defied decay to cast her mouldering pall
 Upon the wizard outlines of their song.

Ye worship Beauty ! See how soon she dies
 That trusts herself to marble monument !
 As soon shall fade yon scene, a nation's prize
 Whose features pale with Time's rude ravage blent.
 What though the artist with diviner hand
 Secured his work against corruption's taint ?
 He shall be mocked by his ungrateful land
 When Beauty new-born dawns on new-born race.
 O Nature, no restraint
 Of human life or Art doth check thy wand,
 Or mar the fairy shapings of its trace.

Montreal.

ROUND THE TABLE.

'REMINISCENCES,' BY CARLYLE.

ASK permission to offer a few words in defence of Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' and their publication by Mr. Froude, from the general condemnation which appears to have been passed on them. The idea seems to have arisen that Carlyle was an ill-natured man, with a bad word for all and sundry. Let any one read the book from end to end, and he will find this very far indeed from being the case. True it is, no doubt, that Carlyle was ready enough to express contempt or dislike for what displeased him, and this he did in the Carlylese dialect, which gives it greater apparent force. You take up a paper and you find extracts from the 'Reminiscences,' which convey a partial idea of the general tenor of the book. You laugh at a caricature of Carlyle's matter and manner in *Punch*, or where not. Every jackass must have his kick at the dead lion. But we want to be something better than jackasses. We want to feel the same respect for Magnus Leo dead that we felt for him living. And I think we may. By far the greater part of the 'Reminiscences' consists of most loving, generous, untiring admiration of the character of Carlyle's father, of his wife, of Edward Irving. So far is this carried that it strikes you as just a little too perfunctory, just a little overdone. But, if the reader becomes sometimes rather wearied, Carlyle himself never wearies in this lavish pouring out of praise. Nearly the same may be said with respect to Jeffrey, and at almost equal length. The same in the case of Southey, of whom the laudation is unstinted; so much so as to be worthy of particular mention. Not much less of Wordsworth. And all through the book will be found minor instances of the same kind. Can this be the work of an ill-natured man? Then you may remark that, although Carlyle, unless he was more fortunate than the rest of us, must have met with disgraceful con-

duct or evil deeds, he never once, if my memory does not deceive me, speaks of anything of the kind. His censures are limited to personal and intellectual characteristics. Nor did he grumble at the tardy recognition of his powers, or at the small gains which they brought him. He takes that and the poverty, which was long his lot, very simply and philosophically.

I have not the least desire to misrepresent the fact. I think that this will be found to be a fair estimate of the 'Reminiscences,' taken generally. It would seem that Carlyle was moved by an irresistible impulse to set down the whole truth at all times. He did not write with honey and oil only, but had gall and vinegar at command when they were called for. And why not? If we want to hear of his great love and admiration for some persons, do we not also want to have our belief in his sincerity strengthened by his disgust—we will say disgust—at what turns his stomach in other persons? It is the same with inanimate things. If he chanced to inhabit a house in which all the work has been scamped, his wrath is kindled in just the same way, and is expressed in the same pungent style.

What Carlyle says himself is this:—'Perhaps nobody but myself will ever read this—but that is not infallibly certain—and, even in regard to myself, the one possible profit of such a thing is that it be not false or incorrect in any point, but correspond to the fact in all.'

May we not gratify ourselves then with the thought that we have in no wise lost a great man, as those who are only too ready to fasten their barbs on his memory would have us think, but have him still in his entirety. And may it not be that Mr. Froude, more especially as he knew the man, was wholly unprepared for the disapprobation with which the publication of the 'Reminiscences' has been visited?

D. F.

BOOK REVIEWS.

French Men of Letters. By MAURICE MAURIS. Appleton's New Handy Volume Series, No. 60. New York : D. Appleton & Co. ; Toronto : Hart & Rawlinson.

This little volume contains a mixture of biography, criticism, and personal reminiscences concerning De Musset, Gautier, Hugo and other well-known French authors. M. Mauris worshipped most of them at a distance before he made their acquaintance in the flesh, and his sensations when first seeing one of them are those of the hero-worshipper brought suddenly face to face with his ideal man. We sympathise with the hesitation he feels at the garden gate of Victor Hugo's place of exile, and the unusual sensations by which he is unable to speak to the great poet at first. But when the same symptoms are gone through, with more or less intensity, on the first meeting with other and smaller men, our objections are aroused. Why the atmosphere of Dumas fils' study should, even in his absence, 'seem pervaded with the presence of a superior being' is not very clear to us. M. Mauris having exhausted the emotions to be derived from his furniture sees the man himself, 'a blond creole' 'who seems like a prophet in a frock-coat,' and who 'offers to women the enticement of a mystery.'

This admiration is very Parisian, as are the arguments in defence of De Musset's life against the strictures of Henry James and other 'Saxon' critics. Our author sees nothing morbid in the state of mind which rejected every profession because 'man is too narrow as he is for me to consent to become a specialist.' To alternate between 'feverish exaltation induced by early literary successes' and periods of depression marked by low debauchery, drinking and gambling brought on by so-called love-disappointments is to M. Mauris only a proof of the 'fineness of feeling which is the pleasure and pain of a poetic nature.' The 'Saxon' nature finds something re-

pulsive in the poet's agonizing over one woman, winning her, losing her (each step in his affections duly chronicled in immortal verse) and straightway beginning the round afresh with lover No. 2.

His poems, 'La Nuit de Mai' and 'La Nuit de Décembre' show how short a round of months took him from one depth of despair to another. All this is to M. Mauris 'the longing need of a great wounded heart to drown its sorrow in the billows of new emotions . . .

. . . a love not of a woman, but the woman.' Without claiming an undue fineness of perception a 'Saxon' critic may see something very different from 'charity in the highest degree' in the following anecdote:—De Musset coming home from the theatre saw an aged organ-grinder in the bitter snowy night grinding away obstinately at his instrument of torture. He went home, but turned back at the door, found the man, and gave him money. Very truthfully he based his action on a motive of refined selfishness, not the highest charity, as his biographer would have us believe,—'Unless I go back and give him something his music will haunt me all night like the demon of remorse.'

Very amusingly French are some of the terms of expression made use of. Here is a meeting between a father and son. 'He strained Gérard to his breast and two large tears rolled down his cheeks. *He pointed to Heaven.* Gérard understood and wept; *the mother had died in Silesia!*' This was a most expressive gesture. Gérard de Nerval (the strained one) afterwards translated 'Faust,' at the age of eighteen, so exquisitely that Goethe expressed to Eckermann his wonder and admiration. 'I no longer like "Faust" in German. This translation has invested my original words with a new fire.' We are glad to hear that his highly-coloured report was not set afloat by De Nerval himself, who appears to have been a modest young man and blushed at his friend's eulogies; as well he might if they often resembled this specimen.

It appears that Octave Feuillet made a great mistake in life. Instead of imitating De Musset and 'drowning the emotions' of one love affair in the surging waves of another, he—married. 'She'—(the abominable wife)—reminds M. Mauris 'of a parasite feeding upon a goodly tree.' One feels that this was too bad, and one seeks further particulars. 'She seldom leaves him.' This is hard, but what more? 'She is too homely to satisfy a heart so enamoured of ideal beauty.' One feels sympathetic, but doubts if this is sufficient ground for calling her 'his conjugal misery.' Ah! here is the charge, *hinc illæ lachrymæ*, 'she is talented and goodnatured enough, but has never furnished him with a character for one of his plays or romances!' A parasite indeed!

Perhaps the life of Alphonse Daudet is the most amusing. He was so shortsighted that he once threw pieces of bread to a gentleman in a heavy fur coat at the Jardin des Plantes, whom he mistook for a bear! He dressed eccentrically, and once, when very poor, during an interview with the Duke de Morny the lining of his hat, by which he was holding it, came out and the hat fell to the ground; an incident well worthy, for its power to shake the soul, to be recorded in the life of any modern French poet. Once he was arrested with Belot, his *collaborateur* in a play then being written for the Vaudeville, by an over-officious gendarme, who overheard the following conversation in one of the parks apropos of the yet doubtful death of the heroine:

'I don't want her to die,' exclaimed Belot, excitedly.

'But why not?' Daudet rejoined. 'She must.'

We notice several Americanisms and errors in the translation. For instance, De Musset's school surroundings were enough to 'vitate' the meekest boy, but we will be merciful, and admit that these errors are not numerous enough to 'vitate' a very interesting little volume.

A Question. The *Idyll of a Picture* by his friend Alma Tadema, related by GEORGE EBERS. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

Alma Tadema has achieved singular success in his delineations of the life and

manners of those times which, with convenient generality, we term 'classic.' His figures are not models swathed in blankets, and he has more than one back-scene to his theatre, unlike the old painters of such subjects with their eternal temple fronts. There is air as well as sunlight in his broad courtyards, and the marble of their pavements reflects in sheen and glimmer the gleaming brass of the tripod whence the scented blue smoke is slowly curling up among the folds of the heavy fringed curtains. At times we would fain believe that the doctrine of metempsychosis is true, and that M. Tadema is using up afresh a number of sketches he accumulated during previous stages of his existence.

One of his pictures represents a marble bench with the long line of the blue Mediterranean just visible above it, and beyond that the outline of the clear Grecian hills;—on the seat are a damsel, and a youth who props his reclining figure on one elbow and looks up into his companion's face inquiringly. Herr Ebers has chosen this as the motive for the present little love tale, and has produced quite a pleasant idyll of old times, unburdened by the excessive erudition which he displays in some other of his works. Indeed there is one episode of the two little sucking pigs, which get changed on their way to the temple of Venus, that is quite amusing. Where a tale is written in this way to illustrate a picture, there should, however, be no discrepancy, and we must point out that the 'rose bush' of Herr Ebers is on the painter's canvas a very palpable oleander.

An Egyptian Princess, by GEORGE EBERS. Translated from the German by Eleanor Grove, 2 vols. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

The historical novel has undergone some curious changes even within our own recollection. The hardiest romancers tried to establish a sort of masonic understanding with their readers, as who should say, 'Look here,—we grant that this never *did* happen, but it might have occurred and, if you will only allow that, we on our part will try and not offend against probabilities *too* glaringly.' Skilled writers thrust their actual historical characters, their Louis XI, or Cœur de

Lion, into the background, and filled the greater part of the picture with their imaginary Quentin Durwards and Ivanhoes. The chances of shocking history were thus diminished, and the representation of manners and customs became the most trying part of the author's task.

But now the historical novel has fallen into the hands of the German scholar, and the Professor of Jena scorns to ask for quarter or to evade a difficulty. Such great Kings as Amasis, Croesus, Cambyzes, are the prominent characters in his tale, and not one of them can so much as scratch his nose without the authority of a footnote which enumerates the different Egyptian authors who have written on the irritable complaints affecting the Egyptian proboscis, the peculiar spells calculated to allay such local symptoms, and which gives reference to all the wall-paintings on the tombs of Thebes, in which there occurs a representation of an ancient Theban with his hand anywhere within easy rubbing distance of his nose. In the presence of such encyclopedic knowledge the critic is abashed. He would probably have passed over the nose-scratching episode without demanding any authority for it; but since he finds his author so well armed in the details he does not care to provoke, by an attack on more important points, the deluge of erudition which the Professor doubtless conceals about his person for the express purpose of overwhelming any rash raiser of objections. No doubt the critic is presumed to know, *ex-officio*, all that has ever been published about the worship of Ra or the Hyksos dynasty. But of what avail is this against a Jena Professor, who visits Egypt personally, and keeps papyri of his own discovery, as it were, in ambush, wherewith to confound the unwary? Luckily, on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, another German scientist has been on the war-path after Herr Ebers, and our righteous soul is pacified at finding out that the novelist has to confess that when he made mimosas and bananas nod their leafy heads by the Nile of the Pharaohs, he was nodding himself. This reminds us of another historical novel, the scene of which was laid in Babylon in the days of Belshazzar, and in which a wearied traveller was made to repose on beds of the softest moss by the wayside within a day's journey of that marvellous city. If our recollection is correct, he was at-

tacked there by some loose lions that infested the neighbourhood and, naturally, rescued in due course by the hero, a young Jew of prodigious strength, learning and ability. But the incident is implanted firmly in our memory from the fact that then, for the first time, our youthful mind received the shock of learning that all which appeared in print was not reliable. One of our seniors had pencilled on the margin, with scornful admiration marks, 'Moss on the plains of Babylon!' This seemed to us little short of sacrilege, there being so distinctly biblical a flavour to the tale and the moss being such a necessary adjunct, as conducive to that soft snooze which acted as shoeing-horn to the lions. Still, under all our sympathy with the author (whose story was really an exciting one) there was plainly perceptible to our youthful consciousness the fact that the critic had hit a blot. From that stage to the future production of one's own lead pencil stump was a question of degree alone; the critic had cut his first milk-tooth, and the full set of canines and incisors followed in due course.

Herr Ebers carries his characters to Babylon, so that he gives us sketches of Persian as well as Egyptian life, and throws the ubiquitous Greek into the bargain. Aristomachus the Spartan succeeds the Athenian Phanes in command of the Grecian mercenaries of King Amasis, and the scene opens with a visit which the two pay to Rhodope, in her island home on the Nile. The young Athenian bounds lightly from the boat, 'the Spartan following with a heavier, firmer tread.' We should put this down to his greater age, were we not told in the next sentence that Aristomachus 'had a wooden leg.' There is something very naive in this, and we must remember next time we want to flatter any one who has lost a leg to congratulate him on the firmness of his gait. Candour compels us to admit that this is about the only passage in the book which suggests any ludicrous image,—the rest of the tale, with the Persian embassy which fetches away Nitetis to marry Cambyzes, her reception and sad fate at Babylon, and the invasion of Egypt which ensues, is fairly interesting, glows with purple and gold and really presents a vast body of information upon the antiquities of the people of the East at a period of great wealth and luxuriousness of living.

A Dictionary of English Phrases, with illustrative sentences. By KWONG KI CHIU. New York: A. S. BARNES & Co.

This work is not only interesting as a curiosity of cosmopolitan scholarship, but it supplies a place hitherto unfilled, as its 935 octavo pages contain more than 6000 phrases, colloquialisms, idioms and slang expressions. In the latter capacity it is a new and completely modernized edition of that scarce and curious book, the 'Slang Dictionary,' while as a lexicon of vernacular idioms and expressions it contains a full and most suggestive collection of those more racy and colloquial forms of speech which the tendency of all classical languages to diverge into mere dialects is introducing into the stream of the accepted literary English. To all authors, editors, and public speakers this work will be serviceable. Mr. Kwong shows considerable humour in his explanations of various popular phrases. There is also a good collection of English proverbs, a valuable and amusing list of Chinese sayings and maxims, and a sketch of Chinese Chronology and History, and of the Philosophic Ethics of Confucius. Many technical legal phrases are clearly and briefly explained; in a word, this very comprehensive work cannot fail to be of use to professional men as well as to the general public.

We give a few instances—one from 'Idiomatic Phrases':

'BOX THE COMPASS,' TO.—1. To name all the points of the compass in their order. 2. To hold all the different beliefs or theories, in succession.

1. He cannot *box the compass*—he cannot say the names of the points of the compass in their order. 2. He has *boxed* the professional *compass*—He has successively tried all the professions.

Then from 'Colloquial Phrases,' we extract this:

'IN THE SUDS,' TO BE,—To be in turmoil or difficulty.

Her children are all sick of scarlet fever, and she is *in the suds*. She is in difficulty.

Next comes the 'Slang Dictionary' phrases, *e. g.*

SPOONS,—the condition of two persons who are deeply in love.

UP TO THE HUB,—as far as possible, or to the extent.

These three separate distinctions of phrases are followed by four others, each of a separate class of forms of expression. We have but space to quote one or two of the Chinese Proverbs:

'*He has Budha's mouth and a snake's heart.*' '*Do all that is possible and leave the result with God.*' '*He who hath musk will of necessity exhale fragrance, and will not need to scatter the musk in the wind.*' '*Opening the mouth is not as safe as keeping it shut.*' '*The husband sings and the wife accompanies.*' '*The year fears the autumn as the month fears the full moon.*' '*The noble man can bear with others.*'

THE PROPOSED CANADIAN ACADEMY OF LETTERS.

THOUGH many will question the utility of the project, no one will doubt the motive which prompts His Excellency the Governor-General in seeking to establish a Canadian Academy of Letters. The success which has attended his initiation of the Academy of Arts may well lead Lord Lorne

to further enterprise in the field of native literature. But His Excellency must be aware of the essential difference between the institution which he and the Princess have so happily founded and that which he now proposes to found. It is a difference which in England has hitherto interposed serious ob-

stacles in the way of originating a Literary Academy, though the one devoted to Art has had a long and notable career. Art in England, we must remember, however, is said to have flourished in spite of the Royal Academy, and painters have become famous, not by the grace of that institution but by that of their gifts. In France, too, it is notorious that public homage is more often, and we believe deservedly, paid to men who are not academicians than to those who are. It is true that, in the case of M. Fréchet, the laurel wreath of *l'Académie Française* made the author and his work first known to those beyond the immediate circle of his friends; but the notice of Victor Hugo or of Matthew Arnold would perhaps have accomplished as much. It was the critique of the *North British Review*, and not the prize of an academy, that secured Heavyside his honours, and won for him the recognition of the *littérateurs* of the time. It may be that with a Canadian Academy in existence, our native writers will be ensured the meed of praise which is their due, and will become independent of the precarious award of the foreign critic. Should this be the result of Lord Lorne's efforts we shall be the first to hail it. But let us make sure, if we can, of this probability, and at the same time of the wisdom of the experiment, should it be found practicable. The ultimate judges of merit, it will be admitted, are the public, and the academic distinctions conferred upon a writer can only be of worth when spontaneously endorsed by the public estimate. In the Art Academy certain men have been named as Associates, but to carry weight the nominations must be *viséd* by the public. This is secured by the appraisalment placed upon the artist's work at the Annual Exhibition. But how can this be done in the case of our native writers? As you cannot exhibit a literary production in the way you display a picture, there can be no means of being distinctly notified of the public judgment. This difficulty then presents itself: Will the public consent to transfer to the Academy the right to the mark of its approbation and the seal of its favour, and if so, in the dearth of literary criticism in the public journals

on Canadian work, and of all critical estimates from outside, will it trust the judgment of a coterie of native professionals, however reputable and select? Another pertinent inquiry here suggests itself. What is likely to be the effect upon Canadian literature of such an incorporation? It may, and doubtless will, stimulate our writers to more strenuous effort and to higher achievement. This, of course, in itself will be a gain. It may, moreover, increase the number of those who are devoting themselves to literary pursuits—perhaps a doubtful gain. But in what manner and to what degree will it influence the public? Will it remind the masses of the intellectual poverty of the life they lead? Will it awaken their intellectual sympathies and arouse their mental aspirations? But more practically, will it give to patriotism what it now gives to freebooting? Will it perceptibly favour Canadian publications over those that hail from abroad? These are queries that naturally present themselves in considering His Excellency's project, and others might be propounded equally grave. There would doubtless be a gain in drawing our *littérateurs* and scientists closer together, and in forming a guild of representative men of letters, who, if they accomplished nothing more, might educate our people to recognize literature as a profession, and secure to those engaged in it the awards that are its due. To take with the public, however, the scheme must be more than a cordial for the literary heart, and must have some motive for its object in the direction of public culture and national advancement. The Academy, moreover, must be a stream, and not a tank. If it is to commend itself to public favour, its influence must be felt, and it must place itself loyally and helpfully at the service of the nation. As to the writers themselves, we may say that the official door to fame is not the most inviting; but until literary criticism opens that of the public journal, it may be the only avenue to gratify the 'sovereign passion.' In this respect the Academy might not be without advantage. Of what further benefit the project would be, we shall know better when we have the details of His Excellency's scheme.

THE PRESS BANQUET TO MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, M. A.

THERE would seem to be an especial fitness in preserving in these pages some record of the complimentary dinner given by the Press Association of the Province, on the 3rd ultimo, to Mr. Goldwin Smith. To that gentleman the CANADIAN MONTHLY owes much, not only for invaluable literary services rendered it, but for substantial aid of another kind which was instrumental in calling the publication into existence, and which contributed to the nurture of its early life. But apart from the debt which this magazine, with many other Canadian literary enterprises, owes to Mr. Smith's practical beneficence, there are circumstances connected with the recent Press banquet which call for notice here, and suggest the propriety of at least placing on record Mr. Goldwin Smith's address on the occasion, with its dignified and eminently discreet allusion to the matter to which we refer. The occasion which called forth the demonstration, we need hardly say to our readers, was the departure for a year's sojourn in Europe of the distinguished gentleman in whose honor the banquet was given. This circumstance, and the bringing to a close a literary enterprise of the highest value to the profession, in which Mr. Goldwin Smith had been engaged, very naturally suggested the time as opportune to pay a deserved compliment to a member of the press who had placed his pen and his pre-eminent talents at its service, and had brought it so much honour. Commendable as was the suggestion, and heartily and spontaneously as it was acted upon, a once dominant journal, having no living sympathy with the country's culture, and infected with malicious hatred of the gentleman the press desired to pay respect to, sought to prevent or to give a sinister character to the demonstration, an effort which, as our readers know, signally failed in its purpose and brought discomfiture on the few who derided the project. Such unexampled discourtesy and so outrageous a defiance of public sentiment could, of course, have no other result than to further the success of the banquet, which

came off with every manifestation of enthusiasm and with a zest stimulated by fervent abhorrence of the unprofessional tactics of the newspaper in question.

From these preliminary words our readers outside the Province will more clearly understand the references, in the speech of Mr. Goldwin Smith, to newspaper tyranny, and will better appreciate the remarks that fell from the guest of the evening on the growth of independent opinion in the country and the importance of maintaining and extending its expression. And it is to such objects, the repression of journalistic intolerance, and the securing of the amplest liberty of thought and speech in the Dominion, that Mr. Goldwin Smith's pen and talents have been earnestly and assiduously devoted. In the performance of this, the highest service a public writer can render to his country, Mr. Smith has had to meet, from the source already referred to, the most implacable hostility and a continuous misrepresentation of his actions and motives of the most pestilent and untruthful character. Fighting or 'living it down,' in so far as he was himself the victim of this journalistic narrowness and malignity, he has also, in the general interest, plied the axe at the fungous roots of all such intolerance as would desolate the country rather than permit difference of opinion to exist, and which would deport to some New World Siberia all who demurred to the political sentiment of the country being ruled from the urn of the past. In this good work, we need scarcely say, Mr. Smith has had the sympathy and encouragement not only of journalists who place patriotism above party, and can divine between spurious and genuine loyalty to the country, but of the large and increasing portion of the community whose national aspirations are moulded upon the progressive political thought of the time, and who, above all things, respects manly utterance and the courageous defence of what may seem to be unpalatable opinions.

The Press Banquet to Mr. Goldwin

Smith may be taken as an evidence of sympathy with that gentleman, in what he has had to suffer in fighting the battle of freedom of speech, and as a tribute to the man himself for what he has brought to journalism, and the impulse he has given to all that is highest and best in literary achievement and endeavour. Before his audience, and with such a record of service as he has done the country, he could well say as he said at the banquet,—‘I have brought to Canadian journalism the best I had, the fruit of a life spent, to a great extent, in political and historical study, and among statesmen.’ Such service might well receive the acknowledgement it obtained, and the source of it be credited with the high and disinterested motives which had called it forth. That Mr. Smith may enjoy his trip to the motherland and soon return to carry on the great work his genius and rare endowments admirably fit him for accomplishing, we are sure every reader of the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*, with ourselves, earnestly desires.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S SPEECH.*

LIKE almost all who are present, I am a member of a fraternity the business of which is to express sentiment with the pen rather than with the tongue. My friend Mr. Bunting, I think, is the only gentleman present whose business it is to express sentiment by both. Few and simple words, however, gentlemen, will suffice to convey to you my heartfelt gratitude for this kind manifestation of your good will. You are members of my own profession. Before you, in your presence, and under your notice, I have done whatever I have done in Canada, and you are best qualified to judge whether I have tried to keep the path of honour. There are, perhaps, circumstances in my own case, to which I need not specially advert, which render this tribute of your esteem and sympathy doubly precious. Whatever tempests, henceforth, may assail my literary barque, I shall feel comforted by your support and approbation. Do not, however, for a moment imagine that I misunderstand the tribute you have offered. I know perfectly well that it is one of personal

esteem only, and that it has nothing whatever of a political character. It denotes, not any agreement of opinion, but merely your belief that as a journalist I have tried to do my duty, and to bring credit and not discredit upon my profession. The Press Association which does me the honour to entertain me to-night is a non-political association. Around this table are gentlemen of all opinions, with some of whom I have the honour to disagree on almost all important subjects. Here is the Tory lion lying down—I was going to say with the Grit lamb—with the Grit tiger—while the lamb of independent journalism remains unhurt between them. Gentlemen, I hope that this evening's meeting is something much better than a tribute to any particular individual. I hope it is a manifestation of the fraternity of the press. I hope its meaning is that, amidst all our political differences, and all the conflicts into which daily, weekly, and monthly we are hurried, we are still members of a brotherhood, we are still an honourable and powerful profession, which has its own rules, its own courtesies, privileges and duties—a profession which will uphold and protect its members in the fair and conscientious exercise of their calling, which will honour those who bring it credit and withhold honour from those who bring it discredit. My friend the chairman, in proposing my health, and the various gentlemen whose letters have been read, have said of me some very kind things—things which, in fact, are too kind, which, if taken literally, modesty would forbid me to receive; but I take them as expressions not so much of approbation as of kindness; and translating them out of the language of praise into the language of good will, I, with much thankfulness, accept them. I will go further than that, and say that I accept them, supposing they are applied, not to what I have done, but to what I have tried to do, not to my performance but to my endeavour. I may say that I have brought to Canadian journalism the best I had, the fruits of a life spent, to a great extent, in political and historical study and among statesmen. I trust, too, that, as a writer, I have tried to recognise the bond that unites us as journalists and literary men, and that I have never uttered a word of discourtesy to anybody who has observed the commonest rules of courtesy to me. Nor

* In preparing this address for the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*, I have not only revised it, but slightly expanded it in parts, preserving, however, its original form and tenor.—G.S.

have I ever consciously violated towards those who would themselves observe them the established rules of the profession, such as that which protects the writers of unsigned articles, not libellous or otherwise criminal, from personal attack. Of course, if you are assailed by ruffianism, whether on the street or in the press, you must defend yourself, otherwise ruffianism would have everything its own way. I trust that I have also done the little that was in my power to help forward the growth of our national literature without distinction of opinion or party. Something has been said of my attention to style. I have tried to remember that I was before the public, and have endeavoured to turn my work out in such a shape that it might not be wholly discreditable to the Canadian press. But it is almost useless to put into our transitory productions, which are read to-day and thrown aside to-morrow, the labour requisite in the preparation of a work of literary art. Even a monthly, reviewing current events up to date, though it may not be written inconsiderately, must be written fast. After all, the great secret of style in a journalist is to make up your mind distinctly what you have to say, to say it, and to have done with it. Amongst the various arrows that have been discharged, there is one which is a little galling. I have been kindly represented as fancying I have a mission to elevate the tone of the Canadian press. Now I cordially abhor all missions, and I am sure it never entered my mind to undertake anything so ambitious as to elevate the tone of the public press. I have quite enough to do in elevating my own tone. I have stood a zealous and devoted soldier in the ranks of more than one great cause. It is my pride and my happiness to think I have done so, but I have also shared the excitement, sometimes the over-excitement, of the fray. I am conscious that, in the hour of conflict, I have written many things which in a cooler mood would have been modified or expunged; and if I were to try to elevate any one's tone my sins would rise in judgment against me. The chairman and the writers of the letters have, I repeat, spoken words regarding me which are too kind. It is here, however, if anywhere, that I must look for sympathy and approbation, for I am a journalist or nothing. There are people who say that to be a journalist and

to be nothing are things not incompatible. I have candid friends who say, 'Why do you go into journalism? You ought to write a book; the only way to make yourself immortal and to become a benefactor to society is to write a book.' Well, considering the ponderous contents of our bookstores, and the voluminous catalogues which bookworms, such as I am, receive, perhaps the title of a benefactor of society might be claimed, in a modest way, by the man who does not write a book. I suppose it may be true that, as a student, I did set out in life to write a book. I suppose that was my manifest destiny, but, like other manifest destinies, it was not fulfilled. I was taken away from my college early in life, became mixed up with public men, and was at length drawn into the press. So I became a journalist, and a journalist I have remained; though I came to Canada not with the slightest intention of going on the press, least of all on the political press, which for some time, in fact, I steadfastly eschewed. I thought only of making a home for myself among my relatives; but I was drawn in by the current of national life which began to flow after Confederation in the intellectual as well as in the political sphere. I do not complain of my lot. It is perfectly true that the works of a journalist are ephemeral; they go into the nether world of old files and are forgotten. But does not the same fate befall a good many books? Look at the back shelves of any great library. What a necropolis of the immortals is there! There, amidst inviolate dust and cobwebs which are never disturbed, sleep great masters of the civil law who were once as gods for their wisdom. There sleep the authors of many a system of philosophy which now has no disciples. There sleep the authors of many a system of science which has been superseded a hundred times by the advance of modern thought. The fact is, that to be immortal you must not only have an undying genius, but an undecaying subject. Shakespeare, Homer, Cervantes, had undecaying subjects, but some doubt whether even they are now what they were to their contemporaries. We all wish to survive our ashes in a certain sense, but not to one in millions is it given to be really immortalized by literature. We may all hope to survive in the lasting effects of an honest life, and to no one, perhaps, is a better chance

of immortality of this kind given than to the journalist who honestly uses his powers in the service of truth and justice. After all, how can an exact line be drawn between the journal and the pamphlet, or between the pamphlet and the book? Burke was a pamphleteer, and Addison, when he wrote on politics, as in his *Whig Freeholder*, was a journalist. If you look at the works of Harrington, Hobbes, or Locke, or at those of any other great political writer, what are they but the current thought of the time worked up into a permanent shape? And it is we, the journalists, that have the largest share in making the current political thought of the time. Writing an editorial is, as you know, not the easiest matter in the world; there are many who think they can do it until they try. The writer of an editorial is not producing an immortal work, but he is trying to produce a distinct effect at the time, and to do that he must be master of an art. He must be able to give his work a certain unity, form and finish, and although he cannot introduce an unlimited quantity of learning and information without appearing pedantic, yet all he has read and knows will tell in the way of enrichment and illustration, and will add to the effectiveness as well as to the literary excellence of his articles. I remember sitting at a table in London beside the editor of a leading journal. He said: 'I am in distress; I have lost one of my regular writers.' I did not know much about journalism at the time, so I remarked: 'I suppose you will have to get another.' He replied: 'Get another! I will have to get three, and I will be surprised if at the end of a year one of these three writers does as well as the writer I have lost.' One is tempted, perhaps, to magnify one's own calling, but I should say that the power of journalism, great as it is, is still on the increase. The real debate has been transferred from assemblies, deliberative no longer, to the press, and the assembly does little more than record the conclusion. What we have to fear, in fact, is not that the press should be wanting in power, but that its independence may be impaired. Sinister influences may get behind it, and, under the mask of impartial criticism, use its organ for the purpose of falsifying public opinion in their own interest and in furtherance of their own designs. This is one of the great dangers at once of the press and of

society at the present day. I hope I may truly say that in any dealings which I have had with the press of Canada my object has always been to increase its independence and make it entirely free to serve the people. It will hardly become me to take a position outside of the profession, and try to estimate its progress since I have known the country. I landed in Canada fifteen years ago, and since that time two things have taken place encouraging and creditable to our profession. Unless I am very much mistaken, the local press has gained very much in force. One cannot say that centralization is absolutely bad, or that decentralization is absolutely good. There are times when a nation requires a strong force, impulsive or controlling at its centre; but, as a general rule, decentralization is a mark of high civilization; and I know of nothing more salutary to a country, I know of no better guarantee of a country's political future than the existence of multiplied centres of opinion. Assuredly the existence of a strong local press has had a most beneficial effect upon the politics of England. In former days *The Times* exercised an absolute controlling power in England. It is still a powerful paper, and its circulation is as great as ever, but its influence is now balanced and limited, to the great advantage of the country. That our metropolitan press has not fallen back, while the local press has been advancing, or lost its due share of power, the new buildings on King Street are a proof which speaks to all. With this increase of the force of the local press has naturally grown independence of opinion. I do not think there can be any mistake about that. Liberty of thought is the palladium of our profession. Talk of treason; what treason can be greater than that of the journalist who strikes at the principle of liberty of opinion—the very principle in which the press itself has its being? How would the world advance if new opinion was to be killed in the bud? What journalist has not seen the treasonable paradox of one day become the open question of the next day and the accepted truth of the day after? No doubt some people will say it is absurd to doubt the existence of perfect liberty of opinion in these days. But there are more ways than one in which liberty of opinion may be restrained. Times, no doubt, have changed for the better. It is no longer as it was,

when a person who differed from you on a point in theology could visit your house, remove you from the bosom of your family to a gaol, and at last burn you alive in a public square. Those days have gone by, and if anybody were to attempt anything of that kind on King Street now, the police would, no doubt, interfere. Still there are such things as attempts to prevent a man from exercising his right to express his opinion freely on public questions; there is such a thing still as press persecution, though the inquisition is now no more: there is such a thing as hounding a man down. The presence of members of the press, of all parties and shades of opinion around this table, is a pledge of their resolution to be true to the great principle of the profession, and however they may be divided on other points, to unite in guarding liberty of thought. It is a pledge of their determination that the press shall be open, and that no one shall be excluded from it or hunted out of it merely for daring to disagree with somebody else, so long as he does not otherwise make any dishonourable use of his pen. Sometimes it is necessary, when public rights and privileges are assailed, to fight for them. Fighting is not the most agreeable part of life. Very often, when merely your private rights are assailed, you would, rather than enter into a contest, hold intercourse with books in your library, or repose upon some classic shore; but when the interests public rights are bound up with private interests, it is not open to you to decline the struggle. Hampden, we know, was no needy demagogue. He had broad lands, a pleasant manor-house, books upon his shelves, friends whose society he loved, and, no doubt, had anybody overcharged him in the ordinary way thirty shillings, he would have paid this money rather than have a dispute; but when tyranny took him by the throat and said, 'Pay me that thirty shillings,' he said 'no,' and fought. Liberty of opinion is at least as well worth fighting for as self-taxation: it is the salt of all other liberties. If it perish all other liberties will perish, too, make what laws and statutes in favour of freedom you will. When a man publishes heterodox views you have a right to scrutinize his motives, and if you find that he has interested motives you have a right to say so. But if on fair scrutiny you find that he can have no interested

motives, that he is seeking no political prize, that he can have no pecuniary object, the fair conclusion is that he advocates the views he entertains because he believes they are good for the community. In such a case, wherever else he may meet with obloquy and discouragement, he has a right to protection from those who live by the freedom of the press. Gentlemen, I trust this meeting will not be the last gathering of the kind. It has often occurred to me—though as a new comer I felt that it was hardly proper for me to interfere in the matter—that the members of the press should be brought together in some friendly manner, and made more conscious of the fact that we belong to a common profession, and that it is the interest and duty of us all to uphold those rules, decencies, and courtesies which give our profession respectability in the eyes of the world, and attract to it honourable and cultivated men. If the black flag is to be hoisted, if all rules of courtesy are to be broken; if a writer who will not fall into line at the bidding of some dominant organ is to be treated as an outlaw; if the power of the press is to be used for the purpose of gratifying personal or commercial malice towards those from whom we differ, the profession will be sought only by men who have no character to lose. Gentlemen, again I thank you. Be assured once more that this tribute is not misunderstood. I do not believe that any political meaning attaches to it, or that by reason of it the community need allow itself to be convulsed with the fear of any change. The immediate occasion of it is my departure for—I was going to say—home. I will not, however, say home, though I love England well, though my ties there are still unbroken, and though the members of my party there always receive me with cordiality, and have given me, even since I have settled here, the strongest proofs they could give of their unabated confidence, so that you need not imagine that I was thrown upon the Canadian press a political outcast. No Canadian has a deeper interest in England than I have, or loves her more heartily than I do. Yet I will not say I am going home, because I think a man's home is where his lot is cast, where he intends to spend his life, and where his interests and duties are. Therefore I must call this country my home. Let me say, too, as I hope with truth I may, that

Canada has no more loyal citizen, none whose welfare is more entirely bound up with hers, who is more ready on all occasions to uphold her rights and honour. In whatever I have done or written, however great my errors may have been, I have, at least, had no end in view but the good of the Canadian people. Truer service cannot be rendered them than by upholding the freedom of their Press. There is no disloyalty or treason in my heart, and nobody who has done me the honour to be present this evening need fear that his character as a patriotic citizen will receive a stain.* Gentlemen,

* I have added these words. Let me further say that if any one who, in contravention of a dictatorial edict, dared to show his kind feeling towards a brother journalist, should ever be reproached with breach of his duty as a citizen for having done so, I am ready to furnish such an account of the origin of these charges, and of the proceedings of their authors,

this kind expression of your sympathy will waft me over with happy feelings to the old land, and will make me look forward with pleasure to the day of my return.

as I believe will satisfy my friends and all to whom they may think it necessary to explain their conduct. The main motive throughout has not been political, but commercial. The object has been to drive from the Press an independent journalist, and one who, it was feared, might become the founder of an independent journal. In truth, political antagonism, when genuine and arising from principle, though it may vent itself in language unjustifiably strong, seldom descends to the use of poisoned weapons. If my name has been brought, to an unseemly extent, before the public in connection with political questions, the fault is not mine; it is theirs who have thought fit to treat me as out of the pale of literary courtesy and systematically to violate in my case the rule which protects the writer of unsigned articles from personal attack.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THEN AND NOW.

TO M. E. M., LOUISBURG, PA.

LADY, in the Land of Fairie,
 In those regions light and airy,
 Legends tell us there are many
 Beauteous creatures, fair as any
 Hours that the Moslems bend to;
 Those who bravely put an end to
 Their existence in the battle
 'Gainst the Gaiour, amid the rattle
 And roar of musketry and guns;
 And that sometimes elfin creatures
 Borrow mortal forms and features.
 Now a glorious damsel seeming,
 Now a young Apollo dreaming,
 Or, perchance, in childlike guise,
 Looking wierd from infant eyes,
 Causing mothers oft to wonder,
 Oft to gaze, and pause and ponder
 What hath changed their little ones.
 Have I seen this Land of Fairie,
 Have I trod those castles airy,
 Upbuilt by fair Fancy's fingers
 In the Elf Land far away?
 Where the sloping sunbeam lingers
 Out beyond the dying day—
 Have I seen it? You shall say.

From the Northland, I, a dreamer,
 Lured by Fancy, subtle schemer,
 Like some wight of ages olden,
 Tranced, enraptured by the golden
 Harmonies of Circe's Isle
 Southward sped by lake, o'er river,
 Past the teeming fields that ever
 In their harvest plenty smile;
 Through the sombre mountain gorge
 By the valleys, by the forges,
 Out beyond the Alleghany,
 In the vale of Susquehanna.
 There awhile entranced I stayed me,
 Tell me, Lady, what delayed me;
 Elf in Sprite or Nature smiling,
 Thought and purpose still beguiling,
 Smiling from the tasseled corn,
 Smiling from the hills unshorn,
 In the storied river smiling,
 Luring back to days of yore,
 Hinting much of Gertrude whiling
 For her playmate by the shore,
 Deftly linking Fact and Fancy
 In a net of rare romance,—a
 Tissue wrought of quaint devices
 That ever dreamy youth entices.
 Methought I gazed upon a scene
 Of beauty, like an Angel's dream,
 And first the primal forest stood
 And laved its boughs within the flood

That sparkling held its devious way
 And dashed the lithe-limbed deer with spray.
 Within the shadow of the trees,
 Unruffled by the upland breeze,
 The supple Indian's frail canoe,
 Before the guiding paddle flew,
 Until the signal smoke revealed
 The expected resting-place, concealed
 By many a tangled branch, and there
 With leaning, listening, eager air,
 And hand upraised, all graceful stood
 The bright-eyed Hebe of the wood.
 Then, silent, to the sloping marge,
 Like arrow, shot the forest barge,
 And lightly, on the pebbled shore
 The chieftain sprang—his journey o'er,
 And vanished with that sylvan scene
 As some fair figment of a dream.

All now was changed. I stood beside
 The self-same stream at eventide,
 Gone was the forest that of yore
 Had fringed with green the silent shore,
 The Indian, with his frail canoe
 And tawny bride, had vanished too ;
 But all adown that pleasant stream
 Were orchards gay and meadows green,
 And sunny harvest's golden store
 Flushed largess. Towns and hamlets o'er
 Which clustering trees kept watch and ward
 Looked joyous forth. The surest guard
 Of Freedom in the freeman's land,
 I saw the guardian College stand ;
 For History's lessons, if you'll read 'em
 Teach ' Knowledge is the price of Freedom.'
 On hill, in valley, everywhere,
 Eye never gazed on scene more fair ;
 It seems as if Dame Nature had
 In frolic moment showered her glad
 Rich treasures forth, with lavish hand,
 O'er all that smiling summer land,
 Vying with Tempe's classic vale,
 Or Aidenn hymned in poet's tale.
 So Past and Present, gloom and glance,
 'The watchward of the age ' Advance.'

Brantford.

M. J. K.

It was an apt answer of a young lady who, being asked where was her native place, replied : ' I have none. I am the daughter of a Methodist minister.'

' Beef,' said a butcher, ' has never been so high since the cow jumped over the moon.'

' What is that dog barking at ?' asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. ' Why,' said a bystander ' he sees another puppy in your boots.'

An old man who had been badly hurt in a railroad collision, being advised to sue the company for damages, said, ' Wal, no, not for damages : I've had enough of them ; but I'll just sue 'em for repairs.'

A punster was once thrust into a closet, with a threat that he would not be released until he made a pun. Almost instantaneously he cried, ' Open the door.'

' Are dose bells ringing for fire ?' inquired Simon of Tiberius. ' No, indeed,' answered Tibe : ' dey ab got plenty of fire, and the bells are now ringing for water.'

A servant girl broke a lamp-chimney. On being reproved, she said sulkily, ' Well, I don't care ; everybody knows that a lamp-chimney always breaks the first time it is used !'

At the complimentary dinner given by the Atalanta Boat Club of New York to Edward Hanlan, the champion sculler, the toast of the evening was—' Edward Hanlan, the noblest Rowman of them all.'

Rector's wife, severely :—' Tommy Robinson, how is it you don't take off your hat when you meet me ?' *Tommy* : ' Well, marm, if I take off my hat to you, what be I to do when I meet the parson himself ?'

P. T. Barnum once exhibited an alleged gorilla, which a visitor declared not to be a gorilla, for the reason that it had a tail. ' That,' rejoined the eminent showman, ' has nothing to do with it. The tail is sewed on.'

The builder of a church in a London suburb recently, on returning thanks for the toast of his health which had been proposed, remarked with much candour, ' I fancy I am more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking.'

' Tobaccy wanst saved my life,' said Paddy Blake, an inveterate smoker. ' How was that ?' inquired his companion. ' Oh, ye see I was diggin' a well, and came up for a good smoke ; and, while I was up, the well caved in !'

George Eliot did not care a great deal for jokes, but she always relished one that referred to one of her own volumes. It is the well-known story about an ignorant English bookseller who put up the notice : ' Mill on the Floss ; Ditto on Political Economy.'

Dr. Thomas Chalmers was a very bad writer. He used to write home to his parents, but when his letters arrived there they could not be read. His mother used to say ' Never mind, just let them lie tae oor Tam comes hame, and he'll read them to us himsel.'

'This isn't a menagerie,' sharply observed an irascible deacon to a man who was trying to force a passage through the crowd at a church doorway. 'No, I presume not,' returned the stranger, 'or they wouldn't leave any of the animals to block up the entrance.'

A lady once requested Rowland Hill to examine her son as a candidate for the ministry, remarking, 'I am sure he has a talent, but it is hid in a napkin.' At the close of the interview with the young man, Mr. Hill said, 'Well, madam, I have shaken the napkin, and I cannot find the talent.'

Clergyman's wife, who takes great interest in her industrial school: 'Jane Brown, I'm sorry to hear from your mistress that you are not diligent at your needle-work. Now, do you know who it is that finds work for idle hands to do?' *Jane Brown*, artfully thinking to propitiate:—'If you please, 'm, you do, 'm.'

Scene—Parlour of a Scotch inn; two acquaintances are in hot discussion over the merits of their respective pastors. Remarks one, 'In fact, George, yer minister's jist an auld wife.' Rejoins the other, 'Weel, so is yer grannie, Peter; an' av heard ye say ye belived there wusnae a mair sensible wummun in the world.'

Ex-Superintendent Kiddle, of New York, sent recently the following toast to a social gathering:—

'Our Public Schools,—may their influence spread

Until statesmen use grammar and dunces are dead;

Until no one dare say, in this land of the free,
He "done" for he "did;" or its "her" for
it's "she."

As a train was approaching Cleveland, it parted in the middle, and the bell-rope snapped off like a thread, the end of it striking an old lady on her bonnet. 'What is the matter?' she exclaimed. 'Oh, the train's broke in two,' replies a gentleman who sat in the next seat. 'I should say so,' the old lady said, looking at the broken bell-cord. 'Did they s'pose a trifling little string like that would hold the train together?'

A fashionable Chicago lady was unexpectedly left without a servant. She undertook to make her husband a cup of coffee, but it took so long he asked what in the Halifax was the matter with the coffee. 'I don't know,' she said, burst-

ing into tears; 'I've biled them 'ar beans for a hull hour, and they ain't no softer now than they was when I fust put 'em in the pot!'

A distinguished London dean was not equal to his opportunities when he performed the marriage ceremony for an eminent scientific professor. The dean should have asked the groom, 'Do you take this anthropoid to be your co-ordinate, to love with your nerve-centres, to cherish with your whole cellular tissue, until a final molecular disturbance shall resolve its organism into its primitive atoms?'

A two-foot rule was given to a labourer in a Clyde boat-yard to measure an iron plate. The labourer, not being well up to the use of the rule, after spending considerable time, returned. 'Noo, Mick,' asked the plater, 'what size is the plate?' 'Well,' replied Mick, with a grin of satisfaction, 'its the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick and the breadth of my hand from here to there, bar a finger.'

In an English church, a clergyman recently gave notice that parents desiring to have their children christened must bring them to the church before 3 P.M. The clerk, who happened to be very deaf, thinking the pastor was giving notice of the new hymn-books which were to be adopted, immediately added with perfect solemnity, 'And those who have not got any can be supplied in the vestry immediately after service, at six-pence each.'

TO ONE I LOVE.

BY WM. M'DONNELL, JUNR.

When thou art lightly moving in the dance
To music's soft entrancing tone,
When thou art flashing back the meaning
glance,

I am alone.

I look out on the vasty arch of night,
The calm of that cerulean sea
With beauteous starry millions so bedight.
Is not for me.

My heart swells up within, I sadly turn
From earth to those far realms above,
Compassionate with closest kinship burn
Their eyes of love.

Stay! if to fashion's fitful play constrained,
Thy soul will lose its wings to soar;
And gifts divine, once lost, are gained,
Loved one! *no more.*